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THE  
POETS OF AMERICA



EDITED BY JOHN KERSE.

S. COLMAN,  
NEW YORK.



THE  
POETS OF AMERICA:

ILLUSTRATED  
BY ONE OF HER PAINTERS.

"The world is full of Poetry.—Its words  
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break  
Fresh from the fount of feeling."—*Percival*.

EDITED BY JOHN KEESE.

[Volume Second of the Series.]

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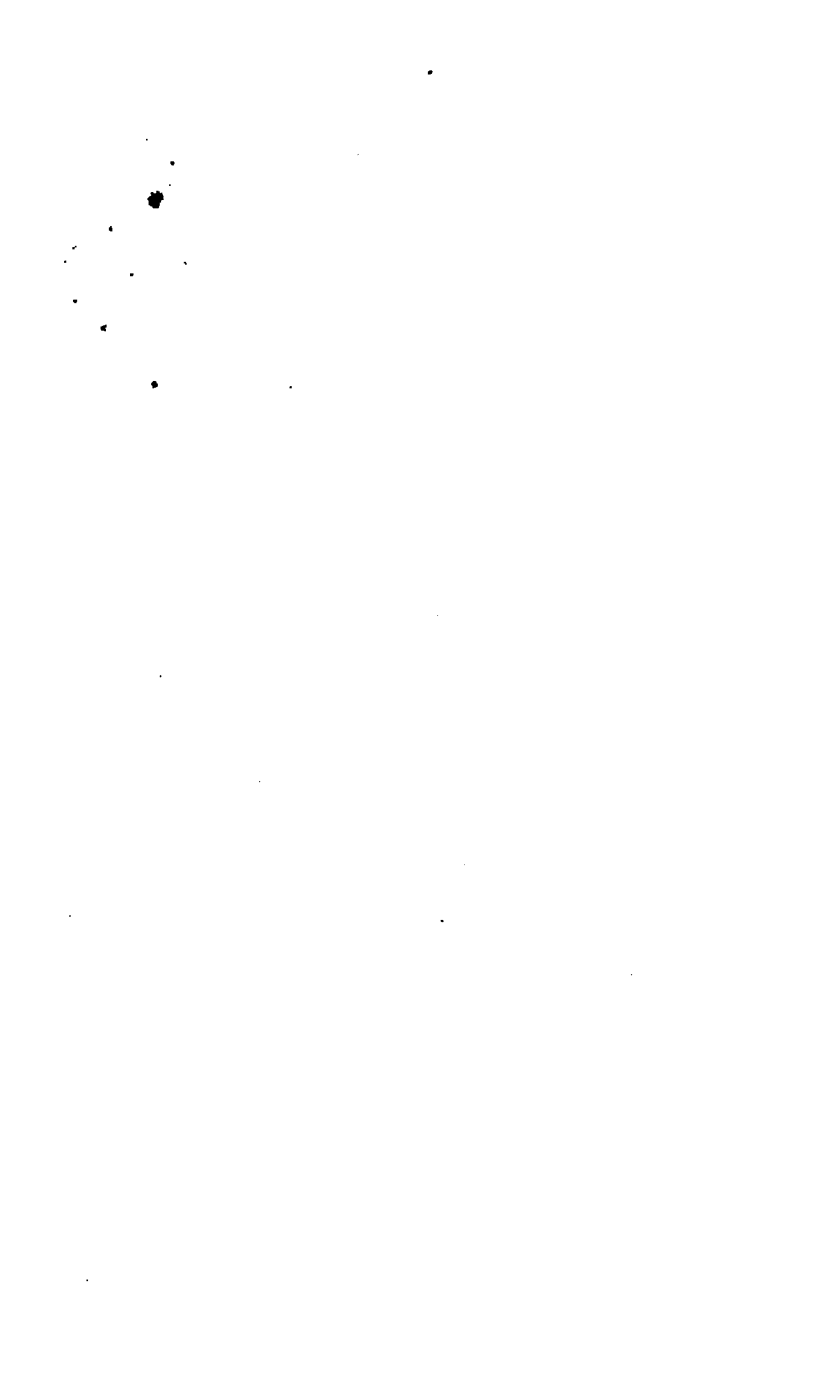
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THIS VOLUME,  
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## P R E F A C E .

IN presenting to the public the first volume of the "Poets of America," the Editor ventured upon an experiment before untried in our country. His plan has now been sanctioned by general favour and approbation, and he trusts that this his second volume will not be found less worthy of an encouraging reception than its predecessor.

This mode of publication seems to be well adapted to the form and spirit of our American Poetry. The Muse of the New World—as yet in her minority—has been hitherto distrustful of her powers. Her best efforts have been occasional, unpretending and fugitive. Like the Sybil of old, she has trusted her deepest inspirations to the loose and flying leaves.

These scattered effusions of fancy and feeling—the Anthology of America—it is the purpose of the present series of publications to collect and embody in a fitting and tasteful form. To do this, the aid of the Sister Arts

of Design will hereafter, as in the volumes already published, be called in to illustrate and adorn the creations of the Poet.

The Editor trusts that the continuance of the public favour will enable him to carry into effect his intention of thus presenting in a succession of volumes, a complete Library of the best American Poetry, in a shape more elegant and attractive than any in which it has yet appeared.

The skill displayed by the Artist in the illustration of the present volume, is referred to with much pleasure by the Editor, as a proof that this part of his plan will not be inadequately executed ; and his work is submitted to the lovers of American Poetry and Art with much confidence that his purpose will be generally approved, and his efforts to accomplish it suitably sustained.

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## FALL OF BABYLON.

BY LORENZO L. DAPONTE.

The monarch held his banquet  
To music's pleasant sound,  
And the ruddy bowl  
That blinds the soul

With the flashing wine was crowned ;  
And beauty all unlovely  
With bright but hollow eye,  
In rapture wild  
Upon him smiled  
In his drunken revelry.

What ho, what ho, the goblet !  
The rosy wine for me ;  
    My father stood  
    On the field of blood  
And what reward hath he ?  
They circled him with glory—  
They called him, mighty Lord !  
    They bent the knee  
    His face to see,  
And they trembled at his word !—

But where is he, the mighty,  
And the glory he hath won ?—  
    They have laid him low  
    With the conquered foe,  
Ere half his work was done.  
But the joy of the bounding pulse—  
And the heart that laughs at care,  
    They are found in the throng  
    Of the dance and song,  
And the monarch's feast to share.

What ho, what ho, the goblet !  
It hath held the holy wine ;  
    And prophets of old  
    Have blessed the gold,  
And the gods have made it mine :

Then fill to the foaming brim;  
Oh, the cup is only blest  
    When the dewy lip  
    Of the fair doth sip  
As we lean on her snowy breast.

He raised the goblet high,  
And the foaming juice ran o'er;  
    And ever the bout  
    Of the frantic rout  
Did shake the marble floor.  
The matron rent her veil  
As she tossed the beady wine,  
    And even the queen  
    To drink was seen  
With the reeling concubine.

What ho, what ho, the goblet!  
He grasps it in his hands—  
    What ails the king  
    While the minstrels sing,  
And the wine untasted stands!—  
He hath dashed his jewelled crown,  
He hath rent his golden pall,  
    For a finger dark  
    On the wall doth mark,  
And an earthquake rocks the hall.



**Now fetch me my magicians,  
Bid them hither haste with speed,  
For a kingly state  
Upon him doth wait  
That the deadly scroll shall read.  
They have looked upon the scroll ;  
But word said never a breath,  
Till stern and loud  
To the frightened crowd  
Spoke the voice of the Seer of Death.**

Thou has pledged me a kingdom—hast offered a throne ;  
 To-morrow, oh king, thou shalt seek for thine own ;  
 And the daughters of Ashur shall wail in the cry,  
 That the widows of Judah have sent to the sky.

Thou hast wasted the altar, and trod, in thy pride,  
 On the ark for which princes and prophets have died ;  
 And the priest's hallowed rose, and the gem and the shrine,  
 Thou hast cursed with the drunken pollution of wine.

For this thou art weighed, and thy balance is light ;  
 And the hand of the Lord hath condemned thee to-night !  
 Lo, the sentence of wrath that his finger hath wrote ;  
 Lo, the sword of the conqueror gleams at thy throat,  
 And the Mede and the Persian shall sit in thy place,  
 When Jehovah has scattered the house of thy race.

Now crown the prophet straight ;  
 He hath read the scroll aright,  
     And chance may be,  
     That I and ye  
 Shall perish here to-night.  
 But bid the banquet on,  
 To the gods we leave the rest,  
     For fear, at least,  
     At the monarch's feast,  
 Were a most unseemly guest.

Flows the wine, and swells the revel  
Still in Bela's house of pride :  
Hark the cry ! 'tis but Euphrates,  
Chiding with his rushing tide.

‡

Live, Belshazzar ! night is waning,  
Safety with the morning beams !  
Where is now the boding prophet ?  
Where the terror of his dreams ?

Crown the goblet ! let it circle ;  
Live, Belshazzar, king of men !  
Hark ! the murmur of the waters  
Bursts upon the night again !

Morn is breaking ! lo, the summit  
Kindles with his coming ray !  
Brighter, clearer, now it flashes,  
Bursting into sudden day.

'Tis not morning ; darkness hovers  
O'er the firmament afar ;  
Babylon, to death devoted,  
Lightens with the blaze of war.

Arm we then ! the blood of Ninus,  
'Gainst the Persian, sword to sword !

"Tis not Persian triumphs o'er thee—  
But the vengeance of the Lord.

"Yet the bridges! broad Euphrates,  
Still protects us from the foe!"  
"God hath struck the mighty river,  
And its billows cease to flow."



A SERENADE.

BY EDWARD C. PINCKNEY.

Look out upon the stars, my love,  
And shame them with thine eyes,  
On which, than on the lights above,  
There hang more destinies.  
Night's beauty is the harmony  
Of blending shades and light ;  
Then, lady, up—look out, and be  
A sister to the night !

Sleep not !—thine image wakes for aye,  
Within my watching breast :  
Sleep not !—from her soft sleep should fly,  
Who robs all hearts of rest.  
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,  
And make this darkness gay  
With looks, whose brightness well might make  
Of darker nights a day.

TO THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

BY JONES VERY.

**BRIGHT** image of the early years  
When glowed my cheek as red as thou,  
And life's dark throng of cares and fears  
Were swift-winged shadows o'er my sunny brow !

Thou blushest from the painter's page,  
Robed in the mimic tints of art ;  
But Nature's hand in youth's green age  
With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine,  
The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee,  
And in thy look, my Columbine !  
Each fond-remembered spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head,  
Where gay thou noddest in the gale ;  
I hear light-bounding footsteps tread  
The grassy path that winds along the vale.

I hear the voice of woodland song  
Break from each bush and well-known tree,  
And on light pinions borne along,  
Comes back the laugh from childhood's heart of glee.

O'er the dark rock the dashing brook,  
With look of anger, leaps again,  
And, hastening to each flowery nook,  
Its distant voice is heard far down the glen.

Fair child of art! thy charms decay,  
Touched by the withered hand of Time;  
And hushed the music of that day,  
When my voice mingled with the streamlet's chime;

But on my heart thy cheek of bloom  
Shall live when Nature's smile has fled;  
And, rich with memory's sweet perfume,  
Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee  
That echoed on thy native hill;  
And when, loved flower! I think of thee,  
My infant feet will seem to seek thee still.

## STANZAS

On the Death of the Duke of Reichstadt.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

HEIR of that name  
Which shook with sudden terror the far earth—  
Child of strange destinies e'en from thy birth,  
When kings and princes round thy cradle came,  
And gave their crowns, as playthings, to thine hand,—  
Thine heritage the spoils of many a land !

How were the schemes  
Of human foresight baffled in thy fate,  
Thou victim of a parent's lofty state !  
What glorious visions filled thy father's dreams,  
When first he gazed upon thy infant face,  
And deemed himself the Rodolph of his race !

Scarce had thine eyes  
Beheld the light of day, when thou wert bound  
With power's vain symbols, and thy young brow crowned  
With Rome's imperial diadem :—the prize  
From priestly princes by thy proud sire won,  
To deck the pillow of his cradled son.

Yet where is now  
The sword that flashed as with a meteor light,  
And led on half the world to stirring fight ;  
    Bidding whole seas of blood and carnage flow !  
Alas ! when foiled on his last battle plain,  
Its shattered fragments forged thy father's chain.

Far worse *thy* fate  
Than that which doomed him to the barren rock ;  
Through half the universe was felt the shock,  
    When down he toppled from his high estate ;  
And the proud thought of still acknowledged power,  
Could cheer him e'en in that disastrous hour.

But thou, poor boy !  
Hadst no such dreams to cheat the lagging hours,  
Thy chains still galled, tho' wreathed with fairest flowers ;  
    Thou hadst no images of by-gone joy,  
No visions of anticipated fame,  
To bear thee through a life of sloth and shame.

And where was she,  
Whose proudest title was Napoleon's wife ?  
She who first gave, and should have watched thy life,  
    Trebling a mother's tenderness for thee,  
Deprived heir of empire ? On her breast  
Did thy young head repose in its unrest ?

No ! round her heart  
 Children of humbler, happier lineage twined,  
 Thou couldst but bring dark memories to mind  
 Of pageants where she bore a heartless part ;  
 She who shared not her monarch-husband's doom  
 Cared little for her first-born's living tomb.



Thou art at rest !  
 Child of Ambition's martyr :—life had been  
 To thee no blessing, but a dreary scene  
 Of doubt and dread and suffering at the best ;  
 For thou wert one, whose path, in these dark times,  
 Would lead to sorrows—it may be to *crimes*.

Thou art at rest !

The idle sword has worn its sheath away,—

The spirit has consumed its bonds of clay,—

And they, who with vain tyranny compest  
Thy soul's high yearnings, now forget their fear,  
And fling ambition's purple o'er thy bier !

TO AN OLD MAN.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

WHY, dotard, wouldst thou longer groan  
Beneath a weight of years and wo—  
Thy youth is lost, thy pleasures flown,  
And age proclaims, "'Tis time to go."

To willows sad and weeping yews  
With us awhile, old man, repair ;  
Nor to the vault thy steps refuse,  
Thy constant home must soon be there.

To summer suns and winter moons  
Prepare to bid a long adieu,  
Autumnal seasons shall return  
And spring shall bloom, but not for you.

Why so perplexed with cares and toil  
To rest upon this darksome road ;  
'Tis but a thin, a thirsty soil,  
A barren and a bleak abode.



Constrained to dwell with pain and care,  
These dregs of life are bought too dear ;  
'Tis better far to die, than bear  
The torments of life's closing year.

Subjected to perpetual ills  
A thousand deaths around us grow :  
The frost the tender blossom kills,  
And roses wither as they blow.

Cold, nipping winds your fruits assail,  
The blasted apple seeks the ground,  
The peaches fall, the cherries fail,  
The grape receives a mortal wound.

The breeze, that gently ought to blow,  
Swells to a storm, and rends the main ;  
The sun, that charmed the grass to grow,  
Turns hostile, and consumes the plain ;

The mountains waste, the shores decay,  
Once purling streams are dead and dry :  
'Twas Nature's work—'tis Nature's play,—  
And Nature says, that all must die.

Yon flaming lamp, the source of light,  
In chaos dark may shroud his beam

And leave the world to mother Night,  
A farce, a phantom, or a dream.

What now is young, must soon be old,  
Whate'er we love, we soon must leave :  
'Tis now too hot, 'tis now too cold—  
To live, is nothing but to grieve.

How bright the morn her course begun,  
No mists bedimmed the solar sphere—  
The clouds arise—they shade the sun,  
For nothing can be constant here.

Now hope the longing soul employs,  
In expectation we are blest ;  
But soon the airy phantom flies,  
For, lo ! the treasure is possessed.

Those monarchs proud that havoc spread,  
(While pensive REASON dropped a tear,)  
Those monarchs have to darkness fled,  
And ruin bounds their mad career.

The grandeur of this earthly round,  
Where folly would for ever stay,  
Is but a name, is but a sound—  
Mere emptiness and vanity.

Give me the stars, give me the skies,  
Give me the heavens' remotest sphere,  
Above these gloomy scenes to rise  
Of desolation and despair.

Those native fires, that warmed the mind,  
Now languid grown, too dimly glow ;  
Joy has to grief the heart resigned,  
And love, itself, is changed to wo.

The joys of wine are all you boast,—  
These, for a moment, damp your pain ;  
The gleam is o'er, the charm is lost—  
And darkness clouds the soul again.

Then seek no more for bliss below,  
Where real bliss can ne'er be found ;  
Aspire where sweeter blossoms blow  
And fairer flowers bedeck the ground ;

Where plants of life the plains invest,  
And green eternal crowns the year :  
The little god, that warms the breast,  
Is weary of his mansion here.

Like Phosphor, sent before the day,  
His height meridian to regain,

The dawn arrives—he must not stay  
To shiver on a frozen plain.

Life's journey past, for fate prepare,—  
'Tis but the freedom of the mind ;  
Jove made us mortal—his we are,  
To Jove, be all our cares resigned.

## SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

BY JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

THE breeze of night has sunk to rest,  
Upon the river's tranquil breast ;  
And every bird has sought her nest,  
    Where silent is her minstrelsy ;  
The queen of heaven is sailing high,  
A pale bark on the azure sky,  
Where not a breath is heard to sigh—  
    So deep the soft tranquillity.

Forgotten now the heat of day  
That on the burning waters lay,  
The noon of night her mantle gray  
    Spreads, for the sun's high blazonry ;  
But glittering in that gentle night  
There gleams a line of silvery light,  
As tremulous on the shores of white  
    It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallop rides ;  
Not as when dashing o'er her sides  
The roaring bay's unruly tides  
    Were beating round her gloriously ;  
But every sail is furl'd and still :  
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill,  
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill  
    With parted hours of ecstasy.

Stars of the many-spangled heaven !  
Faintly this night your beams are given,  
Though proudly where your hosts are driven  
    Ye rear your dazzling galaxy ;  
Since far and wide a softer hue  
Is spread across the plains of blue,  
Where in bright chorus, ever true,  
    For ever swells your harmony.

O for some sadly dying note  
Upon this silent hour to float,  
Where from the bustling world remote  
    The lyre might wake its melody ;  
One feeble strain is all can swell  
From mine almost deserted shell,  
In mournful accents yet to tell  
    That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

THERE IS AN HOUR of deep repose  
That yet upon my heart shall close,  
When all that nature dreads and knows  
    Shall burst upon me wondrously ;  
O may I then awake for ever  
My heart to rapture's high endeavour,  
And as from earth's vain scene I sever,  
    Be lost in Immortality !

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

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

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





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

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

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard rough hand he wipes  
A tear from out his eyes.

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

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

## THE ROBIN.

BY JONES VERY.

THOU need'st not flutter from thy half-built nest,  
Whene'er thou hear'st man's hurrying feet go by,  
Fearing his eye for harm may on thee rest,  
Or he thy young unfinished cottage spy ;  
All will not heed thee on that swinging bough,  
Nor care that round thy shelter spring the leaves,  
Nor watch thee on the pool's wet margin now,  
For clay to plaster straws thy cunning weaves ;  
All will not hear thy sweet out-pouring joy,  
That with morn's stillness blends the voice of song,  
For over-anxious cares their souls employ,  
That else upon thy music borne along  
And the light wings of heart-ascending prayer  
Had learned that Heaven is pleased thy simple joys to  
share.

THE SYLPH OF AUTUMN.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

AND now, in accents deep and low,  
Like voice of fondly-cherished wo,  
    The Sylph of Autumn sad :  
Though *I* may not of raptures sing,  
That graced the gentle song of Spring,  
Like Summer, playful pleasures bring,  
    Thy youthful heart to glad ;

Yet still may I in hope aspire  
Thy heart to touch with chaster fire,  
    And purifying love :  
For I with vision high and holy,  
And spell of quick'ning melancholy,  
Thy soul from sublunary folly  
    First raised to worlds above.

What though be mine the treasures fair  
Of purple grape and yellow pear,

And fruits of various hue,  
 And harvests rich of golden grain,  
 That dance in waves along the plain  
 To merry song of reaping swain,  
     Beneath the welkin blue ;

With these I may not urge my suit,  
 Of Summer's patient toil the fruit,  
     For mortal purpose given ;  
 Nor may it fit my sober mood  
 To sing of sweetly murmuring flood,  
 Or dyes of many-coloured wood,  
     That mock the bow of heaven.

But, know, 'twas mine the secret power  
 That waked thee at the midnight hour  
     In bleak November's reign :  
 'Twas I the spell around thee cast,  
 When thou didst hear the hollow blast  
 In murmurs tell of pleasures past,  
     That ne'er would come again :

And led thee, when the storm was o'er,  
 To hear the sullen ocean roar,  
     By dreadful calm opprest ;  
 Which, still, though not a breeze was there,



Its mountain-billows heaved in air,  
As if a living thing it were,  
That strove in vain for rest.

'Twas I, when thou, subdued by wo,  
Didst watch the leaves descending slow,  
To each a moral gave ;  
And as they moved in mournful train,  
With rustling sound, along the plain,  
Taught them to sing a seraph's strain  
Of peace within the grave.

And then, upraised thy streaming eye,  
I met thee in the western sky  
    In pomp of evening cloud ;  
That, while with varying form it rolled,  
Some wizard's castle seemed of gold,  
And now a crimsoned knight of old,  
    Or king in purple proud.

And, last, as sunk the setting sun,  
And Evening with her shadows dun,  
    The gorgeous pageant past,  
'Twas then of life a mimic show,  
Of human grandeur here below,  
Which thus beneath the fatal blow  
    Of Death must fall at last.

Oh, then with what aspiring gaze  
Didst thou thy tranced vision raise  
    To yonder orbs on high,  
And think how wondrous, how sublime  
'Twere upward to their spheres to climb,  
And live, beyond the reach of Time,  
    Child of Eternity !

## THE OLD NORTH BURIAL GROUND.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

I STAND where I have stood before in boyhood's sunny  
prime,

The same—yet not the same, but one who wears the  
touch of Time ;

And gaze around on what was then familiar to the eye,  
But whose inconstant features tell that years have jour-  
neyed by,

Since o'er this venerable ground a truant child I played,  
And chased the bee and plucked the flower, where an-  
cient dust is laid :

And hearkened, in my wondering mood, when tolled the  
passing bell,

And started at the coffin's cry, as clods upon it fell.

These mossy tombs I recollect, the same o'er which I pored,  
The same these rhymes and texts, with which my memory  
was stored ;

These humble tokens, too, that lean, and tell where rest-  
ing bones

Are hidden, though their date and name have perished  
from the stones.





How rich these precincts with the spoils of ages buried  
here !

What hearts have ached, what eyes have given this con-  
scious earth the tear—

How many friends, whose welcome cheered their now  
deserted doors,

Have, since my last sojourning, swelled these melancholy  
stores !

Yon spot, where in the sunset ray a single white stone  
gleams,

I've visited, I cannot tell how often in my dreams,—

That spot o'er which I wept, though then too young my  
loss to know,  
As I beheld my father's form sepulchred far below.

How freshly every circumstance, though seas swept wide  
between,  
And years have vanished since that hour, in vagaries I've  
seen !  
The lifted lid—that countenance—the funeral array,  
As vividly as if the scene were but of yesterday.

How pleasant seem the moments now, as up their shad-  
ows come,  
Spent in that domicil which wore the sacred name of  
home,—  
How in the vista years have made, they shine with mel-  
lowed light,  
To which meridian bliss has nought so beautiful and  
bright !

How happy were those fireside hours—how happy sum-  
mer's walk,  
When listening to my father's words or joining in the  
talk ;  
How passed like dreams those early hours, till down upon  
us burst  
The avalanche of grief, and laid our pleasures in the dust !

They tell of loss, but who can tell how thorough is the  
stroke

By which the tie of sire and son in death's for ever broke?  
They tell of Time!—though he may heal the heart that's  
wounded sore,

The household bliss thus blighted, Time! canst thou  
again restore?

Yet if this spot recalls the dead, and brings from memory's  
leaf

A sentence wrote in bitterness, of raptures, bright and  
brief,

I would not shun it, nor would lose the moral it will give,  
To teach me by the withered past, for better hopes to live.

And though to warn of future wo, or whisper future bliss,  
One comes not from the spirit world, a witness unto this,  
Yet from memorials of his dust, 'tis wholesome thus to learn  
And print upon our thought the state to which we must  
return.

Wherever then my pilgrimage in coming days shall be,  
My frequent visions, favourite ground! shall backward  
glance to thee;

The holy dead, the bygone hours, the precepts early given,  
Shall sweetly soothe and influence my homeward way to  
heaven.

TO A SISTER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train  
Of those around thy homage pay ;  
But wilt thou never kindly deign  
To think of him that's far away ?  
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,  
For many years I may not see ;  
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,  
My sister dear, remember me ?

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,  
Surrounded by the gay and fair,  
And thou the fairest of them all,—  
O, think not, think not of me there.  
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,  
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,  
And all is silent, still, and lone,  
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but, loveliest, ne'er,  
When, in his orbit fair and high,  
The morning's glowing charioteer  
Rides proudly up the blushing sky ;  
But when the waning moonbeam sleeps  
At moonlight on that lonely lea,  
And nature's pensive spirit weeps  
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not  
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,  
When every brake hath found its note,  
And sunshine smiles in every flower ;  
But when the falling leaf is sear,  
And withers sadly from the tree,  
And o'er the ruins of the year  
Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,  
The hour when, on the gentle lake,  
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,  
Soft rippling, to the margin break ;  
But when the deaf'ning billows foam  
In madness o'er the pathless sea,  
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam  
Across them, and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join  
If haply some thy friends should praise ;  
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,  
To echo what the stranger says.  
They know us not—but shouldst thou meet  
Some faithful friend of me and thee,  
Softly, sometimes, to him repeat  
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,  
In scenes of festal week-day joy,  
For then it were not kind or meet,  
Thy thought thy pleasure should alloy ;  
But on the sacred, solemn day,  
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,  
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,  
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I  
On thee for ever, ever dwell,  
With anxious heart and drooping eye,  
And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell ;  
But in thy calm, unclouded heart,  
Where dark and gloomy visions flee,  
Oh there, my sister, be my part,  
And kindly there remember me.

## MENTAL BEAUTY.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

BEAUTY has gone, but yet her mind is still  
As beautiful as ever ; still the play  
Of light around her lips has every charm  
Of childhood in its freshness : Love has there  
Stamped his unfading impress, and the hues  
Of fancy shine around her, as the sun  
Gilds at his setting some decaying tower,  
With feathered moss and ivy overgrown.  
I knew her in the dawning of her charms.  
When the new rose first opened, and its sweets  
No wind had wasted. She was of those forms  
Appelles might have painted for the Queen  
Of loveliness and love—light as the fays  
Dancing on glimmering dew-drops, when the moon  
Rides in her silver softness, and the world  
Is calm and brightly beautiful below.  
She was all mildness, and the melting tone

Of her sweet voice thrilled me and seemed to flow  
Into my soul, a stream of melody,  
Delicious in its mellowness ; it spake  
A heart at ease—and then the quiet smile  
Sat playing on her lips, that, pouting, spread  
Their vermil freshness forth, as if to ask  
The kiss of him she smiled on. In her eye  
Gentleness had its dwelling, and light Mirth  
Glanced out in sudden flashes, and keen Wit  
Shot arrows which delighted, while they stung.  
She was a young Medusa, ere she knew  
The evil of a world that watched to blast  
Her loveliness, and make it terrible ;  
Striking a dead cold horror on the heart  
Of him who saw the fairest of all things,  
A lovely woman, made the common prey  
Of lawless passion—but it touched not HER :  
No mist breathed o'er her brightness ; but the pure  
Full light of virtue rested there, and shed  
New lustre on the light that ever came  
Through her transparent features, and revealed  
Each movement of the soul that swelled within :  
And they were all of Heaven—such high desires  
As angels had been proud of—pure as light  
In its primeval fountain, ere it flowed  
To mingle with the elements, and lose  
Its perfect clearness. She was as a flower



New opened in a valley, where no foot  
Had trodden, and no living thing had left  
Print of the world's pollution : there she blew  
Fragrant and lovely, and a parent's hand  
Shielded her from the winds that blast, or bring  
Poison upon their wings, and taint the heart  
Left open to their influence. Shielded there,  
She ripened all her treasures, and became  
Full-blown and rich in her maturity—  
The dwelling of a spirit, not of earth,  
But ever mingling with the pure and high  
Conceptions of a soul that spreads its wings  
To fly where Mind, when boldest, dared to soar.  
And though the form has withered, and the bloom  
Has faded, she is lovely ; for the sounds  
That issue from her lips, and flow around  
In liquid eloquence, are oracles  
Of more than ancient wisdom, or they speak  
Portions of that full hymn of Poesy,  
Which ever rises when a mind on fire  
Blends with the majesty of outward things ;  
And with the glories of a boundless Heaven,  
And a rich earth, and ever-rolling sea  
Communing, swells to that ineffable  
Fruition, which in hope will never end.

THE MOSS SUPPLICATETH FOR  
THE POET.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

THOUGH I am humble, slight me not,  
But love me for the Poet's sake ;  
Forget me not till he's forgot ;  
I, care or slight, with him would take.

For oft he passed the blossoms by,  
And gazed on me with kindly look ;  
Left flaunting flowers and open sky,  
And wooed me by the shady brook.

And like the brook his voice was low :  
So soft, so sad the words he spoke,  
That with the stream they seemed to flow :  
They told me that his heart was broke ;—

They said, the world he fain would shun,  
And seek the still and twilight wood—  
His spirit, weary of the sun,  
In humblest things found chiefest good ;—



**That I was of a lowly frame,  
And far more constant than the flower,  
Which, vain with many a boastful name,  
But fluttered out its idle hour ;**

**That I was kind to old decay,  
And wrapt it softly round in green,  
On naked root, and trunk of gray,  
Spread out a garniture and screen :—**

**They said, that he was withering fast,  
Without a sheltering friend like me ;  
That on his manhood fell a blast,  
And left him bare, like yonder tree ;**

That spring would clothe *his* boughs no more,  
Nor ring his boughs with song of bird—  
Sounds like the melancholy shore  
Alone were through his branches heard.

Methought, as then, he stood to trace  
The withered stems, there stole a tear—  
That I could read in his sad face,—  
Brothers, our sorrows make us near.



And then he stretched him all along,  
And laid his head upon my breast,  
Listening the water's peaceful song,—  
How glad was I to tend his rest!

Then happier grew his soothed soul.  
 He turned and watched the sunlight play  
 Upon my face, as in it stole,  
 Whispering, Above is brighter day !

He praised my varied hues—the green,  
 The silver hoar, the golden, brown ;  
 Said, Lovelier hues were never seen ;  
 Then gently pressed my tender down.

And where I sent up little shoots,  
 He called them trees, in fond conceit :  
 Like silly lovers in their suits  
 He talked, his care awhile to cheat.

I said, I'd deck me in the dews,  
 Could I but chase away his care,  
 And clothe me in a thousand hues,  
 To bring him joys that I might share.

He answered, earth no blessing had  
 To cure his lone and aching heart—  
 That I was one, when he was sad,  
 Oft stole him from his pain, in part.

But e'en from thee, he said, I go,  
 To meet the world, its care and strife,

No more to watch this quiet flow,  
Or spend with thee a gentle life.

And yet the brook is gliding on,  
And I, without a care, at rest,  
While back to toiling life he's gone,  
Where finds his head no faithful breast.

Deal gently with him, world, I pray ;  
Ye cares, like softened shadows come ;  
His spirit, wellnigh worn away,  
Asks with ye but awhile a home.

O, may I live, and when he dies  
Be at his feet an humble sod ;  
O, may I lay me where he lies,  
To die when he awakes in God !

## TO THE URSA MAJOR.

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

WITH what a stately and majestic step  
That glorious constellation of the north  
Treads its eternal circle! going forth  
Its princely way amongst the stars in slow  
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!  
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path  
Walk, like some stout and girded giant—stern,  
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot  
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.  
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,  
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;  
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,  
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,  
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds  
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.  
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.  
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit  
Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still,

Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,  
And bid the north for ever know its place.

Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,  
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God  
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven,  
And echoed from the outer spheres that bound  
The illimitable universe, thy voice  
Joined the high chorus ; from thy radiant orbs  
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise,  
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,  
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd  
Of splendors that enrich his firmament.  
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.  
Ages have rolled their course, and time grown gray ;  
The earth has gathered to her womb again,  
And yet again, the myriads that were born  
Of her uncounted, unremembered tribes ;  
The seas have changed their beds—the eternal hills  
Have stooped with age—the solid continents  
Have left their banks—and man's imperial works—  
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung  
Their haughty honors in the face of heaven,  
As if immortal—have been swept away—  
Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.  
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,  
Nor touched the firmness of thy tread ; youth, strength,  
And beauty still are thine—as clear, as bright,



As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,  
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,  
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim  
The eternal chorus of eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,  
Undimmed, unquenched,—just as I see it now,—  
Has issued from those dazzling points, through years  
That go back far into eternity.

Exhaustless flood! for ever spent, renewed  
For ever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,  
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,  
Left their far fountain twice three years ago.  
While those winged particles, whose speed outstrips  
The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth  
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,  
And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld  
Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.  
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve!  
So vast the void through which their beams descend!

Yea, glorious lamps of God! He ~~has~~ quenched  
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night  
Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach  
This distant planet. Messengers still come  
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem  
To see your lights still burning; while their blaze  
But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,  
Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.

Yet what is this, which to the astonished mind  
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought  
Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains  
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars  
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight  
Embraces all at once; yet each from each  
Recedes as far as each of them from earth.  
And every star from every other burns  
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,  
Untravelled even in thought, keen, piercing rays  
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense  
Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass,  
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down  
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire—  
Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote,  
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—  
Have travelled centuries on their flight to earth.  
Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what  
Are ye, amid this infinite extent  
And multitude of God's most infinite works!

And these are suns!—vast, central, living fires,  
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds  
That wait as satellites upon their power,  
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,  
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns  
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!—  
Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,

And drink the bliss of being from the fount  
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,  
What tongue can utter, all their multitudes !  
Thus numberless in numberless abodes !  
Known but to thee, blessed Father ! Thine they are  
Thy children, and thy care—and none o'erlooked  
Of thee ! No, not the humblest soul that dwells  
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course  
Amid the giant glories of the sky,  
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam  
Amongst the mirrored lamps, which fling  
Their wasteful splendour from the palace wall—  
None, none escape the kindness of thy care ;  
All compassed underneath thy spacious wing,  
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs ! as from your throne,  
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own  
Your sway—what beings fill those bright abodes ?  
How formed, how gifted ? what their powers, their state,  
Their happiness, their wisdom ? Do they bear  
The stamp of human nature ? Or has God  
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms  
And more celestial minds ? Does Innocence  
Still wear her native and untainted bloom ?  
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,  
And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers ?  
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire ?

And Slavery forged his chains ; and Wrath, and Hate,  
 And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,  
 Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,  
 And scatter wo where Heaven had planted joy ?  
 Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen  
 And uncorrupt ? existence one long joy,  
 Without disease upon the frame, or sin  
 Upon the heart, or weariness of life—  
 Hope never quenched, and age unknown,  
 And death unfeared ; while fresh and fadeless youth  
 Glows in the light from God's near throne of love ?

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair !  
 Speak, speak ! the mysteries of those living worlds  
 Unfold !—No language ? Everlasting light,  
 And everlasting silence ?—Yet the eye  
 May read and understand. The hand of God  
 Has written legibly what man may know,  
**THE GLORY OF THE MAKER.** There it shines,  
 Ineffable, unchangeable ; and man,  
 Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,  
 May know and ask no more. In other days,  
 When death shall give the encumbered spirit wings,  
 Its range shall be extended ; it shall roam,  
 Perchance, amongst those vast mysterious spheres,  
 Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each  
 Familiar with its children—learn their laws,  
 And share their state, and study and adore

The infinite varieties of bliss  
And beauty, by the hand of Power divine  
Lavished on all its works. Eternity  
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight ;  
No pause of pleasure or improvement ; world  
On world still opening to the instructed mind  
An unexhausted universe, and time  
But adding to its glories. While the soul,  
Advancing ever to the Source of light  
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns  
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.



THE BROTHERS.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WE ARE BUT TWO—the others sleep  
Through death's untroubled night ;  
We are but two—O, let us keep  
The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood  
That warms us is the same ;  
That good old man—his honest blood  
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked—  
Long be her love repaid ;  
In the same cradle we were rocked,  
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,  
Each little joy and wo ;—  
Let manhood keep alive the flame,  
Lit up so long ago.

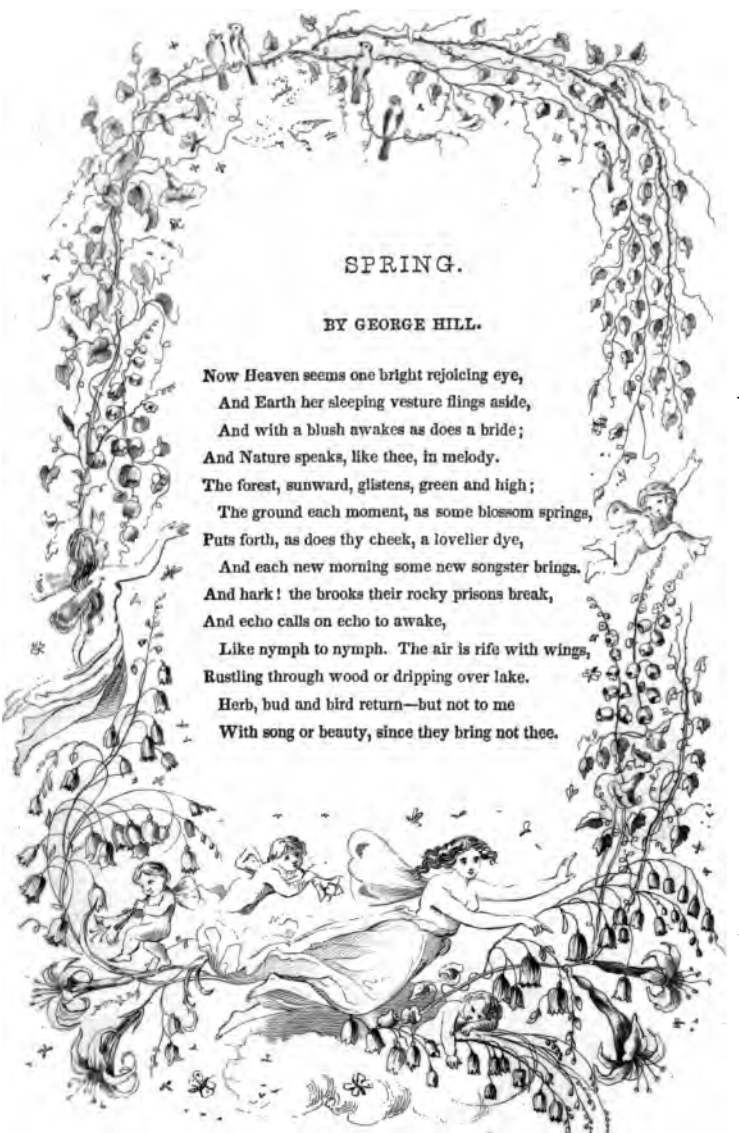
WE ARE BUT TWO—be that the band  
To hold us till we die ;  
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,  
Till side by side we lie.

SONNET.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

My friend, adown Life's valley, hand in hand,  
With grateful change of grave and merry speech  
Or song, our hearts unlocking each to each,  
We'll journey onward to the silent land ;  
And when stern Death shall loose that loving band,  
Taking in his cold hand a hand of ours,  
The one shall strew the other's grave with flowers,  
Nor shall his heart a moment be unmanned.  
My friend and brother ! if thou goest first,  
Wilt thou no more re-visit me below ?  
Yea, when my heart seems happy causelessly  
And swells, not dreaming why, as it would burst  
With joy unspeakable,—my soul shall know  
That thou, unseen, art bending over me.





SPRING.

BY GEORGE HILL.

Now Heaven seems one bright rejoicing eye,  
And Earth her sleeping vesture flings aside,  
And with a blush awakes as does a bride;  
And Nature speaks, like thee, in melody.  
The forest, sunward, glistens, green and high;  
The ground each moment, as some blossom springs,  
Puts forth, as does thy cheek, a lovelier dye,  
And each new morning some new songster brings.  
And hark! the brooks their rocky prisons break,  
And echo calls on echo to awake,  
Like nymph to nymph. The air is rife with wings,  
Rustling through wood or dripping over lake.  
Herb, bud and bird return—but not to me  
With song or beauty, since they bring not thee.

TO MISS M——.

BY FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

I KNOW that thou art beautiful,—  
In dreams I see thy face,  
I see its dimples come and go  
Like light in frolic grace.  
Thy rich eyes steal before mine own  
'Neath lashes long and dark,  
And on thy softly rounded cheek,  
The maiden bloom I mark.  
And why is this? what wizard spell  
Hath touched with prophet power  
My fancy thus? a simple thing—  
A tone—a word—a flower!  
I heard thy voice—so gayly sweet—  
I could not choose to guess,  
The mouth that breath'd it wreath'd with smiles  
Of playful loveliness.  
It spoke to one whose tiny lips

To lisp thy name shall learn,  
Though now they can but murmur soft  
And answering smiles return.  
In gentle words of love they spoke,  
And I was very sure,  
That all thy looks were eloquent,  
With feeling high and pure.

I know that thou art beautiful,—  
For thou hast told me so,  
In a sweet language that I learned  
Of Flora long ago.  
Thou'st sent me from thy garden bower  
The latest rosebud there,  
Its blush was eloquent, its leaves  
Were rife with meaning rare ;  
It told of virgin bloom and hope,  
And modesty and truth :  
Ah ! what so fit as fragrant flowers  
To emblem sunny youth ?  
It touched a weary stranger's heart,  
That one she had not known,  
Could give a kindly thought to her  
In sadness and alone ;  
It minded her of days gone by,  
When Love's untiring hand  
Wove blossoms for her youthful brow,

In many a graceful band.  
Ah! far away from home and friends,  
That heart still warmly beats  
With something of its olden joy,  
When such as thou she meets!  
And oft in future dreams shall rise  
The eye and glossy curl,  
The soft rose-bloom and dimple  
Of the sweet-voiced English girl!

## LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

Yes ! still I love thee :—Time, who sets  
His signet on my brow,  
And dims my sunken eye, forgets  
The heart he could not bow ;—  
Where love, that cannot perish, grows  
For one, alas ! that little knows  
How love may sometimes last ;  
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,  
When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,  
Within its robe of light,  
Can never touch a leaf that blows,  
Though *seeming* to the sight ;  
And yet it still will linger there,  
Like hopeless love without despair,—  
A snow-drop in the sun !  
A moment finely exquisite,  
Alas ! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart  
    Think momentarily of me,—  
Nor would I tear the cords apart,  
    That bind me so to thee ;  
No ! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,  
Like dew upon the roses wild,  
    I would not have thee know,  
The stream that seems to thee so still,  
    Has such a tide below !

Enough ! that in delicious dreams,  
    I see thee and forget—  
Enough, that when the morning beams,  
    I feel my eyelids wet !  
Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall  
The darkness, for creation's pall,  
    To meet thee,—and to love,—  
I would not shrink from aught below,  
    Nor ask for more above.



## THE FOUNTAIN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FOUNTAIN, that springest on this grassy slope,  
Thy quick cool murmur mingles pleasantly,  
With the cool sound of breezes in the beech,  
Above me in the noontide. Thou dost wear  
No stain of thy dark birthplace; gushing up  
From the red mould and slimy roots of earth,  
Thou flashest through the sun. The mountain air,  
In winter, is not clearer, nor the dew  
That shines on mountain blossom. Thus doth God  
Bring, from the dark and foul, the pure and bright.



THE FOUNTAIN.

This tangled thicket on the bank above  
Thy basin, how thy waters keep it green!  
For thou dost feed the roots of the wild vine  
That trails all over it, and to the twigs  
Ties fast her clusters. There the spice-bush lifts  
Her leafy lances; the viburnum there,  
Paler of foliage, to the sun holds up  
Her circlet of green berries. In and out  
The chipping-sparrow, in her coat of brown,  
Steals silently, lest I should mark her nest.

Not such thou wert of yore, ere yet the axe  
Had smitten the old woods. Then hoary trunks  
Of oak, and plane, and hickory o'er thee held  
A mighty canopy. When April winds  
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush  
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip-tree, high up,  
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude  
Of golden chalices to humming birds  
And silken-winged insects of the sky.

Frail wood-plants clustered round thy edge in spring  
The liver leaf put forth her sister blooms  
Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolf,  
Passing to lap thy waters, crushed the flower  
Of sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem  
The red drops fell like blood. The deer too, left  
Her delicate foot-print in the soft moist mould,  
And on the fallen leaves. The slow-paced bear,  
In such a sultry summer noon as this,  
Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leaped across.



But thou hast histories that stir the heart  
With deeper feeling; while I look on thee  
They rise before me. I behold the scene  
Hoary again with forests; I behold  
The Indian warrior, whom a hand unseen  
Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,  
Creep slowly to thy well-known rivulet,  
And slake his death-thirst. Hark, that quick fierce cry  
That rends the utter silence; 'tis the whoop  
Of battle, and a throng of savage men  
With naked arms, and faces stained like blood,  
Fill the green wilderness; the long bare arms  
Are heaved aloft, bows twang and arrows stream;  
Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree  
Sends forth its arrow. Fierce the fight and short,  
As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors  
And conquered vanish, and the dead remain,  
Gashed horribly with tomahawks. The woods  
Are still again, the frightened bird comes back  
And plumes her wings, but thy sweet waters run  
Crimson with blood. Then, as the sun goes down,  
Amid the deepening twilight I descry  
Figures of men that crouch and creep unheard,  
And bear away the dead. The next day's shower  
Shall wash the tokens of the fight away.

I look again—the hunter's lodge is built,  
With poles and boughs, beside thy crystal well,  
While the meek autumn stains the woods with gold,  
And sheds his golden sunshine. To the door  
The red man slowly drags the enormous bear  
Slain in the chestnut thicket, or flings down  
The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells  
Of wolf and cougar hang upon the walls,

And loud the black-eyed Indian maidens laugh,  
That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,  
The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit  
That falls from the gray butternut's long boughs.

So centuries passed by, and still the woods  
Blossomed in spring, and reddened when the year  
Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains  
Of winter, till the white man swung the axe  
Beside thee—signal of a mighty change.  
Then all around was heard the crash of trees,  
Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,  
The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired  
The brushwood, or who tore the earth with ploughs  
The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green  
The blackened hill-side; ranks of spiky maize  
Rose like a host embattled; the buckwheat  
Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers  
The August wind. White cottages were seen  
With rose-trees at the windows; barns from which  
Swelled loud and shrill the cry of chanticleer;  
Pastures where rolled and neighed the lordly horse,  
And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf  
Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank,  
Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls  
Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool;  
And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,  
Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge.

Since then, what steps have trod thy border! Here,  
On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp  
Has laid his axe, the reaper of the hill  
His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.  
The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still

September noon, has bathed his heated brow  
 In thy cool current. Shouting boys let loose  
 For a wild holiday, have quaintly shaped  
 Into a cup the folded linden leaf,  
 And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the wars  
 Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side  
 Has sat, and mused how pleasant 'twere to dwell  
 In such a spot, and be as free as thou,  
 And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,  
 When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,  
 Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought  
 Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully  
 And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,  
 Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,  
 Has seen eternal order circumscribe  
 And bind the motions of eternal change,  
 And from the gushing of thy simple fount  
 Has reasoned to the mighty universe.

Is there no other change for thee, that lurks  
 Among the future ages? Will not man  
 Seek out strange arts to wither and deform  
 The pleasant landscape which thou makest green?  
 Or shall the veins that feed thy constant stream  
 Be choked in middle earth, and flow no more  
 For ever, that the water-plants along  
 Thy channel perish, and the bird in vain  
 Alight to drink? Haply shall these green hills  
 Sink, with the lapse of years, into the gulf  
 Of ocean waters, and thy source be lost  
 Amidst the bitter brine? Or shall they rise  
 Upheaved in broken cliffs and airy peaks,  
 Haunts of the eagle and the snake, and thou  
 Gush midway from the bare and barren steep?

**MARIUS SEATED ON THE RUINS  
OF CARTHAGE.**

**BY MRS. M. L. CHILD.**

**PILLARS** are fallen at thy feet,  
Fanes quiver in the air,  
A prostrate city is thy seat,  
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,  
Though ruin is around thee ;  
Thine eyebeam burns as proudly now,  
As when the laurel crowned thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul  
Though friends and fame depart ;  
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,  
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,  
Which earth can never tame ;  
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—  
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life,  
May melt like mist away ;  
High thoughts may seem, mid passion's strife,  
Like Carthage in decay ;

And proud hopes in the human heart  
May be to ruin hurled ;  
Like mouldering monuments of art  
Heaped on a sleeping world :

Yet, there is something will not die,  
Where life hath once been fair ;  
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,  
Some Roman lingers there !

## GOD IN NATURE.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

OH mighty is the Lord of Hosts !  
He spans the spangled skies ;  
He speaks, and in its palaces  
The midnight thunder cries !

He wields the awful lightning-brand,  
The war-torch of the storm,  
Whether upon the Northern pines  
It rocks its cloud-wrapt form ;

Or, conquering, tramps right royally  
The hollow-sounding seas,  
Or holds high carnival among  
The crashing mountain trees !

His earthquakes shake the eternal hills  
And toss " old ocean's locks ;"

The hungry breakers howl amain,  
Between the dreadful shocks :

And the swift whirlwind spinning o'er  
The mountain bald and pale,  
Raves wildly to the angry flood  
That thunders in the vale.

He sows death in the red simoon,  
And cities shrink aghast ;  
He speaks ! and mist-wrapt pestilence,  
In horrid gloom, moves past !

Oh mighty is the Lord of Hosts !  
Of all earth's kings, the King !  
Behold ! he shakes the mountain pine,  
And plumes the whirlwind's wing !

And from his throne of majesty,  
Upon the bended sky,  
Around the universe he casts  
His all-beholding eye !

## EVENING AFTER A BATTLE.

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

ABOVE tall western hills, the light of day  
Shot far the splendours of his golden ray ;  
Bright from the storm with tenfold grace he smiled,  
The tumult softened, and the world grew mild.  
With pomp transcendent, robed in heavenly dyes,  
Arched the clear rainbow round the orient skies ;  
Its changeless form, its hues of beam divine,  
—Fair type of truth and beauty's—endless shine  
Around the expanse, with thousand splendours rare ;  
Gay clouds sailed wanton through the kindling air ;  
From shade to shade, unnumbered tinctures blend ;  
Unnumbered forms of wond'rous light extend :  
In pride stupendous, glittering walls aspire,  
Graced with bright domes, and crowned with towers of fire,  
On cliffs cliffs burn ; o'er mountains mountains roll :  
A burst of glory spreads from pole to pole :  
Rapt with the splendour, every songster sings,  
Tops the high bough, and claps his glistening wings ;



With new-born green, reviving nature blooms,  
And sweeter fragrance freshening air perfumes.

Far south the storm withdrew its troubled reign ;  
Descending twilight dimmed the dusky plain ;  
Black night arose ; her curtains hid the ground :  
Less roared, and less, the thunder's solemn sound ;  
The bended lightning shot a brighter stream,  
Or wrapped all heaven in one wide, mantling flame ;  
By turns, o'er plains, and woods, and mountains, spread  
Faint, yellow glimmerings, and a deeper shade.

From parting clouds, the moon outbreaking shone,  
And sate, sole empress, on her silver throne ;  
In clear, full beauty, round all nature smiled,  
And claimed o'er heaven and earth, dominion mild ;  
With humbler glory, stars her court attend,  
And blessed, and unioned, silent lustre blend.

## INDIAN GIRL'S BURIAL.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A voice upon the prairies,  
A cry of woman's wo,  
That mingleth with the autumn blast  
All fitfully and low ;  
It is a mother's wailing ;  
Hath earth another tone  
Like that with which a mother mourns  
Her lost, her only one ?

Pale faces gather round her,  
They marked the storm swell high  
That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,  
But their cold, blue eyes are dry.  
Pale faces gaze upon her,  
As the wild winds caught her moan,  
But she was an Indian mother,  
So she wept her tears alone.

Long o'er that wasted idol,  
She watched and toiled, and prayed,  
Though every dreary dawn revealed  
Some ravage Death had made,  
Till the fleshless sinews started,  
And hope no opiate gave,  
And hoarse, and hollow grew her voice,  
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,  
Of raven eye and tress,  
And dovelike were the tones that breathed  
Her bosom's tenderness,  
Save when some quick emotion,  
The warm blood strongly sent,  
To revel in her olive-cheek  
So richly eloquent.

I said Consumption smote her,  
And the healer's art was vain,  
But she was an Indian maiden,  
So none deplored her pain ;  
None, save that widowed mother,  
Who now by her open tomb,  
Is writhing like the smitten wretch  
Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas ! that lowly cabin,  
That bed beside the wall,  
That seat beneath the mantling vine,  
They're lone and empty all.  
What hand shall pluck the tall, green corn  
That ripeneth on the plain ?  
Since she for whom the board was spread  
Must ne'er return again.

Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden,  
Nor let thy murmuring shade  
Grieve that those pale-browed ones with scorn  
Thy burial rite surveyed ;  
There's many a king whose funeral  
A black-robed realm shall see,  
For whom no tear of grief is shed  
Like that which falls for thee.

Yea, rest thee, forest maiden !  
Beneath thy native tree !  
The proud may boast their little day,  
Then sink to dust like thee :  
But there's many a one whose funeral  
With nodding plumes may be,  
Whom nature nor affection mourn,  
As here they mourn for thee.

ODE.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Written for the laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument,  
June 17th, 1825.

O, is not this a holy spot !  
'Tis the high place of Freedom's birth !  
God of our fathers ! is it not  
The holiest spot of all the earth ?

Quenched is thy flame on Horeb's side ;  
The robber roams o'er Sinai now ;  
And those old men, thy seers, abide  
No more on Zion's mournful brow.

But on *this* hill thou, Lord, hast dwelt,  
Since round its head the war-cloud curled,  
And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt  
In prayer and battle for a world.



Here sleeps their dust ; 'tis holy ground ;  
And we, the children of the brave,  
From the four winds are gathered round,  
To lay our offering on their grave.

Free as the winds around us blow,  
Free as the waves below us spread,  
We rear a pile, that long shall throw  
Its shadow on their sacred bed.

But on their deeds no shade shall fall,  
While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame  
Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,  
And thy right hand shall guard their fame.



OSCEOLA.

BY LUCY HOOPER.

Not on the battle-field,  
As when thy thousand warriors joyed to meet thee,  
Sounding the fierce war-cry,  
Leading them forth to die—  
Not thus, not thus we greet thee.

But in a hostile camp,  
Lonely amidst thy foes,  
Thine arrows spent,  
Thy brow unbent ;  
Yet wearing record of thy people's woes.

Chief! for thy memories now,  
While the tall palm against this quiet sky





**Her branches waves,  
And the soft river laves  
Yon green and flower-crowned banks it wanders by,  
While in this golden sun  
The burnished rifle gleameth with strange light,  
And sword and spear  
Rest harmless here,  
Yet flash with startling radiance on the sight :  
Wake they thy glance of scorn,  
Thou of the folded arms and aspect stern—  
Thou of the deep low tone,  
For whose rich music gone,  
Kindred and friends alike may vainly yearn !**



Wo for the trusting hour !  
 Oh kingly stag ! no hand hath brought thee down ;  
     'Twas with a patriot's heart,  
     Where fear usurped no part,  
 Thou camest, a noble offering, and alone !

For vain yon army's might,  
 While for thy band the wide plain owned a tree,  
     Or the wild vine's tangled shoots  
     On the gnarled oak's mossy roots  
 Their trysting-place might be !

Wo for thy hapless fate !  
 Wo for thine evil times and lot, brave chief ;  
     Thy sadly closing story,  
     Thy short and mournful glory,  
 Thy high and hopeless struggle, brave and brief !

Wo for the bitter stain  
 That from our country's banner may not part :  
     Wo for the captive, wo !  
     For burning pains, and slow,  
 Are his who dieth of the fevered heart.

Oh ! in that spirit-land,  
 Where never yet the oppressor's foot hath past,  
     Chief ! by those sparkling streams  
     Whose beauty mocks our dreams,  
 May that high heart have won its rest at last.

## THE CHILD PLAYING WITH A WATCH.

BY FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

ART thou playing with Time, in thy sweet baby-glee?  
Will he pause on his pinions to frolic with thee?  
Oh! show him those shadowless, innocent eyes,  
That smile of bewildered and beaming surprise;  
Let him look on that cheek where thy rich hair reposes,  
Where dimples are playing "bopeep" with the roses;  
His wrinkled brow press with light kisses and warm,  
And clasp his rough neck with thy soft wreathing arm.  
Perhaps thy bewitching and infantine sweetness  
May win him, for once, to delay in his fleetness;  
To pause, ere he rifle, relentless in flight,  
A blossom so glowing of bloom and of light.  
Then, then would I keep thee, my beautiful child,  
With thy blue eyes unshadowed, thy blush undefiled;  
With thy innocence only to guard thee from ill,  
In life's sunny dawning, a lily-bud still!

Laugh on ! my own Ellen ! that voice, which to me  
Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for thee ;  
And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,  
Thou hear'st but the tick of the pretty gold toy ;  
Thou seest but a smile on the brow of the churl,  
May his frown never awe thee, my own baby-girl.  
And oh ! may his step as he wanders with thee,  
Light and soft as thine own little fairy-tread be !  
While still in all seasons, in storms and fair weather,  
May Time and my Ellen be playmates together.

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
The troubled army fled ;  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,

And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave ;  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled ;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

FELICIA HEMANS.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

NATURE doth mourn for thee.

There is no need

For man to strike his plaintive lyre and fail,  
As fail he must, if he attempt thy praise.  
The little plant that never sang before,  
Save one sad requiem, when its blossoms fell,  
Sighs deeply through its drooping leaves for thee,  
As for a florist fallen. The ivy, wreathed

Round the gray turrets of a buried race,  
 And the tall palm that like a prince doth rear  
 Its diadem 'neath Asia's burning sky,  
 With their dim legends blend thy hallowed name.  
 Thy music, like baptismal dew, did make  
 Whate'er it touched most holy. The pure shell,  
 Laying its pearly lip on Ocean's floor,  
 The cloistered chambers, where the sea-gods sleep,  
 And the unfathomed melancholy main,  
 Lament for thee, through all the sounding deeps.  
 Hark ! from the snow-breasted Himmaleh to where  
 Snowdon doth weave his coronet of cloud,  
 From the scathed pine tree, near the red man's hut,  
 To where the everlasting banian builds  
 Its vast columnac temple, comes a moan  
 For thee, whose ritual made each rocky height  
 An altar, and each cottage-home, the haunt  
 Of Poesy.

Yea, thou didst find the link  
 That joins mute nature to ethereal mind,  
 And make that link a melody.

The couch  
 Of thy last sleep, was in the native clime  
 Of song and eloquence and ardent soul,  
 Spot fitly chosen for thee. Perchance, that isle  
 So loved of favouring skies, yet banned by fate,  
 Might shadow forth thine own unspoken lot.

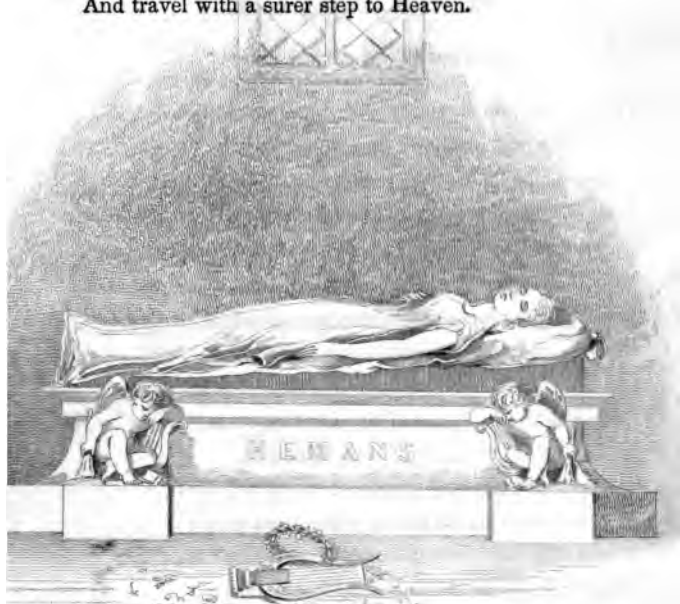


For at thy heart the ever-pointed thorn  
Did gird itself, until the life-stream oozed  
In gushes of such deep and thrilling song,  
That angels poising on some silver cloud  
Might linger mid the errands of the skies,  
And listen, all unblamed.

How tenderly

Doth Nature draw her curtain round thy rest !  
And like a nurse, with finger on her lip,  
Watch, lest some step disturb thee, striving still  
From other touch, thy sacred harp to guard.  
Waits she thy waking, as the mother waits  
For some pale babe, whose spirit sleep hath stolen,  
And laid it dreaming on the lap of Heaven ?  
We say not thou art dead. We dare not. No.  
For every mountain stream and shadowy dell  
Where thy rich harpings linger, would hurl back  
The falsehood on our souls. Thou spak'st alike  
The simple language of the freckled flower,  
And of the glorious stars. God taught it thee.  
And from thy living intercourse with man  
Thou shalt not pass away, until this earth  
Drops her last gem into the doom's-day flame.  
Thou hast but taken thy seat with that blest choir,  
Whose hymns thy tuneful spirit learned so well  
From this sublunar terrace, and so long  
Interpreted.

Therefore, we will not say  
Farewell to thee ; for every unborn age  
Shall mix thee with its household charities,  
The sage shall greet thee with his benison,  
And Woman shrine thee as a vestal flame  
In all the temples of her sanctity,  
And the young child shall take thee by the hand  
And travel with a surer step to Heaven.



## AN INVITATION.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

“They that seek me early shall find me.”

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,  
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze,  
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,  
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways ;  
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer-buds unfolding,  
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,  
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,  
Come,—and secure interminable rest !

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,  
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown ;  
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover  
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone ;  
Those who now love thee, will have passed for ever :  
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee ;  
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,  
As thy sick heart broods over years to be !

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,  
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing, die ;  
Ere the gay spell which Earth is round thee throwing,  
Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky ;  
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,  
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray ;  
Oh, touch the sceptre !—win a hope in heaven ;  
Come !—turn thy spirit from the world away !

Then will the crosses of this brief existence  
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul ;—  
And shining brightly in the forward distance,  
Will of thy patient race appear the goal :  
Home of the weary !—where in peace reposing,  
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,  
Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing ;  
Who would not, *early*, choose a lot like this ?



## MONADNOCK.

BY WILLIAM O. B. PEABODY.

UPON the far-off mountain's brow  
The angry storm has ceased to beat ;  
And broken clouds are gathering now  
In sullen reverence round his feet ;  
I saw their dark and crowded bands  
In thunder on his breast descending ;  
But there once more redeemed he stands,  
And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending.

I've seen him when the morning sun  
Burned like a bale-fire on the height ;  
I've seen him when the day was done,  
Bathed in the evening's crimson light.  
I've seen him at the midnight hour,  
When all the world were calmly sleeping,  
Like some stern sentry in his tower,  
His weary watch in silence keeping.

And there for ever firm and clear,  
His lofty tarret upward springs ;  
He owns no rival summit near,  
No sovereign but the King of kings.  
Thousands of nations have passed by,  
Thousands of years unknown to story,  
And still his aged walls on high  
He rears, in melancholy glory.

The proudest works of human hands  
Live but an age, before they fall ;  
While that severe and hoary tower  
Outlasts the mightiest of them all.  
And man himself, more frail by far,  
Than even the works his hand is raising,  
Sinks downwards like the falling star,—  
That flashes, and expires in blazing.

And all the treasures of the heart,  
Its loves and sorrows, joys and fears,  
Its hopes and memories must depart  
To sleep with unremembered years.  
But still that ancient rampart stands  
Unchanged, though years are passing o'er him;  
And time withdraws his powerless hands,  
While ages melt away before him.

So should it be—for no heart beats  
Within his cold and silent breast;  
To him no gentle voice repeats  
The soothing words that make us blest.  
And more than this—his deep repose  
Is troubled by no thoughts of sorrow,  
He hath no weary eyes to close,  
No cause to hope or fear to-morrow.

Farewell! I go my distant way;  
Perchance in some succeeding years,  
The eyes that know no cloud to-day,  
May gaze upon thee dim with tears.  
Then may thy calm, unaltering form,  
Inspire in me the firm endeavour—  
Like thee to meet each lowering storm,  
Till life and sorrow end for ever.

## A DEATH-BED.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

HER suff'ring ended with the day,  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away,  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illum'd the eastern skies,  
She passed through Glory's Morning-gate,  
And walked in Paradise !

## A SPRING-DAY WALK.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

ADIEU, the city's ceaseless hum,  
The haunts of sensual life, adieu !  
Green fields, and silent glens ! we come,  
To spend this bright spring-day with you.



Whether the hills and vales shall gleam  
With beauty, is for us to choose ;  
For leaf and blossom, rock and stream,  
Are coloured with the spirit's hues.

Here, to the seeking soul, is brought  
A nobler view of human fate,  
And higher feeling, higher thought,  
And glimpses of a higher state.

Through change of time, on sea and shore,  
Serenely nature smiles away ;  
Yon infinite blue sky bends o'er  
Our world, as at the primal day.

The self-renewing earth is moved  
With youthful life each circling year ;  
And flowers that Ceres' daughter loved  
At Enna, now are blooming here.

Glad nature will this truth reveal,  
That God is ours and we are His ;  
O friends, my friends ! what joy to feel  
That He our loving father is !

## CHANSONETTE.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

**SHE** loves—but 'tis not me she loves :—

Not me on whom she ponders,  
When in some dream of tenderness  
Her truant fancy wanders.  
The forms that flit her visions through,  
Are like the shapes of old,  
Where tales of Prince and Paladin  
On tapestry are told.  
Man may not hope her heart to win,  
Be his of common mould !

But I—though spurs are won no more  
Where herald's trump is pealing,  
Nor thrones carved out for lady fair  
Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling—  
I loose the falcon of my hopes  
Upon as proud a flight  
As those who hawked at high renown,  
In song-ennobled fight.  
If *daring* then true love may crown,  
My love she must requite !

## ON AN OLD WEDDING RING

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

The device—two hearts united.

The motto—“*Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.*”

I LIKE that ring, that ancient ring,  
Of massive form, of virgin gold,  
As firm, as free from base alloy,  
As were the sterling hearts of old.  
I like it—for it wafts me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men, and other days—  
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it as it tells  
The tale of well requited love ;  
How youthful fondness persevered,  
And youthful faith disdained to rove ;  
How warmly *he* his suit preferred,  
Though *she* unpitying, long denied,  
Till, softened and subdued, at last  
He won his fair and blooming bride ;

How, till the appointed day arrived,  
They blamed the lazy-footed hours ;  
How then the white-robed maiden train  
Strewed their glad way with freshest flowers ;  
And how, before the holy man,  
They stood in all their youthful pride,  
And spoke those words, and vowed those vows  
Which bind the husband to his bride.

All this it tells ;—the plighted troth,  
The gift of every earthly thing,  
The hand in hand, the heart in heart—  
For this I like this ancient ring.  
I like its old and quaint device ;  
Two blended hearts—though time may wear them,  
No mortal change, no mortal chance,  
“Till death,” shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,  
Their hopes in heaven, and trust in God,  
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,  
These two, the world's rough pathways trod.  
Age might impair their youthful fires,  
Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,  
Still, hand in hand, they travelled on,—  
Kind souls ! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too ;

“ Mine own dear love, this heart is thine !”

Thine, when the dark storm howls along,

As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.

“ This heart is thine, mine own dear love !”

Thine, and thine only, and forever ;

Thine, till the springs of life shall fail—

Thine, till the chords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,

Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,

Pledge of devoted faithfulness,

Of heartfelt, holy love, the token—

What varied feelings round it cling !

For these, I like that ancient ring.



## THE MOON UPON THE SPIRE

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE full-orbed moon has reached no higher,  
Than yon old church's mossy spire,  
And seems, as gliding up the air,  
She saw the fane; and, pausing there,  
Would worship, in the tranquil night,  
The Prince of peace—the Source of light,  
Where man for God prepared the place,  
And God to man unveils his face.

Her tribute all around is seen ;  
She bends, and worships like a queen !  
Her robe of light and beaming crown,  
In silence, she is casting down ;  
And, as a creature of the earth,  
She feels her lowliness of birth—  
Her weakness and inconstancy  
Before unchanging purity !

Pale traveller, on thy lonely way,  
'Tis well thine homage thus to pay ;  
To reverence that ancient pile,  
And spread thy silver o'er the aisle,  
Which many a pious foot has trod,  
That now is dust beneath the sod ;  
Where many a sacred tear was wept,  
From eyes that long in death have slept !

The temple's builders—where are they ?  
The worshippers ?—all passed away,  
Who came the first, to offer there  
The song of praise, the heart of prayer !  
Man's generation passes soon ;  
It wanes and changes like the moon.  
He rears the perishable wall ;  
But, ere it crumbles, he must fall !

And does he sink to rise no more?  
Has he no part to triumph o'er  
The pallid king? no spark, to save  
From darkness, ashes, and the grave?  
Thou holy place, the answer, wrought  
In thy firm structure, bars the thought!  
The spirit that established thee,  
Nor death, nor darkness e'er shall see!





## TO NEPTUNE.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

God of the mighty sea!—wherever now  
The waves beneath thy brazen axle bow—  
Whether thy strong, proud steeds, wind-winged and wild,  
Trample upon the waves about them piled  
By the strong storm-god, whirling thy swift car  
Each way among the winds, that near and far  
Yell out for pleasure, tossing crested foam  
Upon their floating manes, and on their sides  
Of glossy blackness—god of the torn sea  
And stormy waters—thou from whom ships flee,

Or sink into thy waves—god of the mighty storm,  
And of fierce winds that on the ocean swarm—  
God of the roar, the foam, the thunder crash  
Of angry waves—the low and sullen dash  
That waters make, while far beneath they flow  
Over some storm-wreck—we thy great power know,  
And call thee to our offering. Come and drive  
Thy chariots to our shore, and see us strive  
To do thee honour. Come! with thy fierce crowd  
Of fleeting winds—O god, most strong and proud!

Perhaps thou lettest now thy horses roam  
Upon some quiet sea—no wind-tossed foam  
Is now upon their limbs, but leisurely  
They tread with silver feet the sleeping sea,  
Fanning the waves with slowly floating manes,  
But late storm-driven. Haply, silver strains,  
From trumpets spirit-blown, about thee ring;  
And green-robed sea-gods, unto thee their king,  
Sing, loud in praise. Apollo now doth gaze  
With friendly looks upon thee, and his rays  
Light up thy steeds' wild eyes—a pleasant warm  
Is felt upon the sea, where fierce cold storm  
Has just been rushing, and the noisy winds  
That Eolus within their prison binds,  
Flying with misty wings—perhaps below  
Thou liest in green caves, where bright things glow

With many colours—many a monster keeps  
His watch a near thee, while old Triton sleeps  
As idly as his wont—and bright eyes peep  
Upon thee every way as thou dost sleep.

Perhaps thou liest in some Indian isle,  
Under a waving tree, where many a mile  
Stretches a sunny shore, with golden sands  
Heaped up in many shapes by Naiad's hands,  
And blushing as the waves come rippling on,  
Shaking the sunlight from them as they run  
And curl towards the land—like molten gold  
Thick set with jewelry most rare and old—  
And sea nymphs sit, and with small delicate shells  
Make thee sweet melody, as in deep dells  
We hear of summer nights by fairies made,  
The while they dance within some quiet shade,  
And sound their silver flutes most low and sweet,  
In strange but beautiful tunes, that their light feet  
May dance upon the bright and misty dew  
In better time ; all wanton airs that blew  
But lately over spice trees, now are here,  
And wave their wings, all odour-laden, near  
The bright and joyful sea. Oh ! wilt thou rise  
And come from them to our new sacrifice !

## SACO FALLS.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

RUSH on, bold stream ! thou sendest up  
Brave notes to all the woods around,  
When morning beams are gathering fast,  
And hushed is every human sound ;  
I stand beneath the sombre hill,  
The stars are dim o'er fount and rill,  
And still I hear thy waters play  
In welcome music, far away ;  
Dash on bold stream ! I love the roar  
Thou sendest up from rock and shore.

'Tis night in heaven—the rustling leaves  
Are whispering of the coming storm,  
And thundering down the river's bed,  
I see thy lengthened, darkling form ;  
No voices from the vales are heard,  
The winds are low,—each little bird  
Hath sought its quiet, rocking nest,  
Folded its wings, and gone to rest,—  
And still I hear thy waters play  
In welcome music, far away.

Oh ! earth hath many a gallant show—  
Of towering peak and glacier height,  
But, ne'er beneath the glorious moon,  
Hath nature framed a lovelier sight,  
Than thy fair tide with diamonds fraught,  
When every drop with light is caught,  
And o'er the bridge, the village girls  
Reflect below their waving curls,  
While merrily thy waters play  
In welcome music, far away !

## POWER OF MUSIC.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

ON Arno's bosom, as he calmly flows,  
And his cool arms round Vallombrosa throws,  
Rolling his crystal tide through classic vales,  
Alone,—at night,—the Italian boatman sails.  
High o'er Mont' Alto walks, in maiden pride,  
Night's queen ;—he sees her image on that tide,  
Now, ride the wave that curls its infant crest  
Around his prow, then rippling sinks to rest ;  
Now, glittering dance around his eddying oar,  
Whose every sweep is echoed from the shore ;  
Now, far before him, on a liquid bed  
Of waveless water, rest her radiant head.  
How mild the empire of that virgin queen !  
How dark the mountain's shade ! how still the scene !  
Hushed by her silver sceptre, zephyrs sleep  
On dewy leaves, that overhang the deep,  
Nor dare to whisper through the boughs, nor stir  
The valley's willow, nor the mountain's fir,

Nor make the pale and breathless aspen quiver,  
Nor brush, with ruffling wing, that glassy river.

Hark !—'tis a convent's bell :—its midnight chime ;  
For music measures even the march of Time :—  
O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,  
Gray turrets rise :—the eye can catch no more.  
The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,  
Suspends his oar :—a low and solemn swell,  
From the deep shade, that round the cloister lies,  
Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.  
What melting song wakes the cold ear of Night ?  
A funeral dirge, that pale nuns, robed in white,  
Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,  
To charm the parting spirit of the dead.  
Triumphant is the spell ! with raptured ear,  
That uncaged spirit hovering lingers near ;—  
Why should she mount ? why pant for brighter bliss,  
A lovelier scene, a sweeter song, than this !

On Caledonia's hills, the ruddy morn  
Breathes fresh :—the huntsman winds his clamorous horn.  
The youthful minstrel from his pallet springs,  
Seizes his harp, and tunes its slumbering strings.  
Lark-like he mounts o'er gray rocks, thunder-riven,  
Lark-like he cleaves the white mist, tempest-driven,  
And lark-like carols, as the cliff he climbs,

Whose oaks were vocal with his earliest rhymes.  
With airy foot he treads that giddy height ;  
His heart all rapture, and his eye all light ;  
His voice all melody, his yellow hair  
Floating and dancing on the mountain air,  
Shaking from its loose folds the liquid pearls,  
That gather clustering on his golden curls ;—  
And, for a moment, gazes on a scene,  
Tinged with deep shade, dim gold, and brightening green ;  
Then plays a mournful prelude, while the star  
Of morning fades ;—but when heaven's gates unbar,  
And on the world a tide of glory rushes,  
Burns on the hill, and down the valley blushes ;  
The mountain bard in livelier numbers sings,  
While sunbeams warm and gild the conscious strings,  
And his young bosom feels the enchantment strong  
Of light, and joy, and minstrelsy, and song.

From rising morn, the tuneful stripling roves  
Through smiling valleys and religious groves ;  
Hears, there, the flickering blackbird strain his throat,  
Here, the lone turtle pour her mournful note,  
Till night descends, and round the wanderer flings  
The dew-drops dripping from her dusky wings.  
Far from his native vale and humble shed  
By nature's smile and nature's music led,  
This child of melody has thoughtless strayed,



Till darkness wraps him in her deepening shade.  
The scene that cheered him, when arrayed in light,  
Now lowers around him with the frown of night.

With weary foot the nearest height he climbs,  
Crowned with huge oaks, giants of other times ;  
Who feel, but fear not, Autumn's breath, and cast  
Their summer robes upon the roaring blast,  
And glorying in their majesty of form,  
Toss their old arms, and challenge every storm.  
Below him, Ocean rolls :—deep in a wood,  
Built on a rock, and frowning o'er the flood,  
Like the dark Cyclops of Trinacria's isle,  
Rises an old and venerable pile :  
Gothic its structure ; once a cross it bore,  
And pilgrims thronged to hail it and adore.  
Mitres and crosiers awed the trembling friar,  
The solemn organ led the chanting quire,  
When in those vaults the midnight dirge was sung,  
And o'er the dead a *requiescat* rung.  
Now, all is still :—the midnight anthem hushed :—  
The cross is crumbled, and the mitre crushed.  
And is all still ?—No : round those ruined altars,  
With feeble foot as our musician falters,  
Faint, weary, lost, benighted, and alone,  
He sinks, all trembling, on the threshold stone.  
Here nameless fears the young enthusiast chill :

They're superstitious, but religious still.  
 He hears the sullen murmur of the seas,  
 That tumble round the stormy Orcaes,  
 Or, deep beneath him, heave with boundless roar  
 Their sparkling surges to that savage shore ;  
 And thinks a spirit rolls the weltering waves  
 Through rifted rocks and hollow-rumbling caves.

Round the dark windows clasping ivy clings,  
 Twines round the porch, and in the sea-breeze swings ;  
 Its green leaves rustle :—heavy winds arise ;  
 The low cells echo, and the dark hall sighs.  
 Now Fancy sees the ideal canvass stretched,  
 And o'er the lines, that Truth has dimly sketched,  
 Dashes with hurried hand the shapes that fly  
 Hurtled along before her frenzied eye.  
 The scudding cloud, that drives along the coast,  
 Becomes the drapery of a warrior's ghost,  
 Who sails serenely in his gloomy pall,  
 O'er Morven's woods and Tura's mouldering wall,  
 To join the feast of shells, in Odin's misty hall.  
 Is that some demon's shriek, so loud and shrill,  
 Whose flapping robes sweep o'er the stormy hill ?  
 No :—'tis the mountain blast, that nightly rages  
 Around those walls, gray with the moss of ages.  
 Is that a lamp sepulchral, whose pale light  
 Shines in yon vault, before a spectre white ?

No:—'tis a glow-worm, burning greenly there,  
Or meteor, swimming slowly on the air.  
What mighty organ swells its deepest tone,  
And sighing heaves a low, funereal moan,  
That murmurs through the cemetery's glooms,  
And throws a deadlier horror round its tombs ?  
Sure, some dread spirit o'er the keys presides !  
The same that lifts these darkly thundering tides ;  
Or, homeless, shivers o'er an unclosed grave ;  
Or shrieking, off at sea, bestrides the white-maned wave.

Yes!—'tis some Spirit that those skies deforms,  
And wraps in billowy clouds that hill of storms.  
Yes:—'tis a Spirit in those vaults that dwells,  
Illumes that hall, and murmurs in those cells.  
Yes:—'tis *some* Spirit on the blast that rides,  
And wakes the eternal tumult of the tides.  
*That* Spirit broke the poet's morning dream,  
Led him o'er woody hill and babbling stream,  
Lured his young foot to every vale that rung,  
And charmed his ear in every bird that sung ;  
With various concerts cheered his hours of light,  
But kept the mightiest in reserve till night ;  
Then, throned in darkness, pealed that wildest air,  
Froze his whole soul, and chained the listener there.

## EUTHANASIA.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

**METHINKS**, when on the languid eye  
Life's autumn scenes grow dim ;  
When evening shadows veil the sky,  
And Pleasure's syren hymn  
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,  
Like echoes from another sphere,  
Or dream of Seraphim,  
It were not sad, to cast away  
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad, to feel the heart  
Grow passionless and cold ;  
To feel those longings to depart,  
That cheered the good of old ;

To clasp the faith which looks on high,  
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,  
And makes the curtain fold  
That falls upon his wasting breast,  
The door that leads to endless rest.

It were not lonely thus to lie  
On that triumphant bed,  
Till the pure spirit mounts on high,  
By white-winged seraphs led :  
Where glories earth may never know,  
O'er 'many mansions' lingering glow,  
In peerless lustre shed ;  
It were not lonely thus to soar,  
Where Sin and Grief can sting no more.

And though the way to such a goal  
Lies through the clouded tomb,  
If on the free unfettered soul  
There rests no stains of gloom,  
How should its aspirations rise,  
Far through the blue unpillared skies,  
Up—to its final home !  
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,  
Where streams of living waters run.

TO THE SHIP OF THE LINE  
PENNSYLVANIA.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

“LEAP forth to the careering seas,”  
Oh, ship of lofty name !  
And toss upon thy native breeze  
The stars and stripes of fame !  
And bear thy thunders o'er the deep  
Where vaunting navies ride !—  
Thou hast a nation's gems to keep—  
Her honor and her pride !  
Oh ! holy is the covenant made  
With thee and us to-day ;—  
None from the compact shrinks afraid,  
No traitor utters nay !  
We pledge our fervent love, and thou  
Thy glorious ribs of oak,  
Alive with men who cannot bow  
To kings, nor kiss the yoke !

Speed lightnings o'er the Carib Sea,  
Which deeds of hell deform ;  
And look ! her hands are spread to thee  
Where Afric's robbers swarm.  
Go ! lie upon the Ægean's breast,  
Where sparkle emerald isles—

Go! seek the lawless Suliote's nest,  
 And spoil his cruel wiles.  
 And keep, where sail the merchant ships,  
 Stern watch on their highway,  
 And promptly, through thine iron lips,  
 When urged, our tribute pay;  
 Yea, show thy bristling teeth of power,  
 Wherever tyrants bind,  
 In pride of their own little hour,  
 A freeborn, noble mind.

Spread out those ample wings of thine!—  
 While crime doth govern men,  
 'Tis fit such bulwark of the brine  
 Should leave the shores of PENN;  
 For hid within thy giant strength  
 Are germs of welcome Peace,  
 And such as thou, shall cause at length  
 Man's feverish strife to cease.  
 From every vale, from every crag,  
 Word of thy beauty's past,  
 And joy we that our country's flag  
 Streams from thy towering mast—  
 Assured that in thy prowess, thou  
 For her wilt win renown,  
 Whose sons *can die*, but know not how  
 To strike that pennon down.

## EVENING.

BY ELIZA FOLLEN.

THE sun is set, the day is o'er,  
And labor's voice is heard no more ;  
On high, the silver moon is hung ;  
The birds their vesper hymns have sung,  
Save one, who oft breaks forth anew,  
To chant another sweet adieu  
To all the glories of the day,  
And all its pleasures passed away.  
Her twilight robe all nature wears,  
And evening sheds her fragrant tears,  
Which every thirsty plant receives,  
While silence trembles on its leaves.  
From every tree and every bush,  
There seems to breathe a soothing hush ;  
While every transient sound but shows  
How deep and still is the repose.  
Thus calm and fair may all things be,  
When life's last sun has set with me ;



And may the lamp of memory shine  
As sweetly on my day's decline,  
As yon pale crescent, pure and fair,  
That hangs so safely in the air,  
And pours her mild, reflected light,  
To soothe and bless the weary sight.  
And may my spirit often wake  
Like thine, sweet bird ; and, singing, take  
Another farewell of the sun,—  
Of pleasures past, of labors done.  
See, where the glorious sun has set,  
A line of light is lingering yet :  
O, thus may love awhile illumine  
The silent darkness of my tomb.

ODE TO THE MOON.

BY ROBERT M. BIRD.

O MELANCHOLY Moon,  
Queen of the midnight, though thou palest away  
Far in the dusky west, to vanish soon  
Under the hills that catch thy waning ray,  
Still art thou beautiful beyond all spheres,  
The friend of grief, and confidant of tears.

Mine earliest friend wert thou :  
My boyhood's passion was to stretch me under  
The locust tree, and, through the chequered bough,  
Watch thy far pathway in the clouds, and wonder  
At thy strange loveliness, and wish to be  
The nearest star to roam the heavens with thee.

Youth grew ; but as it came,  
And sadness with it, still, with joy, I stole  
To gaze, and dream, and breathe perchance the name  
That was the early music of my soul,

And seemed upon thy pictured disk to trace  
Remembered features of a radiant face.

And manhood, though it bring  
A winter to my bosom, cannot turn  
Mine eyes from thy lone loveliness ; still spring  
My tears to meet thee, and the spirit stern  
Falters, in secret, with the ancient thrill—  
The boyish yearning to be with thee still.

Would it were so ; for earth  
Grows shadowy, and her fairest planets fail ;  
And her sweet chimes, that once were woke to mirth,  
Turn to a moody melody of wail,  
And through her stony throngs I go alone,  
Even with the heart I cannot turn to stone.

Would it were so ; for still  
Thou art my only counsellor, with whom  
Mine eyes can have no bitter shame to fill,  
Nor my weak lips to murmur at the doom  
Of solitude, which is so sad and sore,  
Weighing like lead upon my bosom's core.

A boyish thought, and weak :—  
I shall look up to thee from the deep sea,  
And in the land of palms, and on the peak

Of her wild hills, still turn my eyes to thee ;  
And then perhaps lie down in solemn rest,  
With nought but thy pale beams upon my breast.

Let it be so indeed !  
Earth hath her peace beneath the trampled stone ;  
And let me perish where no heart shall bleed,  
And nought, save passing winds, shall make my moan ;  
No tears, save night's to wash my humble shrine,  
And watching o'er me, no pale face but thine.

## NIGHT.

BY JONES VERY.

I THANK thee, Father, that the night is near  
When I this conscious being may resign ;  
Whose only task thy words of love to hear,  
And in thy acts to find each act of mine ;  
A task too great to give a child like me,  
The myriad-handed labors of the day,  
Too many for my closing eyes to see,  
Thy words too frequent for my tongue to say ;  
Yet when thou seest me burthened by thy love,  
Each other gift more lovely then appears,  
For dark-robed night comes hovering from above,  
And all thine other gifts to me endears ;  
And while within her darkened couch I sleep,  
Thine eyes untired above will constant vigils keep.



## ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.



ONLY one night at sea,"—

"Twas thus the promise ran,  
By frail presumptuous mortal given,  
To vain, confiding man,—

"Only one night at sea,  
And land shall bless thy sight,  
When morning's rays dispel  
The shadows of that night."

The pledge has been received,  
The vessel leaves the shore,  
Bearing the beautiful and brave,  
Who ne'er shall greet us more ;  
And every heart beats high,  
As bounding o'er the wave,  
The gallant bark moves on  
To bear them to their grave.

The merry beams of day  
Before the darkness flee,  
And gloomy night comes slowly on,  
That "only night at sea :"  
The watch upon the deck,  
Their weary vigils keep,  
And countless stars look down  
In beauty o'er the deep.

Within that stately boat  
The prattler's voice is still,  
And beauty's lovely form is there,  
Unheeding of the ill ;  
And manhood's vigorous mind  
Is wrapped in deep repose,  
And sorrow's victim lies  
Forgetful of his woes.

But hark ! that fearful sound,  
That wild, appalling cry,  
That wakes the sleepers from their dreams,  
And rouses them—to *die* :  
Ah, who shall tell the hopes  
That rose, so soon to flee ;  
The good resolves destroyed  
By that “ one night at sea ?”

That hour hath passed away,  
The morning’s beams are bright,  
As if they met no record there,  
Of that all-fearful night ;  
But many souls have fled  
To far eternity,  
And many hearts been wrecked  
In that “ one night at sea.”

Great God ! whose hand hath launched  
Our boat upon life’s sea,  
And given us as a pilot there,  
A spirit bold and free,  
So guide us with thy love,  
That our frail bark may be,  
Mid waves of doubt and fear,  
“ Only one night at sea.”





**TO AN ELM.**

**BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.**

**BRAVELY** thy old arms fling  
Their countless pennons to the fields of air,  
And like a sylvan king,  
Their panoply of green still proudly wear.

As some rude tower of old,  
Thy massive trunk still rears its rugged form,  
With limbs of giant mould,  
To battle sternly with the winter storm.

In Nature's mighty fane,  
Thou art the noblest arch beneath the sky ;  
How long the pilgrim train,  
That with a benison have passed thee by !

Lone patriarch of the wood !  
Like a true spirit thou dost freely rise,  
Of fresh and dauntless mood,  
Spreading thy branches to the open skies.

The locust knows thee well,  
And when the summer days his notes prolong,  
Hid in some leafy cell,  
Pours from thy world of leaves his drowsy song.

Oft on a morn in spring,  
The yellow-bird will seek thy waving spray,  
And there securely swing,  
To whet his beak, and breathe his blithesome lay.

How bursts thy monarch wail,  
When sleeps the pulse of Nature's buoyant life,

And bared to meet the gale,  
Wave thy old branches eager for the strife !

The sunset often weaves  
Upon thy crest a wreath of splendour rare,  
While the fresh-murmuring leaves  
Fill with cool sound the evening's sultry air.

Sacred thy roof of green  
To rustic dance, and childhood's gambols free ;  
Gay youth and age serene,  
Turn with familiar gladness unto thee.

Oh, hither should we roam,  
To hear Truth's herald in the lofty shade ;  
Beneath thy emerald dome  
Might Freedom's champion fitly draw his blade.

With blessings, at thy feet  
Falls the worn peasant to his noontide rest ;  
Thy verdant, calm retreat,  
Inspires the sad and soothes the troubled breast.

When at the twilight hour,  
Plays through thy tressil crown, the sun's last gleam,  
Under thy ancient bower  
The school-boy comes to sport, the bard to dream.

And when the moonbeams fall  
Through thy broad canopy upon the grass,  
Making a fairy hall,  
As o'er the sward the fitting shadows pass ;

Then lovers haste to thee,  
With hearts that tremble like that shifting light :  
To them, oh, brave old tree,  
Thou art joy's shrine—a temple of delight !

## THE BANNER OF MURAT.

BY PROSPER M. WETMORE.

"Thou, of the snow-white plume!"—*Byron*.

FOREMOST among the first,  
And bravest of the brave !  
Where'er the battle's fury burst,  
Or rolled its purple wave—  
There flashed his glance like a meteor,  
As he charged the foe afar ;  
And the snowy plume that his helmet bore,  
Was the banner of Murat !

Mingler on many a field,  
Where rung wild victory's peal!  
That fearless spirit was like a shield—  
A panoply of steel:  
For very joy in a glorious name,  
He rushed where danger stood;  
And that banner-plume, like a winged flame,  
Streamed o'er the field of blood!

His followers loved to gaze  
On his form with a fierce delight,  
As it towered above the battle's blaze—  
A pillar 'midst the fight:  
And eyes looked up, ere they closed in death,  
Through the thick and sulphury air—  
And lips shrieked out with their parting breath,  
'The lily plume is there!'

A cloud is o'er him now—  
For the peril hour hath come—  
And he stands with his high unshaded brow,  
On the fearful spot of doom:  
Away! no screen for a soldier's eye—  
No fear his soul appals;  
A rattling peal—and a shuddering cry—  
And bannerless he falls!

## JUNE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

JUNE, with its roses—June !  
The gladdest month of our capricious year,  
With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear ;  
    And with the drowsy tune  
Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass  
Laughingly on amid the springing grass !

Earth, at her joyous coming,  
Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on ;  
And Nature greets her with a benison ;  
    While myriad voices, humming  
Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round,  
Till seems the air an element of sound.

The overarching sky  
Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue,  
As if the light of heaven were melting through  
    Its sapphire home on high ;

Hiding the sunshine in their vapory breast,  
The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody,  
Poured by the birds, as o'er their callow young  
Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung—  
    Gladsome, yet not of glee—  
Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing  
Above their cradled infants slumbering.

On the warm hill-side, where  
The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass  
Peepeth the luscious strawberry ! As they pass,  
    Young children gambol there,  
Crushing the gathered fruit in playful mood,  
And staining their bright faces with its blood.

A deeper blush is given  
To the half-ripened cherry, as the sun  
Day after day pours warmth the trees upon,  
    Till the rich pulp is riven ;  
The truant school-boy looks with longing eyes,  
And perils limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,  
Draws the rich mould around the tender maize ;  
While Hope, bright-pinioned, points to coming days,

When all his toil shall yield  
An ample harvest, and around his hearth  
There shall be laughing eyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow wing,  
The butterfly, whose life is but an hour,  
Hovers coquettishly from flower to flower,  
A gay and happy thing ;  
Born for the sunshine and the summer day,  
Soon passing, like the beautiful, away !

These are thy pictures, June !  
Brightest of summer months—thou month of flowers !  
First-born of Beauty, whose swift-footed hours  
Dance to the merry tune  
Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout  
Of Childhood on the sunny hills pealed out.

I feel it were not wrong  
To deem thou art a type of Heaven's clime,  
Only that there the clouds and storms of Time  
Sweep not the sky along ;  
The flowers—air—beauty—music—all are thine,  
But brighter—purer—lovelier—more divine !



TO MAY.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JR.

Come, gentle May !

Come with thy robe of flowers,  
Come with thy sun and sky, thy clouds and showers,  
Come, and bring forth unto the eye of day,  
From their imprisoning and mysterious night,  
The buds of many hues, the children of thy light.

Come, wondrous May !

For at the bidding of thy magic wand,  
Quick from the caverns of the breathing land,  
In all their green and glorious array  
They spring, as spring the Persian maids to hail  
Thy flushing footsteps in Cashmerian vale.

Come, vocal May !

Come with thy train, that high  
On some fresh branch pour out their melody,  
Or carolling thy praise, the live-long day,  
Sit perched in some lone glen, on echo calling,  
Mid murmuring woods, and musical waters falling.

Come, sunny May !

Come with thy laughing beam,  
What time the lazy mist melts on the stream,  
Or seeks the mountain-top to meet thy ray,  
Ere yet the dew-drop on thine own soft flower,  
Hath lost its light or died beneath his power.

Come, holy May !

When sunk behind the cold and western hill,  
His light hath ceased to play on leaf and rill,  
And twilight's footsteps hasten his decay ;  
Come with thy musings, and my heart shall be  
Like a pure temple consecrate to thee.

Come, beautiful May !

Like youth and loveliness—  
Like her I love ; oh, come in thy full dress,  
The drapery of dark winter cast away ;  
To the bright eye, and the glad heart appear,  
Queen of the spring and mistress of the year !

Yet, lovely May !

Teach her whose eye shall rest upon this rhyme  
To spurn the gilded mockeries of time,  
The heartless pomp that beckons to betray,  
And keep as thou wilt find that heart each year,  
Pure as thy dawn, and as thy sunset clear.

And let me too, sweet May !  
 Let thy fond votary see  
 As fade thy beauties, all the vanity  
 Of this world's pomp, then teach, that though decay  
 In his short winter, bury beauty's frame,  
 In fairer worlds the soul shall break his sway,  
 Another spring shall bloom eternal and the same.

## THE SNOW-FLAKE

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

" Now, if I fall, will it be my lot  
 To be cast in some lone, and lowly spot,  
 To melt, and to sink unseen, or forgot ?  
 And there will my course be ended ?"  
 'Twas this a feathery Snow-Flake said,  
 As down through measureless space it strayed,  
 Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,  
 It seemed in mid air suspended.

" Oh ! no," said the Earth, " thou shalt not lie  
 Neglected and lone on my lap to die,  
 Thou pure and delicate child of the sky !  
 For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.

But then, I must give thee a lovelier form—  
Thou wilt not be part of the wintry storm,  
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,  
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping !

“ And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be  
Restored in the lily, that decks the lea,  
In the jessamine-bloom, the anemone,  
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness :—  
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,  
With the pearls, that the night scatters over the mead,  
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,  
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.

“ I'll let thee awake from thy transient sleep,  
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,  
In a tremulous tear ; or, a diamond, leap  
In a drop from the unlocked fountain :  
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow and heath,  
The streamlet, the flowers and all beneath,  
Go up and be wove in the silvery wreath  
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

“ Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the skies !  
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,  
And appear in the many and glorious dyes  
A pencil of sunbeams is blending !

But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,  
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,  
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,  
And never regret descending !”

“Then I will drop,” said the trusting Flake ;  
“But, bear it in mind, that the choice I make  
Is not in the flowers, nor the dew to wake ;  
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning.  
For, things of thyself, they will die with thee ;  
But those that are lent from on high, like me,  
Must rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,  
To the regions above returning.

“And if true to thy word and just thou art,  
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,  
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart  
And return to my native heaven.  
For I would be placed in the beautiful Bow,  
From time to time, in thy sight to glow ;  
So thou may'st remember the Flake of Snow,  
By the promise that God hath given !”

## SERENADE.

BY C. DONALD McLEOD.

THE singing birds have chorused  
The day-star to the sea ;  
The echoes of the forest  
Are slumbering silently ;  
The vesper bell is telling  
Thine hour for wandering forth ;  
Its welcome tones are swelling  
Across the star-lit earth.  
And as my cithern's breathing notes  
Are wafted up to thee,  
My spirit on their music floats,  
Ma mignonne Eulalie !

The lengthening shades will hide us,  
And 'neath their influence sweet,  
The cold hearts that would chide us,  
Sleep—careless that we meet—  
The spirit-stars are placing  
Their gem-lights in the sky ;  
They wait our first embracing,  
To bless us from on high.  
Then while the dreamy spell of night  
Still rests on earth and sea,  
Arise ! oh star of my delight,  
Ma mignonne Eulalie !

BROTHER, COME HOME.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Come home,  
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,  
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
With these unwearying words of melody ;  
Brother, come home.

Come home,  
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes  
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine,  
Come where fond thoughts, like holiest incense rise,  
Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine ;  
Brother, come home.

Come home,  
Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,  
Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove,

Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,  
Come to the fireside circle of thy love ;  
Brother, come home.

Come home,  
It is not home without thee, the lone seat  
Is still unclaimed where thou were wont to be,  
In every echo of returning feet,  
In vain we list for what should herald thee ;  
Brother, come home.

Come home,  
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,  
Watched every germ the full-blown flowers rear,  
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring  
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here ;  
Brother, come home.

Come home,  
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee—  
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
With these unwearying words of melody ;  
Brother, come home.



SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY CARLOS WILCOX.

**LONG** swoln in drenching rain, seeds, germs, and buds  
Start at the touch of vivifying beams.  
**Moved** by their secret force, the vital lymph  
Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and field  
A flood of verdure. Clothed, in one short week,  
Is naked Nature in her full attire.

On the first morn, light as an open plain  
Is all the woodland, filled with sunbeams, poured  
Through the bare tops, on yellow leaves below,  
With strong reflection : on the last, 'tis dark  
With full-grown foliage, shading all within.  
In one short week the orchard buds and blooms ;  
And now, when steeped in dew or gentle showers,  
It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze,  
Or all the tranquil atmosphere perfumes.  
E'en from the juicy leaves of sudden growth,  
And the rank grass of steaming ground, the air,  
Filled with a watery glimmering, receives  
A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays.  
Each day are heard, and almost every hour,  
New notes to swell the music of the groves.  
And soon the latest of the feathered train  
At evening twilight come ; the lonely snipe,  
O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,  
Invisible, but with faint, tremulous tones,  
Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head ;  
And, in mid-air, the sportive night-hawk, seen  
Flying awhile at random, uttering oft  
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake  
Of level pinions, dark, but when upturned  
Against the brightness of the western sky,  
One white plume showing in the midst of each,  
Then far down diving with loud hollow sound ;

And, deep at first within the distant wood,  
The whip-poor-will, her name her only song.  
She, soon as children from the noisy sport  
Of hooping, laughing, talking with all tones,  
To hear the echoes of the empty barn,  
Are by her voice diverted and held mute,  
Comes to the margin of the nearest grove ;  
And when the twilight, deepened into night,  
Calls them within, close to the house she comes,  
And on its dark side, haply on the step  
Of unfrequented door, lighting unseen,  
Breaks into strains, articulate and clear,  
The closing sometimes quickened as in sport.  
Now, animate throughout, from morn to eve  
All harmony, activity, and joy,  
Is lovely Nature, as in her blessed prime.  
The robin to the garden or green yard,  
Close to the door, repairs to build again  
Within her wonted tree ; and at her work  
Seems doubly busy for her past delay.  
Along the surface of the winding stream,  
Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim,  
Or round the borders of the spacious lawn  
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er  
Hillock and fence with motion serpentine,  
Easy, and light. One snatches from the ground

A downy feather, and then upward springs,  
Followed by others, but oft drops it soon,  
In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,  
When all at once dart at the falling prize.  
The flippant blackbird, with light yellow crown,  
Hangs fluttering in the air, and chatters thick  
Till her breath fail, when, breaking off, she drops  
On the next tree, and on its highest limb  
Or some tall flag, and gently rocking, sits,  
Her strain repeating. With sonorous notes  
Of every tone, mixed in confusion sweet,  
All chanted in the fulness of delight,  
The forest rings : where, far around enclosed  
With bushy sides, and covered high above  
With foliage thick, supported by bare trunks,  
Like pillars rising to support a roof,  
It seems a temple vast, the space within  
Rings loud and clear with thrilling melody.  
Apart, but near the choir, with voice distinct,  
The merry mocking-bird together links  
In one continued song their different notes,  
Adding new life and sweetness to them all.  
Hid under shrubs, the squirrel that in fields  
Frequents the stony wall and briery fence,  
Here chirps so shrill that human feet approach  
Unheard till just upon him, when, with cries

Sudden and sharp, he darts to his retreat  
Beneath the mossy hillock or aged tree ;  
But oft a moment after reappears,  
First peeping out, then starting forth at once  
With a courageous air, yet in his pranks  
Keeping a watchful eye, nor venturing far  
Till left unheeded. In rank pastures graze,  
Singly and mutely, the contented herd ;  
And on the upland rough the peaceful sheep ;  
Regardless of the frolic lambs, that, close  
Beside them, and before their faces prone,  
With many an antic leap and butting feint,  
Try to provoke them to unite in sport  
Or grant a look, till tired of vain attempts ;  
When, gathering in one company apart,  
All vigour and delight, away they run,  
Straight to the utmost corner of the field,  
The fence beside ; then, wheeling, disappear  
In some small sandy pit, then rise to view ;  
Or crowd together up the heap of earth  
Around some upturned root of fallen tree,  
And on its top a trembling moment stand,  
Then to the distant flock at once return.  
Exhilarated by the general joy,  
And the fair prospect of a fruitful year,  
The peasant, with light heart and nimble step,

His work pursues, as it were pastime sweet,  
 With many a cheering word, his willing team,  
 For labour fresh he hastens to the field  
 Ere morning lose its coolness ; but at eve,



When loosened from the plough and homeward turned,  
 He follows slow and silent, stopping oft  
 To mark the daily growth of tender grain  
 And meadows of deep verdure, or to view  
 His scattered flock and herd, of their own will  
 Assembling for the night by various paths,  
 The old now freely sporting with the young,  
 Or labouring with uncouth attempts at sport.

## THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"  
And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;  
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him,  
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
"The sound of many waters ;" and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime ?  
O, what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !  
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !  
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains ?—a light wave,  
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

SCENE FROM HADAD.

BY JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

*The garden of ABSALOM'S house on Mount Zion, near the palace, overlooking the city. TAMAR sitting by a fountain.*

*Tam.* How aromatic evening grows! The flowers  
And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha;  
Spikenard and henna emulate in sweets.  
Blest hour! which He, who fashioned it so fair,  
So softly glowing, so contemplative,  
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.  
And lo! the smoke of evening sacrifice  
Ascends from out the tabernacle.—Heaven,  
Accept the expiation, and forgive  
This day's offences!—Ha! the wonted strain,  
Precursor of his coming!—Whence can this—  
It seems to flow from some unearthly hand—





*Enter HADAD.*

*Had.* Does beauteous Tamar view, in this clear fount,  
Herself, or heaven ?

*Tam.* Nay, Hadad, tell me whence  
Those sad, mysterious sounds.

*Had.* What sounds, dear Princess ?

*Tam.* Surely, thou know'st ; and now I almost think  
Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

*Had.* I heard no sounds, but such as evening sends  
Up from the city to these quiet shades ;  
A blended murmur sweetly harmonizing  
With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,  
And voices from the hills.

*Tam.* The sounds I mean,  
Floated like mournful music round my head,  
From unseen fingers.

*Had.* When ?

*Tam.* Now, as thou camest.

*Had.* 'Tis but thy fancy, wrought  
To ecstasy ; or else thy grandsire's harp  
Resounding from his tower at eventide.  
I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones,  
Till the broad moon, that rose o'er Olivet,  
Stood listening in the zenith ; yea, have deemed  
Viols and heavenly voices answered him.

*Tam.* But these—

*Had.* Were we in Syria, I might say  
The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet Nymph,  
The goddess of these shades, rejoiced in thee,  
And gave thee salutations ; but I fear  
Judah would call me infidel to Moses.

*Tam.* How like my fancy ! When these strains precede  
Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think  
Some gentle being who delights in us  
Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming ;  
But they are dirge-like.

*Had.* Youthful fantasy,  
Attuned to sadness, makes them seem so, lady.  
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever,  
As signs of rest and peace ;—the watchman's call,

The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump  
 Announcing the returning moon, the pipe  
 Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing-bell,  
 Send melancholy to a drooping soul.

*Tam.* But how delicious are the pensive dreams  
 That steal upon the fancy at their call!

*Had.* Delicious to behold the world at rest.  
 Meek labour wipes his brow, and intermits  
 The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot;  
 Herdsmen and shepherds fold their flocks,—and hark!  
 What merry strains they send from Olivet!  
 The jar of life is still; the city speaks  
 In gentle murmurs; voices chime with lutes  
 Waked in the streets and gardens; loving pairs  
 Eye the red west in one another's arms;  
 And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields  
 A glimpse of happiness, which He, who formed  
 Earth and the stars, had power to make eternal.

*Tam.* Ah! Hadad, meanest thou to reproach the Friend  
 Who gave so much, because he gave not all?

*Had.* Perfect benevolence, methinks, had willed  
 Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy;  
 Filled the whole universe of human hearts  
 With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.

*Tam.* Our Prophet teaches so, till man's rebellion.

*Had.* Rebellion!—Had he leaguered Heaven itself  
 With beings powerful, numberless, and dreadful—

Mixed onset 'midst the lacerating hail,  
 And snake-tongued thunderbolts, that hissed and stung  
 Worse than eruptive mountains,—this had fallen  
 Within the category.—But what did man?—  
 Tasted an apple! and the fragile scene,  
 Eden, and innocence, and human bliss,  
 The nectar-flowing streams, life-giving fruits,  
 Celestial shades, and amaranthine flowers,  
 Vanish; and sorrow, toil, and pain, and death,  
 Cleave to him by an everlasting curse.

*Tam.* Ah! talk not thus.

*Had.* Is this benevolence?—

Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me;  
 For I was tutored in a brighter faith.  
 Our Syrians deem each lucid fount and stream,  
 Forest and mountain, glade and bosky dell,  
 Peopled with kind divinities, the friends  
 Of man, a spiritual race allied  
 To him by many sympathies, who seek  
 His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts,  
 Cool with their waves, and fan him with their airs.  
 O'er them, the Spirit of the Universe,  
 Or Soul of Nature, circumfuses all  
 With mild, benevolent, and sun-like radiance;  
 Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,  
 As spirit does the body, till green herbs,  
 And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars rise;

And shooting stellar influence through her caves,  
Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.

*Tam.* Dreams, Hadad, empty dreams.

*Had.* These Deities

They in vocate with cheerful, gentle rites,  
Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines  
With Nature's bounties, fruits, and fragrant flowers.  
Not like you gory mount that ever reeks—

*Tam.* Cast not reproach upon the holy altar.

*Had.* Nay, sweet.—Having enjoyed all pleasures here  
That Nature prompts, but chiefly blissful love,  
At death, the happy Syrian maiden deems  
Her immaterial flies into the fields,  
Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,  
And dwells, a Deity, with those she worshipped ;  
Till time, or fate, return her in its course  
To quaff, once more, the cup of human joy.

*Tam.* But thou believ'st not this.

*Had.* I almost wish

Thou didst ; for I have feared, my gentle Tamar,  
Thy spirit is too tender for a Law  
Announced in terrors, coupled with the threats  
Of an inflexible and dreadful Being,  
Whose word annihilates,—who could arrest  
The sun in heaven, or, if he pleased, abolish  
Light from creation, and leave wretched man  
To darkness,—as he did to worse, when all

His firmamental cataracts came down!—  
 All perished,—yet his purpose faltered not!—  
 His anger never dies, *never* remits.  
 But unextinguished burns to deepest hell.  
 Jealous, implacable——

*Tam.* Peace! impious! peace!

*Had.* Ha! says not Moses so?

The Lord is jealous.

*Tam.* Jealous of our faith,  
 Our love, our true obedience, justly his;  
 And a poor recompense for all his favours.  
 Implacable he is not; contrite man,  
 Ne'er found him so.

*Had.* But others have,  
 If oracles be true.

*Tam.* Little we know  
 Of them; and nothing of their dire offence.

*Had.* I meant not to displease, love; but my soul  
 Revolts, because I think thy gentle nature  
 Shudders at him and yonder bloody rites.  
 How dreadful! when the world awakes to light,  
 And life, and gladness, and the jocund tide  
 Bounds in the veins of every happy creature,  
 Morning is ushered by a murdered victim,  
 Whose wasting members reek upon the air,  
 Polluting the pure firmament; the shades  
 Of evening scent of death; almost, the shrine

Itself, o'ershadowed by the Cherubim ;  
 And where the clotted current from the altar  
 Mixes with Kedron, all its waves are gore.  
 Nay, nay, I grieve thee ;—'tis not for myself,  
 But that I fear these gloomy things oppress  
 Thy soul, and cloud its native sunshine.

*Tam.* (in tears, clasping her hands.)

Witness, ye Heavens ! Eternal Father, witness !  
 Blest God of Jacob ! Maker ! Friend ! Preserver !  
 That with my heart, my undivided soul,  
 I love, adore, and praise thy glorious name,  
 Confess thee Lord of all, believe thy Laws  
 Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.  
 O, Hadad, Hadad ! you misconstrue much  
 The sadness that usurps me ;—'tis for thee  
 I grieve,—for hopes that fade,—for your lost soul,  
 And my lost happiness.

*Had.* O, say not so,

Beloved Princess. Why distrust my faith ?

*Tam.* Thou know'st, alas, my weakness ; but remember,  
 I never, never will be thine, although  
 The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,  
 Though Absalom and David called me bride,  
 Till sure thou own'st, with truth, and love sincere,  
 The Lord Jehovah.

*Had.* Leave me not—Hear, hear—

I do believe—I know that Being lives

Whom you adore. Ah! stay—by *proofs* I know  
Which Moses had not.

*Tam.* Prince, unclasp my hand.

(*Exit.*)

*Had.* Untwine thy fetters if thou canst.—How sweet  
To watch the struggling softness! It allays  
The beating tempest of my thoughts, and flows,  
Like the nepenthe of Elysium through me.  
How exquisite! Like subtlest essences,  
She fills the spirit! How the girdle clips  
Her taper waist with its resplendent clasp!  
Her bosom's silvery-swelling network yields  
Ravishing glimpses, like sweet shade and moonshine  
Checkering Astarte's statue—



## THE LAST READER.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree,  
And read my own sweet songs ;  
Though nought they may to others be,  
Each humble line prolongs  
A tone that might have passed away,  
But for that scarce remembered lay.

I keep them like a lock or leaf,  
That some dear girl has given ;  
Frail record of an hour, as brief  
As sunset clouds in heaven,  
But spreading purple twilight still  
High over memory's shadowed hill.

They lie upon my pathway bleak,  
Those flowers that once ran wild,  
As on a father's care-worn cheek  
The ringlets of his child ;  
The golden mingling with the gray,  
And stealing half its snows away.

What care I though the dust is spread  
Around these yellow leaves,  
Or o'er them his sarcastic thread  
Oblivion's insect weaves ;  
Though weeds are tangled on the stream,  
It still reflects my morning's beam.

And therefore love I such as smile  
On these neglected songs,  
Nor deem that flattery's needless wile  
My opening bosom wrongs ;  
For who would trample, at my side,  
A few pale buds, my garden's pride ?

It may be that my scanty ore  
Long years have washed away,  
And where were golden sands before,  
Is nought but common clay ;  
Still something sparkles in the sun  
For memory to look back upon.

And when my name no more is heard,  
My lyre no more is known,  
Still let me, like a winter's bird,  
In silence and alone,  
Fold over them the weary wing  
Once flashing through the dews of spring.

Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap  
My youth in its decline,  
And riot in the rosy lap  
Of thoughts that once were mine,  
And give the worm my little store  
When the last reader reads no more !

LINES ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF  
MY SISTER.

BY MICAH P. FLINT.

ON yonder shore, on yonder shore,  
Now verdant with the depths of shade,  
Beneath the white-armed sycamore,  
There is a little infant laid.  
Forgive this tear.—A brother weeps.—  
’Tis there the faded floweret sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,  
And summer’s forests o’er her wave ;  
And sighing winds at autumn moan  
Around the little stranger’s grave,  
As though they murmured at the fate  
Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like sorrow's own,  
 Their funeral dirges faintly creep ;  
 Then deepening to an organ tone,  
 In all their solemn cadence sweep,  
 And pour, unheard, along the wild,  
 Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and passed. Can I forget,  
 How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,  
 Ere three autumnal suns had set,  
 Consigned her to her mother Earth !  
 Joys and their memories pass away ;  
 But griefs are deeper ploughed than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell,  
 We heaped the soft mould on her breast ;  
 And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell  
 Upon her lonely place of rest.  
 May angels guard it ;—may they bless  
 Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone ;  
 For, all unheard, on yonder shore,  
 The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,  
 At evening lifts its solemn roar,  
 As, in one broad, eternal tide,  
 The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,  
    There is no stone, with graven lie,  
To tell of love and virtue blent  
    In one almost too good to die.  
We needed no such useless trace  
To point us to her resting place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone ;  
    But, midst the tears of April showers,  
The genius of the wild hath strown  
    His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,  
And cast his robes of vernal bloom  
In guardian fondness o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone ;  
    Yet yearly is her grave-turf dressed,  
And still the summer vines are thrown,  
    In annual wreaths, across her breast,  
And still the sighing autumn grieves,  
And strews the hallowed spot with leaves.

TO A CITY PIGEON.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

STOOP to my window, thou beautiful dove !  
Thy daily visits have touched my love,  
I watch thy coming, and list the note  
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,  
    And my joy is high  
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,  
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves ?  
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,  
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet ?  
    How canst thou bear  
This noise of people—this sultry air ?

Thou alone of the feathered race  
Dost look unscared on the human face ;  
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,  
Dost love with man in his haunts to be ;

And "the gentle dove"  
Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird !  
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word !  
Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild  
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child,  
    And thy glossy wings  
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance.  Thou art set apart,  
Wisely by Him who has tamed thy heart,  
To stir the love for the bright and fair  
That else were sealed in this crowded air ;  
    I sometimes dream  
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come then, ever, when daylight leaves  
The page I read, to my humble eaves,  
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,  
And murmur thy low sweet music out !  
    I hear and see  
Lessons of Heaven, sweet bird, in thee !



WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

THE trembling dew-drops fall  
Upon the shutting flowers, like souls at rest,  
The stars shine gloriously, and all,  
Save me, is blest.

Mother, I love thy grave !  
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,  
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave  
Above thy child ?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must  
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow,  
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—dust  
Is on thy brow !

And I could love to die,  
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,  
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,  
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear  
With bitter tears!

Ay, must I linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,  
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,  
Went down with thee!

Oft from life's withered bower,  
In still communion with the past I turn,  
And muse on thee, the only flower  
In memory's urn.

And, when the Evening pale  
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,  
I stray to hear the night-winds wail  
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?  
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there,  
T

I listen—and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.

Oh come, while here I press  
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,  
And o'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine—  
Oh give his spirit undefiled  
To blend with thine.

EXTRACT FROM PROMETHEUS.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

OUR thoughts are boundless though our frames are frail,  
Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay ;  
Though darkened in this poor life by a veil  
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play  
In truth's eternal sunbeams ; on the way  
To Heaven's high capitol our car shall roll ;  
The temple of the power whom all obey,  
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul  
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it—though the flesh is weak, I feel  
The spirit has its energies untamed

By all its fatal wanderings ; time may heal  
The wounds which it has suffered ; folly claimed  
Too large a portion of its youth ; ashamed  
Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly,  
And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed  
Elijah, when the chariot rushing by  
Bore him with steeds of fire triumphant to the sky.

We are as barks afloat upon the sea  
Helmless and oarless, when the light has fled,  
The spirit, whose strong influence can free  
The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead,  
Cold night of mortal darkness ; from the bed  
Of sloth he rouses at her sacred call,  
And kindling in the blaze around him shed,  
Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall,  
And gives to God, his strength, his heart, his mind, his all.

Our home is not on earth ; although we sleep,  
And sink in seeming death awhile, yet then  
The awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap  
To life, and energy, and light, again ;  
We cannot slumber always in the den  
Of sense and selfishness ; the day will break,  
Ere we for ever leave the haunts of men ;  
Even at the parting hour the soul will wake,  
Nor like a senseless brute its unknown journey take.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings  
The hoary wretch, who on his death-bed hears,  
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,  
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,  
And screaming like a vulture in his ears,  
Tells one by one his thoughts and deeds of shame ;  
How wild the fury of his soul careers !  
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,  
And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his frame.



Our souls have wings ; their flight is like the rush  
Of whirlwinds, and they upward point their way,  
Like him who bears the thunder, when the flush  
Of his keen eye feeds on the dazzling ray :  
He claps his pinions in the blaze of day,  
And gaining on the loftiest arch his throne,  
Darts his quick vision on his fated prey,  
And, gathering all his vigour, he is gone,  
And in an instant grasps his victim as his own.

We soar as proudly, and as quickly fall,  
This moment in the empyrean, then we sink,  
And wrapping in the joys of sense our all,  
The stream that flows from Heaven we cannot drink,  
But we will lie along the flowery brink  
Of pleasure's tempting current, till the wave  
Is bitter and its banks bare, then we think  
Of what we might have been, and, idly brave,  
We take a short weak flight, and drop into the grave.

## SONG.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WHEN other friends are round thee,  
And other hearts are thine ;  
When other bays have crowned thee,  
More fresh and green than mine.  
Then think how sad and lonely  
This wretched heart will be ;  
Which, while it beats—beats only,  
Beloved one ! for thee.

Yet do not think I doubt thee ;  
I know thy truth remains,  
I would not live without thee  
For all the world contains.  
Thou art the star that guides me  
Along life's troubled sea,  
And whatever fate betides me,  
This heart still turns to thee.





TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

BY AMELIA B. WELBY.

WHEN shines the star, by thee loved best,  
Upon these soft delicious eyes,  
Lighting the ring-dove to her nest,  
Where trembling stir the darkling leaves ;  
When flings the wave its crest of foam  
Above the shadowy-mantled seas,  
A softness o'er my heart doth come,  
Linking thy memory with these ;

For if, amid those orbs that roll,  
Thou hast at times a thought of me,  
For every one that stirs thy soul  
A thousand stir my own of thee.

Even now thy dear remembered eyes,  
Filled up with floods of radiant light,  
Seem bending from the twilight skies,  
Outshining all the stars of night :  
And thy young face divinely fair,  
Like a bright cloud, seems melting through,  
While low sweet whispers fill the air,  
Making my own lips whisper too ;  
For never does the soft south wind  
Steal o'er the hushed and lonely sea,  
But it awakens in my mind  
A thousand memories of thee.

Oh ! could I, while these hours of dreams  
Are gathering o'er the silent hills,  
While every breeze a minstrel seems  
And every leaf a heart that thrills,  
Steal all unseen to some hushed place,  
And, kneeling 'neath those burning orbs,  
For ever gaze on thy sweet face  
Till seeing every sense absorbs,

And, singling out each blessed even  
The star that earliest lights the sea,  
Forget another shines in heaven  
While shines the one beloved by thee.

Lost one! companion of the blest  
Thou, who in purer air dost dwell,  
Ere froze the life-drops in thy breast,  
Or fled thy soul its mystic cell,  
We passed on earth such hours of bliss  
As none but kindred hearts can know,  
And, happy in a world like this,  
But dreamed of that to which we go,  
Till thou wert called in thy young years  
To wander o'er that shoreless sea,  
Where, like a mist, time disappears,  
Melting into eternity.

I'm thinking of some sunny hours,  
That shone out goldenly in June,  
When birds were singing 'mong the flowers  
With wild sweet voices all in tune,  
When o'er thy locks of paly gold  
Flowed thy transparent veil away,  
Till 'neath each snow-white trembling fold  
The Eden of thy bosom lay;

And sheltered 'neath its dark-fringed lid  
Till raised from thence in girlish glee,  
How modestly thy glance lay hid  
From the fond glances bent on thee.

There are some hours that pass so soon,  
Our spell-touched hearts scarce know they end ;  
And so it was with that sweet June,  
Ere thou wert lost, my gentle friend !  
Oh ! how I'll watch each flower that closes  
Through autumn's soft and breezy reign,  
Till summer-blooms restore the roses,  
And merry June shall come again !  
But, ah ! while float its sunny hours  
O'er fragrant shore and trembling sea,  
Missing thy face among the flowers,  
How my full heart will mourn for thee !

## CHRISTMAS.

BY WILLIAM CROSWELL.

"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious."—ISAIAH.

THE thickly woven boughs they wreathe  
Through every hallowed fane,  
A soft reviving odour breathe  
Of summer's gentle reign;  
And rich the ray of mild green light  
Which, like an emerald's glow,  
Comes struggling through the latticed height,  
Upon the crowds below.

Oh let the streams of solemn thought,  
Which in those temples rise,  
From deeper sources spring than aught  
Dependant on the skies.  
Then though the summer's glow departs,  
And winter's withering chill  
Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts  
Shall be unchanging still.

## THE DEPARTED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE departed ! the departed !  
They visit us in dreams,  
And they glide above our memories,  
Like shadows over streams ;—  
But where the cheerful lights of home  
In constant lustre burn,  
The departed—the departed  
Can never more return !

The good, the brave, the beautiful !  
How dreamless is their sleep,  
Where rolls the dirge-like music  
Of the ever-tossing deep,—  
Or where the hurrying night-winds  
Pale Winter's robes have spread  
Above the narrow palaces,  
In the cities of the dead !

I look around and feel the awe  
Of one who walks alone—  
Among the wrecks of former days,  
In mournful ruin strown.  
I start to hear the stirring sounds  
Among the cypress trees ;  
For the voice of the departed  
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice ! it mingles with  
Each free and careless strain ;  
I scarce can think Earth's minstrelsy  
Will cheer my heart again.  
The melody of Summer waves,  
The thrilling notes of birds,  
Can never be so dear to me,  
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles  
Still on me sweetly fall !  
Their tones of love I faintly hear  
My name in sadness call.  
I know that they are happy,  
With their angel plumage on ;  
But my heart is very desolate,  
To think that they are gone.

The departed!—the departed!  
They visit us in dreams,  
And they glide above our memories,  
Like shadows over streams;—  
But where the cheerful lights of home  
In constant lustre burn,  
The departed—the departed  
Can never more return!



## THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

BY ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX.

Upon the bells. Zechariah, 14: 20.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,  
Of England green and old,  
That out from fane and ivied tower  
A thousand years have toll'd ;  
How glorious must their music be  
As breaks the hallowed day,  
And calleth with a seraph's voice  
A nation up to pray !

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,  
Sweet tales of olden time !  
And ring a thousand memories  
At vesper, and at prime ;  
At bridal and at burial,  
For cottager and king—  
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,  
How blessedly they ring !

Those chimes, those chimes of **Motherland**,  
    Upon a Christmas morn,  
Outbreaking, as the angels did,  
    For a Redeemer born ;  
How merrily they call afar,  
    To cot and baron's hall,  
With holly deck'd and mistletoe,  
    To keep the festival !

The chimes of England, how they peal  
    From tower and gothic pile,  
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill  
    The dim cathedral aisle ;  
Where windows bathe the holy light  
    On priestly heads that falls,  
And stain the florid tracery  
    And banner-dighted walls !

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring !  
    Those glorious Easter chimes !  
How loyally they hail thee round,  
    Old Queen of holy times !  
From hill to hill, like sentinels,  
    Responsively they cry,  
And sing the rising of the **LORD**,  
    From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—chimes of Motherland,  
    With all this soul of mine,  
And bless the LORD that I am sprung  
    Of good old English line !  
And like a son I sing the lay  
    That England's glory tells ;  
For she is lovely to the LORD,  
    For you, ye Christian bells !

And heir of her ancestral fame,  
    And happy in my birth,  
Thee too I love, my Forest-land,  
    The joy of all the earth ;  
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,  
    And here—where God is king,  
With English chimes, from Christian spires,  
    The wilderness shall ring.

## LINES

Suggested by a picture of Washington Allston.

BY ISAAC McLELLAN.

THE tender Twilight with a crimson cheek  
Leans on the breast of Eve. The wayward Wind  
Hath folded her fleet pinions, and gone down  
To slumber by the darkened woods—the herds  
Have left their pastures, where the sward grows green  
And lofty by the river's sedgy brink,  
And slow are winding home. Hark, from afar  
Their tinkling bells sound through the dusky glade  
And forest-openings, with a pleasant sound ;  
While answering Echo from the distant hill,  
Sends back the music of the herdsman's horn.

How tenderly the trembling light yet plays  
O'er the far-waving foliage ! Day's last blush  
Still lingers on the billowy waste of leaves,  
With a strange beauty—like the yellow flush  
That haunts the ocean, when the day goes by.  
Methinks, whene'er earth's wearying troubles pass  
Like winter shadows o'er the peaceful mind,  
'Twere sweet to turn from life, and pass abroad,  
With solemn footsteps, into Nature's vast  
And happy palaces, and lead a life  
Of peace in some green paradise like this.

The brazen trumpet and the loud war-drum  
Ne'er startled these green woods :—the raging sword  
Hath never gathered its red harvest here !  
The peaceful Summer day hath never closed  
Around this quiet spot, and caught the gleam  
Of War's rude pomp :—the humble dweller here  
Hath never left his sickle in the field,  
To slay his fellow with unholy hand ;  
The maddening voice of battle, the wild groan,  
The thrilling murmuring of the dying man,  
And the shrill shriek of mortal agony,  
Have never broke its Sabbath solitude.

## PALESTINE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BLEST land of Judea ! thrice hallowed of song,  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng ;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee !

With the eye of a spirit, I look on that shore,  
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before ;  
With the glide of a spirit, I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills ! in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Genasseret, chime on my ear ;  
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,  
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Godarene ;

And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, oh dark Gallilee !

Hark, a sound in the valleys ! where swollen and strong,  
Thy river, oh Kishon, is sweeping along ;  
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,  
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son !

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang  
To the song which the beautiful Prophetess sang,  
When the Princes of Issachar stood by her side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo ! Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,  
With the mountains around, and the valleys between ;  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below ;  
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet ?

I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod ;  
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF GOD :  
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons were  
taught,  
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was  
wrought.

Oh, here with his flock the sad Wanderer came,  
These hills he toiled over in grief are the same—  
The founts where he drank by the wayside still flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet :  
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,  
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone !

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God ?  
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,  
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him !

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when  
In love and in meekness he moved among men ;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the  
sea,  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me !



And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to bear,  
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, thy spirit is near,  
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here,  
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,  
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow,—

Oh, the outward hath gone !—but in glory and power,  
The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour ;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same !

## THE APRIL SHOWER.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

THE April rain ! the April rain !  
I hear the pleasant sound,  
Now soft and still, like gentle dew,  
Now drenching all the ground.  
Pray tell me why an April shower  
Is pleasanter to see  
Than falling drops of other rain ?  
I'm sure it is to me.

I wonder if 'tis really so,  
Or only Hope, the while,  
That tells of swelling buds and flowers,  
And Summer's coming smile :  
Whate'er it is, the April shower  
Makes me a child again ;  
I feel a rush of youthful blood,  
As falls the April rain.

And sure, were I a little bulb,  
    Within the darksome ground,  
I should love to hear the April rain  
    So softly falling round ;  
Or any tiny flower were I,  
    By Nature swaddled up,  
How pleasantly the April shower  
    Would bathe my hidden cup !

The small brown seed that rattled down  
    On the cold autumnal earth,  
Is bursting from its cerements forth,  
    Rejoicing in its birth ;  
The slender spears of pale green grass  
    Are smiling in the light ;  
The clover opes its folded leaves,  
    As though it felt delight.

The robin sings on the leafless tree,  
    And upward turns his eye,  
As if he loved to see the drops  
    Come filtering down the sky ;  
No doubt he longs the bright green leaves  
    About his home to see,  
And feel the swaying summer winds  
    Play in the full-robed tree.

The cottage door is open wide,  
And cheerful sounds are heard ;  
The young girl sings at the merry wheel  
A song like the wildwood bird ;  
The creeping child by the old worn sill  
Peers out with winking eye,  
And his ringlets parts with his chubby hand,  
As the drops come spattering by.

With bounding heart beneath the sky  
The truant boy is out,  
And hoop and ball are darting by,  
With many a merry shout ;  
Ay, shout away, ye joyous throng !  
For yours is the April day ;  
I love to see your spirits dance,  
In your pure and healthful play !

## THE VOICE OF THE GALE.

BY THOMAS J. CHARLTON.

'Tis the voice of the gale : I have heard it, at night,  
Sweep the depths of the sea with its terrible might ;  
And the sound of its wailing seemed fraught with the cry  
Of thousands who sank mid the waters to die.

'Tis the voice of the gale : I have heard its deep moan  
Through the desolate halls of some fabric o'erthrown ;  
And the accents of those who once gladdened its hearth  
Seemed again to return to the place of their birth.

'Tis the voice of the gale : mid the desolate plain,  
In the forest's dark gloom, I have heard it complain,  
Like the tones of some spirit that hovered in air,  
And mourned for the children of sorrow and care.

'Tis the voice of the gale, which, to fancy's fond ear,  
Seems filled with the accents of those ever dear,—  
My friends, my companions, my kindred,—all those  
Who have sunk to the sleep of a lasting repose.

Yes ; oft, mid its moanings, we dream they are nigh,  
And fancy we hear their soft voices reply :

'Tis a vision of bliss, till, by reason o'erthrown,  
We hear the rude breath of the tempest alone.



TO A WATERFALL.

BY ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

WILD is your airy sweep,  
Billows that foam from yonder mountain side—  
Dashing with whitened crests and thundering tide  
To seek the distant deep!

Now to the verge ye climb,  
Now rush to plunge with emulous haste below;  
Sounding your stormy chorus as ye go—  
A never-ending chime!



**The Mothers of our Forest-Land !**

**Their bosoms pillowed *men* !**

**And proud were they by such to stand,**

**In hammock, fort, or glen.**

**To load the sure old rifle—**

**To run the leaden ball—**

**To watch a battling husband's place,**

**And fill it should he fall :**

The Mothers of our Forest-Land !

*Such* were their daily deeds.

Their monument !—where does it stand ?

Their epitaph !—who reads ?

No braver dames had Sparta,

No nobler matrons Rome—

Yet who or lauds or honours them,

Ev'n in their own green home !

The Mothers of our Forest-Land !

They sleep in unknown graves :

And had they borne and nursed a band

Of ingrates, or of slaves,

They had not been more neglected !

But their graves shall yet be found,

And their monuments dot here and there

“The Dark and Bloody Ground.”



## SONG.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT

Dost thou idly ask to hear  
At what gentle seasons  
Nymphs relent, when lovers near  
Press the tenderest reasons?  
Ah, they give their faith too oft  
To the careless wooer;  
Maidens' hearts are always soft;  
Would that men's were truer!

Woo the fair one, when around  
Early birds are singing;  
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,  
Early herbs are springing:  
When the brookside, bank, and grove,  
All with blossoms laden,  
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,—  
Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her when, with rosy blush,  
Summer eve is sinking ;  
When, on rills that softly gush,  
Stars are softly winking ;  
When, through boughs that knit the bower,  
Moonlight gleams are stealing ;  
Woo her, till the gentle hour  
Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes  
Tinge the woody mountain ;  
When the dropping foliage lies,  
In the weedy fountain ;  
Let the scene, that tells how fast  
Youth is passing over,  
Warn her, ere her bloom is past,  
To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the northwinds call  
At the lattice nightly ;  
When, within the cheerful hall,  
Blaze the fagots brightly ;  
While the wintry tempest round  
Sweeps the landscape hoary,  
Sweeter in her ear shall sound  
Love's delightful story.

## GO FORTH INTO THE FIELDS.

BY W. J. PARODIE.

"The world is too much with us."—WORDSWORTH.

Go forth into the fields,  
Ye denizens of the pent city's mart!  
Go forth, and know the gladness nature yields  
To the care-wearied heart.

Leave ye the feverish strife,  
The jostling, eager, self-devoted throng:  
Ten thousand voices, waked anew to life,  
Call you with sweetest song.

Hark! from each fresh-clad bough,  
Or blissful soaring in the golden air,  
Bright birds, with joyous music, bid you now  
To spring's loved haunts repair.

The silvery gleaming rills  
Lure with soft murmurs from the grassy lea;  
Or gaily dancing down the sunny hills,  
Call loudly in their glee!

And the young, wanton breeze,  
With breath all odorous from her blossomy chase,  
In voice low whispering, 'mong the embowering trees,  
Woos you to her embrace.

Go—breathe the air of heaven,  
Where violets meekly smile upon your way ;  
Or on some pine-crowned summit, tempest riven,  
Your wandering footsteps stray.

Seek ye the solemn wood,  
Whose giant trunks a verdant roof uprear,  
And listen, while the roar of some far flood  
Thrills the young leaves with fear !

Stand by the tranquil lake,  
Sleeping mid willowy banks of emerald dye,  
Save when the wild bird's wing its surface break  
Chequering the mirrored sky—

And if within your breast,  
Hallowed to Nature's touch one chord remain ;  
If aught save worldly honours find you blest,  
Or hope of sordid gain ;—

A strange delight shall thrill,  
A quiet joy brood o'er you like a dove ;

Earth's placid beauty shall your bosom fill,  
Stirring its depths with love.

O, in the calm, still hours,  
The holy Sabbath hours, when sleeps the air,  
And heaven and earth, decked with her beauteous flowers,  
Lie hushed in breathless prayer,—

Pass ye the proud fane by,  
The vaulted aisles, by flaunting folly trod,  
And, 'neath the temple of the uplifted sky,  
Go forth, and worship God!

## CAPE COLONNA.

BY GEORGE HILL.

'Tis summer's eve. The winds are still;  
So calmly hushed the waters lie,  
So softly bright, they seem to blend  
In airy distance with the sky.

What hues of gorgeous beauty, o'er  
Morea's hills and mountains rolled,  
Their summits veil ! where sinks the sun,  
A monarch to his couch of gold.  
From them I turn ; from isles, along  
Whose wild and lofty summits driven,  
The rosy twilight lingers, till  
They seem to melt and blend with Heaven :—  
Turn to the ruin, lone and dim,  
That bears the name, and should have crowned  
The dust of him,\* the spirit of  
Whose song, though mute, is breathed around.  
Minstrel ! the thrilling summons of  
Whose lyre the men of Greece obeyed—  
Soldier ! whose charge had freed them, ere  
His hand had sheathed her battle-blade !  
Here should his relics rest, beside  
This time-worn column, gray and rent ;  
His name, his epitaph ; the stone,  
Whereon 'tis graved, his monument.

---

\* Byron, whose name is inscribed on one of the columns.

TO A MOONBEAM.

BY MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

AH, whither art straying, thou spirit of light,  
From thy home in the boundless sky ?  
Why lookest thou down from the empire of night,  
With that silent and sorrowful eye ?

Thou art resting here on the autumn leaf,  
Where it fell from its throne of pride ;  
But oh, what pictures of joy or grief,  
What scenes thou art viewing beside !

Thou art glancing down on the ocean waves,  
As they proudly heave and swell ;  
Thou art piercing deep in its coral caves,  
Where the green-haired sea-nymphs dwell !

Thou art pouring thy beams on Italia's shore,  
As though it were sweet to be there ;  
Thou art lighting the prince to his stately couch,  
And the monk to his midnight prayer.



Thou art casting a fretwork of silver rays  
Over ruin, and palace, and tower ;  
Thou art gilding the temples of former day,  
In this holy and beautiful hour.



Thou art silently roaming through forest and glade,  
Where mortal foot never hath trod ;  
Thou art lighting the grave where the dust is laid,  
While the spirit hath gone to its God !

Thou art looking on those I love ! oh, wake  
In their hearts some remembrance of me,  
And gaze on them thus, till their bosoms partake  
Of the love I am breathing to thee.

And perchance thou art casting this mystic spell  
On the beautiful land of the blest,  
Where the dear ones of earth have departed to dwell,  
Where the weary have fled to their rest.

Oh yes ! with that soft and ethereal beam,  
Thou hast looked on the mansions of bliss,  
And some spirit, perchance, of that glorified world  
Hath breathed thee a message to this.

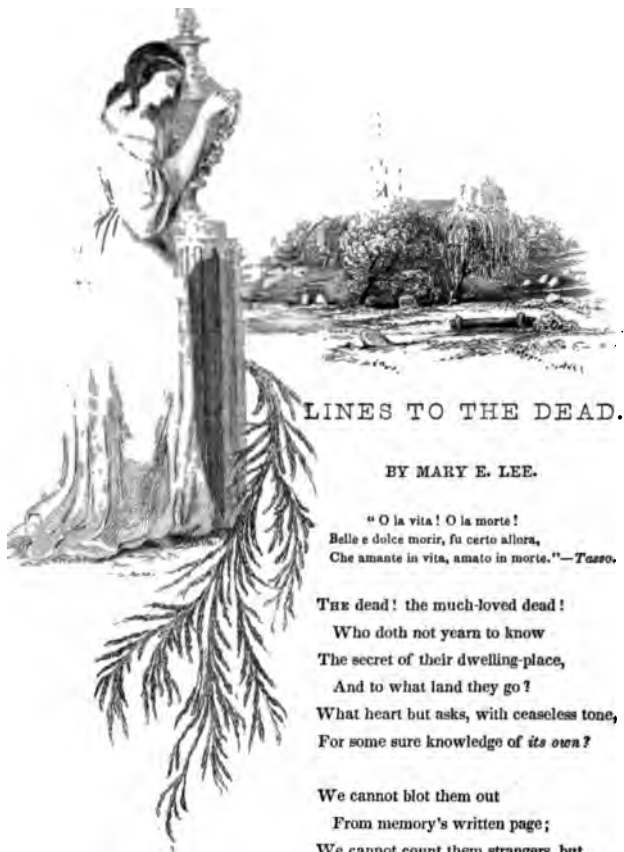
'Tis a mission of love, for no threatening shade  
Can be blent with thy spirit-like hues,  
And thy ray thrills the heart, as love only can thrill,  
And while raising it, melts and subdues.

And it whispers compassion ; for lo, on thy brow  
Is the sadness of angels enshrined,

And a misty veil, as of purified tears,  
Round thy beautiful form is entwined.

Hail, beam of the blessed ! my heart  
Has drunk deep of thy magical power,  
And each thought and each feeling seems bathed  
In the light of this exquisite hour !

Sweet ray, I have proved thee so fair  
In this dark world of mourning and sin,  
May I hail thee more bright in that pure region, where  
Nor sorrow nor death enter in.



## LINES TO THE DEAD.

BY MARY E. LEE.

"O la vita! O la morte!  
Belle e dolce morir, fu certo allora,  
Che amante in vita, amato in morte."—*Tasso*.

**THE** dead! the much-loved dead!  
Who doth not yearn to know  
The secret of their dwelling-place,  
And to what land they go?  
What heart but asks, with ceaseless tone,  
For some sure knowledge of *its own*?

We cannot blot them out  
From memory's written page;  
We cannot count them strangers, but  
As birds in prison-cage,  
We beat against the iron bar  
That keeps us from those friends afar.

Oblivion may not hang  
 Its curtain o'er their grave,  
 There is no water we can sip,  
 Like Lethe's lulling wave;  
 But fond affection's moaning wail  
 Breaks from us like the autumn gale.

*Grief* cannot win them back;  
 And yet with frequent tear,  
 We question of their hidden lot,  
 And list with throbbing ear,  
 For some low answer that may roll  
 Through the hushed temple of the soul.

We love them—love them yet!  
 But is our love returned?  
 Is memory's hearth now cold and dark  
 Where once the heart-fire burned?  
 Nor do the labourers now gone home,  
 Look for the weary ones to come?

We wrong them by the thought:—  
 Affections cannot die;—  
 Man is still man where'er he goes,  
 And oh! how strong the tie  
 Which links us, as with fetters fast,  
 Unto the future and the past!

Death would be dark indeed,  
 If, with this mortal shroud,  
 We threw off all the sympathies  
 That in our being crowd,  
 And entered on the spirit-land,  
 A stranger, mid a stranger-band.

Far pleasanter to think  
 That each familiar face,  
*Now* gazes on us as of old,  
 From its mysterious place,  
 With love, that neither death nor change  
 Hath power to sever or estrange.

Oh! who will dare to say,  
 "This is an idle dream?"  
 Who that hath given one captive dove  
 To soar by its own stream,  
 But fancies that its breathings low,  
 Float round them wheresoe'er they go?

Mother! couldst thou endure  
 To think thyself forgot  
 By *her*, who was thy life, thy air,  
 The sunbeam of thy lot?  
 Wouldst thou not live in doubt and fear,  
 If all thy bright hopes perished *here*?

And brother! sister! child!  
 Ye all have loved the light  
 Of many a dearly-cherished one,  
 Now taken from your sight,  
 And can ye deem that when ye meet,  
*Hearts* will not hold communion sweet?

Alas! if it be so,  
 That in the burial-urn  
 The soul must garner up the love,  
 That once did in it burn,  
 Better to know not of the worth  
 Of true affection on this earth,

Better to live alone,  
    Unblessing and unblest,  
Than thus to meet and mingle thought,  
    Then from the immortal breast  
Shut out the memory of the past,  
Like day-beams from a forest vast.

Oh! no; it cannot be!  
    Ye! the long-lost of years!  
Mid all the changes of this life,  
    Its thousand joys and fears,  
We love to think that round ye move,  
Making an atmosphere of *love*.

*Ye* are not *dead* to us;  
    But as bright stars unseen,  
We hold that ye are ever near,  
    Though death intrudes between,  
Like some thin cloud, that veils from sight  
The countless spangles of the night.

Your influence is still felt  
    In many a varied hour;  
The dewy morn brings thoughts of you;  
    Ye give the twilight power;  
And when the Sabbath sunshine rests  
On your white tombs, ye fill our breasts.

No apathy hath struck  
    Its ice-bolt through our hearts;  
*Yours* are among our household names;  
    Your memory ne'er departs;  
And far, far sweetest are the flowers  
*Ye* planted in our favoured bowers.

Friends! *I* would crave like boon  
When laid within death's vaults;  
Speak of me often, though it be  
Only to tell my faults:  
For better that some hearts be taught  
Ev'n of my follies than of nought.

Oh! yes, remember me  
In gentleness and love:  
Let not the chasm be early filled  
That tracks my last remove.  
But grant me still that little spot;—  
Friends! *dearest friends! forget me not.*

TO \* \* \* \*

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THE world is bright before thee,  
Its summer flowers are thine,  
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,  
Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine ;  
And thine the sunbeam given  
To Nature's morning hour,  
Pure, warm, as when from heaven  
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,  
The death-dirge of the gay,  
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,  
These charms may melt away,  
That sun's bright beam be shaded,  
That sky be blue no more,  
The summer flowers be faded,  
And youth's warm promise o'er.



Believe it not—though lonely  
Thy evening home may be ;  
Though Beauty's bark can only  
Float on a summer sea ;  
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,  
There's still beyond his art  
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,  
The sunbeam of the heart.

## THE LOST HUNTER.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

NUMBED by the piercing, freezing air,  
And burthened by his game,  
The Hunter, struggling with despair,  
Dragged on his shivering frame ;  
The rifle he had shouldered late  
Was trailed along, a weary weight,  
His pouch was void of food,  
The hours were speeding in their flight,  
And soon the long, keen, winter night  
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,  
Sweep round an anxious eye,—  
No bark or ax-blow could he hear,  
No human trace descry.  
His sinuous path, by blazes, wound

Among trunks grouped in myriads round ;—  
Through naked boughs, between  
Whose tangled architecture, fraught  
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,  
The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antlered dweller of the wild  
Had met his eager gaze,  
And far his wandering steps beguiled  
Within an unknown maze ;  
Stream, rock, and run-way, he had crossed  
Unheeding, till the marks were lost  
By which he used to roam ;  
And now, deep swamp and wild ravine,  
And rugged mountain, were between  
The Hunter and his home.

A dusky haze, which slow had crept  
On high, now darkened there,  
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept  
Athwart the thick gray air  
Faster and faster, till between  
The trunks and boughs, a mottled screen  
Of glimmering motes was spread,  
That ticked against each object round  
With gentle and continuous sound  
Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts, that drooping hung  
Close rolled around their stems,  
And the sear beech leaves still that clung,  
Were white with powdering gems.  
But hark ! afar a sullen moan  
Swelled out to louder, deeper tone,  
As surging near it passed,  
And bursting with a roar, and shock  
That made the groaning forest rock,  
On rushed the winter blast.

As o'er, it whistled, shrieked, and hissed,  
Caught by its swooping wings,  
The snow was whirled to eddying mist,  
Barbed, as it seemed, with stings ;  
And now 'twas swept with lightning flight  
Above the loftiest hemlock's height  
Like drifting smoke, and now  
It hid the air with shooting clouds,  
And robed the trees with circling shrouds,  
Then dashed in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,  
There, clinging to a limb,  
The suffering Hunter gasped for breath,  
Brain reeled, and eye grew dim ;  
As though to overwhelm him in despair,

Rapidly changed the black'ning air  
To murkiest gloom of night,  
Till nought was seen around—below  
But falling flakes, and mantled snow  
That gleamed in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart  
Seemed through his nerves to fly,  
The blood was freezing to his heart,—  
Thought whispered he must die.  
The thundering tempest echoed death,  
He felt it in his tightened breath ;  
Spoil, rifle dropped, and slow  
As the dread torpor crawling came  
Along his staggering, stiff'ning frame,  
He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shattered throne,—  
He deemed that summer hours  
Again around him brightly shone  
In sunshine, leaves, and flowers :  
Again the fresh, green, forest sod,  
Rifle in hand, he lightly trod,—  
He heard the deer's low bleat,  
Or couched within the shadowy nook,  
He drank the crystal of the brook  
That murmured at his feet.

It changed ;—his cabin roof o'erspread,  
Rafter, and wall, and chair,  
Gleamed in the crackling fire, that shed  
Its warmth, and he was there ;  
His wife had clasped his hand, and now  
Her gentle kiss was on his brow,  
His child was prattling by,  
The hound crouched, dozing, near the blaze,  
And through the pane's frost-pictured haze  
He saw the white drifts fly.

That passed ;—before his swimming sight  
Does not a figure bound,  
And a soft voice with wild delight  
Proclaim the lost is found ?  
No, Hunter, no ! 'tis but the streak  
Of whirling snow ;—the tempest's shriek—  
No human aid is near ;  
Never again that form will meet  
Thy clasped embrace—those accents sweet  
Speak music to thine ear.

Morn broke ;—away the clouds were chased,  
The sky was pure and bright,  
And on its blue, the branches traced  
Their webs of glittering white.  
Its ivory roof the hemlock stooped,

The pine its silvery tassel drooped,  
Down bent the burthened wood,  
And scattered round, low points of green  
Peering above the snowy scene  
Told where the thickets stood.

In a deep hollow, drifted high  
A wave-like heap was thrown ;  
Dazzlingly in the sunny sky  
A diamond blaze it shown ;  
The little snow-bird chirping sweet  
Dotted it o'er with tripping feet,  
Unsullied, smooth, and fair.  
It seemed like other mounds, where trunk  
And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,  
But oh ! the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,  
Soft suns and melting rains,  
And touched by her Ithuriel wand,  
Earth bursts its winter chains.  
In a deep nook, where moss, and grass  
And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass—  
Some scattered bones beside,  
A mother kneeling with her child,  
Told by her tears and wailings wild  
That there the lost had died.

## THE LOST AT SEA

BY J. OTIS ROCKWELL.

WIFE, who in thy deep devotion  
    Puttest up a prayer for one,  
Sailing on the stormy ocean,  
    Hope no more—his course is done.  
Dream not, when upon thy pillow,  
    That he slumbers by thy side ;  
For his corse beneath the billow  
    Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who as sweet flowers growing,  
    Laugh amidst the sorrowing rains,  
Know ye many clouds are throwing  
    Shadows on your sire's remains ?  
Where the hoarse gray surge is rolling  
    With a mountain's motion on,  
Dream ye that its voice is tolling  
    For your father lost and gone ?



When the sun looked on the water,  
As a hero on his grave,  
Tinging with the hue of slaughter  
Every blue and leaping wave,  
Under the majestic ocean,  
Where the giant currents rolled,  
Slept thy sire without emotion  
Sweetly by a beam of gold.

And the violet sunbeams slanted,  
Wavering through the crystal deep,  
Till their wonted splendours haunted  
Those shut eyelids in their sleep.  
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,  
Sparkled through his raven hair ;  
But the sleep that knows no dreaming,  
Bound him in its silence there.

So we left him ; and to tell thee  
Of our sorrow and thine own,  
Of the wo that then befell thee,  
Come we weary and alone.  
That thine eye is quickly shaded,  
That thy heart blood wildly flows,  
That thy cheek's clear hue is faded,  
Are the fruits of these new woes.

Children whose meek eyes inquiring  
 Linger on your mother's face,  
 Know ye that she is expiring,  
 That ye are an orphan race?  
 God be with you on the morrow,  
 Father, mother—both no more;  
 One within a grave of sorrow,  
 One upon the ocean's floor!

## WHAT IS SOLITUDE.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Not in the shadowy wood,  
 Not in the crag-hung glen,  
 Not where the sleeping echoes brood  
 In caves untrod by men;  
 Not by the sea-swept shore  
 Where loitering surges break,  
 Not on the mountain hoar,  
 Not by the breezeless lake,  
 Not in the desert plain  
 Where man hath never stood,  
 Whether on isle or main—  
 Not there is solitude!

There are birds in the woodland bowers,  
Voices in lonely dells,  
And streams that talk to the listening hours  
In earth's most secret cells.  
There is life on the foam-flecked sand,  
By Ocean's curling lip,  
And life on the still lake's strand  
Mid flowers that o'er it dip ;  
There is life in the tossing pines  
That plume the mountain crest,  
And life in the courser's mane that shines  
As he scours the desert's breast.

But go to the crowded mart,  
Mid the sordid haunts of men,  
Go there and ask thy heart,  
What answer makes it then ?  
Go where the wine-cup's gleaming,  
In hall or festal grot ;  
Where love-lit eyes are beaming,  
But Love himself is not !—  
Go—if thou wouldst be lonely—  
Where the phantom Pleasure's wooed,  
And own that there—there only—  
Mid crowds is Solitude.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

O, IT is life ! departed days  
Fling back their brightness while I gaze—  
'Tis Emma's self—this brow so fair,  
Half curtained in this glossy hair,  
These eyes, the very home of love,  
The dark twin arches traced above,  
These red-ripe lips that almost speak,  
The fainter blush of this pure cheek,  
The rose and lily's beauteous strife—  
It is—ah no !—'tis all *but* life.

'Tis all *but* life—art could not save  
Thy graces, Emma, from the grave ;  
Thy cheek is pale, thy smile is past,  
Thy love-lit eyes have looked their last ;  
Mouldering beneath the coffin's lid,  
All we adored of thee is hid ;  
Thy heart, where goodness loved to dwell,  
Is throbless in the narrow cell ;  
Thy gentle voice shall charm no more ;  
Its last, last, joyful note is o'er.

Oft, oft, indeed, it hath been sung,  
The requiem of the fair and young ;  
The theme is old, alas ! how old,  
Of grief that will not be controlled,  
Of sighs that speak a father's wo,  
Of pangs that none but mothers know,  
Of friendship with its bursting heart,  
Doomed from the idol-one to part—  
Still its sad debt must feeling pay,  
Till feeling, too, shall pass away.

O say, why age, and grief, and pain,  
Shall long to go, but long in vain ;  
Why vice is left to mock at time,  
And gray in years, grow gray in crime ;  
While youth, that every eye makes glad,

And beauty, all in radiance clad,  
And goodness, cheering every heart,  
Come, but come only to depart ;  
Sunbeams, to cheer life's wintry day,  
Sunbeams, to flash, then fade away.

'Tis darkness all ! black banners wave  
Round the cold borders of the grave ;  
There when in agony we bend  
O'er the fresh sod that hides a friend,  
One only comfort then we know—  
We, too, shall quit this world of wo ;  
We, too, shall find a quiet place  
With the dear lost ones of our race ;  
Our crumbling bones with theirs shall blend,  
And life's sad story find an end.

And is this all—this mournful doom ?  
Beams no glad light beyond the tomb ?  
Mark how yon clouds in darkness ride ;  
They do not quench the orb they hide ;  
Still there it wheels—the tempest o'er,  
In a bright sky to burn once more ;  
So, far above the clouds of time,  
Faith can behold a world sublime—  
There, when the storms of life are past,  
The light beyond shall break at last.

## STANZAS.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"How great are his signs, and how mighty are his wonders ; His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation."—DANIEL.

I MARKED the Spring as she passed along,  
With her eye of light and her lip of song ;  
While she stole in peace o'er the green Earth's breast,  
While the streams sprang out from their icy rest :  
The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,  
And their breath went forth in the scented sky ;  
When the fields looked fresh in their sweet repose,  
And the young dews slept on the new-born rose.

I looked upon Summer ;—the golden sun  
Poured joy over all that he looked upon ;  
His glance was cast like a gift abroad,  
Like the boundless smile of a present God !  
The stream shone glad in his magic ray—  
The fleecy clouds o'er the green hills lay :  
Over rich, dark woodlands their shadows went,  
As they floated in light through the firmament.

The scene was changed. It was Autumn's hour ;  
A frost had discoloured the summer bower ;  
The blast wailed sad 'midst the cankered leaves,  
The reaper stood musing by gathered sheaves ;  
The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods  
Was stirred by the sound of the rising floods ;  
And I knew by the cloud—by the wild wind's strain,  
That Winter drew near with his storms again !

I stood by the Ocean ; its waters rolled  
In their changeful beauty of sapphire and gold ;  
And Day looked down with its radiant smiles,  
Where the blue waves danced round a thousand isles ;





The ships went forth on the trackless seas,  
Their white wings played in the joyous breeze ;  
Their prows rushed on midst the parted foam,  
While the wanderer was wrapt in a dream of Home !

The mountain arose with its lofty brow,  
While its shadow lay sleeping in vales below ;  
The mist like a garland of glory lay,  
Where its proud heights soared in the air away ;  
The eagle was there on his tireless wing,  
And his shriek went up like an offering ;  
And he seemed, in his sunward flight, to raise  
A chant of thanksgiving—a hymn of praise !

I looked on the arch of the midnight skies,  
With its blue and unsearchable mysteries :  
The Moon, midst an eloquent multitude  
Of unnumbered stars, her career pursued :  
A charm of sleep on the city fell,  
All sounds lay hushed in that brooding spell ;  
By babbling brooks were the buds at rest,  
And the wild-bird dreamed on his downy nest.

I stood where the deepening tempest passed ;  
The strong trees groaned in the sounding blast ;  
The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on ;  
The clouds o'ershadowed the mighty sun :

The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,  
And hills to the thunder-peal replied ;  
The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,  
While the heavens were lit in its red array !

And hath MAN the power, with his pride and his skill,  
To arouse all Nature with storms at will ?  
Hath he power to colour the summer cloud—  
To allay the tempest when the hills are bowed ?  
Can he waken the Spring with her festal wreath ?  
Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath ?  
Will he come again, when death's vale is trod ?  
Who then shall dare murmur "*There is no God !*"

## THE MERRIMACK.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

STREAM of my fathers ! sweetly still  
The sunset rays thy valley fill ;  
Poured slantwise down the long defile,  
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.  
I see the winding Powow fold  
The green hill in its belt of gold,  
And following down its wavy line,  
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.



There's not a tree upon thy side,  
Nor rock, which thy returning tide  
As yet hath left abrupt and stark  
Above thy evening water-mark ;  
No calm cove with its rocky hem,  
No isle whose emerald swells begem  
Thy broad, smooth current ; not a sail  
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale ;  
No small boat with its busy oars,  
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores ;  
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,  
Or rigid poplar colonnade,  
But lies distinct and full in sight,  
Beneath this gush of sunset light.

Centuries ago, that harbour-bar,  
Stretching its length of foam afar,  
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,  
And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,  
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail  
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale ;  
And o'er these woods and waters broke  
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,  
As brightly on the voyager's eye,  
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,  
Breaking the dull continuous wood,  
The Merrimack rolled down his flood ;  
Mingling that clear pellucid brook  
Which channels vast Agiochook—  
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock  
The frozen fountains of the rock,  
And more abundant waters given  
From that pure lake, 'The Smile of Heaven,'  
Tributes from vale and mountain side—  
With ocean's dark, eternal tide !

On yonder rocky cape, which braves  
The stormy challenge of the waves,  
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,  
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,  
Planting upon the topmost crag  
The staff of England's battle-flag ;

And, while from out its heavy fold  
St. George's crimson cross unrolled,  
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,  
And weapons brandishing in air,  
He gave to that lone promontory  
The sweetest name in all his story ;  
Of her—the flower of Islam's daughters,  
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters—  
Who, when the chance of war had bound  
The Moslem chain his limbs around,  
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,  
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,  
And fondly to her youthful slave  
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look !—the yellow light no more  
Streams down on wave and verdant shore ;  
And clearly on the calm air swells  
The distant voice of twilight bells.  
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin  
The mists come slowly rolling in ;  
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,  
Amidst the sea-like vapour swim,  
While yonder lonely coast-light set  
Within its wave-washed minaret,  
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,  
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil !

Vale of my fathers!—I have stood  
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood ;  
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade  
Along his frowning Palisade ;  
Looked down the Appalachian peak  
On Juniata's silver streak ;  
Have seen along his valley gleam  
The Mohawk's softly-winding stream ;  
The setting sun, his axle red  
Quench darkly in Potomac's bed ;  
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner  
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ;  
Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be,  
Thy wandering child looked back to thee !  
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound  
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,  
The unforgotten swell and roar  
Of waves on thy familiar shore ;  
And seen amidst the curtained gloom  
And quiet of my lonely room,  
Thy sunset scenes before me pass ;  
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,  
The loved and lost arose to view,  
Remembered groves in greenness grew ;  
And while the gazer leaned to trace,  
More near, some old familiar face,  
He wept to find the vision flown—  
A phantom and a dream alone !

## AUTUMN.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

UPON a leaf-strewn walk,  
I wander on amid the sparkling dews ;  
Where Autumn hangs, upon each frost-gemmed stalk,  
Her gold and purple hues ;—

Where the tall fox-gloves shake  
Their loose bells to the wind, and each sweet flower,  
Bows down its perfumed blossoms to partake  
The influence of the hour ;—

Where the cloud-shadows pass  
With noiseless speed by lonely lake and rill,  
Chasing each other o'er the low, crisped grass,  
And up the distant hill ;—

Where the clear stream steals on  
Upon its silent path, as it were sad  
To find each downward-gazing flower has gone,  
That made it once so glad.

I number it in days,  
Since last I roamed through this secluded dell ;  
Seeking a shelter from the summer rays,  
Where flowers and wild-birds dwell.

While gemmed with dew-drops bright,  
Green leaves and silken buds were dancing there,  
I moved my lips in murmurs of delight,  
“And blessed them, unaware.”

How changed each sylvan scene !  
Where is the warbling bird ? the sun's clear ray ?  
The waving brier-rose ? and foliage green,  
That canopied my way ?

Where is the balmy breeze  
That fanned so late my brow ? the sweet south-west,  
That, whispering music to the listening trees,  
My raptured spirit blest ?

Where are the notes of spring ?  
Yet the brown bee still hums his quiet tune,  
And the low shiver of the insect's wing,  
Disturbs the hush of noon.

The thin, transparent leaves,  
Like flakes of amber, quiver in the light,



While autumn round her silver fret-work weaves  
In glittering hoar-frost white.

Oh, Autumn, thou art blest !  
My bosom heaves with breathless rapture here :  
I love thee well, season of mournful rest !  
Sweet Sabbath of the year !

## SONG OF THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

I AM the spirit that dwells in the flower,  
Mine is the exquisite music that flies,  
When silence and moonlight are dressing each bower,  
That blooms in the favour of tropical skies.  
I woo the young bird, with melody glowing,  
To leap forth in sunlight and warble his strain ;  
And mine is the odour, in turn, that bestowing,  
The warbler is paid for his music again.

Sorrow comes never where I am abiding,  
The tempests are strangers, and far from us rove ;  
I woo the zephyrs too hurriedly riding,  
And gently they linger, and tell us of love.

They pause, and we glow in their winning embraces ;  
 They drink our warm breath, rich with odour and song ;  
 Then, hurry away to their desolate places,  
 And look for us hourly, and mourn for us long.

We were born of the dews, and our destiny found us,  
 Embraced by a sunbeam, all budding and bright ;  
 On its wing, came from heaven, the colour that crown'd us,  
 And the odour that makes us a living delight.  
 And when the warm glories of summer stream on us,  
 Our winglets of silk we unfold to the air ;  
 Leaping upward in joy to the spirit that won us,  
 And made us the tenants of dwellings so fair.

## THE BOB-O'LINKUM.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

THOU vocal sprite,—thou feathered troubadour !  
 In pilgrim weeds through many a clime a ranger,  
 Com'st thou to doff thy russet suit once more,  
 And play, in foppish trim, the masking stranger ?  
 Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and nature ;  
 But, wise as all of us, perforce, must think 'em,  
 The school-boy best has fixed thy nomenclature,  
 And poets, too, must call thee Bob-O'Linkum !

Say ! art thou, long mid forest glooms benighted,  
 So glad to skim our laughing meadows over,—  
 With our gay orchards here so much delighted,  
 It makes thee musical, thou airy rover ?  
 Or are those buoyant notes the pilfered treasure  
 Of fairy isles, which thou hast learned to ravish  
 Of all their sweetest minstrelsy at pleasure,  
 And, Ariel-like, again on men to lavish ?

They tell sad stories of thy mad-cap freaks,  
 Wherever o'er the land thy pathway ranges ;  
 And even in a brace of wandering weeks,  
 They say, alike thy song and plumage changes.  
 Here both are gay ; and when the buds put forth,  
 And leafy June is shading rock and river,  
 Thou art unmatched, blithe warbler of the North,  
 When through the balmy air thy clear notes quiver.

Joyous, yet tender,—was that gush of song  
 Learned from the brooks, where mid its wild flowers,  
 smiling,  
 The silent prairie listens all day long,  
 The only captive to such sweet beguiling ?  
 Or didst thou, flitting through the verdurous halls  
 And columned isles of western groves symphonious,  
 Learn from the tuneful woods rare madrigals,  
 To make our flowering pastures here harmonious ?



Caught'st thou thy carol from Ottawa maid,  
Where, through the liquid fields of wild-rice plashing,  
Brushing the ears from off the burdened blade,  
Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing?  
Or did the reeds of some savannah south  
Detain thee, while thy northern flight pursuing,  
To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth,  
The spice-fed winds had taugth them in their wooing?

Unthrifty prodigal!—is no thought of ill  
Thy ceaseless roundelay disturbing ever?  
Or doth each pulse in choiring cadence still  
Throb on in music till at rest for ever?  
Yet now, in wildered maze of concord floating,  
'Twould seem, that glorious hymning to prolong,  
Old Time, in hearing thee, might fall a-doting,  
And pause to listen to thy rapturous song!

## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

In beauty lingers on the hills  
The death-smile of the dying day;  
And twilight in my heart instils  
The softness of its rosy ray.  
I watch the river's peaceful flow,  
Here, standing by my mother's grave,  
And feel my dreams of glory go,  
Like weeds upon its sluggish wave.

God gives us ministers of love,  
Which we regard not, being near ;  
Death takes them from us, then we feel  
That angels have been with us here !  
As mother, sister, friend, or wife,  
They guide us, cheer us, soothe our pain ,  
And when the grave has closed between  
Our hearts and theirs, we love—in vain !

Would, MOTHER ! thou couldst hear me tell  
How oft, amid my brief career,  
For sins and follies loved too well,  
Hath fall'n the free repentant tear.  
And, in the waywardness of youth,  
How better thoughts have given to me  
Contempt for error, love for truth,  
Mid sweet remembrances of thee.

The harvest of my youth is done,  
And manhood, come with all its cares,  
Finds, garnered up within my heart,  
For every flower a thousand tares.  
Dear MOTHER ! couldst thou know my thoughts,  
Whilst bending o'er this holy shrine,  
The depth of feeling in my breast,  
Thou wouldst not blush to call me thine !



THE DOVE'S ERRAND.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

UNDER cover of the night,  
Feathered darling, take your flight,  
Lest some cruel archer fling  
Arrow at your tender wing,  
And your white unspotted side  
Be with crimson colour dyed :  
For with men who know not love  
You and I are living, Dove.

Now I bind a perfumed letter  
Round your neck with silken fetter ;  
Bear it safely, bear it well,  
Over mountain, lake, and dell.

While the darkness is profound  
You may fly along the ground,  
But when Morning's herald sings,  
Mount ye on sublimer wings!  
High in Heaven pursue your way  
'Till the fading light of day,  
From the palace of the west,  
Tints with fleck'ring gold your breast,  
Shielded from the gaze of men,  
You may stoop to Earth again.

Stay, then, feathered darling, stay—  
Pause, and look along your way—  
Well I know how fast you fly,  
And the keenness of your eye.  
By the time the second eve  
Comes, your journey you'll achieve,  
And above a gentle vale  
Will on easy pinion sail.  
In that vale with dwellings strown  
One is standing all alone.  
White it rises 'mid the leaves,  
Woodbines clamber o'er its eaves,  
And the honeysuckle falls,  
Pendant, on its silent walls.  
'Tis a cottage, small and fair,  
As a cloud in summer air.



By a lattice, wreathed with flowers,  
Such as link the dancing hours,  
Sitting in the twilight shade,  
Envied dove, behold a maid !  
Locks escaped from sunny band,  
Cheeks reclined on snowy hand,  
Looking sadly to the sky,  
She will meet your searching eye.  
Fear not, doubt not, timid Dove,  
You have found the home of love !  
She will fold you to her breast—  
Seraphs have not purer rest ;  
She your weary plumes will kiss—  
Seraphs have not sweeter bliss.  
Tremble not, my Dove, nor start,  
Should you feel her throbbing heart ;  
Joy has made her bright eye dim—  
Well she knows you came from *him*,  
Him she loves. Oh, luckless star !  
He from her must dwell afar.

From your neck her fingers fine  
Will the silken string untwine ;  
Reading then the words I trace,  
Blushes will suffuse her face ;  
To her lips the lines she'll press,  
And again *my* dove caress.

Mine, yes, mine—oh, would that I  
Could on rapid pinions fly—  
Then I should not send you, dove,  
On an errand to my love ;  
For I'd brave the sharpest gale,  
And along the tempest sail ;  
Caring not for danger near,  
Hurrying heedless, void of fear,  
But to hear one tender word,  
Breathed for me, my happy bird !

At the early dawn of day,  
She will send you on your way,  
Twining with another fetter  
Round your neck another letter.  
Speed ye, then, oh, swiftly speed,  
Like a prisoner newly freed ;  
O'er the mountain, o'er the vale,  
Homeward, homeward, swiftly sail !  
Never, never poise a plume,  
Though beneath you Edens bloom ;  
Never, never think of rest,  
'Till Night's shadow turns your breast  
From pure white to mottled gray,  
And the stars are round your way—  
Love's bright beacons, they will shine,  
Dove, to show your home and mine !

## LEILA.

BY GEORGE HILL.

WHEN first you look upon her face  
You little note beside  
The timidness, that still betrays  
The beauties it would hide :  
But, one by one, they look out from  
Her blushes and her eyes ;  
And still the last, the loveliest—  
Like stars from twilight skies.

And thoughts go sporting through her mind,  
Like children among flowers ;  
And deeds of gentle goodness are  
The measure of her hours.  
In soul or face, she bears no trace  
Of one from Eden driven ;  
But, like the rainbow, seems, though born  
Of earth, a part of Heaven.

## THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY SARAH H. WHITMAN.

THERE'S a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,  
In its desolate beauty more dear to me,  
Than all that bask in the noontide beam,  
Through the long, bright summer by fount and stream.  
Like a pure hope nursed beneath sorrow's wing,  
Its timid buds from the cold moss spring,  
Their delicate hues like the pink sea-shell,  
Or the shaded blush of the hyacinth's bell,  
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume  
That breathes from the bridal orange-bloom.

It is not found by the garden wall,  
It wreathes no brow in the festive hall,  
But dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,  
And shines like a star in the solitude.  
Never did numbers its name prolong,

Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song,  
Bard and minstrel have passed it by,  
And left it in silence and shade to die.  
But with joy to its cradle the wild-bees come  
And praise its beauty with drony hum,  
And children love in the season of spring  
To watch for its early blossoming.  
In the dewy morn of an April day,  
When the traveller lingers along the way,  
When the sod is sprinkled with tender green,  
Where the rivulets water the earth unseen,  
When the floating fringe on the maple's crest  
Rivals the tulip's crimson vest,  
And the budding leaves of the birch-tree throw  
A trembling shade on the turf below,  
When my flower awakes from its dreamy rest  
And yields its lips to the sweet south-west,—  
Then, in those beautiful days of spring,  
With hearts as light as the wild-bird's wing,  
Flinging their tasks and their toys aside,  
Gay little groups through the wood-paths glide,  
Peeping and peering among the trees,  
As they scent its breath on the passing breeze,  
Hunting about among lichens gray,  
And the tangled mosses beside the way,  
Till they catch the glance of its quiet eye,  
Like light that breaks through a cloudy sky.

For me, sweet blossom, thy tendrils cling  
Still round my heart as in childhood's spring,  
And thy breath, as it floats on the wandering air,  
Wakes all the music of memory there.  
Thou recallest the time when, a fearless child,  
I roved all day through the wood-paths wild,  
Seeking thy blossoms by bank and brae  
Wherever the snow-drifts had melted away.  
Now, as I linger mid crowds alone,  
Haunted by echoes of music flown,  
When the shadows deepen around my way,  
And the light of reason but leads astray,  
When affections, nurtured with fondest care  
By the trusting heart, become traitors there;  
When weary of all that the world bestows,  
I turn to nature for calm repose,  
How fain my spirit in some far glen,  
Would fold her wings mid thy flowers again!

## THE HUNTER'S VISION.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

UPON a rock that, high and sheer,  
    Rose from the mountain's breast,  
A weary hunter of the deer,  
    Had sat him down to rest,  
And bared to the soft summer air,  
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,  
    With dimmer vales between ;  
And rivers glimmered on their way,  
    By forests, faintly seen ;  
While ever rose a murmuring sound,  
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear  
A strain, so soft and low,  
That whether in the mind or ear  
The listener scarce might know.  
With such a tone so sweet and mild,  
The watching mother lulls her child.

Thou weary huntsman, thus it said,  
Thou faint with toil and heat,  
The pleasant land of rest is spread  
Before thy very feet,  
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see,  
Are waiting there to welcome thee.

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky,  
Amid the noontide haze,  
A shadowy region met his eye,  
And grew beneath his gaze,  
As if the vapors of the air  
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers  
Showed bright on rocky bank,  
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,  
Where deer and pheasant drank.  
He saw the glittering streams, he heard  
The rustling bough and twittering bird.



And friends—the dead—in boyhood dear,  
    There lived and walked again,  
And there was one who many a year  
    Within her grave had lain,  
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—  
His heart was breaking when she died :

•  
Bounding, as was her wont, she came  
    Right towards his resting-place,  
And stretched her hand and called his name,  
    With that sweet smiling face.  
Forward, with fixed and eager eyes,  
The hunter leaned in act to rise :

Forward he leaned, and headlong down  
    Plunged from that craggy wall,  
He saw the rocks, steep, stern and brown,  
    An instant, in his fall ;  
A frightful instant—and no more,  
The dream and life at once were o'er.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

THOU glorious mocker of the world! I hear  
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms  
Of these green solitudes—and all the clear,  
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,  
And floods the heart. Over the sphered tombs  
Of vanished nations rolls thy music tide.  
No light from history's starlike page illumes  
The memory of those nations—they have died.  
None cares for them but thou—and thou mayst sing,  
Perhaps, o'er me—as now thy song doth ring  
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave  
The world's turmoil and never-ceasing din,  
Where one from other's no existence weaves,  
Where the old sighs, the young turns gray and grieves,  
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within :

And thou dost flee into the broad green woods,  
 And with thy soul of music thou dost win  
 Their heart to harmony—no jar intrudes  
 Upon thy sounding melody. Oh, where,  
 Amid the sweet musicians of the air,  
 Is one so dear as thee to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! the Æolian strain  
 Goes floating through the tangled passages  
 Of the lone woods—and now it comes again—  
 A multitudinous melody—like a rain  
 Of glossy music under echoing trees,  
 Over a ringing lake; it wraps the soul  
 With a bright harmony of happiness—  
 Even as a gem is wrapped, when round it roll  
 Their waves of brilliant flame—till we become,  
 Ev'n with the excess of our deep pleasure, dumb,  
 And pant like some swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,  
 (Even as men love light,) the song of birds:  
 For the first visions that my boy-heart wove,  
 To fill its sleep with, were, that I did rove  
 Amid the woods—what time the snowy herds  
 Of morning cloud fled from the rising sun,  
 Into the depths of heaven's heart; as words  
 That from the poet's tongue do fall upon

And vanish in the human heart ; and then  
I revelled in those songs, and sorrowed, when  
With noon-heat overwrought, the music's burst was done.

I would, sweet bird ! that I might live with thee,  
Amid the eloquent grandeur of the shades,  
Alone with nature—but it may not be ;  
I have to struggle with the tumbling sea  
Of human life, until existence fades  
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar  
Thro' the thick woods and shadow-chequered glades,  
While nought of sorrow casts a dimness o'er  
The brilliance of thy heart—but I must wear,  
As now, my garmenting of pain and care—  
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain ?—What though fond hopes deferred  
Have overshadowed Youth's green paths with gloom !  
Still, joy's rich music is not all unheard,—  
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird !  
To welcome me, within my humble home ;—  
There is an eye with love's devotion bright,  
The darkness of existence to illumine !  
Then why complain ?—When death shall cast his blight  
Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest  
Beneath these trees—and from thy swelling breast,  
O'er them thy song shall pour like a rich flood of light.

TO A SHOWER.

BY JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.

THE pleasant rain!—the pleasant rain!  
By fits it plashing falls  
On twangling leaf and dimpling pool—  
How sweet its warning calls!  
They know it—all the bosomy vales,  
High slopes, and verdant meads;  
The queenly elms and princely oaks  
Bow down their grateful heads.

The withering grass, and fading flowers,  
And drooping shrubs look gay;  
The bubbly brook, with gladlier song,  
Hies on its endless way;  
All things of earth—the grateful things!  
Put on their robes of cheer,  
They hear the sound of the warning burst,  
And know the rain is near.

It comes ! it comes ! the pleasant rain !  
I drink its cooler breath,  
It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers  
And roses' fragrant death ;  
It hath kissed the tomb of the lily pale,  
The beds where violets die,  
And it bears their life on its living wings—  
I feel it wandering by.

And yet it comes ! the lightning's flash  
Hath torn the lowering cloud,  
With a distant roar, and a nearer crash,  
Out bursts the thunder loud.  
It comes with the rush of a god's descent  
On the hushed and trembling earth,  
To visit the shrines of the hallowed groves  
Where a poet's soul had birth.

With a rush, as of a thousand steeds,  
Is the mighty god's descent ;  
Beneath the weight of his passing tread,  
The conscious groves are bent.  
His heavy tread—it is lighter now—  
And yet it passeth on ;  
And now it is up, with a sudden lift—  
The pleasant rain hath gone.

The pleasant rain !—the pleasant rain !  
It hath passed above the earth,  
I see the smile of the opening cloud,  
Like the parted lips of mirth.  
The golden joy is spreading wide  
Along the blushing west,  
And the happy earth gives back her smiles,  
Like the glow of a grateful breast.

As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart,  
That knoweth all its need,  
So came the good of the pleasant rain,  
O'er hill and verdant mead.  
It shall breathe this truth on the human ear,  
In hall and cotter's home,  
That to bring the gift of a bounteous heaven  
The pleasant rain hath come.

## FLOWERS.

BY HENRY PICKERING.

La vue d'une fleur caresse mon imagination, et flatte mes sens à un point  
inexprimable : elle réveille avec volupté le sentiment de mon existence.

MME. ROLAND.

THE impatient Morn,  
Flushed with the vernal gale, calls forth, " Arise !  
To trace the hills, the meads, where thousand dyes  
The ground adorn,  
While the dew sparkles yet within the violet's eyes :"

And when the day  
In golden slumber sinks, with accent sweet  
Mild Evening comes to lure the willing feet  
With her to stray,  
Where'er the bashful flowers the observant eye may greet.

Near the moist brink  
Of music-loving streams they ever keep,  
And often in the lucid fountains peep ;  
Oft, laughing, drink  
Of the mad torrent's spray, perched near the thundering  
steep.

And every where  
Along the plashy marge, and shallow bed



Of the still waters, they innumeros spread ;  
    Rocked gently there,  
The beautiful white lily pillows its bright head.

    Within the dell,  
Within the rocky clefts they love to hide ;  
And hang adventurous on the steep hill-side ;  
    Or rugged fell,  
Where the young eagle waves his wings in youthful pride.

    In the green sea  
Of forest leaves, where nature wanton plays,  
They humbler bloom ; though through the verdant maze  
    The tulip-tree  
Its golden chalice oft triumphantly displays :

    And, of pure white,  
Embedded mid its glossy leaves on high,  
There the superb magnolia lures the eye ;  
    While, waving light,  
The locust's airy tassels scent the ambient sky.

    But oh ! ye bowers—  
Ye valleys where the spring perpetual reigns,  
And myriad blossoms o'er the purple plains  
    Exuberant showers—  
How fancy revels in your lovelier domains !

All love the light ;  
 Yet, in ethereal beauty, too, arrayed,  
 What flowers unnumbered spring within the shade,  
     Till comes a blight—  
 Comes unaware—and then incontinent they fade !

And thus they bloom,  
 And thus their lives ambrosial breathe away ;  
 Thus flourish too the lovely and the gay :  
     And the same doom  
 Youth, beauty, flower, alike consigns to swift decay.

## HEBREW MELODY.

BY PROSPER M. WETMORE.

“Judah mourneth, and the gates thereof languish ; they are black unto the ground ; and the cry of Jerusalem is gone up.”—JEREMIAH.

OH, Judah ! thy dwellings are sad—  
 Thy children are weeping around,  
 In sackcloth their bosoms are clad  
 As they look on the famishing ground :

In the deserts they make them a home,  
And the mountains awake to their cry—  
For the frown of Jehovah hath come,  
And his anger is red in the sky !

Thy tender ones throng at the brink,  
But the waters are gone from the well ;  
They gaze on the rock, and then think  
Of the gush of the stream from its cell—  
How they came to its margin before,  
And drank in their innocent mirth :  
Away ! it is sealed—and no more  
Shall the fountain give freshness to earth.

The hearts of the mighty are bowed,  
And the lowly are haggard with care—  
The voices of mothers are loud,  
As they shriek the wild note of despair.  
Oh, Jerusalem ! mourn through thy halls,  
And bend to the dust in thy shame ;  
The doom that thy spirit appals,  
Is famine—the sword—and the flame !



## THE STEAMBOAT

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads  
The ridged and rolling waves,  
As crashing o'er their crested heads,  
She bows her surly slaves!  
With foam before and fire behind,  
She rends the clinging sea,  
That flies before the roaring wind,  
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,  
With heaped and glistening bells  
Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,  
With every wave that swells ;  
And flaming o'er the midnight deep,  
In lurid fringes thrown,  
The living gems of ocean sweep  
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,  
And smoking torch on high,  
When winds are loud, and billows reel,  
She thunders foaming by !  
When seas are silent and serene,  
With even beam she glides,  
The sunshine glimmering through the green  
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart  
She veils her shadowy form,  
The beating of her restless heart  
Still sounding through the storm ;  
Now answers, like a courtly dame,  
The reddening surges o'er,  
With flying scarf of spangled flame,  
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,  
Who trims his narrowed sail ;  
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep  
Her broad breast to the gale ;  
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,  
Shall break from yard and stay,  
Before this smoky wreath has stained  
The rising mist of day.

Hark ! hark ! I hear yon whistling shroud,  
I see yon quivering mast ;  
The black throat of the hunted cloud  
Is panting forth the blast !  
An hour, and whirled like winnowing chaff,  
The giant surge shall fling  
His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,  
White as the sea-bird's wing !

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep ;  
Nor wind nor wave shall tire  
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap  
With floods of living fire ;  
Sleep on—and when the morning light  
Streams o'er the shining bay,  
O think of those for whom the night  
Shall never wake in day !



## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now  
Is brooding like a gentle Spirit o'er  
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds  
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell  
Of the departed year. No funeral train  
Is sweeping past—yet, on the stream and wood,  
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest  
Like a pale, spotless shroud—the air is stirred

As by a mourner's sigh—and on yon cloud,  
 That floats so still and placidly through heaven,  
 The Spirits of the Seasons seem to stand,  
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,  
 And Winter with his aged locks, and breathe,  
 In mournful cadences that come abroad  
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,  
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year  
 Gone from the Earth for ever.

'Tis a time  
 For memory and for tears. Within the deep  
 Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,  
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time  
 Heard from the tomb of Ages, points its cold  
 And solemn finger to the beautiful  
 And holy visions, that have passed away  
 And left no shadow of their loveliness  
 On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts  
 The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,  
 And, bending mournfully above the pale  
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers  
 O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year  
 Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng  
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,  
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,  
 It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful—



And they are not. It laid its pallid hand  
Upon the strong man—and the haughty form  
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.  
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged  
The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail  
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song  
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er  
The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield  
Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the strength  
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,  
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above  
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came  
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;  
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,  
It heralded its millions to their home  
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time—

Fierce Spirit of the Glass and Scythe—what power  
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
His iron heart to pity! On, still on,  
He presses, and for ever. The proud bird,  
The condor of the Andes, that can soar  
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave  
The fury of the northern hurricane,  
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,  
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down

To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time  
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,  
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind  
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep  
O'er Earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast  
Of dreaming sorrow—Cities rise and sink  
Like bubbles on the water—Fiery isles  
Spring blazing from the Ocean, and go back  
To their mysterious caverns—Mountains rear  
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow  
Their tall heads to the plain—New Empires rise,  
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,  
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,  
Startling the nations—And the very stars,  
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,  
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,  
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,  
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away  
To darkle in the trackless void—Yet Time,  
Time the Tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,  
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not  
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,  
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,  
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

## AMBITION.

BY JOHN NEAL.

I LOVED to hear the war-horn cry,  
    And panted at the drum's deep roll ;  
And held my breath, when—flaming high—  
I saw our starry banners fly,  
As challenging the haughty sky,  
    They went like battle o'er my soul :  
For I was so ambitious then,  
I burned to be the slave—of men.

I stood and saw the morning light,  
    A standard swaying far and free ;  
And loved it like the conqu'ring flight  
Of angels floating wide and bright

Above the stars, above the fight  
Where nations warred for liberty ;  
And thought I heard the battle-cry  
Of trumpets in the hollow sky.

I sailed upon the dark-blue deep :  
And shouted to the eaglet soaring ;  
And hung me from a rocking steep,  
When all but spirits were asleep ;  
And oh, my very soul would leap  
To hear the gallant waters roaring ;  
For every sound and shape of strife  
To me, was but the breath of life.

But, I am strangely altered now—  
I love no more the bugle's voice—  
The rushing wave—the plunging prow—  
The mountain with his clouded brow—  
The thunder when his blue skies bow,  
And all the sons of God rejoice—  
I love to dream of tears and sighs  
And shadowy hair and half-shut eyes.

## THE TWO VOICES.

BY G. W. PATTEN.

Two voices swelled athwart the lea :  
I listened while they sang ;  
One soft as lute on summer sea—  
One like the trumpet's clang.

### FIRST VOICE.

“ Daughter, rest !—no cloud of sorrow  
Dews thy brow with tears of pain ;  
Sleep to-night—the dawning morrow  
Soon for thee will smile again.  
Starlight sleeps upon the water—  
Sunlight slumbers in the west ;  
Close thine eyelids, gentle daughter,  
Nature's voices whisper—rest !

“ Daughter, rest !—I smooth thy pillow—  
Lay thy head upon it, sweet ;  
*Here* doth never roar the billow,  
*Here* the drum may never beat.  
Light of war will ne'er come o'er thee—  
Sound of conflict rend thy breast ;  
But thy Father's lips before thee,  
In thy dream shall murmur—rest !

“Daughter, rest!—no thorn shall wound thee  
Mid thy dream of roses wild,  
Mother’s arm is clasped around thee—  
Mother rocks her widowed child.  
Sleep!—the weary herd is folded,  
Drowsy birds have sought their nest;  
Hush!—the song which father moulded  
Dies in silence—daughter, rest!”

Two voices swelled athwart the lea :  
I listened while they sang ;  
One soft as lute upon the sea—  
One like the trumpet’s clang.

## SECOND VOICE.

“Forward!—mid the battle’s hum  
Roughly rolls the daring drum.  
Victory, with hurried breath,  
Calls ye, from her mouths of death :  
War, with hand of crimson stain,  
Waves ye to the front again.  
Onward ! ere the field is won—  
Onward ! ere the fight is done !

“Forward!—raise the banner high !  
Toss its spangles to the sky,  
Let its eagle, reeking red,  
Float above the foeman’s head ;

Let its stripes of red and white  
Blind again his dazzled sight.  
Onward ! ere the field is won—  
Forward ! ere the fight is done !

“Forward to the front again !  
Urge the steed and loose the rein ;  
Spur amid the rattling peal !  
Charge amid the storm of steel !  
O'er the stream, and from the glen,  
Cowards watch the strife of men.  
Onward ! ere the field is won—  
Onward ! ere the fight is done !”

WHERE LIVES THE SOUL OF POETRY.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

WHERE lives the soul of poetry ? It dwells  
In the lone desert, where no fountain wells ;  
Speaks in the Kamsin's blast, dread foe of man,  
That overthrows the luckless caravan,  
And in a tomb, unknown to friendship, hides  
The toiling camels and their Arab guides ;  
Dwells in the boiling maelstrom, deep and dark,

That roars a dismal warning to the bark,  
 And lingers where volcanic mountains throw  
 A burning deluge on the vale below.

Where lives the soul of poetry? Dark caves  
 Worn by the foamy buffeting of waves;  
 The blue abysses of the moaning sea,  
 Where coral insects fashion dome and tree,  
 And mermaids chant, by mortal eye unseen,  
 And comb in sparry halls their tresses green;  
 The broad savanna, where the bison strays,  
 And come in herds the fallow deer to graze;  
 The mossy forest, far from haunts of men,  
 Where the wild wolf prepares his savage den;  
 The giant Andes, round whose frosty peaks  
 The tempest hovers and the condor shrieks.

Cold, cheerless Greenland, where the ice-berg hoar  
 Strikes with a deafening crash the barren shore,  
 While roves the white fox, and the polar bear,  
 In quest of prey, forsakes his icy lair;  
 Bright tropic bowers, within whose depths of green,  
 The pard and savage tiger lurk unseen,  
 Where the fierce scales of deadly reptiles shine,  
 While round the trunks of giant palms they twine;  
 The spicy groves of Araby the blest,  
 In fadeless robes of bloom and verdure drest;



Where birds of gorgeous plumage perch and sing,  
 In varied strains, or wander on the wing ;  
 Romantic Persia, where the dulcet lay  
 Of the glad Peri never dies away,  
 Where the light pinions of the wooing wind  
 Fan the young leaves of date or tamarind,  
 While nightingales amid the branches throng,  
 And own the presence of the soul of song.

The rich warm hues that flush the western cloud,  
 When yellow twilight weaves her glorious shroud ;  
 The babbling cascade that descends in foam,  
 And flashes beauty from its rocky home ;  
 The mingling tones of laughing earth and air,  
 When Morn braids purple in her golden hair ;  
 The dance of leaves, the lulling fall of rain,  
 The river on its journey to the main ;  
 The quiet lakes that spread their sheets of blue,  
 A sweet enchantment lending to the view.  
 The fierce tornado, parent of dismay,  
 Uprooting sylvan giants in his way ;  
 The lulling winds of summer, or the blast  
 That howls a requiem when the leaf is cast ;  
 The pearly moonshine of an autumn night,  
 When glen and glade are bathed in spectral light ;  
 The lawn of spring, with varied flowers inwrought,  
 Are the pure nurses of poetic thought.

## SUNSET.

BY DOCTOR WARD.

THE west! the west! turn to the lighted west!  
What crimson wonders break upon us there!  
The drooping sun, slow sinking to his rest,  
Paints the red hectic on the cheek of air—  
Stamp of destruction—herald of decay,  
Whose feverish bloom proclaims the death of day.

There's holiday above, and all the clouds,  
In gala robes, the sunbeams sport among;  
Festoon upon festoon entwining, crowds,  
'Till all the drapery of heaven is hung—  
And far away the ruddy masses break  
In ridgy waves, like some illumined lake.

Gaze upward ! from the zenith's giddy crown  
Down to the sunny centre, fold on fold  
Glow in gradation, as the eye goes down,  
Of purple, crimson, scarlet, orange, gold—  
Intensest gold !—Where blinding to the sight,  
The molten sun swims in a sea of light !

Not in the West alone, the bloom is spread—  
The envious East is burning at the sight ;  
Men's faces glare with the unnatural red,  
And twinkling waves rejoice with living light—  
Fortress, and spire, and Hudson's glancing stream,  
To the broad blaze flash back an answering beam.

Frail flower of beauty ! how thy hues go down !  
Ev'n as I gaze they melt in air away—  
The gold grows crimson, and the crimson brown,  
Till tint by tint, relapses into gray !  
Of Beauty's daughters such the fearful doom—  
Such the brief triumph, and the lasting gloom.

## WEEHAWKEN.

BY ROBERT C. SANDS.

EVE o'er our path is stealing fast ;  
Yon quivering splendours are the last  
The sun will fling, to tremble o'er  
The waves that kiss the opposing shore ;  
His latest glories fringe the height  
Behind us, with their golden light.

The mountain's mirrored outline fades  
Amid the fast extending shades ;  
Its shaggy bulk, in sterner pride,  
Towers, as the gloom steals o'er the tide ;  
For the great stream a bulwark meet  
That leaves its rock-encumbered feet.

River and Mountain ! though to song  
Not yet, perchance, your names belong ;  
Those who have loved your evening hues,  
Will ask not the recording Muse,  
What antique tales she can relate,  
Your banks and steeps to consecrate.

Yet should the stranger ask, what lore  
Of by-gone days, this winding shore,  
Yon cliffs and fir-clad steeps could tell,  
If vocal made by Fancy's spell,—  
The varying legend might rehearse  
Fit themes for high, romantic verse.

O'er yon rough heights and moss-clad sod  
Oft hath the stalworth warrior trod ;  
Or peered, with hunter's gaze, to mark  
The progress of the glancing bark.  
Spoils, strangely won on distant waves,  
Have lurked in yon obstructed caves.

When the great strife for Freedom rose  
Here scouted oft her friends and foes,  
Alternate, through the changeful war,  
And beacon-fires flashed bright and far ;  
And here, when Freedom's strife was won,  
Fell, in sad feud, her favoured son ;—

Her son,—the second of the band,  
The Romans of the rescued land.  
Where round yon cape the banks ascend,  
Long shall the pilgrim's footsteps bend ;  
There, mirthful hearts shall pause to sigh,  
There, tears shall dim the patriot's eye.

There last he stood. Before his sight  
Flowed the fair river, free and bright ;  
The rising Mart and Isles and Bay,  
Before him in their glory lay,—  
Scenes of his love and of his fame,—  
The instant ere the death-shot came.

## A MORNING INVOCATION.

BY EPES SARGENT.

WAKE, slumberer ! Summer's golden hours  
Are speeding fast away ;  
The sun has waked the opening flowers,  
To greet the new-born day.  
The deer leaps from his leafy haunt ;  
Fair gleams the breezy lake ;  
The birds their matin carols chant—  
All Nature cries, awake !

Oh ! lose not in unconscious ease  
An hour so heavenly fair ;  
Come forth, while yet the glittering trees  
Wave in the purple air ;  
While yet a dewy freshness fills  
The morning's fragrant gale ;  
While o'er the woods and up the hills,  
The mist rolls from the vale.

Awake ! too soon, alas ! too soon,  
The glory must decay ;  
And, in the fervid eye of noon,  
The freshness fade away.  
Then seize the hour so swift of flight,  
Its early bloom partake :  
By all that's beautiful and bright,  
I call on thee—awake !

## LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

“Bright effluence of bright essence increate!  
Before the sun, before the heavens, thou wert.”—MILTON.

FROM the quickened womb of the primal gloom  
The sun rolled black and bare,  
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,  
Of the threads of my golden hair ;  
And when the broad tent of the firmament  
Arose on its airy spars,  
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,  
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,  
And their leaves of living green,  
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes  
Of Eden's virgin queen ;  
And when the fiend's art on her trustful heart  
Had fastened its mortal spell,  
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear  
To the trembling earth I fell.



When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed  
Their work of wrath had sped,  
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,  
Came forth among the dead ;  
With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams,  
I bade their terrors cease,  
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll  
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast,  
Night's funeral shadow slept,  
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains  
Their lonely vigils kept ;  
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright  
Of heaven's redeeming plan,  
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—  
Joy, joy to the outcast Man !

Equal favour I show to the lofty and low,  
On the just and unjust I descend ;  
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and  
tears,  
Feel my smile the blest smile of a friend :  
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,  
As the rose in the garden of kings ;  
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,  
And lo ! the gay butterfly's wings !

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,  
    Conceals all the pride of her charms,  
Till I bid the bright Hours chase the Night from her  
    bowers,  
    And lead the young Day to her arms ;  
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,  
    And sinks to her balmy repose,  
I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,  
    In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,  
    I gaze with unslumbering eye,  
When the cynosure star of the mariner  
    Is blotted from the sky ;  
And guided by me through the merciless sea,  
    Though sped by the hurricane's wings,  
His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,  
    To the haven-home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,  
    The birds in their chambers of green,  
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,  
    As they bask in my matinal sheen.  
O if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,  
    Though fitful and fleeting the while,  
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,  
    Ever bright with the DEITY's smile !

## THE LEAF.

BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

It came with spring's soft sun and showers,  
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers ;  
It flourished on the same light stem,  
It drank the same clear dews with them.  
The crimson tints of summer morn,  
That gilded one, did each adorn.  
The breeze, that whispered light and brief  
To bud or blossom, kissed the leaf ;  
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,  
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions passed away,  
And left the leaf to lone decay.  
The gentle gales of spring went by,  
The fruits and flowers of summer die.  
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,  
And winter's breath came cold and chill.  
The leaf now yielded to the blast,  
And on the rushing stream was cast.

Far, far it glided to the sea,  
And whirled and eddied wearily,  
Till suddenly it sank to rest,  
And slumbered in the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins—its morning hours,  
Bright as the birth-day of the flowers ;  
Thus passes like the leaves away,  
As withered and as lost as they.  
Beneath the parent roof we meet  
In joyous groups, and gaily greet  
The golden beams of love and light,  
That kindle to the youthful sight.  
But soon we part, and one by one,  
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.  
One gentle spirit seeks the tomb,  
His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom.  
Another treads the paths of fame,  
And barter peace to win a name.  
Another still tempts fortune's wave,  
And seeking wealth, secures a grave.  
The last grasps yet the brittle thread—  
Though friends are gone and joy is dead,  
Still dares the dark and fretful tide,  
And clutches at its power and pride,  
Till suddenly the waters sever,  
And like the leaf he sinks for ever.

EXTRACT FROM THE JUDGMENT.

BY JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

THEN on the mount, amidst these glorious shapes,  
Who reverent stood, with looks of sacred awe,  
I saw EMMANUEL seated on his throne.  
His robe, methought, was whiter than the light ;  
Upon his breast the Heavenly Urim glowed  
Bright as the sun, and round such lightnings flashed,  
No eye could meet the mystic symbol's blaze.  
Irradiant the eternal sceptre shone  
Which wont to glitter in his Father's hand :  
Resplendent in his face the Godhead beamed,  
Justice and mercy, majesty and grace,  
Divinely mingling. Celestial glories played  
Around with beamy lustre ; from his eye  
Dominion looked ; upon his brow was stamped  
Creative Power. Yet over all the touch  
Of gracious pity dwelt, which, erst, amidst  
Dissolving nature's anguish breathed a prayer  
For guilty man. Redundant down his neck  
His locks rolled graceful, as they waved, of old,  
Upon the mournful breeze of Calvary.

His throne of heavenly substance seemed composed,  
 Whose pearly essence, like the eastern shell,  
 Or changeful opal, shed a silvery light.  
 Clear as the moon it looked through ambient clouds  
 Of snowy lustre waving round its base,  
 That, like a zodiac, thick with emblems set,  
 Flashed wondrous beams, of unknown character,  
 From many a burning stone of lustre rare,  
 Stained like the bow whose mingling splendour streamed  
 Confusion bright upon the dazzled eye.  
 Above him hung a canopy whose skirts  
 The mount o'ershadowed like an evening cloud.  
 Clouds were his curtains: not like their dim types  
 Of blue and purple round the tabernacle,  
 That waving vision of the lonely wild,  
 By pious Israel wrought with cherubims;  
 Veiling the mysteries of old renown,  
 Table, and altar, ark, and mercy-seat,  
 Where, 'twixt the shadow of cherubic wings,  
 In lustre visible Jehovah shone.

In honour chief, upon the Lord's right hand  
 His station Michael held: the dreadful sword  
 That from a starry baldric hung, proclaimed  
 The Hierarch. Terrible, on his brow  
 Blazed the Archangel crown, and from his eye  
 Thick sparkles flashed. Like regal banners, waved

Back from his giant shoulders his broad vans,  
Bedropt with gold, and, turning to the sun,  
Shone gorgeous as the multitudinous stars,  
Or some illumined city seen by night,  
When her wide streets pour noon, and echoing through  
Her thronging thousands mirth and music ring.

Opposed to him, I saw an Angel stand  
In sable vesture, with the Books of Life.  
Black was his mantle, and his changeful wings  
Glossed like the raven's ; thoughtful seemed his mien,  
Sedate and calm, and deep upon his brow  
Had Meditation set her seal : his eyes  
Looked things unearthly, thoughts unutterable,  
Or uttered only with an Angel's tongue.  
Renowned was he among the Seraphim  
For depth of prescience, and sublimest lore ;  
Skilled in the mysteries of the Eternal,  
Profoundly versed in those old records where,  
From everlasting ages, live God's deeds ;  
He knew the hour when yonder shining worlds,  
That roll around us, into being sprang ;  
Their system, laws, connection ; all he knew  
But the dread moment when they cease to be.  
None judged like him the ways of God to man,  
Or so had pondered ; his excursive thoughts  
Had visited the depths of Night and Chaos,  
Gathering the treasures of the hoary deep.

## THE DYING BOY.

BY J. H. BRIGHT.

It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back  
The spirit to its Maker ; ere the heart  
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,  
And sown, to garner up its bitter fruits.  
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod  
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,  
And when the eighth came round, and called him out  
To revel in its light, he turned away,  
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.  
'Twas night ; he summoned his accustomed friends,  
And, in this wise, bestowed his last bequest.



“ Mother, I’m dying now !  
There is deep suffocation in my breast,  
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed,—  
And on my brow

“ I feel the cold sweat stand ;  
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath  
Comes feebly up. Oh, tell me ! is this death ?  
Mother, your hand !

“ Here, lay it on my wrist,  
And place the other thus, beneath my head,—  
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,  
Shall I be missed ?

“ Never, beside your knee,  
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,  
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay  
You taught to me !

“ Oh ! at the time of prayer,  
When you look round and see a vacant seat,  
You will not wait then for my coming feet ;—  
You’ll miss me there !”

“ Father, I’m going home !  
To the good home you spoke of—that blest land

Where it is one bright summer always, and  
Death does not come !”

“ Brother, the little spot  
I used to call my garden, where long hours  
We stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,  
Forget it not !

“ Plant there some box or pine ;  
Something that lives in winter, and will be  
A verdant offering to my memory,  
And call it mine !”

“ Sister, my young rose tree  
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,  
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,  
I give to thee.

“ And when its roses bloom,  
I shall be gone away—my short life done ;  
But will you not bestow a single one  
Upon my tomb ?”

“ Now, mother, sing the tune  
You sang last night ; I'm weary and must sleep—  
Who was it called my name ?—Nay, do not weep,  
You'll all come soon !”

## STANZAS

BY EDWARD SANFORD.

The world is smiling ; the glad earth  
Smiles on her gaudy children's dress ;  
The noisy winds laugh out in mirth,  
And the breezes titter in playfulness ;  
The old sea smiles on the close embrace  
Of his fondling waves, as they mingling meet ;  
And the young streams laugh in their onward race,  
And their tiny shout, like a child's, is sweet :  
Smiles from the earth, and from the sea,  
And yet not one sweet smile from thee ?

The warm sun smiles on the earth with pride ;  
And the chaste moon smiles through her vapoury veil.  
Like the love-lit glance of a curtained bride,  
While, like eyes that are bright at a lover's tale,  
From Heaven's high casement downward peeping,  
The bright stars wink at the pranks of earth,  
Undimmed, like mortal orbs, by weeping,  
They chant the hymn of creation's birth.  
The skies on high are rife with glee—  
And yet not one sweet smile from thee ?

The heaven-kissed mountains smile on high—  
The stream-clasped valleys smile below—  
Smiles from the rock, the grove, the sky,  
The lake's glassed deep, the river's flow.  
There dwells a smile on the face of flowers,  
There's joy in the play of the dallying leaves ;  
In this beautiful breathing world of ours  
There's nought, save man, that pines and grieves.  
Ay ! even a smile is forced from me ;  
And yet not one sweet smile from thee ?

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

*Pocahontas.*

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

UPON the barren sand  
A single captive stood,  
Around him came, with bow and brand,  
The red-men of the wood.  
Like him of old, his doom he hears,  
Rock-bound on ocean's rim :—  
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,  
And breathed a prayer for him.

Ee°

Above his head in air,  
The savage war-club swung ;  
The frantic girl, in wild despair,  
Her arms about him flung.  
Then shook the warriors of the shade,  
Like leaves on aspen-limb,  
Subdued by that heroic maid  
Who breathed a prayer for him.

“Unbind him !” gasped the chief,  
“It is your king's decree !”  
He kissed away her tears of grief,  
And set the captive free.  
’Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,  
Hope's star to man grows dim,  
An angel kneels in woman's form,  
And breathes a prayer for him.

## HAMPTON BEACH.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

"O mare, o litus, verum secretumque Museum, quam multa dictatis,—  
quam multa inventis!"—PLINY.

AGAIN upon the sounding shore,  
And oh how blest, again alone !  
I could not bear to hear thy roar,  
Thy deep, thy long majestic tone ;  
I could not bear to think that one  
Could view with me thy swelling might,  
And like a very stock or stone,  
Turn coldly from the glorious sight,  
And seek the idle world, to hate and fear and fight.

Thou art the same, eternal sea !  
The earth hath many shapes and forms,  
Of hill and valley, flower and tree ;  
Fields that the fervid noontide warms,  
Or winter's rugged grasp deforms,  
Or bright with autumn's golden store ;  
Thou coverest up thy face with storms,  
Or smil'st serene,—but still thy roar  
And dashing foam go up to vex the sea-beat shore.

I see thy heaving waters roll,  
I hear thy stern uplifted voice,  
And trumpet-like upon my soul  
Falls the deep music of that noise  
Wherewith thou dost thyself rejoice ;  
The ships, that on thy bosom play,  
Thou dashest them about like toys,  
And stranded navies are thy prey,  
Strown on thy rock-bound coast, torn by the whirling spray.

As summer twilight soft and calm,  
Or when in stormy grandeur drest,  
Peals up to heaven the eternal psalm,  
That swells within thy boundless breast ;  
Thy curling waters have no rest,  
But day and night, the ceaseless throng  
Of waves that wait thy high behest,  
Speak out in utterance deep and strong,  
And loud the craggy beach howls back their savage song.

Terrible art thou in thy wrath,—  
Terrible in thine hour of glee,  
When the strong winds, upon their path,  
Bound o'er thy breast tumultuously,  
And shout their chorus loud and free  
To the sad sea-bird's mournful wail,  
As heaving with the heaving sea,

The broken mast and shattered sail  
Tell of thy cruel strength the lamentable tale.

Ay, 'tis indeed a glorious sight  
To gaze upon thine ample face ;  
An awful joy,—a deep delight !  
I see thy laughing waves embrace  
Each other in their frolic race ;  
I sit above the flashing spray,  
That foams around this rocky base,  
And, as the bright blue waters play,  
Feel that my thoughts, my life, perchance are vain as they.

This is thy lesson, mighty sea !  
Man calls the dimpled earth his own,  
The flowery vale, the golden lea ;  
And on the wild gray mountain-stone  
Claims nature's temple for his throne !  
But where thy many voices sing  
Their endless song, the deep, deep tone  
Calls back his spirit's airy wing,  
He shrinks into himself, where God alone is king !



## WOMAN.

Written in the Album of an unknown Lady.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

LADY, although we have not met,  
And may not meet, beneath the sky ;  
And whether thine are eyes of jet,  
Gray, or dark blue, or violet,  
Or hazel—heaven knows, not I ;

Whether around thy cheek of rose  
A maiden's glowing locks are curled,  
And to some thousand kneeling beaux,  
Thy frown is cold as winter's snows,  
Thy smile is worth a world ;

Or whether, past youth's joyous strife,  
The calm of thought is on thy brow,  
And thou art in thy noon of life,  
Loving, and loved, a happy wife,  
And happier mother now,

I know not—but whate'er thou art,  
Whoe'er thou art, were mine the spell,  
To call Fate's joys, or blunt his dart,  
There should not be one hand or heart  
But served or wished thee well.

For thou art Woman—with that word  
Life's dearest hopes and memories come,  
Truth, Beauty, Love—in her adored,  
And earth's lost Paradise restored  
In the green bower of home.

What is man's love? His vows are broke  
Even while his parting kiss is warm,—  
But woman's love all change will mock,  
And, like the ivy round the oak,  
Cling closest in the storm.

And well the Poet at her shrine  
May bend and worship while he woos;  
To him she is a thing divine,

The inspiration of his line,  
His loved one, and his Muse.

If to his song the echo rings  
Of Fame—'tis Woman's voice he hears ;  
If ever from his lyre's proud strings  
Flow sounds, like rush of angel wings,  
'Tis that she listens while he sings,  
With blended smiles and tears :

Smiles,—tears,—whose blest and blessing power,  
Like sun and dew o'er summer's tree,  
Alone keeps green through Time's long hour,  
That frailer thing than leaf or flower  
A Poet's immortality. ✓

H.G.













