

THE SONS OF MAINE

AND OTHER SONS

JOHN CLINE WOOD

THE SONS OF MAINE



MAINE
1864

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AND OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN CHICK MURRAY



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JOHN CHICK MURRAY



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PROEM

*Where human worth and nature's wealth attain
An envied station in the pride of Maine;
In that far corner of an empire vast—
Her farthest bulwarks to the eastern blast,
And where the same, in rugged grandeur drawn,
Stand as the gateways to the golden dawn;
There, where the changing, ever healthful year
Joins, like her sons, the gentle and severe;*

*Where harvests rich bespeak a fertile soil,
And stately forests yield their useful spoil;
Where summer throngs Atlantic's billows woo,
And from our hills the inland glories view,
Whence then the eye in wond'ring circle roams;
While admiration points the happy homes;
Where nature's book, of every varying page,
Provokes the soul to rapture's finest rage:*

*Where such abound a native son has fired,
And now submits the message there inspired.
Oh! were that message as those beauties pure,
Of form as just, of color as secure!
Had thus he sung, though with unlaurelled name,
Vain were all praise and harmless were all blame;
Then could he soar on fearless wing elate,
Share the true poet's fame and dare his fate.*

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THE SONS OF MAINE

THE SONS OF MAINE

I sing the sons, of good old Maine the pride,
Who cast their fortune in the country side;
Whose fathers wrought our destiny and fate,
Who planted hardihood and raised a state.

Blest husbandry! where, in pure soil and deep,
Was sown what after generations reap;
Behold in wilds and wooded hill and vale,
'Mid savage warwhoop and responsive wail,
At length from perils, hardship, toil and fears,
From out that soil that stately plant appears,
Extending now in rich proportions wide,
Till, overgrown, the wilderness has died,
Bright in its place that plant's unfading flowers,
Succeeded by the fruit of sovereign powers.

On wings of retrospect and fancy borne,
We proudly follow from that distant morn,
The few—the first a settler's banner bore,
The hero honor and the aim adore;
Sacred the work where'er the view be cast
Of those true heroes—farmers of the past,
Who heard the cry of Civilization's child
Above the mingling voices of the wild!

Proudly we view our empire's growth and rise,
And each gradation of our glory prize;
Each conquest note, each subjugation scan,
And sympathize with heroes, as we can;

Each hardship feel, by luxury unimbued,
Each sullen gloom of nature unsubdued;
See homes arising, hear affection's call,
See light advancing as the forests fall;
See foes dispersing, see the wild grow tame,
And beauty smile in love's immortal name.

From scenes like these, through every age sublime,
From days of Gorges to the present time,—
The farmer's fortitude, his brawn and brain,
Have broke the gloom and built the State of Maine,
And she will proudly own these sons of toil,
Her only kings—the princes of the soil;
To them in gratitude and rev'rence bow,
Own that her proudest chariot is the plow,
That rural sons emit her broadest ray—
Her brightest stars are in the milky way.

From causes such this rugged region smiles,
From bounds Canadian to her ocean isles;
Bloom hill and vale with beauty, peace and wealth,
And, what is better, happiness and health;
The farmer fills with plenty all our homes,
And city thousands when the summer comes;
With nature's wealth attracts their gorgeous styles,
And, better still, their purses and their smiles;
Sees thousands feed on what his hand has sown,
And gain a greater fortune from his own;
Sees busy marts, home likewise and abroad,
Supply their thousands from his ample hoard;
Sees art and science come at earth's wide call,
And mechanism, but knows he feeds them all;

Knows if not all, he is the pith of trade ;
If not his own, has others' fortunes made.

On rock-set hills, the district school has blent
Its wholesome light with that which nature lent,
The two conjoined in intermingling ray,
Broad, shining far, have made our glorious day,
Whence now and then some brighter fragment flies
To flash its brilliancy from distant skies,
On which the nations gaze and gaze again,
And wonder till they find it rose in Maine.

'Mid scenes like these—the rugged hill and glen,
In nature's lap Maine finds her leading men ;
Here, where the snows in ling'ring drifts prevail,
And mighty forests scent the northern gale ;
Where hill and mountain rise in grandeur steep,
And crystal rivers roll in volume deep ;
Here, 'mid the scenes that foster nature's child,
Where sturdy sports a rugged youth beguiled ;
Where nature's beauty, nature's music charmed,
Where toil had strengthened and where love had
warmed ;
Where hardship spurred, where poverty had blest,
Where keen affection toned the growing breast ;
Where limits only swelled the aspiring flame,
And bid a genius strike for honest fame.

'Twas here where were that worth and genius grown,
That gave the state its progress and renown ;
Nor were their powers confined within the state,
But made their mark among the nation's great.

Though of the nation but a corner small,
Maine's influence and power are felt in all;
As on those canvas wings of commerce free,
Her home-built vessels traverse every sea,
So in true worth and honor's envied share,
These sons of Maine are sighted everywhere;
Wherever heroes brave the battle's roar,
And rush to vict'ry on the fields of gore;
Wherever men for freedom legislate,
Their souls enlisted in the people's fate;
Wherever platform, pulpit, bench and bar,
In eloquence and justice shine afar;
Wherever art and science darkness span,
Adorn the world and light the paths of man;
Wherever inspiration wakes her fire,
And flashes glory from the nation's lyre,—
'Tis there, wherever be the holy ground,
These sons of Maine will be forever found.

Thus, noble though the work of rural son,
Maine's rural daughters have a nobler done.
These sons that reared Maine from the savage shade,
Were by these daughters, wives and mothers made;
Their hearts were the immortal light divine,
Burning in love that made these sons to shine.
They gave the child, they gave the home its birth,
They lit the pathways and they warmed the hearth;
They furnished bread and blessing from their breast,
They made the home, and home has made the rest.
With woman's wit and love's undying fire,
They shield the young while teaching to aspire,

Thus strength'ning 'mid whatever frights or charms,—
Our state is carried in these daughters' arms.
So woman's worth since human life began,
So Heaven has blessed the trying lot of man.

How lightens life beneath her care and toil!
How brightens all before her loving smile!
Which more than aught the farmer's life endear,
Still softened by her sympathetic tear.
Ah! what were home without this matron's care—
Without her foresight and without her prayer;
Without the ready labors of her hand,
Her inspiration and her just command?
Reft of her presence, gloomy were the hours,
Rough were our paths—less charming e'en the flowers;
Day less would brighten—hope would cease to shine,
Nature would languish and the world decline;
No home had risen to light the savage gloom,
No power to cherish beauty's dormant bloom;
No angel to invigorate and bless,
And Maine had slumbered in a wilderness.

AGAIN FROM THE FAR NORTHERN CLIME'S
FROZEN BOSOM

Again from the far northern clime's frozen bosom,
Dark spreads the fierce mantle of Winter around ;
Now chill is the relic of summer's last blossom,
Its root lonely sleeping and closed under ground.

Again through the forest the tempest is raving,
Again by its madness the forest is stirred ;
All bare is the field where the harvest was waving,
And pasture where lately were roaming the herd.

Once more in my bosom what ecstasy burning,
As I gaze on the picture and beauty of home
Preparing for winter, now coldly returning !—
What bard for a theme would continue to roam ?

How dear to my heart is the smoke I'm surveying
Rise clear from each chimney on morning's keen air,
And the candle at evening so brightly betraying
The charm of our homes and the worth that is there !

Oh, how can the presence of Winter's dark visage
Revive once again scenes of winters long fled !
How bright is the picture, how clear is the message
Reflection brings back from the past and the dead !

'Twas when its wild rigors the winter was wielding,
A maiden once bloomed in my love and my pride ;
But when the dark winter to springtide was yielding,
When flow'rs were reviving—the sweet maiden died.

As oft as the gloom of the winter hangs o'er me,
As long as life's angel within me can reign—
What scenes and what visions will brighten before me,
Alternately bringing their rapture and pain!

Their rapture to feel that the winter replaces
Those charms in my bosom it brought me of yore;
Their pain to reflect that the friends and the graces
That brightened the winter, can charm me no more.

Their rapture the while in remembrance awaken
Her form and her features as lifelike as then;
Their pain while I ponder that dust long has taken
The form I have clasped, but shall ne'er clasp again.

THE MARTYRS OF LEXINGTON, APRIL 19

Oh! can we forget them whose story
Is worthy the loftiest lyre—
Whose death was our opening to glory,
While kindling the Patriots' fire?

Ah, no! and the years that did follow
Have mingled their honor and pride,
And the hearts of the future will hallow
And cherish the soil where they died.

Oh! could they have lived but to share it,
Our freedom—the brave's diadem!
Yet, sweeter than living to wear it,
Was the glory of dying like them.

How rich was the blessing they brought us
As it flowed on their life's ebbing wave!
But richer the lesson they taught us
In the death of the noble and brave.

THE FARMER AND THE SOLDIER

The farmer and the soldier brave—
Both warriors if you will;
While both are battling hard to save,
They also fight to kill;
But while one's braving drouth and flood
And pest the world to feed,
The other seeks on fields of blood
His brother man to bleed.

Let th' soldier death and danger brave
Through clouds that hide the sun;
However proud his banners wave,
Or grand his conquest won—
The farmer proves that 'neath the good
Old flag by Ceres borne,
More glorious than the fields of blood
Are fields of waving corn.

Though armies may their conquest bring—
Lands drenched with blood and tears;
May raise a throne and place a king
To reign some mortal years;
The farmer greater conquest wins,
And wields a greater good;
When kings and people seek his bins
For life-sustaining food.

'Tis he who smooths the ravaged plain
Where fierce Destruction sped;
Who feeds the widows of the slain,
And orphans of the dead.

'Tis he who renovates when strife
And dearth and famine fall
On the frail ranks of human life—
'Tis he who feeds them all.

So to the farmer give the palm
For independent worth,
Whose field of warfare is the farm,
Whose throne a happy hearth;
Beneath his verdure flag unfurled,
In Nature's airy hall;
He's the supporter of the world—
He is the king of all.

LABOR ODE

FOR LABOR DAY

Today's the highway of the year,
When labor's ranks in pageant move,
When labor's flag her millions rear
Above the soil they love;
And in their grand parade the while
It traverses a nation great,
Its marshals too, are sons of toil—
True authors of the home and state,
And it is meet their route is found
On freedom's ever holy ground;
For it was they who struck the blow
That made our country free;
And it is they who keep it so,
And they 'twill ever be.
And it is right they should parade
Beneath the banner which they made—
The flag whose every fold and coil
Gleams with the sweat and blood of toil,
Upon whose banners, 'stead of gold
And pompous forms of millionaires,
Divine escutcheons we behold
Of home and all its honest cares.

Now while the mighty march shall wind
Through gorgeous town or place obscure,
Be all things mortal-made combined
In gratitude and homage pure.
Ye very avenues that bear

Its honest tread in harmony sublime,
With Labor's heart beating so proudly there—
Reserve your homage for this glorious time;
For at this time ye must recall
That it was labor made you all.
Ye mighty structures lining all the way,
Ye ponderous blocks which stars and azure crown,
Where trade and commerce hold their brilliant sway—
Gaze ye in gratitude and reverence down;
For ye are conscious on your thrones in air,
That it was honest labor raised you there.
Ye gorgeous temples and cathedrals grand,
Which art and science, earth and Heav'n ordain;
Ye capitols that bear above the land
Your domes—the Nation's centred heart and brain;
Ye should these ranks in adoration view,
For toil erected and sustains you, too.
And ye that toil upon their shrine,
In chair of state or charge divine,
As teacher, preacher or executive,
Who teach us how to die, obey and live;
Proudly this grand procession view,
For it was labor that made you.
Ye trusts, monopolies, ye combinations
That from the nation's heart
Draws its best blood—but whose fierce condemnations
Are yet to be your part;
Thank labor now, and drink its health,
For it was labor made the wealth
Whence flourish ye upon the wreck
Of fortunes, by a savage greed,

And revel on a sumptuous deck
While brothers drown or bleed.
And does there breathe so low, so vile
Who labor views with sneering smile,
And, 'mid the stress and storm
The gnarléd hands and bended form?
A savage he! though unawares;
Rememb'ring not a mother's cares,
Nor father's toil for him.
Such deformations wrought by toil,
Are more than learning's bays;
More than a grave on blood-stained soil,
More than a victor's praise;
For they are badges worn by those
Who stole them not from friends or foes,
Or won them in a moment's game
Where fortune plays for breath or fame;
But through a life-long battle fought,
These medals, worn by them were given
For what they long and faithful wrought—
By nature and by Heaven.

Labor is king! though idlers frown,
They ne'er must this forget.
And duty done shall be his crown,
Jewelled with drops of sweat.
Labor is king! though idlers frown,
As firm as earth and great;
And they his subjects—his alone,
However high their state,
Who are his servants true,

And faithfully their duty do,
And whether they be potentate,
Or counsel, judge or magistrate,
Or healer, prophet,—any mind
And heart that toil for human kind ;
Or e'en monopolists and millionaires
If they are but content with honest shares—
Such are the subjects of this noble king.
But those who treasure up by stealth
The people's dues, the people's wealth,
And drink their blood the while they drink their health ;
Those cultured canibals,
Who Freedom's flesh would gorge and tear,
(Though wrapped in glory's banner fair),
And taint our Capitols ;
And further, those who with their "dust"
Would bury deep the precious form of man ;
And, eating like a vitriol,
Would take his flesh and bones and all,
And leave him but the soul whence he began :
Such ne'er shall be the subjects of that king,
But each a convict or some viler thing,
That should be banished from his noble realm,
With indignation's breath the driving gale,
And with the votes of millions free the sail,
And manhood at the helm.

Labor is king ; nor that alone ;
The great sustainer of each throne,
The world's great builder from its birth,
The womb to wealth, subduer of the earth.

And labor, when it is well done,
Exerts a power that yields to none;
Needs not the prayer or praise of cant,
Nor e'en the politician's rant.
Labor is mightier than sword or king,
And is the only independent thing.
Wealth, pomp and glory all,
Can ne'er from chaos call
Art, science, beauty, skill,
Or aught that stirs the noble thrill—
But labor can produce them all.
God gave material,
But labor gave it form;
God did from dust and darkness call
The earth and human worm:
But, of the earth and of himself possessed,
That groveling, glorious worm has done the rest.

HEAVEN HERE

When upward turn our longing eyes,
We pray that God be near,—
E'en then, while soaring to the skies,
Our God is pleading here.

While in pursuit of angels blest,
Thought treads the heavenly track,
Those angels gather in our breast
And, smiling, call us back.

We think their heaven is above,
But lives diviner show
That when our hearts are full of love,
Their dwelling is below.

All may of Christ the virtue share,
As helpers of the race;
And all his glorious mantle wear,
Who wear his love and grace.

How lonely, weary, with our load,
When carried for reward!
But when true service marks our road,
God is our guide and guard.

'Tis they who toil, all wages spurned,
Receive the richest pay;
And they the brightest crown have earned
Who cast all crowns away.

IN THE TWILIGHT

In the twilight's tender beaming
Where'tis neither day nor night,
Is a heavenly conflict seeming
'Tween the darkness and the light.

Life, how like this twilight season,
Where the light and shadows throng;
And our souls, what'er the reason,
Hover 'tween the right and wrong!

Like when dear ones are declining,
So the twilight doth appear;
When the life is faintly shining,
And the death is drawing near.

So the smile that most entrances,
When it fades into a frown;
And so when the sweetness glances
To indifference are grown.

Like our memories' fading ember
Are the day and darkness met,
When we cannot all remember,
And we cannot all forget.

When there's light enough remaining,
Just to give our pain relief,
And enough of darkness paining,
Just to give our gladness grief.

Thus the brightest hopes we cherish,
As they blend with hopeless care,
Leave us, as they darkly perish,
Something that repels despair.

And around the twilight portal
When the strength and life have fled,
Still remains a hope immortal
Mid the darkness and the dead.

WHEN GLOOMY CHILLING SKIES

When gloomy, chilling skies
Flush Autumn's fading face,
And thoughts and passions rise
From out her dying grace ;
When o'er the furrowed fields
Corn shivers in the breeze,
And nature sadly yields
The glory of her trees.

In Autumn's paling hours,
The winter drawing near,
When wasting are the bowers,
And warblers few appear ;
'Tis now my song I weave,
My darling friend, 'tis now ;
For 'twas on Autumn eve
I first beheld thy brow.

'Twas then I saw the face
Which brought a thrill to me ;
'Twas then I drank the grace
Which Heaven gave to thee ;
'Twas then I felt the charms,
Though gone, I still adore,
And love as still it warms,
But hopes that are no more.

Though hopes bloom not again,
Still memory heaves my breast ;
That sun, sweet setting then,
Still hovers o'er the west.

Joys which could not endure,
Hopes destined not to last—
I'll seek where they're secure
And lovely in the past.

While nature's beauty died,
How flourished still thine own!
Though gloom filled all beside,
Yet summer o'er thee shone.
But, oh, how different now
Those youthful charms appear!
Pale Autumn fills thy brow,
With every blossom sere.

But memory and the past
Preserve thy beauty now,
And while I breathe will last
The blossom on thy brow.
Plump is thy form and sweet;
Tints yet thy dimples fill;
Thy smile is yet complete;
Thy glance is youthful still.

A WINTER JOY

When Winter sits bleak on the snow-covered hills,
And heavy and chill slumbers on the lone heath ;
When the music is muffled that dwells in the rills,
And fled is the glory of summer's fair wreath ;
When the birds, shiv'ring cower
In the dark leafless bower,
With the trees swaying wild in the tempest's control,
And the sun's bright complexion
Finds there its reflection—
'Tis then o'er the woodlands in rapture I stroll.

When the gusts rudely shake at the windows and
 pound,
And everything rattles and rings in the roar,
While the fast smoking chimneys speak frost lurking
 round,
And the furnace keeps time with the gale raging o'er,
E'en then I can hasten
Where woods real and glisten,
When the sun rides at anchor on each bending crest ;
When the thicket will shield me,
And beauty will yield me,
'Tis then the wild scene wakes a thrill in my breast.

When the wind's lofty voice and the blood-stirring air
Wake fresh the wild thoughts of the seasons long fled,
And visions of glory inspire even there,
While I ponder the deeds of the glorious dead ;

When the birds shiv'ring, cower
In the dark leafless bower,
With the trees swaying wild in the tempest's control,
When the sun's bright complexion
Finds there its reflection—
'Tis then o'er the woodlands in rapture I stroll.

THE TEMPLE OF THE CENTURY

A mighty temple is to rise
To cover the earth and fill the skies ;
And, founded in Eternity,
Time will the master-workman be :
Time will its awful structure rear,
Nor finish till the hundredth year ;
Time will its daily arches bend,
Its pillars rear, its aisles extend,
Wherein the living must their mortal journey end.

Well has its corner-stone been laid,
And as we the beginning view,
Oh ! may our firm resolves be made,
To mingle with its grandeur, too !
Though powers divine and rolling suns
Must frame the structure and outline,
We and the future's coming ones
May help complete the grand design
By placing in some niche a word or deed divine.

The part which nature, God and time
Perform will surely be sublime ;
But oh ! how differently we scan
The portion to be done by man !
Within its vague and dreadful space,
How many a change will claim a place !
While revolutions sweep its hall,
While nations rise and sceptres fall—
Alternate weal and woe engraven there for all.

And war its virgin wall will stain
With widows' tears and heroes' gore;
And Peace will spread her wings again,
In plenty, o'er the ravaged floor:
And homes will vanish there, and towns
Now gay, will fill destruction's bed;
While now where nature darkly frowns,
Will busy cities bear the tread
Of millions yet to be—above their sacred dead.

Strains yet unsung, in music's strength,
Will echo through its mighty length;
And eloquence today unknown,
Will, ringing, be its belfry tone;
Heroes will climb its lofty stair,
And place their own proud statues there;
Genius will build each towering spire,
And gild it with her sacred fire—
And blazing haply from a Shakespeare's awful lyre,

Still, as into the structure vast,
The soul of prophecy we cast,
We see man nobler, higher climb
Amid the awful vaults of time—
Higher than e'er he climbed before,
Where fainter grows destruction's roar;
Where brighter gleams above him show,
Less grief and blood and tears below;
Where might shall weaker be, and right shall stronger
grow.

And from its time-upbuilt dome,
From windows ever open wide
Toward Heaven and man's eternal home,
A brighter morn will be descried.
Bright upward into earth's dark night,
Will flash new streaks of rising day,
Of brotherhood and faith and right,
As grim oppression fades away
To let a higher hope shine on the worm of clay.

Of all that view this work begun,
How few will its completion see!
Yet may each life, though quickly run,
Add something to its majesty.
While Glory there in bold relief,
Her image may so proudly mold,
Life's simpler love and truth and grief
Will carve their modest flowers in gold,
And with a greater power the gazing heart will hold.

MY GREATEST ANNIVERSARY

What anniversaries appear,
With inspiration ever new,
As often as the circling year
Swings their high stations into view!
Immortal names with glamour rife,
And glory, move before the eye,
With power to make us cherish life,
And spur us on to do or die.

But dearer that more common day
When first I gazed upon her face,
Of which no art's misleading ray
Had ever marred the simple grace:
Though no impatient fervors start
For fame, or thrill for glory warms,
Yet more unfading in my heart
The day I first beheld her charms.

Ah! yes the beauties of that day
Must live immortal as her own;
Her coming shows its morning ray,
Its sunset in her parting shown:
Its softer gleams, through shady grove,
Come as her mingled grief and smile;
Its thousand blended sounds of love,
Seem as her gentle voice the while.

OUR MOTHER

Her heavy years of pain and languor past,
In rest secure our mother sleeps at last.
Though by the dispensation Heaven makes,
Death takes the mortal—God the spirit takes—
It leaves behind the vacant chair to fill,
The sacred memories of our mother still;
Leaves the remembrance of her better years,
Whose vigor both in gladness and in tears,
For us was plied, to labor and protect
Where love might lead or duty might direct;
And leaves us more—reflection's sweetest share
Of giving in return our tender care,
Soothing while pain the feeble form assailed,
And lending aid as waning nature failed.

Sincere and faithful, of compassion wide,
Happy in truth, proud but in virtue's pride,
True to the right and to a mother's love,
Which did in ever constant currents move,—
Her life a long and quiet-river showed,
Whose volume deep in tides of duty flowed,
Along its course no overflow or break,
Nor turbulence except for virtue's sake.
Thus flowed the stream till, near the mystic bay,
Its waters wasting, in stagnation lay,
The with'ring verdure on its banks endeared
More than the blooms that near its source appeared—
Then, ruffled only by the breath of pain,
The stream was lost in the eternal main.

Mother, adieu! 'twere crime to wish thee back
To struggle more on life's afflicted track;
'T were but to call thee from a higher care,
And from that peace which mortals cannot share,
Back, not to life, but just existence vain—
And plunge thee into misery again;
Where on thy soul no morn of gladness rose—
Day without light, and night without repose;
Where were, though throbbing still affection's heart,
No eye or ear to aim the tender dart;
But whence at last thou reached th' eternal shore,
Where all thy hopes had anchored long before!
Mother, adieu! now to that peace divine,
How sweet thy suffering spirit to consign!
Though we must linger in thy mem'ry's light
Till death, that parted us, shall reunite.

I MUST GO BACK TO THEM

Oh! days that are vanished—the jewels of light,
And buried with time in the grave of the past!
And more undecaying their splendor and bright,
Than all that have lighted the tomb will they last.
Their joys to regain, I must pierce the pale gloaming
Of eyelids since closed o'er the glances of glee,
For howe'er I beckon and call in my roaming,
I must go back to them for they'll ne'er come to me.

There cheeks, full and dimpled, the gay hills of life,
And crowned with the roses of health, I survey,
Ere blighted those flowers my ambition and strife,
Ere care through their beauty had furrowed its way.
Now backward I wander to seek the light spirits
Whence then I from trouble and care was so free,
And the pleasures my bosom no longer inherits—
I must go back to them for they'll ne'er come to me.

Those faces my purest of rapture that made,
Encircling my hopes with a halo of light,
Have faded and left in my bosom a shade,
As day leaves behind him the gloom of the night.
While o'er me the shades of their ruin were closing,
How prayed I that Fate would revoke his decree!
But whether 'twere distance or death interposing,
I must go back to them for they'll ne'er come to me.

How once could the scenes I am mourning today
Bear my heart to a future inviting and vast,

But now as I ponder their graces decay
And sorrow are forcing me back to the past.
But in their drear caverns of gloom shall they pillow,
And rest with my spirit yet tender and free;
And taking my harp from its lone weeping willow,
I'll waken the days that will ne'er come to me.

Yes, the days that will never return let me I cherish,
Whose raptures have blest and whose sorrows have
 bled;
Whose grief and whose gloom in my heart cannot
 perish
Till love can forget or the grave yield its dead.
That eye which so often hath blest in its greeting,
That form so angelic no more can I see,
That heart I have trusted—as true as its beating—
I must go back to them for they'll ne'er come to me.

TO MY SISTER ROSE

My sister Rose, I have a rose,
And know'st thou whence it come?
A rose that long ago arose
Within my heart and home.

The garden rose full sweetly blows,
The wild rose on the lea;
But Rose, there is a sweeter rose—
A dearer rose to me.

Although I am no rose at all,
But thorn that idly grows,
This grew beside me and I call
It my dear sister Rose.

The winter often chills and blows
My melancholy form,
But this unfaded sister rose
Lights up and cheers the storm.

But soon my stalk will break and droop
Before the wintry woes,
Still this perennial flower, I hope,
Will bloom my sister rose.

'Twas early for the flowers, I know,
When this fair flower was born;
'Twas early April, yet I trow
It was a Rosy morn.

As Rosy recollection flows
How doth my bosom burn
To see the changes of my Rose
Through days that ne'er return!

And though my breast, when life shall close.
No other flowers may bear,
How happy if my dear, sweet Rose
Still blooms around me there!

REPENTANCE

Repentance is the best of human acts,
Foundationed where true earthly glory stands;
The soul's grand pinion whence it soars to Heaven;
The tide that rises o'er the bar of sin,
To waft us on the majesty of man.
Repentance is the twilight of the soul:
The sun of flaming passion has gone down
Behind reflection's hills, and throwing o'er
Their summits but the sad light of remorse;
And as it deepens into pensive night,
The sweet, pure stars of wisdom take the place
Of blinding fire in passion's universe.
The gathering dew of this most blessed time
Comes not, like common dew, from common air,
But falleth from on high, through human eyes.
But when the gavel of the stern gray morn
Shall end the sessions of this brooding hour,
A day of purer light will flood the soul.

Repentance ever is a calm divine
That settles o'er sin-agitated souls,
To clearer show the heart its wreck of peace,
And o'er the waters point a better course.
Repentance is earth's sweetest, saddest flower,
And th' only vases where that flower can thrive;
Are gaping wounds within the human heart,
And watered only by its blood and tears.
It is the sweetest ivy that e'er climbed
And blossomed o'er the edifice of God.

It is the bloom of true religion's fruit;
It is the bended knee of every prayer;
The only passport to the grace divine;
The only charter for eternal joy.

Repentance is the earliest seed we sow
On earth, that in eternity will bear.
Repentant tears are richest liquid known—
The melted body of a firm, true heart;
The molten gold among the clods of man,
And the most precious jewel mortal wears.
These heaven-born drops upon the brow of youth,
When overflowed their basin in the eye,
And coursing down their ruddy surface o'er
The lusty cheek, and blending with its blood,
Effect the rarest chemistry on earth.

THE CALL FOR MAINE

Lo! through the year's ascending portals wide
The heralds of approaching spring appear;
And round her chariot, decked in rosy pride,
The music from those cheering choirs we hear
Of birds unnumbered in her shining train—
Yet 'bove it all we hear the call for Maine.

When to the world spring's livening vigor comes,
How absent hearts in expectation thrill,
Who ever find delightful summer homes
Upon our shores, or inland vale and hill!
Fresh as the budding roses, in each brain
Spring hopes and mem'ries of the dear old Maine.

Whether their hopes and fervent longings take
Them 'mid the shore and ocean's bridal charms,
By the broad river or the restful lake,
The mountain glories or the quiet farms—
Above the voice of spring, in glad refrain,
Rings everywhere the eager call for Maine.

And many are whose bosoms throb today
With mem'ries fonder, love more sacred yet—
As they once more in recollection stray
To natal scenes they never can forget;
And as in heart they wander there again,
They're calling, calling, for their native Maine.

And wandering on, they spy the home of yore.

See parents ply their busy labors still ;
Hear the familiar steps upon the floor,
And note each face with bright affection fill ;
Though changed the home, their fancy's journey vain,
Still are they calling for their dear loved Maine.

And does she answer? Though with aspect cold,
Her forest raiment blown by northern storms—
For them she bears her spacious lap to hold,
Her chilly breast with vernal gladness warms,
And with a thousand hearty greetings plain,
She bids them welcome to their mother Maine.

MEMORIAL DAY THOUGHTS

Think not we can honor the soldiers today;
Fulfilled is their mission—their glory is won;
The flowers on their dust we officiously lay
Will wither full soon in the tempest and sun;
But place in the hearts of the living the wreath,
Where the blood of a patriot shall keep it alive;
On our tongues need no accent of eulogy breathe—
In the work they accomplished their laurels survive.

By their own example we'll honor the brave,
With emulous tokens which Time cannot mar;
The justice they fought for we'll struggle to save,
And follow their standard in peace and in war.
We'll shirk not the duty their glory creates,
But live the true victor—the bravest of arts;
They fought to preserve the strong union of states—
'Tis ours to establish the union of hearts.

We mourn the contention that tore us asunder,
And with our best life blood the valleys made red;
But the calm was still greater that followed the thunder,
And sweeter the roses that bloomed o'er the dead.
So in pride of the past more united than ever,
For the future in prayer more resolved must we be;
Each heart and each hand more determined to never
Neglect the proud banner that waves o'er the free.

WHEN THE WILD GEESE NORTHWARD FLY

'Tis the wild geese slowly nearing;
They have started since the storm;
Growing louder on our hearing,
Now appear in wedgy form;
Joyously their flight we're hailing,
And a charm pervades the sky,
Which though heavy clouds are veiling—
When the wild geese northward fly.

Do they sing in rumination
Of the South from whence they come,
Or in fond anticipation
Of their northern summer home?
Such our own reflections hallow
As the passing train we eye,
And in spirit fondly follow
When the wild geese northward fly.

Long confined in winter quarters,
Many hearts begin to sing
Of the northern shores and waters,
And would fain be on the wing;
Yea, would fly to favorite places,
So endeared in years gone by,
Meeting old familiar faces—
When the wild geese northward fly.

Hark! Their notes are fainter growing;
Now, behold, they disappear!

Still their destined journey going,
While we, longing, linger here ;
Still the geese with joy we're hailing,
And a charm pervades the sky,
Which though heavy clouds are veiling—
When the wild geese northward fly.

DISCOVERY ODE—COLUMBUS DAY

Palos surveys a wondrous scene,
Fruit of a hero's undespairing aim:
A little band of valiant men,
O'er unknown seas to plant th' enlightened name,
Now clear their barks, while an elated throng
In sympathy would speed their task along;
They cheer them forth until they grow
Scarce visible to mortal view;
They're leaving all they love and know
For what they never knew.

The needle, faithful to the pole,
Will guide wherever oceans roll—
No reason for retreating:
A glorious mission is begun;
That glorious mission must be done—
A glorious heart is beating.

Only sky and ocean now
Can blend with sun and stars;
They must in submission bow
To elemental wars.

As days are passing o'er,
Fear takes the doubting mind,
With naught but boding seas before,
And anxious hearts behind.

More pregnant than the bulging sails,
The sighs of love and fear inflate

Their soft'ning hearts, and through the gales
Impel them backward from their fate;
For sighs of love are stronger than the wind,
And all that's dearest they have left behind.

But there is one whose soul can start,
With thoughts of home as fondly fill,
And yet whose firmly beating heart
Can blend it all with glory's thrill.
The life-long hopes that grandly bore
Through hardship, scorn and pain,
Now give him joy in ocean's roar,
And waft him o'er the main,
For there is pleasure in the heart
Of ocean and its wildest storms,
Compared to that inhuman part
That lives in human forms.

Seeds of his glorious goal he sowed
In fields of persevering toil and pain;
Now only ocean must be plowed,
And then the harvest he will gain.
So on—nor doubt nor fear restrain
Him as he cleaves the dubious main:
He doth his comrades' whining stay,
Nor e'en their threats of mutiny
Can turn his heart and mind.
From years of cosmographic lore,
He knows they're nearing that same shore
They long since left behind.

Still on—days come and go,
And still no land is known;

Thus daily doth the conquest grow—
All ocean is his own ;
And though anon the furies rear
Conflicting sea and cloud,
That threat'ning to become his bier,
And this his burial shroud—

Still on—he weathers all,
Despairing crew and ocean's strife—
And in this bounteous fall
He'll reap the harvest of his life.

'Tis night, and in the distant gloom
That fronts the journey yet untrod,
A little spark is seen to grope
Like the barbarian's light of hope,
Cast toward his coming God.

They anxious wait ; the morning breaks,
And with it a new land awakes
In glory and reward.
Thankful all, rejoicing now ;
Fortitude has won the bays ;
See the finder humbly bow,
And give the Maker thanks and praise.

Nations, all exulting, bless
Bless this doubly gracious morn ;
From the womb of wilderness
A sister world is born.

THE OLD FIREPLACE

To My Mother

Alone, with no longer my childhood to cheer,
The night reigning cold on the blast—
I gaze round the room, but behold nothing here,
For my spirit has gone to the past.

The furnace, though cheering, shares not in my dream,
Nor the lamps beaming full on my face;
For the theme of my soul and the soul of my theme,
Is gone—'tis the old fireplace.

And with it are vanished the charms we admire
More truly since now they are flown:
That freedom from care which we ever desire,
But only in childhood is known.

How oft round its blaze have we mingled in glee,
Though tempests were raging apace!
Now only the tempests are mingling with me,
In moan for the old fireplace.

There too, have I listened the tales of the old,
Rehearsing the days that were o'er,
'Till only itself voiced the stories they told—
And now that can tell them no more.

O pleasures 'twere born round that hearth in its day!
More bright than its flames yet they burn;
Their worth, which in laughter and youth passed away,
In mem'ry and tears now return.

I view the small stockings and garments again,
That hung on the line in a row ;
But the dear ones who wore them are scattered since
then,
And only my heart wears them now.

The mantel unpainted my thought brings to view,
And the pictures above on the wall ;
While the wavering candles are lighted anew,
To brighten the picture of all.

The voices and songs of the loved ringing there,
And whence was the evening so blest,
Long since their vibrations have ceased on the air,
To vibrate the more in my breast. —

And when from the hearth, with a pinion divine,
Spring swept the last ember serene,
My Mother would gather the wealth of the pine,
And the vacancy deck with the green.

But now it retains both its foliage and fire,
In mem'ry and love there arrayed ;
For the fire of my love—it shall never expire,
Nor the green of my memory fade.

AN OLD VACANT HOUSE

Do not despise that cot, or scout
Its shattered panes and portal thin,
For they will let its beauty out,
And let your heart and fancy in;
'T is now the wind of heaven that sweeps,
With sacred hand, its barren floor;
'T is morn that smiles and eve that weeps,
Where dear ones smiled and wept of yore.

Once here was brought a smiling bride,
In ties and garlands wove above,
To be of him the love and pride,
Who was of her the pride and love;
And children's feet and voices made
This hallowed ground in vernal hours,
The while they round this doorway played,
Companions of the birds and flowers.

Nor err to think that home unblest,
For he alone demands our tear,
Who cannot see, in mind and breast,
The scenes of former beauty here;
Who cannot feel the charm and cheer
Of home and pure affection's tie—
All that makes life worth living here,
Or worth prolonging in the sky.

From here, when morn before him spread,
The father sought his toil assigned,
Led by the light that rose ahead,
Cheered by the love that shone behind;

And when the light of day had flown,
Deserting him it lighted then,
Love in these windows placed her own,
And cheered him to this door again.

So ne'er despise that cot, or scout
Its shattered panes and portal thin,
For they will let its beauty out,
And let your heart and fancy in:
And as the beams of vanished day
Still in the stars their glory give,
So when the home is in decay,
Its glory in our hearts will live.

PEACE

Serenely fair, the Sabbath of the soul,
Our being's fairest gleam and final goal—
Oh, gentle Peace, theme of my numbers now!
Oh, were those numbers bright and pure as thou!
This temple of the mind's repose unruven
Bears far its spire into the light of heaven,
Whose lofty point in gleams unruffled draw,
And guide to earth, the grand, harmonious law—
That gracious law in ethereal senates made,
That law by all the rolling worlds obeyed,
Whose glorious seat is the celestial sphere,
Reason and love its chosen envoys here,
That law unchanged and alterless—its base
The constitution of Eternal Grace!

O lovely Peace! the aim of all below;
Could all this warring world thy glory know!
Oh, could thy banner, ensign of the right,
Earth's transient ray of the celestial light,
The pinion whence seraphic forms are borne,
And day-star of the everlasting morn—
Oh! could it show thine empire in each heart,
With colonies in every other part!

But, angel, fair! scarce on this mortal ground
Hast thou a welcome habitation found.
When kindly thou wouldst earthly visit pay,
We mortals turn thy proffered grace away,
And e'en thy lovely spirit harshly driven
Back to its only habitation—Heaven.

Scarce long enough thy stay on this domain
For human pen thy beauty to explain;
Less able far my pencil to relate
Thy heavenly nature than define thy fate.
Whoever would thy fullest glory learn,
Beyond this world must his endeavors turn—
Turn where thou art, and close communion have—
And that is only Heaven or the grave.

THANKSGIVING ODE

'Tis now when Nature hath repaid
Man's toil, and of her charms bereft ;
Her glories on his altar laid,
With only gloom and winter left ;
When summer's bloomed for him and died,
And autumn given her harvest pride ;—
'Tis now that we, in grateful praise,
Should honor Heaven's gracious ways.

But while thanksgiving fills the heart,
May we that exile band recall,
And give them in our praise a part,
The while we give Jehovah all ;
Recall their voyage drear and dread,
The friends behind, the foes ahead,
The grief that mourns each childhood scene,
The tears and tides that flow between.

But ocean's wrath and perils o'er,
They meet on land a fiercer kind ;
But gloom and savage daunt no more
When persecution lies behind.
So on that barren rock they kneel,
And pour the gratitude they feel
To find, amid Religion's woe,
The basis of her throne below.

Ah! what a kinder fortune ours!
A continent of cultured earth ;
Religion's shrine in freedom towers,
And splendor, 'bove our millions' birth ;

We float on civilization's tide,
In peace and plenty, power and pride,
While the same God and heavenly cheer
Are ours, that led the Pilgrims here.

And while our fervors soar above,
To meet our God in thankful lays,
Oh! may we meet, in joy and love,
The friends and scenes of other days!
'Tis now the Nation's emblem flower,
Deep rooted in youth's purple hour,
Upon the hearth-warmed dimple grows—
That summer's last and sweetest rose.

Thank Heaven for this grateful day,
And all its every hour inspires;
For every fond re-union gay,
Around the homestead's hallowed fires;
Thank Heaven for those winds divine,
That wafted freedom through the brine;
Thank Heaven for that Pilgrim band;
Thank Heaven for our native land.

Not only for our land should heave
With gratitude each loyal breast,
But for the balm to all that grieve,
For all that makes creation blest.
Thank God not for material worth—
Thank God for soul more than for earth;
For soul whose portion is a bliss
Extending through more worlds than this.

Thank God for love and faith and hope,
And freedom, that shall grow with them;
For light whence mortals cease to grope,
And soar with manhood's diadem;
Thank God for the brave, soaring soul,
Destined to bear to glory's goal
This world from slavery, want, and crime,
With man the masterpiece of time.

Thank God for g'limpses of that time,
Which yet must come to man's relief;
When righteousness shall conquer crime,
And warring man shall conquer self.
Ah! what thanksgiving then will be,
Although 'tis in eternity!
When Heaven and earth in rapture scan
The harvest of the perfect man.

THE VOICE OF WAR

I'm the servant of Jehovah,
As His ancient vict'ries show,
And my task may not be over
Until seraphs reign below.
Death-shod though my chariot wheeling,
Yet my deeds a blessing prove,
If the bolts destruction dealing,
Are directed from above,
In the cause of human freedom, and of righteousness
the love.

Stay thy censure, hear my story,
Mark the wonders I have wrought!
How I've filled the world with glory,
Monarchs made, and kingdoms brought.
E'en when heroes had discovered
New worlds in their country's name,
Mine the thunder was that hovered
Ever near to guard the same—
Guard their rights from usurpation, and the innocent
from blame.

See how barbarous tribe and nation
Were before my tempest hurled,
Till the light of civilization
Shed its blessings on the world.
O'er the wilds where I have slaughtered,
Flowers of art and culture blow;
Where with blood the wastes I watered,

Mark the town and city grow,
Still my methods are the only that ye mortals seem to
know.

Till the souls of men are finer,
More forgiving and discreet;
Of the love that is diviner,
And a grace that is complete;
Till each nation is partaker -
Of a more than earthly mold—
I shall prove the mighty maker
And destroyer as of old.

And on man depends the issue, whether shall my
triumphs hold.

I shall prove the mighty maker,
And my havoc will be just
If my motive be partaker
Of a righteous, heavenly trust.
Now, led by divine hosannas,
'Gainst the powers of darkness hurled,
'Neath Jehovah's righteous banners,
Let me liberate the world—

With the flag of right immortal, over hellish might
unfurled.

Then how noble were my yearning
From my glory e'en to cease:
All my swords to plowshares turning,
All my rage to endless peace.

Would they grant it—powers infernal—
Gladly would I die and rest,
With the smile of Heaven eternal
Shining o'er my mailèd breast;
Finished then would be my glory—earth forevermore
be blest.

AMERICA'S NEW SONG

My country in whose starry crown shines the cluster
Of equity, justice and freedom afar;
Whose sceptre is gilded with glory's pure lustre,
Unsullied in peace and unconquered in war!
O land of proud freeman walled in by the ocean,
That wafts to our gateways the poor and opprest;
And still more secure by the tide of devotion—
The warm surging blood of a patriot's breast!
'Tis such 'neath the banner of freedom and honor
Our fathers did found thee—of nations the best.

By the heroes on field and in congress assembled,
E'er true to the life-blood that rolled in their veins;
In the sternness of purpose who paused not or
trembled,
Till the sunrise of freedom had hallowed our plains;
By such now we threaten the foes who would rend
them—

This land of our fathers—the freedom they gave;
We'll live to enjoy, or we'll die to defend them,
Their lofty ideals we will perish to save.
By Freedom's fair banner—by a nation's proud honor,
We'll die or give freedom's dark foes to the grave.

By Freedom, the sun whence the nation is lighted,
That rose on our shores and in glory increased—
Till now it illumines those regions benighted,
Reflected full bright from our Stars in the East;

By the laws and ideals that have rendered our nation
The land of the free and the home of the blest ;
By the mercy that wakened the world's admiration,
When deliv'ring to freedom the Cuban opprest ;
By the Star Spangled Banner, by freemen's proud
honor,
We vow that the world shall in liberty rest.

By the Star Spangled Banner, immortal in story,
By the heroes that guard it, wherever unfurled ;
By the cause whence it speeds on its mission of glory—
The safety, the freedom, the peace of the world :
By the thousands of sons who are braving and bleeding,
By the homes that are wrecked, and the hearts
bleeding sore ;
By the cries of the murdered and ravaged now
pleading
From their blood on the field and their soul's hov'ring
o'er ;
By Right's every banner, by man's every honor,
The foes of all justice shall triumph no more.

THY REPOSE, HOW CALM AND DREAMLESS

Thy repose, how calm and dreamless!
Calm and dreamless ever more!
Those sweet charms now cold and beamless—
How they thrilled my breast of yore!
Often have I gazed and pondered
On the hills that nurtured thee,
And as often have I wondered
If my Clara thought of me.

Still I see thy glances casting
Lustre o'er thy beauty's bloom;
Still I clasp the form now wasting
In the damp and dayless tomb;
Still I feel those tresses flowing,
Often then my pride and theme;
What love's memory is knowing,
Better is than any dream.

When the spring her throne shall rear it,
And along thy paths shall rove,
Though she emulate thy spirit,
Cannot stir the dust I love;
Yet though spring refuse to waken
That dear mould'ring breast of thine,
How the bonds of death must slacken
When it stirs new life in mine!

For whatever wakes the vigor
Of new life and hope in me,

In my soul but stirs a bigger
Thought and memory of thee.
So with spring thy life's returning
Only wants the transient breath;
All the rest is quick and burning
In love's triumph over death.

LOVE AND HOME

I see a candle through the night,
A twinkling lustre throw,
Which oft hath made my spirits light,
And warms my bosom now.
Oh! how those little rays explain
How sadly exiles roam,
As from a distant window-pane
They wing the thoughts of home!

This world hath many luring ways
To steal the heart away—
The pride of power, the charm of praise,
Of rank and beauty gay;
But even the proudest splendor fails,
Though under royal dome,
And sad are all our happiest tales—
If wanting love and home.

Vain world! away to court and hall,
There hoping to be blest,
But let me heed their humble call,
Who know and love me best;
For me reserve the word and smile
That from affection come;
Th' approval that is free from guile—
The smile of friends and home.

'Tis pleasure if the heart can own
To acts of kindness done,

And feel affection larger grown
At each descending sun.
Be it my highest pride to sing
(Earth's most immortal tome)
Whate'er will joy and blessing bring
To faithful hearts and home.

ROBERT BURNS

(Suggested by his birthday, January 25)

Old Scotia long in negligence had laid
Of that attention Nature should have paid,
Bleak in her climes, unfruitful in her soil,
Dark in her homes, and cheerless in her toil ;
Rugged her face, with beauty's smile unblest,
Until the gloom had struck her rugged breast :
But Nature now repents her sad neglect,
And sets about repairing the defect.

How best she could effect in every place,
The distribution of each needed grace ;
How to avoid the personal task supreme
Of decorating cottage, heath and stream ;
She, pondering long, at length a way discerns,
By placing all in charge of Robert Burns—
Her child, next elder to her Shakespeare born,
And whom she did with equal grace adorn ;
Whom, in her private care and guidance kind,
Beyond the schools she cultured and refined.

She made him, e'en while at his lowly work,
More than Amanuensis or her clerk ;
Him the dispenser of her charms she made,
To illuminate and 'tune her rural shade,
Supply where she had long withheld her care,
Discover or embellish everywhere.
His eye doth beam upon his country's plains,
And casts a sunshine on her humble swains,

With which, and from that eye's celestial source,
His heart's warm blood streams on its rising
course

Till every flower of earth and life appears,
Rich striving in his sunshine and his tears.

How cheers my heart whene'er reflection turns
Upon the splendid poverty of Burns!
How doth the name of Scotia's plowman form
A cheering bow amid the cheerless storm!
Not with the hues the prism doth impart,
But with the colors of a noble heart,
And tells to e'en the soul of hopeless fate,
That truth and genius triumph soon or late.

Hope strengthens while I view that humble son
Of genius throned on g'ories he had won.
I see him toiling in the fields of Ayr,
Unfainting in a peasant's arduous care;
I see the power which did the weak surprise,
Which tamed the forward and amazed the wise;

I see his fields which lent him scanty bread,
Now by his genius o'er all Scotia spread;
That humble hut, by Doon's immortal side,
The grandest mansion of his country's pride,
And Doon itself, swelled by his bosom blood,
Extending now o'er all the world its flood.

That silly mouse in whom he breathed the breath
Of life, is now impregnable to death,

And from its nest has run the world around,
And by it is the deathless daisy found ;
While all his homely beauty, beam and bloom,
Perfume and decorate the classic room,
Where vo'lumes vie in giving them a scroll,
Since he has given to them his heart and soul.

DEPARTED JOYS

When vanished is the sun from sight,
And shades are gath'ring all too soon,
Still on the mountain's brow his light
Shines sweeter than it shone at noon.
So youth, when her bright sun departs,
And shades of care around us lower,
Still on our life-o'er looking hearts—
Shines sweeter, now its day is o'er.

So friendship in reflection's view,
Back shining through our gath'ring tears,
Seems sweeter than we ever knew
Her pleasures in their passing years.
Her sweeter charms in festive hours,
When fiercer joys did them confuse,
Now shine with all their native powers.
Through twilight of their last adieus.

So, too, with love:—the brooding hour
When we again her raptures live,
Bestows a freshness on her flower
Its living day could never give.
How many a scene thus viewed again,
We treasure with a stronger vow!
How many a flower we slighted then,
We wear upon our bosoms now!

THEN BANISH GUILF

When brother love and pity throng
The heart with mingled tears and smiles,
And mercy hovers o'er the wrong,
Which all the better part beguiles ;
When 'spite of creeds our hearts will love,
When 'spite of pride our tears will flow,
And gladly saints excuse above,
Our hearts, when thus employed below ;
Then banish guile and artful smile,
All fashion's vain and erring arts,
All frigid creed, all heartless greed—
And give us feeling hearts.

When Memory, whose smiles and tears
She saved from youth's full-blossomed brow,
Brings back those flowers of vanished years,
To deck our fading faces now ;
And, with each friend we scarcely wept,
Dropped from our careless bosoms then—
Returns to prove how well she kept
Them all, to give us back again ;
Then banish guile and artful smile,
All fashion's vain and erring arts,
All frigid creed, all heartless greed—
And give us pensive hearts.

When love enthalls the captive heart,
A bondage more than freedom blest ;
Which not alone the mortal part
Enchains, but conquers all the rest ;

When we complain how fly the whiles
 (By the fast-beating clock within)
We fondly clasp in mutual smiles,
 And tears that more than smiles can win;
Then banish guile and artful smile,
 All fashion's vain and erring arts,
All frigid creed, all artless greed—
 And give us burning hearts.

When there's a force to quench the flow
 Of each unworthy thought and sigh;
To loathe the charms that die below,
 And cherish those that live on high;
When sweet as light of Luna's eve,
 The heart is bathed in prayer and love;
And from whose joy on earth we weave
 The bliss to clothe our souls above;
Then banish guile and artful smile,
 All fashion's vain and erring arts,
All frigid creed, all heartless greed—
 And give us soaring hearts.

TILL LATELY I FEARED

Till lately I feared love had flown from my breast—
Its hearth its furnace of yore,
And leaving the flame which so often had blest,
Cold cinders to brighten no more.

So silent was passion till fortune gave birth
To the hour when I sat by thy side—
When the charms I once thought were the lustre of
earth,
Turned the course of my heart's ebbing tide.

The voice and the glance, the affectionate wile,
The heart of my youth did enthrall;
The blood-sprinkled cheek and the world-lighting
smile,
And the love-heaving breast above all.

All such that entranced me in days that are past,
My bosom so heaved from their fire;
I found they yet moved me, and must to the last,
To rapture and love's fond desire.

When passion has parted and left but its ghost
Of remembrance—let death take the rest,
For 'twere only a clock in a tomb at the most—
The heart that would beat in the breast.

The feeling that's left were the Arctic's pale ray,
And earth but a Greenland would show;

The few frail emotions to make up the day
Would gleam from its mountains of snow.

My charmer! those moments of blessing and bliss
Are breathed into measure for thee;
Thou alone art the gold and the glory of this—
The dross will remain but with me.

IN THE LAND OF WHITTIER

A Visit to His Birthplace, October, 1917

How blest on the hills of his boyhood while standing!
The climbing though tedious, how sweet the reward!
The scenes of his youth and those beauties commanding,
Where rapture first woke in the breast of a bard.

O beauty far circling! what agent could smother
The thrill rising fierce in the bosom and warm!
Sure, were it not Whittier, the soul of some other,
Must Nature have chosen to pencil the charm.

Reflection on pinions of fancy proud winging,
Beholds him retreading these valleys and hills,
And hears, when in boyhood he bursts into singing,
The music he caught from the birds and the rills.

We see him when morn's rising glory is firing,
Go forth to his labors with innocence blest,
And then, when the day's smiling god is retiring,
We see him retire to the votary's rest.

We see him retire to that hearthfire he cherished,
To mingle the yet sweeter warmth of his lay!
Of th' former, the last ling'ring ember hath perished,
But the fire he thus kindled is burning today.

On swift, changeful wing generations have vanished,
Since he roved in the body these valleys and hills;

But never those years with their bustling have banished
The name that illumines and the spirit that thrills.

Yea, swift though and rude winged the blast of the
ages,
His spirit, though gentle, her flight doth maintain;
And still 'bove the roar of a wild world that rages,
His notes rise impressive and clear in their strain.

E'en now, the warm glory of summer is shading,
Her verdure and flowers we're beginning to miss:
The beauties of Nature are falling and fading—
But, unlike those of Nature, still blooming are his.

Fair soul! who was formed for the noblest of uses,
In both worlds what honor, what glory is thine!
Here destined to soar on the wing of the muses,
And there on the pinion of spirits divine.

TO THE OCEAN

As, ocean, by thee in reflection I stroll,
What g'ory and rapture awake in my soul!
But great though the passion I summon for thee,
How greater the grandeur thou rollest for me!
For there are but frailty and love in my line,
But a world and eternity roll in thy brine.
A moment I breathe adoration to thee,
In tones that are drowned by thy dread harmony,
But from every region and shore of the world,
At my feet all thy billows and beauties are hurled.
Thy billows come bounding afar and alone,
And stir in my bosom a tide like thine own.
They roll from the realms of the wretched and blest,
And bring all the phases of life to my breast.

'Twas where thy brave surges were wedding the land,
Through the foam of thy love at the shrine of the
strand—

With fond hearts I pored o'er thy far rolling blue,
And thought their affection as constant and true.

I thought would their friendship as ocean endure,
And that they were blessed with a passion as pure;
That if distance or ocean our presence divide,
Remembrance between us would flow like the tide,
Which though it might wash some wrecked hopes on
the shore,

Among them were farewells we cherish the more;
But alas! that affection I fondly discerned,
Soon ebb'd, like the tide, but has never returned.

That fondness which heaved in each bosom is gone,
But ocean is rolling still faithfully on.
And painful to know that their names and their hearts
Came attain as they broke on the world's slimy arts.
But ah! while I weep o'er the woes they endure,
I see that same ocean is rolling yet pure.

And thus left alone by the frail and the gay,
Their faith and their promises ebbing away,
Henceforth our preceptor, inspirer should be
The cold but pure breast of the wide rolling sea,
Whence beauties and precepts unfailing we learn,
And the presence of God in its grandeur discern.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER

*(Written on hearing The Maiden's Prayer performed
by a lady on a piano)*

Still yet the strains my bosom move,
Fresh from the diapason clear ;
Ne'er could I sigh for worlds above
If such could always thrill me here ;
If such could always flood my soul,
And hold my thoughts in their control.

My sister, take this grateful verse—
My sister in life's avenue :
Oh! that I were thy brother, too,
In music so that I could try
Thy paths in Heavenly harmony!
Well did thy willing skill and care
Prove worthy of a maiden's prayer.

Yet while that gracious flood,
In music's wildest flow,
Blends with my bosom blood
And bears me from my woe—
'Tis not alone thy lovely strains
That wake the throbbing in my veins ;
For music though from Heaven 'twas given
To lead us to a grander sphere,
These tones withhold my soul from Heaven
To brood o'er vanished graces here ;
They bear my burning heart and mind
To days that years have left behind—

To one fair face, one spirit fair,
Who taught me first The Maiden's Prayer.

This spell of tender harmony
How like a summer's closing day,
Heavy with flowers and verdure fair,
While Nature's music fills the air,
Which to the drooping blossoms tell
It is of dying day the knell!
So is the beauty that I feel,
While o'er my soul's horizon bright,
Like setting sun's big gentle light,
I see the maiden kneeling there,
And listen to her sacred prayer.
Still, rising o'er the darling scene,
(My bosom's hallowed moon serene)
Smiles sweet in wonted love and gay,
A face that ne'er can fade away.
So music thus divides the hour
Between her charms and mem'ry's power;
So shine at once within my breast,
Of days forever gone the best,
A bliss from the musician's care,
A blessing in The Maiden's Prayer.

NEW YEAR SONG

While the New Year is spreading his pinions before us,
The old is demanding a parting review ;
We may grieve for its loss and the sorrows it bore us,
If the light of our tears can illumine the new.
Since the dawn of last twelve-month how many are
sleeping
Who toiled by our side, but will toil not again :
We may weep their departure—there's good in our
weeping
If it strengthens our love for the friends that remain.

'Tis well that we pine o'er the hate we have spoken,
If kindness more deeply our hearts thus imbue ;
'Tis well that we grieve o'er the vows we have broken,
If the future but find us more faithful and true.
'Tis well that we grieve when the wrong course we've
taken,
If grief can assist us the purer to win ;
If we to a fruitful repentance awaken,
Then Heaven will forgive if we've slumbered in sin.

While the New Year is spreading his pinions before us,
From the wings of the old yet a brightness appears,
And, our tears falling through it, a rainbow forms o'er
us
To gild with its promise our doubts and our fears.

So, while we may pore on the sunset behind us,
And joy in that source whence the rainbow was
born—
Yet the rainbow's proud arch and its message remind
us
To face the bright future and follow the morn.

SOON SHALL I HEAR HER LOVELY NOTE

Scenes lately desolate and gray,
Fair spring has renovated;
The early floods have dried away,
And lonely birds have mated:
Fresh verdure clads the vale and hill
With leaf and blade and blossom,
But still unheard the whip-poor-will—
Unfelt within my bosom.

The farmers toil the lovely day,
The fertile furrows forming,
Which, wooed by gaily amorous May,
Feel generation warming.
The violets bestrew the green,
The daisies bless my roaming,
While everywhere the blooming scene
With rapture fills the gloaming.

The hammers tap the aged tree,
With scanty leaves their awning;
And swallows weave a net in glee
Upon the crown of morning:
'Tis now, Day on his twilight sill,
And labor I am leaving—
That, listening for the whip-poor-will,
By breast is warmly heaving.

Soon shall I hear her lovely note,
My joy's immortal treasure;

Whose sounds awaken scenes remote,
My pen can never measure.
Soon, pouring through her evening veil,
(May haply be tomorrow)
I in her blithesome voice shall hail
One spirit free from sorrow.

RECONCILIATION

"The British people entered the war without thought of reward, but a reward is coming which is beyond our dearest hopes. It is this: Deep in the hearts of the people of these islands, is the desire to be truly reconciled to their kindred across the Atlantic, to blot out the reproaches and redeem the blunders of a bygone age, and dwell once more in spirit with them. This was the heart's desire which seemed utterly unattainable, but which has been granted.

"Be the years of the struggle never so long, never so cruel,—that will make amends for all. That is Great Britain's reward." *Winston Spencer Churchill.*

London, July 4, 1918

How noble the ut'trance! and well may we wonder,
With mutual elation of heart and of brain;
While war's fierce contention once tore us asunder,
'Tis fighting together unites us again.
What time hath accomplished! from useless regretting,
Alike from all boasting and rancor we pause;
With one side forgiving, the other forgetting,
To earth's glad rejoicing and Heaven's proud applause.

Yet why should we marvel, with ancestors common,
One still cherished island the birth-place of both;
When hearts with the same noble fervor can summon
And mingle their blood with a patriot's oath?
Why not reunited when nature hath bound us
Alike in our language, our labor and arts;

When the welfare of man and of nations hath found
us

As one in opinions, as one in our hearts?

So still may we view thee, fair Britain, as mother,
And thou as thy kindred view us to the last;
In the ocean dividing our homes from each other,
Let's bury the anger and ills of the past.
Nor deem for a moment less honor were given
To the fathers of old, if we cherish these ties;
For long have they been reunited in Heaven,
And in blissful approval will smile from the skies.

WHERE I BELONG

In England was one of my ancestors born,
And another where sons of old Ireland toil;
Another in Scotland beheld his first morn;
And I had my birth on American soil.

Thus I'm English and Irish and Scotch by extraction,
And as truly a Yankee by breeding and birth—
So I tried once to measure each part and each fraction,
And find what the claim of each nation was worth.

But I found 'twas a pretty hard thing to discover,
And, failing, I shortly decided 'twas best
That they all should assemble and look me all over,
Each take his belongings, and leave me the rest.

So first said the Irishman, "I claim his wit."
Then followed the Scotchman: "What's canny is
mine."

The Englishman paused in deciding a bit,
"All that's best and most brilliant belongs in my
line."

Then the Yankee: "It seems by the way that you name
him,
You have left but a mighty small portion for me;
But, claim as you will, I care not how you claim him,
For he's wholly my own by possession, you see."

TO A LADY

[*At the New Year*]

The new-year's at hand, but the best we'll find in it
Is the chance of performing our duties delayed:
For me the best pleasure will be to begin it
By gladly fulfilling the promise I made.
May the new-year bring nothing to sadden thy smile,
No sorrow to bring on thy spirit's decline,
Though here I must own I am selfish the while,
For the shadows would likewise bring darkness to
mine.

If joy be our fortune or grief be our fate,
'Tis well that they both should remain unforecast;
For if it be joy it is worth while to wait—
If grief, it is kindness in Heaven to withhold.
Unnoticed is wit in the new-year's bright glare;
'Mid hope's siren music the bard is unheard;
So, lest my frail numbers your patience might wear,
The best of good wishes I send in a word.

THE PICTURE PROOF

The proof of thy picture—how quickly it faded!
The best I could treasure, how fleeting its day!
The portions that lighted, the portions that shaded—
Till only the dark blank survived the decay:
Yet from the crude outline, ere fled the last traces,
At length grew a likeness how faithful and bright,
When th' artist had rendered immortal its graces,
Combining his labor and science with light!

So are we but proofs ever fading, my dearest,
Each feature predestined to tarnish and wane;
The hue that is fairest, the eye that is clearest—
Till only the groundwork and ashes remain.
Yet even such proofs, by the gay world rejected,
When Time, the great artist, develops each line,
Will then be replaced by a picture perfected,
Of the great Original—the image divine.

Yet e'en thy dim proof was a gem that I cherished,
So prizing each feature the while it declined;
As I joyed when it shone, so I grieved when it perished,
And treasured its mem'ries still shining behind.
So were it with thee, when thou enterest death's portal,
Had I misfortune that moment to see;
What mem'ries of thee I should prize, while immortal
Thou shone in perfection to smile down on me!

IN MOTHER'S ROOM

Alone in Mother's room tonight,
The taper burning low ;
What need of artificial light,
With memory's brighter glow ?

Alone? Why should I say alone?
More company is found
In memories of that precious one,
Than myriads circled round.

The visions thronging in the wake
Of more than ninety years,
Crowd on my deepest soul and make
My purest joy and tears.

'Twas here, from mystery's long night,
First dawned her mortal day,
And here, with slowly sinking light,
It faded calm away.

Upon the wall her features, made
By hand of mortal, rest ;
But needed were no artist's aid
To keep them in my breast,

For those with which my soul is rife,
Far more than science prove :
It is the picture of her life,
From memory and love.

Now rising from the groundwork clear,
I see her infant joys;
Now, borne on youth's advancing year,
I see her childish toys;

Now see, as former eyes surveyed,
Her maiden beauties rare,
And now behold those beauties fade
Amid a mother's care.

That care! oh! could I measure well!
For me how faithful wrought!
Though felt, the half I could not tell—
Her labor, care and thought;

But ask, reflecting on the scene
When thus her cares were plied,—
Oh! hath my soul as grateful been
As hers was true and tried?

And it was here, with pride to say,
For her my care was given;
Though I regretting here, she may
Be satisfied in Heaven.

We wish, the past reflecting o'er,
We could that past renew;
Wish we had many things done more,
And could some things undo.

Alone in Mother's room tonight,
The light or dim or clear—
I only see her spirit's light,
Pure and forever here.

TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL

Though slow drags the nocturnal train,
My eyelids refusing to close,
I feel in thy rapture a gain
To equal the loss of repose.

It wakens a thought of thy home,
As cosy and sweet as thy breast;
And I wish, like a bird, I could roam,
And with love's binding threads build a nest.

While I fancy each little delight
That breathes in thy passionate lay,
I think of the days that were bright,
But faded with life's budding May.

O'er the stilly green woodland and lea
How echoes that bosom of thine!
Whose fulness so fervent and free,
Should shame or illuminate mine.

The thought of a dear, loving mate
And offspring lends rapture to thee,
And so might I gladden had fate
With-held not one maiden from me.

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON

As long as our Flag o'er Columbia shall wave,
As long as one freeman shall gaze on it still,
As long as one heart shall remember the brave,
May the Old South remain to intensate the thrill!

Erected to Heav'n, still it hallowed the sod.
But nobly attained were its purpose and goal,
By the grandeur of man and the glory of God—
Uniting them both in the patriot's soul!

'Twas the voice of the brave 'gainst their tyrants and
King,
Proclaiming their God-given rights and decree;
And its echoes of Warren and Adams will ring
On the air while 'tis charged with the breath of the
free.

It will speak from the heart of the past and the dead;
Of the deeds that have made them immortal, will
tell;
On the heroes that triumphed, new lustre will shed,
To turn into fire on the foemen that fell.

The child of our cause in her cradle it stirred,
Nor could tyrannous threat'nings compel it to cease;
But on through the storm of oppression 'twas heard,
Till rang from its altar the tidings of peace.

Come ye of the present, come millions unborn,
Preserve it untarnished in body and spire;

Though whate'er the color its face may adorn,
'Twill be lost in the glow of a patriot's fire.

Ye heirs of its glory, though far ye may roam,
All else overtow'ring, your gaze 'twill enthrall,
Reminding you ever of freedom and home,
Of valor and virtues that never could fall.

As long as our flag o'er Columbia shall wave,
As long as one freeman shall gaze on it still,
As long as one heart shall remember the brave,
May the Old South remain to intensate the thrill.

NOCTURNAL THOUGHTS

Pale Night! sad daughter and memorial dark
Of the great ancestor, primeval gloom,
That first great darkness and black foundry vast
Where moulded was the universe, and where
God, 'mid its dayless void commanded light,
Disclosing all the mighty Master's work.

Fair Night! the mournful heir and queen of Day,
Who inherits now this silent earth and world,
Until the king rolls back his living light—
In thy deep presence let my humble muse
Pour forth her earnest and adoring soul!
I love to bend beneath thy sombre form
And feel thy bosom breathe the hush of peace;
See Day immortal from his shadeless throne,
Reflect his glory from thy jewelled crown
Upon the dark and slumb'ring hemisphere.

And Night I love because her gloom and stars
Resemble so my breast; her lovely stars
Gleam through her form of shadowy distance dim,
Cheering and lighting earth as memories sweet
Illumine and cheer the darkness of my soul.
Her light is borrowed from departed Day,
While mine is borrowed from departed years.

Those years! that lengthy train of varied years
Dim stretches 'long the track of life behind,
Its terminals the future and the past,
Its stations here the cradle and the grave.

I note the train swift passing, likewise see
My sweetest pleasures in the forward car,
Still smiling there, though ever rushing on
Into the shadows of eternity.

But to my theme again—expressive Night!
The sable confines of the wond'ring gaze!
Awe-stirring Night—the stately entrance wide
Whence on the light of the immortal stars,
The muse can travel to diviner spheres!

Now, at that gate on twilight hinges turned,
Fair Venus, heaven's Broadway parading wide,
Heralds the starry carnival of night.
Her missionary office now begun,
With robe intenser, crowned with all her stars,
In silence set—a silence only broke
By now and then a gust, as 'twere the sigh
Of Heaven over human wickedness;
Or whip-poor-will far in her secret bower,
Lone chorister in Day's forsaken choir.

'Tis now the time Night's truest glory dawns—
Man's labor o'er—her majesty begun;
Night is the soul's great inspiration now
Whence her unfettered pinions scale the mount
Of endlessness and starry awe, to rest
Beyond the shadow of the carnal world;
Beyond its vileness, not beyond the world;
Beyond its tumult, not beyond its calm;
Beyond its discord—'mid its harmony;
Beyond its ugliness, but still amid
All that is beautiful and sweetly pure.

Night is the grand physician of the world,
Whose license comes from mighty nature's self,
And whose diploma is the starry scroll.
Through the sweet influence of soft repose,
She administers the stimulant of rest.
With energies how strengthened mortal springs
To meet and welcome coming day and toil!
And with what clear, invigorated gaze,
The vision opens on the morning world!

Nor is this all of slumber's quiet boon:
How many pangs and pains in sleep forgot!
Anxiety, remorse and fear and dread,
Whose chilling gusts disturb the calm of day,
And make his lustre darker than the night—
On slumber's breath are wafted from the world!

Night, too, has crimes, but they are not her own:
Though raids and robberies and creeping stealth,
'Neath the black ensign of outlawry bold,
Assume commission of this slumbering world;
Though Murder and Seduction, delegates
From Passion's blackest hell—strive to exceed
All that imagination ever wrought
From human crimes, from mingling tears and groans;
Though they, light-shunning spirits, steal their way
Beneath thy robes, to opportunity—
Harlot of crime, or virtue's faithful spouse;
Though they negotiate with death and woe,
Though Murder shock thy soul with stolen breath,
And though Seduction, vilest of all quacks,

Experiment on innocence and love,—
Still art thou pure; when final moans farewell
Departing breath and name—O listening Night!
Amid the wail, still pure and guiltless thou.

The blot and scars are on thy footstool earth—
Not on thine ever pure celestial soul.
Ah! no! though human sin and shame abuse
Thy calm and holy gift, thine hours of peace
Thine hours of quiet thought and rich repose;
Though man may ravage and abuse the gift,
Deep stain thy feet with blood, and blow thy robes
With throes of wretched pangs and parting life—
Still art thou beautiful—yea, more—when seems
Thy sombre bosom heaving with the sighs
Of grief regretful over earthly wrongs,
While earthward gazing thy star-rolling eyes
With lofty mien, yet modestly sublime.

MY DEAREST, THOU ART MARRIED NOW

My dearest, thou art married now,
I can no more my love express;
But my affection still allow,
Nor my frail heart esteem the less.

Language must fail to speak the love,
To tell the feelings in my breast;
Yet greater would the failure prove
If they were wholly unexpressed.

Till close my eyes upon the light,
And death my struggling pulse embrace—
Will shine from love's reflection bright,
The day I first beheld thy face!

Those ever dear memorials fair
Still pure before my vision gleam;
And round thee, central figure, there,
All heaven and earth the sweeter seem.

Oh, how my blood and pulses start,
Reflecting on the change since then!
Oh, what a hope hath left my heart,
To never soothe my breast again!

Eyes that those charming scenes did share,
Have since on earthly beauty closed;
And hearts that joined our rapture there,
Have long in silent dust reposed,

While she whose loveliness compelled,
In love, my youthful blood to roll
Higher by far than e'er it swelled
Along the currents of my soul;

No longer blooms the maiden flower,
But now a wife in blossom sere,
Though fair in fruit of harvest dower—
An offspring's life, a husband's cheer.

When last I gazed upon thy face,
I saw those youthful charms were fled;
But still thy soul's immortal grace
Revived a love that ne'er was dead.

And if thus long the pulse and breath
Delay the hour of death from me,
To bring, instead, the darker death
Of gazing on the grave of thee;

When in thy child I view alone,
Within her heart, upon her brow,
That beauty which is still thine own,
And lights my melancholy now;

Then, as her features meet my gaze,
How mem'ry's shining pinion fast,
Will bear me to those vanished days
Through intervening sorrows past!

Then once again will they appear,
Scenes to immortal beauty wed;

Scenes which, when distant, are more near,
And more alive when they are dead.

Although thy heart can give no more,
'Tis joy thy friendship to regard
Till death's cold pinions hover o'er
The gasping bosom of the bard.

TO MT. AGAMENTICUS

(IN YORK COUNTY, MAINE)

At last, 'mid thy rock-fanning winds bleak and dreary,
I stand on thy summit, slow-bending and broad;
'Mid such beauty of prospect, ah! who could grow
weary—

Where the eye can delight and the heart can applaud?

The prospect how noble! while westerly bounded
By the walls of New Hampshire, eternal and blue;
With eastward and southward, Atlantic high-rounded,
And northward, Maine's landscape completing the
view.

But no less enthralling the scenes that are nearer;
The pasture and woodland, how pregnant with
charm!

And sheens brightly gleaming in sunlight, and
dearer—

Far dotting the landscape—the homestead and
farm!

Firm hast thou resisted through ages eternal,
The elements in their most terrible strides,
Assailing thy form with a fury infernal,
Disrooting the verdure and trees on thy sides.

Twice fire, the red vulture, I've witnessed rage o'er
thee,
And far o'er night's empire the lustre was cast;

Thou'rt still undiminished and stern in thy glory—
Thy voices commingling with those of the past.

Independent of all but thy mighty foundations,
What vast revolutions thou calmly hast seen!
Here the founding and rise, there the ruin, of nations,
The downfall of gods and the progress of men.

How long hast thou poured on Atlantic's blue splendor,
Firm ever, though tempests were riving his breast,
And thrilled hath the home-nearing sailor more tender,
At his welcome engraved on thy dim-arching crest!

How often hast thou, like a tireless sentry,
Refreshed him when else would his spirit depart!
For thy figure he views as the dome of his country,
O'ertow'ring the home and the friends of his heart.

Here the Indian, perhaps, in astonishment gazing,
Saw the canvas of Cabot move strangely along;
Or the skiffs of the Northmen, scene yet more amaz-
ing,—
A scene we have only in fancy and song.

Here daily the smoke of his wigwam ascended
While he plied his canoe o'er the sheens at thy base,
Or traversed thy neighboring wilds far extended—
Till evening suspended the warwhoop and chase.

Here, too, in the stars, he revered the Great Spirit,
In the moon from the storm-ruffled wave rising slow,

Whose grandeur he saw but to wonder and fear it—
More than learning and culture have taught us to
know.

Long ages have past since he westward retreated ;
He left us thy name, but hath perished his own ;
And even the bones of his warriors defeated,
Were destined to waste in thy bosom unknown.

SLEEP

Sleep is the haven and quiet anchorage

From the storm-ruffled seas of toil and care;

Where Nature, free from all impatient rage,

At leisure doth the human ship repair:

And, while are chained the crew and captain there,

She mends the hulk, from lab'ring strained and
worn;

Renews the shrouds which heavy thoughts impair,

Repairs the sails by gusts of passion torn;

Then, bothered though anon by reckless dreams,

(The giddy night crew of the active brain)

With pennant streaming in the morning beams,

The ship renews her voyage o'er the main:

While on the prow a greater courage gleams,

And on the deck new vigor walks again!

SONG OF THE SOUL

From its eternal source divine,
While flood and tempest round it roll,
Directed by a love benign,—
Comes to the world the human soul ;
Comes from its divine creation,
In the world a while to dwell,
Here to buffet each temptation,
Sin and fate's all-changing spell—
In that earthly clay-formed dwelling
Heaven intended to be pure,
Passion's poison ever welling
Forth to stifle and obscure,
On the soul the while inflicting
Ills which only Heaven can cure.

It is the soul that marks the bounds
And diff'rence 'tween the beast and man ;
The part sustaining deeper wounds
Than all that's mortal ever can.
Glorious soul! the seat and centre
Of each noble passion's birth,
Whence the charms of beauty enter
Their undying power on earth :
Mark the bright eye and fair feature
In the arms of Beauty bred ;
Mark how dull their fairest nature
When their Heavenly spark hath fled ;
Or, when limited its portion,
Mark the failing heart and head.

And as we still survey the whole
Of life and every divers part,
Fail we at once to mark the soul
The bridal of the brain and heart?
Mark its force and greatness render
Man the master here below,
While from out its passions tender
Influences supreamer flow.
Mark it in the hero's daring,
Who the brunt of battle bears,
And yet greater glory sharing
When it melts in pity's tears—
Pardoning faults while sin reproving,
While with faith and hope it cheers.

Dwell in the soul those finer parts
Wherein reflection's blossom grew,
Where fond anticipation starts,
And hope, sweet cordial ever new :—
Hope! like waters ever seeking
Their pure source the mountains o'er,
Or like shells forever speaking
Softly of the ocean's roar.
Such, to human bosoms given
To combat each earthly blow,
Seeks its native home in Heaven
While the mortal strays below!
Hope! that sure, undying solace
Only human souls can know!

It is the fate of mortal things
Of ruthless time to be the prey :

All earthly glory, thrones and kings—
Yea, even the earth must pass away.
Earthly power and fame must perish,
Age steal on when youth is past ;
Unfulfilled the plans we cherish,
And we seek the grave at last.
By this power all things are changing—
Changing till their final fall,
All our fairest charms arranging
To obey destruction's call :
But (undying consolation)
Shall the soul survive it all.

Lo, mortal, though far past thy noon,
And gath'ring fast the evening gloom—
Thy soul's fair light, from death immune,
Shall never sink behind the tomb.
That fair light, when time hath blighted
All those earthly treasures thine ;
That bright spark in Heaven lighted,
O'er thy dust shall clearly shine ;—
Clearly shine, and while forever
'Twere with future worlds combined,
Live thee so that it shall never
Cease to light the world behind ;
There of seraphs the companion,
Here a guide to mortal kind.

ON THE FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
OF A YOUNG COUPLE

One year ago we saw the Day
On Evening's bosom seek repose,
But when his glory died away,
For two a brighter day arose:
'Twas then their fairest day arose,
'Mid gorgeous melody and bloom,
To shine until its eyelids close
In weeping glances o'er the tomb.

'Twas when the Autumn, richly dyed,
In robes of with'ring glory shone,
That Hymen from his heaven hied
To blend their fortunes into one;
And as the chilling Autumn closes
To ripen fruit that Summer bears,
So let the hue of youth's fair roses
Fade into woman's riper years.

Yet may we grieve while mem'ry lingers,
That youthful days cannot remain,
Regretting Time's intrusive fingers—
And wish Arline a girl again:
But idly so, for fairer beauty
Than maiden charms, however fair,
Shows in the wife's accomplished duty,
And in the mother's noble care.

A year has passed, and many may,
And still the joys of youth be sung,
If many children bless their way,
And keep their lives forever young:
Then, howe'er giddy fortune whirls,
Their youth will live and all its joys,
As Arline blossoms in the girls
And Frank is sporting in the boys.

READ AT A MARRIAGE RECEPTION

Blest the hour with pleasure crowned,
All your faithful friends around!
But from pleasure let us steal,
And to you our hearts reveal;
Let fair friendship's bosom heave,
And her purest prayer receive.

Strongly now the bliss is sealed,
Hope and fancy long revealed,
Long before this raptured hour,
Sweetly bloomed love's darling flower.
Oft when from your raptures parted,
How your lonely hearts have started
In reflection's golden view—
Since your tender, last adieu!

Ever treasured is that spot,
Place to never be forgot
While your hearts with lifeblood move—
Where you took each other's love;
Every bird and every vale,
Seem to tell some blissful tale;
E'en the very face of day,
Morning, noon and evening ray,
Wake a thrill in hearts your own,
To all other hearts unknown,
And a light, that, breaking through,
Scatter will the cloud of woe.

And in future, when your cares
Mingle with your pain and prayers—
Then to you our hearts will turn,
Beating warm in your concern.

May the love that long hath bound you,
Ever burn within and round you ;
May no woes your lot impart,
Wrongs nor sorrows pierce your heart,
Which that love cannot endure,
And, combined with Heaven, cure !

SOME VACANT HOMES

Oh! where are they once thriving in the sweet
And tender occupation of this home?
Some gone a never crumbling home to greet,
And some have deigned 'mid other scenes to roam;
Some thither fled in the conversion vain,
To hollow pride and splendor of the town;
And in its mist baptized, and noisy scene,
Have joined its outward smile and inward frown;
And, 'mid the frail and fancied lustre there,
Have only time to cast their shadow here.

Not always, though, for in life's vortex whirled,
Of mem'ry oft they seek a fond embrace,
And weary, turn from the dissembling world,
To sit again round this old fireplace;
And while the sounds of busy tumult 'thrall,
They catch an echo from these silent rooms;
A father's voice breaks in above it all,
Amid the scene a mother's kindness blooms;
While on their brows reform the smile and tear
Of greetings and farewells that happened here.

And are there who, alas! from haunts of woe
And wretchedness and guilt and crime and shame,
Whose hearts on penitential pinions go,
And, dripping with the tears of grief and blame,
Back to these rooms to mourn the joy they fled;
To prize at last what then they failed to prize;

To list a pleading mother's heart that bled,
Amid their pangs and self-accusing sighs;
To seek a room where once they lightly heard
The warning of a father's dying word.

How precious now what they forsook of yore!
Woe-summoned tears renew each floweret sere;
Dear now those paths their feet in childhood bore;
Annulled the power of time's o'ergrowing year;
How dear each section in love's bending line
And semi-circle once drawn round this hearth!
While every brand and spark become divine,
And every brick, from summit to the earth:
For joy and innocence did once let fall
Their mantle here, and consecrated all.

While round these wrecks I pour reflection's oil,
One has sweet prominence above the rest;
It had one firm foundation on our soil,
Another tender basis in my breast;
But yet its earthen base could not endure
The surge of fate, and keep its structure whole;
But, founded in my heart, it is secure
As long as Heaven preserves my brooding soul;
And from that soil, are twining round its form,
The flowers of love, unblighted by the storm.

And while that firm foundation, not of art,
Preserve its frame and fashion undeformed,
That vernal atmosphere within my heart
Will deathless make the fire its hearthplace warmed.

The pensive clime and summer of my love
 Preserve its forms and faces from decay;
And there Reflection's mighty armies move
 To hold guerrillas of disease at bay,
And keep Death in his farthest caves of doom,
Or drive him to his barracks in the tomb.

Yes, that sweet climate o'er my mem'ry's page,
 And those fresh breezes from my heart's red wave,
Invigorate and stay declining age,
 And keep that poor old mother from the grave:
And, tenant still, I see her bended form,
 The place where many a season's burden stands;
And trenched brow—the path of sorrow's storm,
 And the big cords on her o'erlabored hands—
The ridgy breastworks which 'twas nature's wont
To raise 'gainst want and hunger's threatening front.

Around my soul that twilight pauses yet—
 The closing floweret of day's blushing light;
The sweetest isle in day's wide ocean set,
 O'er which have never rolled the tides of night;
And through that sediment of subsiding day,
 My youth returned, I seek that sacred spot;
And now descry, to cheer my weary way,
 Through twilight veil, that ever cherished cot:
And, moving in the portal or the pane,
I haply spy that kindred form again.

O hour! though pale, the noonday of my soul;
O journey! long, yet doth a solace prove;

O dwelling! of that journey end and goal,
 On earth a hut, a mansion in my love;
O occupant! obscurest though and poor
 On fateful earth, an heiress in my heart;
O welcome! though but to her humble store,
 More precious than a monarch's wealth and art:
And oh! the scenes and past associations!
Though vanished, deathless in my ruminations.

Yes, she in life, obscurest though and poor,
 In death an heiress to all hearts behind;
And all my debts, unpaid to her before,
 I now repay with interest combined:—
The interest of my heart's after growth
 In love and tears and memory that stir
With loyal fire, each plighting thrill and oath;
 Till all its empire doth belong to her;
Till she is reigning on its throne of love,
While heiring an immortal throne above.

To fate how often doth my heart appeal
 To see a dwelling on that spot once more,
Though Death will ne'er his thatched roof unseal,
 And to the place his crumbling spoil restore.
There, to the magnet of my central heart,
 Indulging hope and fancy fain believe
The scenes of beauty from the past will start
 In fuller, dearer volume, and would heave
In greater force along my bosom's shore,
 With precious cargoes parted long before.

My muse on one more vacant home will dwell,
For there was born the maiden of my heart ;
And, she the power and spirit of my spell,
Her charms are permeating every part.
The heavenly accents of her gentle tongue,
On these bare walls and cold partitions sound ;
The ruddy flowers that on her cheeks are hung,
Are shedding their sweet petals all around ;
While the fair light and morning of her brow,
Gild all its weather-stained complexion now.

And I would dwell upon that season sweet,
When in life's paths she played her little part ;
And pause to listen while her pattering feet
Increased their motion with her gladd'ning heart.
I see her then—her parents' blooming pride,
Filling the measure of their fond desire ;
Whose charms were born to bless the world beside,
And form the title of the poet's fire ;
And, better still, to bless a husband's day,
And guide her children 'long their tender way.

Across the vale and shadow of the past,
And o'er her prime-hill, decked with baby flowers,
I see her eye, care-phased and pensive, cast
A longing gaze back to those darling hours ;
And over many a league of earth's great sphere,
Doth wing the angel of her memory,
Until she folds her wings to nestle here
And ponder on the scenes that used to be ;
To live again her days of childhood o'er,
And grieve that those sweet hours can be no more.

In the convention of our wish-thronged hearts,
What votes of hope and resolutions passed,
That scattered ones would leave earth's many parts,
And to these places would return at last!
For they are scattered like the drops of rain,
Borne on ambition's sigh or gale of fate,
O'er north and south, o'er mountain ridge and plain,
And o'er the crested bulge of ocean great;
Whence, 'cross the intervening void they yearn,
While thoughts of friends and home in mem'ry burn.

And of such hope how righteously we share!
For like a fox-chase mortal race is found;
The human fox doth often leave his lair,
For fame or greed to range the country round;
And though the gaunt and howling hounds of fate
May scent him close, and drive him all the day,
And Sin, with fatal fowling-pieces, wait
To pick him off if he should come that way;
Still, when the night falls, and the chase is o'er,
For rest he seeks his native home once more.

Or like migrating ravens—when the cold
Of discontentment points to fairer climes,
He starts, with clam'ring voice and pinion bold,
In search of brighter joys and better times;
But when those fairer climes no longer charm,
When vigor fails and gains no comfort bring,—
He thinks how spring his native hills doth warm,
And homeward comes on weary, straggling wing,
In time, at least, 'mid vernal flowers to die,
And 'joy the summer of eternity.

So let it be ; but till the season's o'er
Of distant toils, by giddy fortune pressed,
Let them resort—not to the crowded shore,
But where reflection currents through the breast,
On whose red stream their hearts will wafted be
Back to the homes and haunts they love so well ;
Yes, here resort, at least, in memory,
Until the hour they there once more can dwell ;
And till that hour, while weary hearts shall long
To there return, be home their dearest song.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES

TAKING AMONG THE PEOPLE

If we would a calling pursue with success,
The traits that will take we must always possess :
If we have a gift, and would never abuse it,
That gift must first take among those who would use it.

A lawyer in business is only a blank,
A thief by necessity, beggar or crank,
That takes not and conquers their sense and discretion,
Who ruin themselves to support his profession.

A doctor without this, however he poses,
Could not make a bubble among all his doses ;
The sick and the well would against him combine.
And his practice would hardly maintain him a sign.

A minister who cannot take 'mong the people,
Would do full as well if he preach to the steeple ;
Or give up the patent of his ordination,
And go back to the gods for a new situation.

Politicians who take not are only a hurt,
And in such machin'ry but dust, filth and dirt :
They may pour forth their claims, and perhaps "take
the stump,"
But the only result of it all is the dump.

And so it is ever with all undertaking—
A fellow must take or he's always mistaking.
Why! even a thief makes a thorough mistake,
And misses his calling, unless he can take.

A dashing young fellow once came to our town,
And soon found employment with one Mr. Brown :
The fam'ly were ready and earnest to make
Remarks on his beauty, and how he would take ;

But he soon found occasion to silence their doubt,
And give them a mighty good chance to find out :
One morn when surprisingly absent was he,
And likewise the watch, boots and razor of B. ;

The greater percentage of the silverware,
And the jewels that Mrs. B. hoarded with care,—
Then all of their wonder and doubts they forsook,
For time had impressed them how nicely he took.

T'was two years ago that Jehovah thought right
To send a new preacher to give us the light ;
The fever was high, and refusing to slake
A-wondering if the new preacher would take :

But the fever soon turned when the pastor did fly,
Taking Deacon Small's wife to remember us by.
Then the Deacon's heart aching, his fist madly
shaking—
All declared him a preacher that surely is taking.

At the "Bank of the People" 'twas rendered quite clear
That at once should be furnished another cashier ;
A dozen were talked of—as many rejected,
When a well recommended young "bach" was selected.

Then as in all such cases, the wonder was rife
As to how he would take in society life;
But he banished their wonder and showed how he took,
When he skipped with their money and left but the
book.

When Dr. E. settled our people among,
His name was the mark of each curious tongue;
Against which their wonder did rattle and break,
Inquiring whether the doctor would take;

But when he had taken—as practice progressed—
The fortunes of some and the lives of the rest;
The few that were left to the fact were awake,
That he surely was one of the kind that would take.

SIMON SAITH

Day seemed committing suicide,
In clouds of crimson flame,
And Simon Saith, with troubles tried,
Swore he would do the same.

For all life's bare necessities,
As fashion, pride and show,
And keeping up appearances—
He felt he must forgo.

Yes, such as airship, auto, yacht,
And servants, wines and gout—
If he kept them, even food, he thought,
And clothes he must cut out.

For if he could not keep in style,
Life had no charms to give—
He vowed it was not worth the while
In poverty to live.

So he took a dirk and called for Death
To get his scythe and whet it,
To thus co-operate with Saith
And take the entire credit.

For it was time he should retreat
From poverty's hard fray,
And go somewhere a poor man's feet
Could unmolested stray.

But in part repenting of the first,
The second thought, he took;
And then of all he saw the worst
In the undertaker's book.

Then thought 'twere better policy
Life's train to keep aboard;
That funerals were a luxury
He never could afford.

Two terrors thus combined to fill
His wavering soul with dread:
Life, though so costly, it was still
More costly to be dead.

He knew a funeral or a wake,
And all attendants there,
Despite the best show he could make—
Would be a tame affair;

An entertainment dull in view
Of fashion's custom proud,
And that the best that he could do,
He couldn't hold the crowd.

But, dissatisfied, they'd turn away,
Nor e'en congratulate
Him on the flowers so rich and gay,
And the expenses great.

Nor even pause to say goodbye,
Nor tenderly repeat
How nice it was that he could die
And give them such a treat.

Then in way of costly monument,
Extending high and wide—
He could not 'rouse their wonderment,
Hilarious praise and pride.

And then another thing, thought Saith,
In life, though wants may throng,
They all will end at last—but death,
It is so mighty long.

If we start in with scant array
To parade death's thoroughfare,
There is no chance to get away,
Or improve appearance there.

Then in life, if richer neighbors smile
Or shame us and abuse,
We can defend ourselves the while—
Even fight them if we choose.

But if more splendid neighboring tombs
Should, towering, shame our own,
With their belittling frowns and glooms
At our humbler dwelling thrown,

In such a case, at once you see,
 However great the offence—
'Twere 'neath a dead man's dignity
 To rise in self defense.

So thus declared old Simon Saith,
 "I'll stick to mortal strife,
And fight its battles to the death,
 If it takes me all my life."

THE DOCTOR AND ROBBER

A doctor and robber once happened to meet,
When the doctor in this wise the robber did greet:
"How different our callings! 'tis thus, as I make it."
My work is to save life, and yours is to take it."

This 'rousing the robber, in answer said he,
"I'll tell you the difference between you and me:
With me, my good doctor, 'tis money or death—
With you, my good doctor, 'tis money and death.
When I get their money, to kill them I loth,
But you haven't finished till you have done both."

HOW WELL DO I REMEMBER

How well do I remember those trying times of old,
When Elder Vess sent Sister Bess to labor with the
lost,
Instructing her with holy stir to bring them to the fold,
However dark the sinner and however great the
cost!

They captured me, but you will see, I had to pay the
game,
For when they 'portioned off the spoils as best they
could agree,
The Elder took my pocket book, the church it took my
name,
And Sister Bess closed up the mess by "gobbling"
onto me.

Since I got Bess (not holiness) I do the best I can;
One half the time I'm wretched, and the other half
she's mad,
She wishes by the stars on high she'd never saved a
man,
While to the stars I add the moon, and wish she
never had!

MY DREAM

Last night I'd a dream, and how awful it seemed,
When I dreamed of poor Finnigan's failures, alas!
A dream that you bet I would never have dreamed
Had I ever supposed it was coming to pass.

In my dream I saw Finnigan waiting for friends
And fortune to raise him 'bove failure and grief,
A-crying for aye, "On the gods it depends."
What the gods cannot do, how can Finnigan's self?

Thus ever in sloth he indulged the belief
That genius and glory and would sometime bring
wealth,
Till at last he despaired of renown and relief,
When he sent for a doctor to bring back his health.

But with neither a dollar nor credit to give,
The doctor in absence refused to comply;
So when he found out he no longer could live,
He concluded his better way out was to die.

Still he thought of a place where success might be
found—
That he yet might be something above the blue air;
He had long heard it talked of as generous ground,
At least, by the class that had never been there.

So, stealing his way up the stairway of gold,
Was met by Saint Peter upon the head stair.
He noticed the door-keeper's manner was cold,
But fancied it due to the altitude there.

But he ventured, "I'm sick of that country below,
Where fortune is partial and money is dear;
Where they never give genius the ghost of a show;
So I thought I would try my good fortune up here."

Saint Peter replied, "As on earth it is here,
No blessing is given without a just claim;
E'en Christ gained His glory by duty and tear,
And if ever you gain it, you'll gain it the same."

Then Finnigan turned, disappointed, and said,
"I have wished I had died years before I was born;
But, now I know something how 'tis to be dead,
I wish just as much that my life would return."

In my dream I saw Finnigan back into life,
And swearing till death he no longer would shirk;
Then I saw that success was attending his strife
As fast as true effort attended his work.

THE INDIAN'S GRAVE

In a pasture on the author's farm is the grave of an Indian. The land and the story came down to the author together, and if he adds no more to the story than he has added to the land, it will remain mighty near the truth. According to the story, the Indian was buried in a standing posture.

Here, to a natural death or blood,
An Indian fell a prey;
And here his tribemen laid, or stood
Him peacefully away.

He was the greatest robber known,
Or ever drew a breath:
For when a dead man won't lie down,
He's robbing even death.

When I was young you needn't doubt
I thought that place was haunted;
And howe'er strong I started out,
My courage was soon daunted.

Thus in this life what vain alarm!
What contradiction clear!
For what can do the smallest harm,
Can give the greatest fear.

When near that place I crept with care
Or sprinted like a blizzard,
There was a rising in my hair,
A falling in my gizzard.

My fancy you can bet was rife
With war-club, bow and arrow,
And tomahawk and scalping knife
A cleaving through the marrow.

With thus my youthful fancy cleft
And torn my wits asunder—
If I have but few senses left,
Indeed you cannot wonder.

If, thus surrounded when a child,
Wild Injun fears confuse me—
If I had since been little wild,
I think you can excuse me.

The brave was tough to his last breath.
Danger, he even wooed it—
And he successfully stood death,
And ever since has stood it.

And that he had abundant sand
We never need to marvel;
For anywhere that he might stand,
There was abundant gravel.

He would not stand for woman's right
Nor man's civilities;
He would not stand for reason's light,
But has stood for centuries.

And he is standing there today,
Unless through Purgatory,
He walked his independent way,
Enroute to Injun glory,

Where, from the happy hunter's landing,
He, on such long vacation,
Received an invitation standing,
And a standing invitation.

If there he found but standing room,
In that same pose commanding,
Could tell them they might spare their gloom,
For he was used to standing.

And further could assure them that
In all political matters,
They could put him down as standing pat,
The oldest of standpatters.

HOW MUGGINS RODE THE GOAT

I thought 'twould be fun, or at least be a change,
To send in my name and unite with the Grange,
Then I'd heard that the goat had a wonderful stride,
And I thought I would show them how Muggins
could ride.

I being accepted, they sent me a note,
To be ready as soon as I heard from the goat.

The word was soon given that the goat was all ready,
And when I was nearing I heard them cry "steady":

I heard someone say they were holding him there,
As men hold balloons while they fill with hot air.

When I entered the hallway he leaped with such
might,

The wind of his motion just blinded my sight.

Then they held him again; I was led up beside him,
And somehow or other I got on bestride him.

Now the signal was given and away started we,

I thought the blind staggers had got hold of me.

'Twas level at first, but now rough grew the road;

The goat seemed determined to part with his load.

O'er rocks, knolls and gullies we rattled and rolled,

Through a country so broken it seldom would hold.

For we often broke through and sometimes we broke
down,

But the goat would no danger or obstacle own.

I never supposed that the earth was so rough,

That the goat was so wild or myself was so tough.

Through the rush and the clatter came notes of a song,
And talking and giggling while passing along.
And I thought when they'd laughed at my wretched
condition,
We sure must be nearing the bounds of perdition.
All tender compassion was wanting that day,
And even terrafirma seemed dodging away.

Now we go over something (he gives me no quarter)
That seems like Niagara—all but the water.

I thought that a mountain had slipped out from
under,
And the bottom was rushing to meet us like thunder.

Now he leaped something else and I mounted the air,
A whirling and soaring, I never knew where.

Then it seemed by the dreadful sensation and shock,
That I fell half a mile and stuck onto a rock.

But though I was dizzy, I plainly could see,
Though I left the goat, yet he never left me.

Some claimed that the goat was fed ginger and ales,
Stirred up with a lot of pins, needles and nails,

But soon I decided 'twas more of a chowder,
Compounded of dynamite, gases and powder,

And the way that he acted I thought to my soul,
That a blood vessel burst and exploded the whole.

But after a while I recovered from fright,
And I guess that my senses have got nearly right.

Though some lameness and bruises remain with me
yet,
The goat I forgive, but can never forget.

And I swear by the moon, and the stars and the sun
That I'll never join anything more for the fun;
And I further declare that, however they talk,
The next time I ride on the goat I will walk.

THE BULL OF FARMER GROON

Old Farmer Groon once had a calf,
And he thought 'twere wondrous fine
To keep a sort of meaner half
To all the gentle kine.

He was a creature of great promise,
For the old man promised him
To Charlie, Jake, and John and Thomas,
And then to Joe and Jim.

Now, from abundant milk and oats,
He grew like boils and corns;
Soon he began to "feel his oats,"
And Groon to feel his horns.

He'd suck the cows and hook the rest,
Run, tear, and leap, and bellar,
Till his frightened master thought it best
To see a fortune-teller.

A fortune-teller soon he found,
Then a craneologist,
And both agreed that he was bound
To be a pugilist.

But Groon declared he long enough
Had been that kind of force,
So thought perhaps he'd send him off
To take a college course—

But gave the notion up through fear
That he might, like many men,
Turn out a calf; he swore he ne'er
Should be a calf again.

Now Groom determined he would reap
Some profit on his part,
So hitched him up, but the first leap
Made toothpicks of the cart.

"Go it!" cried Groom, "you have the fun,
But the toothpicks I shall claim—
Though by the time the game is done
I may have no use for them."

Still bound that he should earn his way,
Groom turned him out to graze;
But soon he struck for higher pay
Upon a field of maize.

Then Groom put up a wall immense,
Full thirteen feet in air;
The bull came up and cleared the fence
With a fathom or so to spare.

And then declared old farmer Groom,
When seeing what he'd done,
"If a cow has ever jumped the moon,
He'll sometime jump the sun."

Thus he gave his master painful ruth;
In theft he often caught him;

And then he never told the truth
Till cattle jockies got him.

But like us all, in after years
He found his proper mission;
He smashed his horns, spliced out his ears,
And became a politician.

THE MORTGAGE CROP

I've tried my hand at all the crops,
From pumpkins down to beans;
From corn and currants down to hops,
From taters down to greens;
And all the fodder ever praised,
From herdsgrass down to foggage;
But the finest thing I ever raised
Was when I raised a mortgage.

For Holy Moses, how it grew!
I thought I'd plant a bit
To help us out—but first I knew,
The farm was full of it.
I couldn't turn about or go,
But stumble on its roots,
And still the plaguey stuff would grow
Right underneath my boots.

And hardy! why, that is no name!
Through rot and rust it reigns,
While bugs and worms get only shame
And failure for their pains.
The rains may flood, the gales may tear,
And drouths may burn the ground—
Still that will smile and flourish there,
And green the whole year round.

But yet this mortgage husbandry
Presents a striking phase,

For while it grows so fast and free,
 'Tis mighty hard to "raise."
The trouble is in harvesting;
 I'd dig and pull and whack
Till I could hear my senses ring,
 And stitches in my back.

And still those mortgage leaves would flout
 Defiance on the breeze,
Till Autumn sauntered off to pout,
 And Winter came to freeze;
But when at last I cleared the field,
 I said, "Be this an adage:
'We're ne'er so happy with our yield
 As when we 'raise' a mortgage.'"

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Author Murray, John Chick

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