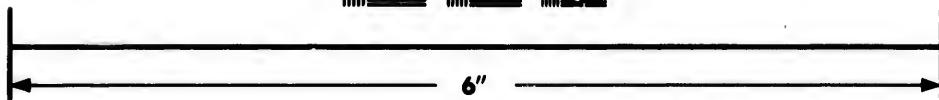
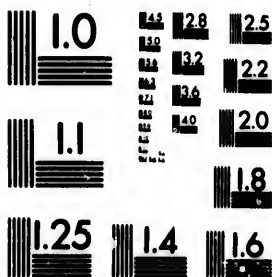


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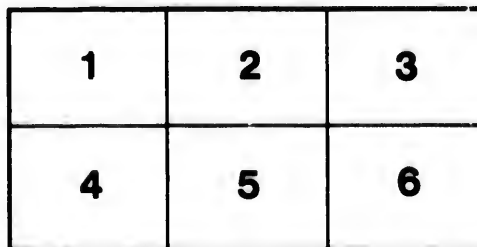
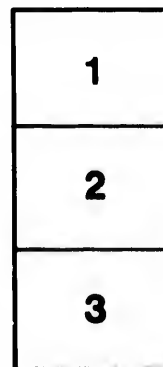
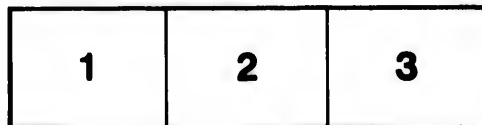
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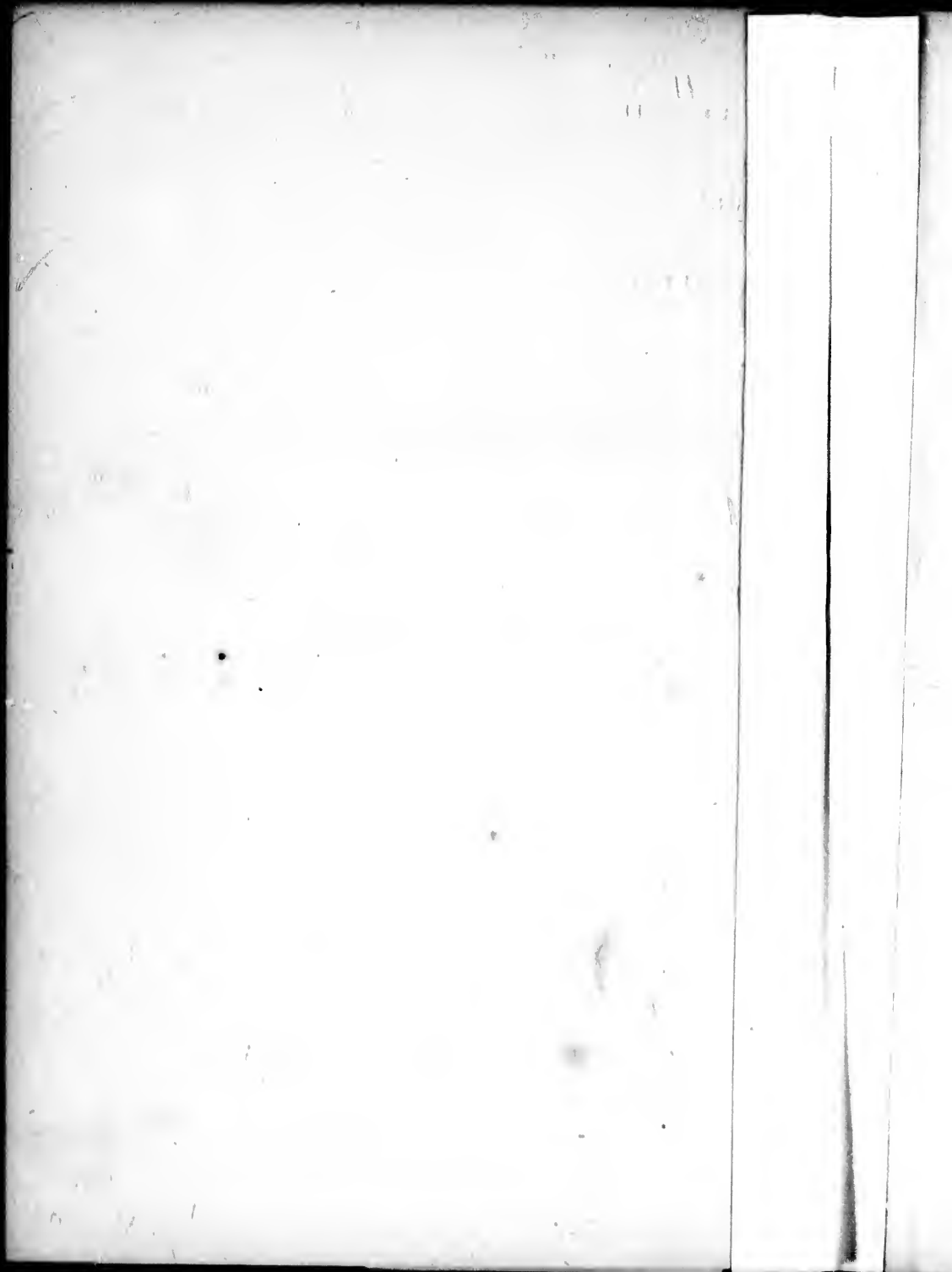
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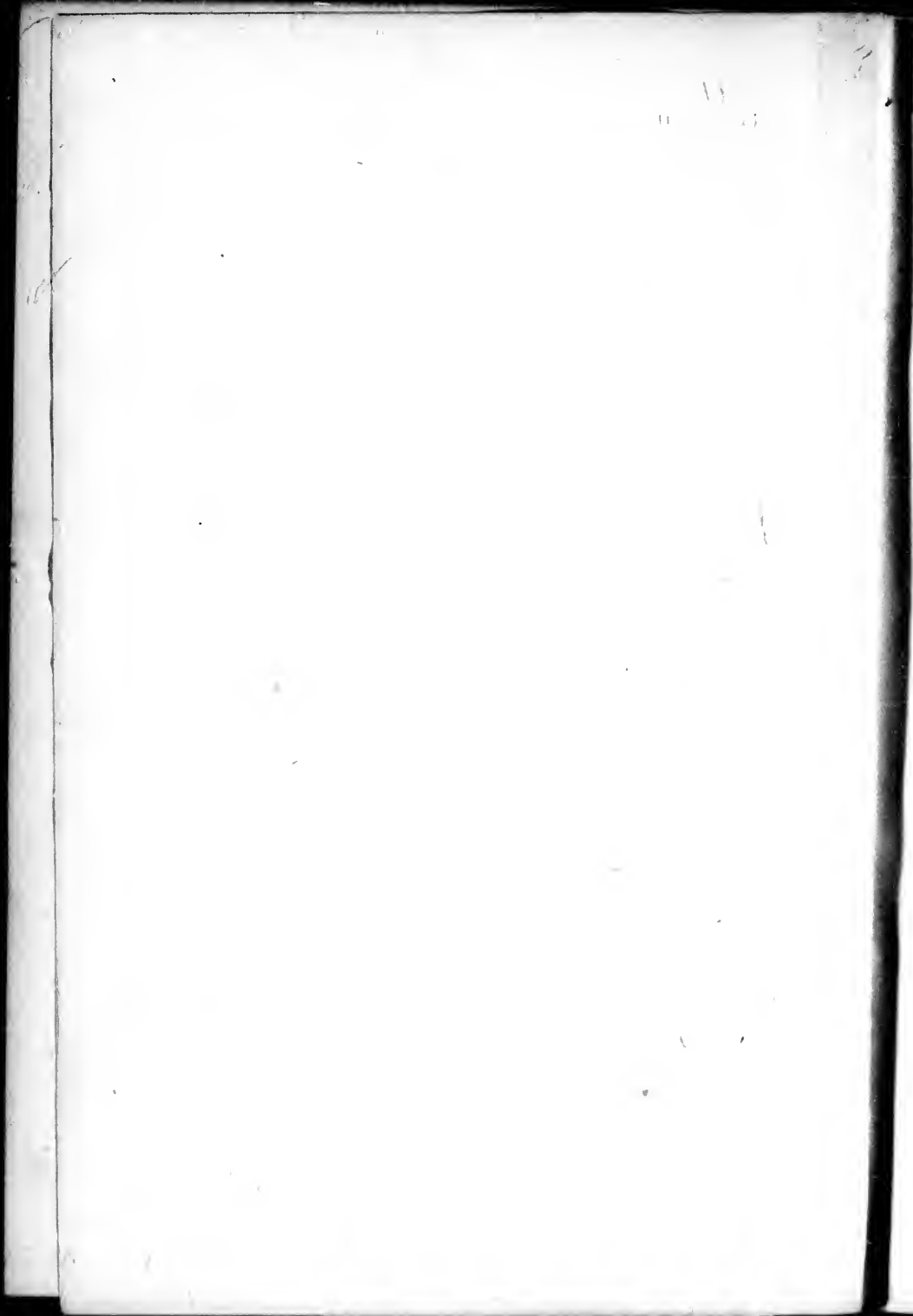
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GOLDEN LEAVES.



GOLDEN LEAVES

FROM THE

AMERICAN POETS

COLLECTED BY

JOHN W. S. HOWS

NEW YORK

JAMES G. GREGORY 540 BROADWAY

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P R E F A C E.

THIS Selection from the works of AMERICAN POETS is based upon the same design I contemplated in the companion volume of "GOLDEN LEAVES FROM THE BRITISH POETS," lately issued. I have endeavoured to gather into one *portable* volume those Poems that have, by general acceptance, become identified in the hearts of the People as the choicest and noblest specimens of American National Poetry. To these literal "*household words*" there are added other selections, not perhaps so generally familiar to ordinary readers, but yet possessing sufficient merit to make them worthy a place in a work expressly intended as an exponent of the Poetic Genius of the Country. A few of the earliest recorded efforts of American poetic composition are given, as interesting relics of a by-gone age—affording, as they do, graphic pictures of the habits and manners of the periods they describe; and as marking also the incipient dawnings of poetic talent in this country.

I may be permitted to add, without incurring the charge of undue egotism, I trust, that the preparation of this work has been to me literally "a labour of love." It seemed to me a fitting tribute to render to those Poets whose works had entered so largely into my professional studies for the last thirty years, and between whom and the mere cursory reader, and those of a yet immature age, I had endeavoured faithfully to act as an INTERPRETER, that I should, in the probably closing effort of my literary career, present a worthy monument recording the Genius of American Poesy, acceptable to the reading Public, and one that should do honour to the Poets I have selected for representation; and to these Gifted Men and Women I most respectfully dedicate these my humble labours.

J. W. S. H.

5 COTTAGE PLACE, NEW YORK, }
October 12, 1864.

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GOLDEN LEAVES.

Anonymous.

NEW ENGLAND'S ANNOYANCES.

"THE FIRST RECORDED POEM WRITTEN IN AMERICA."—(1630.)

New England's annoyances, you that would know them,
Pray ponder these verses, which briefly do show them.

THE place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful and good :
Our mountains and hills and our valleys below
Being commonly covered with ice and with snow :
And when the northwest wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose :
But if any's so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

But when the spring opens, we then take the hoc,
And make the ground ready to plant and to sow ;
Our corn being planted and seed being sown,
The worms destroy much before it is grown ;
And when it is growing some spoil there is made
By birds and by squirrels that pluck up the blade ;
And when it is come to full corn in the ear,
It is often destroyed by raccoon and by deer.

And now do our garments begin to grow thin,
 And wool is much wanted to card and to spin ;
 If we get a garment to cover without,
 Our other in-garments are clout upon clout :
 Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
 They need to be clouted soon after they're worn ;
 But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,
 Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

If fresh meat be wanting, to fill up our dish,
 We have carrots and pumpkins and turnips and fish :
 And is there a mind for a delicate dish,
 We repair to the clam-banks, and there we catch fish.
 'Stead of pottage and puddings and custards and pies,
 Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies :
 We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon ;
 If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.

If barley be wanting to make into malt,
 We must be contented and think it no fault ;
 For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips
 Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips.

* * * * *

Now while some are going let others be coming,
 For while liquor's boiling it must have a scumming ;
 But I will not blame them, for birds of a feather,
 By seeking their fellows, are flocking together.
 But you whom the LORD intends hither to bring,
 Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting ;
 But bring both a quiet and contented mind,
 And all needful blessings you surely will find.

Anne Bradstreet.

CONTEMPLATIONS.

(1650.)

UNDER the cooling shadow of a stately elm,
 Close sat I by a goodly river's side,
 Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm ;
 A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
 I, once that loved the shady woods so well,
 Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
 And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixed mine eye,
 Which to the longed-for ocean held its course,
 I marked nor crooks nor rubs that there did lie,
 Could hinder aught, but still augment its force.
 "O happy flood," quoth I, "that holdst thy race
 Till thou arrive at thy belovèd place,
 Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

"Nor is't enough that thou alone may'st slide,
 But hundred brooks in thy clear waves do meet :
 So hand in hand along with thee they glide
 To Thetis' house, where all embrace and greet.
 Thou emblem true of what I count the best—
 O could I leave my rivulets to rest !
 So may we press to that vast mansion ever blest.

"Ye fish which in this liquid region 'bide,
 That for each season have your habitation,
 Now salt, now fresh, when you think best to glide,
 To unknown coasts to give a visitation,

In lakes and ponds you leave your numerous fry :
So Nature taught, and yet you know not why—
You wat'ry folk that know not your felicity !”

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air,
Then to the colder bottom straight they dive,
Eftsoons to Neptune's glassy hall repair
To see what trade the great ones there do drive,
Who forage o'er the spacious sea-green field,
And take their trembling prey before it yield,
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their
shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongued Philomel perched o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wished me wings with her a while to take my flight.

“O merry bird,” said I, “that fears no snares ;
That neither toils nor hoards up in thy barn ;
Feels no sad thoughts, nor 'cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm :
Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

“The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew ;
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begins anew,

And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
 Then follow thee into a better region,
 Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion."

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain,
 In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak ;
 Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
 Each storm his state, his mind, his body break :
 From some of these he never finds cessation,
 But day or night, within, without, vexation,
 Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st
 relations.

And yet this sinful creature, frail and vain,
 This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
 This weather-beaten vessel racked with pain,
 Joys not in hope of an eternal morrow ;
 Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,
 In weight, in frequency, and long duration,
 Can make him deeply groan for that divine translation.

The mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
 Sings merrily, and steers his bark with ease,
 As if he had command of wind and tide,
 And were become great master of the seas ;
 But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
 And makes him long for a more quiet port,
 Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
 Feeding on sweets, that never bit of the sour,
 That's full of friends, of honour, and of treasure—
 Fond fool ! he takes this earth e'en for heaven's bower.

But sad affliction comes, and makes him see
 Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety:
 Only above is found all with security.

O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal things,
 That draws Oblivion's curtains over kings—
 Their sumptuous monuments men know them not,
 Their names without a record are forgot,
 Their parts, their ports, their pomps, all laid i' the dust—
 Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings, 'scape Time's rust;
 But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone,
 Shall last and shine when all of these are gone!

Benjamin Thomson.

NEW ENGLAND'S CRISIS.

(1675.)

THE times wherein old Pompion was a saint,
 When men fared hardly, yet without complaint,
 On vilest cates: the dainty Indian-maize
 Was eat with clamp-shells out of wooden trays,
 Under thatched huts, without the cry of rent,
 And the best sawce to every dish, content.
 When flesh was food and hairy skins made coats,
 And men as well as birds had chirping notes;
 When Cimnells were accounted noble blood,
 Among the tribes of common herbage food,
 Of Ceres' bounty formed was many a knack,
 Enough to fill poor Robin's Almanack.

These golden times (too fortunate to hold)
Were quickly sin'd away for love of gold.
'Twas then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
"Good-morrow, brother, is there aught you want?
Take freely of me, what I have you ha'nt."
Plain Tom and Dick would pass as current now,
As ever since, "Your servant, Sir," and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, puritanick capes,
Which now would render men like upright apes,
Were comelier wear, our wiser fathers thought,
Than the last fashions from all Europe brought.
'Twas in those dayes an honest grace would hold,
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a cold,
And men had better stomachs at religion,
Than I to capon, turkey-cock, or pigeon;
When honest sisters met to pray, not prate,
About their own and not their neighbour's state.
During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud
Of the ancient planters' race before the flood,
Then times were good, merchants cared not a rush
For other fare than jonakin and mush.
Although men fared and lodgèd very hard,
Yet innocence was better than a guard.
'Twas long before spiders and worms had drawn
Their dingy webs, or hid with cheating lawne
New England's beautys, which still seemed to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
'Twas ere the neighbouring Virgin-Land had broke
The hogsheds of her worse than hellish smoak.
'Twas ere the Islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin.

'Twas ere a barge had made so rich a freight
As chocolate, dust-gold, and bitts of eight;
Ere wines from France, and Muscovadoe too,
Without the which the drink will scarcely doe;
From western isles ere fruits and delicacies
Did rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces.
Or ere these times did chance, the noise of war
Was from our towns and hearts removèd far.
No bugbear comets in the chrystal air
Did drive our Christian planters to despair.
No sooner pagan malice peepèd forth
But valour snib'd it. Then were men of worth,
Who by their prayers slew thousands; angel-like,
'Their weapons are unseen with which they strike.
Then had the churches rest; as yet the coales
Were covered up in most contentious souls:
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection.
Then were the times in which our counsellors sate,
These gave prognosticks of our future fate.
If these be longer lived our hopes increase,
These warrs will usher in a longer peace.—
But if New England's love die in its youth,
The grave will open next for blessed truth.
This theme is out of date, the peacefull hours
When castles needed not, but pleasant bowers.
Not ink, but blood and tears now serve the turn
To draw the figure of New England's urne.
New England's hour of passion is at hand;
No power except divine can it withstand.
Scarce hath her glass of fifty years run out,
But her old prosperous steeds turn heads about,

Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
 To fear and fare upon their fruits of sinnings.
 So that the mirrour of the Christian world
 Lyes burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furled.
 Grief sighs, joyes flee, and dismal fears surprize
 Not dastard spirits only, but the wise.
 Thus have the fairest hopes deceived the eye
 Of the big-swoln expectant standing by :
 Thus the proud ship, after a little turn,
 Sinks into Neptune's arms to find its urne ;
 Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
 Been in an instant from the mother torn :
 Even thus thine infant checks begin to pale,
 And thy supporters through great losses fail.
 This is the *Prologue* to thy future woe,
 The *Epilogue* no mortal yet can know.

Benjamin Franklin.

PAPER.

(1742.)

SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were—
 Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
 By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
 Called clear blank paper every infant mind,
 Where still, as opening Sense her dictates wrote,
 Fair Virtue put a seal, or Vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true ;
 Methinks a genius might the plan pursuc.

I—can you pardon my presumption?—I,
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce—
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use ;
Men are as various ; and, if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray, note the fop—half powder and half lace—
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place ;
He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy paper*, of inferior worth ;
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom Avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper* ; such as peddlers choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him ? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught ;
He foams with censure—with applause he raves—
A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves :
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *fools-cap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman whose blood runs high,
 Who picks a quarrel if you step awry,
 Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure :
 What is he ? What ? *touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are the poets, take them as they fall,
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all ?
 Them and their works in the same class you'll find ;
 They are the mere *waste paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
 She's fair *white paper*, an unsullied sheet,
 On which the happy man, whom Fate ordains,
 May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one, I'll bring ;
 'Tis the *great man*, who scorns a little thing—
 Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
 Formed on the feelings of his heart alone :
 True, genuine *royal paper* is his breast ;
 Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

John Trumbull.

THE FOP.

(1772.)

HOW blest the brainless fop, whose praise
 Is doomed to grace these happy days,
 When well-bred vice can genius teach,
 And fame is placed in folly's reach ;

Impertinence all tastes can hit,
And every rascal is a wit.
The lowest dunce, without despairing,
May learn the true sublime of swearing ;
Learn the nice art of jests obscene,
While ladies wonder what they mean ;
The heroism of brazen lungs,
The rhetoric of eternal tongues ;
While whim usurps the name of spirit,
And impudence takes place of merit,
And every moneyed clown and dunce
Commences gentleman at once.

For now, by easy rules of trade,
Mechanic gentlemen are made !
From handicrafts of fashion born ;
Those very arts so much their scorn.
To tailors half themselves they owe,
Who make the clothes that make the beau.

Lo ! from the seats where, fops to bless,
Learned artists fix the forms of dress,
And sit in consultation grave
On folded skirt, or straitened sleeve,
The coxcomb trips with sprightly haste,
In all the flush of modern taste ;
Oft turning, if the day be fair,
To view his shadow's graceful air ;
Well pleased, with eager eye runs o'er
The laced suit glittering gay before ;
The ruffle, where from opened vest
The rubied brooch adorns the breast ;
The coat, with lengthening waist behind,
Whose short skirts dangle in the wind ;

The modish hat, whose breadth contains
 The measure of its owner's brains ;
 The stockings gay, with various hues ;
 The little toe-encircling shoes ;
 The cane, on whose carved top is shown
 A head, just emblem of his own ;
 While, wrapped in self, with lofty stride,
 His little heart elate with pride,
 He struts in all the joys of show
 That tailors give, or beaux can know.

And who for beauty need repine,
 That's sold at every barber's sign ;
 Nor lies in features or complexion,
 But curls disposed in meet direction.
 With strong pomatum's grateful odor,
 And *quantum sufficit* of powder ?
 These charms can shed a sprightly grace
 O'er the dull eye and clumsy face ;
 While the trim dancing-master's art
 Shall gestures, trips, and bows impart—
 Give the gay piece its final touches,
 And lend those airs would lure a duchess.

Thus shines the form, nor aught behind,
 The gifts that deck the coxcomb's mind ;
 Then hear the daring muse disclose
 The sense and piety of beaux.

To grace his speech, let France bestow
 A set of compliments for show.
 Land of politeness ! that affords
 The treasure of new-fangled words,
 And endless quantities disburses
 Of bows and compliments and curses ;

The soft address, with airs so sweet,
 That cringes at the ladies' feet ;
 The pert, vivacious, play-house style,
 That wakes the gay assembly's smile ;
 Jests that his brother-beaux may hit,
 And pass with young coquettes for wit,
 And prized by fops of true discerning,
 Outface the pedantry of learning.
 Yet learning too shall lend its aid
 To fill the coxcomb's spongy head ;
 And studious oft he shall peruse
 The labours of the modern muse.
 From endless loads of novels gain
 Soft, simpering tales of amorous pain,
 With double meanings, neat and handy,
 From Rochester and Tristram Shandy.*
 The blundering aid of weak reviews,
 That forge the fetters of the muse,
 Shall give him airs of criticising
 On faults of books he ne'er set eyes on.
 The magazines shall teach the fashion,
 And commonplace of conversation,
 And where his knowledge fails, afford
 The aid of many a sounding word.
 Then, lest religion he should need,
 Of pious Hume he'll learn his creed,
 By strongest demonstration shown,
 Evince that nothing can be known ;
 Take arguments, unvexed by doubt,
 On Voltaire's trust, or go without ;

* Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* was then in the highest vogue.

'Gainst Scripture rail in modern lore,
As thousand fools have railed before ;
Or pleased a nicer art display
To expound its doctrines all away,
Suit it to modern tastes and fashions
By various notes and emendations ;
The rules the ten commands contain,
With new provisos well explain ;
Prove all religion was but fashion,
Beneath the Jewish dispensation :
A ceremonial law, deep hooded
In types and figures long exploded ;
Its stubborn fetters all unfit
For these free times of gospel light,
This rake's millennium, since the day
When Sabbaths first were done away ;
Since pander-conscience holds the door,
And lewdness is a vice no more ;
And shame, the worst of deadly fiends,
On virtue, as its squire, attends.

Alike his poignant wit displays
The darkness of the former days,
When men the paths of duty sought,
And owned what revelation taught ;
Ere human reason grew so bright,
Men could see all things by its light,
And summoned Scripture to appear,
And stand before its bar severe,
To clear its page from charge of fiction,
And answer pleas of contradiction ;
Ere miracles were held in scorn,
Or Bolingbroke or Hume were born.

And now the fop, with great energy,
Levels at priestcraft and the clergy,
At holy cant and godly prayers,
And bigots' hypocritic airs ;
Musters each veteran jest to aid,
Calls piety the parson's trade ;
Cries out, "'Tis shame, past all abiding,
The world should still be so priest-ridden !"
Applauds free thought that scorns control,
And generous nobleness of soul,
That acts its pleasure, good or evil,
And fears nor deity nor devil.
These standing topics never fail
To prompt our little wits to rail,
With mimic drollery of grimace,
And pleased impertinence of face,
Gainst virtue arm their feeble forces,
And sound the charge in peals of curses.

Blest be his ashes ! under ground
If any particles be found,
Who, friendly to the coxcomb race,
First taught those arts of commonplace,
Those topics fine, on which the beau
May all his little wits bestow,
Secure the simple laugh to raise,
And gain the dunce's palm of praise.
For where's the theme that beaux could hit
With least similitude of wit,
Did not religion and the priest
Supply materials for the jest ;
The poor in purse, with metals vile
For current coins, the world beguile :

The poor in brain, for genuine wit
 Pass off a viler counterfeit ;
 While various thus their doom appears,
 These lose their souls, and those their ears ;
 The want of fancy, whim supplies,
 And native humour, mad caprice ;
 Loud noise for argument goes off,
 For mirth polite, the ribald's scoff ;
 For sense, lewd drolleries entertain us,
 And wit is mimicked by profaneness !

Mercy Warren.

THINGS NECESSARY TO THE LIFE OF A WOMAN.

(1774.)

AN inventory clear
 Of all she needs, Lamira offers here ;
 Nor does she fear a rigid Cato's frown,
 When she lays by the rich embroidered gown,
 And modestly compounds for just enough—
 Perhaps some dozens of mere flighty stuff :
 With lawns and lustrings, blond, and Mecklin laces,
 Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer-cases ;
 Gay cloaks and hats, of every shape and size,
 Scarfs, cardinals, and ribbons, of all dyes ;
 With ruffles stamped, and aprons of tambour,
 Tippetts and handkerchiefs at least threescore ;
 With finest muslins that fair India boasts,
 And the choice herbage from Chinesan coasts.

Add feathers, furs, rich satins, and ducâpes,
 And head-dresses in pyramidal shapes;
 Sideboards of plate, and porcelain profuse,
 With fifty dittoes that the ladies use;
 If my poor, treach'rous memory has missed,
 Ingenious T——I shall complete the list.
 So weak Lamira, and her wants so few,
 Who can refuse?—they're but the sex's due.

Yet Clara quits the more dressed negligee,
 And substitutes the careless Polanee,
 Until some fair one from Britannia's court
 Some jaunty dress or newer taste import;
 This sweet temptation could not be withstood,
 Though for the purchase's paid her father's blood;
 Though earthquakes rattle, or volcanoes roar,
 Indulge this trifle, and she asks no more:
 Can the stern patriot Clara's suit deny?
 'Tis Beauty asks, and Reason must comply.

Anne Eliza Bleeker.

ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD AT THE RETREAT
 FROM BURGOYNE.

(1777.)

WAS it for this, with thee, a pleasing load,
 I sadly wandered through the hostile wood—
 When I thought Fortune's spite could do no more,
 To see thee perish on a foreign shore?
 O my loved babe! my treasures left behind
 Ne'er sunk a cloud of grief upon my mind;

Rich in my children, on my arms I bore
 My living treasures from the scalper's power ;
 When I sat down to rest, beneath some shade,
 On the soft grass how innocent she played,
 While her sweet sister from the fragrant wild
 Collects the flowers to please my precious child,
 Unconscious of her danger, laughing roves,
 Nor dreads the painted savage in the groves !

Soon as the spires of Albany appeared,
 With fallacies my rising grief I cheered :
 " Resigned I bear," said I, " Heaven's just reproof,
 Content to dwell beneath a stranger's roof—
 Content my babes should eat dependent bread,
 Or by the labour of my hands be fed.

What though my houses, lands, and goods, are gone,
 My babes remain—these I can call my own !"
 But soon my loved Abella hung her head—
 From her soft cheek the bright carnation fled ;
 Her smooth, transparent skin too plainly showed
 How fierce through every vein the fever glowed.
 —In bitter anguish o'er her limbs I hung,
 I wept and sighed, but sorrow chained my tongue ;
 At length her languid eyes closed from the day,
 The idol of my soul was torn away ;
 Her spirit fled, and left me ghastly clay !

Then—then my soul rejected all relief,
 Comfort I wished not, for I loved my grief :
 " Hear, my Abella," cried I, " hear me mourn !
 For one short moment, O my child ! return ;
 Let my complaint detain thee from the skies,
 Though troops of angels urge thee on to rise"
 My friends press round me with officious care,

RETREAT

ad,
 wood—
 more,

Bid me suppress my sighs, nor drop a tear ;
 Of resignation talked—passions subdued—
 Of souls serene, and Christian fortitude—
 Bade me be calm, nor murmur at my loss,
 But unrepining bear each heavy cross.

“Go,” cried I, raging, “stoic bosoms, go !
 Whose hearts vibrate not to the sound of woe ;
 Go from the sweet society of men,
 Seek some unfeeling tiger’s savage den,
 There, calm, alone, of resignation preach—
 My Christ’s examples better precepts teach.”
 Where the cold limbs of gentle Lazarus lay,
 I find Him weeping o’er the humid clay ;
 His spirit groaned, while the beholders said,
 With gushing eyes, “See how He loved the dead !”
 Yes, ’tis my boast to harbour in my breast
 The sensibilities by God expressed ;
 Nor shall the mollifying hand of Time,
 Which wipes off common sorrows, cancel mine.

Philip Freneau.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

(1782.)

FAIR flower that dost so comely grow,
 Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
 Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
 Unseen thy little branches greet :
 No roving foot shall crush thee here,
 No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by ;
Thus quietly thy summer goes—
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom ;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay—
The flowers that did in Eden bloom ;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came :
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same ;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

THE sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away :
Begin, ye tormentors ! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the woods where in ambush he lay,
And the scalps which he bore from your nation away !
Why do ye delay ?—till I shrink from my pain ?
Know the son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low !
 The flame rises high—you exult in my pain !—
 But the son of Alknomock will never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;
 His ghost shall exult in the fame of his son.
 Death comes like a friend ; he relieves me from pain,
 And thy son, O Alknomock ! has scorned to complain.

Susannah Rowson.

AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.

(1795.)

HOW blest a life a sailor leads,
 From clime to clime still ranging ;
 For as the calm the storm succeeds,
 The scene delights by changing !
 When tempests howl along the main,
 Some object will remind us,
 And cheer with hopes to meet again
 Those friends we've left behind us.
 Then, under snug sail, we laugh at the gale,
 And though landsmen look pale, never heed 'em ;
 But toss off a glass to a favourite lass,
 To America, commerce, and freedom !
 And when arrived in sight of land,
 Or safe in port rejoicing,
 Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
 Whilst out the boat is hoisting.

With eager haste the shore we reach,
 Our friends delighted greet us ;
 And, tripping lightly o'er the beach,
 The pretty lasses meet us.
 When the full-flowing bowl has enlivened the soul,
 To foot it we merrily lead 'em ;
 And each bonny lass will drink off a glass
 To America, commerce, and freedom !

Our cargo sold, we chink the share,
 And gladly we receive it ;
 And if we meet a brother-tar
 Who wants, we freely give it.
 No freeborn sailor yet had store,
 But cheerfully would lend it ;
 And when 'tis gone, to sea for more—
 We earn it but to spend it.

Then drink round, my boys ! 'tis the first of our joys
 To relieve the distressed, clothe and feed 'em ;
 'Tis a task which we share with the brave and the fair
 In this land of commerce and freedom !

St. John Tucker.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

(1800.)

DAYS of my youth, ye have glided away :
 Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray :
 Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more :
 Checks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er :

Strength of my youth, all your vigour is gone :
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall :
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall :
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen :
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been :
Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray :
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay ?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past :
Pains of my age, yet awhile you can last :
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight :
Eyes of my age, be religion your light :
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod :
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God !

Timothy Dwight.

THE SOCIAL VISIT.

(1794.)

YE Muses! dames of dignified renown,
Revered alike in country and in town,
Your bard the mysteries of a visit show
(For sure your ladyships those mysteries know) :
What is it, then, obliging sisters! say,
The debt of social visiting to pay?
'Tis not to toil before the idol pier;
To shine the first in fashion's lunar sphere;

By sad engagements forced abroad to roam,
 And dread to find the expecting fair at home !
 To stop at thirty doors in half a day,
 Drop the gilt card, and proudly roll away ;
 To alight, and yield the hand with nice parade ;
 Up-stairs to rustle in the stiff brocade ;
 Swim through the drawing-room with studied air,
 Catch the pinked beau, and shade the rival fair ;
 To sit, to curb, to toss with bridled mien,
 Mince the scant speech, and lose a glance between ;
 Unfurl the fan, display the snowy arm,
 And ope, with each new motion, some new charm :
 Or sit in silent solitude, to spy
 Each little failing with malignant eye ;
 Or chatter with incessancy of tongue,
 Careless if kind or cruel, right or wrong ;
 To trill of us and ours, of mine and me,
 Our house, our coach, our friends, our family,
 While all the excluded circle sit in pain,
 And glance their cool contempt or keen disdain :
 To inhale from proud Nanking a sip of tea,
 And wave a courtesy trim, and flirt away :
 Or waste at cards peace, temper, health, and life,
 Begin with sullenness, and end in strife ;
 Lose the rich feast by friendly converse given,
 And backward turn from happiness and heaven.
 It is in decent habit, plain and neat,
 To spend a few choice hours in converse sweet,
 Careless of forms, to act the unstudied part,
 To mix in friendship, and to blend the heart ;
 To choose those happy themes which all must feel
 The moral duties and the household weal,

The tale of sympathy, the kind design,
 Where rich affections soften and refine ;
 To amuse, to be amused, to bless, be blest,
 And tune to harmony the common breast ;
 To cheer with mild good-humour's sprightly ray,
 And smooth life's passage o'er its thorny way ;
 To circle round the hospitable board,
 And taste each good our generous climes afford ;
 To court a quick return with accents kind,
 And leave, at parting, some regret behind.

Eliza Townsend.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

WHERE art Thou ?—Thou ! source and support of all
 That is or seen or felt ; thyself unseen,
 Unfelt, unknown—alas, unknowable !
 I look abroad among thy works—the sky,
 Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns—
 Life-giving earth, and ever-moving main,
 And speaking winds—and ask if these are Thee !
 The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
 The restless tide's outgoing and return,
 The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—
 Though hailed as gods of old, and only less,
 Are not the Power I seek ; are thine, not Thee !
 I ask Thee from the Past : if, in the years,
 Since first intelligence could search its source,
 Or in some former unremembered being

(If such, perchance, were mine), did they behold Thee?
 And next interrogate Futurity,
 So fondly tenanted with better things
 Than e'er experience owned—but both are mute;
 And Past and Future, vocal on all else,
 So full of memories and phantasies,
 Are deaf and speechless here! Fatigued, I turn
 From all vain parley with the elements,
 And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn inward
 From each material thing its anxious guest,
 If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
 He may vouchsafe himself—Spirit to spirit!
 O Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
 Pavilioned still in darkness, wilt thou hide Thee?
 What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
 Nor human eye may look on thine and live?
 Welcome the penalty! let that come now,
 Which soon or late must come. For light like this
 Who would not dare to die?

Peace, my proud aim,
 And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
 Await His will, who hath appointed this,
 With every other trial. Be that will
 Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,
 And unprepared solicitude to gaze
 On Him—the Unrevealed—learn hence, instead,
 To temper highest hope with humbleness.
 Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
 Till rent the veil, no longer separating
 The Holiest of all—as erst, disclosing
 A brighter dispensation; whose results
 Ineffable, interminable, tend

Even to the perfecting thyself—thy kind—
Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
By the firm promise of a voice from heaven
Pledged to the pure in heart!

David Humphreys.

WESTERN EMIGRATION.

(1799.)

WITH all that's ours, together let us rise,
Seek brighter plains, and more indulgent skies;
Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
And Nature blossoms in her virgin pride;
Where all that Beauty's hand can form to please
Shall crown the toils of war with rural ease.

The shady coverts and the sunny hills,
The gentle lapse of ever-murmuring rills,
The soft repose amid the noontide bowers,
The evening walk among the blushing flowers,
The fragrant groves, that yield a sweet perfume,
And vernal glories in perpetual bloom,
Await you there; and Heaven shall bless the toil:
Your own the produce, and your own the soil.

There, free from envy, cankering care, and strife,
Flow the calm pleasures of domestic life;
There mutual friendship soothes each placid breast:
Blest in themselves, and in each other blest.
From house to house the social glee extends,
For friends in war, in peace are doubly friends.

There cities rise, and spiry towns increase,
 With gilded domes and every art of peace.
 There Cultivation shall extend his power,
 Rear the green blade, and nurse the tender flower ;
 Make the fair villa in full splendours smile,
 And robe with verdure all the genial soil.
 There shall rich Commerce court the favouring gales,
 And wondering wilds admire the passing sails,
 Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,
 Where wild Ontario rolls the whitening wave,
 Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,
 And Mississippi laves the extended shores.
 And thou Supreme ! whose hand sustains this ball,
 Before whose nod the nations rise and fall,
 Propitious smile, and shed diviner charms
 On this blest land, the queen of arts and arms ;
 Make the great empire rise on wisdom's plan,
 The seat of bliss, and last retreat of man.

Joel Barlow.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

(1793.)

CANTO I.

YE Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
 To cramp the day and hide me from the skies ;
 Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurled,
 Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
 I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
 A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,

But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror steeled,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the stillhouse bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,—
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh, could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame;
But, rising grateful to the accustomed ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!

Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Through wrecks of Time thy lineage and thy race;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learned with stones to crack the well-dried maize,

Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
 In boiling water stir the yellow flour :
 The yellow flour, bestrewed and stirred with haste,
 Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
 Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
 Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim ;
 The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
 And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
 Rise, like her labours, to the son of song,
 To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
 And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
 Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone
 The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
 But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,
 Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
 Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy !
 Doomed o'er the world through devious paths to roam,
 Each clime my country, and each house my home,
 My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end :
 I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.

For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,
 How long in vain I wandered up and down,
 Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
 Cold from his cave usurps the morning board !
 London is lost in smoke and steeped in tea ;
 No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee ;
 The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
 Would call a proclamation from the crown.
 For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
 Chilled in their fogs, exclude the generous maize :

A grain whose rich, luxuriant growth requires
Short, gentle showers, and bright ethereal fires.

But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee, we meet and laugh once more.
The same! I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;
For endless years, through every mild domain,
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.
But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,
In different realms to give thee different names.
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polanta call; the French, of course, *Polante*.
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush!*
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawm*.
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth:
Thy name is *HASTY PUDDING!* thus our sires
Were wont to greet thee fuming from the fires;
And while they argued in thy just defence
With logic clear, they thus explained the sense:
"In *haste* the boiling cauldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready-powdered maize;
In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste*,
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear and wound the stony plate;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taugt with art the yielding mass to dip,

By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
 Performs the *hasty* honours of the board."
 Such is thy name, significant and clear,
 A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,
 But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste
 Preserve my pure, hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
 The luscious food, because it feeds the brute ;
 In tropes of high-strained wit, while gaudy prigs
 Compare thy nursling man to pampered pigs :
 With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
 Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
 What though the generous cow gives me to quaff
 The milk nutritious ; am I then a calf ?
 Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
 Though nursed on pudding, thence lay claim to mine ?
 Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise,
 Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song, resounding in its grateful glee,
 No merit claims : I praise myself in thee.
 My father loved thee through his length of days,
 For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize ;
 From thee what health, what vigour he possessed,
 Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest ;
 Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
 And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
 Delicious grain ! whatever form it take,
 To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
 In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
 But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in thee !

Let the green succotash with thee contend ;
 Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend ;

Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side;
Not all the plate, how famed soe'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.
Some talk of *Hoz-Cake*, fair Virginia's pride!
Rich *Johnny-Cake* this mouth hath often tried;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the last
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smoking hot,
The big, round dumpling, rolling from the pot;
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast;
The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;
The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bakepan knows,—
You tempt me not; my favourite greets my eyes,
To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
To make mankind to social virtue sour,
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,
Commanding sweat to stream from every cook;
Children no more their antic gambols tried,
And friends to physic wondered why they died.

Not so the Yankee : his abundant feast,
 With simples furnished and with plainness dressed,
 A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
 And cheers alike the servant and the lord ;
 Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,
 And health attends them from the short repast.

While the full pail rewards the milkmaid's toil,
 The mother sees the morning cauldron boil ;
 To stir the pudding next demands their care ;
 To spread the table and the bowls prepare :
 To feed the children as their portions cool,
 And comb their heads, and send them off to school.

Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,
 For Nature scorns not all the aids of Art.
 E'en *Pudding*, purest of all food,
 May be bad, indifferent, or good,
 As sage experience the short process guides,
 Or want of skill or want of care presides.
 Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
 To rear the child and long sustain the man ;
 To shield the morals while it mends the size,
 And all the powers of every food supplies,—
 Attend the lesson that the Muse shall bring ;
 Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing !

But since, O man ! thy life and health demand
 Not food alone, but labour from thy hand,
 First, in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,
 Ask of thy mother Earth the needful maize ;
 She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
 And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.

When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
 Repays the loan that filled the winter stall,

Pursue his traces o'er the furrowed plain,
 And plant in measured hills the golden grain.
 But when the tender germ begins to shoot,
 And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
 Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,
 The insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.
 A little ashes sprinkled round the spire,
 Soon steeped in rain, will bid the worm retire;
 The feathered robber, with his hungry maw,
 Swift flies the field before your man of straw—
 A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring,
 When met to burn the pope or hang the king.

Thrice in the season, through each verdant row,
 Wield the strong ploughshare and the faithful hoe;
 The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,
 To till the summer corn and roast the winter cakes.

Slow springs the blade, while checked by chilling rains,
 Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;
 But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,
 Then start the juices, then the roots expand;
 Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
 The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold;
 The busy branches all the ridges fill,
 Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
 Here cease to vex them; all your cares are done:
 Leave the last labours to the parent Sun;
 Beneath his genial smiles, the well-dressed field,
 When Autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.

Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
 And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;
 The suckling ears the silken fringes bend,
 And, pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;

The loaded stalk, while still the burden grows,
 O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows;
 High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,
 A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
 When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid
 To meet her swain beneath the new-formed shade;
 His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
 And the green spoils her ready basket fill;
 Small compensation for the twofold bliss,
 The promised wedding, and the present kiss.

Slight depredations these; but now the moon
 Calls from his hollow trees the sly raccoon;
 And while by night he bears his prize away,
 The bolder squirrel labours through the day.
 Both thieves alike, but provident of time,
 A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.
 Then let them steal the little stores they can,
 And fill their granaries from the toils of man;
 We've one advantage where they take no part—
 With all their wiles, they ne'er have found the art
 To boil the *Hasty Pudding*; here we shine
 Superior far to tenants of the pine;
 This envied boon to man shall still belong,
 Unshared by them in substance or in song.

At last the closing season browns the plain,
 And ripe October gathers in the grain;
 Deep-loaded carts the spacious cornhouse fill,
 The sack distended marches to the mill;
 The labouring mill beneath the burden groans,
 And showers the future pudding from the stones;
 Till the glad housewife greets the powdered gold,
 And the new crop exterminates the old.

CANTO III.

The days grow short ; but though the falling sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
Night's pleasure shades his various tasks prolong,
And yield no subjects to my various song.
For now, the cornhouse filled, the harvest home,
The invited neighbours to the *husking* come ;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.

Where the huge heap lies centred in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown, corn-fed nymphs, and strong, hard-handed beaus,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack ;
The dry husks rustle, and the corncobs crack ;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.

The laws of husking every wight can tell,
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well :
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains ;
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips and taper as her waist,
She walks the round and culls one favoured beau,
Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sport, as are the wits and brains
Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains ;
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day.

Meanwhile, the housewife urges all her care,
The well-earned feast to hasten and prepare.

The sifted meal already waits her hand,
 The milk is strained, the bowls in order stand,
 The fire flames high ; and as a pool (that takes
 The headlong stream that o'er the milldam breaks)
 Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,
 So the vexed cauldron rages, roars, and boils.

First with clean salt she seasons well the food,
 Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.
 Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand ;
 To stir it well demands a stronger hand ;
 The husband takes his turn : and round and round
 The ladle flies ; at last the toil is crowned ;
 When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
 And take their seats as at the corn before.

I leave them to their feast. There still belong
 More copious matters to my faithful song.
 For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded yet,
 Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
 And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.
 A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise ;
 A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
 When the chilled earth lies buried deep in snow,
 And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.

Blest cow ! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
 Great source of health, the only source of joy ;
 Mother of Egypt's god—but sure, for me,
 Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.
 How oft thy teats these precious hands have pressed !
 How oft thy bounties proved my only feast !
 How oft I've fed thee with my favourite grain !
 And roared, like thee, to find thy children slain !

Yes, swains who know her various worth to prize,
Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies.
Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;
When spring returns, she'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her own.

Milk, then, with pudding I would always choose;
To this in future I confine my Muse,
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand; you've got the portion due:
So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.

There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear
The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.
The deep-bowled Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop
In ample draughts the thin, diluted soup,
Performs not well in those substantial things,
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave, but still more dilate,
Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes.
Experienced feeders can alone impart
A rule so much above the lore of art.

These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
 With just precision could the point decide,
 Though not in song; the Muse but poorly shines
 In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines;
 Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
 Is that small section of a goose-egg shell,
 Which in two equal portions shall divide
 The distance from the centre to the side.

Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin:
 Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
 Suspend the ready napkin; or, like me,
 Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
 Just in the zenith your wise head project;
 Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
 Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that fall,—
 The wide-mouthed bowl will surely catch them all!

Joseph Hopkinson.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

(1798.)

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valour won!
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm—united—let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty ;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more ;
 Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand—
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.
 Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame !
 Let WASHINGTON'S great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause :
 Let every clime to Freedom dear
 Listen with a joyful ear.
 With equal skill and godlike power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war ; or guides with ease
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm—united, &c.

Behold, the Chief who now commands
 Once more to serve his country stands—

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The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will beat :
 But, armed in virtue firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
 When Hope was sinking in dismay,
 And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.
 Firm—united, &c.

Clement C. Moore.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through
 the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
 And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
 The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
 Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below—
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-deer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick !
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name :
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and Vixen !
On ! Comet, on ! Cupid, on ! Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall !
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all ! ”

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath ;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump ; a right jolly old elf ;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

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He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Washington Allston.

THE PAINT-KING.

FAIR Ellen was long the delight of the young;
 No damsel could with her compare;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
 And bards without number, in ecstasies, sung
 The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid; and, though legions advanced,
 All drilled by Ovidian art,
 And languished and ogled, protested and danced,
 Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glanced
 From the hard, polished ice of her heart.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
 A something that could not be found;
 Like a sailor she seemed on a desolate shore,
 With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but the roar
 Of breakers high dashing around.

From object to object still, still would she veer,
Though nothing, alas! could she find;
Like the moon, without atmosphere, brilliant and clear,
Yet doomed, like the moon, with no being to cheer
The bright barren waste of her mind.

But, rather than sit like a statue so still,
When the rain made her mansion a pound,
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a woodpecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement inclined,
Passed a youth with a frame in his hand.
The casement she closed, not the eye of her mind,
For, do all she could, no, she could not be blind;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"Ah, what can he do?" said the languishing maid,
"Ah, what with that frame can he do?"
And she knelt to the goddess of secrets, and prayed,
When the youth passed again, and again he displayed
The frame and a picture to view.

"Oh, beautiful picture!" the fair Ellen cried,
"I must see thee again, or I die."
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth and the picture she hied,
When the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he (and he chuckled the while),
"This picture, I see, you admire:
Then take it, I pray you; perhaps 'twill beguile
Some moments of sorrow (nay, pardon my smile),
Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

'Then Ellen the gift, with delight and surprise,
 From the cunning young stripling received.
 But she knew not the poison that entered her eyes,
 When, sparkling with rapture, they gazed on her prize—
 Thus, alas, are fair maidens deceived !

'Twas a youth o'er the form of a statue inclined,
 And the sculptor he seemed of the stone ;
 Yet he languished as though for its beauty he pined,
 And gazed as the eyes of the statue so blind
 Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor Pygmalion of old ;
 Fair Ellen remembered, and sighed :
 " Ah, couldst thou but lift from that marble so cold
 Thine eyes too imploring, thy arms should enfold,
 And press me this day as thy bride."

She said : when, behold, from the canvas arose
 The youth, and he stepped from the frame :
 With a furious transport his arms did enclose
 The love-plighted Ellen ; and, clasping, he froze
 The blood of the maid with his flame.

She turned, and beheld on each shoulder a wing.
 " O Heaven !" cried she, " who art thou ?"
 From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
 As, frowning, he thundered, " I am the Paint-King !
 And mine, lovely maid, thou art now !"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
 The loud-screaming maid like a blast ;
 And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,
 While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift
 To the right and the left as he passed.

Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
With an eddying whirl he descends ;
The air all below him becomes black as night,
And the ground where he treads, as if moved with affright,
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

“ I am here ! ” said the fiend, and he thundering knocked
At the gates of a mountainous cave ;
The gates open flew, as by magic unlocked,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rocked
Like an island of ice on the wave.

“ Oh, mercy ! ” cried Ellen, and swooned in his arms ;
But the Paint-King, he scoffed at her pain.
“ Prithee, love, ” said the monster, “ what mean these alarms ? ”
She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms,
That work her to horror again.

She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes
Behold the fair youth she would woo ;
Now appears the Paint-King in his natural guise ;
His face, like a palette of villanous dyes,
Black and white, red and yellow, and blue.

On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied,
Sat the fiend, like the grim giant Gog,
While aloft to his mouth a huge pipe he applied,
Twice as big as the Eddystone Lighthouse, descried
As it looms through an easterly fog.

And anon, as he puffed the vast volumes, were seen,
In horrid festoons on the wall,
Legs and arms, heads and bodies emerging between,
Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney Beane,
By the devil dressed out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet.

"Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"

"Oh, no," said the fiend, while he sprang from his seat,

"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet ;

Into paint will I grind thee, my bride !"

Then seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,

An oil-jug he plunged her within.

Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair,

Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,

All covered with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth, on a huge sable stone

Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid ;

With a rock for his muller, he crushed every bone,

But, though ground to jelly, still, still did she groan ;

For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care

Each tint on its surface he spread ;

The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,

And the pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,

And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

Then, stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,

"Now I brave, cruel fairy, thy scorn !"

When, lo! from a chasm wide-yawning there came

A light, tiny chariot of rose-coloured flame,

By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthroned in the midst, on an emerald bright,

Fair Geraldine sat without peer ;

Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,

And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,

And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In an accent that stole on the still, charmèd air
Like the first gentle language of Eve,
Thus spake from her chariot the fairy so fair :
"I come at thy call, but, O Paint-King, beware,
Beware if again you deceive !"

"'Tis true," said the monster, "thou queen of my heart,
Thy portrait I oft have essayed ;
Yet ne'er to the canvas could I with my art
The least of thy wonderful beauties impart ;
And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear by the light of the Comet-King's tail"—
And he towered with pride as he spoke—
"If again with these magical colours I fail,
The crater of *Ætna* shall hence be my jail,
And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

"But if I succeed, then, O fair Geraldine,
Thy promise with justice I claim,
And thou, queen of fairies, shalt ever be mine,
The bride of my bed ; and thy portrait divine
Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake ; when, behold, the fair Geraldine's form
On the canvas enchantingly glowed ;
His touches, they flew like the leaves in a storm ;
And the pure pearly white, and the carnation warm,
Contending in harmony, flowed.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem
To the figure of Geraldine fair :
With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
Each muscle, each feature ; in short, not a gleam
Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'Twas the fairy herself! but, alas, her blue eyes
Still a pupil did ruefully lack;
And who shall describe the terrific surprise
That seized the Paint-King when, behold, he descries
Not a speck of his palette of black!

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
When, casting his eyes to the ground,
He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he fell like a stone;
Then, rising, the fairy, in ire,
With a touch of her finger, she loosened her zone
(While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan),
And she swelled to a column of fire.

Her spear now a thunder-bolt flashed in the air,
And sulphur the vault filled around;
She smote the grim monster: and now, by the hair
High lifting, she hurled him, in speechless despair,
Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then over the picture thrice waving her spear,
"Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
When, behold, from the canvas descending, appear
Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than e'er,
With grace more than ever divine!

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
 Which the bard of Avon sung,
 In which our MILTON told
 How the vault of heaven rung,
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
 While this, with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 From rock to rock repeat
 Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts,
 Between let ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
 Yet, still, from either beach
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech,
 "We are one!"

John Pierpont.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE Pilgrim fathers—where are they?
 The waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
 As they break along the shore;
 Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
 When the May-Flower moored below,

When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.

But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name !—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
But the Pilgrim—where is he ?

The Pilgrim fathers are at rest :
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled :
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
 And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
 Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
 Shall foam and freeze no more.

“PASSING AWAY.”

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
 That came so sweet to my dreaming ear—
 Like the silvery tones of a Fairy's shell
 That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
 When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
 And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep,
 She dispensing her silvery light,
 And he his notes, as silvery quite,
 While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
 To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
 Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
 Are set to words: as they float, they say,
 “Passing away! passing away!”

But no; it was not a Fairy's shell,
 Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
 Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
 Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
 As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
 That told of the flow of the stream of Time.
 For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
 And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung
 As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
 That hangs in his cage, a Canary-bird swing);

And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
 And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
 Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow!
 And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
 Seemed to point to the girl below.
 And lo! she had changed: in a few short hours
 Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
 That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
 This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
 In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
 That told me she soon was to be a bride;—
 "Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
 In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
 Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
 Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
 Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
 The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
 And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
 That marched so calmly round above her,
 Was a little dimmed—as when Evening steals
 Upon Noon's hot face: yet one couldn't but love her,
 For she looked like a mother, whose first babe lay
 Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;—
 And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came !
 Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan :
 Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
 Yet, just as busily, swung she on ;
 The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;
 The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;
 The hands, that over the dial swept,
 Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,
 And still there came that silver tone
 From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone
 (Let me never forget till my dying day
 The tone or the burden of her lay) —
 “ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

Samuel Woodworth.

THE BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view !—
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew !
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it ;
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it ;
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.
 That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure ;
 For often at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—
 The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
 As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
 Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As Fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, that hangs in the well!

Richard Henry Dana.

IMMORTALITY.

IS this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
 And doth Death cancel the great bond that holds
 Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
 But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
 The Eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
 Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
 Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms

Of uncreated light have visited, and lived?—
 Lived in the dreadful splendour of that throne,
 Which One, with gentle hand, the veil of flesh
 Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
 In glory?—throne, before which, even now,
 Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down,
 Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?
 Souls, that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
 Thou awful, unseen Presence! are they quenched?
 Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
 By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
 His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

And with our frames do perish all our loves?
 Do those that took their root, and put forth buds,
 And their soft leaves unfolded, in the warmth
 Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
 Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?
 Are thoughts and passions, that to the tongue give speech,
 And make it send forth winning harmonies—
 That to the cheek do give its living glow,
 And vision in the eye the soul intense
 With that for which there is no utterance—
 Are these the body's accidents?—no more?
 To live in it, and, when that dies, go out
 Like the burnt taper's flame?

Oh! listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
 Hymn it unto our souls; according harps,
 By angel-fingers touched, when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still

The song of our great immortality :
 Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
 Join in this solemn, universal song.
 Oh ! listen, ye, our spirits ; drink it in
 From all the air. 'Tis in the gentle moonlight ;
 'Tis floating midst Day's setting glories ; Night,
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears :
 Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
 The dying hear it ; and, as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

I.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the Sea,
 Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
 And with that boding cry
 O'er the waves dost thou fly ?
 Oh rather, bird, with me
 Through the fair land rejoice !

II.

Thy fitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
 As driven by a beating storm at sea ;

Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail—
What does it bring to me?

iii.

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

iv.

Of thousands thou both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

v.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining Sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore
For gladness, and the light
Where birds of summer sing.

Francis Scott Key.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

OH! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly stream-
ing?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

'What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;

Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream:

'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,

'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,

A home and a country they'd leave us no more?

Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollu-
tion;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave—

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between our loved home and the war's desolation ;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation !

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, " In God is our trust ;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

John Howard Payne.

SWEET HOME.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home ! home, sweet home !
There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain—
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;
'The birds singing gayly, that come at my call :
Give me these, and the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home ! sweet, sweet home !
There's no place like home !

James A. Hillhouse.

THE LAST EVENING BEFORE ETERNITY.

BY this, the sun his westering car drove low ;
Round his broad wheels full many a lucid cloud
Floated, like happy isles in seas of gold ;
Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,
Turrets and towers, whose fronts embattled gleamed
With yellow light : smit by the slanting ray,
A ruddy beam the canopy reflected ;
With deeper light the ruby blushed ; and thick
Upon the seraphs' wings the glowing spots
Seemed drops of fire. Uncoiling from its staff,
With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung,
Or, swelling with the swelling breeze, by fits
Cast off, upon the dewy air, huge flakes
Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,
The heavenly legions, the assembled world,
Evening her crimson tint forever drew.

Round I gazed
Where, in the purple west, no more to dawn,
Faded the glories of the dying day.
Mild-twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud,
The solitary star of evening shone.
While gazing wistful on that peerless light,
Thereafter to be seen no more (as oft
In dreams strange images will mix), sad thoughts
Passed o'er my soul. Sorrowing I cried, "Farewell,
Pale, beauteous planet, that display'st so soft,
Amid yon glowing streak, thy transient beam—

A long, a last farewell! Seasons have changed,
 Ages and empires rolled, like smoke, away;
 But thou, unaltered, beam'st as silver fair
 As on thy birthnight! Bright and watchful eyes,
 From palaces and bowers, have hailed thy gem
 With secret transport! Natal star of love,
 And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
 How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
 How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
 Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
 Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheered
 The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison!
 Pride of the West! beneath thy placid light
 The tender tale shall never more be told—
 Man's soul shall never wake to joy again:
 Thou set'st forever—lovely orb, farewell!"

Alexander H. Everett.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

SCION of a mighty stock!
 Hands of iron—hearts of oak—
 Follow with unflinching tread
 Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery,
 Gallant youth! are not for thee:
 Follow thou in word and deeds
 Where the God within thee leads.

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts,
These shall be thy only arts—

Prudent in the council-train,
Dauntless on the battle-plain,
Ready at the country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed.

Where the dews of night distil
Upon Vernon's holy hill ;
Where above it, gleaming far,
Freedom lights her guiding star—

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high ;
Thither with devotion meet
Often turn the pilgrim feet.

Let thy noble motto be,
" GOD—the COUNTRY—LIBERTY !"
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger, far or near ;
Spurn at baseness—spurn at fear ;
Still, with persevering might,
Speak the truth, and do the right.

So shall Peace, a charming guest,
Dove-like in thy bosom rest ;
So shall Honour's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days.

Happy if celestial favour
 Smile upon the high endeavour :
 Happy if it be thy call
 In the holy cause to fall.

Seba Smith.

THE BURNING SHIP AT SEA.

THE night was clear and mild,
 And the breeze went softly by,
 And the stars of heaven smiled
 As they wandered up the sky ;
 And there rode a gallant ship on the wave—
 But many a hapless wight
 Slept the sleep of death that night,
 And before the morning light
 Found a grave !

All were sunk in soft repose,
 Save the watch upon the deck :
 Not a boding dream arose
 Of the horrors of the wreck,
 To the mother, or the child, or the sire ;
 Till a shriek of woe profound,
 Like a death-knell echoed round—
 With a wild and dismal sound,
 A shriek of " Fire !"

Now the flames are spreading fast—
 With resistless rage they fly,

Up the shrouds and up the mast,
And are flickering to the sky ;
Now the deck is all a-blaze ; now the rails—
There's no place to rest their feet ;
Fore and aft the torches meet,
And a wingèd lightning-sheet
Are the sails.

No one heard the cry of woe
But the sea-bird that flew by ;
There was hurrying to and fro,
But no hand to save was nigh ;
Still before the burning foe they were driven—
Last farewells were uttered there,
With a wild and frenzied stare,
And a short and broken prayer
Sent to Heaven.

Some leap over in the flood
To the death that waits them there ;
Others quench the flames with blood,
And expire in open air ;
Some, a moment to escape from the grave,
On the bowsprit take a stand ;
But their death is near at hand—
Soon they hug the burning brand
On the wave.

From his briny ocean-bed,
When the morning sun awoke,
Lo, that gallant ship had fled !
And a sable cloud of smoke
Was the monumental pyre that remained ;

But the sea gulls round it fly,
 With a quick and fearful cry,
 And the brands that floated by
 Blood had stained.

Charles Sprague.

SHAKSPEARE ODE.

GOD of the glorious lyre!
 Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang,
 While Jove's exulting choir
 Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang—
 Come! bless the service and the shrine
 We consecrate to thee and thine.

Fierce from the frozen North,
 When Havoc led his legions forth, [spread:
 O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark destroyer
 In dust the sacred statue slept,
 Fair Science round her altars wept,
 And Wisdom cowed his head.

At length, Olympian lord of morn,
 The raven veil of night was torn,
 When, through golden clouds descending,
 Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,
 O'er Nature's lovely pageant bending,
 Till Avon rolled, all sparkling to thy sight!

There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's shade,
 Wrapped in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel strayed.

Lighting there and lingering long,
 Thou didst teach the bard his song ;
 Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,
 And round his brows a garland curled ;
 On his lips thy spirit fell,
 And bade him wake and warm the world !

Then SHAKSPEARE rose !
 Across the trembling strings
 His daring hand he flings,
 And, lo ! a new creation glows !
 There, clustering round, submissive to his will,
 Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

Madness, with his frightful scream,
 Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
 Avarice, with his blade and beam,
 Hatred, blasting with a glance ;
 Remorse, that weeps, and Rage, that roars,
 And Jealousy, that dotes, but dooms, and murders, yet
 adores.

Mirth, his face with sun-beams lit,
 Waking Laughter's merry swell,
 Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
 That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.

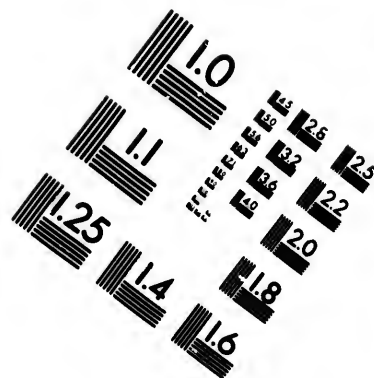
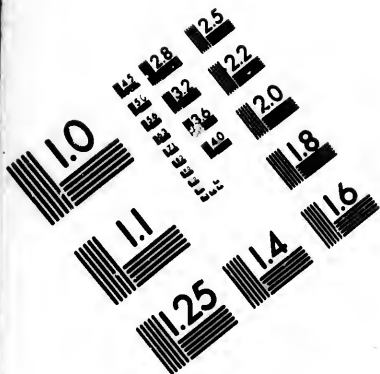
Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,
 Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam,
 Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
 And, swan-like, there her own dirge breathes,
 Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest,
 Beneath the bubbling wave, that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
 Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb
 Where his plighted victims lie—
 Where they met, but met to die :
 And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
 Through the dewy arbour peeping,
 Where Beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,
 To youth's devoted tale is listening,
 Rapture on her dark lash glistening, [spot.
 While fairies leave their cowslip cells and happy

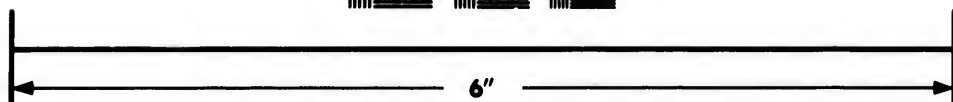
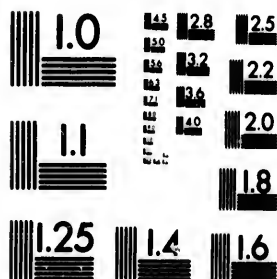
 Thus rise the phantom throng,
 Obedient to their master's song,
 And lead in willing chain the wandering soul along.
 For other worlds War's Great One sighed in vain—
 O'er other worlds see SHAKSPEARE rove and reign !
 The rapt magician of his own wild lay,
 Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey.
 Old Ocean trembles, Thunder cracks the skies,
 Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spectres rise ;
 Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,
 And faithless Guilt unseals the lip of Sleep ;
 Time yields his trophies up, and Death restores
 The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores.
 The fireside legend, and the faded page,
 The crime that cursed, the deed that blest an age,
 All, all come forth—the good to charm and cheer,
 To scourge bold Vice, and start the generous tear ;
 With pictured Folly gazing fools to shame,
 And guide young Glory's foot along the path of Fame.

 Lo ! hand in hand,
 Hell's juggling sisters stand,





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To greet their victim from the fight;
Grouped on the blasted heath,
They tempt him to the work of death,
Then melt in air, and mock his wondering sight.
In midnight's hallowed hour
He seeks the fatal tower,
Where the lone raven, perched on high,
Pours to the sullen gale
Her hoarse, prophetic wail,
And croaks the dreadful moment nigh.
See, by the phantom dagger led,
Pale, guilty thing,
Slowly he steals with silent tread,
And grasps his coward steel to smite his sleeping king.
Hark! 'tis the signal bell,
Struck by that bold and unsexed one,
Whose milk is gall, whose heart is stone;
His ear hath caught the knell—
'Tis done! 'tis done!
Behold him from the chamber rushing,
Where his dead monarch's blood is gushing:
Look, where he trembling stands,
Sad, gazing there,
Life's smoking crimson on his hands,
And in his felon heart the worm of wild despair.

Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering!
There flit the slaves of Conscience round,
With boding tongues foul murderers numbering;
Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,
At his own dull scream behold him waking!

Soon that dream to fate shall turn,
 For him the living furies burn ;
 For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,
 And chides the lagging Night, and whets her hungry beak.
 Hark ! the trumpet's warning breath
 Echoes round the vale of death.
 Unhorsed, unhelmed, disdainng shield,
 The panting tyrant scours the field.
 Vengeance ! he meets thy dooming blade !
 The scourge of earth, the scorn of heaven,
 He falls ! unwept and unforgiven,
 And all his guilty glories fade.
 Like a crushed reptile in the dust he lies,
 And hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes !

Behold yon crownless king—
 Yon white-locked, weeping sire—
 Where heaven's unpillared chambers ring,
 And burst their streams of flood and fire !
 He gave them all—the daughters of his love :
 That recreant pair ! they drive him forth to rove ;
 In such a night of woe,
 The cubless regent of the wood
 Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,
 And caverns with her foe !
 Yet one was ever kind :
 Why lingers she behind ?
 O pity !—view him by her dead form kneeling,
 Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling.
 His aching eyeballs strain,
 To see those curtained orbs unfold,
 That beauteous bosom heave again :
 But all is dark and cold.

In agony the father shakes;
 Grief's choking note
 Swells in his throat;
 Each withered heart-string tugs and breaks!
 Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes,
 And on her marble lips his last, his death-kiss breathes.

Down! trembling wing: shall insect weakness keep
 The sun-defying eagle's sweep?
 A mortal strike celestial strings,
 And feebly echo what a seraph sings?
 Who now shall grace the bowing throne,
 Where, all unrivalled, all alone,
 Bold SHAKESPEARE sat, and looked creation through,
 The minstrel monarch of the worlds he drew?

That throne is cold—that lyre in death unstrung,
 On whose proud note delighted Wonder hung.
 Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,
 One spot shall spare—the grave where SHAKESPEARE sleeps.
 Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie,
 But Nature's laureate bards shall never die.
 Art's chiselled boast and Glory's trophied shore
 Must live in numbers, or can live no more.
 While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may claim,
 Still roars the Olympic car in Pindar's fame:
 Troy's doubtful walls, in ashes passed away,
 Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless lay;
 Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fanes,
 Stands all immortal in her Maro's strains;
 So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,
 On whose broad sway the sun forever smiles,

To Time's unsparing rage one day must bend,
And all her triumphs in her SHAKSPEARE end!

O thou! to whose creative power
We dedicate the festal hour,
While Grace and Goodness round the altar stand,
Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's rose-lipped band—
Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown,
Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.
Deep in the West, as Independence roves,
His banners planting round the land he loves,
Where Nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace,
In Time's full hour shall spring a glorious race:
Thy name, thy verse, thy language shall they bear,
And deck for thee the vaulted temple there.
Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
Thy parent empire's galling yoke;
But thou, harmonious monarch of the mind,
Around their sons a gentler chain shall bind;
Still o'er our land shall Albion's sceptre wave,
And what her mighty lion lost, her mightier swan shall
save.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear;
Each chair is filled—we're all *at home*;
To-night let no cold stranger come:

It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found :
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot,
For once be every care forgot ;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour ;
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here !
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band :
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day ;
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
And cruel Ocean has his share—
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here !
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear ;
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears !
We see them as in times long past ;
From each to each kind looks are cast ;
We hear their words, their smiles behold ;
They're round us as they were of old—
We *are* all here.

We are all here!
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother,
 You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
 Soon must we join the gathered dead;
 And by the hearth we now sit round,
 Some other circle will be found.
 Oh! then, that wisdom may we know,
 Which yields a life of peace below!
 So, in the world to follow this,
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,
 "We're all—all *here!*"

 ART.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
 An angel left her place in heaven,
 And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
 'Twas Art! sweet Art!—new radiance broke
 Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
 And thus with seraph-voice she spoke:
 "The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
 Where noontide sunbeam never blazed;
 The thistle shrank, the harvest smiled,
 And Nature gladdened as she gazed.
 Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
 At Art's command, to him are given;

The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced ;
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste !
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal ;
Fire bears his banner on the wave ;
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill ;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illumine the page,
And, proudly scorning Time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky ;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace ;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

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Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

HOW slow yon lonely vessel ploughs the main!
Amid the heavy billows now she seems
A toiling atom: then from wave to wave
Leaps madly, by the tempest lashed, or reels
Half wrecked through gulfs profound. Moons wax and wane,
But still that patient traveller treads the deep.
—I see an icebound coast toward which she steers
With such a tardy movement, that it seems
Stern Winter's hand hath turned her keel to stone,
And sealed his victory on her slippery shrouds.
—They land! they land! not like the Genoese,
With glittering sword, and gaudy train, and eye
Kindling with golden fancies. Forth they come
From their long prison, hardy forms that brave
The world's unkindness, men of hoary hair,
Maidens of fearless heart, and matrons grave,
Who hush the wailing infant with a glance.
Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,—
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,
And savage men, who through the thickets peer
With vengeful arrow. What could lure their steps
To this drear desert! Ask of him who left
His father's home to roam through Haran's wilds,
Distrusting not the guide who called him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as ocean's sands. But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail; they crowd the strand,

Those few, lone pilgrims. Can ye scan the woe
That wrings their bosoms, as the last frail link,
Binding to man and habitable earth,
Is severed? Can ye tell what pangs were there,
With keen regrets; what sickness of the heart;
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant dear ones? Long, with straining eye,
They watch the lessening speck. Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms? No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famished huts, and pray!
Pray, and the ills that haunt this transient life
Fade into air. Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,—
A loftiness to face a world in arms,
To strip the pomp from sceptres, and to lay
On Duty's sacred altar the warm blood
Of slain affections, should they rise between
The soul and God. O ye, who proudly boast
In your free veins the blood of sires like these,
Look to their lineaments. Dread lest ye lose
Their likeness in your sons. Should Mammon cling
Too close around your heart, or wealth beget
That bloated luxury which eats the core
From manly virtue, or the tempting world
Make faint the Christian purpose in your soul,
Turn ye to Plymouth Rock, and where they knelt
Kneel, and renew the vow they breathed to God.

NIAGARA.

FLOW on, forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty! Yea, flow on,
Unfathomed and resistless! God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise. Ah! who can dare
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow, mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood: and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent labourer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young Creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find JEHOVAH's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
Of thine unending volume. Every leaf,
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing

Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
 To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
 The snowy leaflets of thy vapour wreath,
 For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
 Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
 Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
 Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
 Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
 Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
 Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
 Were profanation. Thou dost make the soul
 A wondering witness of thy majesty ;
 But as it presses with delirious joy
 To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
 And tame its rapture, with the humbling view
 Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
 In the dread presence of the Invisible,
 As if to answer to its God through thee.

THE CORAL - INSECT.

TOIL on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
 Who build in the tossing and treacherous main ;
 Toil on—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
 With your sand-based structures and domes of rock :
 Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
 And your arches spring up to the crested wave ;
 Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
 A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
 The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone ;

Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
 Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
 The turf looks green where the breakers rolled;
 O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
 The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
 And the mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
 The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
 There are snares enough on the tented field,
 'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
 There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up;
 There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup;
 There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
 And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
 From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
 The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
 With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
 And the gods of Ocean have frowned to see
 The mariner's bed in their halls of glee;
 Hath Earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
 The boundless Sea for the thronging dead?

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
 Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;
 From the land of promise ye fade and die,
 Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye;
 As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
 Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,
 Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
 While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

William Cullen Bryant.

THANATOPSIS.

TO him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding Sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form is laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of Ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,

And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods,—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.

So shalt thou rest,—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend

Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,—
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,

And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks,
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences,
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath, that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power,
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark—
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show,
 The boast of our vain race, to change the form

Of thy fair works. But Thou art here—Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the summit of these trees
In music;—Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt;—the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship;—Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
In all that proud Old World beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With delicate breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.
My heart is awed within me, when I think

Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of Decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful Youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of Earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy, Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble and are still. O God! when Thou

Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great Deep and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
 In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
 year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
 and sere.
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
 dead;
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
 the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
 gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers that lately
sprang and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of
flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.

The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November
rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn beauty
stood—

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such
days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

The South Wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast
the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of
ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armourers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison-walls
Fall outward: terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

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Thy birthright was not given by human hands :
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes ; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain-side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou ; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age ;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear ; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters ; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh ! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword ; nor yet, O Freedom ! close thy lids
In slumber ; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of Day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly limned upon the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night ;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,
 May look to heaven as I depart.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As, round the sleeping infant's feet
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet ;
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
 Buds, which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
 Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
 Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest ;
 We plant, upon the sunny lea,
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
 To load the May-wind's restless wings,

When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors ;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky ;
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth ;
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew ;
And sojourners beyond the sea

Shall think of childhood's careless day,
 And long, long hours of summer play,
 In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The Summer's songs, the Autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And Time shall waste this apple-tree.
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of Mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them:
 "A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple-tree."

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Edward Everett.

ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

(ALARIC stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.)

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
 Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
 Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
 Stain it with hypocritic tear ;
 For I will die as I did live,
 Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
 Upon the spot where I repose ;
 Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
 In hollow circumstance of woes ;
 Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
 Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
 Your monuments upon my breast,
 Nor yet within the common soil
 Lay down the wreck of power to rest,
 Where man can boast that he has trod
 On him that was "the Scourge of God!"

But ye the mountain-stream shall turn,
 And lay its secret channel bare,
 And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
 A resting-place forever there :

Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings ;
And never be the secret said,
Until the Deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth ;
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth :
For, e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain-tide,
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot ;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look ;
And, now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the Northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed ;
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth !
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth ;
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car ;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war—
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of His command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And Vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And, in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help,
In vain, within their seven-hilled towers ;
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper die
In the purple of their majesty,—
And bade my Northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine !

My course is run, my errand done ;
I go to Him from whom I came ;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name ;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done ;
But darker ministers of Fate,
Impatient, round the Eternal Throne,
And in the caves of Vengeance, wait ;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila !

Frances H. Green.

THE CHICKADEE'S SONG.

ON its downy wing, the snow,
Hovering, flieth to and fro—
And the merry schoolboy's shout,
Rich with joy, is ringing out ;
So we gather, in our glee,
To the snow-drifts—Chickadee !

Poets sing in measures bold
Of the glorious gods of old,
And the nectar that they quaffed,
When their jewelled goblets laughed ;
But the snow-cups best love we,
Gemmed with sunbeams—Chickadee !

They who choose, abroad may go,
Where the Southern waters flow,
And the flowers are never sere
In the garland of the year ;
But we love the breezes free
Of our North-land—Chickadee !

To the cottage yard we fly,
With its old trees waving high—
And the little ones peep out,
Just to know what we're about ;
For they dearly love to see
Birds in winter—Chic'tadee !

Every little feathered form
Has a nest of mosses warm ;
There our heavenly Father's eye
Looketh on us from the sky ;
And He knoweth where we be—
And He heareth—Chickadee !

There we sit the whole night long,
Dreaming that a spirit-song
Whispereth in the silent snow ;
For it has a voice we know,
And it weaves our drapery,
Soft as ermine—Chickadee !

All the strong winds, as they fly,
Rock us with their lullaby—
Rock us till the shadowy Night
Spreads her downy wings in flight :
Then we hasten, fresh and free,
To the snow-fields—Chickadee !

Where our harvest sparkles bright
In the pleasant morning light,
Every little feathery flake
Will a choice confection make—
Each globule a nectary be,
And we'll drain it—Chickadee !

So we never know a fear
 In this season cold and drear ;
 For to us a share will fall
 Of the love that blesseth all ;
 And our Father's smile we see
 On the snow-crust—Chickadee !

Henry R. Schoolcraft.

THE BIRCHEN CANOE.

IN the region of lakes, where the blue waters sleep,
 My beautiful fabric was built ;
 Light cedars supported its weight on the deep,
 And its sides with the sunbeams were gilt.

The bright, leafy bark of the betula-tree*
 A flexible sheathing provides ;
 And the fir's thready roots drew the parts to agree,
 And bound down its high swelling sides.

No compass or gavel was used on the bark,
 No art but in simplest degree ;
 But the structure was finished, and trim to remark,
 And as light as a sylph's could be.

Its rim was with tender young roots woven round,
 Like a pattern of wicker-work rare ;
 And it pressed on the waves with as lightsome a bound
 As a basket suspended in air.

* *Betula papyracæ.*

The builder knew well, in his wild, merry mood,
A smile from his sweet-love to win,
And he sung as he sewed the green bark to the wood,
"Leen ata nee saugein."*

The heavens in their brightness and glory below,
Were reflected quite plain to the view ;
And it moved like a swan, with as graceful a show,
My beautiful birchen canoe.

The trees on the shore, as I glided along,
Seemed rushing a contrary way ;
And my voyagers lightened their toil with a song,
That caused every heart to be gay.

And still as I floated by rock and by shell,
My bark raised a murmur aloud,
And it danced on the waves as they rose and they fell,
Like a fay on a bright summer cloud.

I thought, as I passed o'er the liquid expanse,
With the landscape in smiling array,
How blest I should be, if my life should advance
Thus tranquil and sweetly away.

The skies were serene, not a cloud was in sight,
Not an angry surge beat on the shore ;
And I gazed on the waters, and then on the light,
Till my vision could bear it no more.

Oh ! long shall I think of those silver-bright lakes,
And the scenes they exposed to my view ;
My friends, and the wishes I formed for their sakes,
And my bright yellow birchen canoe.

* You only I love.

GEEHALE: AN INDIAN LAMENT.

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore
 As sweetly and gayly as ever before ;
 For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,
 And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
 The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
 And reflects o'er the mountains as beamy a light
 As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
 When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.
 The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
 Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
 And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
 For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
 Each bird and each beast, it is blest in degree :
 All Nature is cheerful—all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair ;
 I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair ;
 I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
 And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes ;
 I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
 For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead ;
 But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay ;
 The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
 I will toss, with disdain, to the storm-beaten shore :
 Its charms I no longer obey or invoke—
 Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
 I will raise up my voice to the Source of the light ;
 I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at night ;
 I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
 And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves :

And will take a new Manito—such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

Oh, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes ;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-coloured stain,
Red—red shall alone on my visage remain !
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow ;
By night and by day I will follow the foe ;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows ;
His blood can alone give my spirit repose !

They came to my cabin when heaven was black ;
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track ;
But I saw, by the light of their blazing fuses,
They were people engendered beyond the big seas :
My wife and my children—oh, spare me the tale !
For who is there left that is kin to GEEHALE ?

Carlos Wilcox.

SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.

THE sun now rests upon the mountain-tops—
Begins to sink behind—is half concealed—
And now is gone : the last faint, twinkling beam
Is cut in twain by the sharp-rising ridge.
Sweet to the pensive is departing day,
When only one small cloud, so still and thin,
So thoroughly imbued with amber light,
And so transparent, that it seems a spot
Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,

Hangs o'er the hidden orb ; or where a few
Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain,
At each end sharpened to a needle's point,
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning-stream,
A half-hour's space above the mountain lie ;
Or when the whole consolidated mass,
That only threatened rain, is broken up
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one—
One as the ocean broken into waves ;
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,
All fading soon, as lower sinks the sun,
Till twilight end. But now another scene
To me most beautiful of all, appears :
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,
Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye—
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force
Its power of vision to admit the whole.
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye ;
Midway, the blushing of the mellow peach
Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep ;
And here, in this most lovely region, shines,
With added loveliness, the evening-star.
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,
Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.
Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun
Descended, in a single row arranged,
As if thus planted by the hand of Art,

Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,
 And in its fluid gold seem half dissolved.
 Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands
 With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,
 A stately colonnade, with verdant roof ;
 Upon a nearer still, a single tree,
 With shapely form, looks beautiful alone ;
 While, farther northward, through a narrow pass
 Scooped in the hither range, a single mount
 Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,
 And of a softer, more ethereal blue,
 A pyramid of polished sapphire built.

But now the twilight mingles into one
 The various mountains ; levels to a plain
 This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,
 Where every object to my sight presents
 Its shaded side ; while here upon these walls,
 And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks
 Under thick foliage, reflective shows
 Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line
 Of the horizon, parting heaven and earth !

Emma C. Embury.

CHEERFULNESS.

A GENTLE heritage is mine,
 A life of quiet pleasure :
 My heaviest cares are but to twine
 Fresh votive garlands for the shrine
 Where 'bides my bosom's treasure ;

I am not merry, nor yet sad,
My thoughts are more serene than glad.

I have outlived youth's feverish mirth,
And all its causeless sorrow :
My joys are now of nobler birth,
My sorrows too have holier birth,
And heavenly solace borrow ;
So, from my green and shady nook,
Back on my by-past life I look.

The Past has memories sad and sweet,
Memories still fondly cherished,
Of love that blossomed at my feet,
Whose odours still my senses greet,
E'en though the flowers have perished :
Visions of pleasures passed away
That charmed me in life's earlier day.

The Future, Isis-like, sits veiled,
And none her mystery learneth ;
Yet why should the bright cheek be paled,
For sorrows that may be bewailed
When Time our hopes inureth ?
Come when it will, Grief comes too soon—
Why dread the night at highest noon ?

I would not pierce the mist that hides
Life's coming joy or sorrow ;
If sweet Content with me abides
While onward still the present glides,
I think not of the morrow ;
It may bring griefs—enough for me
The quiet joy I feel and see.

Henry Ware, Jr.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

TO prayer, to prayer!—for the morning breaks,
 And Earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
 His light is on all below and above—
 The light of gladness, and life, and love.
 Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,
 Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gone,
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
 'To shade the couch where His children repose.
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
 And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer!—for the day that God has blest
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
 It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
 It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
 Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
 And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
 For her new-born infant beside her lies.
 Oh, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
 With rapture a mother only knows.
 Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
 Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
 Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
 What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
 As the bride bids parents and home farewell !
 Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
 And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
 And pray for his soul through Him who died.
 Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
 Oh, what is earth and its pleasures now !
 And what shall assuage his dark despair,
 But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
 And hear the last words the believer saith.
 He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
 There is peace in his eye that upward bends ;
 There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
 For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
 A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
 It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
 It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave !
 It points to the glory where He shall reign,
 Who whispered, " Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
 But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
 The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

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Awake, awake! and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of Nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

Maria Brooks.

TO THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

THE first time I beheld thee, beauteous stream,
How pure, how smooth, how broad thy bosom heaved!
What feelings rushed upon my heart!—a gleam
As of another life my kindling soul received.

Fair was the day, and o'er the crowded deck
Joy shone in many a smile; light clouds, in hue
As silvery as the new-fledged cygnet's neck,
Cast, as they moved, faint shadows on the blue—

Soft, deep, and distant—of the mountain-chain,
Wreathing and blending, tint with tint, and traced
So gently on the smiling sky. In vain
Time, scene, has changed: 'twill never be effaced.

Now o'er thy tranquil breast the moonbeams quiver:
How calm the air, how still the hour—how bright!
Would thou wert doomed to be my grave, sweet river!
How blends my soul with thy pure breath to-night!

The dearest hours that soul has ever known
 Have been upon thy brink : would it could wait,
 And, parted, watch thee still !—to stay and moan
 With thee, were better than my promised fate.

Ladaüanna ! monarch of the North !
 Father of streams unsung, be sung by me !
 Receive a lay that flows resistless forth !
 Oh, quench the fervour that consumes, in thee !

I've seen more beauty on thy banks, more bliss,
 Than I had deemed were ever seen below ;
 Dew falls not on a happier land than this ;
 Fruits spring from desert wilds, and Love sits throned on
 snow ;

Snows that drive warmth to shelter in the heart ;
 Snows that conceal, beneath their moonlit heaps,
 Plenty's rich embryo ; fruits and flowers that start
 To meet their full-grown Spring, as strong to earth he leaps.

How many grades of life thou view'st ! thy wave
 Bears the dark daughter of the woods, as light
 She springs to her canoe, and, wildly grave,
 Views the Great Spirit mid the fires of night.

A hardy race, sprung from the Gaul, and gay,
 Frame their wild songs and sing them to the oar ;
 And think to chase the forest-fiends away,
 Where yet no mass-bell tinkles from the shore.

The pensive nun throws back the veil that hides
 Her calm, chaste eyes ; straining them long, to mark
 When the mist thickens, if perchance there bides
 The peril, wildering on, some little bark :

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And trims her lamp, and hangs it in her tower ;
Not as the priestess did of old (she's driven
To do that deed by no fierce passion's power),
But kindly, calmly, for the love of Heaven.

Who had been lost, what heart from breaking saved,
She knows not, thinks not ; guided by her star,
Some being leaps to shore : 'twas all she craved ;
She makes the holy sign, and blesses him from far.

The plaided soldier, in his mountain pride
Exulting, as he treads with statelier pace,
Views his white limbs reflected in thy tide,
While wave the sable plumes that shade his manly face.

The song of Ossian mingles with thy gale,
The harp of Carolan's remembered here ;
The bright-haired son of Erin tells his tale,
Dreams of his misty isle, and drops for her a tear.

Thou'st seen the trophies of that deathless day,
Whose name bright glance from every Briton brings,
When half the world was marshalled in array,
And fell the great, self-nurtured "king of kings."

Youthful Columbia, ply thy useful arts ;
Rear the strong nursling that thy mother bore,
Called Liberty. Thy boundless fields, thy marts,
Enough for thee : tempt these brown rocks no more ;

Or leave them to that few, who, blind to gold,
And scorning pleasure, brave with higher zest
A doubtful path ; mid pain, want, censure, bold
To pant one fevered hour on Genius' breast.

Nature's best loved, thine own, thy virtuous WEST,
 Chose for his pencil a Canadian sky :
 Bade Death recede, who the fallen victor pressed,
 And made perpetuate his latest sigh.*

SULLY, of tender tints transparent, fain
 I would thy skill a while ; for Memory's showing,
 To prove thy hand the purest of thy train,
 A native beauty from thy pencil glowing.

Or he who sketched the Cretan : gone her Greek,
 She, all unconscious that he's false or flying,
 Sleeps, while the light blood revels in her cheek
 So rosy warm, we listen for her sighing.†

Could he paint beauty, warmth, light, happiness,
 Diffused around like fragrance from a flower—
 And melody—all that sense can bless,
 Or soul concentrate in one form—his power

I'd ask. But Nature, Nature, when thou wilt,
 Thou canst enough to make all art despair ;
 Guard well the wondrous model thou hast built,
 Which these, thy nectared waves, reflect and love to
 bear.

Nature, all-powerful Nature, thine are ties
 That seldom break though the heart beat so cold,
 That Love and Fancy's fairest garland dies—
 Though false, though light as air—thy bonds may hold.

* In allusion to West's celebrated picture, "The Death of Wolfe."

† Vanderlyn—see his picture of "Ariadne."

The mother loves her child : the brother yet
 Thinks of his sister, though for years unseen ;
 And seldom doth the bridegroom quite forget
 Her who hath blest him once, though seas may roll
 between.

But can a friendship, pure and rapture-wrought,
 Endure without such bonds? I'll deem it may,
 And bless the hope it nurtures : beauteous thought,
 Howe'er fantastic!—dear illusion—stay!

O stream, O country of my heart, farewell!
 Say, shall I e'er return? shall I once more—
 Ere close these eyes that looked to love—ah, tell!
 Say, shall I tread again thy fertile shore?

Else, how endure my weary lot—the strife
 To gain content when far—the burning sighs—
 The asking wish—the aching void? O life!
 Thou art, and hast been, one long sacrifice!

John Neal.

MUSIC OF THE NIGHT.

TH**ERE** are harps that complain to the presence of
 Night,
 To the presence of Night alone—
 In a near and unchangeable tone—
 Like winds, full of sound, that *go* whispering by,
 As if some immortal had stooped from the sky,
 And breathed out a blessing—and flown!

Yes! harps that complain to the breezes of Night,
 To the breezes of Night alone;
 Growing fainter and fainter, as ruddy and bright
 The Sun rolls aloft in his drapery of light,
 Like a conqueror, shaking his brilliant hair
 And flourishing robe, on the edge of the air!
 Burning crimson and gold
 On the clouds that unfold,
 Breaking onward in flame, while an ocean divides
 On his right and his left—so the Thunderer rides,
 When he cuts a bright path through the heaving tides,
 Rolling on, and erect, in a charioting throne!

Yes! strings that lie still in the gushing of Day,
 That awake, all alive, to the breezes of Night.
 There are hautboys and flutes too, forever at play
 When the evening is near, and the sun is away,
 Breathing out the still hymn of delight.
 These strings by invisible fingers are played—
 By spirits, unseen and unknown,
 But thick as the stars, all this music is made;
 And these flutes, alone,
 In one sweet, dreamy tone,
 Are ever blown,
 Forever and forever.
 The livelong night ye hear the sound,
 Like distant waters flowing round
 In ringing caves, while heaven is sweet
 With crowding tunes, like halls
 Where fountain-music falls,
 And rival minstrels meet.

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ON SEEING CAVALRY PASSING THROUGH A GORGE,
AT SUNSET.

(FROM "BATTLE OF NIAGARA.")

AH, now let us gaze!—what a wonderful sky!
How the robe of the god, in its flame-colored dye,
Goes ruddily, flushing, sweeping by!
Nay, speak! did you ever behold such a night?
While the winds blew about, and the waters were bright,
The sun rolling home in an ocean of light!
But hush! there is music away in the sky;
Some creatures of magic are charioting by;
Now it comes—what a sound! 'tis as cheerful and wild
As the echo of caves to the laugh of a child;
Ah yes, they are here! See, away to your left,
Where the sun has gone down, where the mountains are cleft,
A troop of tall horsemen! How fearless they ride!
'Tis a perilous path o'er that steep mountain's side;
Careering they come, like a band of young knights
That the trumpet of morn to the tilting invites;
With high-nodding plumes, and with sunshiny vests;
With wide-tossing manes, and with mail-covered breasts;
With arching of necks, and the plunge and the pride
Of their high-mettled steeds, as they galloping ride,
In glitter and pomp; with their housings of gold,
With their scarlet and blue, as their squadrons unfold,
Flashing changeable light, like a banner unrolled!
Now they burst on the eye in their martial array,
And now they have gone, like a vision of day.
In a streaming of splendour they came—but they wheeled;
And instantly all the bright show was concealed—

As if 'twere a tournament held in the sky,
 Betrayed by some light passing suddenly by;
 Some band by the flashing of torches revealed,
 As it fell o'er the boss of an uplifted shield,
 Or banners and blades in the darkness concealed.

James Gates Percival.

THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

HERE rest the great and good—here they repose
 After their generous toil. A sacred band,
 They take their sleep together, while the year
 Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
 And gathers them again, as Winter frowns.
 Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre; green sods
 Are all their monument; and yet it tells
 A nobler history than pillared piles,
 Or the eternal pyramids. They need
 No statue nor inscription to reveal
 Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
 With which their children tread the hallowed ground
 That holds their venerated bones, the peace
 That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
 That clothes the land they rescued—these, though mute,
 As feeling ever is when deepest—these
 Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
 Reared to the kings and demigods of old.
 Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
 Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs

There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious Liberty. No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the poor consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
When first our patriots sent the invader back
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
Their feelings were all nature, and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,
While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts,
And the one universal LORD. They need
No column, pointing to the heaven they sought,
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,
And there alone reposes.

TO THE EAGLE.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest-clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain-top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze :
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow, spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below—
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind ;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest-wind.
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,

From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid ;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour !

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread ;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead !
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave ;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight ?
" O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light—
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watched alone ;
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

" But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave ;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.

I wheeled around the welcome bark,
 As it sought the desolate shore,
 And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
 My quivering pinions bore.

“And now that bold and hardy few
 Are a nation wide and strong;
 And danger and doubt I have led them through,
 And they worship me in song;
 And over their bright and glancing arms,
 On field, and lake, and sea,
 With an eye that fires and a spell that charms
 I guide them to victory.”

NEW ENGLAND.

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
 Our fondest boast;
 The sepulchre of mighty dead,
 The truest hearts that ever bled,
 Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,
 A fearless host!
 No slave is here; our unchained feet
 Walk freely as the waves that beat
 Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
 To seek this shore;
 They left behind the coward slave
 To welter in his living grave;
 With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
 They sternly bore

Such toils as meaner souls had quelled ;
But souls like these, such toils impelled
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless, stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight !
Oh, 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore ;
Thou art the shelter of the free ;
The home, the port of Liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore !

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest ;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed :
All, who the wreath of Freedom twine
Beneath the shadow of their vine,
Are blessed.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
 And here we stand—
 Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
 And on our heads their fury pour,
 And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
 And storm our land ;
 They still shall find our lives are given
 To die for home ;—and leaned on Heaven
 Our hand.

THE CORAL-GROVE

DEEP in the wave is a coral-grove,
 Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
 That never are wet with falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
 Far down in the green and glassy brine ;
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;
 From coral-rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air :
 There, with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter :
 There, with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;

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And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea :
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
 And is safe, when the wrathful Spirit of Storms
 Has made the top of the wave his own :
 And when the ship from his fury flies,
 Where the myriad voices of Ocean roar,
 When the Wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
 And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;
 Then far below in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
 Through the bending twigs of the coral-grove.

IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

OH, it is great for our country to die, where ranks are
 contending !

Bright is the wreath of our fame ; glory awaits us for
 aye—

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never
 ending—

Glory that never shall fade—never, oh, never away !

Oh, it is sweet for our country to die ! How softly reposes
 Warrior-youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
 Wet by a mother's warm tears ! they crown him with gar-
 lands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs
 above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend who for country
hath perished ;

Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with
her smile :

There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished ;
Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral
pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river ;
Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue rolling sea ;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted forever ;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant,
and free.

Oh, then, how great for our country to die, in the front
rank to perish—

Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout in our
ear !

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory
cherish ;

We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet
music to hear.

Hannah F. Gould.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

“**N**OW, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot ?
And then will my course be ended ?”
’Twas thus a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through the measureless space it strayed,

Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

“Oh, no,” said the Earth, “thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky,
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping;
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form;
Thou’lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

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

“To wake, and be raised from thy transient sleep,
When Viola’s mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

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

But true, 'tis thing, as my name is Earth,
 I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
 When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
 And never meet descending."

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

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

Joseph Rodman Drake.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

I.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain-height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of Night,
 And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

II.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;

And as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
 And gory sabres flash and fall
 Like shoots of fire on midnight's pall,—
 Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of Death.

IV.

Flag of the seas! on ocean-wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When Death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendours fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel-hands to Valour given—
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

THE CULPRIT FAY.

“My visual orbs are purged from film, and, lo!
 Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing valcs,
 I see old fairy-land's miraculous show!
 Her trees of tinsel kissed by freakish gales,
 Her oughs that, cloaked in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,
 And fairies, swarming”

TENNANT'S ANSTER FAIR.

I.

'TIS the middle watch of a Summer's night—
 The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
 Naught is seen in the vault on high
 But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
 And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
 A river of light on the welkin blue.
 The moon looks down on old Cronest;
 She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw
 In a silver cone on the wave below;
 His sides are broken by spots of shade,
 By the walnut-bough and the cedar made,
 And through their clustering branches dark
 Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
 Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
 Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II.

The stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
 A burnished length of wavy beam
 In an eel-like, spiral line below;

The winds are whist, and the owl is still ;
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid ;
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katy-did ;
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till Morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell :
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well ;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elfe
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry ;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)—
“ Midnight comes, and all is well !
Hither, hither, wing your way !
'Tis the dawn of the fairy-day.”

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
They come from the mullein's velvet screen ;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze ;

Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
 They had driven him out by elfin power,
 And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
 Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
 And some had opened the four-o'clock,
 And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
 Above—below—on every side,
 Their little minim forms arrayed
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!

V.

They come not now to print the lea,
 In freak and dance around the tree,
 Or at the mushroom board to sup,
 And drink the dew from the buttercup;—
 A scene of sorrow waits them now,
 For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
 He has loved an earthly maid,
 And left for her his woodland shade;
 He has lain upon her lip of dew,
 And sunned him in her eye of blue,
 Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
 Played in the ringlets of her hair,
 And, nestling on her snowy breast,
 Forgot the lily-king's behest.
 For this the shadowy tribes of air
 To the elfin court must haste away:—
 And now they stand expectant there,
 To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

VI.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras ;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy—
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner lay at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke ;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke :

VII.

“ Fairy ! Fairy ! list and mark :
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain ;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye ;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel-forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love ;
Fairy ! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment :

Tied to the hornet's shardy wings ;
 Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings ;
 Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
 With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell ;
 Or every night to writhe and bleed
 Beneath the tread of the centipede ;
 Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
 Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,
 Amid the carrion bodies to lie
 Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly .
 These it had been your lot to bear,
 Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
 Now list, and mark our mild decree—
 Fairy, this your doom must be :

VIII.

“Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
 Where the water bounds the elfin-land ;
 Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
 Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
 Then dart the glistening arch below,
 And catch a drop from his silver bow.
 The water-sprites will wield their arms
 And dash around with roar and rave,
 And vain are the woodland spirits' charms ;
 They are the imps that rule the wave.
 Yet trust thee in thy single might :
 If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
 Thou shalt win . . . warlock fight.

IX.

“If the spray-bead gem be won,
 The stain of thy wing is washed away ;

But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye :
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark—
Thou must reillumine its spark.
Mount thy steed, and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy ;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, fay ;
Hence ! to the water-side, away !”

x.

The goblin marked his monarch well ;
He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high
For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake ;
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood ;
And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,

Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back ;
He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,
He lashed her sides with an osier thong ;
And now, through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

XI.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream ;
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones ;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint and distant moans ;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

XII.

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad ;
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode ;

He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

XIII.

Up sprang the spirits of the waves,
From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves ;
With snail-plate armour snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste ;
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong ;
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier-crab ;
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings ;
They cut the wave with the living oar,
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading fay.

XIV.

Fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong ;
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling ;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-bees rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.

But the water-sprites are gathering near,
To check his course along the tide ;
Their warriors come in swift career,
And hem him round on every side :
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin ;
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw ;
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain ;
He strikes around, but his blows are vain ;
Hopeless is the unequal fight—
Fairy ! naught is left but flight.

xv.

He turned him round, and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again ;
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide ;
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet,
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill.
They bade the wave before him rise ;
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes ;
And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,
With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.
Oh ! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood-tree.
—Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore ;

He blessed the force of the charmèd line,
And he banned the water-goblin's spite,
For he saw around in the sweet moonshine
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
At the piteous hap of the fairy wight.

xvi.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane-bud ;
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb-lint he stanchèd the blood.
The mild west wind was soft and low,
It coolèd the heat of his burning brow ;
And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
As he drank the juice of the calamus-root ;
And now he treads the fatal shore
As fresh and vigorous as before.

xvii.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite :
'Tis the middle wane of night ;
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right
Ere Dawning mounts her beamy car,
And rolls her chariot-wheels of light ;
And vain are the spells of fairy-land—
He must work with a human hand.

xviii.

He cast a saddened look around ;
But he felt new joy his bosom swell,

When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple mussel-shell ;
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within ;
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade ;
Then sprang to his seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

XIX.

The imps of the river yell and rave ;
They had no power above the wave ;
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She whimpled about to the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream
And momentarily athwart her track
The quarl upreared his island-back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And patter the water about the boat ;
But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,
And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
While on every side like lightning fell
The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

xx.

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
And saw beneath the surface dim
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim ;
Around him were the goblin train—
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head ;
Then he dropped his paddle-blade,
And held his colen-goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

xxi.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprang above the waters blue.
Instant as the star-fall light,
He plunged him in the deep again,
But he left an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.
It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there ;
He seemed an angel form of light,
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
Circled with blue and edged with white,
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

XXII.

A moment, and its lustre fell ;
But ere it met the billow blue,
He caught within his crimson bell
A droplet of its sparkling dew.—
Joy to thee, fay ! thy task is done,
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—
Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII.

He turns, and, lo ! on either side
The ripples on his path divide ;
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half-swelling out,
While on the glossed and gleamy wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float ;
They swim around with smile and song ;
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along,
Toward the beach of speckled sand ;
And, as he lightly leaped to land,
They bade adieu with nod and bow ;
Then gayly kissed each little hand,
And drop, ed in the crystal deep below.

XXIV.

A moment stayed the fairy there ;
He kissed the beach, and breathed a prayer ;
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the elfin court he flew ;

As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
 And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
 Till, lessening far, through ether driven,
 It mingles with the hues of heaven ;
 As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
 The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
 And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
 Till lost in the shades of fading night :
 So rose from earth the lovely fay—
 So vanished, far in heaven away !

* * * * *

Up, fairy ! quit thy chick-weed bower,
 The cricket has called the second hour ;
 Twice again, and the lark will rise
 To kiss the streaking of the skies—
 Up ! thy charmed armour don,
 'Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

xxv.

He put his acorn helmet on ;
 It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down ;
 'The corslet-plate that guarded his breast
 Was once the wild bee's golden vest ;
 His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
 Was formed of the wings of butterflies ;
 His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
 Studs of gold on a ground of green ;
 And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
 Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
 Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed ;
 He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue ;
 He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
 And away like a glance of thought he flew,

To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there ;
The katy-did forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away ;
The fell mosquito checked his drone,
And folded his wings till the fay was gone ;
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead :
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
 They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
 And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear.
Many a time, on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound ;
 They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,
 When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
 And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.
And now they deemed the courier ouphe
 Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground ;
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
 That canopies the world around ;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And, at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind ;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.

But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast ;

He cannot see through the mantle murk ;
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast ;

Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed, and spurs amain—
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,

And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare ;
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew ;

He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind.

Howling the misty spectres flew ;
They rend the air with frightful cries ;

For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift,
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The spherèd moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh, it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
To tread the starry plain of even!
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky-way;
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle-rein;
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,

Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.
Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light ;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush ;
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon, -
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI.

But, oh ! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright !
She seemed to the entrancèd fay
The loveliest of the forms of light :
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar ;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue ;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond-gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,
And they leaped with smiles ; for well I ween
Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly fay been seen.

Long she looked in his tiny face ;
Long with his butterfly cloak she played ;
She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
And handled the tassel of his blade ;
And as he told, in accents low,
The story of his love and woe,
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
And the tear-drop started in her eyes.
And " O, sweet spirit of earth," she cried,
" Return no more to your woodland height,
But ever here with me abide
In the land of everlasting light !
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie ;
We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim ;
And all the jewels of the sky
Around thy brow shall brightly beam !
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orbèd moon !
We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing
The song that makes the dew-mist melt ;
Their harps are of the umber shade
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray ;
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

XXXIII.

She was lovely and fair to see,
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully ;
But lovelier far, and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there ;
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love,
For he thought upon her looks to meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek ;
Never again might he bask and lie ;
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye ;
But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his revery,
To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

XXXIV.

“Lady,” he cried, “I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy knight,
To do my sentence-task aright ;
My honour scarce is free from stain—
I may not soil its snows again ;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now.”
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
The tear was in her drooping eye ;
But she led him to the palace gate,
And called the sylphs who hovered there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight,
Of clouds condensed, a sable car.
With charm and spell she blessed it there,
From all the fiends of upper air ;

Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
And tied his steed behind the cloud ;
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky,
For by its wane and wavering light
There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away, he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale ;
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
And now 'tis deadly pale ;
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur-smoke,
And quenched is its rayless beam ;
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
As it fell from the sheeted sky.

As swift as the wind in its train behind
 The elfin gallops along;
 The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
 But the sylphid charm is strong;
 He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
 While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
 He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
 And rides in the light of its rays.
 But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
 And caught a glimmering spark;
 Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
 And sped through the midnight dark.

* * * * *

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
 Elf of eve! and starry fay!
 Ye that love the moon's soft light,
 Hither—hither wend your way;
 Twine ye in a jocund ring,
 Sing and trip it merrily,
 Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
 With dance and song, and lute and lyre;
 Pure his wing and strong his chain,
 And doubly bright his fairy fire.
 Twine ye in an airy round,
 Brush the dew and print the lea;
 Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
 He flies about the haunted place,
 And if mortal there be found,
 He hums in his ears and flaps his face ;
 The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
 The owl's eyes our lanterns be ;
 Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But, hark ! from tower on tree-top high,
 The sentry-elf his call has made ;
 A streak is in the eastern sky,
 Shapes of moonlight ! flit and fade !
 The hill-tops gleam in Morning's spring,
 The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
 The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
 The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet-ring—
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king ;

As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
BOZZARIS ranged his Suliote band—
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke :
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !”
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
BOZZARIS cheer his band :
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
God—and your native land !”

They fought—like brave men, long and well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquered—but BOZZARIS fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won ;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm ;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine ;
 And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come, when his task of Fame is wrought—
 Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
 Come in her crowning hour—and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men ;

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land ;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
 And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

BOZZARIS ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb.
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved, and for a season gone ;
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
 For thee she rings the birthday bells ;
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells ;
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace couch, and cottage bed ;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him, the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
 And she, the mother of thy boys,

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Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys—
 And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names
 That were not born to die.

 CONNECTICUT.

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

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

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
 They bow to, but may turn him out next year :

They reverence their priest, but, disagreeing
 In price or creed, dismiss him without fear;
 They have a natural talent for foreseeing
 And knowing all things; and should PARK appear
 From his long tour in Africa, to show
 The Niger's source, they'd meet him with—"We know!"

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

Or, wandering through the Southern countries, teaching
 The A B C from WEBSTER'S spelling-book;
 Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
 And gaining, by what they call "hoc": and crook."
 And what the moralists call overreaching,
 A decent living. The Virginians look
 Upon them with as favourable eyes
 As GABRIEL ON the devil in Paradise.

But these are but their outcasts. View them near
 At home, where all their worth and pride is placed;
 And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
 And there the lowliest farmhouse hearth is graced
 With manly hearts, in piety sincere,
 Faithful in love, in honour stern and chaste,
 In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
 Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
 Is felt even in their nation's destiny ;
 Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
 And looked on armies with a leader's eye ;
 Names that adorn and dignify the scroll
 Whose leaves contain their country's history.

* * * * *

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

Her clear, warm heaven at noon,—the mist that shrouds
 Her twilight hills,—her cool and starry eves,
 The glorious splendour of her sunset clouds,
 The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
 Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
 Where'er his web of song her poet weaves ;
 And his mind's brightest vision but displays
 The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

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

THE WORLD IS BRIGHT BEFORE THEE.

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

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

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

Sarah Jane Hale.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

MY son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam—
And thou *must* go;—but never, when there,
Forget the light of home!

Though Pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When treading thy lonely way:

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
For Nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of Ambition is tempest-tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam:
When sails are shivered and compass lost,
Then look to the light of home!

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of Fame may gild the *name*,
But the *heart* ne'er felt its ray;
And Fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are beams of a wintry day:

How cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's poor wanderer come!—
My son, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

ONE came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom—
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her bosom;
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the noontide light
The radiant zone that bound her—
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came: o'er her sweet face
A pensive shade was stealing;
Yet there no grief of earth we trace—
But the Heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snow-drop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,

Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre ;
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

John G. C. Brainard.

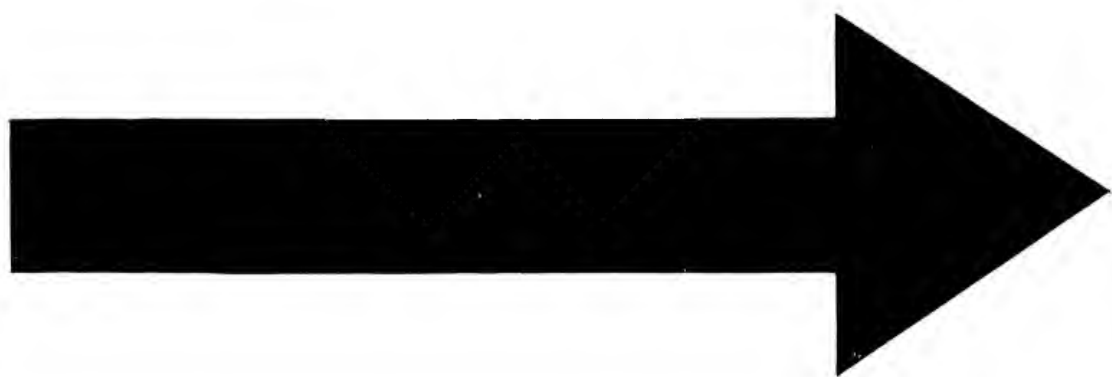
THE DEEP.

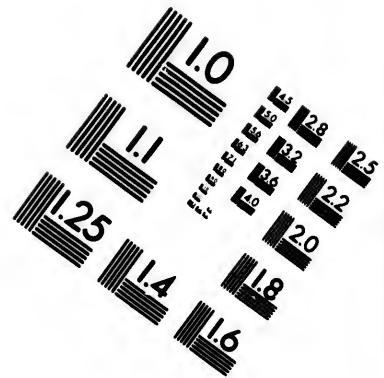
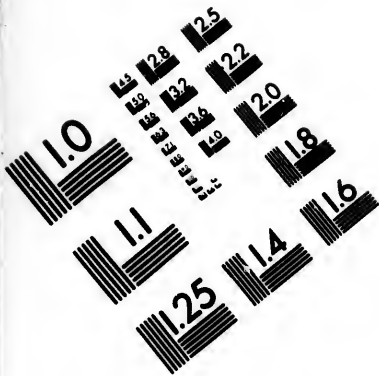
THERE'S beauty in the deep :—
The wave is bluer than the sky ;
And, though the lights shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow,
That sparkle in the depths below ;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid ;
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.

There's beauty in the deep.

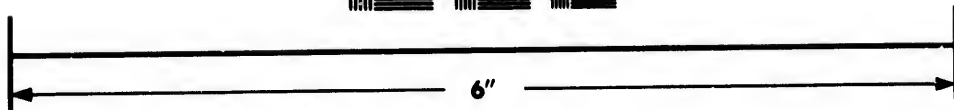
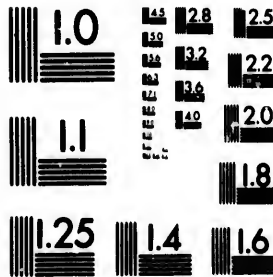
There's music in the deep :—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore,—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves, with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep.





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There's quiet in the deep :—
 Above, let tides and tempests rave,
 And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;
 Above, let Care and Fear contend
 With Sin and Sorrow, to the end :
 Here, far beneath the tainted foam
 That frets above our peaceful home,
 We dream in joy, and wake in love,
 Nor know the rage that yells above.
 There's quiet in the deep.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHAT is there saddening in the autumn leaves ?
 Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"
 That the sweet poet spake of?—Had he seen
 Our variegated woods, when first the frost
 Turns into beauty all October's charms—
 When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
 Of the wild equinox, with all its wet,
 Has left the land, as the first Deluge left it,
 With a bright bow of many colours hung
 Upon the forest-tops—he had not sighed.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now :
 The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
 And busy squirrel hoards his winter store :
 While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
 The bright, blue sky above him, and that bends
 Magnificently all the forest's pride,
 Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
 "What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?"

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

ON the deep is the mariner's danger,
 On the deep is the mariner's death—
 Who, to fear of the tempest a stranger,
 Sees the last bubble burst of his breath?
 'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 Lone looker on despair—
 The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 The only witness there.

Who watches their course, who so mildly
 Careen to the kiss of the breeze!
 Who lists to their shrieks, who so wildly
 Are clasped in the arms of the seas?
 'Tis the sea-bird, &c.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
 And her who has clung to his neck?
 Whose wing is the wing that can cover,
 With its shadow, the foundering wreck?
 'Tis the sea-bird, etc.

My eye in the light of the billow,
 My wing on the wake of the wave,
 I shall take to my breast, for a pillow,
 The shroud of the fair and the brave.
 I'm a sea-bird, &c.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,
 When hoarse the wild winds veer about;
 My eye, when the bark is benighted,
 Sees the lamp of the lighthouse go out.
 I'm the sea-bird, &c.

James Wallis Eastburn.

TO PNEUMA.

TEMPESTS their furious course may sweep
 Swiftly o'er the troubled deep—
 Darkness may lend her gloomy aid,
 And wrap the groaning world in shade;
 But man can show a darker hour,
 And bend beneath a stronger power;
 There is a tempest of the soul,
 A gloom where wilder billows roll!

The howling wilderness may spread
 Its pathless deserts, parched and dread,
 Where not a blade of herbage blooms,
 Nor yields the breeze its soft perfumes;
 Where silence, death, and horror reign,
 Unchecked, across the wide domain;—
 There is a desert of the MIND
 More hopeless, dreary, undefined!

There Sorrow, moody Discontent,
 And gnawing Care, are wildly blent;
 There Horror hangs her darkest clouds,
 And the whole scene in gloom enshrouds;
 A sickly ray is cast around,
 Where naught but dreariness is found;
 A feeling that may not be told—
 Dark, rending, lonely, drear, and cold.

The wildest ills that darken life
 Are rapture to the bosom's strife;

The tempest, in its blackest form,
 Is beauty to the bosom's storm ;
 The ocean, lashed to fury loud,
 Its high wave mingling with the cloud,
 Is peaceful, sweet serenity
 To Passion's dark and boundless sea.

There sleeps no calm, there smiles no rest,
 When storms are warring in the breast ;
 There is no moment of repose
 In bosoms lashed by hidden woes ;
 The scorpion-sting the fury rears,
 And every trembling fibre tears ;
 The vulture preys with bloody beak
 Upon the heart that can but break !

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

MOUNTAINS of Israel! rear on high
 Your summits, crowned with verdure new,
 And spread your branches to the sky,
 Refulgent with celestial dew.
 O'er Jordan's stream, of gentle flow,
 And Judah's peaceful valleys, smile,
 And far reflect the lovely glow
 Where Ocean's waves incessant toil.

See where the scattered tribes return !
 Their slavery is burst at length,
 And purer flames to Jesus burn,
 And Zion girds on her new strength :

New cities bloom along the plain,
 New temples to JEHOVAH rise,
 The kindling voice of praise again
 Pours its sweet anthems to the skies.

The fruitful fields again are blest,
 And yellow harvests smile around ;
 Sweet scenes of heavenly joy and rest,
 Where peace and innocence are found.
 The bloody sacrifice no more
 Shall smoke upon the altars high,—
 But ardent hearts, from hill to shore,
 Send grateful incense to the sky !

The jubilee of man is near,
 When earth, as heaven, shall own His reign ;
 He comes to wipe the mourner's tear,
 And cleanse the heart from sin and pain.
 Praise Him, ye tribes of Israel, praise
 The King that ransomed you from woe :
 Nations, the hymn of triumph raise,
 And bid the song of rapture flow !

Robert C. Sands.

WEEHAWKEN.

EVE o'er our path is stealing fast ;
 Yon quivering splendours are the last
 The sun will fling, to tremble o'er
 The waves that kiss the opposing shore ;

His latest glories fringe the height
Behind us with their golden light.

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

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

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

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

When the great strife for Freedom rose,
Here scouted oft her friends and foes,
Alternate, through the changeful war,
And beacon-fires flashed bright and far ;

And here, when Freedom's strife was won,
Fell, in sad feud, her favoured son;—

Her son—the second of the band,
The Romans of the rescued land.
Where round yon capes the banks ascend,
Long shall the pilgrim's footsteps bend;
There, mirthful hearts shall pause to sigh,
There, tears shall dim the patriot's eye.

There last he stood. Before his sight
Flowed the fair river, free and bright;
The rising mart, and isles, and bay,
Before him in their glory lay—
Scenes of his love and of his fame—
The instant ere the death-shot came.

THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS.

THEY say that, afar in the land of the West,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,
A fair lake, unruffled and sparkling, is spread;
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the green Isle of Lovers.

There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the East;
There the bright eye of Nature in mild glory hovers:
'Tis the land of the sunbeam—the green Isle of Lovers!

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
 The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss,
 Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs
 Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires
 The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover
 On high with their shade the green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,
 When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
 Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,
 Whose law is 'their will, and whose life is their smile ;
 From beauty there valour and strength are not rovers,
 And peace reigns supreme in the green Isle of Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,
 In mazes perplexed, has beheld it no more ;
 It fleets on the vision, deluding the view—
 Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue :
 Oh ! who in this vain world of woe shall discover
 The home undisturbed, the green Isle of the Lover ?

William B. O. Peabody.

HYMN OF NATURE.

GOD of the earth's extended plains !
 The dark, green fields contented lie ;
 The mountains rise like holy towers,
 Where man might commune with the sky ;
 The tall cliff challenges the storm
 That lowers upon the vale below,

Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by Thee, the sinking Gale
Serenely breathes, "Depart in peace."

God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to Thee;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
All—from the Evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild Whirlwind's midnight cry,
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!

Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
 Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
 In evening's purple radiance, gives
 The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
 Thy name is written clearly bright
 In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
 Or evening's golden shower of light.
 For every fire that fronts the sun,
 And every spark that walks alone
 Around the utmost verge of heaven,
 Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
 And Nature's self to dust return;
 Her crumbling altars must decay,
 Her incense-fires shall cease to burn;
 But still her grand and lovely scenes
 Have made man's warmest praises flow;
 For hearts grow holier as they trace
 The beauty of the world below.

Summer Lincoln Fairfield.

AN EVENING SONG OF PIEDMONT.

AVE MARIA! 'tis the midnight hour,
 The starlight wedding of the earth and heaven,
 When music breathes its perfume from the flower,
 And high revealings to the heart are given;

Soft o'er the meadows steals the dewy air—
 Like dreams of bliss; the deep-blue ether glows,
 And the stream murmurs round its islets fair
 The tender night-song of a charmed repose.

Ave MARIA! 'tis the hour of love,
 The kiss of rapture, and the linked embrace,
 The hallowed converse in the dim, still grove,
 The elysium of a heart-revealing face,
 When all is beautiful—for we are blest;
 When all is lovely—for we are beloved;
 When all is silent—for our passions rest;
 When all is faithful—for our hopes are proved.

Ave MARIA! 'tis the hour of prayer,
 Of hushed communion with ourselves and Heaven,
 When our waked hearts their inmost thoughts declare,
 High, pure, far-searching, like the light of even;
 When hope becomes fruition, and we feel
 The holy earnest of eternal peace,
 That bids our pride before the Omniscient kneel,
 That bids our wild and warring passions cease.

Ave MARIA! soft the vesper hymn
 Floats through the cloisters of yon holy pile,
 And, mid the stillness of the night-watch dim,
 Attendant spirits seem to hear and smile!
 Hark! hath it ceased? The vestal seeks her cell,
 And reads her heart—a melancholy tale!
 A song of happier years, whose echoes swell
 O'er her lost love, like pale Bereavement's wail.

Ave MARIA! let our prayers ascend
 From them whose holy offices afford

No joy in heaven—on earth without a friend—
 That true, though faded image of the LORD!
 For them in vain the face of Nature glows,
 For them in vain the sun in glory burns;
 The hollow breast consumes in fiery woes,
 And meets despair and death where'er it turns.

Ave MARIA! in the deep pine-wood,
 On the clear stream, and o'er the azure sky,
 Bland Midnight smiles, and starry Solitude
 Breathes hope in every breeze that wanders by.
 Ave MARIA! may our last hour come
 As bright, as pure, as gentle, Heaven! as this!
 Let Faith attend us smiling to the tomb,
 And Life and Death are both the heirs of bliss!

Grenville Mellen.

ON SEEING AN EAGLE PASS NEAR ME IN AUTUMN
 TWILIGHT.

SAIL on, thou lone, imperial bird,
 Of quenchless eye and tireless wing;
 How is thy distant coming heard,
 As the night's breezes round thee ring!
 Thy course was 'gainst the burning sun
 In his extremest glory. How!
 Is thy unequalled daring done,
 Thou stoop'st to earth so lowly now?
 Or hast thou left thy rocking dome,
 Thy roaring crag, thy lightning pine,

To find some secret, meaner home,
Less stormy and unsafe than thine ?
Else why thy dusky pinions bend
So closely to this shadowy world,
And round thy searching glances send,
As wishing thy broad pens were furled ?

Yet lonely is thy shattered nest,
Thy eyry desolate, though high ;
And lonely thou, alike at rest,
Or soaring in the upper sky.
The golden light that bathes thy plumes
On thine interminable flight,
Falls cheerless on earth's desert tombs,
And makes the North's ice-mountains bright.

So come the eagle-hearted down,
So come the high and proud to earth,
When life's night-gathering tempests frown
Over their glory and their mirth :
So quails the mind's undying eye,
That bore, unveiled, Fame's noontide sun ;
So man seeks solitude, to die,
His high place left, his triumphs done.

So, round the residence of Power,
A cold and joyless lustre shines,
And on life's pinnacles will lower
Clouds, dark as bathe the eagle's pines.
But, oh, the mellow light that pours
From God's pure throne—the light that saves !
It warms the spirit as it roars,
And sheds deep radiance round our graves.

THE TRUE GLORY OF AMERICA.

ITALIA'S vales and fountains,
 Though beautiful ye be,
 I love my soaring mountains
 And forests more than ye ;
 And though a dreamy greatness rise
 From out your cloudy years,
 Like hills on distant stormy skies,
 Seen dim through Nature's tears,
 Still, tell me not of years of old,
 Or ancient heart and clime ;
 Ours is the land and age of gold,
 And ours the hallowed time !

The jewelled crown and sceptre
 Of Greece have passed away ;
 And none, of all who wept her,
 Could bid her splendour stay.
 The world has shaken with the tread
 Of iron-sandalled Crime—
 And, lo ! o'ershadowing all the dead,
 The conqueror stalks sublime !
 Then ask I not for crown and plume
 To nod above my land ;
 The victor's footsteps point to doom,
 Graves open round his hand !

Rome ! with thy pillared palaces,
 And sculptured heroes all,
 Snatched, in their warm, triumphal days,
 To Art's high festival ;

Rome! with thy giant sons of power,
Whose pathway was on thrones,
Who built their kingdoms of an hour
On yet unburied bones,—
I would not have my land like thee,
So lofty—yet so cold!
Be hers a lowlier majesty,
In yet a nobler mould.

Thy marbles—works of wonder!
In thy victorious days,
Whose lips did seem to sunder
Before the astonished gaze;
When statue glared on statue there,
The living on the dead,—
And men as silent pilgrims were
Before some sainted head!
Oh, not for faultless marbles yet
Would I the light forego
That beams when other lights have set,
And Art herself lies low!

Oh, ours a holier hope shall be
Than consecrated bust,
Some loftier mean of memory
To snatch us from the dust.
And ours a sterner art than this,
Shall fix our image here,—
The spirit's mould of loveliness—
A nobler BELVIDERE!

Then let them bind with bloomless flowers
The busts and urns of old,—

A fairer heritage be ours,
A sacrifice less cold !
Give honour to the great and good,
And wreath the living brow,
Kindling with Virtue's mantling blood,
And pay the tribute now !

So, when the good and great go down,
Their statues shall arise,
To crowd those temples of our own,
Our fadeless memories !
And when the sculptured marble falls,
And Art goes in to die,
Our forms shall live in holier halls,
The Pantheon of the sky !

S. Margaret Fuller.

GANYMEDE TO HIS EAGLE.*

UPON the rocky mountain stood the boy,
A goblet of pure water in his hand ;
His face and form spoke him one made for joy,
A willing servant to sweet Love's command ;
But a strange pain was written on his brow,
And thrilled throughout his silver accents now :

“ My bird,” he cries, “ my destined brother-friend,
Oh, whither fleets to-day thy wayward flight ?

* On seeing THORWALDSEN's statue of Ganymede.

“Hast thou forgotten that I here attend,
 From the full noon until this sad twilight?
 A hundred times, at least, from the clear spring,
 Since the full noon o'er hill and valley glowed,
 I've filled the vase which our Olympian king
 Upon my care for thy sole use bestowed;
 That, at the moment when thou shouldst descend,
 A pure refreshment might thy thirst attend.

“Hast thou forgotten Earth—forgotten me,
 Thy fellow-bondsman in a royal cause,
 Who, from the sadness of infinity,
 Only with thee can know that peaceful pause
 In which we catch the flowing strain of love
 Which binds our dim fates to the throne of Jove.

“Before I saw thee I was like the May,
 Longing for Summer that must mar its bloom,
 Or like the Morning Star that calls the Day,
 Whose glories to its promise are the tomb;
 And as the eager fountain rises higher,
 To throw itself more strongly back to earth,
 Still, as more sweet and full rose my desire,
 More fondly it reverted to its birth;
 For, what the rose-bud seeks tells not the rose—
 The meaning foretold by the boy the man cannot disclose.

“I was all Spring, for in my being dwelt
 Eternal youth, where flowers are the fruit;
 Full feeling was the thought of what was felt—
 Its music was the meaning of the lute:
 But Heaven and Earth such life will still deny,
 For Earth, divorced from Heaven, still asks the question,
 ‘Why?’

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“Upon the highest mountains my young feet
Ached, that no pinions from their lightness grew,
My starlike eyes the stars would fondly greet,
Yet win no greeting from the circling blue ;
Fair, self-subsistent, each in its own sphere,
They had no care that there was none for me :
Alike to them that I was far or near,
Alike to them, time and eternity.

“But, from the violet of lower air,
Sometimes an answer to my wishing came,
Those lightning-births my nature seemed to share,
They told the secrets of its fiery frame—
The sudden messengers of Hate and Love,
The thunderbolts that arm the hand of Jove,
And strike sometimes the sacred spire, and strike the sacred
grove.

“Come in a moment, in a moment gone,
They answered me, then left me still more lone ;
They told me that the thought which ruled the world
As yet no sail upon its course had furled,
That the creation was but just begun,
New leaves still leaving from the primal one,
But spoke not of the goal to which my rapid wheels would
run.

“Still, still my eyes, though tearfully, I strained
To the far future which my heart contained,
And no dull doubt my proper hope profaned.
At last, oh bliss ! thy living form I spied,
Then a mere speck upon a distant sky ;
Yet my keen glance discerned its noble pride,
And the full answer of that sun-filled eye :

I knew it was the wing that must upbear
My earthlier form into the realms of air.

“Thou knowest how we gained that beauteous height,
Where dwells the monarch of the sons of light;
Thou knowest he declared us two to be
The chosen servants of his ministry—
Thou art his messenger, a sacred sign
Of conquest, or with omen more benign,
To give its due weight to the righteous cause,
To express the verdict of Olympian laws.

“And I to wait upon the lonely Spring,
Which slakes the thirst of bards to whom 'tis given
The destined dues of hopes divine to sing,
And weave the needed chain to bind to heaven:
Only from such could be obtained a draught
For him who in his early home from Jove's own cup has
quaffed.

“To wait, to wait, but not to wait too long,
Till heavy grows the burden of a song;
O bird! too long hast thou been gone to-day,
My feet are weary of their frequent way,
The spell that opes the Spring my tongue no more can
say.

If soon thou com'st not, night will fall around,
My head with a sad slumber will be bound,
And the pure draught be spilt upon the ground.

“Remember that I am not yet divine;
Long years of service to the fatal Nine
Are yet to make a Delphian vigour mine.

Oh, make them not too hard, thou bird of Jove !
 Answer the stripling's hope, confirm his love ;
 Receive the service in which he delights,
 And bear him often to the serene heights,
 Where hands that were so prompt in serving thee
 Shall be allowed the highest ministry,
 And Rapture live with bright Fidelity."

Emily Judson.

THE WEAVER.

A WEAVER sat by the side of his loom,
 A-flinging his shuttle fast ;
 And a thread that would wear till the hour of doom
 Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
 And his weft was bright and new,
 Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun,
 All jewelled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers
 In the rich, soft web were bedded ;
 And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours :
 Not yet were Time's feet leaded !

But something there came slow stealing by,
 And a shade on the fabric fell ;
 And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly—
 For Thought hath a wearisome spell !

And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain,
Was of melancholy gray ;
And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray ;
And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves, were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And dark—and still darker—and darker grew
Each newly-woven thread ;
And some there were of a death-mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in—
Sighs, and down-crushed hopes, and fears ;
And the web was broken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin ;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A-weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh ;
And, with glozing words, he to win him strove—
But the weaver turned his eye.

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
And still wove on—on—on !
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head ;
And, gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Laid him down among the dead.

And I after saw, *in a robe of light,*
The weaver in the sky :
The angels' wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale it nigh.

And I saw, mid the folds, all the iris-hued flowers
That beneath his touch had sprung ;
More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond rare ;
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown
Were the footprints left by Care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh,
Was left a rich perfume ;
And with light from the fountain of bliss in the sky
Shone the labour of Sorrow and Gloom.

And then I prayed, "When my last work is done,
And the silver life-cord riven,
Be the stain of Sorrow the deepest one
That I bear with me to heaven !"

Rufus Dawes.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
 And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
 I know her track through the balmy air,
 By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
 She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
 And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
 For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
 Then she mounts again, and round her flings
 A shower of light from her crimson wings;
 Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
 That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
 Where bowing elms over waters meet;
 She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,
 As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,
 When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
 From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky
 Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,
 And round the skirts of their deepened fold
 She paints a border of purple and gold,
 Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
 When their god in his glory has passed away.

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She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power ;
She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream ;
Then wheeling her flight through the gladdened air,
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

SUNRISE, FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE laughing Hours have chased away the Night,
Plucking the stars out from her diadem :
And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,
Blushing in smiles and glad as infancy.
And see, the foolish Moon, but now so vain
Of borrowed beauty, how she yields her charms,
And, pale with envy, steals herself away !
The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,
Attendant on the day—the mountain-tops
Have lit their beacons, and the vales below
Send up a welcoming ;—no song of birds
Warbling, to charm the air with melody,
Floats on the frosty breeze, yet Nature hath
The very soul of music in her looks !
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.

I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle,
Temple of Nature ! and look down with awe
On the wide world beneath me, dimly seen ;
Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,
Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued ;

Firm as when first rebellion bade them rise
 Unrified to the Thunderer—now they seem
 A family of mountains, clustering round
 Their hoary patriarch, enviously watching
 To meet the partial glances of the day.
 Far in the glowing east the flickering light,
 Mellowed by distance, with the blue sky blending,
 Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.

The Sun comes up! away the shadows fling
 From the broad hills—and, hurrying to the west,
 Sport in the sunshine, till they die away.
 The many beauteous mountain-streams leap down,
 Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light
 Dances along with their perennial flow.
 And there is beauty in yon river's path,
 The glad Connecticut! I know her well,
 By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms:
 At times, she loiters by a ridge of hills,
 Sportfully hiding—then again with glee
 Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place.
 Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,
 And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes, and woods,
 And all that hold the faculty entranced,
 Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,
 And sleep in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place,
 A Presence, that forbids to break the spell,
 Till the heart pour its agony in tears.
 But I must drink the vision while it lasts;
 For even now the curling vapours rise,
 Wreathing their cloudy coronals to grace
 These towering summits—bidding me away:—

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But often shall my heart turn back again,
 Thou glorious eminence! and when oppressed,
 And aching with the coldness of the world,
 Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

Bishop Geo. W. Doane,

“WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?”

“WHAT is that, Mother?”—“The lark, my child!
 The Morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
 When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
 And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
 Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.”

“What is that, Mother?”—“The dove, my son!—
 And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
 Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
 As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
 For her distant dear one's quick return.
 Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
 In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.”

“What is that, Mother?”—“The eagle, boy!—
 Proudly careering his course of joy;
 Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,

His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
 He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
 Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
 Onward, and upward, and true to the line."

"What is that, mother?"—"The swan, my love!—
 He is floating down from his native grove;
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
 He is floating down, by himself to die:
 Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
 Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.
 Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
 Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home."

A CHERUB.

"Dear Sir, I am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad; but now he rejoices in his little orbe, while we thinke, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is."—JEREMY TAYLOR TO EVELYN (1656.)

BEAUTIFUL thing! with thine eye of light,
 And thy brow of cloudless beauty bright,
 Gazing for aye on the sapphire throne
 Of Him who dwelleth in light alone—
 Art thou hastening now, on that golden wing,
 With the burning seraph-choir to sing?
 Or stooping to earth, in thy gentleness,
 Our darkling path to cheer and bless?
 Beautiful thing! thou art come in love,
 With gentle gales from the world above,
 Breathing of pureness, breathing of bliss,
 Bearing our spirits away from this,

To the better thoughts, to the brighter skies,
 Where heaven's eternal sunshine lies ;
 Winning our hearts, by a blessed guile,
 With that infant look and angel smile.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in joy,
 With the look and the voice of our darling boy—
 Him that was torn from the bleeding hearts
 He had twined about with his infant arts,
 To dwell, from sin and sorrow far,
 In the golden orb of his little star :
 There he rejoiceth in light, while we
 Long to be happy and safe as he.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in peace,
 Bidding our doubts and our fears to cease ;
 Wiping the tears which unbidden start
 From that bitter fount in the broken heart ;
 Cheering us still on our lonely way,
 Lest our spirits should faint, or our feet should stray,
 Till, risen with CHRIST, we come to be,
 Beautiful thing, with our boy and thee.

Mrs. C. C. Kinney.

TO POWERS'S GREEK SLAVE.

BEAUTIFUL model of creative art !
 My spirit feels the reverence for thee,
 That felt the ancients for a deity :
 And did the sculptor shape thee, part by part,

Fair, as if whole from Genius' mighty heart
Thou'dst sprung, like Venus from the foaming sea?
Ah! not for show, in a disgraceful mart,
Is that calm look of conscious purity;
Nor should unhallowed eye presume to steal
A sensual glance, where holy minds would kneel,
As to some goddess in her virgin youth.
But who could shame in thy pure presence feel,
Save those who, false themselves, must shrink, forsooth,
From the mild lustre of ungarnished truth?

THE WOODMAN.

HE shoulders his axe for the woods, and away
Hies over the fields at the dawn of the day,
And merrily whistles some tune as he goes,
So heartily trudging along through the snows.

His dog scents his track, and pursues to a mark,
Now sending afar the shrill tones of his bark—
Then answering the echo that comes back again
Through the clear air of morn, over valley and plain.

And now in the forest the woodman doth stand:
His eye marks the victims to fall by his hand,
While true to its aim is the ready axe found,
And quick do its blows through the woodland resound.

The proud tree low bendeth its vigorous form,
Whose freshness and strength have braved many a storm;
And the sturdy oak shakes that never trembled before,
Though the years of its glory outnumber threescore.

They fall side by side—just as man in his prime
Lies down with the locks that are whitened by time :
The trees which are felled into ashes will burn,
As man, by Death's blow, unto dust must return.

But twilight approaches : the woodman and dog
Come plodding together through snow-drift and bog ;
The axe, again shouldered, its day's work hath done ;
The woodman is hungry—the dog wants his bone.

Oh, home is then sweet, and the evening repast !
But the brow of the woodman with thought is o'ercast :
He is conning a truth to be tested by all—
That man, like the trees of the forest, must fall.

Elizabeth J. Eames.

CROWNING OF PETRARCH.

ARRAYED in a monarch's royal robes,
With gold and purple gleaming,
And the brodered banners of the proud
Colonna o'er him streaming—
With the gorgeous pomp and pageantry
Of the Anjouite's court attended,
He came, that princely son of song :
And the haughtiest nobles rendered
Adoring homage to the laureate bard,
Whose sky was luminous—with fame and glory starred.

And following his triumphal car,
 Rome's youthful sons came singing
 His passion-kindled melodies,
 With the silver clarion ringing
 A prouder music—harp, and lute,
 And lyre, all sweet sounds blending—
 And the orient sun-god on his way
 In dazzling lustre bending :
 And radiant flowers their gem-like splendour shed
 O'er the proud march that to the Eternal City led !

In all its ancient grandeur was
 That sceptred city dressed,
 And pealing notes and plaudits rang
 For him its sovereign guest :
 The voice of the Seven Hills went up
 From kingly hall and bower,
 And throngs with laurel-boughs poured forth
 To grace that triumph-hour ;
 While censers wafted rich perfume around,
 And the glowing air with mirth and melody was crowned.

On, onward to the Capitol,
 Italia's children crowded—
 Over three hundred triumphs there
 The sun had sat unclouded :
 For crownèd kings and conquerors haught
 Had trod that path to glory,
 And poets won bright wreaths and names
 To live in song and story !
 But ne'er before, king, bard, or victor came,
 Winning such honours for his name and poet-fame,

The glittering gates are passed, and he
 Hath gained the imperial summit,
 And deep rich strains of harmony
 Are proudly floating from it :
 Incense—sunshine—and the swelling
 Shout of a nation's heart beneath him,
 Go up to his glorious place of pride,
 While the kingly Orsos wreath him !
 Well may the bard's enraptured heart beat high,
 Filled with the exulting thought of his gift's bright victory.

Crowned one of Rome ! from that lofty height
 Thou wear'st a conqueror's seeming—
 Thy dark, deep eye with the radiance
 Of inspiration beaming ;
 Thou'st won the living wreath for which
 Thy young ambition panted ;
 Thy aspiring dream is realized :
 Hast thou one wish ungranted ?
 Kings bow to the might of thy genius-gifted mind ;
 Hast thou one unattained hope, in the deep heart enshrined ?

O wreathed lord of the lyre of song !
 Even then thy heart was haunted
 With one wild and passionate wish to lay
 That crown, a gift enchanted,
 Low at her feet, whose smile was more
 Than glory, fame, or power—
 For whose dear sake was won, and worn,
 The glittering laurel-flower !
 Oh, little worth thy bright renown to thee,
 Unshared by her, the star of thy idolatry !

Thanks to thy lyre! she liveth yet,
 O poet, in thy numbers—
 The peerless star of Avignon,
 Who shone o'er all thy slumbers:
 Entire and sole idolatry
 At LAURA's shrine was given,
 Yet was her life-lot severed far
 From thine as earth and heaven!
 And thou, the crowned of Rome—gifted and great—
 Stood in thy glory still alone and desolate!

James Gordon Brooks.

GREECE IN 1832.

LAND of the brave! where lie inurned
 The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
 In whom the fire of valour burned,
 And blazed upon the battle's fray:
 Land, where the gallant Spartan few
 Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,
 When Death his purple garment threw
 On Helle's consecrated shore!

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
 Her soul-entrancing echoes rung,
 While on their course the rapid hours
 Paused at the melody she sung—
 Till every grove and every hill,
 And every stream that flowed along,

From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes! living slaves!
Shall Glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banner float above thy waves
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not Remembrance then a charm
To break the fetters and the chain,
To bid thy children serve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls, the light which shone
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,
The light which beamed on Marathon
Hath lost its splendour, ceased to play;
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shattered—spear in rust—
Thy honour but a dream—and thou
Despised—degraded in the dust!

Where sleeps the spirit, that of old
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chant of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom?
The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on Battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay
Where Death hath hushed them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled;
And Fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living, but the dead!

But 'tis the dim, sepulchral light
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moonbeams on the brow of Night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece ! yet awake thee from thy trance—
Behold, thy banner waves afar ;
Behold, the glittering weapons glance
Along the gleaming front of war !
A gallant chief, of high emprise,
Is urging foremost in the field,
Who calls upon thee to arise
In might—in majesty revealed.

In vain, in vain the hero calls—
In vain he sounds the trumpet loud !
His banner totters—see ! it falls
In ruin, Freedom's battle-shroud :
Thy children have no soul to dare
Such deeds as glorified their sires ;
Their valour's but a meteor's glare,
Which gleams a moment, and expires.

Lost land ! where Genius made his reign,
And reared his golden arch on high ;
Where Science raised her sacred fane,
Its summits peering to the sky ;
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of Ignorance hath brooded long,
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of Science and of Song.

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,

To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread . . . pall upon the sky!
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And Freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

Mary E. Brooks.

DREAM OF LIFE.

I HEARD the music of the wave,
As it rippled to the shore,
And saw the willow-branches lave,
As light winds swept them o'er—
The music of the golden bow
That did the torrent span;
But I heard a sweeter music flow
From the youthful heart of man.

The wave rushed on—the hues of heaven
Fainter and fainter grew,
And deeper melodies were given
As swift the changes flew:
Then came a shadow on my sight;
The golden bow was dim—
And he that laughed beneath its light,
What was the change to him?

I saw him not; only a throng
Like the swell of troubled ocean,

Rising, sinking, swept along
 In the tempest's wild commotion :
 Sleeping, dreaming, waking then,
 Chains to link or sever—
 Turning to the dream again,
 Fain to clasp it ever.

There was a rush upon my brain,
 A darkness on mine eye ;
 And when I turned to gaze again,
 The mingled forms were nigh :
 In shadowy mass a mighty hall
 Rose on the fitful scene ;
 Flowers, music, gems, were flung o'er all,
 Not such as once had been.

Then in its mist, far, far away,
 A phantom seemed to be ;
 The something of a by-gone day—
 But oh, how changed was he !
 He rose beside the festal board,
 Where sat the merry throng ;
 And, as the purple juice he poured,
 Thus woke his wassail song :

SONG.

“ Come ! while with wine the goblets flow,
 For wine, they say, has power to bless ;
 And flowers, too—not roses, no !
 Bring poppies, bring forgetfulness !

“ A lethè for departed bliss,
 And each too well remembered scene :
 Earth has no sweeter draught than this,
 Which drowns the thought of what has been.

“ Here’s to the heart’s cold iciness,
 Which cannot smile, but will not sigh:
 If wine can bring a chill like this,
 Come, fill for me the goblet high!

“ Come—and the cold, the false, the dead,
 Shall never cross our revelry;
 We’ll kiss the wine-cup sparkling red,
 And snap the chain of Memory.”

Charles Frenno Hoffman.

THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

ONE bumper yet, gallants, at parting,
 One toast, ere we arm for the fight;
 Fill round, each to her he loves dearest!—
 ’Tis the last he may pledge her to-night.
 Think of those who of old at the banquet
 Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
 The patriot heroes who hallowed
 The entwining of myrtle and steel!
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
 Let every true blade that e’er loved a fair maid,
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

’Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
 With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
 Like the music that’s said from the ocean,
 To rise ere the gathering storm,

That her image around us should hover,
 Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
 We may breathe mid the foam of a bumper,
 As we drink to the myrtle and steel.
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

Now mount! for our bugle is ringing
 To marshal the host for the fray,
 Where proudly our banner is flinging
 Its folds o'er the battle-array;
 Yet, gallants—one moment—remember,
 When your sabres the death-blow would deal,
 That MERCY wears *her* shape who's cherished
 By lads of the myrtle and steel.
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

SPARKLING and bright, in liquid light,
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
 With hue as red as the rosy bed
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.
 Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh, if Mirth might arrest the flight
 Of Time through Life's dominions,
 We here a while would now beguile
 The graybeard of his pinions—
 To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
 Nor fond Regret delay him,
 Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
 Nor sober Friendship stay him,—
 We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

FOREST MUSINGS.

THE hunt is up—
 The merry woodland shout,
 That rung these echoing glades about
 An hour ago,
 Hath swept beyond the eastern hills,
 Where, pale and lone,
 The moon her mystic circle fills;
 A while across the setting sun's broad disk
 The dusky larch,
 As if to pierce the blue o'erhanging arch,
 Lifts its tall obelisk.

And now from thicket dark,
Where, by the mist-wreathed river,
The fire-fly's spark
Will fitful quiver,
And bubbles round the lily's cup
From lurking trout come coursing up,
The doe hath led her fawn to drink ;
While, scared by step so near,
Uprising from the sedgy brink
The lonely bittern's cry will sink
Upon the startled ear.

And thus upon my dreaming youth,
When boyhood's gambols pleased no more,
And young Romance, in guise of Truth,
Usurped the heart all theirs before ;
Thus broke Ambition's trumpet-note
On visions wild,
Yet blithesome as this river
On which the smiling moonbeams float,
That thus have there for ages smiled,
And will thus smile forever.

And now no more the fresh green-wood,
The forest's fatted aisles,
And leafy domes above them bent,
And solitude
So eloquent !
Mocking the varied skill that's blent
In Art's most gorgeous piles—
No more can soothe my soul to sleep
Than they can awe the sounds that sweep

To hunter's horn and merriment
 Their verdant passes through,
 When fresh the dun-deer leaves his scent
 Upon the morning dew.

The game's afoot!—and let the chase
 Lead on, whate'er my destiny—
 Though Fate her funeral-drum may brace
 Full soon for me!
 And wave Death's pageant o'er me—
 Yet now the new and untried world,
 Like maiden banner first unfurled,
 Is glancing bright before me!

The quarry soars! and mine is now the sky,
 Where, "at what bird I please, my hawk shall fly!"
 Yet something whispers through the wood—
 A voice like that, perchance,
 Which taught the haunter of EGERIA'S grove
 To tame the Roman's dominating mood
 And lower, for a while, his conquering lance
 Before the images of Law and Love—
 Some mystic voice, that ever since hath dwelt
 Along with Echo in her dim retreat,
 A voice whose influence all, at times, have felt
 By wood or glen, or where on silver strand
 The clasping waves of Ocean's belt
 Do clashing meet
 Around the land:
 It whispers me that soon—too soon
 The pulses which now beat so high,
 Inpatient with the world to cope,
 Will, like the hues of autumn sky,

Be changed and fallen ere life's noon
 Should tame its morning hope.
 It tells me not of heart betrayed,
 Of health impaired,
 Of fruitless toil,
 And ills alike by thousands shared,
 Of which each year some link is made,
 To add to "mortal coil:"
 And yet its strange, prophetic tone
 So faintly murmurs to my soul
 The fate to be my own,
 That all of these may be
 Reserved for me
 Ere manhood's early years can o'er me roll.

Yet why,
 While Hope so jocund singeth,
 And with her plumes the graybeard's arrow wingeth,
 Should I
 Think only of the barb it bringeth?
 Though every dream deceive
 That to my youth is dearest,
 Until my heart they leave
 Like forest-leaf when scarest—
 Yet still, mid forest-leaves,
 Where now
 Its tissue thus my idle fancy weaves,
 Still with heart new-blossoming
 While leaves, and buds, and wild flowers spring,
 At Nature's shrine I'll bow;
 Nor seek in vain that truth in her
 She keeps for her idolater.

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THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

“And first behold this cordial Julep here,
 That flames and dances in its crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant sirups mixed;
 Not that Nephenthes which the wife of THOME
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born HELENA,
 Is of such power to stir up Joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.”

MILTON—*Comus*.

’TIS said that the gods, on Olympus of old
 (And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt?)
 One night, mid their revels, by BACCHUS were told
 That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But, determined to send round the goblet once more,
 They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
 In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o’er,
 Should cast every wine ever drunk in the shade.

Grave CERES herself blithely yielded her corn;
 And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
 And which first had its birth in the dews of the morn,
 Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

POMONA, whose choicest of fruits on the board
 Were scattered profusely in every one’s reach,
 When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
 Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while VENUS looked on,
 With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
 That the honey of Hybla, e’en when they were gone,
 Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

FLORA then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
 And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
 All dripping and fresh, as it came from the brook,
 The herb whose aroma should flavour the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
 Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
 But juleps the drink of immortals became,
 When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

ROSALIE CLARE.

WHO owns not she's peerless, who calls her not fair,
 Who questions the beauty of ROSALIE CLARE,
 Let him saddle his courser and spur to the field,
 And, though harnessed in proof, he must perish or yield;
 For no gallant can splinter, no charger may dare
 The lance that is couched for young ROSALIE CLARE.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board
 Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is poured,
 And fond wishes for fair ones around offered up,
 From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup,
 What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,
 Or is whispered more warmly, than ROSALIE CLARE?

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine,
 Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine;
 Of the houris that gladden the East with their smiles,
 Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles;
 But what flower of far-away clime can compare
 With the blossom of ours—bright ROSALIE CLARE?

Who owns not she's peerless, who calls her not fair,
 Let him meet but the glances of ROSALIE CLARE!
 Let him list to her voice, let him gaze on her form;
 And if, seeing and hearing, his soul do not warm,
 Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air
 Than that which is blessed by sweet ROSALIE CLARE.

Sophia Helen Oliver.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

THEY are winging, they are winging
 Through the thin blue air their way;
 Unseen harps are softly ringing
 Round about us, night and day.
 Could we pierce the shadows o'er us,
 And behold that seraph band,
 Long-lost friends would bright before us
 In angelic beauty stand.

Lo! the dim blue mist is sweeping
 Slowly from my longing eyes,
 And my heart is upward leaping
 With a deep and glad surprise.
 I behold them—close beside me,
 Dwellers of the spirit-land;
 Mists and shades alone divide me
 From that glorious seraph band.

Though life never can restore me
 My sad bosom's nestling dove,

Yet my blue-eyed babe bends o'er me
With her own sweet smile of love ;
And the brother, long departed,
Who in being's summer died—
Warm, and true, and gentle-hearted—
Folds his pinions by my side.

Last called from us, loved and dearest—
Thou the faultless, tried, and true,
Of all earthly friends sincerest,
Mother—I behold thee too !
Lo ! celestial light is gleaming
Round thy forehead pure and mild,
And thine eyes with love are beaming
On thy sad, heart-broken child !

Gentle sisters there are bending,
Blossoms culled from life's parterre ;
And my father's voice ascending,
Floats along the charmèd air.
Hark ! those thrilling tones Elysian
Faint and fainter die away,
And the bright seraphic vision
Fades upon my sight for aye.

But I know they hover round me
In the morning's rosy light,
And their unseen forms surround me
All the deep and solemn night.
Yes, they're winging—yes, they're winging
Through the thin blue air their way ;
Spirit-harps are softly ringing
Round about us night and day.

Mary E. Lee.

THE POETS.

THE poets—the poets—
Those giants of the earth ;
In mighty strength they tower above
The men of common birth :
A noble race—they mingle not
Among the motley throng,
But move, with slow and measured steps,
To music-notes along.

The poets—the poets—
What conquests they can boast !
Without one drop of life-blood spilt,
They rule a world's wide host ;
Their stainless banner floats unharmed
From age to lengthened age ;
And History records their deeds
Upon her proudest page.

The poets—the poets—
How endless is their fame !
Death, like a thin mist, comes, yet leaves
No shadow on each name ;
But as yon starry gems that gleam
In evening's crystal sky,
So have they won, in memory's depths,
An immortality.

The poets—the poets—
 Who doth not linger o'er
 The glorious volumes that contain
 Their bright and spotless lore?
 They charm us in the saddest hours,
 Our richest joys they feed;
 And love for them has grown to be
 A universal creed.

The poets—the poets—
 Those kingly minstrels dead,
 Well may we twine a votive wreath
 Around each honored head:
 No tribute is too high to give
 Those crowned ones among men.
 The poets—the true poets—
 Thanks be to God for them!

Rev. William Croswell, D. D.

THE CLOUDS.

“Cloud land! gorgeous land!”—COLERIDGE.

I CANNOT look above and see
 Yon high-piled, pillowy mass
 Of evening clouds, so swimmingly
 In gold and purple pass,
 And think not, LORD, how thou wast seen
 On Israel's desert way,

Before them, in thy shadowy screen,
Pavilioned all the day !

Or, of those robes of gorgeous hue
Which the Redeemer wore,
When, ravished from his followers' view,
Aloft his flight He bore,
When lifted, as on mighty wing,
He curtained his ascent,
And, wrapped in clouds, went triumphing
Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
Of many-coloured dyes,
That high above, o'ermantling all,
Hangs midway down the skies—
Or borders of those sweeping folds
Which shall be all unfurled
About the Saviour, when He holds
His judgment on the world ?

For in like manner as He went,—
My soul, hast thou forgot?—
Shall be his terrible descent,
When man expecteth not !
Strength, Son of Man, against that hour,
Be to our spirits given,
When Thou shalt come again with power,
Upon the clouds of heaven !

William Pitt Palmer.

LINES TO A CHRYSALIS.

MUSING long, I asked me this :
 " Chrysalis,
 Lying helpless in my path,
 Obvious to mortal scath
 From a careless passer-by,
 What thy life may signify ?
 Why, from hope and joy apart,
 Thus thou art ?

" Nature surely did amiss,
 Chrysalis,
 When she lavished fins and wings,
 Nerved with nicest moving-springs,
 On the mote and madrepore,
 Wherewithal to swim or soar ;
 And dispensed so niggardly
 Unto thee.

" E'en the very worm may kiss,
 Chrysalis,
 Roses on their topmost stems,
 Blazoned with their dewy gems,
 And may rock him to and fro
 As the zephyrs softly blow ;
 Whilst thou liest, dark and cold,
 On the mould."

Quoth the Chrysalis : " Sir Bard,
 Not so hard

Is my rounded destiny
 In the great Economy .
 Nay, by humble reason viewed,
 There is much for gratitude
 In the shaping and upshot
 Of my lot.

“ Though I seem of all things born
 Most forlorn,
 Most obtuse of soul and sense,
 Next of kin to Impotence,
 Nay, to Death himself; yet ne'er
 Priest or prophet, sage or seer,
 May sublimer wisdom teach
 Than I preach.

“ From my pulpit of the sod,
 Like a god,
 I proclaim this wondrous truth :
 Farthest age is nearest youth,
 Nearest Glory's natal porch,
 Where, with pale, inverted torch,
 Death lights downward to the rest
 Of the blest.

“ Mark yon airy butterfly's
 Rainbow-dyes !
 Yesterday that shape divine
 Was as darkly hearsed as mine ;
 But to-morrow I shall be
 Free and beautiful as she,
 And sweep forth on wings of light,
 Like a sprite.

“Soul of man in crypt of clay!
 Bide the day
 When thy latent wings shall be
 Plumed for immortality,
 And with transport marvellous
 Cleave their dark sarcophagus,
 O'er Elysian fields to soar
 Evermore!”

Mary Noel Meigs.

THE SPELLS OF MEMORY.

IT was but the note of a summer bird,
 But a dream of the past in my heart it stirred,
 And wafted me far to a breezy spot,
 Where blossomed the blue forget-me-not.
 And the broad, green boughs gave a checkered gleam
 To the dancing waves of a mountain-stream;
 And there, in the heat of a summer day,
 Again on the velvet turf I lay,
 And saw bright shapes in the floating clouds,
 And reared fair domes mid their fleecy shrouds,
 As I looked aloft to the azure sky,
 And longed for a bird's soft plumes to fly,
 Till lost in its depths of purity.

Alas! I have waked from that early dream:
 Far, far away is the mountain-stream;
 And the dewy turf, where so oft I lay,
 And the woodland flowers, they are far away;

And the skies that once were to me so blue,
Now bend above with a darker hue :
And yet I may wander in fancy back,
At Memory's call, to my childhood's track,
And the fount of Thought hath been deeply stirred
By the passing note of a summer bird.

It was but the rush of the autumn wind,
But it left a spell of the past behind,
And I was abroad with my brothers twain
In the tangled paths of the wood again :
Where the leaves were rustling beneath our feet,
And the merry shout of our gleesome mood
Was echoed far in the solitude,
As we caught the prize which a kindly breeze
Sent down in a shower from the chestnut-trees.

Oh ! a weary time hath passed away
Since my brothers were out by my side at play ;
A weary time, with its weight of care,
And its toil in the city's crowded air,
And its pining wish for the hill-tops high ;
For the laughing stream and the clear blue sky ;
For the shaded dell, and the leafy halls
Of the old green wood where the sunlight falls.

But I see the haunts of my early days—
The old green wood where the sunshine plays,
And the flashing stream in its course of light,
And the hill-tops high, and the sky so bright,
And the silent depths of the shaded dell,
Where the twilight shadows at noonday fell ;
And the mighty charm which hath conquered these
Is naught, save a rush of the autumn breeze.

It was but a violet's faint perfume,
 But it bore me back to a quiet room,
 Where a gentle girl in the spring-time gay
 Was breathing her fair young life away,
 Whose light through the rose-hued curtains fell,
 And tinted her cheek like the ocean-shell ;
 And the southern breeze on its fragrant wings
 Stole in with its tale of all lovely things ;
 Where Love watched on through the long, long hours,
 And Friendship came with its gift of flowers ;
 And Death drew near with a stealthy tread,
 And lightly pillowed in dust her head,
 And sealed up gently the lids so fair,
 And damped the brow with its clustering hair,
 And left the maiden in slumber deep,
 To waken no more from that tranquil sleep.
 Then we laid the flower her hand had pressed
 To wither and die on her gentle breast ;
 And back to the shade of that quiet room
 I go with the violet's faint perfume.

Edward Coates Pinkney.

ITALY.

KNOW'ST thou the land which lovers ought to choose ?
 Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews ;
 In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
 The purple vintage clusters in the sun ;
 Odours of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
 Rich fruits hang high upon the verdant trees ;

And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.
Belovèd!—speed we from this sullen strand,
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light,
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved! toward that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix forever more.

It looks a dimple on the face of Earth,
The seat of Beauty, and the shrine of Mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's Genius, feminine and fair;
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire;
The speaking ruins, in that gentle clime,
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,

And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame—
 The meanest stone is not without a name.
 Then come, belovèd!—hasten o'er the sea,
 To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

Rev. George W. Bethune, M. D.

NIGHT STUDY.

I AM alone ; and yet
 In the still solitude there is a rush
 Around me, as were met
 A crowd of viewless wings ; I hear a rush
 Of uttered harmonies--heaven meeting earth,
 Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye wingèd Mysteries,
 Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,
 Beckoning me to arise,
 And go forth from my very self, and fly
 With you far in the unknown, unseen immense
 Of worlds beyond our sphere—what are ye ? whence ?

Ye eloquent Voices,
 Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,
 Now strong as when rejoices
 The trumpet in the victory and pursuit ;
 Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
 My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thrall.

I know you now—I see
With more than natural light—ye are the good
The wise *departed*—ye
Are come from heaven to claim your brotherhood
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
And chains, which once were yours in this sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page
Ye traced in ancient days with glorious thought
For many a distant age ;
Ye love to watch the inspiration caught
From your sublime examples, and so cheer
The fainting student to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul,
Like him who near the ATONER stood, when He,
Trembling, saw round him roll
The wrathful portents of Gethsemane,
With courage strong : the promise ye have known
And proved, rapt for me from the Eternal throne.

Still keep, oh, keep me near you !
Compass me round with your immortal wings :
Still let my glad soul hear you
Striking your triumphs from your golden strings,
Until with you I mount and join the song,
An angel, like you, mid the white-robed throng.

George P. Morris.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand—
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend!

Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

WH.Y dost thou come, at set of sun,
Those pensive words to say?
Why whip poor Will?—what has he done?
And who is Will, I pray?

Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,
A suppliant at my door?
Why ask of me to whip poor Will?
And is Will really poor?

If poverty's his crime, let mirth
From out his heart be driven;
That is the deadliest sin on earth,
And never is forgiven.

Art Will himself? It must be so—
I learn it from thy moan;
For none can feel another's woe
As deeply as his own.

Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat
While other birds repose?
What means thy melancholy note?
The mystery disclose.

Still "Whip poor Will!"—Art thou a sprite
From unknown regions sent,
To wander in the gloom of night,
And ask for punishment?

Is thine a conscience sore beset
With guilt?—or, what is worse,
Hast thou to meet writs, duns, and debt,
No money in thy purse?

If this be thy hard fate indeed,
Ah! well mayst thou repine;
The sympathy I give I need—
The poet's doom is thine.

Art thou a lover, Will?—hast proved
The fairest can deceive?
Thine is the lot of all who've loved,
Since Adam wedded Eve.

Hast trusted in a friend, and seen
No friend was he in need?
A common error—men still lean
Upon as frail a reed.

Hast thou, in seeking wealth and fame,
A crown of brambles won?
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same,
With every mother's son.

Hast found the world a Babel wide,
Where man to Mammon stoop.—
Where flourish arrogance and pride,
While modest merit droops?

What! none of these? Then whence thy pain—

To guess it who's the skill?

Pray have the kindness to explain

Why I should whip poor Will?

Dost merely ask thy just desert?

What! not another word?

Back to the woods again, unhurt—

I would not harm thee, bird!

But treat thee kindly—for my nerves,

Like thine, have penance done;

Use every man as he deserves,

Who shall 'scape whipping?—NONE!

Farewell, poor Will!—not valueless

This lesson by thee given;

Keep thine own counsel, and confess

Thyself alone to Heaven!

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now!

Tears will unbidden start—

With faltering lip and throbbing brow

I press it to my heart.

For many generations past,

Here is our family tree;

My mother's hands this Bible clasped—

She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those

Whose names these records bear,

Who round the hearthstone used to close
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill :
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still !

My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters dear ;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who leaned God's word to hear !
 Her angel face—I see it yet ;
 What thronging memories come !
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried ;
 Where all were false I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasure give
 That could this volume buy :
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

THE WEST.

HO! brothers—come hither, and list to my story—
 Merry and brief will the narrative be :
 Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—
 Master am I, boys, of all that I see.

Where once frowned a forest a garden is smiling—
 The meadow and moorland are marshes no more;
 And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
 The children who cluster like grapes at the door.
 Then enter, boys, cheerly, boys, enter and rest—
 The land of the heart is the land of the West.
 Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
 Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free;
 Behold how its beautiful colours all vary,
 Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea!
 A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;
 With proud independence we season our cheer,
 And those who the world are for happiness ranging
 Won't find it at all if they don't find it here.
 Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
 I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.
 Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
 We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;
 We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
 And care not a fig for the king on his throne.
 We never know want, for we live by our labour,
 And in it contentment and happiness find;
 We do what we can for a friend or a neighbour,
 And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.
 Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
 You know how we live, boys, and die in the West!
 Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Lydia Jane Pierson.

THE WILD-WOOD HOME.

O H, show me a place like the wild-wood home,
 Where the air is fragrant and free,
 And the first pure breathings of Morning come
 In a gush of melody!

She lifts the soft fringe from her dark-blue eye
 With a radiant smile of love,
 And the diamonds that o'er her bosom lie
 Are bright as the gems above;

Where noon lies down in the breezy shade
 Of the glorious forest bowers,
 And the beautiful birds from the sunny glades
 Sit nodding amongst the flowers,
 While the holy child of the mountain-spring
 Steals past with a murmured song,
 And the honey-bees sleep in the bells that swing
 Its garlanded banks along;

Where Day steals away, with a young bride's blush,
 To the soft green couch of Night,
 And the Moon throws o'er, with a holy hush,
 Her curtain of gossamer light;
 And the seraph that sings in the hemlock dell
 (Oh, sweetest of birds is she!)
 Fills the dewy breeze with a trancing swell
 Of melody rich and free;

There are sumptuous mansions with marble walls,
 Surmounted by glittering towers,

Where fountains play in the perfumed halls
Amongst exotic flowers :
They are suitable homes for the haughty in mind,
Yet a wild-wood home for me,
Where the pure bright streams, and the mountain-wind,
And the bounding heart, are free !

Albert G. Greene.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest
ray,

Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay—
The stern old Baron RUDIGER, whose frame had ne'er been
bent

By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had
spent.

“They come around me here, and say my days of life are
o'er—

That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no
more ;

They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now
that I,

Their own liege-lord and master born, that I—ha ! ha !—
must die.

“And what is Death ? I've dared him oft, before the
Paynim spear ;—

Think ye he's entered at my gate—has come to seek me
here ?

I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was
raging hot;—

I'll try his might—I'll brave his power; defy, and fear him
not!

“Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the cul-
verin;

Bid each retainer arm with speed: call every vassal in.
Up with my banner on the wall!—the banquet-board pre-
pare,—

Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armour
there!”

A hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth was
spread,

And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a martial
tread;

While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted
wall,

Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud
old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers
poured

On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around
the board;

While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of
state,

Armed cap-à-pic, stern **RUDIGER**, with girded falchion, sate.

“Fill every beaker up, my men—pour forth the cheering
wine!

There's life and strength in every drop—thanksgiving to
the vine!

Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing
dim :

Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the
brim !

“Ye’re there; but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each
trusty sword,

And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my
board.

I hear it faintly. Louder yet!—What clogs my heavy
breath ?

Up all, and shout for RUDIGER—“Defiance unto Death !”

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deaf-
ening cry,

That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on
high.

“Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?—Slaves, traitors, have ye
flown ?

Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone ?

“But I defy him—let him come !” Down rang the massy
cup,

While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half
way up ;

And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on
his head,

There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old RUDIGER sat,
dead.

OLD GRIMES.

OLD GRIMES is dead! that good old man
We never shall see more :
He used to wear a long, black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day ;
His feelings all were true :
His hair was some inclined to gray—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned ;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all ;
He knew no base design :
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true :
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old GRIMES is now at rest,
Nor fears Misfortune's frown :
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert :
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbours he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay :
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to Fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran ;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

Lucy Hooper.

LEGENDS OF FLOWERS.

OH, gorgeous tales, in days of old,
Were linked with opening flowers,
As if in their fairy urns of gold
Beat human hearts like ours ;
The nuns in their cloister, sad and pale,
As they watched soft buds expand,
On their glowing petals traced a tale
Or legend of Holy Land.
Brightly to them did thy snowy leaves
For the sainted MARY shine,
As they twined for her forehead vestal wreaths
Of thy white buds, cardamine !

The crocus shone, when the fields were bare,
With a gay, rejoicing smile ;
But the hearts that answered Love's tender prayer
Grew brightened with joy the while.
Of the coming spring and the summer's light,
To others that flower might say ;
But the lover welcomed the herald bright
Of the glad St. VALENTINE's day.
The crocus was hailed as a happy flower,
And the holy saint that day
Poured out on the earth their golden shower
To light his votaries' way.

On the day of St. GEORGE, the brave St. GEORGE,
To merry England dear,

By field and by fell, and by mountain-gorge,
 Shone hyacinths blue and clear :
 Lovely and prized was their purple light,
 And 'twas said in ancient story,
 That their fairy bells rang out at night
 A peal to old England's glory ;
 And sages read in the azure hue
 Of the flowers so widely known,
 That by white sail spread over ocean's blue
 Should the empire's right be shown.

And thou of faithful memory,
 St. JOHN, thou "shining light,"
 Beams not a burning torch for thee,
 The scarlet lychnis bright ?
 While holy MARY, at thy shrine,
 Another pure flower blooms,
 Welcome to thee with news divine,
 The lily's faint perfumes ;
 Proudly its stately head it rears,
 Arrayed in virgin white—
 So Truth, amid a world of tears,
 Doth shine with vestal light.

And thou, whose opening buds were shown
 A Saviour's cross beside,
 We hail thee, passion-flower alone,
 Sacred to CHRIST, who died.
 No image of a mortal love,
 May thy bright blossoms be
 Linked with a passion far above—
 A Saviour's agony.

All other flowers are pale and dim,
 All other gifts are loss ;
 We twine thy matchless buds for Him
 Who died on holy cross.

James Mack.

SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming ! Spring is coming !
 Birds are chirping, insects humming ;
 Flowers are peeping from their sleeping ;
 Streams, escaped from Winter's keeping,
 In delighted freedom rushing,
 Dance along in music gushing ;
 Scenes of late in deadness saddened,
 Smile in animation gladdened :
 All is beauty, all is mirth,
 All is glory upon earth.
 Shout we, then, with Nature's voice—
 " Welcome, Spring ! rejoice ! rejoice ! "

Spring is coming !—Come, my brother,
 Let us rove with one another
 To our well-remembered wild-wood,
 Flourishing in Nature's childhood,
 Where a thousand flowers are springing,
 And a thousand birds are singing ;
 Where the golden sunbeams quiver
 On the verdure-bordered river ;

Let our youth of feeling out
To the youth of Nature shout,
While the waves repeat our voice—
“ Welcome, Spring! rejoice! rejoice!”

William Gilmore Simms.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

NOT in the sky,
Where it was seen,
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep,—
Though green,
And beautiful its caves of mystery,—
Shall the bright watcher have
A place—and, as of old, high station keep.

Gone, gone!
Oh, never more to cheer
The mariner who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers and do sleep,
Shall it appear,
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the Deep.

Vain, vain!
Hopeful most idly then, shall he look forth,
That mariner from his bark—
Howe'er the North
Doth raise his certain lamp when tempests lower—

He sees no more that perished light again !
And gloomier grows the hour
Which may not, through the thick and crowding dark,
Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

He looks,—the shepherd on Chaldea's hills,
Tending his flocks,—
And wonders the rich beacon doth not blaze,
Gladdening his gaze ;
And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him safely home through perilous ways !
How stands he in amaze,
Still wondering, as the drowsy silence fills
The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils
Its leaden dews—how chafes he at the night,
Still slow to bring the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight !

And lone,
Where its first splendours shone,
Shall be that pleasant company of stars :
How should they know that death
Such perfect beauty mars ;
And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
Fallen from on high,
Their lights grow blasted by its touch, and die—
All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapped rudely, and the generous music gone ?

A strain—a mellow strain—
Of wailing sweetness, filled the earth and sky ;
The Stars lamenting in unborrowed pain
That one of the selectest ones must die ;

Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest !
Alas ! 'tis ever more the destiny,
The hope, heart-cherished, is the soonest lost ;
The flower first budded soonest feels the frost :
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest ?
And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest when they fly
The desolate home they blessed ?

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

'TIS a wild spot, and hath a gloomy look ;
The bird sings never merrily in the trees,
And the young leaves seem blighted. A rank growth
Spreads poisonously round, with power to taint
With blistering dews the thoughtless hand that dares
To penetrate the covert. Cypresses
Crowd on the dank, wet earth ; and, stretched at length,
The cayman—a fit dweller in such home—
Slumbers, half-buried in the sedgy grass.
Beside the green ooze, where he shelters him,
A whooping crane erects his skeleton form,
And shrieks in flight. Two summer ducks, aroused
To apprehension, as they hear his cry,
Dash up from the lagoon, with marvellous haste,
Following his guidance. Meetly taught by these,
And startled at our rapid, near approach,
The steel-jawed monster, from his grassy bed,
Crawls slowly to his slimy, green abode,
Which straight receives him. You behold him now,

His ridgy back uprising as he speeds
In silence to the centre of the stream,
Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly,
That, travelling all the day, has counted climes
Only by flowers, to rest himself a while,
Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute
Straightway goes down so suddenly, that he,
The dandy of the summer flowers and woods,
Dips his light wings, and spoils his golden coat,
With the rank water of that turbid pond.
Wondering and vexed, the plumed citizen
Flies, with a hurried effort, to the shore,
Seeking his kindred flowers: but seeks in vain—
Nothing of genial growth may there be seen,
Nothing of beautiful! Wild, ragged trees,
That look like felon spectres—fetid shrubs,
That taint the gloomy atmosphere—dusk shades,
That gather, half a cloud and half a fiend
In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge,—
Gloom with their sternness and forbidding frowns
The general prospect. The sad butterfly,
Waving his lackered wings, darts quickly on,
And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed
For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet
Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

Ann S. Stephens.

DROPPING LEAVES.

THE leaves are dropping, dropping,
And I watch them as they go ;
Now whirling, floating, stopping,
With a look of noiseless woe.
Yes, I watch them in their falling,
As they tremble from the stem,
With a stillness so appalling—
And my heart goes down with them !

Yes, I see them floating round me
Mid the beating of the rain,
Like the hopes that still have bound me
To the fading past again.
They are floating through the stillness,
They are given to the storm—
And they tremble off like phantoms
Of a joy that has no form.

But the proud tree stands up prouder,
While its branches cast their leaves—
And the cold wind whispers louder,
Like a sobbing breath that grieves ;
A heart that's long in breaking,
As a single flower may cling,
All withered, shorn, and quaking,
On the naked stalk till spring.

Then I thought—"That tree is human,
And its boughs are human too ;

For while the leaves were wealthy
With kindling sap and dew—
While the sun shot golden lances
Through all its billowy green,
And the birds poured love and music
Where the slanting rays had been—

“Then its great roots gathered fragrance,
Like wine-drops from the ground,
Till it sparkled through the foliage,
As faith fills the profound
Of souls that live together
In kindred trust and love,
Till their union seems immortal
As the burning stars above.

“But the very dews of summer
Had left their own decay;
And Change, a ruthless vampire,
That steals the soul away,
Came with the mellow autumn,
And touched those leaves with blight;
Then the frost came stealing earthward,
Like a ghost upon the night.

“When the frost had done its death-work,
When the golden leaves were sear,
And the brown crept dimly on them
In the old age of the year,—
Ah! the roots withdrew their nurture,
While the tree stood firm and high;
When the leaves had lost their greenness,
Lo, it cast them off to die!”

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Then I thought, "Those leaves were weary,
And thrilled with human pain,
As they fell so cold and dreary
Beneath the beating rain.
While the boughs waved slow and grimly,
And shock them all away—
Those leaves that fell so dimly,
Like shadows on the day!"

Then my soul went sadly after,
As they quivered from my sight,
And it followed faster, faster,
As my hopes had taken flight.
So I watched the pale leaves flutter,
Flutter downward from the stem;
And I said, "The cold earth under
Is enough for me and them."

Edgar Allan Poe.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber
door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the
floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to
borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
LENORE—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
LENORE—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide
the door;—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

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Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before ;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
 "LENORE !"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
 "LENORE !"—

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice ;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is—and this mystery explore,
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore—
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed he ;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
 Perched upon a bust of PALLAS, just above my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
 "art sure no craven,
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the
 Nightly shore—
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian
 shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
 plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber
 door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
 door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke
 only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
 outpour.
 Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he
 fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
 flown before—
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown
 before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful Disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore,
 Of 'Never—nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door:
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
 She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these
angels He hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
LENORE!

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
LENORE!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I
implore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!—

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
LENORE—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
LENORE?”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of PALLAS, just above my chamber
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE,
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea ;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my ANNABEL LEE—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
So that her high-born kinsman came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know),
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.
 And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
 Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
 In her sculchre there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

 THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight—
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!

From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of Night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour,
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating Air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are ghouls :
 And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls,
 A pæan from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells !
 And he dances and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells !

Sarah Helen Whitman.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY:

“A TALE OF FORESTS AND ENCHANTMENTS DREAR.”

Il Penseroso.

“SISTER, 'tis the noon of night!—
Let us, in the web of thought,
Weave the threads of ancient song,
From the realms of Fairies brought.

“Thou shalt stain the dusky warp
In nightshade wet with twilight dew;
I, with streaks of morning gold,
Will strike the fabric through and through.”*

WHERE a lone castle by the sea
Upreared its dark and mouldering pile,
Far seen, with all its frowning towers,
For many and many a weary mile,
The wild waves beat the castle walls,
And bathed the rock with ceaseless showers;
The winds roared fiercely round the pile,
And moaned along its mouldering towers.

Within those wide and echoing halls,
To guard her from a fatal spell,
A maid of noble lineage born
Was doomed in solitude to dwell.
Five fairies graced the infant's birth
With fame and beauty, wealth and power;
The sixth, by one fell stroke, reversed
The lavish splendours of her dower.

* This is a joint production of Mrs. WHITMAN and her sister, Miss POWER.

Whene'er the orphan's lily hand
A spindle's shining point should pierce,
She swore, upon her magic wand,
The maid should sleep a hundred years.
The wild waves beat the castle wall,
And bathed the rock with ceaseless showers ;
Dark, heaving billows plunge and fall
In whitening foam beneath the towers.

There, rocked by winds and lulled by waves,
In youthful grace the maiden grew,
And from her solitary dreams
A sweet and pensive pleasure drew.
Yet often, from her lattice high,
She gazed athwart the gathering night,
To mark the sea-gulls wheeling by,
And longed to follow in their flight.

One winter night, beside the hearth
She sat and watched the smouldering fire,
While now the tempests seemed to lull,
And now the winds rose high and higher ;
Strange sounds are heard along the wall,
Dim faces glimmer through the gloom,
And still mysterious voices call,
And shadows flit from room to room—

Till, bending o'er the dying brands,
She chanced a sudden gleam to see :
She turned the sparkling embers o'er,
And lo ! she finds a golden key !
Lured on, as by an unseen hand,
She roamed the castle o'er and o'er—

Through many a darkling chamber sped,
And many a dusky corridor :

And still, through unknown, winding ways,
She wandered on for many an hour,
For gallery still to gallery leads,
And tower succeeds to tower.

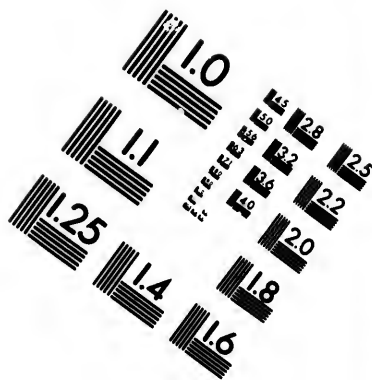
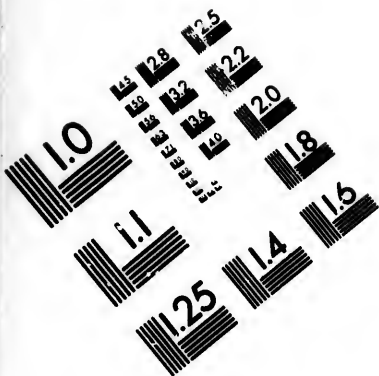
Of, wearied with the steep ascent,
She lingered on her lonely way,
And paused beside the pictured walls,
Their countless wonders to survey.

At length, upon a narrow stair
That wound within a turret high,
She saw a little low-browed door,
And turned, her golden key to try :
Slowly, beneath her trembling hand,
The bolts recede, and, backward flung,
With harsh recoil and sullen clang
The door upon its hinges swung.

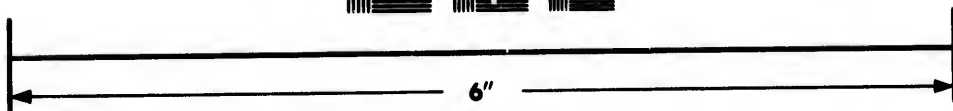
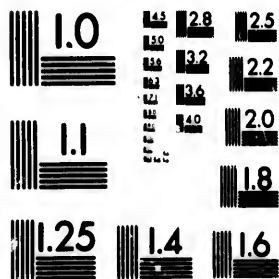
There, in a little moonlit room,
She sees a weird and withered crone,
Who sat and spun amid the gloom,
And turned her wheel with drowsy drone.
With mute amaze and wondering awe,
A passing moment stood the maid,
Then, entering at the narrow door,
More near the mystic task surveyed.

She saw her twine the flaxen fleece,
She saw her draw the flaxen thread,
She viewed the spindle's shining point,
And, pleased, the novel task surveyed.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
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A sudden longing seized her breast
To twine the fleece, to turn the wheel :
She stretched her lily hand, and pierced
Her finger with the shining steel !

Slowly her heavy eyelids close ;
She feels a drowsy torpor creep
From limb to limb, till every sense
Is locked in an enchanted sleep.
A dreamless slumber, deep as night,
In deathly trance her senses locked ;
At once through all its massive vaults
And gloomy towers the castle rocked.

The beldame roused her from her lair,
And raised on high a mournful wail—
A shrilly scream that seemed to float
A requiem on the dying gale.
“A hundred years shall pass,” she said,
“Ere those blue eyes behold the morn,
Ere these deserted halls and towers
Shall echo to a bugle-horn.

“A hundred Norland winters pass,
While drenching rains and drifting snows
Shall beat against the castle walls,
Nor wake thee from thy long repose.
A hundred times the golden grain
Shall wave beneath the harvest moon,
Twelve hundred moons shall wax and wane
Ere yet thine eyes behold the sun !”

She ceased : but still the mystic rhyme
The long-resounding aisles prolong,

And all the castle's echoes chime
In answering cadence to her song.
She bore the maiden to her bower,
An ancient chamber wide and low,
Where golden sconces from the wall
A faint and trembling lustre throw ;—

A silent chamber, far apart,
Where strange and antique arras hung,
That waved along the mouldering walls,
And in the gusty night-wind swung.
She laid her on her ivory bed,
And gently smoothed each snowy limb,
Then drew the curtain's dusky fold
To make the entering daylight dim.

PART II.

AND all around, on every side,
Throughout the castle's precincts wide,
In every bower and hall,
All slept: the warder in the court,
The figures on the arras wrought,
The steed within his stall.

No more the watch-dog bayed the moon,
The owlet ceased her boding tune,
The raven on his tower ;
All hushed in slumber still and deep,
Enthralled in an enchanted sleep,
Await the appointed hour.

A pathless forest, wild and wide,
Engirt the castle's inland side,
And stretched for many a mile ;

So thick its deep, impervious screen,
The castle towers were dimly seen
Above the mouldering pile.

So high the ancient cedars sprung,
So far aloft their branches flung,
So close the covert grew,
No foot its silence could invade,
No eye could pierce its depths of shade,
Or see the welkin through.

Yet oft, as from some distant mound
The traveller cast his eyes around,
O'er wold and woodland gray,
He saw, athwart the glimmering light
Of moonbeams, on a misty night,
A castle far away.

A hundred Norland winters passed,
While drenching rains and drifting snows
Beat loud against the castle walls,
Nor broke the maiden's long repose.
A hundred times on vale and hill
The reapers bound golden corn—
And now the ancient haubs and towers
Re-echo to a bugle-horn!

A warrior from a distant land,
With helm and hauberk, spear and brand,
And high, untarnished crest,
By visions of enchantment led,
Hath vowed, before the morning's red,
To break her charmed rest.

From torrid clime beyond the main
He comes the costly prize to gain,
O'er deserts waste and wide.
No dangers daunt, no toils can tire ;
With throbbing heart and soul on fire
He seeks his sleeping bride.

He gains the old, enchanted wood,
Where never mortal footsteps trod—
He pierced its tangled gloom ;
A chillness loads the lurid air,
Where baleful swamp-fires gleam and glare,
His pathway to illumine.

Well might the warrior's courage fail,
Well might his lofty spirit quail,
On that enchanted ground ;
No open foeman meets him there,
But, borne upon the murky air,
Strange horror broods around !

At every turn his footsteps sank
Mid tangled boughs and mosses dank,
For long and weary hours—
Till, issuing from the dangerous wood,
The castle full before him stood,
With all its flanking towers !

The moon a paly lustre sheds ;
Resolved, the grass-grown court he treads,
The gloomy portal gained—
He crossed the threshold's magic bound,
He paced the hall, where all around
A deathly silence reigned.

No fears his venturous course could stay—
Darkling he groped his dreary way—
 Up the wide staircase sprang.
It echoed to his mailèd heel ;
With clang of arms and clash of steel
 The silent chambers rang.

He sees a glimmering taper gleam
Far off, with faint and trembling beam,
 Athwart the midnight gloom :
Then first he felt the touch of fear,
As, with slow footsteps drawing near,
 He gained the lighted room.

And now the waning moon was low,
The perfumed tapers faintly glow,
 And, by their dying gleam,
He raised the curtain's dusky fold,
And lo ! his charmèd eyes behold
 The lady of his dream !

As violets peep from wintry snows,
Slowly her heavy lids unclose,
 And gently heaves her breast ;
But all unconscious was her gaze,
Her eye with listless languor strays
 From brand to plummy crest :

A rising blush begins to dawn,
Like that which steals at early morn
 Across the eastern sky ;
And slowly, as the morning broke,
The maiden from her trance awoke
 Beneath his ardent eye !

As the first kindling sunbeams threw
Their level light athwart the dew,
 And tipped the hills with flame,
The silent forest-boughs were stirred
With music, as from bee and bird
 A mingling murmur came.

From out its depths of tangled gloom
There came a breath of dewy bloom,
 And from the valleys dim
A cloud of fragrant incense stole,
As if each violet breathed its soul
 Into that floral hymn.

Loud neighed the steed within his stall,
The cock crowed on the castle wall,
 The warder wound his horn ;
The linnet sang in leafy bower,
The swallows, twittering from the tower,
 Salute the rosy morn.

But fresher than the rosy morn,
And blither than the bugle-horn,
 The maiden's heart doth prove,
Who, as her beaming eyes awake,
Beholds a double morning break—
 The dawn of light and love!

Jonathan Lawrence.

LOOK ALOFT.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which Hope spreads in light to thine
eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And oh, when Death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart!

George D. Prentice.

SABBATH EVENING.

HOW calmly sinks the parting sun !
Yet twilight lingers still ;
And, beautiful as dream of heaven,
It slumbers on the hill ;
Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And, rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest-trees
In shadowy groups recline,
Like saints at evening bowed in prayer
Around their holy shrine ;
And through their leaves the night-winds blow
So calm and still, their music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,
Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so softly glow,
They seem to Fancy's eye
Bright creatures of a better sphere,
Come down at noon to worship here,
And, from their sacrifice of love,
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-arch floating by,

The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with religion—deep
On earth and sea its glories sleep,
And mingle with the starlight rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air
To Feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
A gush of music there!
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can rise, and wander through
Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild;
And Thought is soaring to the shrine
Of Glory undefiled!
And holy aspirations start,
Like blessed angels, from the heart,
And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—
Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

THE DEAD MARINER.

SLEEP on, sleep on! above thy corse
The winds their Sabbath keep;
The waves are round thee, and thy breast
Heaves with the heaving deep.

O'er thee mild Eve her beauty flings,
And there the white gull lifts her wings,
And the blue halcyon loves to lave
Her plumage in the deep blue wave.

Sleep on; no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air—
No violet springs, nor dewy rose
Its soul of love lays bare;
But there the sea-flower, bright and young,
Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung,
And, like a weeping mourner fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on, sleep on; the glittering depths
Of ocean's coral caves
Are thy bright urn—thy requiem
The music of its waves;
The purple gems forever burn
In fadeless beauty round thy urn,
And, pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on, sleep on; the fearful wrath
Of mingling cloud and deep
May leave its wild and stormy track
Above thy place of sleep;
But when the wave has sunk to rest,
As now, 'twill murmur o'er thy breast,
And the bright victims of the sea
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on; thy corse is far away,
But love bewails thee yet;

For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,
 And lovely eyes are wet :
 And she, thy young and beauteous bride,
 Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,
 As oft she turns to view, with tears,
 The Eden of departed years.

Frances Sargent Osgood.

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

OH, the green and the graceful—the cocoa-nut tree !
 The lone and the lofty—it loves, like me,
 The flash, the foam of the heaving sea,
 And the sound of the surging waves
 In the shore's unfathomed caves :
 With its stately shaft and its verdant crown,
 And its fruit in clusters drooping down—
 Some of a soft and tender green,
 And some all ripe and brown between,
 And flowers, too, blending their lovelier grace
 Like a blush through the tresses on Beauty's face.
 Oh, the lovely, the free,
 The cocoa-nut tree,
 Is the tree of all trees for me !

The willow, it waves with a tenderer motion,
 The oak and the elm with more majesty rise ;
 But give me the cocoa, that loves the wild ocean,
 And shadows the hut where the island-girl lies.

In the Nicobar Islands, each cottage you see
 Is built of the trunk of the cocoa-nut tree,
 While its leaves, matted thickly and many times o'er,
 Make a thatch for its roof and a mat for its floor ;
 Its shells the dark islander's beverage hold—
 'Tis a goblet as pure as a goblet of gold.

Oh, the cocoa-nut tree,
 That blooms by the sea,
 Is the tree of all trees for me !

In the Nicobar Isles, of the cocoa-nut tree
 They build the light shallop—the wild, the free ;
 They weave of its fibres so firm a sail,
 It will weather the rudest southern gale ;
 They fill it with oil, and with coarse jaggherry—
 With arrack and coir, from the cocoa-nut tree.

The lone, the free,
 That dwells in the roar
 Of the echoing shore—
 Oh, the cocoa-nut tree for me !

Rich is the cocoa-nut's milk and meat,
 And its wine, the pure palm-wine, is sweet ;
 It is like the bright spirits we sometimes meet—
 The wine of the cocoa-nut tree ;
 For they tie up the embryo bud's soft wing,
 From which the blossoms and nuts would spring ;
 And thus, forbidden to bless with bloom
 Its native air, and with soft perfume,
 The subtile spirit that struggles there
 Distils an essence more rich and rare—
 And instead of a blossom and fruitage birth,
 The delicate palm-wine oozes forth.

Ah, thus to the child of genius, too,
 The rose of beauty is oft denied ;
 But all the richer, that high heart through,
 The torrent of feeling pours its tide ;
 And purer and fonder, and far more true,
 Is that passionate soul in its lonely pride.
 Oh, the fresh, the free,
 The cocoa-nut tree,
 Is the tree of all trees for me !

The glowing sky of the Indian isles
 Lovingly over the cocoa-nut smiles,
 And the Indian maiden lies below,
 Where its leaves their graceful shadow throw :
 She weaves a wreath of the rosy shells
 That gem the beach where the cocoa dwells ;
 She binds them into her long black hair,
 And they blush in the braids like rosebuds there ;
 Her soft brown arm, and her graceful neck,
 With those ocean-blooms she joys to deck.
 Oh, wherever you see
 The cocoa-nut tree,
 There will a picture of beauty be !

Elizabeth Oakes-Smith.

THE BROOK.

“WHITHER away, thou merry Brook,
 Whither away so fast,
 With gainty feet through the meadow green,
 And a smile as you hurry past ?”

The Brook leaped on in idle mirth;
 'nd dimpled with saucy glee;
The daisy kissed in lovingness,
 And made with the willow free.

I heard its laugh adown the glen,
 And over the rocky steep,
Away where the old tree's roots were bare
 In the waters dark and deep;
The sunshine flashed upon its face,
 And played with flickering leaf—
Well pleased to dally in its path,
 Though the tarrying were brief.

“Now stay thy feet, O restless one,
 Where droops the spreading tree,
And let thy liquid voice reveal
 Thy story unto me.”

The flashing pebbles lightly rang,
 As the gushing music fell—
The chiming music of the Brook,
 From out the woody dell :

“My mountain home was bleak and high,
 A rugged spot and drear,
With scarching wind and raging storm,
 And moonlight cold and clear.
I longed for a greeting cheery as mine,
 For a fond and answering look ;
But none were in that solitude
 To bless the little Brook.

“The blended hum of pleasant sounds
 Came up from the vale below,

And I wished that mine were a lowly lot,
To laugh, and sing as I go ;
That gentle things, with loving eyes,
Along my path should glide,
And blossoms in their loveliness
Come nestling to my side.

“ I leaped me down : my rainbow robe
Hung shivering to the sight,
And the thrill of freedom gave to me
New impulse of delight.
A joyous welcome the sunshine gave,
The bird and the swaying tree ;
The spear-like grass and blossom start
With joy at sight of me.

“ The swallow comes with its bit of clay,
When the busy Spring is here,
And twittering bears the moistened gift
A nest on the eaves to rear ;
The twinkling feet of flock and herd
Have trodden a path to me,
And the fox and the squirrel come to drink
In the shade of the alder-tree.

“ The sunburnt child, with its rounded foot,
Comes hither with me to play,
And I feel the thrill of its lightsome heart
As he dashes the merry spray.
I turn the mill with answering glee,
As the merry spokes go round ;
And the gray rock takes the echo up,
Rejoicing in the sound.

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“The old man bathes his scattered locks,
 And drops me a silent tear—
 For he sees a wrinkled, careworn face
 Look up from the waters clear.
 Then I sing in his ear the very song
 He heard in years gone by ;
 The old man's heart is glad again,
 And a joy lights up his eye.”

Enough, enough, thou homily Brook !
 I'll treasure thy teachings well,
 And I will yield a heartfelt tear
 Thy crystal drops to swell ;
 Will bear, like thee, a kindly love
 For the lowly things of earth,
 Remembering still that high and pure
 Is the home of the spirit's birth.

Anna Cora Mowatt (Ritchie).

TIME.

NAY, rail not at Time, though a tyrant he be,
 And say not he cometh, colossal in might,
 Our beauty to ravish, put Pleasure to flight,
 And pluck away friends, e'en as leaves from the tree ;
 And say not Love's torch, which like VESTA's should burn,
 The cold breath of Time soon to ashes will turn.

You call Time a robber ? Nay, he is not so :
 While Beauty's fair temple he rudely despoils,
 The mind to enrich with its plunder he toils ;
 And, sowed in his furrows, doth wisdom not grow ?

The magnet mid stars points the north still to view;
So Time, 'mong our friends, e'er discloses the true.

Though cares then should gather, as pleasures flee by,
Though Time from thy features the charm steal away,
He'll dim too mine eye, lest it see them decay;

And sorrows we've shared will knit closer Love's tie:
Then I'll laugh at old Time, and at all he can do—
For he'll rob me in vain, if he leave me but you!

ON A LOCK OF MY MOTHER'S HAIR.

WHOSE the eyes thou erst didst shade,
Down what bosom hast thou rolled?
O'er what cheek unhidden played,
Tress of mingled brown and gold!
Round what brow, say, didst thou twine?
Angel-mother, it was thine!

Cold the brow that wore this braid,
Pale the cheek this bright lock pressed,
Dim the eyes it loved to shade,
Still the ever-gentle breast—
All that bosom's struggles past,
When it held this ringlet last.

In that happy home above,
Where all perfect joy hath birth,
Thou dispensest good and love,
Mother, as thou didst on earth;
And, though distant seems that sphere,
Still I feel thee ever near.

Though my longing eye now views.

Thy angelic mien no more,

Still thy spirit can infuse

Good in mine, unknown before.

Still the voice, from childhood dear,

Steals upon my raptured ear—

Chiding every wayward deed,

Fondly praising every just ;

Whispering soft, when strength I need,

“Loved one, place in God thy trust !”

Oh, 'tis more than joy to feel

Thou art watching o'er my weal !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling.
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms,
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise—how wild and dreary—

When the death-angel touches those swift keys !

What loud lament and dismal Miserere

Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus—

The cries of agony, the endless groan,

Which, through the ages that have gone before us,

In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer ;
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song ;
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din ;
And Aztec priests upon their te callis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade—
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursèd instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts ;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred ;
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of CAIN !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of CHRIST say, " Peace !"

Peace !—and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies ;
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
" Life is but an empty dream !"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
" Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead past bury its dead!
 Act—act in the living present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of Time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er Life's solemn main
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
 And the voices of the night
 Wake the better soul that slumbered
 To a holy, calm delight—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door—
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Wearied with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
 Is the Spirit's voiceless prayer—
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died!

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device—
 "Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue—
 "Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan—
 "Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass!" the old man said:
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead;

The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
" Excelsior !"

" O stay," the maiden said, " and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
" Excelsior !"

" Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last good-night ;
A voice replied, far up the height,
" Excelsior !"

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
" Excelsior !"

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
" Excelsior !"

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
" Excelsior !"

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of PAUL REVERE,
On the eighteenth of April in 'Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower as a signal-light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and, with muffled oar,
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,

And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And started the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,

On the opposite shore walked PAUL REVERE.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo ! as he looks on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet :
That was all ! and yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night :
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village-clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock,
When he rode into Lexington.

He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village-clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
When crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode PAUL REVERE ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore !

For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of PAUL REVERE.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

HOW beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,—
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river, down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain

Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where, far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil ;
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the LORD,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.
These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees !
He can behold
AQUARIUS old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
And sees them, when the rain is done,

On the bridge of colours seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.*

“**S**PEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
 Who, with thy hollow breast
 Still in rude armour dressed,
 Comest to daunt me!
 Wrapped not in Eastern balms,
 But with thy fleshless palms
 Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
 Pale flashes seemed to rise,
 As when the Northern skies
 Gleam in December;
 And, like the water's flow
 Under December's snow,
 Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart's chamber:

“I was a Viking old!
 My deeds, though manifold,

* Suggested by the discovery, at Fall River, Massachusetts, of a skeleton, clad in broken and corroded armour.

No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse ;
For this I sought thee.

“ Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon ;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“ Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“ But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“ Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o’erflowing.

“ Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

“ I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

“ Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory ;
When of old HILDEBRAND
I asked his daughter’s hand,

Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

“ While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed ;
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“ She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild ;
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew’s flight—
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

“ Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen !—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old HILDEBRAND,
With twenty horsemen !

“ Then launched they to the blast ;
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us ;

And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

“ And as, to catch the gale,
Round veered the flapping sail,
‘ Death ! ’ was the helmsman’s hail,
‘ Death without quarter ! ’
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water !

“ As, with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

“ Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward ;
There, for my lady’s bower,
Built I the lofty tower,*

* The Round Tower at Newport, generally known as the “ Old Wind-Mill,” though now claimed by the Danes as the work of their early ancestors, who are supposed to have discovered the American continent at least two centuries before COLUMBUS.

Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

“There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother ;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
On such another !

“Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear—
Oh, death was grateful !

“ Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison-bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,
‘*Skoal!* to the Northland! *skoal!*’ ” *
—Thus the tale ended.

* In Scandinavia, this is the customary salutation when drinking a health.

Julia Ward Howe.

WOMAN.

A VESTAL priestess, proudly pure,
 But of a meek and quiet spirit ;
 With soul all dauntless to endure,
 And mood so calm that naught can stir it,
 Save when a thought most deeply thrilling
 Her eyes with gentlest tears is filling,
 Which seem with her true words to start
 From the deep fountain at her heart.

A mien that neither seeks nor shuns
 The homage scattered in her way ;
 A love that hath few favoured ones,
 And yet for all can work and pray ;
 A smile wherein each mortal reads
 The very sympathy he needs ;
 An eye like to a mystic book
 Of lays that bard or prophet sings,
 Which keepeth for the holiest look
 Of holiest love its deepest things.

A form to which a king had bent,
 The fireside's dearest ornament—
 Known in the dwellings of the poor
 Better than at the rich man's door ;
 A life that ever onward goes,
 Yet in itself has deep repose.

A vestal priestess, maid, or wife—
 Vestal, and vowed to offer up

The innocence of a holy life
 To Him who gives the mingled cup ;
 With man its bitter sweets to share,
 To live and love, to do and dare ;
 His prayer to breathe, his tears to shed,
 Breaking to him the heavenly bread
 Of hopes which, all too high for earth,
 Have yet in her a mortal birth.

This is the woman I have dreamed,
 And to my childish thought she seemed
 The woman I myself should be :
 Alas ! I would that I were she.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

TAKE the dead CHRIST to my chamber—
 The CHRIST I brought from Rome ;
 Over all the tossing ocean,
 He has reached His Western home :
 Bear Him as in procession,
 And lay Him solemnly
 Where, through weary night and morning,
 He shall bear me company.

The name I bear is other
 Than that I bore by birth ;
 And I've given life to children,
 Who'll grow and dwell on earth ;
 But the time comes swiftly towards me—
 Nor do I bid it stay—

When the dead CHRIST will be more to me
Than all I hold to-day.

Lay the dead CHRIST beside me—
Oh, press Him to my heart!
I would hold him long and painfully,
Till the weary tears should start—
Till the divine contagion
Heal me of self and sin,
And the cold weight press wholly down
The pulse that chokes within.

Reproof and frost, they fret me ;
Toward the free, the sunny lands,
From the chaos of existence,
I stretch these feeble hands—
And, penitential, kneeling,
Pray GOD would not be wroth,
Who gave not the strength of feeling
And strength of labour both.

Thou'rt but a wooden carving,
Defaced of worms, and old ;
Yet more to me Thou couldst not be
Wert Thou all wrapped in gold
Like the gem-bedizened baby
Which, at the Twelfth-day noon,
They show from the Ara Cæli's steps
To a merry dancing-tune.

I ask of Thee no wonders—
No changing white or red ;
I dream not Thou art living,
I love and prize Thee dead.

That salutary deadness
I seek through want and pain,
From which God's own high power can bid
Our virtue rise again.

James Russell Lowell.

ACT FOR TRUTH.

THE busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do ;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds :
Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other with outstretchèd arms
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.
One age moves onward, and the next builds up
Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
Rearing from out the forests they had felled
The goodly framework of a fairer state ;
The builder's trowel and the settler's axe
Are seldom wielded by the self-same hand ;
Ours is the harder task, yet not the less
Shall we receive the blessing for our toil
From the choice spirits of the after-time.
The field lies wide before us, where to reap
The easy harvest of a deathless name,

Though with no better sickles than our swords.
My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate, quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;
Then let it come: I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind;
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great,
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfil
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
The future works out great men's destinies;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay, wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified forever: better those
Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
And set him onward in his darksome way.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer if it skulk

Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
 Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
 That only freedom comes by grace of God,
 And all that comes not by His grace must fall;
 For men in earnest have no time to waste
 In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
 And he inherits soft, white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft, white hands could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants:
 His stomach craves for dainty fare;
 With sated heart he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy-chair;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
 Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labour sings;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 A patience learned of being poor;
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
 That with all others level stands;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
 'This is the best crop from thy lands;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
 There is worse weariness than thine,

In merely being rich and great ;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last ;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
 An El Dorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of Age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;
 'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now

To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my trophies and mine Italy ;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime ;
 The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time ;
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
 Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
 In the white lily's breezy tint,
 His conquered SYBARIS, than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass,
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
 Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle through
 Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
 Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he did bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

HE spoke of BURNS: men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sunlike, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for Sin and Wrong
And slavish Tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity.

I thought, "These men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

"God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

“There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which broods, unlooked-for, into high-souled deeds
With wayside beauty rife.

“We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birch,
Which in the poet’s tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

“Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

“All that hath been majestic
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel-heart of man.

“And thus, among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.”

O mighty brother-soul of man,
Where’er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O’er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole:

In his broad breast the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of Thought, whose surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of Wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes : in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls,
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century ;—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men ;

To write some earnest verse or line,
 Which, seeking not the praise of art,
 Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
 In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
 May be forgotten in his day,
 But surely shall be crowned at last with those
 Who live and speak for aye.

George Lunt.

THE LYRE AND SWORD.

THE freeman's glittering sword be blest—
 Forever blest the freeman's lyre—
That rings upon the tyrant's crest ;
This stirs the heart like living fire :
 Well can he wield the shining brand,
 Who battles for his native land ;
 But when his fingers sweep the chords,
 That summon heroes to the fray,
 They gather at the feast of swords
 Like mountain-eagles to their prey !

And mid the vales and swelling hills
 That sweetly bloom in Freedom's land,
 A living spirit breathes and fills
 The freeman's heart and nerves his hand ;
 For the bright soil that gave him birth,
 The home of all he loves on earth —

For *this*, when Freedom's trumpet calls,
 He waves on high his sword of fire—
 For *this*, amidst his country's halls,
 Forever strikes the freeman's lyre!

His burning heart he may not lend
 To serve a doting despot's sway—
 A suppliant knee he will not bend
 Before these things of "brass and clay:"
 When Wrong and Ruin call to war,
 He knows the summons from afar;
 On high his glittering sword he waves,
 And myriads feel the freeman's fire,
 While he, around their fathers' graves,
 Strikes to old strains the freeman's lyre!

Amelia B. Welby.

THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude? Her heart
 Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue;
 And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
 As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
 In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
 Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
 And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
 The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! With a sigh
 Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,

And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, Affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back;
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be;
Hope links her to the future—but the link
That binds her to the past is memory.

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all.
Not that her heart is cold—emotions new
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings knit;
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there.
Yet life is not to her what it hath been—
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss;
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
 Though she hath oftimes drained its bitter cup;
 But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
 And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up.
 She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere
 Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
 And all the joys it found so blissful here
 Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill
 Soft sighs—for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed;
 And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
 With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
 And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest—
 Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart
 That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
 Never to find its lovely counterpart!

TO A SEA-SHELL.

SHELL of the bright sea-waves
 What is it that we hear in thy sad moan?
 Is this unceasing music all thine own,
 Lute of the ocean-caves?
 Or does some spirit dwell
 In the deep windings of thy chambers dim,
 Breathing forever, in its mournful hymn,
 Of ocean's anthem-swell?
 Wert thou a murmurer long
 In crystal palaces beneath the seas,
 Ere from the blue sky thou hadst heard the breeze
 Pour its full tide of song?

Another thing with thee :
Are there not gorgeous cities in the deep,
Buried with flashing gems that brightly sleep,
Hid by the mighty sea ?

And say, O lone sea-shell !
Are there not costly things and sweet perfumes
Scattered in waste o'er that sea-gulf of tombs ?
Hush thy low moan, and tell.

But yet, and more than all—
Has not each foaming wave in fury tossed
O'er earth's most beautiful, the brave, the lost,
Like a dark funeral-pall ?

'Tis vain—thou answerest not !
Thou hast no voice to whisper of the dead ;
'Tis ours alone, with sighs like odours shed,
To hold them unforgotten !

Thine is as sad a strain
As if the spirit in thy hidden cell
Pined to be with the many things that dwell
In the wild, restless main.

And yet there is no sound
Upon the waters, whispered by the waves,
But seemeth like a wail from many graves,
Thrilling the air around.

The earth—O moaning shell !—
The earth hath melodies more sweet than these—
The music-gush of rills, the hum of bees
Heard in each blossom's bell.

Are not these tones of earth,
 The rustling forest, with its shivering leaves,
 Sweeter than sounds that e'en in moonlit eves
 Upon the seas have birth ?

Alas ! thou still wilt moan—
 Thou'rt like the heart that wastes itself in sighs,
 E'en when amid bewildering melodies,
 If parted from its own.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

THE night wind with a desolate moan swept by,
 And the old shutters of the turret swung
 Screaming upon their hinges ; and the moon,
 As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
 Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
 So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
 Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

The fire beneath his crucible was low ;
 Yet still it burned ; and ever as his thoughts
 Grew insupportable, he raised himself
 Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
 With difficult energy ; and when the rod
 Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
 Felt faint within its sockets, he shrunk back
 Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
 Muttered a curse on Death ! The silent room,

From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
 His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
 Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
 Duly the antique horologe beat one,
 He drew a vial from beneath his head,
 And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
 And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
 He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
 Upright, and communed with himself:

“I did not think to die
 Till I had finished what I had to do;
 I thought to pierce the eternal secret through
 With this my mortal eye;
 I felt—O God! it seemeth, even now,
 This cannot be the death-dew on my brow!

“And yet it is—I feel,
 Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid!
 And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;
 And something seems to steal
 Over my bosom like a frozen hand—
 Binding its pulse with an icy band.

“And this is death! But why
 Feel I this wild recoil? It cannot be
 The immortal spirit shuddereth to be free!
 Would it not leap to fly,
 Like a chained eaglet at its parent's call?
 I fear—I fear—that this poor life is all!

“Yet thus to pass away!—
 To live but for a hope that mocks at last—
 To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,

To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have and are—for this—for naught!

“Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would know something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

“Vain—vain!—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing—burning—
Dying! O God! if I might only live!
My vial—Ha! it thrills me—I revive!

“Ay—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here—
Could he but train his eye—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

“Earth has no mineral strange—
The illimitable air no hidden wings—
Water no quality in covert springs,
And fire no power to change—
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

“Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky—

To see the invisible spirits eye to eye—
 To hurl the lightning back—
 To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls—
 To chase Day's chariot to the horizon-walls—

“ And more, much more!—for now
 The life-sealed fountains of my nature mov. —
 To nurse and purify this human love—
 To clear the godlike brow
 Of Weakness and Mistrust, and bow 't down,
 Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one—

“ This were indeed to feel
 The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream—
 To live!—O God! that life is but a dream!
 And death—Aha! I reel—
 Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o'er my eye—
 Cover me! save me!—God of heaven! I die!”

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
 No friend had closed his eyelids; and his lips,
 Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
 Of his death-struggle. His long, silvery hair
 Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
 His frame was wasted, and his features wan
 And haggard as with want, and in his palm
 His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
 Of his last agony had wrung him sore.
 The storm was raging still. The shutters swung
 Screaming and harshly in the fitful wind,
 And all without went on—as aye it will,
 Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
 Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out :
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them ; and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on the alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest !

THE LEPER.

“**R**OOM for the leper!—room!” And, as he came,
The cry passed on, “Room for the leper! room!”
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
Rose and beautiful, and from the hills
The early-risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully, to their toil ; and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells,
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick

Hailing the welcome light, and sounds that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.

“Room for the leper!” And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, “Unclean! unclean!”

’Twas now the depth
Of the Judean summer; and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had budded on the clear and flashing eye
Of Judah’s loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons—and this was he!
With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman’s horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
Dimness crept o’er his eye; a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his port,
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.

Even his voice was changed—a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear, silver key ;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light,
And very air, were steeped in sluggishness.
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
Day after day he lay as if in sleep ;
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
Circled with livid purple, covered him ;
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepened beneath the hard, unmoistened scales,
And from their edges grew the rank white hair,
—And HELON was a leper !

Day was breaking
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail ; and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, HELON knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb ;
And, with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom :

“Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God;
For He has smote thee with His chastening rod,
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov’st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

“Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o’er,
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

“Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river’s grassy brink.

“And pass not thou between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

“And now depart!—and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod.
Depart, O leper! and forget not God!”

And he went forth—alone ; not one, of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone, to die ;—
For God hath cursed the leper !

It was noon,
And HELON knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blessed—to die !
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, “Unclean ! unclean !” and, in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth, shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and, bending o’er
The leper’s prostrate form, pronounced his name,
—“HELON !”—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet ;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
“HELON, arise !” and he forgot his curse,
And rose, and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of HELON’S eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow

The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;
 No followers at his back, nor in his hand
 Buckler, or sword, or spear ;—yet in his mien
 Command sat throned serene, and, if he smiled,
 A kingly condescension graced his lips,
 The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
 His garb was simple, and his sandals worn ;
 His stature modelled with a perfect grace ;
 His countenance, the impress of a God,
 Touched with the open innocence of a child ;
 His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
 In the serenest noon ; his hair, unshorn,
 Fell to his shoulders ; and his curling beard
 The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
 He looked on HELON earnestly awhile,
 As if his heart were moved, and, stooping down,
 He took a little water in his hand,
 And laid it on his brow, and said, “ Be clean ! ”
 And lo ! the scales fell from him, and his blood
 Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
 And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
 The dewy softness of an infant’s stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus’ feet, and worshipped him.

 HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
 With a strange beauty. Earth received again
 Its garment of a thousand dyes ; and leaves,
 And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,

And every thing that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow ; and the light,
And loveliness, and fragrant air, were sad
To the dejected HAGAR. The moist earth
Was pouring odours from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were carolling as life
Were a new thing to them ; but, oh ! it came
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart,
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
She stood at ABRAHAM'S tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood left them ; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless ; and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandalled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily ? His beard

Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
 So written with the converse of his God,
 Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
 His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
 Of vigour is not there; and, though the morn
 Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
 Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
 Oh! man may bear with suffering: his heart
 Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp
 Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
 One cord affection clings to, part one tie
 That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
 And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
 But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
 To look upon her face; but laid his hand,
 In silent blessing, on the fair-haired boy,
 And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should HAGAR weep? May slighted woman turn,
 And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
 Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
 Oh, no! by all her loveliness, by all
 That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
 Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
 By needless jealousies; let the last star
 Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
 Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
 That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
 One evidence of love, and earth has not
 An emblem of devotedness like hers.
 But, oh! estrange her once, it boots not how,

By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'er-mastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow ;
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained ; for he had caught,
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest ; but HAGAR found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water ; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines—and tried to comfort him ;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,

And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub ;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch where he could see her not,
Till he should die ; and, watching him, she mourned :

“ God stay thee in thine agony, my boy !
I cannot see thee die ; I cannot brook
 • Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye !
 And could I see thee die ?

“ I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers ;
 Or wearing rosy hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
 So beautiful and deep.

“ Oh, no ! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright curling lip in thy dream,
 And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the deep Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
 An heritage for thee !

“ And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press ;
 And oh ! my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
 Upon his clustering hair !”

She stood beside the well her God had given
 To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
 The forehead of her child until he laughed
 In his reviving happiness, and lisped
 His infant thought of gladness at the sight
 Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

PARRHASIUS.

“PARRHASIUS, a painter of Athens, among those Olynthian captives PHILIP of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his PROMETHEUS, whom he was then about to paint.”
 —BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
 A gray-haired and majestic old man,
 Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
 And the last seller from his place had gone;
 And not a sound was heard, but of a dog
 Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
 Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
 As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
 He had stood there since morning, and had borne
 From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
 Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
 For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came,
 And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
 And touched his unhealed wounds, and with a sneer
 Passed on; and when, with weariness o'erspent,
 He bowed his head in a forgetful sleep,

The inhuman soldier smote him, and, with threats
Of torture to his children, summoned back
The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed. He had borne up
With a stout heart that long and weary day,
Haughtily patient of his many wrongs ;
But now he was alone, and from his nerves
The needless strength departed, and he leaned
Prone on his massy chain, and let his thoughts
Throng on him as they would. Unmarked of him,
PARRHASIUS at the nearest pillar stood,
Gazing upon his grief. The Athenian's cheek
Flushed as he measured with a painter's eye
The moving picture. The abandoned limbs,
Stained with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
Swollen to purple fulness ; the gray hair,
Thin and disordered, hung about his eyes ;
And, as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodless face
Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

* * * * *

The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colours stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.

The walls were hung with armour, and about
In the dim corners stood the sculptured forms
Of *CYTHERIS*, and *DIAN*, and stern *JOVE*,
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque long shadows, full and true,
And, like a veil of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.
PARRHASIUS stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There *PROMETHEUS* lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh ;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And colour clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

“ Bring me the captive now !
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colours of such divinity to-day.

“ Ha ! bind him on his back !
Look !—as *PROMETHEUS* in my picture here !
Quick—or he faints !—stand with the cordial near !
Now—bend him to the rack !
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh !
And tear agape that healing wound afresh !

“So—let him writhe! How long
 Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
 What a fine agony works upon his brow!
 Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
 How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
 Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

“‘Pity’ thee! So I do!
 I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
 But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
 I’d rack thee, though I knew
 A thousand lives were perishing in thine!—
 What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

“‘Hereafter!’ Ay—*hereafter!*
 A whip to keep a coward to his track!
 What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
 To check the sceptic’s laughter?
 Come from the grave to-morrow with that story—
 And I may take some softer path to glory.

“No, no, old man! we die
 Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
 Our life upon the chance wind, even as they!
 Strain well thy fainting eye—
 For when that bloodshot quivering is o’er,
 The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

“Yet there’s a deathless *name!*
 A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
 And like a steadfast planet mount and burn!—
 And though its crown of flame
 Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
 By all the fiery stars! I’d bind it on!

“Ay—though it bid me rifle
 My heart’s last fount for its insatiate thirst—
 Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
 Though it should bid me stifle
 The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
 And taunt its mother till my brain went wild--

“All—I would do it all—
 Sooner than die, like a dull worm to rot—
 Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
 O heavens!—but I appal
 Your heart, old man! forgive—Ha! on your lives,
 Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

“Vain—vain!—give o’er. His eye
 Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
 Stand back! I’ll paint the death-dew on his brow!
 Gods! if he do not die
 But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
 Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

“Shivering! Hark! he mutters
 Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
 Another! Wilt thou never come, O Death?
 Look! how his temple flutters!
 Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
 His shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he’s dead.”

* * * * *

How like a mounting devil in the heart
 Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
 But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
 Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
 And unthrones peace forever. Putting on

The very pomp of LUCIFER, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendour and forget
The thirst of which we perish! Yet hath life
Many a falser idol. There are hopes
Promising well; and love-touched dreams for some;
And passions, many a wild one; and fair schemes
For gold and pleasure—yet will only this
Balk not the soul—Ambition only, gives,
Even of bitterness, a beaker *full!*
Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
Troubled at best—Love is a lamp unseen,
Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken—
Gain is a grovelling care, and Folly tires,
And Quiet is a hunger never fed:
And from Love's very bosom, and from Gain,
Or Folly, or a Friend, or from Repose—
From all but keen Ambition—will the soul
Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness
To wander like a restless child away.
Oh, if there were not better hopes than these—
Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame—
If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
Must canker in its coffers—if the links
Falsehood hath broken will unite no more—
If the deep yearning Love, that hath not found
Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears—
If Truth, and Fervor, and Devotedness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die of their own fulness—-if beyond

The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself,—what thrice-mocked fools are we!

Anne C. Lynch (*Madame Botta*).

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

THERE are countless fields the green earth o'er
Where the verdant turf has been dyed with gore;
Where hostile ranks, in their grim array,
With the battle's smoke have obscured the day;
Where hate was stamped on each rigid face,
As foe met foe in the death embrace;
Where the groans of the wounded and dying rose,
Till the heart of the listener with horror froze,
And the wide expanse of the crimsoned plain
Was piled with its heaps of uncounted slain:
But a fiercer combat, a deadlier strife,
Is that which is waged in the battle of life.

The hero that wars on the tented field,
With his shining sword and his burnished shield,
Goes not alone with his faithful brand;
Friends and comrades around him stand,
The trumpets sound and the war-steeds neigh
To join in the shock of the coming fray—
And he flies to the onset, he charges the foe,
Where the bayonets gleam and the red tides flow;
And he bears his part in the conflict dire
With an arm all nerve and a heart all fire.

What though he fall?—at the battle's close,
In the flush of the victory won he goes,
With martial music and waving plume,
From a field of fame to a laurelled tomb.
But the hero who wars in the battle of life,
Must stand alone in the fearful strife;
Alone in his weakness or strength must go,
Hero or craven, to meet the foe:
He may not fly on that fatal field—
He must win or lose, he must conquer or yield.

Warrior, who comest to this battle now
With a careless step and a thoughtless brow,
As if the field were already won—
Pause and gird all thine armour on;
Myriads have come to this battle-ground
With a valiant arm and a name renowned,
And have fallen vanquished to rise no more,
Ere the sun was set or the day half o'er.
Dost thou bring with thee hither a dauntless will,
An ardent soul that no blast can chill?
Thy shield of Faith hast thou tried and proved—
Canst thou say to the mountain, "Be thou moved?"
In thy hand does the sword of Truth flame bright?
Is thy banner emblazoned, "For God and the right?"
In the might of prayer dost thou strive and plead?
Never had warrior greater need!
Unseen foes in thy pathway hide;
Thou art encompassed on every side.
There Pleasure waits with her siren train,
Her poison flowers and her hidden chain;
Hope with her Dead-Sea fruits is there;
Sin is spreading her gilded snare;

Flattery counts with her hollow smiles,
Passion with silvery tone beguiles ;
Love and Friendship their charmed spells weave ;
Trust not too deeply—they may deceive !
Disease with her ruthless hand would smite,
And Care spread o'er thee a withering blight ;
Hate and Envy, with visage black,
And the serpent Slander, are on thy track.
Guilt and Falsehood, Remorse and Pride,
Doubt and Despair, in thy pathway glide ;
Haggard Want, in her demon joy,
Waits to degrade thee and then destroy ;
Palsied Age in the distance lies,
And watches his victim with rayless eyes ;
And Death the insatiate is hovering near,
To snatch from thy grasp all thou holdest dear.
No skill may avail and no ambush hide :
In the open field must the champion bide,
And face to face and hand to hand
Alone in his valour confront that band.

In war with these phantoms that gird him round,
No limbs dissevered may strew the ground ;
No blood may flow, and no mortal ear
The groans of the wounded heart may hear,
As it struggles and writhes in their dread control,
As the iron enters the riven soul :
But the youthful form grows wasted and weak,
And sunken and wan is the rounded cheek ;
The brow is furrowed, but not with years ;
The eye is dimmed with its secret tears ;
And streaked with white is the raven hair—
These are the tokens of conflict there.

The battle is over: the hero goes,
 Scarred and worn, to his last repose ;
 He has won the day, he has conquered Doom,
 He has sunk unknown to his nameless tomb ;
 For the victor's glory no voices plead ;
 Fame has no echo and earth no meed ;
 But the guardian angels are hovering near :
 They have watched unseen o'er the conflict here,
 And they bear him now on their wings away
 To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day.
 Ended now is the earthly strife,
 And his brow is crowned with the crown of life !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing she wrought, and her merry glee
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid ;

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks," said the Judge—"a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand, was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And MAUD forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

MAUD MULLER looked and sighed : "Ah me !
That I the Judge's bride might be !"

“ He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“ My father would wear a broadcloth coat ;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

“ I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

“ And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left the door.”

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw MAUD MULLER standing still.

“ A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

“ And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“ Would she were mine, and I to-day
Like her, a harvester of hay !

“ No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues ;

“ But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words.”

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And MAUD was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune.

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go :

And sweet MAUD MULLER's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed with secret pain,
" Ah, that I were free again !—

" Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care, and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow-lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned ;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, " It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall :

For of all sad words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are these—" It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

THE MERRIMACK.

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire, beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powwow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And, following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean-gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farmhouse with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.
Centuries ago, that harbour-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;

And o'er these woods and waters broke
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
As brightly on the voyager's eye,
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,
Breaking the dull, continuous wood,
The MERRIMACK rolled down his flood;
Mingling that clear, pellucid brook
Which channels vast Agiochook—
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock
The frozen fountains of the rock,
And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake, "The Smile of Heaven,"
Tributes from vale and mountain-side—
With Ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
St. GEORGE's crimson cross unrolled,
Midst roll of drum and trumpet-blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story;
Of her—the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters—
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,

And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look! the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;
And clearly on the calm air swells
The distant voice of twilight bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
The mist comes slowly rolling in;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapour swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light, set
Within its wave-washed minaret,
Half-quenched, a beamless star and pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!
Vale of my fathers!—I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood;
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The setting sun, his axle red
Quench darkly in Potomac's bed;
The Autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore;

And seen, amidst the curtained gloom
And quiet of my lonely room,
Thy sunset scenes before me pass ;
As, in AGRIPPA'S magic glass,
The loved and lost arose to view,
Remembered groves in greenness grew ;
And while the gazer leaned to trace,
More near, some old familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown—
A phantom and a dream alone !

PALESTINE.

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

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

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

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

I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod ;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of GOD,—
Where His blessings were heard and His lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

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

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

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of GOD ?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of HIM.

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

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

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

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

THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

PIERO LUCA, known of all the town
 As the gray porter by the Pitti wall
 Where the noon shadows of the gardens fall,
 Sick and in dolour, waited to lay down
 His last sad burden, and beside his mat
 The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden drifted,
 Soft sunset lights through green Val d'Arno sifted;
 Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted
 Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,
 In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life;
 But when at last came upward from the street
 Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,
 The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,
 Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.
 And the monk said—" 'Tis but the Brotherhood
 Of Mercy going on some errand good:
 Their black masks by the palace wall I see."
 PIERO answered faintly—" Woe is me!
 This day for the first time in forty years
 In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,
 Calling me with my brethren of the mask,
 Beggar and prince alike, to some new task

Of love or pity—haply from the street
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with feet
Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish brain,
 To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,
 Down the long twilight of the corridors,
Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.
 I loved the work: it was its own reward.
I never counted on it to offset
My sins, which are many, or make less my debt
 To the free grace and mercy of our LORD;
But somehow, father, it has come to be
In these long years so much a part of me,
I should not know myself if lacking it,
 But with the work the worker too would die,
And in my place some other self would sit
 Joyful or sad—what matters, if not I?
And now all's over. Woe is me!"—"My son,"
The monk said, soothingly, "thy work is done;
And no more as a servant, but the guest
Of God, thou enterest thy eternal rest.
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost
 Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit down
 Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown
Forever and forever." PIERO tossed
On his sick pillow: "Miserable me!
I am too poor for such grand company;
The crown would be too heavy for this gray
Old head; and, God forgive me if I say,
It would be hard to sit there night and day,
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught
With these hard hands, that all my life have wrought,
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.

I'm dull at prayers: I could not keep awake,
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,
Scarce worth the saving if all else be dead.
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow-men: the worst I know
I would do good to. Will death change me so
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints
Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet
Left a poor dog in the *Strada* hard beset,
Or ass o'erladen! Must I rate man less
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?
Methinks (LORD, pardon, if the thought be sin!)
The world of pain were better, if therein
One's heart might still be human, and desires
Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed
His brow, and muttering—"Madman! thou art lost!"
Took up his pyx and fled; and, left alone,
The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan
That sank into a prayer—"Thy will be done!"

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate: "Be of cheer!
For heaven is love, as God himself is love:
Thy work below shall be thy work above."
And when he looked, lo! in the stern monk's place
He saw the shining of an angel's face!

Alfred B. Street.

A FOREST WALK.

A LOVELY sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,
O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won,
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers ;
One of the paths all round that wind,
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind
In Nature's lone recesses lose.
The beech displays its mabled bark,
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scalloped dome beside :
All weave on high a verdant roof,
That keeps the very sun aloof,
Making a twilight soft and green
Within the columned, vaulted scene.
Sweet forest-odours have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth :
Where pine-cones dropped, leaves piled and dead,
Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
A thick, elastic carpet spread ;
Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
Resolving into soil, is sunk ;
There, wrenched but lately from its throne,
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots massed with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.

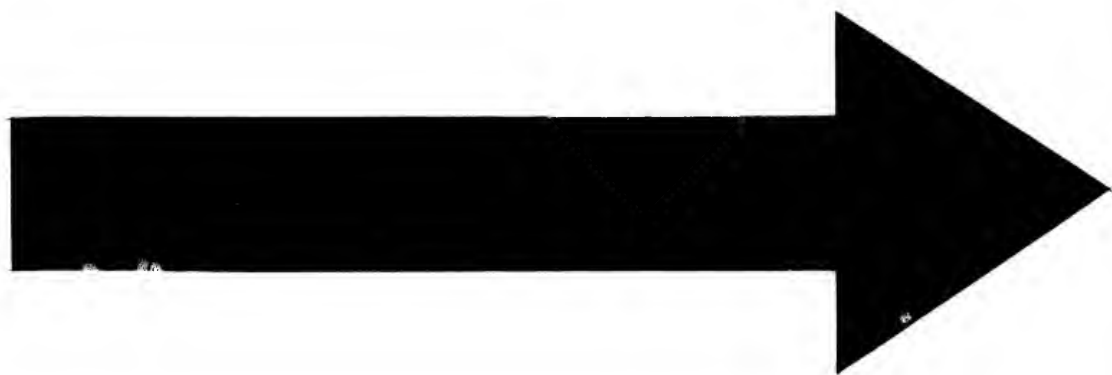
Above, the forest-tops are bright
 With the broad blaze of sunny light :
 But now a fitful air-gust parts

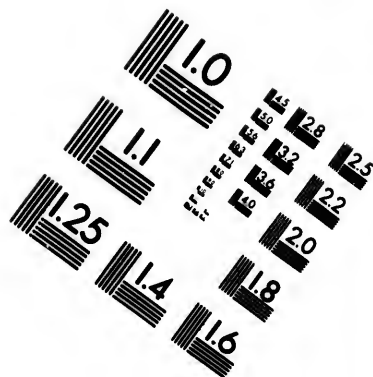
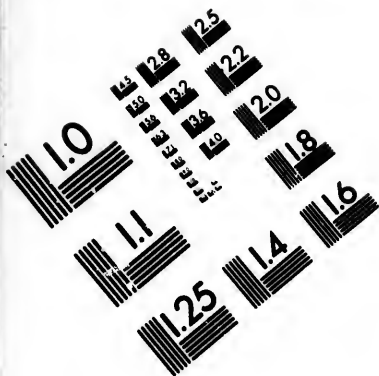
The screening branches, and a glow
 Of dazzling, startling radiance darts

Down the dark stems, and breaks below ;
 The mingled shadows off are rolled,
 The sylvan floor is bathed in gold :
 Low sprouts and before unseen,
 Display their shades brown and green ;
 Tints brighten o'er wet moss,
 Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss ;
 The robin, brooding in her nest,
 Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast ;
 And, as my shadow prints the ground,
 I see the rabbit upward bound,
 With pointed ears an instant look,
 Then scamper to the darkest nook,
 Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,
 He watches while I saunter by.

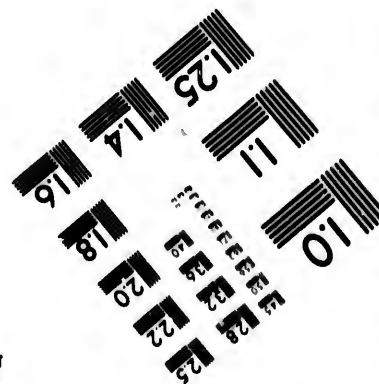
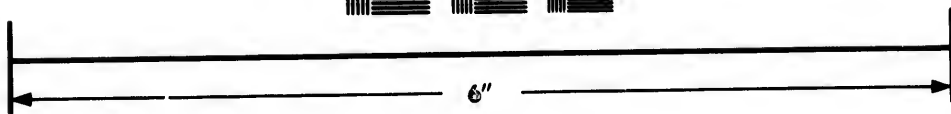
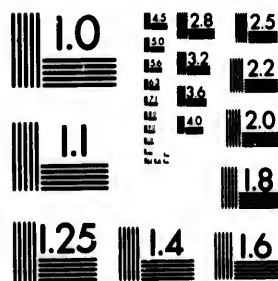
A narrow vista, carpeted
 With rich green grass, invites my tread ;
 Here showers the light in golden dots,
 There sleeps the shade in ebon spots,
 So blended, that the very air
 Seems network as I enter there.

The partridge, whose deep-rolling drum
 Afar has sounded on my ear,
 Ceasing his beatings as I come,
 Whirrs to the sheltering branches near ;
 The little milk-snake glides away,





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The brindled marmot dives from day ;
 And now, between the boughs, a space
 Of the blue, laughing sky I trace :
 On each side shrinks the bowery shade ;
 Before me spreads an emerald glade ;
 The sunshine steeps its grass and moss,
 That couch my footsteps as I cross ;
 Merrily hums the tawny bee,
 The glittering humming-bird I see ;
 Floats the bright butterfly along,
 The insect choir is loud in song :
 A spot of light and life, it seems
 A fairy haunt for fancy dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press,
 In luxury of idleness ;
 Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky,
 Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye ;
 While murmuring grass, and waving trees,
 Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze,
 And water-tones that tinkle near,
 Blend their sweet music to my ear ;
 And by the changing shades alone
 The passage of the hours is known.

THE GRAY FOREST-EAGLE.

WITH storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
 The gray forest-eagle is king of the sky !
 Oh, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
 Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours ;

For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
Only rippling of waters and waving of trees ;
There the red robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
The timid quail whistles, the sly partridge drums ;
And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,
There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song ;
The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,
And there's naught but his shadow black gliding across :
But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam
Of the fierce, rock-lashed torrent, he claims as his home ;
There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,
And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood ;
From the crag-grasping fir-top, where Morn hangs its wreath,
He views the mad waters white writhing beneath ;
On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down,
With bright azure mantle and gay mottled crown,
The kingfisher watches, where o'er him his foe,
The fierce hawk, sails circling, each moment more low :
Now poised are those pinions and pointed that beak,
His dread swoop is ready, when, hark ! with a shriek,
His eye-balls red-blazing, high bristling his crest,
His snake-like neck arched, talons drawn to his breast,
With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,
The gray forest-eagle shoots down in his flight ;
One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,
The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dripping wreck ;
And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like on high
With his prey soars the eagle, and melts in the sky.

A fitful red glaring, a low, rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm-demon yet raging afar :
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,

And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread ;
 A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
 And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair :
 The lightning darts zig-zag and forked through the gloom,
 And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom !
 The gray forest-eagle, where, where has he sped ?
 Does he shrink to his eyry, and shiver with dread ?
 Does the glare blind his eye ? Has the terrible blast
 On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast ?
 No, no, the brave eagle !—he thinks not of fright ;
 The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight ;
 The flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
 To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
 And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
 And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away !
 Away, oh, away, soars the fearless and free !
 What reck's he the sky's strife ?—its monarch is he !
 The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight,
 The blast sweeps against him, unwavered his flight ;
 High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form
 Is lost in the black, scowling gloom of the storm.

The tempest sweeps o'er. In its terrible train,
 And the splendour of sunshine is glowing again ;
 Again smiles the soft, tender blue of the sky,
 Waked bird-voices warble, fanned leaf-voices sigh ;
 On the green grass dance shadows, streams sparkle and run,
 The breeze bears the odour its flower-kiss has won,
 And full on the form of the demon in flight
 The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight !
 The gray forest-eagle ! oh, where is he now,
 While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow ?

There's a dark, floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,
 With the speed of the arrow 'tis shooting beneath !
 Down, nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,
 Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze,
 To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,
 A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad wing are there ;
 'Tis the eagle—the gray forest-eagle—once more
 He sweeps to his eyry : his journey is o'er !

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,
 But the gray forest-eagle minds little nis sway ;
 The child spurns its buds for youth's thorn-hidden bloom,
 Seeks manhood's bright phantoms, finds age and a tomb ;
 But the eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud ;
 The green tiny pine-shrub points up from the moss,
 The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across ;
 The beech-nut down dropping would crush it beneath,
 But 'tis warmed with heaven's sunshine, and fanned by its
 breath ;

The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,
 Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky ;
 On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates,
 And the deer from his antlers the velvet-down grates ;
 Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air
 A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagged and bare,
 Till it rocks in the soft breeze, and crashes to earth,
 Its blown fragments strewing the place of its birth.
 The eagle has seen it up struggling to sight,
 He has seen it defying the storm in its might,
 Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting o'er,
 But the gray forest-eagle is still as of yore.

His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !
He has seen from his eyry the forest below,
In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow ;
The thickets, deep wolf-lairs, the high crag his throne,
And the shriek of the panther has answered his own.
He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,
And the smoke of his wigwams curl thick in the glades ;
He has seen the proud forest melt breath-like away,
And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day ;
He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,
And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air ;
And his shriek is now answered, while sweeping along,
By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song ;
He has seen the wild red man off-swept by his foes,
And he sees dome and roof where those smokes once arose ;
But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !

An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,
Is the gray forest-eagle, that king of the sky !
It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth—
By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth ;
There rocked by the wild wind, baptized in the foam,
It is guarded and cherished, and there is its home !
When its shadow steals black o'er the empires of kings,
Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror it brings ;
Where wicked Oppression is armed for the weak,
Then rustles its pinion, then echoes its shriek ;
Its eye flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way,
And its talons are bathed in the blood of its prey.
Oh, that eagle of Freedom ! when cloud upon cloud

Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud,
 When lightnings gleamed fiercely, and thunderbolts rung,
 How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung!
 Though the wild blast of battle swept fierce through the air
 With darkness and dread, still the eagle was there;
 Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,
 Till the rainbow of Peace crowned the victory won.
 Oh, that eagle of Freedom! age dims not his eye,
 He has seen Earth's mortality spring, bloom, and die!
 He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish, and fall;
 He mocks at Time's changes, he triumphs o'er all:
 He has seen our own land with wild forests o'erspread,
 He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head;
 And his presence will bless this, his own chosen clime,
 Till the archangel's fiat is set upon time.

Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D. D.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

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

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
 Sweet tales of olden time!

And ring a thousand memories
At vesper, and at prime ;
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king—
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring !

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

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

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

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

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

OLD CHURCHES.

HAST been where the full-blossomed bay-tree is blowing,
 With odours like Eden's around ?
 Hast seen where the broad-leaved palmetto is growing,
 And wild vines are fringing the ground ?
 Hast sat in the shade of catalpas, at noon,
 And ate the cool gourds of their clime ;
 Or slept where magnolias were screening the moon,
 And the mocking-bird sung her sweet rhyme ?
 And didst mark in thy journey, at dew-dropping eve,
 Some ruin peer high o'er thy way,

With rooks wheeling round it, and bushes to weave
A mantle for turrets so gray?

Did ye ask if some lord of the cavalier kind
Lived there, when the country was young?
And burned not the blood of a Christian, to find
How there the old prayer-bell had rung?

And did ye not glow when they told ye—the LORD
Had dwelt in that thistle-grown pile;
And that bones of old Christians were under its sward,
That once had knelt down in its aisle?
And had ye no tear-drops your blushes to steep
When ye thought—o'er your country so broad,
The bard seeks in vain for a mouldering heap,
Save only these churches of God!

O ye that shall pass by those ruins agen,
Go kneel in their alleys and pray,
And not till their arches have echoed "Amen!"
Rise up, and fare on in your way;
Pray GOD that those aisles may be crowded once more,
Those altars surrounded and spread,
While anthems and prayers are upsent as of yore,
As they take of the wine-cup and bread.

Ay, pray on thy knees, that each old rural fane
They have left to the bat and the mole,
May sound with the loud-pealing organ again,
And the full swelling voice of the soul.
Peradventure, when next thou shalt journey thereby,
Even-bells shall ring out on the air,
And the dim-lighted windows reveal to thine eye
The snowy-robed pastor at prayer.

Park Benjamin.

GOLD.

"GOLD is, in its last analysis, the sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."—JOSEPH NAPOLEON.

WASTE treasure like water, ye noble and great!
 Spend the wealth of the world to increase your estate;
 Pile up your temples of marble, and raise
 Columns and domes, that the people may gaze
 And wonder at beauty, so gorgeously shown
 By subjects more rich than the king on his throne.
 Lavish and squander—for why should ye save
 "The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave!"

Pour wine into goblets all crusted with gems—
 Wear pearls on your collars and pearls on your hems;
 Let diamonds in splendid profusion outvie
 The myriad stars of a tropical sky!
 Though from the night of the fathomless mine
 These may be dug at your banquet to shine,
 Little care ye for the chains of the slave,
 "The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

Behold, at your gates stand the feeble and old—
 Let them burn in the sunshine and freeze in the cold;
 Let them starve: though a morsel, a drop will impart
 New vigour and warmth to the limb and the heart:
 You taste not their anguish, you feel not their pain,
 Your heads are not bare to the wind and the rain—
 Must wretches like these of your charity crave
 "The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave?"

An army goes out in the morn's early light,
 Ten thousand gay soldiers equipped for the fight ;
 An army comes home at the closing of day—
 Oh, where are their banners, their goodly array ?
 Ye widows and orphans, bewail not so loud—
 Your groans may embitter the feast of the proud ;
 To win for their store, did the wild battle rave,
 "The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

Gold ! gold ! in all ages the curse of mankind,
 Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind :
 The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,
 And the mind be the slave of a look and a word.
 To gain thee, men barter eternity's crown,
 Yield honour, affection, and lasting renown,
 And mingle like foam with life's swift-rushing wave
 "The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

THE STORMY PETREL.

THIS is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea—
 Fearless and rapid and strong is he ;
 He never forsakes the billowy roar,
 To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,
 Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks
 Protects her young in the splintered rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms ;
 On the top of the wave you may see their forms—
 They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
 Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high ;

And against the force of the strongest gale,
Like phantom-ships they soar and sail:

All over the ocean, far from land,
When the storm-king rises, dark and grand,
The mariner sees the petrel meet
The fathomless waves with steady feet.
And a tireless wing and a dauntless breast,
Without a home or a hope of rest.

So, mid the contest and toil of life,
My soul! when the billows of rage and strife
Are tossing high, and the heavenly blue
Is shrouded by vapours of sombre hue—
Like the petrel wheeling o'er foam and spray,
Onward and upward pursue thy way!

Willis Gaylord Clark.

A LAMENT.

THERE is a voice I shall hear no more—
There are tones whose music for me is o'er;
Sweet as the odours of spring were they,—
Precious and rich—but they died away;
They came like peace to my heart and ear—
Never again will they murmur here;
They have gone like the blush of a summer morn,
Like a crimson cloud through the sunset borne.

There were eyes, that late were lit up for me,
Whose kindly glance was a joy to see;

They revealed the thoughts of a trusting heart,
 Untouched by sorrow, untaught by art ;
 Whose affections were fresh as a stream of spring,
 When birds in the vernal branches sing ;
 They were filled with love that hath passed with them,
 And my lyre is breathing their requiem.

I remember a brow, whose serene repose
 Seemed to lend a beauty to cheeks of rose ;
 And lips I remember, whose dewy smile,
 As I mused on their eloquent power the while,
 Sent a thrill to my bosom, and blessed my brain
 With raptures that never may dawn again ;
 Amidst musical accents those smiles were shed—
 Alas for the doom of the early dead !

Alas for the clod that is resting now
 On those slumbering eyes—on that fated brow !
 Woe for the cheek that hath ceased to bloom—
 For the lips that are dumb in the noisome tomb ;
 Their melody broken, their fragrance gone,
 Their aspect cold as the Parian stone !
 Alas for the hopes that with thee have died—
 O loved one ! would I were by thy side !

Yet the joy of grief it is mine to bear ;
 I hear thy voice in the twilight air ;
 Thy smile, of sweetness untold, I see
 When the visions of evening are borne to me ;
 Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm—
 My arm embraceth thy graceful form ;
 I wake in a world that is sad and drear,
 To feel in my bosom—thou art not here.

Thy
 of love

IT
 A
 Many
 Brave
 While
 Thro

Oh! once the summer with thee was bright;
 The 'ay, like thine eyes, wore a holy light.
 There was bliss in existence when thou wert nigh,
 There was balm in the evening's rosy sigh;
 Then earth was an Eden, and thou its guest—
 A Sabbath of blessings was in my breast;
 My heart was full of a sense of love,
 Likest of all things to heaven above.

Now, thou art gone to that voiceless hall
 Where my budding raptures have perished all;
 To that tranquil and solemn place of rest
 Where the earth lies damp on the sinless breast;
 Thy bright locks all in the vault are hid,
 Thy brow is concealed by the coffin-lid;
 All that was lovely to me is there—
 Mournful is life, and a load to bear!

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

THERE is a tradition at Rome that an imaginative French girl died
 of love for this celebrated statue.

IT was a day of festival in Rome,
 And to the splendid temple of her saint,
 Many a brilliant equipage swept on;
 Brave cavaliers reined their impetuous steeds,
 While dark-robed priests and bright-eyed peasants strolled,
 Through groups of citizens, in gay attire.

The suppliant moan of the blind mendicant
Blent with the huckster's cry, the urchin's shout,
The clash of harness, and the festive cheer.
Beneath the colonnade ranged the Swiss guards,
With polished halberds—an anomaly,
Of mountain lineage, and yet hirelings !
In the midst rose the majestic obelisk,
Quarried in Egypt, centuries by-gone ;
And, on either side, gushed up refreshingly
The lofty fountains, flashing in the sun,
And breathing, o'er the din, a whisper soft,
Yet finely musical as childhood's laugh.
Here a stranger stood in mute observance ;
There an artist leaned, and pleased his eye
With all the features of the shifting scene,
Striving to catch its varying light and shade—
The mingled tints of brilliancy and gloom.
Through the dense crowd a lovely maiden pressed
With a calm brow, an eagerness of air,
And an eye exultant with high purpose.
The idle courtier checked his ready jest,
And backward stepped in reverence, as she passed ;
The friar turned and blessed her fervently,
Reading the joy in her deep look of love,
That visits pilgrims when their shrine is won.
To the rich chambers of the Vatican
She hurried thoughtfully, nor turned to muse
Upon the many glories clustered there.
There are rooms whose walls are radiant still
With the creations of the early dead—
RAPHAEL, the gifted and the beautiful ;
Fit places those for sweet imaginings

And spirit-stirring dreams. She entered not.
 Gems of rare hues and cunning workmanship,
 Ancient sarcophagi, heroic forms,
 Busts of the mighty conquerors of time,
 Stirred not a pulse in that fond maiden's heart ;
 She stayed not to peruse the classic face
 Of young AUGUSTUS, nor lingered to discern
 Benignity in TRAJAN'S countenance ;
 But sped, with fawn-like and familiar step,
 On to the threshold of a cabinet ;
 And then her eye grew brighter, and a flush
 Suffused her cheek, as, awe-subdued, she paused,
 And, throwing back the ringlets from her brow,
 With a light bound and rapturous murmur, stood
 Before the statue of the Grecian god :

“ They tell me thou art stone,
 Stern, passionless, and chill,
 Dead to the glow of noble thought,
 And feeling's holy thrill ;
 They deem thee but a marble god,
 The paragon of art,
 A thing to charm the sage's eye,
 But not to win the heart.

“ Vain as their own light vows,
 And soulless as their gaze,
 The thought of quenching my deep love
 By such ignoble praise !
 I know that through thy parted lips
 Language disdains to roll,
 While on them rest so gloriously
 The beamings of the soul.

“ I dreamed, but yesternight,
That, gazing, e'en as now,
Rapt in a wild, admiring joy,
On thy majestic brow—
That thy strong arm was round me flung,
And drew me to thy side,
While thy proud lip uncurled in love,
And hailed me as a bride.

“ And then, methought, we sped,
Like thine own arrow, high,
Through fields of azure, orbs of light,
Amid the boundless sky :
Our way seemed walled with radiant gems,
As fell the starry gleams,
And the floating isles of pearly drops
Gave back their silver beams.

“ Sphere-music, too, stole by
In the fragrant zephyr's play,
And the hum of worlds boomed solemnly
Across our trackless way :
Upon my cheek the wanton breeze
Thy glowing tresses flung ;
Like loving tendrils, round my neck,
A golden band they clung.

“ Methought thou didst impart
The mysteries of earth,
And whisper lovingly the tale
Of thy celestial birth :
O'er Poetry's sublimest heights
Exultingly we trod ;

Thy words were music—uttering
The genius of a god!

“Proud one! ’twas but a dream;
For here again thou art,
Thy marble bosom heeding not
My passion-stricken heart.
Oh, turn that rapturous look on me,
And heave a single sigh—
Give but a glance, breathe but a tone,
One word were ecstasy!

“Still mute? Then must I yield:
This fire will scathe my breast;
This weary heart will throb itself
To an eternal rest.
Yet still my soul claims fellowship
With the exalted grace,
The bright and thrilling earnestness,
The godlike in thy face.

“Thou wilt relent at last,
And turn thy love-lit eye
In pity on me, noble one!
To bless me ere I die.
And now, farewell, my vine-clad home,
Farewell, immortal youth!
Let me behold thee when Love calls
The martyr to her truth!”

TO AN ELM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

How bursts thy monarch wail,
When sleeps the pulse of Nature's buoyant life,
And, bared to meet the gale,
Wave thy old branches, eager for the strife!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

 NEWPORT BEACH.

THE crested line of waves upheaving slow,
 Like white-plumed squadrons in compact array,
 Moving to launch their thunder on the foe,
 Each gathering in, with hushed yet ardent will,
 Its strength of purpose ere the war-cloud burst—
 And with accumulate energy press on
 Their foamy ridges, to dissolve at last,
 Like Passion's billows, into gushing tears,
 Or, with an inarticulate moan, expire.

Wave after wave successively rolls on
 And dies along the shore, until, more loud,
 One billow with concentrate force is heard
 To swell prophetic, and exultant rears
 A lucent form above its pioneers,
 And rushes past them to the farthest goal.
 Thus our unuttered feelings rise and fall,
 And thought will follow thought in equal waves,
 Until Reflection nerves Design to will,
 Or Sentiment o'er chance Emotion reigns,
 And all its wayward undulations blends
 In one o'erwhelming surge !

In Meditation's hour these waves recede,
 And then appear the relics of the soul—

Trophies long cherished, fragments of wrecked hopes,
That, freshened by the dew of memory, gleam
Like a mosaic pavement, whose dim hues
And worn inscriptions suddenly grow clear
Beneath reviving moisture : purple shells
And gay weeds fleck the strand, like garlands torn
By fierce Ambition from the rocks of Time,
To drift unheeded down Oblivion's main ;
And mystic characters indent the sands,
Frail as the records that men love to trace,
With the approaching tide to pass away.

Like the sea, too, our being ebbs and flows,
From fountains unexplored of inward life,
To the world's sterile coast, with restless dash
Chafing its bound ; then mournfully sweeps back,
To lapse in earnest consciousness again.
For what to thee, O thoughtful soul, imports
The monotone of apathetic days,
Save as the prelude to a higher strain,
In which the symphony of Truth shall blend
With Love's celestial anthem ? Far apart
From the insensate crowd, thy real life,
Like the deep under-current of the sea,
Resistless and invisible flows on :
Oh, for a human ear attuned to catch
Its muffled voice, or gently beaming eyes
To pierce, with keen regard, the playful wave,
And watch its hidden course !

After each tempest, both of mind and sea,
Cometh tranquillity ; then rosy hues

Flush the horizon with a glow that warms
The sleeping flood like Hope's blest revery,
And the low ripples, with their soothing plash,
Lave the gay-tinted pebbles till they shine
Like precious jewels in the sunset fire ;
And the wan moon her slender crescent shows,
A diadem benign, serenely high,
While the lulled wave as gently heaves below
As the fair bosom where is treasured up
Our heart's best life, and its pellucid depths
Reflect the firmament, as truthful eyes
With crystal softness mirror love's pure gaze.

What pristine vigour braces the glad frame
That dallies with the breakers, meets the surge,
And feels the sportive tossing of the brine !
As in the world's antagonistic sphere
We wrestle and grow calm, the vague unrest
That haunts impulsive natures yields awhile
To the encircling presence of the sea,
Inviting thought to an excursive range,
And, with its plaintive or impetuous roar,
Stilling the tumult of the eager heart.

The antique genius shaped a noble truth,
In moulding *APHRODITE* as she stands
Prepared to yield her beauty to the sea :
A winsome coyness, half made up of fear
And half of love, betrays itself in grace :
With eyes averted from the tempting flood,
She grasps her loosened hair, and, as the wave
Strikes her pale fect, a swift recoil

Checks the advancing step, and thus she broods,
A lovely image of subdued desire,
Action and thought, that quiver and unite
In exquisite proportion; thus we pause
Upon the brink of glory unachieved,
Or sacrifice resolved—our hearts appalled
By the chill touch and drear infinitude
Of Fate's relentless tide.

Thy breath, majestic Sea, was native air,
And thy cool spray, like Nature's baptism, fell
Upon my brow, while thy hoarse summons called
My childhood's fancy into Wonder's realm.
Thy boundless azure in youth's landscape shone
Like a vast talisman, that oft awoke
Visions of distant climes, from weary round
Of irksome life to set my spirit free;
And hence whene'er I greet thy face anew,
Familiar tenderness and awe return
At the wild conjuration;—fondest hopes,
And penitential tears, and high resolves,
Are born of musing by the solemn deep.

Then here, enfranchised by the voice of God,
Oh, ponder not, with microscopic eye,
What is adjacent, limited, and fixed;
But with high faith gaze forth, and let thy thought
With the illimitable scene expand,
Until the bond of circumstance is rent,
And personal griefs are lost in visions wide
Of an eternal future! Far away
Where looms yon sail, that, like a curlew's wing,

Prints the gray sky, are moored enchanted isles
 Of unimagined beauty, with soft airs,
 And luscious fruitage, and unclouded stars;
 Where every breeze wafts music, every path,
 By flowers o'erhung, leads to a home of love,
 And every life is glorified with dreams:
 And thus beyond thy present destiny,
 Beyond the inlet where the waves of Time
 Fret at their barren marge, there spreads a sea
 More free and tranquil, where the isles of peace
 Shall yield thy highest aspiration scope,
 And every sympathy response divine.

William D. Gallagher.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A SONG for the early times out West,
 And our green old forest-home,
 Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
 Across the bosom come:
 A song for the free and gladsome life
 In those early days we led,
 With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
 And a smiling heaven o'erhead!
 Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
 And had a joyous flow,
 In the days when we were pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer ;
The camp, the big bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer ;
The sweet, sound sleep at dead of night,
By our camp-fire blazing high—
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by :
Oh, merrily passed the time, despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

We shunned not labour : when 'twas due,
We wrought with right good will ;
And, for the home we won for them,
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met ;
And fires of love were kindled then
That burn on warmly yet.
Oh, pleasantly the stream of life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

We felt that we were fellow-men ;
We felt we were a band
Sustained here in the wilderness
By Heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gathered in the wood,

And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only good.
Our temples then were earth and sky;
None others did we know
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round;
But here, amid the green old trees,
Freedom we sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings wintry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan;
We cared not—though they were but frail,
We felt they were our own!
Oh, free and manly lives we led,
Mid verdure or mid snow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

But now our course of life is short;
And as, from day to day,
We're walking on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land, more bright than this,
To our dim sight appears—
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be pioneers!
Yet while we linger, we may all
A backward glance still throw
To the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

THE mothers of our forest-land !
Stout-hearted dames were they ;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border fray.
Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest-land !
On old Kentucky's soil
How shared they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest and life's toil !
They shrank not from the foeman—
They quailed not in the fight—
But cheered their husbands through the day,
And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our forest-land !
Their bosoms pillowed men !
And proud were they by such to stand,
In hammock, fort, or glen,
To load the sure old rifle—
To run the leaden ball—
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it, should he fall !

The mothers of our forest-land !
Such were their daily deeds :
Their monument !—where does it stand ?
Their epitaph !—who reads ?

No braver dames had Sparta,
 No nobler matrons Rome—
 Yet who or lauds or honours them,
 E'en in their own green home?

The mothers of our forest-land!
 They sleep in unknown graves;
 And had they borne and nursed a band
 Of ingrates, or of slaves,
 They had not been more neglected!
 But their graves shall yet be found,
 And their monuments dot here and there
 "The Dark and Bloody Ground."

Isaac McClellan.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

NEW ENGLAND'S dead! New England's
 dead!

On every hill they lie;
 On every field of strife, made red
 By bloody victory!
 Each valley, where the battle poured
 Its red and awful tide,
 Beheld the brave New England sword
 With slaughter deeply dyed!
 Their bones are on the Northern hill
 And on the Southern plain,
 By brook and river, lake and rill,
 And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought—
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviours of the land!

Oh, few and weak their numbers were—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress—
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call—the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
Above each soldier's mound.
The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;

An army now might thunder past,
 And they heed not its roar.
 The starry flag 'neath which they fought,
 In many a bloody day,
 From their old graves shall rouse them not,
 For they have passed away.

Epes Sargent.

THE MISSING SHIP.

GOD speed the noble PRESIDENT! A gallant boat is she,
 As ever entered harbour, or crossed a stormy sea;
 Like some majestic castle she floats upon the stream;
 The good ships moored beside her, like pigmy shallows
 seem!

How will her mighty bulwarks the dashing surges brave!
 How will her iron sinews make way 'gainst wind and wave!
 Farewell, thou stately vessel! ye voyagers, farewell!
 Securely on that deck shall ye the tempest's shock repel.

The stately vessel left us in all her bold array;
 A glorious sight, O landmen! as she glided down our bay;
 Her flags were waving joyously, and, from her ribs of oak,
 "*Farewell*" to all the city, her guns in thunder spoke.

Flee, on thy vapoury pinions! back, back to England flee!
 Where patient watchers by the strand have waited long for
 thee;

Where kindred hearts are beating to welcome home thy
crew,

And tearful eyes gaze constantly across the waters blue!

Alas, ye watchers by the strand! weeks, months, have rolled
away,

But where—where is the President? and why is this delay?
Return, pale mourners, to your homes! ye gaze, and gaze
in vain:

Oh, never shall that pennoned mást salute your eyes again!

And now our hopes, like morning stars, have, one by one,
gone out;

And mute despair subdues, at length, the agony of doubt;
But still Affection lifts the torch by night along the shore,
And lingers by the surf-beat rocks, to marvel, to deplore!

In dreams I see the fated ship torn by the northern blast;
About her tempest-riven track the white fog gathers fast;
When lo! above the swathing mist their heads the icebergs
lift,

In lucent grandeur, to the clouds—vast continents adrift!

One mingled shriek of awe goes up at that stupendous
sight;

Now, helmsman, for a hundred lives, oh guide the helm
aright!

Vain prayer!—she strikes! and, thundering down, the ava-
lanches fall;

Crushed, whelmed, the stately vessel sinks—the cold sea
covers all!

Anon, unresting Fancy holds a direr scene to view:

The burning ship, the fragile raft, the pale and dying crew!

Ah me! was such their maddening fate upon the billowy
brine?

Give up, remorseless Ocean! a relic and a sign!

No answer cometh from the deep to tell the tale we dread:
No messenger of weal or woe returneth from the dead:
But Hope, through tears, looks up and sees, from earthly
haven driven,

The lost ones meet in fairer realms, where storms reach
not—in heaven!

Philip Pendleton Cooke.

LIFE IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.

SUMMER has gone,
And fruitful Autumn has advanced so far
That there is warmth, not heat, in the broad sun,
And you may look, with naked eye, upon
The ardours of his car;
The stealthy frosts, whom his spent looks embolden,
Are making the green leaves golden.

What a brave splendour
Is in the October air! how rich, and clear,
And bracing, and all-joyous! We must render
Love to the Spring-time, with its sproutings tender,
As to a child quite dear;
But Autumn is a thing of perfect glory,
A manhood not yet hoary.

I love the woods,
 In this good season of the liberal year ;
 I love to seek their leafy solitudes,
 And give myself to melancholy moods,
 With no intruder near,
 And find strange lessons, as I sit and ponder,
 In every natural wonder.

But not alone,
 As SHAKSPEARE's melancholy courtier loved Ardennes,
 Love I the browning forest ; and I own
 I would not oft have mused, as he, but flown
 To hunt with AMIENS—
 And little thought, as up the bold deer bounded,
 Of the sad creature wounded.

A brave and good,
 But world-worn knight—soul-wearied with his part
 In this vexed life—gave man for solitude,
 And built a lodge, and lived in Wantley wood,
 To hear the belling Hart.
 It was a gentle taste, but its sweet sadness
 Yields to the Hunter's madness.

What passionate
 And keen delight is in the proud swift chase !
 Go out what time the lark at heaven's red gate
 Soars joyously singing—quite infuriate
 With the high pride of his place ;
 What time the unrisen sun arrays the morning
 In its first bright adorning.

Hark ! the quick horn—
 As sweet to hear as any clarion—

Piercing with silver call the ear of morn ;
And mark the steeds, stout Curtal and Topthorne,
And Greysteil and the Don—
Each one of them his fiery mood displaying
With pawing and with neighing.

Urge your swift horse,
After the crying hounds in this fresh hour,
Vanquish high hills—stem perilous streams perforce,
On the free plain give free wings to your course,
And you will know the power
Of the brave chase—and how of griefs the sorest
A cure is in the forest.

Or stalk the deer ;
The same red lip of dawn has kissed the hills,
The gladdest sounds are crowding on your ear,
There is a life in all the atmosphere :—
Your very nature fills
With the fresh hour, as up the hills aspiring
You climb with limbs untiring.

It is a fair
And goodly sight to see the antlered stag,
With the long sweep of his swift walk repair
To join his brothers ; or the plethoric bear
Lying on some high crag,
With pinky eyes half closed, but broad head shaking,
As gad-flies keep him waking.

And these you see,
And seeing them, you travel to their death
With a slow, stealthy step, from tree to tree,
Noting the wind, however faint it be.

The hunter draws a breath
 In times like these, which, he will say, repays him
 For all care that waylays him.

A strong joy fills
 (A joy beyond the tongue's expressive power)
 My heart in Autumn weather—fills and thrills!
 And I would rather stalk the breezy hills,
 Descending to my bower
 Nightly, by the sweet spirit of Peace attended,
 Than pine where life is splendid.

John G. Saxe.

THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

A LEGEND OF GOTHAM.

OH, terribly proud was Miss MACBRIDE,
 The very personification of pride,
 As she minced along in Fashion's tide,
 Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
 When the golden sun was setting;
 There was pride in the head she carried so high,
 Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
 And a world of pride in the very sigh
 That her stately bosom was fretting:

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,
 Sandalled in satin, should kiss the street—
 The very same that the vulgar greet

In common leather not over "neat"—
 For such is the common booting ;
 (And Christian tears may well be shed,
 That even among our gentlemen-bred
 The glorious Day of Morocco is dead,
 And Day and Martin are reigning instead,
 On a much inferior footing !)

Oh, terribly proud was Miss MacBRIDE,
 Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,
 And proud of fifty matters beside—
 That wouldn't have borne dissection ;
 Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
 Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
 Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
 On a very slight inspection !—

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
 Proud wherever she chanced to come—
 When she was glad and when she was glum,
 Proud as the head of a Saracen
 Over the door of a tippling-shop !—
 Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
 "Proud as a boy with a bran-new top,"
 Proud beyond comparison !

It seems a singular thing to say,
 But her very senses led her astray
 Respecting all humility ;
 In sooth, her dull auricular drum
 Could find in *humble* only a "hum,"
 And heard no sound of "gentle" come,
 In talking about gentility.

What *lowly* meant she didn't know,
For she always avoided "every thing low,"
 With care the most punctilious ;
And, queerer still, the audible sound
Of "super-silly" she never had found
 In the adjective supercilious !

The meaning of *meeh* she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something to do
With "Moses," a peddling German Jew,
Who, like all hawkers, the country through,
 Was "a person of no position ;"
And it seemed to her exceedingly plain,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
 To a lady of high condition !

Even her graces—not her grace,
For that was in the "vocative case"—
Chilled with the touch of her icy face,
 Sat very stiffly upon her ;
She never confessed a favour aloud,
Like one of the simple, common crowd—
But coldly smiled, and faintly bowed,
As who should say, "You do me proud,
 And do yourself an honour !"

And yet the pride of Miss MACBRIDE,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
 Had really no foundation ;
But like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise

And grow till they reach a four-story size—
Was merely a fancy creation!

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage.

That her wit should never have made her vain,
Was—like her face—sufficiently plain;
And as to her musical powers,
Although she sang until she was hoarse,
And issued notes with a banker's force,
They were just such notes as we never indorse
For any acquaintance of ours!

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high—
For Miss MACBRIDE first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion—
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracie!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten *peers*—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
 In one conglomeration ;
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry-HARVEY will ever succeed
 In finding the circulation !

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end
 By some plebeian vocation ;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
 That plagued some worthy relation !

But Miss MACBRIDE had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
For rich was the old paternal MACBRIDE,
 According to public rumour ;
And he lived " up town," in a splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
 And feathers enough to plume her.

An honest mechanic was JOHN MACBRIDE,
As ever an honest calling plied
 Or graced an honest ditty ,
For JOHN had worked, in his early day,
In " pots and pearls," the legends say—
And kept a shop with a rich array

Of things in the soap and candle way,
In the lower part of the city.

No "*rara avis*" was honest JOHN
(That's the Latin for "sable swan")—
Though, in one of his fancy flashes,
A wicked wag, who meant to deride,
Called honest JOHN "Old *Phoenix* MACBRIDE,"
"Because he rose from his ashes!"

Little by little he grew to be rich,
By saving of candle-ends and "sich,"
Till he reached at last an opulent niche—
No very uncommon affair;
For history quite confirms the law
Expressed in the ancient Scottish saw—
A MICKLE may come to be may'r!*

Alack for many ambitious beaux!
She hung their hopes upon her nose
(The figure is quite Horatian!)—
Until, from habit, the member grew
As very a hook as ever eye knew,
To the commonest observation.

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand
By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly vulgar fraction!

* "Mickle, wi' thrift, may chance to be mair."—*Scotch Proverb.*

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
 Was mortified with a bootless suit,
 In a way that was quite appalling ;
 For, though a regular *sutor* by trade,
 He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid,
 Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
 “The cobbler keep to his calling.”

(The muse must let a secret out :
 There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt
 That folks who oftenest sneer and flout
 At “the dirty, low mechanicals,”
 Are they whose sires, by pounding their knees,
 Or coiling their legs, or trades like these,
 Contrived to win their children ease
 From Poverty's galling manacles.)

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
 And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
 A man of his wealth and liberal views,
 Began, at once, with “If you *choose*—
 And could you really love him—”
 But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff,
 With an answer rough and ready enough,
 To let him know she was up to snuff,
 And altogether above him !

A young attorney, of winning grace,
 Was scarce allowed to “open his face,”
 Ere Miss MacBRIDE had closed his case
 With true judicial celerity ;
 For the lawyer was poor, and “seedy” to boot,
 And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,
 Is merely a double verity.

BRIDE,”

ch Proverb.

The last of those who came to court
 Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,
 "Without any visible means of support"—

A crime by no means flagrant
 In one who wears an elegant coat,
 But the very point on which they vote
 A ragged fellow "a vagrant."

A courtly fellow was dapper JIM,
 Sleek and supple, and tall and trim,
 And smooth of tongue as neat of limb;
 And, maugre his meagre pocket,
 You'd say, from the glittering tales he told,
 That JIM had slept in a cradle of gold,
 With FORTUNATUS to rock it.

Now dapper JIM his courtship plied
 (I wish the fact could be denied)
 With an eye to the purse of the old MACBRIDE,
 And really "nothing shorter!"
 For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
 "Whenever he dies—as die he must—
 And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
 He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'
 In behalf of his only daughter."

And the very magnificent Miss MACBRIDE,
 Half in love, and half in pride,
 Quite graciously relented;
 And, tossing her head, and turning her back,
 No token of proper pride to lack—
 To be a Bride, without the "Mac,"
 With much disdain, consented.

Alas! that people who've got their box
 Of cash beneath the best of locks,
 Secure from all financial shocks,
 Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,
 And madly rush upon Wall-street rocks,
 Without the least apology!

Alas! that people whose money-affairs
 Are sound, beyond all need of repairs,
 Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
 Of Mammon's fierce zoölogy!

Old JOHN MACBRIDE, one fatal day,
 Became the unresisting prey
 Of Fortune's undertakers;
 And, staking all on a single die,
 His foundered bark went high and dry
 Among the brokers and breakers!

At his trade again, in the very shop
 Where, years before, he let it drop,
 He follows his ancient calling—
 Cheerily, too, in Poverty's spite,
 And sleeping quite as sound at night
 As when, at Fortune's giddy height,
 He used to wake with a dizzy fright
 From a dismal dream of falling.

But alas for the haughty Miss MACBRIDE,
 'Twas such a shock to her precious pride!
 She couldn't recover, although she tried
 Her jaded spirits to rally;
 'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
 From a Place "up town" to a nook "up stairs,"
 From an avenue down to an alley!

'Twas little condolence she had, God wot,
From her "troops of friends," who hadn't forgot
The airs she used to borrow ;
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
Was a different thing from sorrow !

They owned it couldn't have well been worse
To go from a full to an empty purse :
To expect a "reversion," and get a reverse,
Was truly a dismal feature ;
But it wasn't strange—they whispered—at all :
That the summer of pride should have its fall
Was quite according to Nature !

And one of those chaps who make a pun,
As if it were quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular double-loaded gun,
 Remarked that moral transgression
Always brings retributive stings
To candle-makers as well as kings :
For "making light of *cereous* things"
Was a very wick-ed profession !

And vulgar people—the saucy churls !—
Inquired about "the price of pearls,"
 And mocked at her situation :
"She wasn't ruined, they ventured to hope—
Because she was poor, she needn't mope ;
Few people were better off for soap,
 And that was a consolation !"

And, to make her cup of woe run over,
 Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover
 Was the very first to forsake her ;
 "He quite regretted the step, 'twas true—
 The lady had pride enough 'for two,'
 But that alone would never do
 To quiet the butcher and baker."

And now the unhappy Miss MACBRIDE—
 The merest ghost of her early pride—
 Bewails her lonely position ;
 Cramped in the very narrowest niche,
 Above the poor, and below the rich,
 Was ever a worse condition ?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
 Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
 With insolent pride of station ;
 Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
 At poorer people in plainer clo'es,
 But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
 That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes !
 And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
 Is subject to irritation !

PHAETHON, OR THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

DAN PHAETHON—so the histories run—
 Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun ;
 Or rather of PHÆBUS—but as to his mother,
 Genealogists make a deuce of a pother,

Some going for one, and some for another ;
 For myself, I must say, as a careful explorer,
 This roaring young blade was the son of AURORA !
 Now old Father PHÆBUS, ere railways begun
 To elevate funds and depreciate fun,
 Drove a very fast coach by the name of "The Sun,"
 Running, they say,
 Trips every day
 (On Sundays and all, in a heathenish way),
 All lighted up with a famous array
 Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,
 And dashing along like a gentleman's "shay,"
 With never a fare, and nothing to pay !

Now PHAETHON begged of his doting old father
 To grant him a favour, and this the rather,
 Since some one had hinted, the youth to annoy,
 That he wasn't by any means PHÆBUS's boy !
 Intending, the rascally son of a gun,
 To darken the brow of the son of the Sun !
 "By the terrible Styx," said the angry sire,
 While his eyes flashed volumes of fury and fire,
 "To prove your reviler an infamous liar,
 I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire !"
 "Then by my head,"
 The youngster said,
 "I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed—
 For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,
 Like a seat on the box, and a dashing drive !"
 "Nay, PHAETHON, don't—
 I beg you won't—
 Just stop a moment, and think upon't !

You're quite too young," continued the sage,
 "To tend a coach at your early age ;

Besides, you see,

'Twill really be

Your first appearance on any stage !

Desist, my child—

The cattle are wild,

And when their mettle is thoroughly 'riled,'

Depend upon't, the coach will be 'spiled'—

They're not the fellows to draw it mild !

Desist, I say,

You'll rue the day—

So mind, and don't be foolish, ΠΗΛ !"

But the youth was proud,

And swore aloud,

'Twas just the thing to astonish the crowd—

He'd have the horses, and wouldn't be cowed !

In vain the boy was cautioned at large,

He called for the chargers, unheeding the charge,

And vowed that any young fellow of force

Could manage a dozen coursers, of course !

Now ΠΗΛΕΥΣ felt exceedingly sorry

He had given his word in such a hurry ;

But, having sworn by the Styx, no doubt

He was in for it now, and couldn't back out.

So calling ΠΗΛΕΘΩΝ up in a trice,

He gave the youth a bit of advice :

“ ‘ *Parce stimulis, utere loris !* ”

(A 'stage direction,' of which the core is,

Don't use the whip—they're ticklish things—

But, whatever you do, hold on to the strings !)

Remember the rule of the JEHU-tribe is,
'Medio tutissimus ibis,'
 As the judge remarked to a rowdy Scotchman
 (Who was going to quod between two watchmen);
 So mind your eye and spare your goad—
 Be shy of the stones and keep in the road!"

Now PHAETHON, perched in the coachman's place,
 Drove off the steeds at a furious pace,
 Fast as coursers running a race,
 Or bounding along in a steeple-chase!
 Of whip and shout there was no lack—
 "Crack—whack—
 Whack—crack"—

Resounding along the horses' back!
 Frightened beneath the stinging lash,
 Cutting their flanks in many a gash,
 On—on they speed as swift as a flash,
 Through thick and thin away they dash
 (Such rapid driving is always rash)!
 When, all at once, with a dreadful crash,
 The whole establishment went to smash!
 And PHAETHON, he,
 As all agree,
 Off the coach was suddenly hurled,
 Into a puddle, and out of the world!

MORAL.

Don't rashly take to dangerous courses,
 Nor set it down in your table of forces
 That any one man equals any four horses!

Don't swear by the Styx!—
 It's one of Old Nick's
 Diabolical tricks
 To get people into a regular "fix,"
 And hold 'em there as fast as bricks!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE POET.

FOR this present, hard
 Is the fortune of the bard
 Born out of time;
 All his accomplishment
 From Nature's utmost treasure spent
 Booteth not him.
 When the pine tosses its cones
 To the song of its waterfall tones,
 He speeds to the woodland walks,
 To birds and trees he talks:
 CÆSAR of his leafy Rome,
 There the poet is at home.
 He goes to the river-side,—
 Not hook nor line hath he:
 He stands in the meadows wide,—
 Nor gun nor scythe to see;
 With none has he to do,
 And none to seek him,
 Nor men below,
 Nor spirits dim.

What he knows nobody wants ;
 What he knows he hides, not vaunts.
 Knowledge this man prizes best
 Seems fantastic to the rest ;
 Pondering shadows, colours, clouds,
 Grass-buds, and caterpillars' shrouds,
 Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
 Tints that spot the violets' petal,
 Why Nature loves the number five,
 And why the star-form she repeats ;—
 Lover of all things alive,
 Wonderer at all he meets,
 Wonderer chiefly at himself,—
 Who can tell him what he is,
 Or how meet in human elf
 Coming and past eternities ?

* * * * *

And such I knew, a forest seer,
 A minstrel of the natural year,
 Foreteller of the vernal ides,
 Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
 A lover true, who knew by heart
 Each joy the mountain-dales impart ;
 It seemed that Nature could not raise
 A plant in any secret place,
 In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
 Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
 Under the snow, beneath the rocks,
 In damp fields known to bird and fox,
 But he would come in the very hour
 It opened in its virgin bower,

As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
As if by secret sight he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew,
There are many events in the field,
Which are not shown to common eyes,
But all her shows did Nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
He found the tawny thrush's broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him.
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great NAPOLEON
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent.

All are needed by each one—
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder-bough ;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even.
He sings the song, but it pleases not now ;
For I did not bring home the river and sky :
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As mid the virgin train she strayed ;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage ;
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

“ Then I said, “ I covet truth ;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—
I leave it behind with the games of youth.”
As I spoke, beneath my feet

The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs ;
 I inhaled the violet's breath ;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs ;
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ;
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity ;
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird ;
 Beauty through my senses stole—
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

FINE humble-bee ! fine humble-bee !
 Where thou art is clime for me ;
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek,—
 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid zone !
 Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
 Let me chase thy waving lines ;
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
 Singing over shrubs and vines.
 Flower-bells,
 Honeyed cells,—
 These the tents
 Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun,
 Joy of thy dominion !

Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silters the horizon wall;
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance;
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tune,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;

But violets, and bilberry-bells,
 Maple-sap, and daffodels,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
 And brier-roses, dwelt among :
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher,
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at Fate and Care,
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
 When the fierce northwestern blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep ;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD !

GOOD-BY, proud world ! I'm going home :
 Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine.
 Long through thy weary crowds I roam,
 A river-ark on the ocean's brine ;
 Long I've been tossed like the driven foam ;
 But now, proud world ! I'm going home.

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face ;
 To Grandeur, with his wise grimace ;

To upstart Wealth's averted eye ;
 To supple Office, low and high ;
 To crowded halls, to court and street ;
 To frozen hearts and hasting feet ;
 To those who go, and those who come ;
 Good-by, proud world ! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
 Bosomed in yon green hills alone—
 A secret nook in a pleasant land,
 Whose groves the frolic fairies planned ;
 Where arches green, the livelong day,
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
 And vulgar feet have never trod
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome ;
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
 Where the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and the pride of man ;
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan ;
 For what are they all in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet !

Rev. Ralph Gont.

THE WORLD FOR SALE.

THE WORLD FOR SALE ! Hang out the sign ;
 Call every traveller here to me ;
 Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
 And set me from earth's bondage free ?

'Tis going!—Yes, I mean to fling
 The bawble from my soul away;
 I'll sell it, whatsoever it bring,—
 The World at Auction here to-day!

It is a glorious thing to see—
 Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
 It is not what it seems to be:
 For sale! it shall be mine no more.
 Come, turn it o'er, and view it well;
 I would not have you purchase dear;
 'Tis going—going!—I must sell!
 Who bids?—Who'll buy the Splendid Tear?

Here's WEALTH in glittering heaps of gold—
 Who bids?—But let me tell you fair,
 A baser lot was never sold;—
 Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
 And here, spread out in broad domain,
 A goodly landscape all may trace;
 Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain:
 Who'll buy himself a burial-place?

Here's LOVE, the dreamy, potent spell
 That Beauty flings around the heart;
 I know its power, alas! too well;—
 'Tis going—Love and I must part!
 Must part!—What can I more with Love?
 All over the enchanter's reign;
 Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove?—
 An hour of bliss, an age of pain!

And FRIENDSHIP—rarest gem of earth—
 (Who e'er hath found the jewel his?)

Frail, fickle, false, and little worth,
 Who bids for Friendship—as it is?
 'Tis going—going!—Hear the call:
 Once, twice, and thrice!—'Tis very low!
 'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all—
 But now the broken staff must go!

FAME! hold the brilliant meteor high;
 How dazzling every gilded name!
 Ye millions, now's the time to buy!—
 How much for Fame? how much for Fame?
 Hear how it thunders!—Would you stand
 On high Olympus, far renowned?
 Now purchase, and a world command,
 And be with a world's curses crowned!

Sweet star of HOPE! with ray to shine
 In every sad, foreboding breast,
 Save this desponding one of mine,—
 Who bids for man's last friend and best?
 Ah! were not mine a bankrupt life,
 This treasure should my soul sustain;
 But Hope and I are now at strife,
 Nor ever may unite again.

And SONG!—For sale my tuneless lute;
 Sweet solace, mine no more to hold;
 The chords that charmed my soul are mute;
 I cannot wake the notes of old.
 Or e'en were mine a wizard shell
 Could chain a world in raptures high,
 Yet now a sad "Farewell! farewell!"—
 Must on its last faint echoes die.

Ambition, Fashion, Show, and Pride,—
 I part from all forever now ;
 Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
 Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
 Poor heart ! distracted, ah, so long—
 And still its aching throb to bear ;
 How broken, that was once so strong !
 How heavy, once so free from care !

No more for me life's fitful dream ;—
 Bright vision, vanishing away !
 My bark requires a deeper stream,
 My sinking soul a surer stay.
 By Death, stern sheriff ! all bereft,
 I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod ;
 The best of all I still have left—
 My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

William Ross Wallace.

THE LIBERTY-BELL.*

A SOUND like the sound of a tempest rolled,
 And the heart of a people stirred,
 For the bell of Freedom, at midnight tolled,
 Through a fettered land was heard :
 And the chime still rung
 From its iron tongue,
 Steadily swaying to and fro ;

* Rung in Philadelphia, at the Declaration of Independence.

And to some it came
 As a breath of flame,
 And to some as a sound of woe.

Upon the tall mountain, upon the tossed wave,
 It was heard by the fettered, and heard by the brave;
 It was heard in the cottage, and heard in the hall,
 And its chime gave a glorious summons to all.
 The old sabre was sharpened, the time-rusted blade
 Of the bond started out in the pioneer's glade,
 Like a herald of wrath—and the host was arrayed!

Along the tall mountain, along the tossed wave,
 Swept the ranks of the bond, swept the ranks of the brave;
 And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,
 And a sun-drinking banner unfurled,
 Like an archangel's pinion flashed out from his home,
 Uttered freedom and hope to the world.
 O'er the mountain and tide its magnificent fold,
 With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,
 In the storm and the sunshine forever unrolled.
 It blazed in the valley; it blazed on the mast;
 It flew like a comrade abroad with the blast;
 And the eyes of whole nations were turned to its light;
 And the hearts of the multitude soon
 Were swayed by its stars as they shone through the night,
 Like an ocean when swayed by the moon.

Again through the midnight that bell thunders out,
 And banners and torches are hurried about.
 A shout as of waters, a long-uttered cry!
 How it leaps, how it leaps from the earth to the sky!
 From the sky to the earth, from the earth to the sea,
 Hear the chorus re-echoed, "*The people are free!*"

That old bell is still seen by the patriot's eye,
 And he blesses it ever when journeying by :
 Long years have passed over it, and yet every soul
 Must thrill in the night to its deep, solemn roll ;
 For it speaks in its belfry when kissed by the blast,
 Like a broad blessing breathed from the lips of the Past.
 Long years will roll o'er it, and yet every chime
 Must unceasingly tell of an era sublime,
 And more splendid, more dear than the rest of all Time.

Oh, yes ! if the flame on our altars should pale,
 Let its voice but be heard, and the freeman will start
 To rekindle the fire, while he sees on the gale
 All the stars, all the stripes of the flag of his heart.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

“ '76 IS FOREVER TO BE SUNG.”—*Anon.*

HE lay upon his dying bed,
 His eye was growing dim,
 When with a feeble voice he called
 His weeping son to him :
 “ Weep not, my boy,” the veteran said,
 “ I bow to Heaven's high will ;
 But quickly from yon antlers bring
 The sword of Bunker Hill.”

The sword was brought ; the soldier's eye
 Lit with a sudden flame ;
 And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
 He murmured WARREN's name ;

Then said—"My boy, I leave you gold,
But, what is richer still,
I leave you—mark me, mark me now—
The sword of Bunker Hill!

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band;
A captain raised this blade on me—
I tore it from his hand!
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will;
For, boy, the God of Freedom's blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep the sword!"—his accents broke—
A smile, and he was dead;
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.

Alice Carey.

VISIONS OF LIGHT.

THE moon is rising in beauty,
The sky is solemn and bright,
And the waters are singing like lovers
That walk in the valleys at night.

Like the towers of an ancient city,
That darken against the sky,
Seems the blue mist of the river
O'er the hill-tops far and high.

I see through the gathering darkness
The spire of the village church,
And the pale white tombs, half hidden
By the tasselled willow and birch.

Vain is the golden drifting
Of morning light on the hill ;
No white hand opens the windows
Of those chambers low and still.

But their dwellers were all my kindred,
Whatever their lives might be,
And their sufferings and achievements
Have recorded lessons for me.

Not one of the countless voyagers
Of life's mysterious main,
Has laid down his burden of sorrows,
Who hath lived and loved in vain.

From the bards of the elder ages
Fragments of song float by,
Like flowers in the streams of summer,
Or stars in the midnight sky.

Some plumes in the dust are scattered,
Where the eagles of Persia flew,
And wisdom is reaped from the furrows
The plough of the Roman drew.

From the white tents of the crusaders
The phantoms of glory are gone,
But the zeal of the barefooted hermit
In humanity's heart lives on.

Oh, sweet as the bell of the Sabbath
In the tower of the village church,
Or the fall of the yellow moonbeams
In the tasselled willow and birch—

Comes a thought of the blessed issues
That shall follow our social strife,
When the spirit of love maketh perfect
The beautiful mission of life :

For visions of light are gathered
In the sunshine of flowery nooks,
Like the shades of the ghostly Fathers
In their twilight cells of books !

HARVEST-TIME.

GOD'S blessing on the reapers ! all day long
A quiet sense of peace my spirit fills,
As whistled fragments of untutored song
Blend with the rush of sickles on the hills :
And the blue wild-flowers and green brier-leaves
Are brightly tangled with the yellow sheaves.

Where straight and even the new furrows lie,
The cornstalks in their rising beauty stand ;

Heaven's loving smile upon man's industry
 Makes beautiful with plenty the wide land.
 The barns, pressed out with the sweet hay, I see,
 And feel how more than good God is to me !

In the cool thicket the red-robin sings,
 And merrily before the mower's scythe
 Chirps the green grasshopper, while slowly swings,
 In the scarce-swaying air, the willow-lithe ;
 And clouds sail softly through the upper calms,
 White as the fleeces of the unshorn lambs.

Outstretched beneath the venerable trees,
 Conning his long, hard task, the schoolboy lies,
 And, like a fickle wooer, the light breeze
 Kisses his brow ; then, scarcely sighing, flies ;
 And all about him pinks and lilies stand,
 Painting with beauty the wide pasture-land.

Oh, there are moments when we half forget
 The rough, harsh grating of the file of 'Time,
 And I believe that angels come down yet
 And walk with us, as in the Eden clime ;
 Binding the heart away from woe and strife,
 With leaves of healing from the Tree of Life.

And they are most unworthy who behold
 The bountiful provisions of God's care,
 When reapers sing among the harvest-gold,
 And the mown meadow scents the quiet air,
 And yet who never say, with all their heart,
 "How good, my Father, oh, how good Thou art !"

Thomas William Parsons.

HUDSON RIVER.

RIVERS that roll most musical in song
Are often lovely to the mind alone ;
The wanderer muses, as he moves along
Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

When, to give substance to his boyish dreams,
He leaves his own, far countries to survey,
Oft must he think, in greeting foreign streams,
“ Their names alone are beautiful, not they.”

If chance he mark the dwindled Arno pour
A tide more meagre than his native Charles ;
Or views the Rhone when summer's heat is o'er,
Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles ;

Or when he sees the slimy Tiber fling
His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,
Oft to his thought must partial Memory bring
More noble waves, without renown, at home :

Now let him climb the Catskill, to behold
The lordly Hudson, marching to the main,
And say what bard, in any land of old ;
Had such a river to inspire his strain !

Along the Rhine, gray battlements and towers
Declare what robbers once the realm possessed ;
But here Heaven's handiwork surpasseth ours,
And man has hardly more than built his nest.

No storied castle overawes these heights,
 Nor antique arches check the current's play,
 Nor mouldering architrave the mind invites
 To dream of deities long passed away.

No Gothic buttress, or decaying shaft
 Of marble, yellowed by a thousand years,
 Lifts a great landmark to the little craft,
 A summer cloud! that comes and disappears:

But cliffs, unaltered from their primal form
 Since the subsiding of the Deluge, rise,
 And hold their savins to the upper storm,
 While far below the skiff securely plies.

Farms, rich not more in meadows than in men
 Of Saxon mould, and strong for every toil,
 Spread o'er the plain, or scatter through the glen,
 Bœotian plenty on a Spartan soil.

Then, where the reign of Cultivation ends,
 Again the charming wilderness begins;
 From steep to steep one solemn wood extends,
 Till some new hamlet's rise the bosage thins.

And these deep groves forever have remained
 Touched by no axe—by no proud owner nursed:
 As now they stand they stood when PHARAOH reigned,
 Lineal descendants of Creation's first.

Thou Scottish Tweed, a sacred streamlet now
 Since thy last minstrel laid him down to die,
 Where through the casement of his chamber thou
 Didst mix thy moan with his departing sigh;—

A few of Hudson's more majestic hills
Might furnish forests for the whole of thine,
Hide in thick shade all Humber's feeding rills,
And darken all the fountains of the Tyne.

Name all the floods that pour from Albion's heart,
To float her citadels that crowd the sea,
In what, except the meaner pomp of Art,
Sublimed Hudson! can they rival thee?

Could boastful Thames with all his riches buy,
To deck the strand which London loads with gold,
Sunshine so bright—such purity of sky—
As bless thy sultry season and thy cold?

No tales, we know, are chronicled of thee
In ancient scrolls; no deeds of doubtful claim
Have hung a history on every tree,
And given each rock its fable and a fame.

But neither here hath any conqueror trod,
Nor grim invader from barbarian climes;
No horrors feigned of giant or of god
Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

Here never yet have happy fields, laid waste,
The ravished harvest and the blasted fruit,
The cottage ruined, and the shrine defaced,
Tracked the foul passage of the feudal brute.

"Yet, O Antiquity!" the stranger sighs,
"Scenes wanting thee soon pall upon the view;
The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes,
Where all is fair indeed—but all is new."

False thought! is age to crumbling walls confined,
 To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?
 Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,
 More than old fortresses and sculptured stones?

Call not this new which is the only land
 That wears unchanged the same primeval face
 Which, when just dawning from its Maker's hand,
 Gladdened the first great grandsire of our race.

Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
 Glide past green Eden towards the unknown South,
 Than Hudson broke upon the infant Earth,
 And kissed the Ocean with his nameless mouth.

Twin-born with Jordan, Ganges, and the Nile!
 Thebes and the Pyramids to thee are young;
 Oh, had thy waters burst from Britain's isle,
 Till now perchance they had not flowed unsung!

ON A LADY SINGING.

OFT as my lady sang for me
 That song of the lost one that sleeps by the sea,
 Of the grave on the rock, and the cypress-tree,
 Strange was the pleasure that over me stole,
 For 'twas made of old sadness that lives in my soul.

So still grew my heart at each tender word,
 That the pulse in my bosom scarcely stirred,
 And I hardly breathed, but only heard:
 Where was I?—not in the world of men,
 Until she awoke me with silence again.

Like the smell of the vine, when its early bloom
 Sprinkles the green lane with sunny perfume,
 Such a delicate fragrance filled the room :
 Whether it came from the vine without,
 Or arose from her presence, I dwell in doubt.

Light shadows played on the pictured wall
 From the maples that fluttered outside the hall,
 And hindered the daylight—yet ah ! not all ;
 Too little for that all the forest would be,—
 Such a sunbeam she was, and is, to me !

When my sense returned, as the song was o'er,
 I fain would have said to her, "Sing it once more,"
 But soon as she smiled my wish I forbore :
 Music enough in her look I found,
 And the hush of her lip seemed sweet as the sound.

Phæbe Carey.

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

OH, beautiful as Morning in those hours
 When, as her pathway lies along the hills,
 Her golden fingers wake the dewy flowers,
 And softly touch the waters of the rills,
 Was she who walked more faintly day by day
 Till silently she perished by the way.

It was not hers to know that perfect heaven
 Of passionate love returned by love as deep ;

Not hers to sing the cradle-song at even,
Watching the beauty of her babe asleep ;
"Mother and brethren"—these she had not known,
Save such as do the Father's will alone.

Yet found she something still for which to live—
Hearths desolate, where angel-like she came,
And "little ones" to whom her hand could give
A cup of water in her Master's name ;
And breaking hearts to bind away from death,
With the soft hand of pitying Love and Faith.

She never won the voice of popular praise ;
But, counting earthly triumph as but dross,
Seeking to keep her Saviour's perfect ways,
Bearing in the still path His blessed cross,
She made her life, while with us here she trod,
A consecration to the will of God !

And she hath lived and laboured not in vain :
Through the deep prison-cells her accents thrill,
And the sad slave leans idly on his chain,
And hears the music of her singing still ;
While little children, with their innocent praise,
Keep freshly in men's hearts her Christian ways.

And what a beautiful lesson she made known !—
The whiteness of her soul sin could not dim ;
Ready to lay down on God's altar-stone
The dearest treasure of her life for Him.
Her flame of sacrifice never, never waned :
How could she live and die so self-sustained ?

For friends supported not her parting soul,
And whispered words of comfort kind and sweet,
When treading onward to that final goal
Where the still bridegroom waited for her feet ;
Alone she walked, yet with a fearless tread,
Down to Death's chamber, and his bridal bed !

Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born ;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all ;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallow's throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song ;
But the stranger comes—oh ! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun ;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
 With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow ;
 'Twas there I found the calamus-root,
 And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
 And heard the robin lave its wing,
 But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O ye, who daily cross the sill,
 Step lightly, for I love it still ;
 And when you crowd the old barn-eaves,
 Then think what countless harvest-sheaves
 Have passed within that scented door
 To gladden eyes that are no more !

Deal kindly with these orchard-trees ;
 And when your children crowd their knees
 Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
 As if old memories stirred their heart :
 To youthful sport still leave the swing,
 And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
 The meadows with their lowing herds,
 The woodbine on the cottage wall—
 My heart still lingers with them all.
 Ye strangers on my native sill,
 Step lightly, for I love it still !

PASSING THE ICEBERGS.

A FEARLESS shape of brave device,
 Our vessel drives through mist and rain,
 Between the floating fleets of ice—
 The navies of the northern main.

These arctic ventures, blindly hurled
The proofs of Nature's olden force—
Like fragments of a crystal world
Long shattered from its skyey course.

These are the buccaneers that fright
The middle sea with dream of wrecks,
And freeze the south winds in their flight,
And chain the Gulf-stream to their decks.

At every dragon prow and helm
There stands some Viking as of yore ;
Grim heroes from the boreal realm
Where ODIN rules the spectral shore.

And oft beneath the sun or moon
Their swift and eager falchions glow—
While, like a storm-vexed wind, the rune
Comes chafing through some beard of snow.

And when the far north flashes up
With fires of mingled red and gold,
They know that many a blazing cup
Is brimming to the absent bold.

Up signal there, and let us hail
Yon looming phantom as we pass !
Note all her fashion, hull, and sail,
Within the compass of your glass.

See at her mast the steadfast glow
Of that one star of ODIN's throne ;
Up with our flag, and let us show
The Constellation on our own !

And speak her well ; for she might say,
If from her heart the words could thaw,
Great news from some far frozen bay,
Or the remotest Esquimaux.

Might tell of channels yet untold,
That sweep the pole from sea to sea ;
Of lands which God designs to hold
A mighty people yet to be :—

Of wonders which alone prevail
Where day and darkness dimly meet ;—
Of all which spreads the arctic sail ;
Of FRANKLIN and his venturous fleet :

How, haply, at some glorious goal
His anchor holds—his sails are furled ;
That Fame has named him on her scroll,
“COLUMBUS of the Polar World.”

Or how his ploughing barks wedge on
Through splintering fields, with battered shares,
Lit only by that spectral dawn,
The mask that mocking Darkness wears ;—

Or how, o'er embers black and few,
The last of shivered masts and spars,
He sits amid his frozen crew
In council with the Norland stars.

No answer but the sullen flow
Of Ocean heaving long and vast ;—
An argosy of ice and snow,
The voiceless North swings proudly past.

THE SEA-KING.

FROM "THE HOUSE BY THE SEA.")

A MONARCH reigned beneath the sea
 On the wreck of a myriad thrones,—
 The collected ruins of Tyranny,
 Shattered by the hand of Destiny,
 And scattered abroad with maniac glee,
 Like a gibbeted pirate's bones.

Alone, supreme, he reigned apart,
 On the throne of a myriad thrones,—
 Where, sitting close to the world's red heart,
 Which pulsed swift heat through his ocean mart,
 He could hear each heavy throe and start,
 As she heaved her earthquake groans.

He gazed through the shadowy deep which shields
 His throne of a myriad thrones,—
 And saw the many variant keels
 Driving over the watery fields,
 Some with thunderous and flashing wheels
 Linking the remotest zones.

Oft, like an eagle that swoops in air,
 He saw, from his throne of thrones,
 The wingèd anchors with eager stare
 Leap midway down to the Ocean's lair—
 While hanging plummets gazed in despair
 At the unreached sands and stones!

Along his realm lie mountainous bulks,
 The tribute to his throne of thrones,—

The merchant's and the pirate's hulks,—
And where the ghost of the slaver skulks,
Counting his cargo,—then swears and sulks
Among the manacled bones!

His navy numbers many a bark,
The pride of his throne of thrones:—
Golden by day and fiery by dark,
Each cleaves his pathway like a shark!
But his favourite barge is a dragon-ark,
The fairest ship he owns!

The voice of that princess beneath the sea
Reached to his throne of thrones;—
Then he leaped in his barge right gallantly,
And cried, "My child, come sail with me;
We will flash to sunward far and free,
Till love for thy grief atones!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine,—it tells of good old
times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas
chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and
true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl
was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the ancient tale!

'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;

And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,

He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,

Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;

And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,

'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow ΤΙΜΟΤΗΥ, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next,—it left the Dutchman's shore

With those that in the Mayflower came,—a hundred souls and more,—

Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes,—

To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,

When old ΜΙΛΕS STANDISH took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;

The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers,—the men that fought and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew—
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose,
When once ag'in the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy—
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.
"Drink, JOHN," she said, "'twill do you good—poor child, you'll never bear

This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight
air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep
away the chill;”
So JOHN *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night at
Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English
cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol
here.
'Tis but the fool that loves excess;—hast thou a drunken
soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant
flowers—
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on its
towers;—
Nay, this poor bawble it bequeathed—my eyes grow moist
and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its
brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to
me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the
sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words,—“My dear,
where *have* you been?”

THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse ;
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse ;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains ;
A fellow jumps from out a bush
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot ;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot ;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
Some filthy creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-bail
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed—

Poor little lovely innocents,
 All clamorous for bread,—
 And so you kindly help to put
 A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat,
 Beneath a cloudless moon ;
 You hear a sound that seems to wear
 The semblance of a tune,
 As if a broken fife should strive
 To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
 Of music seems to come—
 There's something like a human voice,
 And something like a drum ;
 You sit in speechless agony,
 Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to be
 A very dismal place ;
 Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
 Is altered in the face ;
 Their discords sting through BURNS and MOORE,
 Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
 From some infernal clime,
 To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
 And dock the tail of Rhyme,—
 To crack the voice of Melody,
 And break the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,
 The music all is ground,

And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound ;
It cannot be,—it is—it is,—
A hat is going round !

No!—Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw ;—

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town ;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat !

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

NOT in the world of light alone,
Where God has built His blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,

And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen :
Look in upon thy wondrous frame, --
Eternal wisdom still the same !

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides ;
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame,
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to Reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,

Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear!

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning-gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant Thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms!

James C. Fields.

SLEIGHING-SONG.

O H swift we go, o'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round;
When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
 And health is on the wind,
 We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
 And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song, we glide along
 Across the fleeting snow ;
 With friends beside, how swift we ride
 On the beautiful track below !

Oh, the raging sea has joy for me,
 When gale and tempests roar ;
 But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
 And I'll ask for the waves no more.

THE ALPINE CROSS.

BENIGHTED once where Alpine storms
 Have buried hosts of martial forms,
 Halting with fear, benumbed with cold,
 While swift the avalanches rolled,
 Shouted our guide, with quivering breath,
 "The path is lost!—to move is death!"

The savage snow-cliffs seemed to frown,
 The howling winds came fiercer down ;
 Shrouded in such a dismal scene,
 No mortal aid whereon to lean,
 Think you what music 'twas to hear,
 "I see the Cross!—our way is clear!"

We looked, and there, amid the snows,
 A simple cross of wood uprose ;

Firm in the tempest's awful wrath
It stood, to guide the traveller's path,
And point to where the valley lies,
Serene beneath the summer skies.

One dear companion of that night
Has passed away from mortal sight ;
He reached his home to droop and fade,
And sleep within his native glade ;
But as his fluttering hand I took,
Before he gave his farewell look,
He whispered from his bed of pain,
"The Alpine Cross I see again !"
Then, smiling, sank to endless rest
Upon his weeping mother's breast.

LAST WISHES OF A CHILD.

"ALL the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing ;
Let me leave this stifled room—
Let me go where flowers are growing.

"Look ! my cheek is thin and pale,
And my pulse is very low ;
Ere my sight begins to fail,
Take my hand and let us go ;

"Was not that the robin's song
Piping through the casement wide ;
I shall not be listening long—
Take me to the meadow-side !

“ Bear me to the willow-brook—
 Let me hear the merry mill—
 On the orchard I must look,
 Ere my beating heart is still.

“ Faint and fainter grows my breath—
 Bear me quickly down the lane ;
 Mother dear, this chill is death—
 I shall never speak again !”

Still the hedges are in bloom,
 And the warm west wind is blowing ;
 Still we sit in silent gloom—
 O'er her grave the grass is growing.

D I R G E F O R A Y O U N G G I R L .

U N D E R N E A T H the sod, low lying,
 Dark and drear,
 Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
 Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
 Eyes that weep ;
 Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
 Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
 Soft and fair,
 Friends she loved in tears are twining
 Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above ;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love !

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep ;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast !"

So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers—
"We are lost !" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land ?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
 And we spoke in better cheer,
 And we anchored safe in harbour
 When the morn was shining clear.

George H. Boker.

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

“The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around.”—COLERIDGE.

“OH, whither sail you, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN?”
 Cried a whaler in Baffin’s Bay.

“To know if between the land and the pole
 I may find a broad sea-way.”

“I charge you back, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN,
 As you would live and thrive;
 For between the land and the frozen pole
 No man may sail alive.”

But lightly laughed the stout Sir JOHN,
 And spoke unto his men:
 “Half England is wrong if he is right;
 Bear off to westward then.”

“Oh, whither sail you, brave Englishman?”
 Cried the little Esquimaux.
 “Between your land and the polar star
 My goodly vessels go.”

“Come down, if you would journey there,”
The little Indian said,
“And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.”

But lightly laughed the stout Sir JOHN,
And the crew laughed with him too :
“A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new !”

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped ;
And wherever the sail of Sir JOHN was blown,
The ice gave way and fled—

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

“Ho ! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea ?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian’s sled !”
The crew laughed out in glee.

“Sir JOHN, Sir JOHN, ’tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.”

“Bright summer goes, dark winter comes—
We cannot rule the year ;
But long ere summer’s sun goes down,
On yonder sea we’ll steer.”

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

“The summer’s gone, the winter’s come,
We sail not on yonder sea:
Why sail we not, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN?”
A silent man he.

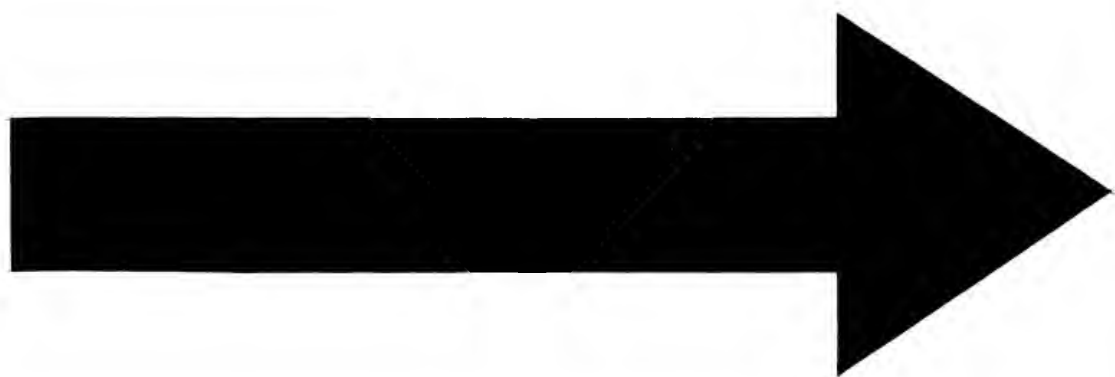
“The summer winter comes—
We cannot year:
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir JOHN, wherein we’d steer.”

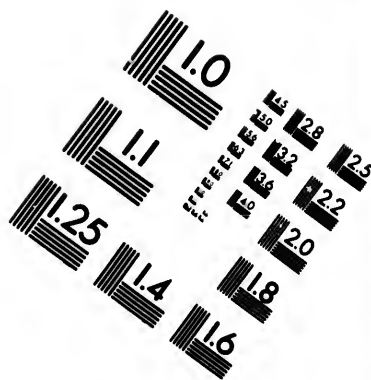
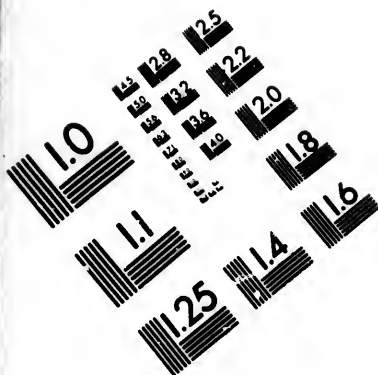
The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
’Twas ice around, behind, before—
My God! there is no sea!

“What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.”

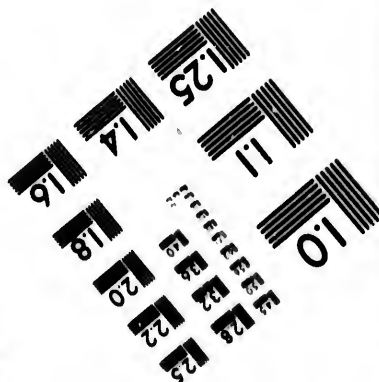
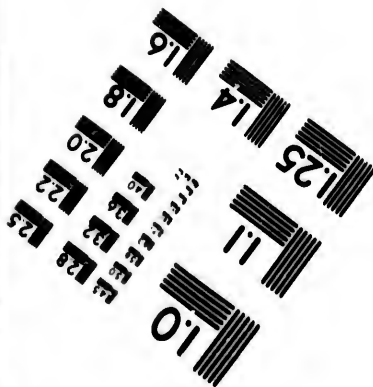
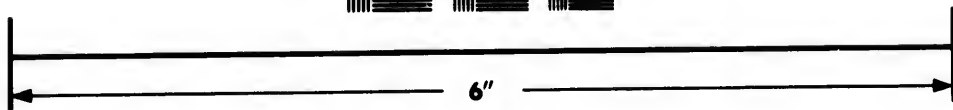
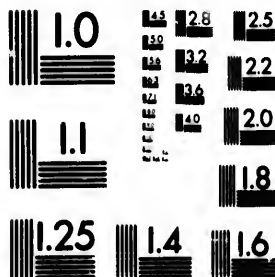
Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The Northern Light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid:
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.





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“Sir JOHN, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice is strong as death:—
I prithee, Captain, speak!”

“The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope—
The heart of man is bold!”

“What hope can scale this icy wall,
High o’er the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.”

The summer went, the winter came—
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around:
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of Hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

“Hark! heard ye not the noise of guns?
And there, and there, again?”
“’Tis some uneasy iceberg’s roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.”

"Hurrah! hurrah! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal."

"God give them grace for their charity!
Ye pray for the silly seal."

"Sir JOHN, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass and the waving grain."

"Oh, when shall I see my orphan child?
My MARY waits for me."

"Oh, when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again."
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek—
He thought of Lady JANE.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

"Oh, think you, good Sir JOHN FRANKLIN,
We'll ever see the land?"

'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

“’Twas cruel, Sir JOHN, to send us here,
 So far from help or home,
 To starve and freeze on this lonely sea :
 I ween, the Lords of the Admiralty
 Would rather send than come.”

“ Oh, whether we starve to death alone,
 Or sail to our own country,
 We have done what man has never done—
 The truth is founded, the secret won—
 We passed the Northern Sea !”

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNEY.

CLOSE his eyes, his work is done !
 What to him is friend or foeman,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow !
 What cares he ? he cannot know :
 Lay him low .

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavour ;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever and forever.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow !
 What cares he ? he cannot know :
 Lay him low !

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death-bemocking folly?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the Hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

HYMN TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

MY heart is full of tenderness and tears,
 And tears are in mine eyes, I know not why;
 With all my grief, content to live for years,
 Or even this hour to die.
 My youth is gone, but that I heed not now;
 My love is dead, or worse than dead can be;
 My friends drop off like blossoms from a bough,
 But nothing troubles me,

Only the golden flush of sunset lies
 Within my heart like fire, like dew within my eyes!

Spirit of Beauty! whatsoe'er thou art,
 I see thy skirts afar, and feel thy power;
 It is thy presence fills this charmèd hour,
 And fills my charmèd heart;
 Nor mine alone, but myriads feel thee now,
 That know not what they feel, nor why they bow;
 Thou canst not be forgot,
 For all men worship thee, and know it not;
 Nor men alone, but babes with wondrous eyes,
 New-comers on the earth, and strangers from the skies!

We hold the keys of heaven within our hands,
 The gift and heirloom of a former state,
 And lie in infancy at heaven's gate,
 Transfigured in the light that streams along the lands!
 Around our pillows golden ladders rise,
 And up and down the skies,
 With wingèd sandals shod,
 The angels come and go, the messengers of God!
 Nor do they, fading from us, e'er depart,—
 It is the childish heart;
 We walk as heretofore,
 Adown their shining ranks, but see them nevermore!
 Not heaven is gone, but we are blind with tears,
 Tropping our way along the downward slope of years!

From earliest infancy my heart was thine;
 With childish feet I trod thy temple aisles;
 Not knowing tears, I worshippèd thee with smiles,
 Or if I ever wept, it was with joy divine!

By day and night, on land, and sea, and air,—
 I saw thee everywhere !
 A voice of greeting from the wind was sent ;
 The mists enfolded me with soft white arms ;
 The birds did sing to lap me in content,
 The rivers wove their charms,
 And every little daisy in the grass
 Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass !

Not long can Nature satisfy the mind,
 Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame ;
 We feel a growing want we cannot name,
 And long for something sweet, but undefined ;
 The wants of Beauty other wants create,
 Which overflow on others soon or late ;
 For all that worship thee must ease the heart,
 By Love, or Song, or Art :
 Divinest Melancholy walks with thee,
 Her thin white cheek forever leaned on thine ;
 And Music leads her sister Poesy,
 In exultation shouting songs divine !
 But on thy breast Love lies,—immortal child !—
 Begot of thine own longings, deep and wild :
 The more we worship him, the more we grow
 Into Thy perfect image here below ;
 For here below, as in the spheres above,
 All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty Love !

Not from the things around us do we draw
 Thy light within ; within the light is born ;
 The growing rays of some forgotten morn,
 And added canons of eternal law.

The painter's picture, the rapt poet's song,
The sculptor's statue, never saw the Day;
Not shaped and moulded after aught of clay,
Whose crowning work still does its spirit wrong;
Hue after hue divinest pictures grow,
Line after line immortal songs arise,
And limb by limb, out-starting stern and slow,
The statue wakes with wonder in its eyes!
And in the master's mind
Sound after sound is born, and dies like wind,
That echoes through a range of ocean-caves,
And straight is gone to weave its spell upon the waves!
The mystery is thine,
For thine the more mysterious human heart,
The temple of all wisdom, Beauty's shrine,
The oracle of Art!

Earth is thine outer court, and Life a breath;
Why should we fear to die, and leave the earth?
Not thine alone the lesser key of Birth,—
But all the keys of Death;
And all the worlds, with all that they contain
Of Life, and Death, and Time, are thine alone;
The universe is girdled with a chain,
And hung below the throne
Where Thou dost sit, the universe to bless,—
Thou sovereign smile of God, eternal loveliness!

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

A TERCENTENARY ODE.

SHE sat in her eternal house,
The Sovereign Mother of Mankind ;
Before her was the peopled World,
The hollow Night behind !

“Below my feet the thunders break,
Above my head the stars rejoice ;
But Man, although he babbles much,
Has never found a Voice !

“Ten thousand years have come and gone,
And not an hour of any day
But he has dumbly looked to me
The things he could not say !

“It shall be so no more,” she said.
And then, revolving in her mind,
She thought : “I will create a Child
Shall speak for all his kind.”

It was the spring-time of the year,
And lo ! where Avon's waters flow,
The Child, her darling, came on earth
Three hundred years ago.

There was no portent in the sky,
No cry, like PAN's, along the seas ;
Nor hovered round his baby mouth
The swarm of classic bees !

What other children were, he was,
If more, 'twas not to mortal ken ;
The being likest to mankind
 Made him the Man of Men !

They gossiped, after he was dead,
Of how he stole an old Knight's deer ;
One thinks he was a *noverint* ; one,
 An usher ; naught is clear—

Save that he married, in his youth,
A maid, his elder ; went to town ;
Wrote plays ; made money ; and at last
 Came back, and settled down—

A prosperous man among his kin,
In Stratford, where his bones repose.
And this—what can be less ?—is all
 The world of SHAKSPEARE knows !

It irks us that we know no more,
For where we love we would know all :
What would be small, in common men,
 In great, is never small.

Their daily habits—how they looked—
The colour of their eyes and hair—
Their prayers, their oaths—the wine they drank—
 The clothes they used to wear—

Trifles like these declare the men,
And should survive them—nay, they must :
We'll find them somewhere—if it needs,
 We'll rake among their dust !

NOT SHAKESPEARE'S! He hath left his curse
 On him disturbs it: let it rest—
 The sacredest that ever Death
 Laid in the Earth's dark breast!

Nor to himself did he belong,
 Nor does his life belong to us:
 Enough, he *was*: give o'er the search
 If he were thus, or thus.

Before he came, his like was not,
 Nor left he heirs to share his powers;
 The Mighty Mother sent him here,
 To be her Voice—and ours!

To be her Oracle to Man;
 To be what Man may be to her;
 Between the Maker and the made
 The best interpreter.

The hearts of all men beat in his,
 Alike in pleasure and in pain;
 And he contained their myriad minds—
 Mankind in heart and brain!

SHAKESPEARE!—What Shapes are conjured up
 By that one word! They come and go,
 More real, shadows though they be,
 Than many a man we know.

HAMLET the Dane—unhappy Prince,
 Who most enjoys when suffering most:
 His soul is haunted by itself—
 There needs no other Ghost!

The Thane whose murderous fancy sees
 The dagger painted in the air ;
 The guilty King who stands appalled
 When BANQUO fills his chair !

LEAR in the tempest, old and crazed—
“Blow winds ! Spit fire, singe my white head !”
 Or, sadder, watching for the breath
 Of dear CORDELIA—dead !

The much-abused, relentless Jew ;
 Grave PROSPERO, in his magic isle :
 And she who captived ANTHONY—
 The Serpent of old Nile !

Imperial Forms, heroic Souls,
 Greek, Roman,—masters of the world :—
 Kings, queens,—the soldier, scholar, priest,—
 The courtier, sleek and curled ;

He knew and drew all ranks of men,
 And did such life to them impart,
 They grow not old—immortal types,
 The lords of Life and Art !

Their sovereign he, as she was his,
 The awful Mother of the race,
 Who, hid from all her children's eyes,
 Unveiled to him her face :

Spake to him till her speech was known,
 Through him, till man had learned it—then
 Enthroned him in her heavenly house,
 The most Supreme of Men !

April 23, 1864.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.

I.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
 How came the dainty BABIE BELL
 Into this world of ours?
 The gates of heaven were left ajar:
 With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
 Wandering out of Paradise,
 She saw this planet, like a star,
 Hung in the glistening depths of even—
 Its bridges, running to and fro,
 O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
 Bearing the holy Dead to heaven!
 She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
 So light they did not bend the bells
 Of the celestial asphodels!
 They fell like dew upon the flowers,
 Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
 And thus came dainty BABIE BELL
 Into this world of ours.

II.

She came and brought delicious May.
 The swallows built beneath the eaves:
 Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
 The robins went, the livelong day;
 The lily swung its noiseless bell,
 And o'er the porch the trembling vine
 Seemed bursting with its veins of wine:

How sweetly, softly, twilight fell !
 Oh, earth was full of singing-birds,
 And opening spring-tide flowers,
 When the dainty BABIE BELL
 Came to this world of ours !

III.

O BABIE, dainty BABIE BELL,
 How fair she grew from day to day !
 What woman-nature ~~had~~ her eyes,
 What poetry within them lay !
 Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
 So full of meaning, pure and bright
 As if she yet stood in the light
 Of those oped gates of Paradise !
 And so we loved her more and more :
 Ah, never in our hearts before
 Was love so lovely born :
 We felt we had a link between
 This real world and that unseen—
 The land beyond the morn !
 And for the love of those dear eyes,
 For love of her whom GOD led forth
 (The mother's being ceased on earth
 When BABIE came from Paradise)—
 For love of Him who smote our lives,
 And woke the chords of joy and pain,
 We said, "Dear CHRIST !"—our hearts bent down
 Like violets after rain.

IV.

And now the orchards, which were white
 And red with blossoms when she came,

Were rich in autumn's mellow prime :
 The clustered apples burnt like flame,
 The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
 The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
 The grapes hung purpling in the grange :
 And time wrought just as rich a change

In little BABIE BELL.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,
 And in her features we could trace,
 In softened curves, her mother's face !
 Her angel-nature ripened too.
 We thought her lovely when she came,
 But she was holy, saintly now
 Around her pale angelic brow
 We saw a slender ring of flame !

v.

God's hand had taken away the seal
 That held the portals of her speech ;
 And oft she said a few strange words
 Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
 She never was a child to us,
 We never held her being's key :
We could not teach her holy things—
 She was CHRIST's self in purity.

vi.

It came upon us by degrees :
 We saw its shadow ere it fell,
 The knowledge that our GOD had sent
 His messenger for BABIE BELL.
 We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,

And all our hopes were changed to fears,
 And all our thoughts ran into tears
 Like sunshine into rain.
 We cried aloud in our belief,
 "Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
 Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
 And perfect grow through grief."
 Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
 Her heart was folded deep in ours;
 Our hearts are broken, BABIE BELL!

VII.

At last he came, the messenger,
 The messenger from unseen lands:
 And what did dainty BABIE BELL?
 She only crossed her little hands,
 She only looked more meek and fair!
 We parted back her silken hair:
 We wove the roses round her brow,
 White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
 Wrapped her from head to foot in flowers
 And thus went dainty BABIE BELL
 Out of this world of ours!

A BALLAD OF NANTUCKET.

"WHERE go you, pretty MAGGIE,
 Where go you in the rain?"
 "I go to ask the sailors,
 Who sailed the Spanish main,

"If they have seen my WILLIE,
If he'll come back to me—
It is so sad to have him
A-sailing on the sea!"

"O MAGGIE, pretty MAGGIE,
Turn back to yonder town;
Your WILLIE's in the ocean,
A hundred fathoms down!

"His hair is turned to sea-kelp,
His eyes are changed to stones,
And twice two years have knitted
The coral round his bones!

"The blossoms and the clover
Shall bloom and bloom again,
But never shall your lover
Come o'er the Spanish Main!"

But MAGGIE never heeded,
For mournfully said she—
"It is so sad to have him
A-sailing on the sea!"

She left me in the darkness:
I heard the sea-gulls screech,
And burly winds were growling
With breakers on the beach.

The bells of old Nantucket,
What touching things they said,
When MAGGIE lay a-sleeping
With lilies round her head!

The parson preached a sermon,
 And prayed and preached again—
 But she had gone to WILLIE,
 Across the Spanish Main!

KATHIE MORRIS.

AN OLD MAN'S POEM.

I.

AH! fine it was that April time, when gentle winds
 were blowing,
 To hunt for pale arbutus-blooms that hide beneath the
 leaves;
 To hear the slanting rain come down, and see the clover
 growing;
 And watch the airy swallows as they darted round the
 eaves!

II.

You wonder why I dream to-night of clover that was
 growing
 So many years ago, my wife, when we were in our prime;
 For, hark! the wind is in the flue, and JOHNNY says 'tis
 snowing,
 And through the storm the clanging bells ring in the
 Christmas time.

III.

I cannot tell, but something sweet about my heart is cling-
 ing—
 A vision and a memory—'tis little that I mind
 The weary wintry weather, for I hear the robins singing,
 And the petals of the apple-blooms are ruffled in the wind!

IV.

It was a sunny morn in May, and in the fragrant meadow
I lay, and dreamed of one fair face, as fair and fresh as
spring :

Would KATHIE MORRIS love me?—then in sunshine and
in shadow

I built up lofty castles on a golden wedding-ring !

V.

Oh, sweet it was to dream of her, the soldier's only
daughter,

The pretty pious Puritan, that flirted so with WILL ;
The music of her winsome mouth was like the laughing
water

That broke in silvery syllables by Farmer-PHILIP's mill.

VI.

And WILL had gone away to sea ; he did not leave her
grieving ;

Her bonny heart was not for him, so reckless and so vain ;
And WILL turned out a buccaneer, and hanged was he for
thieving,

And scuttling helpless ships that sailed across the Spanish
Main.

VII.

And I had come to grief for her, the scornful village
beauty,

For, oh ! she had a witty tongue, could cut you like a
knife ;

She scorned me with her haughty eyes, and I, in bounden
duty,

Did love her—loved her more for that, and wearied of my
life !

VIII.

And yet 'twas sweet to dream of her, to think her wavy
tresses
Might rest some happy, happy day, like sunshine, on my
cheek ;
The idle winds that fanned my brow I dreamed were her
caresses,
And in the robin's twitterings I heard my sweetheart speak.

IX.

And as I lay and thought of her, her fairy face adorning
With lover's fancies, treasuring the slightest word she'd said,
'Twas KATHIE broke upon me like a blushing summer
morning,
And a half-blown rosy clover reddened underneath her
tread !

X.

Then I glanced up at KATHIE, and her eyes were full of
laughter :
" O KATHIE, KATHIE MORRIS, I am lying at your feet ;
Bend above me, say you love me, that you'll love me ever
after,
Or let me lie and die here, in the fragrant meadow-
sweet !"

XI.

And then I turned my face away, and trembled at my
daring,
For wildly, wildly had I spoke, with flashing cheek and eye ;
And there was silence : I looked up, all pallid and despair-
ing,
For fear she'd take me at my word, and leave me there to
die.

XII.

The modest lashes of her eyes upon her cheeks were drooping,
 Her merciless white fingers tore a blushing bud apart;
 Then, quick as lightning, KATHIE came, and kneeling half
 and stooping,
 She hid her bonny, bonny face against my beating heart.

XIII.

Oh, nestle, nestle, nestle there! the heart would give thee
 greeting;
 Lie thou there, all trustfully, in trouble and in pain;
 This breast shall shield thee from the storm, and bear its
 bitter-beating—
 These arms shall hold thee tenderly in sunshine and in
 rain!

XIV.

Old sexton! set your chimes in tune, and let there be no
 snarling;
 Ring out a joyous wedding-hymn to all the listening air!
 And, girls, strew roses as she comes, the scornful, brown-
 eyed darling—
 A princess, by the wavy gold and glistening of her hair!

XV.

Hark! hear the bells. The Christmas bells? Oh, no;
 who set them ringing?
 I think I hear our bridal-bells, and I with joy am blind;
 I smell the clover in the fields, I hear the robins singing,
 And the petals of the apple-blooms are ruffled in the
 wind!

XVI.

Ah! KATHIE, you've been true to me in fair and cloudy
weather;
Our Father has been good to us when we've been sorely
tried:
I pray to Him, when we must die, that we may die to-
gether,
And slumber softly underneath the clover, side by side.

Bayard Taylor.

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire!
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.

Let the night-winds touch thy brow
 With the heat of my burning sigh,
 And melt thee to hear the vow
 Of a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
 By the fever in my breast,
 To hear from thy lattice breathed
 The word that shall give me rest.
 Open the door of thy heart,
 And open thy chamber door,
 And my kisses shall teach thy lips
 The love that shall fade no more
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold!

THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle,
 O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
 Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both I love the Palm,
 With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both I love the Tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery!

Our tribe is many, our poets vie
With any under the Arab sky;
Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem
Cairo's citadel-diadem
Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance—

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,
That works in the cells of the blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And when the warm south-winds arise,
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs—

Quickening odours, kisses of balm,
That drop in the lap of his chosen Palm.

The sun may flame and the sands may stir,
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O Tree of Love, by that love of thine,
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the sun,
Whereby the wooed is ever won!

If I were a King, O stately Tree,
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee!

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite :

With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase :

And there the poets, in thy praise,
Should night and morning frame new lays—

New measures sung to tunes divine ;
But none, O Palm, should equal mine !

KUBLEH ;

A STORY OF THE ASSYRIAN DESERT.

THE black-eyed children of the Desert drove
Their flocks together at the set of sun.
The tents were pitched ; the weary camels bent
Their suppliant necks, and knelt upon the sand ;
The hunters quartered by the kindled fires ;
The wild boars of the Tigris they had slain,
And all the stir and sound of evening ran
Throughout the Shammar camp. The dewy air
Bore its full burden of confused delight
Across the flowery plain ; and while afar,
The snows of Koordish mountains in the ray
Flashed roseate amber, Nimroud's ancient mound
Rose broad and black against the burning West.
The shadows deepened and the stars came out,
Sparkling in violet ether ; one by one
Glimmered the ruddy camp-fires on the plain,
And shapes of steed and horseman moved among

The dusky tents with shout and jostling cry,
 And neigh and restless prancing. Children ran
 To hold the thongs while every rider drove
 His quivering spear in the earth, and by his door
 Tethered the horse he loved. In midst of all
 Stood Shammeriyah, whom they dared not touch,—
 The foal of wondrous Kubleh, to the Sheik
 A dearer wealth than all his Georgian girls.
 But when their meal was o'er,—when the red fires
 Blazed brighter, and the dogs no longer bayed,—
 When Shammar hunters with the boys sat down
 To cleanse their bloody knives, came ALIMAR,
 The poet of the tribe, whose songs of love
 Are sweeter than Bassora's nightingales,—
 Whose songs of war can fire the Arab blood
 Like war itself: who knows not ALIMAR?
 Then asked the men—"O poet, sing of Kubleh!"
 And boys laid down the knives half burnished, saying,
 "Tell us of Kubleh, whom we never saw—
 Of wondrous Kubleh!" Closer flocked the group
 With eager eyes about the flickering fire,
 While ALIMAR, beneath the Assyrian stars,
 Sang to the listening Arabs:

"God is great!

O Arabs, never yet since MAHMOUD rode
 The sands of Yemen, and by Mecca's gate
 The wingèd steed bestrode, whose mane of fire
 Blazed up the zenith, when, by ALLAH called,
 He bore the Prophet to the walls of heaven,
 Was like to Kubleh, SOFUK's wondrous mare:
 Not all the milk-white barbs, whose hoofs dashed flame
 In Bagdad's stables, from the marble floor—

Who, swathed in purple housings, pranced in state
The gay bazaars, by great AL-RASCHID backed :
Not the wild charger of Mongolian breed
That went o'er half the world with TAMERLANE :
Nor yet those flying coursers long ago
From Ormuz brought by swarthy Indian grooms
To Persia's kings—the foals of sacred mares,
Sired by the fiery stallions of the sea !

“ Who ever told, in all the Desert Land,
The many deeds of Kubleh? Who can tell
Whence came she, whence her like shall come again?
O Arabs, like a tale of SCHEREZADE
Heard in the camp, when javelin-shafts are tried
On the hot eve of battle, is her story.

“ Far in the Southern sands, the hunters say,
Did SOFUK find her, by a lonely palm.
The well had dried; her fierce, impatient eye
Glared red and sunken, and her slight young limbs
Were lean with thirst. He checked his camel's pace,
And, while it knelt, untied the water-skin,
And when the wild mare drank, she followed him.
Thence none but SOFUK might the saddle gird
Upon her back, or clasp the brazen gear
About her shining head, that brooked no curb
From even him; for she, alike, was royal.

“ Her form was lighter, in its shifting grace,
Than some impassioned Almée's, when the dance
Unbinds her scarf, and golden anklets gleam
Through floating drapery, on the buoyant air.
Her light, free head was ever held aloft;
Between her slender and transparent ears
The silken forelock tossed; her nostril's arch,

Thin-drawn, in proud and pliant beauty spread,
Snuffing the desert winds. Her glossy neck
Curved to the shoulder like an eagle's wing,
And all her matchless lines of flank and limb
Seemed fashioned from the flying shapes of air
By hands of lightning. When the war-shouts rang
From tent to tent, her keen and restless eye
Shone like a blood-red ruby, and her neigh
Rang wild and sharp above the clash of spears.

“The tribes of Tigris and the Desert knew her :
SOFUK before the Shammar bands she bore
To meet the dread Jebours, who waited not
To bid her welcome ; and the savage Koord,
Chased from his bold irruption on the plain,
Has seen her hoof-prints in his mountain snow.
Lithe as the dark-eyed Syrian gazelle,
O'er ledge and chasm and barren steep, amid
The Sindjar hills, she ran the wild ass down.
Through many a battle's thickest brunt she stormed,
Reeking with sweat and dust, and fetlock-deep
In curdling gore. When hot and lurid haze
Stifled the crimson sun, she swept before
The whirling sand-spout, till her gusty mane
Flared in its vortex, while the camels lay
Groaning and helpless on the fiery waste.

“The tribes of Taurus and the Caspian knew her :
The Georgian chiefs have heard her trumpet-neigh
Before the walls of Teflis. Pines that grow
On ancient Caucasus have harboured her,
Sleeping by SOFUK in their spicy gloom.
The surf of Trebizond has bathed her flanks,
When from the shore she saw the white-sailed bark

That brought him home from Stamboul. Never yet,
O Arabs, never yet was like to Kubleh !

“ And *SOFUK* loved her. She was more to him
Than all his snowy-bosomed odalisques.
For many years, beside his tent she stood,
The glory of the tribe.

“ At last she died :
Died, while the fire was yet in all her limbs—
Died for the life of *SOFUK*, whom she loved.
The base *Jebours*—on whom be *ALLAH*'s curse !—
Came on his path, when far from any camp,
And would have slain him, but that Kubleh sprang
Against the javelin-points and bore them down,
And gained the open desert. Wounded sore,
She urged her light limbs into maddening speed,
And made the wind a laggard. On and on
The red sand slid beneath her, and behind
Whirled in a swift and cloudy turbulence,
As when some star of *Eblis*, downward hurled
By *ALLAH*'s bolt, sweeps with his burning hair
The waste of darkness. On and on, the bleak,
Bare ridges rose before her, came and passed ;
And every flying leap with fresher blood
Her nostril stained, till *SOFUK*'s brow and breast
Were flecked with crimson foam. He would have turned
To save his treasure, though himself were lost,
But Kubleh fiercely snapped the brazen rein.
At last, when through her spent and quivering frame
The sharp throes ran, our distant tents arose,
And with a neigh, whose shrill excess of joy
O'ercame its agony, she stopped and fell.
The *Shammar* men came round her as she lay,

And Soruk raised her head and held it close
 Against his breast. Her dull and glazing eye
 Met his, and with a shuddering gasp she died.
 Then like a child his bursting grief made way
 In passionate tears, and with him all the tribe
 Wept for the faithful mare.

“They dug her grave
 Amid Al-Hather’s marbles, where she lies
 Buried with ancient kings; and since that time
 Was never seen, and will not be again,
 O Arabs, though the world be doomed to live
 As many moons as count the desert sands,
 The like of wondrous Kubleh. God is great!”

“MOAN, YE WILD WINDS.”

MOAN, ye wild winds! around the pane,
 And fall, thou drear December rain!
 Fill with your gusts the sullen day,
 Tear the last clinging leaves away!
 Reckless as yonder naked tree,
 No blast of yours can trouble me.

Give me your chill and wild embrace,
 And pour your baptism on my face;
 Sound in mine ears the airy moan
 That sweeps in desolate monotone,
 Where on the unsheltered hill-top beat
 The marches of your homeless feet!

Moan on, ye winds! and pour, thou rain!
 Your stormy sobs and tears are vain,

If shed for her, whose fading eyes
Will open soon on Paradise :
The eye of Heaven shall blinded be,
Or ere ye cease, if shed for me.

THE BISON-TRACK.

STRIKE the tent! the sun has risen; not a cloud has
ribbed the dawn,
And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far and
wan :
Prime afresh the trusty rifle,—sharpen well! the hunting-
spear,—
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of hoofs I
hear !
Fiercely stamp the tethered horses as they snuff the morn-
ing's fire,
And their flashing heads are tossing, with a neigh of keen
desire ;
Strike the tent,—the saddles wait us ! let the bridle-reins
be slack,
For the prairie's distant thunder has betrayed the bison's
track !
See ! a dusky line approaches ; hark ! the onward-surg-
ing
roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of
shore !
Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the foremost
of the van,
And the stubborn horns are striking through the crowded
caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us,—let the maddened horses
go!

We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred
leagues it blow!

Though the surgy manes should thicken, and the red eyes'
angry glare

Lighthen round us as we gallop through the sand and rush-
ing air!

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resistless
race,

And a sound, like mighty waters, thunder down the desert
space:

Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's eye look
back,—

Death to him whose speed should slacken, on the maddened
bison's track!

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is
close and warm

For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm:
Hurl your lassoes swift and fearless, swing your rifles as we
run!

Ha! the dust is red behind him: shout, my brothers, he
is won!

Look not on him as he staggers,—'tis the last shot he will
need;

More shall fall, among his fellows, ere we run the bold
stampede,—

Ere we stem the swarthy breakers,—while the wolves, a
hungry pack,

Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody bison-
track!

Lucretia M. Davidson.

A PROPHECY.

LET me gaze awhile on that marble brow,
On that full, dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow
Let me gaze for a moment, that, ere I die,
I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.
That brow may beam in glory awhile ;
That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile ;
That full, dark eye may brightly beam
In Life's gay morn, in Hope's young dream ;
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.
I know by that spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly flashing eye,
That, maiden, there's that within thy breast
Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblessed :
The strife of love with pride shall wring
Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string ;
And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee,
Shall be drained to the dregs in agony.
Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye
A dark and a doubtful prophecy :
Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy curse ;
Thou wilt need no heavier, thou shalt feel no worse.
I see the cloud and the tempest near ;
The voice of the troubled tide I hear ;
The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,
The rushing waves of a wretched life :
Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.

Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the wave :
Maiden, I've gazed on thine early grave.
When I am cold, and the hand of Death
Hath crowned my brow with an icy wreath ;
When the dew hangs damp on this motionless lip ;
When this eye is closed in its long, last sleep—
Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,
And think on my last sad prophecy.

AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

I DREAMED a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers ;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter :
It seemed that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid ;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use—
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that to save their own hearts' blood from
 spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.
But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue :
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
" Ho ! forty old bachelors sold here to-day :"

And presently all the old maids in the town,
 Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
 From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
 Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
 The auctioneer then in his labor began,
 And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
 "How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?"
 In a twink, every maiden responded, "I,—I."
 In short, at a highly extravagant price,
 The bachelors all were sold off in a trice:
 And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
 Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

Margaret M. Davidson.

TO HER SISTER LUCRETIA.

OH, thou, so early lost, so long deplored!
 Pure spirit of my sister, be thou near!
 And while I touch this hallowed harp of thine,
 Bend from the skies, sweet sister, bend and hear.
 For thee I pour this unaffected lay;
 To thee these simple numbers all belong:
 For though thine earthly form has passed away,
 Thy memory still inspires my childish song.
 Take, then, this feeble tribute—'tis thine own—
 Thy fingers sweep my trembling heart-strings o'er,
 Arouse to harmony each buried tone,
 And bid its wakened music sleep no more!

Long has thy voice been silent, and thy lyre
 Hung o'er thy grave, in death's unbroken rest;
 But when its last sweet tones were borne away,
 One answering echo lingered in my breast.

Oh, thou pure spirit! if thou hoverest near,
 Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,
 Faint echoes from thy fount of song divine,
 By thee inspired, and dedicate to thee!

TO HER MOTHER.

WRITTEN A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH.

O MOTHER, would the power were mine
 To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear,
 And breathe each trembling new-born thought
 Within thy fondly-listening ear,
 As when, in days of health and glee,
 My hopes and fancies wandered free.

But, mother, now a shade hath passed
 Athwart my brightest visions here;
 A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapped
 The remnant of my brief career:
 No song, no echo can I win,
 The sparkling fount hath dried within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
 And Fancy spreads her wings no more,
 And oh, how vain and trivial seem
 The pleasures that I prized before!

My soul, with trembling steps and slow,
 Is struggling on through doubt and strife;
 Oh, may it prove, as time rolls on,
 The pathway to eternal life!
 Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,
 I'll sing thee as in "days of yore."

I said that hope had passed from earth—
 'Twas but to fold her wings in heaven,
 To whisper of the soul's new birth,
 Of sinners saved and sins forgiven:
 When mine are washed in tears away,
 Then shall my spirit swell the lay.

When GOD shall guide my soul above,
 By the soft chords of heavenly love—
 When the vain cares of earth depart,
 And tuneful voices swell my heart,
 Then shall each word, each note I raise,
 Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise:
 And all not offered at His shrine,
 Dear mother, I will place on thine.

William Allen Butler.

THE NEW ARGONAUTS.

TO-DAY the good ship sails
 Across the sparkling sea—
 To-day the northern gales
 Are blowing swift and free;

Speed, speed her distant way,
To that far land of gold ;
A richer prize we seek than they,
The Argonauts of old !

Who goes with us ? who quits the tiresome shore,
And sails where Fortune beckons him away ;
Where in that marvellous land, in virgin ore,
The wealth of years is gathered in a day ?
Here, toil and trouble are our portion still,
And still with want our weary work is paid ;
Slowly the shillings drop into the till,
Small are the profits of our tedious trade :
There, Nature proffers with unstinted hands
The countless wealth the wide domain confines,
Sprinkles the mountain-streams with golden sands,
And calls the adventurer to exhaustless mines.
Come, then, with us ! what are the charms of home,
What are the ties of friends or kindred worth ?
Thither, oh, thither, let our footsteps roam—
There is the Eden of our fallen earth !

Well do we hold the fee of those broad lands
Wrested from feebler hands,
By our own sword and spear ;
Well may the weeping widow be consoled,
And orphaned hearts their ceaseless grief withhold ;
Well have our brothers shed their life-blood here.
Say, could we purchase at a price too dear
These boundless acres of uncounted gold ?

Come, then ! it is to-day,
'To-day the good ship sails,

And swift upon her way
 Blow out the northern gales.
 A twelvemonth more, and we
 Our homeward course shall hold,
 With richer freight within than theirs,
 The Argonauts of old!

Alas for honest labour from honest ends averted!
 Alas for firesides left, and happy homes deserted!
 Brightly the bubble glitters; bright in the distance
 The land of promise gleams;
 But ah, the phantom fortunes of existence
 Live but in dreams!

Behold the end afar:
 Beyond the bright, deceptive cloud,
 Beneath what dim, malignant star,
 Sails on the eager crowd!

Some in mid-ocean lie—
 Some gain the wished-for shore,
 And grasp the golden ore,

But sicken as they grasp, and where they sicken, die!
 There have they found, beside the mountain-streams,
 On desolate crags where the wild eagle screams,
 In dark ravines where Western forests wave—
 Gold, and a grave!

Some for the spendthrift's eager touch,
 Some for the miser's hoarded store,
 Some for the robber's grasp, the murderer's clutch,
 Heap up the precious ore,
 Dear bought with life's lost strength, and the heart's with-
 ered core!

Oh, cursèd love of gold !
 Age follows age,
 And still the world's slow records are unrolled,
 Page after page ;
 And the same tale is told—
 The same unholy deeds, the same sad scenes unfold !
 Where the assassin's knife is sharpened,
 In the dark ;
 Where lies the murdered man in the midnight,
 Cold and stark ;
 Where the slave groans and quivers under
 The driver's lash ;
 Where the keen-eyed son of trade is bartering
 Honour for cash ;
 Where the sons wish the fathers dead, of their wealth
 To be partakers ;
 Where the maiden of sixteen weds the old man
 For his acres ;
 Where the gambler stakes his all on the last throw
 Of the dice ;
 Where the statesman for his country and its glory
 Sets a price !
 There are thy altars reared, thy trophies told—
 Oh, cursèd love of gold !

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE HERMIT.

CHARLEMAGNE, the mighty monarch,
 As through Metten Wood he strayed,
 Found the holy hermit Hurro,
 Toiling in the forest glade.

In his hand the woodman's hatchet,
By his side the knife and twine,
There he cut and bound the fagots
From the gnarled and stunted pine.

Well the monarch knew the hermit,
For his pious works and cares,
And the wonders which had followed
On his vigils, fasts, and prayers.

Much he marvelled now to see him
Toiling there, with axe and cord,
And he cried in scorn, "O Father!
Is it thus you serve the LORD?"

But the hermit, resting neither
Hand nor hatchet, meekly said—
"He who does no daily labour
May not ask for daily bread.

"Think not that my graces slumber
While I toil throughout the day,
For all honest work is worship,
And to labour is to pray.

"Think not that the heavenly blessing
From the workman's hand removes;
Who does best his task appointed,
Him the Master most approves."

While he spoke, the hermit, pausing
For a moment, raised his eyes
Where the overhanging branches
Swayed beneath the sunset skies.

Through the dense and vaulted forest
Straight the level sunbeam came,
Shining like a golden rafter
Poised upon a sculptured frame.

Suddenly, with kindling features,
While he breathes a silent prayer,
See, the hermit throws his hatchet
Lightly upward in the air.

Bright the well-worn steel is gleaming
As it flashes through the shade,
And, descending, lo! the sunbeam
Holds it dangling by the blade!

"See, my son," exclaimed the hermit,
"See the token sent from heaven!
Thus to humble, patient effort,
Faith's miraculous aid is given.

"Toiling, hoping, often fainting,
As we labour, Love divine
Through the shadows pours its sunlight,
Crowns the work—vouchsafes the sign."

Homeward slowly went the monarch,
Till he reached his palace hall,
Where he strode among his warriors,
He the bravest of them all.

Soon the Benedictine Abbey
Rose beside the hermit's cell;
He, by royal hands invested,
Ruled as Abbot long and well.

Now, beside the rushing Danube,
 Still its ruined walls remain,
 Telling of the hermit's patience,
 And the zeal of CHARLEMAGNE.

William Winter.

ORGIA.

WHO cares for nothing, alone is free—
 (Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me).

With a careless heart and a merry eye,
 He will laugh at the world as the world goes by.

He laughs at power, and wealth, and fame:
 He laughs at virtue—he laughs at shame.

He laughs at hope, and he laughs at fear;
 At Memory's dead leaves, crisp and sere.

He laughs at the future, cold and dim—
 Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him.

Oh, that is the comrade fit for me!
 He cares for nothing—his soul is free!

Free as the soul of the fragrant wine;
 Sit down, good fellow, my heart is thine.

For I heed not custom, creed, nor law:
 I care for nothing that ever I saw.

In every city my cups I quaff;
 And over my liquor I riot and laugh.

I laugh like the cruel and turbulent wave,
I laugh in the church and I laugh at the grave.

I laugh at joy, and well I know
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe.

I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,
When I think that the hour of death is near.

For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.

And he cares for nothing! a king is he!
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!

With you I will drink to the solemn Past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

I will drink to the phantoms of Love and Truth;
To ruined manhood and wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe
In the diamond morning of long ago.

To a heavenly face in sweet repose!
To the lily's snow and the blood of the rose!

To the splendour caught from Orient skies,
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes;

Her large eyes, wild with the fire of the South;
And the dewy wine of her warm, red mouth!

I will drink to the shadow of coming doom!
To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb!

I will drink to my soul, in its terrible mood,
Dimly and solemnly understood.

And, last of all, to the Monarch of Sin,
Who has conquered that palace and reigns within!

My song is passing; it dies away;
I cannot tell is it night or day. . . .

My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,
And a horrible darkness crushes my brain. . . .

I cannot see you—the end is nigh—
But we'll laugh together before I die!

Through awful chasm: I plunge and fall:
Your hand, good fellow!—I die—that's all!

BESIDE THE SEA.

I.

THEY walked beside the Summer sea,
And watched the slowly dying sun;
“And oh,” she said, “come back to me,
My love, my dear, my only one!”
But while he kissed her fears away,
The gentle waters kissed the shore,
And, sadly whispering, seemed to say,
“He'll come no more! he'll come no more!”

II.

Alone beside the Autumn sea
She watched the sombre death of day;
“And oh,” she said, “remember me
And love me, darling, far away!”

A cold wind swept the watery gloom,
 And, darkly whispering on the shore,
 Sighed out the secret of his doom,—
 “He'll come no more! he'll come no more!”

III.

In peace beside the Winter sea
 A white grave glimmers in the moon;
 And waves are fresh, and clouds are free,
 And shrill winds pipe a careless tune.
 One sleeps beneath the dark blue wave,
 And one upon the lonely shore;
 But joined, in love, beyond the grave,
 They part no more! they part no more!

AFTER ALL.

THE apples are ripe in the orchard,
 The work of the reaper is done,
 And the golden woodlands redden
 In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
 Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,
 While the gentle wind of twilight
 Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him,—
 A fair young form is pressed,
 In the first wild passion of sorrow,
 Against his aged breast.

And, far from over the distance,
 The faltering echoes come
 Of the flying blast of trumpet
 And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper—
 “The end no man can see ;
 But we give him to his country,
 And we give our prayers to Thee.”

The violets star the meadows,
 The rose-buds fringe the door,
 And over the grassy orchard
 The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
 The cottage is dark and still ;
 There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
 And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
 By the cold hearth sits alone,
 And the old clock in the corner
 Ticks on with a steady drone.

John Esten Cooke.

MAY.

HAS the old glory passed
 From tender May—
 That never the echoing blast
 Of bugle-horns merry, and fast

Dying away like the past,
Welcomes the day?

Has the old Beauty gone
From golden May—
That not any more at dawn
Over the flowery lawn,
Or knolls of the forest withdrawn,
Maids are at play?

Is the old freshness dead
Of the fairy May?—
Ah! the sad tear-drops' unshed!
Ah! the young maidens unwed!
Golden locks—cheeks rosy red—
Ah! where are they?

EXTRACTS FROM "STANZAS."

I.

FOR long I thought the dreadful day
Which robbed me of my joy and peace,
Had pained me with such disease
As never more could pass away.

But Nature whispered, low and sweet:
"O Heart! struck down with deep despair,
The goal is near—these trials are
But beckonings to the SAVIOUR'S feet."

And then, "Even put your grief in words;
The soul expends itself, as tears
Flow after storms; the hopes of years
Rise stronger than the binding cords.

“ O Soul ! these are the trials meet
 To fit thee for the nobler strife
 With Evil through the bounds of Life :
 Pure steel is from the furnace-heat.

“ Shrink not ! a nobler self is wrought
 From out the shock, more grand and fair :
 March on, O Heart ! through toil and care—
 The grand result is cheaply bought !”

II.

I hear around me echoing feet—
 The din of cities, never still—
 The clinking purse we toil to fill—
 The quick accost when merchants meet—

The wagons rattling o'er the way—
 The drayman calling to his horse—
 The auctioneer, with utterance hoarse
 Cry in yon house of dusky gray—

The clash of armèd minds, aloof,
 Resounds through legislative halls—
 The indignant echo of the walls—
 The nothingness that shakes the roof :

And, near the bustle of the courts
 Where Law's condottieri wage
 The fight, with passion, well-paid rage ;
 Below, the ships draw toward the ports.

From all I turn with weary heart
 To that green mountain-land of thine,
 Where tranquil suns unclouded shine,
 And to the abode where now thou art.

III.

The deep alarum of the drum
Resounds in yonder busy street,
The horses move on restless feet,
And every urchin cries, "They come!"

With which the trumpet blares aloud,
And brazen-throated horns reply:
The incense of the melody
Floats upward like a golden cloud.

And like the boy's my soul is fired,
And half I grasp the empty air,
With dreams of lists and ladies fair,
As in the days when I aspired.

The trumpet dies, a distant roar,
The drum becomes a murmuring voice;
No more in battle I rejoice,
But fall to dreaming as before—

Of other skies and greener trees,
And mountain-peaks of purple gloom—
And of the dim and shadowy tomb,
Where that great spirit rests in peace.

IV.

The sunset died that tender day,
Across the mountains bright and pure,
And bathed with golden waves the shore
Of evening, and the fringed spray—

And stately ships which glided by,
With whitest sails, toward the dim

Untravelled seas beyond the rim
Of peaks that melted in the sky.

He sat upon the trellised porch,
And still the conversation ranged
From olden things all gone or changed,
To grand, eternal Truth—a torch

That spread around a steady light,
And mocked the strength of hostile hands,
And pointed man to other lands
Of hope beyond Thought's farthest flight.

That noble forehead, broad and calm,
Was flushed with evening's holy ray ;
His eye gave back the light of day—
His words poured out a soothing balm ;

His low sweet tones fell on the ear
Like music in the quiet watch
Of midnight, when the spirits catch
At golden memories, ever dear.

And now recalling that dim eve,
And him who spake those noble words,
Though trembling still in all its chords,
My heart is calmed, and I believe.

v.

I thought to pass away from earth
And join thee, with that other heart
Loved even more than thee, a part
Of other worlds, through heavenlier birth —

Of whom I do not speak my thought,
So dear she is, because the eye
O'erflows with woe, and with a cry
I tear the symbols I have wrought.

No word shall be of that one grief,
Because it lies too deep for words ;
And this sad trifling, which affords
Some respite, could be no relief.

VI.

Come from the fields, thy dwelling-place,
O Spirit of the Past ! and steep
My wounded soul in dreamy sleep,
And fit its sandals for the race

Of flashing, hurrying life ; and spread
A soft oblivion o'er the ills
With which the fainting bosom fills,
And calm the throbbing heart and head :

So shall I gather strength again
To stem the tide of worldly strife,
To bear the weariness of life,
And feel that all things are not vain.

Elizabeth Ellett.

THE SEA-KINGS.

"THEY are rightly named sea-kings," says the author of the *Inglingsaga*, "who never seek shelter under a roof, and never drain their drinking-horn at a cottage fire."

OUR realm is mighty Ocean,
The broad and sea-green wave
That ever hails our greeting gaze—
Our dwelling-place and grave!
For us the paths of glory lie
Far on the swelling deep;
And, brothers to the Tempst,
We shrink not at his sweep!

Our music is the Storm-blast
In fierceness revelling nigh,
When on our graven bucklers gleam
His lightnings glancing by.
Yet most the flash of war-steel keen
Is welcome in our sight,
When flies the startled foeman
Before our falchions' light.

We ask no peasant's shelter,
We seek no noble's bowers;
Yet they must yield us tribute meet,
For all they boast is ours.
No castled prince his wide domain
Dares from our yoke to free;
And, like mysterious ODIN,
We rule the land and sea!

Rear high the blood-red banner !
 Its folds in triumph wave—
 And long unsullied may it stream
 The standard of the brave !
 Our swords outspeed the meteor's glance :
 The world their might shall know,
 So long as heaven shines o'er us,
 Or ocean rolls below !

J. C. Crombridge.

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, ROGER and I.
 ROGER's my dog.—Come here, you scamp !
 Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye !
 Over the table—look out for the lamp !—
 The rogue is growing a little old :
 Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
 And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
 A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
 (This out-door business is bad for strings),
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
 And ROGER and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, Sir—I never drink ;
 ROGER and I are exceedingly moral—
 Aren't we, ROGER?—See him wink!—
 Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
 He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?
 What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk!
 He understands every word that's said—
 And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
 I've been so sadly given to grog,
 I wonder I've not lost the respect
 (Here's to you, Sir!) even of my dog.
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
 To such a miserable, thankless master!
 No, Sir!—see him wag his tail, and grin!
 By GEORGE! it makes my old eyes water!
 That is, there's something in this gin
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
 And ROGER here (what a plague a cough is, Sir!)
 Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
 Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your officer!
 'Bout face! Attention! Take your rifle!
 (Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your

Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the Rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.

Now tell us how many drams it takes

To honour a jolly new acquaintance.

Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing!

The night's before us, fill the glasses!—

Quick, Sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!—

Some brandy—thank you—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;

But I've gone through such wretched treatment,

Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,

And scarce remembering what meat meant;

That my poor stomach's past reform;

And there are times when, mad with thinking,

I'd sell out heaven for something warm

To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,

A dear girl's love—but I took to drink;—

The same old story; you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features—

You needn't laugh, Sir; they were not then

Such a burning libel on God's creatures:

I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen HER, so fair and young,

Whose head was happy on this breast!

If you could have heard the songs I sung

When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed

That ever I, Sir, should be straying
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since—a parson's wife :
 'Twas better for her that we should part—
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 I have seen her? Once : I was weak and spent
 On the dusty road : a carriage stopped :
 But little she dreamed, as on she went,
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, Sir ; I'm sorry :
 It makes me wild to think of the change!
 What do you care for a beggar's story ?
 Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?
 I had a mother so proud of me !
 'Twas well she died before—— Do you know
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain ; then ROGER and I will start.
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing, in place of a heart ?
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were—
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming.—
 You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !

We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
 The sooner, the better for ROGER and me.

J. G. Holland.

THE OLD STORY OF BLUEBEARD.

(FROM "BITTER-SWEET.")

CENTURIES since, there flourished a man
 (A cruel old Tartar, as rich as the Khan)
 Whose castle was built on a splendid plan,
 With gardens and groves and plantations;
 But his shaggy beard was as blue as the sky,
 And he lived alone, for his neighbours were shy,
 And had heard hard stories, by-the-by,
 About his domestic relations.

Just on the opposite side of the plain
 A widow abode, with her daughters twain;
 And one of them—neither cross nor vain—
 Was a beautiful little treasure:
 So he sent them an invitation to tea—
 And, having a natural wish to see
 His wonderful castle and gardens, all three
 Said they'd do themselves the pleasure.

As soon as there happened a pleasant day,
They dressed themselves in a sumptuous way,
And rode to the castle as proud and gay
 As silks and jewels could make them ;
And they were received in the finest style,
And saw every thing that was worth their while,
In the halls of BLUEBEARD'S grand old pile,
 Where he was so kind as to take them.

The ladies were all enchanted quite ;
For they found old BLUEBEARD so polite,
That they did not suffer at all from fright,
 And frequently called thereafter.
Then he offered to marry the younger one—
And, as *she* was willing, the thing was done,
And celebrated by all the ton
 With feasting and with laughter.

As kind a husband as ever was seen
Was BLUEBEARD then, for a month, I ween ;
And she was as proud as any queen,
 And as happy as she could be, too.
But her husband called her to him one day,
And said, " My dear, I am going away ;
It will not be long that I shall stay ;
 There is business for me to see to.

" The keys of my castle I leave with you ;
But if you value my love, be true,
And forbear to enter the Chamber of Blue !
 Farewell, FATIMA ! Remember !"
FATIMA promised him ; then she ran
To visit the rooms with her sister ANN ;

But when she had finished the tour, she began
To think about the Blue Chamber.

All, the woman was curiously inclined,
She left her sister and prudence behind
(With a little excuse), and started to find
The mystery forbidden.

She paused at the door;—all was still as night!
She opened it: then, through the dim, blue light,
There blistered her vision the horrible sight
That was in that chamber hidden!

The room was gloomy and damp and wide,
And the floor was red with the bloody tide
From headless women, laid side by side,
The wives of her lord and master!
Frightened and fainting, she dropped the key,
But seized it and lifted it quickly; then she
Hurried as swiftly as she could flee
From the scene of the disaster.

She tried to forget the terrible dead,
But shrieked when she saw that the key was red,
And sickened and shook with an awful dread
When she heard BLUEBEARD was coming!
He did not appear to notice her pain;
But he took his keys, and, seeing the stain,
He stopped in the middle of the refrain
That he had been quietly humming.

“Mighty well, madam!” said he, “mighty well!
What does this little blood-stain tell?
You’ve broken your promise: prepare to dwell
With the wives I’ve had before you!

You've broken your promise, and you shall die!"
Then FATIMA, supposing her death was nigh,
Fell on her knees and began to cry,
"Have mercy, I implore you!"

"No!" shouted BLUEBEARD, drawing his sword;
"You shall die this very minute!" he roared.
"Grant me time to prepare to meet my LORD!"

The terrified woman entreated.
"Only ten minutes!" he roared again;
And, holding his watch by its great gold chain,
He marked on the dial the fatal ten,
And retired till they were completed.

"Sister, O sister, fly up to the tower!
Look for release from this murderer's power!
Our brothers should be here this very hour—
Speak! Does there come assistance?"
"No: I see nothing but sheep on the hill."
"Look again, sister!"—"I'm looking still,
But naught can I see, whether good or ill,
Save a flurry of dust in the distance."

"Time's up!" shouted BLUEBEARD, out from his room;
"This moment shall witness your terrible doom,
And give you a dwelling within the room
Whose secrets you have invaded."
"Comes there no help for my terrible need?"
"There are horsemen twain riding hither with speed."
"Oh, tell them to ride very fast indeed,
Or I must meet death unaided!"

"Time's fully up—now have done with your prayer!"
Shouted BLUEBEARD, swinging his sword on the stair.

Then he entered, and grasping her beautiful hair,
Swung his glittering weapon around him ;
But a loud knock rang at the castle gate,
And FATIMA was saved from her horrible fate,
For, struck with surprise, he paused too late—
And when the two soldiers found him.

They were her brothers—and quick as they knew
What the fiend was doing, their swords they drew,
And attacked him fiercely, and ran him through,
So that soon he was mortally wounded.
With a wild remorse was his conscience filled,
When he thought of the hapless wives he had killed ;
But quickly the last of his blood was spilled,
And his dying groan was sounded.

As soon as FATIMA recovered from fright,
She embraced her brothers with great delight ;
And they were as glad and as grateful quite
As she was glad and grateful.
Then they all went out from that scene of pain,
And sought in quietude to regain
Their minds, which had come to be quite insane,
In a place so horrid and hateful.

'Twas a private funeral BLUEBEARD had ;
For the people knew he was very bad,
And, though they said nothing, they all were glad
For the fall of the evil-doer ;
But FATIMA first ordered some graves to be made,
And there the unfortunate ladies were laid ;
And after some painful months, with the aid
Of her friends, her spirits came to her.

Then she cheered the hearts of the suffering poor,
 And an acre of land around each door,
 And a cow and a couple of sheep, or more,
 To her tenantry she granted.
 So all of them had enough to eat,
 And their love for her was so complete,
 They would kiss the dust from her little feet,
 Or do any thing she wanted.

Edmund B. Stedman.

THE STRAWBERRY-PICKERS.

(FROM "ALICE OF MONMOUTH.")

I.

THE strawberry-vines lie in the sun,
 Their myriad tendrils twined in one ;
 Spread like a carpet of richest dyes,
 The strawberry-field in sunshine lies.
 Each timorous berry, blushing red,
 Has folded the leaves above her head,
 The dark, green curtains gemmed with dew ;
 But each blushful berry, peering through,
 Shows like a flock of the underthread—
 The crimson woof of a downy cloth
 Where the elves may kneel and plight their troth.

II.

Run through the rustling vines, to show
 Each picker an even space to go,

Leaders of twinkling cord divide
The field in lanes from side to side ;
And here and there, with patient care,
Lifting the leafage everywhere,
Rural maidens and mothers dot
The velvet of the strawberry-plot :
Fair and freckled, old and young,
With baskets at their girdles hung,
Searching the plants with no rude haste—
Lest berries should hang unpicked, and waste,
Of the pulpy, odorous, hidden quest,
First gift of the fruity months, and best.

III.

Crates of the laden baskets cool
Under the trees at the meadow's edge,
Covered with grass and dripping sedge,
And lily-leaves from the shaded pool ;
Filled, and ready to be borne
To market before the morrow morn.
Beside them, gazing at the skies,
Hour after hour a young man lies.
From the hill-side, under the trees,
He looks across the field, and sees
The waves that ever beyond it climb
Whitening the rye-slope's early prime ;
At times he listens, listlessly,
To the tree-toad singing in the tree,
Or sees the cat-bird peck his fill
With feathers adroop and roguish bill.
But often, with a pleased unrest,
He lifts his glances to the west,

Watching the kirtles, red and blue,
Which cross the meadow in his view ;
And he hears anon the busy throng
Sing the Strawberry-Pickers' Song :

IV.

" Rife the sweets our meadows bear,
Ere the day has reached its nooning :
While the skies are fair, and the morning air
Awakens the thrush's tuning,

Softly the rivulet's ripples flow ;
Dark is the grove that lovers know ;
Here, where the whitest blossoms blow,
The reddest and ripest berries grow.

" Bend to the crimson fruit, whose stain
Is glowing on lips and fingers ;
The sun has lain in the leafy p'ain,
And the dust of his pinions lingers.

Softly the rivulet's ripples flow ;
Dark is the grove that lovers know ;
Here, where the whitest blossoms blow,
The reddest and ripest berries grow.

" Gather the cones which lie concealed,
With their vines your foreheads wreathing ;
The strawberry-field its sweets shall yield
While the western winds are breathing.

Softly the rivulet's ripples flow ;
Dark is the grove that lovers know :
Here, where the whitest blossoms blow,
The reddest and ripest berries grow."

V.

From the far hill-side comes again
 An echo of the pickers' strain.
 Sweetly the group their cadence keep;
 Swiftly their hands the trailers sweep;
 The vines are stripped and the song is sung,
 A joyous labour for old and young—
 For the blithe children, gleaning behind
 The women, marvellous treasures find.

VI.

From the workers a maiden parts:
 The baskets at her waistband shine
 With berries that look like bleeding hearts
 Of a hundred lovers at her shrine;
 No Eastern girl were girdled so well
 With silken belt and silvery bell.
 Her slender form is tall and strong;
 Her voice was the sweetest in the song;
 Her brown hair, fit to wear a crown,
 Loose from its bonnet ripples down.
 Toward the crates, that lie in the shade
 Of the chestnut-copse at the edge of the glade,
 She moves from her mates, through happy rows
 Of the children loving her as she goes.
 "ALICE, *our* ALICE!" one and all,
 Striving to stay her footsteps, call
 (For children, with skilful choice, dispense
 The largesse of their innocence);
 But on, with a sister's smile, she moves
 Into the darkness of the groves,

And deftly, daintily, one by one,
Shelters her baskets from the sun,
Under the network, fresh and cool,
Of lily-leaves from the crystal pool.

Anonymous.

THE BIG SHOE.

(FROM "MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.")

"There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children,
She didn't know what to do:
To some she gave broth,
And to some she gave bread,
And some she whipped soundly,
And sent them to bed."

DO you find out the likeness?
A portly old Dame,—
The mother of millions,—
BRITANNIA by name:
And—howe'er it may strike you
In reading the song—
Not stinted in space
For bestowing the throng;
Since the Sun can himself
Hardly manage to go,
In a day and a night,
From the heel to the toe.
On the arch of the instep
She builds up her throne,

And, with seas rolling under,
She sits there alone ;
With her heel at the foot
Of the Himmalehs planted,
And her toe in the icebergs,
Unchilled and undaunted.

Yet though justly of all
Her fine family proud,
'Tis no light undertaking
To rule such a crowd ;
Not to mention the trouble
Of seeing them fed,
And dispensing with justice
The broth and the bread.

Some will seize upon one,—
Some are left with the other,—
And so the whole household
Gets into a pother.
But the rigid old Dame
Has a summary way
Of her own, when she finds
There is mischief to pay !

She just takes up the rod,
As she lays down the spoon,
And makes their rebellious backs
Tingle right soon :
Then she bids them, while yet
The sore smarting they feel,
To lie down, and go to sleep,
Under her heel !

Only once was she posed,—
When the little boy SAM,
Who had always before
Been as meek as a lamb,
Refused to take tea,
As his mother had bid,
And returned saucy answers
Because he was chid.

Not content even then,
He cut loose from the throne,
And set about making
A shoe of his own ;
Which succeeded so well,
And was filled up so fast,
That the world, in amazement,
Confessed, at the last,—
Looking on at the work
With a gasp and a stare,—
That 'twas hard to tell which
Would be best of the pair.

Side by side they are standing
Together to-day ;
Side by side may they keep
Their strong foothold for aye !—
And beneath the broad sea,
Whose blue depths intervene,
May the finishing string
Lie unbroken between !

JACK HORNER.

“Little JACK HORNER
 Sat in a corner,
 Eating a Christmas Pie :
 He put in his thumb,
 And pulled out a plum,
 And said, ‘What a great boy am I!’”

AH, the world hath many a HORNER,
 Who, seated in his corner,
 Finds a Christmas Pie provided for his thumb :
 And cries out with exultation,
 When successful exploration
 Doth discover the predestinated plum !

Little JACK outgrows his tire,
 And becometh JOHN, Esquire ;
 And he finds a monstrous pasty ready made,
 Stuffed with notes and bonds and bales
 With invoices and sales,
 And all the mixed ingredients of Trade.

And again it is his luck
 To be just in time to pluck,
 By a clever “operation,” from the pie
 An unexpected “plum ;”
 So he glorifies his thumb,
 And says, proudly, “What a mighty man am I !”

Or perchance, to Science turning,
 And with weary labour learning
 All the formulas and phrases that oppress her,—

For the fruit of others' baking,
 So a fresh diploma taking,
 Comes he forth, a full accredited Professor !

Or he's not too nice to mix
 In the dish of politics ;
 And the dignity of office he puts on :
 And he feels as big again
 As a dozen nobler men,
 While he writes himself the " Honourable JOHN !"

Nay, he need not quite despair
 Of the Presidential chair :
 The thing is not unlikely to be done ;
 Since a party puppet now
 May wear boldly on its brow
 The glory that a WEBSTER never won !

Not to hint at female HORNERS,
 Who, in their exclusive corners,
 Think the world is only made of upper crust ;
 And in the funny pie
 That we call Society,
 Their dainty fingers delicately thrust—

Till it sometimes comes to pass,
 In the spiced and sugared mass,
 One may compass (don't they call it so?) a *catch* ;
 And the gratulation given
 Seems as if the very heaven
 Had outdone itself in making such a match !

Oh, the World keeps Christmas Day
 In a queer, perpetual way ;
 Shouting always, " What a great, big Boy am I !"

Yet how many of the crowd,
 Thus vociferating loud,
 And its accidental honours lifting high,
 Have really, more than JACK,
 With all their lucky knack,
 Had a finger in the *making* of the Pie?

Edith May.

THE COLOURING OF HAPPINESS.

MY heart is full of prayer and praise to-day,
 So beautiful the whole world seems to me!
 I know the morn has dawned as is its wont,
 I know the breeze comes on no lighter wing,
 I know the brook chimed yesterday that same
 Melodious call to my unanswering thought;
 But I look forth with new-created eyes,
 And soul and sense seem linked and thrill alike,
 And things familiar have unusual grown,
 Taking my spirit with a fair surprise!
 But yesterday, and life seemed tented round
 With idle sadness. Not a bird sang out
 But with a mournful meaning; not a cloud—
 And there were many—but in fitting past
 Trailed somewhat of its darkness o'er my heart,
 And loitering, half becalmed, unfreighted all,
 Went by the Heaven-bound hours.

But, oh! to-day

Lie all harmonious and lovely things

Close to my spirit, and a while it seems
 As if the blue sky were enough of heaven !
 My thoughts are like tense chords that give their music
 At a chance breath ; a thousand delicate hands
 Are harping on my soul ! no sight, no sound,
 But stirs me to the keenest sense of pleasure,—
 Be it no more than the wind's cautious tread,
 The swaying of a shadow, or a bough,
 Or a dove's flight across the silent sky.

Oh, in this sun-bright Sabbath of the heart,
 How many a prayer puts on the guise of thought,
 An angel unconfessed ! Its rapid feet,
 That leave no print on Memory's sands, tread not
 Less surely their bright path than choral hymns
 And litanies. I know the praise of worlds,
 And the soul's unvoiced homage, both arise
 Distinctly to His ear who holds all Nature
 Pavilioned by His presence ; who has fashioned
 With an impartial care, alike the star
 That keeps unpiloted its airy circle,
 And the sun-quicken'd germ, or the poor moss
 The building swallow plucks to line her nest.

 SUMMER.

THE early Spring hath gone ; I see her stand
 Afar off on the hills—white clouds, like doves,
 Yoked by the South-wind to her opal car,
 And at her feet a lion and a lamb
 Couched, side by side. Irresolute Spring hath gone !

And Summer comes like *PSYCHE*, zephyr-borne
To her sweet land of pleasures.

She is here !

Amid the distant vales she tarried long,
But she hath come, oh joy !—for I have heard
Her many-chorded harp the livelong day,
Sounding from plains and meadows, where, of late,
Rattled the hail's sharp arrows, and where came
The wild North-wind, careering like a steed
Unconscious of the rein. She hath gone forth
Into the forest, and its poisèd leaves
Are platformed for the Zephyr's dancing feet.
Under its green pavilions she hath reared
Most beautiful things ; the Spring's pale orphans lie
Sheltered upon her breast ; the bird's loud song
At morn outsoars his pinion ; and when waves
Put on Night's silver harness, the still air
Is musical with soft tones. She hath baptized
Earth with her joyful weeping. She hath blessed
All that do rest beneath the wing of Heaven,
And all that hail its smile. Her ministry
Is typical of love. She hath disdained
No gentle office, but doth bend to twine
The grape's light tendrils, and to pluck apart
The heart-leaves of the rose. She doth not pass
Unmindful the bruised vine, nor scorn to lift
The trodden weed ; and when her lowlier children
Faint by the wayside like worn passengers,
She is a gentle mother, all night long
Bathing their pale brows with her healing dews.
The Hours are spendthrifts of her wealth ; the Days
Are dowered with her beauty.

Frank W. Ballard.

LITTLE MAY.

SHE is not dead,
But sleeps;
Beside her cradle-hed
My memory keeps
The vigil sad.

Awake, my child,
Awake!
'Tis long since thou hast smiled;
My heart will break,
Unless beguiled!

No voice replies,—
Those lips
Naught echo to my cries;
In life's eclipse
She silent lies.

That brow so cold—
Those eyes
No more my face behold;—
Alas! she lies
Within Death's fold.

She dwells with God;—
Her feet,
With heavenly sandals shod,
Traverse the street
By angels trod.

Then let her sleep ;
 Her dreams
 Are bliss. Dear Saviour, keep,
 Near Eden's streams,
 The lamb we weep.

THE PRAIRIE GRAVE.

THE summer flowers, above her breast,
 Bud, bloom, and fade away ;
 The winter snow-flakes lightly rest
 Upon that lifeless clay.

No heedless footstep may invade
 That holy hill-side plot ;
 A rustic paling, rudely made,
 Protects the lonely spot.

No fat' er, mother, sister near,
 Her prairie bed to share ;
 Or moisten, with the falling tear,
 The wild-flowers growing there.

She sleeps, in silence and alone,
 No guardian angel seen—
 For God's own hand hath sealed the stone
 Above that grave so green.

So shall she sweetly, safely sleep
 Among the prairie flowers ;
 While we this grateful memory keep—
 " One little bud is ours."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"ONLY A YEAR."*

ONE year ago,—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die.

One year ago,—what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial-stone,—
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone!

One year,—one year,—one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

* These lines refer to the death, July 9, 1857, of a son, a student of Dartmouth College, who went with some classmates to the Connecticut River to bathe, got beyond his depth, and was drowned.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
Above that head ;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved ?
What hast thou seen ?
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where thou hast been ?

The veil ! the veil !—so thin, so strong,
'Twixt us and thee !—
The mystic veil ! when shall it fall,
That we may see ?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone ;
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

LORD of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear,
We lay in silence at Thy feet
This sad, sad year !

Anna Peyre Dinnies.

TO MY HUSBAND'S FIRST GRAY HAIR.

"I know thee not,—I loathe thy race;
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface."

Giaour.

THOU strange, unbidden guest! from whence
Thus early hast thou come?
And wherefore? Rude intruder, hence!
And seek some fitter home;
These rich young locks are all too dear,—
Indeed, thou must not linger here!

Go—take thy sober aspect where
The youthful cheek is fading,
Or find some furrowed brow, which Care
And Passion have been shading;
And add thy sad, malignant trace
To mar the aged or anguished face!

Thou wilt not go? Then answer me,
And tell what brought thee *here!*
Not one of all thy tribe I see
Beside thyself appear,
And through these bright and clustering curls
Thou shinest, a tiny thread of pearls.

Thou art a *moralist*? Ah, well!
And comest from Wisdom's land,
A few sage axioms just to tell?
Well! well! I understand:—

Old Truth has sent thee here to bear
The maxims which we fain *must* hear.

And now, as I observe thee nearer,
Thou'rt pretty—very pretty—quite
As glossy and as fair—nay, fairer—
Than these, but not so bright ;
And since thou came Truth's messenger,
Thou shalt remain, and speak of her.

She says thou art a herald, sent
In kind and friendly warning,
To mix with locks by Beauty blent
(The fair young brow adorning),
And midst their wild luxuriance taught
To show thyself, and waken *thought*—

That thought, which to the dreamer preaches
A lesson stern as true,
That all things pass away, and teaches
How youth must vanish too !
And thou wert sent to rouse anew
This thought, whene'er thou meet'st the view.

And comes there not a whispering sound—
A low, faint, murmuring breath,
Which, as thou movest, floats around
Like echoes in their death ?—
“Time onward sweeps, youth flies, *prepare!*”
Such is thine errand, First Gray Hair.

Rose Terry.

THE FISHING-SONG.

DOWN in the wide gray river,
The current is sweeping strong;
Over the wide gray river
Floats the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke times the singing,
The song falls with the oar;
And an echo in both is ringing
I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current
The song brings back to me
A cry from mortal silence
Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanished,
Love that had died of wrong,
Hearts that are dead in living,
Come back in the fisherman's song.

I see the maples leafing,
Just as they leafed before;
The green grass comes no greener
Down to the very shore—

With the rude strain swelling, sinking,
In the cadence of days gone by,
As the oar, from the water drinking,
Ripples the mirrored sky.

Yet the soul hath life diviner;
Its past returns no more,

But in echoes, that answer the minor
 Of the boat-song, from the shore.
 And the ways of God are darkness ;
 His judgment waiteth long ;
 He breaks the heart of a woman
 With a fisherman's careless song.

REVE DU MIDI.

WHEN o'er the mountain steeps
 The hazy noontide creeps,
 And the shrill cricket sleeps
 Under the grass ;
 When soft the shadows lie,
 And clouds sail o'er the sky,
 And the idle winds go by,
 With the heavy scent of blossoms as they pass—
 Then, when the silent stream
 Lapses as in a dream,
 And the water-lilies gleam
 Up to the sun ;
 When the hot and burdened day
 Rests on its downward way,
 When the moth forgets to play,
 And the plodding ant may dream her work is done—
 Then, from the noise of war
 And the din of earth afar,
 Like some forgotten star
 Dropped from the sky—
 The sounds of love and fear,
 All voices sad and clear,

Banished to silence drear—
 The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.
 Some melancholy gale
 Breathes its mysterious tale,
 Till the Rose's lips grow pale
 With her sighs ;
 And o'er my thoughts are cast
 Tints of the vanished past,
 Glories that faded fast,
 Renewed to splendour in my dreaming eyes.
 As, poised on vibrant wings,
 Where its sweet treasure swings,
 The honey-lover clings
 To the red flowers—
 So, lost in vivid light,
 So, rapt from day and night,
 I linger in delight,
 Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

Frank Lee Benedict.

A PICTURE.

(FROM "THE SHADOW-WORSHIPPER.")

ARNOLD, *pausing on the brow of the hill.*

A GOODLY scene! The valley fair outstretched
 In many a wild and picturesque change
 Below the towering peaks that lock it in,
 Like offerings flung beneath a tyrant's feet.
 The hazy river winds its mist between,
 A bright isle dancing on its passive heave,

Like some enchanted thing that's wandered far,
And lost from Eastern realms in this bleak clime.
Great belts of trees shut out the restless world
Beyond that mount which rises proudly up
With a stern grandeur in its regal mien,
As if it kept the lesser crags in awe,
And made that vale its own sweet paramour.
Dim groves where Indian maidens dreamed of yore,
And pastures with the scent of clover there,
And hamlets nestled in and out like doves,
Make up a scene that's like Arcadia.
This haunt hath been for Dryads in old time,
And Fauns have danced within these woodland bowers.
E'en Heaven itself bends near this greenwood dell,
That seems as if it had been hollowed out
To make a cup for PAN. Here should be calm ;
And here methinks this weary heart might rest,
If but the valley clods lay over it.
Ah, happy child, that this has been thy home !
No marvel if such purity's within,
For this, thy dwelling-place, is near to Heaven.
Men here should have no petty thoughts and aims,
Like pent-up dwellers of great towns below ;
Their souls should catch a hue from this fair spot,
And swell with greatness far beyond their clay.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE Autumn's latest leaves are gone,
Its richest glories dead,
And hopes more bright than Autumn skies
Have with that parting fled.

The gayest heart that treasured life,
The voice of truest glee—
Of all the friends that Death might claim,
I had not singled thee!

We parted in the Summer time,
When life was bold and brave—
I did not think the Autumn leaves
Would rustle o'er thy grave;
A year ago we two had watched
Their gorgeous brightness fall—
I little dreamed that those of Spring
Were woven for thy pall.

I stand within the darkened home
Thy presence filled with mirth,
And mutely watch the broken band
Around thy father's hearth.
I listen for thy coming step,
And, cheated by each sound,
Look sadly on thy household gifts
That still are grouped around,

The very chair where thou hast sat
Recalls thy face to mind,
And not the simplest act of yore
But hath a spell to bind.

The rustic bird-cage for the wrens,
The trellis for the vine,
The little plot of Autumn flowers,
And spray of mountain pine—

The treasured books thy hand hath touched,
The drawings on the wall,
They speak with voice articulate—
A memory in all!

The old familiar room is changed—
The sun has ceased to play
So brightly on the garden porch,
Since thou art gone away!

And yet I would not call thee back,
To cull youth's short-lived flowers,
For souls like thine are first to leave
This dreary world of ours.
A brighter sky bends o'er thy way
Beyond this earthly gloom,
And fadeless light around thee falls
Where Eden's roses bloom.

There, aspirations checked below,
To fuller life have sprung,
Unfettered by the thralling weight
That here around them clung.
The glowing hopes that duty stilled,
The dreams of holy light,
These too have found a higher aim
Beyond our earthly night.

But yet these human hearts will ache
And throb with yearning pain,
And blindly toward thine upper life
Our spirits reach in vain.
Amid the gloom of worldly mists
Our erring footsteps roam;
But thou, more pure and blest than we,
Wert first to reach thy home.

