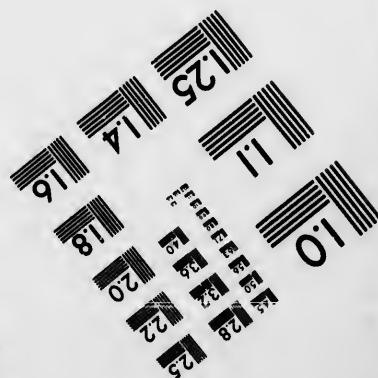
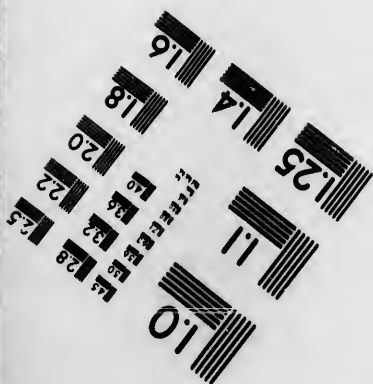
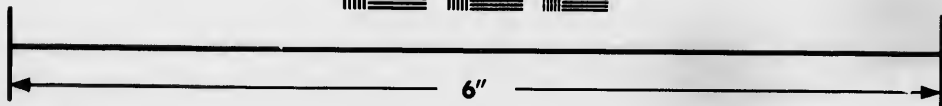
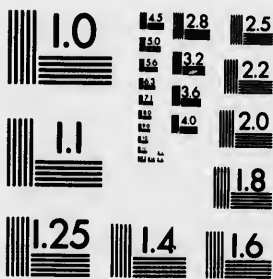


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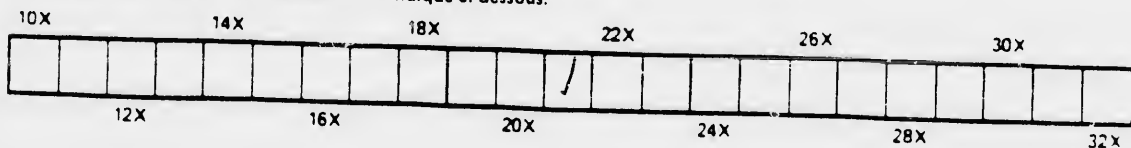
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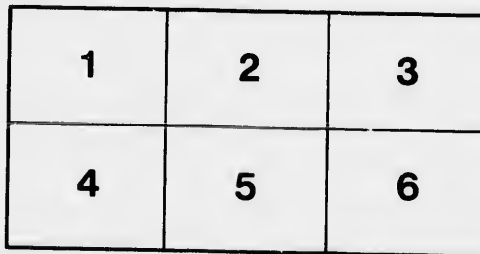
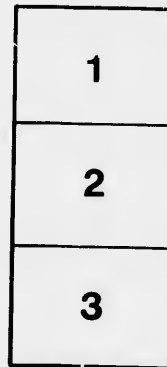
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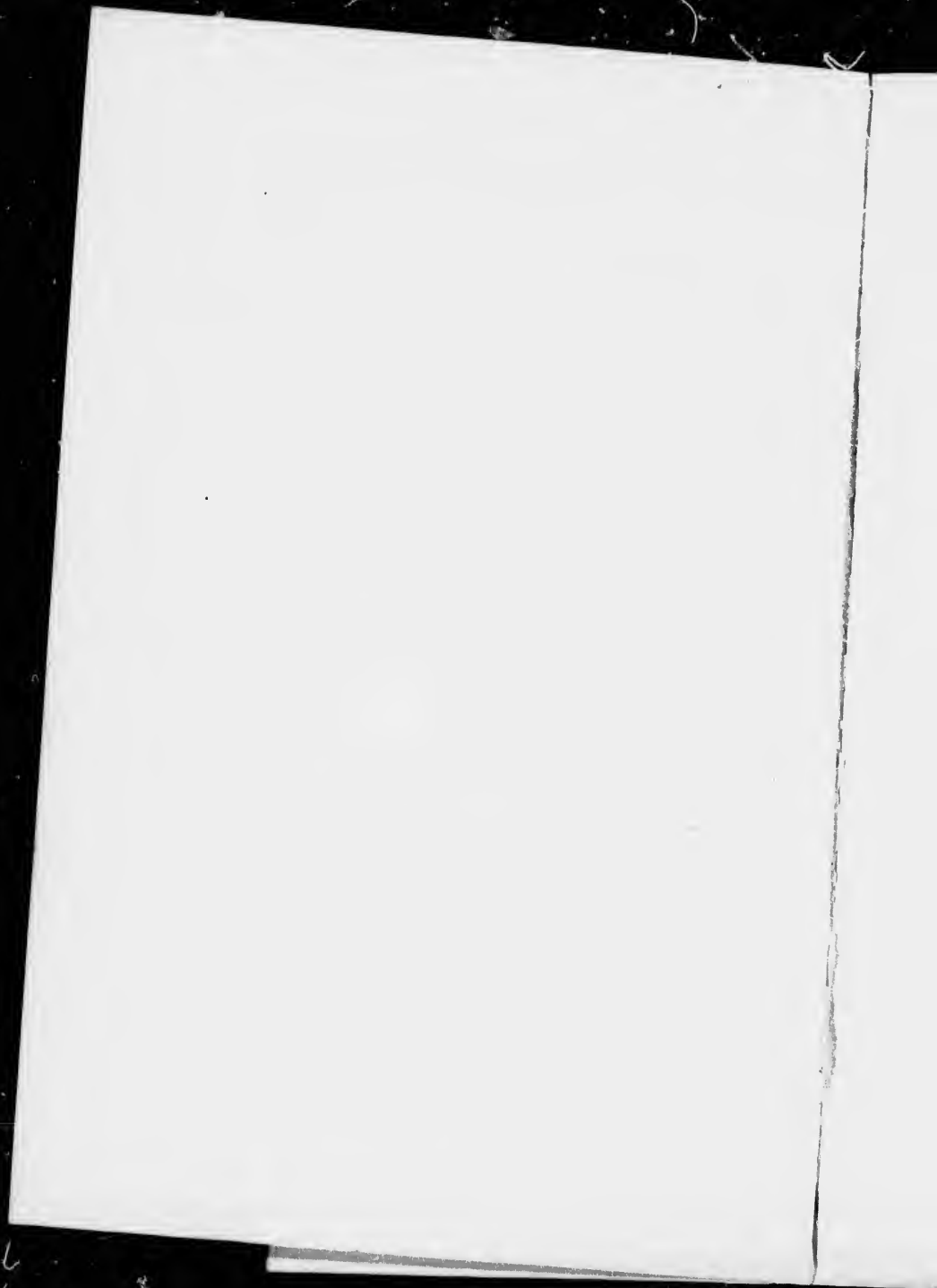
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THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GREENLEAF
WHITTIER.

With Notes
Biographical, Critical, and Explanatory.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
WESLEY BUILDINGS, RICHMOND ST. WEST, TORONTO.
MONTREAL: C. W. COATES. HALIFAX: S. F. HUES FIS.

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PREFATORY NOTICE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER fairly fulfils the requirements of American nationality in poetry. His subjects are mostly American, his scenery is American, his politics are American. His theology has taken a markedly American stamp; and the chief labour and enthusiasm of his life have been given to the great American contest, now for many years happily closed in victory, the Anti-slavery movement.

Whittier was born in a farmhouse near Haverhill, Massachusetts, on the 17th of December 1807, and is now consequently in the seventy-third year of his age. Haverhill lies on the banks of the Merrimac river. Here his family had lived for four or five generations. They were "Friends," or Quakers, and numbered in their line some of those who had suffered persecution for their mode of faith in the bad old days of religious intolerance; for the "Pilgrim Fathers" and their descendants were by no means celebrated for extending to other sectaries that liberty of faith which had been denied to themselves in the land of their origin, and to secure which they had crossed the Atlantic, and in especial the Quakers suffered at their hands horrid and shameful severities. The black annals of bigotry contain few blacker chapters, and none more humiliating to men zealous for liberty as well as creed, than that which records the persecution of the Quakers by the New England Puritans. Abundant traces of it are to be found in our poet's writings. It grates on his memory, and fires his indignation, and he refuses to be cajoled into regarding as saintly

religionists the rigid oppressors who wielded the scourge and the branding-iron for Quakers, and at whose bidding Friends, male and female, dangled from gibbets. Fortunately for themselves, the Quakers have never been a body sufficiently numerous or powerful to become persecutors in their turn. As they *have* not persecuted, they may profess without refutation that they would not persecute even if they could ; and a writer like Whittier is therefore permitted to denounce with general concurrence the cruel tyrants of his own co-religionists, and to enjoy at the same time the very rare immunity from a *tu quoque* rejoinder.

Whittier resided at the homestead of his family till his twentieth year, receiving a simple education of a limited kind, and for one year attending a school for Latin, meanwhile making himself useful on the farm, and working at times as a shoemaker. His ordinary schooling took place chiefly in the winter months, leaving the rest of the year free for rural occupations : his poem named *In School Days* bears record of this phase of his life. From books other than the common school-books he received little aid. His father owned only about twenty volumes, mostly of the Quakerish order : the sole volume of poetry, if such it can be called, was by the well-known Friend Ellwood.

It would appear that the very earliest trace of Whittier as an author is to be found in the *Newburyport Free Press* in 1826 ; whether his contribution assumed the form of prose or of verse is not specified. By the age of twenty-one he had taken definitely to journalism ; he both wrote for and edited the Boston newspaper named *The American Manufacturer*, the principal aim of which was to advocate a protective tariff. In this position he soon made his mark, and his name became well known throughout the country. In 1830 he passed to the editorship of the *New England Weekly Review* at Hartford, Connecticut, showing himself an ardent politician of the so-called National Republican party. To literature, apart from mere newspaper-work, he had as yet given little attention. The succeeding year, however, was to be the beginning of his career of regular authorship. He then produced his first volume, consisting (it is to be presumed) of contributions collected from reviews. It was in prose and verse, and entitled *Legends of New England*. There was also another volume about the same time, named *Moll Pitcher*, a poem on a once famous old witch of Nahant. Neither of these works now counts as of any serious importance among the productions of Mr. Whittier.

Shortly afterwards, he left the *New England Weekly Review*, and engaged in other forms of public life, and in farming on his own account. In 1832 he published a Memoir of his friend John Gardner Calkins Brainard, a journalist and poet who had died at an early age four years before; this accompanied a second edition of Brainard's Literary Remains. In 1833 he produced an essay which was his first conspicuous effort in the great anti-slavery cause: it was named *Justice and Expediency, or Slavery considered with a view to its Abolition*. He was chosen in 1835 and the following year to represent his native town of Haverhill in the State Legislature; in 1837 he declined re-election. The year of his first election was that in which he produced his earliest poetic volume still held in repute—*Mogg Megone*: the hero of this composition had been a leader among the Saco Indians in the war of 1677. Once well-launched, Whittier became a prolific author, more especially, though not exclusively, in the shape of verse. His successive volumes form a lengthy catalogue, which we will now set down in the order of date. 1838, *Ballads*. 1843, *Lays of Home*. 1845, *The Stranger in Lowell*, a collection of prose essays. 1847, *Supernaturalism in New England*. 1849, *Voices of Freedom*, consisting of his anti-slavery poems, thirty-eight in number, produced from 1833 to the year of collective publication. 1849, *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal* (republished from the *National Era*), a prose work purporting to be the diary of an English maiden on a visit to the Province of Massachusetts Bay in 1678-9; a faithfully executed production of the modern-antique style, wherein witchcraft and Quakers are made to play a prominent part. 1850, *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches* (also partly reprinted from the *National Era*). 1850, *Songs of Labour, and other Poems*. 1853, *The Chapel of the Hermits, and other Poems*. 1853, *A Sabbath Scene*, a sketch of slavery in verse. 1854, *Literary Recreations and Miscellanies* (mostly republished). 1856, *The Panorama, and other Poems*. 1860, *Home Ballads and Poems*. 1863, *In War-time, and other Poems*. 1866, *Snowbound, a Winter Idyl*, embodying early recollections of the author's paternal home: this poem, written to beguile the weariness of a sick chamber, had a very large sale, has been reproduced in many forms, and has done perhaps more than any other single composition to fix and extend Whittier's celebrity. 1867, *The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems*. 1868, *Among the Hills, and other Poems*. 1870, *Miriam, and other Poems*. 1870, *Child Life*. 1872, *The Pennsylvanian Pilgrim, and other Poems*. 1876, *A Centennial Hymn*. There have also been many collected edi-

tions of our author's works, of varying degrees of completeness, according to the period of issue or the particular aim of the publication : the first of these dates as far back as 1844.

From this enumeration of his writings we must now return to the events of his life. In 1838-39 Mr. Whittier became a resolute and active abolitionist, devoting a large share of his abundant energies to the anti-slavery cause and its organization. He removed to Philadelphia, and there edited the *Philadelphia Freeman*, a paper founded to promulgate these views. In those days anti-slavery men needed the courage of heretics and the constancy of martyrs ; if they valued property, limb, or even life, more than principle, they were not the men for the emergency : and accordingly it was not very long before Whittier's printing-office was sacked and burned by a mob. He afterwards (or as some say even earlier, in 1836) became one of the secretaries of the Anti-Slavery Society, and edited the *Anti-slavery Reporter* and at a later date the *Lowell Standard* : he also acted as a corresponding editor of the *National Era*, published in Washington. In 1840, he had removed from Philadelphia to Amesbury, Massachusetts, where he still lives. Through all the trying and disheartening period of national compromises with slavery, and not infrequently of defections of its opponents, he worked on with cheerful single-minded boldness and unabated vigour : at last came the Secession War of 1861, which soon developed into a thoroughgoing anti-slavery war, and in 1865 terminated in the absolute, the final and irreversible triumph of the great cause, a triumph which Whittier has celebrated in ringing and moving verses. In 1864, he had lost by death a sister, Elizabeth, herself a poetess, but of no great note. In May 1868 the Whittier College at Salem, Iowa, was opened, thus named in honour of our author : it is conducted on Quaker principles, but is none the less open to all persons who choose to enter, and conform to the established regulations.

No poet in any country, it may safely be said, has ever maintained a more consistent and unblemished character than Whittier. "His noble simplicity of character," wrote Channing, "is the delight of all who know him." Upright, sincere, affectionate, unassuming, he combines the qualities of most importance for making personal intercourse profitable and agreeable. Hatred of every species of oppression has always been one of his distinguishing traits. The tyranny of material power, and the tyranny of public opinion, are alike repulsive to him : if he detests the first, not less does he resist and brave the second.

Two stanzas of self-estimate may here be quoted from his poem *My Namesake* :—

“ In him the grave and playful mixed,
And wisdom held with folly truce,
And Nature compromised betwixt
Good fellow and recluse.

“ On all his sad or restless moods
The patient peace of Nature stole :
The quiet of the fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul.”

A portrait of Mr. Whittier, drawn by Mr. Wyatt Eaton in 1878, shows a strong physiognomy of striking firmness and self-possession, not excluding gentleness. The head is tall, with dark arresting eyes, the lips thin, and without any particular grace or subtlety of moulding. The general type is not of an aristocratic order, yet ample sufficient

“To give the world assurance of a man.”

In the poems of Whittier there is a large variety of subject-matter. Many of them relate to native Indian life, to the adventures and traditions of the early settlers, and to the preachings and persecutions of the Quakers ; many are personal, or on matters of sentiment coming close to the poet's heart ; others descriptive ; a considerable section political, either in a general way, or in especial with relation to the sufferings of the coloured race and the anti-slavery crusade. He has never produced any single poem which can rightly be classed as long, although several approach this standard more or less nearly.

Whittier is manifestly not one of those poets who compose with a view to the modern sectional dogma of “art for art's sake.” He constantly writes from personal individual feeling, whether applied to emotional themes, or to the beauties and influences of external nature. He is in the fullest sense of the term a moral poet. The question of right or wrong, the desire to enforce some truth of the conscience, a loyalty of mind to the side of virtue, and an indignant reprobation of the vicious or the unrighteous, are perpetually present to him. He writes because he feels, and because he desires to edify. In his case warmth of heart only seconds, and it seconds powerfully, the dictates of the moral sense. His motto might be the scriptural phrase, “Line upon line, precept upon precept ;” although he is not strictly a didactic poet, having never, or very seldom, written anything of which the structure as well as substance is didactic. He has a genuine and valuable faculty as a story-teller, but his stories are all more or less

apologues conveying a lesson and intimating a conviction. They can very generally be read with pleasure, or even for pastime, so far as their narrative form is concerned, and received with profit as to their underlying suggestions. Whittier's inspiration, indeed, is not only moral, but distinctly religious. Theology and doctrine have evidently held a potent sway over his mind : but he has so much religious or spiritual charity that he appears to be almost an Universalist in creed, or at any rate he entertains the hopes, if not the express belief, of Universalism. In this regard he might be looked upon as a poet and thinker of the Wordsworthian order, narrowed at first into the condition of a minor sectarian, and afterwards enlarged into that of an Universalist. If he falls short of Wordsworth (as indisputably he does) in wideness of reach and in intensity, he can hold his own against him or any poet in purity, kindness, and uprightness ; and in solid consistency of principle, firmly adopted and firmly persevered in, he certainly surpasses the Englishman.

What we have said naturally implies that Whittier is a poet in whose work exquisite art or loveliness of form does not constitute an original leading element, and even at last these qualities remain only subsidiary or ancillary. Yet Mr. Whittier, by elevated simplicity of mind, truthfulness of perception and of feeling, an earnest desire after excellence, and a superiority to every sort of artifice, including the trick of magniloquence or of obscurity, has often realized a genuine artistic success. He commits himself to the leadership of his thought, his sentiment, and his theme ; and, in aiming at giving to these the directest and most unembarrassed expression, he is found to have given them the nicest expression as well. The grace of sincerity hangs about all that he has done : in his earlier writings this is mostly a moral grace, but, as he proceeds and progresses, it becomes a grace of art likewise. His Aretæ continue to be Aretæ, but they acquire in their maturity a strong family-likeness to the Charites.

Without exaggerating his poetic station or his general literary excellence, we may safely and cordially say this—that America is to be congratulated upon owning as hers, in so sound a poet as Whittier, so good and unblemished a man.

Our readers may like, in conclusion, to have under their eyes in this volume the estimate of Whittier expressed by his compatriot and fellow-poet James Russell Lowell in his *Fable for Critics*. It runs as follows—Apollo being the supposed speaker :—

There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
 Strains the strait-breasted crab of the Quaker apart,
 And reveals the live man, still supreme and erect,
 Underneath the bemummifying wrappers of sect.
 There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing
 Of the true lyric bard and all that sort of thing ;
 And his failures arise (though perhaps he don't know it)
 From the very same cause that has made him a poet,—
 A fervour of mind which knows no separation
 Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration,
 As my Pythoness erst sometimes erred from not knowing
 If 'twere I or mere wind through her tripod was blowing.
 Let his mind once get head in its favourite direction,
 And the torrent of verse bursts the dams of reflection,
 While, borne with the rush of the metre along,
 The poet may chance to go right or go wrong,
 Content with the whirl and delirium of song,
 Then his grammar's not always correct, nor his rhymes,
 And he's prone to repeat his own lyrics sometimes,—
 Not his best, though, for those are struck off at white heats
 When the heart in his breast like a trip-hammer beats,
 And can ne'er be repeated again any more
 Than they could have been carefully plotted before.
 Like old what's-his-name there at the Battle of Hastings
 (Who however gave more than mere rhythmical bastings),
 Our Quaker leads off metaphorical fights
 For reform and whatever they call human rights,
 Both singing and striking in front of the war,
 And hitting his foes with the mallet of Thor :
 " *Anna hæc,*" one exclaims on beholding his knocks.
 " *Vestis filii tui,* O leather-clad Fox ?"
 Can that be thy son, in the battle's mid din,
 Preaching brotherly love, and then driving it in
 To the brain of the tough old Goliath of sin
 With the smoothest of pebbles from Castaly's spring
 Impressed on his hard moral sense with a sling ?
 All honour and praise to the right-hearted bard
 Who was true to the voice when such service was hard,
 Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave
 When to look but a protest in silence was brave :
 All honour and praise to the women and men
 Who spoke out for the dumb and the downtrodden then !
 I need not to name them : already for each
 † see History preparing the statue and niche."

W. M. ROSSETTI



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WHITTIER'S POETICAL WORKS.

INDIAN LEGENDS.

MOGG MEGONE.

THE story of MOGG MEGONE has been considered by the author only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England, and of its early inhabitants. In portraying the Indian character, he has followed, as closely as his story would admit, the rough but natural delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams; and in so doing he has necessarily discarded much of the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man. [In a note to the collected edition of 1857, Mr. Whittier says: "The long poem of 'Mogg Megone' was in a great measure composed in early life; and it is scarcely necessary to say that its subject is not such as the author would have chosen at any subsequent period."]

PART I.

Who stands on that cliff, like a figure
of stone,
Unmoving and tall in the light of the
sky,
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles
on high.
Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone?
Close to the verge of the rock is he,
While beneath him the Saco its work
is doing,
Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,
And slow through the rock its path-
way hewing!
Far down, through the mist of the fall-
ing river,
Which rises up like an incense ever,
The splintered points of the crags are
seen,
With water howling and vexed between,
While the scooping whirl of the pool
beneath
Seems an open throat, with its granite
teeth!
But Mogg Megone never trembled yet
Wherever his eye or his foot was set.

He is watchful; each form in the moon-
light dim,
Of rock or of tree, is seen of him;
He listens; each sound from afar is
caught.
The faintest shiver of leaf and limb;
But he sees not the waters, which foam
and fret,
Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin
wet,—
And the roar of their rushing, he hears
it not.
The moonlight, through the open bough
Of the gnarl'd beech, whose naked
root
Coils like a serpent at his foot,
Falls, checkered, on the Indian's brow.
His head is bare, save only where
Waves in the wind one lock of hair,
Reserved for him, whoe'er he be,
More mighty than Megone in strife,
When, breast to breast and knee to
knee,
Above the fallen warrior's life
Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-
knife.

Megone hath his knife and hatchet and
 gun,
 And his gaudy and tasselled blanket on :
 His knife hath a handle with gold inlaid,
 And magic words on its polished blade,—
 'Twas the gift of Castine² to Mogg Me-
 gone,
 For a scalp or twain from the Yengees
 torn :
 His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,
 And Modocawando's wives had strung
 The brass and the beads, which tinkle
 and shine
 On the polished breech, and broad
 bright line
 Of beaded wampum around it hung.
 What seeks Megone? His foes are
 near,—
 Grey Jocelyn's³ eye is never sleeping,
 And the garrison lights are burning
 clear,
 Where Phillips'⁴ men their watch are
 keeping.
 Let him hie him away through the dank
 river fog,
 Never rustling the boughs nor dis-
 placing the rocks,
 For the eyes and the ears which are
 watching for Mogg,
 Are keener than those of the wolf or
 the fox.
 He starts,—there's a rustle among the
 leaves :
 Another,—the click of his gun is
 heard !
 A footstep—is it the step of Cleaves,
 With Indian blood on his English
 sword ?
 Steals Harmon⁵ down from the sands of
 York,
 With hand of iron and foot of cork ?
 Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile,
 For vengeance left his vine-hung isle ?⁶
 Hark ! at that whistle, soft and low,
 How lights the eye of Mogg Megone !
 A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow,—
 "Boon welcome, Johnny Bonython !"
 Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,
 And quick, keen glances to and fro,
 The hunted outlaw, Bonython !
 A low, lean, swarthy man is he,
 With blanket-garb and buskined knee,
 And naught of English fashion on ;

For he hates the race from whence he
 sprung,
 And he couches his words in the Indian
 tongue.
 "Hush,—let the Sachem's voice be
 weak ;
 The water-rat shall hear him speak,—
 The owl shall whoop in the white man's
 ear.
 That Mogg Megone, with his scalps, is
 here !"
 He pauses,—dark, over cheek and brow,
 A flush, as of shame, is stealing now :
 "Sachem !" he says, "let me have the
 land,
 Which stretches away upon either hand,
 As far about as my feet can stray
 In the half of a gentle summer's day,
 From the leaping brook³ to the Saco
 river,—
 And the fair-haired girl, thou hast
 sought of me,
 Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam, and
 be
 The wife of Mogg Megone for ever."
 There's a sudden light in the Indian's
 glance,
 A moment's trace of powerful feeling,
 Of love or triumph, or both perchance.
 Over his proud, calm features stealing,
 "The words of my father are very good ;
 He shall have the land, and water, and
 wood ;
 And he who harms the Sagamore John,
 Shall feel the knife of Mogg Megone ;
 But the fawn of the Yengees shall sleep
 on my breast,
 And the bird of the clearing shall sing
 in my nest."
 "But, father !"—and the Indian's hand
 Falls gently on the white man's arm,
 And with a smile as shrewdly bland
 As the deep voice is slow and calm,—
 "Where is my father's singing-bird,—
 The sunny eye, and sunset hair ?
 I know I have my father's word,
 And that his word is good and fair ;
 But will my father tell me where
 Megone shall go and look for his
 bride ?—
 For he sees her not by her father's
 side."

The dark, stern eye of Bonython
Flashes over the features of Mogg
Megone,

In one of those glances which search
within ;

But the stolid calm of the Indian alone
Remains where the trace of emotion
has been.

“Does the Sachem doubt? Let him
go with me,
And the eyes of the Sachem his bride
shall see.”

Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,
And watchful eyes and whispers soft,
The twain are stealing through the wood,
Leaving the downward-rushing flood,
Whose deep and solemn roar behind
Grows fainter on the evening wind.

Hark! —is that the angry howl
Of the wolf, the hills among?—
Or the hooting of the owl,

On his leafy cradle swung?—

Quickly glancing, to and fro,
Listening to each sound they go
Round the columns of the pine,

Indistinct, in shadow, seeming
Like some old and pillared shrine ;
With the soft and white moonshine,
Round the foliage-tracery shed
Of each column's branching head,

For its lamps of worship gleaming !
And the sounds awakened there,

In the pine-leaves fine and small,
Soft and sweetly musical,

By the fingers of the air,
For the anthem's dying fall
Lingering round some temple's wall !

Niche and cornice round and round
Wailing like the ghost of sound !

Is not Nature's worship thus,

Ceaseless ever, going on ?

Ha! is it not a voice for us

In the thunder, or the tone
Of the leaf-harp faint and small,
Speaking to the unsealed ear
Words of blended love and fear,
Of the mighty Soul of all ?

Naught had the twain of thoughts like
these

As they wound along through the
crowded trees,

Where never had rung the axeman's
stroke

On the gnarled trunk of the rough-
barked oak ;—

Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,

Breaking the mesh of the braubline,

Turning aside the wild grape vine,

And lightly crossing the quaking bog

Whose surface shakes at the leap of

the frog,

And out of whose pools the ghastly fog

Creeps into the chill moonshine !

Yet, even that Indian's ear had heard

The preaching of the Holy Word

Sanchebantacket's isle of sand

Was once his father's hunting land,

Where zealous Hiacoomes⁹ stood,

The wild apostle of the wood,

Shook from his soul the fear of har-

And trampled on the Powwaw's charms

Until the wizard's curses hung

Suspended on his palsying tongue,

And the fierce warrior, grim and tall,

Trembled before the forest Paul !

A cottage hidden in the wood,—

Red through its seams a light is

glowing,

On rock and bough and tree-trunk rude,

A narrow lustre throwing.

“Who's there?” a clear, firm voice

demands ;

“Hold, Ruth,—'tis I, the Sagamore !”

Quick, at the summons, hasty hands

Unclose the bolted door ;

And on the outlaw's daughter shine

The flashes of the kindled fire.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,

Like some young priestess of the

wood.

The freeborn child of Solitude,

And bearing still the wild and rude,

Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.

Her dark brown cheek has caught its

stain

More from the sunshine than the rain ;

Yet, where her long fair hair is parting ;

A pure white brow into light is starting ;

And, where the folds of her blanket

sever,

Are a neck and bosom as white as ever

The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping

river.

But in the convulsive quiver and grip

Of the muscles around her bloodless

lip,

There is something painful and sad
to see ;
And her eye has a glance more sternly
wild
Than even that of a forest child
In its fearless and untamed freedom
should be.
Yet, seldom in hall or court are seen
So queenly a form and so noble a mien,
As freely and smiling she welcomes
them there,—
Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone :
“ Pray, father, how does thy hunting
fare ?
And, Sachem, say,—does Scamman
wear,
In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his
own ? ”
Hurried and light is the maiden's tone ;
But a fearful meaning lurks within
Her glance, as it questions the eye of
Megone,—
An awful meaning of guilt and sin !—
The Indian hath opened his blanket,
and there
Hangs a human scalp by its long damp
hair !
With hand upraised, with quick-drawn
breath,
She meets that ghastly sign of death.
In one long, glassy, spectral stare
The enlarging eye is fastened there,
As if that mesh of pale brown hair
Had power to change at sight alone,
Even as the fearful locks which wound
Medusa's fatal forehead round,
The gazer into stone,
With such a look Herodias read
The features of the bleeding head,
So looked the mad Moor on his dead,
Or the young Cenci as she stood,
O'er-dabbled with a father's blood !
Look !—feeling melts that frozen
glance,
It moves that marble countenance,
As if at once within her strove
Pity with shame, and hate with love.
The Past recalls its joy and pain,
Old memories rise before her brain,—
The lips which love's embraces met,
The hand he tears of parting wet.
The voice whose pleading tones be-
guiled
The pleased ear of the forest-child,—
And tears she may no more repress
Reveal her lingering tenderness.
O, woman wronged, can cherish hate
More deep and dark than manhood
may ;
But when the mockery of Fate
Hath left Revenge its chosen way,
And the fell curse, which years have
nursed,
Full on the spoiler's head hath burst,—
When all her wrong and shame, and
pain,
Burns fiercely on his heart and brain,—
Still lingers something of the spell
Which bound her to the traitor's
bosom,—
Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell,
Some flowers of old affection blossom.
John Bonython's eyebrows together are
drawn
With a fierce expression of wrath and
scorn—
He hoarsely whispers, “ Ruth beware !
Is this the time to be playing the
fool,—
Crying over a paltry lock of hair,
Like a love-sick girl at school ?—
Curse on it !—an Indian can see and
hear :
Away,—and prepare our evening
cheer ! ”
How keenly the Indian is watching
now
Her tearful eye and her varying
brow,—
With a serpent eye, which kindles and
burns,
Like a fiery star in the upper air :
On sire and daughter his fierce glance
turns :—
“ Has my old white father a scalp to
spare ?
For his young one loves the pale brown
hair
Of the scalp of an English dog, far
more
Than Mogg Megone, or his wigwam
floor :
Go,—Mogg is wise : he will keep his
land,—
And Sagamore John, when he feels
with his hand,

Shall miss his scalp where it grew
before."

The moment's gust of grief is gone,—
The lip is clenched,—the tears are
still,—

God pity thee, Ruth Bonython!
With what a strength of will
Are nature's feelings in thy breast,
As with an iron hand, repressed!
And how, upon that nameless woe,
Quick as the pulse can come and go,
While shakes the unsteadfast knee, and
yet

The bosom heaves,—the eye is wet,—
Has thy dark spirit power to stay
The heart's wild current on its way?
And whence that baleful strength of
guile,

Which over that still working brow
And tearful eye and cheek, can throw
The mockery of a smile?

Warned by her father's blackening
frown,
With one strong effort crushing down
Grief, hate, remorse, she meets again
The savage murderer's sullen gaze,
And scarcely look or tone betrays
How the heart strives beneath its chain.

"Is the Sachem angry,—angry with
Ruth,
Because she cries with an ache in her
tooth,"¹⁰

Which would make a Sagamore jump
and cry,

And look about with a woman's eye?
No,—Ruth will sit in the Sachem's door
And braid the mats for his wigwam floor,
And broil his fish and tender fawn,
And weave his wampum, and grind his
corn,—

For she loves the brave and the wise,
and none

Are braver and wiser than Mogg
Megone!"

The Indian's brow is clear once more:
With grave, calm face, and half-shut
eye,

He sits upon the wigwam floor,
And watches Ruth go by,
Intent upon her household care;
And ever and anon, the while,
Or on the maiden, or her fare,

Which smokes in grateful promise there,
Bestows his quiet smile.

Ah, Mogg Megone!—what dreams are
thine,

But those which love's own fancies
dress,—

The sum of Indian happiness!—
A wigwam, where the warm sunshine
Looks in among the groves of pine,—
A stream, where, round thy light canoe,
The trout and salmon dart in view,
And the fair girl, before thee now,
Spreading thy mat with hand of snow,
Or plying, in the dews of morn,
Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,
Or offering up, at eve, to thee,
Thy birchen dish of hominy!

From the rude board of Bonython,
Venison and suckatash have gone,—
For long these dwellers of the wood
Have felt the gnawing want of food.
But untasted of Ruth is the frugal
cheer,—

With head averted, yet ready ear,
She stands by the side of her austere sire,
Feeding, at times, the unequal fire
With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine
tree,

Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls
On the cottage-roof, and its black log
walls,

And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting
flask

The fire-water burns at the lip of Me-
gone:

"Will the Sachem hear what his father
shall ask?

Will he make his mark, that it may
be known,

On the speaking-leaf, that he gives the
land,
From the Sachem's own, to his father's
hand?"

The fire-water shines in the Indian's
eyes,

As he rises the white man's bidding
to do:

"Wuttamuttata—weekan!" Mogg is
wise,—

For the water he drinks is strong and
new,—

Mogg's heart is great!—will he shut
his hard,
When his father asks for a little land?"—
With unsteady fingers the Indian has
drawn
On the parchment the shape of a
hunter's bow,
"Boon water,—boon water,—Saga-
more John!
Wuttamuttata,—weekan! our hearts
will grow!"
He drinks yet deeper,—he mutters
low,—
He reels on his bear-skin to and fro,—
His head falls down on his naked
breast,—
He struggles, and sinks to a drunken rest.

"Humph—drunk as a beast!"—and
Bonython's brow
Is darker than ever with evil thought—
"The fool has signed his warrant; but
how
And when shall the deed be wrought?
Speak, Ruth! why, what the devil is
there,
To fix thy gaze in that empty air?—
Speak, Ruth! by my soul, if I thought
that tear,
Which shames thyself and our purpose
here,
Were shed for that cursed and pale-
faced dog,
Whose green scalp hangs from the belt
of Mogg,
And whose beastly soul is in Satan's
keeping,—
This—this!"—he dashes his hand upon
The rattling stock of his loaded gun,—
"Should send thee with him to do
thy weeping!"

"Father!"—the eye of Bonython
Sinks at that low, sepulchral tone,
Hollow and deep, as it were spoken
By the unmoving tongue of death,—
Or from some statue's lips had bro-
ken,—
A sound without a breath!
"Father!"—my life I value less
Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;
And how it ends it matters not,
By heart-break or by rifle-shot;
But spare awhile the scoff and threat,—
Our business is not finished yet"

"True, true, my girl,—I only meant
To draw up again the bow unbent.
I harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought
To frighten off thy gloomy thought;—
Come,—let's be friends!" He seeks
to clasp
His daughter's cold, damp hand in his.
Ruth startles from her father's grasp,
As if each nerve and muscle felt,
Instinctively, the touch of guilt,
Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg:
"What shall be done with yonder dog?
Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine,—
The deed is signed and the land is mine;
And this drunken fool is of use no
more,
Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and
sooth,
"Twere Christian mercy to finish him,
Ruth,
Now, while he lies like a beast on our
floor,—
If not for thine, at least for his sake,
Rather than let the poor dog awake
To drain my flask, and claim as his bride
Such a forest devil to run by his side,—
Such a Wetuomanit¹² as thou wouldst
make!"

He laughs at his jest. Hush—what is
there?—
The sleeping Indian is striving to rise,
With his knife in his hand, and glar-
ing eyes!—
"Wagh!—Mogg will have the pale-
face's hair,
For his knife is sharp, and his fingers
can help
The hair to pull and the skin to peel,—
Let him cry like a woman and twist
like an eel,
The great Captain Scamman must
lose his scalp!
And Ruth, when she sees it, shall dance
with Mogg."
His eyes are fixed,—but his lips draw
in,—
With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiend-
ish grin,—
And he sinks again, like a senseless log.

Ruth does not speak,—she does not stir;
But she gazes down on the murderer,

Whose broken and dreamful slumbers
tell

Too much for her ear of that deed of hell.
She sees the knife, with its slaughter red,
And the dark fingers clenching the bear-
skin bed!

What thoughts of horror and madness
whirl
Through the burning brain of that fallen
girl!

John Bonython lifts his gun to his eye,
Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear,—
But he drops it again. "Some one
may be nigh,
And I would not that even the wolves
should hear."

He draws his knife from its deer-skin
belt,—
Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt;—
Kneeling down on one knee by the
Indian's side,

From his throat he opens the blanket
wide;
And twice or thrice he feebly essays
A trembling hand with the knife to
raise.

"I cannot,"—he mutters,—“did he
not save
My life from a cold and wintry grave,
When the storm came down from Agioo-
chook,

And the north-wind howled, and the
tree-tops shook,—
And I strove, in the drifts of the rush-
ing snow,

Till my knees grew weak and I could
not go,
And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,
And my heart's blood stiffen, and pulses
sleep!

I cannot strike him—Ruth Bonython!
In the devil's name, tell me—what's to
be done?"

O, when the soul, once pure and high,
Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,
As, with the downcast star of morn,
Some gems of light are with it drawn,—
And, through its night of darkness, play
Some tokens of its primal day,—
Some lofty feelings linger still,—

The strength to dare, the nerve to
meet

Whatever threatens with defeat

Its all-indomitable will,—

But lacks the mean of mind and heart,
Though eager for the gains of crime,
Oft at his chosen place and time,
The strength to bear his evil part;
And, shielded by his very Vice,
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.

Ruth starts erect,—with bloodshot
eye,

And lips drawn tight across her teeth,
Showing their locked embrace beneath,
In the red fire-light:—"Mogg must die!
Give me the knife!"—The outlaw turns,
Shuddering in heart and limb, away,—
But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,
And he sees on the wall strange
shadows play.

A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,
Are dimly pictured in light and shades,
Plunging down in the darkness.
Hark, that cry

Again—and again—he sees it fall,—
That shadowy arm down the lighted
wall!

He hears quick footsteps—a shape
flits by—
The door on its rusted hinges creaks:—
"Ruth—daughter Ruth!" the outlaw
shrieks.

But no sound comes back,—he is stand-
ing alone

By the mangled corpse of Mogg Megone!

PART II.

'Tis morning over Norridgewock,—
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred
At intervals by breeze and bird,
And wearing all the hues which glow
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,
That glorious picture of the air,
Which summer's light-robed angel forms
On the dark ground of fading storms,
With pencil dipped in sunbeams
there,—

And, stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,
The aching and the dazzled eye
Rests gladdened, on the calm blue
sky,—

Slumbers the mighty wilderness!
The oak, upon the windy hill,

Its dark green burthen upward
 heaves—
 The hemlock broods above its rill,
 Its cone-like foliage darker still,
 Against the birch's graceful stem,
 And the rough walnut-bough receives
 The sun upon its crowded leaves,
 Each coloured like a topaz gem ;
 And the tall maple wears with them
 The coronal which autumn gives,
 The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
 The hectic of a dying year !

The hermit priest, who lingers now
 On the Bald Mountain's shrubless brow,
 The gray and thunder-smitten pile
 Which marks afar the Desert Isle,¹³
 While gazing on the scene below,
 May half forget the dreams of home,
 That nightly with his slumbers
 come,—
 The tranquil skies of sunny France,
 The peasant's harvest song and dance,
 The vines around the hillsides wreathing
 The soft airs midst their clusters breath-
 ing,
 The wings which dipped, the stars
 which shone
 Within thy bosom, blue Garonne !
 And round the Abbey's shadowed wall,
 At morning spring and even-fall,
 Sweet voices in the still air singing,—
 The chant of many a holy hymn,—
 The solemn bell of vespers ringing,—
 And hallowed torch-light falling dim
 On pictured saint and seraphim !
 For here beneath him lies unrolled,
 Bathed deep in morning's flood of gold,
 A vision gorgeous as the dream
 Of the beatified may seem,
 When, as his Church's legends say,
 Borne upward in ecstatic bliss,
 The rapt enthusiast soars away
 Unto a brighter world than this ;
 A mortal's glimpse beyond the pale,—
 A moment's lifting of the veil !

Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,
 Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay ;
 And gently from that Indian town
 The verdant hillside slopes adown,
 To where the sparkling waters play
 Upon the yellow sands below ;
 And shooting round the winding shores
 Of narrow capes, and isles which lie

Slumbering to ocean's lullaby,—
 With birchen boat and glancing oars,
 The red men to their fishing go ;
 While from their planting ground is
 borne
 The treasure of the golden corn,
 By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow
 Wild through the locks which o'er them
 flow.

The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,
 Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,
 Watching the huskers, with a smile
 For each full ear which swells the pile :
 And the old chief, who nevermore
 May bend the bow or pull the oar,
 Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
 Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,
 The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward turning eye
 A thousand wooded islands lie,—
 Gems of the waters !—with each hue
 Of brightness set in ocean's blue.
 Each bears aloft its tuft of trees
 Touched by the pencil of the frost,
 And, with the motion of each breeze,
 A moment seen,—a moment lost,
 Changing and blent, confused and
 tossed,
 The brighter with the darker crossed,
 Their thousand tints of beauty glow
 Down in the restless waves below,
 And tremble in the sunny skies,
 As if, from waving bough to bough,
 Flitted the birds of paradise.

There sleep Placentia's group,—and
 there
 Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer :
 And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
 On which the Father's hut is seen,
 The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
 And peers the hemlock-boughs be-
 tween,
 Half trembling, as he seeks to look
 Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book,¹⁴
 There, gloomily against the sky
 The Dark Isles rear their summits high ;
 And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
 Lifts its gray turrets in the air,—
 Seen from afar, like some stronghold
 Built by the ocean kings of old ;
 And, faint as smoke-wreath white and
 thin,
 Swells in the north vast Katahdin ;
 And, wandering from its marshy feet,

ean's lullaby,—
and glancing oars,
their fishing go ;
planting ground is

golden corn,
those dark eyes glow
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whose toil is done,
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summits high ;
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of old ;
ath white and

Katahdin ;
marshy feet,

The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with its own bright bay.
Slow sweep his dark and gathering
floods,
Arched over by the ancient woods,
Which Time, in those dim solitudes,
Wielding the dull axe of Decay,
Alone hath ever shorn away.

Not thus, within the woods which hide
The beauty of thy azure tide,
And with their falling timbers block
Thy broken currents, Kennebec !
Gazes the white man on the wreck
Of the down-trodden Norridgewock—
In one lone village hemmed at length,
In battle shorn of half their strength,
Turned, like the panther in his lair,
With his fast-flowing life-blood wet,
For one last struggle of despair,
Wounded and faint, but tameless yet !
Unreaped, upon the planting lands,
The scant, neglected harvest stands :
No shout is there,—no dance,—no
song :

The aspect of the very child
Scowls with a meaning sad and wild
Of bitterness and wrong.
The almost infant Norridgewock
Essays to lift the tomahawk ;
And plucks his father's knife away,
To mimic, in his frightful play,
The scalping of an English foe :
Wreathes on his lip a horrid smile,
Burns, like a snake's, his small eye,
while

Some bough or sapling meets his
blow.

The fisher as he drops his line,
Starts, when he sees the hazels quiver
Along the margin of the river,
Looks up and down the rippling tide,
And grasps the firelock at his side.
For Bomazeen¹⁵ from Tacconock
Has sent his runners to Norridgewock,
With tidings that Moulton and Harmon
of York
Far up the river have come :
They have left their boats,—they have
entered the wood,
And filled the depths of the solitude
With the sound of the ranger's drum.

On the brow of a hill, which slopes to
meet

The flowing river, and bathe its feet,—
The bare-washed rock, and the droop-
ing grass,
And the creeping vine, as the waters
pass,—

A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands:
Yet the traveller knows it a place of
prayer,

For the holy sign of the cross is there :
And should he chance at that place to
be

Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed
day,

When prayers are made and masses are
said,

Some for the living and some for the
dead,

Well might that traveller start to see
The tall dark forms, that take their
way

From the birch canoe, on the river-shore,
And the forest paths, to that chapel
door ;

And marvel to mark the naked knees
And the dusky foreheads bending
there,

While, in coarse white vesture, over
these

In blessing or in prayer,
Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,
Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit
stands.¹⁶

Two forms are now in that chapel dim,
The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,

Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,
Which a stranger is telling him.

That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,
And wet with dew and loosely worn ;
Her fair neglected hair falls down
O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine
brown ;

Yet still, in that disordered face,
The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace
Those elements of former grace
Which, half effaced, seem scarcely less,
Even now, than perfect loveliness.

With drooping head and voice so low,
That scarce it meets the Jesuit's
ears,—

While through her clasped fingers flow,
From the heart's fountain, hot and
slow,

Her penitential tears,—
 She tells the story of the woe
 And evil of her years.
 "O father, bear with me; my heart
 Is sick and death-like, and my brain
 Seems girdled with a fiery chain,
 Whose scorching links will never part,
 And never cool again.
 Bear with me while I speak,—but turn
 Away that gentle eye, the while—
 The fires of guilt more fiercely burn
 Beneath its holy smile;
 For half I fancy I can see
 My mother's sainted look in thee.

"My dear lost mother! sad and pale,
 Mournfully sinking day by day,
 And with a hold on life as frail
 As frosted leaves, that, thin and
 gray,

Hang feebly on their parent spray,
 And tremble in the gale;
 Yet watching o'er my childishness
 With patient fondness,—not the less
 For all the agony which kept
 Her blue eye wakeful, while I slept;
 And checking ever tear and groan
 That haply might have waked my own,
 And bearing still, without offence,
 My idle words and petulance;
 Reproving with a tear,—and, while
 The tooth of pain was keenly preying
 Upon her very heart, repaying
 My brief repentance with a smile.

"O, in her meek, forgiving eye
 There was a brightness not of mirth,
 A light whose clear intensity
 Was borrowed not of earth.
 Along her cheek a deepening red
 Told where the feverish hectic fed;
 And yet, each fatal token gave
 To the mild beauty of her face
 A newer and a dearer grace,
 Unwarning of the grave.

'Twas like the hue which Autumn gives
 To yonder changed and dying leaves,
 Breathed over by his frosty breath;
 Scarce can the gazer feel that this
 Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,
 The mocking-smile of Death!

"Sweet were the tales she used to tell
 When summer's eve was dear to us,
 And, fading from the darkening dell,

The glory of the sunset fell
 On wooded Agameticus,—
 When, sitting by our cottage wall,
 The murmur of the Saco's fall,
 And the south-wind's expiring sighs
 Came, softly blending, on my ear,
 With the low tones I love to hear:
 Tales of the pure,—the good,—the
 wise,—

The holy men and maids of old,
 In the all-sacred pages told;—
 Of Rachel, stooped at Haran's foun-
 tains,

Amid her father's thirsty flock,
 Beautiful to her kinsman seeming
 As the bright angels of his dreaming,
 On Padan-aram's holy rock;
 Of gentle Ruth,—and her who kept
 Her awful vigil on the mountains,
 By Israel's virgin daughters wept;
 Of Miriam, with her maidens, singing
 The song for grateful Israel meet,
 While every crimson wave was bringing
 The spoils of Egypt at her feet;
 Of her,—Samarita's humble daughter,
 Who paused to hear, beside her well,
 Lessons of love and truth, which fell
 Softly as Shiloh's flowing water;
 And saw, beneath his pilgrim guise,
 The Promised One, so long foretold
 By holy seer and bard of old,
 Revealed before her wondering eyes.

"Slowly she faded. Day by day
 Her step grew weaker in our hall,
 And fainter, at each even-fall,
 Her sad voice died away,
 Yet on her thin, pale lip, the while,
 Sat Resignation's holy smile:
 And even my father checked his tread,
 And hushed his voice, beside her bed:
 Beneath the calm and sad rebuke
 Of her meek eye's imploring look,
 The scowl of hate his brow forsook,
 And in his stern and gloomy eye,
 At times, a few unwonted tears
 Wet the dark lashes, which for years
 Hatred and pride had kept so dry.

"Calm as a child to slumber soothed,
 As if an angel's hand had smoothed
 The still, white features into rest,
 Silent and cold, without a breath
 To stir the drapery on her breast,
 Pain, with its keen and poisoned fang,

The horror of the mortal pang,
The suffering look her brow had worn,
The fear, the strife, the anguish gone,—
She slept at last in death!

“O, tell me, father, *can* the dead
Walk on the earth, and look on us,
And lay upon the living's head
Their blessing or their curse?
For, O, last night she stood by me,
As I lay beneath the woodland tree!”

The Jesuit crosses himself in awe,—
“Jesu! what was it my daughter saw?”

“*She* came to me last night.
The dried leaves did not feel her
tread;

She stood by me in the wan moonlight,
In the white robes of the dead!
Pale, and very mournfully
She bent her light form over me.
I heard no sound, I felt no breath
Breathe o'er me from that face of death:
Its blue eyes rested on my own,
Rayless and cold as eyes of stone;
Yet, in their fixed, unchanging gaze,
Something, which spoke of early
days,—

A sadness in their quiet glare,
As if love's smile were frozen there,—
Came o'er me with an icy thrill;
O God! I feel its presence still!”

The Jesuit makes the holy sign,—
“How passed the vision, daughter
mine?”

“All dimly in the wan moonshine,
As a wreath of mist will twist and
twine,
And scatter, and melt into the light,—
So scattering,—melting on my sight,
The pale, cold vision passed;
But those sad eyes were fixed on mine
Mournfully to the last.”

“God help thee, daughter, tell me why
That spirit passed before thine eye!”

“Father, I know not, save it be
That deeds of mine have summoned her
From the unbreathing sepulchre,
To leave her last rebuke with me.
Ah, woe for me! my mother died
Just at the moment when I stood

Close on the verge of womanhood,
A child in everything beside;
And when my wild heart nee'ed most
Her gentle counsels, they were lost.

“My father lived a stormy life,
Of frequent change and daily strife;
And,—God forgive him! left his child
To feel, like him, a freedom wild;
To love the red man's dwelling-place,

The birch boat on his shaded floods,
The wild excitement of the chase
Sweeping the ancient woods,
The camp-fire, blazing on the shore
Of the still lakes, the clear stream,
where

The idle fisher sets his wear,
Or angles in the shade, far more
Than that restraining awe I felt
Beneath my gentle mother's care,
When nightly at her knee I knelt,
With childhood's simple prayer.

“There came a change. The wild,
glad mood

Of unchecked freedom passed.
Amid the ancient solitude
Of unshorn grass and waving wood,
And waters glancing bright and fast.
A softened voice was in my ear,
Sweet as those lulling sounds and fine
The hunter lifts his head to hear,
Now far and faint, now full and near—
The murmur of the wind-swept pine.
A manly form was ever nigh,
A bold, free hunter, with an eye
Whose dark, keen glance had power
to wake

Both fear and love,—to awe and charm;
’Twas as the wizard rattlesnake,
Whose evil glances lure to harm—
Whose cold and small and glittering eye,
And brilliant coil, and changing dye,
Draw, step by step, the gazer near,
With drooping wing and cry of fear,
Yet powerless all to turn away,
A conscious, but a willing prey!

Fear, doubt, thought, life itself, ere long
Merged in one feeling deep and strong.
Faded the world which I had known,
A poor vain shadow, cold and waste;
In the warm present bliss alone
Seemed I of actual life to taste.
Fond longings dimly understood,
The glow of passion's quickening blood,

And cherished fantasies which press
The young lip with a dream's caress,—
The heart's forecast and prophecy
Took form and life before my eye,
Seen in the glance which met my own,
Heard in the soft and pleading tone,
Felt in the arms around me cast,
And warm heart-pulses beating fast.
Ah! scarcely yet to God above
With deeper trust, with stronger love
Has prayerful saint his meek heart lent,
Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,
Than I, before a human shrine,
As mortal and as frail as mine,
With heart, and soul, and mind, and
form,

Knelt madly to a fellow worm.

"Full soon, upon that dream of sin,
An awful light came bursting in.
The shrine was cold, at which I knelt,
The idol of that shrine was gone;
A humbled thing of shame and guilt,
Outcast, and spurned and lone,
Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,
With withering heart and burning
brain,

And tears that fell like fiery rain,
I passed a fearful time.

"There came a voice—it checked the
tear—

In heart and soul it wrought a
change;—
My father's voice was in my ear;
It whispered of revenge!
A new and fiercer feeling swept
All lingering tenderness away;
And tiger passions, which had slept
In childhood's better day,
Unknown, unfelt, arose at length
In all their own demoniac strength.

"A youthful warrior of the wild,
By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,
Of crime the cheated instrument,
Upon our fatal errands went.

Through camp and town and wilder-
ness
He tracked his victim; and, at last,
Just when the tide of hate had passed,
And milder thoughts came warm and
fast,

Exulting, at my feet he cast
The bloody token of success.

"O God! with what an awful power

I saw the buried past arise,
And gather, in a single hour,
Its ghost-like memories!
And then I felt—alas! too late—
That underneath the mask of hate,
That shame and guilt and wrong had
thrown

O'er feelings which they might not
own,

The heart's wild love had known no
change;

And still, that deep and hidden love,
With its first fondness, swept above

The victim of its own revenge!
There lay the fearful scalp, and there
The blood was on its pale brown hair!

I thought not of the victim's scorn,

I thought not of his baleful guile,
My deadly wrong, my outcast name,
The characters of sin and shame

On heart and forehead drawn;
I only saw that victim's smile,—
The still, green places where we met,—
The moonlit branches, dewy wet;
I only felt, I only heard

The greeting and the parting word,—
The smile,—the embrace—the tone
which made

An Eden of the forest shade.

And oh, with what a loathing eye,
With what a deadly hate and deep
I saw that Indian murderer lie
Before me in his drunken sleep!
What though for me the deed was done,
And words of mine had sped him on!
Yet when he murmured as he slept,
The horrors of that deed of blood,
The tide of utter madness swept

O'er brain and bosom, like a flood.
And, father, with this hand of mine—"

"Ha! what didst thou?" the Jesuit
cries,

Shuddering, as smitten with sudden
pain,

And shading, with one thin hand, his
eyes,

With the other he makes the holy sign.

"—I smote him as I would a worm;—
With heart as steeled, with nerves as
firm:

He never woke again!"

"Woman of sin and blood and shame,

Speak,—I would know that victim's name."

"Father," she gasped, "a chieftain known
As Saco's Sachem,—MOGG MEGONE!"

Pale priest! What proud and lofty dreams,
What keen desires, what cherished schemes,

What hopes, that time may not recall,
Are darkened by that chieftain's fall!
Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,
To lift the hatchet of his sire,
And, round his own, the Church's foe,
To light the avenging fire?
Who now the Tarrantine shall wake,
For thine and for the Church's sake?
Who summon to the scene
Of conquest and unsparing strife,
And vengeance dearer than his life,
The fiery-souled Castine?"

Three backward steps the Jesuit takes,—
His long, thin frame as ague shakes;
And loathing hate is in his eye,
As from his lips these words of fear
Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear,—
"The soul that sinneth shall surely die!"

She stands, as stands the stricken deer,
Checked midway in the fearful chase,
When bursts, upon his eye and ear,
The gaunt, gray robber, baying near,
Between him and his hiding-place;
While still behind, with yell and blow,
Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.
"Save me, O holy man!" her cry
Fills all the void, as if a tongue,
Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,
Thrilling with mortal agony;
Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's
knee,
And her eye looks fearfully into his
own;—
"Off, woman of sin!—nay, touch not
me
With those fingers of blood;—be-
gone!"
With a gesture of horror, he spurns the
form
That writhes at his feet like a trodden
worm.

Ever thus the spirit must,
Guilty in the sight of Heaven,
With a keener woe be riven,
For its weak and sinful trust
In the strength of human dust;
And its anguish thrill afresh,
For each vain reliance given
To the failing arm of flesh.

PART III.

Ah, weary Priest!—with pale hands
pressed

On thy throbbing brow of pain,
Baffled in thy life-long quest,
Overworn with toiling vain,
How ill thy troubled musings fit
The holy quiet of a breast
With the Dove of Peace at rest,
Sweetly brooding over it.
Thoughts are thine which have no part
With the meek and pure of heart,
Undisturbed by outward things,
Resting in the heavenly shade,
By the overspreading wings
Of the Blessed Spirit made.
Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong
Sweep thy heated brain along,
Fading hopes, for whose success
It were sin to breathe a prayer;—
Schemes which Heaven may never
bless,—

Fears which darken to despair.
Hoary priest! thy dream is done
Of a hundred red tribes won
To the pale of Holy Church;
And the heretic o'erthrown,
And his name no longer known,
And thy weary brethren turning,
Joyful from their years of mourning,
'Twillt the altar and the porch.
Hark! what sudden sound is heard
In the wood and in the sky,
Shriller than the scream of bird,—
Than the trumpet's clang more high!
Every wolf-cave of the hills,—
Forest arch and mountain gorge,
Rock and dell, and river verge,—
With an answering echo thrills.
Well does the Jesuit know that cry,
Which summons the Norridgewock to
die,
And tells that the foe of his flock is nigh.
He listens, and hears the rangers come.
With loud hurrah, and jar of drum,

And hurrying feet (for the chase is hot),
And the short, sharp sound of rifle shot,
And taunt and menace,— answered well
By the Indians' mocking cry and yell,—
The bark of dogs,— the squaw's mad
scream,—

The dash of paddles along the stream,—
The whistle of shot as it cuts the leaves
Of the maples around the church's
eave,—

And the gride of hatchets, fiercely
thrown,

On wigwam-log and tree and stone.
Black with the grime of paint and dust,
Spotted and streaked with human
gore,

A grim and naked head is thrust
Within the chapel-door.

"Ha—Bomazeen!— in God's name
say,

What mean these sounds of bloody
fray?"

Silent, the Indian points his hand

To where across the echoing glen
Sweep Harmon's dreaded ranger-band,
And Moulton with his men.

"Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen?
Where are De Rouville¹⁸ and Castine,
And where the braves of Sawga's
queen?"

"Let my father find the winter snow
Which the sun drank up long moons ago!
Under the falls of Tacconock,
The wolves are eating the Norridge-
wock;

Castine with his wives lies closely hid
Like a fox in the woods of Pemaquid!
On Sawga's banks the man of war
Sits in his wigwam like a squaw,—
Squando has fled, and Mogg Megone,
Struck by the knife of Sagamore John,
Lies stiff and stark and cold as a stone."

Fearfully over the Jesuit's face,
Of a thousand thoughts, trace after trace,
Like swift cloud-shadows, each other
chase.

One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,
For a last vain struggle for cherished
life,—

The next, he hurls the blade away,
And kneels at his altar's foot to pray:
Over his beads his fingers stray,
And he kisses the cross, and calls aloud
On the Virgin and her Son;

For terrible thoughts his memory crowd
Of evil seen and done,—

Of scalps brought home by his savage
flock

From Casco and Sawga and Sagada-
hock,

In the Church's service won.

No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,
As scowling on the priest he looks:

"Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wes-
saseen?²⁹

Let my father look upon Bomazeen,—
My father's heart is the heart of a
squaw,

But mine is so hard that it does not thaw:
Let my father ask his God to make

A dance and a feast for a great saga-
more,

When he paddles across the western
lake,

With his dogs and his squaws to the
spirit's shore.

Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessa-
seen?

Let my father die like Bomazeen!"

Through the chapel's narrow doors,
And through each window in the
walls,

Round the priest and warrior pours
The deadly shower of English balls.

Low on his cross the Jesuit falls;
While at his side the Norridgewock,
With failing breath essays to mock

And menace yet the hated foe,—
Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro

Exultingly before their eyes,—
Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,

Defiant still, he dies.

"So fare all eaters of the frog!
Death to the Babylonish dog!

Down with the beast of Rome!"

With shouts like these, around the dead,
Unconscious on his bloody bed,

The rangers crowding come.
Brave men! the dead priest cannot hear

The unfeeling taunt,— the brutal jeer;—
Spurn—for he sees ye not—in wrath,

The symbol of your Saviour's death;
Tear from his death-grasp, in your

zeal,
And trample, as a thing accursed,
The cross he cherished in the dust:

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The dead man cannot feel !

Brutal alike in deed and word,
With callous heart and hand of strife,
How like a fiend may man be made,
Plying the foul and monstrous trade

Whose harvest-field is human life,
Whose sickle is the reeking sword !
Quenching, with reckless hand in blood,
Sparks kindled by the breath of God ;
Urging the deathless soul, unshriven,
Of open guilt or secret sin,

Before the bar of that pure Heaven
The holy only enter in !

O, by the widow's sore distress,
The orphan's wailing wretchedness.
By Virtue struggling in the accursed
Embraces of polluting Lust,
By the fell discord of the Pit,
And the pained souls that people it,
And by the blessed peace which fills
The Paradise of God for ever,

Resting on all its holy hills,
And flowing with its crystal river,—
Let Christian hands no longer bear
In triumph on his crimson car

The foul and idol god of war ;
No more the purple wreaths prepare
To bind amid his snaky hair ;
Nor Christian bards his glories tell,
Nor Christian tongues his praises swell.

Through the gun-smoke wreathing white,
Glimpses on the soldiers' sight
A thing of human shape I ween,
For a moment only seen,

With its loose hair backward streaming,
And its eyeballs madly gleaming,
Shrieking, like a soul in pain,
From the world of light and breath,

Hurrying to its place again,
Spectre-like it vanisheth !

Wretched girl ! one eye alone
Notes the way which thou hast gone.
That great Eye, which slumbers never,
Watching o'er a lost world ever,

Tracks thee over vale and mountain,
By the gushing forest-fountain,
Plucking from the vine its fruit,
Searching for the ground-nut's root,
Peering in the she-wolf's den,

Wading through the marshy fen,
Where the sluggish water-snake
Basks beside the sunny brake,

Coiling in his slimy bed,
Smooth and cold against thy tread,—
Purposeless, thy mazy way
Threading through the lingering day.
And at night securely sleeping
Where the dogwood's dews are weeping :
Still, though earth and man discard
thee,

Doth thy Heavenly Father guard thee :
He who spared the guilty Cain,
Even when a brother's blood,
Crying in the ear of God,
Gave the earth its primal stain,—
He whose mercy ever liveth,
Who repenting guilt forgiveth
And the broken heart receiveth—
Wanderer of the wilderness,
Haunted, guilty, crazed, and wild,
He regardeth thy distress,
And careth for his sinful child !

'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills !
Like torrents gush the summer rills ;
Through winter's moss and dry dead
leaves

The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
In kindly shower and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood ;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks ;
The southwest wind is warmly blow-
ing,

And odours from the springing grass,
The pine-tree and the sassafras,
Are with it on its errands going.

A band is marching through the wood
Where rolls the Kennebec his flood,—
The warriors of the wilderness,
Painted, and in their battle dress ;
And with them one whose bearded cheek,
And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak
A wanderer from the shores of
France.

A few long locks of scattering snow
Beneath a battered morion flow,
And from the rivets of the vest
Which girds in steel his ample breast,
The slanted sunbeams glance.
In the harsh outlines of his face
Passion and sin have left their trace ;
Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,
No signs of weary age are there.

His step is firm, his eye is keen,
Nor years in broil and battle spent,
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent
The lordly frame of old Castine.

No purpose now of strife and blood
Urges the hoary veteran on :
The fire of conquest, and the mood
Of chivalry have gone,
A mournful task is his,—to lay

Within the earth the bones of those
Who perished in that fearful day,
When Norridgewock became the prey
Of all unsparring foes.

Sadly and still, dark thoughts between,
Of coming vengeance mused Castine,
Of the fallen chieftain Bomazeen,
Who bade for him the Norridgewocks
Dig up their buried tomahawks
For firm defence or swift attack ;
And him whose friendship formed the tie

Which held the stern self-exile back
From lapsing into savagery ;
Whose garb and tone and kindly glance
Recalled a younger, happier day,

And prompted memory's fond essay,
To bridge the mighty waste which lay
Between his wild home and that

gray,
Tall chateau of his native France,
Whose chapel bell, with far-heard
din,

Ushered his birth-hour gayly in,
And counted with its solemn toll
The masses for his father's soul.

Hark ! from the foremost of the band
Suddenly bursts the Indian yell ;
For now on the very spot they stand
Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.

No wigwam smoke is curling there ;
The very earth is scorched and bare :
And they pause and listen to catch a
sound

Of breathing life,—but there comes
not one,
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's
bound ;
But here and there, on the blackened
ground,

White bones are glistening in the sun.
And where the house of prayer arose,
And the holy hymn, at daylight's
close,

And the aged priest stood up to bless
The children of the wilderness,
There is naught save ashes sodden and
dank ;

And the birchen boats of the Nor-
ridgewock,
Tethered to tree and stump and
rock,
Rotting along the river bank !

Blessed Mary ! who is she
Leaning against that maple-tree ?
The sun upon her face burns hot,
But the fixed eyelid moveth not ;
The squirrel's chirp is shrill and clear
From the dry bough above her ear ;
Dashing from rock and root its spray,
Close at her feet the river rushes ;
The blackbird's wing against her
brushes,
And sweetly through the hazel-bushes
The robin's mellow music gushes ;—
God save her ! will she sleep away ?

Castine hath bent him over the sleeper :
“ Wake, daughter,—wake ! ”—but
she stirs no limb :

The eye that looks on him is fixed
and dim ;
And the sleep she is sleeping shall be
no deeper,

Until the angel's oath is said,
And the final blast of the trump goes
forth
To the graves of the sea and the graves
of earth.

RUTH BONYTHON IS DEAD !

THE BRIDAL OF PENNA- COOK.²⁰

WE had been wandering for many
days

Through the rough northern country.
We had seen

The sunset, with its bars of purple
cloud,

Like a new heaven, shine upward from
the lake

Of Winnepiseogee ; and had felt

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Lifting his
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oaks
Shadowing
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The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy
 isles
 Which stoop their summer beauty to
 the lips
 Of the bright waters. We had checked
 our steeds,
 Silent with wonder, where the mountain
 wall
 Is piled to heaven; and, through the
 narrow rift
 Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged
 feet
 Beats the mad torrent with perpetual
 roar,
 Where noonday is as twilight, and the
 wind
 Comes burdened with the everlasting
 moan
 Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,
 We had looked upward where the
 summer sky,
 Tasselled with clouds light-woven by
 the sun,
 Sprung its blue arch above the abut-
 ting crags
 O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land
 Beyond the wall of mountains. We
 had passed
 The high source of the Saco; and be-
 wildered
 In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal
 Hills,
 Had heard above us, like a voice in the
 cloud,
 The horn of Fabyan sounding; and
 atop
 Of old Agioochook had seen the moun-
 tains
 Piled to the northward, shagged with
 wood, and thick
 As meadow mole-hills,—the far sea of
 Casco,
 A white gleam on the horizon of the
 east;
 Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods
 and hills;
 Moosehillock's mountain range, and
 Kearsarge
 Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!
 And we had rested underneath the
 oaks
 Shadowing the bank, whose grassy
 spires are shaken
 By the perpetual beating of the falls
 Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had
 tracked
 The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
 By beechen shadows, whitening down
 its rocks,
 Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
 From waving rye-fields sending up
 the gleam
 Of sunlit waters. We had seen the
 moon
 Rising behind Umbagog's eastern
 pines,
 Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its
 beams
 At midnight spanning with a bridge
 of silver
 The Merrimack by Uncanoonuc's falls.
 There were five souls of us whom travel's
 chance
 Had thrown together in these wild
 north hills:—
 A city lawyer, for a month escaping
 From his dull office, where the weary
 eye
 Saw only hot brick walls and close
 thronged streets,—
 Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see
 Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to
 take
 Its chances all as godsend; and his
 brother,
 Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retain-
 ing
 The warmth and freshness of a genial
 heart,
 Whose mirror of the beautiful and true,
 In Man and Nature, was as yet un-
 dimmed
 By dust of theologic strife, or breath
 Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore;
 Like a clearcrystal calm of water, taking
 The hue and image of o'erleaning
 flowers,
 Sweet human faces, white clouds of the
 noon,
 Slant starlight glimpses through the
 dewy leaves,
 And tenderest moonrise. 'Twas, in
 truth, a study,
 To mark his spirit, alternating be-
 tween
 A decent and professional gravity
 And an irreverent mirthfulness, which
 often

Laughed in the face of his divinity,
 Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite
 unshrined
 The oracle, and for the pattern priest
 Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious
 merchant,
 To whom the soiled sheet found in
 Crawford's inn,
 Giving the latest news of city stocks
 And sales of cotton, had a deeper mean-
 ing
 Than the great presence of the awful
 mountains
 Glorified by the sunset;—and his
 daughter
 A delicate flower on whom had blown
 too long
 Those evil winds, which, sweeping
 from the ice
 And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,
 Shed their cold blight round Massa-
 chusetts Bay,
 With the same breath which stirs
 Spring's opening leaves
 And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on
 its stem,
 Poisoning our seaside atmosphere.

It chanced

That as we turned upon our homeward
 way,
 A drear north-eastern storm came
 howling up
 The valley of the Saco; and that girl
 Who had stood with us upon Mount
 Washington,
 Her brown locks ruffled by the wind
 which whirled
 In gusts around its sharp cold pin-
 nacle,
 Who had joined our gay trout-fishing in
 the streams
 Which lave that giant's feet; whose
 laugh was heard
 Like a bird's carol on the sunrise breeze
 Which swelled our sail amidst the
 lake's green islands,
 Shrank from its harsh, chill breath, and
 visibly drooped
 Like a flower in the frost. So, in
 that quiet inn
 Which looks from Conway on the
 mountains piled
 Heavily against the horizon of the
 north,

Like summer thunder-clouds, we made
 our home:
 And while the mist hung over drip-
 ping hills,
 And the cold wind-driven rain-drops all
 day long
 Beat their sad music upon roof and
 pane,
 We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.

The lawyer in the pauses of the storm
 Went angling down the Saco, and,
 returning,
 Recounted his adventures and mishaps;
 Gave us the history of his scaly clients,
 Mingling with ludicrous yet apt citations
 Of barbarous law Latin, passages
 From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet and
 fresh
 As the flower-skirted streams of Staf-
 fordshire,
 Where, under aged trees, the southwest
 wind
 Of soft June mornings fanned the thin,
 white hair
 Of the sage fisher. And, if truth he told,
 Our youthful candidate forsook his ser-
 mons,
 His commentaries, articles and creeds,
 For the fair page of human loveli-
 ness,—
 The missal of young hearts, whose sacred
 text
 Is music, its illumining sweet smiles.
 He sang the songs she loved; and in
 his low,
 Deep, earnest voice, recited many a page
 Of poetry,—the holiest, tenderest lines
 Of the sad bard of Olney,—the sweet
 songs,
 Simple and beautiful as Truth and Na-
 ture,
 Of him whose whitened locks on Rydal
 Mount
 A. s. lifted yet by morning breezes blow-
 ing
 From the green hills, immortal in his
 lays.
 And for myself, obedient to her wish,
 I searched our landlord's proffered
 library,—
 A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its nice
 wood pictures
 Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike
 them,—

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Watts' unmelodious psalms,—Astrology's
 Last home, a musty pile of almanacs,
 And an old chronicle of border wars
 And Indian history. And, as I read
 A story of the marriage of the Chief
 Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,
 Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt
 In the old time upon the Merrimack,
 Our fair one, in the playful exercise
 Of her prerogative,—the right divine
 Of youth and beauty,—bade us versify
 The legend, and with ready pencil
 sketched
 Its plan and outlines, laughingly assign-
 ing
 To each his part, and barring our excuses
 With absolute will. So, like the cavaliers
 Whose voices still are heard in the Ro-
 mance
 Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the
 banks
 Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling
 The ear of languid beauty, plague-exiled
 From stately Florence, we rehearsed
 our rhymes
 To their fair auditor, and shared by turns
 Her kind approval and her playful cen-
 sure.

It may be that these fragments owe alone
 To the fair setting of their circumstan-
 ces,—
 The associations of time, scene, and
 audience,—
 Their place amid the pictures which
 fill up
 The chambers of my memory. Yet I
 trust
 That some, who sigh, while wardering
 in thought,
 Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden
 world,
 That our broad land,—our sea-like lakes
 and mountains
 Piled to the clouds,—our rivers over-
 hung
 By forests which have known no other
 change
 For ages, than the budding and the fall
 Of leaves,—our valleys lovelier than
 those
 Which the old poets sang of,—should
 but figure

On the apocryphal chart of speculation
 As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with
 the privileges,
 Rights, and appurtenances, which make
 up
 A Yankee Paradise,—unsung, unknown
 To beautiful tradition; even their names,
 Whose melody yet lingers like the last
 Vibration of the red man's requiem,
 Exchanged for syllables significant
 Of cotton-mill and rail-car, will look
 kindly
 Upon this effort to call up the ghost
 Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased
 ear
 To the responses of the questioned
 Shade.

I.—THE MERRIMACK.

O CHILD of that white-crested mountain
 whose springs
 Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-
 eagle's wings,
 Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy
 wild waters shine,
 Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing
 through the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so
 cold and so lone,
 From the arms of that wintry-locked
 mother of stone,
 By hills hung with forests, through vales
 wide and free,
 Thy mountain-born brightness glanced
 down to the sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that
 where the trees
 Stretched their long arms above thee
 and kissed in the breeze;
 No sound save the lapse of the waves
 on thy shores,
 The plunging of otters, the light dip of
 oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded by Amos-
 keag's fall
 Thy twin Uncanoonus rose stately and
 tall,
 Thy Nashua meadows lay green and
 unshorn,
 And the hills of Pentucket were tas-
 selled with corn.

But lay Pennacook valley was fairer
 than these,
 And greener its grasses and taller its
 trees,
 Ere the sound of an axe in the forest
 had rung,
 Or the mower his scythe in the meadows
 had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out
 from the wood
 The bark-built wigwams of Penna-
 cook stood,
 There glided the corn-dance, the coun-
 cil-fire shone.
 And against the red war-post the hatchet
 was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their
 pipes, and the young
 To the pike and the white-perch their
 baited lines flung;
 There the boy shaped his arrows, and
 there the shy maid
 Wove her many-hued baskets and
 bright wampum braid.

O Stream of the Mountains ! if answer
 of thine
 Could rise from thy waters to question
 of mine,
 Methinks through the din of thy
 thronged banks a moan
 Of sorrow would swell for the days
 which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom
 and the wheel,
 The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of
 steel;
 But that old voice of waters, of bird and
 of breeze,
 The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling
 of trees !

II.—THE BASHABA.²¹

LIFT we the twilight curtains of the
 Past,
 And, turning from familiar sight and
 sound,
 Sadly and full of reverence let us cast
 A glance upon Tradition's shadowy
 ground,
 Led by the few pale lights which, glim-
 mering round

That dim, strange land of Eld, seem
 dying fast ;
 And that which history gives not to the
 eye,
 The faded colouring of Time's tapestry,
 Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped
 brush supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,
 Through whose chinks the sunbeams
 shine,
 Tracing many a golden line
 On the ample floor within ;
 Where upon that earth-floor stark,
 Lay the gaudy mats of bark,
 With the bear's hide, rough and dark,
 And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,
 Woven of the willow white,
 Tent a dimly checkered light,
 And the night-stars glimmered down,
 Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,
 Slowly through an opening broke,
 In the low roof, ribbed with oak,
 Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade,
 By the solemn pine-wood stark ;
 Through the rugged palisade,
 In the open foreground planted,
 Glimpses came of rowers rowing,
 Stir of leaves and wild-flowers blowing,
 Steel-like gleams of water flowing,
 In the sunlight slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba,
 Held his long-unquestioned sway,
 From the White Hills, far away,
 To the great sea's sounding shore ;
 Chief of chiefs, his regal word
 All the river Sachems heard.
 At his call the war-dance stirred,
 Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,
 Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw
 Panther's skin and eagle's claw,
 Lay beside his axe and bow ;
 And, adown the roof-pole hung,
 Loosely on a snake-skin strung,
 In the smoke his scalp-locks swung
 Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,
 Swifter was the hunter's rowing,

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When he saw that lodge-fire glowing
O'er the waters still and red ;
And the squaw's dark eye burned
brighter,
And she drew her blanket tighter,
As, with quicker step and lighter,
From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,
And a Panisee's dark will,
Over powers of good and ill,
Powers which bless and powers which
ban,—
Wizard lord of Pennacook,
Chiefs upon their war-path shook,
When they met the steady look
Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the gray squaw told,
When the winter night-wind cold
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,
And the fire burned low and small,
Till the very child abed,
Drew its bear-skin over head,
Shrinking from the pale lights shed
On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding
Under earth or wave, abiding
In the caverned rock, or riding
Misty clouds or morning breeze ;
Every dark intelligence,
Secret soul, and influence
Of all things which outward sense
Feels, or hears, or sees,—

These the wizard's skill confessed,
At his bidding banned or blessed,
Stormful woke or lulled to rest
Wind and cloud, and fire and flood ;
Burned for him the drifted snow,
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow
And the leaves of summer grow
Over winter's wood !

Not untrue that tale of old !
Now, as then, the wise and bold
All the powers of Nature hold
Subject to their kingly will ;
From the wondering crowds ashore,
Treading life's wild waters o'er,
As upon a marble floor,
Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements
With their sterner laws dispense,

And the chain of consequence
Broken in their pathway lies ;
Time and change their vassals making,
Flowers from icy pillows waking,
Tresses of the sunrise shaking
Over midnight skies.

Still, to earnest souls, the sun
Rests on towered Gibeon,
And the moon of Ajalon
Lights the battle-grounds of life ;
To his aid the strong reverses
Hidden powers and giant forces,
And the high stars, in their courses,
Mingle in his strife !

III.—THE DAUGHTER.

THE soot-black brows of men,—the
yell
Of women thronging round the
bed,—
The tinkling charm of ring and shell,—
The Powah whispering o'er the
dead !

All these the Sachem's home had
known,
When, on her journey long and wild
To the dim World of Souls, alone,
In her young beauty passed the mother
of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's
dwelling
They laid her in the walnut shade,
Where a green hillock gently swelling
Her fitting mound of burial made.
There trailed the vine in summer
hours,
The tree-perched squirrel dropped
his shell,—
On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,
Woven with leaf and spray, the softened
sunshine fell !

The Indian's heart is hard and cold,—
It closes darkly o'er its care,
And formed in Nature's sternest mould,
Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.
The war-paint on the Sachem's face,
Unwet with tears, shone fierce and
red,
And, still in battle or in chase,
Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped beneath
his foremost tread.

Yet when her name was heard no more,
 And when the robe her mother gave,
 And small, light moccasin she wore,
 Had slowly wasted on her grave,
 Unmarked or him the dark maid seated
 Their sunset dance and moonlit
 play ;
 No other shared his lonely bed,
 No other fair young head upon his bosom
 lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, at sometimes
 The tempest-smitten tree receives
 From one small root the sap which
 climbs

Its topmost spray and crowning
 leaves,
 So from his child the Sachem drew
 A life of Love and Hope, and felt
 His cold and rugged nature through
 The softness and the warmth of her
 young being melt.

A laugh which in the woodland rang
 Bemocking April's gladdest bird,—
 A light and graceful form which sprang
 To meet him when his step was
 heard,—

Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,
 Small fingers stringing bead and
 shell

Or weaving mats of bright-hued
 bark,—

With these the household-god²² had
 graced his wigwam well.

Child of the forest!—strong and free,
 Slight-robed, with loosely flowing
 hair,

She swam the lake or climbed the tree,
 Or struck the flying bird in air.

O'er the heaped drifts of winter's
 moon

Hersnow-shoes tracked the hunter's
 way ;

And dazzling in the summer moon
 The blade of her light ear threw off its
 shower of spray !

Unknown to her the rig'd rule,
 The dull restraint, the chiding frown,
 The weary torture of the school

The taming of wild nature down.
 Her only lore, the legends told

Around the hunter's fire at night ;
 Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,

Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell,
 unquestioned in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill
 With which the artist-eye can trace
 In rock and tree and lake and hill
 The outlines of divinest grace ;
 Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest,
 Which sees, admires, yet yearns
 always ;

Too closely on her mother's breast
 To note her smiles of love the child of
 Nature lay !

It is enough for such to be
 Of common, natural things a part,
 To feel, with bird and stream and tree,
 The pulses of the same great heart ;
 But we, from Nature long exiled
 In our cold homes of Art and
 Thought,

Grieve like the stranger-tended child,
 Which seeks its mother's arms, and
 sees but feels them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom
 In cultured soil and genial air,
 To cloud the light of Fashion's room
 Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair,
 In lonelier grace, to sun and dew
 The sweetbrier on the hillside
 shows

Its single leaf and fainter hue,
 Untrained and wildly free, yet still a
 sister rose !

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo
 Their mingling shades of joy and ill
 The instincts of her nature threw,—
 The savage was a woman still.

Midst outlines dim of maidenschemes,
 Heart-coloured prophecies of life,
 Rose on the ground of her young
 dreams

The light of a new home,—the lover
 and the wife.

IV.—THE WEDDING.

Cool and dark fell the autumn night,
 But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed with
 light,

For down from its roof by green withes
 hung

Flaring and smoking the pine-knots
 swung.

And along the river great wood-fires
Shot into the night their long red spires,
Showing behind the tall, dark wood,
Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer
and shade,
Now high, now low, that firelight
played,

On tree-leaves wet with evening dew,
On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's brook,
And the weary fisher on Contoocook,
Saw over the marshes and through the
pine,
And down on the river the dance-lights
shine.

For the Saugus Sachem had come to woo,
The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo,
And laid at her father's feet that night
His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far south-
east

The river Sagamoses came to the feast ;
And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds
shook,
Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Sunapee's shore of rock,
From the snowy sources of Snooganock,
And from rough Coös whose thick
woods shake

Their pine-cones in Umbagog Lake.

From Ammonoosuc's mountain pass,
Wild as his home, came Chepewass ;
And the Keenoms of the hills which
glow

Their shade on the Smile of Manito.
With pipes of peace and bows unstrung,
Glowing with paint came old and young,
In wampum and furs and feathers ar-
rayed

To the dance and feast the Bashaba
made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field,
All which the woods and waters yield,
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled,
Garnished and graced that banquet wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge ;

Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,
And salmon speared in the Contoocook ;

Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic,
And small wild hens in reed-snares
caught
From the banks of Sondagardee
brought ;

Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills
shaken,
Cranberries picked in the Squamscot
bog,
And grapes from the vines of Piscata-
quog :

And, drawn from that great stone vase
which stands
In the river scooped by a spirit's hands,
Garnished with spoons of shell and
horn,
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking
corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the
field,
All which the woods and the waters
yield,
Furnished in that olden day
The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was done
On the fire-lit green the dance begun,
With squaws' shrill stave, and deeper
hum
Of old men beating the Indian drum.

Painted and plumed, with scalp-locks
flowing,
And red arms tossing and black eyes
glowing,
Now in the light and now in the shade,
Around the fires the dancers played.

The step was quicker, the song more
shrill,
And the beat of the small drums louder
still

Whenever within the circle drew
The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed
Their snow upon that chieftain's head,
And toil and care, and battle's chance
Had seamed his hard dark countenance.

A fawn beside the bison grim,—
Why turns the bride's fond eye on him,
In whose cold look is naught beside
The triumph of a sullen pride?

Ask why the graceful grape entwines
The rough oak with her arm of vines;
And why the gray rock's rugged cheek
The soft lips of the mosses seek;

Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems
To harmonize her wide extremes,
Linking the stronger with the weak,
The haughty with the soft and meek!

V.—THE NEW HOME.

A WILD and broken landscape, spiked
with firs,
Roughening the bleak horizon's north-
ern edge,

Steep, cavernous hillsides, where black
hemlock spurs
And sharp, gray splinters of the wind-
swept ledge

Pierced the thin-glazed ice, or bristling
rose,
Where the cold rim of the sky sunk down
upon the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes
stretched away,
Dull, dreary flats without a bush or
tree,
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice
a day

Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck
sea;
And faint with distance came the stifled
roar,
The melancholy lapse of waves on that
low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling
smokes,
No laugh of children wrestling in the
snow

No camp-fire blazing through the hill-
side oaks,
No fishers kneeling on the ice below;
Yet midst all desolate things of sound
and view.

Through the long winter moons smiled
dark-eyed Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home; and
freshly all

Its beautiful affections overgrew
Their rugged prop. As o'er some gran-
ite wall

Soft vine-leaves open to the moisten-
ing dew

And warm bright sun, the love of that
young wife

Found on a hard cold breast the dew
and warmth of life.

The steep bleak hills, the melancholy
shore,

The long dead level of the marsh be-
tween,

A colouring of unreal beauty wore
Through the soft golden mist of
young love seen.

For o'er those hills and from that dreary
plain,

Nightly she welcomed home her hunter
chief again.

No warmth of heart, no passionate burst
of feeling

Repaid her welcoming smile and
parting kiss,

No fond and playful dalliance half con-
cealing,

Under the guise of mirth, its tender-
ness;

But, in their stead, the warrior's settled
pride,

And vanity's pleased smile with homage
satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone
Sat on his mat and slumbered at his
side;

That he whose fame to her young ear
had flown

Now looked upon her proudly as his
bride;

That he whose name the Mohawk trem-
bling heard

Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly look
or word.

For she had learned the maxims of her
race,

Which teach the woman to become a
slave

And feel herself the pardonless disgrace
Of love's fond weakness in the wise
and brave,—

The scandal and the shame which they
 incur,
 Who give to woman all which man re-
 quires of her.
 So passed the winter moons. The sun
 at last
 Broke link by link the frost chain of
 the rills,
 And the warm breathings of the south-
 west passed
 Over the hoar rime of the Saugus
 hills,
 The gray and desolate marsh grew green
 once more,
 And the birch-tree's tremulous shade
 fell round the Sachem's door.
 Then from far Pennacook swift runners
 came,
 With gift and greeting for the Saugus
 chief;
 Beseeching him in the great Sachem's
 name,
 That, with the coming of the flower
 and leaf,
 The song of birds, the warm breeze and
 the rain,
 Young Weetamoo might greet her lonely
 sire again.
 And Winnepurkit called his chiefs to-
 gether,
 And a grave council in his wigwam
 met,
 Solemn and brief in words, considering
 whether
 The rigid rules of forest etiquette
 Permitted Weetamoo once more to
 look
 Upon her father's face and green-banked
 Pennacook.
 With interludes of pipe-smoke and
 strong water,
 The forest sages pondered, and at
 length,
 Concluded in a body to escort her
 Up to her father's home of pride and
 strength,
 Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense
 Of Winnepurkit's power and regal con-
 sequence.
 So through old woods which Aukeeta-
 mit's²⁴ hand,
 A soft and many-shaded greenness
 lent,
 Over high breezy hills, and meadow
 land
 Yellow with flowers, the wild proces-
 sion went,
 Till, rolling down its wooded banks be-
 tween,
 A broad, clear mountain stream, the
 Merrimack was seen.
 The hunter leaning on his bow un-
 drawn,
 The fisher lounging on the pebbled
 shores,
 Squaws in the clearing dropping the
 seed-corn,
 Young children peering through the
 wigwam doors,
 Saw with delight, surrounded by her
 train
 Of painted Saugus braves, their Wee-
 tamoo again.
 VI.—AT PENNACOOK.
 THE hills are dearest which our childish
 feet
 Have climbed the earliest; and the
 streams most sweet
 Are ever those at which our young lips
 drank.
 Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy
 bank :
 Midst the cold dreary sea-watch,
 Home's heart-light
 Shines round the helmsman plunging
 through the night ;
 And still, with inward eye, the traveller
 sees
 In close, dark, stranger streets his native
 trees.
 The home-sick dreamer's brow is nightly
 fanned
 By breezes whispering of his native
 land,
 And on the stranger's dim and dying eye
 The soft, sweet pictures of his childhood
 lie.
 Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once
 more
 A child upon her father's wigwam floor !

Once more with her old fondness to be-
 guile
 From his cold eye the strange light of
 a smile.
 The long bright days of summer swiftly
 passed,
 The dry leaves whirled in autumn's
 rising blast,
 And evening cloud and whitening sun-
 rise rime
 Told of the coming of the winter-time.
 But vainly looked, the while, young
 Weetamoo,
 Down the dark river for her chief's
 canoe;
 No dusky messenger from Saugus
 brought
 The grateful tidings which the young
 wife sought.
 At length a runner from her father sent,
 To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam
 went:
 "Eagle of Saugus,—in the woods the
 dove
 Mourns for the shelter of thy wings of
 love."
 But the dark chief of Saugus turned
 aside
 In the grim anger of hard-hearted pride;
 "I bore her as became a chieftain's
 daughter,
 Up to her home beside the gliding water.
 "If now no more a mat for her is found
 Of all which line her father's wigwam
 round,
 Let Pennacook call out his warrior
 train,
 And send her back with wampum gifts
 again."
 The baffled runner turned upon his
 track,
 Bearing the words of Winnepurkit back.
 "Dog of the Marsh," cried Pennacook,
 "no more
 Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam
 floor.
 "Go,—let him seek some meaner
 squaw to spread
 The stolen bear-skin of his beggar's bed:
 Son of a fish hawk!—let him dig his
 clams
 For some vile daughter of the Aga-
 wams,
 "Or coward Nir mucks!—may his scalp
 dry black
 In Mohawk smoke, before I send her
 back."
 He shook his clenched hand towards
 the ocean wave,
 While hoarse assent his listening council
 gave.
 Alas, poor bride!—can thy grim sire
 impart
 His iron hardness to thy woman's
 heart?
 Or cold self-torturing pride like his
 atone
 For love denied and life's warm beauty
 flown?
 On Autumn's gray and mournful grave
 the snow
 Hung its white wreaths; with stifled
 voice and low
 The river crept, by one vast bridge
 o'ercrossed,
 Built by the hoar-locked artisan of
 Frost.
 And many a Moon in beauty newly
 born
 Pierced the red sunset with her silver
 horn,
 Or, from the east, across her azure
 field
 Rolled the wide brightness of her full-
 orb'd shield.
 Yet Winnepurkit came not,—on the
 mat
 Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat;
 And he, the while, in Western woods
 afar,
 Urged the long chase, or trod the path
 of war.
 Dry up thy tears, young daughter of a
 chief!
 Waste not on him the sacredness of
 grief;
 Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine own,
 His lips of scorning, and his heart of
 stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred
fights,
The storm-worn watcher through long
hunting nights,
Alas, proud of woman's weak
distress,
Her home-bound grief and pining lone-
liness?

VII.—THE DEPARTURE.

THE wild March rains had fallen fast
and long
The snowy mountains of the North
among,
Making each vale a watercourse,—each
hill
Bright with the cascade of some new-
made rill.
Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by
the rain,
Heaved underneath by the swollen
current's strain,
The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merri-
mack
Bore the huge ruin crashing down its
track.
On that strong turbid water, a small
boat
Guided by one weak hand was seen to
float,
Evil the fate which loosed it from the
shore,
Too early voyager with too frail an
oar!
Down the vexed centre of that rushing
tide,
The thick huge ice-blocks threatening
either side,
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in
view,
With arrowy swiftness sped that light
canoe.
The trapper moistening his moose's
meat
On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's
feet,
Saw the swift boat flash down the
troubled stream—
Slept he, or waked he?—was it truth or
dream?

The straining eye bent fearfully before,
The small hand clenching on the useless
oar,
The bead-wrought blanket trailing o'er
the water—
He knew them all—woe for the Sa-
chem's daughter.

Sick and weary of her lonely life,
Heedless of peril the still faithful wife
Had left her mother's grave, her father's
door,
To seek the wigwam of her chief once
more.

Down the white rapids like a sere leaf
whirled,
On the sharp rocks and piled-up ices
hurled,
Empty and broken, circled the canoe
In the vexed pool below—but, where
was Weetamoo?

VIII.—SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE Dark eye has left us,
The Spring-bird has flown;
On the pathway of spirits
She wanders alone.

The song of the wood-dove has died on
our shore,—
Mat wonck kunnna-monee!—We hear it
no more:

O, dark water Spirit!
We cast on thy wave
These furs which may never
Hang over her grave;

Bear down to the lost one the robes that
she wore,—
Mat wonck kunnna-monee!—We see her
no more:

Of the strange land she walks in
No Powah has told
It may burn with the sunshine,
Or freeze with the cold.

Let us give to our lost one the robes that
she wore,
Mat wonck kunnna-monee!—We see her
no more!

The path she is treading
Shall soon be our own;
Each gliding in shadow
Unseen and alone!—

In vain shall we call on the souls gone
before,—

Mat wonck kunna-monee!—They hear
us no more!

O mighty Sowanna!²⁶
Thy gateways unfold,
From thy wigwam of sunset
Lift curtains of gold!

Take home the poor Spirit whose jour-
ney is o'er,—

Mat wonck kunna-monee!—We see her
no more!

So sang the Children of the Leaves be-
side

The broad, dark river's coldly-flowing
tide,

Now low, now harsh, with sob-like
pause and swell,

On the high wind their voices rose and
fell.

Nature's wild music,—sound of wind-
swept trees,

The scream of birds, the wailing of the
breeze,

The roar of waters, steady, deep, and
strong,—

Mingled and murmured in that farewell
song.

FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

1756.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks
o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the
bleak,
Wild winds have bared some splinter-
ing peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of
snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
Though yet on her deliverer's wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odours from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,
What reek the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried,—
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died.
Along Sebago's wooded side:

And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white
sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech, unclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly
mute,
They break the damp turf at his foot,
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide,—
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasselled garbs of skins arrayed,
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'Tis done: the roots are backward
sent,

The beechen-tree stands up unbent,—
The Indian's fitting monument !

When of that sleeper's broken race
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place
Which knew them once, retains no
trace ;

O, long may sunset's light be shed
As now upon that beech's head,—
A green memorial of the dead !

There shall his fitting requiem be,
In northern winds, that, cold and free,
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which
break
For ever round that lonely lake
A solemn undertone shall make !

And who shall deem the spot unblest,
Where Nature's younger children rest,
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's
breast ?

Deem ye that mother loveth less
These bronzed forms of the wilderness
She foldeth in her long caress ?

As sweet o'er them her wild-flowers
blow,
As if with fairer hair and brow
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest
No priestly knee hath ever pressed,—
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed ?

What though the bigoc's ban be there,
And thoughts of wailing and despair,
And cursing in the place of prayer !

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound,—
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment ; all
His powerless bolts of cursing fall
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild !
Great Nature owns her simple child !

And Nature's God, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known,—
The hidden language traced thereon ;

Who from its many cumberings
Of form and creed, and outward things,
To light the naked spirit brings ;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban,
The spirit of our brother man !

THE FOUNTAIN.

TRAVELLER ! on thy journey toiling
By the swift Powow,
With the summer sunshine falling
On thy heated brow,
Listen, while all else is still,
To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing
By that streamlet's side,
And a greener verdure showing
Where its waters glide,—
Down the hill-slope murmuring on,
Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth
O'er the sloping hill,
Beautiful and freshly springeth
That soft flowing rill,
Through its dark roots wreathed and
bare,
Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never
In that magic well,
Of whose gift of life for ever
Ancient legends tell,—
In the lonely desert wasted.
And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian⁷⁷
Sought with longing eyes,
Underneath the bright pavilion
Of the Indian skies ;
Where his forest pathway lay
Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,
With the dusky brow
Of the outcast forest-ranger,
Crossed the swift Powow ;
And betook him to the rill
And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness
For an instant shone
Something like a gleam of gladness.

As he stooped him down
To the fountain's grassy side,
And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing
O'er his mossy seat,
And the cool, sweet waters flowing
Softly at his feet,
Closely by the fountain's rim
That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given
To the woods below
Hues of beauty, such as heaven
Lendeth to its bow;
And the soft breeze from the west
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving
With his chains of sand;
Southward, sunny glimpses giving,
'Twixt the swells of land,
Of its calm and silvery track,
Rolled the tranquil Merrimack.

Over village, wood, and meadow
Gazed that stranger man,
Sadly, till the twilight shadow
Over all things ran,
Save where spire and westward pane
Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling
Of his warrior sires,
Where no lingering trace was telling
Of their wigwam fires,
Who the gloomy thoughts might know
Of that wandering child of woe?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,
Hills that once had stood
Down their sides the shadows throwing
Of a mighty wood,
Where the deer his covert kept,
And the eagle's pinion swept!

Where the birch canoe had glided
Down the swift Powow,
Dark and gloomy bridges strided
Those clear waters now;
And where once the beaver swam,
Jarred the wheel and frowned the dam.

For the wood-birds merry singing,
And the hunter's cheer,
Iron clang and hammer's ringing
Smote upon his ear;

And the thick and sullen smoke
From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be his fathers ever
Loved to linger here?
These bare hills, this conquered river, —
Could they hold them dear,
With their native loveliness
Tamed and tortured into this!

Sadly, as the shades of even
Gathered o'er the hill,
While the western half of heaven
Blushed with sunset still,
From the fountain's mossy seat
Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown for ever,
But he came no more
To the hillside or the river
Where he came before.
But the villager can tell
Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden
With their fruits or flowers, —
Roving boy and laughing maiden,
In their school-day hours,
Love the simple tale to tell
Of the Indian and his well.

THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA. 1675.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and
stone,

These huge mill-monsters overgrown;
Blot out the humbler piles as well,
Where, moved like living shuttles,
dwell

The weaving genii of the bell;
Tear from the wild Cocheco's track
The dams that hold its torrents back;
And let the loud-rejoicing fall
Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall;
And let the Indian's paddle play
On the unbridged Piscataqua!
Wide over hill and valley spread
Once more the forest, dusk and dread,
With here and there a clearing cut
From the walled shadows round it shut;
Each with its farm-house builded rude,
By English yeoman squared and hewed,
And the grim, flanked block-house
bound

With bristling palisades around.

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So, haply, shall before thine eyes
 The dusty veil of centuries rise,
 The old, strange scenery overlay
 The tamer pictures of to-day,
 While, like the actors in a play,
 Pass in their ancient guise along
 The figures of my border song :
 What time beside Cochecho's flood
 The white man and the red man stood,
 With words of peace and brotherhood ;
 When passed the sacred calumet
 From lip to lip the fire-draught wet,
 And, puffed in scorn, the peace-pipe's
 smoke
 Through the gray beard of Waldron
 broke,
 And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea
 For mercy, struck the haughty key
 Of one who held, in any fate,
 His native pride inviolate !

" Let your ears be opened wide !
 He who speaks has never lied.
 Waldron of Piscataqua,
 Hear what Squando has to say !

" Squando shuts his eyes and sees,
 Far off, Saco's hemlock-tree..
 In his wigwam, still as stone,
 Sits a woman all alone,

" Wampum beads and birchen strands
 Dropping from her careless hands,
 Listening ever for the fleet
 Patter of a dead child's feet !

" When the moon a year ago
 Told the flowers the time to blow,
 In that lonely wigwam smiled
 Menewee, our little child.

" Ere that moon grew thin and old,
 He was lying still and cold ;
 Sent before us, weak and small,
 When the Master did not call !

" On his little grave I lay ;
 Three times went and came the day ;
 Thrice above me blazed the noon,
 Thrice upon me wept the moon.

" In the third night-watch I heard,
 Far and low, a spirit-bird ;
 Very-mournful, very wild,
 Sang the totem of my child.

" Menewee, poor Menewee,
 Walks a path he cannot see ;
 Let the white man's wigwam light
 With its blaze his steps aright.

" All-uncalled, he dares not show
 Empty hands to Manito ;
 Better gifts he cannot bear
 Than the scalps his slayers wear."

" All the while the totem sang,
 Lightning blazed and thunder rang ;
 And a black cloud, reaching high,
 Pulled the white moon from the sky.

" I, the medicine-man, whose ear
 All that spirits hear can hear,—
 I, whose eyes are wide to see
 All the things that are to be,—

" Well I knew the dreadful signs
 In the whispers of the pines,
 In the river roaring loud,
 In the mutter of the cloud.

" At the breaking of the day,
 From the grave I passed away ;
 Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang
 glad,
 But my heart was hot and mad.

" There is rust on Squando's knife,
 From the warm, red springs of life ;
 On the funeral hemlock trees
 Many a scalp the totem sees.

" Blood for blood ! But evermore
 Squando's heart is sad and sore ;
 And his poor squaw waits at home
 For the feet that never come !

" Waldron of Cochecho, hear !
 Squando speaks, who laughs at fear
 Take the captives he has ta'en ;
 Let the land have peace again !"

As the words died on his tongue,
 Wide apart his warriors swung ;
 Parted, at the sign he gave,
 Right and left, like Egypt's wave.

And, like Israel passing free
 Through the prophet-charmed sea,
 Captive mother, wife, and child
 Through the dusky terror filed.

One alone, a little maid,
Middleway her steps delayed,
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid
On the little maiden's head,
Lightly from her forehead fair
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

"Gift of favour ask I none;
What I have is all my own:
Never yet the birds have sung,
'Squanto hath a beggar's tongue.'

"Yet for her who waits at home,
For the dead who cannot come,
Let the little Gold-hair be
In the place of Menewee!

"Mishanock, my little star!
Come to Saco's pines afar;
Where the sad one waits at home,
Wequashim, my moonlight, come!"

"What!" quoth Waldron, "leave a
child
Christian-born to heathens wild?
As God lives, from Satan's hand
I will pluck her as a brand!"

"Hear me, white man!" Squando
cried;
"Let the little one decide.
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,
Wilt thou go with me, or stay?"

Slowly, sadly, half afraid,
Half regretfully, the maid
Owned the ties of blood and race,—
Turned from Squando's pleading face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,
But his wampum chain he broke,
And the beaded wonder hung
On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem
In the marches of a dream,
Single-filed, the grim array
Though the pine-trees wound away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,
Through her tears the young child gazed.
"God preserve her!" Waldron said;
"Satan hath bewitched the maid!"

Years went and came. At close of day
Singing came a child from play,
Tossing from her loose-locked head
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother's look,
But her head she gravely shook,
And with lips that fondly smiled
Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed, the maid began;
"Up and down the brook I ran,
Where, beneath the bank so steep,
Lie the spotted trout asleep.

"'Chip!' went squirrel on the wall,
After me I heard him call,
And the cat-bird on the tree
Tried his best to mimic me.

"Where the hemlocks grew so dark
That I stopped to look and hark,
On a log, with feather hat,
By the path, an Indian sat.

"Then I cried, and ran away;
But he called, and bade me stay;
And his voice was good and mild
As my mother's to her child.

"And he took my wampum chain,
Looked and looked it o'er again;
Gave me berries, and, beside,
On my neck a plaything tied."

Straight the mother stooped to see
What the Indian's gift might be.
On the braid of wampum hung,
Lo! a cross of silver swung.

Well she knew its graven sign,
Squanto's bird and totem pine;
And, a mirage of the brain,
Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,
Into space the walls outgrew;
On the Indian's wigwam-mat,
Blossom-crowned, again she sat.

Cool she felt the west-wind blow,
In her ear the pines sang low,
And, like links from out a chain,
Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,
From the griefs and gnaw within,

To the
Called

Well,
Watch
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Dropped

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To the freedom of the woods
Called the birds, and winds, and floods.

Well, O painful minister!
Watch thy flock, but blame not her,
If her ear grew sharp to hear
All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul
All the desert's glamour stole,
That a tear for childhood's loss
Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the Book was read,
And she bowed her widowed head
And a prayer for each loved name
Rose like incense from a flame,

To the listening ear of Heaven,
Lo! another name was given;
"Father, give the Indian rest!
Bless him! for his love has blest!"

NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON.

NAUHAUGHT, the Indian deacon, who
of old

Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his
narrowing Cape
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the
winds

And the relentless smiting of the waves,
Awoke one morning from a pleasant
dream

Of a good angel dropping in his hand
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name
of God.

He rose and went forth with the early
day

Far inland, where the voices of the
waves

Mellowed and mingled with the whis-
pering leaves,

As, through the tangle of the low, thick
woods,

He searched his traps. Therein nor
beast nor bird

He found; though meanwhile in the
reedy pools

He other plashed, and underneath the
pines

He partridge drummed: and as his
thoughts went back

To the sick wife and little child at home,

What marvel that the poor man felt his
faith

Too weak to bear its burden,—like a
rope

That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks
above

The hand that grasps it. "Even now,
O Lord!

Send me," he prayed, "the angel of
my dream!

Nauhaught is very poor; he cannot
wait."

Even as he spake he heard at his bare
feet

A low, metallic clink, and, looking
down,

He saw a dainty purse with disks of
gold

Crowding its silken net. Awhile he
held

The treasure up before his eyes, alone
With his great need, feeling the won-
drous coins

Slide through his eager fingers, one by
one.

So then the dream was true. The
angel brought

One broad piece only; should he take
all these?

Who would be wiser, in the blind,
dumb woods?

The loser, doubtless rich, would scarce-
ly miss

This dropped crumb from a table al-
ways full.

Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear
the cry

Of a starved child; the sick face of his
wife

Tempted him. Heart and flesh in
fierce revolt

Urged the wild license of his savage
youth

Against his later scruples. Bitter toil,
Prayer, fasting, dread of blame, and
pitiless eyes

To watch his halting,—had he lost for
these

The freedom of the woods;—the hunt-
ing-grounds

Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven
Of everlasting psalms? One healed the
sick

Very far off thousands of moons ago:

Had he not prayed him night and day
 'to come
 And cure his bed-bound wife? Was
 there a hell?
 Were all his fathers' people writhing
 there—
 Like the poor shell-fish set to boil alive—
 For ever, dying never? If he kept
 This gold, so needed, would the dread-
 ful God
 Torment him like a Mohawk's captive
 stuck
 With slow-consuming splinters? Would
 the saints
 And the white angels dance and laugh
 to see him
 Burn like a pitch-pine torch? His
 Christian garb
 Seemed falling from him; with the fear
 and shame
 Of Adam naked at the cool of day,
 He gazed around. A black snake lay
 in coil
 On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong
 eye
 Watched from a dead bough. All his
 Indian lore
 Of evil blending with a convert's faith
 In the supernal terrors of the Book,
 He saw the Tempter in the coiling
 snake
 And ominous, black-winged bird; and
 all the while
 The low rebuking of the distant waves
 Stole in upon him like the voice of God
 Among the trees of Eden. Girding up
 His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he
 thrust
 The base thought from him: "Nau-
 haught, be a man!
 Starve, if need be; but, while you live,
 look out
 From honest eyes on all men, un-
 ashamed.
 God help me! I am deacon of the
 church,
 A baptized, praying Indian! Should
 I do
 This secret meanness, even the barken
 knots
 Of the old trees would turn to eyes to
 see it,
 The birds would tell of it, and all the
 leaves

Whisper above me: 'Nauhaught is a
 thief!'
 The sun would know it, and the stars
 that hide
 Behind his light would watch me, and
 at night
 Follow me with their sharp, accusing
 eyes.
 Yea, thou, God, seest me!" Then
 Nauhaught drew
 Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus
 The pain of hunger, and walked bravely
 back
 To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea;
 And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily
 asked:
 "Who hath lost aught to-day?"
 "I," said a voice;
 "Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,
 My daughter's handiwork." He looked,
 and lo!
 One stood before him in a coat of freeze,
 And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,
 Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with
 no trace of wings.
 Marvelling, he dropped within the
 stranger's hand
 The silken web, and turned to go his
 way.
 But the man said: "A tithe at least is
 yours;
 Take it in God's name as an honest
 man."
 And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed
 Over the golden gift, "Yea, in God's
 name
 I take it, with a poor man's thanks," he
 said.
 So down the street that, like a river of
 sand,
 Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer
 sea,
 He sought his home, singing and prais-
 ing God;
 And when his neighbours in their care-
 less way
 Spoke of the owner of the silken purse—
 A Wellfleet skipper, known in every
 port
 That the Cape opens in its sandy wall—
 He answered, with a wise smile, to
 himself:
 "I saw the angel where they see a
 man."



LEGENDS AND POEMS OF NEW ENGLAND.

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

1658.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free !

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,
From across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars ;
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night-time,
My grated casement whitened with autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by ;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky ;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea ;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold !

O, the weakness of the flesh was there,—the shrinking and the shame ;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came :

"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly !" the wicked murmur said,
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed ?

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street ?
Where be the youths whose glances, the summer Sabbath through,
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew ?

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra ?—Bethink thee with what birth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth ;
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken,
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of autumn the youthful hunters braid.

"O, weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth-bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

O, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel, O Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies!—for the peace and 'love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy lill, upon my spirit melt;
When, "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak:
"O Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her soul cast out
The fear of man, which brings a snare,—the weakness and the doubt.

Then the dreary shadows scattered, like a cloud in morning's breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these:
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and old,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer ;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak !
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones,—go turn the prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock !"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread ;
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed not her wordsso wild,
Her Master speaks within her,—the Devil owns his child !"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff, turning, said,—
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker maid ?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains ; and when again he cried,
"Speak out, my worthy seamen !"—no voice, no sign replied ;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear,—
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear !"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye ;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea,—

"Pile my ship with bars of silver,—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me !—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away !"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws !"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsmen of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold ?"

I looked on haughty Endicott ; with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn ;
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul ;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll.
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round the silent bay,
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way ;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

O, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodlet lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the poor is laid!

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm
Uplift the loud thanksgiving,—pour forth the grateful psalm;
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong,
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay his hand upon the strong
Woe to the wicked rulers in his avenging hour!
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour!

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!

PENTUCKET.

1708.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters
still

Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-walled dwellings
stood,

Where many a rood of open land
Stretched up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blackened stumps be-
tween.

Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravelled forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and
cold,

Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
(Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary labourer left his plough,—
The milkmaid carolled by her cow,
From cottage door and household hearth
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay,—
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,
Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimack along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood,
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hushed grouping of a dream.
Yet on the still air crept a sound,—
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hillside
beat?

What forms were those which darkly
stood

Just on the margin of the wood?—

Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight
dim,

Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No,—through the trees fierce eyeballs
glowed

Dark human forms in moonshine showed,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell the dead might wake to hear
Swelled on the night air, far and clear,—
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock,—
Then rang the rifle-shot,—and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken
men,—

Sank the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain,—
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through
The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat filled the air,—
No shout was heard,—no gunshot there:
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke:
And on the greensward many a stain,
And, here and there, the mangled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,
Still show the door of wasting oak,
Through which the fatal death-shot
broke,

And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare,—
Whose hideous head, in death still
feared,

Bore not a trace of hair or beard,—
And still, within the churchyard ground,
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice.

THE FAMILIST'S HYMN.

FATHER! to thy suffering poor
Strength and grace and faith impart,
And with thy own love restore
Comfort to the broken heart!

O, the failing ones confirm
With a holier strength of zeal!—
Give thou not the feeble worm
Helpless to the spoiler's heel!

Father! for thy holy sake
We are spoiled and hunted thus;
Joyful, for thy truth we take
Bonds and burthens unto us:
Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,
Weary with our daily task,
That thy truth may never fall
Through our weakness, Lord, we ask.

Round our fired and wasted homes
Flits the forest-bird unscared,
And at noon the wild beast comes
Where our frugal meal was shared;
For the song of praises there
Shrieks the crow the livelong day;
For the sound of evening prayer,
Howls the evil beast of prey!

Sweet the songs we loved to sing
Underneath thy holy sky,—
Words and tones that used to bring
Tears of joy in every eye,—
Dear the wrestling hours of prayer,
When we gathered knee to knee,
Blameless youth and hoary hair,
Bowed, O God, alone to thee.

As thine early children, Lord,
Shared their wealth and daily bread,
Even so, with one accord,
We, in love, each other fed.
Not with us the miser's hoard,
Not with us his grasping hand;
Equal round a common board,
Drew our meek and brother band!

Safe our quiet Eden lay
When the war-whoop stirred the land
And the Indian turned away
From our home his bloody hand.
Well that forest-ranger saw,
That the burthen and the curse
Of the white man's cruel law
Rested also upon us.

Torn apart, and driven forth
To our toiling hard and long,
Father! from the dust of earth
Lift we still our grateful song!
Grateful,—that in bonds we share
In thy love which maketh free;

Joyful,—that the wrongs we bear
Draw us nearer, Lord, to thee!

Grateful!—that where'er we toil,—
By Wachuset's wooded side,
On Nantucket's sea-worn isle,
Or by wild Neponset's tide,—
Still, in spirit, we are near,
And our evening hymn, which rise
Separate and discordant here,
Meet and mingle in the skies!

Let the scoffer scorn and mock,
Let the proud and evil priest
Rob the needy of his flock,
For his wine-cup and his feast,—
Redden not thy bolts in store
Through the blackness of thy skies!
For the sighing of the poor
Wilt Thou not, at length, arise?

Worn and waste! oh! how long
Shall thy trodden poor complain?
In thy name they bear the wrong,
In thy cause the bonds of pain!
Melt oppression's heart of steel,
Let the haughty priesthood see,
And their blinded followers feel,
That in us they mock at Thee!

In Thy time, O Lord of hosts,
Stretch abroad that hand to save
Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,
Smote apart the Red Sea's wave!
Lead us from this evil land,
From the spoiler set us free,
And once more our gathered band,
Heart to heart, shall worship thee!

THE EXILES.

1860.

THE goodman sat beside his door
One sultry afternoon,
With his young wife singing at his side
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air;
The dark green woods were still;
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud
Above the wilderness,
As some dark world from upper air
Were slooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,
And all was still again,
Save a low murmur in the air
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
A weary stranger came,
And stood before the farmer's door,
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope
Was in his quiet glance,
And peace, like autumn's moonlight,
clothed
His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore,
In Pilate's council-hall:
It told of wrongs,—but of a love
Meekly forgiving all.

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter
here?"

The stranger meekly said;
And, leaning on his oaken staff,
The goodman's features read.

"My life is hunted,—evil men
Are following in my track;
The traces of the torturer's whip
Are on my aged back.

"And much, I fear, 't will peril thee
Within thy doors to take
A hunted seeker of the Truth,
Oppressed for conscience' sake."

O, kindly spoke the goodman's wife,—
"Come in, old man!" quoth she,—
"We will not leave thee to the storm,
Whoever thou mayst be."

Then came the aged wanderer in,
And silent sat him down;
While all within grew dark as night
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze
Filled every cottage nook,
And with the jarring thunder-roll
The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet
Came sounding up the lane,
And half a score of horse, or more,
Came plunging through the rain.

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"Now, Goodman Macey, open thy door,—

We would not be house-breakers ;
A rueful deed thou'st done this day,
In harbouring banished Quakers."

Out looked the cautious goodman then,
With much of fear and awe,
For there, with broad wig drenched
with rain,
The parish priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked man,
And let thy pastor in,
And give God thanks, if forty stripes
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the goodman,—
"The stranger is my guest ;
He is worn with toil and grievous
wrong,—
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave!"
And strong hands shook the door,
"Believe me, Macey," quoth the
priest,—
"Thou'll rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire :
"No priest who walks the earth,
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught
The matchlock, hotly tried
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,
By fiery Ireton's side ;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,
With shout and psalm contended ;
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's
prayer,
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then :
"My spirit is not free
To bring the wrath and violence
Of evil men on thee :

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,—
Bethink thee of thy Lord,
Who healed again the smitten ear,
And sheathed his follower's sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led :
Friends of the poor, farewell !"

Beneath his hand the oaken door,
Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old graybeard, yea and
nay ;"
The reckless scoffers cried,
As to a horseman's saddle-bow
The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long
In Boston's crowded jail,
Where suffering woman's prayer was
heard,
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell :
Those scenes have passed away,—
Let the dim shadows of the past
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, sheriff!" quoth the ardent
priest,—
"Take Goodman Macey too ;
The sin of this day's heresy,
His back or purse shall rue."

"Now, goodwife, haste thee !" Macey
cried,
She caught his manly arm :—
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,
With outcry and alarm.

Ho ! speed the Maceys, neck or
nought,—
The river-course was near :—
The plashing on its pebbled shore
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasselled o'er with birch,
Above the waters hung,
And at its base, with every wave,
A small light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat—and there
The goodman wields his oar :
"Ill luck betide them all,"—he cried,—
"The laggards upon the shore."

Down through the crashing underwood,
The burly sheriff came :—
"Stand, Goodman Macey,—yield thy-
self ;
Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's face !
Bold Macey answered then,—

"Whip *women*, on the village green,
But meddle not with *men*."

The priest came panting to the shore,—
His grave cocked hat was gone ;
Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung
His wig upon a thorn.

"Come back,—come back!" the par-
son cried,

"The church's curse beware."

"Curse, an' thou wilt," said Macey,
"but

Thy blessing prithee spare."

"Vile scoffer!" cried the baffled
priest,—

"Thou'lt yet the gallows see."

"Who's born to be hanged, will not be
drowned,"

Quoth Macey, merrily ;

"And so, sir sheriff and priest, good
bye!"

He bent him to his oar,
And the small boat glided quietly
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds
Scattered and fell asunder,
While feebler came the rush of rain,
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun
Looked out serene and warm,
Painting its holy symbol-light
Upon the passing storm.

O, beautiful! that rainbow span,
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended;—
One bright foot touched the eastern
hills,
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope
The small boat glided fast,—
The watchers of "the Block-house"
saw
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison
Sat shaking in their shoes,
To hear the dip of Indian oars,—
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury
(The men were all away)

Looked out to see the stranger oar
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,
And Newbury's spire and weathercock
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,
The marsh lay broad and green;
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs
crowned,
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye
The harbour-bar was crossed;—
A plaything of the restless wave,
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven
On land and water lay,—
On the steep hills of Agawam,
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape
Ann,
And Gloucester's harbour-bar;
The watch-fire of the garrison
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning
On Massachusetts Bay!
Blue wave, and bright green island,
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety
Round isle and headland steep,—
No tempest broke above them,
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The vent'rous Macey passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle,
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,
They braved the rough sea-weather;
And there, in peace and quietness,
Went down life's vale together:

How others drew around them,
And how their fishing sped,
Until to every wind of heaven
Nantucket's sails were spread;

How pale Want alternated
With Plenty's golden smile;

Behold, is it not written
In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macey
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand,—
Free as the waves that batter
Along her yielding land.

Thunders, at duty's summons,
No loftier spirit stirs,—
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!—
And grant for evermore,
That charity and freedom dwell
As now upon her shore!

CALEF IN BOSTON.

1692.

In the solemn days of old,
Two men met in Boston town,
One a tradesman frank and bold,
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone,—
"Poisoner of the wells of truth!
Satan's hireling, thou hast sown
With his tares the heart of youth!"

Spake the simple tradesman then,—
"God be judge 'twixt thou and I;
All thou knowest of truth hath been
Unto men like thee a lie.

"Falsehoods which we spurn to-day
Were the truths of long ago;
Let the dead boughs fall away,
Fresher shall the living grow.

"God is good and God is light,
In this faith I rest secure;
Evil can but serve the right,
Over all shall love endure.

"Of your spectral puppet play
I have traced the cunning wires;
Come what will, I needs must say,
God is true, and ye are liars."

When the thought of man is free,
Error fears its lightest tones;
So the priest cried, "Sadducee!"
And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,
Side by side the twain now lie,—
One with humble grassy mound,
One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blest the seed
Which that tradesman scattered then,
And the preacher's spectral creed
Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known
Perfect love which casts out fear,
While the other's joys atone
For the wrong he suffered here.

THE MAYFLOWERS.

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower! watched by winter
stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the slected spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised!" the Pilgrim
said,
Who saw the blossom peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!"

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
changed, your leaves unfold,

Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws ;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod ;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall
spring
Afresh the flowers of God !

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight
streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
And the loose hay-mow's scented
locks—

Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their caves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With manyan autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places ; some by
chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great
elm-boughs !—

On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless
nerves !

And jests went round, and laughs that
made

The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl ;

And quaint old songs their fathers sung,
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,
Ere Norman William trod their
shores ;

And tales, whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,
Forgetful of the hovering Dane !

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river-valley ever heard
From lip of maid or throat of bird ;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would conde
scend

To own the Witch-wife's child a
friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to
see

Her mother on the gallows-tree ;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its
prayers !

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day.
As men and Christians justified :
God willed it, and the wretch had
died !

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,—
Forgive the blindness that denies !

Forgive thy creature when he takes,
For the all-perfect love thou art,
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn
Our bloody altars; let us see
Thyself in thy humanity!

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone;

With love, and anger, and despair,
The phantoms of disordered sense,
The awful doubts of Providence!

The school-boys jeered her as they
passed,
And, when she sought the house of
prayer,
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighbouring door
She saw the horseshoe's curvèd
charm,
Toguard against her mother's harm;—

That mother, poor, and sick, and lame,
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,
Folded her withered hands in pray-
er;—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,
When her dim eyes could read no
more!

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl
kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the
day.

And still her weary wheel went round
Day after day, with no relief;
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;
Untouched by mirth she sees and
hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's
shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs
down.

"Good neighbours mine," he sternly
said,
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And witch or not, God knows—not I.

"I know who swore her life away;
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe
Were Harden's; and his word was
law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
"The little witch is evil-eyed!

"Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;
But she, forsooth, must charm a
man!"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,
Made music such as childhood knew;
The door-yard tree was whispered
through

By voices such as childhood's ear
Had heard in moonlights long ago;
And through the willow-boughs be-
low

She saw the rippled waters shine ;
Beyond, in waves of shade and light
The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so
The sadness of her human lot,
She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child ! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low, despairing cry
Of utter misery : " Let me die !

" Oh ! take me from the scornful eyes
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach !

" I dare not breathe my mother's name :
A daughter's right I dare not crave
To weep above her unblest grave !

" Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.

" O God ! have mercy on thy child,
Whose faith in thee grows weak and
small,
And take me ere I lose it all ! "

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave be-
came

A voice whose burden was her name.

Had then God heard her ? Had he sent
His angel down ? In flesh and blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood !

He laid his hand upon her arm :
" Dear Mabel, this no more shall be ;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

" You know rough Esek Harden well ;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is touched with gray,

" The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she
smiled
Upon his knees, a little child ! "

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

" O truest friend of all ! " she said,
" God bless you for your kindly
thought,
And make me worthy of my lot ! "

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns
glowed,
And through the doors the huskers
showed.

" Good friends and neighbours ! " Esek
said,
" I'm weary of this lonely life ;
In Mabel see my chosen wife !

" She greets you kindly, one and all ;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.

" Henceforth she stands no more alone ;
You know what Esek Harden is : —
He brooks no wrong to him or his. "

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung
That ever made the old heart young !

For now the lost has found a home ;
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all the household joys return !

O, pleasantly the harvest-moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great
elm-boughs !

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell :
And the wind whispered, " It is
well ! "

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

FROM the hills of home forth looking, far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its memory waxes old,
 When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant friend I strolled.
 Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,
 And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul!

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea I blend
 A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather penned,
 In that quaint *Magalia Christi*, with all strange and marvellous things,
 Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old,
 Inward, grand with awe and reverence; outward, mean and coarse and cold;
 Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay,
 Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web of hodden gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past; but through the din
 Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life behind steal in;
 And the lore of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,
 Make the task of duty lighter which the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Covenanter knew,
 When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's moorland graveyards through
 From the graves of old traditions I part the blackberry-vines,
 Wipe the moss from off the headstones, and retouch the faded lines.

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
 The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape Ann;
 On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
 And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking forth
 O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching north,—
 Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes, with bush and tree,
 Leaning inland from the sniting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,
 Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in their hands;
 On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,
 And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together,—talked of wizards Satan-sold;
 Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs and wonders manifold;
 Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,
 Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning clouds;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of Gloucester woods,
 Full of plants that love the summer,—blooms of warmer latitudes
 Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery vines,
 And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of fear,
 As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil near;
 Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of gun;
 Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight wood they
 came,—
 Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its volleyed flame;
 Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,
 All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky mass that soon
 Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching in the moon.
 "Ghosts or witches," said the captain, "thus I foil the Evil One!"
 And he ranned a silver button, from his doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about;
 Once again the levelled muskets through the palisades flashed out,
 With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,
 Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower of lead.
 With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phantoms fled;
 Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moonlight lay,
 And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly down the bay!

"God preserve us!" said the captain; "never mortal foes were there;
 They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power of the air!
 Lay aside your useless weapons; skill and prowess naught avail;
 They who do the Devil's service wear their master's coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a warning call
 Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the dusky hall;
 And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for break of day;
 But the captain closed his Bible: "Let us cease from man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us, all the unseen powers seemed near,
 And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots in holy fear.
 Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed and bare,
 Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres round the wall,
 But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of all,—
 Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after mortal man
 Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool and sea-blown town,
 From the childhood of its people comes the solemn legend down.
 Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives the youth
 And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres of the mind,
 Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the darkness undefined;
 Round us throng the grim projections of the heart and of the brain,
 And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer from on high
 Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings downward fly;
 But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith, and not to sight,
 And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the night!

THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

1697.

Up and down the village streets
Strange are the forms my fancy meets,
For the thoughts and things of to-day
are hid,

And through the veil of a closéd lid
The ancient worthies I see again :
I hear the tap of the elder's cane,
And his awful periwig I see,
And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.
Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
His black cap hiding his whitened hair,
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.
H's face with lines of firmness wrought,
He wears the look of a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and changes
not :

Yet, touched and softened nevertheless
With the grace of Christian gentleness,
The face that a child would climb to
kiss !

True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honour and woman
trust.

Touching and sad, a tale is told,
Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist
old,

Of the fast which the good man life-
long kept

With a haunting sorrow that never slept,
As the circling year brought round the
time

Of an error that left the sting of crime,
When he sat on the bench of the witch-
craft courts,

With the laws of Moses and Hale's
Reports,

And spake, in the name of both, the
word

That gave the witch's neck to the cord,
And piled the oaken planks that pressed
The feeble life from the warlock's
breast !

All the day long, from dawn to dawn,
His door was bolted, his curtain drawn ;
No foot on his silent threshold trod,
No eye looked on him save that of God.

As he baffled the ghosts of the dead
with charms

Of penitent tears, and prayers, and
psalms,

And, with precious proofs from the
sacred word
Of the boundless pity and love of the
Lord,

His faith confirmed and his trust re-
newed

That the sin of his ignorance sorely
rued,

Might be washed away in the mingled
flood

Of his human sorrow and Christ's dear
blood !

Green for ever the memory be
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,
Whom even his errors glorified,
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it
glide ?

Honour and praise to the Puritan
Who the halting step of his age outran,
And, seeing the infinite worth of man
In the priceless gift the Father gave,
In the infinite love that stooped to save ;
Dared not brand his brother a slave !
"Who doth such wrong," he was wont
to say,

In his own quaint, picture-loving way,
"Flings up to Heaven a hand-grenade
Which God shall cast down upon his
head !"

Widely as heaven and hell, contrast
That brave old jurist of the past
And the cunning trickster and knave of
courts

Who the holy features of Truth dis-
torts,—

Ruling as right the will of the strong,
Poverty crime, and weakness wrong ;
Wide-cared to power, to the wronged
and weak

Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek ;
Scoffing aside at party's nod

Order of nature and law of God ;

For whose dabbled ermine respect were
waste,

Reverence folly, and awe misplaced ;
Justice of whom 'twere vain to seek

As from Koordish robber or Syrian
Sheik !

O, leave the wretch to his bribes and
sins ;

Let him rot in the web of lies he spins !
To the saintly soul of the early day,

To the Christian judge, let us turn and
say :

"Praise and thanks for an honest
man ! -
Glory to God for the Puritan !"

I see, far southward, this quiet day,
The hills of Newbury rolling away,
With the many tints of the season gay,
Dreamily blending in autumn mist
Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.
Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,
Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,
A stone's toss over the narrow sound.
Inland, as far as the eye can go,
The hills curve round like a bended
bow ;

A silver arrow from out them sprung,
I see the shine of the Quasyung ;
And, round and round, over valley and
hill,

Old roads winding, as old roads will,
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled
eaves,

Through green elm arches and maple
leaves, -

Old homesteads sacred to all that can
Gladden or sadden the heart of man, -
Over whose thresholds of oak and stone
Life and Death have come and gone !
There pictured tiles in the fireplace
show,

Great beams sag from the ceiling low,
The dresser glitters with polished wares,
The long clock ticks on the foot-worn
stairs,

And the low, broad chimney shows the
crack

By the earthquake made a century back.
Up from their midst springs the village
spire

With the crest of its cock in the sun
afire ;

Beyond are orchards and planting
beds,
And great salt marshes and glimmering
sands,

And, where north and south the coast-
lines run,

The blink of the sea in breeze and sun !

I see it all like a chart unrolled,
But my thoughts are full of the past
and old,

I hear the tales of my boyhood told ;

And the shadows and shapes of early days
Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,
With measured movement and rhythmic
chime

Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.
I think of the old man wise and good,
Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,
(A poet who never measured rhyme,
A seer unknown to his dull-eared time),
And, propped on his staff of age, looked
down,

With his boyhood's love, on his native
town,

Where, written, as if on his hills and
plains,

His burden of prophecy yet remains,
For the voices of wood, and wave, and
wind

To read in the ear of the musing mind :-

"As long as Plum Island, to guard
the coast,

As God appointed, shall keep its post ;
As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep
Of Merrimack River, or sturgeon leap ;
As long as pickerel swift and slim,

Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim ;
As long as the annual sea-fowl know
Their time to come and their time to go ;

As long as cattle shall roam at will
The green, grass meadows by Turkey
Hill ;

As long as sheep shall look from the side
Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,
And Parker River, and salt-sea tide ;

As long as a wandering pigeon shall
search

The fields below from his white-oak
perch,

When the barley harvest is ripe and shorn
And the dry husks fall from the stand-
ing corn ;

As long as Nature shall not grow old,
Nor drop her work from her doting hold,
And her care for the Indian corn forget,
And the yellow rows in pairs to set ; -

So long shall Christians here be born,
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn ! -
By the beak of bird, by the breath of
frost,

Shall never a holy ear be lost,
But, husked by Death in the Planter's
sight,

Be sown again in the fields of light !"

The Island still is purple with plums,
Up the river the salmon comes,
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl
feeds
On hillside berries and marish seeds,—
All the beautiful signs remain,
From spring-time sowing to autumn
rain

The good man's vision returns again!
And let us hope, as well we can,
That the Silent Angel who garners man
May find some grain as of old he found
In the human cornfield ripe and sound,
And the Lord of the Farvest deign to
own
The precious seed by the fathers sown!

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart,
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
cart

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-
horns' twang,

Over and over the Mænads sang:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
cart
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her
deck!

"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and
rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not
be!

What did the winds and the sea-birds
say

Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse re-
frain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
cart

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so
blue

Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near :

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
cort
By the women o' Morble'ead !"

"Hear me, neighbours !" at last he
cried,—

"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck.
And hear a cry from a reeling deck !
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the
dead !"

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him!—why
should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him
run !"

So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and
sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead !

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

"Concerning ye Amphisbaena, as soon as I
received your commands, I made due in-
quiry : . . . he assures me yt it had really
two heads, one at each end : two mouths, two
stings or tongues."—REV. CHARLES TOPP
TAPPAN to COTTON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time
Of every people, in every clime,
Dragons and griffins and monster dire,
Born of water, and air, and fire,
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud

And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,
Through dusk tradition and ballad age.
So from the childhood of Newbury town
And its time of fable the tale comes
down

Of a terror which haunted bush and
brake,
The Amphisbaena, the Double Snake !

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
Consider that strip of Christian earth
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,
Full of terror and mystery,
Half-redeemed from the evil hold
Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and
old,

Which drank with its lips of leaves the
dew

When Time was young, and the world
was new,

And wove its shadows with sun and
moon,

Ere the stones of Cheops were square
and hewn,

Think of the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-
wood blown,

Of the strange, vast splendours that lit
the North,

Of the troubled throes of the quaking
earth,

And the dismal tales the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth
grew cold,

And he shrank from the tawny wizard's
boasts,

And the hovering shadows seemed full
of ghosts,

And above, below, and on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed verified ;—

And think, if his lot were now thine
own,

To grope with terrors nor named nor
known,

How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
And a feebler faith thy need might
serve ;

And own to thyself the wonder more
That the snake had two heads, and not
a score !

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen
Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's
Den,

Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
 Or coiled by the Northman's Written
 Rock,
 Nothing on record is left to show ;
 Only the fact that he lived, we know,
 And left the cast of a double head
 In the scaly mask which he yearly shed
 For he carried a head where his tail
 should be,
 And the two of course, could never
 agree,
 But wriggled about with main and might,
 Now to the left and now to the right ;
 Pulling and twisting this way and that,
 Neither knew what the other was at.
 A snake with two heads, lurking so
 near !—
 Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear !
 Think what ancient gossips might say,
 Shaking their heads in their dreary way,
 Between the meetings on Sabbath-day !
 How urchins, searching at day's decline
 The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,
 The terrible double-ganger heard
 In leafy rustle or whirl of bird !
 Think what a zest it gave to the sport,
 In berry-time, of the younger sort,
 As over pastures blackberry-twined,
 Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,
 And closer and closer, for fear of harm,
 The maiden clung to her lover's arm ;
 And how the spark, who was forced to
 stay,
 By his sweetheart's fears, till the break
 of day,
 Thanked the snake for the fond delay !

Far and wide the tale was told,
 Like a snowball growing while it rolled.
 The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry ;
 And it served, in the worthy minister's
 eye,
 To paint the primitive serpent by.
 Cotton Mather came galloping down
 All the way to Newbury town,
 With his eyes agog and his ears set
 wide,
 And his marvellous inkhorn at his
 side ;
 Stirring the while in the shallow pool
 Of his brains for the lore he learned at
 school,
 To garnish the story, with here a streak
 Of Latin, and there another of Greek ;
 And the tales he heard and the notes he
 took,
 Behold ! are they not in this Wonder-
 Book ?
 Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.
 If the snake does not, the tale runs
 still
 In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.
 And still, whenever husband and wife
 Publish the shame of their daily strife,
 And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and
 strain
 At either end of the marriage-chain,
 The gossips say, with a knowing shake
 Of their gray heads, "Look at the
 Double Snake !
 One in body and two in will
 The Amphibæna is living still !"

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
 Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight,
 Dropping down the river-harbour in the shallop "Watch and Wait."
 Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-morn,
 With the newly planted orchards dropping their fruits first-born,
 And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.
 Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks between,
 And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts green ;—
 A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.
 Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
 And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread
 To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed : at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock, and wood, and sand ;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore ;
" Never heed, my little children ! Christ is walking on before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide ;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause of wave and wind :
" All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind ;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find !

" In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy word !—
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard !—
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ, our Lord !

" In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,
And let me follow up to thee my household and my kin !
Open the sea-gate of thy heaven, and let me enter in !"

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the listening heavens draw near,
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear
How the notes so faint and broken swell to music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request ;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet hymn upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks of Marblehead :
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read ;
And long, by board and hearthstone, the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverend faces, the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of Avery's Fall !

MARGUERITE.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760.

THE robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew ;
Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins knew !

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neutral lay ;
 Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April day ;

Through the dusty window, curtained by the spider's warp and woof,
 On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs of roof.

The bed-quilt's faded patchwork, the teacups on the stand,
 The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it dropped from her sick hand !

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm morning light,
 As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of sound or sight ?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten her bitter bread ;
 The world of the alien people lay behind her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its childhood ; she saw the sun o'erflow
 With gold the basin of Minas, and set over Gasperau ,

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea at flood,
 Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to upland wood ;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's rise and fall,
 The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the dark coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song she sang ;
 And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers rang !

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat, smoothing the wrinkled sheet,
 Peering into the face so helpless, and feeling the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and long abuse,
 By care no longer heeded and pity too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the mistress stepped,
 Leaned over the head-board, covering his face with his hands and wept.

Outspoke the mother, who watched him sharply, with brow a-frown :
 " What ! love you the Papist, the beggar, the charge of the town ? "

" Be she Papist or beggar who lies here, I know and God knows
 I love her, and fain would go with her wherever she goes !

" O mother ! that sweet face came pleading, for love so athirst.
 You saw but the town-charge ; I knew her God's angel at first. "

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed down a bitter cry ;
 And awed by the silence and shadow of death drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible ; but closer the young girl pressed,
 With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross to her breast.

" My son, come away, " cried the mother, her voice cruel grown.
 " She is joined to her idols, like Ephraim ; let her alone ! "

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his lips to her ear,
 And he called back the soul that was passing : " Marguerite, do you hear ? "

She paused on the threshold of Heaven ; love, pity, surprise,
 Wise, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but never her cheek grew red,
And the words the living long for he spake in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where buds to blossoms grew;
Of the folded hands and the still face never the robins knew!

JOHN UNDERHILL.

A SCORE of years had come and gone,
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth
stone,

When Captain Underhill, bearing scars
From Indian ambush and Flemish
wars,

Left three-hilled Boston and wandered
down,
East by north, to Coheco town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel
sweet

He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,
And, when the bolt of banishment fell
On the head of his saintly oracle,
He had shared her ill as her good re-
port.

And braved the wrath of the General
Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.
The world might bless and the world
might ban,

What did it matter the perfect man,
To whom the freedom of earth was
given,

Proof against sin, and sure of heaven?

He cheered his heart as he rode along
With screed of Scripture and holy song,
Or thought how he rode with his lances
free

By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-

Till his good shod grew to a trodden
road,

And Hilton Point in the distance
showed.

He saw the church with the block-
house nigh,

The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,
And, tacking to windward, low and
crank,

The little shallop from Strawberry
Bank;

And he rose in his stirrups and looked
abroad
Over land and water, and praised the
Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see,
Into the clearing's space rode he,
With the sun on the hilt of his sword
in sheath,

And his silver buckles and spurs be-
neath,

And the settlers welcomed him, one
and all,

From swift Quampeagan to Gonic Fall.

And he said to the elders: "Lo, I
come

As the way seemed open to seek a
home.

Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by
my hands

In the Narragansett and Netherlands,
And if here ye have work for a Christian
man,

I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

"I boast not of gifts, but fain would
own

The wonderful favour God hath shown,
The special mercy vouchsafed one day

On the shore of Narragansett Bay,
As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp
aside,

And mused like Isaac at eventide.

"A sudden sweetness of peace I found,
A garment of gladness wrapped me
round;

I felt from the law of works released,
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,

My faith to a full assurance grew,
And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

"Now, as God appointeth, I keep my
way,

I shall not stumble, I shall not stray;
He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,

I wear the robe of his righteousness;

And the shafts of Satan no more avail
Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail."

"Tarry with us," the settlers cried,
"Thou man of God, as our ruler and
guide."

And Captain Underhill bowed his head.
"The will of the Lord be done!" he
said,

And the morrow beheld him sitting
down
In the ruler's seat in Cocheeco town.

And he judged therein as a just man
should;
His words were wise and his rule was
good;

He coveted not his neighbour's land,
From the holding of bribes he shook
his hand;

And through the camps of the heathen
ran
A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good
Book saith,
And life hath ever a savour of death.
Through hymns of triumph the tempter
calls,

And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.
Alas! ere their round the seasons ran,
There was grief in the soul of the
saintly man.

The tempter's arrows that rarely fail
Had found the joints of his spiritual
mail;

And men took note of his gloomy air,
The shame in his eye, the halt in his
prayer,

The signs of a battle lost within,
The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his
name

With broken vows and a life of blame;
And the people looked askance on him
As he walked among them sullen and
grim,

Ill at ease, and bitter of word,
And prompt of quarrel with hand or
sword.

None knew how, with prayer and fast-
ing still,

He strove in the bonds of his evil will;

But he shook himself like Samson at
length,

And girded anew his loins of strength,
And bade the crier go up and down
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head
Ceased as he rose in his place and
said:

"Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye
know

How I came among you a year ago,
Strong in the faith that my soul was
freed

From sin of feeling, or thought, or
deed.

"I have sinned, I own it with grief
and shame,

But not with a lie on my lips I came.
In my blindness I verily thought my
heart

Swept and garnished in every part.
He chargeth His angels with folly; He
sees

The heavens unclean. Was I more
than these?

"I urge no plea. At your feet I lay
The trust you gave me, and go my way,
Hate me or pity me, as you will,
The Lord will have mercy on sinners
still;

And I, who am chiefest, say to all,
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall."

No voice made answer: a sob so low
That only his quickened ear could know
Smote his heart with a bitter pain,
As into the forest he rode again,
And the veil of its oaken leaves shut
down

On his latest glimpse of Cocheeco town.

Crystal-clear on the man of sin
The streams flashed up, and the sky
shone in;

On his cheek of fever the cool wind
blew,

The leaves dropped on him their tears
of dew,

And angels of God, in the pure, sweet
guise

Of flowers, looked on him with sad
surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and breeze
 Sang in their saddest of minor keys?
 What was it the mournful wood-thrush said?
 What whispered the pine-trees overhead?
 Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way
 That Adam heard in the cool of day?
 Into the desert alone rode he,
 Alone with the Infinite Purity;
 And, bowing his soul to its tender rebuke,
 As Peter did to the Master's look,
 He measured his path with prayers of pain
 For peace with God and nature again.
 And in after years to Cocheco came
 The bruit of a once familiar name;
 How among the Dutch of New Netherlands,
 From wild Danskamer to Haarlem sands,
 A penitent soldier preached the Word,
 And smote the heathen with Gideon's sword?
 And the heart of Boston was glad to hear
 How he harried the foe on the long frontier,
 And heaped on the land against him barred
 The coils of his generous watch and ward.
 Frailest and bravest! the Bay State still
 Counts with her worthies John Underhill.

THE WITCH OF WENHAM.

I.

ALONG Crane River's sunny slopes
 Blew warm the winds of May,
 And over Naumkeag's ancient oaks
 The green outgrew the gray.

The grass was green on Rial-side,
 The early birds at will
 Waked up the violet in its dell,
 The wind-flower on its hill.

"Where go you, in your Sunday coat?
 Son Andrew, tell me, pray."

"For striped perch in Wenham Lake
 I go to fish to-day."

"Unharm'd of thee in Wenham Lake
 The mottled perch shall be:
 A blue-eyed witch sits on the bank
 And weaves her net for thee."

"She weaves her golden hair; she sings
 Her spell-song low and faint;
 The wickedest witch in Salem jail
 Is to that girl a saint."

"Nay, mother, hold thy cruel tongue;
 God knows," the young man cried,

"He never made a whiter soul
 Than hers by Wenham side."

"She tends her mother sick and blind,
 And every want supplies;
 To her above the blessed Book
 She lends her soft blue eyes,"

"Her voice is glad with holy songs,
 Her lips are sweet with prayer;
 Go where you will, in ten miles round
 Is none more good and fair."

"Son Andrew, for the love of God
 And of thy mother, stay!"
 She clasped her hands, she wept aloud,
 But Andrew rode away.

"O reverend sir, my Andrew's soul
 The Wenham witch has caught;
 She holds him with the curled gold
 Whereof her snare is wrought."

"She charms him with her great blue eyes,
 She binds him with her hair;
 Oh, break the spell with holy words,
 Unbind him with a prayer!"

"Take heart," the painful preacher said,

"This mischief shall not be;
 The witch shall perish in her sins
 And Andrew shall go free."

"Our poor Ann Putnam testifies
 She saw her weave a spell,
 Bare-armed, loose-haired, at full of moon,
 Around a dried-up well,

"Spring up, O well!" she softly
sang
The Hebrew's old refrain
(For Satan uses Bible words),
Till water flowed amain.

"And many a goodwife heard her
speak
By Wenham water words
That made the buttercups take wings
And turn to yellow birds.

"They say that swarming wild bees
seek
The hive at her command;
And fishes swim to take their food
From out her dainty hand.

"Meek as she sits in meeting-time,
The godly minister
Notes well the spell that doth compel
The young men's eyes to her.

"The mole upon her dimpled chin
Is Satan's seal and sign;
Her lips are red with evil bread
And stain of unblest wine.

"For Tituba, my Indian, saith
At Quasyung she took
The Black Man's godless sacrament
And signed his dreadful book.

"Last night my sore-afflicted child
Against the young witch cried.
To take her Marshal Herrick rides
Even now to Wenham side."

The marshal in his saddle sat,
His daughter at his knee;
"I go to fetch that arrant witch,
Thy fair playmate," quoth he.

"Her spectre walks the parsonage,
And haunts both hall and stair;
They know her by the great blue eyes
And floating gold of hair."

"They lie, they lie, my father dear!
No foul old witch is she,
But sweet and good and crystal-pure
As Wenham waters be."

"I tell thee, child, the Lord hath set
Before us good and ill,
And woe to all whose carnal loves
Oppose his righteous will.

"Between Him and the powers of hell
Choose thou, my child, to-day:
No sparing hand, no pitying eye,
When God commands to slay!"

He went his way; the old wives shook
With fear as he drew nigh;
The children in the dooryards held
Their breath as he passed by.

Too well they knew the gaunt grayhorse
The grim witch-hunter rode—
The pale Apocalyptic beast
By grisly Death bestrode.

II.

Oh, fair the face of Wenham Lake
Upon the young girl's shone,
Her tender mouth, her dreaming eyes,
Her yellow hair outblown.

By happy youth and love attuned
To natural harmonies,
The singing birds, the whispering wind,
She sat beneath the trees.

Sat shaping for her bridal dress
Her mother's wedding gown,
When lo! the marshal, writ in hand,
From Alford hill rode down.

His face was hard with cruel fear,
He grasped the maiden's hands,
"Come with me unto Salem town,
For so the law commands!"

"Oh, let me to my mother say
Farewell before I go!"
He closer tied her little hands
Unto his saddle bow.

"Unhand me," cried she piteously,
"For thy sweet daughter's sake."
"I'll keep my daughter safe," he said,
"From the witch of Wenham Lake."

"Oh, leave me for my mother's sake,
She needs my eyes to see."
"Those eyes, young witch, the crows
shall pick
From off the gallows-tree."

He bore her to a farm-house old,
And up its stairway long,
And closed on her the garret-door
With iron bolted strong.

The day died out, the night came down;
Her evening prayer she said,
While, through the dark, strange faces
 seemed
 To mock her as she prayed.

The present horror deepened all
The fears her childhood knew;
The awe wherewith the air was filled
 With every breath she drew.

And could it be, she trembling asked,
Some secret thought or sin
Had shut good angels from her heart
And let the bad ones in?

Had she in some forgotten dream
Let go her hold on Heaven,
And sold herself unwittingly
 To spirits unforgiven?

Oh, weird and still the dark hours
 passed;
 No human sound she heard,
But up and down the chimney stack
 The swallows moaned and stirred.

And o'er her, with a dread surmise
Of evil sight and sound,
The blind bats on their leathern wings
 Went wheeling round and round.

Low hanging in the midnight sky
Looked in a half-faced moon.
Was it a dream, or did she hear
Her lover's whistled tune?

She forced the open scuttle back;
A whisper reached her ear;
"Slide down the roof to me," it said,
 " So softly none may hear."

She slid along the sloping roof
Till from its eaves she hung,
And felt the loosened shingles yield
 To which her fingers clung

Below, her lover stretched his hands
And touched her feet so small;
"Drop down to me, dear heart," he said,
 " My arms shall break the fall."

He set her on his pillow soft,
Her arms about him twined;
And, noiseless as if velvet-shod,
They left the house behind.

But when they reached the open way,
Full free the rein he cast;
Oh, never through the mirk midnight
Rode in an and maid more fast.

Along the wild wood-paths they sped,
The bridgeless streams they swam;
At set of moon they passed the Bass,
At sunrise Agawam.

At high noon on the Merrimack
The ancient ferryman
Forgot, at times, his idle oars,
So fair a freight to scan.

And when from off his grounded boat
He saw them mount and ride,
" God keep her from the evil eye,
And harm of witch!" he cried.

The maiden laughed, as youth will laugh,
At all its fears gone by;
" He does not know," she whispered
 low,
 " A little witch am I."

All day he urged his weary horse,
And, in the red sundown,
Drew rein before a friendly door
In distant Berwick town.

A fellow-feeling for the wronged
The Quaker people felt;
And safe beside their kindly hearths
The hunted maiden dwelt.

Until from off its breast the land
The haunting horror threw,
And hatred, born of ghastly dreams,
To shame and pity grew.

Sad were the year's spring morns, and
 sad
 Its golden summer day,
But blithe and glad its withered fields,
And skies of ashen gray;

Forspell and charm had power no more,
The spectres ceased to roam,
And scattered households knelt again
Around the hearths of home.

And when once more by Beaver Dam
The meadow-lark outsang,
And once again on all the hills
The early violet sprang,

And all the windy pasture slopes
Lay green within the arms
Of creeks that bore the salted sea
To pleasant inland farms,

The smith filed off the chains he forged
The jail-bolts backward fell ;
And youth and hoary age came forth
Like souls escaped from hell.

IN THE "OLD SOUTH."

1677.

SHE came and stood in the Old South
Church,
A wonder and a sign,
With a look the old time sibyls wore,
Half-crazed and half-divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her
wound
Unclothed as the primal mother,
With limbs that trembled and eyes that
blazed
With a fire she dared not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair
With sprinkled ashes gray,
She stood in the broad aisle strange and
weird
As a soul at the judgment day.

And the minister paused in his sermon's
midst,
And the people held their breath,
For these were the words the maiden
spoke
Through lips as pale as death :

"Thus saith the Lord, with equal feet
All men my courts shall tread,
And priest and ruler no more shall
eat
My people up like bread !

"Repent ! repent ! ere the Lord shall
speak
In thunder and breaking seals !
Let all souls worship Him in the way
His light within reveals."

She shook the dust from her naked feet
And her sackcloth closer drew,
And into the porch of the awe-hushed
church

She passed like a ghost from view.
They whipped her away at the tail o'
the cart
Through half the streets of the town,
But the words she uttered that day nor
fire
Could burn nor water drown.

And now the aisles of the ancient church
By equal feet are trod,
And the bell that swings in its belfry
rings
Freedom to worship God !

And now whenever a wrong is done
It thrills the conscious walls ;
The stone from the basement cries aloud
And the beam from the timber calls.

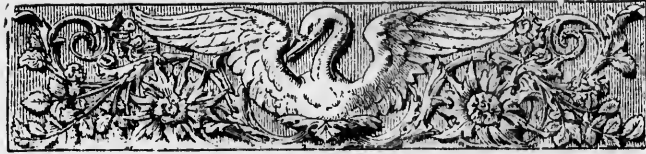
There are steeple-houses on every hand,
And pulpits that bless and ban,
And the Lord will not grudge the single
church
That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law
And the prophets under the sun,
And the first is last and the last is first,
And the twain are verily one.

So, long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay-tides rise and fall,
Shall freedom stand in the Old South
Church

And plead for the rights of all !





VOICES OF FREEDOM.

FROM 1833 TO 1848.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.²⁸

TWAS night. The tranquil moonlight
smile

With which Heaven dreams of Earth,
shed down

Its beauty on the Indian isle,—

On broad green field and white-walled
town ;

And inland waste of rock and wood,
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,
Soft as the landscape of a dream,
All motionless and dewy wet,
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met :
The myrtle with its snowy bloom,
Crossing the nightshade's solemn
gloom,—

The white cecropia's silver rind
Relieved by deeper green behind,—

The orange with its fruit of gold,—

The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—

The passion-flower, with symbol holy,

Twining its tendrils long and lowly—

The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,

And proudly rising over all,

The kingly palm's imperial stem,

Crowned with its leafy diadem,
Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,

The fiery-winged cucullo played !

Yes,—lovely was thine aspect, then,

Fair island of the Western Sea !

Lavish of beauty, even when

Thy brutes were happier than thy men,

For they, at least, were free !

Regardless of thy glorious clime,

Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,

The toiling negro sighed, that Time
No faster sped his hours.

For, by the dewy moonlight still,
He fed the weary-turning mill,

Or bent him in the chill morass,
To pluck the long and tangled grass,

And hear above his scar-worn back
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack ;

While in his heart one evil thought
In solitary madness wrought,

One baleful fire surviving still

The quenching of the immortal mind,
One sterner passion of his kind,

Which even fetters could not kill,—
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong !

Hark to that cry!—long, loud, and shrill,
From field and forest, rock and hill,

Thrilling and horrible it rang,
Around, beneath, above ;—

The wild beast from his cavern sprang,
The wild bird from her grove !

Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony
Were mingled in that midnight cry ;

But like the lion's growl of wrath,
When falls that hunter in his path

Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,
Is rankling in his bosom yet,

It told of hate, full, deep, and strong,
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong ;

It was as if the crimes of years—
The unrequited toil, the tears,

The shame and hate, which liken well
Earth's garden to the nether hell—

Had found in nature's self a tongue,
(On which the gathered horror hung ;

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As if from cliff, and stream, and glen
Burst on the startled ears of men
That voice which rises unto God,
Solemn and stern,—the cry of blood !
It ceased,—and all was still once more,
Save ocean chafing on his shore,
The sighing of the wind between
The broad banana's leaves of green,
Or bough by restless plumage shook,
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again
Pealed to the skies that frantic yell,
Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,
And flashes rose and fell ;
And painted on the blood-red sky,
Dark, naked arms were tossed on high ;
And, round the white man's lordly hall,
Trod, fierce and free, *the brute he*
made ;

And those who crept along the wall,
And answered to his lightest call
With more than spaniel dread,—
The creatures of his lawless beck,—
Were trampling on his very neck !
And on the night-air, wild and clear,
Rose woman's shriek of more than fear ;
For blooded arms were round her
thrown,
And dark cheeks pressed against her
own !

Then, injured Afric !—for the shame
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came
Full on the scornful hearts of those,
Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,
And to thy hapless children gave
One choice,—pollution or the grave !
Where then was he whose fiery zeal
Had taught the trampled heart to feel,
Until despair itself grew strong,
And vengeance fed its torch from wrong ?
Now, when the thunderbolt is speeding ;
Now, when oppression's heart is bleed-
ing ;

Now, when the latent curse of Time
Is raining down in fire and blood,—
That curse which, through long years
of crime,
Has gathered, drop by drop, its flood,—
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,
Where murder's sternest deeds are
done ?

He stood the aged palms beneath,
That shadowed o'er his humble door,

Listening, with half-suspended breath,
To the wild sounds of fear and death,—
Toussaint l'Ouverture !

What marvel that his heart beat high !
The blow for freedom had been given,
And blood had answered to the cry
Which Earth sent up to Heaven !
What marvel that a fierce delight
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,—
As groan and shout and bursting flame
Told where the midnight tempest came,
With blood and fire along its van,
And death behind !—he was a Man !

Yes, dark-souled chieftain !—if the light
Of mild Religion's heavenly ray
Unveiled not to thy mental sight
The lowlier and the purer way,
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,
Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—
That calm reliance upon God
For justice in his own good time,—
That gentleness to which belongs
Forgiveness for its many wrongs,
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling
For mercy on the evil-dealing,—
Let not the favoured white man name
Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.
Has *he* not, with the light of heaven
Broadly around him, made the same ?
Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,
And gloried in his ghastly shame ?—
Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,
To offer mockery unto God,
As if the High and Holy One
Could smile on deeds of murder done !—
As if a human sacrifice
Were purer in his Holy eyes,
Though offered up by Christian hands,
Than the foul rites of Pagan lands !

* * * * *

Sternly, amidst his household band,
His carbine grasped within his hand,
The white man stood, prepared and
still,
Waiting the shock of maddened men,
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when
The horn winds through their
caverned hill.
And one was weeping in his sight,—
The sweetest flower of all the isle,—
The bride who seemed but yesternight
Love's fair embodied smile.
And, clinging to her trembling knee

Looked up the form of infancy,
 With tearful glance in either face
 The secret of its fear to trace.
 "Ha! stand or die!" The white man's
 eye
 His steady musket gleamed along,
 As a tall Negro hastened nigh
 With fearless step and strong.
 "What, ho, Toussaint!" A moment
 more,
 His shadow crossed the lighted floor.
 "Away!" he shouted; "fly with me,—
 The white man's bark is on the sea;—
 Her sails must catch the seaward wind,
 Her sudden vengeance sweeps behind.
 Our brethren from their graves have
 spoken,
 The yoke is spurned,—the chain is
 broken;
 On all the hills our fires are glowing,—
 Through all the vales red blood is flow-
 ing!
 No more the mocking White shall rest
 His foot upon the Negro's breast;
 No more, at morn or eve, shall drip
 The warm blood from the driver's whip:
 Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance
 sworn
 For all the wrongs his race have borne,—
 Though for each drop of Negro blood
 The white man's veins shall pour a flood;
 Not all alone the sense of ill
 Around his heart is lingering still,
 Nor deeper can the white man feel
 The generous warmth of grateful zeal.
 Friends of the Negro! fly with me,—
 The path is open to the sea:
 Away, for life!"—He spoke, and pressed
 The young child to his manly breast,
 As, headlong, through the cracking cane,
 Down swept the dark insurgent train,—
 Drunken and grim, with shot and yell
 Howled through the dark, like sounds
 from hell.

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail
 Swayed free before the sunrise gale.
 Cloud-like that island hung afar,
 Along the bright horizon's verge,
 O'er which the curse of servile war
 Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge;
 And he—the Negro champion—where
 In the fierce tumult struggled he?
 Go trace him by the fiery glare
 Of dwellings in the midnight air.—

The yells of triumph and despair,—
 The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
 Beneath Besançon's alien sky,
 Dark Haytien!—for the time shall
 come,
 Yea, even now is nigh,—
 When, everywhere, thy name shall be
 Redeemed from *colour's infamy*;
 And men shall learn to speak of thee
 As one of earth's great spirits, born
 In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
 Casting aside the weary weight
 And fetters of its low estate,
 In that strong majesty of soul
 Which knows no colour, tongue, or
 clime,—
 Which still hath spurned the base con-
 trol

Of tyrants through all time!
 Far other hands than mine may wreath
 The laurel round thy brow of death,
 And speak thy praise, as one whose word
 A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—
 Who crushed his foeman as a worm,—
 Whose step on human hearts fell
 firm;²⁹

Be mine the better task to find
 A tribute for thy lofty mind,
 Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
 Some milder virtues all thine own,—
 Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,
 Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—
 Proofs that the Negro's heart retains
 Some nobleness amidst its chains,—
 That kindness to the wronged is never
 Without its excellent reward,—
 Holy to human-kind, and ever
 Acceptable to God.

THE SLAVE-SHIPS.³⁰

"That fatal, that perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses
 dark."

Milton's Lycidas.

"ALL ready?" cried the captain;
 "Ay, ay!" the seamen said;
 "Heave up the worthless lubbers,—
 Thy dying and the dead."
 Up from the slave-ship's prison
 Fierce, bearded heads were thrust:
 "Now let the sharks look to it,—
 Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up,—
 Death had been busy there ;
 Where every blow is mercy,
 Why should the spoiler spare ?
 Corpse after corpse they cast
 Sullenly from the ship,
 Yet bloody with the traces
 Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
 With his arms upon his breast,
 With his cold brow sternly knotted,
 And his iron lip compressed.
 "Are all the dead dogs over?"
 Growled through that matted lip,—
 "The blind ones are no better,
 Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark ! from the ship's dark bosom,
 The very sounds of hell !
 The ringing clank of iron,—
 The maniac's short, sharp yell ! —
 The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled,—
 The starving infant's moan,—
 The horror of a breaking heart
 Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison
 The stricker blind ones came :
 Below, had all been darkness,—
 Above, was still the same.
 Yet the holy breath of heaven
 Was sweetly breathing there,
 And the heated brow of fever
 Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates !"
 Cutlass and dirk were plied ;
 Fettered and blind, one after one,
 Plunged down the vessel's side.
 The sabre smote above,—
 Beneath, the lean shark lay
 Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
 His quick and human prey.

God of the earth ! what cries
 Rang upward unto thee ?
 Voices of agony and blood,
 From ship-deck and from sea.
 The last dull plunge was heard,—
 The last wave caught its stain,—
 And the unsated shark looked up
 For human hearts in vain.

Red glowed the western waters,—
 The setting sun was there,
 Scattering alike on wave and cloud
 His fiery mesh of hair.
 Amidst a group in blindness,
 A solitary eye
 Gazed, from the burdened slaver's deck,
 Into that burning sky.

"A storm." spoke out the gazer,
 "Is gathering and at hand,—
 Curse on't—I'd give my other eye
 For one firm rood of land."
 And then he laughed,—but only
 His echoed laugh replied,—
 For the blinded and the suffering
 Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
 And on a stormy heaven,
 While fiercely on that lone ship's track
 The thunder-gust was driven.
 "A sail !—thank God, a sail !"
 And as the helmsman spoke,
 Up through the stormy murmur
 A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger's vessel,
 Unheeding on her way,
 So near, that on the slaver's deck
 Fell off her driven spray.
 "Ho ! for the love of mercy,—
 We're perishing and blind !"
 A wail of utter agony
 Came back upon the wind :

"Help us ! for we are stricken
 With blindness every one ;
 Ten days we've floated fearfully,
 Unnoting star or sun.
 Our ship's the slaver Leon,—
 We've but a score on board,—
 Our slaves are all gone over,—
 Help,—for the love of God !"

On livid brows of agony
 The broad red lightning shone,—
 But the roar of wind and thunder
 Stifled the answering groan
 Wailed from the broken waters
 A last despairing cry,
 As, kindling in the stormy light,
 The stranger ship went by.

In the sunny Guadeloupe
 A dark-hulled vessel lay,—
 With a crew who noted never
 The nightfall or the day.
 The blossom of the orange
 Was white by every stream,
 And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
 Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,
 And the moonlight slept as well,
 On the palm-trees by the hillside,
 And the streamlet of the dell :
 And the glances of the Creole
 Were still as archly deep,
 And her smiles as full as ever
 Of passion and of sleep,

But vain were bird and blossom,
 The green earth and the sky,
 And the smile of human faces,
 To the slaver's darkened eye ;
 At the breaking of the morning,
 At the star-lit evening time,
 O'er a world of light and beauty
 Fell the blackness of his crime.

STANZAS.

["The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king—cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigour and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?"—
Dr. Follen's Address.

"Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions!—Where art thou?—How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning,—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US!"—
Speech of Samuel J. May.

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains !
 Slaves—in a land of light and law !
 Slaves—crouching on the very plains
 Where rolled the storm of Freedom's
 war !
 A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood,—
 A wail where Camden's martyrs
 fell,—
 By every shrine of patriot blood,

From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's
 well !

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men !
 The groan of breaking hearts is there,—
 The falling lash,—the fetter's clank !
 Slaves,—SLAVES are breathing in that air,
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter
 drank !

What, ho !—our countrymen in chains !
 The whip on WOMAN's shrinking
 flesh !

Our soil yet reddening with the stains
 Caught from her scourging, warm
 and fresh !

What ! mothers from their children
 riven !

What ! God's own image bought and
 sold !

AMERICANS to market driven,
 And bartered as the brute for gold !

Speak ! shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain ?
 To us whose fathers scorned to bear
 The paltry menace of a chain ;
 To us, whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy Liberty and Light. —

Say, shall these writhing slaves of
 Wrong
 Plead vainly for their plundered
 Right ?

What ! shall we send, with lavish
 breath,

Our sympathies across the wave,
 Where Manhood, on the field of death,
 Strikes for his freedom or a grave ?
 Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurn-

ing,
 And millions hail with pen and tongue
 Our light on all her altars burning ?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
 By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's
 wall,

And Poland, gasping on her lance,
 The impulse of our cheering call ?
 And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
 Clank o'er our fields, his hateful
 chain ?

And toss his fettered arms on high,
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

O, say, shall Prussia's banner be
A refuge for the stricken slave?
And shall the Russian serf go free
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
Relax the iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,
From fettered soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine,
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote,—
Will not the scorching answer come
From turbaned Turk, and scornful
Russ:

"Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn,—the heathen's
mirth.—

Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to
bear?

Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials
wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From graybeard old to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth!
Up,—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up,—while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes
forth,—

The gathered wrath of God and
man,—

Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up,—up! why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up now for Freedom!—not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw,—
The awful waste of human life,—
The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain,—the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and
Love,
Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood;
But rear another altar there,
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's
prayer,
Shall call an answer down from
Heaven!

THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel at that low
cottage-door,
Which the long evening shadow is
stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music
which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of
our dreams

How brilliant and mirthful the light of
her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of
the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses
play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as
they!

Who comes in his pride to that low
cottage-door,—
The haughty and rich to the humble
and poor?

'Tis the great Southern planter,—the
master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of
slaves,

"Nay, Ellen,—for shame! Let those
Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a
change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom
or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to
feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious
a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sul-
lied by them,—
For shame, Ellen, shame,—cast thy
bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing
and pride.

"O, come where no winter thy foot-
steps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all
the year long,
Where the shade of the palm-tree is
over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in
their bloom!

"O, come to my home, where my ser-
vants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy
call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with
trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt
as a law."

O, could ye have seen her—that pride
of our girl's—
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of
her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer
could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that
flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy
treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts
thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it
I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps
of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be
brighter than ours,

And greener thy landscapes, and fairer
thy flowers;
But dearer the blast round our moun-
tains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which
breathes over slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes
may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and
heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner
would be
In fetters with them, than in freedom
with thee!"

TO W. L. G.*

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand:
In view of penury, hate, and death,
I see thee fearless stand.
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
And promise of thy youth.

Go on,—for thou hast chosen well;
On in the strength of God!
Long as one human heart shall swell
Beneath the tyrant's rod.
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
As thou hast ever spoken,
Until the dead in sin shall hear,—
The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,
I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
The cloud of human ill.
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain—
A searcher after fame;
That thou art striving but to gain
A long-enduring name;
That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand
And steeled the Afric's heart.
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read
Thy mighty purpose long?

* William Lloyd Garrison.

And watched the trials which have made
Thy human spirit strong?
And shall the slanderer's demon breath
Avail with one like me,
To dim the sunshine of my faith
And earnest trust in thee?

Go on,—the dagger's point may glare
Amid thy pathway's gloom,—
The fate which sternly threatens there
Is glorious martyrdom!
Then onward with a martyr's zeal,
And wait thy sure reward
When man to man no more shall kneel,
And God alone be Lord!

1833.

SONG OF THE FREE.

PRIDE of New England!
Soul of our fathers!
Shrink we all craven-like,
When the storm gathers?
What though the tempest be
Over us lowering,
Where's the New-Englander
Shamefully cowering?
Graves green and holy
Around us are lying,—
Free were the sleepers all,
Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's
Padlocks and scourges!
Go,—let him fetter down
Ocean's free surges!
Go,—let him silence
Winds, clouds, and waters,—
Never New England's own
Free sons and daughters!
Free as our rivers are
Ocean-ward going,—
Free as the breezes are
Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,
Haste we, and summon
Courage and loveliness,
Manhood and woman!
Deep let our pledges be:
Freedom for ever!
Truce with oppression,
Never, oh! never!
By our own birthright-gift,
Granted of Heaven,—

Freedom for heart and lip,
Be the pledge given!

If we have whispered truth,
Whisper no longer;
Speak as the tempest does,
Stern and stronger;
Still be the tones of truth
Louder and firmer,
Startling the haughty South
With the deep murmur;
God and our charter's right,
Freedom for ever!
Truce with oppression,
Never, oh! never!

1836.

THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er
mountain and glen,
Through cane-break and forest,—the
hunting of men?
The lords of our land to this hunting
have gone,
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of
the horn;
Hark!—the cheer and the hallo!—the
crac' of the whip,
And the yell of the hound as he fastens
his grip!
All blithe are our hunters, and noble
their match,—
Though hundreds are caught, there are
millions to catch.
So speed to their hunting, o'er moun-
tain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest,—the
hunting of men!
Gay luck to our hunters!—how nobly
they ride
In the glow of their zeal, and the
strength of their pride!—
The priest with his cassock flung back
on the wind,
Just screening the politic statesman
behind,—
The saint and the sinner, with cursing
and prayer,—
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily
there.
And woman,—kind woman,—wife,
widow, and maid,

For the good of the hunted, is lending
her aid :
Her foot's in the stirrup, her hand on
the rein,
How blithely she rides to the hunting
of men !

O, goodly and grand is our hunting to
see,
In this "land of the brave and this
home of the free."
Priest, warrior, and statesman, from
Georgia to Maine,
All mounting the saddle,—all grasping
the rein,—
Right merrily hunting the black man,
whose sin
Is the curl of his hair and the hue of
his skin !
Woe, now, to the hunted who turns
him at bay !
Will our hunters be turned from their
purpose and prey ?
Will their hearts fail within them?—
their nerves tremble, when
All roughly they ride to the hunting of
men ?

Ho !—ALMS for our hunters ! all weary
and faint,
Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer
of the saint.
The horn is wound faintly,—the echoes
are still,
Over cane-brake and river, and forest
and hill.
Haste,—alms for our hunters ! the hunt-
ed once more
Have turned from their flight with their
backs to the shore :
What right have *they* here in the home
of the white,
Shadowed o'er by *our* banner of Free-
dom and Right ?
Ho !—alms for the hunters ! or never
again
Will they ride in their pomp to the hunt-
ing of men !

ALMS,—ALMS for our hunters ! why
will ye delay,
When their pride and their glory are
melting away ?
The parson has turned ; for, on charge
of his own,

Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone?
The politic statesman looks back with
a sigh,—
There is doubt in his heart,—there is
fear in his eye.
O, haste, lest that doubting and fear
shall prevail,
And the head of his steed take the place
of the tail.
O, haste, ere he leave us ! for who will
ride then,
For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of
men ?
1835.

CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

[In the report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the 9th month, 1835, published in the Courier of that city, it is stated, "The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene !"]

JUST God !—and these are they
Who minister at thine altar, God of
Right !
Men who their hands with prayer and
blessing lay
On Israel's Ark of light !

What ! preach and kidnap men ?
Give thanks,—and rob thy own afflicted
poor ?
Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door ?

What ! servants of thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast,—fetter-
ing down
The tasked and plundered slave !

Pilate and Herod, friends !
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, com-
bine !
Just God and holy ! is that church, which
lends
Strength to the spoiler, thine ?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which
search and burn
In warning and rebuke ;

[In a
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Feed fat, ye locusts, feed !
 And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank
 the Lord
 That, from the toiling bondman's utter
 need,
 Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord ! how long
 Shall such a priesthood barter truth
 away,
 And in thy name robbery and
 wrong
 At thy own altars pray ?

Is not thy hand stretched forth
 Visibly in the heavens, to awe and
 smite ?
 Shall not the living God of all the earth,
 And heaven above, do right ?

Woe, then, to all who grind
 Their brethren of a common Father
 down !
 To all who plunder from the immortal
 mind
 Its bright and glorious crown !

Woe to the priesthood ! woe
 To those whose hire is with the price of
 blood,—
 Perverting, darkening, changing, as
 they go,
 The searching truths of God !

Their glory and their might
 Shall perish ; and their very names shall
 be
 Vile before all the people, in the light
 Of a world's liberty.

O, speed the moment on
 When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty
 and Love
 And Truth and Right throughout the
 earth be known
 As in their home above.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

[In a late publication of L. T. Tasistro,—
 "Random Shots and Southern Breezes,"—is a
 description of a slave auction at New Orleans,
 at which the auctioneer recommended the
 woman on the stand as "A GOOD CHRISTIAN !"]

A CHRISTIAN ! going gone !
 Who bids for God's own image ;—for
 his grace,

Which that poor victim of the market
 place
 Hath in her suffering won ?

My God ! can such things be ?
 Hast thou not said that whatso'er is
 done
 Unto thy weakest and thy humblest one
 Is even done to thee ?

In that sad victim, then,
 Child of thy pitying love, I see thee
 stand,—
 Once more the jest-word of a mocking
 band,
 Bound, sold, and scourged again.

A Christian up for sale !
 Wet with her blood your whips, o'er-
 task her frame,
 Make her life loathsome with your
 wrong and shame,
 Her patience shall not fail !

A heathen hand might deal
 Back on your heads the gathered wrong
 of years :
 But her low, broken prayer and nightly
 tears,
 Ye neither heed nor feel.

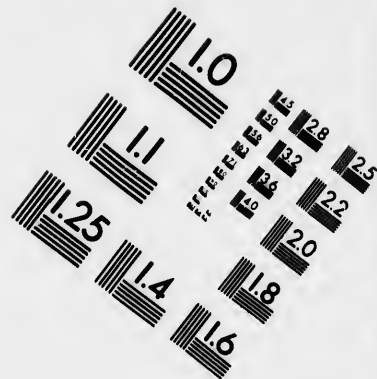
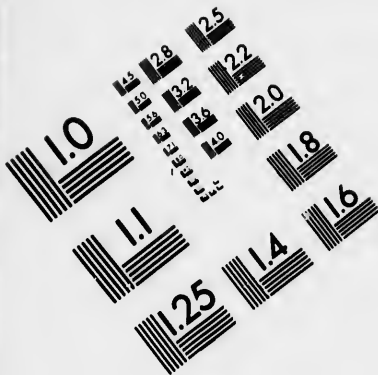
Can well thy lesson o'er,
 Thou prudent teacher,—tell the toiling
 slave
 No dangerous tale of Him who came to
 save
 The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray
 Of God's free Gospel from her simple
 heart,
 And to her darkened mind alone im-
 part
 One stern command,—OBEY !

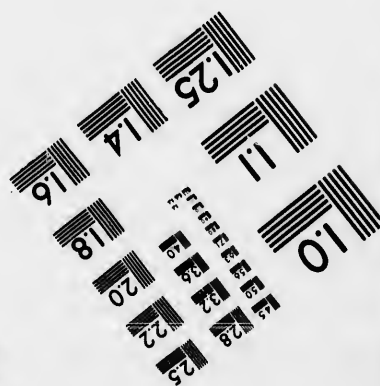
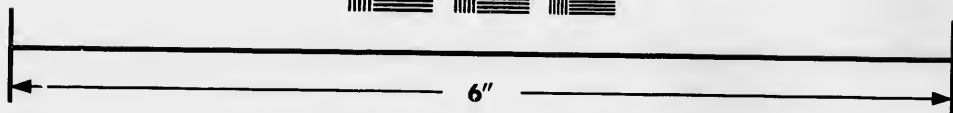
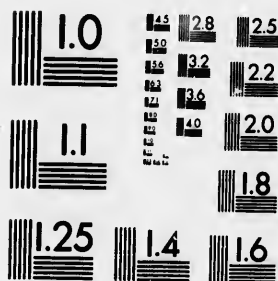
So shalt thou deftly raise
 The market price of human flesh ; and
 while
 On thee, their pampered guest, the
 planters smile,
 Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell
 From Northern pulpits how thy work
 was blest,





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While in that vile South Sodom first
and best,
Thy poor disciples sell.

O, shame! the Moslem thrall,
Who, with his master, to the Prophet
kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebla feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave-dungeons open, and
hath borne
Their inmates into day;

But our poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching
eyes,—
Its rites will only swell his market price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar
stand,
Lifting in prayer to thee, the bloody
hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

O, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the
trader's cell,—
From the black slave-ship's foul and
loathsome hell,
And coffin's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
HOW LONG, O GOD, HOW LONG?

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Is this the land our fathers loved,
The freedom which they toiled to win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved?
Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are *we* the sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
With craven soul and fettered lip?
Yokein with marked and branded slaves,
And tremble at the driver's whip?
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
And speak—but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel,—
The dungeon's gloom,—the assassin's
blow,

Turn back the spirit roused to save
The Truth, our Country and the Slave?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
Round which the priests of Mexico
Before their loathsome idol prayed:—
Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?
And must we yield to Freedom's God,
As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are
wrought
Which well might shame extremest
hell?

Shall freemen lock the indignant
thought?

Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honour bleed?—shall Truth suc-
cumb?

Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

No;—by each spot of haunted ground,
Where Freedom weeps her children's
fall,—

By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's
mound,—

By Griswold's stained and shattered
wall,—

By Warren's ghost,—by Langdon's
shade,—

By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst
The bands and fetters round them
set,—

By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—

By all above, around, below,
Be ours the indignant answer,—NO!

No;—guided by our country's laws,
For truth, and right, and suffering
man,

Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
As Christians *may*,—as freemen *can*!

Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbour
still,

While woman shrieks beneath his rod.

And while he tramples down at will
The image of a common God!
Shall watch and ward be round him set,
Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him
The danger and the growing shame?
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,
Which should have filled the world
with flame?

And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,
A world's reproach around us burn?

Is't not enough that this is borne?
And asks our haughty neighbour more?
Must fetters which his slaves have worn
Clank round the Yankee farmer's
door?

Must he be told, beside his plough,
What he must speak, and when, and
how?

Must he be told his freedom stands
On Slavery's dark foundations
strong,—

On breaking hearts and fettered hands,
On robbery, and crime, and wrong?
That all his fathers taught is vain,—
That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life, its soul, from slavery drawn?
False, foul, profane! Go,—teach as
well

Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!
Of Heaven refreshed by airs from
Hell!

Of Virtue in the arms of Vice!
Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, "brethren of the
South,"—

Ye shall not hear the truth the less;—
No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,
No fetter on the Yankee's press!
From our Green Mountains to the sea,
One voice shall thunder,—WE ARE
FREE!

LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING THE MESSAGE OF
GOVERNOR RITNER, OF PENNSYLVANIA,
1830.

THANK God for the token!—one lip
is still free,—
One spirit untrammelled,—unbending
one knee!

Like the oak of the mountain, deep-
rooted and firm,
Erect, when the multitude bends to the
storm;

When traitors to Freedom, and Honour,
and God,
Are bowed at an Idol polluted with
blood;

When the recreant North has forgotten
her trust,
And the lip of her honour is low in the
dust,—

Thank God, that one arm from the
shackle has broken!

Thank God, that one man as a *freeman*
has spoken!

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has
been blown!

Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the mur-
mur has gone!

To the land of the South,—of the charter
and chain,—

Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's
pain;

Where the cant of Democracy dwells
on the lips

Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders
of whips!

Where "chivalric" honour means really
no more

Than scourging of women, and robbing
the poor!

Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth
on high,

And the words which he utters, are—
WORSHIP, OR DIE!

Right onward, O speed it! Wherever
the blood

Of the wronged and the guiltless is cry-
ing to God;

Wherever a slave in his fetters is pin-
ing;

Wherever the lash of the driver is twin-
ing;

Wherever from kindred, torn rudely
apart,

Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken
of heart;

Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,
In silence and darkness, the God-given
mind;

There, God speed it onward!—its truth
will be felt.—

The bonds shall be loosened,—the iron shall melt!

And O, will the land where the free soul of PENN Still lingers and breathes over mountain and glen,— Will the land where a BENEZER's spirit went forth To the peeled, and the meted, and out-cast of Earth,— Where the words of the Charter of Liberty first From the soul of the sage and the patriot burst,— Where first for the wronged and the weak of their kind,— The Christian and statesman their efforts combined,— Will that land of the free and the good wear a chain? Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be vain?

No, RITNER!—her "Friends" at thy warning shall stand Erect for the truth, like their ancestral band; Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time, Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime; Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to unite Once again for the poor in defence of the Right; Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide of Wrong, Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges along; Unappalled by the danger, the shame, and the pain, And counting each trial for Truth as their gain!

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true, Who, haters of fraud, give to labour its due; Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert with thine, On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the Rhine,— The German-born pilgrims, who first dared to brave

The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave:— Will the sons of such men yield the lords of the South One brow for the brand,—for the padlock one mouth? They cater to tyrants?—They rivet the chain, Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again?

No, never!—one voice, like the sound in the cloud, When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud, Wherever the foot of the free-man hath pressed From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the West, On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below! The voice of a PEOPLE,—uprisen,— awake,— Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake, Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each height, "OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY!— GOD FOR THE RIGHT!"

THE PASTORAL LETTER.

So, this is all,—the utmost reach Of priestly power the mind to fetter! When laymen think—when women preach— A war of words—a "Pastoral Letter!"

Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes! Was it thus with those, your predecessors, Who sealed with racks, and fire, and ropes Their loving-kindness to transgressors?

A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull— Alas! in hoof and horns and features, How different is your Brookfield bull, From him who bellows from St. Peter's!

You: pastoral rights and powers from harm,

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Think ye, can words alone preserve
 them?
 Your wiser fathers taught the arm
 And sword of temporal power to
 serve them.

O, glorious days,—when Church and
 State
 Were wedded by your spiritual
 fathers!
 And on submissive shoulders sat
 Your Wilsons and your Cotton Ma-
 thers.

No vile "itinerant" then could mar
 The beauty of your tranquil Zion,
 But at his peril of the scar
 Of hangman's whip and branding-
 iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the
 Church
 Of heretic and mischief-maker,
 And priest and bailiff joined in search,
 By turns, of Papist, witch, and Qua-
 ker!

The stocks were at each church's door,
 The gallows stood on Boston Com-
 mon,
 A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—
 The gallows-ropes, a Quaker woman!

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal
 With "non-professing" frantic teach-
 ers;
 They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,
 And flayed the backs of "female
 preachers."

Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,
 And Salem's streets could tell their
 story,
 Of fainting women dragged along,
 Gashed by the whip, accursed and
 gory!

And will ye ask me, why this taunt
 Of memories sacred from the scerner?
 And why with reckless hand I plant
 A nettle on the graves ye honour?
 Not to reproach New England's dead
 This record from the past I summon,
 Of manhood to the scaffold led,
 And suffering and heroic woman.

No,—for yourselves alone, I turn
 The pages of intolerance over,
 That, in their spirit, dark and stern,

Ye haply may your own discover!
 For, if ye claim the "pastoral right,"
 To silence Freedom's voice of warning,
 And from your precincts shut the light
 Of freedom's day around ye dawning;

If when an earthquake voice of power,
 And signs in earth and heaven, are
 showing,
 That forth, in its appointed hour,
 The Spirit of the Lord is going!
 And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light
 On kindred, tongue, and people
 breaking,
 Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,
 In glory and in strength are waking!

When for the sighing of the poor,
 And for the needy God hath risen,
 And chains are breaking, and a door
 Is opening for the souls in prison!
 If then ye would, with puny hands,
 Arrest the very work of Heaven,
 And bind anew the evil bands
 Which God's right arm of power hath
 riven,—

What marvel that, in many a mind,
 Those darker deeds of bigot madness
 Are closely with your own combined,
 Yet "less in anger than in sadness?"
 What marvel, if the people learn
 To claim the right of free opinion?
 What marvel, if at times they spurn
 The ancient yoke of your dominion!

A glorious remnant linger yet,
 Whose lips are wet at Freedom's
 fountains,
 The coming of whose welcome feet
 Is beautiful upon our mountains!
 Men, who the gospel tidings bring
 Of Liberty and Love for ever,
 Whose joy is an abiding spring,
 Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale
 Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,
 Which echoes here the mournful wail
 Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,
 Close while ye may the public ear,—
 With malice vex, with slander wound
 them,—
 The pure and good shall throng to hear,
 And tried and manly hearts surround
 them.

O, ever may the power which led
 Their way to such a fiery trial,
 And strengthened womanhood to tread
 The wine-press of such self-denial,
 Be round them in an evil land,
 With wisdom and with strength from
 Heaven,
 With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,
 And Deborah's song, for triumph
 given!

And what are ye who strive with God
 Against the ark of His salvation,
 Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,
 With blessings for a dying nation?
 What, but the stubble and the hay
 To perish, even as flax consuming,
 With all that bars His glorious way,
 Before the brightness of His coming?

And thou, sad Angel, who so long
 Hast waited for the glorious token,
 That Earth from all her bonds of wrong
 To liberty and light has broken,—
 Angel of Freedom! soon to thee
 The sounding trumpet shall be given,
 And over Earth's full jubilee
 Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE MEETING OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT CHATHAM STREET CHAPEL, N. Y., HELD ON THE 4TH OF THE 7TH MONTH, 1831.

O THOU, whose presence went before
 Our fathers in their weary way,
 As with thy chosen moved of yore
 The fire by night, the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,
 A nation's song ascends to Heaven,
 Most Holy Father! unto thee
 May not our humble prayer be given.

Thy children all,—though hue and form
 Are varied in thine own good will,—
 With thy own holy breathings warm,
 And fashioned in thine image still.

We thank thee, Father!—hill and plain
 Around us wave their fruits once
 more,

And clustered vine, and blossomed
 grain,
 Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here; and hope and love
 Are round us as a mantle thrown,
 And unto Thee, supreme above,
 The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But O, for those this day can bring,
 As unto us, no joyful thrill,—
 For those who, under Freedom's wing,
 Are bound in Slavery's fetters still:

For those to whom thy living word
 Of light and love is never given,—
 For those whose ears have never heard
 The promise and the hope of Heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,
 Whereon no human mercies fall,—
 O, be thy gracious love inclined,
 Who, as a Father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time
 Of Earth's deliverance may be near,
 When every land and tongue and clime
 The message of thy love shall hear,—

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
 The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
 And to his fettered soul be given
 The glorious freedom of the just!

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF BRITISH EMANCIPATION AT THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE, N. Y., "FIRST OF AUGUST," 1837.

O HOLY FATHER!—just and true
 Are all thy works and words and ways,
 And unto thee alone are due
 Thanksgiving and eternal praise!
 As children of thy gracious care,
 We veil the eye, we bend the knee,
 With broken words of praise and prayer,
 Father and God, we come to thee.

For thou hast heard, O God of Right,
 The sighing of the island slave;
 And stretched for him the arm of might,
 Not shortened that it could not save.
 The labourer sits beneath his vine,
 The shackled soul and hand are
 free,—

Thanksgiving!—for the work is thine!
 Praise!—for the blessing is of thee!

And O, we feel thy presence here,—
 Thy awful arm in judgment bare!

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Thine eye hath seen the bondman's
tear,—

Thine ear hath heard the bondman's
prayer.

Praise!—for the pride of man is low,
The counsels of the wise are naught,
The fountains of repentance flow;
What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on thy work, Lord God of Hosts!
And when the bondman's chain is
riven,

And swells from all our guilty coasts
The anthem of the free to Heaven,
O, not to those whom thou hast led,
As with thy cloud and fire before,
But unto thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory evermore.

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST, AT MIL-
TON, 1846.

A FEW brief years have passed away
Since Britain drove her million slaves
Beneath the tropic's fiery ray:
God willed their freedom; and to-day
Life blooms above those island graves!

He spoke! across the Carib Sea,
We heard the clash of breaking chains
And felt the heart-throb of the free,
The first, strong pulse of liberty
Which thrilled along the bondman's
veins.

Though long delayed, and far, and slow,
The Briton's triumph shall be ours:
Wears slavery here a prouder brow
Than that which twelve short years ago
Scowled darkly from her island bow-
ers?

Mighty alike for good or ill
With mother-land, we fully share
The Saxon strength,—the nerve of
steel,—
The tireless energy of will,—
The power to do, the pride to dare.

What she has done can we not do?
Our hour and men are both at hand;
The blast which Freedom's angel blew
O'er her green islands echoes through
Each valley of our forest land.

Hear it, old Europe! we have sworn
The death of slavery.—When it falls,
Look to your vassals in their turn,
Your poor dumb millions, crushed and
worn,
Your prisons and your palace walls:

O kingly mockers!—scoffing show
What deeds in Freedom's name we
do;

Yet know that every taunt ye throw
Across the waters, goads our slow
Progression towards the right and true.

Not always shall your outraged poor,
Appalled by democratic crime,
Grind as their fathers ground before—
The hour which sees our prison door
Swing wide shall be *their* triumph
time.

On then, my brothers! every blow
Ye deal is felt the wide earth through;
Whatever here uplifts the low
Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,
Blesses the Old World through the
New.

Take heart! The promised hour draws
near,—

I hear the downward beat of wings,
And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear;
"Joy to the people!—woe and fear
To new-world tyrants, old-world
kings!"

THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAU-
GTERS SOLD INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air,—
Gone, gone —sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.

There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them ;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
O, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet
them,—

There no father's welcome meet them.
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play,—
From the cool spring where they drank,—
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank,—
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there,—

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,—
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
O that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth,—
By the bruised reed He spareth,—
O, may He, to whom alone

All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood ;
And, through the storm which round
her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for wine !

Our fathers to their graves have gone ;
Their strife is past,—their triumph
won ;
But stern trials wait the race
Which rises in their honoured place,—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight.
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of
Heaven.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION, HELD
IN LONDON IN 1840.

YES, let them gather !—Summon forth
The pledged philanthropy of Earth,
From every land, whose hills have heard
The bugle blast of Freedom waking ;
Or shrieking of her symbol-bird
From out his cloudy eyrie breaking :
Where Justice hath one worshipper,
Or truth one altar built to her ;
Where'er a human heart is weeping

O'er wrongs which Earth's sad chil-
dren know,—

Where'er a single heart is keeping
Its prayerful watch with human woe :
Thence let them come, and greet each
other,

And know in each a friend and brother !

Yes, let them come ! from each green
vale

Where England's old baronial halls
Still bear upon their storied walls
The grim crusader's rusted mail,
Battered by Paynim spear and brand
On Malta's rock or Syria's sand !

And mouldering pennon-staves once set
Within the soil of Palestine,
By Jordan and Genesaret ;

Or, borne with England's battle line,
O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,
Or, midst the camp their banners droop-
ing,

With dew from hallowed Hermon
wet,

A holier summons now is given
Than that gray hermit's voice of old,
Which unto all the winds of heaven

The banners of the Cross unrolled !
Not for the long-deserted shrine,—
Not for the dull unconscious sod,

Which tells not by one lingering sign
That there the hope of Israel trod ;—
But for that TRUTH, for which alone

In pilgrim eyes are sanctified
The garden moss, the mountain stone,
Whereon his holy sandals pressed,—
The fountain which his lip hath
blessed,—

Whate'er hath touched his garment's
hem

At Bethany or Bethlehem,
Or Jordan's river-side.

For FREEDOM, in the name of Him
Who came to raise Earth's drooping
poor,

To break the chain from every limb,
The bolt from every prison door !
For these, o'er all the earth hath passed
An ever-deepening trumpet blast,
As if an angel's breath had lent
Its vigour to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowdon's mountain
wall,
Shall startle at that thrilling call,

As if she heard her bards again ;
And Erin's " harp on Tara's wall "

Give out its ancient strain,
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal,—
The melody which Erin loves,

When o'er that harp, 'mid bursts of
gladness

And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,
The hand of her O'Connell moves !

Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,
And mountain hold, and heathery hill,
Shall catch and echo back the note,

As if she heard upon her air
Once more her Cameronian's prayer
And song of Freedom float.

And cheering echoes shall reply
From each remote dependency,
Where Britain's mighty sway is known,
In tropic sea or frozen zone ;

Where'er her sunset flag is furling,
Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling ;
From Indian Bengal's groves of palm
And rosy fields and gales of balm,

Where Eastern pomp and power are
rolled

Through regal Ava's gates of gold ;
And from the lakes and ancient woods
And dim Canadian solitudes,

Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,
Queen of the North, Quebec looks down ;
And from those bright and ramparted
Isles

Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,
And the dark labourer still retains
The scar of slavery's broken chains !

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel
The gateways of the land of Tell,
Where morning's keen and earliest
glance

On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,
And from the olive bowers of France
And vine groves garlanding the
Rhone,—

" Friends of the Blacks," as true and
tried

As those who stood by Oge's side,
And heard the Haytien's tale of wrong,
Shall gather at that summons strong,—
Brogie, Passy, and him whose song
Breathed over Syria's holy sod,
And in the paths which Jesus trod,
And murmured midst the hills which hem
Crownless and sad Jerusalem,
Hath echoes wheresoe'er the tone

Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come,—from Quito's walls.

And from the Orinoco's tide,
From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,
From Santa Fé and Yucatan,—

Men who by swart Guerrero's side
Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS OF
MAN,

Broke every bond and fetter off,
And hailed in every sable serf
A free and brother Mexican!

Chiefs who across the Andes' chain
Have followed Freedom's flowing
pennon,

And seen on Junin's fearful plain,
Glare o'er the broken ranks of Spain
The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon!

And Hayti, from her mountain land,
Shall send the sons of those who
hurled
Defiance from her blazing strand,—
The war-gage from her Petion's hand,
Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,
Land of the dark and mystic Nile!

Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame
All tyrants of a Christian name,—
When in the shade of Gizeh's pile,
Or, where from Abyssinian hills
El Gereh's upper fountain fills,
Or where from Mountains of the Moon
El Abiad bears his watery boon,
Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim
Within their ancient hallowed wa-
ters,—

Where'er is heard the Coptic hymn,
Or song of Nubia's sable daughters,—
The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,
Thy bequest from remotest time,
At thy dark Mehemet's decree
For evermore shall pass from thee:

And chains forsake each captive's limb
Of all those tribes, whose mills around
Have echoed back the cymbal sound
And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime
To earth's remotest bound and clime,
In mingled tones of awe and scorn,
The echoes of a world have borne,
My country! glorious at thy birth,
A day-star flashing brightly forth,—
The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn!

O, who could dream that saw thee then,
And watched thy rising from afar,
That vapours from oppression's fen
Would cloud the upward tending star?
Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which
heard,

Awe-struck, the shout which hailed
thy dawning,
Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and
king,

To mock thee with their welcoming,
Like Hades when her thrones were
stirred

To greet the down-cast Star of
Morning!

“Aha! and art thou fallen thus?
ART THOU become as one of us?”

Land of my fathers!—there will stand,
Amidst that world-assembled band,
Those owning thy maternal claim
Unweakened by thy crime and shame,—
The sad reprovers of thy wrong.—
The children thou hast spurned so long.
Still with affection's fondest yearning
To their unnatural mother turning,
No traitors they!—but tried and real,
Whose own is but thy general weal,
Still blending with the patriot's zeal
The Christian's love for human kind,
To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering!—peaceful all:
No threat of war,—no savage call
For vengeance on an erring brother!
But in their stead the godlike plan
To teach the brotherhood of man

To love and reverence one another,
As sharers of a common blood,
The children of a common God!—
Yet, even at its lightest word,
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be stirred.
Spain, watching from her Moro's keep
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,
And Rio, in her strength and pride,
Lifting, along her mountain-side,
Her snowy battlements and towers,—
Her lemon-groves and tropic bowers,
With bitter hate and sullen fear
Its freedom-giving voice shall hear:
And where my country's flag is flowing,
On breezes from Mount Vernon blow-

ing—
Above the Nation's council halls,
Where Freedom's praise is loud and
long,

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While else beneath the outward walls
 The driver plies his reeking thong,—
 The hammer of the man-thief falls,
 O'er hypocritic cheek and brow
 The crimson flush of shame shall glow,
 And all who for their native land
 Are pledging life and heart and hand,—
 Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,
 Who for her tarnished honour feel,—
 Through cottage door and council-hall
 Shall thunder an awakening call.
 The pen along its page shall burn
 With all intolerable scorn,—
 An eloquent rebuke shall go
 On all the winds that Southward blow,—
 From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,
 Warning and dread appeal shall come,
 Like those which Israel heard from him,
 The Prophet of the Cherubim,—
 Or those which sad Esaias hurled
 Against a sin-accursed world!
 Its wizard leaves the Press shall fling
 Unceasing from its iron wing,
 With characters inscribed thereon,
 As fearful in the despot's hall
 As to the pomp of Babylon
 The fire-sign on the palace wall!
 And, from her dark iniquities,
 Methinks I see my country rise:
 Not challenging the nations round
 To note her tardy justice done,—
 Her captives from their chains unbound,
 Her prisons opening to the sun:—
 But tearfully her arms extending
 Over the poor and unoffending;
 Her regal emblem now no longer
 A bird of prey, with talons reeking,
 Above the dying captive shrieking,
 But, spreading out her ample wing,—
 A broad, impartial covering,—
 The weaker sheltered by the strong-
 er!—
 O, then to Faith's anointed eyes
 The promised token shall be given;
 And on a nation's sacrifice,
 Atoning for the sin of years,
 And wet with penitential tears,—
 The fire shall fall from Heaven!
 1839.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1845.

GOD bless New Hampshire!—from
 her granite peaks

Once more the voice of Stark and
 Langdon speaks.
 The long-bound vassal of the exulting
 South
 For very shame her self-forged chain
 has broken,—
 Torn the black seal of slavery from her
 mouth,
 And in the clear tones of her old time
 spoken!
 O, all undreamed-of, all unhopèd-for
 changes!—
 The tyrant's ally proves his sternest
 foe;
 To all his bidings, from her mountain
 ranges,
 New Hampshire thunders an indig-
 nant No!
 Who is it now despairs? O, faint of heart,
 Look upward to those Northern
 mountains cold,
 Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag un-
 rolled,
 And gather strength to bear a manlier
 part!
 All is not lost. The angel of God's
 blessing
 Encamps with Freedom on the field
 of fight;
 Still to her banner, day by day, are
 pressing,
 Unlooked-for allies, striking for the
 right!
 Courage, then, Northern hearts!—Be
 firm, be true:
 What one brave State hath done, can ye
 not also do?

THE NEW YEAR:

ADDRESSED TO THE PATRONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FREEMAN.

THE wave is breaking on the shore,—
 The echo fading from the chime,—
 Again the shadow moveth o'er
 The dial-plate of time!
 O, seer-seen Angel! waiting now
 With weary feet on sea and shore,
 Impatient for the last dread vow
 That time shall be no more!
 Once more across thy sleepless eye
 The semblance of a smile has passed

The year departing leaves more nigh
Time's fearfullest and last.

O, in that dying year hath been
The sum of all since time began,—
The birth and death, the joy and pain,
Of Nature and of Man.

Spring with her change of sun and
shower,
And streams released from Winter's
chain,

And bursting bud, and opening flower,
And greenly growing grain;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine
warm,

And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,
And voices in her rising storm,—
God speaking from his cloud i—

And Autumn's fruits and clustering
sheaves,

And soft, warm days of golden light,
The glory of her forest leaves,
And harvest-moon at night;

And Winter with her leafless grove,
And prisoned stream, and drifting
snow,

'The brilliance of her heaven above
And of her earth below :—

And man,—in whom an angel's mind
With earth's low instincts finds
abode,—

The highest of the links which bind
Brute nature to her God;

His infant eye hath seen the light,
His childhood's merriest laughter
rung,

And active sports to manlier might
The nerves of boyhood strung!

And quiet love, and passion's fires,
Have soothed or burned in man-
hood's breast,

And lofty aims and low desires
By turns disturbed his rest.

The wailing of the newly-born
Has mingled with the funeral knell;
And o'er the dying's ear has gone
The merry marriage-bell.

And Wealth has filled his halls with
mirth,

While Want, in many a humble shed,
Toiled, shivering by her cheerless
hearth,
The live-long night for bread.

And worse than all,—the human slave,—
The sport of lust, and pride, and
scorn!

Plucked off the crown his Maker gave,—
His regal manhood gone.

O, still, my country! o'er thy plains,
Blackened with slavery's blight and
ban,

That human chattel drags his chains,—
An uncreated man!

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,
My country, is thy flag unrolled,
With scorn, the gazing stranger sees
A stain on every fold.

O, tear the gorgeous emblem down!
It gathers scorn from every eye,
And despots smile and good men frown
Whene'er it passes by.

Shame! shame! its starry splendours
glow

Above the slaver's loathsome jail,
Its folds are ruffling even now
His crimson flag of sale.

Still round our country's proudest hall
The trade in human flesh is driven,
And at each careless hammer-fall,
A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men,
Vested with power to shield the right
And throw each vile and robber den
Wide open to the light.

Yet, shame upon them!—there they sit,
Men of the North, subdued and still,
Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit
To work a master's will.

Sold,—bargained off for Southern
votes,—

A passive herd of Northern mules,
Just braying through their purchased
throats

Whate'er their owner rules.

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THE
Bears

And he,³¹—the basest of the base,
The vilest of the vile,— whose name,
Embalmed in infinite disgrace,
Is deathless in its shame !—

A tool,—to holt the people's door
Against the people clamouring there,
An ass,—to trample on their floor
A people's right of prayer !

Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast,
Self-pilloried to the public view,—
A mark for every passing blast
Of scorn to whistle through ;

There let him hang, and hear the boast
Of Southrons o'er their pliant tool,—
A new Stylites on his post,
" Sacred to ridicule ! "

Look we at home !—our noble hall,
To Freedom's holy purpose given,
Now rears its black and ruined wall,
Beneath the wintry heaven,—

Telling the story of its doom,—
The fiendish mob,— the prostrate
law,—

The fiery jet through midnight's gloom,
Our gazing thousands saw.

Look to our State,—the poor man's
right

Torn from him :—and the sons of
those

Whose blood in Freedom's sternest
fight

Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,
That Slavery's guilty fears might
cease,

And those whom God created men
Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm
A bow of promise bends on high,

And gleams of sunshine, soft and warm,
Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is
heard,

Of freemen rising for the right :
Each va' ey hath its rallying word,—
Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,
The strengthening light of freedom
shines,

Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay,—
And Vermont's snow-hung pines !

From Hudson's frowning palisades
To Alleghany's laureled crest,
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and
glades,
It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell
In Slavery's land of woe and sin,
And through the blackness of that hell,
Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience quake
Before that light poured full and
strong,

So shall the Southern heart awake
To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land
The song of grateful millions rise,
Like that of Israel's ransomed band
Beneath Arabia's skies :

And all who now are bound beneath
Our banner's shade, our eagle's wing,
From Slavery's night of moral death
To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain, and gone
The master's guilt, and hate, and fear,
And unto both alike shall dawn,
A New and Happy Year.
1839.

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

[Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.]

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its Southern way,
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts Bay :—

No word of haughty challenging, nor battle bugle's peal,
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horse-men's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go,—
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow ;
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia ! thy stormy words and high,
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along our sky ;
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest labour here,—
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's bank,—
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank ;
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms,
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling with the storms ;
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves they roam,
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the day
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel array?
How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall?
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath
Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved
False to their fathers' memory,—false to the faith they loved,
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great charter spurn,
Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell,—
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's yell,—
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts grow;
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow and calm and cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free* State may,
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day;
But that one dark loathsome burden ye must stagger with alone,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair;
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes upon your plains
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,
By watching round the shambles where human flesh is sold,—
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value, when
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginia name;
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds of shame;
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe,—
We wash our hands for ever of your sin and shame and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine hath been,
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's mountain men:
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of gray,
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke;
How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,—
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply;
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,
And up from bench and loom and wheel her young mechanics sprang!

The voice of free broad Middlesex,—of thousands as of one,—
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington,—
From Norfolk's ancient villages, from Plymouth's rocky bound
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round;—

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua flows,
To where Wachuset's wintry blasts the mountain larches stir,
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of "God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea spray,—
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett Bay!
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from Holyoke
Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and daughters,—
Deep calling unto deep aloud,—the sound of many waters!
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand?
No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;
You've spurned our kindest counsels,—you've hunted for our lives,—
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war,—we lift no arm,—we fling no torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;
We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given
For freedom and humanity is registered in Heaven ;
No slave-hunt in our borders,—no pirate on our strand !
No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave upon our land !

THE RELIC.

[PENNSYLVANIA HALL, dedicated to Free Discussion and the cause of human liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood-work which the fire had spared.]

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,
From one whose fiery heart of youth
With mine has beaten, side by side,
For Liberty and Truth ;
With honest pride the gift I take,
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells
Of generous hand and heart sincere ;
Around that gift of friendship dwells
A memory doubly dear,—
Earth's noblest aim,—man's holiest
thought,
With that memorial frail inwrought !

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers
unfald,

And precious memories round it cling,
Even as the Prophet's rod of old
In beauty blossoming :
And buds of feeling pure and good
Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine !—a brand
Plucked from its burning !—let it be
Dear as a jewel from the hand
Of a lost friend to me !—
Flower of a perished garland left,
Of life and beauty unbereft !

O, if the young enthusiast bears,
O'er weary waste and sea, the stone
Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs,
Or round the Parthenon ;
Or olive-bough from some wild tree
Hung over old Thermopylæ :

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,
Or moss-wreath torn from ruins
hoary,—

Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom
On fields renowned in story,—
Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest
Or the gray rock by Druids blessed ;

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly growing
Where Freedom led her stalwart kern
Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blowing
On Bruce's Bannockburn,—
Or Runnymede's wild English rose,
Or lichen plucked from Sempach's
snows !—

If it be true that things like these
To heart and eye bright visions bring,
Shall not far holier memories
To this memorial cling?
Which needs no mellowing mist of time
To hide the crimson stains of crime !

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned.—
Of courts where Peace with Freedom
trod,
Lifting on high, with hands unstained,
Thanksgiving unto God ;
Where Mercy's voice of love was plead
ing
For human hearts in bondage bleed
ing !—

Where, midst the sound of rushing feet
And curses on the night-air flung,
That pleading voice rose calm and sweet
From woman's earnest tongue ;
And Riot turned his scowling glance,
Awed, from her tranquil countenance !

That temple now in ruin lies !—
The fire-stain on its shattered wall,
And open to the changing skies
Its black and roofless hall,
It stands before a nation's sight,
A gravestone over buried Right !

But from that ruin, as of old,
The fire-scorched stones themselves
are crying,
And from their ashes white and cold
Its timbers are replying !
A voice which slavery cannot kill
Speaks from the crumbling arches still !

And even this relic from thy shrine,
O holy Freedom ! hath to me

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A potent power, a voice and sign
To testify of thee ;
And, grasping it, methinks I feel
A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod,

Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian
wave,
Which opened, in the strength of God,
A pathway for the slave,
It yet may point the bondman's way,
And turn the spoiler: from his prey.

THE BRANDED HAND.

1846.

WELCOME home again, brave seaman ! with thy thoughtful brow and gray,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day,—
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve in vain
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain !

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee ? Did the brutal cravens aim
To make God's truth thy falsehood, his holiest work thy shame ?
When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,
How laugh'd their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn !

They change to wrong the duty which God hath written out
On the great heart, of humanity, too legible for doubt !
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from footsole up to crown,
Give to shame what God hath given unto honour and renown !

Why, that brand is highest honour !—than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set ;
And thy unborn generations, as they tread our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND !

As the Templar home was welcome, bearing back from Syrian wars
The scars of Arab lances and of Paynim scymitars,
The pallor of the prison, and the shackle's crimson span,
So we greet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man !

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,
Thou for his living presence in the bound and bleeding slave ;
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God !

For, while the jurist, sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood for wine,—

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off Saviour knelt,
And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Saviour dwelt ;
Thou beheld'st him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim,
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto him !

In thy lone and long night-watches, sky above and wave below,
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than the babbling schoolmen know ;
God's stars and silence taught thee, as his angels only can,
That the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is Man !

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need ;
But woe to him who crushes the SOUL with chain and rod,
And herds with lower natures the awful form of God !

Then lift that manly right-hand, bold ploughman of the wave !
Its branded palm shall prophesy, "SALVATION TO THE SLAVE !"
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air,—
Ho ! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God, look there !
Take in henceforth for your standard, like the Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before !

And the tyrants of the slave-land shall tremble at that sign,
When it points its finger Southward along the Puritan line :
Woe to the State-gorged leeches and the Church's locust band,
When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that hand !

TEXAS.

VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

UP the hillside, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen ;
Summon out the might of men !

Like a lion growling low,—
Like a night-storm rising slow,—
Like the tread of unseen foe,—

It is coming,—it is nigh !
Stand your homes and altars by ;
On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires ;
On the gray hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

From Wachuset, lone and bleak,
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

O, for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow !

Freedom's soil hath only place
For a free and fearless race,—
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party,—perish clan ;
Strike together while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublimed,
I heard above a world of crime,
Crying of the end of time,—

With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North unto the South
Speak the word befitting both :

"What though Issachar be strong !
Ye may load his back with wrong
Overmuch and over long :

"Patience with her cup o'errun,
With her weary thread outspun,
Murmurs that her work is done.

"Make our Union-bond a chain,
Weak as tow in Freedom's strain,
Link by link shall snap in twain.

"Vainly shall your sand-wrought rope
Bind the starry cluster up,
Shattered over heaven's blue cope !

"Give us bright though broken rays,
Rather than eternal haze,
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

"Take your land of sun and bloom ;
Only leave to Freedom room
For her plough, and force, and loom :

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MEN !
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"Take your slavery-blackened vales ;
Leave us but our own free gales,
Blowing on our thousand sails.

"Boldly, or with treacherous art,
Strike the blood-wrought chain apart ;
Break the Union's mighty heart ;

"Work the ruin, if ye will ;
Pluck upon your heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still.

"With your bondman's right arm bare,
With his heart of black despair,
Stand alone, if stand ye dare !

"Onward with your fell design ;
Dig the gulf and draw the line :
Fire beneath your feet the mine ;

"Deeply, when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

"By the hearth, and in the bed,
Shaken by a look or tread,
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

"And the curse of unpaid toil,
Downward through your generous soil
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

"Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
Plenty in our valleys flow :—

"And when vengeance clouds your
skies,
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
As the lost on Paradise !

"We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom's true and brother band,
Freedom's strong and honest hand,—

"Valleys by the slave untrod,
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,
Blessed of our fathers' God !"

TO FANEUIL HALL.

1844.

MEN!—if manhood still ye claim,
If the Northern pulse can thrill,
Roused by wrong or stung by shame,
Freely, strongly still,—

Let the sounds of traffic die :
Shut the mill-gate,—leave the stall,—
Fling the axe and hammer by,—
Throng to Faneuil Hall !

Wrongs which freemen never brooked,—
Dangers grim and fierce as they,
Which, like couching lions, looked
On your fathers' way,—
These your instant zeal demand,
Shaking with their earthquake-call
Every rood of Pilgrim land,
Ho, to Faneuil Hall !

From your capes and sandy bars,—
From your mountain-ridges cold,
Through whose pines the westerling stars
Stoop their crowns of gold,—
Come, and with your footsteps wake
Echoes from that holy wall ;
Once again, for Freedom's sake,
Rock your fathers' hall !

Up, and tread beneath your feet
Every cord by party spun ;
Let your hearts together beat
As the heart of one.

Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,
Let them rise or let them fall ;
Freedom asks your common aid,—
Up, to Faneuil Hall !

Up, and let each voice that speaks
Ring from thence to Southern plains,
Sharply as the blow which breaks
Prison-bolts and chains ;
Speak as well becomes the free :
Dreaded more than steel or ball,
Shall your calmest utterance be,
Heard from Faneuil Hall ?

Have they wronged us? Let us then
Render back nor threats nor prayers ;
Have they chained our free-born men?
LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS !

Up, your banner leads the van,
Blazoned, "Liberty for all !"
Finish what your sires began !
Up, to Faneuil Hall !

TO MASSACHUSETTS.

1844.

WHAT though around thee blazes
No fiery rallying sign?
From all thy own high places,
Give heaven the light of thine !

What though unthrilled, unmoving,
The statesman stands apart,
And comes no warm approving
From Mammon's crowded mart?

Still, let the land be shaken
By a summons of thine own !
By all save truth forsaken,
Why, stand with that alone !
Shrink not from strife unequal !
With the best is always hope ;
And ever in the sequel
God holds the right side up !

But when, with thine uniting,
Come voices long and loud,
And far-off hills are writing
Thy fire-words on the cloud ;
When from Penobscot's fountains
A deep response is heard,
And across the Western mountains
Rolls back thy rallying word ;

Shall thy line of battle falter,
With its allies just in view ?

O, by hearth and holy altar,
My fatherland, be true !
Fling abroad thy scrolls of freedom !
Speed them onward far and fast !
Over hill and valley speed them,
Like the sibyl's on the blast !

Lo ! the Empire State is shaking
The shackles from her hand ;
With the rugged North is waking
The level sunset land !
On they come,—the free battalions !
East and West and North they
come,

And the heart-beat of the millions
Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

“To the tyrant's plot no favour !
No heed to place-fed knaves !
Bar and bolt the door for ever
Against the land of slaves !”
Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it
The Heavens above us spread !
The land is roused,—its spirit
Was sleeping, but not dead !

THE PINE-TREE.

1846.

LIFT again the stately emblem on the Bay State's rusted shield,
Give to Northern winds the Pine-Tree on our banner's tattered field.
Sons of men who sat in council with their Bibles round the board,
Answering England's royal missive with a firm, “**THUS SAITH THE LORD !**”
Rise again for home and freedom !—set the battle in array !—
What the fathers did of old time we their sons must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs,—cease your paltry pedler cries,—
Shall the good State sink her honour that your gambling stocks may rise ?
Would ye barter man for cotton ?—That your gains may sura up higher,
Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our children through the fire ?
Is the dollar only real ?—God and truth and right a dream ?
Weighed against your lying ledgers, must our manhood kick the beam ?

O my God !—for that free spirit, which of old in Boston town
Smote the Province House with terror, struck the crest of Andros down !—
For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's streets to cry,
“Up for God and Massachusetts !—Set your feet on Mammon's lie !
Perish banks and perish traffic,—spin your cotton's latest pound,—
But in Heaven's name keep your honour,—keep the heart o' the Bay State sound !”

Where's the MAN for Massachusetts ?—Where's the voice to speak her free ?—
Where's the hand to light up bonfires from her mountains to the sea ?
Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer ?—Sits she dumb in her despair ?—
Has she none to break the silence ?—Has she none to do and dare ?
O my God ! for one right worthy to lift up her rusted shield,
And to plant again the Pine-Tree in her banner's tattered field !

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE CITY OF
WASHINGTON, IN THE 12TH MONTH OF 1845.

WITH a cold and wintry noon-light,
On its roofs and steeples shed,
Shadows weaving with the sunlight
From the gray sky overhead,
Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies
the half-built town outspread.

Through this broad street, restless
ever,
Ebbs and flows a human tide,
Wave on wave a living river ;
Wealth and fashion side by side ;
Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the
same quick current glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose coping
Springs above them, vast and tall,
Grave men in the dust are groping
For the largess, base and small,
Which the hand of Power is scattering
crumbs which from its table fall.

Base of heart ! They vilely barter
Honour's wealth for party's place :
Step by step on Freedom's charter
Leaving footprints of disgrace ;
For to-day's poor pittance turning from
the great hope of their race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing
Glory round the dancer's hair,
Gold-tressed, like an angel's, flowing
Backward on the sunset air ;
And the low quick pulse of music beats
its measures sweet and rare :

There to-night shall woman's glances,
Star-like, welcome give to them,
Fawning fools with shy advances
Seek to touch their garments' hem,
With the tongue of flattery glozing deeds
which God and Truth condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision
Takes a broader, sadder range,
Full before me have arisen
Other pictures dark and strange :
From the parlour to the prison must the
scene and witness change.

Hark ! the heavy gate is swinging
On its hinges, harsh and slow :

One pale prison lamp is flinging
On a fearful group below
Such a light as leaves to terror whatso-
ever it does not show.

Pitying God !—Is that a WOMAN
On whose wrist the shackles clash ?
Is that shriek she utters human,
Underneath the stinging lash ?
Are they MEN whose eyes of madness
from that sad procession flash ?

Still the dance goes gaily onward !
What is it to Wealth and Pride
That without the stars are looking
On a scene which earth should hide ?
That the SLAVE-SHIP lies in waiting,
rocking on Potomac's tide !

Vainly to that mean Ambition
Which, upon a rival's fall,
Winds above its old condition,
With a reptile's slimy crawl,
Shall the pleading voice of sorrow, shall
the slave in anguish call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,
Giving to ideal woe
Graceful luxury of compassion,
Shall the stricken mourner go ;
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow, beau-
tiful the hollow show !

Nay, my words are all too sweeping :
In this crowded human mart,
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping ;
Man's strong will and woman's heart,
In the coming strife for Freedom, yet
shall bear their generous part.

And from yonder sunny valleys,
Southward in the distance lost,
Freedom yet shall summon allies
Worthier than the North can boast.
With the Evil by their hearth-stones
grappling at severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing :
Faint the heart and weak the knee ;
And as yet no lip is thrilling
With the mighty words, "BE FREE ?"
Tarry long the land's Good Angel,
but his advent is to be !

Meanwhile, turning from the revel
To the prison-cell my sight,

For intenser hate of evil,
For a keener sense of right,
Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee, City
of the Slaves, to-night !

“To thy duty now and ever !
Dream no more of rest or stay ;
Give to Freedom's great endeavour
All thou art and hast to-day :”—
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a
Voice, or seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted
To discern and love the right,
Whose worn faces have been lifted
To the slowly-growing light,
Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted
slowly back the murk of night !—

Ye who through long years of trial
Still have held your purpose fast,
While a lengthening shade the dial
From the westering sunshine cast,
And of hope each hour's denial seemed
an echo of the last !—

O my brothers ! O my sisters !
Would to God that ye were near,
Gazing with me down the vistas
Of a sorrow strange and drear ;
Would to God that ye were listeners to
the Voice I seem to hear !

With the storm above us driving,
With the false earth mined below,—
Who shall marvel if thus striving
We have counted friend as foe ;
Unto one another giving in the darkness
blow for blow.

Well it may be that our natures
Have grown sterner and more hard,
And the freshness of their features
Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,
And their harmonies of feeling over-
tasked and rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us
From a purpose true and brave ;
Dearer Freedom's rugged service
Than the pastime of the slave ;
Better is the storm above it than the
quiet of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,

And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust ;
Always he who most forgiveth in his
brother is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding
All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the spaces,
falling on the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes ?
Shall we grieve the holy angels ? Shall
we cloud their blessed skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way ;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerily, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and
with us it is not day !

LINES,

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERICAL
FRIEND.

A STRENGTH thy service cannot tire,—
A faith which doubt can never dim,—
A heart of love, a lip of fire,—
O Freedom's God ! be thou to him !

Speak through him words of power and
fear,
As through thy prophet bards of old,
And let a scornful prophet people hear
Once more thy Sinai-thunders rolled.

For lying lips thy blessing seek,
And hands of blood are raised to Thee,
And on thy children, crushed and weak,
The oppressor plants his kneeling
knee.

Let then, O God ! thy servant dare
Thy truth in all its power to tell,
Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear
The Bible from the grasp of hell !

From hollow rite and narrow span
Of law and sect by Thee released,
O, teach him that the Christian man
Is holier than the Jewish priest.

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Chase back the shadows, gray and old,
Of the dead ages, from his way,
And let his hopeful eyes behold
The dawn of thy millennial day ;—

That day when fettered limb and mind
Shall know the truth which maketh
free,
And he alone who loves his kind
Shall, childlike, claim the love of
Thee !

YORKTOWN.⁷²

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and
still.

Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill :
Who curbs his steed at head of one ?
Hark ! the low murmur : Washington !
Who bends his keen, approving glance
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shine knightly star and plume of snow ?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau !

The earth which bears th.s calm array
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and
wheel,

Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel ;
October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
And down night's double blackness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed : the gleaming lines
Stand moveless as the neighbouring
pines ;

While through them, sullen, grim, and
slow,

The conquered hosts of England go :
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless :
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes !

Nor thou alone : with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice ;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with
fear ;
The New World's chain lies broken
here !

But who are they, who, cowering, wait
Within the shattered fortress gate ?
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,
Classed with the battle's common spoil,
With household stuffs, and fowl, and
swine,
With Indian weed and planters' wine,
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn,—
Are they not men, Virginian born ?

O, veil your faces, young and brave !
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave !
Sons of the Northland, ye who set
Stout hearts against the bayonet,
And pressed with steady footfall near
The moated battery's blazing tier,
Turn your scarred faces from the sight,
Let shame do homage to the right !

Lo ! threescore years have passed ; and
where

The Gallic timbrel stirred the air,
With Northern drum-roll, and the clear,
Wild horn-blow of the mountainer,
While Britain grounded on that plain
The arms she might not lift again,
As abject as in that old day
The slave still toils his life away.

O, fields still green and fresh in story,
Old days of pride, old names of glory,
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of
men,

Ye spared the wrong ; and over all
Behold the avenging shadow fall !
Your world-wide honour stained with
shame,—
Your freedom's self a hollow name !

Where's now the flag of that old war ?
Where flows its stripe ? Where burns
its star ?

Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,
Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,
Where Mexic Freedom, young and
weak

Fleashes the Northern eagle's beak :
Symbol of terror and despair,
Of chains and slaves, go seek it there !

Laugh, Russia, midst thy iron ranks !
Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks
Brave sport to see the fledgling born
Of Freedom by its parent torn !
Safe now is Speilberg's dungeon cell,

Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell :
With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,
What of the New World fears the Old?

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.

ON page of thine I cannot trace
The cold and heartless commonplace,—
A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines I penned,
Still with the thought of thee will blend
That of some loved and common
friend,—

Who in life's desert track has made
His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed
Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves
In freedom which the heart approves,—
The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less
For simple air and rustic dress,
And sign of haste and carelessness?—

O, more than specious counterfeit
Of sentiment or studied wit,
A heart like thine should value it.

Vet half I fear my gift will be
Unto thy book, if not to thee,
Of more that doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from fashion's sphere,
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,
Forbid, disowned, — what do they
here?—

Upon my ear not all in vain
Came the sad captive's clanking chain, —
The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe
Which only wounded spirits know
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them
go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,
But from the "temples of the Lord"
Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,
In words which Prudence smothered
long,
My soul spoke out against the wrong ;

Not mine alone the task to speak
Of comfort to the poor and weak,
And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek ;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,
To pour the fiery breath of storm
Through the harsh trumpet of Retorm ;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,
From ermined robe and saintly gown,
While wrestling revered Error down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,
Cool shadows on the greensward lay,
Flowers swung upon the bending spray.

And, broad and bright, on either hand,
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy-land,
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned ;

Whence voices called me like the flow,
Which on the listener's ear will grow,
Of forest streamlets soft and low,

And gentle eyes, which still retain
Their picture on the heart and brain,
Smiled, beckoning from that path of
pain.

In vain!—nor dream, nor rest, nor
pause
Remain for him who round him draws
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes,—from each green
spot
Of young Romance, and gentle Thought,
Where storm and tumult enter not,—

From each fair altar, where belong
The offerings Love requires of Song
In homage to her bright-eyed throng,—

With soul and strength, with heart and
hand,
I turned to Freedom's struggling band,—
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should
turn
Her notes of praise to those of scorn,—
Her gifts reclaimed,—her smiles with-
drawn?

What matters it!—a few years more,
Life's surge so restless heretofore
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

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In that far land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here,—
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere !

Before no work of mortal hand,
Of human will or strength expand
The pearl gates of the Better Land ;

Alone in that great love which gave
Life to the sleeper of the grave
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through
The vista of the past can view
One deed to Heaven and virtue true,—

If through the wreck of wasted powers,
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's
bowers,
Of idle aims and misspent hours,—

The eye can note one sacred spot
By Pride and Self profaned not,—
A green place in the waste of thought,—

Where deed or word hath rendered less
"The sum of human wretchedness,"
And Gratitude looks forth to bless,—

The simple burst of tenderest feeling
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp will be
That green and blessed spot to me,—
A palm-shade in Eternity !—

Something of Time which may invite
The purified and spiritual sight
To rest on with a calm delight,

And when the summer winds shall
sweep
With their light wings my place of sleep,
And mosses round my headstone creep,—

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,
Upon the young heart's altars shine
The very fires they caught from mine,—

If words my lips once uttered still,
In the calm faith and steadfast will
Of other hearts, their work fulfil,—

Perchance with joy the soul may learn
These tokens, and its eye discern
The fires which on those altars burn,—

A marvellous joy that even then,
The spirit hath its life again,
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,
No gay and graceful offering,—
No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh
May,
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind
A sense of suffering human-kind,—
The outcast and the spirit-blind :

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride,
Life's common courtesies denied ;

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,
Children by want and misery nursed,
Testing life's bitter cup at first ;

If to their strong appeals which come
From fireless hearth, and crowded room,
And the close alley's noisome gloom,—

Though dark the hands upraised to thee
In mute beseeching agony,
Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy,—

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friend-
ship twine
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

PÆAN.

1848.

Now, joy and thanks for evermore !
The dreary night has wellnigh passed,
The slumbers of the North are o'er,
The Giant stands erect at last !

More than we hoped in that dark time,
When, faint with watching, few and
worn,
We saw no welcome day-star climb
The cold gray pathway of the morn !

O weary hours ! O night of years !
What storms our darkling pathway
swept,

Where, beating back our thronging
fear,

By Faith alone our March we kept.

How jeered the scoffing crowd behind,
How mocked before the tyrant train,
As, one by one, the true and kind
Fell fainting in our path of pain!

They died,—their brave hearts break-
ing slow,—

But, self-forgotten to the last,
In words of cheer and bugle blow
Their breath upon the darkness
passed.

A mighty host, on either ha.,,
Stood waiting for the dawn of day
To crush like reeds our feeble band;
The morn has come,—and where are
they?

Troop after troop their line forsakes;
With peace-white banners waving
free,
And from our own the glad shout breaks,
Of Freedom and Fraternity!

Like mist before the growing light,
The hostile cohorts melt away;
Our frowning foemen of the night
Are brothers at the dawn of day!

As unto these repentant ones
We open wide our toil-worn ranks,
Along our line a murmur runs
Of song, and praise, and grateful
thanks.

Sound for the onset!—Blast on blast!
Till Slavery's minions cower and
quail;

One charge of fire shall drive them fast
Like chaff before our Northern gale!

O prisoners in your house of pain,
Dumb, toiling millions, bound and
sold,

Look! stretched o'er the vale and
plain,
The Lord's delivering hand behold!

Above the tyrant's pride of power,
His iron gates and guarded wall,
The bolts which shattered Shinar's
tower

Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall.

Awake! awake! my Fatherland!
It is thy Northern light that shines;
This stirring march of Freedom's band
The storm-song of thy mountain pines.

Wake, dwellers where the day expires!
And hear, in winds that sweep your
lakes

And fan your prairies' roaring fires,
The signal-call that Freedom makes!

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY.

GONE to thy Heavenly Father's rest!
The flowers of Eden round thee
blowing,

And on thine ear the murmurs blest
Of Siloa's waters softly flowing!
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves
In the white robe of angels clad,
And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad
The city of our God for ever!

Gentlest of spirits!—not for thee
Our tears are shed, our sighs are given,
Why mourn to know thou art a free
Partaker of the joys of Heaven?
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death;
And beautiful as sky and earth,
When autumn's sun is downward
going
The blessed memory of thy worth
Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But woe for us! who linger still
With feebler strength and hearts less
lowly,

And minds less steadfast to the will
Of Him whose every work is holy.
For not like thine, is crucified
The spirit of our human pride:
And at the bondman's tale of woe,
And for the outcast and forsaken,
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,
Our weaker sympathies awaker.

Duckly upon our struggling way
The storm of human hate is sweeping;
Hunted and branded, and a prey,
Our watch amidst the darkness keep-
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O for that hidden strength which can

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Nerve unto death the inner man !
 O for thy spirit, tried and true,
 And constant in the hour of trial,
 Prepared to suffer, or to do,
 In meekness and in self-denial.

O for that spirit, meek and mild,
 Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining,—

By man deserted and reviled,
 Yet faithful to its trust remaining.
 Still prompt and resolute to save
 From scourge and chain the hunted slave;
 Unwavering in the Truth's defence,
 Even where the fires of Hate were

burning,
 The unquailing eye of innocence
 Alone upon the oppressor turning !

O loved of thousands ! to thy grave,
 Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore
 thee.

The poor man and the rescued slave
 Wept as the broken earth closed o'er
 thee ;

And grateful tears, like summer rain,
 Quickened its dying grass again !
 And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,
 Shall come the outcast and the lowly,
 Of gentle deeds and words of thine
 Recalling memories sweet and holy !

O for the death the righteous die !
 An end, like autumn's day declining,
 On human hearts, as on the sky,

With holier, tenderer beauty shining ;
 As to the parting soul were given
 The radiance of an opening Heaven !
 As if that pure and blessed light,

From off the Eternal altar flowing,
 Were bathing, in its upward flight,
 The spirit to its worship going !

TO A SOUTHERN STATESMAN.
 1840.

Is this thy voice, whose treble notes of
 fear

Wail in the wind? And dost thou
 shake to hear,

Actæon-like, the bay of thine own
 hounds,

Spurning the leash, and leaping o'er
 their bounds?

Sore-baffled statesman ! when thy eager
 hand,

With game afoot, unslipped the hungry
 pack,
 To hunt down Freedom in her chosen
 land,

Hadst thou no fear, that, ere long,
 doubling back,
 These dogs of thine might snuff on
 Slavery's track?

Where's now the boast, which even
 thy guarded tongue,
 Cold, calm, and proud, in the teeth of
 the Senate flung,

O'er the fulfilment of thy baleful plan,
 Like Satan's triumph at the fall of
 man?

How stood'st thou then, thy feet on
 Freedom planting,

And pointing to the lurid heaven afar,
 Whence all could see, through the
 south windows slanting,
 Crimson as blood, the beams of that
 Lone Star!

The Fates are just; they give us but
 our own ;
 Nemesis ripens what our hands have
 sown.

There is an Eastern story, not unknown,
 Doubtless, to thee, of one whose magic
 skill

Called demons up his water-jars to fill ;
 Deftly and silently they did his will,
 But, when the task was done, kept
 pouring still.

In vain with spell and charm the wiz-
 ard wrought,
 Faster and faster were the buckets
 brought,

Higher and higher rose the flood around,
 Till the fiends clapped their hands
 above their master drowned !

So, Carolinian, it may prove with thee,
 For God still overrules man's schemes,
 and takes

Craftiness in its self-set snare, and
 makes

The wrath of man to praise Him. It
 may be,

That the roused spirits of Democracy
 May leave to freer States the same wide
 door

Through which thy slave-cursed Texas
 entered in,

From out the blood and fate, the wrong
 and sin

Of the stormed city and the ghastly
plain,
Beat by hot hail, and wet with bloody
rain,
A myriad-handed Aztec host may pour,
And swarthy South with pallid North
combine
Back on thyself to turn thy dark design.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE ADOPTION OF PINCKNEY'S
RESOLUTIONS, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
AND THE PASSAGE OF CALHOUN'S
"BILL FOR EXCLUDING PAPERS, WRITTEN
OR PRINTED, TOUCHING THE SUBJECT OF
SLAVERY FROM THE U. S. POST-OFFICE," IN
THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MEN of the North-land! where's the
manly spirit
Of the true-hearted and the un-
shackled gone?
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit
Their names alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched
within us,
Stoops the strong manhood of our
souls so low,
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile
can win us
To silence now?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink is
verging,
In God's name, let us speak while
there is time!
Now, when the padlocks for our lips
are forging,
Silence is crime!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask
as favours
Rights all our own? In madness
shall we barter,
For treacherous peace, the freedom
Nature gave us,
God and our charter?

Here shall the statesman forge his hu-
man fetters,
Here the false jurist human rights deny.
And, in the church their proud and
skilled abettors
Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible,
To sanction crime, and robbery, and
blood?

And, in Oppression's hateful service,
libel
Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect no
longer,
But stoop in chains upon her down-
ward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs and
stronger
Day after day?

O no; methinks from all her wild,
green mountains,—
From valleys where her slumbering
fathers lie,—
From her blue rivers and her welling
fountains,

And clear, cold sky,—
From her rough coast, and isles, which
hungry Ocean
Gnaws with his surges,—from the
fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the billows'
motion

Round rock and cliff,—
From the free fringeside of her unbought
farmer,—
From her free labourer at his loom
and wheel,—
From the brown smith-shop, where,
beneath the hammer,
Rings the red steel,—

From each and all, if God hath not
forsaken
Our land, and left us to an evil
choice,
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall
waken
A People's voice.

Startling and stern! the Northern
winds shall bear it
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;
And buried Freedom shall awake to
hear it
Within her grave.

O, let that voice go forth! The bond-
man sighing

By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's
cane
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom
dying,

Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are
gazing
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,
And unto God devout thanksgiving
raising,

Bless us the while.

O for your ancient freedom, pure and
holy,

For the deliverance of a groaning
earth,
For the wronged captive, bleeding,
crushed, and lowly,
Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye
falter

With all they left ye perilled and at
stake?

Ho! once again on Freedom's holy
altar

The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come
together,

Put on the harness for the moral
fight,

And, with the blessing of your Heavenly
Father,

MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

THE CURSE OF THE CHAR-
TER-BREAKERS.³³

IN Westminster's royal halls,
Robed in their pontificals,
England's ancient prelates stood
For the people's right and good.

Closed around the waiting crowd,
Dark and still, like winter's cloud;
King and council, lord and knight,
Squire and yeoman, stood in sight,—

Stood to hear the priest rehearse,
In God's name, the Church's curse,
By the tapers round them lit,
Slowly, sternly uttering it.

"Right of voice in framing laws,
Right of peers to try each cause;
Peasant homestead, mean and small
Sacred as the monarch's hall,—

"Whoso lays his hand on these,
England's ancient liberties,—
Whoso breaks, by word or deed,
England's vow at Runnymede,—

"Be he Prince or belted knig'—,
Whatso'er his rank or might,
If the highest, then the worst,
Let him live and die accursed.

"Thou, who to thy Church hast given
Keys alike, of hell and heaven,
Make our word and witness sure,
Let the curse we speak endure!"

Silent, while that curse was said,
Every bare and listening head
Bowed in reverent awe, and then
All the people said, Amen!

Seven times the bells have tolled,
For the centuries gray and old,
Since that stoled and mitred band
Cursed the tyrants of their land.

Since the priesthood, like a tower,
Stood between the poor and power;
And the wronged and trodden down
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,
Lost, their keys of heaven and hell;
Yet I sigh for men as bold
As those bearded priests of old.

Now, too oft the priesthood wait
At the threshold of the state,—
Waiting for the beck and nod
Of its power as law and God.

Fraud exults, while solemn words
Sanctify his stolen hoards;
Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips
Bless his manacles and whips.

Not on them the poor rely,
Not to them looks liberty,
Who with fawning falsehood cower
To the wrong, when clothed with power.

O, to see them meanly cling,
Round the master, round the king,

Sported with, and sold and bought,—
Pitifullest sight is not !

Tell me not that this must be :
God's true priest is always free ;
Free, the needed truth to speak,
Right the wronged, and raise the
weak.

Not to fawn on wealth and state,
Leaving Lazarus at the gate,—
Not to peddle creeds like wares,—
Not to mutter hireling prayers,—

Nor to paint the new life's bliss
On the sable ground of this,—
Golden streets for idle knave,
Sabbath rest for weary slave !

Not for words and works like these,
Priest of God, thy mission is ;
But to make earth's desert glad,
In its Eden greenness clad ;

And to level manhood bring
Lord and peasant, serf and king ;

And the Christ of God to find
In the humblest of thy kind !

Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away ;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in,—

Watching on the hills of Faith ;
Listening what the spirit saith,
Of the dim-seen light afar,
Growing like a nearing star.

God's interpreter art thou,
To the waiting ones below ;
Twixt them and its light midway
Heralding the better day,—

Catching gleams of temple spires,
Hearing notes of angel choirs,
Where, as yet unseen of them,
Comes the New Jerusalem !

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,
On the glory downward blazing ;
Till upon Earth's grateful sod
Rests the City of our God !

THE SLAVES OF MARTINIQUE.

SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERRETYPE FROM A FRENCH ENGRAVING.

BEAMS of noon, like burning lances, through the tree-tops flash and glisten,
As she stands before her lover, with raised face to look and listen.

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in the ancient Jewish song :
Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done her graceful beauty wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly, with the vassal's garb and hue,
Holding still his spirit's birthright, to his higher nature true ;

Hiding deep the strengthening purpose of a freeman in his heart,
As the greegree holds his Fetich from the white man's gaze apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when the driver's morning horn
Calls away to stifling mill-house, to the fields of cane and corn :

Fall the keen and burning lashes never on his back or limb ;
Scarce with look or word of censure, turns the driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful, and his eye is hard and stern ;
Slavery's last and humblest lesson he has never deigned to learn.

And, at evening, when his comrades dance before their master's door,
Folding arms and knitting forehead, stands he silent evermore.

God be praised for every instinct which rebels against a lot
Where the brute survives the human, and man's upright form is not !

As the serpent-like bejuco winds his spiral fold on fold
Round the tall and stately ceiba, till it withers in his hold ;—

Slow decays the forest monarch, closer girds the fell embrace,
Till the tree is seen no longer, and the vine is in its place, —

So a base and bestial nature round the vassal's manhood twines,
And the spirit wastes beneath it, like the ceiba choked with vines.

God is Love, saith the Evangel ; and our world of woe and sin
Is made light and happy only when a Love is shining in.

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine, finding, wheresoe'er ye roam,
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness, making all the world like home .

In the veins of whose affections kindred blood is but a part,
Of one kindly current throbbing from the universal heart ;

Can ye know the deeper meaning of a love in Slavery nursed,
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming in that Soil accursed ?

Love of Home, and Love of Woman !—dear to all, but doubly dear
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere measure only hate and fear.

All around the desert circles, underneath a brazen sky,
Only one green spot remaining where the dew is never dry !

From the horror of that desert, from its atmosphere of hell,
Turns the fainting spirit thither, as the diver seeks his bell.

'Tis the fervid tropic noontime ; faint and low the sea-waves beat ;
Hazy rise the inland mountains through the glimmer of the heat, —

Where through mingled leaves and blossoms, arrowy sunbeams flash and glisten,
Speaks her lover to the slave girl, and she lifts her head to listen :—

“ We shall live as slaves no longer ! Freedom's hour is close at hand !
Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests the boat upon the strand !

“ I have seen the Haytien Captain ; I have seen his swarthy crew,
Haters of the pallid faces, to their race and colour true.

“ They have sworn to wait our coming till the night has passed its noon,
And the gray and darkening waters roll above the sunken moon ! ”

O the blessed hope of freedom ! how with joy and glad surprise,
For an instant throbs her bosom, for an instant beam her eyes !

But she looks across the valley, where her mother's hut is seen,
Through the snowy bloom of coffee, and the lemon-leaves so green.

And she answers, sad and earnest : “ It were wrong for thee to stay ;
God hath heard thy prayer for freedom, and his finger points the way.

“ Well I know with what endurance, for the sake of me and mine,
Thou hast borne too long a burden never meant for souls like thine.

“ Go ; and at the hour of midnight, when our last farewell is o'er,
Kneeling on our place of parting, I will bless thee from the shore.

"But for me, my mother, lying on her sick-bed all the day,
Lifts her weary head to watch me, coming through the twilight gray.

"Should I leave her sick and helpless, even freedom, shared with thee,
Would be sadder far than bondage, lonely toil, and stripes to me.

"For my heart would die within me, and my brain would soon be wild :
I should hear my mother calling through the twilight for her child !"

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines the sun of morning-time,
Through the coffee-trees in blossom, and green hedges of the lime.

Side by side amidst the slave-gang, toil the lover and the maid ;
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters, leaning forward on his spade ?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he : 'tis the Haytien's sail he sees,
Like a white cloud of the mountains, driven seaward by the breeze :

But his arm a light hand presses, and he hears a low voice call :
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom, Love is mightier than all.

THE CRISIS.

WRITTEN ON LEARNING THE TERMS OF THE TREATY WITH MEXICO.

ACROSS the Stony Mountains, o'er the desert's drouth and sand,
The circles of our empire touch the Western Ocean's strand ;
From slumberous Timpanogos, to Gila, wild and free,
Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to California's sea :
And from the mountains of the East, to Santa Rosa's shore,
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo ! Let thy simple children weep ;
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of Pecos keep ;
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,
And Algodones toll her bells amidst her corn and vines ;
For lo ! the pale land-seekers come, with eager eyes of gain,
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sound the winds bring down
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold Nevada's crown !
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with rein of travel slack,
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the sunrise at his back ;
By many a lonely river, and gorge of fir and pine,
On many a windy hill-top, his nightly camp-fires shine.

O countrymen and brothers ! that land of lake and plain,
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat with grain ;
Of mountains white with winter, looking downward, cold, serene,
On their feet with spring-vines tangled and lapped in softest green ;
Swift through whose black volcanic gates, o'er many a sunny vale,
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's dusty trail !

Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes whose mystic shores
 The Saxon rife never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars ;
 Great herds that wander all unwatched, wild steeds that none have tamed,
 Strange fish in unknown streams, and birds the Saxon never named ;
 Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles, where Nature's chemic powers
 Work out the Great Designer's will ;—all these ye say are ours !

For ever ours ! for good or ill, on us the burden lies ;
 God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across the skies,
 Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn the poised and trembling scale,
 Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber Wrong prevail ?
 Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry splendour waves,
 Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread of slaves ?

The day is breaking in the East of which the prophets told,
 And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian Age of Gold ;
 Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerkly pen,
 Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs stand up as men ;
 The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,
 And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stamboul's Golden Horn !

Is this, O countrymen of mine ! a day for us to sow
 The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's seeds of woe ?
 To feed with our fresh life-blood the Old World's cast-off crime,
 Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from the tired lap of Time ?
 To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,
 And die like them of unbelief of God, and wrong of man ?

Great Heaven ! Is this our mission ? End in this the prayers and tears,
 The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger, better years ?
 Still as the Old World rolls in light, shall ours in shadow turn,
 A beamless Chaos cursed of God, through outer darkness borne ?
 Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness in the air ?
 Where for words of hope they listened, the long wail of despair ?

The Crisis presses on us ; face to face with us it stands,
 With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands !
 This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin ;
 This day for all hereafter, choose we holiness or sin ;
 Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
 We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down !

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame ;
 By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came ;
 By the Future which awaits us ; by all the hopes which cast
 Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the Past ;
 And by the blessed thought of Him who for Earth's freedom died,
 O my people ! O my brothers ! let us choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way ;
 To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay ;
 To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the vales with grain ;
 And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his train :
 The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,
 And mountain unto mountain call, PRAISE GOD, FOR WE ARE FREE !

THE NEW EXODUS.³⁴

By fire and cloud, across the desert sand,
 And through the parted waves,
 From their long bondage, with an out-
 stretched hand,
 God led the Hebrew slaves!

Dead as the letter of the Pentateuch,
 As Egypt's statues cold,
 In the adytum of the sacred book
 Now stands that marvel old.

"Lo, God is great!" the simple Mos-
 lem says.

We seek the ancient date,
 Turn the dry scroll, and make that
 living phrase
 A dead one: "God *was* great!"

And, like the Coptic monks by Mousa's
 wells,
 We dream of wonders past,
 Vague as the tales the wandering Arab
 tells,
 Each drowsier than the last.

O fools and blind! Above the Pyramids
 Stretches once more that hand,
 And transe'd Egypt, from her stony lids,
 Flings back her veil of sand.

And morning-smitten Memnon, sing-
 ing, wakes;
 And, listening by his Nile,
 O'er Ammon's grave and awful visage
 breaks
 A sweet and human smile.

Not, as before, with hail and fire, and call
 Of death for midnight graves,
 But in the stillness of the noonday, fall
 The fetters of the slaves.

No longer through the Red Sea, as of
 old,
 The bondmen walk dry-shod;
 Through human hearts, by love of
 Him controlled,
 Runs now that path of God!

TO DELAWARE.

WRITTEN DURING THE DISCUSSION IN THE
 LEGISLATURE OF THAT STATE, IN THE
 WINTER OF 1846-47, OF A BILL FOR THE
 ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the
 East,

To the strong tillers of a rugged
 home,
 With spray-wet locks to Northern winds
 released,
 And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean's
 foam;
 And to the young nymphs of the golden
 West,

Whose harvest mantles, fringed with
 prairie bloom,
 Trail in the sunset,—O redeemed and
 blest,

To the warm welcome of thy sisters
 come!

Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-
 white bay

Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from
 her plains,

And the great lakes, where echo, free
 alway,

Moaned never shoreward with
 clank of chains,

Shall weave new sun-bows in their
 tossing spray,

And all their waves keep grateful hol-
 day.

And, smiling on thee through his
 mountain rains,

Vermont shall bless thee; and the
 Granite peaks,

And vast Katahdin o'er his woods shall
 wear

Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold
 keen air;

And Massachusetts, with her rugged
 cheeks

O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn
 to thee,

When, at thy bidding, the electric
 wire

Shall tremble northward with its
 words of fire;

Glory and praise to God! another state
 is free!

A SABBATH SCENE.

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

When down the summer-shaded street,
 A wasted female figure,

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 Are deadly sin
 Our moral o

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With dusky brow and naked feet,
Came rushing wild and eager.

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

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

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

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

"Who dares profane this house and
day ?"

Cried out the angry pastor.
"Why, bless your soul, the wench's a
slave,
And I'm her lord and master !

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

"Of course I know your right divine
To own and work and whip her ;
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot
Before the wench, and trip her !"

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er
Its sacred pages stumbling,
Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,
The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,
The while his flock addressing,
The Scriptural claims of slavery
With text on text impressing.

"Although," said he, "on Sabbath day,
All secular occupations
Are deadly sins, we must fulfil
Our moral obligations :

"And this commends itself as one
To every conscience tender ;

As Paul sent back Onesimus,
My Christian friends, we send her !"

Shriek rose on shriek,—the Sabbath air
Her wild cries tore asunder ;
I listened, with hushed breath, to hear
God answering with his thunder !

All still !—the very altar's cloth
Had smothered down her shrieking,
And, dumb, she turned from face to
face,
For human pity seeking !

I saw her dragged along the aisle,
Her shackles harshly clanking ;
I heard the parson, over all,
The Lord devoutly thanking !

My brain took fire : "Is this," I cried,
"The end of prayer and preaching ?
Then down with pulpit, down with
priest.

And give us Nature's teaching !

"Foul shame and scorn be on ye all
Who turn the good to evil,
And steal the Bible from the Lord,
To give it to the Devil !

"Than garbled text or parchment law
I own a statute higher ;
And God is true, though every book
And every man's a liar !"

Just then I felt the deacon's hand
In wrath my coat-tail seize on ;
I heard the priest cry, "Infidel !"
The lawyer mutter, "Treason !"

I started up,—where now were church,
Slave, master, priest, and people ?
I only heard the supper-bell,
Instead of clanging steeple.

But, on the open window's sill,
O'er which the white blooms drifted,
The pages of a good old Book
The wind of summer lifted.

And flower and vine, like angel wings
Around the Holy Mother,
Waved softly there, as if God's truth
And Mercy kissed each other.

And freely from the cherry-bough
Above the casement swinging,

With golden bosom to the sun,
The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old
The lesson of the Teacher,
So now I heard the written Word
Interpreted by Nature!

For to my ear methought the breeze
Bore Freedom's blessed word on ;
THUS SAITH THE LORD : BREAK
EVERY YOKE,
UNDO THE HEAVY BURDEN !

LINES,

ON THE PASSAGE OF THE BILL TO PROTECT
THE RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE
OF THE STATE AGAINST THE FUGITIVE
SLAVE ACT.

I SAID I stood upon thy grave,
My Mother State, when last the moon
Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,
I wore, undreaming of relief,
The sackcloth of thy shame and grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines
On leaf and flower and folded wing,
And thou hast risen with the spring !

Once more thy strong maternal arms
Are round about thy children flung,—
A lioness that guards her young !

No threat is on thy closed lips,
But in thine eye a power to smite
The mad wolf backward from its
light.

Southward the baffled robber's track
Henceforth runs only ; hereaway,
The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,
His first low howl shall downward
draw
The thunder of thy righteous law.

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,
But, acting on the wiser plan,
Thou'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope,
Dream-painted on the sightless eyes
Of him who sang of Paradise,—

The vision of a Christian man,
In virtue as in stature great,
Embodied in a Christian State.

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood
Forbearing long, yet standing fast,
Shalt win their grateful thanks at last

When North and South shall strive no
more,
And all their feuds and fears be lost
In Freedom's holy Pentecost.
6th mo., 1855.

SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT.³⁵

WHERE are we going? where are we
going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

Lord of peoples, lord of lands,
Look across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon,
Through the white light of the moon.
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing!
Speak and tell us where we are going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornou land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food,
Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,
And the palm-tree cool and green :
Bornou land we see no longer,
Here we thirst and here we hunger,
Here the Moor-man smites in anger :
Where are we going, Rubee?

When we went from Bornou land,
We were like the leaves and sand,
We were many, we are few ;
Life has one, and death has two :
Whitened bones our path are showing,
Thou All-seeing, thou All-knowing !
Hear us, tell us, where are we going ?
Where are we going, Rubee?

Moons of marches from our eyes
Bornou land behind us lies ;
Stranger round us day by day
Bends the desert circle gray ;
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
Hott the winds above them blowing,—
Lord of all things!—where are we
going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

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We are weak, but Thou art strong ;
 Short our lives, but Thine is long ;
 We are blind, but Thou hast eyes ;
 We are fools, but Thou art wise !
 Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing
 Through the strange world round us
 growing,
 Hear us, tell us, where are we going ?
 Where are we going, Rubee ?

LINES,

INSCRIBED TO FRIENDS UNDER ARREST FOR
 TREASON AGAINST THE SLAVE POWER.

THE age's dull and mean. Men creep,
 Not walk ; with blood too pale and
 tame

To pay the debt they owe to shame ;
 Buy cheap, sell dear ; eat, drink, and
 sleep

Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning
 want ;

Pay tithes for soul-insurance ; keep
 Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,
 That somewhat of the holy rage
 With which the prophets in their age
 On all its decent seemings trod,
 Has set your feet upon the lie,
 That man and ox and soul and clod
 Are market stock to sell and buy !

The hot words from your lips, my own,
 To caution trained, might not repeat ;
 But if some tares among the wheat
 Of generous thought and deed were
 sown,

No common wrong provoked your
 zeal ;

The silken gauntlet that is thrown
 In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw
 For Freedom calls for men again
 Like those who battled not in vain
 For England's Charter, Alfred's law ;
 And right of speech and trial just
 Wage in your name their ancient war
 With venal courts and perjured trust.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
 They touch the shining hills of day ;
 The evil cannot brook delay,
 The good can well afford to wait.

Give ermined knaves their hour of
 crime ;
 Ye have the future grand and great,
 The safe appeal of Truth to Time !

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

THE birds against the April wind
 Flew northward, singing as they flew ;
 They sang, " The land we leave behind
 Has swords for corn-blades, blood for
 dew."

" O wild-birds, flying from the South,
 What saw and heard ye, gazing
 down ?"

" We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,
 The sickened camp, the blazing
 town !

" Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,
 We saw your march-worn children
 die ;

In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,
 We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

" We heard the starving prisoner's
 sighs,
 And saw, from line and trench, your
 sons

Follow our flight with home-sick eyes
 Beyond the battery's smoking guns."

" And heard and saw ye only wrong
 And pain," I cried, " O wing-worn
 flocks ?"

" We heard," they sang, " the freed-
 man's song,
 The crash of Slavery's broken locks !

" We saw from new, uprising States
 The treason-nursing mischief spurned,
 As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,
 The long-estranged and lost returned.

" O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,
 And hands horn-hard with unpaic
 toil,

With hope in every rustling fold,
 We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

" And struggling up through sounds
 accursed,

A grateful murmur-clomb the air ;
 A whisper scarcely heard at first,
 It filled the listening heavens with
 prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not cease,
Till, drowning all the noise of war,
It sings the blessed song of peace!"

So to me, in a doubtful day
Of chill and slowly greening spring,
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,
The wild-birds sang or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,
The song went with them in their
flight;
But lo! they left the sunset fair,
And in the evening there was light.

LAUS DEO!

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING ON THE PASSAGE
OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT ABOLISHING
SLAVERY.

It is done!
Ring of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the bellfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal!
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;

He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder.
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever his right hand
Over any time or laud
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale.
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!



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LEGENDARY.

THE MERRIMACK.

[“The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to the south, which they call Merrimack.” — SIEUR DE MONTS : 1604.]

STREAM of my fathers ! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill ;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them
smile.

I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water mark ;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current ; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale ;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores ;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.
Centuries ago, that harbour-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
And yonder island's wave-smoothed
strand,

Saw the adventurer's tiny sail
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale ;³⁶
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 Agioochook
When spring-time's sun and shower un-
lock

The frozen fountains of the rock,
And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake, “The Smile of
Heaven,”³⁷

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
Saint 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 ;³⁸
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 twilight voice of distant bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
The mists come slowly rolling in ;

Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapour swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light, set
Within its wave-washed minaret,
Half quenched, a beamless star and
pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil !

Home 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 Apalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak ;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream ;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine ;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ;
Yet, whereso'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 saw, amidst the curtained gloom
And quiet of his lonely room,
Thy sunset scenes before him pass ;
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
The loved and lost arose to view,
Remembered groves in greenness grew,
Bathed still in childhood's morning
dew,

Along whose bowers of beauty swept
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,
Young, gentle eyes, which long hath
slept ;

And while the gazer leaned to trace,
More near, some dear familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown,—
A phantom and a dream alone !

THE NORSEMEN.³⁹

GIFT from the cold and silent Past !
A relic to the present cast ;
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady
chime

And beating of the waves of Time :
Who from its bed of primal rock

First wrenched thy dark, unshapely
block ?

Whose hand, of curious skill untaught
Thy rude and savage outline wrought ?

The waters of my native stream
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam :
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar
The circles widen to its shore ;
And cultured field and peopled town
Slope to its willowed margin down.
Yet, while this morning breeze is bring-
ing

The home-life sound of school-bells
ringing,
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,
And voices from the wayside near
Come quick and blended on my ear,
A spell is in this old gray stone,—
My thoughts are with the Past alone !

A change !—The steeped town no more
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore ;
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud ;
Spectrally rising where they stood,
I see the old, primeval wood :
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand
I see its solemn waste expand :
It climbs the green and cultured hill,
It arches o'er the valley's rill ;
And leans from cliff and crag, to throw
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.
Unchanged, alone, the same bright
river

Flows on, as it will flow for ever !

I listen, and I hear the low
Soft ripple where its waters go ;

I hear behind the panther's cry.
The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,
And shyly on the river's brink
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark !—from wood and rock flung
back,
What sound comes up the Merrimack ?
What sea-worn barks are those which
throw

The light spray from each rushing prow ?
Have they not in the North Sea's blast
Bowed to the waves the straining mast ?
Their frozen sails the low, pale sun
Of Thule's night has shone upon ;
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep
Round icy drift, and headland steep.

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Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's
daughters
Have watched them fading o'er the
waters,
Lessening through driving mist and
spray,
Like white-winged sea-birds on their
way!

Onward they glide,—and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky:
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow
hair.

I see the gleam of axe and spear,
The sound of smitten shields I hear,
Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,
His gray and naked isles among;
Or muttered low at midnight hour
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
Has answered to that startling rune;
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank knows its summons
well;

Iona's sable-stoled Culdee
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'Tis past,—the 'wondering vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!
The forest vanishes in air,—
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;
I hear the common tread of men,
And hum of work-day life again:
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone;
And if it be the chiselled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim,—
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
The stormy Viking's god of War,
Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love-awakening Siona,
I know not,—for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.
Yet, for this vision of the Past,

This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth;
Quicken the Past to life again,
The Present lose in what hath been.
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,
Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitude of Death,
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,
To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper—even when it seems
But Memory's fantasy of dreams—
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,
Of an immortal origin!

ST. JOHN.

1647.

“To the winds gave our banner!
Bear homeward again!”
Cried the Lord of Acadia,
Cried Charles of E.tienne:
From the prow of his shallop
He gazed, as the sun,
From its bed in the ocean,
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had passed,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Clung damp on her mast.
St. Saviour had looked
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her while passing,
With taper and bell,
But the men of Monhegon,
Of Papists abhorred,
Had welcomed and feasted
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball,
With stores for his larder,
And steel for his wall.

Pemequid, from her bastions
And turrets of stone,
Had welcomed his coming
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders
Had followed his way,
As homeward he glided,
Down Pentecost Bay.
O, well sped La Tour!
For, in peril and pain,
His lady kept watch,
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.
"Now, why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love!
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above?"

Dark and wild, from his deck
St. Estienne gazed about,
On fire-wasted dwellings,
And silent redoubt;
From the low, shattered walls
Which the flame had o'errun,
There floated no banner,
There thundered no gun!

But beneath the low arch
Of its doorway there stood
A pale priest of Rome,
In his cloak and his hood.
With the bound of a lion,
La Tour sprang to land,
On the throat of the Papist
He fastened his hand.

"Speak, son of the Woman
Of scarlet and sin!
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within?"
From the grasp of the soldier
The Jesuit broke,
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
He smiled as he spoke:

"No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
Has ravaged thy hall,
But thy red-handed rival,
With fire, steel, and ball!
On an errand of mercy
I hitherward came,

While the walls of thy castle
Yet spouted with flame.

"Pentagoet's dark vessels
Were moored in the bay,
Grim sea-lions roaring
Aloud for their prey."
"But what of my lady?"
Cried Charles of Estienne:
"On the shot-crumbled turret
Thy lady was seen:

"Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon!
But woe to the heretic,
Evermore woe!
When the sun of the church
And the cross is his foe!

"In the track of the shell
In the path of the ball,
Pentagoet swept over
The breach of the wall!
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
One moment,—and then
Alone stood the victor,
Alone with his men!

"Of its sturdy defenders,
Thy lady alone
Saw the cross-blazoned banner
Float over St. John."
"Let the dastard look to it!"
Cried fiery Estienne,
"Were D'Aulney King Louis,
I'd free her again!"

"Alas for thy lady!
No service from thee
Is needed by her
Whom the Lord hath set free:
Nine days, in stern silence,
Her thralldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came,
And death opened her door!"

As if suddenly smitten
La Tour staggered back;
His hand grasped his sword-hilt
His forehead grew black.
He sprang on the deck
Of his shallop again.
"We cruise now for vengeance!
Give way!" cried Estienne.

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"Massachusetts shall hear
Of the Huguenot's wrong,
And from island and creekside
Her fishers shall throng !
Pentagoet shall rue
What his Papists have done,
When his palisades echo
The Puritan's gun !"

O, the loveliest of heaven
Hung tenderly o'er him,
There were waves in the sunshine,
And green isles before him :
But a pale hand was beckoning
The Huguenot on ;
And in blackness and ashes
Behind was St. John !

THE NEW WIFE AND THE
OLD.

DARK the halls, and cold the feast,—
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest :
All is over,—all is done,
'Twin of yesterday are one !
Blooming girl and manhood gray,
Autumn in the arms of May !

Hushed within and hushed without,
Dancing feet and wrestler's shout ;
Dies the bonfire on the hill ;
All is dark and all is still,
Save the starlight, save the breeze
Moaning through the graveyard trees ;
And the great sea-waves below,
Pulse of the midnight beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride
She hath wakened at his side,
With half-uttered shriek and start,—
Feels she not his beating heart ?
And the pressure of his arm,
And his breathing near and warm ?

Lightly from the bridal bed
Springs that fair dishevelled head,
And a feeling, new, intense,
Half of shame, half innocence,
Maiden fear and wonder speaks
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantle, glowing
Faintest light the lamp is throwing
In the mirror's antique mould,
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,

And, through faded curtains stealing,
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there
Silver-streaked his careless hair ;
Lips of love have left no trace
On that hard and haughty face ;
And that forehead's knitted thought
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell.
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I bless him, though he be
Hard and stern to all save me !"

While she speaketh, falls the light
O'er her fingers small and white ;
Gold and gem, and costly ring
Back the timid lustre fling,
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the blow
From those tapering lines of snow ;
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha !—that start of horror !—Why
That wild stare and wilder cry,
Full of terror, full of pain ?
Is there madness in her brain ?
Hark ! that gasping, hoarse and low
"Spare me,—spare me,—let me go !"

God have mercy !—Icy cold
Spectral hands her own unfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,
"Waken ! save me !" still as death
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone :
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn ;
But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of woe.
Half a sigh, and half a moan :
"Fear not ! give the dead her own !"

Ah !—the dead wife's voice she knows ;
That cold hand, whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own hath worn.

"Wake thee! wake thee!" Lo, his eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her
Closer to his breast he holds her;
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart's quick beating:
"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is
here!"

"Nay, a dream,—an idle dream."
But before the lamp's pale gleam
Tremblingly her hand she raises,—
There no more the diamond blazes,
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—
"Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was
cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith.
But his dark lip quivereth,
And as o'er the past he thinketh,
From his young wife's arms heshrinketh;
Can those soft arms round him lie,
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest
Soothed and childlike on his breast,
And in trustful innocence
Draw new strength and courage thence;

He, the proud man, feels within
But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought
Simple prayers her mother taught,
And His blessed angels call,
Whose great love is over all;
He, alone, in prayerless pride,
Meets the dark Past at her side!

One, who living shrank with dread
From his look, or word, or tread,
Unto whom her early grave
Was as freedom to the slave,
Moves him at this midnight hour,
With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforget!
From their solemn homes of thought,
Where the cypress shadows blend
Darkly over foe and friend,
Or in love or sad rebuke,
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,
Who their wrongs have borne the meek-
est,

Lifting from those dark, still places,
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwitting triumph find.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

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

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

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

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

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!"

Down they go, the brave young riders ; horse and foot together fall ;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball."

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

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

"O my heart's love ! O my dear one ! lay thy poor head on my knee :
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ? Canst thou hear me ? canst thou see ?
O my husband, brave and gentle ! O my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee ! Mercy ! mercy ! all is o'er !"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not wholly lost, O Father ! is this evil world of ours ;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers ;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air :

BARCLAY OF URY.⁴⁰

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

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving-girl,
Prompt to please her master ;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate.
Cursed him as he passed her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

" Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

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

" Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,

Hard to learn forgiving,
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

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

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

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

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter ;
And, while Hatred's faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

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

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

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.⁴¹

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

I turn me from the gloom without,
To ponder o'er a tale of old.

A legend of the age of Faith,
By dreaming monk or abess told.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear ;

Unheeded by his tender eye,
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let such, for earth's despairing ones
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,
Breathe once again the Prophet's pray-
er :

"Lord, ope their eyes, that they may
see !"

DERNE.⁴²

NIGHT on the city of the Moor !
On mosque and tomb, and white-walled
shore,
On sea-waves, to whose ceaseless
knock
The narrow harbour-gates unlock,
On corsair's galley, carack tall,
And plundered Christian caraval !
The sounds of Moslem life are still ;
No mule-bell tinkles down the hill !
Stretched in the broad court of the
khan,

The dusty Bornou caravan
Lies heaped in slumber, beast and
man ;

The Sheik is dreaming in his tent,
His noisy Arab tongue o'erspent ;
The kiosk's glimmering lights are gone,
The merchant with his wares with-
drawn ;

Rough pillowed on some pirate breast,
The dancing-girl has sunk to rest ;
And, save where measured footsteps
fall

Along the Bashaw's guarded wall,
Or where, like some bad dream, the
Jew

Creeps stealthily his quarter through,
Or counts with fear his golden heaps,
The City of the Corsair sleeps !

But where yon prison long and low
Stands black against the pale star-glow,
Chafed by the ceaseless wash of waves,
There watch and pine the Christian
slaves ;—

Rough-bearded men, whose far-off
wives

Wear out with grief their lonely lives ;
And youth, still flashing from his eyes
The clear blue of New England skies,
A treasured lock of whose soft hair
Now wakes some sorrowing mother's
prayer ;

Or, worn upon some maiden breast,
Stirs with the loving heart's unrest !

A bitter cup each life must drain,
The groaning earth is cursed with pain,
And, like the scroll the angel bore

The shuddering Hebrew seer before,
O'erwrit alike, without, within,
With all the woes which follow sin ;
But, bitterest of the ills beneath
Whose load man totters down to death,
Is that which plucks the regal crown
Of Freedom from his forehead down,
And snatches from his powerless hand
The sceptered sign of self-command,
Effacing with the chain and rod
The image and the seal of God ;
Till from his nature, day by day,
The manly virtues fall away,
And leave him naked, blind and mute,
The godlike merging in the brute !

Why mourn the quiet ones who die
Beneath affection's tender eye,

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

What dark mass, down the mountain-
 sides
 Swift-pouring, like a stream divides,—
 A long, loose, straggling caravan,
 Camel and horse and arméd man.
 The moon's low crescent, glimmering
 o'er

Its grave of waters to the shore,
 Lights up that mountain cavalcade,
 And glints from gun and spear and
 blade

Near and more near!—now o'er them
 falls

The shadow of the city walls.
 Hark to the sentry's challenge, drowned
 In the fierce trumpet's charging
 sound:—

The rush of men, the musket's peal,
 The short, sharp clang of meeting
 steel!

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

'Tis done,—the horned crescent falls!
 The star-flag flouts the broken walls!
 Joy to the captive husband! joy
 To thy sick heart, O brown-locked boy!
 In sullen wrath the conquered Moor
 Wide open flings your dungeon-door,
 And leaves ye free from cell and chain,
 The owners of yourselves again.
 Dark as his allies desert-born,
 Soiled with the battle's stain, and worn

With the long marches of his band
 Through hottest wastes of rock and
 sand,—

Scorched by the sun and furnace-breath
 Of the red desert's wind of death,
 With welcome words and grasping
 hands,

The victor and deliverer stands!

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

God mend his heart who cannot feel
 The impulse of a holy zeal,
 And sees not, with his sordid eyes,
 The beauty of self-sacrifice!

TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one
 autumn day,
 Without the walls of Strasburg, by the
 Rhine,
 Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;
 As one who, wandering in a starless
 night,
 Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen
 waves,
 And hears the thunder of an unknown
 sea,
 Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even
 the same
 Old prayer with which, for half a score
 of years,
 Morning, and noon, and evening, lip
 and heart
 Had groaned: "Have pity upon me,
 Lord!
 Thou seest, while teaching others, I am
 blind.
 Send me a man who can direct my
 steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along
 his path
 A sound as of an old man's staff among

The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor,
and old

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said,
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But all my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:

"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not; this I know,—

I cannot lose the presence of the Lord: One arm, Humility, takes hold upon His dear Humanity; the other, Love, Clasps his Divinity. So where I go He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach (dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great Minister's tower,
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,

Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!"
 he said,
 "The stranger's faith made plain be-
 fore mine eyes.
 As yonder tower outstretches to the
 earth
 The dark triangle of its shade alone
 When the clear day is shining on its
 top,
 So, darkness in the pathway of Man's
 life
 Is but the shadow of God's providence,
 By the great Sun of Wisdom cast
 thereon;
 And what is dark below is light in
 Heaven."

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS OF HERBIPOLIS, one day,
 While kneeling at the altar's foot to
 pray,
 Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
 Heard from without a miserable voice,
 A sound which seemed of all sad things
 to tell,
 As of a lost soul crying out of hell.
 Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain
 whereby
 His thoughts went upward broken by
 that cry;
 And, looking from the casement, saw
 below
 A wretched woman, with gray hair
 a-flow,
 And withered hands held up to him,
 who cried
 For alms as one who might not be
 denied.
 She cried, "For the dear love of Him
 who gave
 His life for ours, my child from bond-
 age save,—
 My beautiful, brave first-born, chained
 with slaves
 In the Moor's galley, where the sun-
 smit waves
 Lap the white walls of Tunis!"—
 "What I can
 I give," Tritemius said: "my prayers."
 —"O man
 Of God!" she cried, for grief had made
 her bold,

"Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers,
 but gold.
 Words will not serve me, alms alone
 suffice;
 Even while I speak perchance my first-
 born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from
 our door
 None go unfed; hence are we always
 poor:
 A single soldo is our only store.
 Thou hast our prayers;—What can we
 give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver can-
 dlesticks
 On either side of the great crucifix.
 God well may spare them on his errands
 sped,
 Or he can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy
 word.
 Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious
 Lord,
 Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
 Pardon me if a human soul I prize
 Above the gifts upon his altar piled!)
 Take what thou askest, and redeem thy
 child."

But his hand trembled as the holy
 alms
 He placed within the beggar's eager
 palms;
 And as she vanished down the linden
 shade,
 He bowed his head and for forgiveness
 prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twi-
 light came
 He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
 And, dumb with grateful wonder, to
 behold
 Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.⁴³

THE beaver cut his timber
 With patient teeth that day,
 The minks were fish-wards, and the
 crows,
 Surveyors of highway,—

When Keezar sat on the hillside
Upon his cobbler's form,
With a pan of coals on either hand
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

And there, in the golden weather,
He stitched and hammered and sung;
In the brook he moistened his leather,
In the pewter mug his tongue.

Well knew the tough old Teuton
Who brewed the stoutest ale,
And he paid the goodwife's reckoning
In the coin of song and tale.

The songs they still are singing
Who dress the hills of vine,
The tales that haunt the Brocken
And whisper down the Rhine.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,
The swift stream wound away,
Through birches and sea-*let* maples
Flashing in foam and spray,—

Down on the sharp-horned ledges
Plunging in steep cascade,
Tossing its white-maned waters
Against the hemlock's shade.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,
East and west and north and south;
Only the village of fishers
Down at the river's mouth;

Only here and there a clearing,
With its farm-house rude and new,
And tree-stumps, swart as Indians,
Where the scanty harvest grew.

No shout of home-bound reapers,
No vintage-song he heard,
And on the green no dancing feet
The merry violin stirred.

"Why should folk be glum," said Keezar,

"When Nature herself is glad,
And the painted woods are laughing
At the faces so sour and sad?"

Small heed had the careless cobbler
What sorrow of heart was theirs
Who travelled in pain with the births of
God,
And planted a state with prayers,—

Hunting of witches and warlocks,
Smiting the heathen horde,—
One hand on the mason's trowel,
And one on the soldier's sword!

But give him his ale and cider,
Give him his pipe and song,
Little he cared for Church or State,
Or the balance of right and wrong.

"'Tis work, work, work," he muttered.—

"And for rest a snuffle of psalms!"
He smote on his leathern apron
With his brown and waxen palms.

"O for the purple harvests
Of the days when I was young!
For the merry grape-stained maidens,
And the pleasant songs they sung!

"O for the breath of vineyards,
Of apples and nuts and wine!
For an oar to row and a breeze to blow
Down the grand old river Rhine!"

A tear in his blue eye glistened,
And dropped on his beard so gray.
"Old, old am I," said Keezar,
"And the Rhine flows far away!"

But a cunning man was the cobbler;
He could call the birds from the trees,
Charm the black snake out of the
ledges,
And bring back the swarming bees.

All the virtues of herbs and metals,
All the lore of the woods, he knew,
And the arts of the Old World mingled
With the marvels of the New.

Well he knew the tricks of magic,
And the lapstone on his knee
Had the gift of the Mormon's goggles
Or the stone of Doctor Dec.

For the mighty master Agrippa
Wrought it with spell and rhyme
From a fragment of mystic moonstone
In the tower of Nettesheim.

To a cobbler Minnesinger
The marvellous stone gave he,—
And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar,
Who brought it over the sea,

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He held up that mystic lapstone,
He held it up like a lens,
And he counted the long years coming
By twenties and by tens.

"One hundred years," quoth Keezar,
"And fifty have I told ;
Now open the new before me,
And shut me out the old !"

Like a cloud of mist the blackness
Rolled from the magic stone,
And a marvellous picture mingled
The unknown and the known.

Still ran the stream to the river,
And river and ocean joined ;
And there were the bluffs and the blue
sea-line,
And cold north hills behind.

But the mighty forest was broken
By many a steepled town,
By many a white-walled farm-house,
And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of mill-wheels,
The stream no more ran free ;
White sails on the winding river,
White sails on the far-off sea.

Below in the noisy village
The flags were floating gay,
And shone on a thousand faces
The light of a holiday.

Swiftly the rival ploughmen
Turned the brown earth from their
shares ;

Here were the farmer's treasures,
There were the craftsman's wares.

Golden the goodwife's butter,
Ruby her currant-wine ;
Grand were the strutting turkeys,
Fat were the beeves and swine.

Yellow and red were the apples,
And the ripe-pears russet-brown,
And the peaches had stolen blushes
From the girls who shook them down.

And with blooms of hill and wild-wood,
That shame the toil of art,
Mingled the gorgeous blossoms
Of the garden's tropic heart.

"What is it I see?" said Keezar :
"Am I here, or am I there?
Is it a fête at Bingen?
Do I look on Frankfort fair?"

"But where are the clowns and puppets,
And imps with horns and tail?
And where are the Rhenish flagons?
And where is the foaming ale?"

"Strange things, I know, will happen,—
Strange things the Lord permits ;
But that doughty folk should be jolly
Puzzles my poor old wits.

"Here are smiling manly faces,
And the maiden's step is gay ;
Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by
drinking,
Nor mopes, nor fools, are they.

"Here's pleasure without regretting,
And good without abuse.
The holiday and the bridal
Of beauty and of use.

"Here's a priest and there is a Qua-
ker,—
Do the cat and dog agree ?
Have they burned the stocks for oven-
wood ?
Have they cut down the gallows-tree?"

"Would the old folk know their chil-
dren ?
Would they own the graceless town,
With never a ranter to worry
And never a witch to drown ?"

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar,
Laughed like a school-boy gay ;
Tossing his arms above him,
The lapstone rolled away.

It rolled down the rugged hillside,
It spun like a wheel bewitched,
It plunged through the leaning wil-
lows,
And into the river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water,
The magic stone lies still,
Under the leaning willows
In the shadow of the hill.

But oft the idle fisher
Sits on the shadowy bank,

And his dreams make marvellous pictures
Where the wizard's lapstone sank.

And still, in the summer twilights,
When the river seems to run
Out from the inner glory,
Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers
Beside the charmed stream,
And the sky and the golden water
Shape and colour her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,
The rosy signals fly ;
Her homestead beckons from the cloud,
And love goes sailing by !

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S dead and gone ;
You can see his leaning slate
In the graveyard, and thereon
Read his name and date.

"Trust is truer than our fears,"
Runs the legend through the moss,
"Gain is not in addled years,
Nor in death is loss."

Still the feet that thither trod,
All the friendly eyes are dim ;
Only Nature, now, and God
Have a care for him.

There the dews of quiet fall,
Singing birds and soft winds stray ;
Shall the tender heart of all
Be less kind than they ?

What he was and what he is
They who ask may haply find,
If they read this prayer of his
Which he left behind.

Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare
Shape in words a mortal's prayer !
Prayer, that, when my day is done,
And I see its setting sun,
Shorn and beamless, cold and dim,
Sink beneath the horizon's rim—
When this ball of rock and clay
Crumbles from my feet away,
And the solid shores of sense
Melt into the vague immense,

Father ! I may come to Thee
Even with the beggar's plea,
As the poorest of Thy poor,
With my needs and nothing more.

Not as one who seeks his home
With a step assured I come ;
Still behind the tread I hear
Of my life-companion, Fear,
Still a shadow deep and vast
From my westering feet is cast,
Wavering, doubtful, undefined,
Never shapen nor outlined :
From myself the fear has grown
And the shadow is my own.

Yet, O Lord, through all a sense
Of Thy tender providence
Stays my failing heart on Thee,
And confirms the feeble knee ;
And, at times, my worn feet press
Spaces of cool quietness,
Lilied whiteness shone upon
Not by light of moon or sun.
Hours there be of inmost calm,
Broken but by grateful psalm,
When I love Thee more than fear Thee,
And Thy blessed Christ seems near me,
With forgiving look, as when
He beheld the Magdalen.

Well I know that all things move
To the spherical rhythm of love,—
That to Thee, O Lord of all !
Nothing can of chance befall :
Child and seraph, mote and star,
Well Thou knowest what we are ;
Through Thy vast creative plan
Looking, from the worm to man,
There is pity in Thine eyes,
But no hatred nor surprise.
Not in blind caprice of will,
Not in cunning sleight of skill,
Not for show of power, was wrought
Nature's marvel in Thy thought.
Never careless hand and vain
Smites these chords of joy and pain ;
No immortal selfishness
Plays the game of curse and bless :
Heaven and earth are witnesses
That Thy glory goodness is.
Not for sport of mind and force
Hast Thou made Thy universe,
But as atmosphere and zone
Of Thy loving heart alone.
Man, who walketh in a show,

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Sees before him, to and fro,
 Shadow and illusion go ;
 All things flow and fluctuate,
 Now contract and now dilate.
 In the welter of this sea,
 Nothing stable is but Thee ;
 In this whirl of swooning trance,
 Thou alone art permanence ;
 All without Thee only seems,
 All beside is choice of dreams.
 Never yet in darkest mood
 Doubted I that Thou wast good,
 Nor mistook my will for fate,
 Pain of sin for heavenly hate,—
 Never dreamed the gates of pearl
 Rise from out the burning marl,
 Or that good can only live
 Of the bad conservative,
 And through counterpoise of hell
 Heaven alone be possible.
 For myself alone I doubt ;
 All is well, I know, without ;
 I alone the beauty mar,
 I alone the music jar.
 Not, with hands by evil stained,
 I an ear by discord pained,
 In groping for the keys
 Of the heavenly harmonies ;
 Not within my heart I bear
 A note for all things good and fair
 Hands of want or souls in pain
 Have not sought my door in vain ;
 I have kept my fealty good
 To the human brotherhood ;
 Scarcely have I asked in prayer
 That which others might not share.
 I, who hear with secret shame
 Praise that paineth more than blame,
 Rich alone in favours lent,
 Virtuous by accident,
 Doubtful where I fain would rest,
 Frailest where I seem the best,
 Only strong for lack of test,—
 What am I, that I should press
 Special pleas of selfishness,
 Coolly mounting into heaven
 On my neighbour unforgiven ?
 Ne'er to me, howe'er disguised,
 Comes a saint unrecognised ;
 Never fails my heart to greet
 Noble deed with warmer beat ;
 Halt and maimed, I own not less
 All the grace of holiness ;
 Nor, through shame or self-distrust,
 Less I love the pure and just.

Lord, forgive these words of mine ;
 What have I that is not Thine ?—
 Whatso'er I fain would boast
 Needs Thy pitying pardon most.
 Thou, O Elder Brother ! who
 In Thy flesh our trial knew,
 Thou, who hast been touched by these
 Our most sad infirmities,
 Thou alone the gulf canst span
 In the dual heart of man,
 And between the soul and sense
 Reconcile all difference,
 Change the dream of me and mine
 For the truth of Thee and Thine,
 And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,
 Interfuse Thy calm of life.
 Haply, thus by Thee renewed,
 In Thy borrowed goodness good,
 Some sweet morning yet in God's
 Dim, æonian periods,
 Joyful I shall wake to see
 Those I love who rest in Thee,
 And to them in Thee allied
 Shall my soul be satisfied.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me
 What the future life may be,
 Other lips may well be bold ;
 Like the publican of old,
 I can only urge the plea,
 " Lord, be merciful to me !"
 Nothing of desert I claim,
 Unto me belongeth shame.
 Not for me the crowns of gold,
 Palms, and harpings manifold ;
 Not for erring eye and feet
 Jasper wall and golden street.
 What thou wilt, O Father, give !
 All is gain that I receive,
 If my voice I may not raise
 In the elders' song of praise,
 If I may not, sin-defiled,
 Claim my birthright as a child,
 Suffer it that I to Thee
 As an hired servant be ;
 Let the lowliest task be mine,
 Grateful, so the work be Thine ;
 Let me find the humblest place
 In the shadow of Thy grace ;
 Blest to me were any spot
 Where temptation whispers not.
 If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on ;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true,
 With the work I fain would do;
 Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant;
 Let me find in Thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy;
 Out of self to love be led
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my natural habitude.

So we read the prayer of him
 Who, with John of Labadie,
 Trod, of old, the oozy rim
 Of the Zuyder Zee.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray,
 Are we wiser, better grown,
 That we may not, in our day,
 Make his prayer our own?

THE DOLE OF JARL THOR- KELL.

THE land was pale with fame
 And racked with fever-pain;
 The frozen fiords were fishless,
 The earth withheld her grain.

Men saw the boding Fylgja
 Before them come and go,
 And, through their dreams, the Urdar-
 moon
 From west to east sailed slow!

Jarl Thorkell of Thevera
 At Yule-time made his vow;
 On Rykdal's holy Doom-stone
 He slew to Frey his cow.

To bounteous Frey he slew her;
 To Skuld, the younger Norn,
 Who watches over birth and death,
 He gave her calf unborn.

And his little gold-haired daughter
 Took up the sprinkling-rod,
 And smeared with blood the temple
 And the wide lips of the god.

Hoarse below, the winter water
 Ground its ice-blocks o'er and o'er;
 Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead
 waves,
 Rose and fell along the shore.

The red torch of the Jokul,
 Aloft in icy space,
 Shone down on the bloody Horg-
 stones
 And the statue's carven face.

And closer round and grimmer
 Beneath its baleful light,
 The Jotun shapes of mountains
 Came crowding through the night.

The gray-haired Hersir trembled
 As a flame by wind is blown;
 A weird power moved his white lips,
 And their voice was not his own!

"The Æsir thirst!" he muttered;
 "The gods must have more blood
 Before the tun shall blossom
 Or fish shall find the flood.

"The Æsir thirst and hunger,
 And hence our blight and ban;
 The mouths of the strong gods water
 For the flesh and blood of man!

"Whom shall we give the strong ones;
 Not warriors, sword on thigh;
 But let the nursing infant
 And bedrid old man die."

"So be it!" cried the young men,
 "There needs nor doubt nor parle;
 But, knitting hard his red brows,
 In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman's weeping
 At the temple door was heard,
 But the old men bowed their white
 heads,
 And answered not a word.

Then the Dream-wife of Thingvalla,
 A Vala young and fair,
 Sang softly, stirring with her breath
 The veil of her loose hair.

She sang: "The winds from Alheim
 Bring never sound of strife;
 The gifts for Frey the meekest
 Are not of death, but life.

"He loves the grass-green meadows,
 The grazing kine's sweet breath;
 He loathes your bloody Horg-stones,
 Your gifts that smell of death.

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"No wrong by wrong is righted,
No pain is cured by pain;
The blood that smokes from Doom-
rings
Falls black in redder rain.

"The gods are what you make them,
As earth shall Asgard prove;
And hate will come of hating,
And love will come of love.

"Make dole of skyr and black bread
That old and young may live;
And look to Frey for favour
When first like Frey you give.

"Even now o'er Njord's sea-meadows
The summer dawn begins;
The tun shall have its harvest,
The fiord its glancing fins."

Then up and swore Jarl Thorkell:
"By Gimli and by Hel,
O Vala of Thingvalla,
Thou singest wise and well!

"Too dear the Æsir's favours
Bought with our children's lives;
Better die than shame in living
Our mothers and our wives.

"The full shall give his portion
To him who hath most need;
Of curdled skyr and black bread,
Be daily dole decreed."

He broke from off his neck-chain
Three links of beaten gold;
And each man, at his bidding,
Brought gifts for young and old.

Then mothers nursed their children,
And daughters fed their sires,
And Health sat down with Plenty
Before the next Yule fires.

The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal;
The Doom-ring still remains;
But the snows of a thousand winters
Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now; the Æsir
Have found their twilight dim;
And, wiser than she dreamed, of old
The Vala sang of Him!

THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years
and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil
world, and then,
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and
taught
No more among the elders, but went
out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his
head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long
he prayed,
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book
he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's
choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a
Voice,
Behold the royal preacher's words:
"A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the
end!
And for the evil day thy brother lives."
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord
who gives
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon the small weedsthat the bees
Bow with their weight. I will arise,
and lay
My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many
prayers;
But even as one who, followed un-
awares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand
Thrilled with its touch his own, and his
cheek fanned
By odours subtly sweet, and whispers
near
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose
but hear,
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chant-
ing low
The wail of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptator came,

And mocked him with the motion and
 the shame
 Of such desires that, shuddering, he
 abhorred
 Himself; and, crying mightily to the
 Lord
 To free his soul and cast the demon out,
 Smote with his staff the blankness round
 about.

At length in the low light of a spent day,
 The towers of Ecbatana far away
 Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan,
 faint
 And footsore, pausing where for some
 dead saint
 The faith of Islam reared a doméd tomb,
 saw some one kneeling in the shadow,
 whom
 He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
 answer thy prayers, O stranger!"
 Whereupon
 The shape stood up with a loud cry,
 and then,
 Clasped in each other's arms, the two
 gazing Him whose gracious
 and face
 their paths one. But straight-
 way, as the sense
 his transgressions smote him, Na-
 than tore
 Himself away: "O friend beloved, no
 more
 Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came
 Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my
 shame.
 Haply thy prayers, since naught avail-
 eth mine,
 May purge my soul, and make it white
 like thine.
 Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The des-
 ert wind
 Blew his long mantle backward, laying
 bare
 The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.
 "I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
 "In thought have verily sinned. Hast
 thou not read,
 'Better the eye should see than that
 desire
 Should wander?' Burning with a hid-
 den fire

That tears and prayers quench not, I
 come to thee
 For pity and for help, as thou to me.
 Pray for me, O my friend!" But Na-
 than cried,
 "Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side

In the low sunshine by the turban stone
 They knelt; each made his brother's
 woe his own,
 Forgetting, in the agony and stress
 Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;
 Peace, for his friend besought, his own
 became;
 His prayers were answered in another's
 name;
 And, when at last they rose up to em-
 brace,
 Each saw God's pardon in his brother's
 face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered
 moss,
 Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
 In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words
 were read:
 "*Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;
 Forget it in love's service, and the debt
 Thou canst not pay the angels shall
 forget;
 Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes
 alone;
 Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy
 own!*"

NOREMBEGA.

[Norembega, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1601 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilisation, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.]

THE winding way the serpent takes
 The mystic water took,
 From where, to count its beaded lakes,
 The forest sped its brook.

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A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,
For sun or stars to fall,
While evermore, behind, before,
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath
Wan flowers without a name;
Life tangled with decay and death,
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill
The rounding shadow lay,
Save where the river cut at will
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,
Weak as a child unweaned,
At shut of day a Christian knight
Upon his henchman leaned.

The embers of the ~~sun's~~ fires
Along the clouds burned down;
"I see," he said, "the domes and spires
Of Norembege town."

"Alack! the domes, O master mine,
Are golden clouds on high;
Yon spire is but the branchless pine
That cuts the evening sky."

"O hush and hark! What sounds are
these
But chants and holy hymns?"
"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the
trees
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills
The air with its low tone?"
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised!—He sets for
me
A blessed cross in sight!"
"Now, nay, 'tis but yon blasted tree
With two gaunt arms outright!"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,
It mattereth not, my knave;
Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,
The cross is for my grave!"

"My life is sped; I shall not see
My home-set sails again;
The sweetest eyes of Normandic
Shall watch for me in vain.

"Yet onward still to ear and eye
The baffling marvel calls;
I fain would look before I die
On Norembege's walls.

"So, haply, it shall be thy part
At Christian feet to lay
The mystery of the desert's heart
My dead hand plucked away.

"Leave me an hour of rest; go thou
And look from yonder heights;
Perchance the valley even now
Is starred with city lights."

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,
He saw nor tower nor town,
But, through the drear woods, lone and
still,
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things
Whose shapes he could not see.
A flutter as of evil wings,
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,
A sword of fire beyond;
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back: "O master dear
We are but men misled;
And thou hast sought a city here
To find a grave instead."

"As God shall will! what matters where
A true man's cross may stand,
So Heaven be o'er it here as there
In pleasant Norman land?"

"These woods, perchance, no secret
hide
Of lordly tower and hall;
Yon river in its wanderings wide
Has washed no city wall;

"Yet mirrored in the sullen stream
The holy stars are given;
Is Norembege, then, a dream
Whose waking is in Heaven?"

"No builded wonder of these lands
My weary eyes shall see;
A city never made with hands
A'one awaiteth me—

"*Urbs Syon mystica* ;" I see
Its mansions passing fair,
"*Condito celo* ;" let me see,
Dear Lord, a dweller there !"

Above the dying exile hung
The vision of the bard,
As faltered on his failing tongue
The song of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave
Beneath the hemlocks brown,
And to the desert's keeping gave
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain
Sailed up the unknown stream,
And Norembeqa proved again
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave
Within the hemlock's shade,
And, stretching wide its arms to save,
The sign that God had made,—

The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot
And made it holy ground :
He needs the earthly city not
Who hath the heavenly found.

THE SISTERS.

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of
rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and
night.

"Hush and hearken !" she cried in
fear,

"Hearst thou nothing, sister dear ?"

"I hear the sea, and the splash of rain,
And roar of the north-east hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds
blow ?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbour-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came !

"Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick
Hall !"

On her pillow the sister tossed her
head.

"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on
thee ?"

But the girl heard only the wind and
tide,
And wringing her small white hands,
she cried :

"O sister Rhoda, there's something
wrong ;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

"Annie ! Annie !" I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick
Hall !"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest ! He never would call thy
name !

"If he did, I would pray the wind and
sea
To keep him for ever from thee and
me !"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful
blast ;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a
groan,
But through her tears a strange light
shone,—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest !" she whispered, under
breath,

"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth!"

She came and stood by her sister's bed;
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work
have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the
sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and
eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

AFTER THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTER.

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and
gray stones of the Horg,
In its little Christian city stands the
church of Vordingborg,
In merry mood King Volmer sat, forget-
ful of his power,
As idle as the Goose of Gold that
brooded on his tower.

Out spake the King to Henrik, his
young and faithful squire:

"Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid
of thy desire?"

"Of all the men in Denmark she loveth
only me:
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to
thee."

Loud laughed the king: "To-morrow
shall bring another day,"

When I myself will test her; she will
not say me nay."

Thereat the lords and gallants, that
round about him stood,
Wagged all their heads in concert and
smiled as courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg,
and on the ancient town
From the tall tower of Valdemar the
Golden Goose looks down:

The yellow grain is waving in the
pleasant wind of morn,
The wood resounds with cry of hounds
and blare of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie
sits and spins,
And, singing with the early birds, her
daily task begins.

Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls
around her garden-bower,
But she is sweeter than the mint and
fairer than the flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings
lovingly, and, white

As snow, her loose sleeves only leave
her small round wrists in sight;
Below the modest petticoat can only
half conceal

The motion of the lightest foot that ever
turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees
hum in sunshine warm;

But look! she starts, she lifts her face,
she shades it with her arm.

And, hark! a train of horsemen, with
sound of dog and horn,

Come leaping o'er the ditches, come
trampling down the corn!

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf
and plume streamed gay,

As fast beside her father's gate the
riders held their way;

And one was brave in scarlet cloak,
with golden spur on heel,

And, as he checked his foaming steed
the maiden checked her wheel.

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest
rose to me!

For weary months in secret my heart
has longed for thee!"

* A common saying of Valdemar; hence his
sobriquet *Atterday*.

- What noble knight was this? What words for modest maiden's ear?
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and fear.
- She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would seek the door,
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes crimsoned o'er.
- "Nay, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer heart and hand,
Bear witness these good Danish knights who round about me stand.
- "I grant you time to think of this, to answer as you may,
For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day."
- He spoke the old phrase slyly, as glancing round his train,
He saw his merry followers seek to hide their smiles in vain.
- "The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of golden hair,
I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;
All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a chariot gay
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of gray.
- "And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and brazen lamps shall glow.
On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances to and fro,
At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine,
While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink the blood-red wine."
- Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face to face;
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip found place.
Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold she threw,
And lifted up her eyes to his steady and clear and blue.
- "I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight;
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn to slight.
If you would wed me henceforth be a peasant, not a lord;
- I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty sword."
- "To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadal away,
And in its place will swing the scythe and mow your father's hay."
- "Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can never bear;
A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you must wear.
- "Well, Vadmal will I wear for you,' the rider gaily spoke.
"And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet cloak."
- "But mark," she said, "no stately horse my peasant love must ride,
A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he must guide."
- The knight looked down upon his steed; "Well, let him wander free;
No other man must ride the horse that has been backed by me.
Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to my oxen talk,
If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."
- "You must take from out your cellar cask of wine and flask and can;
The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant man."
- "Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that mead of thine,
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain my generous wine."
- "Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign and boss,
Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly knee across.
And pull me down your castle from top to basement wall,
And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of your hall!"
- Then smiled he with a lofty pride: right well at last he knew
The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troth-plight true.
- "Ah, roguish little Elsie! you act your part full well:

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You know that I must bear my shield
and in my castle dwell !

"The lions ramping on that shield be-
tween the hearts aflame
Keep watch o'er Denmark's honour, and
guard her ancient name.

For know that I am Volmer ; I dwell
in yonder towers.

Whoploughsthem ploughsup Denmark,
this goodly home of ours !

"I tempt no more, fair Elsie ! your
heart I know is true ;

Would God that all our maidens were
good and pure as you !

Well have you pleased your monarch,
and he shall well repay ;

God's peace ! Farewell ! To-morrow
will bring another day !"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred
his good steed then,

And like a whirl-blast swept away with
all his gallant men.

The steel hoofs beat the rocky path ;
again on winds of morn

The wood resounds with cry of hounds
and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful !" the
listening Henrik cried ;

And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he
stood by Elsie's side.

None saw the fond embracing, save,
shining from afar,

The Golden Goose that watched them
from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark ! of all the
flowers that throng

Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing
for you my song.

No praise as yours so bravely rewards
the singer's skill ;

Thank God ! of maids like Elsie the
land has plenty still !

MIRIAM.

ONE Sabbath-day my friend and I
After the meeting, quietly
Passed from the village crowded lanes,
White with dry dust for lack of rains,
And climbed the neighbouring slope,
with feet

Slackened and heavy from the heat,
Although the day was wellnigh done,
And the low angle of the sun
Along the naked hillside cast
Our shadows as of giants vast.
We reached, at length, the topmost
swell,

Whence, either way, the green turf
fell

In terraces of nature down
To fruit-hung orchards, and the town
With white, pretenceless houses, tall
Church-steeple, and, o'ershadowing all,
Huge mills whose windows had the
look

Of eager eyes that ill could brook
The Sabbath rest. We traced the track
Of the sea-seeking river back

Glistening for miles above its mouth,
Through the long valley to the south.

And, looking eastward, cool to view,
Stretched the illimitable blue

Of ocean, from its curved coast-line ;
Sombred and still, the warm sunshine

Filled with pale gold-dust all the reach
Of slumberous woods from hill to

beach,—

Slanted on walls of thronged retreats
From city toil and dusty streets,

On grassy bluff, and dune of sand,
And rocky islands miles from land ;

Touched the far-glancing sails, and
showed

White lines of foam where long waves
flowed

Dumb in the distance. In the north,
Dim through their misty hair, looked
forth

The space-dwarfed mountains to the
sea,

From mystery to mystery !

So, sitting on that green hill-slope,
We talked of human life, its hope

And fear, and unsolved doubts, and
what

It might have been, and yet was not.
And, when at last the evening air

Grew sweeter for the bells of prayer
Ringing in steeples far below,

We watched the people churchward
go,

Each to his place, as if thereon
The true shekinah only shone ;
And my friend queried how it came

To pass that they who owned the same
Great Master still could not agree
To worship Him in company.
Then, broadening in his thought, he
ran

Over the whole vast field of man,—
The varying forms of faith and creed
That somehow served the holders' need;
In which, unquestioned, undenied,
Uncounted millions lived and died;
The Bibles of the ancient folk,
Through which the heart of nations
spoke;

The old moralities which lent
To home its sweetness and content,
And rendered possible to bear
The life of peoples everywhere:
And asked if we, who boast of light,
Claim not a too exclusive right
To truths which must for all be meant,
Like rain and sunshine freely sent.
In bondage to the letter still,
We give it power to cramp and kill,—
To tax God's fulness with a scheme
Narrower than Peter's house-top dream,
His wisdom and his love with plans
Poor and inadequate as man's.
It must be that He witnesses
Somehow to all men that He is:
That something of His saving grace
Reaches the lowest of the race,
Who, through strange creed and rite,
may draw

The hints of a diviner law.
We walk in clearer light;—but then,
Is He not God?—are they not men?
Are His responsibilities
For us alone and not for these?

And I made answer: "Truth is one;
And, in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity,
No scroll of creed its fulness wraps,
We trace it not by school-boy maps,
Free as the sun and air it is
Of latitudes and boundaries.
In Vedic verse, in dull Korán,
Are messages of good to man;
The angels to our A:yan sires
Talked by the earliest household fires;
The prophets of the elder day,
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,
Read not the riddle all amiss
Of higher life evolved from this.

"Nor doth it lessen what He taught,
Or make the gospel Jesus brought
Less precious, that His lips retold
Some portion of that truth of old;
Denying not the proven seers,
The tested wisdom of the years;
Confirming with his own impress
The common law of righteousness.
We search the world for truth; we cu.
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read,
And all our treasure of old thought
In His harmonious fulness wrought
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's sown
wheat,

The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

"Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head!
Up from undated time they come,
The martyr souls of heathendom,
And to His cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.
I trace His presence in the blind
Pathetic gropings of my kind,—
In prayers from sin and sorrow wrung,
In cradle-hymns of life they sung,
Each, in its measure, but a part
Of the unmeasured Over-Heart;
And with a stronger faith confess
The greater that it owns the less.
Good cause it is for thankfulness
That the world-blessing of his life
With the long past is not at strife;
That the great marvel of His death
To the one order witnesseth,
No doubt of changeless goodness wakes,
No link of cause and sequence breaks.
But, one with nature, rooted is
In the eternal verities;
Whereby, while differing in degree
As finite from infinity,
The pain and loss for others borne,
Love's crown of suffering meekly wort.

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The life man giveth for his friend
 Become vicarious in the end ;
 Their healing place in nature take,
 And make life sweeter for their sake.

" So welcome I from every source
 The tokens of that primal Force,
 Older than heaven itself, yet new
 As the young heart it reaches to,
 Beneath whose steady impulse rolls
 The tidal wave of human souls ;
 Guide, comforter, and inward word,
 The eternal spirit of the Lord !
 Nor fear I aught that science brings
 From searching through material things ;
 Content to let its glasses prove,
 Not by the letter's oldness move,
 The myriad worlds on worlds that

course
 The spaces of the universe ;
 Since everywhere the Spirit walks
 The garden of the heart, and talks
 With man, as under Eden's trees,
 In all his varied languages.
 Why mourn about some hopeless flaw
 In the stone tables of the law,
 When scripture every day afresh
 Is traced on tablets of the flesh ?
 By inward sense, by outward signs,
 God's presence still the heart divines ;
 Through deepest joy of Him we learn,
 In sorest grief to Him we turn,
 And reason stoops its pride to share
 The child-like instinct of a prayer."

And then, as is my wont, I told
 A story of the days of old,
 Not found in printed books, - in sooth,
 A fancy, with slight hint of truth,
 Showing how differing faiths agree
 In one sweet law of charity.
 Meanwhile the sky had golden grown,
 Our faces in its glory shone ;
 But shadows down the valley swept,
 And gray below the ocean slept,
 As time and space I wandered o'er
 To tread the Mogul's marble floor,
 And see a fairer sunset fall
 On Jumna's wave and Agra's wall.

THE good Shah Akbar (peace be his
 always !)
 Came forth from the Divan at close of
 day
 Bowed with the burden of his many
 cares,

Worn with the hearing of unnumbered
 prayers, -
 Wild cries for justice, the importunate
 Appeals of greed and jealousy and hate,
 And all the strife of sect and creed and
 rite,
 Santon and Gouroo waging holy fight ;
 For the wise monarch, claiming not to
 be
 Allah's avenger, left his people free,
 With a faint hope, his Book scarce
 justified,
 That all the paths of faith, though sev-
 ered wide,
 O'er which the feet of prayerful rever-
 ence passed,
 Met at the gate of Paradise at last.

He sought an alcove of his cool
 harem,
 Where, far beneath, he heard the
 Jumna's stream
 Lapse soft and low along his palace
 wall,
 And all about the cool sound of the fall
 Of fountains, and of water circling free
 Through marble ducts along the bal-
 cony ;
 The voice of women in the distance
 sweet,
 And, sweeter still, of one who, at his
 feet,
 Soothed his tired ear with songs of a
 far land
 Where Tagus shatters on the salt sea-
 sand
 The mirror of its cork-grown hills of
 drouth
 And vales of vine, at Lisbon's harbour-
 mouth.

The date-palms rustled not ; the
 peepul laid
 Its topmost boughs against the balus-
 trade,
 Motionless as the mimic leaves and
 vines
 That, light and graceful as the shawl-
 designs
 Of Delhi or Umritsir, twined in stone ;
 And the tired monarch, who aside had
 thrown
 The day's hard burden, sat from care
 apart,
 And let the quiet steal into his heart

From the still hour. Below him Agra
 slept,
 By the long light of sunset overswept :
 The river flowing through a level land,
 By mango-groves and banks of yellow
 sand,
 Skirted with lime and orange, gay
 kiosks,
 Fountains at play, tall minarets of
 mosques,
 Fair pleasure-gardens, with their flow-
 ering trees:
 Relieved against the mournful cypresses;
 And, air-poised lightly as the blown
 sea-foam,
 The marble wonder of some holy dome
 Hung a white moonrise over the still
 wood,
 Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood.

 Silent the monarch gazed, until the
 night
 Swift-falling hid the city from his
 sight,
 Then to the woman at his feet he said :
 "Tell me, O Miriam, something thou
 hast read
 In childhood of the Master of thy faith,
 Whom Islam also owns. Our Prophet
 saith :
 'He was a true apostle, yea,—a Word
 And Spirit sent before me from the
 Lord.'
 Thus the Book witnesseth ; and well I
 know
 By what thou art, O dearest, it is so.
 As the lute's tone the maker's hand
 betrays,
 The sweet disciple speaks her Master's
 praise."

 Then Miriam, glad of heart (for in
 some sort
 She cherished in the Moslem's liberal
 court
 The sweet traditions of a Christian
 child ;
 And, through her life of sense, the un-
 defiled
 And chaste ideal of the sinless One
 Gazed on her with an eye she might not
 shun,—
 The sad, reproachful look of pity, born
 Of love that hath no part in wrath or
 scorn),

Began, with low voice and moist eyes,
 to tell
 Of the all-loving Christ, and what befell
 When the fierce zealots, thirsting for her
 blood,
 Dragged to his feet a shame of woman-
 hood.
 How, when his searching answer pierced
 within
 Each heart, and touched the secret of
 its sin,
 And her accusers fled his face before,
 He bade the poor one go and sin no
 more.
 And Akbar said, after a moment's
 thought,
 "Wise is the lesson by thy prophet
 taught ;
 Woe unto him who judges and forgets
 What hidden evil his own heart besets !
 Something of this large charity I find
 In all the sects that sever human kind ;
 I would to Allah that their lives agreed
 More nearly with the lesson of their
 creed !
 Those yellow Lamas who at Meerut
 pray
 By wind and water power, and love to
 say :
 'He who forgiveth not shall, unfor-
 given,
 Fail of the rest of Buddha,' and who
 even
 Spare the black gnat that stings them,
 vex my ears
 With the poor hates and jealousies and
 fears
 Nursed in their human hives. That
 lean, fierce priest
 Of thy own people, (be his heart in-
 creased
 By Allah's love!) his black robes
 smelling yet
 Of Goa's roasted Jews, have I not met
 Meek-faced, barefooted, crying in the
 street
 The saying of his prophet true and
 sweet;—
 'He who is merciful shall mercy meet !'

 But, next day, so it chanced, as night
 began
 To fall, a murmur through the hareem
 ran
 That one, recalling in her dusky face

The full-lipped, mild-eyed beauty of a
 race
 Known as the blameless Ethiops of
 Greek song,
 Plotting to do her royal master wrong,
 Watching, reproachful of the lingering
 light,
 The evening shadows deepen for her
 flight,
 Love-guided, to her home in a far land,
 Now waited death at the great Shah's
 command.

Shapely as that dark princess for
 whose smile
 A world was bartered, daughter of the
 Nile
 Herself, and veiling in her large, soft
 eyes
 The passion and the languor of her skies,
 The Abyssinian knelt low at the feet
 Of her stern lord: "O king, if it be
 meet,
 And for thy honour's sake," she said,
 "that I,

Who am the humblest of thy slaves,
 should die,
 I will not tax thy mercy to forgive.
 Easier it is to die than to outlive
 All that life gave me,—him whose
 wrong of thee

Was but the outcome of his love for me,
 Cherished from childhood, when, be-
 neath the shade
 Of templed Axum, side by side we
 played.

Stolen from his arms, my lover followed
 me
 Through weary seasons over land and
 sea;

And two days since, sitting disconsolate
 Within the shadow of the hareem gate,
 Suddenly, as if dropping from the sky,
 Down from the lattice of the balcony
 Fell the sweet song by Tigre's cow-
 herds sung

In the old music of his native tongue.
 He knew my voice, for love is quick
 of ear,
 Answering in song.

This night he waited near
 To fly with me. The fault was mine
 alone:
 He knew thee not, he did but seek his
 own:

Who, in the very shadow of thy throne,
 Sharing thy bounty, knowing all thou
 art,
 Greatest and best of men, and in her
 heart
 Grateful to tears for favour undeserved,
 Turned ever homeward, nor one mo-
 ment swerved
 From her young love. He looked into
 my eyes,
 He heard my voice, and could not
 otherwise
 Than he hath done; yet, save one wild
 embrace
 When first we stood together face to
 face,
 And all that fate had done since last
 we met
 Seemed but a dream that left us chil-
 dren yet,
 He hath not wronged thee nor thy
 royal bed;
 Spare him, O king! and slay me in his
 stead!"

But over Akbar's brows the frown
 hung black,
 And, turning to the eunuch at his
 back,
 "Take them," he said, "and let the
 Jumna's waves
 Hide both my shame and these ac-
 cursed slaves!"
 His loathly length the unsexed bond-
 man bowed:
 "On my head be it!"

Straightway from a cloud
 Of dainty shawls and veils of woven
 mist
 The Christian Miriam rose, and, stoop-
 ing, kissed
 The monarch's hand. Loose down her
 shoulders bare
 Swept all the rippled darkness of her
 hair,
 Veiling the bosom that, with high,
 quick swell
 Of fear and pity, through it rose and fell.

"Alas!" she cried, "hast thou for-
 gotten quite
 The words of Him we spake of yester-
 night?
 Or thy own prophet's,—'Whoso doth
 endure

And pardon, of eternal life is sure?
O great and good! be thy revenge alone
Felt in thy mercy to the erring shown;
Let thwarted love and youth their pardon plead,
Who sinned but in intent, and not in deed!"

One moment the strong frame of
Akbar shook
With the great storm of passion. Then
his look
Softened to her uplifted face, that still
Pleaded more strongly than all words,
until
Its pride and anger seemed like over-
blown,
Spent clouds of thunder left to tell
alone
Of strife and overcoming. With bowed
head,
And smiting on his bosom: "God,"
he said,
"Alone is great, and let His holy name
Be honoured, even to His servant's
shame!
Well spake thy prophet, Miriam,—he
alone
Who hath not sinned is meet to cast a
stone
At such as these, who here their doom
await,
Held like myself in the strong grasp
of fate.
They sinned through love, as I through
love forgive;
Take them beyond my realm, but let
them live!"

And, like a chorus to the words of
grace,
The ancient Fakir, sitting in his place,
Motionless as an idol and as grim,
In the pavilion Akbar built for him
Under the courtyard trees (for he was
wise,
Knew Menu's laws, and through his
close-shut eyes
Saw things far off, and as an open
book
Into the thoughts of other men could
look),
Began, half chant, half howling, to re-
hearse
The fragment of a holy Vedic verse;

And thus it ran: "He who all things
forgives
Conquers himself and all things else,
and lives
Above the reach of wrong or hate or
fear,
Calm as the gods, to whom he is most
dear."

Two leagues from Agra still the
traveller sees
The tomb of Akbar through its cypress-
trees;
And, near at hand, the marble walls
that hide
The Christian Begum sleeping at his
side.
And o'er her vault of burial (who shall
tell
If it be chance alone or miracle?)
The Mission press with tireless hand
unrolls
The words of Jesus on its lettered
scrolls,—
Tells, in all tongues, the tale of mercy
o'er,
And bids the guilty, "Go and sin no
more!"

It now was dew-fall; very still
The night lay on the lonely hill,
Down which our homeward steps we
went,
And, silent, through great silence went,
Save that the tireless crickets played
Their long, monotonous serenade.
A young moon, at its narrowest,
Curved sharp against the darkening
west;
And, momentarily, the beacon's star,
Slow wheeling o'er its rock afar,
From out the level darkness shot
One instant and again was not.
And then my friend spake quietly
The thought of both: "Yon crescent
see!
Like Islam's symbol-moon it gives
Hints of the light whereby it lives:
Somewhat of goodness, something true
From sun and spirit shining through
All faiths, all worlds, as through the
dark
Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark,
Attests the presence everywhere

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Of love and providential care,
The faith the old Norse heart confessed
In one dear name, the hopefulest
And tenderest heard from mortal lips
In pangs of birth or death, from ships
Ice-bitten in the winter sea,
Or lisp'd beside a mother's knee,—
The wiser world hath not outgrown,
And the All-Father is our own!

THE VISION OF ECHARD.

The Benedictine Echard
Sat, worn by wanderings far,
Where Marsberg sees the bridal
Of the Moselle and Sarre.

Fair with its sloping vineyards
And tawny chestnut bloom,
The happy vale Ausonius sung
For holy Treves made room.

On the shrine Helena builded
To keep the Christ coat well,
On minster tower and kloster cross,
The westering sunshine fell.

There, where the rock-hewn circles
O'erlooked the Roman's game,
The veil of sleep fell on him,
And his thought a dream became

He felt the heart of silence
Throb with a soundless word,
And by the inward ear alone
A spirit's voice he heard.

And the spoken word seemed written
On air and wave and sod,
And the bending walls of sapphire
Blazed with the thought of God:

"What lack I, O my children?
All things are in my hand;
The vast earth and the awful stars
I hold as grains of sand.

"Need I your alms? The silver
And gold are mine alone;
The gifts ye bring before me
Were evermore my own.

"Heed I the noise of viols,
Your pomp of masque and show?
Have I not dawns and sunsets?
Have I not winds that blow?

"Do I smell your gums of incense?
Is my ear with chantings fed?
Taste I your wine of worship,
Or eat your holy bread?

"Of rank and name and honours
Am I vain as ye are vain?
What can Eternal Fulness
From your lip-service gain?

"Ye make me not your debtor
Who serve yourselves alone;
Ye best to me of homage
Whose gain is all your own.

"For you I gave the prophets,
For you the Psalmist's lay;
For you the law's stone tables,
And holy book and day.

"Ye change to weary burdens
The helps that should uplift;
Ye lose in form the spirit,
The Giver in the gift.

"Who called ye to self-torment,
To fast and penance vain?
Dream ye Eternal Goodness
Has joy in mortal pain?

"For the death in life of Nitria,
For your Chartreuse ever dumb,
What better is the neighbour,
Or happier the home?

"Who counts his brother's welfare
As sacred as his own,
And loves, forgives, and pities,
He serveth me alone.

"I note each gracious purpose,
Each kindly word and deed;
Are ye not all my children?
Shall not the Father heed?

"No prayer for light and guidance
Is lost upon mine ear:
The child's cry in the darkness
Shall not the Father hear?

"I loathe your wrangling councils,
I tread upon your creeds;
Who made ye mine avengers,
Or told ye of my needs?

"I bless men and ye curse them,
I love them and ye hate;

- Ye bite and tear each other,
I suffer long and wait.
- "Ye bow to ghastly symbols,
To cross and scourge and thorn ;
Ye seek his Syrian manger
Who in the heart is born.
- "For the dead Christ, not the living,
Ye watch his empty grave
Whose life alone within you
Has power to bless and save.
- "O blind ones, outward groping,
The idle quest forego ;
Who listens to his inward voice
Alone of him shall know.
- "His love all love exceeding
The heart must needs recall,
Its self-surrendering freedom,
Its loss that gaineth all.
- "Climb not the holy mountains,
Their eagles know not me ;
Seek not the Blessed Islands,
I dwell not in the sea.
- "The gods are gone for ever
From Zanskar's glacier sides,
And in the Buddha's footprints
The Ceylon serpent glides.
- "No more from shaded Delphos
The weird responses come ;
Dodona's oaks are silent,
The Hebrew Bath-Col dumb !
- "No more from rocky Horeb
The smitten waters gush ;
Fallen is Bethel's ladder,
Quenched is the burning bush
- "The jewels of the Urim
And Thummim all are dim ;
The fire has left the altar,
The sign the teraphim.
- "No more in ark or hill grove
The Holiest abides ;
Not in the scroll's dead letter
The eternal secret hides.
- "The eye shall fail that searches
For me the hollow sky ;
The far is even as the near,
The low is as the high.
- "What if the earth is hiding
Her old faiths, long outworn ?
What is it to the changeless truth
That yours shall fail in turn ?
- "What if the o'eturned altar
Lays bare the ancient lie ?
What if the dreams and legends
Of the world's childhood die ?
- "Have ye not still my witness
Within yourselves always,
My hand that on the keys of life
For bliss or bale I lay ?
- "Still, in perpetual judgment,
I hold assize within,
With sure reward of holiness,
And dread rebuke of sin.
- "A light, a guide, a warning,
A presence ever near,
Through the deep silence of the flesh
I reach the inward ear.
- "My Gerizim and Ebal
Are in each human soul,
The still, small voice of blessing,
And Sinai's thunder-roll.
- "The stern behest of duty,
The doom-book open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are with yourselves alone."
- A gold and purple sunset
Flowed down the broad Moselle ;
On hills of vine and meadow lands
The peace of twilight fell.
- A slow, cool wind of evening
Blew over leaf and bloom ;
And, faint and far, the Angelus
Rang from Saint Matthew's tomb.
- Then up rose Master Echard,
And marvelled : "Can it be
That here, in dream and vision,
The Lord hath talked with me ?"
- He went his way ; behind him
The shrines of saintly dead,
The holy coat and nail of cross,
He left unvisited
- He sought the vale of Eltzbach
His burdened soul to free,

Where the foot-hills of the Eifel
Are glassed in Laachersee

And, in his Order's kloster,
He sat, in night-long parle,
With Tauler of the Friends of God,
And Nicolas of Basle.

And lo! the twain made answer :
" Yea, brother, even thus
The Voice above all voices
Hath spoken unto us.

" The world will have its idols,
And flesh and sense their sign ;
But the blinded eye shall open,
And the gross ear be fine.

" What if the vision tarry ?
God's time is always best ;
The true Light shall be witnessed,
The Christ within confessed.

" In mercy or in judgment
He shall turn and overturn,
Till the heart shall be his temple
Where all of Him shall learn."

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.

OUT from Jerusalem
The king rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen with them,

Comely, but black withal,
To whom, perchance, belongs
That wondrous Song of songs,
Sensuous and mystical,

Whereto devout souls turn
In fond, ecstatic dream,
And through its earth-born theme
The Love of loves discern.

Proud in the Syrian sun,
In gold and purple sheen,
The dusky Ethiop queen
Smiled on King Solomon

Wisest of men, he knew
The languages of all
The creatures great or small
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led
The king's path, and he heard
Its small folk, and their word
He thus interpreted :

" Here comes the king men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet."

The great king bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes
As he told her what they said.

" O king ! " she whispered sweet,
" Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet !

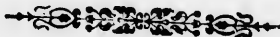
" Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down ? "

" Nay," Solomon replied,
" The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,"
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm

The jeweled head bent low ;
" O king ! " she said, " henceforth
The secret of thy worth:
And wisdom well I know

" Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great."





BALLADS.

MARY GARVIN.

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the lake that never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's interales ;
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters foam and flow,
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with bridges, dams, and mills,
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its freedom of the hills,
Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and stately Champernoon
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the trumpet of the loon !

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds of fire and steam,
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him like a dream.
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly backward far and fast
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged : the sorrow and the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our own akin ;
And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs our mothers sung,
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is always young.

O sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's banks to-day !
O mill-girl watching late and long the shuttle's restless play !
Let, for the once, a listening ear the working hand beguile,
And lend my old Provincial tale, as suits, a tear or smile !

The evening gun had sounded from gray Fort Mary's walls ;
Through the forest, like a wild beast, roared and plunged the Saco's falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that damp and gusty grew,
Over cedars darkening inland the smokes of Spurwink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin blazed the crackling walnut log ;
Right and left sat dame and goodman, and between them lay the dog.

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and beside him on her mat,
Sitting drowsy in the fire-light, winked and purred the mottled cat.

"Twenty years !" said Goodman Garvin, speaking sadly, under breath,
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one who speaks of death,

The goodwife dropped her needles : " It is twenty years, to-day,
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole our child away."

Then they sank into the silence, for each knew the other's thought,
Of a great and common sorrow, and words were needed not.

" Who knocks?" cried Goodman Garvin. The door was open thrown ;
On two strangers, man and maiden, cloaked and furred, the fire-light shone

One with courteous gesture lifted the bear-skin from his head ;
" Lives here Elkanah Garvin?" " I am he," the goodman said.

" Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye, for the night is chill with rain."
And the goodwife drew the settle, and stirred the fire amain.

The maid unclasped her cloak-hood, the fire-light glistened fair
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft folds of dark brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her : " It is Mary's self I see !
Dear heart!" she cried, " now tell me, has my child come back to me?"

" My name indeed is Mary," said the stranger, sobbing wild ;
" Will you be to me a mother? I am Mary Garvin's child!"

" She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, hut on her dying day
She bade my father take me to her kinsfolk far away.

" And when the priest besought her to do me no such wrong,
She said, ' May God forgive me ! I have closed my heart too long.

" " When I hid me from my father, and shut out my mother's call,
I sinned against those dear ones, and the Father of us all.

" " Christ's love rebukes no home-love, breaks no tie of kin apart ;
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of heart.

" " Tell me not the Church must censure : she who wept the Cross beside
Never made her own flesh strangers, nor the claims of blood denied ;

" " And if she who wronged her parents, with her child atones to them,
Earthly daughter, Heavenly mother ! thou at least wilt not condemn !"

" So, upon her death-bed lying, my blessed mother spake ;
As we come to do her bidding, so receive us for her sake."

" God be praised !" said Goodwife Garvin, " He taketh and he gives ;
He woundeth, but he healeth ; in her child our daughter lives !"

" Amen !" the old man answered, as he brushed a tear away,
And, kneeling by his hearthstone, said, with reverence, " Let us pray.

All its Oriental symbols, and its Hebrew paraphrase,
Warm with earnest life and feeling, rose his prayer of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he rose from off his knee,
The stranger cross his forehead with the sign of Papistrie.

" What is this?" cried Farmer Garvin. " Is an English Christian's home
A chapel or a mass-house, that you make the sign of Rome?"

Then the young girl knelt beside him, kissed his trembling hand, and cried,
"O, forbear to chide my father; in that faith my mother died !

"On her wooden cross at Simcoe the dews and sunshine fall,
As they fall on Spurwink's graveyard; and the dear God watches all !"

The old man stroked the fair head that rested on his knee :
"Your words, dear child," he answered, "are God's rebuke to me.

"Creed and rite perchance may differ, yet our faith and hope be one.
Let me be your father's father, let him be to me a son."

When the horn, on Sabbath morning, through the still and frosty air,
From Spurwink, Pool, and Black Point, called to sermon and to prayer,

To the goodly house of worship, where, in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit ;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerky squire before the clown,
From the brave coat, lace embroidered, to the gray frock, shading down ;

From the pulpit read the preacher,—"Goodman Garvin and his wife
Fain would thank the Lord, whose kindness has followed them through life,

"For the great and crowning mercy, that their daughter, from the wild,
Where she rests (they hope in God's peace), has sent to them her child ;

"And the prayers of all God's people they ask, that they may prove
Not unworthy, through their weakness, of such special proof of love."

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the aged couple stood,
And the fair Canadian also, in her honest maidenhood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubting, "She is Papist born and bred :"
Thought the young men, "'Tis an angel in Mary Garvin's stead !"

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry
glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off
town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague un-
rest

And a nameless longing filled her
breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own.

For something better than she had
known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that
flowed

Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bub-
bled 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,

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"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
 From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
 He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
 Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
 Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
 The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.
 And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
 And her graceful ankles bare and brown;
 And listened, while a pleased surprise
 Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
 At last, like one who for delay
 Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
 Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
 That I the Judge's bride might be!
 'He would dress me up in silks so fine,
 And praise and toast me at his wine.
 "My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
 My brother should sail a painted boat.
 "I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
 And the baby should have a new toy
 each day.
 "And I'd feed the hungry and clothe
 the poor,
 And all should bless me who left our
 door."
 The Judge looked back as he climbed
 the hill,
 And saw Maud Muller standing still.
 "A form more fair, a face more sweet,
 Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
 "And her modest answer and graceful
 air
 Show her wise and good as she is fair.
 "Would she were mine, and I to-day,
 Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
 Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
 "But low of cattle and song of birds,
 And health and quiet and loving words."
 But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
 And his mother vain of her rank and gold.
 So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
 And Maud was left in the field alone.
 But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
 When he hummed in court an old love-tune;
 And the young girl mused beside the well,
 Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.
 He wedded a wife of richest dower,
 Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
 Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
 He watched a picture come and go:
 And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
 Looked out in their innocent surprise.
 Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
 He longed for the wayside well instead;
 And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
 To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
 And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
 "Ah, that I were free again!
 "Free as when I rode that day,
 Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
 She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
 And many children played round her door.
 But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
 Left their traces on heart and brain.
 And oft, when the summer sun shone hot

On the new-mown hay in the meadow
lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat at the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and
mug,

A manly form by her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life
again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : "It might have
been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

THE RANGER.

ROBERT RAWLIN !—Frosts were falling
When the ranger's horn was calling
Through the woods to Canada.

Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,
Gone the spring-time's bud and blowing,
Gone the summer's harvest mowing,
And again the fields are gray.

Yet away, he's away !

Faint and fainter hope is growing
In the hearts that mourn his stay.

Where the lion, crouching high on
Abraham's rock with teeth of iron,
Glares o'er wood and wave away,
Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,
Or as thunder spent and dying,
Come the challenge and replying,
Come the sounds of fight and fray.
Well-a-day ! Hope and pray !
Some are living, some are lying
In their red graves far away.

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,
Homeward faring, weary strangers
Pass the farm-gate on their way ;
Tidings of the dead and living,
Forest march and ambush, giving,
Till the maidens leave their weaving,
And the lads forget their play.
"Still away, still away !"
Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,
"Why does Robert still delay !"

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
Through his painted woodlands stray,
Than where hillside oaks and beeches
Overlook the long, blue reaches,
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay ;
Nowhere day, for delay,
With a tenderer look beseeches,
"Let me with my charmed earth
stay."

On the grain-lands of the mainlands
Stands the serried corn like train-bands,
Plume and pennon rustling gay ;
Out at sea, the islands wooded,
Silver birches, golden-hooded,
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
Stretch away, far away.
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
By the hazy autumn day.

Gaily chattering to the clattering
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
Leap the squirrels, red and gray.
On the grass-land, on the fallow,
Drop the apples, red and yellow,
Drop the russet pears and mellow,
Drop the red leaves all the day,
And away, swift away,
Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow
Chasing, weave their web of play.

"Martha Mason, Martha Mason,
Prithee tell us of the reason

Why you mope at home to-day :
Surely smiling is not sinning ;
Leave your quilling, leave your spinning ;

What is all your store of linen,
If your heart is never gay ?
Come away, come away !
Never yet did sad beginning
Make the task of life a play."

Overbending, till she's blending
With the flaxen skein she's tending
Pale brown tresses smoothed away
From her face of patient sorrow,
Sits she, seeking but to borrow,
From the trembling hope of morrow,
Solace for the weary day.

"Go your way, laugh and play ;
Unto Him who heeds the sparrow
And the lily, let me pray."

"With our rally, rings the valley,—
Join us !" cried the blue-eyed Nellie ;
"Join us !" cried the laughing May.
"To the beach we all are going,
And, to save the task of rowing,
West by north the wind is blowing,
Blowing briskly down the bay !
Come away, come away !
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,
Let us take them while we may !

"Never tell us that you'll fail us,
Where the purple beach-plum mellow,
On the bluffs so wild and gray.
Hasten, for the oars are falling ;
Hark, our merry mates are calling :
Time it is that we were all in,
Singing tideward down the bay !"
"Nay, nay, let me stay ;
Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin
Is my heart," she said, "to-day."

"Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin !
Some red squaw his moose-meat's broil-
ing,

Or some French lass, singing gay ;
Just forget as he's forgetting ;
What avails a life of fretting ?
If some stars must needs be setting,
Others rise as good as they."
"Cease, I pray ; go your way !"
Martha cries, her eyelids wetting ;
"Foul and false the words you say !"

"Martha Mason, hear to reason !
Prithee, put a kinder face on !"
"Cease to vex me," did she say ;
"Better at his side be lying,
With the mournful pine-trees sighing,
And the wild birds o'er us crying,
Than to doubt like mine a prey ;
While away, far away,
Turns my heart, for ever trying
Some new hope for each new day.

"When the shadows veil the meadows,
And the sunset's golden ladders
Sink from twilight's walls of gray,—
From the window of my dreaming,
I can see his sickle gleaming,
Cheery-voiced, can hear him teaming
Down the locust-shaded way ;
But away, swift away,
Fades the fond, delusive seeming,
And I kneel again to pray.

"When the growing dawn is showing,
And the barn-yard cock is crowing,
And the horned moon pales away :
From a dream of him awaking,
Every sound my heart is making
Seems a footstep of his taking ;
Then I hush the thought, and say,
'Nay, nay, he's away !'
Ah ! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the dear one far away."

Look up, Martha ! worn and swarthy,
Glow a face of manhood worthy :
"Robert !" "Martha !" all they say.
O'er went wheel and reel together,
Little cared the owner whither ;
Heart of lead is heart of feather,
Noon of night is noon of day !
Come away, come away !
When such lovers meet each other,
Why should prying idlers stay ?

Quench the timber's fallen embers,
Quench the red leaves in December's
Hoary rime and chilly spray.
But the hearth shall kindle clearer,
Household welcomes sound sincerer,
Heart to loving heart draw nearer,
When the bridal bells shall say :
"Hope and pray, trust away ;
Life is sweeter, love is dearer,
For the trial and delay !"

AMY WENTWORTH.

TO W. B.

As they who watch by sick-beds finds relief
 Unwittingly from the great stress of grief
 And anxious care in fantasies outwrought
 From the earth's embers flickering low,
 or caught
 From whispering wind, or tread of passing feet,
 Or vagrant memory calling up some sweet
 Snatch of old song or romance, whence
 or why
 They scarcely know or ask,—so, thou
 and I,
 Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is strong
 In the endurance which outwearies
 Wrong,
 With meek persistence baffling brutal
 force,
 And trusting God against the universe,—
 We, doomed to watch a strife we may
 not share
 With other weapons than the patriot's
 prayer,
 Yet owning, with full heart and moist-
 ened eyes,
 The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,
 And wrung by keenest sympathy for all
 Who give their loved ones for the living
 wall
 'Twixt law and treason.—in this evil day
 May haply find, through automatic play
 Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain,
 And hearten others with the strength we
 gain,
 I know it has been said our times require
 No play of art, nor dalliance with the
 lyre,
 No weak essay with Fancy's chloroform
 To calm the hot, mad pulses of the storm,
 But the stern war-blast rather, such as
 sets
 The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,
 And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet with
 these
 Some softer tints may blend, and milder
 keys
 Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let us
 keep sweet,
 If so we may, our hearts, even while we
 eat

The bitter harvest of our own device
 And half a century's moral cowardice.
 As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg
 defied,
 And Kranach painted by his Luther's
 side,
 And through the war-march of the Pu-
 ritan
 The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,
 So let the household melodies be sung,
 The pleasant pictures on the wall be
 hung,—
 So let us hold against the hosts of night
 And slavery all our vantage-ground of
 light.
 Let Treason boast its savagery, and shake
 From its flag-folds its symbol rattle-
 snake,
 Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins in
 tan,
 And carve its pipe-bowl from the bones
 of man,
 And make the tale of Fijian banquets dull
 By drinking whisky from a loyal skull,—
 But let us guard, till this sad war shall
 cease,
 (God grant it soon!) the graceful arts of
 peace :
 No foes are conquered who the victors
 teach
 Their vandal manners and barbaric
 speech.
 And while, with hearts of thankfulness,
 we bear
 Of the great common burden our full
 share,
 Let none upbraid us that the waves entice,
 Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint
 device,
 Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen
 away
 From the sharp strifes and sorrows of
 to-day.
 Thus, while the east-wind keen from
 Labrador
 Sings in the leafless elms, and from the
 shore
 Of the great sea comes the monotonous
 roar
 Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky
 Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull,
 I try
 To time a simple legend to the sounds

Of winds in the woods, and waves on
pebbled bounds,—
A song for oars to chime with, such as
might
Besung by tired sea-pairters, who at night
Look from their hemlock camps, by
quiet cove
Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves
they love.
(So hast thou looked, when level sunset
lay
On the calm bosom of some Eastern bay,
And all the spray-moist rocks and
waves that rolled
Up the white sand-slopes flashed with
ruddy gold.)
Something it has—a flavour of the sea,
And the sea's freedom—which reminds
of thee.
Its faded picture, dimly smiling down
From the blurred fresco of the ancient
town,
I have not touched with warmer tints
in vain,
If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one
thought from pain.

HER fingers shame the ivory keys,
They dance so light along ;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles !
Her thoughts are not of thee ;
She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings ;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her
praise,
But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
And every fog-wreath din,
And bids the sea-birds flying north
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men
He periled life to save,

And grateful prayers like holy oil
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fish-ing-smack !
Fair toast of all the town !—
The skipper's jerkin ill besecms
The lady's silken gown !

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
For him the blush of shame
Who dares to set his manly gifts
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine ;
Nor honoured less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
If love be Fortune's spur ;
And never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown,—
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
She walks the gallery floor
As if she trod her sailor's deck
By stormy Labrador !

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,
And green are Elliot's bowers ;
Her garden is the pebbled beach,
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbour-bar
To see the white-gulls fly ;
His greeting from the Northern sea
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
As in its romance old,
Shall homeward ride with silken sails
And masts of beaten gold !

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill ;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will !

THE COUNTESS.

TO E. W.

I KNOW not, Time and Space so inter-
vene,
Whether, still waiting with a trust serene,
Thou bearest up thy fourscore years and
ten,
Or, called at last, art now Heaven's citi-
zen ;
But, here or there, a pleasant thought
of thee,
Like an old friend, all day has been with
me.
The shy, still boy, for whom thy kindly
hand
Smoothed his hard pathway to the won-
der land
Of thought and fancy, in gray manhood
yet
Keeps green the memory of his early
debt.
To-day, when truth and falsehood speak
their words
Through hot-lipped cannon and the teeth
of swords,
Listening with quickened heart and ear
intent
To each sharp clause of that stern argu-
ment,
I still can hear at times a softer note
Of the old pastoral music round me float.
While through the hot gleam of our civil
strife
Looms the green mirage of a simpler
life.
As, at his silent post, the sentinel
Drops the old bucket in the homestead
well,
And hears old voices in the winds that
toss
Above his head the live-oak's beard of
moss,
So, in our trial-time, and under skies
Shadowed by swords like Islam's para-
dise,
I wait and watch, and let my fancy stray
To milder scenes and youth's Arcadian
day ;

And howso'er the pencil dipped in
dreams
Shades the brown woods or tints the
sunset streams,
The country doctor in the foreground
seems,
Whose ancient sulky down the village
lanes
Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills and
pains.
I could not paint the scenery of my song,
Mindless of one who looked thereon so
long ;
Who, night and day, on duty's lonely
round,
Made friends o' the woods and rocks,
and knew the sound
Of each small brook, and what the hill-
side trees
Said to the winds that touched their
leafy keys ;
Who saw so keenly and so well could
paint
The village-folk, with all their humours
quaint,—
The parson ambling on his wall-eyed
roan,
Grave and erect, with white hair back-
ward blown :
The tough old boatman, half amphibi-
ous grown ;
The muttering witch-wife of the gossip's
tale,
And the loud straggler levying his black-
mail,
Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears,
All that lies buried under fifty years.
To thee, as is most fit, I bring my lay,
And, grateful, own the debt I cannot pay.

OVER the wooded northern ridge,
Between its houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The sunset comes straggling down.

You catch a glimpse, through birch and
pine,
Of gable, roof, and porch,
The tavern with its swinging sign,
The sharp horn of the church.

The river's steel-blue crescent curves
To meet, in ebb and flow,
The single broken wharf that serves
For sloop and gundelow.

With salt sea-scents along its shores
The heavy hay-boats crawl,
The long antennæ of their oars
In lazy rise and fall.

Along the gray abutment's wall
The idle shad-net dries ;
The toll-man in his cobbler's stall
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

You hear the pier's low undertone
Of waves that chafe and gnaw ;
You start,—a skipper's horn is blown
To raise the creaking draw.

At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds
With slow and sluggard beat,
Or stage-coach on its dusty rounds
Wakes up the staring street.

A place for idle eyes and ears,
A cobwebbed nook of dreams ;
Left by the stream whose waves are
years
The stranded village seems.

And there, like other moss and rust,
The native dweller clings,
And keeps in uninquiring trust,
The old, dull round of things.

The fisher drops his patient lines,
The farmer sows his grain,
Content to hear the murmuring rines
Instead of railroad-train.

Go where, along the tangled steep
That slopes against the west,
The hamlet's buried idlers sleep
In still profounder rest.

Throw back the locust's flowery plume,
The birch's pale-green scarf,
And break the web of brier and bloom
From name and epitaph.

A simple muster-roll of death,
Of pomp and romance shorn,
The dry, old names that common breath
Has cheapened and outworn.

Yet pause by one low mound, and part
The wild vines o'er it laced,
And read the words by rustic art
Upon its headstone traced.

Haply yon white-haired villager
Of fourscore years can say
What means the noble name of her
Who sleeps with common clay.

An exile from the Gascon land
Found refuge here and rest,
And loved, of all the village band,
Its fairest and its best.

He knelt with her on Sabbath morns,
He worshipped through her eyes,
And on the pride that doubts and scorns
Stole in her faith's surprise.

Her simple daily life he saw
By homeliest duties tried,
In all things by an untaught law
Of fitness justified.

For her his rank aside he laid ;
He took the hue and tone
Of lowly life and toil, and made
Her simple ways his own.

Yet still, in gay and careless ease,
To harvest-field or dance
He brought the gentle courtesies,
The nameless grace of France.

And she who taught him love not less
From him she loved in turn
Caught in her sweet unconsciousness
What love is quick to learn.

Each grew to each in pleased accord,
Nor knew the gazing town
If she looked upward to her lord
Or he to her looked down.

How sweet, when summer's day was
o'er,
His violin's mirth and wail,
The walk on pleasant Newbury's shore
The river's moonlit sail !

Ah ! life is brief, though love be long :
The altar and the bier,
The burial hymn and bridal song,
Were both in one short year !

Her rest is quiet on the hill,
Beneath the locust's bloom ;
Far off her lover sleeps as still
Within his scutcheoned tomb.

The Gascon lord, the village maid,
In death still clasp their hands :
The love that levels rank and grade
Unites their severed lands.

What matter whose the hillside grave,
Or whose the blazoned stone ?
For ever to her western wave
Shall whisper blue Garonne !

O Love !—so hallowing every soil
That gives thy sweet flower room,
Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,
The human heart takes bloom !—

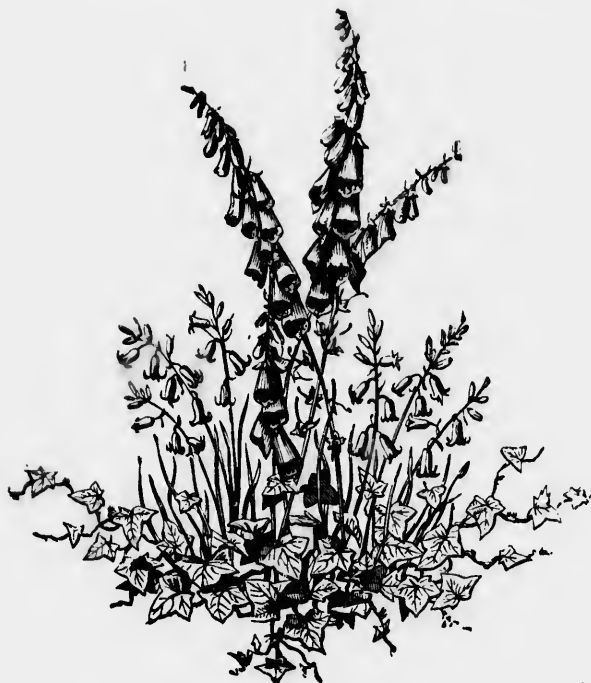
Plant of lost Eden, from the sod
Of sinful earth unriven,

White blossom of the trees of God
Dropped down to us from heaven !—

This tangled waste of mound and stone
Is holy for thy sake ;
A sweetness which is all thy own
Breathes out from fern and brake.

And while ancestral pride shall twine
The Gascon's tomb with flowers,
Fall sweetly here, O song of mine,
With summer's bloom and showers !

And let the lines that severed seem
Unite again in thee,
As western wve and Gallic stream
Are mingled in one sea !



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OCCASIONAL POEMS.

LINES,

FOR THE AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL
EXHIBITION AT AMESBURY AND SALISBURY,
SEPT. 28, 1858.

THIS day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grape by the river's side,
And tasteless groundnut trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear,
The mirror of the Powow told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod ;
Nor knew the glad creative skill, --
The joy of him who toils with God.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers !
We thank thee for thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born ;
That he who smites the summer weed,
May trust thee for the autumn corn.
Give fools their gold, and knaves their
power ;

Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest ;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given :

The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall
grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven !

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

READ AT THE FRIENDS SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY
RHODE ISLAND, 6th mo., 1864.

FROM the well-springs of Hudson, the
sea-cliff of Maine,
Grave men, sober matrons, you gather
again :
And, with hearts warmer grown as
your heads grow more cool,
Play over the old game of going to
school.

All your strifes and vexations, your
whims and complaints,
(You were not saints yourselves, if the
children of saints,
All your pretty self-seeking and rival-
ries done,
Round the dear Alma Mater your
hearts beat as one !

How widely soe'er you have strayed
from the fold,
Though your "thee" has grown "you,"
and your drab blue and gold,
To the old friendly speech and the
garb's sober form,
Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan,
you warm.

But, the first greetings over, you glance
round the hall ;
Your hearts call the roll, but they an-
swer not all :
Through the turf green above them the
dead cannot hear ;

Name by name, in the silence, falls sad
as a tear !
In love, let us trust, they were sum-
moned so soon
From the morning of life, while we toil
through its noon ;
They were frail like ourselves, they had
needs like our own,
And they rest as we rest in God's
mercy alone.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit
and frame,
Past, now, and henceforward the Lord
is the same ;
Though we sink in the darkness, his
arms break our fall,
And in death as in life, he is Father of
all !

We are older : our footsteps, so light in
the play
Of the far-away school-time, move
slower to-day ;
Here a beard touched with frost, there
a bald, shining crown,
And beneath the cap's border gray
mingles with brown.

But faith should be cheerful, and trust
should be glad,
And our follies and sins, not our years,
make us sad.
Should the heart closer shut as the
bonnet grows prim,
And the face grow in length as the hat
grows in brim ?

Life is brief, duty grave ; but, with rain-
folded wings,
Of yesterday's sunshine the grateful
heart sings,
And we, of all others, have reason to
pay
The tribute of thanks, and rejoice on
our way ;

For the counsels that turned from the
follies of youth ;
For the beauty of patience, the white-
ness of truth ;
For the wounds of rebuke, when love
tempered its edge ;
For the household's restraint, and the
discipline's hedge .

For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed
to the least
Of the creatures of God, whether human
or beast,
Bringing hope to the poor, lending
strength to the frail,
In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut,
and jail ;

For a womanhood higher and holier,
by all
Her knowledge of good, than was Eve
ere her fall,—
Whose task-work of duty moves lightly
as play,
Serene as the moonlight and warm as
the day ;

And, yet more, for the faith which em-
braces the whole,
Of the creeds of the ages the life and the
soul,
Wherein letter and spirit the same
channel run,
And man has not severed what God has
made one !

For a sense of the Goodness revealed
everywhere,
As sunshine impartial, and free as the
air ;
For a trust in humanity, Heathen or
Jew,
And a hope for all darkness the Light
shineth through.

Who scoffs at our birthright?—the words
of the seers,
And the songs of the bards in the twi-
light of years,
All the foregleams of wisdom in santon *
and sage,
In prophet and priest, are our true
heritage.

The Word which the reason of Plato dis-
cerned ;
The truth, as whose symbol the Mithra-
fire burned ;
The soul of the world which the Stoic
but guessed,
In the Light Universal the Quaker con-
fessed !

* *Santon*, an Eastern hermit, or solitary
dervish.

No honours of war to our worthies be-
long ;
Their plain stem of life never flowered
into song ;
But the fountains they opened still gush
by the way,
And the world for their healing is better
to-day.

He who lies where the minster's groined
arches curve down
To the tomb-crowded transept of Eng-
land's renown,
The glorious essayist,* by genius en-
throned,
Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all
owned,—

Who through the world's pantheon
walked in his pride,
Setting new statues up, thrusting old
ones aside,
And in fiction the pencils of history
dipped,
To gild o'er or blacken each saint in
his crypt,—

How vainly he laboured to sully with
blame
The white bust of Penn, in the niche
of his fame !
Self-will is self-wounding, perversity
blind :
On himself fell the stain for the Quaker
designed !

For the sake of his true-hearted father
before him ;
For the sake of the dear Quaker mother
that bore him ;
For the sake of his gifts, and the works
that outlive him,
And his brave words for freedom, we
freely forgive him !

There are those who take note that our
numbers are small,—
New Gibbons who write our decline
and our fall ;
But the Lord of the seed-field takes
care of his own,
And the world shall yet reap what our
sowers have sown.

The last of the sect to his fathers may go,

Leaving only his coat for some Bar-
num to show ;
But the truth will outlive him, and
broaden with years,
Till the false dies away, and the wrong
disappear..

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight
sinks the stone,
In the deep sea of time, but the circles
sweep on,
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the
shores run,
And the dark and dead waters leap
glad in the sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our ease
to forget
To the martyrs of Truth and of Free-
dom our debt?—
Hide their words out of sight, like the
garb that they wore,
And for Barclay's Apology offer one
more?

Shall we fawn round the priestcraft
that glutted the shears,
And festooned the stocks with our
grandfathers' ears?—
Talk of Woolman's unsoundness?—
count Penn heterodox?
And take Cotton Mather in place of
George Fox?—

Make our preachers war-chaplains?—
quote Scripture to take
The hunted slave back, for Onesimus'
sake?—
Go to burning church-candles, and
chanting in choir,
And on the old meeting-house stick
up a spire?

No! the old paths we'll keep until
better are shown,
Credit good where we find it, abroad
or our own ;
And while "Lo here" and "Lo there"
the multitude call,
Be true to ourselves, and do justice to
all.

The good round about us we need not
refuse,
Nor talk of our Zion as if we were
Jews ;

* Lord Macaulay.

But why shirk the badge which our
 fathers have worn,
 Or beg the world's pardon for having
 been born?

We need not pray over the Pharisee's
 prayer,
 Nor claim that our wisdom is Benjamin's
 share.

Truth to us and to others is equal and
 one :
 Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard up
 the sun?

Well know we our birthright may serve
 but to show
 How the meanest of weeds in the
 richest soil grow :
 But we need not disparage the good
 which we hold ;
 Though the vessels be earthen, the
 treasure is gold !

Enough and too much of the sect and
 the name.
 What matters our label, so truth be
 our aim ?

The creed may be wrong, but the life
 may be true,
 And hearts beat the same under drab
 coats or blue.

So the man *be* a man, let him worship,
 at will,
 In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's
 hill.

When she makes up her jewels, what
 cares you good town
 For the Baptist of WAYLAND, the
 Quaker of BROWN ?

And this green, favoured island, so fresh
 and sea-blown,
 When she counts up the worthies her
 annals have known,
 Never waits for the pitiful guagers of sect
 To measure her love, and mete out her
 respect.

Three shades at this moment seem
 walking her strand,
 Each with head halo-crowned, and with
 palms in his hand, —
 Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and,
 smiling serene
 On prelate and puritan, Channing is
 seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer they
 need
 Credentials of party, and pass-words of
 creed :
 The new song they sing hath a three-
 fold accord,
 And they own one baptism, one faith,
 and one Lord !

But the golden sands run out : occa-
 sions like these
 Glide swift into shadow, like sails on
 the seas ;
 While we sport with the mosses and
 pebbles ashore,
 They lessen and fade, and we see them
 no more.

Forgive me, dear friends, if my vagrant
 thoughts seem
 Like a school-boy's who idles and plays
 with his theme.

Forgive the light measure whose
 changes display
 The sunshine and rain of our brief
 April day.

There are moments in life when the lip
 and the eye
 Try the question of whether to smile or
 to cry ;
 And scenes and reunions that prompt
 like our own
 The tender in feeling, the playful in tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys
 and the girls
 At the feet of your Slocums, and Cart-
 lands, and Earles. —
 By courtesy only permitted to lay
 On your festival's altar my poor gift,
 to-day, —

I would join in your joy : let me have
 a friend's part
 In the warmth of your welcome of hand
 and of heart, —
 On your play-ground of boyhood un-
 bend the brow's care,
 And shift the old burdens our shoulders
 must bear.

Long live the good School ! giving out
 year by year
 Recruits to true manhood and woman-
 hood dear :

Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty
sent forth,
The living epistles and proof of its
worth!

In and out let the young life as steadily
flow

As in broad Narragansett the tides
come and go :

And its sons and its daughters in prairie
and town

Remember its honour, and guard its
renewn.

Not vainly the gift of its founder was
made ;

Not prayerless the stones of its corner
were laid ;

The blessing of Him whom in secret
they sought

Has owned the good work which the
fathers have wrought.

To Him be the glory for ever !— We bear
To the Lord of the Harvest our wheat
with the tare.

What we lack in our work may He find
in our will,

And winnow in mercy our good from
the ill !

HYMN,

SUNG AT CHRISTMAS BY THE SCHOLARS OF
ST. HELENA'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

O NONE in all the world before
We're ever glad as we !

We're free on Carolina's shore,
We're all at home and free.

Thou Friend and Helper of the poor,
Who suffered for our sake,

To open every prison door,
And every yoke to break !

Bend low thy pitying face and mild,
And help us sing and pray ;

The hand that blessed the little child,
Upon our foreheads lay.

We hear no more the driver's horn,
No more the whip we fear,
This holy day that saw thee born
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,
The waters brighter smile ;

O never shone a day so glad
On sweet St. Helen's Isle.

We praise thee in our songs to-day,
To thee in prayer we call.
Make swift the feet and straight the way,
Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord !
Come walking on the sea !
And let the main-lands hear the word
That sets the islands free !

HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF THOMAS STARR KING'S
HOUSE OF WORSHIP, 1864.

AMIDST these glorious works of thine,
The solemn minarets of the pine,
And awful Shasta's icy shrine,—

Where swell thy hymns from wave and
gale,
And organ-thunders never fail,
Behind the cataract's silver veil,

Our puny walls to Thee we raise,
Our poor reed-music sounds thy praise.
Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways !

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,
We urge thee not with selfish prayers,
Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before Thee, in an evil day,
Our country's bleeding heart we lay,
And dare not ask thy hand to stay ;

But, through the war-cloud, pray to thee
For union, but a union free,
With peace that comes of purity !

That Thou wilt bare thy arm to save,
And, smiting through this Red Sea wave,
Make broad a pathway for the slave !

For us, confessing all our need,
We trust nor rite nor word nor deed,
Nor yet the broken staff of creed.

Assured alone that Thou art good
To each, as to the multitude,
Eternal Love and Fatherhood,—

Weak, sinful, blind, to Thee we kneel,
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel
Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these Western gates of Even
We wait to see with thy forgiven
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven !

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall holier altars rise to Thee,—
Thy Church our broad humanity !

White flowers of love its walls shall
climb,
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,—
The music of the world's accord
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word !

That song shall swell from shore to
shore,
One hope, one faith, one love, restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

HYMN

FOR THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP AT GEORGETOWN.
ERECTED IN MEMORY OF A MOTHER.

THOU dwellest not, O Lord of all !
In temples which thy children raise ;
Our work to thine is mean and small,
And brief to thy eternal days.

Forgive the weakness and the pride,
If marred thereby our guilt may be.
For love, at least, has sanctified
The altar that we rear to thee.

The heart and not the hand has wrought
From sunken base to tower above
The image of a tender thought,
The memory of a deathless love !

And though should never sound of
speech
Or organ echo from its wall,
Its stones would pious lessons teach,
Its shade in benedictions fall.

Here should the dove of peace be
found,
And blessings and not curses given !
Nor strife profane, nor hatred wound.
The mingled loves of earth and
heaven.

Thou, who didst soothe with dying
breath
The dear one watching by Thy cross,

Forgetful of the pains of death
In sorrow for her mighty loss,

In memory of that tender claim,
O Mother-born, the offering take,
And make it worthy of Thy name,
And bless it for a mother's sake !

HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION AT
NEWBURYPORT, 1865.

NOT unto us who did but seek
The word that burned within to speak,
Not unto us this day belong
The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth
The burden of unwelcome truth,
And left us, weak and frail and few,
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,
The air we breathed was hot with
blame ;

For not with gauged and softened tone
We made the bondman's cause our
own.

We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,
The private hate, the public scorn ;
Yet held through all the paths we trod
Our faith in man and trust in God.

We prayed and hoped ; but still, with
awe,
The coming of the sword we saw ;
We heard the nearing steps of doom,
We saw the shade of things to come.

In grief which they alone can feel
Who from a mother's wrong appeal,
With blended lines of fear and hope
We cast our country's horoscope.

For still within her house of life
We marked the lurid sign of strife,
And, poisoning and imbittering all,
We saw the star of Wormwood fall.

Deep as our love for her became
Our hate of all that wrought her shame,
And if, thereby, with tongue and pen
We erred,— we were but mortal men.

We hoped for peace ; our eyes survey
The blood-red dawn of Freedom's day ;

We prayed for love to loose the chain ;
 'Tis shorn by battle's axe in twain !

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
 Has mined and heaved the hostile
 towers ;

Not by our hands is turned the key
 That sets the sighing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave
 Is piled and parted for the slave ;
 A darker cloud moves on in light ;
 A fiercer fire is guide by night !

The praise, O Lord ! is Thine alone,
 In Thy own way Thy work is done !
 Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,
 To whom be glory, first and last !

OUR RIVER.

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT "THE LAURELS"
 ON THE MERRIMACK.

ONCE more on yonder laurelled height
 The summer flowers have budded ;
 Once more with summer's golden light
 The vales of home are flooded ;
 And once more, by the grace of Him
 Of every good the Giver,
 We sing upon its wooded rim
 The praises of our river :

Its pines above, its waves below,
 The west-wind down it blowing,
 As fair as when the young Brissot
 Beheld it seaward flowing,—
 And bore its memory o'er the deep,
 To soothe a martyr's sadness,
 And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
 His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with
 streams
 Renowned in song and story,
 Whose music murmurs through our
 dreams

Of human love and glory ;
 We know that Arno's banks are fair,
 And Rhine has castled shadows,
 And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr
 Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung
 By painter or by poet,

Our river waits the tuneful tongue
 And cunning hand to show it,—
 We only know the fond skies lean
 Above it, warm with blessing,
 And the sweet soul of our Undine
 Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks
 That graze its shores in keeping ;
 No icy kiss of Dian mocks
 The youth beside it sleeping :
 Our Christian river loveth most
 The beautiful and human ;
 The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
 But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
 The ripple we are hearing ;
 It whispers soft to homesick ears
 Around the settler's clearing :
 In Sacramento's vales of corn,
 Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
 Our river by its valley-born
 Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud,—the bugle fills
 The summer air with clangour ;
 The war-storm shakes the solid hills
 Beneath its tread of anger ;
 Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
 Now point the rifle's barrel,
 And hands then stained with fruits and
 flowers
 Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom
 on,
 And rivers still keep flowing,—
 The dear God still his rain and sun
 On good and ill bestowing.
 His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and
 wait !"
 His flowers are prophesying
 That all we dread of change or fall
 His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born !—no
 more
 We ask the wise Allotter
 Than for the firmness of thy shore,
 The calmness of thy water.
 The cheerful lights that overlay
 Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
 To match our spirits to our day
 And make a joy of duty.

"THE LAURELS."

AT THE TWENTIETH AND LAST
ANNIVERSARY.

FROM these wild rocks I look to-day
O'er leagues of dancing waves, and
see
The far, low coast-line stretch away
To where our river meets the sea.

The light wind blowing off the land
Is burdened with old voices ; through
Shut eyes I see how lip and hand
The greeting of old days renew.

O friends whose hearts still keep their
prime,
Whose bright example warms and
cheers,
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,
And set to music all his years !

I thank you for sweet summer days,
For pleasant memories lingering long,
For joyful meetings, fond delays,
And ties of friendship woven strong.

As for the last time, side by side,
You tread the paths familiar grown,
I reach across the severing tide,
And blend my farewells with your
own.

Make room, O river of our home !
For other feet in place of ours,
And in the summers yet to come
Make glad another Feast of Flowers !

Hold in thy mirror, calm and deep,
The pleasant pictures thou hast seen ;
Forget thy lovers not, but keep
Our memory like thy laurels green.

ISLES OF SHOALS, 7th mo., 1870.

HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH,
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ALL things are Thine : no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts ! to offer Thee ;
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought ;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;

Through mortal motive, scheme and
plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

No lack Thy perfect fulness knew ;
For human needs and longings grew
This house of prayer, this home of rest,
In the fair garden of the West.

In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are
small ;

Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father ! deign these walls to bless
Fill with Thy love their emptiness :
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee !

LINES,

READ AT THE BOSTON CELEBRATION OF THE
HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH
OF ROBERT BURNS, 23TH 1ST MO., 1859.

How sweetly come the holy psalm
From saints and martyrs down.
The waving of triumphal palms
Above the thorny crown !
The choral praise, the chanted prayer
From harps by angels strung,
The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,
The hymns that Luther sung !

Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes,
The sounds of earth are heard,
As through the open minster floats
The song of breeze and bird !
Not less the wonder of the sky
That daisies bloom below ;
The brook sings on, though loud and
high
The cloudy organs biew !

And, if the tender ear be jarred
That, haply, hears by turns
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,
The pa-toral pipe of Burns,
No discord mars His perfect plan
Who gave them both a tongue ;
For he who sings the love of man
The love of God hath sung !

To-day be every fault forgiven
Of him in whom we joy !

We
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* Dru
kernel, as

We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven
 And leave the earth's alloy.
 Be ours his music as of spring,
 His sweetness as of flowers,
 The songs the bard himself might sing
 In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum
 Of household melodies,
 Come singing, as the robins come
 To sing in door-yard trees.
 And, heart to heart, two nations lean,
 No rival wreaths to twine,
 But blending in eternal green
 The holly and the pine!

A LAY OF OLD TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,
 Poor Adam and his bride
 Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—
 But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit
 For the chaste garb of old;
 He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit
 For Eden's drupes* of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,
 Their forfeit garden lay,
 Before them, wild with rock and thorn,
 The desert, wretched away.

They heard the air above them fanned,
 A light step on the sward,
 And lo! they saw before them stand
 The angel of the Lord!

"Arise," he said, "why look behind,
 When hope is all before,
 And patient hand and willing mind,
 Your loss may yet restore?"

"I leave with you a spell whose power
 Can make the desert glad,
 And call around you fruit and flower
 As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to lift
 The curse from off your soil;
 Your very doom shall seem a gift,
 Your loss a gain through Toil.

* *Drupe*, a fruit containing a stone with a kernel, as a plum.

"Go, cheerful as yon humming-bees,
 To labour as to play."
 White glimmering over Eden's trees
 The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
 Obedient to the word,
 And found where'er they tilled the earth
 A garden of the Lord!

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit
 And blushed with plum and pear,
 And seeded grass and trodden root
 Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents' fate,
 And in our turn and day,
 Look back on Eden's sworded gate
 As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
 The pitying angel leaves,
 And leads through Toil to Paradise
 New Adams and new Eves!

THE LIBRARY.

SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE HAVERHILL LIBRARY.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" God spake
 of old,
 And over chaos dark and cold,
 And, through the dead and formless
 frame
 Of nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone,
 On giant fern and mastodon,
 On half-formed plant and beast of prey,
 And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o'erran
 The earth, uplifting brute and man;
 And mind, at length, in symbols dark,
 Its meanings traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll,
 On plastic clay and leathern scroll,
 Man wrote his thoughts; the ages
 passed,

And lo! the Press was found at last!

Then dead souls woke; the thoughts of
 men

Whose bones were dust revived again;
 The cloister's silence found a tongue,
 Old prophets spake, old poets sung.

And here, to-day, the dead look down,
The kings of mind again we crown ;
We hear the voices lost so long,
The sage's word, the sibyl's song.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves
Alive along these crowded shelves ;
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke
Their stony trance, and lived and spoke,
Life thrills along the alcoved hall,
'The lords of thought await our call !

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHILDREN'S MISSION, BOSTON, 1878.

THINE are all the gifts, O God !
Thine the broken bread ;
Let the naked feet be shod,
And the starving fed.

Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

Wiser than the miser's hours
Is the giver's choice ;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.

Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring ;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

Happier for their pity's sake
Make their sports and plays,
And from lips of childhood take
Thy perfected praise !

THE LANDMARKS.

I.

THROUGH the streets of Marblehead
Fast the red-winged terror spread ;

Blasting, withering, on it came,
With its hundred tongues of flame,

Where St. Michael's on its way
Stood like chained Andromeda,

Waiting on the rock, like her,
Swift doom or deliverer !—

Church that, after sea-moss grew
Over walls no longer new,

Counted generations five,
Four entombed and one alive ;

Heard the martial shout and tread
Battleward for Marblehead ;

Saw within the rock-walled bay
Treville's liliated pennon play,

And the fisher's dory met
By the barge of Lafayette,

Telling good news in advance
Of the coming fleet of France !

Church to reverend memories dear,
Quaint in desk and handelier ;

Bell, whose century-rusted tongue
Burials tolled and bridals rung ;

Loft, whose tiny organ kept
Keys that Snetzler's hand had swept ;

Altar, o'er whose tablet old
Sinai's law its thunders rolled !

Suddenly the sharp cry came :
"Look ! St. Michael's is aflame !"

Round the low-tower wall the fire
Snake-like wound its coil of ire.

Sacred in its gray respect
From the jealousies of sect.

"Save it," seemed the thought of all,
"Save it, though our roof-trees fall !"

Up the tower the young men sprung ;
One, the bravest, outward swung

By the rope, whose kindling strands
Smoked beneath the holder's hands,

Smiting down with shake of power
Burning fragments from the tower.

Then the gazing crowd beneath
Broke the painful pause of breath ;

Brave men cheered from street to street,
With home's ashes at their feet ;

Houseless women kerchiefs waved ;
 "Thank the Lord ! St. Michael's
 saved !"

II.

In the heart of Boston town
 Stands the church of old renown,
 From whose walls the impulse went
 Which set free a continent ;

From whose pulpit's oracle
 Prophecies of freedom fell ;

And whose steeple-rocking din
 Rang the nation's birthday in !

Standing at this very hour
 Perilled like St. Michael's tower.

Held not in the clasp of flame,
 But by mammon's grasping claim.

Shall it be of Boston said
 She is shamed by Marblehead ?

City of our pride ! as there,
 Hast thou none to do and dare ?

Life was risked for Michael's shrine ;
 Shall not wealth be staked for thine ?

Woe it thee, when men shall search
 Vainly for the Old South Church ;

When from Neck to Boston Stone,
 All thy pride of place is gone ;

When from Bay and railroad car,
 Stretched before them wide and far,

Men shall only see a great
 Wilderness of brick and slate,

Every holy spot o'erlaid
 By the commonplace of trade !

City of our love ! to thee
 Duty is but destiny.

True to all thy record saith,
 Keep with thy tradition's faith ;

Ere occasion's overpast,
 Hold its flowing forelock fast ;

Honour still the precedents
 Of a grand munificence ;

In thy old historic way,
 Give, as thou didst yesterday.

At the South-land's call, or as
 Needs demand for fired St. John.

Let thy Church's muffled bell
 Free the generous deed to tell.

Let thy loyal hearts rejoice
 In the glad sonorous voice,

Ringings from the brazen mouth
 Of the bell of the Old South,

Ringings clearly, with a will,
 "What she was is Boston still !"





PERSONAL AND MEMORIAL.

LINES,

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

[SILAS WRIGHT was a member of the United States Senate, and in 1838 voted against the resolution declaring that the citizens of the States had no right to interfere with the question of slavery in the Federal territories. He was Governor of New York, 1844-6.]

As they who, tossing midst the storm
at night,
While turning shoreward, where a
beacon shone,
Meet the walled blackness of the
heaven alone,
So, on the turbulent waves of party
tossed,
In gloom and tempest, men have seen
thy light
Quenched in the darkness. At thy
hour of noon,
While life was pleasant to thy un-
dimmed sight,
And, day by day, within thy spirit grew
A holier hope than young Ambition
knew,
As through thy rural quiet, not in vain,
Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's
cry of pain,
Man of the millions, thou art lost too
soon!
Portents at which the bravest stand
aghast,—
The birth-throes of a Future, strange
and vast,
Alarm the land; yet thou, so wise
and strong,
uddenly summoned to the burial bed,
Lapped in its slumbers deep and ever
long,
Hear'st not the tumult surging over-head.
Who now shall rally Freedom's scatter-
ing host?

Who wear the mantle of the leader
lost?

Who stay the march of slavery? He
whose voice

Hath called thee from thy task-field
shall not lack

Yet bolder champions, to beat brave-
ly back

The wrong which, through his poor
ones, reaches Him:

Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's torch-
lights trim,

And wave them high across the
abysmal black,

Till bound, dumb millions there shall
see them and rejoice.

10th mo., 1847.

CHANNING.⁴

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

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

And thus the common tongue and pen
Which, world-wide, echo CHAN-
NING's fame,

As one of Heaven's anointed men,
Have sanctified his name.

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

By Narragansett's sunny bay,
Beneath his green embowering wood,

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To me it seems but yesterday
Since at his side I stood.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No bars of sect or clime were felt,—
The Babel strife of tongues had
ceased,—

And at one common altar knelt
The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain: with strength renewed,
And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim

For that brief meeting, each pursued
The path allotted him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

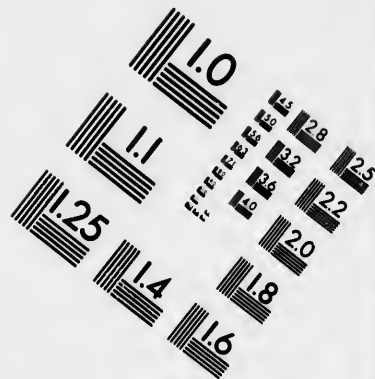
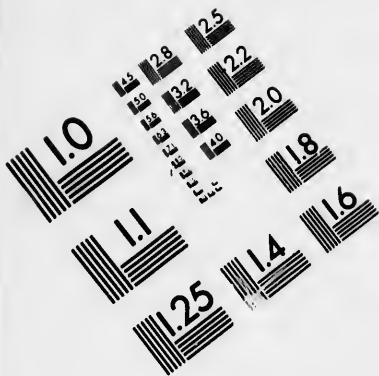
TO THE MEMORY OF
CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE
COLLEGE.

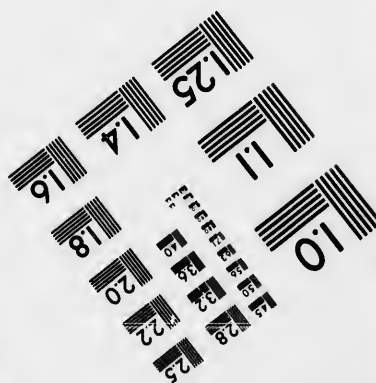
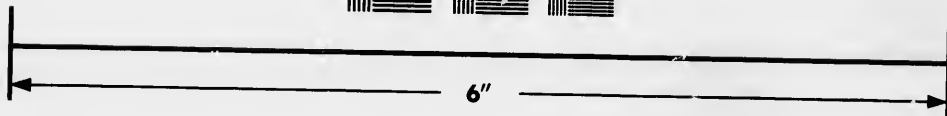
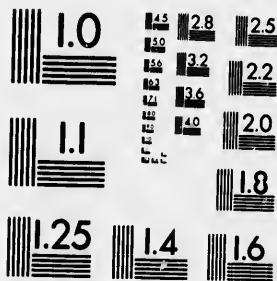
THOU hast fallen in thine armour,
Thou martyr of the Lord!
With thy last breath crying,—“On-
ward!”

And thy hand upon the sword,
The haughty heart derideth,
And the sinful lip reviles,





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But the blessing of the perishing
Around thy pillow smiles !

When to our cup of trembling,
The added drop is given,
And the long-suspended thunder
Falls terribly from Heaven —
When a new and fearful freedom
Is proffered of the Lord
To the slow-consuming Famine,—
The Pestilence and Sword !—

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

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

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

Where Mammon hath its altars
Wet o'er with human blood,
And pride and lust debases
The workmanship of God,—
There shall thy praise be spoken,
Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,
When the fetters shall be broken,
And the *slave* shall be a *man*!

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

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

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

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

r834.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF S. O. TORREY.

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

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

Early hath the spoiler found thee
Brother of our love !
Autumn's faded earth around thee,
And its storms above !
Evermore that turf lie lightly,
And, with future showers,

O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly
Blow the summer flowers !

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

Will the vigil Love is keeping
Round that grave of thine,
Mournfully, like Jazer weeping
Over Sibmah's vine,⁴²—
Will the pleasant memories, swelling
Gentle hearts, of thee,
In the spirit's distant dwelling
All unheeded be ?

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

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

DANIEL WHEELER.

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

O DEARLY loved !
And worthy of our love !—No more
Thy aged form shall rise before
The hushed and waiting worshipper,
In meek obedience utterance giving
To words of truth, so fresh and living,
That, even to the inward sense,
They bore unquestioned evidence
Of an anointed Messenger !

Or, howing down thy silver hair
In reverent awfulness of prayer,—
The world, its time and sense, shut
out,—

The brightness of Faith's holy trance
Gathered upon thy countenance,
As if each lingering cloud of doubt,—
The cold, dark shadows resting here
In Time's unluminous atmosphere,—
Were lifted by an angel's hand,
And through them on thy spiritual eye
Shone down the blessedness on high,
The glory of the Better Land !

The oak has fallen !
While, meet for no good work, the vine
May yet its worthless branches twine.
Who knoweth not that with thee fell
A great man in our Israel ?
Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,
Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,
And in thy hand retaining yet
The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell !
Unharm'd, and safe, where, wild and
free,
Across the Neva's cold morass
The breezes from the Frozen Sea
With winter's arrowy keenness
pass ;

Or where the unwarning tropic gale
Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,
Or where the noon-hour's fervid heat
Against Tahiti's mountains beat ;
The same mysterious Hand which
gave
Deliverance upon land and wave,
Tempered for thee the blasts which
blew

Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,
And blessed for thee the baleful dew
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,
Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,
Midst our soft airs and opening flowers
Hath given thee a grave !

His will be done,
Who seeth not as man, whose way
Is not as ours !—'Tis well with thee !
Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay
Disquieted thy closing day,
But, evermore, thy soul could say,
"My Father careth still for me !"
Called from thy hearth and home,—
from her,
The last bud on thy household tree,

The last dear one to minister
In duty and in love to thee,
From all which nature holdeth dear,
Feeble with years and worn with
pain,

To seek our distant land again,
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing
The things which should befall thee
here,

Whether for life or for death,
In childlike trust serenely going,
To that last trial of thy faith!

O, far away,
Where never shines our Northern star
On that dark waste which Balboa saw
From Darien's mountains stretching far,
So strange, heaven-broad, and lone,
that there,

With forehead to its damp wind bare,
He bent his mailed knee in awe;
In many an isle whose coral feet
The surges of that ocean beat.

In thy palm shadows, Oahu,
And Honolulu's silver bay,
Amidst Owyhee's hills of blue,
And taro-plains of Tooboona,
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be
Sad as our own at thought of thee,—
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,
Whose souls in weariness and need
Were strengthened and refreshed by
thine.

For blessed by our Father's hand
Was thy deep love and tender care,
Thy ministry and fervent prayer,—
Grateful as Eshcol's clustered vine
To Israel in a weary land!

And they who drew
By thousands round thee, in the hour
Of prayerful waiting, hushed and
deep,

That He who bade the islands keep
Silence before him, might renew
Their strength with his unslumbering
power,

They too shall mourn that thou art gone,
That never more thy aged lip
Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard
Through thee the Gospel's glorious
word,—

Seals of thy true apostleship.
And, if the brightest diadem,

Whose gems of glory purely burn
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,
Be evermore reserved for them
Who here, through toil and sorrow
turn

Many to righteousness,—
May we not think of thee as wearing
That star-like crown of light, and bearing,
ing,

Amidst Heaven's white and blissful
band,
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand;
And joining with a seraph's tongue
In that new song the elders sung,
Ascribing to its blessed Giver
Thanksgiving, love, and praise for ever!

Farewell!

And though the ways of Zion mourn
When her strong ones are called away,
Who like thyself have calmly borne
The heat and burden of the day,
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth
His ancient watch around us keepeth;
Still, sent from his creating hand,
New witnesses for Truth shall stand,—
New instruments to sound abroad
The Gospel of a risen Lord;

To gather to the fold once more
The desolate and gone astray,
The scattered of a cloudy day,
And Zion's broken walls restore;
And, through the travail and the toil
Of true obedience, minister;
Beauty for ashes, and the oil

Of joy for mourning, unto her!
So shall her holy bounds increase
With walls of praise and gates of peace:
So shall the Vine, which martyr tears
And blood sustained in other years,
With fresher life be clothed upon;
And to the world in beauty show
Like the rose-plant of Jericho,
And glorious as Lebanon!

DANIEL NEALL.

I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend
of all;
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost,
when
The need of battling Freedom called
for men

To plant the banner on the outer wall ;
Gentle and kindly, ever at distress
Melted to more than woman's tender-
ness,

Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post
Fronting the violence of a maddened
host,

Like some gray rock from which the
waves are tossed !

Knowing his deeds of love, men ques-
tioned not

The faith of one whose walk and word
were right,—

Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field
wrought,

And, side by side with evil, scarcely
caught

Astain upon his pilgrim garb of white:
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his
own

Leaving to Time and Truth and Peni-
tence alone.

II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the
good old plan,

A true and brave and downright honest
man !—

He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritical face

Supplied with cant the lack of Christian
grace ;

Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful
will

What others talked of while their hands
were still :

And, while " Lord, Lord !" the pious
tyrants cried,

Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
//is daily prayers, far better understood

In acts than words, was simply DOING
GOOD.

So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That, by his loss alone we know its
worth,

And feel how true a man he walked
with us on earth.

6th 6th month, 1846.

TO MY FRIEND ON THE
DEATH OF HIS SISTER.⁴⁶

THINE is a grief, the depth of which
another

May never know ;

Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken
brother !
To thee I go.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO MY SISTER.

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM OF
NEW ENGLAND."

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

Away with weary cares and themes !—
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams !
Leave free once more the land which
teems

With wonders and romances !
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
Beneath the quaintly masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies.

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

Dear heart !—the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again.

And calling back from care and pain,
And death's funereal sadness,
Draws round its old familiar blaze
The cheering groups of happier days,
And lends to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife with strong-willed
men,

Thou wilt not chide my turning
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's
clime,

Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,
For the sweet bells of Morning !

ELLIOTT. 47

HANDS off ! thou tithe-fat plunderer !
play

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

On these pale lips, the smothered
thought

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

Then let the poor man's horny hands
Bear up the mighty dead,
And labour's swart and stalwart bands
Behind as mourners tread,
Leave cant and craft their baptized
bounds,

Leave rank its minster floor ;
Give England's green and daisied
grounds

The poet of the poor !

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green vergt
That brave old heart of oak,
With fitting dirge from sounding forge,
And pall of furnace smoke !

Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,
And axe and sledge are swung,
And, timing to their stormy sounds,
His stormy lays are sung.

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

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

WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS
MEMOIRS.

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

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

As not this record of a life
Sweet and pure, as calm and good,
As on a day of blandest June
In green field and in wood.

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

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

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

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

TO FREDRIKA BREMER.⁴⁸

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

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

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

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

And o'er weary spirits keeping
Sorrow's night-watch, long and chill,
Shine they like thy sun of summer
Over midnight vale and hill.

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

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

KOSSUTH.⁴⁹

TYPE of two mighty continents!—
combining
The strength of Europe with the
warmth and glow
Of Asian song and prophecy,—the
shining
Of Orient splendours over Northern
snow!
Who shall receive him? Who, un-
blushing, speak
Welcome to him, who, while he strove
to break

The Austrian yoke from Magyar necks,
 smote off
 At the same blow the fetters of the
 serf,—
 Rearing the altar of his Father-land
 On the firm base of freedom, and
 thereby
 Lifting to Heaven a patriot's stainless
 hand,
 Mocked not the God of Justice with
 a lie!
 Who shall be Freedom's mouth-piece?
 Who shall give
 Her welcoming cheer to the great fugi-
 tive?
 Not he who, all her sacred trusts be-
 traying,
 Is scourging back to slavery's hell of
 pain
 The swarthy Kossuths of our land
 again!
 Not he whose utterance now from lips
 designed
 The bugle-march of Liberty to wind,
 And call her hosts beneath the break-
 ing light,—
 The keen reveille of her morn of fight,—
 Is but the hoarse note of the blood-
 hound's baying.
 The wolf's long howl behind the bond-
 man's flight!
 O for the tongue of him who lies at rest
 In Quincy's shade of patrimonial
 trees,—
 Last of the Puritan tribunes and the
 best,—
 To lend a voice to Freedom's sym-
 pathies,
 And hail the coming of the noblest
 guest
 The Old World's wrong has given the
 New World of the West!

BURNS.

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN
BLOSSOM.

No more these simple flowers belong
 To Scottish maid and lover;
 Sown in the common soil of song,
 They bloom the wide world over.
 In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
 The minstrel and the heather,
 The deathless singer and the flowers
 He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
 The moorland flower and peasant!
 How, at their mention, memory turns
 Her pages old and pleasant!
 The gray sky wears again its gold
 And purple of adorning,
 And manhood's noonday shadows hold
 The dews of boyhood's morning.
 The dews that washed the dust and soil
 From off the wings of pleasure,
 The sky, that flecked the ground of toil
 With golden threads of leisure.
 I call to mind the summer day,
 The early harvest mowing,
 The sky with sun and clouds at play,
 And flowers with breezes blowing.
 I hear the blackbird in the corn,
 The locust in the haying;
 And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
 Old tunes my heart is playing.
 How oft that day, with fond delay,
 I sought the maple's shadow,
 And sang with Burns the hours away,
 Forgetful of the meadow!
 Bees hummed, birds twittered overhead,
 I heard the squirrels leaping,
 The good dog listened while I read,
 And wagged his tail in keeping.
 I watched him while in sportive mood
 I read "*The Two Dogs*," story,
 And half believed he understood
 The poet's allegory.
 Sweet day, sweet song!—The golden
 hours
 Grew brighter for that singing,
 From brook and bird and meadow
 flowers
 A dearer welcome bringing.
 New light on home-seen Nature beamed,
 New glory over Woman;
 And daily life and duty seemed
 No longer poor and common.
 I woke to find the simple truth
 Of fact and feeling better
 Than all the dreams that held my youth
 A still repining debtor.

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,
The themes of sweet discoursing ;
The tender idyls of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
O loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already ?

I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying ;
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
The sweet-brier and the clover ;
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the Man uprising ;
No longer common or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing !

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly ;
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,
The lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining ;
No heart had I to see or hear
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
His worth, in vain bewailings ;
Sweet Soul of Song !—I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings !

Lament who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty,
How kissed the maddening lips of wine
Or wanton ones of beauty.

But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and Heaven,

That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous
chime
Eternal echoes render,—
The mournful Tuscan's haun'ed rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendour !

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer ?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer ?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes !
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes !

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So " Bonnie Doon " but tarry ;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary !

WILLIAM FORSTER.⁵⁰

THE years are many since his hand
Was laid upon my head,
Too weak and young to understand
The serious words he said.

Yet often now the good man's look
Before me seems to swim,
As if some inward feeling took
The outward guise of him.

As if, in passion's heated war,
Or near temptation's charm,
Through him the low-voiced monitor
Forewarned me of the harm.

Stranger and pilgrim !—from that day
Of meeting, first and last,
Wherever Duty's pathway lay,
His reverent steps have passed.

The poor to feed, the lost to seek,
To proffer life to death,
Hope to the erring,—to the weak
The strength of his own faith.

To plead the captive's right ; remove
The sting of hate from Law ;
And soften in the fire of love
The hardened steel of War.

He walked the dark world, in the mild,
Still guidance of the Light ;
In tearful tenderness a child,
A strong man in the right.

From what great perils, on his way,
He found, in prayer, release ;
Through what abysmal shadows lay
His pathway unto peace,

God knoweth : we could only see
The tranquil strength he gained ;
The bondage lost in liberty,
The fear in love unfeigned.

And I,—my youthful fancies grown
The habit of the man,
Whose field of life by angels sown
The wilding vines o'er-ran,—

Low bowed in silent gratitude,
My manhood's heart enjoys
That reverence for the pure and good
Which blessed the dreaming boy's.

Still shines the light of holy lives
Like star-beams over doubt ;
Each sainted memory, Christlike, drives
Some dark possession out.

O friend ! O brother ! not in vain
Thy life so calm and true,
The silver dropping of the rain,
The fall of summer dew !

How many burdened hearts have prayed
Their lives like thine might be !
But more shall pray henceforth for aid
To lay them down like thee.

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
In old age as in youth,
Thy Master found thee sowing still
The good seed of his truth.

As on thy task-field closed the day
In golden-skied decline,
His angel met thee on the way,
And lent his arm to thine.

Thy latest care for man,—thy last
Of earthly thought a prayer,—
O, who thy mantle, backward cast,
Is worthy now to wear ?

Methinks the mound which marks thy
bed,
Might bless our land and save,
As rose, of old, to life the dead
Who touched the prophet's grave !

RANTOUL,⁵¹

ONE day, along the electric wire
His manly word for Freedom sped ;
We came next morn : that tongue of fire
Said only, "He who spake is dead !"

Dead ! while his voice was living yet,
In echoes round the pillared dome !
Dead ! while his blotted page lay wet
With themes of state and loves of
home !

Dead ! in that crowning grace of time,
That triumph of life's zenith hour !
Dead ! while we watched his manhood's
prime

Break from the slow bud into flower !

Dead ! he so great, and strong, and
wise,
While the mean thousands yet drew
breath ;

How deepened, through that dread sur-
prise,
The mystery and the awe of death !

From the high place whereon our votes
Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest,
fell

His first words, like the prelude notes
Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,
Our champion waiting in his place
For the last battle of the world,—
The Armageddon of the race.

Through him we hoped to speak the
word
Which wins the freedom of a land ;
And lift, for human right, the sword
Which dropped from Hampden's dy-
ing hand.

For he had sat at Sidney's feet,
And walked with Pym and Vane
apart ;
And, through the centuries, felt the beat
Of Freedom's march in Cromwell's
heart

He knew the paths the worthies held,
Where England's best and wisest trod,
And, lingering, drank the springs that
welled
Beneath the touch of Milton's rod.

No wild enthusiast of the right,
Self-poised and clear, he showed al-
way
The coolness of his northern night,
The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His steps were slow, yet forward still
He pressed where others paused or
failed ;
The calm star clomb with constant will,—
The restless meteor flashed and paled !

Skilled in its subtlest wile, he knew
And owned the higher ends of Law ;
Still rose majestic on his view
The awful Shape the schoolman saw.

Her home the heart of God ; her voice
The choral harmonies whereby
The stars, through all their spheres, re-
joice,
The rhythmic rule of earth and sky !

We saw his great powers misapplied
To poor ambitions ; yet, through all,
We saw him take the weaker side,
And right the wronged, and free the
thrall.

Now, looking o'er the frozen North
For one like him in word and act,
To call her old, free spirit forth,
And give her faith the life of fact,—

To break her party bonds of shame,
And labour with the zeal of him
To make the Democratic name
Of Liberty the synonym,—

We sweep the land from hill to strand,
We seek the strong, the wise, the
brave,
And, sad of heart, return to stand
In silence by a new-made grave !

There, where his breezy hills of home
Look out upon his sail-white seas,
The sounds of winds and waters come,
And shape themselves to words like
these :

" Why, murmuring, mourn that he,
whose power
Was lent to Party over-long,
Heard the still whisper at the hour
He set his foot on Party wrong ?

" The human life that closed so well
No lapse of folly now can stain ;
The lips whence Freedom's protest fell
No meaner thought can now profane.

" Mightier than living voice his grave
That lofty protest utters o'er ;
Through roaring wind and smiting wave
It speaks his hate of wrong once
more.

" Men of the North ! your weak regret
Is wasted here ; arise and pay
To freedom and to him your debt,
By following where he led the way !"

IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH
STURGE.

In the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's
mountains,
Across the charmed bay
Whose blue waves keep with Capri's
silver fountains
Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,
His gold-bought masses given :
And Rome's great altar smokes with
gums to sweeten
Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with mute
thanksgiving,
The court of England's queen
For the dead monster so abhorred while
living
In-mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that
feigning ;
By lone Edgbaston's side
Stands a great city in the sky's sad
raining,
Bare-headed and wet-eyed !

Silent for once the restless hive of labour,
Save the low funeral tread,
Or voice of craftsman whispering to his
neighbour
The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minster's chant of the im-
 mortals
 Rose from the lips of sin ;
 No mitred priest swung back the heav-
 enly portals
 To let the white soul in.
 But Age and Sickness framed their tear-
 ful faces
 In the low hovel's door,
 And prayers went up from all the dark
 by-places
 And Ghettos of the poor.
 The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,
 The vagrant of the street,
 The human dice wherewith in games
 of battle
 The lords of earth compete,
 Touched with a grief that needs no out-
 ward draping,
 All swelled the long lament,
 Of grateful hearts, instead of marble,
 shaping
 His viewless monument !
 For never yet, with ritual pomp and
 splendour,
 In the long heretofore,
 A heart more loyal, warm, and true,
 and tender,
 Has England's turf closed o'er.
 And if there fell from out her grand old
 steeples
 No crash of brazen wail,
 The murmurous woe of kindreds,
 tongues, and peoples
 Swept in on every gale.
 It came from Holstein's birchen-belted
 meadows,
 And from the tropic calms
 Of Indian Islands in the sun-smit
 shadows
 Of Occidental palms ;
 From the locked roadsteads of the
 Bothnian peasants,
 And harbours of the Finn,
 Where war's worn victims saw his gen-
 tle presence
 Come sailing, Christ-like, in.
 To seek the lost, to build the old waste
 places,
 To link the hostile shores
 Of severing seas, and sow with Eng-
 land's daisies
 The moss of Finland's moors.
 Thanks for the good man's beautiful
 example,
 Who in the vilest saw
 Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
 Still vocal with God's law ;
 And heard with tender ear the spirit
 sighing
 As from its prison cell,
 Praying for pity, like the mournful crying
 Of Jonah out of hell.
 Not his the golden pen's or lip's per-
 suasion,
 But a fine sense of right,
 And Truth's directness, meeting each
 occasion
 Straight as a line of light.
 His faith and works, like streams that
 intermingle,
 In the same channel ran :
 The crystal clearness of an eye kept
 single
 Shamed all the frauds of man.
 The very gentlest of all human natures
 He joined to courage strong,
 And love outreaching unto all God's
 creatures
 With sturdy hate of wrong.
 Tender as woman ; manliness and
 meekness
 In him were so allied
 That they who judged him by his
 strength or weakness
 Saw but a single side.
 Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal
 seemed nourished
 By failure and by fall ;
 Still a large faith in human-kind he
 cherished,
 And in God's love for all.
 And now he rests ; his greatness and
 his sweetness
 No more shall seem at strife ;
 And death has moulded into calm com-
 pleteness
 The statue of his life.

Where the dews glisten and the song-
birds warble,
His dust to dust is laid,
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of
marble
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are
ringing;
Beneath its smoky vale,
Hard by, the city of his love is swinging
Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and
beauty,
And the sweet heaven above,—
The fitting symbols of a life of duty
Transfigured into love!

TO J. T. F.

ON A BLANK LEAF OF "POEMS PRINTED,
NOT PUBLISHED"

WELL thought! who would not rather
hear
The songs to Love and friendship sung
Than those which move the stranger's
tongue,
And feed his unselected ear?

Our social joys are more than fame;
Life withers in the public look.
Why mount the pillory of a book,
Or barter comfort for a name?

Who in a house of glass would dwell,
With curious eyes at every pane?
To ring him in and out again,
Who wants the public crier's bell?

To see the angel in one's way,
Who waits to play the ass's part,—
Bear on his back the wizard Art,
And in his service speak or bray?

And who his manly locks would shave,
And quench the eyes of common sense,
To share the noisy recompense
That mocked the shorn and blinded
slave?

The heart has needs beyond the head,
And, starving in the plenitude
Of strange gifts, craves its common
food,—
Our human nature's daily bread.

We are but men: no gods are we,
To sit in mid-heaven, cold and bleak,
Each separate, on his painful peak,
Thin-cloaked in self-complacency.

Better his lot whose axe is swung
In Wartburg woods, or that poor girl's
Who by the flm her spindle whirls
And sings the songs that Luther sung.

Than his who, old, and cold, and vain,
At Weimar sat, a demigod,
And bowed with Jove's imperial nod
His votaries in and out again!

Ply, Vanity, thy wingéd feet!
Ambition, hew thy rocky stair!
Who envies him who feels on air
The icy splendour of his seat?

I see your Alps, above me, cut
The dark, cold sky; and dim and lone
I see ye sitting,—stone on stone,—
With human senses dulled and shut.

I could not reach you, if I would,
Nor sit among your cloudy shapes;
And (spare the fable of the grapes
And fox) I would not if I could.

Keep to your lofty pedestals!
The safer plain below I choose:
Who never wins can rarely lose,
Who never climbs as rarely falls.

Let such as love the eagle's scream
Divide with him his home of ice:
For me shall gentler notes suffice,—
The valley-song of bird and stream;

The pastoral bleat, the drone of bees,
The flail-beat chiming far away,
The cattle-low, at shut of day
The voice of God in leaf and breeze.

Then lend thy hand, my wiser friend,
And help me to the vales below,
(In truth, I have not far to go,)
Where sweet with flowers the fields
extend.

TO G. B. C.

So spake Esau's: so, in words of flame,
Tekoa's prophet-herdsman smote with
blame
The traffickers in men, and put to shame,

All earth and heaven before,
The sacerdotal robbers of the poor.

All the dread Scripture lives for thee
again,
To smite like lightning on the hands
profane
Lifted to bless the slave-whip and the
chain.

Once more th' old Hebrew tongue
Bends with the shafts of God a bow
new-strung!

Take up the mantle which the prophets
wore;

Warn wit's their warnings,—show the
Christ once more

Bound, scourged, and crucified in his
blameless poor;
And shake above our land
The unquenched bolts that blazed in
Hosea's hand!

Not vainly shalt thou cast upon our years
The solemn burdens of the Orient seers
And smite with truth a guilty nation's
ears.

Mightier was Luther's word
Than Seckingen's mailed arm or Hut-
ton's sword!

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE spake on his dying day :
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay.
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die ;
And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child !

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart ;
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.
That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent !

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good !
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood !
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies,
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle here,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's spear.
But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might, and justice more than mail.

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array ;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm the dove ;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love !

A MEMORIAL.

M. A. C.

O, THICKER, deeper, darker growing,
The solemn vista to the tomb
Must know henceforth another shadow,
And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,
We walked, O friend, from child-
hood's day ;
And, looking back o'er fifty summers,
Our footprints track a common
way.

One in our faith, and one our longing
To make the world within our reach
Somewhat the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heard'st with me the far-off voices,
The old beguiling song of fame,
But life to thee was warm and present,
And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friendships
Thy genial nature fondly clung;
And so the shadow on the dial
Ran back and left thee always young.

And who could blame the generous
weakness
Which, only to thyself unjust,
So overprized the worth of others,
And dwarfed thy own with self-dis-
trust?

All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and
prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words:
In thy large heart were fair guest-cham-
bers,
Open to sunrise and the birds!

The task was thine to mould and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace:
To make the boyish heart heroic,
And light with thought the maiden's
face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,
With bended heads of mourning,
stand
The living forms that owe their beauty
And fitness to thy shaping hand.

Thy call has come in ripened manhood,
The noonday calm of heart and mind,
While I, who dreamed of thy remaining
To mourn me, linger still behind:

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding,
A debt of love still due from me,—
The vain remembrance of occasions,
For ever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred
To join the silent funeral prayers,

But all that long sad day of summer
My tears of mourning dropped with
theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with sor-
row,
The birds forgot their merry trills:
All day I heard the pines lamenting
With thine upon thy homestead hills.

Green be those hillside pines for ever,
And green the meadowy lowlands be,
And green the old memorial beeches,
Name-carven in the woods of Lee!

Still let them greet thy life companions
Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,
In every mossy line recalling
A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend! if thought and sense avail not
To know thee henceforth as thou art,
That all is well with thee for ever
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,
Thine the green pastures, blossom-
sown,
And smiles of saintly recognition,
As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and
shadow
To meet us, but to thee we come;
With thee we never can be strangers,
And where thou art must still be home.

THOMAS STARR KING.*

THE great work laid upon his twoscore
years
Is done, and well done. If we drop our
tears,
Who loved him as few men were ever
loved,
We mourn no plighted hope nor broken
plan

* THOMAS STARR KING, divine and author, was for twelve years pastor of Holles Street Church, Boston, and afterwards minister of a Unitarian congregation at San Francisco, where he died in 1864. He possessed great literary accomplishments, exhibited "rare genius, originality, and eloquence," and was an earnest advocate of the maintenance of the Union, exercising great influence in California.

With him whose life stands rounded and
 approved
 In the full growth and stature of a man.
 Mingle, O bells, along the Western
 slope,
 With your deep toll a sound of faith
 and hope !
 Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way
 down,
 From thousand-masted bay and steepled
 town !
 Let the strong organ with its loftiest
 swell
 Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and
 tell
 That the brave sower saw his ripened
 grain.
 O East and West ! O morn and sunset
 twain
 No more for ever !—has he lived in vain
 Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one,
 and told
 Your bridal service from his lips of gold ?

BRYANT ON HIS BIRTH-
 DAY.

We praise not now the poet's art,
 The rounded beauty of his song ;
 Who weighs him from his life apart
 Must do his nobler nature wrong.
 Not for the eye, familiar grown
 With charms to common sight de-
 nied,—
 The marvellous gift he shares alone
 With him who walked on Rydal-side ;
 Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,
 Too grave for smiles, too sweet for
 tears ;
 We speak his praise who wears to-day
 The glory of his seventy years.
 When Peace brings Freedom in her
 train.
 Let happy lips his songs rehearse ;
 His life is now his noblest strain,
 His manhood better than his verse !
 Thank God ! his hand on Nature's keys
 Its cunning keeps at life's full span ;
 But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times like
 these,
 The poet seems beside the man !

So be it ! let the garlands die,
 The singer's wreath, the painter's
 meed,
 Let our names perish, if thereby
 Our country may be saved and freed !

G. L. S.*

HE has done the work of a true man,—
 Crown him, honour him, love him.
 Weep over him, tears of woman,
 Stoop manliest brows above him !

O dusky mothers and daughters,
 Vigils of mourning keep for him !
 Up in the mountains, and down by the
 waters,
 Lift up your voices and weep for him !

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
 The freest of hands is still ;
 And the gap in our picked and chosen
 The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,
 No need his will outrun ;
 Or ever our lips could ask him,
 His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,
 Himself to his neighbour lending ;
 He found the Lord in his suffering
 brothers,
 And not in the clouds descending.

So the bed was sweet to die on,
 Whence he saw the doors wide swung
 Against whose bolted iron
 The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw ere his eye was darkened
 The sheaves of the harvest-bringing,
 And knew while his ear yet hearkened
 The voice of the reapers singing.

Ah, well !—The world is discreet ;
 There are plenty to pause and wait ;
 But here was a man who set his feet
 Sometimes in advance of fate,—

* GERRIT L. SMITH, a wealthy philan-
 thropist, and an active member of the Anti-
 Slavery Society, who gave away large tracts of
 land, in lots of fifty acres, to poor white and
 black men.

Plucked off the old bark when the inner
Was slow to renew it,
And put to the Lord's work the sinner
When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing
A worthier paladin.
Shall he not hear the blessing,
"Good and faithful, enter in!"

GARIBALDI.

IN trance and dream of old, God's
prophet saw
The casting down of thrones. Thou,
watching lone
The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy-

hilled,
Where, fringing round Caprera's
rocky zone

With foam, the slow waves gather and
withdraw,
Behold'st the vision of the seer ful-

filled,
And hear'st the sea-winds burdened
with a sound

Of falling chains, as, one by one
unbound,

The nations lift their right hands up
and swear

Their oath of freedom. From the
chalk-white wall

Of England, from the black Carpathian
range,

Along the Danube and the Theiss,
through all

The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,
And from the Seine's thronged banks,
a murmur strange

And glad floats to thee o'er thy sum-
mer seas

On the salt wind that stirs thy whiten-
ing hair,—

The song of freedom's bloodless
victories!

Rejoice, O Garibaldi! Though thy
sword

Failed at Rome's gates, and blood
seemed vainly poured

Where, in Christ's name, the crownéd
infidel

Of France wrought murder with the
arms of hell

On that sad mountain slope whose
ghostly dead,
Unmindful of the gray exorcist's ban,
Walk, unappeased, the chambered
Vatican,
And draw the curtains of Napoleon's
bed!

God's providence is not blind, but, full
of eyes,
It searches all the refuges of lies;
And in His time and way, the accursed
things

Before whose evil feet thy battle-gage
Has clashed defiance from hot youth
to age
Shall perish. All men shall be priests
and kings,—

One royal brotherhood, one church
made free
By love, which is the law of liberty!
1869.

TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD,*

ON READING HER POEM IN "THE STANDARD."

THE sweet spring day is glad with
music,

But through it sounds a sadder strain;
The worthiest of our narrowing circle
Sings Loring's dirges o'er again.

O woman greatly loved! I join thee
In tender memories of our friend;
With thee across the awful spaces
The greeting of a soul I send!

What cheer hath he? How is it with
him?

Where lingers he this weary while?
Over what pleasant fields of Heaven
Dawns the sweet sunrise of his smile?

Does he not know our feet are treading
The earth hard down on Slavery's
grave?

That, in our crowning exultations,
We miss the charm his presence gave?

* LYDIA MARIA CHILD, authoress of many educational and popular works, stories for children, and memoirs of eminent women, and a very effective and earnest anti-slavery writer, for which she was greatly reviled by the pro-slavery party.

Why on this spring air comes no whisper
From him to tell us all is well?
Why to our flower-time comes no token
Of lily and of asphodel?

I feel the unutterable longing,
Thy languor of the heart is mine;
I reach and grope for hands in darkness,
My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

Still on the lips of all we question
The finger of God's silence lies;
Will the lost hands in ours be folded?
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O friend! no proof beyond this yearning,
This outreach of our hearts, we need;
God will not mock the hope He giveth,
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;

Some day their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.

No dreary splendours wait our coming
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart;

Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,
The harvest-gathering of the heart.

SUMNER.

"I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied."—MILTON'S *Defence of the People of England*.

O MOTHER STATE;—the winds of
March
Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of
God,

Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,
A Rachel yet uncomforted!

And once again the organ swells,
Once more the flag is half-way hung,
And yet again the mournful bells
In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,
Have come a simple wreath to lay,
Superfluous, on a grave that still
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned;
It may be that my friend might
miss,

In his new sphere of heart and mind,
Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,
Along the past my thought I send;
The record of the cause he loved
Is the best record of its friend.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,
But never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said: "Break thou these yokes;
undo

These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through,
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard, and answered: "Here
am I!"

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,
Till the hard service grew, at last,
Its own exceeding great reward.

Lifted like Saul's above the crowd,
Upon his kingly forehead fell
The first, sharp bolt of Slavery's cloud,
Launched at the truth he urged so
well.

Ah! never yet, at rack or stake,
Was sorer loss made Freedom's gain,
Than his, who suffered for her sake
The beak-torn Titan's lingering pain!

The fixed star of his faith, through all
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the
same;

As through a night of storm, some tall,
Strong lighthouse lifts its steady
flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw
The sheaves of freedom's large in-
crease,
The holy fanes of equal law,
The New Jerusalem of peace.

The weak might fear, the worldling
mock,
The faint and blind of heart regret ;
All knew at last th' eternal rock
On which his forward feet were set.

The subtlest scheme of compromise
Was folly to his purpose bold ;
The strongest mesh of party lies
Weak to the simplest truth he told.

One language held his heart and lip,
Straight onward to his goal he trod,
And proved the highest statesmanship
Obedience to the voice of God.

No wail was in his voice,—none heard,
When treason's storm-cloud blackest
grew,

The weakness of a doubtful word ;
His duty, and the end, he knew.

The first to smite, the first to spare ;
When once the hostile ensigns fell,
He stretched out hands of generous care
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small
Or craven in his soul's broad plan ;
Forgiving all things personal,
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,
The memories of her great and good,
Took from his life a fresher date,
And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,
The venal crew that schemed and
planned,
The fine scorn of that haughty face,
The spurning of that bribeless hand !

If than Rome's tribunes statelier
He wore his senatorial robe,
His lofty port was all for her,
The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave
The vast contempt his inhuman fold felt,
He saw a brother in the slave,—
With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he? If his presence kept
Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped
The hero and the demigod,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain ;
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,
And blessed him from his ward of
pain.

Safely his dearest friends may o'er
The slight defects he never hid,
The surface-blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart ;
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of
heart.

What if he felt the natural pride
Of power in noble use, too true
With thin humilities to hide
The work he did, the lore he knew?

Was he not just? Was any wronged
By that assured self-estimate?
He took but what to him belonged,
Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,
And scan with care the written page
Through which he still shall warm and
wake

The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah ! who shall blame him now because
He solaced thus his hours of pain !
Should not the o'erworn thresher pause,
And hold to light his golden grain?

No sense of humour dropped its oil
On the hard ways his purpose went ;
Small play of fancy lightened toil ;
He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the Art that hints
A beauty veiled behind its own,
The graver's line, the pencil's tints,
The chisel's shape evoked from stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
The social courtesies that bless
And sweeten life, and loved his friends
With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned
The glad relief by Nature brought;
Her mountain ranges never turned
His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech
Three-banked like Latium's tall tri-
reme,

With labouring oars; the grove and
beach

Were Forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair
His strenuous bent of soul repressed,
And left from youth to silvered hair
Few hours for pleasure, none for
rest.

For all his life was poor without,
O Nature, make the last amends!
Train all thy flowers his grave about,
And make thy singing-birds his
friends!

Revive again, thou summer rain,
The broken turf upon his bed!
Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest
strain

Of low, sweet music overhead!

With calm and beauty symbolize
The peace which follows long annoy,
And lend our earth-bent, mourning
eyes

Some hint of his diviner joy.

For safe with right and truth he is,
As God lives he must live away;
There is no end for souls like his,
No night for children of the day!

Nor cant nor poor solicitudes
Made weak his life's great argument;
Small leisure his for frames and moods
Who followed Duty where she went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw
Beyond the bigot's narrow bound;
The truths he moulded into law
In Christ's beatitudes he found.

**His State-craft was the Golden Rule,
His right of vote a sacred trust;**

Clear, over threat and ridicule.
All heard his challenge: "Is it just?"

And when the hour supreme had come,
Not for himself a thought he gave;
In that last pang of martyrdom,
His care was for the half-freed slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore,
In prayer, the passing soul to heaven,
Whose mercy to His suffering poor
Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,
Her children's children long be
taught,

How, praised or blamed, he guarded
well

The trust he neither shunned nor
sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,
O Mother, from thy son, not long
He waited calmly in his place
The sure remorse which follow:
wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved
The one brief lapse, the single blot;
Forgotten be the stain removed,
Her righted record shows it not!

The lifted sword above her shield
With jealous care shall guard his
fame;

The pine-tree on her ancient field
To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son
Her loving hands shall yearly crown,
And from her pictured Pantheon
His grand, majestic face look down.

O State so passing rich before,
Who now shall doubt thy highest
claim?

The world that counts thy jewels o'er
Shall longest pause at SUMNER'S
name!

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY, (always may
his name

Be said with reverence!) as the swift
doom came,

Smitten to death, a crushed and man-
gled frame.

Sank, with the brake he grasped just
 where he stood
 To do the utmost that a brave man
 could,
 And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him; women
 dropped their tears
 On that poor wreck beyond all hopes
 or fears,
 Lost in the strength and glory of his
 years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly
 lips of pain,
 Dead to all thought save duty's, moved
 again:
 "Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world
 began
 From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
 Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah me! how poor and noteless seem
 to this
 The sick-bed dramas of self-conscious-
 ness,
 Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of
 bliss!

O, grand, supreme endeavour! Not in
 vain
 That last brave act of failing tongue
 and brain!
 Freight with life the downward rush-
 ing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave
 follows wave,
 Obeyed the warning which the dead
 lips gave.
 Others he saved, himself he could not
 save.

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is
 not dead
 Who in his record still the earth shall
 tread
 With God's clear aureole shining round
 his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
 Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.
 God give us grace to live as Bradley
 died!

KINSMAN.

DIED AT THE ISLAND OF PANAY (PHILIPPINE
 GROUP), AGED 19 YEARS.

WHERE ceaseless Spring her garland
 twines,
 As sweetly shall the loved one rest,
 As if beneath the whispering pines
 And maple shadows of the West.

Ye mourn, O hearts of home! for him,
 But, haply, mourn ye not alone;
 For him shall far-off eyes be dim,
 And pity speak in tongues unknown.

There needs no graven line to give
 The story of his blameless youth;
 All hearts shall throb intuitive,
 And nature guess the simple truth.

The very meaning of his name
 Shall many a tender tribute win;
 The stranger own his sacred claim,
 And all the world shall be his kin.

And there, as here, on main and isle,
 The dews of holy peace shall fall,
 The same sweet heavens above him
 smile,
 And God's dear love be over all!

THIERS.

I.

FATE summoned, in gray-bearded age,
 to act
 A history stranger than his written fact,
 Him who portrayed the splendour
 and the gloom
 Of that great hour when throne and
 altar fell
 With long death-groan which still is
 audible.
 He, when around the walls of Paris
 rung
 The Prussian bugle like the blast of
 doom,
 And every ill which follows unblest war
 Maddened all France from Finistère to
 Var,
 The weight of fourscore from his
 shoulders flung,
 And guided Freedom in the path he saw
 Lead out of chaos into light and law,

Peace, not imperial, but republican,
And order pledged to all the Rights of
Man.

II.

Death called him from a need as im-
minent

As that from which the Silent William
went

When powers of evil, like the smiting
seas

On Holland's dikes, assailed her liberties.
Sadly, while yet in doubtful balance

hung
The weal and woe of France, the bells
were rung

For her lost leader. Paralyzed of will,
Above his bier the hearts of men stood
still.

Then, as if set to his dead lips, the horn
Of Roland wound once more to rouse
and warn.

The old voice filled the air! His last
brave word

Not vainly France to all her boundaries
stirred.

Strong as in life, he still for Freedom
wrought,

As the dead Cid at red Toloso fought.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

AT THE UNVEILING OF HIS STATUE.

AMONG their graven shapes to whom
Thy civic wreaths belong,
O city of his love, make room
For one whose gift was song.

Nor his the soldier's sword to wield,
Nor his the helm of state,
Nor glory of the stricken field,
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,
He served his race and time
As well as if his clerkly pen
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,
The Muses found their son,
Could any say his tuneful art
A duty left undone?

He toiled and sang; and year by year
Men found their homes more sweet,

And through a tenderer atmosphere
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street
knew;

The Red King walked Broadway;
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise
His veil with reverent hands;
And mingle with thy own the praise
And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe
Above her hero-urns;
And Scotland, with her holly, wreath
The flower he culled for Burns.

O, stately stand thy palace walls,
Thy tall ships ride the seas;
To-day thy poet's name recalls
A prouder thought than these.

Nor less thy pulse of trade shall beat,
Nor less thy tall fleet swim,
That shaded square and dusty street
Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,
The echoes of his song;
Too late the tardy meed we bring,
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas! Of all who knew
The living man, to-day
Before his unveiled face, how few
Make bare their locks of gray!

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb.
Our grateful eyes be dim;
O brothers of the days to come,
Take tender charge of him!

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'ercreep
The lines of Halleck's name.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

O, WELL may Essex sit forlorn
Beside her sea-blown shore;
Her well belov'd, her noblest born,
Is hers in life no more!

No lapse of years can render less
Her memory's sacred claim ;
No fountain of forgetfulness
Can wet the lips of Fame.

A grief alike to wound and heal,
A thought to soothe and pain,
The sad, sweet pride that mothers feel
To her must still remain.

Good men and true she has not lacked,
And brave men yet shall be ;
The perfect flower, the crowning fact,
Of all her years was he !

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,
What worthier knight was found
To grace in Arthur's golden age
The fabled Table Round ?

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,
To welcome and restore ;
A hand, that all unwilling smote,
To heal and build once more !

A soul of fire, a tender heart
Too warm for hate, he knew
The generous victor's graceful part
To sheathe the sword he drew.

When Earth, as if on evil dreams,
Looks back upon her wars,
And the white light of Christ outstreams
From the red disk of Mars,

His fame who led the stormy van
Of battle well may cease,
But never that which crowns the man
Whose victory was Peace.

Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore
Thy beautiful and brave,
Whose failing hand the olive bore
Whose dying lips forgave !

Let age lament the youthful chief,
And tender eyes be dim ;
The tears are more of joy than grief
That fall for one like him !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

FOR us he wandered through strange
lands and old ;

We saw the world through him. The
Arab's teat
To him its story-telling secret lent,
And, pleased, we listened to the tales
he told.

His task, beguiled with songs that shall
endure,

In manly, honest thoroughness he
wrought ;

From humble home-lay to the heights
of thought

Slowly he climbed, but every step was
sure.

How, with the generous pride that
friendship had,

We, who so loved him, saw at last
the crown

Of civic honour on his brow pressed
down,

Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift
was death.

And now for him, whose praise in
deafened ears

Two nations speak, we answer but with
tears !

II.

O Vale of Chester ! trod by him so oft,
Green as thy June turf keep his
memory. Let

Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied
stream forget,

Nor winds that blow round lonely cedar
crotches ;

Let the home voice greet him in the far,
Strange land that holds him ; let the
message

Of love pursue him o'er the chartless
seas

And unmapped vastness of his unknown
star !

Love's language, heard beyond the loud
discourse

Of perishable fame, and every sphere
Itself interprets ; and its utterance
lose

Somewhere in God's unfolding universe
Shall reach our traveller, softening

the surprise

Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies !



IN WAR TIME.

1863

TO SAMUEL E. SEWALL, AND
HARRIET W. SEWALL,

OF MELROSE.

OLOR ISCANUS queries: "Why should we
Vex at the land's ridiculous miserie?"
So on his Usk banks, in the blood-red
dawn
Of England's civil strife, did careless
Vaughan
Bemock his times. O friends of many
years!
Though faith and trust are stronger than
our fears,
And the signs promise peace with
liberty,
Not thus we trifle with our country's
tears
And sweat of agony. The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but, mean-
while, pain
Is bitter and tears are salt: our voices
take
A sober tone: our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and
wrongs;
And innocent mirth is chastened for the
sake
Of the brave hearts that nevermore
shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the unre-
turning feet!

THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night, —with Thee alone is day:

From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson
scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain,
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

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A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

THE firmament breaks up. In black
eclipse
Light after light goes out. One evil
star,
Luridly glaring through the smoke of
war,
As in the dream of the Apocalypse,
Drags others down. Let us not weakly
weep
Nor rashly threaten. Give us grace to
keep
Our faith and patience; wherefore
should we leap
On one hand into fratricidal fight,
Or, on the other, yield eternal right,
Præter lies of law, and good and ill
confound?
What fear we? Safe on freedom's van-
tage-ground
Our feet are planted; let us there re-
main
In unrevengeful calm, no means un-
tried
Which truth can sanction, no just claim
denied,
The sad spectators of a suicide!
They break the links of Union: shall
we light
The fires of hell to weld anew the
chain
On that red anvil where each blow is
pain?
Draw we not even now a freer breath,
As from our shoulders falls a load of
death
Loathsome as that the Tuscan's victim
bore
When keen with life to a dead horror
bound?
Why take we up the accursed thing
again?
Pity, forgive, but urge them back no
more
Who, drunk with passion, flaunt dis-
union's rag
With its vile reptile-blazon. Let us
press
The golden cluster on our brave old
flag
In closer union, and, if numbering less,
Brighter shall shine the stars which still
remain.

16th 1st mo., 1861.

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UN-
SER GOTT."*

(LUTHER'S HYMN.)

WE wait beneath the furnace-blas
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.
The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared
Its bloody rain is dropping;
The poison plant the fathers spared
All else is overtopping.
East, West, South, North,
It curses the earth;
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.
What gives the wheat-field blades of
steel?
What points the rebel cannon?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon?
What breaks the oath
Of the men o' the South?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life?—
Hark to the answer: Slavery:
Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife unworthy freemen.
God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
The features of the demon!
O North and South
Its victims both,
Can ye not cry,
"Let slavery die!"
And union find in freedom?
What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going?
We who have shared the guilt must
share
The pang of his o'erthrowing!
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?

*"A strong fortress is our God."

For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war-drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with
good
The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and purse
To stay the Curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven!

In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and estranges.
But blest the ear
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery for ever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing;
Before the joy of peace must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labour!

TO JOHN C. FREMONT.

Thy error, Fremont, simply was to act
A brave man's part, without the states-
man's tact,
And, taking counsel but of commonsense,
To strike at cause as well as consequence.
O, never yet since Roland wound his
horn
At Roncesvalles, has a blast been blown
Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as
thine own,
Heard from the van of freedom's hope
forlorn!

It had been safer, doubtless, for the time,
To flatter treason, and avoid offence
To that Dark Power whose underlying
crime

Heaves upward its perpetual turbulence.
But if thine be the fate of all who break
The ground for truth's seed, or forerun
their years

Till lost in distance, or with stout hearts
made

A lane for freedom through the level
spears,

Still take thou courage! God has
spoken through thee,
Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be free!
The land shakes with them, and the
slave's dull ear

Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily to
hear.

Who would recall them now must first
arrest

The winds that blow down from the free
Northwest,

Ruffling the Gulf; or like a scroll roll
back

The Mississippi to its upper springs.
Such words fulfil their prophecy, and
lack

But the full time to harden into things.

THE WATCHERS.

BESIDE a stricken field I stood;
On the torn turf, on grass and wood,
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,
But all the air was quick with pain
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head
And folded wings and noiseless tread,
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland
And lips of blessing, not command,
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and
knit,

His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!"—I knew the voice of
Peace,

"Is there no respite?—no release?—
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease?"

"O Lord, how long!—One human soul
Is more than any parchment scroll,
Or any flag thy winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's youth
and brave?
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave,
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?"

"O brother! if thine eye can see,
Tell how and when the end shall be,
What hope remains for thee and me

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,
Through Jersey snows the march I led,
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and
night,
I watch a vague and aimless fight
For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:
One guards through love his ghastly
throne
And one through fear to reverence
grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, be-
trayed,
By open foes, or those afraid
To speed thy coming through my aid?"

"Why watch to see who win or fall?—
I shake the dust against them all.
I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored; "yet longer
wait;
The doom is near, the stake is great:
God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way prepare
Where I with folded wings of prayer
May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice re-
plied,

"Too late!" its mournful echo sighed,
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight

But round me, like a silver bell
Rung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the
rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,
But all is possible with God!"

TO ENGLISHMEN.

You flung your taunt across the wave;
We bore it as became us,
Well knowing that the fettered slave
Left friendly lips no option save
To pity or to blame us.

You scoffed our plea. "Mere lack of
will,
Not lack of power," you told us:
We showed our free-state records; still
You mocked, confounding good and ill,
Slave-haters and slaveholders.

We struck at Slavery; to the verge
Of power and means we checked it;
Lo!—presto, change! its claims you
urge,
Send greetings to it o'er the surge,
And comfort and protect it.

But yesterday you scarce could shake,
In slave-aborring rigour,
Our Northern palms for conscience
sake:

To-day you clasp the hands that ache
With "walloping the nigger!"⁵²

O Englishmen!—in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We too are heirs of Kunnymede;
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's
deed

Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one rill
Through centuries of story

Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave
Nor length of years can part us ;
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,
The common freehold of the brave,
The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach
Our kindred frail and human ;
We carp at faults with bitter speech,
The while for one unshared by each,
We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
To England's Queen, God bless her !
We praised you when your slaves went
free :
We seek to unchain ours. Will ye
Join hands with the oppressor ?

And is it Christian England cheers
The bruiser, not the bruised ?
And must she run, despite the tears
And prayers of eighteen hundred years,
Amuck in Slavery's crusade ?

O black disgrace ! O shame and loss
Too deep for tongue to phrase on !
Tear from your flag its holy cross,
And in your van of battle toss
The pirate's skull-bone blazon !

ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF
COLUMBIA, 1862.

WHEN first I saw our banner wave
Above the nation's council-hall,
I heard beneath its marble wall
The clanking fetters of the slave !

In the foul market-place I stood,
And saw the Christian mother sold,
And childhood with its locks of gold,
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,
And, smothering down the wrath
and shame
That set my Northern blood aflame,
Stood silent,—where to speak was
death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell
Where wasted one in slow decline,
For uttering simple words of mine
And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome
Flapped menace in the morning air
I stood a perilled stranger where
The human broker made his home.

For crime was virtue : Gown and Sword
And Law their threefold sanction
gave,
And to the quarry of the slave
Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power ;
And yet I knew that every wrong,
However old, however strong,
But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie,—
Somehow, some time, the end would
be ;
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it ! In the sun
A free flag floats from yonder dome,
And at the nation's hearth and home
The justice long delayed is done.

Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
The message of deliverance comes,
But heralded by roll of drums
On waves of battle-troubled air !—

Midst sounds that madden and appal,
The song that Bethlehem's shepherds
knew !
The harp of David melting through
The demon-agonies of Saul !

Not as we hoped ;—but what are we
Above our broken dreams and plans
God lays, with wiser hand than
man's,
The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him : the voice
That Freedom's blessed gospel tells
Is sweet to me as silver bells,
Rejoicing !—yea, I will rejoice !

Dear friends still toiling in the sun,—
Ye dearer ones, who, gone before,

Are watching from the eternal shore
The slow work by your hands begun,—

Rejoice with me! The chastening rod
Blossoms with love; the furnace heat
Grows cool beneath His blessed feet
Whose form is as the Son of God!

Rejoice! Our Marah's bitter springs
Are sweetened; on our ground of grief
Rise day by day in strong relief
The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night
Are one with God, and one with
 them

Who see by faith the cloudy hem
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's
 light!

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness
 sweeps

The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born,—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
And ripen like her corn.

O, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!

O, give to us her finer ear!
Above this stormy din,
We too would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in!

MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS.³³

KNOW ST thou, O slave-cursed
land!

How, when the Chian's cup of guilt
Was full to overflow, there came
God's justice in the sword of flame
That, red with slaughter to its hilt,
Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's
 hand?

The heavens are still and far;
But, not unheard of awful Jove,
The sighing of the island slave
Was answered, when the Ægean
 wave
The keels of Mithridates clove,
And the vines shrivelled in the breath
of war.

"Robbers of Chios! hark,"
The victor cried, "to Heaven's de-
 crec!

Pluck your last cluster from the
vine,
Drain your last cup of Chian wine;
Slaves of your slaves, your doom shall
 be,

In Colchian mines by Phasis rolling
dark."

Then rose the long lament
From the hoar sea-god's dusky caves,
The priestess rent her hair and
cried,

"Woe! woe! The gods are sleep-
less-eyed!"

And, chained and scourged, the slaves
of slaves,
The lords of Chios into exile went.

"The gods at last pay well,"
So Hellas sang her taunting song,
"The fisher in his net is caught,
The Chian hath his master bought;"
And isle from isle, with laughter long,
Took up and sped the mocking parable.

Once more the slow, dumb years
Bring their avenging cycle round.
And, more than Hellas taught of
old,
Our wiser lesson shall be told,
Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowned,
To break, not wield, the scourge wet
with their blood and tears.

THE PROCLAMATION.

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of
the herds
Of Ballymena, wakened with these
words:

"Arise, and flee
Out from the land of bondage, and be
free!"

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from
heaven
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,
And, wondering, sees
His prison opening to their golden keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a
slave,

Shook from his locks the ashes of the
grave,

And outward trod
Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away;
And, passing where the sleeping Milcho
lay

Though back and limb
Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "God
pardon him!"

So went he forth; but in God's time
he came

To light on Uilline's hills a holy flame;
And, dying, gave
The land a saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has
come,

And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night
of wrong!

Arise and flee! shake off the vile re-
straint

Of ages; but, like Ballymena's saint,
The oppressor spare,
Heap only on his head the coals of
prayer.

Go forth, like him! like him return
again,

To bless the land whereon in bitter
pain

Ye toiled at first,
And heal with freedom what your
slavery cursed.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

READ BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF THE
FRIENDS' YEARLY MEETING SCHOOL, AT THE
ANNUAL MEETING AT NEWPORT, R. I., 15TH
6TH MO., 1863.

ONCE more, dear friends, you meet
beneath

A clouded sky:
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,
And on the sweet spring airs the breath
Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,
Nor pain from chance:

The Eternal order circles round,
And wave and storm find mete and
bound
In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways
Of peace have trod,
Content with creed and garb and
phrase:

A harder path in earlier days
Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased
dear,

Are made our own;
Too long the world has smiled to hear
Our boast of full corn in the ear
By others sown;

To see us stir the martyr fires
Of long ago,
And wrap our satisfied desires
In the singed mantles that our sires
Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore
On us is laid ;
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,
And in the scale of truth once more
Our faith is weighed.

The cry of innocent blood at last
Is calling down
An answer in the whirlwind-blast,
The thunder and the shadow cast
From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments. Who
Stands guiltless forth ?
Have *we* been faithful as we knew,
To God and to our brother true,
To Heaven and Earth ?

How faint, through din of merchandise
And count of gain,
Have seemed to us the captive's cries !
How far away the tears and sighs
Of souls in pain !

This day the fearful reckoning comes
To each and all ;
We hear amidst our peaceful homes
The summons of the conscript drums,
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain ; the war-net draws
Round us in vain,
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,
We keep our fealty to the laws
Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle-brand,
We may not take ;
But, calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer with our suffering land
For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain ?
Shall *we* alone
Be left to add our gain to gain,
When over Armageddon's plain
The trump is blown ?

To suffer well is well to serve ;
Safe in our Lord

The rigid lines of law shall curve
To spare us ; from our heads shall
swerve
Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom,
And joy with grief ;
Divinest compensations come,
Through thorns of judgment mercies
bloom
In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless,
By word and deed,
The widow in her keen distress,
The childless and the fatherless,
The hearts that bleed !

For fields of duty, opening wide,
Where all our powers
Are tasked the eager steps to guide
Of millions on a path untried :
THE SLAVE IS OURS !

Ours by traditions dear and old,
Which make the race
Our wards to cherish and uphold,
And cast their freedom in the mould
Of Christian grace.

And we may tread the sick-bed floors
Where strong men pine,
And, down the groaning corridors,
Pour freely from our liberal stores
The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast ?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon His gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched
Hand !
Nor stint, nor stay ;
The years have never dropped their sand
On mortal issue vast and grand
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground
Of man's despair
Is Freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
Upraised in prayer.

O, small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,

When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross!

AT PORT ROYAL.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea;
The night-wind smooths with drifting
sand

Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,
Our good boats forward swing;
And while we ride the land-locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song;
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast;
From hand to hand, from gate to gate,
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles;
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days,—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
The joy of uncaged birds:
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMAN.

O, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come
To set de people free;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.

De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
He jus' as 'troug as den;
He say de word: we las' night slaves;
To-day, de Lord's freemen.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn;
O nebber you fear, if nebber you
hear

De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbels gone;
He leaf de land behind:
De Lord's breff blow him furdur on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind.

We own de hoe, we own de plough,
We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber chile be sold,

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn;
O nebber you fear, if nebber you
hear

De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord: he gib us signs
Dat some day we be free;
De norf-wind tell it to de pines,
De wild-duck to de sea;

We tink it when de church-bell ring.
We dream it in de dream;
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn;
O nebber you fear, if nebber you
hear

De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail,
An' nebber lie de word;
So l'ike de 'postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord:

An' now he open ebery door,
An' trow away de key;
He tink we lub him so before,
We lub him better free.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
He'll gib de rice an' corn:
O nebber you fear, if nebber you
hear

De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;
And with a secret pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
Nor yet his hope deny;
We only know that God is just,
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy
face,
Flame-lighted, ruder still;
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering, joined,
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or doom,—
The Vala-song of Liberty,
Or death-rune of our doom!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain
wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled
down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood
fast.

"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of you gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no
more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town

HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

RIGHT in the track where Sherman
 Ploughed his red furrow,
 Out of the narrow cabin,
 Up from the cellar's burrow,
 Gathered the little black people,
 With freedom newly dowered,
 Where, beside their Northern teacher,
 Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children
 Of the poor and long enslaved
 Reading the words of Jesus,
 Singing the songs of David.
 Behold!—the dumb lips speaking,
 The blind eyes seeing!
 Bones of the Prophet's vision
 Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
 Their new life's portal;
 Almost it seemed the mortal
 Put on the immortal.
 No more with the beasts of burden,
 No more with stone and clod,
 But crowned with glory and honour
 In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
 Its manhood taking;
 There, in each dark bronze statue,
 A soul was waking.

The man of many battles,
 With tears his eyelids pressing,
 Stretched over those dusky foreheads
 His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
 Fear for or doubt you;
 What shall I tell the children
 Up North about you?"
 Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
 Some answer devising;
 And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
 Tell 'em we're rising!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
 But half was spoken:
 The slave's chain and the master's
 Alike are broken.
 The one curse of the races
 Held both in tether:
 They are rising,—all are rising,
 The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
 Ill comes of hate and scorning:
 Shall the dark faces only
 Be turned to morning?—
 Make Time your sole avenger,
 All-healing, all-redressing;
 Meet Fate half-way, and make it
 A joy and blessing!



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NATIONAL AND POLITICAL.

TO THE REFORMERS OF
ENGLAND.

God bless ye, brothers!—in the fight
Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,
For better is your sense of right
Than king-craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,
More mighty is your simplest word;
The free heart of an honest man
Than crosier or the sword.

Go,—let your bloated Church rehearse
The lesson it has learned so well;
It moves not with its prayer or curse
The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again,—
Did Freedom die when Russell died?
Forget ye how the blood of Vane
From earth's green bosom cried?

The great hearts of your olden time
Are beating with you, full and strong
All holy memories and sublime
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede
Are with ye still in times like these;
The shades of England's mighty dead,
Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and every tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have
found
Are those which Heaven itself has
wrought,

Light, Truth, and Love; your battle-
ground

The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
The simple beauty of your plan.
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts
And bounds beneath your words of
power,

The beating of her million hearts
Is with you at this hour!

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,
Through present cloud and gathering
storm,

Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
And sunshine soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward!—not in vain
Your generous trust in human-kind;
The good which bloodshed could not
gain

Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on!—the triumph shall be won
Of common rights and equal laws,
The glorious dream of Harrington,
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,
Sweetening worn Labour's bitter cup;
And, plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on!—and we who may not share
The toil or glory of your fight
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right!

THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling
dome,
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm :
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in :
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret
spare ;"

Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear !"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,—
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old ?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam ;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked : aside the dust-cloud rolled,—
The Waster seemed the Builder too ;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,—
The wasting of the wrong and ill ;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared ;
The frown which awed me passed
away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the
cow ;

The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-en-
twined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine
once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent
hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams
strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone,—

These wait their doom, from that great
law
Which makes the past time serve to-
day ;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

O, backward-looking son of time !
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer :
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and
fear,
Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine ;

So, in his time, thy child grown gray
 Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go ;
 Th' eternal step of Progress beats
 To that great anthem, calm and slow,
 Which God repeats.

Take heart !—the Waster builds
 again,—

A charmed life old Goodness hath ;
 The tares may perish,—but the grain
 Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey
 His first propulsion from the night :
 Wake thou and watch !—the world is
 gray
 With morning light !

DEMOCRACY.

“ All things whatsoever ye would that men
 should do to you, do ye even so to them.”—
Matthew vii. 12.

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,
 Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,
 The foe of all which pains the sight,
 Or wounds the generous ear of God !

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,
 Though these profaning gifts are
 thrown ;
 And fires unkindled of the skies
 Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred,—though thy name be
 breathed
 By those whose hearts thy truth de-
 ride ;
 And garlands, plucked from thee, are
 wreathed
 Around the haughty brows of Pride.

O, ideal of my boyhood's time !
 The faith in which my father stood,
 Even when the sons of Lust and Crime
 Had stained thy peaceful courts with
 blood !

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
 For through the mists which darken
 there,

I see the flame of Freedom burn,—
 The Kebla of the patriot's prayer !

The generous feeling, pure and warm,
 Which owns the rights of *all* divine,—
 The pitying heart,—the helping arm,—
 The prompt self-sacrifice,—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
 How fade the lines of caste and birth !
 How equal in their suffering lie
 The groaning multitudes of earth !

Still to a stricken brother true,
 Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;
 As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
 The wor-hipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed
 By pomp or power, thou seest a MAN
 In prince or peasant,—slave or lord,—
 Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or
 name,
 Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
 Through poverty and squalid shame,
 Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
 Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
 The crown upon his forehead set,—
 The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ;
 For that frail form which mortals wear
 The Spirit of the Holiest took,
 And veiled his perfect brightness
 there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount
 Of vain philosophy thou art ;
 He who of old on Syria's mount
 Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the lis-
 tener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,
 In thoughts which angels leaned to
 know,
 Proclaimed thy message from on high,—
 Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died !
 From the blue lake of Galilee,
 And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
 It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land
 I hear in every breeze that stirs,

And round a thousand altars stand
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,
At party's call, my guilt I bring ;
But on thy olden shrine I lay
A freeman's dearest offering :

The voiceless utterance of his will,—
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,
That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of his generous youth.

Election Day, 1843.

TO RONGE.*

STRIKE home, strong-hearted man !
Down to the root

Of old oppression sink the Saxon steel.
Thy work is to hew down. In God's
name then

Put nerve into thy task. Let other men
Plant, as they may, that better tree
whose fruit

The wounded bosom of the Church
shall heal.

Be thou the image-breaker. Let thy
blows

Fall heavy as the Suabian's iron hand,
On crown or crosier, which shall inter-
pose

Between thee and the weal of Father-
land.

Leave creeds to closet idlers. First of
all,

Shake thou all German dream-land with
the fall

Of that accursed tree, whose evil trunk
Was spared of old by Erfurt's stalwart
monk.

Fight not with ghosts and shadows.
Let us hear

The snap of chain-links. Let our glad-
dened ear

Catch the pale prisoner's welcome, as
the light

Follows thy axe-stroke, through his
cell of night.

Be faithful to both worlds ; nor think to
feed

Earth's starving millions with the husks
of creed.

* JOHANN RONGE, a modern German Re-
former ; a Catholic priest, but deprived of his
charge in 1842, for exposing abuses.

Servant of Him whose mission high
and holy

Was to the wronged, the sorrowing, and
the lowly,

Thrust not his Eden promise from our
sphere,

Distant and dim beyond the blue sky's
span ;

Like him of Patmos, see it, now and
here,—

The New Jerusalem comes down to man !
Be warned by Luther's error. Nor like

him,
When the roused Teuton dashes from
his limb

The rusted chain of ages, help to bind
His hands for whom thou claim'st the

freedom of the mind !

TO PIUS IX.⁵⁴

THE cannon's brazen lips are cold ;
No red shell blazes down the air ;

And street and tower, and temple old,
Are silent as despair.

The Lombard stands no more at bay,—
Rome's fresh young life has bled in
vain ;

The ravens scattered by the day
Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France
Are treading on the neck of Rome,

Hide at Gaeta,—seize thy chance !
Coward and cruel, come !

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt ;
Thy mummer's part was acted well,

While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,
Before thy crusade fell !

Her death-groan ; answered to thy
prayer ;

Thy chant, the drum and bugle-call ;
Thy lights, the burning villa's glare ;

Thy beads, the shell and ball !

Let Austria clear thy way, with hands
Foul from Ancona's cruel sack,

And Naples, with his dastard bands
Of murderers, lead thee back !

Rome's lips are dumb ; the orphan's
wail,

The mother's shriek, thou mayst not
hear

Above the faithless Frenchman's hail,
The unsexed shaveling's cheer!

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

From wall and roof flash down!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stand where Rome's blood was freest
shed,
Mock Heaven with impious thanks,
and call

Its curses on the patriot dead,
Its blessings on the Gaul!

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

Yet, Scandal of the World! from thee
One needful truth mankind shall
learn,—

That kings and priests to Liberty
And God are false in turn.

Earth wearies of them: and the long
Meek sufferings of the Heavens doth
fail;

Woe for weak tyrants, when the strong
Wake, struggle, and prevail!

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

THE PEACE CONVENTION AT
BRUSSELS.

STILL in thy streets, O Paris! doth the
stain

Of blood defy the cleansing autumn rain;
Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins
through,

And Naples mourns that new Bartho-
lomew,

When squalid beggary, for a dole of
bread,

At a crowned murderer's beck of li-
cense, fed

The yawning trenches with her noble
dead;

Still, doomed Vienna, through thy
stately halls

The shell goes crashing and the red
shot falls,

And, leagued to crush thee, on the
Danube's side,

The bearded Croat and Bosniak spear-
man ride;

Still in that vale where Himalaya's snow
Melts round the cornfields and the
vines below,

The Sikh's hot cannon, answering ball
for ball,

Flames in the breach of Moultan's
shattered wall;

On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the
slam,

And butlej paints with blood its banks
again.

"What folly, then," the faithless critic
cries,

With sneering lip, and wise, world-
knowing eyes,

"While fort to fort, and post to post,
repeat

The ceaseless challenge of the war-
drum's beat,

And round the green earth, to the
 church-bell's chime,
 The morning drum-roll of the camp
 keeps time,
 To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,
 Of swords to ploughshares changed by
 Scriptural charms,
 Of nations, drunken with the wine of
 blood,
 Staggering to take the Pledge of Broth-
 erhood,
 Like tipplers answering Father Math-
 ew's call,—
 The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap
 Gaul,
 The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with
 life,
 The Yankee swaggering with his bowie-
 knife,
 The Russ, from banquets with the vul-
 ture shared,
 The blood still dripping from his amber
 beard,
 Quitting their mad Berserker dance to
 hear
 The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat
 seer ;
 Leaving the sport of Presidents and
 Kings,
 Where men for dice each titled gambler
 flings,
 To meet alternate on the Seine and
 Thames,
 For tea and gossip, like old country
 dames !
 No ! let the cravens plead the weak-
 ling's cant,
 Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,
 Let Sturge preach peace to democratic
 throngs,
 And Burritt, stammering through his
 hundred tongues,
 Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,
 Timed to the pauses of the battery's
 roar ;
 Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade
 Of 'Olive-leaves' and Resolutions
 made,
 Spike guns with pointed Scripture-texts,
 and hope
 To capsize navies with a windy trope ;
 Still shall the glory and the pomp of War
 Along their train the shouting millions
 draw ;
 Still dusty Labour to the passing Brave
 His cap shall doff, and Beauty's ker-
 chief wave ;
 Still shall the bard to Valour tune his
 song,
 Still Hero-worship kneel before the
 Strong ;
 Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,
 O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,
 To plumed and sworded auditors, shall
 prove
 Their trade accordant with the Law of
 Love ;
 And Church for State, and State for
 Church, shall fight,
 And both agree, that Might alone is
 Right !
 Despite of sneers like these, O faithful
 few,
 Who dare to hold God's word and
 witness true,
 Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our
 evil time,
 And o'er the present wilderness of crime,
 Sees the calm future, with its robes of
 green,
 Its fleecy-flecked mountains and soft
 streams between,—
 Still keep the path which duty bids ye
 tread,
 Though worldly wisdom shake the
 cautious head ;
 No truth from Heaven descends upon
 our sphere,
 Without the greeting of the sceptic's
 sneer ;
 Denied and mocked at, till its blessings
 fall,
 Common as dew and sunshine, over all.
 Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the
 strife shall cease,
 Like Morven's harpers, sing your song
 of peace ;
 As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,
 Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal
 fire,
 Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs
 fell,
 And love subdued the maddened heart
 of hell.
 Lend, once again, that holy song a
 tongue,
 Which the glad angels of the Advent
 sung,
 Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's
 birth,

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Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
Through the mad discord send that
calming word

Which wind and wave on wild Genes-
areth heard,

Lift in Christ's name his Cross against
the Sword!

Not vain the vision which the prophets
saw,

Skirting with green the fiery waste of
war,

Through the hot sand-gleam, looming
soft and calm

On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading
palm.

Still lives for Earth, which fiends so
long have trod,

The great hope resting on the truth of
God,—

Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through
a long Sabbath day.

11th mo., 1848.

OUR STATE.

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,
The prairied West its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From Autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house
stands,

And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of
health;

And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;

And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire
stands;

Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the
school.

THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

I HAVE been thinking of the victims
bound

In Naples, dying for the lack of air
And sunshine, in their close, damp
cells of pain,

Where hope is not, and innocence in
vain

Appeals against the torture and the
chain!

Unfortunates! whose crime it was to
share

Our common love of freedom, and to
dare,

In its behalf, Rome's harlot triple-
crowned,

And her base pander, the most hateful
thing

Who upon Christian or on Pagan
ground

Makes vile the old heroic name of king,
O God most merciful! Father just and
kind!

Whom man hath bound let thy right
hand unbind.

Or, if thy purposes of good behind
Their ills lie hidden, let the sufferers
find

Strong consolations; leave them not to
doubt

Thy providential care, nor yet without
The hope which a: thy attributes in-
spire,

That not in vain the martyr's robe of
fire

Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fretting
chain;

Since all who suffer for thy truth send
forth,

Electrical, with every throb of pain,
Unquenchable sparks, thy own bap-
tismal rain

Of fire and spirit over all the earth,

Making the dead in slavery live again.
 Let this great hope be with them, as
 they lie
 Shut from the light, the greenness, and
 the sky,—
 From the cool waters and the pleasant
 breeze,
 The smell of flowers, and shade of
 summer trees ;
 Bound with the felon lepers, whom
 disease
 And sins abhorred make loathsome ;
 let them share
 Pellico's faith, Foresti's strength to bear
 Years of unutterable torment, stern and
 still,
 As the chained Titan victor through his
 will !
 Comfort them with thy future ; let them
 see
 The dry-dawn of Italian liberty ;
 For that, with all good things, is hid
 with Thee,
 And, perfect in thy thought, awaits its
 time to be !

I, who have spoken for freedom at the
 cost
 Of some weak friendships, or some
 paltry prize
 Of name or place, and more than I
 have lost
 Have gained in wider reach of sym-
 pathies,
 And free communion with the good
 and wise,—
 May God forbid that I should ever
 boast
 Such easy self-denial, or repine
 That the strong pulse of health no more
 is mine ;
 That, overworn at noonday, I must
 yield
 To other hands the gleanings of the
 field,—
 A tired on-looker through the day's
 decline.
 For blest beyond deserving still, and
 knowing
 That kindly Providence its care is
 showing
 In the withdrawal as in the bestowing,
 Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray.
 Beautiful yet for me this autumn day
 Melts on its sunset hills ; and, far away,

For me the Ocean lifts its solemn psalm,
 To me the pine-woods whisper ; and
 for me
 Yon river, winding through its vales of
 calm,
 By greenest banks, with asters purple-
 starred,
 And gentian bloom and golden-rod
 made gay,
 Flows down in silent gladness to the sea,
 Like a pure spirit to its great reward !

Nor lack I friends, long-tried and near
 and dear,
 Whose love is round me like this at-
 mosphere,
 Warm, soft and golden. For such
 gifts to me
 What shall I render, O my God, to
 thee ?
 Let me not dwell upon my lighter share
 Of pain and ill that human life must
 bear ;
 Save me from selfish pining ; let my
 heart,
 Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget
 The bitter longings of a vain regret,
 The anguish of its own peculiar smart.
 Remembering others, as I have to-day,
 In their great sorrows, let me live always
 Not for myself alone, but have a part,
 Such as a frail and erring spirit may,
 In love which is of Thee, and which
 indeed Thou art !

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

1852.

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

Go lay to earth a listening ear ;
 The tramp of measured marches hear,—
 The rolling of the cannon's wheel,
 The shotted musket's murderous peal,
 The night alarm, the sentry's call,
 The quick-eared spy in hut and hall :
 From Polar sea and tropic fen
 The dying-groans of exiled men !
 The bolted cell, the galley's chains,
 The scaffold smoking with its stains !
 Order,—the hush of brooding slaves !

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Peace, — in the dungeon-vaults and graves!

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

White Angel of the Lord! unmeet
That soil accursed for thy pure feet.
Never in Slavery's desert flows
The fountain of thy charmed repose;
No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves
Of lilies and of olive-leaves;
Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
Thus saith the Eternal Oracle;
Thy home is with the pure and free!
Stern herald of thy better day,
Before thee, to prepare thy way,
The Baptist Shade of Liberty,
Gray, scarred and hairy-robed, must
press
With bleeding feet the wilderness!
O that its voice might pierce the ear
Of princes, trembling while they hear
A cry as of the Hebrew seer
Repent! God's kingdom draweth near!

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.
1850.

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

For Pity now is crime; the chain
Which binds our States

Is melted at her hearth in twain,
Is rusted by her tears' soft rain:
Close up her gates.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Lord! between that law and thee
No choice remains;
Yet not untrue to man's decree,
Through spurning its rewards, is he
Who bears its pains.

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

O clear-eyed Faith, and Patience, thou
So calm and strong!

Lend strength to weakness, teach us
how
The sleepless eyes of God look through
This night of wrong!

THE DREAM OF PIO NONO.

It chanced, that while the pious
troops of France
Fought in the crusade Pio Nono
preached,
What time the holy Bourbons stayed
his hands
(The Hur and Aaron meet for such a
Moses),
Stretched forth from Naples towards
rebellious Rome
To bless the ministry of Oudinot,
And sanctify his iron homilies
And sharp persuasions of the bayonet,
That the great pontiff fell asleep, and
dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the sun
Of the bright Orient; and beheld the
lame,
The sick, and blind, kneel at the Mas-
ter's feet,
And rise up whole. And, sweetly over
all,
Dropping the ladder of their hymn of
praise
From heaven to earth, in silver rounds
of song,
He heard the blessed angels sing of
peace,
Good-will to man, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and
leathern face
Hardened and darkened by fierce sum-
mer suns
And hot winds of the desert, closer drew
His fisher's haick, and girded up his
loins,
And spake, as one who had authority:
"Come thou with me."

Lakeside and eastern sky
And the sweet song of angels passed
away,
And, with a dream's alacrity of change,
The priest, and the swart fisher by his
side,
Beheld the Eternal City lift its domes

And solemn fanes and monumental
pomp
Above the waste Campagna. On the
hills
The blaze of burning villas rose and fell,
And momentarily the mortar's iron throat
Roared from the trenches; and, within
the walls,
Shout, drum beat, and the clanging
larum-bell,
And tramp of hosts, sent up a mingled
sound,
Half wail and half defiance. As they
passed
The gate of San Pancrazio, human blood
Flowed ankle-high about them, and
dead men
Choked the long street with gashed and
gory piles,—
A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh,
From which, at times, quivered a living
hand,
And white lips moved and moaned. A
father tore
His gray hairs, by the body of his son,
In frenzy; and his fair young daughter
wept
On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash
Clove the thick sulphurous air, and man
and maid
Sank, crushed and mangled by the
shattering shell.

Then spake the Galilean; "Thou
hast seen
The blessed Master and his works of
love:
Look now on thine! Hear'st thou the
angels sing
Above this open hell? *Thou* God's
high-priest!
Thou the Vicegerent of the Prince of
Peace!
Thou the successor of his chosen ones!
I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,
In the dear Master's name, and for the
love
Of his true Church, proclaim thee An-
tichrist,
Alien and separate from his holy faith,
Wide as the difference between death
and life,
The hate of man and the great love of
God!
Hence, and repent!"

Thereat the pontiff woke,
Trembling, and muttering o'er his fear-
ful dream.
"What means he!" cried the Bour-
bon. "Nothing more
Than that your majesty hath all too
well
Catered for your poor guests, and that,
in sooth,
The Holy Father's supper troubleth
him,"
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.

ITALY

ACROSS the sea I heard the groans
Of nations in the intervals
Of wind and wave. Their blood and
bones
Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones,
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I dreamed of freedom slowly gained
By martyr meekness, patience, faith,
And lo! an athlete grimly stained,
With corded muscles battle-strained,
Shouting it from the fields of death!

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,
Among the clamouring thousands
mute,
I only know that God is right,
And that the children of the light
Shall tread the darkness under foot.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,
That sultry skies the bolt will form
To smite them clear; that Nature
must
The balance of her powers adjust,
Though with the earthquake and the
storm.

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice!
I bow before His sterner plan.
Dumb are the organs of my choice;
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,
His praise is in the wrath of man!

Yet, surely as He lives, the day
Of peace He promised shall be ours,
To fold the flags of war, and lay
Its sword and spear to rust away,
And sow its ghastly fields with flow-
ers!

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY READING A STATE PAPER,
WHEREIN THE HIGHER LAW IS INVOKED TO
SUSTAIN THE LOWER ONE.

A PIOUS magistrate! sound his praise
throughout
The wondering churches. Who shall
henceforth doubt
That the long wished millennium
draweth nigh?
Sin in high places has become devout,
Tithes mint, goes painful-faced, and
prays its lie
Straight up to Heaven, and calls it
piety!

The pirate, watching from his bloody
deck
The weltering galleon, heavy with
the gold

Of Acapulco, holding death in check
While prayers are said, brows crossed
and beads are told,—

The robber, kneeling where the way-
side cross

On dark Abruzzo tells of life's dread loss
From his own carbine, glancing still
abroad

For some new victim, offering thanks
to God!—

Rome, listening at her altars to the cry
Of midnight Murder, while her hounds
of hell

Scour France, from baptized cannon
and holy bell

And thousand-throated priesthood,
loud and high,

Pealing Te Deums to the shuddering
sky,

"Thanks to the Lord, who giveth
victory!"

What prove these, but that crime was
ne'er so black

As ghostly cheer and pious thanks to
lack?

Satan is modest. At Heaven's door he
lays

His evil offspring, and, in Scriptural
phrase

And saintly posture, gives to God the
praise

And honour of the monstrous progeny.
What marvel, then, in our own time to
see

His old devices, smoothly acted o'er,—
 Official piety, locking fast the door
 Of Hope against three million souls of
 men,—
 Brothers, God's children, Christ's re-
 deemed,—and then,
 With uprolled eyeballs and on bended
 knee,
 Whining a prayer for help to hide the
 key!

THE RENDITION.

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle call,
 I saw an earnest look beseech,
 And rather by that look than speech
 My neighbour told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty
 Marched hand-cuffed down that
 sworded street,
 The solid earth beneath my feet
 Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss,—
 Shame, tearless grief, and stifling
 wrath,
 And loathing fear, as if my path
 A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,
 All generous confidence and trust,
 Sank smothering in that deep disgust
 And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,
 And home's green quiet, hiding all,
 Fell sudden darkness like the fall
 Of midnight upon noon!

And Law, an unloosed maniac, strong,
 Blood-drunken, through the black-
 ness trod,
 Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God
 The blasphemy of wrong.

"O Mother, from thy memories proud,
 Thy old renown, dear Commonwealth,
 Lend this dead air a breeze of health,
 And smite with stars this cloud.

"Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,
 Rise awful in thy strength," I said;
 Ah me! I spake but to the dead;
 I stood upon her grave!

6th mo., 1854.

TO PENNSYLVANIA.

O STATE prayer-founded! never hung
 Such choice upon a people's tongue,
 Such power to bless or ban,
 As that which makes thy whisper Fate,
 For which on thee the centuries wait
 And destinies of man!

Across thy Alleghanian chain,
 With groanings from a land in rain,
 The west-wind finds its way:
 Wild-wailing from Missouri's flood
 The crying of thy children's blood
 Is in thy ears to-day!

And unto thee in Freedom's hour
 Of sorest need God gives the power
 To ruin or to save;
 To wound or heal, to blight or bless
 With fertile field or wilderness,
 A free home or a grave;

Then let thy virtue match the crime,
 Rise to a level with the time;
 And, if a son of thine
 Betray or tempt thee, Brutus-like
 For Fatherland and Freedom strike
 As Justice gives the sign.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease,
 The great occasion's forelock seize;
 And, let the north-wind strong,
 And golden leaves of autumn, be
 Thy coronal of Victory
 And thy triumphal song.

10th mo., 1856.

WHAT OF THE DAY?

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the air,
 Like the low murmurs of a sultry
 sky
 Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings-
 glare;
 The hills blaze red with warnings;
 foes draw nigh,
 Treading the dark with challenge and
 reply.
 Behold the burden of the prophet's
 vision,—
 The gathering hosts,—the Valley of
 Decision,
 Dusk with the wings of eagles wheel-
 ing o'er.

Day of the Lord, of darkness and not
light !

It breaks in thunder and the whirl-
wind's roar !

Even so, Father ! Let thy will be
done, —

Turn and o'erturn, end what thou hast
begun

In judgment or in mercy : as for me,
If but the least and frailest, let me be
Evermore numbered with the truly free
Who find thy service perfect liberty !

I fain would thank Thee that my mortal
life

Has reached the hour (albeit through
care and pain)

When Good and Evil, as for final strife,
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's
plain ;

And Michael and his angels once again
Drive howling back the Spirits of the
Night.

O for the faith to read the signs aright
And, from the angle of thy perfect sight,
See Truth's white banner floating on
before ;

And the Good Cause, despite of venal
friends,

And base expedients, move to noble
ends ;

See Peace with Freedom make to
Time amends,

And, through its cloud of dust, the
threshing-floor,

Flailed by thy thunder, heaped with
chaffless grain !

1857.

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

FROM gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon ;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's
moon.

In its pale fire,
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance ;
The painted walls
Whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance :

O'er fallen leaves

The west-wind grieves,

Yet comes a seed-time round again ;

And morn shall see

The State sown free

With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street

The shadows meet

Of Destiny, whose hands conceal

The moulds of fate

That shape the State,

And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see

The powers that be ;

I stand by Empire's primal springs ;

And princes meet

In every street,

And hear the tread of uncrowned kings !

Hark ! through the crowd

The laugh runs loud,

Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.

God save the land

A careless hand

May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon !

No jest is this ;

One cast amiss

May blast the hope of Freedom's year.

O, take me where

Are hearts of prayer,

And foreheads bowed in reverent fear !

Not lightly fall

Beyond recall

The written scrolls a breath can float ;

The crowning fact

The kingliest act

Of Freedom is the freeman's vote !

For pearls that gem

A diadem

The diver in the deep sea dies ;

The regal right

We boast to-night

Is ours through costlier sacrifice ;

The blood of Vanc,

His prison pain

Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,

And hers whose faith

Drew strength from death,

And prayed her Russell up to God !

Our hearts grow cold,
We lightly hold
A right which brave men died to gain ;
The stake, the cord,
The axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,
And o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and
palms,—

Breathe through these throngs
Your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon
psalms !

Look from the sky,
Like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching
beam ;
Till in the sight
Of thy pure light
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts
Unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark ;
And smite away
The hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
Whereto are given
The age of heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one !

FROM PERUGIA.

"The thing which has the most dissevered the people from the Pope,—the *unforgivable* thing,—the breaking point between him and them,—has been the encouragement and promotion he gave to the officer under whom were executed the slaughters of Perugia. That made the breaking point in many honest hearts that had clung to him before."—*Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Letters from Italy."*

THE tall, sallow guardsmen their horse-
tails have spread,

Flaming out in their violet, yellow, and
red ;
And behind go the lackeys in crimson
and buff,
And the chamberlains gorgeous in vel-
vet and ruff ;
Next, in red-legged pomp, come the
cardinals forth,
Each a lord of the church and a prince
of the earth.

What's this squeak of the fife, and this
batter of drum ?
Lo ! the Swiss of the Church from Pe-
rugia come,—
The militant angels, whose sabres drive
home
To the hearts of the malcontents, cursed
and abhorred,
The good Father's missives, and " Thus
saith the Lord !"
And lend to his logic the point of the
sword !

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn
O'er dark Thrasymenus, dishevelled
and torn !
O fathers, who pluck at your gray beards
for shame !
O mothers, struck dumb by a woe with-
out name !
Well ye know how the Holy Church
hireling behaves,
And his tender compassion of prisons
and graves !

There they stand, the hired stabbers,
the blood-stains yet fresh,
That splashed like red wine from the
vintage of flesh,—
Grim instruments, careless as pincers
and rack
How the joints tear apart, and the
strained sinews crack ;
But the hate that glares on them is
sharp as their swords,
And the sneer and the scowl print the
air with fierce words !

Off with hats, down with knees, shout
your Vivas like mad !
Here's the Pope in his holiday right-
eousness clad,
From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-worn
to the quick,

Of sainthood in purple the pattern and
 pick,
 Who the *id e* of the priest and the soldier
 unites.
 And, praying like Aaron, like Joshua
 fights!

Is this Pio Nono the gracious, for
 whom
 We sang our Hosannas and lighted all
 Rome;
 With whose advent we dreamed the
 new era began
 When the priest should be human, the
 monk be a man?
 Ah, the wolf's with the sheep, and the
 fox with the fowl,
 When freedom we trust to the crozier
 and cowl!

Stand aside, men of Rome! Here's a
 hangman-faced Swiss—
 !A blessing for him surely can't go
 amiss)—
 Would kneel down the sanctified slipper
 to kiss.
 Short shrift will suffice him,—he's blest
 beyond doubt;
 But there's blood on his hands which
 would scarcely wash out,
 Though Peter himself held the baptismal
 spout!

Make way for the next! Here's another
 sweet son!
 What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in
 epaulets done?
 He did, whispers rumour, (its truth God
 forbid!)
 At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem
 did.
 And the mothers?—Don't name them!
 —these humours of war
 They who keep him in service must
 pardon him for.

Hist! here's the arch-knave in a cardinal's
 hat,
 With the heart of a wolf, and the stealth
 of a cat
 (As if Judas and Herod together were
 rolled),
 Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's conscience
 and gold,

Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers
 from thence,
 And flatters St. Peter while stealing
 his peace!

Who doubts Antonelli? Have miracles
 ceased
 When robbers say mass, and Barabbas
 is priest?
 When the Church eats and drinks, at
 its mystical board,
 The true flesh and blood carved and
 shed by its sword,
 When its martyr, unsunged, claps the
 crown on his head,
 And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbour
 instead!

There! the bells jow and jangle the
 same blessed way
 That they did when they rang for
 Bartholomew's day.
 Hark! the tallow-faced monsters, nor
 women nor boys,
 Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror
 of noise.
Te Deum laudamus!—All round with-
 out stint
 The incense-pot swings with a taint of
 blood in't!

And now for the blessing! Of little
 account.
 You know, is the old one they heard on
 the Mount.
 Its giver was landless, his raiment was
 poor,
 No jewelled tiara his fishermen wore;
 No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no
 home,
 No Swiss guards!—We order things
 better at Rome.

So bless us the strong hand, and curse
 us the weak;
 Let Austria's vulture have food for her
 beak;
 Let the wolf-whelp of Naples play
 Bomba again,
 With his death-cap of silence, and hal-
 ter, and chain;
 Put reason, and justice, and truth under
 ban;
 For the sin unforgiven is freedom for
 man!

THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN
DE MATHA.A LEGEND OF "THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE,"
A. D. 1154-1864.

A STRONG and mighty Angel,
Calm, terrible, and bright,
The cross in blended red and blue
Upon his mantle white !

Two captives by him kneeling,
Each on his broken chain,
Sang praise to God who raiseth
The dead to life again !

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,
"Wear this," the Angel said ;
"Take thou, O Freedom's priest, its
sign,—
The white, the blue, and red."

Then rose up John de Matha
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,
And begged through all the land of
France

The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle
Before him open flew,
The drawbridge at his coming fell,
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,
And paid his righteous tax ;
And the hearts of lord and peasant
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis,
His bark her anchor weighed,
Freighted, with seven-score Christian
souls

Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,
Her sails in tatters hung ;
And on the wild waves, rudderless,
A shattered hulk she swung.

"God save us !" cried the captain,
"For naught can man avail ;
O, woe betide the ship that lacks
Her rudder and her sail !

"Behind us are the Moormen ;
At sea we sink or strand :
There's death upon the water,
There's death upon the land !"

Then up spake John de Matha :
"God's errands never fail !
Take thou the mantle which I wear,
And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle,
The blue, the white the red ;
And straight before the wind off-shore
The ship of Freedom sped.

"God help us !" cried the seamen,
"For vain is mortal skill :
The good ship on a stormy sea
Is drifting at its will."

Then up spake John de Matha :
"My mariners, never fear !
The Lord whose breath has filled her
sail
May well our vessel steer !"

So on through storm and darkness
They drove for weary hours ;
And lo ! the third gray morning shone
On Ostia's friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers
The ship of mercy knew,—
They knew far off its holy cross,
The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples
Rang out in glad accord,
To welcome home to Christian soil
The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend
By bard and painter told ;
And lo ! the cycle rounds again,
The new is as the old !

With rudder foully broken,
And sails by traitors torn,
Our country on a midnight sea
Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror ;
Behind, the pirate foe ;
The clouds are black above her,
The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong,
She drifts in darkness and in storm,
How long, O Lord ! how long ?

But courage, O my mariners !
 Ye shall not suffer wreck,
 While up to God the freedman's prayers
 Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner
 Which God hath blessed anew,
 The mantle that De Matha wore,
 The red, the white, the blue ?

Its hues are all of heaven,—
 The red of sunset's dye,
 The whiteness of the moon-lit cloud,
 The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,
 For daylight and for land ;
 The breath of God is in your sail,
 Your rudder is His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted
 With blessings and with hopes ;
 The saints of old with shadowy hands
 Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye holy martyrs
 Uplift the palm and crown ;
 Before ye unborn ages send
 Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha !—
 God's errands never fail !
 Sweep on through storm and darkness,
 The thunder and the hail !

Sail on ! The morning cometh,
 The port ye yet shall win ;
 And all the bells of God shall ring
 The good ship bravely in !

CHICAGO.

MEN said at vespers : " All is well ! "
 In one wild night the city fell ;
 Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
 Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
 Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
 Men clasped each other's hands, and
 said :

" The City of the West is dead ! "

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
 The fiends of fire from street to street,
 Turned, powerless, to the blinding
 glare,
 The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
 That signalled round that sea of fire ;
 Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs
 came ;
 In tears of pity died the flame !

From East, from West, from South
 and North,
 The messages of hope shot forth,
 And, underneath the severing wave,
 The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old ; but fairer still
 The new, the dreary void shall fill
 With dearer homes than those o'er
 thrown,
 For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city !— from thee throw
 The ashen sackcloth of thy woe ;
 And build, as to Amphion's strain,
 To songs of cheer thy walls again !

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
 The primal sin of selfishness !
 How instant rose, to take thy part,
 The angel in the human heart !

Ah ! not in vain the flames that tossed
 Above thy dreadful holocaust ;
 The Christ again has preached through
 thee
 The Gospel of Humanity !

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
 And fret with spires the western sky,
 To tell that God is yet with us,
 And love is still miraculous !

LEXINGTON.

1775.

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,
 No battle-joy was theirs, who set
 Against the alien bayonet
 Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways ;
 They loved not strife, they dreaded
 pain ;

They saw not, what to us is plain,
 That God would make man's wrath his
 praise.

No seers were they, but simple men ;
 Its vast results the future hid :

The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left
The plow mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but lie,
And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
All that was theirs to give, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their
grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal
tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well;
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
The nations listening to its sound
Wait, from a century's vantage-
ground,

The holier triumphs yet to come,—

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove!—

The golden age of brotherhood
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good.

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain-crag,
The lion of our motherland!

THE PEACE AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL, 1865.

THANK God forrest, where none molest,
And none can make afraid,—
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest
Beneath the homestead shade!

Bring pike and gun, the sword's red
scourge,

The negro's broken chains,
And beat them at the blacksmith's
forge
To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,
And vales where cotton flowers;
All streams that flow, all winds that
blow
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Henceforth to Labour's chivalry
Be knightly honours paid;
For nobler than the sword's shall be
The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,
O grateful hearts of ours!
And shape it of the greenest sward
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
And there the orchard fruits;
Bring golden grain from sun and air,
From earth her goodly roots.

There let our banners droop and flow,
The stars arise and fall;
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,
Let sighing breezes call.

Their names let hands of horn and tan
And rough-shod feet applaud,
Who died to make the slave a man,
And link with toil reward.

There let the common heart keep time
To such an anthem sung
As never swelled on Poet's rhyme,
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

Song of our burden and relief,
Of peace and long annoy;
The passion of our mighty grief
And our exceeding joy!

A song of praise to Him who filled
The harvests sown in tears,
And gave each field a double yield
To feed our battle-years!

A song of faith that trusts the end
To match the good begun,
Nor doubts the power of Love to
blend
The hearts of men as one!

TO THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

O PEOPLE-CHOSEN ! are ye not
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,
To do his will and speak his word ?

From the loud thunder-storm of war
Not man alone hath called ye forth,
But he, the God of all the earth !

The torch of vengeance in your hands
He quenches ; unto Him belongs
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,
And not by cell or gallows-stair
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the parlon-seekers,—Keep
Your manhood, bend no suppliant
knees,
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail
Of starving men ; we shut in vain
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter cry ?
What tears wash out that stain of
death ?

What oaths confirm your broken faith ?
From you alone the guaranty
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim ;
We urge no conqueror's terms of
shame.

Alas ! no victor's pride is ours ;
We bend above our triumphs won
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Die men, not beggars. Cancel all
By one brave, generous action ; trust
Your better instincts, and be just !

Make all men peers be'ore the law,
Take hands from off the negro's
throat,
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
But give the common law's redress
To labour's utter nakedness.

Revive the old heroic will ;
Be in the right as brave and strong
As ye have proved yourselves in
war.

Defeat shall then be victory,
Your loss the wealth of full amends,
And hate be love, and foes be friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,
Its common slain be mourned, and let
All memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart
Her lost and wandering ones recall,
Forgiving and restoring all,—

And Freedom break her marble trance
Above the Capitolian dome,
Stretch hands, and bid ye welcome
home !

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

THE proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high ;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I,
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known ;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne !

Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand ;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand !
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day ;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun flock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide ;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land ;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand !

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up ! clouted knee and ragged coat !
A man's a man to-day !

AFTER ELECTION.

THE day's sharp strife is ended now,
Our work is done, God knoweth how !
As on the thronged, unrestful town
The patience of the moon looks down,
I wait to hear, beside the wire,
The voices of its tongues of fire.

Slow, doubtful, faint, they seem at first :
Be strong, my heart, to know the worst !
Hark !—there the Alleghanies spoke ;
That sound from lake and prairie broke,
That sunset-gun of triumph rent
The silence of a continent !

That signal from Nebraska sprung,
This, from Nevada's mountain tongue !
Is that thy answer, strong and free,
O loyal heart of Tennessee?
What strange, glad voice is that which
calls

From Wagner's grave and Sumner's
walls?

From Mississippi's fountain-head
A sound as of the bison's tread !
There rustled freedom's Charter Oak !
In that wild burst the Ozarks spoke !
Cheer answers cheer from rise to set
Of sun. We have a country yet !

The praise, O God, be thine alone !
Thou givest not for bread a stone ;
Thou hast not led us through the night
To blind us with returning light ;
Not through the furnace have we
passed,
To perish at its mouth at last.

O night of peace, thy flight restrain !
November's moon, be slow to wane ?
Shine on the freedman's cabin floor,
On brows of prayer a blessing pour ;
And give, with full assurance blest,
The weary heart of Freedom rest !
1868.

NAPLES.

1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON, OF
BOSTON.

I GIVE thee joy !—I know to thee
The dearest spot on earth must be

Where sleeps thy loved one by the
summer sea ;

Where, near her sweetest poet's
tomb,
The land of Virgil gave thee room
To lay thy flower with her perpetual
bloom.

I know that when the sky shut
down
Behind thee on the gleaming town,
On Baice's baths and Posilippo's crown ;

And, through thy tears, the mock
ing day
Burned Ischia's mountain lines
away,
And Capri melted in its sunny bay,—

Through thy great farewell sorrow
shot
The sharp pang of a bitter thought
That slaves must tread around that
holy spot.

Thou knewest not the land was
blest
In giving thy beloved rest,
Holding the fond hope closer to her
breast

That every sweet and saintly grave
Was freedom's prophecy, and gave
The pledge of Heaven to sanctify and
save.

That pledge is answered. To thy
ear
The unchained city sends its cheer,
And, tuned to joy, the muffled bells of
fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits
free
And happy by the summer sea,
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy !

She smiles above her broken chain
The languid smile that follows pain,
Stretching her cramped limbs to the
sun again.

O, joy for all, who hear her call
From gray Camaldon's convent-
wall

And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival!

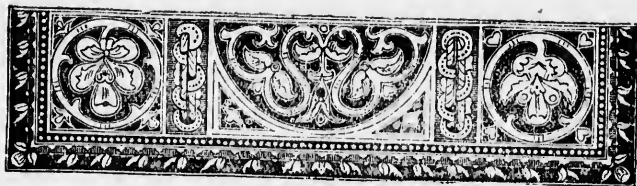
A new life breathes among her vines
And olives, like the breath of pines
Blown downward from the breezy Apennines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that breath.

Rejoice as one who witnesseth
Beauty from ashes rise, and life from death!

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain,
Writing the grave with flowers: "Arise again!"





SONGS OF LABOUR.

DEDICATION.

I WOULD the gift I offer here
Might grace from thy favour take,
And, seen through Friendship's at-
mosphere,
On softened lines and colouring, wear
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for
thy sake.

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

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

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

Art's perfect forms no moral need,
And beauty is its own excuse; ⁵⁵
But for the dull and flowerless weed
Some healing virtue still must plead,
And the rough ore must find its honours
in its use.

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

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

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

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

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

The sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;

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The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pin!

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

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

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

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

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

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

How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan,
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

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

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

THE SHOEMAKERS.

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

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer!
Rap, rap! the measured sound has
grown
A quick and merry clamour.
Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;

For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting ;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

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

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

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,—
Ye heed no idle scorner ;
Freehands and hearts are still your pride,
And duty done, your honour.
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
The jury Time empanels,
And leave to truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.

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

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

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

Or twinkle down the summer dance
Beneath the Crystal Mountains !

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

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

THE DROVERS.

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

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

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

Day after day our way has been,
O'er many a hill and hollow ;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
Our stately drove we follow.

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Through dust-clouds rising thick and
dun,
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

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

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

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

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,
No bones of leanness rattle ;
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are there,
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand
That fed him unrepining ;
The fatness of a goodly land
In each dun hide is shining.

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

But now the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The cricket to the frog's bassoon
His shrillest time is keeping ;
The sickle of yon setting moon
The meadow-mist is reaping.

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

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

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

THE FISHERMEN.

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

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

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
Of frozen Labrador,

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

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

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

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

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

Though the mist upon our jackets
 In the bitter air congeals,
 And our lines wind stiff and slowly
 From off the frozen reels ;
 Though the fog be dark around us,
 And the storm blow high and loud,
 We will whistle down the wild wind,
 And laugh beneath the cloud !

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

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

THE HUSKERS.

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

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
 At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped ;
 Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
 On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

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

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
 Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why ;

And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE CORN-SONG.

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

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,

The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine ;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE LUMBERMEN.

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves ;
Thickly down these swelling waters
Float his fallen leaves.

Through the tall and naked timber,
Column-like and old,
Gleam the sunsets of November,
From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,
Scream the gray wild-goose ;
On the night-frost sounds the treading
Of the brindled moose.
Noiseless creeping, while we're sleep-
ing,

Frost his task-work plies ;
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,
Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thun-
der,

On some night of rain,
Lake and river brake asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear
them

To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear
them

With his teeth of steel.

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

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

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

Where are mossy carpets better
 Than the Persian weaves,
 And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
 Seem the fading leaves;
 And a music wild and solemn,
 From the pine-tree's height,
 Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
 On the wind of night;

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

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

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

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,
 Speaks He in the breeze,
 As of old beneath the twilight
 Of lost Eden's trees!
 For his ear, the inward feeling
 Needs no outward tongue;
 He can see the spirit kneeling
 While the axe is swung.

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

Ships, whose traffic links these high-
 lands,

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

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

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

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

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

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



S N O W - B O U N D :

A WINTER IDYL, 1865.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES, THIS POEM
IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common Wood Fire; and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our fire of Wood doth the same."

COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. chap. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

EMERSON.

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling
 race
 Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing
 there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the
 cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his
 corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro

Crossed and recrossed the wingéd
snow ;

And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line
posts

Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without a sun ;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell ;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, --
A universe of sky and snow !

The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes ; strange domes
and towers

Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile
showed,

A fenceless drift what once was road ;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose flung coat and high cocked
hat ;

The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendour, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted : " Boys, a path ! "
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy ?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew ;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn
low,

To guard our necks and ears from
snow

We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal : we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,

And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about ;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led ;
The oxen lashed their tails, *tails* and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked ;
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before ;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist
shone.

No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicéd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying
blind,

And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering
bank,

We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back, --
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick ;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the
gleam

On whitewashed wall and sagging beam.
Until the old, rude-furnished room

Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom :
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-
tree

Our own warm hearth seemed blazing
free.

The crane and pendent trammels
showed,

The Turks' heads on the andirons
glowed ;

While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme : "*Under
the tree,*

*When five outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp
ravine

took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat ;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved ?
What matter how the north-wind
raved ?

Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy
glow.

O Time and Change!—with hair as
gray

As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much
gone

Of life and love, to still live on !

Ah, brother ! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight pal- had shone.

Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still ;
Look where we may, the wide earth
o'er,

Those lighted faces smile no more.

We tread the paths their feet have worn,

We sit beneath their orchard-trees,

We hear, like them, the hum of bees

And rustle of the bladed corn ;

We turn the pages that they read,

Their written words we linger o'er,

But in the sun they cast no shade,

No voice is heard, no sign is made,

No step is on the conscious floor !

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will
trust,

(Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet w-
must.

Alas for him who never sees

The stars shine through his cypress-
trees !

Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,

Nor looks to see the breaking day

Across the mournful marbles play !

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,

That Life is ever Lord of Death,

And Love can never lose its own !

We sped the time with stories old,

Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told.

Or stammered from our school-book
lore

"The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."

How often since, when all the land

Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,

As if a trumpet called, I've heard

Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word :

"Does not the voice of reason cry,

Claim the first right which Nature
gave,

*From the red scourge of bondage fly,
Nor deign to live a burdened slave!"*

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side ;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp ;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. Francois' hemlock-trees ;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone ;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee ;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, seythe on seythe, their swaths
along

The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the drift-wood
coals ;

The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favouring breezes deigned to
blow

The square sail of the gundelow
And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian horrors came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free,

(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways.)
The story of her early days.—
She made us welcome to her home ;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room ;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country side ;

We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away ;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The duck's black squadron anchored
lay,

And heard the wild-geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,—
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint !—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.

Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise flashed in view.
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content ;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhousted lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries ;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voice in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Appollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes, who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said ;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,

Content to live where life began ;
 Strong only on his native grounds,
 The little world of sights and sounds,
 Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
 Whereof his fondly partial pride
 The common features magnified,
 As Surrey hills to mountains grew
 In White of Selborne's loving view,—
 He told how teal and loon he shot,
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,
 The feats on pond and river done,
 The prodigies of rod and gun ;
 Till, warming with the tales he told,
 Forgotten was the outside cold,
 The bitter wind unheeded blew,
 From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
 The partridge drummed i' the wood, the
 mink
 Went fishing down the river-brink.
 In fields with bean or clover gay,
 The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
 Peered from the doorway of his cell ;
 The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid ;
 And from the shagbark overhead
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his
 shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of
 cheer
 And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
 The sweetest woman ever Fate
 Perverse denied a household mate,
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
 Found peace in love's unselfishness,
 And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
 A calm and gracious element,
 Whose presence seemed the sweet in-
 come
 And womanly atmosphere at home,—
 Called up her girlhood memories,
 The huskings and the apple-bees,
 The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
 Weaving through all the poor details
 And homespun warp of circumstance
 A golden woof-thread of romance.
 For well she kept her genial mood
 And simple faith of maidenhood ;
 Before her still a cloud-land lay,
 The mirage loomed across her way ;
 The morning dew, that dries so soon
 With others, glistened at her noon ;
 Through years of toil and soil and care,
 From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
 All unprofaned she held apart

The virgin fancies of the heart.
 Be shame to him of woman horn
 Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
 Her evening task the stand beside ;
 A full, rich nature, free to trust,
 Truthful and almost sternly just,
 Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
 And make her generous thought a fact,
 Keeping with many a light disguise
 The secret of self-sacrifice.
 O heart sore-tried ! thou hast the best
 That Heaven itself could give thee,—
 rest,
 Rest from all bitter thoughts and things !
 How many a poor one's blessing went
 With thee beneath the ever green tent
 Whose curtain never outward swings !

As one who held herself a part
 Of all she saw, and let her heart
 Against the household bosom lean
 Upon the motley-braided mat
 Our youngest and our dearest sat,
 Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes.
 Now bathed within the fadeless green
 And holy peace of Paradise.
 O, looking from some heavenly hill,
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,
 Or silver reach of river calms,
 Do those large eyes behold me still ?
 With me one little year ago :—
 The chill weight of the winter snow
 For months upon her grave has lain :
 And now, when summer south-winds
 blow

And brier and harebell bloom again,
 I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
 I see the violet-sprinkled sod
 Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
 The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
 Yet following me where'er I went
 With dark eyes full of love's content.
 The birds are glad ; the brier-rose fills
 The air with sweetness ; all the hills
 Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;
 But still I wait with ear and eye
 For something gone which should be
 nigh,
 A loss in all familiar things,
 In flower that blooms, and bird that
 sings.
 And yet, dear heart ! remembering thee,
 Am I not richer than of old ?

Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold!

What chance can mar the pearl and gold

Thy love hath left in trust with me?

And while in life's late afternoon,

Where cool and long the shadows grow,

I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,

I cannot feel that thou art far,

Since near at need the angels are;

And when the sunset gates unbar,

Shall I not see thee waiting stand,

And, white against the evening star,

The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favoured place,
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce ap-
peared

The uncertain prophecy of beard.

He teased the mitten-blinded cat,

Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,

Sang songs, and told us what befalls

In classic Dartmouth's college halls.

Born the wild Northern hills among,

From whence his yeoman father wrung

By patient toil subsistence scant,

Not competence and yet not want,

He early gained the power to pay

His cheerful, self-reliant way;

Could doff at ease his scholar's gown

To peddle wares from town to town;

Or through the long vacation's reach

In lonely lowland districts teach,

Where all the droll experience found

At stranger hearths in boarding round,

The moonlit skater's keen delight.

The sleigh-drive through the frosty

night,

The rustic party, with its rough

Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,

And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,

His winter task a pastime made.

Happy the snow-locked homes wherein

He tuned his merry violin.

Or played the athletic in the barn,

Or held the good dame's winding-

yarn,

Or mirth-provoking versions told

Of classic legends rare and old,

Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome

Had all the commonplace of home,

And little seemed at best the odds

'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;

Where Pindus-born Araxes took

The guise of any grist-mill brook,

And dread Olympus at his will

Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed;

But at his desk he had the look

And air of one who wisely schemed,

And hostage from the future took

In trained thought and lore of book.

Large-brained, clear-eyed,—of such as

he

Shall Freedom's young apostles be,

Who, following in War's bloody trail,

Shall every lingering wrong assail;

All chains from limb and spirit strike,

Uplift the black and white alike;

Scatter before their swift advance

The darkness and the ignorance,

The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,

Which nurtured Treason's monstrous

growth,

Made murder pastime, and the hell

Of prison-torture possible;

The cruel lie of caste refute,

Old forms remould, and substitute

For Slavery's lash the freeman's will.

For blind routine, wise-handed skill;

A school-house plant on every hill,

Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence

The quick wires of intelligence;

Till North and South together brought

Shall own the same electric thought,

In peace a common flag salute,

And, side by side in labour's free

And unresentful rivalry,

Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest that winter night

Flashed back from lustrous eyes the

light.

Unmarked by time, and yet not young,

The honeyed music of her tongue

And words of meekness scarcely told

A nature passionate and bold,

Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,

Its milder features dwarfed beside

Her unbent will's majestic pride.

She sat among us, at the best,

A not-unfeared, half-welcome guest,

Rebuking with her cultured phrase

Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped
the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling
flash ;
And under low brows, black with
night,

Rayed out at times a dangerous light ;
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruccio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint.
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist ;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout :
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry.
Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock !
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed tho-
roughfares,

Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon*
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their way ;
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
With hope each day renewed and
fresh,

The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies !

Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go !
The outward wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,

* Lady Hester Stankope.

Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
A life-long discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should
stand

Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events ;
But He who knows our frame is just.
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust !

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke :
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and
health,

And love's contentment more than
wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and
light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.

We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
 The board-nails snapping in the frost;
 And on us, through the unplastered wall,
 Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
 But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
 When hearts are light and life is new;
 Faint and more faint the murmurs
 grew,
 Till in the summer-land of dreams
 They softened to the sound of streams,
 Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
 And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
 Of merry voices high and clear;
 And saw the teamsters drawing near
 To break the drifted highways out.
 Down the long hillside treading slow
 We saw the half-buried oxen go,
 Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
 Their straining nostrils white with frost.
 Before our door the straggling train
 Drew up, an added team to gain.
 The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their
 jokes

From lip to lip; the younger folks
 Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling,
 rolled,
 Then toiled again the cavalcade
 O'er windy hill, through clogged
 ravine,

And woodland paths that wound be-
 tween
 Low drooping pine-boughs winter-
 weighed.

From every barn a team afoot,
 At every house a new recruit,
 Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law
 Haply the watchful young men saw
 Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
 And curious eyes of merry girls,
 Lifting their hands in mock defence
 Against the snow-ball's compliments,
 And reading in each missive tost
 The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells'
 sound;
 And, following where the teamsters
 led,

The wise old Doctor went his round,
 Just pausing at our door to say,
 In the brief autocratic way
 Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,

Was free to urge her claim on all,
 That some poor neighbour sick abed
 At night our mother's aid would need.
 For, one in generous thought and
 deed,

What mattered in the sufferer's sight
 The Quaker matron's inward light,
 The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
 All hearts confess the saints elect
 Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
 And melt not in an acid sect
 The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed
 Since the great world was heard from
 last.

The Almanac we studied o'er,
 Read and reread our little store
 Of books and pamphlets, scarce a
 score;

One harmless novel, mostly hid
 From younger eyes, a book forbid,
 And poetry, (or good or bad,
 A single book was all we had,)
 Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted
 Muse,

A stranger to the heathen Nine,
 Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
 The wars of David and the Jews.
 At last the floundering carrier bore
 The village paper to our door.
 Lo! broadening outward as we read,
 To warmer zones the horizon spread;
 In panoramic length unrolled
 We saw the marvels that it told.

Before us passed the painted Creeks,
 And daft MacGregor on his raids
 In Costa Rica's everglades.
 And up Taygetos winding slow
 Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
 A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
 Welcome to us its week-old news,
 Its corner for the rustic Muse,

Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
 Its record, mingling in a breath
 The wedding knell and dirge of death;
 Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
 The latest culprit sent to jail;
 Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
 Its vendue sales and goods at cost,

And traffic calling loud for gain.
 We felt the stir of hall and street,
 The pulse of life that round us beat;
 The chill embargo of the snow
 Was melted in the genial glow;

Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more !

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book ;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past ;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe ;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths under-
neath.

Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp
need,

And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids ;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway

For larger hopes and graver fears :
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloë flowers to-day !

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its
strife,

The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew ;
And dear and early friends—the few
Who yet remain—shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days)
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory
forth

To warm them at the wood-fire's
blaze !

And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odours blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond ;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.





THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

I WOULD not sin, in this half-playful strain,—
Too light perhaps for serious years, though born
Of the enforced leisure of slow pain,—
Against the pure ideal which has drawn
My feet to follow its far-shining gleam.
A simple plot is mine : legends and runes
Of credulous days, old fancies that have lain
Silent from boyhood taking voice again,
Warmed into life once more, even as the tunes
That, frozen in the fabled hunting-horn,
Thawed into sound :—a winter fireside dream
Of dawns and sunsets by the summer sea,
Whose sands are traversed by a silent throng
Of voyagers from that vaster mystery
Of which it is an emblem ;—and the dear
Memory of one who might have tuned my song
To sweeter music by her delicate ear.

1st mo., 1867.

WHEN heats as of a tropic clime
Burned all our inland valleys
through,
Three friends, the guests of summer
time,
Pitched their white tent where sea-
winds blew.
Behind them, marshes, seamed and
crossed
With narrow creeks, and flower-em-
bossed,
Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose
leafy arms
Screened from the stormy East, the
pleasant inland farms.
At full of tide their bolder shore
Of sun-bleached sand the waters
beat ;
At ebb, a smooth and glistening floor
They touched, with light, receding
feet.
Northward a green bluff broke the
chain

Of sand-hills ; southward stretched
a plain
Of salt grass with a river winding down,
Sail-whitened, and beyond the steeples
of the town,
Whence sometimes, when the wind
was light
And dull the thunder of the beach,
They heard the bells of morn and
night
Swing miles away, their silver speech.
Above low scarp and turf-grown wall
They saw the fort-flag rise and fall ;
And, the first star to signal twilight's
hour,
The lamp-fire glimmer down from the
tall light-house tower.

They rested there, escaped awhile
From cares that wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay,—
To fling their loads of custom down,

Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes
brown,
And in the sea waves drown the restless
pack
Of duties, claims, and needs that barked
upon their track.

One,* with his beard scarce silvered,
bore
A ready credence in his looks,
A lettered magnate, lording o'er
An ever-widening realm of books.
In him brain-currents, near and far,
Converged as in a Leyden jar;
The old, dead authors thronged him
round about,
And Elzevir's gray ghosts from leathern
graves looked out.

He knew each living pundit well,
Could weigh the gifts of him or her,
And well the market value tell
Of poet and philosopher.
But if he lost, the scenes behind,
Somewhat of reverence vague and
blind,
Finding the actors human at the best,
No readier lips than his the good he
saw confessed.

His boyhood fancies not outgrown,
He loved himself the singer's art;
Tenderly, gently, by his own
He knew and judged an author's
heart.

No Rhadamanthine brow of doom
Bowed the dazed pedant from his
room;
And bards, whose name is legion, if
denied,
Bore off alike intact their verses and
their pride.

Pleasant it was to roam about
The lettered world as he had done,
And see the lords of song without
Their singing robes and garlands
on.

With Wordsworth paddle Rydal mere.
Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed
beer,
And with the ears of Rogers, at four-
score,
Hear Garrick's buskined tread and
Walpole's wit once more.

* Mr. J. T. Field.

And one there was, a dreamer born*
Who, with a mission to fulfil,
Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill,
Making his rustic reed of song
A weapon in the war with wrong,
Yoking his fancy to the breaking-plough
That beam-deep turned the soil for
truth to spring and grow.

Too quiet seemed the man to ride
The winged Hippogriff Reform;
Was his a voice from side to side
To pierce the tumult of the storm?
A silent, shy, peace-loving man,
He seemed no fiery partisan
To hold his way against the public frow:
The ban of Church and State, the fierce
mob's hounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous
will
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dream-land
blew.

The din about him could not drown
What the strange voices whispered
down;
Along his task-field weird processions
swept,
The visionary pomp of stately phantoms
stepped.

The common air was thick with
dreams,—
He told them to the toiling crowd;
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear he sang aloud;
In still, shut bays, on windy capes
He heard the call of beckoning
shapes,
And, as the gray old shadows prompted
him,
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped
their legends grim.

He rested now his weary hands,
And lightly moralized and laughed,
As, tracing on the shifting sands
A burlesque of his paper-craft,
He saw the careless waves o'errun
His words, as time before had done,
Each day's tide-water washing clean
away,

* The author.

Like letters from the sand, the work of
yesterday.

And one,* whose Arab face was tanned
By tropic sun and boreal frost,
So travelled there was scarce a land
Or people left him to exhaust,
In idling mood had from him hurled
The pearsqueezed orange of the world,
And in the tent-shade, at beneath a
palm,
Smoked, cross-legged like a Turk, in
Oriental calm.

The very waves that washed the sand
Below him, he had seen before
Whitening the Scandinavian strand
And sultry Mauritanian shore.
From ice-rimmed isles, from summer
seas
Palm-fringed, they bore him mes-

sages ;
He heard the plaintive Nubian songs
again,
And mule-bells tinkling down the
mountain-paths of Spain,

His memory round the ransacked
earth
On Ariel's girdle slid at ease ;
And, instant, to the valley's girth
Of mountains, spice isles of the
seas,

Faith flowered in minster stones, Art's
guess
At truth and beauty found access ;
Yet loved the while, that free cosmopo-

lite,
Old friends, old ways, and kept his
boyhood's dreams in sight.

Untouched as yet by wealth and pride,
That virgin innocence of beach ;
No shingly monster, hundred-eyed,
Stared its gray sand-birds out of
reach ;

Unhoused, save where, at intervals,
The white tents showed their canvas
wall,

Where brief sojourners, in the cool,
soft air,
Forgot their inland heats, hard toil, and
year-long care.

Sometimes along the wheel-deep sand

A one-horse waggon slowly crawled,
Deep laden with a youthful band,
Whose look some homestead old
recalled ;
Brother perchance, and sisters twain,
And one whose blue eyes told, more
plain
Than the free language of her rosy lip,
Of the still dearer claim of love's rela-
tionship.

With cheeks of russet-orchard tint,
The light laugh of their native rills.
The perfume of their garden's mint,
The breezy freedom of the hills,
They bore, in unres. rained delight,
The motto of the Garter's knight,
Careless as if from every gazing thing
Hid by their innocence, as Gyges by
his ring.

The clanging sea-fowl came and went
The hunter's gun in the marshes
rang ;

At nightfall from a neighbouring tent
A flute-voiced woman sweetly sang,
Loose-haired, bare-footed, hand-in-

hand,
Young girls went tripping down the
sand ;
And youths and maidens, sitting in the
moon,

Dreamed o'er the old fond dream from
which we wake too soon.

At times their fishing-lines they plied,
With an old Triton at the oar,
Salt as the sea-wind, tough and dried
As a lean cusk from Labrador.

Strange tales he told of wreck and
storm,—

Had seen the sea-snake's awful form,
And heard the ghosts on Haley's Isle
complain,

Speak him off shore, and beg a passage
to old Spain !

And there, on breezy morns, they saw
The fishing-schooners outward run,
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw
Turned white or dark to shade and
sun.

Sometimes, in calms of closing day,
They watched the spectral mirage play,
Saw low, far islands looming tall and
nigh,

* Bayard Taylor.

And ships, with upturned keels, sail like
a sea the sky.

Sometimes a cloud, with thunder
black

Stooped low upon the darkening
main,

Piercing the waves along its track

With the slant javelins of rain.

And when west-wind and sunshine
warm

Chased out to sea its wrecks of storm,
They saw the prisiny hues in thin spray
showers

Where the green buds of waves burst
into white froth flowers.

And when along the line of shore

The mists crept upward chill and
damp,

Stretched, careless on their sandy
floor

Beneath the flaring lantern lamp,
They talked of all things old and new,
Read, slept, and dreamed as idlers do;
And in the unquestioned freedom of the
tent,

Body and o'er-taxed mind to healthful
east unbent.

Once, when the sunset splendours died,
And, trampling up the sloping sand,

In lines outreaching far and wide,
The white-maned billows swept to
land,

Dim seen across the gathering shade,
A vast and ghostly cavalcade,

They sat around their lighted kerosene,
Hearing the deep bass roar their every
pause between.

Then, urged thereto, the Editor

Within his full portfolio dipped,

Feigning excuse while searching for

(With secret pride) his manuscript.

His pale face flushed from eye to beard,

With nervous cough his throat he
cleared,

And in a voice so tremulous it betrayed
The anxious fondness of an author's
heart, he read :

THE WRECK OF RIVER- MOUTH.

RIVERMOUTH Rocks are fair to see,
By dawn or sunset shone across,

When the cbb of the sea has left them
free,

To dry their fringes of gold-green
moss ;

For there the river comes winding down
From salt-sea meadows and uplands
brown,

And waves on the outer rocks afoam
Shout to its waters, "Welcome home !"

And fair are the sunny isles in view

East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
And Agamenticus lifts its blue

Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er ;
And southerly, when the tide is down,

'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills
brown,

The beach-birds dance and the gray
gulls wheel

Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,

Two hundred years ago and more,
A boat sailed down through the wind-
ing ways

Of Hampton River to that low shore,
Full of a goodly company

Sailing out on the summer sea,
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,
With the Boar to left and the Rocks to
right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers
laid

Their scythes to the swaths of salted
grass,

"Ah, well-a-day ! our hay must be
made !"

A young man sighed, who saw them
pass.

Loud laughed his fellows to see him
stand

Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,
Hearing a voice in a far-off song,

Watching a white hand beckoning long.

"Fie on the witch !" cried a merry girl,
As they rounded the point where Goody
Cole

Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,
A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.

"Oho !" she muttered, "ye're brave
to-day !

But I hear the little waves laugh and
say,

'The broth will be cold that waits at home ;
 For it's one to go, but another to come !'"

"She's cursed," said the skipper ;
 "speak her fair :
 I'm scary always to see her shake
 Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,
 And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a snake."
 But merrily still, with laugh and shout
 From Hampton River the boat sailed out,
 Till the huts and the flakes on Star
 seemed nigh,
 And they lost the scent of the pines of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy
 tide,
 Drawing up haddock and mottled
 cod ;
 They saw not the Shadow that walked
 beside,
 They heard not the feet with silence
 shod.
 But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,
 Shot by the lightnings through and
 through ;
 And muffled growls, like the growl of a
 beast,
 Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the dark-
 ening sea
 Up to the dimmed and wading sun ;
 But he spake like a brave man cheerily,
 "Yet there is time for our homeward
 run."
 Veering and tacking, they backward
 wore ;
 And just as a breath from the woods
 ashore
 Blew out to whisper of danger past,
 The wrath of the storm came down at
 last !

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail ;
 "God be our help !" he only cried,
 As the roaring gale, like the stroke of a
 flail,
 Smote the boat on its starboard side.
 The Shoalsmen looked, but saw alone

Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise
 blown,
 Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's
 glare,
 The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door :
 The Isles of Shoals were drowned
 and gone,
 Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar
 Toss the foam from tusks of stone.
 She clasped her hands with a grip of
 pain,
 The tear on her cheek was not of rain :
 "They are lost," she muttered, "boat
 and crew !"
 Lord, forgive me ! my words were
 true !"

Suddenly seaward swept the squall ;
 The low sun smote through cloudy
 rack ;
 The Shoals stood clear in the light, and
 all
 The trend of the coast lay hard and
 black.
 But far and wide as eye could reach,
 No life was seen upon wave or beach ;
 The boat that went out at morning
 never
 Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,
 Look from the meadows green and
 low :

The wind of the sea is a waft of death,
 The waves are singing a song of woe !
 By silent river, by moaning sea,
 Long and vain shall thy watching be :
 Never again shall the sweet voice call,
 Never the white hand rise and fall !

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight
 Ye saw in the light of breaking day !
 Dead faces looking up cold and white
 From sand and sea-weed where they
 lay.

The mad old witch-wife wailed and
 wept,
 And cursed the tide as it backward
 crept :
 "Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-
 snake !
 Leave your dead for the hearts that
 break !"

Solemn it was in that old day
 In Hampton town and its log-built
 church,
 Where side by side the coffins lay
 And the mourners stood in aisle and
 porch.
 In the singing-seats young eyes were
 dim,
 The voices faltered that raised the
 hymn,
 And Father Dalton, grave and stern,
 Solved through his prayer and wept in
 turn.

But his ancient colleague did not pray,
 Because of his sin at fourscore years :
 He stood apart, with the iron-gray
 Of his strong brows knitted to hide
 his tears.
 And a wretched woman, holding her
 breath
 In the awful presence of sin and death,
 Cowered and shrank, while her neigh-
 bours thronged
 To look on the dead her shame had
 wronged.

Apart with them, like them forbid,
 Old Goody Cole looked drearily
 round,
 As, two by two, with their faces hid,
 The mourners walked to the burying-
 ground.
 She let the staff from her clasped hands
 fall :
 "Lord, forgive us ! we're sinners all !"
 And the voice of the old man answered
 her :
 "Amen !" said Father Bachiler.

So, as I sat upon Appledore
 In the calm of a closing summer day,
 And the broken lines of Hampton shore
 In purple mist of cloudland lay,
 The Rivermouth Rocks their story
 told ;
 And waves aglow with sunset gold,
 Rising and breaking in steady chime,
 Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed
 once more
 With a softer, tenderer after-glow ;
 In the east was moon-rise, with boats
 off-shore

And sails in the distance drifting
 slow.
 The beacon glimmered from Ports-
 mouth bar,
 The White Isle kindled its great red
 star ;
 And life and death in my old-time lay
 Mingled in peace like the night and
 day !

"Well !" said the Man of Books,
 "your story
 Is really not ill told in verse.
 As the Celt said of purgatory,
 One might go farther and fare
 worse."
 The Reader smiled ; and once again
 With steadier voice took up his
 strain,
 While the fair singer from the neigh-
 bouring tent
 Drew near, and at his side a graceful
 listener bent.

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

WHERE the Great Lake's sunny isles
 Dimple round its hundred isles,
 And the mountain's granite ledge
 Cleaves the water like a wedge,
 Ringed about with smooth, gray stones,
 Rest the giant's mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,
 Laughs and ripples Melvin stream ;
 Melvin water, mountain-born,
 All fair flowers its banks adorn ;
 All the woodland's voices meet,
 Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,
 Over waters island-strown,
 Over silver-sanded beach,
 Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,
 Melvin stream and burial-heap.
 Watch and ward the mountains keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills ?
 Forest-kaiser, lord o' the hills ?
 Knight who on the birchen tree
 Carved his savage heraldry ?
 Priest o' the pine-wood temples dim
 Prophet, sage, or wizard grim ?

Rugged type of primal man,
Grim utilitarian,
Loving woods for hunt and prowl,
Lake and hill for fish and fowl,
As the brown bear blind and dull
To the grand and beautiful :

Nor for him the lesson drawn
From the mountains smit with dawn.
Star-rise, moon-rise, flowers of May,
Sunset's purple bloom of day,—
Took his life no hue from thence,
Poor amid such affluence ?

Haply unto hill and tree
All too near akin was he :
Unto him who stands afar
Nature's marvels greatest are,
Who the mountain purple seeks
Must not climb the higher peaks.

Yet who knows in winter tramp,
Or the midnight of the camp,
What revealings faint and far,
Stealing down from moon and star,
Kindled in that human clod
Thought of destiny and God ?

Stateliest forest patriarch,
Grand in robes of skin and bark,
What sepulchral mysteries,
What weird funeral-rites, were his ?
What sharp wail, what drear lament,
Back scared wolf and eagle sent ?

Now, whate'er he may have been,
Low he lies as other men ;
On his mound the partridge drums,
There the noisy blue-jay comes ;
Rank nor name nor pomp has he
In the grave's democracy.

Part thy blue-lips, Northern lake !
Moss-grown rocks, your silence break !
Tell the tale, thou ancient tree !
Thou too, slide-worn Ossipee !
Speak, and tell us how and when
Lived and died this king of men !

Wordless moans the ancient pine ;
Lake and mountain give no sign ;
Vain to trace this ring of stones ;
Vain the search of crumbling bones :
Deepest of all mysteries,
And the saddest, silence is.

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay
Mingles slowly day by day ;
But somewhere, for good or ill,
That dark soul is living still ;
Somewhere yet that atom's force
Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial sod
Harebells bloom, and golden-rod,
While the soul's dark horoscope
Holds no starry sign of hope !
Is the Unseen with sight at odds ?
Nature's pity more than God's ?

Thus I mused by Melvin's side,
While the summer eventide
Made the woods and inland sea
And the mountains mystery ;
And the hush of earth and air
Seemed the pause before a prayer, —

Prayer for him, for all who rest,
Mother Earth, upon thy breast,—
Lapped on Christian turf, or hid
In rock-cave or pyramid :
All who sleep, as all who live,
Well may need the prayer, "Forgive!"

Desert-smothered caravan,
Knee-deep dust that once was man,
Battle-trenches hastily piled,
Ocean-floors with white bones tiled,
Crowded tomb and mounded sod,
Dumbly crave that prayer to God.

O the generations old
Over whom no church-bells tolled,
Christless, lifting up blind eyes
To the silence of the skies !
For the innumerable dead
Is my soul disquieted.

Where be now these silent hosts ?
Where the camping-ground of ghosts ?
Where the spectral conscripts led
To the white tents of the dead ?
What strange shore or chartless sea
Holds the awful mystery ?

Then the warm sky stooped to make
Double sunset in the lake ;
While above I saw with it,
Range on range, the mountains lit ;
And the calm and splendour stole
Like an answer to my soul.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,
 What to thee the mountain saith,
 What is whispered by the trees?—
 "Cast on God thy care for these;
 Trust him, if thy sight be dim;
 Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

"Blind must be their close-shut eyes
 Where like night the sunshine lies,
 Fiery-linked the self-forged chain
 Binding ever sin to pain,
 Strong their prison-house of will,
 But without He waiteth still.

"Not with hatred's undertow
 Doth the Love Eternal flow;
 Every chain that spirits wear
 Crumbles in the breath of prayer
 And the penitent's desire
 Opens every gate of fire.

"Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,
 Yearns to reach these souls in prison!
 Through all depths of sin and loss
 Drops the plummet of Thy cross!
 Never yet abyss was found
 Deeper than that cross could sound!"

Therefore well may Nature keep
 Equal faith with all who sleep,
 Set her watch of hills around
 Christian grave and heathen mound,
 And to cairn and kirkyard send
 Summer's flowery dividend.

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,
 Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam:
 On the Indian's grassy tomb
 Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom!
 Deep below, as high above,
 Sweeps the circle of God's love.

He paused and questioned with his
 eye

The hearer's verdict on his song,
 A low voice asked: "Is't well to pry
 Into the secrets which belong
 Only to God?—The life to be
 Is still the unguessed mystery:
 Unscaled, unpierced the cloudy walls
 remain,

We beat with dream and wish the
 soundless doors in vain.

"But faith beyond our sight may go."
 He said: "The gracious Fatherhood

Can only know above, below,
 Eternal purposes of good.
 From our free heritage of will,
 The bitter springs of pain and ill
 Flow only in all worlds. The perfect
 day
 Of God is shadowless, and love is love
 alway."

"I know," she said, "the letter kills;
 That on our arid fields of strife
 And heat of clashing texts distils
 The dew of spirit and of life.
 But, searching still the written Word,
 I fain would find, Thus saith the Lord,
 A voucher for the hope I also feel
 That sin can give no wound beyond
 love's power to heal."

"Pray," said the Man of Books, "give
 o'er
 A theme too vast for time and place.
 Go on, Sir Poet, ride once more
 Your hobby at his old free pace.
 But let him keep, with step discreet,
 The solid earth beneath his feet.
 In the great mystery which around us
 lies,
 The wisest is a fool, the fool Heaven-
 helped is wise."

The Traveller said: "If songs have
 creeds,
 Their choice of them let singers
 make;
 But Art no other sanction needs
 Than beauty for its own fair sake.
 It grinds not in the mill of use,
 Nor asks for leave, nor begs excuse;
 It makes the flexile laws it deigns to
 own,
 And gives its atmosphere its colour and
 its tone.

"Confess, old friend, your austere
 school
 Has left your fancy little chance;
 You square to reason's rigid rule
 The flowing outlines of romance.
 With conscience keen from exercise,
 And chronic fear of compromise,
 You check the free play of your rhymes,
 to clap
 A moral underneath, and spring it like
 a trap."

The sweet voice answered: "Better so
Than bolder flights that know no
check;
Better to use the bit, than throw
The reins all loose on fancy's neck.
The liberal range of Art should be
The breadth of Christian liberty,
Restrained alone by challenge and alarm
Where its charmed footsteps tread the
border land of harm.

"Beyond the poet's sweet dream lives
The eternal epic of the man.
He wisest is who only gives,
True to himself, the best he can;
Who, drifting in the winds of praise,
The inward monitor obeys;
And, with the boldness that confesses
fear,
Takes in the crowded sail, and lets his
conscience steer.

"Thanks for the fitting word he speaks,
Nor less for doubtful word unspo-
ken;
For the false model that he breaks,
As for the moulded grace unbro-
ken;
For what is missed and what remains,
For losses which are truest gains,
For reverence conscious of the Eternal
eye,
And truth too fair to need the garnish
of a lie."

Laughing, the Critic bowed. "I
yield
The point without another word;
Who ever yet a case appealed
Where beauty's judgment had been
heard?
And you, my good friend, owe to me
Your warmest thanks for such a plea,
As true withal as sweet. For my offence
Of cavil, let her words be ample recom-
pense."

Across the sea one light-house star,
With crimson ray that came and
went,
Revolving on its tower afar,
Looked through the doorway of the
tent.

While outward, over sand-slopes wet,
The lamp flashed down its yellow jet

On the long wash of waves, with red
and green
Tangles of weltering weed through the
white foam-wreaths seen.

"Sing while we may,—another day
May bring enough of sorrow';—
thus

Our Traveller in his own sweet lay,
His Crimean camp-song, hints to
us,"

The lady said. "So let it be;
Sing us a song," exclaimed all three.
She smiled: "I can but marvel at your
choice

To hear our poet's words through my
poor borrowed voice."

Her window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there at dawn and set of day
In prayer she kneels:
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "to many a
home
From wind and wave the wanderers
come:
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships, with crowded sails,
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,
Before me glide;
They come, they go, but nevermore,
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,
I see his swift-winged Isidore
The waves divide.

"O Thou! with whom the night is day
And one the near and far away,
Look out on yon gray waste, and say
Where lingers he.
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach
Of man, he hears the mocking speech
Of wind and sea.

"O dread and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel
And tell your tale.
Let winds that tossed his raven hair
A message from my lost one bear,—
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer
or dying wail!

"Come with your dreariest truth shut out
The fears that haunt me round about ;
O God ! I cannot bear this doubt
That stifles breath.
The worst is better than the dread ;
Give me but leave to mourn my dead
Asleep in trust and hope, instead
Of life in death !"

It might have been the evening breeze
That whispered in the garden trees,
It might have been the sound of seas
That rose and fell ;
But, with her heart, if not her ear,
The old loved voice she seemed to hear :
"I wait to meet thee : be of cheer
For all is well !"

The sweet voice into silence went,
A silence which was almost pain
As through it rolled the long lament,
The cadence of the mournful main.
Glancing his written pages o'er,
The Reader tried his part once more ;
Leaving the land of hackmatack and
pine
For Tuscan valleys glad with olive and
with vine.

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 shuttleshifted
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 fever-
ish 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 re-
ward,
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 the perfect bliss. Thou
shalt sit down

Clad in white robes, and wear a golden
crown

For ever and for ever."—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 com-
 plaints
 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:
 "Never fear!
 For heaven is love — 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!
 The Traveller broke the pause. "I've
 seen
 The Brothers down the long street
 steal,
 Black, silent, masked, the crowd be-
 tween,
 And felt to doff my hat and kneel
 With heart, if not with knee, in prayer,
 For blessings on their pious care."
 The Reader wiped his glasses.
 "Friends of mine,
 We'll try our home-brewed next, in
 stead of foreign wine."

THE CHANGELING.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
 They needed not to search,
 Who saw young Anna Favour
 Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,
 At set of harvest-day,
 The frolic of the blackbirds,
 The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
 The saddest two-years bride,
 She scowls in the face of her husband,
 And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the red coals, goodman,—
 For there the child shall lie,
 Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
 And both up chimney fly.

"It's never my own little daughter,
 It's never my own," she said;
 "The witches have stolen my Anna,
 And left me an imp instead.

"O, fair and sweet was my baby,
 Blue eyes, and hair of gold;
 But this is ugly and wrinkled,
 Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers,
 I hate the feel of her skin;
 It's not the milk from my bosom,
 But my blood that she sucks in,

"My face grows sharp with the torment;
Look! my arms are skin and bone!—
Rake open the red coals, goodman,
And the witch shall have her own.

"She'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild:
Let the holy love of the mother
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison-door,
And thine shall be all the glory
And praise for evermore."

Then into the face of its mother
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin,
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

O, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and
smiled,

But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God!" he murmured.
"Blessed be God!" she said;
"For I see, who once was blinded,—
I live, who once was dead.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman,
As thou lovest thy own soul!
Woe's me, if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he,—
Now through the great black wood-
land,
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newbury town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice
(Upon whose soul be peace!)
Set his name to the jailer's warrant
For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail;
And Goody Cole at cockcrow
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

— — —
"Here is a rhyme:—I hardly dare
To venture on its theme worn out;
What seems so sweet by Doon and
Ayr
Sounds simply silly hereabout;
And pipes by lips Arcadian blown
Are only tin horns at our own.
Yet still the muse of pastoral walks
with us,
While Hosea Biglow sings, our new
Theocritus."

THE MAIDS OF ATTITASH.

IN sky and wave the white clouds swam,
And the blue hills of Nottingham
Through gaps of leafy green
Across the lake were seen,—

When, in the shadow of the ash
That dreams its dream in Attitash,
In the warm summer weather,
Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood
The gleam and shade of lake and
wood,—

The beach the keen light smote,
The white sail of a boat,—

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,
In sweetness, not in music, dying,—
Hardhack, and virgin's-bower,
And white-spiked clethra-flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash
And breezy wash of Attitash,
The wood-bird's plaintive cry,
The locust's sharp reply.

And teased the while, with playful hand,
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,
Whose uncouth frolic spilled
Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes
Was evermore a great surprise,
Tossed back her queenly head,
And, lightly laughing, said,—

“No bridegroom's hand be mine to
hold
That is not lined with yellow gold ;
I tread no cottage-floor ;
I own no lover poor.

“My love must come on silken wings,
With bridal lights of diamond rings,—
Not foul with kitchen smirch,
With tallow-dip for torch.”

The other, on whose modest head
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,
With look for home-hearths meet,
And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered,—“ We will not rivals be ;
Take thou the gold, leave love to me ;

Mine be the cottage small,
And thine the rich man's hall.

“ I know, indeed, that wealth is good :
But lowly roof and simple food,
With love that hath no doubt,
Are more than gold without.”

Hard by a farmer hale and young
His cradle in the rye-field swung,
Tracking the yellow plain
With windrows of ripe grain.

And still, when'er he paused to whet
His scythe, the sidelong glance he met
Of large dark eyes, where strove
False pride and secret love.

Be strong, young mower of the grain ;
That love shall overmatch disdain,
Its instincts soon or late
The heart shall vindicate.

In blouse of gray, with fishing-rod,
Half screened by leaves, a stranger trod
The margin of the pond,
Watching the group beyond.

The supreme hours unnoted come ;
Unfelt the turning tides of doom ;
And so the maids laughed on,
Nor dreamed what Fate had done —

Nor knew the step was Destiny's
That rustled in the birchen trees,
As, with their lives forecast,
Fisher and mower passed.

Erelong by lake and rivulet side
The summer roses paled and died
And Autumn's fingers shed
The maple's leaves of red.

Through the long gold-hazed afternoon,
Alone, but for the diving loon,
The partridge in the brake,
The black duck on the lake,

Beneath the shadow of the ash
Sat man and maid by Attitash ;
And earth and air made room
For human hearts to bloom.

Soft spread the carpets of the sod,
And scarlet-oak and golden-rod
With blushes and with smiles
Lit up the forest aisles.

The mellow light the lake aslant,
The pebbled margin's ripple-chart
Attenuated and low-toned,
The tender mystery owned.

And through the dream the lovers
dreamed
Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights
streamed ;
The sunshine seemed to bless,
The air was a caress.

Not she who lightly laughed is there,
With scornful toss of midnight hair,
Her dark, disdainful eyes,
And proud lip worldly-wise.

Her haughty vow is still unsaid,
But all she dreamed and coveted
Wears, half to her surprise,
The youthful farmer's guise !

With more than all her old-time pride
She walks the rye-field at his side,
Careless of cot or hall,
Since love transfigures all.

Rich beyond dreams, the vantage-
ground
Of life is gained ; her hands have found
The talisman of old
That changes all to gold.

While she who could for love dispense
With all its glittering accidents,
And trust her heart alone,
Finds love and gold her own.

What wealth can buy or art can build
Awaits her ; but her cup is filled
Even now unto the brim ;
Her world is love and him !

The while he heard, the Book-man
drew
A length of make-believing face,
With smothered mischief laughing
through :
" Why, you shall sit in Ramsay's
place,
And, with his Gentle Shepherd, keep
On Yankee hills immortal sheep,
While love-lorn swains and maids the
seas beyond
Hold dreamy tryst around your huck-
leberry-pond,"

The Traveller laughed ; " Sir Gala-
had
Singing of love the Trouvere's lay !
How should he know the blindfold lad
From one of Vulcan's forge-boys ?"
—" Nay,

He better sees who stands outside
Than they who in procession ride,"
The Reader answered : " Selectmen
and squire
Miss, while they make, the show that
wayside folks admire.

" Here is a wild tale of the North,
Our travelled friend will own as one
Fit for a Norland Christmas hearth
And lips of Christian Andersen.
They tell it in the valleys green
Of the fair island he has seen,
Low lying off the pleasant Swedish
shore,
Washed by the Baltic Sea, and watched
by Elsinore."

KALLUNDBORG CHURCH.

" Tie stille, barn min !
Imorgen kommer Fin,
Fa'er din,
Og gi'er dig Esbern Snares öine og hjerte at
lege med !"
Zealand Rhyne.

" BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea
A church as stately as church may be,
And there shalt thou wed my daughter
fair,"
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern
Snare.

And the baron laughed. But Esbern
said,
" Though I lose my soul, I will Helva
wed !"
And off he strode, in his pride of will,
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

" Build, O Troll, a church for me
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea ;
Build it stately, and build it fair,
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, " No work is
wrought
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for
naught.

What wilt thou give for thy church so fair ?
 "Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare.
 "When Kallundborg church is builded well,
 Thou must the name of its builder tell,
 Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon."
 "Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."
 By night and by day the Troll wrought on ;
 He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone ;
 But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
 Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.
 He listened by night, he watched by day,
 He sought and thought, but he dared not pray ;
 In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,
 And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.
 Of his evil bargain far and wide
 A rumour ran through the country-side ;
 And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,
 Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.
 And now the church was well-nigh done ;
 One pillar it lacked, and one alone ;
 And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool thou art !
 To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart !"
 By Kallundborg in black despair,
 Through wood and meadow, walked
 Esbern Snare,
 Till, worn and weary, the strong man
 sank
 Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.
 At his last day's work he heard the Troll
 Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole ;
 Before him the church stood large and fair :
 "I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.
 And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,
 When he heard a light step at his side ;
 "O Esbern Snare !" a sweet voice said,
 "Would I might die now in thy stead !"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,
 He held her fast, and he held her long ;
 With the beating heart of a bird afeard,
 She hid her face in his flame-red beard.
 "O love !" he cried, let me look to-day
 In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away ;
 Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart
 Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart !
 "I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee !
 Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me !"
 But fast as she prayed, and faster still,
 Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.
 He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart
 Was somehow baffling his evil art ;
 For more than spell of Elf or Troll
 Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.
 And Esbern listened, and caught the sound
 Of a Troll-wife singing underground :
 "To-morrow comes Fine, father thine :
 Lie still and hush thee, baby mine !
 "Lie still, my darling ! next sunrise
 Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's
 heart and eyes !"
 "Ho ! ho !" quoth Esbern, "is that
 your game ?
 Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his
 name !"
 The Troll he heard him, and hurried on
 To Kallundborg church with the lack-
 ing stone.
 "Too late, Gaffer Fine !" cried Esbern
 Snare ;
 And Troll and pillar vanished in air !
 That night the harvesters heard the
 sound
 Of a woman sobbing underground,
 And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud
 with blame
 Of the careless singer who told his
 name.
 Of the Troll of the Church they sing
 the rune
 By the Northern Sea in the harvest
 moon ;

And the fishers of Zealand hear him
still
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg
church,

Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern
Snare!

“What,” asked the Traveller, “would
our sires,

The old Norse story-tellers, say
Of sun-graved pictures, ocean wires,
And smoking steam-boats of to-day?
And this, O lady, by your leave,
Recalls your song of yester eve :
Pray, let us have that Cable-hymn once
more.”

“Hear, hear!” the Book-man cried,
the lady has the floor.

“These noisy waves below perhaps
To such a strain will lend their ear,
With softer voice and lighter lapse
Come stealing up the sands to hear,
And what they once refused to do
For old King Knut accord to you.
Nay, even the fishes shall your listeners
be,
As once, the legend runs, they heard
St. Anthony.”

O lonely bay of Trinity,
O dreary shores, give ear!
Lean down unto the white-lipped sea
The voice of God to hear!

From world to world his couriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of His stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
“The world’s long strife is done;
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
Its continents are one.

“And one in heart, as one in blood,
Shall all her peoples be;
The hands of human brotherhood
Are clasped beneath the sea.

“Through Orient seas, o’er Afric’s
plain

And Asian mountains borne,
The vigour of the Northern brain
Shall nerve the world outworn.

“From clime to clime, from shore to
shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead.”

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder!
beat

From answering beach to beach;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glide tamed and dumb below!
Bear gently, Ocean’s carrier-dove,
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of earth’s accord,
The funeral shroud of war!

For lo! the fall of Ocean’s wall
Space mocked and time outrun;
And round the world the thought of a
Is as the thought of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
As on the sea of Galilee
The Christ is whispering, Peace!

“Glad prophecy! to this at last.”
The Reader said, “shall all things
come.

Forgotten be the bangle’s blast,
And battle-music of the drum.
A little while the world may run
Its old mad war, with needle-gun
And iron-clad, but woe, at last, shall
reign:

The cradle-song of Christ was never
sung in vain!”

Shifting his scattered papers, “Here,”

He said, as died the faint applause,
“Is something that I found last year
Down on the island known as Orr’s.
I had it from a fair-haired girl
Who, oddly, bore the name of Pearl,

(As if by some droll freak of circumstance,
Classic, or wellnigh so, in Harriet
Stowe's romance.)

THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL.

WHAT flecks the outer gray beyond
The sundown's golden trail?
The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,
Or gleam of slanting sail?
Let young eyes watch from Neck and Point,
And sea-worn elders pray,—
The ghost of what was once a ship
Is sailing up the bay!

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,
From peril and from pain,
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,
O hundred-harbour'd Maine!
But many a keel shall seaward turn,
And many a sail outstand,
When, tall and white, the Dead Ship
looms
Against the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland's bristling
pines;
She threads the isle-set bay;
No spur of breeze can speed her on,
Nor ebb of tide delay.
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr
Who tell her date and name,
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards
Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wonder and a sign?
No foot is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand;
No ripple hath the soundless wind
That smites thee from the land!

For never comes the ship to port,
Howe'er the breeze may be;
Just when she nears the waiting shore
She drifts again to sea.
No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,
Nor sheer of veering side;
Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,
Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the star
Of evening guides her in;
In vain for her the lamps are lit
Within thy tower, Seguin!
In vain the harbour-boat shall hail,
In vain the pilot call;
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,
Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,
Your grey-head hints of ill;
And, over sick-beds whispering low,
Your prophecies fulfil.
Some home amid yon birchen trees
Shall drape its door with woe;
And sadly where the Dead Ship sails,
The funeral boat shall row!

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point,
From island and from main,
From sheltered cove and tided creek,
Shall glide the funeral train.
The dead-boat with the bearers four,
The mourners at her stern,—
And one shall go the silent way
Who shall no more return!

And men shall sigh, and women weep,
Whose dear ones pale and pine,
And sadly over sunset seas
Await the ghostly sign.
They know not that its sails are filled—
By pity's tender breath,
Nor see the Angel at the helm
Who steers the Ship of Death!

"Chill as a down-east breeze should
be,"

The Book-man said. "A ghostly
touch

The legend has. I'm glad to see
Your flying Yankee beat the Dutch."
"Well, here is something of the sort
Which one midsummer day I caught
In Narragansett Bay, for lack of fish."
"We wait," the Traveller said; "serve
hot or cold your dish."

THE PALATINE.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and
auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
Leagues south, thy beacon flames,
Montauk!

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
With never a tree for Spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
The coast lights up on its turret old,
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat !

But in summer time, when pool and
pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond ;

When the hills are sweet with the
brier-rose,
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose
Flowers the main-land rarely knows ;

When boats to their morning fishing go,
And, held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening the small
sails show,—

Then is that lonely island fair ;
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more
white !

There, circling ever their narrow range,
Quaint tradition and legend strange
Live on unchallenged, and know no
change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow,
Or rocking weirdly to and fro
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,
Talk together of dream and sign,
Talk of the lost ship Palatine,—

The ship that, a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash when she drove
right on !

Into the teeth of death she sped :
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false lights over the rocky Head !)

O men and brothers ! what sights were
there !

White up-turned faces, hands stretched
in prayer !

Where waves had pity, could ye not
spare ?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds
of prey

Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and
shine

Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward
sped,

"The sea and the rocks are dumb,"
they said :

"There'll be no reckoning with the
dead."

But the year went round, and when
once more

Along their foam-white curves of shore
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold ! again, with shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the Palatine !

So, haply in fitter words than these,
Mending their nets on their patient
knees

They tell the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray ;
"It is known to us all," they quietly
say ;

"We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word
once spoken ?

Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken ?

Do the elements subtle reflections give?
Do pictures of all the ages live
On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,
She shows at times, with shudder or
 laugh,
Phantom and shadow in photograph?

For still, on many a moonless night,
From Kingston Head and from Mon-
 tauk light
The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though
 skies be fine,
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine!

“A fitter tale to scream than sing,”
The Book-man said. “Well, fan-
 cy, then,”

The Reader answered, “on the wing
The sea-birds shriek it, not for
 men,

But in the ear of wave and breeze!”
The Traveller mused: “Your Mani-
 sees

Is fairy-land: off Narragansett shore
Who ever saw the isle or heard its
 name before?

“’Tis some strange land of Fly-away,
Whose dreamy shore the ship be-
 guiles,

St. Brandan's in its sea-mist gray,
Or sunset loom of Fortunate Isles!”

“No ghost, but solid turf and rock
Is the good island known as Block,”

The Reader said. “For beauty and
 for ease
I chose its Indian name, soft-flowing
 Manisees!

“But let it pass; here is a bit
Of unrhymed story, with a hint
Of the old preaching mood in it,

The sort of sidelong moral squint
Our friend objects to, which has
 grown,

I fear, a habit of my own.

’Twas written when the Asian plague
 drew near,
And the land held its breath and paled
 with sudden fear.”

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the
 people sent

Their wisest men to make the public
 laws.

And so, from a brown homestead, where
 the Sound

Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippo-
 wains,

And hallowed by pure lives and tran-
 quil deaths,

Stamford sent up to the councils of the
 State

Wisdom and grace in Abraham Daven-
 port.

’Twas on a May-day of the far old
 year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there
 fell

Over the bloom and sweet life of the
 Spring,

Over the fresh earth and the heaven of
 noon,

A horror of great darkness, like the
 night

In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-
 hung sky

Was black with ominous clouds, save
 where its rim

Was fringed with a dull glow, like that
 which climbs

The crater's sides from the red hell
 below.

Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-
 yard fowls

Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats
 on leathern wings

Flitted abroad; the sounds of labour
 died;

Men prayed, and women wept; all
 ears grew sharp

To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet
 shatter

The black sky, that the dreadful face
 of Christ
 Might look from the rent clouds, not
 as he looked
 A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
 As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State-House,
 dim as ghosts,
 Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
 Trembling beneath their legislative
 robes.

"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us
 adjourn,"
 Some said; and then, as if with one
 accord,
 All eyes were turned to Abraham Dav-
 enport.

He rose, slow cleaving with his steady
 voice
 The intolerable hush. "This well may
 be
 The Day of Judgment which the world
 awaits;
 But be it so or not, I only know
 My present duty, and my Lord's com-
 mand
 To occupy till he come. So at the
 post
 Where he hath set me in his provi-
 dence,
 I choose, for one, to meet him face to
 face,—
 No faithless servant frightened from
 my task,
 But ready when the Lord of the harvest
 calls;
 And therefore, with all reverence, I
 would say,
 Let God do his work, we will see to
 ours.
 Bring in the candles." And they
 brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker
 read,
 Albeit with husky voice and shaking
 hands,
 An act to amend an act to regulate
 The shad and alewife fisheries. Where-
 upon
 Wisely and well spake Abraham Da-
 venport,
 Straight to the question, with no figures
 of speech

Save the ten Arab signs, yet not with-
 out
 The shrewd dry humour natural to the
 man :
 His awe-struck colleagues listening all
 the while,
 Between the pauses of his argument,
 To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
 Break from the hollow trumpet of the
 cloud.

And there he stands in memory to
 this day,
 Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half
 seen
 Against the background of unnatural
 dark,
 A witness to the ages as they pass,
 That simple duty hath no place for fear.

He ceased; just then the ocean
 seemed
 To lift a half-faced moon in sight;
 And, shoreward, o'er the waters
 gleamed,
 From crest to crest, a line of light,
 Such as of old, with solemn awe,
 The fishers by Gennesaret saw,
 When dry-shod o'er it walked the Son
 of God,
 Tracking the waves with light where'er
 his sandals trod.

Silently for a space each eye
 Upon that sudden glory turned :
 Cool from the land the breeze blew
 by,
 The tent-ropes flapped, the long
 beach churned
 Its waves to foam; on either hand
 Stretched, far as sight, the hills of
 sand ;
 With bays of marsh, and capes of bush
 and tree,
 The wood's black shore-line loomed
 beyond the meadowy sea.

The lady rose to leave. "One
 song,
 Or hymn," they urged, "before we
 part."
 And she, with lips to which belong
 Sweet intuitions of all art,
 Gave to the winds of night a strain
 Which they who heard would hear
 again .

And to her voice the solemn ocean lent,
Touching its harp of sand, a deep accompaniment.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures
forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are
loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,—
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches
crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

The singer ceased. The moon's white
rays

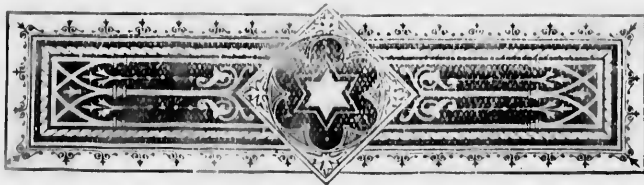
Fell on the rapt, still face of her.
"Allah il Allah!" He hath praise
From all things," said the Traveller.
"Oft from the desert's silent nights,
And mountain hymns of sunset lights,
My heart has felt rebuke, as in his tent
The Moslem's prayer has shamed my
Christian knee unbent."

He paused, and lo! far, faint, and
slow

The bells in Newbury's steeple stoll
The twelve dead hours; the lamp
burned low;

The singer sought her canvas fold.
One sadly said, "At break of day
We strike our tent and go our way."
But one made answer cheerily, "Never
fear,
We'll pitch this tent of ours in type
another year."





THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS.

The beginning of German emigration to America may be traced to the personal influence of William Penn, who in 1777 visited the Continent, and made the acquaintance of an intelligent and highly cultivated circle of Pietists, or Mystics, who, reviving in the seventeenth century the spiritual faith and worship of Tauler and the "Friends of God" in the fourteenth, gathered about the pastor Spener, and the young and beautiful Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau. In this circle originated the Frankfort Land Company, which bought of William Penn, the Governor of Pennsylvania, a tract of land near the new city of Philadelphia.

The company's agent in the New World was a rising young lawyer, Francis Daniel Pastorius, son of Judge Pastorius, of Windsheim, who, at the age of seventeen, entered the University of Altorf. He studied law at Strasburg, Basle, and Jena, and at Ratisbon, the seat of the Imperial Government, obtained a practical knowledge of international polity. Successful in all his examinations and disputations, he received the degree of Doctor of Laws at Nuremberg in 1676. In 1679 he was a law-lecturer at Frankfort, where he became deeply interested in the teachings of Dr. Spener. In 1680-81 he travelled in France, England, Ireland, and Italy with his friend Herr Von Rodeck. "I was," he says, "glad to enjoy again the company of my Christian friends, rather than be with Von Rodeck feasting and dancing." In 1683, in company with a small number of German Friends, he emigrated to America, settling upon the Frankfort Company's tract between the Schuylkill and the Delaware Rivers. The township was divided into four hamlets, namely, Germantown, Krisheim, Creffield, and Sommerhausen. Soon after his arrival he united himself with the Society of Friends, and became one of its most able and devoted members, as well as the recognised head and lawyer of the settlement. He married, two years after his arrival, Anneke (Anna), daughter of Dr. Klosterman, of Muhlheim.

In the year 1683 he drew up a memorial against slaveholding, which was adopted by

the Germantown Friends and sent up to the Monthly Meeting, and thence to the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. It is noteworthy as the first protest made by a religious body against Negro Slavery. The original document was discovered in 1844 by the Philadelphia antiquarian, Nathan Kite, and published in "The Friend" (Vol. XVIII. No. 26). It is a bold and direct appeal to the best instincts of the heart. "Have not," he asks, "these negroes as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?"

Under the wise direction of Pastorius, the Germantown settlement grew and prospered. The inhabitants planted orchards and vineyards, and surrounded themselves with souvenirs of their old home. A large number of them were linen-weavers, as well as small farmers. The Quakers were the principal sect, but men of all religions were tolerated, and lived together in harmony. In 1692 Richard Frame published, in what he called verse, a "Description of Pennsylvania," in which he alludes to the settlement:—

"The German town of which I spoke before,
Which is at least in length one mile or more,
Where lives High German people and Low
Dutch,
Whose trade in weaving linen cloth is much,
There grows the flax, as also you may know
That from the same they do divide the tow.
Their trade suits well their habitation,—
We find convenience for their occupation."

Pastorius seems to have been on intimate terms with William Penn, Thomas Lloyd, Chief Justice Logan, Thomas Story, and other leading men in the Province belonging to his own religious society, as also with Kelpius, the learned Mystic of the Wissahickon, with the pastor of the Swedes' church, and the leaders of the Mennonites. He wrote a description of Pennsylvania, which was published at Frankfort and Leipsic in 1700 and 1701. His "Lives of the Saints," &c., written in German and dedicated to Prof. Schurmberg, his old teacher, was published in 1690. He left behind him many unpublished manuscripts covering a very wide range of subjects, most of which are now

lost. One huge manuscript folio, entitled "Hive Beestock, Mellotropheum Alucar, or Rusca Pium," still remains, containing one thousand pages with about one hundred lines to a page. It is a medley of knowledge and fancy, history, philosophy, and poetry, written in seven languages. A large portion of his poetry is devoted to the pleasures of gardening, the description of flowers, and the care of bees. The following specimen of his punning Latin is addressed to an orchard-pilferer:—

"Quisquis in hæc furtim reptas viridaria
nostra
Tangere fallaci poma caveto manu,
Si non obsequeris faxit Deus omne quod
opto,
Cum malis nostris ut mala cuncta feras."

Professor Oswald Seidensticker, to whose papers in *Der Deutsche Pioneer* and that able periodical the "Penn Monthly," of Philadelphia, I am indebted for many of the foregoing facts in regard to the German pilgrims of the New World, thus closes his notice of Pastorius:—

"No tombstone, not even a record of burial, indicates where his remains have found their last resting-place, and the pardonable desire to associate the homage due to this distinguished man with some visible memento cannot be gratified. There is no reason to suppose that he was interred in any other place than the Friends' old burying-ground in Germantown, though the fact is not attested by any definite source of information. After all, this obliteration of the last trace of his earthly existence is but typical of what has overtaken the times which he represents; that Germantown which he founded, which saw him live and move, is at present but a quaint idyl of the past, almost a myth, barely remembered and little cared for by the keener race that has succeeded."

The Pilgrims of Plymouth have not lacked historian and poet. Justice has been done to their faith, courage, and self-sacrifice, and to the mighty influence of their endeavours to establish righteousness on the earth. The Quaker pilgrims of Pennsylvania, seeking the same object by different means, have not been equally fortunate. The power of their testimony for truth and holiness, peace and freedom, enforced only by what Milton calls "the irresistible might of meekness," has been felt through two centuries in the amelioration of penal severities, the abolition of slavery, the reform of the erring, the relief of the poor and suffering,—felt, in brief, in every step of human progress. But of the men themselves, with the single exception of William Penn, scarcely anything is known. Contrasted, from the outset, with the stern, aggressive Puritans of New England, they have come to be regarded as "a feeble folk," with a personality as doubtful as their unrecorded graves. They were not soldiers, like Miles Standish; they had no figure so picturesque as Vane, no leader so rashly brave and haughty as Endicott. No Cotton Mather wrote their Magnalia; they had no awful drama of supernaturalism in which

Satan and his angels were actors; and the only witch mentioned in their simple annals was a poor old Swedish woman, who, on complaint of her countrywomen, was tried, and acquitted of everything but imbecility and folly. Nothing but commonplace offices of civility came to pass between them and the Indians; indeed, their enemies taunted them with the fact that the savages did not regard them as Christians, but just such men as themselves. Yet it must be apparent to every careful observer of the progress of American civilization that its two principal currents had their sources in the entirely opposite directions of the Puritan and Quaker colonies. To use the words of a late writer:*

"The historical forces, with which no others may be compared in their influence on the people, have been those of the Puritan and the Quaker. The strength of the one was in the confession of an invisible Presence, a righteous, eternal Will, which would establish righteousness on earth; and thence arose the conviction of a direct personal responsibility, which could be tempted by no external splendour and could be shaken by no internal agitation, and could not be evaded or transferred. The strength of the other was the witness in the human spirit to an Eternal Word, an Inner Voice which spoke to each alone, while yet it spoke to every man; a Light which each was to follow, and which yet was the light of the world; and all other voices were silent before this, and the solitary path whither it led was more sacred than the worn ways of cathedral aisles."

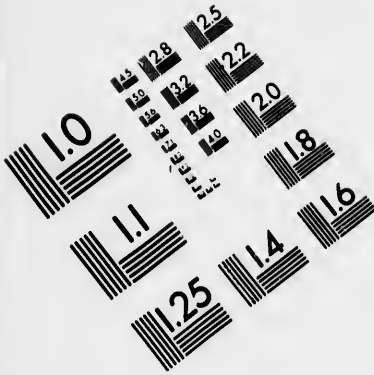
It will be sufficiently apparent to the reader that, in the poem which follows, I have attempted nothing beyond a study of the life and times of the Pennsylvania colonist,—a simple picture of a noteworthy man and his locality. The colours of my sketch are all very sober, toned down to the quiet and dreamy atmosphere through which its subject is visible. Whether, in the glare and tumult of the present time, such a picture will find favour may well be questioned. I only know that it has beguiled for me some hours of weariness, and that, whatever may be its measure of public appreciation, it has been to me its own reward.

AMESBURY, Fifth Month, 1872. J. G. W.

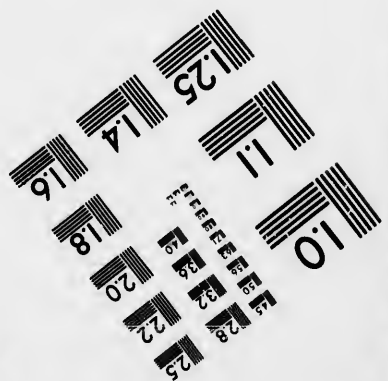
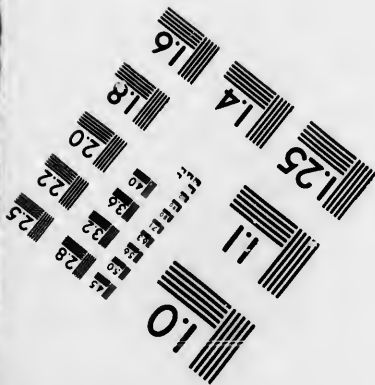
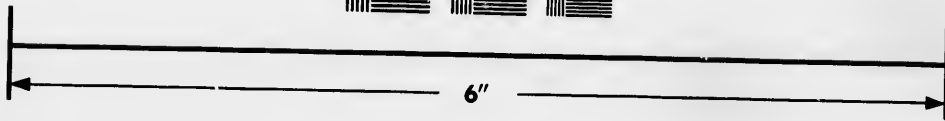
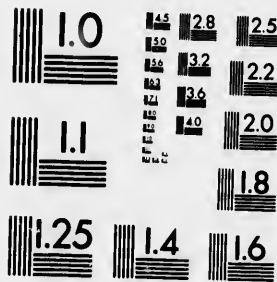
HAIL to posterity!
Hail, future men of Germanopolis!
Let the young generations yet to be
Look kindly upon this.
Think how your fathers left their native land,—
Dear German-land! O sacred hearths and
homes!—
And, where the wild beast roams,
In patience planned
New forest homes beyond the mighty sea,
There undisturbed and free
To live as brothers of one family.
What pains and cares befell,
What trials and what fears,
Remember, and wherein we have done well
Follow our footsteps, men of coming years!
Where we have failed to do
Aright, or wisely live,

* Mulford's Nation. pp. 267, 268.





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Be warned by us, the better way pursue,
 And, knowing we were human, even as you,
 Pity us and forgive!
 Farewell, Posterity!
 Farewell, dear Germany!
 Forevermore, farewell!

From the Latin of FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS in the Germantown Records. 1688.

PRELUDE.

I SING the Pilgrim of a softer clime
 And milder speech than those brave
 men's who brought
 To the ice and iron of our winter time
 A will as firm, a creed as stern, and
 wrought
 With one mailed hand and with the
 other fought.
 Simply, as fits my theme, in homely
 rhyme
 I sing the blue-eyed German Spener
 taught,
 Through whose veiled, mystic faith the
 Inward Light,
 Steady and still, an easy brightness
 shone,
 Transfiguring all things in its radiance
 white.
 The garland which his meekness never
 sought
 I bring him; over fields of harvest
 sown
 With seeds of blessing, now to ripe-
 ness grown,
 I bid the sower pass before the reapers'
 sight.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

NEVER in tenderer quiet lapsed the
 day
 From Pennsylvania's vales of spring
 away,
 Where, forest-walled, the scattered
 hamlets lay
 Along the wedded rivers. One long
 bar
 Of purple cloud, on which the evening
 star
 Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,
 Held the sky's golden gateway.
 Through the deep

Flush of the woods a murmur seemed to
 creep,
 The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of
 sleep.

All else was still. The oxen from their
 ploughs
 Rested at last, and from their long day's
 browse
 Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-
 bound cows.

And the young city, round whose virgin
 zone
 The rivers like two mighty arms were
 thrown,
 Marked by the smoke of evening fires
 alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then
 With its fair women and its stately
 men
 Gracing the forest court of William
 Penn,

Urban yet sylvan: in its rough-hewn
 frames
 Of oak and pine the dryads held their
 claims,
 And lent its streets their pleasant wood
 land names.

Anna Pastorius down the leafy lane
 Looked city-ward, then stooped to prun
 again
 Her vines and simples, with a sigh of
 pain.

For fast the streaks of ruddy sunset
 paled
 In the oak clearing, and, as daylight
 failed,
 Slow, overhead, the dusky night-birds
 sailed.

Again she looked: between green walls
 of shade,
 With low bent head as if with sorrow
 weighed,
 Daniel Pastorius slowly came and said,

"God's peace be with thee, Anna!"
 Then he stood
 Silent before her, wrestling with the
 mood
 Of one who sees the evil and not good.

"What is it, my Pastorius?" As she spoke,
A slow, faint smile across his features broke,
Sadder than tears. "Dear heart," he said, "our folk

"Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest Friends
Are frail; our elders have their selfish ends,
And few dare trust the Lord to make amends

"For duty's loss. So even our feeble word
For the dumb slaves the startled meeting heard
As if a stone its quiet waters stirred;

"And, as the clerk ceased reading, there began
A ripple of dissent which downward ran
In widening circles, as from man to man.

"Somewhat was said of running before sent,
Of tender fear that some their guide outwent,
Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

"On hearing, for behind the reverend row
Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous snow,
I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

"And, in the spirit, I was taken where
They toiled and suffered; I was made aware
Of shame and wrath and anguish and despair!

"And while the meeting smothered our poor plea
With cautious phrase, a Voice there seemed to be,
'As ye have done to these ye do to me!'

"So it all passed; and the old tithe went on
Of anise, mint, and cumin, till the sun set,
leaving still the weightier work undone.

"Help, for the good man faileth! Who is strong,
If these be weak? Who shall rebuke the wrong,
If these consent? How long, O Lord!
how long!"

He ceased; and, bound in spirit with the bound,
With folded arms, and eyes that sought the ground,
Walked musingly his little garden round.

About him, beaded with the falling Jew,
Rare plants of power and herbs of healing grew,
Such as Van Helmont and Agrippa knew.

For, by the lore of Gorlitz' gentle sage,
With the wild mystics of his dreamy age
He read the herbal signs of nature's page,

As once he heard in sweet Ven Mer-lau's⁵⁶ bowers
Fair as herself, in boyhood's happy hours,
The pious Spener read his creed in flowers.

"The dear Lord give us patience!" said his wife,
Touching with finger-tip an aloe, rife
With leaves sharp-pointed like an Aztec knife

O! Carib spear, a gift to William Penn
From the rare gardens of John Evelyn,
Brought from the Spanish Main by merchantmen.

"See this strange plant its steady purpose hold,
And, year by year, its patient leaves unfold,
Till the young eyes that watched it first are old.

"But some time, thou hast told me, there shall come
A sudden beauty, brightness, and perfume,
The century-moulded bud shall burst in bloom.

<p>"So may the seed which hath been sown to-day Grow with the years, and, after long delay, Break into bloom, and God's eternal Yea</p>	<p>Set the low walls a-glimmer, showed the cock Rebuking Peter on the Van Wyck clock, Shone on old tomes of law and physic, side</p>
<p>"Answer at last the patient prayers of them Who now, by faith alone, behold its stem Crowned with the flowers of Freedom's diadem.</p>	<p>By side with Fox and Behmen, played at hide And seek with Anna, midst her house- hold pride Of flaxen webs, and on the table, bare Of costly cloth or silver cup, but where Tasting the fat shads of the Delaware,</p>
<p>"Meanwhile, to feel and suffer, work and wait, Remains for us. The wrong indeed is great, But love and patience conquer soon or late."</p>	<p>The courtly Penn had praised the goodwife's cheer, And quoted Horace o'er her home- brewed beer, Till even grave Pastorius smiled to hear,</p>
<p>"Well hast thou said, my Anna!" Tenderer Than youth's caress upon the head of her Pastorius laid his hand. "Shall we demur</p>	<p>In such a home, beside the Schuylkill's wave, He dwelt in peace with God and man, and gave Food to the poor and shelter to the slave.</p>
<p>"Because the vision tarrieth? In an hour We dream not of the slow-grown bud may flower, And what was sown in weakness rise in power!"</p>	<p>For all too soon the New World's scan- dal shamed The righteous code Penn and Sid- ney framed, And men withheld the human rights they claimed.</p>
<p>Then through the vine-draped door whose legend read, "PROCVL ESTE PROPANI!" Anna led To where their child upon his little bed</p>	<p>And slowly wealth and station sanction lent, And hardened avarice, on its gains in- tent, Stified the inward whisper of dissent.</p>
<p>Looked up and smiled. "Dear heart," she said, "If we Must bearers of a heavy burden be, Our boy, God willing, yet the day shall see</p>	<p>Yet all the while the burden rested sore On tender hearts. At last Pastorius bore Their warning message to the Church's door</p>
<p>"When, from the gallery to the far- thest seat, Slave and slave-owner shall no longer meet, But all sit equal at the Master's feet."</p>	<p>In God's name; and the leaven of the word Wrought ever after in the souls who heard, And a dead conscience in its grave- clothes stirred</p>
<p>On the stone hearth the blazing walnut block</p>	<p>To troubled life, and urged the vain excuse</p>

Of Hebrew custom, patriarchal use, Good in itself if evil in abuse.	And held armed truce upon its neutral ground.
Gravely Pastorius listened, not the less Discerning through the decent fig-leaf dress	There Indian chiefs with battle-bows unstrung,
Of the poor plea its shame of selfish- ness.	Strong, hero-limbed, like those whom Homer sung,
One Scripture rule, at least, was un- forgot :	Pastorius fancied, when the world was young,
He hid the outcast, and bewrayed him not :	Came with their tawny women, lithe and tall,
And, when his prey the human hunter sought.	Like bronzes in his friend Von Rodeck's hall,
He scrupled not, while Anna's wise delay	Comely, if black, and not unpleasing all.
And proffered cheer prolonged the master's stay,	There hungry folk in homespun drab and gray
To speed the black guest safely on his way.	Drew round his board on Monthly Meeting day,
Yet, who shall guess his bitter grief who lends	Genial, half merry in their friendly way.
His life to some great cause, and finds his friends	Or, haply, pilgrims from the Father- land,
Shame or betray it for their private ends?	Weak, timid, homesick, slow to under- stand
How felt the Master when his chosen stroke	The New World's promise, sought his helping hand.
In childish folly for their seats above : And that fond mother, blinded by her love,	Or painful Kelpius ⁵⁷ from his hermit den
Besought him that her sons, beside his throne,	By Wissahickon, maddest of good men, Dreamed o'er the Chiliast dreams of -Petersen.
Might sit on either hand ? Amidst his own	Deep in the woods where the small river slid
A stranger oft, companionless and lone	Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt Mystic hid,
God's priest and prophet stands. The martyr's pain	Weird as a wizard over arts forbid,
Is not alone from scourge and cell and chain ;	Reading the books of Daniel and of John,
Sharper the pang when, shouting in his train,	And Behmen's Morning-Redness, through the Stone
His weak disciples by their lives deny The loud hosannas of their daily cry, And make their echo of his truth a lie.	Of Wisdom, vouchsafed to his eyes alone,
His forest home no hermit's cell he found,	Whereby he read what man ne'er read before,
Guests, motley-minded, drew his hearth around,	And saw the visions man shall see no more,
	Till the great angel, striding sea and shore,

- Shall bid all flesh await, on land or
ships,
The warning trump of the Apocalypse,
Shattering the heavens before the dread
eclipse.
- Or meek-eyed Mennonist his bearded
chin
Leaned o'er the gate; or Ranter, pure
within,
Aired his perfection in a world of sin,
- Or, talking of old home scenes, Op den
Graaf
Teased the low back-log with his shod-
den staff,
Till the red embers broke into a laugh
And dance of flame, as if they fain
would cheer
The rugged face, half tender, half
austere,
Touched with the pathos of a homesick
tear!
- Or Sluyter,^{ss} saintly familist, whose
word
As law the Brethren of the Manor
heard,
Announced the speedy terrors of the
Lord,
And turned, like Lot at Sodom, from
his race,
Above a wrecked world with compla-
cent face
Riding secure upon his plank of grace!
Haply, from Finland's birchen groves
exiled,
Manly in thought, in simple ways a
child,
His white hair floating round his visage
mild,
- The Swedish pastor sought the Quaker's
door,
Pleased from his neighbour's lips to
hear once more
His long-discussed and half-forgotten
lore.
- For both could baffle Babei's lingual
curse,
And speak in Bion's Doric, and re-
hearse
- Cleanthes' hymn or Virgil's sounding
verse.
- And oft Pastorius and the meek old
man
Argued as Quaker and as Lutheran,
Ending in Christian love, as they
began.
- With lettered Lloyd on pleasant morns
he strayed
Where Sommerhausen over vales of
shade
Looked miles away, by every flower
delayed,
Or song of bird, happy and free with
one
Who loved, like him, to let his memory
run
Over old fields of learning, and to sun
Himself in Plato's wise philosophies,
And dream with Philo over mysteries
Whereof the dreamer never finds the
keys;
- To touch all themes of thought, nor
weakly stop
For doubt of truth, but let the buckets
drop
Deep down and bring the hidden waters
up.⁵⁹
- For there was freedom in that wakening
time
Of tender souls; to differ was not
crime;
The varying bells made up the perfect
chime.
- On lips unlike was laid the altar's coal,
The white, clear light, tradition-
coloured, stole
Through the stained oriel of each human
soul.
- Gathered from many sects, the Quaker
brought
His old beliefs, adjusting to the thought
That moved his soul the creed his
fathers taught.
- One faith alone, so broad that all man-
kind

Within themselves its secret witness
 find,
The soul's communion with the Eternal
 Mind,
 The Spirit's law, the Inward Rule and
 Guide,
 Scholar and peasant, lord and serf,
 allied,
 The polished Penn and Cromwell's
 Ironside.
 As still in Hemskerck's Quaker Meet-
 ing⁶⁰ face
 By face in Flemish detail, we may trace
 How loose-mouthed boor and fine an-
 cestral grace
 Sat in close contrast,—the clipt-headed
 churl,
 Broad market-dame, and simple serving
 girl
 By skirt of silk and periwig in curl !
 For soul touched soul; the spiritual
 treasure-trove
 Made all men equal, none could rise
 above
 Nor sink below that level of God's love.
 So, with his rustic neighbours sitting
 down,
 The homespun frock beside the scholar's
 gown,
 Pastorius to the manners of the town
 Added the freedom of the woods, and
 sought
 The bookless wisdom by experience
 taught,
 And learned to love his new-found
 home, while not
 Forgetful of the old; the seasons went
 Their rounds, and somewhat to his spirit
 lent
 Of their own calm and measureless
 content.
 Glad even to tears, he heard the robin
 sing
 His song of welcome to the Western
 spring,
 And bluebird borrowing from the sky
 his wing.

And when the miracle of autumn came,
 And all the woods with many-coloured
 flame
 Of splendour, making summer's green-
 ness tame,
 Burned, unconsumed, a voice without
 a sound
 Spake to him from each kindled bush
 around,
 And made the strange, new landscape
 holy ground !
 And when the bitter north-wind, keen
 and swift,
 Swept the white street and piled the
 dooryard drift,
 He exercised, as Friends might say,
 his gift
 Of verse, Dutch, English, Latin, like
 the hash
 Of corn and beans in Indian succotash :
 Dull, doubtless, but with here and there
 a flash,
 Of wit and fine conceit,—the good
 man's play
 Of quiet fancies, meet to while away
 The slow hours measuring off an idle
 day.
 At evening, while his wife put on her
 look
 Of love's endurance, fro^{ts} niche he
 took
 The written pages of his po. .ous book,
 And read, in half the languages of
 man,
 His 'Rusca Apium,' which with bees
 began,
 And through the gamut of creation ran,
 Or, now and then, the missive of some
 friend
 In gray Altorf or storied Nürnberg
 penned
 Dropped in upon him like a guest to
 spend
 The night beneath his roof-tree. Mys-
 tical
 The fair Von Merlau spake as waters fall
 And voices sound in dreams, and yet
 withal

Human and sweet, as if each far, low tone, Over the roses of her gardens blown, Brought the warm sense of beauty all her own.	Where Paul and Grotius, Scripture text and saw, Assured the good, and held the rest in awe.
Wise Spener questioned what his friend could trace Of spiritual influx or of saving grace In the wild natures of the Indian race.	Whatever legal maze he wandered through, He kept the Sermon on the Mount in view, And justice always into mercy grew.
And learned Schurmberg, fain, at times, to look From Talmud, Koran, Veds, and Pen- tateuch, Sought out his pupil in his far-off nook,	No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor jail, Nor ducking-stool; the orchard-thief grew pale At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail.
To query with him of climatic change, Of bird, beast, reptile, in his forest range, Of flowers and fruits and simples new and strange.	The usurer's grasp released the forfeit land; The slanderer faltered at the witness- stand, And all men took his counsel for com- mand.
And thus the Old and New World reached their hands Across the water, and the friendly lands Talked with each other from their se- vered strands.	Was it caressing air, the brooding love Of tenderer skies than German land knew of, Green calm below, blue quietness above,
Pastorius answered all: while seed and root Sent from his new home grew to flower and fruit Along the Rhine and at the Spessart's foot;	Still flow of water, deep repose of wood, That, with a sense of loving Fatherhood And childlike trust in the Eternal Good, Softened all hearts, and dulled the edge of hate, Hushed strife, and taught impatient zeal to wait The slow assurance of the better state?
And, in return, the flowers his boy- hood knew Smiled at his door, the same in form and hue, And on his vines the Rhenish clusters grew.	Who knows what goadings in their sterner way O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray, Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay?
No idler he; whoever else might shirk, He set his hand to every honest work,— Farmer and teacher, court and meeting clerk.	What hate of heresy the east-wind woke? What hints of pitiless power and terror spoke In waves that on their iron coast-line broke?
Still on the town seal his device is found, Grapes, flax, and thread-spool on a trefoil ground, With "VINUM, LINUM ET TEXTRI- NUM" wound.	Be it as it may: within the Land of Penn The sectary yielded to the citizen,
One house sufficed for gospel and for law,	

And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.	And the first-fruits of pear and apple, bending
Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung	The young boughs down, their gold and russet blending,
The air to madness, and no steeple flung Alarums down from bells at midnight rung.	Made glad his heart, familiar odours lending
The land slept well. The Indian from his face	To the fresh fragrance of the birch and pine,
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the place	Life-everlasting, bay, and eglantine, And all the subtle scents the woods combine.
Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,	Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm,
Or wrought for wages at the white man's side,—	Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
Giving to kindness what his native pride	Came to him, like some mother-hal- lowed psalm
And lazy freedom to all else denied.	To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel Of labour, winding off from memory's reel
And well the curious scholar loved the old	A golden thread of music. With no peal
Traditions that his swarthy neighbours told	Of bells to call them to the house of praise,
By wigwam-fires when nights were growing cold,	The scattered settlers through green forest-ways
Discerned the fact round which their fancy drew	Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze
Its dreams, and held their childish faith more true	The Indian trapper saw them, from the dim
To God and man than half the creeds he knew. ⁶⁴	Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim, Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with Him.
The desert blossomed round him; wheat-fields rolled	There, through the gathered stillness multiplied
Beneath the warm wind waves of green and gold;	And made intense by sympathy, out- side
The planted ear returned its hundred- fold.	The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried,
Great clusters ripened in a warmer sun Than that which by the Rhine stream shines upon	A-swing upon his elm. A faint per- fume
The purpling hillsides with low vines o'errun.	Breathed through the open windows of the room
About each rustic porch the humming- bird	From locust-trees, heavy with clustered bloom.
Tried with light bill, that scarce a petal stirred,	Thither, perchance, sore-tried confes- sors came,
The Old World flowers to virgin soil transferred;	Whose fervour jail nor pillory could tame,

Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their shame,	And solemn meeting, summer sky and wood,
Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread	Old kindly faces, youth and maiden- hood,
In Indian isles; pale women who had bled	Seemed, like God's new creation, very good!
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely said	And, greeting all with quiet smile and word,
God's message through their prison's iron bars;	Pastorius went his way. The unseared bird
And gray old soldier-converts, seamed with scars	Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel stirred
From every stricken field of England's wars.	At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod;
Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt Each waiting heart, till haply some one felt	And, wheresoe'er the good man looked or trod,
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.	He felt the peace of nature and of God.
Or, without spoken words, low breath- ings stole	His social life wore no ascetic form, He loved all beauty, without fear of harm,
Of a diviner life from soul to soul, Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.	And in his veins his Teuton blood ran warm.
When shaken hands announced the meeting o'er,	Strict to himself, of other men no spy, He made his own no circuit-judge to try
The friendly group still lingered at the door,	The freer conscience of his neighbours by.
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store	With love rebuking, by his life alone, Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown,
Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth and maid	The joy of one, who, seeking not his own,
Down the green vistas of the woodland strayed,	And faithful to all scruples, finds at last
Whispered and smiled and oft their feet delayed.	The thorns and shards of duty over- past,
Did the boy's whistle answer back the thrushes?	And daily life, beyond his hope's fore- cast,
Did light girl laughter ripple through the bushes,	Pleasant and beautiful with sight and sound,
As brooks make merry over roots and rushes?	And flowers upspringing in its narrow round,
Unvexed the sweet air seemed. With- out a wound	And all his days with quiet gladness crowned.
The ear of silence heard, and every sound	He sang not; but, if sometimes tempted strong,
'Its place in nature's fine accordance found.	He hummed what seemed like Altorf's Burschen-song,

His good wife smiled, and did not count it wrong.	Reach out of space. A voice spake in his ear, And lo ! all other voices far and near Died at that whisper, full of meanings clear.
For well he loved his boyhood's brother band ;	The Light of Life shone round him ; one by one
His Memory, while he trod the New World's strand, A double-ganger walked the Father- land !	The wandering lights, that all-mislead- ing run, Went out like candles paling in the sun.
If, when on frosty Christmas eves the light Shone on his quiet hearth, he missed the sight Of Yule-log, Tree, and Christ-child all in white ;	That Light he followed, step by step, where'er It led, as in the vision of the seer The wheels moved as the spirit in the clear
And closed his eyes, and listened to the sweet	And terrible crystal moved, with all their eyes
Old wait-songs sounding down his na- tive street, And watched again the dancers' ming- ling feet ;	Watching the living splendour sink or rise, Its will their will, knowing no other- wise.
Yet not the less, when once the vision passed,	Within himself he found the law of right,
He held the plain and sober maxims fast	He walked by faith and not the letter's sight,
Of the dear Friends with whom his lot was cast.	And read his Bible by the Inward Light.
Still all attuned to nature's melodies, He loved the bird's song in his dooryard trees, And the low hum of home-returning bees ;	And if sometimes the slaves of form and rule, Frozen in their creeds like fish in win- ter's pool, Tried the large tolerance of his liberal school,
The blossom flax, the tulip-trees in bloom	His door was free to men of every name, He welcomed all the seeking souls who came,
Down the long street, the beauty and perfume	And no man's faith he made a cause of blame.
Of apple-boughs, the mingling light and gloom	But best he loved in leisure hours to see His own dear Friends sit by him knee to knee, In social converse, genial, frank, and free.
Of Sommerhausen's woodlands, woven through	There sometimes silence (it were hard to tell
With sun-threads ; and the music the wind drew, Mournful and sweet, from leaves it over- blew.	Who owned it first) upon the circle fell, Hushed Anna's busy wheel, and laid its spell
And evermore, beneath this outward sense,	
And through the common sequence of events,	
He felt the guiding hand of Providence	

<p>On the black boy who grimaced by the hearth, To solemnize his shining face of mirth; Only the old clock ticked amidst the dearth</p> <p>Of sound; nor eye was raised nor hand was stirred</p> <p>In that soul-sabbath, till at last some word</p> <p>Of tender counsel or low prayer was heard.</p> <p>Then guests, who lingered but farewell to say</p> <p>And take love's message, went their homeward way;</p> <p>So passed in peace the guileless Quaker's day.</p> <p>His was the Christian's unsung Age of Gold,</p> <p>A truer idyl than the bards have told Of Arno's banks or Arcady of old.</p> <p>Where still the Friends their place of burial keep,</p> <p>And century-rooted mosses o'er it creep, The Nürnberg scholar and his helpmeet sleep.</p> <p>And Anna's aloe? If it flowered at last In Bartram's garden, did John Wool- man cast</p> <p>A glance upon it as he meekly passed?</p> <p>And did a secret sympathy possess That tender soul, and for the slave's redress</p>	<p>Lend hope, strength, patience? It were vain to guess.</p> <p>Nay, were the plant itself but mythical, Set in the fresco of tradition's wall Like Jotham's bramble, mattereth not at all.</p> <p>Enough to know that, through the winter's frost And summer's heat, no seed of truth is lost, And every duty pays at last its cost.</p> <p>For, ere Pastorius left the sun and air, God sent the answer to his lifelong prayer; The child was born beside the Dela- ware,</p> <p>Who, in the power a holy purpose lends Guided his people unto nobler ends, And left them worthier of the name of Friends.</p> <p>And lo! the fulness of the time has come, And over all the exile's Western home, From sea to sea the flowers of freedom bloom!</p> <p>And joy-bells ring, and silver trumpets blow; But not for thee, Pastorius! Even so The world forgets, but the wise angels know.</p>
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AMONG THE HILLS.

PRELUDE.

ALONG the roadside, like the flowers of
gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens
wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-
rod,
And the red pemons of the cardinal-
flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright
staves.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the
wind,
Wing-weary with its long flight from
the south,
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon ma-
ple leaf
With faintest motion, as one stirs in
dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp
alarm.
A single hay-cart down the dusty
road
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast
asleep
On the load's top. Against the neigh-
bouring hill,
Huddled along the stone wall's shady
side,
The sheep show white, as if a snow-
drift still
Defied the dog-star. Through the open
door
A drowsy smell of flowers—gray helio-
trope,
And white sweet-clover, and shy migno-
nette—
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus
lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.
No time is this for hands long over-
worn
To task their strength: and (unto Him
be praise
Who giveth quietness!) the stress and
strain
Of years that did the work of centuries
Have ceased, and we can draw our
breath once more
Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters
Make glad their nooning underneath
the elms
With tale and riddle and old snatch of
song,
I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn
The leaves of Memory's sketch-book,
dreaming o'er
Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,
And human life, as quiet, at their
feet.
And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,
Proud of field-lore and harvest-craft,
and feeling
All their fine possibilities, how rich
And restful even poverty and toil
Become when beauty, harmony, and
love
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat
At evening in the patriarch's tent, when
man
Makes labour noble, and his farmer's
frock
The symbol of a Christian chivalry
Tender and just and generous to her

Who clothes with grace all duty ; still,
 I know
 Too well the picture has another side,—
 How wearily the grind of toil goes on
 Where love is wanting, how the eye
 and ear
 And heart are starved amidst the pleni-
 tude
 Of nature, and how hard and colourless
 Is life without an atmosphere. I look
 Across the lapse of half a century,
 And call to mind old homesteads where
 no flower
 Told that the spring had come, but evil
 weeds,
 Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock
 in the place
 Of the sweet doorway greeting of the
 rose
 And honeysuckle, where the house walls
 seemed
 Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine
 To cast the tremulous shadow of its
 leaves
 Across the curtainless windows from
 whose panes
 Fluttered the signal rags of shiftless-
 ness ;
 Within, the cluttered kitchen-floor,
 unwashed
 (Broom-clean I think they called it) ;
 the best room
 Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the
 air
 In hot midsummer, bookless, picture-
 less
 Save the inevitable sampler hung
 Over the fire-place, or a mourning-piece,
 A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked,
 beneath
 Impossible willows ; the wide-throated
 hearth
 Bristling with faded pine-boughs half
 concealing
 The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's
 back ;
 And, in sad keeping with all things
 about them,
 Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen
 men,
 Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
 With scarce a human interest save their
 own
 Monotonous round of small economies,
 Or the poor scandal of the neighbour-
 hood ;
 Blind to the beauty everywhere re-
 vealed,
 Treading the May-flowers with regard-
 less feet ;
 For them the song-sparrow and the
 bobolir'k
 Sang not, nor winds made music in the
 leaves ;
 For them in vain October's holocaust
 Burned, gold and crimson, over all the
 hills,
 The sacramental mystery of the woods.
 Church-goers, fearful of the unseen
 Powers,
 But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-
 rent,
 Saving, as shrewd economists their souls
 And winter pork with the least possible
 outlay
 Of salt and sanctity ; in daily life
 Showing as little actual comprehension
 Of Christian charity and love and duty,
 As if the Sermon on the Mount had
 been
 Outdated like a last year's almanac :
 Rich in broad woodlands and in half-
 tilled fields,
 And yet so pinched and bare and com-
 fortless,
 The veriest straggler limping on his
 rounds,
 The sun and air his sole inheritance,
 Laughed at a poverty that paid its
 taxes,
 And hugged his rags in self-compla-
 cency !
 Not such should be the homesteads of a
 land
 Where whose wisely wills and acts may
 dwell
 As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred
 state,
 With beauty, art, taste, culture, books,
 to make
 His hour of leisure richer than a life
 Of fourscore to the barons of old time,
 Our yeoman should be equal to his
 home
 Set in the fair, green valleys, purple
 walled,
 A man to match his mountains, not to
 creep

Dwarfed and abased below them. I
 would fain
 In this light way (of which I needs
 must own
 With the knife-grinder of whom Can-
 ning sings,
 "Story, God bless you! I have none
 to tell you!")
 Invite the eye to see and heart to feel
 The beauty and the joy within their
 reach.—
 Home, and home loves, and the beati-
 tudes
 Of nature free to all. Haply in years
 That wait to take the places of our
 own,
 Heard where some breezy balcony
 looks down
 On happy homes, or where the lake in
 the moon
 Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair
 as Ruth,
 In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet
 Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine
 May seem the burden of a prophecy,
 Finding its true fulfilment in a change
 Slow as the oak's growth, lifting man-
 hood up
 Through broader culture, finer man-
 ners, love,
 And reverence, to the level of the hills.
 O Golden Age, whose light is of the
 dawn,
 And not of sunset, forward, not behind,
 Flood the new heavens and earth, and
 with thee bring
 All the old virtues, whatsoever things
 Are pure and honest and of good re-
 pute,
 But add thereto whatever bard has sung
 Or seer has told of when in trance and
 dream
 They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!
 Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth
 divide
 Between the right and wrong; but
 give the heart
 The freedom of its fair inheritance;
 Let the poor prisoner, cramped and
 starved so long,
 At Nature's table feast his ear and eye
 With joy and wonder; let all harmonies
 Of sound, form, colour, motion, wait
 upon

The princely guest, whether in soft
 attire
 Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of
 toil.
 And, lending life to the dead form of
 faith,
 Give human nature reverence for the
 sake
 Of One who bore it, making it divine
 With the ineffable tenderness of God;
 Let common need, the brotherhood of
 prayer,
 The heirship of an unknown destiny,
 The unsolved mystery round about us,
 make
 A man more precious than the gold of
 Ophir.
 Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
 Should minister, as outward types and
 signs
 Of the eternal beauty which fulfils
 The one great purpose of creation,
 Love,
 The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven!

AMONG THE HILLS.

FOR weeks the clouds had raked the
 hills
 And vexed the vales with raining,
 And all the woods were sad with mist,
 And all the brooks complaining.
 At last, a sudden night-storm tore
 The mountain veils asunder,
 And swept the valleys clean before
 The besom of the thunder.
 Through Sandwich notch the west-wind
 sang
 Good morrow to the cotter;
 And once again Chocorua's horn
 Of shadow pierced the water.
 Above his broad lake Ossipee,
 Once more the sunshine wearing,
 Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
 His grim armorial bearing.
 Clear drawn against the hard blue sky
 The peaks had winter's keenness;
 And, close on autumn's frost, the vales
 Had more than June's fresh green-
 ness.

Again the sodden forest floors
 With golden lights were checkered,
 Once more rejoicing leaves in wind
 And sunshine danced and flickered.

It was as if the summer's late
 Atoning for its sadness
 Had borrowed every season's charm
 To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales
 Of shadow and of shining,
 Through which, my hostess at my side,
 I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above
 The river's whitening shallows,
 By homesteads old, with wide-flung
 barns
 Swept through and through by swal-
 lows,—

By maple orchards, belts of pine
 And larches climbing darkly
 The mountain slopes, and, over all,
 The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-
 range
 With gaps of brightness riven,—
 How through each pass and hollow
 streamed

The purpling lights of heaven,—
 Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
 From far celestial fountains,—
 The great sun flaming through the rifts
 Beyond the wall of mountains!

We paused at last where home-bound
 cows
 Brought down the pasture's treasure,
 And in the barn the rhythmic flails
 Beat out a harvest measure.

We heard the night-hawk's sullen
 plunge,
 The crow his tree-mates calling:
 The shadows lengthening down the
 slopes
 About our feet were falling.

And through them smote the level sun
 In broken lines of splendour,
 Touched the gray rocks and made the
 green
 Of the shorn grass more tender.

The maples bending o'er the gate,
 Their arch of leaves just tinted
 With yellow warmth, the golden glow
 Of coming autumn hinted.

Keen white between the farm-house
 showed,
 And smiled on porch and trellis,
 The fair democracy of flowers
 That equals cot and palace.

And weaving garlands for her dog,
 'Twixt chidings and caresses,
 A human flower of childhood hook
 The sunshine from her tresses.

On either hand we saw the signs
 Of fancy and of shrewdness,
 Where taste had wound its arms of
 vines
 Round thrift's uncomely rudeness.

The sun-brown farmer in his frock
 Shook hands, and called to Mary:
 Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came,
 White-aproned from her dairy.

Her hair, her smile, her motions, told
 Of womanly completeness;
 A music as of household songs
 Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not beautiful in curve and line,
 But something more and better,
 The secret charm eluding art,
 Its spirit, not its letter;—

An inborn grace that nothing lacked
 Of culture or appliance,—
 The warmth of genial courtesy,
 The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood
 How dared our hostess utter
 The paltry errand of her need
 To buy her fresh-churned butter?

She led the way with housewife pride
 Her goodly store disclosing,
 Full tenderly the golden balls
 With practised hands disposing.

Then, while along the western hills
 We watched the changeful glory
 Of sunset, on our homeward way,
 I heard her simple story.

The early crickets sang ; the stream
Plashed through my friend's narra-
tion :

Her rustic patois of the hills
Lost in my free translation.

"More wise," she said, "than those
who swarm
Our hills in middle summer,
She came, when June's first roses blow,
To greet the early comer.

"From school and ball and rout she
came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

"Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over ;
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

"For health comes sparkling in the
streams
From cool Chocorua stealing :
There's iron in our Northern winds ;
Our pines are trees of healing.

"She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the mowing-meadow,
And watched the gentle west-wind
weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

"Beside her, from the summer heat
To share her grateful screening,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

"Framed in its damp, dark locks, his
face
Had nothing mean or common, —
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

"She looked up, glowing with the
health
The country air had brought her,
And, laughing, said : 'You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and bake your
bread
You do not need a lady :
Be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready. —

"Some fair, sweet girl, with skillful hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure.'

"He bent his blaek brows to a frown,
He set his white teeth tightly,
'Tis well,' he said, 'for one like you
To choose for me so lightly.

"You think, because my life is rude
I take no note of sweetness :
I tell you love has taught to do
With meetness or unmeetness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion
When silken zoue or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind : you
bring
Your winning graces hither
As free as if from cradle-time
We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing
eyes,
Your cheek of sundown's blushes,
A motion as of waving grain,
A music as of thrushes.

"The plaything of your summer sport,
The spells you weave around me.
You cannot at your will undo,
Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came,
Your life is well without me,
What care you that these hills will close
Like prison-walls about me ?

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,
Or daughter for my mother ;
Who loves you loses in that love
All power to love another !

"I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding ;
I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading.'

"She looked up in his face of pain
So archly, yet so tender :
'And if I lend you mine,' she said,
'Will you forgive the lender ?

- “ Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;
And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
Behind this silken armour?
- “ I love you : on that love alone,
And not my worth, presuming,
Will you not trust for summer fruit
The tree in May-day blooming? ”
- “ Alone the hangbird overhead,
His hair-sprung cradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle,—
The giving that is gaining.
- “ And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter ;
There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.
- “ Flowers spring to blossom where she
walks
The careful ways of duty ;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.
- “ Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.
- “ Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching ;
The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.
- “ And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing ;
Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing.
- “ And when, in pleasant harvest moons,
The youthful huskers gather,
Or sleigh-drives on the mountain ways
Defy the winter weather,—
- “ In sugar-camps, when south and
warm
The winds of March are blowing,
And sweetly from its thawing veins
The maple's blood is flowing,—
- “ In summer, where some lilled pond
Its virgin zone is bearing,
Or where the ruddy autumn fire
Lights up the apple-paring,—
- “ The coarseness of a ruder time
Her finer mirth displaces,
A subtler sense of pleasure fills
Each rustic sport she graces.
- “ Her presence lends its warmth and
health
To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it.
- “ For larger life and wiser aims
The farmer is her debtor :
Who holds to his another's heart
Must needs be worse or better.
- “ Through her his civic service shows
A purer-toned ambition ;
No double consciousness divides
The man and politician.
- “ In party's doubtful ways he trusts
Her instincts to determine ;
At the loud polls, the thought of her
Recalls Christ's Mountain Sermon.
- “ He owns her logic of the heart,
And wisdom of unreason,
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,
The needed word in season.
- “ He sees with pride her richer thought;
Her fancy's freer ranges ;
And love thus deepened to respect
Is proof against all changes.
- “ And if she walks at ease in ways
His feet are slow to travel,
And if she reads with cultured eyes
What his may scarce unravel,
- “ Still clearer, for her keener sight
Of beauty and of wonder,
He learns the meaning of the hills
He dwelt from childhood under.
- “ And higher, warmed with summer
lights,
Or winter-crowned and hoary,
The ridged horizon lifts for him
Its inner veils of glory.
- “ He has his own free, bookless lore,
The lessons nature taught him,
The wisdom which the woods and
hills
And toiling men have brought him :

"The steady force of will whereby
Her flexile grace seems sweeter ;
The sturdy counterpoise which makes
Her woman's life completer ;

"A latent fire of soul which lacks
No breath of love to fan it ;
And wit, that, like his native brooks,
Plays over solid granite.

"How dwarfed against his manliness
She sees the poor pretension,
The wants, the aims, the follies, born
Of fashion and convention !

"How life behind its accidents
Stands strong and self-sustaining,
The human fact transcending all
The losing and the gaining.

"And so in grateful interchange
Of teacher and of hearer,
Their lives their true distinctness keep
While daily drawing nearer.

"And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

"Why need we care to ask?—who
dreams
Without their thorns of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses ?

"For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living ;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

"We send the Squire to General
Court,
He takes his young wife thither ;
No prouder man election day

Rides through the sweet June
weather.

"He sees with eyes of manly trust
All hearts to her inclining ;
Not less for him his household light
That others share its shining."

Thus, while my hostess spake, there
grew
Before me, warmer tinted
And outlined with a tenderer grace,
The picture that she hinted.

The sunset smouldered as we drove
Beneath the deep hill-shadows,
Below us wreaths of white fog walked.
Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Sounding the summer night, the stars
Dropped down their golden plum-
mets ;

The pale are of the Northern lights
Rose o'er the mountain summits,—

Until, at last beneath its bridge,
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,
And saw across the mapled lawn
The welcome home-lights glow-
ing :—

And, musing on the tale I heard,
"Twere well, thought I, if often
To rugged farm-life came the gift
To harmonise and soften :—

If more and more we found the troth
Of fact and fancy plighted,
And culture's charm and labour's
strength

In rural homes united,—

The simple life, the homely hearth,
With beauty's sphere surrounding,
And blessing toil where toil abounds
With graces more abounding.





THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Methinks this cold and northern night
Would melt before that Orient light;

And, wet by Hermon's dew and rain,
My childhood's faith revive again!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"O friend! we need nor rock nor
sand,
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land;

the heavens are glassed in Merri-
mack,—
What more could Jordan render back ?

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

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

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

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

Then, when my good friend shook his
head,
And, sighing, sadly smiled, I said :
"Thou mind'st me of a story told
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold."⁶²

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A prophet-utterance, strong and wild,
The weakness of an unweaned child,

A sun-bright hope for human-kind,
And self-despair, in him combined.

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

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

But weakness, shame, and folly made
The foil to all his pen portrayed ;
Still, where his dreamy splendours
shone,

The shadow of himself was thrown.

Lord, what is man, whose thought, at
times,

Up to thy sevenfold brightness climbs,
While still his grosser instinct clings
To earth, like other creeping things !

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

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

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

The love he sent forth void returned ;
The fame that crowned him scorched
and burned,

Burning, yet cold and drear and lone,—
A fire-mount in a frozen zone !

Like that the gray-haired sea-king
passed,⁶³

Seen southward from his sleety mast,
About whose brows of changeless frost
A wreath of flame the wild winds tossed.

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

A man apart, unknown, unloved
By those whose wrongs his soul had
moved,

He bore the ban of Church and State,
The good man's fear, the bigot's hate !

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

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

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

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

Then Rousseau spake : " Where two or
three

In His name meet, He there will be !"
And then, in silence, on their knees
They sank beneath the chestnut-trees.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I cannot doubt, if thou hadst been
Among the highly favoured men
Who walked on earth with Fenelon,
He would have owned thee as his son ;

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

"I would have been," Jean Jaques re-
plied,

"The humblest servant at his side,
Obscure, unknown, content to see
How beautiful man's life may be !

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

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

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

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

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

"The tree remaineth where it fell.
The pained on earth is pained in hell.
So priestcraft from its altars curse !
The mournful doubts its falsehood
nursed.

Ah ! well of old the Psalmist prayed,
"Thy hand, not man's, on me be
laid !"

Earth frowns below, Heaven weeps
above,
And man is hate, but God is love !

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

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

Why wait to see in thy brief span
Its perfect flower and fruit in man ?

No saintly touch can save ; no balm
Of healing hath the martyr's palm.

"Midst soulless forms and false pre-
tence

Of spiritual pride and pampered sense,
A voice saith, 'What is that to thee?
Be true thyself, and follow Me!'

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

"Midst fawning priests and courtiers
foul,

The losel swarm of crown and cowl,
White-robed walked François Fenelon.
Stainless as Uriel in the sun!

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

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

"Trust not in man with passing breath,
But in the Lord, old Scripture saith;
The truth which saves thou mayst not
blend

With false professor, faithless friend.

"Search thine own heart. What pain-
eth thee

In others in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek!

"Where now with pain thou treadest,
trod

The whitest of the saints of God!
To show thee where their feet were set,
The light which led them shineth yet.

* Or *simar*, a light transparent covering—a
scarf.

"The footprints of the life divine,
Which marked their path, remain in
thine;

And that great Life, transfused in
theirs,
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers!"

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

We rose, and slowly homeward turned,
While down the west the sunset
burned;

And, in its light, hill, wood, and tide,
And human forms seemed glorified.

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

Then spake my friend: "Thy words are
true;

For ever old, for ever new,
These home-seen splendours are the
same

Which over Eden's sunsets came.

"To these bowed heavens let wood and
hill

Lift voiceless praise and anthem still;
Fall, warm with blessing, over them
Light of the New Jerusalem!

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

"Henceforth my heart shall sigh no
more

For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and
there,

Are now and here and everywhere."





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

PROEM TO POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1847.

I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigour of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labour's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom ! if to me belong
 Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
 Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
 Still with a love as deep and strong
 As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine !

AMESBURY, 11th mo., 1847.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down you blue Carpathian hills—
 The sun shall sink again,
 Farewell to life and all its ills,
 Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and cold,—
 But, darker far than they,
 The shadow of a sorrow old
 Is on my heart away.

For since the day when Warkworth wood
 Closed o'er my steed and I,
 An alien from my name and blood,
 A weed cast out to die,—

When, looking back in sunset light,
 I saw her turret gleam,
 And from its casement, far and white,
 Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,
 Doth home's green isles descry,
 And vainly longing, gazes o'er
 The waste of wave and sky ;

So from the desert of my fate
 I gaze across the past ;
 For ever on life's dial-plate
 The shade is backward cast !

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,
 I've knelt at many a shrine ;
 And bowed me to the rocky floor
 Where Bethlehem's tapers shine ;

And by the holy Sepulchre
 I've pledged my brightly sword
 To Christ, his blessed Church, and her,
 The Mother of our Lord.

O, vain the vow, and vain the strife !
 How vain do all things seem !
 My soul is in the past, and life
 To-day is but a dream !

In vain the penance strange and long,
 And hard for flesh to bear ;
 The prayer, the fasting, and the thong
 And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,—
 Its ears are open still ;
 And vigils with the past they keep
 Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old
 Do evermore arise :
 I see the flow of locks of gold,
 The shine of loving eyes !

Ah me ! upon another's breast
 Those golden locks recline ;
 I see upon another rest
 The glance that once was mine.

“ O faithless priest ! — O perjured
 knight ! ”

I hear the Master cry ;
 Shut out the vision from thy sight,
 Let Earth and Nature die.

“ The Church of God is now thy
 spouse,
 And thou the bridegroom art ;
 Then let the burden of thy
 Crush down thy human heart ! ”

In vain ! This heart its grief must
 know,
 Till life itself hath ceased.
 And falls beneath the selfsame blow
 The lover and the priest !

O pitying Mother ! souls of light,
 And saints, and martyrs old !
 Pray for a weak and sinful knight,
 A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,
 And death unbind my chain.
 Ere down you blue Carpathian hill
 The sun shall fall again.

THE HOLY LAND.

FROM LAMARTINE.

I HAVE not felt, o'er seas of sand,
The rocking of the desert bark ;
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and
dark ;
Nor pitched my tent at even-fall,
On dust where Job of old has lain,
Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wall,
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread ;
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's
tread,

How beats the heart with God so
nigh !—
How round gray arch and column lone
The spirit of the old time broods,
And sighs in all the winds that moan
Along the sandy solitudes !

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,
I have not heard the nations' cries,
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.
The Christian's prayer I have not said
In Tadmor's temples of decay,
Nor startled, with my dreary tread,
The waste where Memnon's empire
lay.

Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide,
O Jordan ! heard the low lament,
Like that sad wail along thy side
Which Israel's mournful prophet
sent !

Nor thrilled within that grotto lone
Where, deep in night, the Bard of
Kings
Felt hands of fire direct his own,
And sweep for God the conscious
strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,
Nor laid me where my Saviour lay,
And left his trace of tears as yet
By angel eyes unwept away ;
Nor watched, at midnight's solemn time,
The garden where his prayer and
groan,
Wrung by his sorrow and our crime,
Rose to One listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot
Where in his Mother's arms he lay,
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot
Where last his footsteps pressed the
clay ;
Nor looked on that sad mountain head,
Nor smote my sinful breast, where
wide
His arms to fold the world he spread,
And bowed his head to bless—and
died !

PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judæa ! 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 lin-
gered before ;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the
sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels
of God.

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

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of
green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gad-
aene ;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor
to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Ga-
lilee !

Hark, a sound in the valley ! where,
swollen and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping
along ;

<p>Where the Canaanite strove with Je- hovah in vain, And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.</p> <p>There down from his mountains stern Zebulun came, And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame, And the chariots of Jabin rolled harm- lessly on, For the arm of the Lord was Abino- am's son!</p> <p>There sleep the still rocks and the cav- erns which rang To the song which the beautiful pro- phetess sang, When the princes of Issachar stood by her side, And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.</p> <p>Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen, With the mountains around, and the valleys between; There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.</p> <p>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?</p> <p>I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod; I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF GOD,— Where his blessing was heard and his lessons were taught, Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.</p> <p>O, here with his flock the sad Wan- derer came,— These hills he toiled over in grief are the same,— The founts where he drank by the wayside still flow,</p>	<p>And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow!</p> <p>And throned on her hill sits Jerusa- lem 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.</p> <p>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 pre- sence of Him!</p> <p>Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when, In love and in meekness, He moved among men; And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!</p> <p>And what if my feet may not tread where He stood, Nor my ears hear the dashing of Ga- lilee's flood, Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to bear, Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.</p> <p>Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near To the meek, and the lowly, and peni- tent here; And the voice of thy love is the same even now As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.</p> <p>O, 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!</p>
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EZEKIEL.

CHAPTER XXXIII. 30-33.

'THEY hear thee not, O God ! nor see ;
 Beneath thy rod they mock at thee ;
 The princes of our ancient line
 Lie drunken with Assyrian wine ;
 The priests around thy altar speak
 The false words which their hearers seek ;
 And hymns which Chaldea's wanton
 maids
 Have sung in Dura's idol-shades
 Are with the Levites' chant ascending,
 With Zion's holiest anthems blending !

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,
 The heathen heel is crushing yet ;
 The towers upon our holy hill
 Echo Chaldean footsteps still.
 Our wasted shrines,—who weeps for
 them ?

Who mourneth for Jerusalem ?
 Who turneth from his gains away ?
 Whose knee with mine is bowed to pray ?
 Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,
 Takes Zion's lamentation up ?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went
 With Israel's early banishment ;
 And where the sullen Chebar crept,
 The ritual of my fathers kept.
 The water for the trench I drew,
 The firstlug of the flock I slew,
 And, standing at the altar's side,
 I shared the Levites' lingering pride,
 That still, amidst her mocking foes,
 The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,
 The Spirit of the Highest came !
 Before mine eyes a vision passed,
 A glory terrible and vast ;
 With dreadful eyes of living things,
 And sounding sweep of angel wings,
 With circling light and sapphire throne
 And flame-like form of One thereon,
 And voice of that dread Likeness sent
 down from the crystal firmament !

The burden of a prophet's power
 Fell on me in that fearful hour ;
 From off unutterable woes
 The curtain of the future rose ;
 I saw far down the coming time

The fiery chastisement of crime ;
 With noise of mingling hosts, and jar
 Of falling towers and shouts of war,
 I saw the nations rise and fall,
 Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain
 Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain ;
 I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre
 Swept over by the spoiler's fire ;
 And heard the low, expiring moan
 Of Edom on his rocky throne ;
 And, woe is me ! the wild lament
 From Zion's desolation sent ;
 And felt within my heart each blow
 Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,
 Before the pictured tile I lay ;
 And there, as in a mirror, saw
 The coming of Assyria's war,—
 Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass
 Like locusts through Bethhoron's grass,
 I saw them draw their stormy hem
 Of battle round Jerusalem ;
 And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail
 Blend with the victor-trump of Baal !

Who trembled at my warning word ?
 Who owned the prophet of the Lord ?
 How mocked the rude,—how scoffed
 the vile,—

How stung the Levites' scornful smile,
 As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,
 The shadow crept of Israel's woe,
 As if the angel's mournful roll
 Had left its record on my soul,
 And traced in lines of darkness there
 The picture of its great despair !

Yet ever at the hour I feel
 My lips in prophecy unseal.
 Prince, priest, and Levite gather near,
 And Salem's daughters haste to hear,
 On Chebar's waste and alien shore,
 The harp of Judah swept once more.
 They listen, as in Babel's throng
 The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,
 Or wild sabbeka's nightly play,
 As careless and as vain as they.

And thus, O Prophet-hard of old,
 Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told !
 The same which earth's unwelcome
 seers

Have felt in all succeeding years,
Sport of the changeful multitude,
Nor calmly heard nor understood,
Their song has seemed a trick of art,
Their warnings but the actor's part.
With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,
The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One
The garments of the flesh put on !
Men followed where the Highest led
For common gifts of daily bread,
And gross of ear, of vision dim,
Owned not the godlike power of him.
Vain as a dreamer's words to them
His wail above Jerusalem,
And meaningless the watch he kept
Through which his weak disciples slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,
For God's great purpose set apart,
Before whose far-discerning eyes,
The Future as the Present lies !
Beyond a narrow-bounded age
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,
Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-
trod,
Through arches round the throne of
God !

Thy audience, worlds !—all Time to be
The witness of the Truth in thee !

THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND.

AGAINST the sunset's glowing wall
The city towers rise black and tall,
Where Zorah on its rocky height,
Stands like an armed man in the light.

Down Eshtao's vales of ripened grain
Falls like a cloud the night amain,
And up the hillsides climbing slow
The barley reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest ! how our fair child's head
The sunset light hath hallowed,
Where at this olive's foot he lies,
Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

O, while beneath the fervent heat
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,
I've watched, with mingled joy and
dread,

Our child upon his grassy bed.

Joy, which the mother feels alone
Whose morning hope like mine had
flown,

When to her bosom, over blest,
A dearer life than hers is pressed.

Dread, for the future dark and still,
Which shapes our dear one to its will ;
For ever in his large calm eyes,
I read a tale of sacrifice.—

The same forehoding awe I felt
When at the altar's side we knelt,
And he, who as a pilgrim came,
Rose, winged and glorious, through the
flame.

I slept not, though the wild bees made
A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,
And on me the warm-fingered hours
Pressed with the drowsy smell of
flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose
The hosts of Israel's scornful foes,—
Rank over rank, helm, shield, and
spear,
Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere.

I heard their boast, and bitter word,
Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord,
I saw their hands his ark assail,
Their feet profane his holy veil.

No angel down the blue space spoke,
No thunder from the still sky broke ;
But in their midst, in power and awe,
Like God's waked wrath, OUR CHILD I
saw !

A child no more !—harsh-browed and
strong,
He towered a giant in the throng,
And down his shoulders broad and
bare,
Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm ; he smote amain ;
As round the reaper falls the grain,
So the dark host around him fell,
So sank the foes of Israel !

Again I looked. In sunlight shone
The towers and domes of Askelon.
Priest, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd,
Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not; stark, gaunt, and
blind,
His arms the massive pillars twined,—
An eyeless captive, strong with hate,
He stood there like an evil Fate.

The red shrines smoked,—the trumpets
pealed :
He stooped, — the giant columns
reeled,—
Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and
wall,
And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er all!

Above the shriek, the crash, the groan
Of the fallen pride of Askelon,
I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,
A voice as of an angel cry,—

The voice of him, who at our side
Sat through the golden eventide,—
Of him who, on thy altar's blaze,
Rose fire-winged, with his song of
praise.

“Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,
Gray mother of the mighty slain!
Rejoice!” it cried, “he vanquisheth!
The strong in life is strong in death!

“To him shall Zorah's daughters raise
Through coming years their hymns of
praise,
And gray old men at evening tell
Of all he wrought for Israel.

“And they who sing and they who hear
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,
And pour their blessings on thy head,
O mother of the mighty dead!”

It ceased; and though a sound I heard
As if great wings the still air stirred,
I only saw the barley sheaves
And hills half hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,
On the dear child who slumbered near.
“With me, as with my only son,
O God,” I said, “THY WILL BE
DONE!”

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

“GET ye up from the wrath of God's
terrible day!

Ungirded, unsandalled arise and away!
'Tis the vintage of blood, 'tis the ful-
ness of time,
And vengeance shall gather the harvest
of crime!”

The warning was spoken: the righteous
had gone,
And the proud ones of Sodom were
feasting alone;
All gay was the banquet; the revel was
long,
With the pouring of wine and the
breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty; the air was
perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees
were all bloom;
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes of
a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in
the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine
of glance;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and
tresses fell free
As the plumage of birds in some trop-
ical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were
lighted on high,
And wantonness tempted the lust of the
eye;
Midst rites of obscenity, strange,
loathsome, abhorred,
The blasphemer scoffed at the name of
the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder,—the
quaking of earth!
Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to
the mirth!
The black sky has opened,—there's
flame in the air,—
The red arm of vengeance is lifted and
bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild
where the song
And the low tone of love had been whis-
pered along;
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er
palace and bower,

Like the red tongues of demons, to blast
and devour !

Down,—down on the fallen the red ruin
rained,
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup
undrained ;

The foot of the dancer, the music's loved
thrill,
And the shout and the laughter grew
suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully
given ;
The last eye glared forth in its madness
on Heaven !

The last groan of horror rose wildly and
vain,
And death brooded over the pride of
the Plain !

THE CRUCIFIXION.

SUNLIGHT upon Judæa's hills !
And on the waves of Galilee, —
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills
That feed the dead and sleeping sea !
Most freshly from the green wood springs
The light breeze on its scented wings ;
And gaily quiver in the sun
The cedar tops of Lebanon !

A few more hours,—a change hath
come !

The sky is dark without a cloud !
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
And proud knees unto earth are
bowed.

A change is on the hill of Death,
The helmed watchers pant for breath,
And turn with wild and maniac eyes
From the dark scene of sacrifice !

That Sacrifice !—the death of Him, —
The High and ever Holy One !
Well may the conscious Heaven grow
dim,

And blacken the beholding Sun.
The wonted light hath fled away,
Night settles on the middle day,
And earthquake from his caverned bed
Is waking with a thrill of dread !

The dead are waking underneath !
Their prison door is rent away !

And, ghastly with the seal of death,
They wander in the eye of day !
The temple of the Cherubin,
The House of God is cold and dim ;
A curse is on its trembling walls,
Its mighty veil asunder falls !

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth
Be shaken, and her mountains nod ;
Well may the sheeted dead come forth
To gaze upon a suffering God !
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim
And shadows veil the Cherubim,
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt is given !

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
And Death resigns her iron power ?
O, shall the heart,—whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to his sore distress,
And added to his tears of blood,—
Refuse its trembling gratitude !

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHERE Time the measure of his hours
By changeful bud and blossom keeps,
And, like a young bride crowned with
flowers,
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps ;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,
The Spring her gift of flowers imparts,
Less sweet than those his thoughts have
sown

In the warm soil of Persian hearts :

There sat the stranger, where the shade
Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,
While in the hot clear heaven delayed
The long and still and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,
Strange odours filled the sultry air,
Strange birds upon the branches swung,
Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shon
around,
Turned upward from the shadowy
bowers,

As if the Gheber's soul had found
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

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ETHLEHEM.

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Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
Awakened feelings new and sad,—
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,
Nor church with Sabbath-bell chimes
glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones,
And mosque-spires gleaming white
in view,

And graybeard Mollahs in low tones
Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either
hand,

Like tempting fiends, were such as
they

Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,
As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal
The servaat of his Conqueror knew,
From skies which knew no cloudy veil,
The Sun's hot glances smote him
through.

"Ah me!" the lonely stranger said,
"The hope which led my footsteps on,
And light from heaven around them
shed,

O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!

"Where are the harvest fields all white,
For Truth to thrust her sickle in?
Where flock the souls, like doves in
flight,

From the dark hiding-place of sin?

"A silent horror broods o'er all,—
The burden of a hateful spell,—
The very flowers around recall
The hoary magi's rites of hell!

"And what am I, o'er such a land
The banner of the Cross to bear!
Dear Lord, uphold me with thy hand,
Thy strength with human weakness
share!"

He ceased; for at his very feet
In mild rebuke a floweret smiled,—
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet
The Star-flower of the Virgin's child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it
drew
Its life from alien air and earth,

And told to Paynim sun and dew
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,
The Persian plants its beauty screened,
And on its pagan sisterhood,
In love, the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt
The darkness of his long despair
Before that hallowed symbol melt,
Which God's dear love had nurtured
there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower
The lines of sin and sadness swept;
And Magian pile and Paynim bower
In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,
Looked holy through the sunset air.
And, angel-like, the Muezzin told
From tower and mosque the hour of
prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn
From Shiraz saw the stranger part;
The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born
Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

HYMNS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

ONE hymn more, O my lyre!
Praise to the God above,
Of joy and life and love,
Sweeping its strings of fire!

O, who the speed of bird and wind
And sunbeam's glance will lend to
me,

That, soaring upward, I may find
My resting-place and home in
Thee?—

Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and
gloom,

Adoreth with a fervent flame,—
Mysterious spirit! unto whom
Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go,
Up from the cold and joyless earth,
Back to the God who bade them flow,
Whose moving spirit sent them forth.

But as for me, O God! for me,
The lowly creature of thy will,
Lingering and sad, I sigh to thee,
An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine
Where yonder stars and suns are
glowing?

To breathe with them the light divine
From God's own holy altar flowing?
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
In dreams hath thirsted for so long.—
A portion of Heaven's glorious whole
Of loveliness and song?

O, watchers of the stars at night,
Who breathe their fire, as we the air,—
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,
O, say, is He, the Eternal, there?
Bend there around his awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?
Or are thy inmost depths his own,
O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go!
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow,
To the far aim of your desire!
Thought after thought, yethronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled
wood,

Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God!

And shall these thoughts of joy and
love

Come back again no more to me?—
Returning like the Patriarch's dove
Wing-weary from the eternal sea,
To bear within my longing arms
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green, immortal palms
Which shadow Paradise?

All-moving spirit!—freely forth
At thy command the strong wind goes;
Its errand to the passive earth,
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,
Until it folds its weary wing
Once more within the hand divine;
So, weary from its wandering,
My spirit turns to thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,
From its dark caverns, hurries on,

Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,
By evening's star and noontide's sun,
Until at last it sinks to rest,
O'erwearing, in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast,—
So turns my soul to Thee!

O Thou who bid'st the torrent flow,
Who lendest wings unto the wind,—
Mover of all things! where art thou?
O, whither shall I go to find
The secret of thy resting-place?
Is there no holy wing for me,
That soaring, I may search the space
Of highest heaven for Thee?

O, would I were as free to rise
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind
borne,—

The arrowy light of sunset skies,
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,
Which melts in heaven at twilight's
close,

Or aught which soars unchecked and
free
Through Earth and Heaven; that I
might lose
Myself in finding thee!

WHEN the BREATH DIVINE is flowing,
Zephyr-like o'er all things going,
And, as the touch of viewless fingers,
Softly on my soul it lingers,
Open to a breath the lightest,
Conscious of a touch the slightest,—
As some calm, still lake, whereon
Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,
And the glistening water-rings
Circle round her moving wings:
When my upward gaze is turning
Where the stars of heaven are burning
Through the deep and dark abyss,—
Flowers of midnight's wilderness,
Blowing with the evening's breath
Sweetly in their Maker's path:

When the breaking day is flushing
All the east, and light is gushing
Upward through the horizon's haze,
Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays,
Spreading, until all above
Overflows with joy and love,
And below, on earth's green bosom,
All is changed to light and blossom:

When my waking fancies over
Forms of brightness flit and hover,
Holy as the seraphs are,
Who by Zion's fountains wear
On their foreheads, white and broad,
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD!"
When, inspired with rapture high,
It would seem a single sigh
Could a world of love create,—
That my life could know no date,
And my eager thoughts could fill
Heaven and Earth, o'erflowing still!—

Then, O Father! thou alone,
From the shadow of thy throne,
To the sighing of my breast
And its rapture answerest.
All my thoughts, which, upward wing-
ing,
Bathe where thy own light is spring-
ing,—

All my yearnings to be free
Are as echoes answering thee!

Seldom upon lips of mine,
Father! rests that name of thine,—
Deep within my inmost breast,
In the secret place of mind,
Like an awful presence shrined,
Doth the dread idea rest!
Hushed and holy dwells it there,—
Prompter of the silent prayer,
Lifting up my spirit's eye
And its faint, but earnest cry,
From its dark and cold abode,
Unto thee, my Guide and God!

THE FEMALE MARTYR.

[MARY G—, aged 18, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.]

"BRING out your dead!" The mid-
night street
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low
call;
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,—
Glanced through the dark the coarse
white sheet,—
Her coffin and her pall.
"What—only one!" the brutal back-
man said,
As, with an oath, he spurned away
the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-
fall!
The dying turned him to the wall,
To hear it and to die!—
Onward it rolled; while oft its driver
stayed,
And hoarsely clamoured, "Ho!—bring
out your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place;
"Toss in your load!"—and it was
done.—
With quick hand and averted face,
Hastily to the grave's embrace
They cast them, one by one,—
Stranger and friend,—the evil and the
just,
Together trodden in the churchyard
dust!

And thou, young martyr!—thou wast
there,—
No white-robed sisters round thee
trod,—
Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer
Rose through the damp and noisome
air,
Giving thee to thy God;
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper
gave
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the
grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer! there shall be,
In every heart of kindly feeling,
A rite as holy paid to thee
As if beneath the convent-tree
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels
keeping
Their tearful watch around thy place of
sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light
Of Heaven's own love was kindled
well,
Enduring with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night
Far more than words may tell:
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and un-
known,—
Thy mercies measured by thy God
alone!

Where many hearts were failing,—
where

The throngful street grew foul with
death,

O high-souled martyr!—thou wast
there,

Inhaling, from the loathsome air,
Poison with every breath.

Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
For the wrong dying, and the uncon-
scious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapours, damp, con-
fined,

Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,—
A new Electra by the bed

Of suffering human-kind!
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not
away.

Innocent teacher of the high
And holy mysteries of Heaven!
How turned to thee each glazing eye,
In mute and awful sympathy,

As thy low prayers were given;
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the
while,

An angel's features,—a deliverer's
smile!

A blessed task!—and worthy one
Who, turning from the world, as thou,

Before life's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
Had sealed her early vow;
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
Her pure affections and her guileless
truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here
Could be for thee a meet reward;
Thine is a treasure far more dear,—
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
Of living mortal heard,—

The joys prepared,—the promised bliss
above,—

The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not
A nobler name than thine shall be.
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
The lofty energies of thought,

The fire of poesy,—
These have but frail and fading hon-
ours;—thine
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble
down,

And human pride and grandeur fall,—
The herald's line of long renown,—
The mitre and the kingly crown,—
Perishing glories all!

The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a
part.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

HE comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps
now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came
forth,

And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen Labrador,—
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er,—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlour-fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that fire-light dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.⁶⁴

“O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?”

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned away,
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—“My gentle lady, stay!”

“O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings,—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way!”

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls
between,

“Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller gray and old,—
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold.”

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!
“Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the word of God is free!”

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind,
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God!

THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

NOR always as the whirlwind's rush
On Horeb's mount of fear,
Nor always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd seer,

Nor as the awful voice which came
To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame
Nor gift of fearful words,—

Not always thus, with outward sign
Of fire or voice from Heaven,

The message of a truth divine,
The call of God is given !
Awakening in the human heart
Love for the true and right,—
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
The holy influence steals :
Warm with a rapture not its own,
The heart of woman feels !
As she who by Samaria's wall
The Saviour's errand sought,—
As those who with the fervent Paul
And meek Aquila wrought ;

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
Rome's gathered grandeur saw :
Or those who in their Alpine home
Braved the Crusader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling
heard,
Through all its vales of death,
The martyr's song of triumph poured
From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirits pass,
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
Or vapours o'er a glass,
Leaving their token strange and new
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the right and true
And merciful is made.

O, then, if gleams of truth and light
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
Unfolding to thy mental sight
The wants of human-kind ;
If, brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not thine own ;

Though heralded with naught of fear,
Or outward sign or show ;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low ;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,—
Thy Father's call of love !

MY SOUL AND I.

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark
I would question thee,

Alone in the shadow drear and stark
With God and me !

What, my soul, was thy errand here ?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year ?
"Nay, none of these !"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night :
"To do his will !"

What hast thou done, O soul of mine,
That thou tremblest so?—
Hast thou wrought his task, and kept
the line
He bade thee go ?

What, silent all !—art sad of cheer ?
Art fearful now ?
When God seemed far and men were
near,
How brave wert thou !

Aha ! thou tremblest !—well I see
Thou'rt craven grown.
Is it so hard with God and me
To stand alone?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back,
O wretched sprite !
Let me hear thy voice through this deep
and black
Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and
Truth,
For God and man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed
youth
To life's mid span !

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,
But weak and low,
Like far sad murmurs on my ear
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the
Wrong,
And borne the Right
From beneath the footfall of the throng
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,
God speed, quoth I,

10 Error amidst her shouting train
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine! ah, soul of mine!
Thy deeds are well;
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or
for thine?
My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath wrought
Beneath the sky,
Save a place in kindly human thought,
No gain have I."

Go to, go to!—for thy very self
Thy deeds were done:
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,
Your end is one!

And where art thou going, soul of mine?
Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend?

What daunts thee now?—what shakes
thee so?

My sad soul, say.
"I see a cloud like a curtain low
Hang o'er my way.

"Whither I go I cannot tell;
That cloud hangs black,
High as the heaven and deep as hell
Across my track.

"I see its shadow coldly enwrap
The souls before.
Sadly they enter it, step by step,
To return no more.

"They shrink, they shudder, dear God!
they kneel
To thee in prayer.
They shut their eyes on the cloud, but
feel
That it still is there.

"In vain they turn from the dead Before
To the Known and Gone;
For while gazing behind them evermore
Their feet glide on.

"Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale
faces
A light begin
To tremble, as if from holy places
And shrines within.

"And at times methinks their cold lips
move
With hymn and prayer,
As if somewhat of awe, but more of
love
And hope were there.

"I call on the souls who have left the
light
To reveal their lot;
I bend mine ear to that wall of night,
And they answer not.

"But I hear around me sighs of pain
And the cry of fear,
And a sound like the slow sad drop-
ping of rain,
Each drop a tear!

"Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by
day
I am moving thither:
I must pass beneath it on my way—
God pity me!—WHITHER?"

Ah, soul of mine! so brave and wise
In the life-corm loud,
Fronting so calmly all human eyes
In the sunlit crowd!

Now, standing apart with God and
me,
Thou art weakness all,
Gazing vainly after the things to be
Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this
Was thy being lent;
For the craven's fear is but selfishness,
Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain:
One closing her eyes,
The other peopling the dark inane
With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand con-
trols
Whate'er thou fearest:
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is
day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future.—a phantom show
Is alone before him ;
Past Time is dead, and the grasses
grow,
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind ;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou
hast
For thy sure possessing ;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night ! why shrink from
Death,
That phantom van ?
There is nothing in heaven or earth
beneath
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from
Him
And from one another ;
All is spectral and vague and dim
Save God and our brother !

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye
mar ;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

O restless spirit ! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere ?
Heaven and hell, with their joy and
pain,
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given ;
Thy neighbour's wrong is thy present
hell,
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care ;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the
deep of night,
And He is there !

All which is real now remaineth,
And fadeeth never ;
The hand which upholds it now sus-
taineth
The soul for ever.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent
meekness
His own thy will,
And with strength from Him shall thy
utter weakness
Life's task fulfil ;

And that cloud itself, which now before
thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light from the inner
glory
Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through autumn's
dawn
Uprolling thin,
Its thickest folds when about thee drawn
Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is
done,
Why quierest thou ?—
The past and the time to be are one,
And both are NOW !

TO A FRIEND,

ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.

How smiled the land of France
Under thy blue eye's glance,
Light-hearted rover !
Old walls of chateaux gray,
Towers of an early day,
Which the Three Colours play
Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train
Thronging the banks of Seine :
Now midst the splendour
Of the wild Alpine range,
Waking with change on change
Thoughts in thy young heart strange,
Lovely, and tender.

Vales, soft Elysian,
Like those in the vision
Of Mirza, when, dreaming,

He saw the long hollow dell,
Touched by the prophet's spell,
Into an ocean swell
With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,
Splintering with icy spears
Autumn's blue heaven :
Loose rock and frozen slide,
Hung on the mountain-side,
Waiting their hour to glide
Downward, storm-driven !

Rhine stream, by castle old,
Baron's and robber's hold,
Peacefully flowing ;
Sweeping through vineyards green,
Or where the cliffs are seen
O'er the broad wave between
Grim shadows throwing.

Or, where St. Peter's dome
Swells o'er eternal Rome,
Vast, dim, and solemn,—
Hymns ever chanting low,—
Censers swung to and fro,—
Sable stoles sweeping slow
Cornice and column !

O, as from each and all
Will there not voices call
Evermore back again ?
In the mind's gallery
Wilt thou not always see
Dim phantoms beckon thee
O'er that old track again ?

New forms thy presence haunt,—
New voices softly chant,—
New faces greet thee !—
Pilgrims from many a shrine
Hallowed by poet's line,
At memory's magic sign,
Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come
Unto thy olden home,
Will they not waken
Deep thoughts of Him whose hand
Led thee o'er sea and land
Back to the household band
Whence thou wast taken ?

While, at the sunset time,
Swells the cathedral's chime,
Yet, in thy dreaming,

While to thy spirit's eye
Yet the vast mountains lie
Piled in the Switzer's sky,
Icy and gleaming :

Prompter of silent prayer,
Be the wild picture there
In the mind's chamber,
And, through each coming day
Him who, as staff and stay,
Watched o'er thy wandering way,
Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be
Soon or late unto thee,
As to all given,
Still may that picture live,
All its fair forms survive,
And to thy spirit give
Gladness in Heaven !

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes ;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance !
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's
ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's
will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day ;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned :
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things
well !"

FOLLEN.*

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE "FUTURE STATE."

FRIEND of my soul!—as with moist eye

I look up from this page of thine,
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,
Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now,
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,
When, dew-like, on the earth below
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,

The gentle lips which knew no guile,
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care
With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me!—at times that last dread scene
Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,
Will cast its shade of doubt between
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,
Where through the twilight air of earth,

Alike enthusiast and sage,
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth;

Lifting the Future's solemn veil;
The reaching of a mortal hand
To put aside the cold and pale
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land,

In thoughts which answer to my own,
In words which reach my inward ear,
Like whispers from the void Unknown,
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,
Unwasted, through each change, attest
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive
The mind whose kingly will they
wrought?

Their gross unconsciousness survive
Thy godlike energy of thought?

* Charles Theodore Christian Follen was at one time Professor of the German language and literature, and afterwards a Unitarian minister at East Lexington, Massachusetts. He preached on the conflagration of the steamer Lexington, January 13, 1840.

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN!—not in vain
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne
The burthen of Life's cross of pain,
And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

O, while Life's solemn mystery glooms
Around us like a dungeon's wall,—
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,
Silent the heaven which bends o'er all!—

While day by day our loved ones glide
In spectral silence, hushed and lone,
To the cold shadows which divide
The living from the dread Unknown;

While even on the closing eye,
And on the lip which moves in vain,
The seals of that stern mystery
Their undiscovered trust retain;—

And only midst the gloom of death,
Its mournful doubts and haunting
fears,

Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,
Smile dimly on us through their tears;

'Tis something to a heart like mine
To think of thee as living yet;
To feel that such a light is thine
Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way
Since thou hast left thy footprints
there,

And beams of mournful beauty play
Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the sky
Is glorious with its evening light,
And fair broad fields of summer lie
Hung o'er with greenness in my sight;

While through these elm-boughs wet
with rain

The sunset's golden walls are seen,
With clover-bloom and yellow grain
And wood-draped hill and stream
between;

I long to know if scenes like this
Are hidden from an angel's eyes,
If earth's familiar loveliness
Haunts not thy heaven's screener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew
The lesson which thy beauty gave,

The ideal of the Pure and True
In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends
The soul an upward impulse here,
With a diviner beauty blends,
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never
fell
The humbler flowers of earth may
twine;

And simple draughts from childhood's
well
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,
And let the seeking lips be dumb,—
Where even seraph eyes have failed
Shall mortal blindness seek to come?

We only know that thou hast gone,
And that the same returnless tide
Which bore thee from us still glides on,
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,
And to our gaze ere long shall turn
That page of God's mysterious book
We so much wish, yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee;—
Who, in the silent greeting flower,
And forest leaf, looked out on thee,—

We leave thee, with a trust serene,
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death
can move,
While with thy childlike faith we lean,
On Him whose dearest name is Love!

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look on him!—through his dungeon
grate
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and
late,

As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head,—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill;
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague thrill!
Silent, save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;
O sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid
hair,

Gleam on him, fierce and red:
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with
gore?

Not so; his crime's a fouler one;
GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!
For this he shares a felon's cell,—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this, the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost,—
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as
rain

On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee,—
Piled granite and a prison cell,—
The land repays thy service well!

Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping
ones

Give back their cradle-shout;
Let boastful eloquence declaim
Of honour, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard

With glory for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patron cannon jars,
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and
stars

Rise on the wind and fall,—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer!
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the LAW that binds him
thus!

Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prison's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code
To the free sun and air of God;
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED
BY CLERGYMEN AGAINST THE ABOLITION
OF THE GALLOWS.

I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have
shone
Since the Redeemer walked with
man, and made
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of
stone,
And mountain moss, a pillow for his
head;
And He, who wandered with the pea-
sant Jew,
And broke with publicans the bread
of shame,
And drank, with blessings in his
Father's name,
The water which Samaria's outcast
drew,
Hath now his temples upon every shore,
Altar and shrine and priest,—and incense dim
Evermore rising, with low prayer
and hymn,

From lips which press the temple's
marble floor,
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread
Cross He bore.

II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing
good,"
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,
And even the poor companions of his
lot
With their dim earthly vision knew him
not,
How ill are his high teachings under-
stood!
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the
priest
At his own altar binds the chain
anew;
Where He hath bidden to Life's equal
feast,
The starving many wait upon the few;
Where He hath spoken Peace, his
name hath been
The loudest war-cry of contending
men;
Priests, pale with vigils, in his name
have blessed
The unsheathed sword, and laid the
spear in rest,
Wet the war-banner with their sacred
wine,
And crossed its blazon with the holy
sign;
Yea, in his name who bade the erring
live,
And daily taught his lesson,—to for-
give!—
Twisted the cord and edged the mur-
derous steel;
And, with his words of mercy on their
lips,
Hung gloating o'er the pincers' burning
grips,
And the grim horror of the straining
wheel;
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the
victim's limb,
Who saw before his searing eyeballs
swim
The image of *their* Christ in cruel
zeal,
Through the black torment-smoke, held
mockingly to him!

III.

The blood which mingled with the
 desert sand,
 And beaded with its red and ghastly
 dew
 The vines and olives of the Holy Land,—
 The shrieking curses of the hunted
 Jew,—
 The white-sown bones of heretics,
 where'er
 They sank beneath the Crusade's holy
 spear,—
 Goa's dark dungeons,— Malta's sea-
 washed cell,
 Where with the hymns the ghostly
 fathers sung
 Mingled the groans by subtle torture
 wrung,
 Heaven's anthem blending with the
 shriek of hell!
 The midnight of Bartholomew,—the
 stake
 Of Smithfield, and that thrice-ac-
 cursed flame
 Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's
 lake,—
 New England's scaffold, and the priest-
 ly sneer
 Which mocked its victims in that hour
 of fear,
 When guilt itself a human tear might
 claim,—
 Bear witness, O thou wronged and
 merciful One!
 That Earth's most hateful crimes have
 in thy name been done!

IV.

Thank God! that I have lived to see
 the time
 When the great truth begins at last
 to find
 An utterance from the deep heart of
 mankind,
 Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE
 IS CRIME!
 That man is holier than a creed,—
 that all
 Restraint upon him must consult his
 good,
 Hope's sunshine linger on his prison
 wall,
 And Love look in upon his solitude.

The beautiful lesson which our Saviour
 taught
 Through long, dark centuries its way
 hath wrought
 Into the common mind and popular
 thought;
 And words, to which by Galilee's lake
 shore
 The humble fishers listened with hushed
 oar,
 I have found an echo in the general
 heart,
 And of the public faith become a living
 part.

V.

Who shall arrest this tendency?—Bring
 back
 The cells of Venice and the bigot's
 rack?
 Harden the softening human heart
 again
 To cold indifference to a brother's
 pain?
 Ye most unhappy men!—who, turned
 away
 From the mild sunshine of the Gospel
 day,
 Grope in the shadows of Man's twi-
 light time,
 What mean ye, that with ghoulish
 zest ye brood,
 O'er those foul altars streaming with
 warm blood,
 Permitted in another age and clime?
 Why cite that law with which the bigot
 Jew
 Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he
 knew
 No evil in the Just One?—Wherefore
 turn
 To the dark cruel past?—Can ye not
 learn
 From the pure Teacher's life, how
 mildly free
 Is the great Gospel of Humanity?
 The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and
 no more
 Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,
 No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke
 Through the green arches of the
 Druid's oak;
 And ye of milder faith, with your high
 claim

Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest
 name,
 Will ye become the Druids of *our*
 time!
 Set up your scaffold-altars in *our*
 land,
 And, consecrators of Law's darkest
 crime,
 Urge to its loathsome work the hang-
 man's hand?
 Beware,—lest human nature, roused
 at last,
 From its peeled shoulder your encum-
 brance cast,
 And, sick to loathing of your cry for
 blood,
 Rank ye with those who led their vic-
 tims round
 The Celt's red altar and the Indian's
 mound,
 Abhorred of Earth and Heaven,—a
 pagan brotherhood!

THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

I.

FAR from his close and noisome cell,
 By grassy lane and sunny stream,
 Blown clover field and strawberry
 dell,
 And green and meadow freshness, fell
 The footsteps of his dream.
 Again from careless feet the dew
 Of summer's misty morn he shook;
 Again with merry heart he threw
 His light line in the rippling brook.
 Back crowded all his school-day joys,—
 He urged the ball and quoit again,
 And heard the shout of laughing boys
 Come ringing down the walnut glen.
 Again he felt the western breeze,
 With scent of flowers and crisping
 hay;
 And down again through wind-stirred
 trees
 He saw the quivering sunlight play.
 An angel in home's vine-hung door,
 He saw his sister smile once more;
 Once more the truant's brown-locked
 head
 Upon his mother's knees was laid,
 And sweetly lulled to slumber there,
 With evening's holy hymn and prayer!

II.

He woke. At once on heart and brain
 The present Terror rushed again,—
 Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain!
 He woke, to hear the church-tower tell
 Time's footfall on the conscious bell,
 And, shuddering, feel that clanging din
 His life's LAST HOUR had ushered in;
 To see within his prison-yard,
 Through the small window, iron barred,
 The gallows' shadow rising dim
 Between the sunrise heaven and him,—
 A horror in God's blessed air,—
 A blackness in his morning light,—
 Like some foul devil-altar there
 Built up by demon hands at night.
 And, maddened by that evil sight,
 Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,
 A chaos of wild, weltering change,
 All power of check and guidance gone,
 Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.
 In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,
 In vain he turned the Holy Book,
 He only heard the gallows-stair
 Creak as the wind its timbers shook.
 No dream for him of sin forgiven,
 While still that baleful spectre stood,
 With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood for
 Blood!*"
 Between him and the pitying Heaven!

III.

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,
 And smote his breast, and on his
 chain,
 Whose iron clasp he always felt,
 His hot tears fell like rain;
 And near him, with the cold, calm look,
 And tone of one whose formal part,
 Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,
 Is measured out by rule and book,
 With placid lip and tranquil blood,
 The hangman's ghostly ally stood,
 Blessing with solemn text and word
 The gallows-drop and strangling cord;
 Lending the sacred Gospel's awe
 And sanction to the crime of Law.

IV.

He saw the victim's tortured brow,—
 The sweat of anguish starting there,—
 The record of a nameless woe

In the dim eyes imploring stare,
Seen hideous through the long, damp
hair,—

Fingers of ghastly skin and bone
Working and writhing on the stone !—
And heard, by mortal terror wrung
From heaving breast and stiffened
tongue,
The choking sob and low hoarse
prayer ;

As o'er his half-crazed fancy came
A vision of the eternal flame,—
Its smoking cloud of agonies,—
Its demon-worm that never dies,—
The everlasting rise and fall
Of fire-waves round the infernal wall ;
While high above that dark red flood,
Black, giant-like, the gallows stood ;
Two busy fiends attending there ;
One with cold mocking rite and prayer,
The other with impatient gasp,
Tightening the death-rope's strangling
clasp.

v.

The unfelt rite at length was done,—
The prayer unheard at length was
said,—

An hour had passed :—the noonday sun
Smote on the features of the dead !
And he who stood the doomed beside,
Calm gauger of the swelling tide
Of mortal agony and fear,
Heeding with curious eye and ear
Whate'er revealed the keen excess
Of man's extremest wretchedness :
And who in that dark anguish saw
An earnest of the victim's fate,
The vengeful terrors of God's law,
The kindlings of Eternal hate,—
The first drops of that fiery rain
Which beats the dark red realm of
pain,

Did he uplift his earnest cries
Against the crime of Law, which
gave
His brother to that fearful grave,
Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,
And Faith's white blossoms never
wave

To the soft breath of Memory's sighs ;—
Which sent a spirit marred and stained,
By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,
In madness and in blindness stark,

Into the silent, unknown dark ?
No,—from the wild and shrinking dread
With which he saw the victim led
Beneath the dark veil which divides
Ever the living from the dead,

And Nature's solemn secret hides,
The man of prayer can only draw
New reasons for his bloody law ;
New faith in staying Murder's hand
By murder at that Law's command ;
New reverence for the gallows-rope,
As human Nature's latest hope ;
Last relic of the good old time,
When Power found license for its crime,
And held a writhing world in check
By that fell cord about its neck ;
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,
Choked the young breath of Freedom
out,

And timely checked the words which
sprung
From Heresy's forbidden tongue ;
While in its noose of terror bound,
The Church its cherished union found,
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,
The motley-coloured mind of man,
Not by the Koran and the Sword,
But by the Bible and the Cord !

vi.

O, Thou ! at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life its sleeper gave,
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance
The cold and changed countenance
Broke the still horror of its trance,
And, waking, saw with joy above,
A brother's face of tenderest love ;
Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,
And from thy very garment's hem
Drew life and healing unto them,
The burden of thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death,
Man's demon ministers of pain,
The fiends of his revenge were sent
From thy pure Gospel's element
To their dark home again.
Thy name is Love ! What, then, is he,
Who in that name the gallows rears
An awful altar built to thee,
With sacrifice of blood and tears ?
O, once again thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which knew thee

not

And let the light of thy pure day
Melt in upon his darkened thought.
Soften his hard, cold heart, and show
The power which in forbearance lies,
And let him feel that mercy now
Is better than old sacrifice !

VII.

As on the White Sea's charmed shore,
The Parsee sees his holy hill
With dunnest smoke-clouds curtained
o'er,

Yet knows beneath them, evermore,
The low, pale fire is quivering still ;
So, underneath its clouds of sin,
The heart of man retaineth yet
Gleams of its holy origin ;
And half-quenched stars that never
set,

Dim colours of its faded bow,
And early beauty, linger there,
And o'er its wasted desert blow
Faint breathings of its morning air,
O, never yet upon the scroll
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul.
Hath Heaven inscribed " DESPAIR !"
Cast not the clouded gem away,
Quench not the dim but living ray,—
My brother man, Beware !
With that deep voice which from the
skies

Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,
God's angel cries, FORBEAR !

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.*

O MOTHER EARTH ! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
And serpent hiss of scorning ;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.

* One of the famous and wealthy Randolphs of Virginia, who claimed to be lineal descendants of the Princess Pocahontas.

Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness,
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye
He heard Potomac's flowing,
And, through his tall ancestral trees,
Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps,—still looking to the west,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune !—in himself
All moods of mind contrasting,—
The tenderest wail of human woe,
The scorn-like lightning blasting ;
The pathos which from rival eyes
Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
Of hatred scarcely human !

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower
From lips of life-long sadness ;
Clear picturings of majestic thought
Upon a ground of madness ;
And over all Romance and Song
A classic beauty throwing,
And laurelled Clio at his side
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him : each in turn
Beheld its scheme disjointed,
As right or left his fatal glance
And spectral finger pointed.
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down.
With trenchant wit unsparing,
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished.
While others hailed in distant skies
Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion !

Still through each change of fortune
strange,
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,
His loving faith in Mother-land
Knew never shade of turning ;

By Britain's lakes, by Jeva's wave,
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
Nor false and vain pretences,
Nor paid a lying priest to seek
For Scriptural defences.
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
His bitterest taunt and scorning,
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow
That bent to him in sawning.

He held his slaves; yet kept the while
His reverence for the Human;
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but Man and Woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man
Lay down for his last sleeping,
And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother-man stood weeping,
His latest thought, his latest breath,
To Freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and trembling hand
The dying blest the living.

O, never bore his ancient State
A truer son or braver!
None trampling with a calmer scorn
On foreign hate or favour.
He knew her faults, yet never stooped
His proud and manly feeling
To poor excuses of the wrong
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of Doom
Along her future treading.
For her as for himself he spake,
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,
He traced with dying hand "REMORSE!"
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy pall which hides
The Sage of Monticello,
So from the le-strewn burial-stone

Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves
A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields
Are sadder warning spoken,
From quenched hearths, where thy
exiled sons
Their household gods have broken.
The curse is on thee,—wolves for men,
And briers for corn-sheaves giving:
O, more than all thy dead renown
Were now one hero living!

CHALKLEY HALL.⁶⁵

How bland and sweet the greeting of
this breeze
To him who flies
From crowded street and red wall's
weary gleam,
Till far behind him like a hideous dream
The close dark city lies!

Here, while the market murmurs, while
men throng
The marble floor
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush and
din
Of the world's madness let me gather in
My better thoughts once more.

O, once again revive, while on my ear
The cry of Gain
And low hoarse hum of Traffic die away,
Ye blessed memories of my early day
Like sere grass wet with rain!—

Once more let God's green earth and
sunset air
Old feelings waken;
Through weary years of toil and strife
and ill,
O, let me feel that my good angel still
Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my
mood:
Beneath the arms
Of this embracing wood, a good man
made
His home, like Abraham resting in the
shade
Of Manre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of count-
less years
The virgin soil
Turned from the share he guided, and
in rain
And summer sunshine throve the fruits
and grain
Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy
seas,
Weary and worn,
He came to meet his children and to
bless
The Giver of all good in thankfulness
And praise for his return.

And here his neighbours gathered in to
greet
Their friend again,
Safe from the wave and the destroying
gales,
Which reap untimely green Bermuda's
vales,
And vex the Carib main.

To hear the good man tell of simple truth,
Sown in an hour
Of weakness in some far-off Indian isle,
From the parched bosom of a barren soil,
Raised up in life and power ;

How at those gatherings in Barbadian
vales,
A tendering love
Came o'er him, like the gentle rain from
heaven,
And words of fitness to his lips were
given,
And strength as from above :

How the sad captive listened to the
Word,
Until his chain
Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit
felt
The healing balm of consolation melt
Upon its life-long pain ;

How the armed warrior sat him down
to hear
Of Peace and Truth,
And the proud ruler and his Creole
dame,
Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty
came,
And fair and bright-eyed youth.

O, far away beneath New England's sky,
Even when a boy,
Following my plough by Merrimack's
green shore,
His simple record I have pondered o'er
With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory
warm,—
Its woods around,
Its still stream winding on in light and
shade,
Its soft, green meadows and its upland
glade,—
To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where
Genius keeps
His vigils still ;
Than that where Avon's son of song is
laid,
Or Vaucluse hallowed by its Petrarch's
shade,
Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the gray walls of fallen Paraclete,
To Juliet's urn,
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange-grove,
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance
and Love
Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm
To all is given ;
And blessed memories of the faithful
dead
O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream
have shed
The holy hues of Heaven !

TO J. P.*

NOT as a poor requital of the joy
With which my childhood heard that
lay of thine,

* John Pierpont, the author of "Airs of Palestine," poems remarkable for richness of diction and splendour of imagery, was for nineteen years pastor of the Hollis Street Church, Boston. He was afterwards a Unitarian minister at Troy, New York, and Medford, Massachusetts. When the war broke out, although 76 years of age, he served as chaplain in a Massachusetts' regiment, and afterwards acted as clerk in the Treasury department at Washington. He died in August, 1866.

Which, like an echo of the song
divine
At Bethlehem breathed above the Holy
Boy,
Bore to my ear the Airs of Pales-
tine,—

Not to the poet, but the man I bring
In friendship's fearless trust my offer-
ing:

How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt
see,

Yet well I know that thou hast deemed
with me

Life all too earnest, and its time too
short

For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful
sport;

And girded for thy constant strife with
wrong,

Like Nehemiah fighting while he
wrought

The broken walls of Zion, even thy
song

Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in
every thought!

THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

[HUN BATUTA, the celebrated Mussulman
traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a
cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred
by the natives, the leaves of which were said
to fall only at certain intervals, and he who
had the happiness to find and eat one of them,
was restored, at once, to youth and vigour.
The traveller saw several venerable JOGEES, or
saints, sitting silent and motionless under the
tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.]

THEY sat in silent watchfulness
The sacred cypress-tree about,
And, from beneath old wrinkled brows
Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there
Through weary night and lingering
day,—

Grim as the idols at their side,
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above
The song of Ceylon's birds was
sweet;

Unseen of them the island flowers
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,
The thunder crashed on rock and
hill;

The cloud-fire on their eye-balls blazed,
Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?
The Moslem's sunset-call—the dance
Of Ceylon's maids,—the passing gleam
Of battle-flag and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf
Of which the wandering Jogees sing:
Which lends once more to wintry age
The greenness of its spring.

O, if these poor and blinded ones
In trustful patience wait to feel
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
A youthful freshness steal;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree
Whose healing leaves of life are shed,
In answer to the breath of prayer,
Upon the waiting head;

Not to restore our failing forms,
And build the spirit's broken shrine,
But, on the fainting soul to shed
A light and life divine;

Shall we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay?
Impatient of our Father's time
And his appointed way?

Or shall the stir of outward things
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
When on the heathen watcher's ear
Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith
Than prison cell or martyr's stake
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong,—
And in the ear of Pride and Power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than "watch one hour" in humbling
prayer.

Life's "great things," like the Syrian
lord,

Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh ! we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save ;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour
Forgetful of thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee !

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play ;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear ;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature !" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee !"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers !

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all !

4th 1st month, 1847.

TO ———,

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.*
"Get the writings of John Woolman by
heart."—*Essays of Elia*.

MAIDEN ! with the fair brown tresses
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,
Joy with them should still abide,—
Instinct take the place of Duty,
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,
Kindly beckoning back the Old,
Turning, with the gift of Midas,
A'1 things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness
Wearing even a welcome guise,
As, when some bright lake lies open
To the sunny skies,

Every wing of bird above it,
Every light cloud floating on,
Glitters like that flashing mirror
In the selfsame sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead
Something like a shadow lies ;
And a serious soul is looking
From thy earnest eyes

With an early introversion,
Through the forms of outward things
Seeking for the subtle essence,
And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,
Farther than the narrow present
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime.

* John Woolman, an eminent preacher of the Society of Friends, was born in 1720, in West Jersey, and for some years worked as a journeyman tailor. He travelled on religious visits to many parts of America, and taught the Indians. In 1772 he came to England to attend the quarterly meeting of the Friends, and died of small-pox at York. "His religion was love; his whole existence and all his passions were love."

All the mystery of Being
Hath upon thy spirit pressed,—
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,
Find no place of rest :

That which mystic Plato pondered,
That which Zeno heard with awe,
And the star-rapt Zoroaster
In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness springing
Of the dim, uncertain Past,
Moving to the dark still shadows
O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching :
WHAT and WHERE IS TRUTH?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,
Whence the ancient life hath fled,
Idle faith unknown to action,
Dull and cold and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings,
Only wake a quiet scorn,—
Not from these thy seeking spirit
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,
On thy mother Nature's breast,
Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking
Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,
Light and soft as woven moonbeams,
Beautiful and frail !

O'er the rough chart of Existence,
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,
Soft airs breathe, and green leaves
tremble,
And cold fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh
From the earth and from the sky,
And to thee the hills and waters
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer
Hath no outward origin ;
More than Nature's many voices
May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine
Questioned earth and sea and sky,⁶⁶
And the dusty tomes of learning
And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed
More than outward Nature taught,—
More than blest the poet's vision
Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence
Of a calm and waiting frame
Light and wisdom as from Heaven
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth that inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty
As our being's end,—

Not to idle dreams and trances,
Length of face, and solemn tone,
But to Faith, in daily striving
And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavour
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigour,
Steady heart, and weapon strong,
In the power of truth assailing
Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely
Is the track of WOOLMAN's feet !
And his brief and simple record
How serenely sweet !

O'er life's humblest duties throwing
Light the earthling never knew,
Freshening all its dark waste places,
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages,—
All which sainted Guion sought,
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel
Half-unconscious taught :—

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed
Living warmth and starry brightness
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,
Not a poet's dream alone,
But a presence warm and real,
Seen and felt and known.

When the red right-hand of slaughter
Moulders with the steel it swung,
When the name of seer and poet
Dies on Memory's toungue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall
gather
Round that meek and suffering one,—
Glorious, like the seer-seen angel
Standing in the sun!

Take the good man's book and ponder
What its pages say to thee,—
Blessed as the hand of healing
May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen
Yearnings for a higher good,
For the fount of living waters
And diviner food;

If the pride of human reason
Feels its meek and still rebuke,
Quailing like the eye of Peter
From the Just One's look!—

If with readier ear thou heedest
What the Inward Teacher saith,
Listening with a willing spirit
And a childlike faith,—

Thou mayest live to bless the giver,
Who, himself but frail and weak,
Would at least the highest welfare
Of another seek;

And his gift, though poor and lowly
It may seem to other eyes,
Yet may prove an angel holy
In a pilgrim's guise.

LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.*

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets,"
Holy Writ.

Yes,—pile the marble o'er him! It is
well

That ye who mocked him in his long
stern strife,

* William Leggett, a political and miscellaneous writer of great reputation, was a native of New York. Having served for four years as a midshipman in the United States Navy, he adopted authorship as a profession, and was for several years associated with W. C. Bryant in

And planted in the pathway of his
life
The ploughshares of your hatred hot
from hell,
Who clamoured down the bold re-
former when
He pleaded for his captive fellow-
men,
Who spurned him in the market-place,
and sought
Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to
bind
In party chains, the free and honest
thought,
The angel utterance of an upright
mind,
Well is it now that o'er his grave ye
raise
The stony tribute of your tardy praise,
For not alone that pile shall tell to
Fame
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the
builders' shame!

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had
been
Abused, its kindness answered with
foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-
men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled
among
The green mounds of the village burial-
place;
Where, pondering how all human
love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon
or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with
meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still
heart,
Pass the green threshold of our com-
mon grave,

the editorship of the *New York Evening Post*. He was the author of many literary and political works, and in 1840 was appointed diplomatic agent to the Republic of Guatamela, but died while making preparations for his departure. He gave great promise of a brilliant career; and Bryant's commemorative poem, "The earth may ring from shore to shore," is well known.

Whither all footsteps tend, whence
 none depart,
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
 Our common sorrow, like a mighty
 wave,
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling
 I forgave!

WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

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

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

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

"Where is God, that we should fear
 Him?"
 Thus the earth-born Titans say:
 "God! if thou art living, hear us!"
 Thus the weak ones pray."

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,
 Spake a solemn voice within;
 "Weary of our Lord's forbearance,
 Art thou free from sin?"

"Fearless brow to Him uplifting,
 Canst thou for his thunders call,
 Knowing that to guilt's attraction
 Evermore they fall?"

"Know'st thou not ail germs of evil
 In thy heart await their time?
 Not thyself, but God's restraining
 Stays their growth of crime.

"Couldst thou boast, O child of weak-
 ness!
 O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
 Were their strong temptations planted
 In thy path of life?"

"Thou hast seen two streamlets gush-
 ing
 From one fountain, clear and free,
 But by widely varying channels
 Searching for the sea.

"Glideth one through greenest valleys,
 Kissing them with lips still sweet;
 One, mad roaring down the moun-
 tains,
 Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parsee
 Kneels before his mother's fire?
 In his black tent did the Tartar
 Choose his wandering sire?"

"He alone, whose hand is bounding
 Human power and human will,
 Looking through each soul's surround-
 ing,
 Knows its good or ill.

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

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

"But, by all thy nature's weakne
 Hidden faults and follies known,
 Be thou, in rebuking evil,
 Consc'ous of thine own.

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

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

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

WORSHIP.

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

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan

Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,

O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,

The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,

With mothers offering to the Fiend's embraces

Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,

Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye

Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,

Thronged on the circle of a pitiless sky ;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, over-casting

All heaven above, and blighting earth below,

The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fasting,

And man's oblation was his fear and woe !

Then through great temples swelled the dismal moaning

Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer ;

Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,

Swung their white censers in the burdened air :

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savour

Of gums and spices could the Unseen One please ;

As if his ear could bend, with childish favour,

To the poor flattery of the organ keys !

Feet red from war-fields trod the church aisles holy,

With trembling reverence : and the oppressor there,

Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,

Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father

Requireth at his earthly children's hands :

Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather

The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth he asks it : the full joy of Heaven

Knoweth no change of waning or increase ;

The great heart of the Infinite beats even,

Untroubled flows the river of his peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding

The priestly altar and the saintly grave,

No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,

Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken :

The holier worship which he deigns to bless

Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,

And feeds the widow and the fatherless !

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow !

Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead ?

Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow

From stranger eyes the home lights which have fled ?

O brother man ! fold to thy heart thy
brother ;

Where pity dwells, the peace of God
is there ;

To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed
a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great
example

Of Him whose holy work was "doing
good ;"

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

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy
clangour

Of wild war music o'er the earth shall
cease ;

Love shall tread out the baleful fire of
anger,

And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's
room,

And eats his meat and drinks his ale,
And beats the maid with her unused
broom,

And the lazy lout with his idle flail,
But he sweeps the floor and threshes
the corn,

And hies him away ere the break of
dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the
sun,

And the Cocklane ghost from the
barnloft cheer,

The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,
And the devil of Martin Luther sat
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck
of him

Who seven times crossed the deep,
Twined closely each lean and withered
limb,

Like the nightmare in one's sleep,
But he drank of the wine, and Sinbad
cast

The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day
To my quiet room and fireside nook,

Where the casement light falls dim and
gray

On faded painting and ancient book,
Is a sorrier one than any whose names
Are chronicled well by good king James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,
No runner of errands like Ariel,

He comes in the shape of a fat old man,
Without rap of knuckle or pull of
bell ;

And when he comes, or whither he
goes,

I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat
Slouched heavily down to his dark,
red nose,

And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,
Looking through glasses with iron
bows.

Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,
Guard well your doors from that old
man !

He comes with a careless "How d' ye
do?"

And seats himself in my elbow-chair;
And my morning paper and pamphlet
new

Fall forthwith under his special care,
And he wipes his glasses and clears his
throat,

And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,
With the stolid sameness of posture and
look

Of one who reads to himself alone :
And hour after hour on my senses come
That husky wheeze and that dolorous
hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,
The poet's song and the lover's glee,
The horrible murders, the seaboard
gales,

The marriage list, and the *jeu d'e-
sprit*,

All reach my ear in the selfsame tone,—
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads
on !

O, sweet as the lapse of water at noon
 O'er the mossy roots of some forest
 tree,
 The sigh of the wind in the woods of
 June,
 Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight
 sea,
 Or the low soft music, perchance, which
 seems
 To float through the slumbering singer's
 dreams,

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

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

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

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

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,
 I whistle and laugh and sing and
 shout,
 I flourish my cane above his head,
 And stir up the fire to roast him
 out;

I topple the chairs, and drum on the
 pane,
 And press my hands on my ears, in vain!
 I've studied Glanville and James the
 wise,
 And wizard black-letter tomes which
 treat
 Of demons of every name and size,
 Which a Christian man is presumed
 to meet,
 But never a hint and never a line
 Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.
 I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and
 Tate,
 And laid the Primer above them all,
 I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,
 And hung a wig to my parlour wall
 Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,
 At Salem court in the witchcraft day!

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

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

THE PUMPKIN.

O GREENLY and fair in the lands o.
 the sun,
 The vines of the gourd and the rich
 melon run,
 And the rock and the tree and the cot-
 tage enfold,
 With broad leaves all greenness and
 blossoms all gold,
 Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet
 once grew,
 While he waited to know that his warn-
 ing was true,

And longed for the storm-cloud, and
 listened in vain
 For the rush of the whirlwind and red
 fire-rain.
 On the banks of the Xenil the dark
 Spanish maiden
 Comes up with the fruit of the tangled
 vine laden ;
 And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to
 behold
 Through orange-leaves shining the broad
 spheres of gold ;
 Yet with dearer delight from his home
 in the North,
 On the *Coast* of his harvest the Yankee
 looks forth,
 Where stock-necks are coiling and yellow
 fruit shines,
 And the sun of September melts down
 on his vines.
 Ah ! on Thanksgiving day, when from
 East and from West,
 From North and from South come the
 pilgrim and guest,
 When the gray-haired New-Englander
 sees round his board
 The old broken links of affection re-
 stored,
 When the care-wearied man seeks his
 mother once more,
 And the worn matron smiles where the
 girl smiled before,
 What moistens the lip and what bright-
 ens the eye ?
 What calls back the past, like the rich
 Pumpkin pie ?
 O,—fruit loved of boyhood !—the old
 days recalling,
 When wood-grapes were purpling and
 brown nuts were falling !
 When wild, ugly faces we carved in its
 skin,
 Glaring out through the dark with a
 candle within !
 When we laughed round the corn-heap,
 with hearts all in tune,
 Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lan-
 tern the moon,
 Telling tales of the fairy who travelled
 like steam,
 In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats
 for her team !
 Then thanks for thy present !—none
 sweeter or better
 E'er smoked from an oven or circled a
 platter !
 Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry
 more fine,
 Brighter eyes never watched o'er its
 baking, than thine !
 And the prayer, which my month is too
 full to express,
 Swells my heart that thy shadow may
 never be less,
 That the days of thy lot may be length-
 ened below,
 And the fame of thy worth like a pump-
 kin-vine grow,
 And thy life be as sweet, and its last
 sunset sky
 Golden-tinted and fair as thy own
 Pumpkin pie !

EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND."

How has New England's romance fled,
 Even as a vision of the morning !
 Its rites foredone,—its guardians
 dead,—
 Its priestesses, bereft of dread,
 Waking the veriest urchin's scorning !
 Gone like the Indian wizard's yell
 And fire-dance round the magic rock,
 Forgotten like the Druid's spell
 At moonrise by his holy oak !
 No more along the shadowy glen.
 Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men ;
 No more the unquiet churchyard dead
 Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,
 Startling the traveller, late and lone ;
 As, on some night of starless weather,
 They silently commune together,
 Each sitting on his own head-stone !
 The roofless house, decayed, deserted,
 Its living tenants all departed,
 No longer rings with midnight revel
 Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil ;
 No pale blue flame sends out its flashes
 Through creviced roof and shattered
 sashes !
 The witch-grass round the hazel spring
 May sharply to the night-air sing,
 But there no more shall withered hags
 Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,
 Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters

As beverage meet for Satan's daughters;
No more their mimic tones be heard,—
The mew of cat,—the chirp of bird,—
Shrill blending with the hoarser laugh-
ter

Of the fell demon following after!
The cautious goodman nails no more
A horseshoe on his outer door,
Lest some unseemly hag should fit
To his own mouth her bridle-bit,—
The goodwife's churn no more refuses
Its wonted culinary uses
Until, with heated needle burned,
The witch has to her place returned!
Our witches are no longer old
And wrinkled beklames, Satan-sold,
But young and gay and laughing crea-
tures,

With the heart's sunshine on their fea-
tures,—

Their sorcery—the light which dances
Where the raised lid unveils its glances;
Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,
The music of Love's twilight hours,
Soft, dreamlike, as a fairy's moan
Above her nightly closing flowers,
Sweeter than that which sighed of yore,
Along the charmed Ausonian shore!
Even she, our own weird heroine,
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,
Sleeps calmly where the living laid her;
And the wide realm of sorcery,
Left by its latest mistress free,
Hath found no gray and skilled in-
vader:

So perished Albion's "glammarve,"
With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping.
His charmed torch beside his knee,
That even the dead himself might see
The magic scroll within his keeping.
And now our modern Yankee sees
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries;
And naught above, below, around,
Of life or death, of sight or sound.
Whate'er its nature, form, or look,
Excites his terror or surprise,—
All seeming to his knowing eyes
Familiar as his "catechise,"
Or "Webster's Spelling-Book."

HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight

A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes
of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast
for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung
rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blos-
soming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the
lane,
And bends above our heads the flower-
ing locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes his fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to
flow
The breath of a new life,—the healing
of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds
with cool spray wet.

Good-by to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day:
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary
thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged
gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
And far-off sails which flit before the
south-wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,

But with the upward rise, and with the
vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing ;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished Past upon the
new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning ;
And, as in summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with
the soul's new morning.

I sit alone ; in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and
gray,
Shoulder the broken tide away,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through
mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town ?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its whiteline of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer
waves shuts down !

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and
wind,

And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them
rise and fall

But look, thou dreamer !—wave and
shore

In shadow lie ;
The night-wind warns me back once
more

To where, my native hill-tops o'er,
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing
sunset sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, fare-
well !

I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing
by the Sea.

LINES,

ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPTS PRESENTED TO
A FRIEND.

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

That down the hush of Syrian skies
Some sweet-voiced saint at twilight
sings

The song whose holy symphonies
Are beat by unseen wings ;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These light leaves at thy feet I lay,—
 Poor common thoughts on common
 things,

Which time is shaking, day by day,
 Like feathers from his wings,—

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

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

There still the morning zephyrs play,
 And there at times the spring bird
 sings,

And mossy trunk and fading spray
 Are flowered with glossy wings.

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

O friend beloved, whose curious skill
 Keeps bright the last year's leaves
 and flowers,

With warm, glad summer thoughts to
 fill

The cold, dark, winter hours!

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

THE REWARD.

WHO, looking backward from his man-
 hood's prime,
 Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?
 And, through the shade
 Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
 Hears no reproachful whisper on the
 wind
 From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil
 force?

Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Re-
 morse?—

Who does not cast
 On the thronged pages of his memory's
 book,

At times, a sad and half-reluctant look,
 Regretful of the Past?

Alas!—the evil which we fain would
 shun

We do, and leave the wished-for good
 undone:

Our strength to-day
 Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to
 fall;

Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
 Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er
 his years,

Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful
 tears,

If he hath been
 Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
 To cheer and aid, in some ennobling
 cause,

His fell w-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
 A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—

If he hath lent
 Strength to the weak, and, in an hour
 of need,

Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
 Or home, hath bent.

He hath not lived in vain, and while he
 gives

The praise to Him, in whom he moves
 and lives,

With thankful heart;
 He gazes backward, and with hope be-
 fore,

Knowing that from his works he never-
 more

Can henceforth part.

RAPHAEL.

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

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

A simple print:—the graceful flow
 Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,

And fresh young lip and cheek, and
 brow
 Unmarked and clear, were there.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LUCY HOOPER.⁶⁷

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead,—
 That all of thee we loved and che-
 rished
 Has with thy summer roses pe-
 rished :

And left, as its young beauty fled,
 An ashen memory in its stead,—
 The twilight of a parted day
 Whose fading light is cold and vain ;
 The heart's faint echo of a strain
 Of low, sweet music passed away.
 That true and loving heart,—that gift
 Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
 Bestowing, with a glad untrifling,
 Its sunny light on all around,
 Affinities which only could
 Cleave to the pure, the true, and good ;
 And sympathies which found no rest,
 Save with the loveliest and best.
 Of them—of thee—remains there naught
 But sorrow in the mourner's breast ?—
 A shadow in the land of thought ?

No!—Even *my* weak and trembling
 faith
 Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
 And human fear have drawn about
 The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still ;
 And, save the absence of all ill
 And pain and weariness, which here
 Summoned the sigh or wrung the
 tear,
 The same as when, two summers
 back,
 Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
 I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
 Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
 And heard thy low, soft voice alone
 Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
 Of pine-leaves by the west-wind blown,
 There's not a charm of soul or brow,—
 Of all we knew and loved in thee,—
 But lives in holier beauty now,
 Baptized in immortality !

Not mine the sad and freezing dream
 Of souls that, with their earthly
 mould,
 Cast off the loves and joys of old,—
 Unbodied,—like a pale moonbeam,
 As pure, as passionless, and cold ;
 Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
 Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
 Life's myriads blending into one,—
 In blank annihilation blest ;
 Dust-atoms of the infinite,—
 Sparks scattered from 'he central light,
 And winning back through mortal
 pain
 Their old unconsciousness again.

No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land,—
 Not shadows in a shadowy band,
 Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.
 And still I think of them the same
 As when the Master's summons came ;
 Their change,—the holy morn-light
 breaking
 Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking,—
 A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee midst the household
 graves.
 Where father, brother, sister lie ;
 Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
 Above thee bends the summer sky.
 Thy own loved church in sadness read
 Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,

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

Farewell ! A little time, and we
 Who knew thee well, and loved thee
 here,
 One after one shall follow thee
 As pilgrims through the gate of
 fear
 Which opens on eternity.

Yet shall we cherish not the less
 All that is left our hearts meanwhile ;
 The memory of thy loveliness
 Shall round our weary pathway smile,
 Like moonlight when the sun has set,—
 A sweet and tender radiance yet.
 Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of
 duty,
 Thy generous scorn of all things
 wrong,—
 The truth, the strength, the graceful
 beauty
 Which blended in thy song.

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

A LAMENT.

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

THE circle is broken,—one seat is
forsaken,—

One bud from the tree of our friendship
is shaken,—

One heart from among us no longer
shall thrill

With joy in our gladness, or grief in
our ill.

Weep!—lonely and lowly are slumber-
ing now

The light of her glances, the pride of
her brow,

Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen
in vain

To hear the soft tones of her welcome
again.

Give our tears to the dead! For hu-
manity's claim

From its silence and darkness is ever
the same;

The hope of that world whose exist-
ence is bliss

May not stifle the tears of the mourners
of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit
can throw

On the scene of its troubled probation
below,

Than the pride of the marble, the
pomp of the dead,

To that glance will be dearer the tears
which we shed.

O, who can forget the mild light of her
smile,

Over lips moved with music and feeling
the while—

The eye's deep enchantment, dark,
dream-like, and clear,

In the glow of its gladness, the shade
of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while
over the whole

Played the hues of the heart and the
sunshine of soul,—

And the tones of her voice, like the
music which seems

Murmured low in our ears by the
Angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories
hold

Those treasures of feeling, more precious
than gold,—

The love and the kindness and pity
which gave

Fresh flowers for the bridal, green
wreaths for the grave!

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,
Unmoved from its purpose by censure

and blame,

While vainly alike on her eye and her
ear

Fell the scorn of the heartless, the
jesting and jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beauti-
ful sleeper!

With smiles for the joyful, with tears
for the weeper!—

Yet, evermore prompt, whether mourn-
ful or gay,

With warnings in love to the passing
astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could
sorrow for them

Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure
gem;

And a sigh or a tear could the erring
reprove,

And the sting of reproof was still tem-
pered by love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting
in heaven,

As a star that is lost when the daylight
is given,

As a glad dream of slumber, which
wakens in bliss,

She hath passed to the world of the
holy from this.

GONE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE LAKE-SIDE.

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

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

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,
Of old, the Indian trod,
And, through the sunset air, looked
down
Upon the Smile of God.⁶⁸
To him of light and shade the laws
No forest sceptic taught ;
Their living and eternal Cause
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light
Which now across them shines ;
This lake, in summer sunset bright,
Walled round with sombering pine
God near him seemed ; from earth and
skies
His loving voice he heard,

As face to face, in paradise,
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, O our Father! that, like
him,

Thy tender love I see,
In radiant hill and woodland dim,
And tinted sunset sea.

For not in mockery dost thou fill
Our earth with light and grace;
Thou did'st no dark and cruel will
Behind thy smiling face!

THE HILL-TOP.

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

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

And, glimmering through the sun-haze
warm,

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

There towered Chocorua's peak; and
west,

Moosehillock's woods were seen,
With many a nameless slide-scarred
crest

And pine-dark gorge between.
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
The great Notch mountain shone,
Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful face of stone!

"A good look-off!" the driver spake:
"About this time, last year,
I drove a party to the Lake,
And stopped, at evening, here.
'T was duskish down below; but all
These hills stood in the sun,
Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,
He left them, one by one.

"A lady, who, from Thornton hill,
Had held her place outside,
And, as a pleasant woman will,
Had cheered the long, dull ride,
Besought me, with so sweet a smile,
That—though I hate delays—
I could not choose but rest awhile,—
(These women have such ways!)

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

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

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

We journeyed on; but earth and sky
Had power to charm no more;
Still dreamed my inward-turning eye
The dream of memory o'er.
Ah! human kindness, human love,—
To few who seek denied,—
Too late we learn to prize above
The whole round world beside!

ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S
QUILL FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

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

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

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

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

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

By forest, lake, and waterfall,
I see the pedler show ;
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,

Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of
pearl,

Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair ;

A seeming child in everything,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening
charms,

As Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful
bower,

Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower :

A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening
chain

Of memory, at the thought of thee !
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams, come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives again in me ;

I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again arise

The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah ! memories of sweet summer eyes,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,

Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than
they !

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled

My picture of thy youth to see,
When, half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seemed wise in thee ;

I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward
stream,

Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace
Of graver care and deeper thought ;

And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame than
praise,

The schoolboy's humble name has
flown ;

Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Diverge our pathways, one in youth ;
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need

The Derby dalesman's simple truth,
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day, and solemn psalm ;
For me, the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

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

Thus, while at times before our eyes
The shadows melt, and fall apart,
And, smiling through them, round us
lies

The warm light of our morning skies,—
The Indian Summer of the heart !—
In secret sympathies of mind,

In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain !

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE. 69

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree

A little isle reposes ;
A shadow woven of the oak
And wilow o'er it closes.

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

And whoso bathes therein his brow,
With care or madness burning,

Feels once again his healthful thought
And sense of peace returning.

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

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

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

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

FROM "MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL."

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

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

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

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

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

ICHABOD!

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

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

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

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

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

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

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

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

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

THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.²⁰

No aimless wanderers, by the Fiend
Unrest
Goaded from shore to shore;
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic
quest,
The leaves of empire o'er.
Simple of faith, and bearing in their
hearts
The love of man and God,
Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient
quarts,
And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir and
 pine
 In the night sun are cast.
 And the deep heart of many a Norland
 mine
 Quakes at each riving blast ;
 Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa
 stands,
 A baptized Scythian queen,
 With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled
 hands,
 The North and East between !
 Where still, through vales of Grecian
 fable, stray
 The classic forms of yore,
 And Beauty smiles, new risen from the
 spray,
 And Dian weeps once more ;
 Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart
 resounds ;
 And Stamboul from the sea
 Lifts her tall minarets over burial-
 grounds
 Black with the cypress-tree !
 From Malta's temples to the gates of
 Rome,
 Following the track of Paul,
 And where the Alps gird round the
 Switzer's home
 Their vast, eternal wall ;
 They paused not by the ruins of old
 time,
 They scanned no pictures rare,
 Nor lingered where the snow-locked
 mountains climb
 The cold abyss of air !
 But unto prisons, where men lay in
 chains,
 To haunts where Hunger pined,
 To kings and courts forgetful of the
 pains
 And wants of human-kind,
 Scattering sweet words, and quiet deeds
 of good,
 Along their way, like flowers,
 Or pleading, as Christ's free-men only
 could,
 With princes and with powers ;
 Their single aim the purpose to fulfil
 Of Truth, from day to day,
 Simply obedient to its guiding will,
 They held their pilgrim way.

Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful and
 old
 Were wasted on their sight,
 Who in the school of Christ had learned
 to hold
 All outward things aright.
 Not less to them the breath of vine-
 yards blown
 From off the Cyprian shore,
 Not less for them the Alps in sunset
 shone,
 That man they valued more.
 A life of beauty lends to all it sees
 The beauty of its thought ;
 And fairest forms and sweetest harmo-
 nies
 Make glad its way, unsought.
 In sweet accordancy of praise and love,
 The singing waters run ;
 And sunset mountains wear in light
 above
 The smile of duty done ;
 Sure stands the promise,—ever to the
 muck
 A heritage is given ;
 Nor lose they Earth who, single-heart-
 ed, seek
 The righteousness of Heaven !

THE MEN OF OLD.

WELL speed thy mission, bold Icono-
 clast !
 Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,
 If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving
 heart,
 Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of
 the Past,
 By the great Future's dazzling hope
 made blind
 To all the beauty, power, and truth
 behind.
 Not without reverent awe shouldst thou
 put by
 The cypress branches and the ama-
 rauth blooms,
 Where, with clasped hands of prayer,
 upon their tombs
 The effigies of old confessors lie,
 God's witnesses ; the voices of his will,
 Heard in the slow march of the cen-
 turies still !

Such were the men at whose rebuking
frown,
Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's
knee went down;
Such from the terrors of the guilty drew
The vassal's freedom and the poor
man's due.

St. Anselm (may he rest for evermore
In Heaven's sweet peace!) forbade,
of old, the sale
Of men and slaves, and from the
sacred pale
Hurl'd the Northumbrian buyers of
the poor.
To ransom souls from bonds and evil
fate
St. Ambrose melted down the sacred
plate,—
Image of saint, the chalice, and the
pix,
Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.
"MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN TEM-
PLES!" he replied
To such as came his holy work to chide.
And brave Cesarius, stripping altars
bare,
And coining from the Abbey's golden
hoard
The captive's freedom, answered to the
prayer
Or threat of those whose fierce zeal
for the Lord
Stified their love of man,— "An earthen
dish
The last sad supper of the Master
bore:
Most miserable sinners! do ye wish
More than your Lord, and grudge his
dying poor
What your own pride and not his need
requires?
Souls, than these shining gauds, He
values more;
Mercy, not sacrifice, his heart desires!"
O faithful worthies! re-ting far behind
In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep,
Much has been done for truth and
human-kind,—
Shadows are scattered wherein ye
groped blind;
Man claims his birthright, freer pulses
leap
Through peoples driven in your day
like sheep;

Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of
light,
Though widening still, is walled around
by night;
With slow, reluctant eye, the Church
has read,
Sceptic at heart, the lessons of its
Head;
Counting, too oft, its living members
less
Than the wall's garnish and the pulpit's
dress;
World-moving zeal, with power to bless
and feed
Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter
need,
Instead of bread, holds out the stone
of creed;
Sect builds and worships where its
wealth and pride
And vanity stand shrined and deified,
Careless that in the shadow of its walls
God's living temple into ruin falls.
We need, methinks, the prophet-hero
still,
Saints true of life, and martyrs strong
of will,
To tread the land, even now, as Xavier
trod
The streets of Goa, barefoot, with
his bell,
Proclaiming freedom in the name of
God,
And startling tyrants with the fear of
hell!
Soft words, smooth prophecies, are
doubtless well;
But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
We need the souls of fire, the hearts
of that old time!

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALL'S WELL.

THE clouds, which rise with thunder,
slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

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

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

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

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

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

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

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

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

TO A. K.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-MOSSES.

THANKS for thy gift
Of ocean flowers,
Born where the golden drift
Of the slant sunshine falls
Down the green, tremulous walls
Of water, to the cool still coral
bowers,

Where, under rainbows of perpetual
showers,
God's gardens of the deep
His patient angels keep;
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude
With fairest forms and hues, and
thus

For ever teaching us
The lesson which the many-coloured
skies,
The flowers, and leaves, and painted
butterflies,
The deer's branched antlers, the gay
bird that flings

The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,
 The brightness of the human countenance,
 Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,
 For evermore repeat,
 In varied tones and sweet,
 That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O kind and generous friend, o'er whom
 The sunset hues of Time are cast,
 Painting, upon the overpast
 And scattered clouds of noontide sorrow
 The promise of a fairer morrow,
 An earnest of the better life to come ;
 The binding of the spirit broken,
 The warning to the erring spoken,
 The comfort of the sad,
 The eye to see, the hand to cull
 Of common things the beautiful,
 The absent heart made glad
 By simple gift or graceful token
 Of love it needs as daily food,
 All own one Source, and all are good !

Hence, tracking sunny cove and reach,
 Where spent waves glimmer up the beach,
 And toss their gift of weed and shell
 From foamy curve and combing swell,
 No unbefitting task was thine
 To weave these flowers so soft and fair
 In unison with His design
 Who loveth beauty everywhere ;
 And makes in every zone and clime,
 In ocean and in upper air,
 "All things beautiful in their time."
 For not alone in tones of awe and power
 He speaks to man ;
 The cloudy horror of the thunder-shower
 His rainbows span ;
 And where the caravan
 Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air
 The , crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage there,
 He gives the weary eye

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

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

And the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel, gave me an answer, and said, "Thy heart hath gone too far in this world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High ?"
 Then said I, "Yea, my Lord."
 Then said he unto me, "Go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past."—2 *Esdras*, chap. iv.

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

And yet, at times, when over all
A darker mystery seems to fall,
(May God forgive the child of dust,
Who seeks to *know*, where Faith should
trust!)

I raise the questions, old and dark,
Of Uzdom's tempted patriarch,
And, speech-confounded, build again
The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

I am : how little more I know !
Whence came I ? Whither do I go ?
A centred self, which feels and is ;
A cry between the silences ;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life ;
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the Future from the Past ;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

Thorough the vastness, arching all,
I see the great stars rise and fall,
The rounding seasons come and go,
The tided oceans ebb and flow ;
The tokens of a central force,
Whose circles, in their widening course,
O'erlap and move the universe .
The workings of the law whence springs
The rhythmic harmony of things,
Which shapes in earth the darkling
spar,
And orbs in heaven the morning star.

Of all I see, in earth and sky, —
Star, flower, beast, bird, — what part
have I ?

This conscious life, — is it the same
Which thrills the universal frame,
Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,
And mounts the sap from forest roots,
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells
When Spring makes green her native
dells ?

How feels the stone the pang of birth,
Which brings its sparkling prism forth ?
The forest-tree the throb which gives
The life-blood to its new-born leaves ?
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,
Life's many-folded mystery, —
The wonder which it is TO BE ?
Or stand I severed and distinct,
From Nature's chain of life unlinked ?
Allied to all, yet not the less
Prisoned in separate consciousness.

Alone o'erburdened with a sense
Of life, and cause, and consequence ?

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

I turn from Nature unto men,
I ask the stylus and the pen ;
What sang the bards of old ? What
meant

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

The great enigma still unguessed,
Unanswered the eternal quest ;
I gather up the scattered rays
Of wisdom in the early days,
Faint gleams and broken, like the light
Of meteors in a northern night,
Betraying to the darkling earth
The unseen sun which gave them birth ;
I listen to the sibyl's chant,
The voice of priest and hierophant ;
I know what Indian Krees-hna saith,
And what of life and what of death
The demon taught to Socrates ;
And what, beneath his garden-trees
Slow pacing, with a dream-like tread,
The solemn-thoughted Plato said ;
Nor lack I tokens, great or small,
Of God's clear light in each and all,
While holding with more dear regard
The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard,
The stary pages promise-lit

With Christ's Evangel over-writ,
Thy miracle of life and death,
O holy one of Nazareth!

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

He sees at noon the stars, whose light
Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego;
Enough for me to feel and know
That He in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend,—
Who, girt with His immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees,
Small as the clustered Pleiades,—
Moves not alone in the heavenly quires,
But waves the spring-time's grassy
spires,
Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own;
Speaks not alone the words of fate
Which worlds destroy, and worlds
create,

But whispers in my spirit's ear,
In tones of love, or warning fear,
A language none beside may hear.

To Him, from wanderings long and
wild,

I come, an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade his peace to find,
Like dew-fall settling on my mind.
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest,

I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme,
Dark creed, and mournful eastern dream
Of power, impersonal and cold,
Controlling all, itself controlled,
Maker and slave of iron laws,
Alike the subject and the cause;
From vain philosophies, that try
The sevenfold gates of mystery,
And, baffled ever, babble still,
Word-proliferal of fate and will;
From Nature, and her mockery, Art,
And book and speech of men apart,
To the still witness in my heart:
With reverence waiting to behold
His Avatâr of love untold,
The Eternal Beauty new and old!

MOLOCH IN STATE STREET.

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

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

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

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

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

Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on
With mocking cheer
Lo! spectral Andros, Jaffa, Anson,
And Gage, are here!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And still the Pilgrim State remains
What she hath been ;
Her inland hills, her seaward plains,
Still nurture men !

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

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

Even now, the peal of bell and gun,
And hills aflame,
Tell of the first great triumph won
In Freedom's name.⁷¹

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

1851.

TO ———.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER DAY'S
EXCURSION.

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

Thanks for the courtesy, and gay
Good-humour, which on Washing Day
Our ill-timed visit bore ;
Thanks for your graceful oars, which
broke

The morning dreams of Artichoke,
Along his wooded shore !

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

The forms of which the poets told,
The fair benignities of old,
Were doubtless such as you ;
What more than Artichoke the rill
Of Helicon ? Than Pipe-stave hill
Arcadia's mountain-view ?

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

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

The Beauty which old Greece on
Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at
home ;

We need but eye and ear
In all our daily walks to trace
The outlines of incarnate grace,
The hymns of gods to hear !

IN PEACE.

A TRACK of moonlight on a quiet lake,
Whose small waves on a silver-
sanded shore
Whisper of peace, and with the low
winds make
Such harmonies as keep the woods
awake,
And listening all night long for their
sweet sake
A green-waved slope of meadow,
hovered o'er
By angel-troops of lilies, swaying light
On viewless stems, with folded wings
of white ;
A slumberous stretch of mountain-land,
far seen
Where the low westering day, with
gold and green,
Purple and amber, softly blended, fills
The wooded vales, and melts among
the hills ;
A vine-fringed river, winding to its
rest
On the calm bosom of a stormless sea,
Bearing alike upon its placid breast,
With earthly flowers and heavenly stars
impressed,
The hues of time and of eternity :
Such are the pictures which the thought
of thee,
O friend, awakeneth,—charming the
keen pain
Of thy departure, and our sense of loss
Requiting with the fulness of thy gain.
Lo ! on the quiet grave thy life-borne
cross,
Dropped only at its side, methinks doth
shine,
Of thy beatitude the radiant sign !
No sob of grief, no wild lament be
there,
To break the Sabbath of the holy air ;
But, in their stead, the silent-breathing
prayer
Of hearts still waiting for a rest like
thine.
O spirit redeemed ! Forgive us, if
henceforth,
With sweet and pure similitudes of
earth,
We keep thy pleasant memory freshly
green,
Of love's inheritance a priceless part,

Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe,
is seen
To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,
With pencil dipped alone in colours
of the heart.

BENEDICITE.

GOD's love and peace be with thee,
where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair !
Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,
It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace !
Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—
The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.
Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day ;
O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.
Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-
word, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.
With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.
If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from
me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be ?
The sighing of a shaken reed,—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need ?

God's love,—unchanging, pure, and true,—
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace,—the fall of Hermon's dew !
With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away !

PICTURES.

I.

LIGHT, warmth, and sprouting green-
ness, and o'er all
Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether,
raining down
Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed
town,
The freshening meadows, and the
hill-sides brown ;
Voice of the west-wind from the
hills of pine,
And the brimmed river from its distant
fall,
Low hum of bees, and joyous inter-
lude
Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirt-
ing wood,—
Heralds and prophecies of sound and
sight,
Blessed forerunners of the warmth
and light,
Attendant angels to the house of prayer,
With reverent footsteps keeping
pace with mine,—
Once more, through God's great love,
with you I share
A morn of resurrection sweet and fair
As that which saw, of old, in Pal-
estine,
Immortal Love uprising in fresh
bloom
From the dark night and winter of
the tomb !

5th mo., 2d, 1852.

II.

White with its sun-bleached dust, the
pathway winds
Before me ; dust is on the shrunken
grass,
And on the trees beneath whose
boughs I pass :

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

8th mo., 1852.

"I WAS A STRANGER, AND
YE TOOK ME IN."

'NEATH skies that winter never knew
The air was full of light and balm,
And warm and soft the Gulf wind blew
Through orange bloom and groves of
palm.

A stranger from the frozen North
 Who sought the fount of health in
 vain,
 Sank homeless on the alien earth,
 And breathed the languid air with
 pain.

God's angel came! The tender shade
 Of pity made her blue eye dim;
 Against her woman's breast she laid
 The drooping, fainting head of him.

She bore him to a pleasant room,
 Flower-sweet and cool with salt sea
 air,
 And watched beside his bed, for
 whom
 His far-off sisters might not care.

She fanned his feverish brow and
 smoothed
 Its lines of pain with tenderest
 touch,
 With holy hymn and prayer she
 soothed
 The trembling soul that feared so
 much.

Through her the peace that passeth
 sight
 Came to him, as he lapsed away
 As one whose troubled dreams of night
 Slide slowly into tranquil day.

The sweetness of the Land of Flowers
 Upon his lonely grave she laid;
 The jasmine dropped its golden
 showers,
 The orange lent its bloom and
 shade.

And something whispered in her
 thought,
 More sweet than mortal voices be;
 "The service thou for him hast
 wrought,
 O daughter! hath been done for
 me."

AT SCHOOL-CLOSE.

(BOWDOIN STREET, 1877.)

THE end has come, as come it must
 To all things; in these sweet June
 days

The teacher and the scholar trust
 Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part; but in the years to be
 Shall pleasant memories cling to
 each,

As shells bear inland from the sea
 The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

One knew the joy the sculptor knows
 When, plastic to his lightest touch,
 His clay-wrought model slowly grows
 To that fine grace desired so much.

So daily grew before her eyes
 The living shapes whereon she
 wrought,
 Strong, tender, innocently wise,
 The child's heart with the woman's
 thought.

And one shall never quite forget
 The voice that called from dream
 and play,
 The firm but kindly hand that set
 Her feet in learning's pleasant
 way,—

The joy of Undine soul-possessed,
 The wakening sense, the strange
 delight
 That swelled the fabled statue's breast
 And filled its clouded eyes with
 sight!

O Youth and Beauty, loved of all!
 Ye pass from girlhood's gate of
 dreams;
 In broader ways your footsteps fall,
 Ye test the truth of all that seems.

Her little realm the teacher leaves,
 She breaks her wand of power
 apart,
 While, for your love and trust, she
 gives
 The warm thanks of a grateful heart.

Hers is the sober summer noon
 Contrasted with your morn of
 spring;
 The waning with the waxing moon,
 The loded with the outspread wing

Across the distance of the years
 She sends her God-speed back to
 you;

She has no thought of doubts or fears ;
Be but yourselves, be pure, be true,

And prompt in duty ; heed the deep,
Low voice of conscience ; through
the ill

And discord round about you, keep
Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle : unto griefs and needs,
Be pitiful as woman should,
And, spite of all the lies of creeds,
Hold fast the truth that God is
good.

Give and receive ; go forth and bless
The world that needs the hand and
heart

Of Martha's helpful carefulness
No less than Mary's better part.

So shall the stream of time flow by
And leave each year a richer good,
And matron loveliness outvie
The nameless charm of maiden-
hood.

And, when the world shall link your
names

With great lives and manners fine,
The teachers all assert her claims,
And proudly whisper, "These were
mine !"

ASTRÆA.

"Jove means to settle
Astræa in her seat again ;
And let down from his golden chain
An age of better metal."

BEN JONSON, 1615.

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

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

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

Free from its bonds the mind,
The body from the rod ;
Broken all chains that bind
The image of our God.

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

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

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

INVOCATION.

THROUGH thy clear spaces, Lord, of
old,

Formless and void the dead earth rolled ;
Deaf to thy heaven's sweet music, blind
To the great lights which over it shined ;
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no
breath,—

A dumb despair, a wandering death.

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

Then knew their bounds the land and
sea ;

Then smiled the bloom of mead and
tree ;

From flower to moth, from beast to
man.

The quick creative impulse ran ;
And earth, with life from thee renewed,
Was in thy holy eyesight good.

As lost and void, as dark and cold
And formless as that earth of old,—
A wandering waste of storm and night,
Midst spheres of song and realms of
light,—

A blot upon thy holy sky,
Untouched, unwarned of thee, am I.

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

THE CROSS.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DILLINGHAM IN
THE NASHVILLE PENITENTIARY.

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

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

Thy cross of suffering and of shame
A staff within thy hands became,
In paths where faith alone could see
The Master's steps supporting thee.

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

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

EVA.

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

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

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

* Thomas à Kempis. Imit. Christ.

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

Weep no more for happy Eva,
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her ;
Care and pain and weariness
Lost in love so measureless.

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

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

APRIL.

"The spring comes slowly up this way."
Christabel.

'Tis the noon of the spring-time, yet
never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is
heard ;

For green meadow-grasses wide levels
of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus
should blow ;

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

O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-
waking roots
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal
shoots ;

And, longing for light, under wind-
driven heaps,
Round the boles of the pine-wood the
ground-laurel creeps,

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

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of
the south !

For the touch of thy light wings, the
kiss of thy mouth ;

For the yearly evangel thou bearest
 from God,
 Resurrection and life to the graves of
 the sod !
 Up our long river-valley, for days, have
 not ceased
 The wail and the shriek of the bitter
 northeast,—
 Raw and chill, as if winnowed through
 ices and snow,
 All the way from the land of the wild
 Esquimaux,—
 Until all our dreams of the land of the
 blest,
 Like that red hunter's, turn to the sunny
 southwest.
 O soul of the spring-time, its light and
 its breath,
 Bring warmth to this coldness, bring
 life to this death ;
 Renew the great miracle ; let us be-
 hold
 The stone from the mouth of the sepul-
 chre rolled,
 And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of
 old !
 Let our faith, which in darkness and
 coldness has lain,
 Revive with the warmth and the bright-
 ness again,
 And in blooming of flower and budding
 of tree
 The symbols and types of our destiny
 see ;
 The life of the spring-time, the life of
 the whole,
 And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love
 to the soul !

For the calm thy kindness lent
 To a path of discontent,
 Rough with trial and dissent ;
 Gentle words where such were few,
 Softening blame where blame was true,
 Praising where small praise was due ;
 For a waking dream made good,
 For an ideal understood,
 For thy Christian womanhood ;
 For thy marvellous gift to cull
 From our common life and dull
 Whatso'er is beautiful ;
 Thoughts and fancies, Hybla's bees
 Dropping sweetness ; true heart's ease
 Of congenial sympathies ;—
 Still for these I own my debt ;
 Memory, with her eyelids wet,
 Fain would thank thee even yet.
 And as one who scatters flowers
 Where the Queen of May's sweet hours
 Sits, o'ertwined with blossomed bowers,
 In superfluous zeal bestowing
 Gifts where gifts are overflowing,
 So I pay the debt I'm owing.
 To thy full thoughts, gay or sad,
 Sunny-hued or sober clad,
 Something of my own I add ;
 Well assured that thou wilt take
 Even the offering which I make
 Kindly for the giver's sake.

REMEMBRANCE.

WITH COPIES OF THE AUTHOR'S WRITINGS.

FRIEND of mine ! whose lot was cast
 With me in the distant past,—
 Where, like shadows flitting fast,
 Fact and fancy, thought and theme,
 Word and work, begin to seem,
 Like a half-remembered dream !

Touched by change have all things been,
 Yet I think of thee as when
 We had speech of lip and pen.

TRUST.

THE same old baffling questions ! O
 my friend,
 I cannot answer them. In vain I send
 My soul into the dark, where never burn
 The lamps of science, nor the natural
 light
 Of Reason's sun and stars ! I cannot
 learn
 Their great and solemn meanings, nor
 discern
 The awful secrets of the eyes which turn
 Evermore on us through the day and
 night

With silent challenge and a dumb
demand,
Proffering the riddles of the dread un-
known,
Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes
of stone,
Questioning the centuries from their
veils of sand !
I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's
knee ;
" All is of God that is, and is to be ;
And God is good." Let this suffice
us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon his
will
Who moves to his great ends unthwart-
ed by the ill.

KATHLEEN.⁷³

O NORAH, lay your basket down,
And rest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,
A mighty lord was he ;
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And so, in evil spite,
She baked the black bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved the
kern,
And drove away the poor ;
" Ah, woe is me !" the old lord said,
I rue my bargain sore !"

This lord he had a daughter fair,
Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing-fires
Of her the gleeman sung.

" As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall ;"
So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

" O come to me, my daughter dear !
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your mother's own I see !"

He smoothed and smoothed her hair
away,

He kissed her forehead fair ;
" It is my darling Mary's brow,
It is my darling's hair !"

O, then spake up the angry dame,
" Get up, get up," quoth she,
" I'll sell ye over Ireland,
I'll sell ye o'er the sea !"

She clipped her glossy hair away,
That none her rank might know,
She took away her gown of silk,
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town,
And to a seaman sold
This daughter of an Irish lord
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,
And tore his beard so gray ;
But he was old, and she was young,
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee
howled
To fright the evil dame,
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the
trees,
And glimmering down the hill ;
They crept before the dead-vault door,
And there they all stood still !

" Get up, old man ! the wake-lights
shine !"

" Ye murthering witch," quoth he,
" So I'm rid of your tongue, I little
care

If they shine for you or me."

" O, whoso brings my daughter back,
My gold and land shall have !"

O, then spake up his handsome page,
" No gold nor land I crave !"

" But give to me your daughter dear,
Give sweet Kathleen to me,
Be she on sea or be she on land,
I'll bring her back to thee."

" My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,

But she shall be your bride the day
You bring her back to me."

He sailed east, he sailed west,
And far and long sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea.

"O, have ye seen the young Kath-
leen,
The flower of Ireland?
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand!"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know
The maiden whom ye mean;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen.

"No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston
town,
And met a maiden fair,
A little basket on her arm
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast
thou
This young man ever seen?"
They wept within each other's arms,
The page and young Kathleen.

"O give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold."
"Nay, not by me," her master said,
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold."

"We loved her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en;
But, since her heart's in Ireland,
We give her back again!"

O, for that same the saints in heaven
For his poor soul shall pray,
And Mary Mother wash with tears
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,
As you go up Claremore
Ye'll see their castle looking down
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and
gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee.

FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

In calm and cool and silence, once again
I find my old accustomed place among
My brethren, where, perchance, no
human tongue
Shall utter words; where never
hymn is sung,
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor
censer swung,
Nor dim light falling through the pic-
tured pane!
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear
The still small voice which reached the
prophet's ear:
Read in my heart a still diviner law
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw:
There let me strive with each besetting
sin,
Recall my wandering fancies, and
restrain
The sore disquiet of a restless brain;
And, as the path of duty is made
plain,
May grace be given that I may walk
therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish
gain,
With backward glances and reluctant
tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread,—
But, cheerful, in the light around me
thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service
led:
Doing God's will as if it were my
own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in his
strength alone!

TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

AN EPISTLE NOT AFTER THE MANNER OF
HORACE.

Old friend, kind friend! lightly down
Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown!
Never be thy shadow less,

Never fail thy cheerfulness ;
 Care, that kills the cat, may plou,
 Wrinkles in the miser's brow,
 Deepen envy's spiteful frown,
 Draw the mouths of bigots down,
 Plague ambition's dream, and sit
 Heavy on the hypocrite,
 Haunt the rich man's door, and ride
 In the gilded coach of pride ;—
 Let the fiend pass !—what can he
 Find to do with such as thee ?
 Seldom comes that evil guest
 Where the conscience lies at rest,
 And brown health and quiet wit
 Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urchin unto whom,
 In that smoked and dingy room,
 Where the district gave thee rule
 O'er its ragged winter school,
 Thou didst teach the mysteries
 Of those weary A B C's,—
 Where, to fill the every pause
 Of thy wise and learned saws,
 Through the cracked and crazy wall
 Came the cradle-rock and squall,
 And the goodman's voice, at strife
 With his shrill and tipsy wile,—
 Luring us by stories old,
 With a comic uncton told,
 More than by the eloquence
 Of terse birchen arguments
 (Doubtful gain, I fear), to lo^oc
 With complacence on a book !—
 Where the genial pedagogue
 Half forgot his rogues to flog,
 Citing tale or apologue,
 Wise and merry in its drift
 As old Phædrus' twofold gift,
 Had the little rebels known it,
Risum et prudentiam monet !

I,—the man of middle years,
 In whose sable locks appears
 Many a warning fleck of gray,—
 Looking back to that far day,
 And thy primal lessons, feel
 Grateful smiles my lips unseal,
 As, remembering thee, I blend
 Olden teacher, present friend,
 Wise with antiquarian search,
 In the scrolls of State and Church ;
 Named 'on history's title-page,
 Parish-clerk and justice sage ;

For the ferule's wholesome awe
 Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,
 Gathering up the scattered leaves
 Which the wrinkled silyl cast
 Careless from her as she passed,—
 Twofold citizen art thou,
 Freeman of the past and now.
 He who bore thy name of old
 Midway in the heavens did hold
 Over Gibeon moon and sun ;
 Thou hast bidden them backward
 run ;
 Of to-day the present ray
 Flinging over yesterday !

Let the busy ones deride
 What I deem of right thy pride ;
 Let the fools their tread-mills grind,
 Look not forward nor behind,
 Shuffle in and wriggle out,
 Veer with every breeze about,
 Turning like a windmill sail,
 Or a dog that seeks his tail ;
 Let them laugh to see thee fast
 Tabernacled in the Past,
 Working out with eye and lip,
 Riddles of old penmanship,
 Patient as Belzoni there
 Sorting out, with loving care,
 Mummies of dead questions stripped
 From their sevenfold manuscript !

Dabbling, in their noisy way,
 In the puddles of to-day,
 Little know they of that vast
 Solemn ocean of the past,
 On whose margin, wreck-bespread,
 Thou art walking with the dead,
 Questioning the stranded years,
 Waking smiles, by turns, and tears,
 As thou callest up again
 Shapes the dust has long o'erlain,—
 Fair-haired woman, bearded man,
 Cavalier and Puritan ;
 In an age whose eager view
 Seeks but present things, and new,
 Mad for party, sect, and gold,
 Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,
 Coolly bagging fact on fact,
 Naught amiss to thee can float,
 Tale, or song, or anecdote ;

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Village gossip, centuries old,
 Scandals by our grandams told,
 What the pilgrim's table spread,
 Where he lived, and whom he wed,
 Long-drawn bill of wine and beer
 For his ordination cheer,
 Or the flip that wellnigh made
 Glad his funeral cavalcade ;
 Weary prose, and poet's lines,
 Flavoured by their age, like wines,
 Eulogistic of some quaint,
 Doubtful, puritanic saint ;
 Lays that quickened husking jigs,
 Jest that shook grave periwigs,
 When the parson had his jokes
 And his glass, like other folks ;
 Sermons that, for mortal hours,
 Taxed our fathers' vital powers,
 As the long nineteenthlies poured
 Downward from the sounding-board,
 And, for fire of Pentecost,
 Touched their beards December's frost.

Time is hastening on, and we
 What our fathers are shall be, —
 Shadow-shapes of memory !
 Joined to that vast multitude
 Where the great are but the good,
 And the mind of strength shall prove
 Weaker than the heart of love ;
 Pride of graybeard wisdom less
 Than the infant's guilelessness,
 And his song of sorrow more
 Than the crown the Psalmist wore !
 Who shall then, with pious zeal,
 At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,
 From a stained and stony page
 Reading to a careless age,
 With a patient eye like thine,
 Prosing tale and limping line,
 Names and words the hoary time
 Of the Past has made sublime ?
 Who shall work for us as well
 The antiquarian's miracle ?
 Who to seeming life recall
 Teacher grave and pupil small ?
 Who shall give to thee and me
 Freeholds in futurity ?

Well, whatever lot be mine,
 Long and happy days be thine,
 Ere thy full and honoured age
 Dates of time its latest page !
 Squire for master, State for school,
 Wisely lenient, live and rule ;

Over grown-up knave and rogue
 Play the watchful pedagogue ;
 Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,
 At the call of youth and beauty,
 Speak for them the spell of law
 Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,
 And the flaming sword remove
 From the Paradise of Love.
 Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore
 Ancient tome and record o'er ;
 Still thy week-day lyrics croon,
 Pitch in church the Sunday tune,
 Showing something, in thy part,
 Of the old Puritanic art,
 Singer after Sternhold's heart !
 In thy pew, for many a year,
 Homilies from Oldbug hear,⁷⁴
 Who to wit like that of South,
 And the Syrian's golden mouth.
 Doth the homely pathos add
 Which the pilgrim preachers had ;
 Breaking, like a child at play,
 Gilded idols of the day,
 Cant of knave and pomp of fool
 Tossing with his ridicule,
 Yet, in earnest or in jest,
 Ever keeping truth abreast.
 And, when thou art called, at last,
 To thy townsmen of the past,
 Not as stranger shalt thou come ;
 Thou shalt find thyself at home !
 With the little and the big,
 Woollen cap and periwig,
 Madam in her high-laced ruff,
 Goody in her home-made stuff, —
 Wise and simple, rich and poor,
 Thou hast known them all before !

THE PANORAMA.

THROUGH the long hall the shuttered
 windows shed
 A dubious light on every upturned
 head, —
 On locks like those of Absalom the fair,
 On the bald apex ringed with scanty
 hair,
 On blank indifference and on curious
 stare ;
 On the pale Showman reading from his
 stage
 The hieroglyphics of that facial page ;
 Half sad, half scornful, listening to the
 bruit

Of restless cane-tap and impatient foot,
 And the shrill call, across the general
 din,
 "Roll up your curtain! Let the show
 begin!"

At length a murmur like the winds
 that break
 Into green waves the prairie's grassy
 lake,
 Deepened and swelled to music clear
 and loud,
 And, as the west-wind lifts a summer
 cloud,
 The curtain rose, disclosing wide and far
 A green land stretching to the evening
 star,
 Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees
 And flowers hummed over by the desert
 bees,
 Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of
 greenness show
 Fantastic outcrops of the rock below, --
 The slow result of patient Nature's
 pains,
 And plastic fingering of her sun and
 rains, --
 Arch, tower, and gate, grotesquely
 windowed hall,
 And long escarpment of half-crumbled
 wall,
 Huger than those which, from steep
 hills of vine,
 Stare through their loopholes on the
 travelled Rhine:
 Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's mind
 A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,
 Of the land's dwellers in an age un-
 guessed, --
 The unsung Jotuns of the mystic West.

Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells
 surpass
 The Tartar's marvels of his Land of
 Grass,
 Vast as the sky against whose sunset
 shores
 Wave after wave the billowy greenness
 pours;
 And, onward still like islands in that
 main
 Loom the rough peaks of many a
 mountain chain,
 Whence east and west a thousand
 waters run

From winter lingering under summer's
 sun.
 And, still beyond, long lines of foam
 and sand
 Tell where Pacific rolls his waves a-land,
 From many a wide-lapped port and
 land-locked bay,
 Opening with thunderous pomp the
 world's highway
 To Indian isles of spice, and marts of
 far Cathay.

"Such," said the Showman, as the
 curtain fell,
 "Is the new Canaan of our Israel, --
 The land of promise to the swarming
 North,
 Which, hive-like, sends its annual sur-
 plus forth,
 To the poor Southron on his worn-out
 soil,
 Scathed by the curses of unnatural toil;
 To Europe's exiles seeking home and
 rest,
 And the lank nomads of the wandering
 West,
 Who, asking neither, in their love of
 change
 And the free bison's amplitude of range,
 Rear the log hut, for present shelter
 meant,
 Not future comfort, like an Arab's tent."

Then spake a shrewd on-looker,
 "Sir," said he,
 "I like your picture, but I fain would see
 A sketch of what your promised land
 will be
 When, with electric nerve, and fiery-
 brained,
 With Nature's forces to its chariot
 chained,
 The future grasping, by the past obeyed,
 The twentieth century rounds a new
 decade."

Then said the Showman, sadly:
 "He who grieves
 Over the scattering of the sibyl's leaves
 Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that we
 know
 What needs must ripen from the seed
 we sow;
 That present time is but the mould
 wherein

We cast the shapes of holiness and sin,
 A painful watcher of the passing hour,
 Its lust of gold, its strife for place and
 power ;
 Its lack of manhood, honour, reverence,
 truth,
 Wise-thoughted age, and generous-
 hearted youth ;
 Nor yet unmindful of each better sign, —
 The low, far lights, which on th' hori-
 zon shine,
 Like those which sometimes tremble on
 the rim
 Of clouded skies when day is closing dim,
 Flashing athwart the purple spears of
 rain
 The hope of sunshine on the hills
 again : —
 I need no prophet's word, nor shapes
 that pass
 Like clouding shadows o'er a magic
 glass ;
 For now, as ever, passionless and cold,
 Doth the dread angel of the future hold
 Evil and good before us, with no voice
 Or warning look to guide us in our
 choice ;
 With spectral hands outreaching through
 the gloom
 The shadowy contrasts of the coming
 doom.
 Transferred from these, it now remains
 to give
 The sun and shade of Fate's alterna-
 tive."

Then, with a burst of music, touch-
 ing all
 The keys of thrifty life, — the mill-
 stream's fall,
 The engine's pant along its quivering
 rails,
 The anvil's ring, the measured beat of
 flails,
 The sweep of scythes, the reaper's
 whistled tune,
 Answering the summons of the bells of
 noon,
 The woodman's hail along the river
 shores,
 The steamboat's signal, and the dip of
 oars, —
 Slowly the curtain rose from off a land
 Fair as God's garden. Broad on either
 hand

The golden wheat-fields glimmered in
 the sun,
 And the tall maize its yellow tassels spun.
 Smooth highways set with hedge-rows
 living green,
 With steepled towns through shaded
 vistas seen,
 The school-house murmuring with its
 hive-like swarm,
 The brook-bank whitening in the grist-
 mill's storm,
 The painted farm-house shining through
 the leaves
 Of fruited orchards bending at its eaves,
 Where live again, around the Western
 hearth,
 The homely old-time virtues of the
 North ;
 Where the blithe housewife rises with
 the day,
 And well-paid labour counts his task a
 play.
 And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,
 And the free Gospel of Humanity,
 Of diverse sects and differing names the
 shrines,
 One in their faith, whate'er their out-
 ward signs,
 Like varying strophes of the same
 sweet hymn
 From many a prairie's swell and river's
 brim,
 A thousand church-spires sanctify the air
 Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign of
 prayer.
 Like sudden nightfall over bloom and
 green
 The curtain dropped : and, momentarily,
 between
 The clank of fetter and the crack of
 thong,
 Half sob, half laughter, music swept
 along, —
 A strange refrain, whose idle words and
 low,
 Like drunken mourners, kept the time
 of woe ;
 As if the revellers at a masquerade
 Heard in the distance funeral marches
 played.
 Such music, dashing all his smiles with
 tears,
 The thoughtful voyager on Ponchar-
 train hears,

Where, through the noonday dusk of
wooded shores
The negro boatman, singing to his oars,
With a wild pathos borrowed of his
wrong
Redeems the jargon of his senseless
song.
"Look," said the Showman, sternly, as
he rolled
His curtain upward; "Fate's reverse
behold!"

A village straggling in loose disarray
Of vulgar newness, premature decay;
A tavern, crazy with its whisky brawls,
With "*Slaves at Auction!*" garnishing
its walls.
Without, surrounded by a motley crowd,
The shrewd-eyed salesman, garrulous
and loud,
A squire or colonel in his pride of place,
Known at free fights, the caucus, and
the race,
Prompt to proclaim his honour without
blot,
And silence doubters with a ten-pace
shot,
Mingling the negro-driving bully's rant
With pious phrase and democratic cant,
Yet never scrupling, with a filthy jest,
To sell the infant from its mother's
breast,
Break through all ties of wedlock, home,
and kin,
Yield shrinking girlhood up to gray-
beard sin;
Sell all the virtues with his human stock,
The Christian graces on his auction-
block,
And coolly count on shrewdest bargains
driven
In hearts regenerate, and in souls for-
given!

Look once again! The moving can-
vas shows
A slave plantation's slovenly repose,
Where, in rude cabins rotting midst
their weeds,
The human chattel eats, and sleeps, and
breeds;
And, held a brute, in practice, as in law,
Becomes in fact the thing he's taken for.
There, early summoned to the hemp and
corn,

The nursing mother leaves her child
new-born;
There haggard sickness, weak and
deathly faint,
Crawls to his task, and fears to make
complaint;
And sad-eyed Rachels, childless in de-
cay,
Weep for their lost ones sold and torn
away!
Of ampler size the master's dwelling
stands,
In shabby keeping with his half-tilled
lands, —
The gates uninged, the yard with weeds
unclean,
The cracked veranda with a tippy lean.
Without, loose-scattered like a wreck
adrift,
Signs of misrule and tokens of unthrift;
Within, profusion to discomfort joined,
The listless body and the vacant mind;
The fear, the hate, the theft and false-
hood, born
In menial hearts of toil, and stripes, and
scorn!
There, all the vices, which, like birds
obscene,
Batten on slavery loathsome and un-
clean,
From the foul kitchen to the parlour
rise,
Pollute the nursery where the child-heit
lies,
Taint infant lips beyond all after cure,
With the fell poison of a breast impure;
Touch boyhood's passions with the
breath of flame,
From girlhood's instincts steal the blush
of shame.
So swells, from low to high, from weak
to strong,
The tragic chorus of the baleful wrong,
Guilty or guiltless, all within its range
Feel the blind justice of its sure revenge.

Still scenes like these the moving chart
reveals.
Up the long western steppes the blight-
ing steals;
Down the Pacific slope the evil Fate
Glides like a shadow to the Golden
Gate;
From sea to sea the drear eclipse is
thrown,

From sea to sea the *Mauvais* *Terres*
 have grown,
 A belt of curses on the New World's
 zone!
 The curtain fell. All drew a freer
 breath,
 As men are wont to do when mournful
 death
 Is covered from their sight. The Show-
 man stood
 With drooping brow in sorrow's attitude
 One moment, then with sudden gesture
 shook
 His loose hair back, and with the air
 and look
 Of one who felt, beyond the narrow stage
 And listening group, the presence of the
 age,
 And heard the footsteps of the things
 to be,
 Poured out his soul in earnest words
 and free,
 "O friends!" he said, "in this poor
 trick of paint
 You see the semblance, incomplete and
 faint,
 Of the two-fronted Future, which, to-
 day,
 Stands dim and silent, waiting in your
 way.
 To-day, your servant, subject to your
 will;
 To-morrow, master, or for good or ill.
 If the dark face of Slavery on you turns,
 If the mad curse its paper barrier spurns,
 If the world granary of the West is
 made
 The last foul market of the slaver's trade,
 Why rail at fate? The mischief is your
 own.
 Why hate your neighbour? Blame your-
 selves alone!
 "Men of the North! The South you
 charge with wrong
 Is weak and poor, while yon are rich
 and strong.
 If questions,—idle and absurd as those
 The old-time monks and Paduan doc-
 tors chose,—
 Mere ghosts of questions, tariffs, and
 dead banks,
 And scarecrow pontiffs, never broke
 your ranks,
 Your thews united could, at once, roll
 back
 The jostled nation to its primal track.
 Nay, were you simply steadfast, manly,
 just,
 True to the faith your fathers left in trust,
 If stainless honour outweighed in your
 scale
 A codfish quintal or a factory bale,
 Full many a noble heart, (and such re-
 main
 In all the South, like Lot in Siddim's
 plain,
 Who watch and wait, and from the
 wrong's control
 Keep white and pure their chastity of
 soul.)
 Now sick to loathing of your weak com-
 plaints,
 Your tricks as sinners, and your prayers
 as saints,
 Would half-way meet the frankness of
 your tone,
 And feel their pulses beating with your
 own,
 "The North! the South! no geo-
 graphic line
 Can fix the boundary or the point define,
 Since each with each so closely inter-
 blends,
 Where Slavery rises, and where Free-
 dom ends.
 Beneath your rocks the roots, far-reach-
 ing, hide
 Of the fell Upas on the Southern side;
 The tree whose branches in your north
 winds wave
 Dropped its young blossoms on Mount
 Vernon's grave;
 The nursing growth of Monticello's
 crest
 Is now the glory of the free North-west;
 To the wise maxims of her olden school
 Virginia listened from thy lips, Rantoul;
 Seward's words of power, and Sumner's
 fresh renown,
 Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid
 down!
 And when, at length, her years of mad-
 ness o'er,
 Like the crowned grazer on Euphrates
 shore,
 From her long lapse to savagery, her
 mouth

Bitter with baneful herbage, turns the
 South,
 Resumes her old attire, and seeks to
 smooth
 Her unkempt tresses at the glass of
 truth,
 Her early faith shall find a tongue again,
 New Wythes and Pinckneys swell that
 old refrain,
 Her sons with yours renew the ancient
 pact,
 The myth of Union prove at last a fact!
 Then, if one murmur mars the wide
 content,
 Some Northern lip will drawl the last
 dissent,
 Some Union-saving patriot of your own
 Lament to find his occupation gone.

"Grant that the North's insulted,
 scorned, betrayed,
 O'erreached in bargains with her neigh-
 bour made,
 When selfish thrift and party held the
 scales
 For peddling dicker, not for honest
 sales,—
 Whom shall we strike? Who most
 deserves our blame?
 The braggart Southron, open in his
 aim,
 And bold as wicket, crashing straight
 through all
 That bars his purpose, like a cannon-
 ball?
 Or the mean traitor, breathing northern
 air,
 With nasal speech and puritanic hair,
 Whose cant the loss of principle sur-
 vives,
 As the mud-turtle e'en its head out-
 lives;
 Who, caught, chin-buried in some foul
 offence,
 Puts on a look of injured innocence,
 And consecrates his baseness to the
 cause
 Of constitution, union, and the laws?

"Praise to the place-man who can
 hold aloof
 His still unpurchased manhood, office-
 proof;
 Who on his round of duty walks erect,
 And leaves it only rich in self-respect,—

As MORE maintained his virtue's lofty
 port
 In the Eighth Henry's base and bloody
 court.
 But, if exceptions here and there are
 found,
 Who tread thus safely on enchanted
 ground,
 The normal type, the fitting symbol
 still
 Of those who fatten at the public mill,
 Is the chained dog beside his master's
 door,
 Or CIRCE's victim, feeding on all four!
 "Give me the heroes who, at tuck of
 drum,
 Salute thy staff, immortal Quattlebum!
 Or they who, doubly armed with vote
 and gun,
 Following thy lead, illustrious Atchison,
 Their drunken franchise shift from scene
 to scene.
 As tile-beard Jourdan did his guillo-
 tine!—
 Rather than him who, born beneath our
 skies,
 To Slavery's hand its supplest tool sup-
 plies,—
 The party felon whose unblushing face
 Looks from the pillory of his bribe of
 place,
 And coolly makes a merit of disgrace,—
 Points to the footmarks of indignant
 scorn,
 Shows the deep scars of satire's tossing
 horn;
 And passes to his credit side the sum
 Of all that makes a scoundrel's martyr-
 dom!

"Bane of the North, its canker and
 its moth!—
 These modern Esaus, bartering rights
 for broth!
 Taxing our justice, with their double
 claim,
 As fools for pity, and as knaves for
 blame;
 Who, urged by party, sect, or trade,
 within
 The fell embrace of Slavery's sphere of
 sin,
 Part at the outset with their moral
 sense,

The watchful angei set for Truth's
 defence ;
 Confound all contrasts, good and ill ;
 reverse
 The poles of life, its blessing and its
 curse ;
 And lose thenceforth from their per-
 verted sight
 The eternal difference 'twixt the wrong
 and right ;
 To them the Law is but the iron span
 That girds the ankles of imbruted man ;
 To them the Gospel has no higher
 aim
 Than simple sanction of the master's
 claim,
 Dragged in the slime of Slavery's loath-
 some trail,
 Like Chali'er's Bible at his ass's tail !
 "Such are the men who, with in-
 stinctive dread,
 Whenever Freedom lifts her drooping
 head,
 Make prophet-tripods of their office-
 stools,
 And scare the nurseries and the village
 schools
 With dire presage of ruin grim and
 great,
 A broken Union and a foundered State !
 Such are the patriots, self-bound to the
 stake
 Of office, martyrs for their country's
 sake :
 Who fill themselves the hungry jaws of
 Fate,
 And by their loss of manhood save the
 State.
 In the wide gulf themselves like Cur-
 tius throw,
 And test the virtues of cohesive dough ;
 As tropic monkeys, linking heads and
 tails,
 Bridge o'er some torrent of Ecuador's
 vales !
 "Such are the men who in your
 churches rave
 To swearing-point, at mention of the
 slave,
 When some poor parson, haply un-
 awares,
 Stammers of freedom in his timid
 prayers ;

Who, if some foot-sore negro through
 the town
 Steals northward, volunteer to hunt
 him down.
 Or, if some neighbour, flying from dis-
 ease,
 Courts the mild balsam of the Southern
 breeze,
 With hue and cry pursue him on his
 track,
 And write *Free-soiler* on the poor man's
 back.
 Such are the men who leave the pedler's
 cart,
 While faring South, to learn the driver's
 art,
 Or, in white neckcloth, soothe with
 pious aim
 The graceful sorrows of some languid
 dame,
 Who, from the wreck of her bereave-
 ment, saves
 The double charm of widowhood and
 slaves !—
 Pliant and apt, they lose no chance to
 show
 To what base depths apostasy can
 go ;
 Outdo the natives in their readiness
 To roast a negro, or to mob a press ;
 Poise a tarred schoolmate on the lynch-
 er's rail,
 Or make a bonfire of their birthplace
 mail !
 "So some poor wretch, whose lips no
 longer bear
 The sacred burden of his mother's
 prayer,
 By fear impelled, or lust of gold en-
 ticed,
 Turns to the Crescent from the Cross
 of Christ,
 And, over-acting in superfluous zeal,
 Crawls prostrate where the faithful only
 kneel,
 Out-hows the Dervish, hugs his rags
 to court
 The squalid Santon's sanctity of dirt ;
 And, when beneath the city gateway's
 span
 Files slow and long the Meccan cara-
 van,
 And through its midst, pursued by
 Islam's prayers,

<p>The prophet's Word some favoured camel bears, The marked apostate has his place assigned The Koran-bearer's sacred rump be- hind, With brush and pitcher following, grave and mute, In meek attendance on the holy brute !</p> <p>“Men of the North! beneath your very eyes, By hearth and home, your real danger lies. Still day by day some hold of freedom falls, Through home-bred traitors fed within its walls.— Men whom yourselves with vote and purse sustain, At posts of honour, influence, and gain; The right of Slavery to your sons to teach, And “South-side” Gospels in your pul- pits preach, Transfix the Law to ancient freedom dear On the sharp point of her subverted spear, And imitate upon her cushion plump The mad Missourian lynching from his stump; Or, in your name, upon the Senate's floor Yield up to Slavery all it asks, and more; And, ere your dull eyes open to the cheat, Sell your old homestead underneath your feet! While such as these your loftiest out- looks hold, While truth and conscience with your wares are sold, While grave-browed merchants band themselves to aid An annual man-hunt for their Southern trade, What moral power within your grasp remains To stay the mischief on Nebraska's plains?— High as the tides of generous impulse flow,</p>	<p>As far rolls back the selfish under- tow: And all your brave resolves, though aimed as true As the horse-pistol Balmawhapple drew, To Slavery's bastions lend as slight a shock As the poor trooper's shot to Stirling rock!</p> <p>“Yet, while the need of Freedom's cause demands The earnest efforts of your hearts and hands, Urged by all motives that can prompt the heart To prayer and toil and manhood's man- liest part; Though to the soul's deep tocsin Nature joins The warning whisper of her Orphic pines, The north-wind's anger, and the south- wind's sigh, The midnight sword-dance of the north- ern sky, And, to the car that bends above the sod Of the green grave-mounds in the Fields of God, In low, deep murmurs of rebuke or cheer, The land's dead fathers speak their hope or fear. Yet let not Passion wrest from Reason's hand The guiding rein and symbol of com- mand. Blame not the caution proffering to your zeal A well-meant drag upon its hurrying wheel; Nor hide the man whose honest doubt extends To the means only, not the righteous ends; Nor fail to weigh the scruples and the fears Of milder natures and serener years. In the long strife with evil which began With the first lapse of new-created man, Wisely and well has Providence assigned To each his part,—some forward, some behind;</p>
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And they, too, serve who temper and
 restrain
 The o'erwarm heart that sets on fire the
 brain.
 True to yourselves, feed Freedom's
 altar-flame
 With what you have; let others do the
 same.
 Spare timid doubters; set like flint your
 face
 Against the self-sold knaves of gain and
 place:
 Pity the weak; but with unsparing
 hand
 Cast out the traitors who infest the
 land,—
 From bar, press, pulpit, cast them every-
 where,
 By dint of fasting, if you fail by prayer.
 And in their place bring men of antique
 mould,
 Like the grave fathers of your Age of
 Gold,—
 Statesmen like those who sought the
 primal fount
 Of righteous law, the Sermon on the
 Mount;
 Lawyers who prize, like Quincy, (to our
 day
 Still spared, Heaven bless Him!) honour
 more than pay,
 And Christian jurists, starry-pure, like
 Jay;
 Preachers like Woolman, or like them
 who bore
 The faith of Wesley to our Western
 shore,
 And held no convert genuine till he
 broke
 Alike his servants' and the Devil's yoke;
 And priests like him who Newport's
 market trod,
 And o'er its slave-ships shook the bolts
 of God!
 So shall your power, with a wise pru-
 dence used,
 Strong but forbearing, firm but not
 abused,
 In kindly keeping with the good of
 all,
 The nobler maxims of the past recall,
 Her natural home-born right to Free-
 dom give,
 And leave her foe his robber-right,—to
 live.

Live, as the snake does in his noisome fen!
 Live, as the wolf does in his bone-strewn
 den!
 Live, clothed with cursing like a robe of
 flame,
 The focal point of million-fingered
 shame!
 Live, till the Southron, who, with all his
 faults,
 Has manly faults, in his pride revolts,
 Dashes from him, midst the glad
 world's cheers,
 The hideous nightmare of his dream of
 years,
 And lifts, self prompted, with his own
 right hand,
 The vile encumbrance from his glorious
 land!
 "So, wheresoe'er our destiny sends
 forth
 Its widening circles to the South or
 North,
 Where'er our banner flaunts beneath
 the stars
 Its mimic splendours and its cloudlike
 bars,
 There shall Free Labour's hardy chil-
 dren stand
 The equal sovereigns of a slaveless land.
 And when at last the hunted bison
 tires,
 And dies o'ertaken by the squatter's
 fires;
 And westward, wave on wave, the living
 flood
 Breaks on the snow-line of majestic
 Hood;
 And lonely Shasta listening hears the
 tread
 Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hes-
 per-led;
 And, gazing downward through his
 hoar-locks, sees
 The tawny Asian climb his giant knees,
 The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to
 hear
 Pacific's surf-beat answer Freedom's
 cheer,
 And one long rolling fire of triumph run
 Between the sunrise and the sunset
 gun!"

My task is done. The Showman and
 his show,



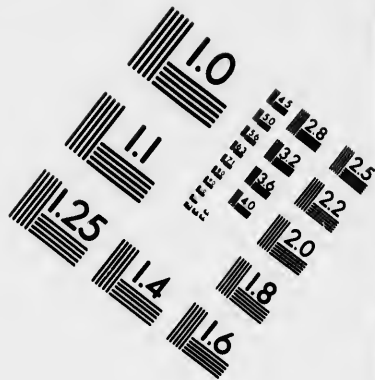
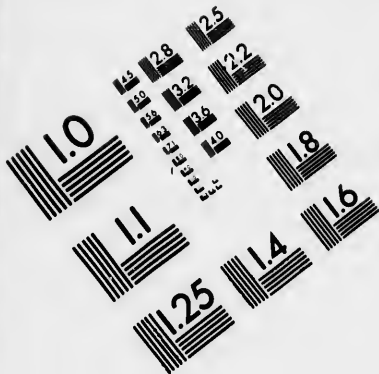
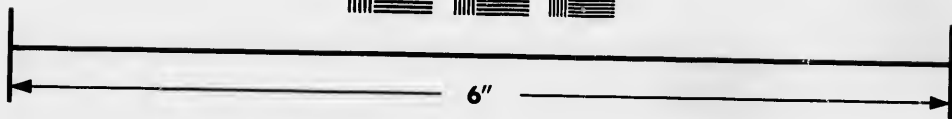
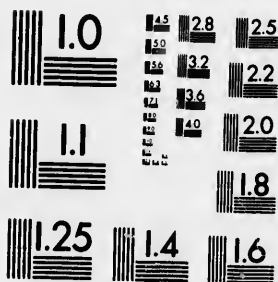


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Themselves but shadows, into shadows
 go ;
 And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,
 Nor tints of beauty on the canvas
 flung,—
 If the harsh numbers grate on tender
 ears,
 And the rough picture overwrought ap-
 pears,—
 With deeper colouring, with a sterner
 blast,
 Before my soul a voice and vision
 passed,
 Such as might Milton's jarring trump
 require,
 Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid
 fire.
 O, not of choice, for themes of public
 wrong
 I leave the green and pleasant paths of
 song,—
 The mild, sweet words which soften
 and adorn,
 For griding taunt and bitter laugh of
 scorn.
 More dear to me some song of private
 worth,
 Some homely idyl of my native North,
 Some summer pastoral of her inland
 vales
 Or, grim and weird, her winter fire-
 side tales
 Haunted by ghosts of unreturning
 sails,—
 Lost barks at parting hung from stem
 to helm
 With prayers of love like dreams on
 Virgil's elm.
 Nor private grief nor malice holds my
 pen ;
 I owe but kindness to my fellow-men ;
 And, South or North, wherever hearts
 of prayer
 Their woes and weakness to our Father
 bear,
 Wherever fruits of Christian love are
 found
 In holy lives, to me is holy ground.
 But the time passes. It were vain to
 crave
 A late indulgence. What I had I
 gave.
 Forget the poet, but his warning heed,
 And shame his poor word with your
 qobler deed.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

I. NOON.

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt
 the deep,
 Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
 The sunshine on the hills asleep !

O isles of calm !—O dark, still wood !
 And stiller skies that overbrood
 Your rest with deeper quietude !

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning,
 through
 Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
 Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
 And softer lights and airs more bland,
 And skies,—the hollow of God's hand !

Transfused through you, O mountain
 friends !
 With mine your solemn spirit blends,
 And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
 I know the voice of wave and pine,
 And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease
 I lapse into the glad release
 Of na're's own exceeding peace.

O, welcome calm of heart and mind !
 As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
 To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away ;
 A child again, my head I lay
 Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean
 powers,
 Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
 The lake is white with lotus-flowers !

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
 And slumberous Conscience, waking
 slow,
 Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,
 Whose ever-nearing steps appall,
 Whose voice we hear behind us call.—

That Shadow blends with mountain
gray,
It speaks but what the light waves say,—
Death walks apart from Fear to-day!

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I
Alike on Nature's love rely;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to his creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,
What life and light the other know,
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming
crown

The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply
show

The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains
seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still
light!

The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and
grave,

Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall
break

His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in
bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I:
Or, distant, fonder dream how e'er
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering
here,

Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

For ever from the Hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall;
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

O, watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
Of beauty still, and while above
Thy solemn mountains speak of power
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

THE HERMIT OF THE
THEBAID.

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,
From inmost founts of life ye start,—
The spirit's pulse, the vital breath
Of soul and heart!

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,
Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,
Unheard of man, ye enter in
The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured tasks,
Nor weary rote, nor formal chains ;
The simple heart, that freely asks
In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is ;
The mercy-seat and cherubin,
And all the holy mysteries,
He hears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,
Which, wordless, shapes itself in
deeds,

And wearies Heaven for naught above
Our common needs.

Which brings to God's all-perfect will
That trust of his undoubting child
Whereby all seeming good and ill
Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs
Of favour, is content to fall
Within the providence which shines
And rains on all.

Alone, the Thebaïd hermit leaned
At noontime o'er the sacred word.
Was it an angel or a fiend
Whose voice he heard ?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,
A human utterance, sweet and mild ;
And, looking up, the hermit saw
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,
O'erawed and troubled by the sight
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,
And anchorite.

"What dost thou here, poor man ? No
shade
Of cool, green doums, nor grass, nor
well,
Nor corn, nor vines." The hermit
said :

"With God I dwell.

"Alone with Him in this great calm,
I live not by the outward sense ;
My Nile is love, my sheltering palm
His providence."

The child gazed round him. "Does
God live
Here only?—where the desert's rim

Is green with corn, at morn and eve
We play to Him."

"My brother tills beside the Nile
His little field ; beneath the leaves
My sisters sit and spin the while
My mother weaves.

"And when the miller's ripe heads fall,
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,
My mother smiles, and says that all
Are gifts from God.

"And when to share our evening meal,
She calls the stranger at the door,
She says God fills the hands that deal
Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks
Glistened the flow of human tears ;
"Dear Lord !" he said, "thy angel
speaks,
Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,
And thought of home and life with
men ;

And all his pilgrim feet forsook
Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,
The eyes that smiled through
locks,
Home's cradle-hymn and harves,
And bleat of flocks.

"O child !" he said, "thou teachest me
There is no place where God is not ;
That love will make, where'er it be,
A holy spot."

He rose from off the desert sand,
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,
Went, with the young child, hand-in-
hand,
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's burning line,
And heard the palm-tree's rustling
fan,
The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide
He followed as the small hand led
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,
She thanked the stranger with her
eyes.

The hermit gazed in doubt and joy
And dumb surpris.

And lo!—with sudden warmth and light
A tender memory thrilled his frame;
New-born, the world-lost anchorite
A man became.

“O sister of El Zara’s race,
Behold me!—had we not one
mother?”

She gazed into the stranger’s face;—
“Thou art my brother?”

“O kin of blood!—Thy life of use
And patient trust is more than mine;
And wiser than the gray recluse
This child of thine.

“For, taught of him whom God hath
sent,

That toil is praise, and love is prayer,
I come, life’s cares and pains content
With thee to share.”

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,
The hermit’s better life began;
Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,
And found a man!

THE VOICES.

“WHY urge the long, unequal fight,
Since Truth has fallen in the street,
Or lift anew the trampled light,
Quenched by the heedless million’s
feet?”

“Give o’er the thankless task; forsake
The fools who know not ill from
good;

Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take
Thine ease among the multitude.

“Live out thyself; with others share
Thy proper life no more; assume
The unconcern of sun and air,
For life or death, or blight or bloom.

“The mountain pine looks calmly on
The fires that scourge the plains
below,
Nor heeds the eagle in the sun
The small birds piping in the snow!

“The world is God’s, not thine; let
him

Work out a change, if change must
be:

The hand that planted best can trim
And nurse the old unfruitful tree.”

So spake the Tempter, when the light
Of sun and stars had left the sky,
I listened, through the cloud and night,
And heard, methought, a voice re-
ply:

“Thy task may well seem over-hard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed, with no reward
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

Not wholly is thy heart resigned
To Heaven’s benign and just decree,
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

“Break off that sacred chain, and turn
Back on thyself thy love and care;
Be thou thine own mean idol, burn
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy children,
there.

“Released from that fraternal law
Which shares the common bale and
bliss,

No sadder lot could Folly draw,
Or Sin provoke from Fate, than this.

“The meal unshared is food unblest;
Thou hoard’st in vain what love
should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labour for a worthy end.

“A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace.

“Free-lipped the liberal streamlets run,
Free shines for all the healthful ray;
The still pool stagnates in the sun,
The lurid earth-fire haunts decay

“What is it, that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with
lies?

And but to faith, and not to sight.
The walls of Freedom’s temple rise?

"Yet do thy work ; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day ;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

"Faith shares the future's promise ;
Love's
Self offering is a triumph won ;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

"Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness ; truth itself is strong ;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

"Thy nature, which, through fire and
flood,
To place or gain finds out its way,
Hath power to seek the highest good,
And duty's holiest call obey !

"Strivest thou in darkness?— Foes
without
In league with traitor thoughts with-
in ;
Thy night-watch kept with trembling
Doubt
And pale Remorse the ghost of
Sin?—

"Hast thou not, on some week of storm,
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of its tent of prayer?

"So, haply, when thy task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all thy week-day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of the light !"

THE HERO.

"O FOR a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear ;
My light glove on his cas-que of steel,
My love-knot on his spear !

"O for the white plume floating
Sad Zatphen's field above,—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love !

"O that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride, and not her scorn :
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast 'man is born' !

"But, now life's slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes ;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dulness breaks.

"O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear !
My light glove on his cas-que of steel,
My love-knot on his spear !"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet,—
True, tender, brave, and sweet !

"Smile not, fair unbeliever !
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one, —

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Sultote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting !
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind !

"Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek.

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again !

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

"'Allah ! hu !' Through flashing sa-
bres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders ;
He almost felt their breath,

Where a mountain stream rolled dark-
ly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle,—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band!"

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been?"

"Still a brave and generous man-
hood,
Still an honour without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valour true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold
him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labour
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labour,
Wherever groans a slave,—

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

MY DREAM.

IN my dream, methought I trod,
Yesternight, a mountain road;
Narrow as Al Sirat's span,
High as eagle's flight, it ran.

Overhead, a roof of cloud
With its weight of thunder bowed;
Underneath, to left and right,
Blankness and abysmal night.

Here and there a wild-flower blushed,
Now and then a bird-song gushed;
Now and then, through rifts of shade,
Stars shone out, and sunbeams played.

But the goodly company,
Walking in that path with me,
One by one the briik o'erslid,
One by one the darkness hid.

Some with wailing and lament,
Some with cheerful courage went;
But, of all who smiled or mourned,
Never one to us returned.

Anxiously, with eye and ear,
Questioning that shadow drear,
Never hand in token stirred,
Never answering voice I heard

Steeper, darker!—lo! I felt
From my feet the pathway melt.
Swallowed by the black despair,
And the hungry jaws of air,

Past the stony-throated caves,
Strangled by the wash of waves,
Past the splintered crags, I sank
On a green and flowery bank,—

Soft as fall of thistle-down,
Lightly as a cloud is blown,
Soothingly as childhood pressed
To the bosom of its rest.

Of the sharp-horned rocks instead,
Green the grassy meadows spread,
Bright with waters singing by
Trees that propped a golden sky.

Painless, trustful, sorrow-free,
Old lost faces welcomed me,
With whose sweetness of content
Still expectant hope was blent.

Waking while the dawning gray
Slowly brightened into day,
Pondering that vision fled,
Thus unto myself I said :—

“ Steep, and hung with clouds of strife,
Is our narrow path of life ;
And our death the dreaded fall
Through the dark, awaiting all.

“ So, with painful steps we climb
Up the dizzy ways of time,
Ever in the shadow shed
By the forecast of our dread.

“ Dread of mystery solved alone,
Of the untried and unknown ;
Yet the end thereof may seem
Like the falling of my dream.

“ And this heart-consuming care,
All our fears of here or there,
Change and absence, loss and death,
Prove but simple lack of faith.”

Thou, O Most Compassionate !
Who didst stoop to our estate,
Drinking of the cup we drain,
Treading in our path of pain,—

Through the doubt and mystery,
Grant to us thy steps to see,
And the grace to draw from thence
Larger hope and confidence.

Show thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit,
Whispering, by its open door ;
“ Fear not ! He hath gone before ! ”

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy,—

I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy ;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine :
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans !—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,

Apples of Hesperides !
 Still as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too ;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone, gray and rude !
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch : pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride.
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil :
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground ;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

PAINTED UPON A PORTE LIVRE.

How strange to greet, this frosty morn,
 In graceful counterfeit of flowers,
 These children of the meadows, born
 Of sunshine and of showers !
 How well the conscious wood retains
 The pictures of its flower-sown
 home,—
 The lights and shades, the purple stains,
 And golden hues of bloom !

It was a happy thought to bring
 To the dark season's frost and rime
 This painted memory of spring,
 This dream of summer-time.

Our hearts are lighter for us sake,
 Our fancy's age renews its youth,
 And dim-remembered fictions take
 The guise of present truth.

A wizard of the Merrimack,—
 So old ancestral legends say,—
 Cou'd call green leaf and blossom back
 To frosted stem and spray.

The dry logs of the cottage wall,
 Beneath his touch, put out their
 leaves ;
 The clay-bound swallow, at his call,
 Played round the icy eaves.

The settler saw his oaken flail
 Take bud, and bloom before his eyes—
 From frozen pools he saw the pale,
 Sweet summer lilies rise.

To their old homes, by man profaned,
 Came the sad dryads, exiled long,
 And through their leafy tongues com-
 plained
 Of household use and wrong.

The beechen platter sprouted wild,
 The pipkin wore its old-time green ;
 The cradle o'er the sleeping child
 Became a leafy screen.

Haply our gentle friend hath met,
 While wandering in her sylvan quest,
 Haunting his native woodlands yet,
 That Druid of the West ;—

And, while the dew on leaf and flower
 Glistened in moonlight clear and
 still,
 Learned the dusk wizard's spell of
 power,
 And caught his trick of skill.

But welcome, be it new or old,
 The gift which makes the day more
 bright,

And paints upon the ground of cold
 And darkness, warmth and light !

Without is neither gold nor green ;
 Within, for birds, the birch-logs sing,

Yet, summer like, we sit between
The autumn and the spring.

The one, with bridal blush of rose,
And sweetest breath of woodland
balm,

And one whose matron lips unclose
In smiles of saintly calm.

Fill soft and deep, O winter snow !
The sweet azaha's oaken dells,
And hide the bank where roses blow,
And swing the azure bells !

O'erly the amber violet's leaves,
The purple aster's brookside home,
Guard all the flowers her pencil gives
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when spring comes round
again,

By greening slope and singing flood,
Shall wander, seeking, not in vain,
Her darlings of the wood.

THE FRUIT-GIFT.

LAST night, just as the tints of autumn's
sky

Of sunset faded from our hills and
streams,

I sat, vague listening, lapped in twi-
light dreams,

To the leaf's rustle, and the cricket's
cry.

Then, like that basket, flush with sum-
mer fruit,

Dropped by the angels at the Prophet's
foot,

Came, unannounced, a gift of clustered
sweetness,

Full-orbed, and glowing with the
prisoned beams

Of summery suns, and, rounded to com-
pleteness

By kisses of the south-wind and the dew.
Thrilled with a glad surprise, methought

I knew

The pleasure of the homeward-turning
Jew,

When Eschol's clusters on his shoul-
ders lay,

Dropping their sweetness on his desert
way.

I said, "This fruit beseems no world
of sin.

Its parent vine, rooted in Paradise,
O'ercrept the wall, and never paid
the price

Of the great mischief,—an ambrosial
tree,

Eden's exotic, somehow smuggled in,
To keep the thorns and thistles com-
pany."

P perchance our frail, sad mother plucked
in haste

A single vine-slip as she passed the
gate,

Where the dread sword, alternate paled
and burned,

And the stern angel, pitying her fate,
Forgave the lovely trespasser, and
turned

Aside his face of fire ; and thus the
waste

And fallen world hath yet its annual
taste

Of primal good, to prove of sin the cost,
And show by one gleaned ear the
mighty harvest lost.

A MEMORY.

HERE, while the loom of Winter weaves
The shroud of flowers and fountains,
I think of thee and summer eyes
Among the Northern mountains.

When thunder tolled the twilight's close,
And winds the lake were rude on,
And thou wert singing, *Ca' the Yowes*,
The bonny yowes of Cluden !

When, close and closer, hushing breath,
Our circle narrowed round thee,
And smiles and tears made up the wreath
Wherewith our silence crowned thee ;

And, strangers all, we felt the ties
Of sisters and of brothers ;
Ah ! whose of all those kindly eyes
Now smile upon another's ?

The sport of Time, who still apart
The waifs of life is flinging ;
O, nevermore shall heart to heart
Draw nearer for that singing !

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,
And twilight's fire is gleaming,

I hear the songs of Scotland's bard
Sound softly through my dreaming !

A song that lends to winter snows
The glow of summer weather,—
Again I hear thee ca' the yowes
To Cluden's hills of heather !

TO C. S.*

If I have seemed more prompt to cen-
sure wrong
Than praise the right ; if seldom to
thine ear
My voice hath mingled with the ex-
ultant cheer
Borne upon all our Northern winds
along ;
If I have failed to join the fickle throng
In wise-eyed wonder, that thou standest
strong
In victory, surprised in thee to find
Brougham's scathing power with Can-
ning's grace combined ;
That he, for whom the ninefold Muses
sang,
From their twined arms a giant athlete
sprang,
Barbing the arrows of his native tongue
With the spent shafts Latona's archer
flung,
To smite the Python of our land and
time,
Fell as the monster born of Crissa's
slime,
Like the blind bard who in Castalian
springs
Tempered the steel that clove the crest
of kings,
And on the shrine of England's free-
dom laid
The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's
shade,—
Small need hast thou of words of praise
from me.
Thou knowest my heart, dear friend,
and well canst guess
That, even though silent, I have not
the less
Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
With the large future which I shaped
for thee,
When, years ago, beside the summer
sea,

* Charles Sumner.

White in the moon, we saw the long
waves fall

Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,
That, to the menace of the brawling
flood,

Opposed alone its massive quietude,
Calm as a fate ; with not a leaf nor vine
Nor birch-spray trembling in the still
moonshine,

Crowning it like God's peace. I some-
times think

That night-scene by the sea prophet-
ical.—

(For nature speaks in symbols and in
signs,

And through her pictures human fate
divines),—

That rock, wherefrom we saw the bil-
lows sink

In murmuring rout, uprising clear
and tall

In the white light of heaven, the type
of one

Who, momentarily by Error's host as-
sailed,

Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of
granite mailed ;

And, tranquil-fronted, listening over
all

The tumult, hears the angels say, Well
done !

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free !

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine !

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow ;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,

We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of mar.

No pause, nor rest, save where the
streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun !

We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free !

THE HASCHISH.

Of all that Orient lands can vaunt
Of marvels with our own competing,
The strangest is the Haschish plant,
And what will follow on its eating.

What pictures to the taster rise,
Of Dervish or of Almeh dances !
Of Eblis, or of Paradise,
Set all aglow with Houris glances !

The poppy visions of Cathay,
The heavy beer-trance of the Suabian;
The wizard lights and demon play
Of nights Walpurgis and Arabian !

The Mollah and the Christian dog
Change place in mad metempsychosis ;

The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,
The Rabbi shakes his beard at Moses ;

The Arab by his desert well
Sits choosing from some Caliph's
daughters,
And hears his single-camel's bell
Sound welcome to his regal quarters.

The Koran's reader makes complaint
Of Shitan dancing on and off it ;
The robber offers alms, the saint
Drinks Tokay and blasphemes the
Prophet.

Such scenes that Eastern plant awakes ;
But we have one ordained to beat it,
The Haschish of the West, which makes
Or fools or knaves of all who eat it.

The preacher eats, and straight appears
His Bible in a new translation ;

Its angels negro overseers,
And Heaven itself a snug plantation.

The man of peace, about whose dreams
The sweet millennial angels cluster,
Tastes the mad weed, and plots and
schemes,
A raving Cuban filibuster !

The noisiest Democrat, with ease,
It turns to Slavery's parish beadle ;
The shrewdest statesman eats and sees
Due southward point the polar needle.

The Judge partakes, and sits ere long
Upon his bench a railing blackguard ;
Decides off-hand that right is wrong,
And reads the ten commandments
backward.

O potent plant ! so rare a taste
Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten ;
The hempen Haschish of the East
Is powerless to our Western Cotton.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

I.

O'ER the bare woods, whose out-
stretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in
vain,

I see, beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and
dumb,

Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the summer bloom and green-
ness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling
morn atone.

II.

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod ;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.

And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed
the sweet wild-rose !

III.

With mingled sound of horns and
bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese
fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and
fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky,
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun ;
While the brave snow-bird and the
hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid
them stay.

IV.

I passed this way a year ago :
The wind blew south ; the noon of
day
Was warm as June's ; and save that
snow
Flecked the low mountains far
away,
And that the vernal-seeming breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
I might have dreamed of summer as I
lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft
wind at play.

V.

Since then, the winter blasts have
piled
The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong
and wild.
Yon river, in its overflow
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea ;
And over these gray fields, then green
and gold,
The summer corn has waved, the thun-
der's organ rolled.

VI.

Rich gift of God ! A year of time !
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern
clime
Makes autumn's dropping wood-
lands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweet-brier
smells,

What songs of brooks and birds, what
fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows, have
in its round been ours !

VII.

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and
go ;
What splendours fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine
snow !
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates ;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a
traveller's tale.

VIII.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails ;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday
air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sun-
set call to prayer !

IX.

The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise
and fall ;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen their
all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and
wind ;
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Ha-
fiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his
woodland aisles.

X.

And thus it is my fancy blends
The near at hand and far and rare ;
And while the same horizon bends
Above the silver-sprinkled hair
Which flashed the light of morning
skies
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
Within its round of sea and sky and
field,

Earth wheels with all her zones, the
Kosmos stands revealed.

XI.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
The toiler to his task-work bound,
Behold their prison-walls outspread,
Their clipped horizon widen round!
While freedom-giving fancy waits,
Like Peter's angel at the gates,
The power is theirs to baffle care and
pain,
To bring the lost world back, and make
it theirs again!

XII.

What lack of goodly company,
When masters of the ancient lyre
Obey my call, and trace for me
Their words of mingled tears and
fire!
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,
I read the world with Pascal's eyes;
And priest and sage, with solemn brows
austere,
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords
of Thought, draw near.

XIII.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,
"In vain the human heart we
mock;
Bring living guests who love the day,
Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock!
The herbs we share with flesh and
blood,
Are better than ambrosial food,
With laurelled shades." I grant it,
nothing loath,
But doubly blest is he who can par-
take of both.

XIV.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,
Have I not seen before me sit,
And watched his puritanic face,
With more than Eastern wisdom
lit?
Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back
Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's
dream,
Links Menu's age of thought to Ful-
ton's age of steam!*

* R. W. Emerson.

XV.

Here too, of answering love secure,*
Have I not welcomed to my hearth
The gentle pilgrim troubadour,
Whose songs have girdled half the
earth;
Whose pages, like the magic mat
Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
Have borne me over Rhine-land's pur-
ple vines,
And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phry-
gia's mountain pines!

XVI.

And he, † who to the lettered wealth
Of ages adds the lore unpriced,
The wisdom and the moral health,
The ethics of the school of Christ;
The statesman to his holy trust,
As the Athenian archon, just,
Struck down, exiled like him for truth
alone,
Has he not graced my home with
beauty all his own?

XVII.

What greetings smile, what farewells
wave,
What loved ones enter and depart!
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The Heaven-lent treasures of the
heart!
How conscious seems the frozen sod
And beechen slope whercon they
trod!
The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry
grass bends
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or
absent friends.

XVIII.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
To bear the winter's lingering chills.
The mocking spring's perpetual
loss.
I dream of lands where summer
smiles,
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of
flowers be sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New England,
at my feet!

* Bayard Taylor.

† Sumner.

XIX.

At times I long for gentler skies,
 And bathe in dreams of softer air,
 But homesick tears would fill the
 eyes
 That saw the Cross without the
 Bear.
 The pine must whisper to the palm,
 The north-wind break the tropic
 calm ;
 And with the dreamy languor of the
 Line,
 The North's keen virtue blend, and
 strength to beauty join.

XX.

Better to stem with heart and hand
 The roaring tide of life, than lie,
 Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
 Of God's occasions drifting by !
 Better with naked nerve to bear
 The needles of this goading air,
 Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
 The godlike power to do, the godlike
 aim to know.

XXI.

Home of my heart ! to me more fair
 Than gay Versailles or Windsor's
 halls,
 The painted, shingly town-house
 where
 The freeman's vote for Freedom
 falls !
 The simple roof where prayer is made,
 Than Gothic groin and colonnade ;
 The living temple of the heart of man,
 Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or
 many-spined Milan !

XXII.

More dear thy equal village schools,
 Where rich and poor the Bible read,
 Than classic halls where Priestcraft
 rules,
 And Learning wears the chains of
 Creed :
 Thy glad Thanksgiving, vathering in
 The scattered sheaves of home and
 kin,
 Than the mad license following Lenten
 pains,
 Or holidays of slaves who laugh and
 dance in chains.

XXIII.

And sweet homes nestle in these
 dales,
 And perch along these wooded
 swells ;
 And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,
 They hear the sound of Sabbath
 bells !
 Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
 Nor woman winged before her time,
 But with the faults and follies of the
 race,
 Old home-bred virtues held their not
 unhonoured place.

XXIV.

Here manhood struggles for the sake
 Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
 The graces and the loves which make
 The music of the march of life ;
 And woman, in her daily round
 Of duty, walks on holy ground.
 No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here
 Is the bad lesson learned at human
 rights to sneer.

XXV.

Then let the icy north-wind blow
 The trumpets of the coming storm,
 To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
 Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
 Young hearts shall hail the drifted
 cold,
 As gaily as I did of old ;
 And I, who watch them through the
 frosty pane,
 Unenvious, live in them my boyhood
 o'er again.

XXVI.

And I will trust that He who heeds
 The life that hides in mead and
 wold,
 Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
 And stains these mosses green and
 gold,
 Will still, as He hath done, incline
 His gracious care to me and mine ;
 Grant what we ask aright, from wrong
 debar,
 And, as the earth grows dark, make
 brighter every star !

XXVII.

I have not seen, I may not see,
 My hopes for man take form in fact,
 But God will give the victory
 In due time; in that faith I act.
 And he who sees the future sure,
 The baffling present may endure.
 And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand
 that leads
 The heart's desires beyond the halting
 step of deeds.

XXVIII.

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,
 Where harsher songs of mine have
 flown;
 Go, find a place at home and hearth
 Where'er thy singer's name is
 known;
 Revive for him the kindly thought
 Of friends; and they who love him
 not,
 Touched by some strain of thine, per-
 chance may take
 The hand he proffers all, and thanks
 him for thy sake.

BURIAL OF BARBOUR.

BEAR him, comrades, to his grave;
 Never over one more brave
 Shall the prairie grasses weep,
 In the ages yet to come,
 When the millions in our room,
 What we sow in tears, shall reap.

Bear him up the icy hill,
 With the Kansas, frozen still
 As his noble heart, below,
 And the land he came to till
 With a freeman's thefts and will,
 And his poor hut roofed with snow!

One more look of that dead face,
 Of his murderer's ghastly trace!
 One more kiss, O widowed one!
 Lay your left hands on his brow,
 Lift your right hands up, and vow
 That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends! The eye of God
 Every path by Murder trod
 Watches, lidless, day and night;
 And the dead man in his shroud,

And his widow weeping loud,
 And our hearts, are in his sight.

Every deadly threat that swells
 With the roar of gambling hells,
 Every brutal jest and jeer,
 Every wicked thought and plan
 Of the cruel heart of man,
 Though but whispered, He can hear:

We in suffering, they in crime,
 Wait the just award of time,
 Wait the vengeance that is due;
 Not in vain a heart shall break,
 Not a tear for Freedom's sake
 Fall unheeded: God is true.

While the flag with stars bedecked
 Threatens where it should protect,
 And the Law shakes hands with
 Crime,

What is left us but to wait,
 Match our patience to our fate,
 And abide the better time?

Patience, friends! The human heart
 Everywhere shall take our part,
 Everywhere for us shall pray;
 On our side are nature's laws,
 And God's life is in the cause
 That we suffer for to-day

Well to suffer is divine;
 Pass the watchword down the line,
 Pass the countersign: "ENDURE."
 Not to him who rashly dares,
 But to him who nobly bears,
 Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,
 Lay our slain one down to rest;
 Lay him down in hope and faith
 And above the broken sod,
 Once again, to Freedom's God,
 Pledge ourselves for life or death.

That the State whose walls we lay,
 In our blood and tears, to-day,
 Shall be free from bonds of shame,
 And our goodly land untrod
 By the feet of Slavery, shod
 With cursing as with flame!

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,
 For the hunter of the slave

In its shadow cannot rest ;
And let martyr mound and tree
Be our pledge and guaranty
Of the freedom of the West !

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

ALL night above their rocky bed
They saw the stars march slow ;
The wild Sierra overhead,
The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
The gray bear from his den,
Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,
Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious
strain
Their leader's sleepless eye,
Where splinters of the mountain chain
Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow : at last, a glow,
A gleam of sudden fire,
Shot up behind the walls of snow,
And tipped each icy spire.

"Up, men!" he cried, "yon rocky
cone,
To-day, please God, we'll pass,
And look from Winter's frozen throne
On Summer's flowers and grass!"

They set their faces to the blast,
They trod the eternal snow,
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at
last
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed
By many an icy horn ;
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs
To flap his baffled wing,
And downward, with the cataracts,
Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band,
Another task remains,
To break from Slavery's desert land
A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,
Yet, flashing through the night,
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear
Blaze out in morning light !

Rise up, FREMONT ! and go before ;
The Hour must have its Man ;
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
And lead in Freedom's van !
8th mo., 1856.

THE CONQUEST OF FIN-
LAND.⁷⁵

ACROSS the frozen marshes
The winds of autumn blow,
And the fen-lands of the Wetter
Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands
Look o'er the Baltic brine,
A bark is sailing in the track
Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter
For Bothnia's fish and grain ;
She saileth not for pleasure,
She saileth not for gain.

But still by isle or main-land
She drops her anchor down,
Where'er the British cannon
Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspake the ancient Amtman,
At the gate of Helsingfors :
"Why comes this ship a-spying
In the track of England's wars?"

"God bless her," said the coast-guard,—
"God bless the ship, I say.
The holy angels trim the sails
That speed her on her way !

"Where'er she drops her anchor,
The peasant's heart is glad ;
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,
The peasant's heart is sad.

"Each wasted town and hamlet
She visits to restore ;
To roof the shattered cabin,
And feed the starving poor

"The sunken boats of fishets,
The foraged beeves and grain,

The spoil of flake and storehouse,
The good ship brings again.

"And so to Finland's sorrow
The sweet amend is made,
As if the healing hand of Christ
Upon her wounds were laid!"

Then said the gray old Amtman,
"The will of God be done!
The battle lost by England's hate,
By England's love is won!"

"We braved the iron tempest
That thundered on our shore;
But when did kindness fail to find
The key to Finland's door?"

"No more from Aland's ramparts
Shall warning signal come,
Nor startled Sweaborg hear again
The roll of midnight drum.

"Beside our fierce Black Eagle
The Dove of Peace shall rest;
And in the mouths of canon
The sea-bird make her nest.

"For Finland, looking seaward,
No coming foe shall scan;
And the holy bells of Abo
Shall ring, 'Good-will to man!'"

"Then row thy boat, O fisher!
In peace on lake and bay;
And thou, young maiden, dance again
Around the poles of May!"

"Sit down, old men, together,
Old wives, in quiet spin;
Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon
Is the brother of the Finn!"

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

FOR ages on our river borders,
These tassels in their tawny bloom,
And willowy studs of downy silver,
Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters
Smiled on them from their pebbly
hem,
And the clear carol of the robin
And song of bluebird welcomed them.

But never yet from smiling river,
Or song of early bird, have they
Been greeted with a gladder welcome
Than whispers from my heart to-
day.

They break the spell of cold and dark-
ness,
The weary watch of sleepless pain;
And from my heart, as from the river,
The ice of winter melts again.

Thanks, Mary! for this wild-wood
token
Of Freya's footsteps drawing near;
Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,
The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me
From ceiled room and silent books,
To see the dance of woodland shadows,
And hear the song of April brooks'

As in the old Teutonic ballad
Live singing bird and flowering tree,
Together live in bloom and music,
I blend in song thy flowers and
thee.

Earth's rocky tablets bear for ever
The dint of rain and small bird's
track:
Who knows but that my idle verses
May leave some trace by Merrimack!

The bird that trod the mellow layers
Of the young earth is sought in
air;
The cloud is gone that wove the sand-
stone,
From God's design, with threads of
rain!

So, when this fluid age we live in
Shall stiffen round my careless rhyme,
Who made the vagrant tracks may
puzzle
The savans of the coming time:

And, following out their dim sugges-
tions,
Some idly-curious hand may draw
My doubtful portraiture, as Cuvier
Drew fish and bird from fin and
claw.

And maidens in the far-off twilights,
Singing my words to breeze and
stream,
Shall wonder if the old-time Mary
Were real, or the rhymers' dream !
1st 3d mo., 1857.

MY NAMESAKE.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks,
Who, self-rewarded, nurse and tend—
A green leaf on your own Green Banks—
The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven,
hides
The soberea brow and lessening
hair:
For aught I know, the myrtled sides
Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring
The fabled founts of song to try,
They've drained, for aught I know, the
spring
Of Aganippe dry.

Ah well!—The wreath the Muses
braid
Proves often Folly's cap and bell;
Methinks, my ample beaver's shade
May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender
debt
Be paid by those I love in life.
Why should the unborn critic whet
For me his scalping-knife?

Why should the stranger peer and pry
One's vacant house of life about,
And drag for curious ear and eye
His faults and follies out?—

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,
With chaff of words, the garb he
wore,
As corn-husks when the ear is gone
Are rustled all the more?

Let kindly Silence close again,
The picture vanish from the eye,
And on the dim and misty main
Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim
To grateful thanks, dear friends of
mine.

Hang, if it please you so, my name
Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide
Her chosen names, I envy none:
A mother's love, a father's pride,
Shall keep alive my own!

Still shall that name as now recall
The young leaf wet with morning
dew,

The glory where the sunbeams fall
The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word,
A spell to waken smile or sigh;
In many an evening prayer be heard
And cradle lullaby.

And thou, dear child, in riper days
When asked the reason of thy name,
Shalt answer: "One 'twere vain to
praise
Or censure bore the same.

"Some blamed him, some believed him
good,—
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the
two,—
He reconciled as best he could
Old faith and fancies new.

"In him the grave and playful mixed,
And wisdom held with folly truce,
And Nature compromised betwixt
Good fellow and recluse.

"He loved his friends, forgave his
foes;
And, if his words were harsh at times,
He spared his fellow-men,—his blows
Fell only on their crimes.

"He loved the good and wise, but
found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground
Of suffering and of sin.

"Whate'er his neighbours might endure
Of pain or grief his own became;
For all the ills he could not cure,
He held himself to blame.

- " His good was mainly an intent,
 His evil not of forethought done ;
 The work he wrought was rarely meant
 Or finished as begun.
- " Ill served his tides of feeling strong
 To turn the common mills of use ;
 And, over-restless wings of song,
 His birthright garb hung loose !
- " His eye was beauty's powerless slave,
 And his the ear which discord pains ;
 Few guessed beneath his aspect grave
 What passions strove in chains.
- " He had his share of care and pain,
 No holiday was life to him ;
 Still in the heirloom cup we drain
 The bitter drop will swim !
- " Yet Heaven was kind, and here a
 bird
 And there a flower beguiled his
 way ;
 And, cool, in summer noons, he heard
 The fountains splash and play.
- " On all his sad or restless moods
 The patient peace of Nature stole ;
 The quiet of the fields and woods
 Sank deep into his soul.
- " He worshipped as his fathers did,
 And kept the faith of childish days,
 And, howsoe'er he strayed or slid,
 He loved the good old ways.
- " The simple tastes, the kindly traits,
 The tranquil air, and gentle speech,
 The silence of the soul that waits
 For more than man to teach.
- " The cant of party, school, and sect,
 Provoked at times his honest scorn,
 And Folly, in its gray respect,
 He tossed on satire's horn.
- " But still his heart was full of awe
 And reverence for all sacred things ;
 And, brooding over form and law,
 He saw the Spirit's wings !
- " Life's mystery wrapt him like a cloud ;
 He heard far voices mock his own,
 The sweep of wings unseen, the loud,
 Long roll of waves unknown
- " The arrows of his straining sight
 Fell quenched in darkness ; priest
 and sage,
 Like lost guides calling left and right,
 Perplexed his doubtful age.
- " Like childhood, listening for the sound
 Of its dropped pebbles in the well,
 All vainly down the dark profound
 His brief-lined plummet fell.
- " So, scattering flowers with pious
 pains
 On old beliefs, of later creeds,
 Which claimed a place in Truth's do-
 mains,
 He asked the title-deeds.
- " He saw the old-time's groves and
 shrines
 In the long distance fair and dim ;
 And heard, like sound of far-off pines,
 The century-mellowed hymn !
- " He dared not mock the Dervish
 whirl,
 The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's
 spell ;
 God knew the heart ! Devotion's pearl
 Might sanctify the shell.
- " While others trod the altar stairs
 He faltered like the publican ;
 And, while they praised as saints, his
 prayers
 Were those of sinful man.
- " For, awed by Sinai's Mount of
 Law,
 The trembling faith alone sufficed,
 That, through its cloud and flame, he
 saw
 The sweet, sad face of Christ !—
- " And listening, with his forehead
 bowed,
 Heard the Divine compassion fill
 The pauses of the trump and cloud
 With whispers small and still.
- " The words he spake, the thoughts he
 penned,
 Are mortal as his hand and brain,
 But, if they served the Master's end,
 He has not lived in vain !"

Heaven make thee better than thy
name,
Child of my friends!—For thee I crave
What riches never bought, nor fame
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old :
God make thee beautiful within,
And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin !

Imagination held in cheek
To serve not rule thy posed mind :

Thy Reason, at the frown or beck
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all,—
Strong manhood crowning vigorous
youth ;

Life made by duty epical
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield
Which trees of healing only give,
And green-leaved in the Eternal field
Of God, for ever live !

PRELUDE TO "HOME BALLADS," 1860.

I CALL the old time back : I bring these lays
To thee, in memory of the summer days
When, by our native streams and forest ways,

We dreamed them over ; while the rivulets made
Songs of their own, and the great pine-trees laid
On wana noon-lights the masses of their shade.

And *she* was with us, living o'er again
Her life in ours, despite of years and pain,—
The autumn's brightness after latter rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one
Who stands, at evening, when the work is done,
Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common landscape seem
Fairer than any of which painters dream,
Lights the brown hills and sings in every stream :

For she whose speech was always truth's pure gold
Heard, not unpleased, its simple legends told,
And loved with us the beautiful and old.

TELLING THE BEES.⁷⁶

HERE is the place ; right over the hill
Runs the path I took ;
You can see the gap in the old wall
still,
And the stepping-stones in the shal-
low brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-
barred,
And the poplars tall ;

And the barn's brown length, and the
cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above
the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the
sun ;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers,
weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and
pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
 Heavy and slow ;
 And the same rose blows, and the same
 sun glows,
 And the same brook sings of a year
 ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in
 the breeze ;
 And the June sun warm
 Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
 Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
 From my Sunday coat
 I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed
 my hair,
 And cooled at the brookside my
 brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed;—
 To love, a year ;
 Down through the beeches I looked at
 last
 On the little red gate and the well-
 sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise
 rain
 Of light through the leaves,
 The sundown's blaze on her window-
 pane,
 The bloom of her roses under the
 eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
 The house and the trees,
 The barn's brown gable, the vine by
 the door,—
 Nothing changed but the hives of
 bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
 Forward and back,
 Went drearly singing the chore-girl
 small,
 Draping each hive with a shred of
 black.

Trembling, I listened : the summer sun
 Had the chill of snow ;
 For I knew she was telling the bees of
 one
 Gone on the journey we all must go !

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
 For the dead to-day :

Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
 The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low ; on the doo-
 way sill,
 With his cane to his chin,
 The old man sat ; and the chore-girl
 still
 Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever
 since
 In my ear sounds on :—
 "Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not
 hence !
 Mistress Mary is dead and gone !"

THE SYCAMORES.

IN the outskirts of the village,
 On the river's winding shores,
 Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
 Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,
 And another half-way told,
 Since the rustic Irish gleeman
 Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,
 At his violin's sound they grew,
 Through the moonlit eyes of summer,
 Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant !
 Pass in jerkin green along,
 With thy eyes brimful of laughter,
 And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
 With his fiddle and his pack ;
 Little dreamed the village Saxons
 Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
 Delved by day and sang by night,
 With a hand that never wearied,
 And a heart for ever light,—

Still the gay tradition mingles
 With a record grave and drear,
 Like the rolic air of Cluny,
 With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,
 Made the sweet May woodlands glad,

And the Aronia by the river
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,
With their silver-sided haul,
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,
Love stole in at Labour's side
With the lusty airs of England,
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,
And the merry fair's carouse ;
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin
And the Woman of Three Cows,

By the blazing hearths of winter,
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who at Tara
Played all night to ghosts of kings ;
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies
Dancing in their moorland rings !

Jolliest of our birds of singing,
Best he loved the Bob-o-link.
"Hush !" he'd say, "the tipsy fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink !"

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
Singing through the ancient town,
Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses ;
But if yet his spirit walks,
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks ;

Green memorials of the gleeman !
Linking still the river-shores,
With their shadows cast by sunset,
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores !

When the Father of his Country
Through the north-land riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
And the steeples rang acclaim,—

When each war-scarred Continental,
Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
And shot off his old king's arm,—

Slowly passed that august Presence
Down the thronged and shouting
street ;
Village girls as white as angels,
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew :
On his stately head, uncovered,
Cool and soft the west-wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down
On the hills of Gold and Silver
Rimming round the little town,—

On the river, full of sunshine,
To the lap of greenest vales
Winding down from wooded head-
lands,
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
"I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort
Stirred to life the cavalcade :
And that head, so bare and stately,
Vanished down the depths of
shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,
Life has had its ebb and flow ;
Thrice hath passed the human harvest
To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,
Through the changes, changeless
stand ;

As the marble calm of Tadmour
Marks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising
Silvers o'er each stately shaft ;
Still beneath them, half in shadow,
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still by them, arm-enfolded,
Love and Youth together stray ;

While, as heart to heart beats faster,
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,
On the open hillside wrought,
Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Songs his German masters taught,—

Singing, with his gray hair floating
Round his rosy ample face,—
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy
Now are Traffic's dusty streets :
From the village, grown a city,
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores.

MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth
hill,
Their song was soft and low :
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear ;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or
flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing
spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine :
What more could ask the bashful
boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May
morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years ;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow ;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make
sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill,
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems.—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice :
Does she remember mine ?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern,
A sweeter memory blow ;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee !

THE SHADOW AND THE
LIGHT.

"And I sought, whence is Evil: I set before the eye of my spirit the whole creation; whatsoever we see therein,—sea, earth, air, stars, trees, moral creatures,—yea, whatsoever there is we do not see,—angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence comes it, since God the Good hath created all things? Why made He anything at all of evil, and not rather by His Almighty cause it not to be? These thoughts I turned in my miserable heart, overcharged with most gnawing cares." "And, admonished to return to myself, I entered even into my inmost soul. Thou being my guide, and beheld even beyond my soul and mind the Light unchangeable. He who knows the Truth knows what that Light is, and he that knows it knows Eternity! O Truth, who art Eternity! Love, who art Truth! Eternity, who art Love! And I beheld that Thou madest all things good, and to Thee is nothing whatsoever evil. From the angel to the worm, from the first motion to the last, I thou settest each in its place, and everything is good in its kind. Woe is me!—how high art Thou in the highest, how deep in the deepest! and Thou never departest from us and we scarcely return to Thee."—*Augustine's Soliloquies*, Book VII.

The fourteen centuries fall away
Between us and the Afric saint,
And at his side we urge, to-day,
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given,—
From sea or earth comes, no reply;
Hushed as the warm Numidian
heaven

He vainly questioned bends our frozen
sky.

No victory comes of all our strife,—
From all we grasp the meaning
slips:

The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,
With the old question on her awful
lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet
Of fear before, and guilt behind;
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat
Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unchecked
The sad bequest of sire to son,
The body's taint, the mirror's defect,—
Through every web of life the dark
threads run.

O, why and whither?—God knows
all;

I only know that he is good,
And that whatever may befall
Or here or there, must be the best that
could.

Between the dreadful cherubim
A Father's face I still discern.
As Moses looked of old on him,
And saw his glory into goodness turn!

For he is merciful as just;
And so, by faith correcting sight,
I bow before his will, and trust
However they seem he doeth all things
right.

And dare to hope that he will make
The rugged smooth, the doubtful
plain;

His mercy never quite forsake;
His healing visit every realm of pain;

That suffering is not his revenge
Upon his creatures weak and frail
Sent on a pathway new and strange
With feet that wander and with eyes
that fail;

That, o'er the crucible of pain,
Watches the tender eye of Love
The slow transmuting of the chain
Whose links are iron below to gold
above!

Ah me! we doubt the shining skies,
Seen through our shadows of
offence,
And drown with our poorchildisheries
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,
And of the just effect complain;
We tread upon life's broken laws,
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain;

We turn us from the light, and find
Our spectral shapes before us
thrown.

As they who leave the sun behind
Walk in the shadows of themselves
alone.

And scarce by will or strength of ours
We set our faces to the day;

Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal
Powers
Alone can rid us from ourselves away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin,
But love must needs be stronger far,
Outreaching all and gathering in
The erring spirit and the wandering
star.

A Voice grows with the growing
years ;
Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,
Looks upward from her graves, and
hears,
"The Resurrection and the Life am I."

O Love Divine!—whose constant
beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leavest us because we turn from
thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are
lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries
sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou
know'st,
Wide as our need thy favours fall ;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads
of all.

O Beauty, old yet ever new!⁷⁶
Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,
The old sphere-music which the Samian
heard!

Truth which the sage and prophet
saw,
Long sought without, but found
within.
The Law of Love beyond all law,
The Life o'erflowing mortal death and
sin!

Shine on us with the light which
glowed
Upon the trance-bound shepherd's
way,

Who saw the Darkness overflowed
And drowned by tides of everlasting
Day.⁷⁶

Shine, light of God!—make broad
thy scope
To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
With Heaven's compassion make our
longings poor!

THE OVER-HEART.

"For of Him, and through Him, and to
Him are all things, to whom be glory for ever!"
—PAUL.

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,
In leaf and spat, in star and man,
Well might the wise Athenian scar
The geometric signs of God,
The measured order of his plan.

And India's mystics sang aright
Of the One Life pervading all,—
One Being's tidal rise and fall
In soul and form, in sound and sight,—
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is: and man in guilt and fear
The central fact of Nature owns;—
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stones
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the Terror: deep within
The human heart the secret lies
Of all the hideous deities;
And, painted on a ground of sin,
The fabled gods of torment rise!

And what is He?—The ripe grain
nods,
The sweet dews fall, the sweet flowers
blow;
But darker signs his presence show:
The earthquake and the storm are
God's,
And good and evil interflow.

O hearts of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest:
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon His breast!

In Him of whom the sibyl told,
For whom the prophet's harp was
toned,

Whose need the sage and magian
owned,

The loving heart of God behold,
The hope for which the ages groaned !

Fade, pomp of dreadful imagery
Wherewith mankind have deified
Their hate, and selfishness, and
pride!

Let the scared dreamer wake to see
The Christ of Nazareth at his side !

What doth that holy Guide require ?—
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But man a kindly brotherhood,
Looking, where duty is desire,
To him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,
And let the pitying heaven's sweet
rain
Wash out the altar's bloody stain ;
The law of hatred disappear,
The law of love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim !—
And lo ! their hideous wreck above
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove !
Man turns from God, not God from
him ;
And guilt, in suffering, whispers
Love !

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsol'd ;
It yet shall touch his garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
O heart of mine ! with reverence
own

The fulness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known.

TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed, "I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth, the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favour dropped the rain ;—
Alike the righteous and profane
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured, "Is it meet
That blindfold Nature thus shou'd treat
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,—
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sister of the street.

Upon her bosom snowy pure
The lost one clung, as if secure
From inward guilt or outward lure.

"Beware !" I said ; "in this I see
No gain to her, but loss to thee :
Who touches her pitch denied must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
And a voice whispered, "Who therein
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's
peace win ?

"Who there shall hope and health dis-
pense,
And lift the ladder up from thence
Whose rounds are prayers of peni-
tence ?"

I said, "No higher life they know ;
These earth-worms love to have it so
Who stoops to raise them sinks as
low."

That night with painful care I read
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said,—
The living seeking to the dead !

In vain I turned, in weary quest,
Old pages, where (God give them rest !)
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and
guessed.

And still I prayed, "Lord, let me see
How Three are One, and One is
Three ;
Read the dark riddle unto me !"

Then something whispered, "Dost thou
pray
For what thou hast? This very day
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

"Did not the gifts of sun and air
To good and ill alike declare
The all-compassionate Father's care?"

"In the white soul that stooped to
raise
The lost one from her evil ways,
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels
praise!"

"A ho liless Divinity,
The still small Voice that spake to thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!"

"O blind of sight, of faith how small!
Father and Son, and Holy Call;—
This day thou hast denied them all!"

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul;—and the Three
are One!"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast;
The monkish gloss of ages past,
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered, "Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Thy riddle hath been read to me!"

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

OUR vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple-crowned;
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart;
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,
Frost-flung and broken, lines
A lonesome acre thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows
Its drooped and tasselled head;
Within, a stag-horned sumach grows
Fern-leaved, with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighbour-
ing plain
Like white ghosts come and go,
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,
The distant pines reply;
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,
Unchecked the winter blast;
The school-girl learns the place to shun,
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified,—
That he might read who ran,—
The emptiness of human pride,
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with
flowers,
Nor dress the funeral sod,
Where, with a love as deep as ours,
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept
From beauty turned aside;
Nor missed they over those who slept
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would
blow,
The golden leaves would fall,
The seasons come, the seasons go,
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung
In bloom and green its wreath,
And harebells swung as if they rung
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,
The gifts she hath for all,
The common light, the common air,
O'ercept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,
The sunrise and the noon,
And glorified and sanctified
It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod,
Around the seasons ran,
And evermore the love of God
Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either hand,
Within a daily strife,
And spectral problems waiting stand
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,
The truths we know, are one ;
The known and nameless stars revolve
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,
And take the dole we deal,
The law of pain is love alone,
The wounding is to heal.

Unharm'd from change to change we
glide,
We fall as in our dreams ;
The far-off terror at our side
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart
Alike rest great and small ;
Why fear to lose our little part,
When he is pledged for all ?

O fearful heart and troubled brain !
Take hope and strength from this,—
That Nature never hints in vain,
Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet
stave,
Her lights and airs are given
Alike to playground and the grave ;
And over both is Heaven.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills ;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills !
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—

To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear ;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
" Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day ! " the soldier said ;
" To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread. "

O, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair ;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground :
" Dinna ye hear it ?—dinna ye hear it ?
The pipes o' Havelock sound ! "

Hushed the wounded man his groan-
ing ;
Hushed the wife her little ones ;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true ;
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch.
She knew the Campbell's call :
" Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—
The grandest o' them all ! "

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last ;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast !
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;
" God be praised !—the march of
Havelock !
The piping of the clans ! "

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,

Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call
 Stinging all the air to life.
 But when the far-off dust-cloud
 To plaided legions grew,
 Full tenderly and blithesomely
 The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
 Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
 Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
 The air of Auld Lang Syne.
 O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
 Rose that sweet and homelike strain ;
 And the tartan clove the turban,
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
 And plaided mountaineer, —
 To the cottage and the castle
 The piper's song is dear.
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The Pipes at Lucknow played !

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years ;
 Beneath a tender rain,
 An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
 I hear the glad streams run ;
 The windows of my soul I thro'v
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope or fear ;
 But, grateful, take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
 To harvest weed and tare ;
 The manna dropping from God's hand
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, — I lay
 Aside the toiling oar ;
 The angel sought so far away
 I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
 Among the ripening corn,
 Nor freshness of the flowers of May
 Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
 Through fringed lids to heaven,
 And the pale aster in the brook
 Shall see its image given ;—

The woods shall wear their robes of
 praise,
 The south-wind softly sigh,
 And sweet, calm days in golden haze
 Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
 Rebuke an age of wrong ;
 The graven flowers that wreath the
 sword
 Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal, —
 To build as to destroy ;
 Nor less my heart for others feel
 That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold,
 And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track ;—
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 His chastening turned me back ;—

That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good ;—

That death seems but a covered way
 Which opens into light,
 Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,
 Through Memory's sunset air,
 Like mountain-ranges overpast,
 In purple distance fair ;—

That all the jarring notes of life
 Seem blending in a psalm,
 And all the angels of its strife
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west-winds play ;
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.⁷⁹

A BLUSH as of roses
Where rose never grew !
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew !
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun !
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun !

Back, steed of the prairies !
Sweet song-bird, fly back !
Wheel hither, bald vulture !
Gray wolf, call thy pack !
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled ;
The wolves of the Border
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn,—
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout kneec was crooked
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How paled the May sunshine,
O Marais du Cygne !
On death for the strong life,
On red grass for green !

In the homes of their rearing,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives !
Put out the red forge-fire,
The smith shall not come ;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain !

Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs ;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild !
Wail, desolate woman !
Weep, fatherless child !
But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of his harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong :
Free homes and free altars,
Free prairie and flood,—
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood !

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry ;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by ;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

"THE ROCK" IN EL GHOR.

DEAD Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,
Her stones of emptiness remain ;
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps,
The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
The bow of vengeance turns not
back ;
Of all her myriads none are left
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
Her arches spring, her statues climb ;
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
No tribute to the spoiler, Time ?

Unchanged the awful lithograph
Of power and glory undertrod,—
Of nations scattered like the chaff
Blown from the threshing-floor
God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
From Petra's gates with deeper awe
To mark afar the burial urn
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor :

And where upon its ancient guard
Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,—
Looks from its turrets desertward,
And keeps the watch that God has
set.

The same as when in thunders loud
It heard the voice of God to man,—
As when it saw in fire and cloud
The angels walk in Israel's van!

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way
It saw the long procession file,
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
The music of the lordly Nile;

Or saw the tabernacle pause
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's
wells,
While Moses graved the sacred laws,
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!
How grew its shadowing pile at
length,
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
From age to age went down the
name,
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came!

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing rock, as they,—
We need, like them, the guides of
God.

God send his angels, Cloud and Fire,
To lead us o'er the desert sand!
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land!

ON A PRAYER-BOOK,

WITH ITS FRONTISPIECE, ARY SCHEFFER'S
"CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR," AMERICANISED
BY THE OMISSION OF THE BLACK MAN.

O ARY SCHEFFER! when beneath thine
eye
Touched with the light that cometh
from above,

Grew the sweet picture of the dear
Lord's love,
No dream hadst thou that Christian
hands would tear

Therefrom the token of his equal care,
And make thy symbol of his truth a
lie!

The poor, dumb slave whose shackles
fall away
In his compassionate gaze, grubbed
smoothly out.

To mar no more the exercise devout
Of sleek oppression kneeling down to
pray
Where the great oriel stains the Sabbath
day!

Let whoso can before such praying-
books
Kneel on his velvet cushion; I, for
one,
Would sooner bow, a Parsee, to the
sun,

Or tend a prayer-wheel in Thibetan
brooks,
Or beat a drum on Yedo's temple-
floor.

No falsier idol man has bowed before,
In Indian groves or islands of the sea,
Than that which through the quaint-
carved Gothic door

Looks forth,—a Church without hu-
manity!
Patron of pride, and prejudice, and
wrong,—

The rich man's charm and fetish of
the strong,
The Eternal Fulness meted, clipped,
and shorn,

The seamless robe of equal mercy torn,
The dear Christ hidden from his kin-
dred flesh,

And, in his poor ones, crucified afresh!
Better the simple Lama scattering wide,
Where sweeps the storm Alechan's
steppes along,

His paper horses for the lost to ride,
And wearying Buddha with his prayers
to make

The figures living for the traveller's
sake,
Than he who hopes with cheap praise
to beguile

The ear of God, dishonouring man the
while;

Who dreams the pearl gate's hinges,
 rusty grown,
 Are moved by flattery's oil of tongue
 alone ;
 That in the scale Eternal Justice bears
 The generous deed weighs less than
 selfish prayers,
 And words intoned with graceful unction
 move
 The Eternal Goodness more than lives
 of truth and love.
 Alas, the Church !—The reverend
 head of Jay,
 Enhaloed with its saintly silvered
 hair,
 Adorns no more the places of her
 prayer ;
 And brave young Tyng, too early called
 away,
 Troubles the Haman of her courts
 no more,
 Like the just Hebrew at the Assyri-
 an's door ;
 And her sweet ritual, beautiful but
 dead
 As the dry husk from which the
 grain is shed,
 And holy hymns from which the life
 devout
 Of saints and martyrs has wellnigh
 gone out,
 Like candles dying in exhausted air,
 For Sabbath use in measured grists
 are ground ;
 And, ever while the spiritual mill
 goes round,
 Between the upper and the nether
 stones,
 Unseen, unheard, the wretched bond-
 man groans,
 And urges his vain plea, prayer-smoth-
 ered, anthem-drowned !
 O heart of mine, keep patience !—
 Looking forth,
 As from the Mount of Vision, I be-
 hold,
 Pure, just, and free, the Church of
 Christ on earth,—
 The martyr's dream, the golden age
 foretold !
 And found, at last, the mystic Graal I
 see,
 Brimmed with His blessing, pass
 from lip to lip

In sacred pledge of human fellow-
 ship ;
 And over all the songs of angels
 hear,—
 Songs of the love that casteth out all
 fear,—
 Songs of the Gospel of Humanity !
 Lo ! in the midst, with the same look
 he wore,
 Healing and blessing on Gencsaret's
 shore,
 Folding together, with the all-tender
 might
 Of his great love, the dark hands and
 the white,
 Stands the Consoler, soothing every
 pain,
 Making all burdens light, and breaking
 every chain.

THE PALM-TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa palm,
 On the Indian Sea, by the isles of
 balm ?
 Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?
 A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
 Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bar
 sheath,
 And a rudder of palm it steereth with.
 Branches of palm are its spars and
 rails,
 Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
 And the rope is of palm that idly trails.
 What does the good ship bear so well?
 The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,
 And the milky sap of its inner cell.
 What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
 But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and
 wine,
 And the cabbage that ripens under the
 Line ?
 Who smokes his nargileh, cool and
 calm ?
 The master, whose cunning and skill
 could charm
 Cargo and ship from the bounteous
 palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat
soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is
quaffed,
And a palm-thatch shields from the
sun aloft !

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his
hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise com-
mands !

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf
braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was
made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is
done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed
as one !

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House, and raiment, and food, and
wine !

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in
peace.

"Allah il Allah !" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of
balm ;

"Thanks to Allah who gives the
palm !"

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

OUT and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins !

Drearly blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow ;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That leads to the voice of the north-
wind
The tones of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace ;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain ;
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain !

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
And our hearts faint at the oar.

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace !

KENOZA LAKE.

As Adam did in Paradise,
To-day the primal right we claim :
Fair mirror of the woods and skies,
We give to thee a name.

Lake of the pickerel !—let no more
The echoes answer back, "Great
Pond,"

But sweet Kenoza, from thy shore
And watching hills beyond,

Let Indian ghosts, if such there be
Who ply unseen their shadowy lines,
Call back the ancient name to thee,
As with the voice of pines.

The shores we trod as barefoot boys,
The nutted woods we wandered
through,

To friendship, love, and social joys
We consecrate anew.

Here shall the tender song be sung,
And memory's dirges soft and low,
And wit shall sparkle on the tongue,
And mirth shall overflow,

Harmless as summer lightning plays
From a low, hidden cloud by night,
A light to set the hills ablaze,
But not a bolt to smite.

In sunny South and prairied West
Are exiled hearts remembering still,
As bees their hive, as birds their nest,
The homes of Haverhill.

They join us in our rites to-day ;
And, listening, we may hear, ere-
long,
From inland lake and ocean bay,
The echoes of our song.

Kenoza ! o'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon-cloud
sail,—
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade
Shall break with harsh-resounding
din

The quiet of thy banks of shade,
And hills that fold thee in.

Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,
The shy loon sound his trumpet-
note,
Wing-weary from his fields of air,
The wild-goose on thee float.

Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,
Thy beauty our deforming strife ;
Thy woods and waters minister
The healing of their life.

And sinless Mirth, from care released,
Behold, unawed, thy mirrored sky,
Smiling as smiled on Cana's feast
The Master's loving eye.

And when the summer day grows dim,
And light mists walk thy mimic
sea,

Revive in us the thought of Him
Who walked on Galilee !

THE SISTERS.

A PICTURE BY HARRY.

THE shade for me, but over thee
The lingering sunshine still ;
As, smiling, to the silent stream,
Comes down the singing rill,

So come to me, my little one,—
My years with thee I share,
And mingle with a sister's love
A mother's tender care.

But keep the smile upon thy lip,
The trust upon thy brow ;
Since for the dear one God hath called
We have an angel now.

Our mother from the fields of heaven
Shall still her ear incline ;
Nor need we fear her human love
Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing beneath
The trees of life so fair,
But sweetest of the songs of heaven
Shall be her children's prayer.

Then, darling, rest upon my breast,
And teach my heart to lean
With thy sweet trust upon the arm
Which folds us both unseen !

THE PREACHER.

ITS windows flashing to the sky,
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
Far down the vale, my friend and I
Beheld the old and quiet town ;
The ghostly sails that out at sea
Flapped their white wings of mystery ;
The beaches glimmering in the sun,
And the low wooded capes that run
Into the sea-mist north and south ;
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth ;
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
The foam-line of the harbour-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands
A crimson-tinted shadow lay
Of clouds through which the setting
day

Flung a slant glory far away.
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
It flamed upon the city's panes,

Smote the white sails of ships that
wore
Outward or in, and glided o'er;
The steeples with their veering vanes!

Awhile my friend with rapid search
O erran the landscape. "Yonder
spire

Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire;
What is it, pray?"—"The Whitefield
Church!

Walled about by its basement stones,
There rest the marvellous prophet's
bones."

Then as our homeward way we walked,
Of the great preacher's life we talked;
And through the mystery of our theme
The outward glory seemed to stream,
And Nature's self interpreted

The doubtful record of the dead;
And every level beam that smote
The sails upon the dark afloat
A symbol of the light became
Which touched the shadows of our
blame

With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers
Gathers the moss of a hundred years;
On man and his works has passed the
change
Which needs must be in a century's
range.

The land lies open and warm in the sun,
Anvils clamour and mill-wheels run,—
Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the
plain,

The wilderness gladdened with fruit
and grain!

But the living faith of the settlers old
A dead profession their children hold;
To the lust of office and greed of trade
A stepping-stone is the altar made.
The Church, to place and power the
door,

Rebukes the sin of the world no more
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.
Everywhere is the grasping hand,
And eager adding of land to land;
And earth, which seemed to the fathers
meant

But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,—
A nightly shelter to fold away
When the Lord should call at the break
of day,—

Solid and steadfast seems to be,
And Time has forgotten Eternity!

But fresh and green from the rotting
roots

Of primal forests the young growth
shoots;

From the death of the old the new pro-
ceeds,

And the life of truth from the rot of
creeds:

On the ladder of God, which upward
leads,

The steps of progress are human
needs.

For his judgments still are a mighty
deep,

And the eyes of his providence never
sleep;

When the night is darkest he gives the
morn;

When the famine is sorest, the wine
and corn!

In the church of the wilderness Ed-
wards wrought,

Shaping his creed at the forge of
thought;

And with Thor's own hammer welded
and bent

The iron links of his argument,
Which strove to grasp in its mighty
span

The purpose of God and the fate of
man!

Yet faithful still, in his daily round
To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick
found,

The schoolman's lore and the casuist's
art

Drew warmth and life from his fervent
heart.

Had he not seen in the solitudes
Of his deep and dark Northampton
woods

A vision of love about him fall?
Not the blinding splendour which fell
on Saul,

But the tenderer glory that rests on
them

Who walk in the New Jerusalem,
Where never the sun nor moon are
known,

But the Lord and his love are the light
alone!

And watching the sweet, still countenance

Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,
Had he not treasured each broken word
Of the mystical wonder seen and heard;
And loved the beautiful dreamer more
That thus to the desert of earth she bore

Clusters of Eshcol from Canaan's shore?
As the barley-winner, holding with pain

Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,
Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze
Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys,
So he who had waited long to hear
The sound of the Spirit drawing near,
Like that which the son of Iddo heard
When the feet of angels the myrtles stirred,

Felt the answer of prayer, at last,
As over his church the afflatus passed,
Breaking its sleep as breezes break
To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremour of silent fear,
The creep of the flesh at danger near,
A vague foreboding and discontent,
Over the hearts of the people went.
All nature warned in sounds and signs:
The wind in the tops of the forest pines
In the name of the Highest called to prayer,

As the muezzin calls from the minaret stair.

Through ceiled chambers of secret sin
Sudden and strong the light shone in;
A guilty sense of his neighbour's needs
Startled the man of title-deeds;

The trembling hand of the worldling shook

The dust of years from the Holy Book;
And the psalms of David, forgotten long,

Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward course

Of waters moved by a central force:
The tide of spiritual life rolled down
From inland mountains to seaboard town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands
Waiting the Prophet's outstretched hands

And prayer availing, to downward call
The fiery answer in view of all.
Hearts are like wax in the furnace, who
Shall mould, and shape, and cast them anew?

Lo! by the Merrimack WHITEFIELD stands

In the temple that never was made by hands,—

Curtains of azure, and crystal wall
And dome of the sunshine over all—
A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name
Blown about on the winds of fame;
Now as an angel of blessing classed,
And now as a mad enthusiast.

Called in his youth to sound and gauge
The moral lapse of his race and age,
And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw
Of human frailty and perfect law;
Possessed by the one dread thought
that lent

Its goal to his fiery temperament,
Up and down the world he went,
A John the Baptist crying,—Repent!

No perfect whole can our nature make;
Here or there the circle will break;
The orb of life as it takes the light
On one side leaves the other in night.
Never was saint so good and great
As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate
For the plea of the Devil's advocate.
So, incomplete by his being's law,
The marvellous preacher had his flaw:
With step unequal, and lame with faults,
His shade on the path of History halts.

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard;
Fear is easy, but love is hard,—
Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage;
But he is greatest and best who can
Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he,—to whom, in the painful stress

Of zeal on fire from its own excess,
Heaven seemed so vast and earth so small

That man was nothing since God was all,—

Forgot, as the best at times have done,
That the love of the Lord and of man
are one.

Little to him whose feet unshod
 The thorny path of the desert trod,
 Careless of pain, so it led to God,
 Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor
 man's wrong,
 The weak ones trodden beneath the
 strong.
 Should the worm be chooser?—the
 clay withstand
 The shaping will of the potter's hand?

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears
 The scorn of a god rebuke his fears :
 "Spare thy pity!" Krishna saith ;
 "Not in thy sword is the power of
 death!

All is illusion,—loss but seems ;
 Pleasure and pain are only dreams ;
 Who deems he slayeth doth not kill ;
 Who counts as slain is living still.
 Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime ;
 Nothing dies but the cheats of time ;
 Slain or slayer, small the odds
 To each, immortal as Indra's gods!"

So by Savannah's banks of shade,
 The stones of his mission the preacher
 laid
 On the heart of the negro crushed and
 rent,
 And made of his blood the wall's ce-
 ment ;
 Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to
 coast
 Fanned by the wings of the Holy
 Ghost ;
 And begged, for the love of Christ, the
 gold
 Coined from the hearts in its groaning
 hold.
 What could it matter, more or less
 Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness?
 Living or dying, bond or free,
 What was time to eternity?

Alas for the preacher's cherished
 schemes !
 Mission and church are now but
 dreams ;
 Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan
 To honour God through the wrong of
 man.
 Of all his labours no trace remains
 Save the bondman lifting his hands in
 chains.

The woof he wove in the righteous
 warp
 Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,
 Clothes with curses the goodly land,
 Changes its greenness and bloom to
 sand ;

And a century's lapse reveals once
 more
 The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's
 shore.

Father of Light ! how blind is he
 Who sprinkles the altar he rears to
 Thee
 With the blood and tears of humanity !

He erred : Shall we count his gifts as
 naught ?

Was the work of God in him un-
 wrought ?

The servant may through his deafness
 err,

And blind may be God's messenger ;
 But the errand is sure they go upon
 The word is spoken, the deed is done.
 Was the Hebrew temple less fair and
 good

That Solomon bowed to gods of wood?
 For his tempted heart and wandering
 feet,

Were the songs of David less pure and
 sweet ?

So in light and shadow the preacher
 went,

God's erring and human instrument ;
 And the hearts of the people where he
 passed

Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,
 Under the spell of a voice which took
 In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,
 And the mystical chime of the bells of
 gold

On the ephod's hem of the priest of
 old,—

Now the roll of thunder, and now the
 awe

Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of
 Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd
 Fell like the shadow of a cloud.

The sailor reeling from out the ships
 Whose masts stood thick in the river-
 slips

Felt the jest and the curse die on his
 lips.

Listened the fisherman rude and hard,
 The calker rough from the builder's
 yard,
 The man of the market left his load,
 The teamster leaned on his bending
 goad,
 The maiden, and youth beside her, felt
 Their hearts in a closer union melt,
 And saw the flowers of their love in
 bloom
 Down the endless vistas of life to
 come,
 Old age sat feebly brushing away
 From his ears the scanty locks of gray ;
 And careless boyhood, living the free
 Unconscious life of bird and tree,
 Suddenly awakened to a sense
 Of sin and its guilty consequence.
 It was as if an angel's voice
 Called the listeners up for their final
 choice ;
 As if a strong hand rent apart
 The veils of sense from soul and heart,
 Showing in light ineffable
 The joys of heaven and woes of hell !
 All about in the misty air
 The hills seemed kneeling in silent
 prayer ;
 The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge
 The water's lap on its gravelled edge,
 The wailing pines, and, far and faint,
 The wood-dove's note of sad com-
 plaint,—
 To the solemn voice of the preacher
 lent
 An undertone as of low lamen'
 And the rote of the sea from its sandy
 coast,
 On the easterly wind, now heard, now
 lost,
 Seemed the murmurous sound of the
 judgment host.
 Yet wise men doubted, and good men
 wept,
 As that storm of passion above them
 swept,
 And, comet-like, adding flame to flame,
 The priests of the new Evangel came,—
 Davenport, flashing upon the crowd,
 Charged like summer's electric cloud,
 Now holding the listener still as death
 With terrible warnings under breath.
 Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed
 The vision of Heaven's beatitude !
 And Celtic Tenant, his long coat
 bound
 Like a monk's with leathern girdle
 round,
 Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,
 And wringing of hands, and eyes
 aglare,
 Groaning under the world's despair !
 Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to
 lose,
 Prophesied to the empty pews
 That gourds would wither, and mush-
 rooms die,
 And noisiest fountains run soonest dry,
 Like the spring that gushed in New-
 bury Street,
 Under the tramp of the earthquake's
 feet,
 A silver shaft in the air and light,
 For a single day, then lost in night,
 Leaving only, its place to tell,
 Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell.
 With zeal wing-clipped and white-heat
 cool,
 Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,
 No longer harried, and cropped, and
 fleeced,
 Flogged by sheriff and cursed by priest,
 But by wiser counsels left at ease
 To settle quietly on his lees,
 And, self-concentred, to count as done
 The work which his fathers scarce be-
 gun,
 In silent protest of letting alone,
 The Quaker kept the way of his
 own,—
 A non-conductor among the wires,
 With coat of asbestos proof to fires.
 And quite unable to mend his pace
 To catch the falling manna of grace,
 He hugged the closer his little store
 Of faith, and silently prayed for more.
 And vague of creed and barren of
 rite,
 But holding, as in his Master's sight,
 Act and thought to the inner light,
 The round of his simple duties walked,
 And strove to live what the others
 talked.
 And who shall marvel if evil went
 Step by step with the good intent,
 And with love and meekness, side by
 side,
 Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride?—

<p>That passionate longings and fancies vain Set the heart on fire and crazed the brain?— That over the holy oracles 'olly sported with cap and bells?— That goodly women and learned men Marvelling told with tongue and pen How unweaned children chirped like birds Texts of Scripture and solemn words, Like the infant seers of the rocky glens In the Puy de Dome of wild Cevennes : Or baby Lamas who pray and preach From Tartar cradles in Buddha's speech?</p> <p>In the war which Truth or Freedom wages With impious fraud and the wrong of ages Hate and malice and self-love mar The notes of triumph with painful jar, And the helping angels turn aside Their sorrowing faces the shame to hide. Never on custom's oiléd groves The world to a higher level moves, But grates and grinds with friction hard On granite boulder and flinty shard. The heart must bleed before it feels, The pool be troubled before it heals ; Ever by losses the right must gain, Every good have its birth of pain ; The active Virtues blush to find The Vices wearing their badge behind, And Graces and Charities feel the fire Wherein the sins of the age expire ; The fiend still rends as of old he rent The tortured body from which he went.</p> <p>But Time tests all. In the over-drift And flow of the Nile, with its annual gift, Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk? Who thinks of the drowned-out Coptic monk? The tide that loosens the temple's stones, And scatters the sacred ibis-bones, Drives away from the valley-land That Arab robber, the wandering sand, Moistens the fields that know no rain, Fringes the desert with belts of grain, And bread to the sower brings again.</p>	<p>So the flood of emotion deep and strong Troubled the land as it swept along, But left a result of holier lives, Tenderer mothers and worthier wives. The husband and father whose children fled And sad wife wept when his drunken tread Frightened peace from his roof-tree's shade, And a rock of offence his hearthstone made, In a strength that was not his own, be- gan To rise from the brute's to the plane of man. Old friends embraced, long held apart By evil counsel and pride of heart ; And penitence saw through misty tears, In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears, The promise of Heaven's eternal years,— The peace of God for the world's an- noy,— Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy !</p> <p>Under the church of Federal Street, Under the tread of its Sabbath feet, Walled about by its basement stones, Lie the marvellous preacher's bones. No saintly honours to them are shown, No sign nor miracle have they known ; But he who passes the ancient church Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch, And ponders the wonderful life of him Who lies at rest in that charnel dim. Long shall the traveller strain his eye From the railroad car, as it plunges by, And the vanishing town behind him search For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church ; And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade, And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid, By the thought of that life of pure in- tent, That voice of warning yet eloquent, Of one on the errands of angels sent. And if where he laboured the flood of sin</p>
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Like a tide from the harbour-bar sets
 in,
 And over a life of time and sense
 The church-spires lift their vain de-
 fence,
 As if to scatter the bolts of God
 With the points of Calvin's thunder-
 rod,—
 Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
 Precious beyond the world's renown,
 His memory hallows the ancient town !

FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

THE Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine
 Of fruitful Ceres, charm no more ;
 The woven wreaths of oak and pine
 Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still,
 And nature holds us still in debt ;
 And woman's grace and household
 skill,
 And manhood's toil, are honoured
 yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers
 And fruits, have come to own again
 The blessings of the summer hours,
 The early and the latter rain ;

To see our Father's hand once more
 Reverse for us the plenteous horn
 Of autumn, filled and running o'er
 With fruit, and flower, and golden
 corn !

Once more the liberal year laughs out
 O'er richer stores than gems or
 gold ;
 Once more with harvest-song and shout
 Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
 Like Ruth, among her garnered
 sheaves ;
 Her lap is full of goodly things,
 Her brow is bright with autumn
 leaves.

O favours every year made new !
 O gifts with rain and sunshine sent !
 The bounty overruns our due,
 The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom
 on ;

We murmur, but the corn-ears fill—
 We choose the shadow, but the sun
 That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
 The power to make it Eden-fair,
 And richer fruits to crown our toil
 Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?
 Who scorns his native fruit and
 bloom ?

Or sighs for dainties far away,
 Beside the bounteous board of home ?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's
 arm

Can change a rocky soil to gold,—
 That brave and generous lives can warm
 A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with
 flowers

And piled with fruits, awake again
 Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
 The early and the latter rain !

THE SUMMONS.

My ear is full of summer sounds,
 Of summer sights my languid eye ;
 Beyond the dusty village bounds
 I loiter in my daily rounds,
 And in the noon-time shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,
 The bird swings on the ripened
 wheat,

The long green lances of the corn
 Are tilting in the winds of morn,
 The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears,
 A deeper sound that drowns them
 all,—

A voice of pleading choked with tears,
 The call of human hopes and fears,
 The Macedonian cry to Paul !

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet
 blows ;

I know the word and countersign ;
 Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,
 Where stand or fall her friends or foes,
 I know the place that should be mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold,
 And lips that woo the reed's accord,
 When laggard Time the hour has tolled
 For true with false and new with old
 To fight the battles of the Lord!

O brothers! blest by partial Fate
 With power to match the will and
 deed,
 To him your summons comes too late
 Who sinks beneath his armour's weight,
 And has no answer but God-speed!

THE WAITING.

I WAIT and watch: before my eyes
 Methinks the night grows thin and
 gray;

I wait and watch the eastern skies
 To see the golden spears uprise
 Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in
 trance

I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,
 And see across the twilight glance,
 Troop after troop, in swift advance,
 The shining ones with plumes of
 snow!

I know the errand of their feet,
 I know what mighty work is theirs;
 I can but lift up hands unmeet,
 The threshing-floors of God to beat,
 And speed them with unworthy
 prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair
 The steps of progress wait for me:
 The puny leverage of a hair
 The planet's impulse well may spare,
 A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
 And yet not mine if understood;
 For one shall grasp and one resign,
 One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
 And God shall make the balance
 good.

O power to do! O baffled will!
 O prayer and action! ye are one
 Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
 The harder task of standing still,
 And good but wished with God is
 done!

MOUNTAIN PICTURES.

I.

FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGEWASSET.

ONCE more, O Mountains of the North,
 unveil

Your brows, and lay your cloudy
 mantles by!

And once more, ere the eyes that seek
 ye fail,

Uplift against the blue walls of the
 sky

Your mighty shapes, and let the sun-
 shine weave

Its golden net-work in your belting
 woods,

Smile down in rainbows from your
 falling floods,

And on your kingly brows at morn and
 eve

Set crowns of fire! So shall my soul
 receive

Haply the secret of your calm and
 strength,

Your unforgotten beauty interfuse
 My common life, your glorious shapes
 and hues

And sun-dropped splendours at my
 bidding come,

Loom vast through dreams, and
 stretch in billowy length

From the sea-level of my lowland
 home!

They rise before me! Last night's
 thunder-gust

Roared not in vain: for where its
 lightnings thrust

Their tongues of fire, the great peaks
 seem so near,

Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold
 and clear,

I almost praise the wind in the pines to
 hear,

The loose rock's fall, the steps of
 browsing deer.

The clouds that shattered on yon slide-
 worn walls

And splintered on the rocks their
 spears of rain

Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,
 Making the dust and silence of the
 woods

Glad with the laughter of the chasing
floods,
And luminous with blown spray and
silver gleams,
While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped
streams
Sing to the freshened meadow-lands
again.
So, let me hope, the battle-storm that
beats
The land with hail and fire may pass
away
With its spent thunders at the break of
day,
Like last night's clouds, and leave, as
it retreats,
A greener earth and fairer sky be-
hind,
Blown crystal-clear by Freedom's
Northern wind!

II.

MONADNOCK FROM WACHUSET.

I WOULD I were a painter, for the
sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who
led,
A fitting guide, with reverential
tread,
Into that mountain mystery. First a
lake
Tinted with sunset; next the wavy
lines
Of far receding hills; and yet more
far,
Monadnock lifting from his night of
pines
His rosy forehead to the evening
star.
Besides us, purple-zoned, Wachuset
laid
His head against the West, whose
warm light made
His aureole; and o'er him, sharp
and clear,
Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launch-
ing stayed,
A single level cloud-line, shone upon
By the fierce glances of the sunken
sun,
Menaced the darkness with its gol-
den spear!

So twilight deepened round us. Still
and black
The great woods climbed the mountain
at our back;
And on their skirts, where yet the lin-
gering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing
lay,
The brown old farm-house like a
bird's-nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air
was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we
heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet
well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they
fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle
lowed; the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the
merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening,
while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call
to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in
tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell
rung.
Thus soothed and pleased, our back-
ward path we took,
Praising the farmer's home. He
only spake,
Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,
Like one to whom the far-off is
most near:
"Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant
look;
I love it for my good old mother's
sake,
Who lived and died here in the
peace of God!"
The lesson of his words we pondered
o'er,
As silently we turned the eastern flank
Of the mountain, where its shadow
deepest sank,
Doubling the night along our rugged
road:
We felt that man was more than his
abode, —
The inward life than Nature's rai-
ment more;

And the warm sky, the sundown tinted
hill,

The forest and the lake, seemed
dwarfed and dim

Before the saintly soul, whose human
will

Meekly in the Eternal footsteps
trode,

Making her homely toil and household
ways

An earthly echo of the song of praise
Swelling from angel lips and harps
of seraphim.

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.⁸⁰

IN that black forest, where, when day
is done,

With a snake's stillness glides the
Amazon.

Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the
wood,

The long, despairing moan of solitude
And darkness and the absence of all
good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so
drear,

So full of hopeless agony and fear,
His heart stands still and listens like
his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell
toll,

Stares, drops his oar against the gun-
wale's thole,

Crosses himself, and whispers, "A lost
soul!"

"No, Senor, not a bird. I know it
well,—

It is the pained soul of some infidel
Or curséd heretic that cries from hell.

"Poor fool! with hope still mocking
his despair,

He wanders, skrieking on the midnight
air

For human pity and for Christian
prayer

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy
Mother hath

No prayer for him who, sinning
death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's
wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel
lie,

Lending new horror to that mournful
cry,

The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp: shadows
deepen round,

From giant trees with snake-like creep-
ers wound,

And the black water glides without a
sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret
sense

Of nature plastic to benign intents,
And an eternal good in Providence,

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his
eyes;

And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous
cries,

The Cross of pardon lights the tropic
skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong
plea,

"Thou lovest all: thy erring child may
be

Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!

"All souls are Thine; the wings of
morning bear

None from that Presence which is
everywhere,

Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art
there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities of
will,

Through doubt and pain, through guilt
and shame and ill,

Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

"Wilt thou not make, Eternal Source
and Goal!

In thy long years, life's broken circle
whole,

And change to praise the cry of a lost
soul?"

THE RIVER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew ;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom ;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While dark, through willowy vistas
seen,

The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from night ;
The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sunshine
showed,

A long, slant splendour downward
flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled ;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold ;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side !

" So," prayed we, " when our feet draw
near

The river dark, with mortal fear,

" And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father ! let thy light break through !

" So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide !

" So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth ;

" And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below ! "

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS ! with whom my feet have
trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument ;
Your logic linked and strong,
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds ;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought ?
Who talks of scheme and plan ?
The Lord is God ! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod ;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice ; even such
His pitying love I deem :
Ye seek a king ; I fain would touch
The robe that bath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss ;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas ! I know ;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within ;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings ;
I know that God is good !

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above ;
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove ;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,

Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee !

OUR MASTER.

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away !
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray !

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear ;
Why forward reach, or backward look,
For love that clasps like air ?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down :
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign ;
The world's long hope is dim ;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes, life goes ; the asking eye
And ear are answerless ;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes ;
The Spirit over-brooding all
Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,

Who know with John his smile of
love,
With Peter his rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence,
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are
said

Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;

The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee, who loves be-
comes
Therein to thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and
sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all thou art,
Our noisy championship!—

The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor thine the zealot's ban ;
Thou wilt canst spare a love of thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our
Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone ;
He serves the best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude ;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas
bells,
Thy inward altars raise ;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise !

THE VANISHERS.

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams
In the simple Indian lore
Still to me the legend seems
Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,
Never reached nor found at rest,
Baffling search, but beckoning on
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Through the dark of lowland firs,
Flash the eyes and flow the locks
Of the mystic Vanishers !

And the fisher in his skiff,
And the hunter on the moss,
Hear their call from cape and cliff,
See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green
Twilight of the clustered pines,
In their faces rarely seen
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow
On the slopes of westerling knolls ;
In the wind they whisper low
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine !
Thou and I have seen them too ;
On before with beck and sign
Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail
In the gold of setting day ;
More than gleams of wing or sail
Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,
Gleams and glories seen and flown,
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,
Airs from viewless Eden blown,—

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste,—

Gentle eyes we closed below,
Tender voices heard once more,
Smile and call us, as they go
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine !
Let us walk our little way,
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still, with baffled feet,
Smiling eye and waving hand,
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,
Lost and found, in Sunset Land !

REVISITED.

READ AT THE "LAURELS," ON THE MERRI-
MACK, 6TH MONTH, 1865.

THE roll of drums and the bugle's wail-
ing
Vex the air of our vales no more ;
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,
The share is the sword the soldier-
wore !

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,
Under thy banks of laurel bloom ;
Softly and sweet, as the hour besee meth,
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature
Temper the triumph and chasten
mirth,
Full of the infinite love and pity
For fallen martyr and darkened
hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for
ashes,
And the oil of joy for mourning long,
Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy
waters
Break into jubilant waves of song !

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,
Give us a waft of the north-wind, laden
With sweetbrier odours and breath of
kine !

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,
The green repose of thy Plymouth
meadows,
The gleam and ripple of Campton
rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,
And Winnepesaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall ;
Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken
Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains
Here in thy glory and strength repeat ;
Give us a taste of thy upland music,
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses
Pour the music and weave the flowers ;
With the song of birds and bloom of
meadows
Lighten and gladden thy heart and
ours.

Sing on ! bring down, O lowland river,
The joy of the hills to the waiting
sea ;

The wealth of the vales, the pomp of
mountains,
The breath of the woodlands, bear
with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,
Mirth and labour shall hold their
truce ;

Dance of water and mill of grinding,
Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and
glory,
Pride and hope of our home and
race,—

Freedom lending to rugged labour
Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,
Hear our greetings and take our
thanks ;
Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims
Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet un-
trodden,
Though never his word has stilled
thy waves,
Well for us may thy shores be holy,
With Christian altars and saintly
graves.

And well may we own thy hint and
token
Of fairer valleys and streams than
these,

Wherethe rivers of God are full of water,
And full of sap are his healing trees'

THE COMMON QUESTION.

BEHIND us at our evening meal
The gray bird ate his fill,
Swung downward by a single claw,
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head aslant,
And, in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing,
And go to sleep;" but o'er and o'er
He asked the selfsame thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said :—
 How like are men and birds !
 We all are saying what he says,
 In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
 The girl with hoop and doll,
 And men with lands and houses, ask
 The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
 We fain the bag would cram ;
 We sigh above our crowded nets
 For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
 The vague desire can stay ;
 Self-love is still a Tartar mill
 For grinding prayers alway.

The dear God hears and pities all ;
 He knoweth all our wants ;
 And what we blindly ask of him
 His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
 Might well be merged in one ;
 And nest and perch and hearth and
 church
 Repeat, " Thy will be done."

THE CLEAR VISION.

I DID but dream. I never knew
 What charms our sternest season
 wore.
 Was never yet the sky so blue,
 Was never earth so white before.
 Till now I never saw the glow
 Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
 And never learned the bough's designs
 Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
 As that my eastern windows see ?
 Did ever such a moonlight take
 Weird photographs of shrub and
 tree ?
 Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
 The music of the winter street ?
 Was ever yet a sound by half
 So merry as yon school-boy's laugh ?

O Earth ! with gladness overfraught,
 No added charm thy face hath found ;

Within my heart the change is wrought,
 My footsteps make enchanted ground.
 From couch of pain and curtained
 room

Forth to thy light and air I come,
 To find in all that meets my eyes
 The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
 Shall blow the warm west winds of
 spring

To set the unbound rills in tune,
 And hither urge the bluebird's wing,
 The vales shall laugh in flowers, the
 woods

Grow misty green with leafing buds,
 And violets and wind-flowers sway
 Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and
 own

The wiser love severely kind ;
 Since, richer for its chastening grown,
 I see, whereas I once was blind.
 The world, O Father ! hath not
 wronged

With loss the life by thee prolonged ;
 But still, with every added year,
 More beautiful thy works appear !

As thou hast made thy world without,
 Make thou more fair my world with-
 in ;

Shine through its lingering clouds of
 doubt ;

Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin ;
 Fill, brief or long, my granted span
 Of life with love to thee and man :
 Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
 But let my last days be my best !

2d Month, 1868.

THE MEETING.

THE elder folk shook hands at last,
 Down seat by seat the signal passed.
 To simple ways like ours unused,
 Half solemnized and half amused,
 With long-drawn breath and shrug, my
 guest

His sense of glad relief expressed.
 Outside the hills lay warm in sun ;
 The cattle in the meadow-run
 Stood half-leg deep ; a single bird
 The green repose above us stirred.

"What part or lot have you," he said,
 "In these dull rites of drowsy-head?
 Is silence worship? Seek it where
 It soothes with dreams the summer air,
 Not in this close and rude-benched
 hall,

But where soft lights and shadows fall,
 And all the slow, sleep-waking hours
 Glide soundless over grass and flowers!
 From time and place and form apart,
 Its holy ground the human heart,
 Nor ritual-bound nor templeward
 Walks the free spirit of the Lord!
 Our common Master did not pen
 His followers up from other men;
 His service liberty indeed,
 He built no church, he framed no
 creed;

But while the saintly Pharisee
 Made broader his phylactery,
 As from the synagogue was seen
 The dusty-sandalled Nazarene
 Through ripening cornfields lead the
 way

Upon the awful Sabbath day,
 His sermons were the healthful talk
 That shorter made the mountain walk,
 His wayside texts were flowers and
 birds,

Where mingled with His gracious
 words
 The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
 And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;
 "Unmeasured and unlimited,
 With noiseless slide of stone to stone,
 The mystic Church of God has grown;
 Invisible and silent stands

The temple never made with hands,
 Unheard the voices still and small
 To double-tasked idolaters
 Themselves their gods and worship-
 pers,

No pulpit hammered by the fist
 Of loud-asserting dogmatist,
 Who borrows for the hand of love
 The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.
 I know how well the fathers taught,
 What work the latter schoolmen
 wrought;

I reverence old-time faith and men,
 But God is near us now as then;
 His force of love is still unspent,
 His hate of sin as imminent:

And still the measure of our needs
 Outgrows the cramping bounds of
 creeds;

The manna gathered yesterday
 Already savours of decay;
 Doubts to the world's child-heart un-
 known

Question us now from star and stone;
 Too little or too much we know,
 And sight is swift and faith is slow;
 The power is lost to self-deceive
 With shallow forms of make-believe.
 We walk at high noon, and the bells
 Call to a thousand oracles,
 But the sound deafens, and the light
 Is stronger than our dazzled sight;
 The letters of the sacred Book
 Glimmer and swim beneath our look;
 Still struggles in the Age's breast
 With deepening agony of quest
 The old entreaty: 'Art thou He,
 Or look we for the Christ to be?'

"God should be most where man is
 least;

So, where is neither church nor priest,
 And never rag of form or creed
 To clothe the nakedness of need,—
 Where farmer-folk in silence meet—
 I turn my bell-unsummoned feet;
 I lay the critic's glass aside,
 I tread upon my lettered pride,
 And, lowest-seated, testify
 To the oneness of humanity;
 Confess the universal want,
 And share whatever Heaven may
 grant.

He findeth not who seeks his own,
 The soul is lost that's saved alone.
 Not on one favoured forehead fell
 Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
 But flamed o'er all the thronging host
 The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
 Heart answers heart: in one desire
 The blending lines of prayer aspire;
 "Where, in my name, meet two or
 three."

Our Lord hath said, "I there will be!"

"So sometimes comes to soul and
 sense

The feeling which is evidence
 That very near about us lies
 The realm of spiritual mysteries.
 The sphere of the supernal powers

Impinges on this world of ours.
 The low and dark horizon lifts,
 To light the scenic terror shifts;
 The breath of a diviner air
 Blows down the answer of a prayer.—
 That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
 A great compassion clasps about,
 And law and goodness, love and force
 Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
 Then duty leaves to love its task,
 The beggar Self forgets to ask;
 With smile of trust and folded hands,
 The passive soul in waiting stands
 To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
 The One true Life its own renew.

“So to the calmly gathered thought
 The innermost of truth is taught,
 The mystery dimly understood,
 That love of God is love of good,
 And, chiefly, its divinest trace
 In Him of Nazareth's holy face;
 That to be saved is only this,—
 Salvation from our selfishness,
 From more than elemental fire,
 The soul's unsanctified desire,
 From sin itself, and not the pain
 That warns us of its chafing chain;
 That worship's deeper meaning lies
 In mercy, and not sacrifice,
 Not proud humilities of sense
 And posturing of penitence,
 But love's unforced obedience;
 That Book and Church and Day are
 given
 For man, not God,—for earth, not
 heaven,—

The blessed means to holiest ends,
 Not masters, but benignant friends;
 That the dear Christ dwells not afar,
 The king of some remoter star.
 Listening, at times, with flattered ear
 To homage wrung from selfish fear,
 But here, amidst the poor and blind,
 The bound and suffering of our kind,
 In works we do, in prayers we pray,
 Life of our life, he lives to-day.”

THE ANSWER.

SPARE me, dread angel of reproof,
 And let the sunshine weave to-day
 Its gold threads in the warp and woof
 Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me awhile; the flesh is weak.
 These lingering feet, that fain would
 stray

Among the flowers, shall some day seek
 The strait and narrow way

Take off thy ever-watchful eye,
 The awe of thy rebuking frown;
 The dullest slave at times must sigh
 To fling his burdens down;

To drop his galley's straining oar,
 And press, in summer warmth and
 calm,

The lap of some enchanted shore
 Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,
 My heart its taste of long desire;
 This day be mine: be those to come
 As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,
 Smiting my selfish prayers away;
 “To-morrow is with God alone,
 And man hath but to-day

“Say not, thy fond, vain heart within
 The Father's arms shall still be wide,
 When from these pleasant ways of sin
 Thou turn'st at eventide.

“‘Cast thyself down,’ the tempter
 saith,
 ‘And angels shall thy feet upbear.’
 He bids thee make a lie of faith,
 And blasphemy of prayer.

“Though God be good and free be
 Heaven,
 No force divine can love compel;
 And, though the song of sins forgiven
 May sound through lowest hell,

“The sweet persuasion of His voice
 Respects thy sanctity of will.
 He giveth day: thou hast thy choice
 To walk in darkness still;

“As one who, turning from the light,
 Watches his own gray shadow fall,
 Doubting, upon his path of night,
 If there be day at all!

“No word of doom may shut thee out,
 No wind of wrath may downward
 whirl,

No swords of fire keep watch about
The open gates of pearl ;

"A tenderer light than moon or sun,
Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,
May shine and sound for ever on,
And thou be deaf and dim.

"For ever round the Mercy-seat
The guiding lights of Love shall
burn ;
But what if, habit-bound, thy feet
Shall lack the will to turn?

"What if thine eye refuse to see,
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome
fail,
And thou a willing captive be,
Thyself thy own dark jail?

"O doom beyond the saddest guess,
As the long years of God unroll
To make thy dreary selfishness
The prison of a soul !

'To doubt the love that fain would
break
The fetters from thy self-bound limb ;
And dream that God can thee forsake
As thou forsakest him !"

FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South,
shine forth

In blue Brazilian skies ;
And thou, O river, cleaving half the
earth

From sunset to sunrise,
From the great mountains to the At-
lantic waves

Thy joy's long anthem pour.
Yet a few days (God make them less !)
and slaves

Shall shame thy pride no more.
No fettered feet thy shaded margins
press ;

But all men shall walk free
Where thou, the high-priest of the wil-
derness,

Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through
whose mouth

The word of God is said,
Once more, "Let there be light !"—

Son of the South,
Lift up thy honoured head,
Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert
More than by birth thy own,
Careless of watch and ward ; thou art
begirt

By grateful hearts alone.
The moated wall and battle-ship may
fail,

But safe shall justice prove ;
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron
mail

The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing and
God's grace,

Thy future is secure ;
Who frees a people makes his statue's
place

In Time's Valhalla sure.
Lo ! from his Neva's banks the Scy-
thian Czar

Stretches to thee his hand
Who, with the pencil of the Northern
star,

Wrote freedom on his land.
And he whose grave is holy by our calm
And prairied Sangamon,

From his gaunt hand shall drop the
martyr's palm
To greet thee with "Well done !"

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy
face make sweet,

And let thy wail be stilled,
To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat
Her promise half fulfilled.

The Voice that spake at Nazareth
speaks still,

No sound thereof hath died ;
Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal
will

Shall yet be satisfied.
The years are slow, the vision tarrieth
long,

And far the end may be ;
But, one by one, the fiends of ancient
wrong

Go out and leave thee free.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

LONG since, a dream of heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft ;
I see the saints in white robes clad,

The martyrs with their palms aloft ;
But hearing still in middle song,
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong ;
And shrinking, with hid faces, from
the strain
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse
and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,
The harping sinks to low lament ;
Before the still uplifted veil
I see the crowned foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly air,
With breathings of unselfish prayer ;
And a Voice saith : " O Pity which is
pain,

O Love that weeps, fill up my suffer-
ings which remain !

" Shall souls redeemed by me refuse
To share my sorrow in their turn ?
Or, sin forgiven, my gift abuse
Of peace with selfish unconcern ?
Has saintly ease no pitying care ?
Has faith no work, and love no
prayer ?

While sin remains, and souls in dark-
ness dwell,
Can heaven itself be heaven, and look
unmoved on hell ? "

Then through the Gates of Pain, I
dream,

A wind of heaven blows coolly in ;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more
thin,

Tears quench the burning soil, and
thence

Spring sweet, pale flowers of peni-
tence ;

And through the dreary realm of man's
despair,

Star-crowned an angel walks, and lo !
God's hope is there !

Is it a dream ? Is heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air ?

Its happy eyes for ever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer ?

My God ! my God ! if thither led
By thy free grace unmerited,

No crown nor palm be mine, but let
me keep

A heart that still can feel and eyes
that still can weep.

LINES ON A FLY-LEAF.

I NEED not ask thee, for my s'c e
To read a book which well may make
Its way by native force of wit
Without my manual sign to it.
Its piquant writer needs from me
No gravely masculine guaranty,
And well might laugh her merriest
laugh

At broken spears in her behalf ;
Yet, spite of all the critics tell,
I frankly own I like her well.
It may be that she wields a pen
Too sharply nibbed for thin-skinned
men,

That her keen arrows search and try
The armour joints of dignity,

And, though alone for error meant,
Sing through the air irreverent,
I blame her not, the young athlete
Who plants her woman's tiny feet,
And dares the chances of debate
Where bearded men might hesitate,
Who, deeply earnest, seeing well
The ludicrous and laughable
Mingling in eloquent excess
Her anger and her tenderness,
And, chiding with a half-caress,
Strives, less for her own sex than
ours,

With principalities and powers,
And points us upward to the clear
Sunned heights of her new atmosphere.

Heaven mend her faults !—I will not
pause

To weigh and doubt and peck at flaws,
Or waste my pity when some fool
Provokes her measureless ridicule.

Strong-minded is she ? Better so
Than dulness set for sale or show,
A household folly, capped and belled
In fashion's dance of puppets held,
Or poor pretence of womanhood,
Whose formal, flavourless platitude
Is warranted from all offence
Of robust meaning's violence.

Give me the wine of thought whose
head

Sparkles along the page I read.
Electric words in which I find
The tonic of the northwest wind,—
The wisdom which itself allies
To sweet and pure humanities.

Where scorn of meanness, hate of wrong,
 Are underlaid by love as strong ;
 The genial play of mirth that lights
 Grave themes of thought, as, when on nights
 Of summer-time, the harmless blaze
 Of thunderless heat-lightning plays,
 And tree and hill-top resting dim
 And doubtful on the sky's vague rim,
 Touched by that soft and lambent gleam,
 Start sharply outlined from their dream.

Talk not to me of woman's sphere,
 Nor point with Scripture texts a sneer,
 Nor wrong the manliest saint of all
 By doubt, if he were here, that Paul
 Would own the heroines who have lent

Grace to truth's stern arbitrament,
 Foregone the praise to woman sweet,
 And cast their crowns at Duty's feet :
 Like her, who by her strong Appeal
 Made Fashion weep and Mammon feel,
 Who, earliest summoned to withstand
 The colour-madness of the land,
 Counted her life-long losses gain,
 And made her own her sisters' pain :
 Or her who, in her greenwood shade,
 Heard the sharp call that Freedom made,

And, answering, struck from Sappho's lyre

Of love the Tyrtean carmen's fire :
 Or that young girl,—Domrémy's maid
 Revived a nobler cause to aid,—
 Shaking from warning finger-tips
 The doom of her apocalypse ;
 Or her, who world-wide entrance gave
 To the log-cabin of the slave,
 Made all his want and sorrow known,
 And all earth's languages his own.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
 A ragged beggar sunning ;
 Around it still the sumachs grow,
 And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
 Deep scarred by raps official ;

The warping floor, the battered seats,
 The jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescos on its wall ;
 Its door's worn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing !

Long years ago a winter sun
 Shone over it at setting ;
 Lit up its western window-panes,
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
 And brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed
 When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
 Her childish favour singled ;
 His cap pulled low upon a face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
 To right and left, he lingered ;—
 As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing,
 And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
 I hate to go above you,
 Because,"—the brown eyes lower
 fell,—
 "Because, you see, I love you !"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing,
 Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her,—because they love him.

MY TRIUMPH.

THE autumn-time has come ;
 On woods that dream of bloom,
 And over purpling vines,
 The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling ;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear !

And present gratitude
Insures the future's good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be ;

That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me !
O dear ones gone above me !
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases :
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it ?

Let the thick curtain fall ;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted ;
Deeper than written scroll
The colours of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue ;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong, —
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they ?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made ?

Hail to the coming singers !
Hail to the brave light-bringers !
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me ;
A glory shines before me

Of what mankind shall be, —
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold !

The love of God and neighbour ;
An equal-handed labour ;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples !
Sound, trumpets far off blown
Your triumph is my own !

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG.

In the old Hebrew myth the lion's
frame,
So terrible alive,
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind,
became

The wandering wild bees' hive ;
And he who, lone and naked-handed,
tore

Those jaws of death apart,
In after time drew forth their honeyed
store

To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend ; but it only
slept

To wake beneath our sky ;
Just on the spot whence ravening
Treason crept

Back to its lair to die,
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's
mountain bounds,

A stained and shattered drum
Is now the hive where, on their flowery
rounds,

The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,
They wander wide and far,
Along green hillsides, sown with shot
and shell,

Through vales once choked with war
The low reveillé of their battle-drum
Disturbs no morning prayer ;
With deeper peace in summer noons
their hum
Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to-day,
Of sweetness from the strong,
Of union, peace, and freedom plucked
away

From the rent jaws of wrong.
From Treason's death we draw a purer
life,

As, from the beast he slew,
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife
The old-time athlete drew !

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

ALONG the aisle where prayer was
made

A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close-veiled, between the kneeling
host,

With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk, and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone,
Pray for me!

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing.
The rustle of her draperies stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard ;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped ;
" *Pray for me!*"

Back to the night from whence she
came,

To unimagined grief or shame !
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore ;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul,—
Pray for me!

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin !
Thou leav'st a common need within ;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless
weight,

Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid.
Pray for us!

Pass on ! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart !
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring as we go :
Pray for us!

Ah, who shall pray, since he who
pleads
Our want perchance hath greater
needs?

Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And Heaven bends low to hear the
prayer

Of love from lips of self-despair :
Pray for us!

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a fate,
Whose walls of iron only move,
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burdens fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.
Pray for us!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'er-
flow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not
know.

Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine.
Pray for us!

A SPIRITUAL MANIFESTA- TION

AT THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE, BROWN UNIVER-
SITY, 29TH 6TH MONTH, 1870.

TO-DAY the plant by Williams set
Its summer bloom discloses ;
The wilding sweet brier of his prayer
Is crowned with cultured roses.

Once more the Island States repeat
The lesson that he taught her,

And binds his pearl of charity
Upon her brown-locked daughter.

Is't fancy that he watches still
His Providence plantations?
That still the careful Founder takes
A part on these occasions?

Methinks I see that reverend form,
Which all of us so well know:
He rises up to speak; he jogs
The presidential elbow.

"Good friends," he says, "you reap a
field
I sowed in self-denial,
For toleration had its griefs
And charity its trial.

"Great grace, as saith Sir Thomas
More,
To him must needs be given
Who heareth heresy and leaves
The heretic to Heaven!

"I hear again the snuffed tones,
I see in dreary vision
Dyspeptic dreamers, spiritual bores,
And prophets with a mission.

"Each zealot thrust before my eyes
His Scripture-garbled label;
All creeds were shouted in my ears
As with the tongues of Babel.

"Scourged at one cart-tail, each
denied
The hope of every other;
Each martyr shook his branded fist
At the conscience of his brother!

"How cleft the dreary drone of man
The shriller pipe of woman,
As Gorton led his saints elect,
Who held all things in common!

"Their gay robes trailed in ditch and
swamp,
And torn by thorn and thicket.
The dancing-girls of Merry Mount
Came dragging to my wicket.

"Shrill Anabaptists, shorn of ears;
Gray witch-wives, hobbling slowly;
And Antinomians, free of law,
Whose very sins were holy.

"Hoarse ranters, crazed Fifth Mon-
archists,
Of stripes and bondage braggarts,
Pale Churchmen, with singed rubrics
snatched
From Puritanic fagots.

"And last, not least, the Quakers
came,
With tongues still sore from burning,
The Bay State's dust from off their feet
Before my threshold spurning;

"A motley host, the Lord's *debris*,
Faith's odds and ends together;
Well might I shrink from guests with
lungs
Tough as their breeches leather:

"If, when the hangman at their heels
Came, rope in hand to catch them,
I took the hunted outcasts in,
I never sent to fetch them.

"I fed, but spared them not a whit;
I gave to all who walked in,
Not clams and succotash alone,
But stronger meat of doctrine.

"I proved the prophets false, I pricked
The bubble of perfection,
And clapped upon their inner light
The snuffers of election.

"And, looking backward on my times,
One thing, at least, I'm proud for;
I kept each sectary's dish apart
And made no spiritual chowder.

"Where now the blending signs of sect
Would puzzle their assorter,
The dry-shod Quaker kept the land,
The Baptist held the water.

"A common coat now serves for both,
The hat's no more a fixture;
And which was wet and which was dry,
Who knows in such a mixture?

"Well! He who fashioned Peter's
dream
To bless them all is able;
And bird and beast and creeping thing
Make clean upon His table!

"I walked by my own light; but when
The ways of faith divided,

Was I to force unwilling feet
To tread the path that I did?

"I touched the garment-hem of truth,
Yet saw not all its splendour;
I knew enough of doubt to feel
For every conscience tender.

"God left men free of choice, as when
His Eden trees were planted;
Because they chose amiss, should I
Deny the gift He granted?

"So, with a common sense of need,
Our common weakness feeling,
I left them with myself to God
And His all-gracious dealing!

"I kept His plan whose rain and sun
To tare and wheat are given;
And if the ways to Hell were free,
I left them from the heaven!"

Take heart with us, O man of old,
Soul-freedom's brave confessor,
So love of God and man wax strong,
Let sect and creed be lesser.

The jarring discords of thy day
In ours one hymn are swelling;
The wandering feet, the severed paths,
All seek our Father's dwelling.

And slowly learns the world the truth
That makes us all thy debtor,—
That holy life is more than rite,
And spirit more than letter;

That they who differ pole-wide serve
Perchance the common Master,
And other sheep He hath than they
Who graze one narrow pasture!

For truth's worst foe is he who claims
To act as God's avenger,
And deems, beyond his sentry-beat,
The crystal walls in danger!

Who sets for heresy his traps
Of verbal quirk and quibble,
And weeds the garden of the Lord
With Satan's borrowed dibble.

To-day our hearts like organ keys
One Master's touch are feeling;
The branches of a common Vine
Have only leaves of healing.

Co-workers, yet from varied fields,
We share this restful nooning;
The Quaker with the Baptist here
Believes in close communing.

Forgive, dear saint, the playful tone,
Too light for thy deserving;
Thanks for thy generous faith in man,
Thy trust in God unswerving.

Still echo in the hearts of men
The words that thou hast spoken;
No forge of hell can weld again
The letters thou hast broken.

The pilgrim needs a pass no more
From Roman or Genevan;
Thought-free, no ghostly tollman keeps
Henceforth the road to Heaven!

THE PAGEANT.

A SOUND as if from bells of silver,
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear,
Through the frost-pictured panes I
hear.

A brightness which outshines the morn-
ing,
A splendour brooking no delay,
Beckons and tempts my feet away.

I leave the trodden village highway
For virgin snow-paths glimmering
through
A jewelled elm-tree avenue;

Where, keen against the walls of sap-
phire,
The gleaming tree-bolls, ice-em-
bossed,
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,
I dream the saga's dream of caves
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea
waves!

I walk the land of Eldorado,
I touch its mimic garden bowers!
Its silver leaves and diamond
flowers!

The flora of the mystic mine-world
Around me lifts on crystal stems
The petals of its clustered gems!

- What miracle of weird transforming
Is this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite!
- This foregleam of the Holy City
Like that to him of Patmos given,
The white bride coming down
from heaven!
- How flash the ranked and mail-clad
adders,
Through what sharp - glancing
spears of reeds
The brook its muffled water leads!
- Yon maple, like the bush of Horeb,
Burns unconsumed; a white, cold
fire
Rays out from every grassy spire.
- Each slender rush and spike of mullein,
Low laurel shrub and drooping
fern,
Transfigured, blaze where'er I
turn.
- How yonder Ethiopian hemlock
Crowned with his glistening circlet
stands!
What jewels light his swarthy
hands!
- Here, where the forest opens south-
ward
Between its hospitable pines,
As through a door, the warm sun
shines.
- The jewels loosen on the branches,
And lightly, as the soft winds
blow,
Fall, tinkling, on the ice below.
- And through the clashing of their cym-
bals
I hear the old familiar fall
Of water down the rocky wall,
- Where, from its wintry prison break-
ing,
In dark and silence hidden long,
The brook repeats its summer
song.
- One instant flashing in the sunshine,
Keen as a sabre from its sheath,
Then lost again the ice beneath.
- I hear the rabbit lightly leaping,
The foolish screaming of the jay,
The chopper's axe-stroke far
away;
- The clamour of some neighbouring
barnyard,
The lazy cock's belated crow,
Or cattle-tramp in crispy snow.
- And, as in some enchanted forest
The lost knight hears his comrades
sing,
And, near at hand, their bridles
ring,
- So welcome I these sounds and voices,
These airs from far-off summer
blown,
This life that leaves me not alone.
- For the white glory overawes me;
The crystal terror of the seer
Of Chebar's vision blinds me here.
- Rebuke me not, O sapphire heaven!
Thou stainless earth, lay not on me
Thy keen reproach of purity.
- If, in this august presence-chamber,
I sigh for summer's leaf-green
gloom
And warm airs thick with odorous
bloom!
- Let the strange frost-work sink and
crumble,
And let the loosened tree-bough's
swing,
Till all their bells of silver ring.
- Shine warmly down, thou sun of noon-
time,
On this chill pageant, melt and
move
The winter's frozen heart with love.
- And, soft and low, thou wind south-
blowing,
Breathe through a veil of tenderest
haze
Thy prophecy of summer days.
- Come with thy green relief of promise,
And to this dead, cold splendour
bring
The living jewels of the spring!

THE SINGER.

YEARS since (but names to me before),
Two sisters sought at eve my door ;
Two song-birds wandering from their
nest,

A gray old farm-house in the West.

How fresh of life the younger one,
Half smiles, half tears, like rain in sun !
Her gravest mood could scarce displace
The dimples of her nut-brown face.

Wit sparkled on her lips not less
For quick and tremulous tenderness :
And, following close her merriest
glance,
Dreamed through her eyes the heart's
romance.

Timid and still, the elder had
Even then a smile too sweetly sad ;
The crown of pain that all must wear
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet ere the summer eve grew long,
Her modest lips were sweet with song.
A memory haunted all her words
Of clover-fields and singing birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed
The broad horizons of the west ;
Her speech dropped prairie flowers ;
the gold

Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to
me :

I queried not with destiny :
I knew the trial and the need,
Yet, all the more, I said, God speed !

What could I other than I did ?
Could I a singing-bird forbid ?
Deny the wind-stirred leaf ? Rebuke
The music of the forest brook ?

She went with morning from my door,
But left me richer than before :
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed : through all the land her
name

A pleasant household word became :
All felt behind the singer stood
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play ;
Her tired feet climbed a weary way ;
And even through her lightest strain
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her her fair fame grew,
The good she did she rarely knew,
Ungessed of her in life the love
That rained its tears her grave above.

When last I saw her, full of peace,
She waited for her great release ;
And that old friend so sage and bland,
Our later Franklin, held her hand.

For all that patriot bosoms stirs
Had moved that woman's heart of hers,
And men who toiled in storm and sun
Found her their meet companion.

Our converse, from her suffering bed
To healthful themes of life she led ;
The out-door world of bud and bloom
And light and sweetness filled her
room.

Yet evermore an underthought
Of loss to come within us wrought,
And all the while we felt the strain
Of the strong will that conquered
pain.

God giveth quietness at last !
The common way that all have passed
She went, with mortal yearnings fond,
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
My dear ones ! Give the singer place !
To you, to her,—I know not where,—
I lift the silence of a prayer.

For only thus our own we find ;
The gone before, the left behind,
All mortal voices die between ;
The unheard reaches the unseen.

Again the blackbirds sing ; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter
dreams,

And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed
The sweet surprises of the wood ;
And bird and flower are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter !

What to shut eyes has God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has
sealed?

What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?

O silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone we love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

O white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well!

MY BIRTHDAY.

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,

Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamour of the throng!
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air;
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle years
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven re-
fresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!

THE BREWING OF SOMA.

"These libations mixed with milk have
been prepared for Indra; offer Soma to the
drinker of Soma."—VASHISTA, Trans. by
MAX MULLER.

THE fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke
Up through the green wood curled;
"Bring honey from the hollow oak,
Bring milky sap," the brewers spoke,
In the childhood of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they ill,

The priests thrust in their rods,
First tasted, and then drank their fill,
And shouted, with one voice and will,
"Behold the drink of gods!"

They drank, and lo! in heart and brain

A new, glad life began;
The gray of hair grew young again,
The sick man laughed away his pain,
The cripple leaped and ran.

"Drink, mortals, what the gods have sent,

Forget your long annoy."
So sang the priests. From tent to tent
The Soma's sacred madness went,
A storm of drunken joy.

Then knew each rapt inebriate
A winged and glorious birth,
Soared upward, with strange joy elate,
Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,
And, sobered, sank to earth.

The land with Soma's praises rang;
On Gihon's banks of shade
Its hymns the dusky maidens sang;
In joy of life or mortal pang
All men to Soma prayed.

The morning twilight of the race
Sends down these matin psalms;
And still with wondering eyes we trace
The simple prayers to Soma's grace,
That Vedic verse embalms.

As in that child-world's early year,
Each after age has striven
By music, incense, vigils drear,
And trance, to bring the skies more
near,

Or lift men up to heaven!—

Some fever of the blood and brain,
Some self-exalting spell,
The scourger's keen delight of pain,
The Dervish dance, the Orphic strain,
The wild-haired Bacchant's yell,—

The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk
The saner brute below;
The naked Santon, hashish-drunk,
The cloister madness of the monk,
The fakir's torture-show!

And yet the past comes round again
And new doth old fulfil;
In sensual transports wild as vain
We brew in many a Christian fane
The heathen Soma still!

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and
stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind,
and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!

A WOMAN.

O, DWARFED and wronged, and stained
with ill,
Behold! thou art a woman still!
And, by that sacred name and dear,
I bid thy better self appear.
Still, through thy foul disguise, I see
The rudimental purity,
That, spite of change and loss, makes
good
Thy birthright-claim of womanhood;

An inward loathing, deep, intense ;
 A shame that is half innocence.
 Cast off the grave-clothes of thy sin !
 Rise from the dust thou liest in,
 As Mary rose at Jesus' word,
 Redeemed and white before the Lord !
 Reclaim thy lost soul ! In His name,
 Rise up, and break thy bonds of shame.
 Art weak ? He's strong. Art fearful ?

Hear
 The world's O'ercomer : " Be of
 cheer !"
 What lip shall judge when He ap-
 proves ?
 Who dare to scorn the child he loves ?

DISARMAMENT.

" PUT up the sword !" The voice of
 Christ once more
 Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's
 roar,
 O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles
 reaped
 And left dry ashes ; over trenches
 reaped
 With nameless dead ; o'er cities starv-
 ing slow
 Under a rain of fire ; through wards of
 woe
 Down which a groaning diapason runs
 From tortured brothers, husbands,
 lovers, sons
 Of desolate women in their far-off
 homes,
 Waiting to hear the step that never
 comes !
 O men and brothers ! let that voice be
 heard.
 War fails, try peace ; put up the useless
 sword !
 Fear not the end. There is a story
 told
 In Eastern tents, when autumn nights
 grow cold,
 And round the fire the Mongol shep-
 herds sit
 With grave responses listening unto it :
 Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
 Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
 Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of
 look,
 Whose awful voice the hills and forests
 shook.

" O son of peace !" the giant cried,
 " thy fate

Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to
 hate."

The unarmed Buddha looking, with no
 trace

Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
 In pity said : " Poor fiend, even thee I
 love."

Lo ! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
 To hand-breadth size ; the huge abhor-
 rence shrank

Into the form and fashion of a dove ;
 And where the thunder of its rage was
 heard,

Circling above him sweetly sang the
 bird :

" Hate hath no harm for love," so ran
 the song ;

" And peace unweaponed conquers
 every wrong !"

THE ROBIN.

My old Welch neighbour over the way
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles,
 stopped,

And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
 From bough to bough in the apple-
 tree.

" Nay !" said the grandmother ;
 " have you not heard,

My poor, bad boy ! of the fiery pit,
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful
 bird

Carries the water that quenches it ?

" He brings cool dew in his little bill,
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin ;
 You can see the mark on his red breast
 still

Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

" My poor Bron rhuddyn ! my breast
 burned bird,
 Singing so sweetly from limb to
 limb,

Very dear to the heart of our Lord
 Is he who pities the lost like Him !"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful
myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as
well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.
"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are
all
Who suffer like Him in the good they
do!"

THE THREE BELLS.

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall lay till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten
The Three Bells nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry.
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall lay by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer,

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, for ever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh!

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

PRELUDE TO POEMS UNDER THAT TITLE
PUBLISHED IN 1874.

The summer warmth has left the sky,
The summer songs have died away;
And, withered, in the footpaths lie
The fallen leaves, but yesterday
With ruby and with tojazz gay.

The grass is browning on the hills;
No pale, belated flowers recall
The a-trial fringes of the rills.
And drearily the dead vines fall,
Frost-blackened, from the roadside
wall.

Yet, through the gray and sombre
wood,
Against the dusk of fir and pine,
Last of their floral sisterhood,
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,
The tawry gold of Afric's mine!

Small beauty hath my unsung flower,
For spring to own or summer hail;
But, in the season's saddest hour,
To skies that weep and winds that wail
Its glad surprisals never fail.

O days grown cold! O life grown old!
No rose of June may bloom again;
But, like the hazel's twisted gold,
Through early frost and latter rain
Shall hints of summer-time remain.

And as within the hazel's bough
A gift of mystic virtue dwells,
That points to golden ores below,
And in dry desert places tells
Where flow unseen the cool, sweet
wells,

So, in the wise Diviner's hand,
Be mine the hazel's gateful pai.

To feel, beneath a thirsty land,
The living waters thrill and start,
The beating of the rivulet's heart !

Sufficeth me the gift to light
With latest bloom the dark, cold days
To call some hidden spring to sight
That, in these dry and dusty ways,
Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.

O Love ! the hazel-wand may fail,
But thou canst tend the surer spell,
That, passing over Baca's vale,
Repeats the old-time miracle,
And makes the desert-land a well.

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

ON the isle of Penikese,
Ringed about by sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the Master with his school,
Over sails that not in vain
Wooded the west-wind's steady strain,
Line of coast that low and far
Stretched its undulating bar,
Wings aslant along the rim
Of the waves they stooped to skim,
Rock and isle and glistening bay,
Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth :
" We have come in search of truth,
Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery ;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause,
Him, the endless, unbegun,
The Unnamable, the One
Light of all our light the Source,
Life of life, and Force of force.
As with fingers of the blind,
We are groping here to find
What the hieroglyphics mean
Of the Unseen in the seen,
What the Thought which underlies
Nature's masking and disguise,
What it is that hides beneath
Blight and bloom and birth and death.
By past efforts unavailing,
Doubt and error, loss and failing,
Of our weakness made aware,
On the threshold of our task
Let us light and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer ! "

Then the Master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
Lapse of wave and cry of bird
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth unsail,
Rose to heaven interpreted.
As, in life's best hours, we hear
By the spirit's finer ear
His low voice within us, thus
The All-Father heareth us ;
And his holy ear we pain
With our noisy words and vain.
Not for Him our violence
Storming at the gates of sense,
His the primal language, his
The eternal silences !

Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave assent,
With a gesture reverent,
To the Master well-beloved.
As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still uplift
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
And the love that casts out fear.
Who the secret may declare
Of that brief, unuttered prayer ?
Did the shade before him come
Of th' inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And Eternity's new year ?

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the isle of Penikese ;
But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again ;
Where the eyes that follow fall
On a vaster sea his sail
Drifts beyond our beck and hail.
Other lips within its bound
Shall the laws of life expound ;
Other eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddles well ;
But when breezes light and bland
Blow from Summer's blossomed land,
When the air is glad with wings,
And the blithe song-sparrow sings,
Many an eye with his still face
Shall the living ones displace.

Many an ear the word shall seek
 He alone could fitly speak.
 And one name for evermore
 Shall be uttered o'er and o'er
 By the waves that kiss the shore,
 By the curlew's whistle sent
 Down the cool, sea-scented air ;
 In all voices known to her,
 Nature owns her worshipper,
 Half in triumph, half lament.
 Thither Love shall tearful turn,
 Friendship pause uncovered there,
 And the wisest reverence learn
 From the Master's silent prayer.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

My thoughts are all in yonder town,
 Where, wept by many tears,
 To-day my mother's friend lays down
 The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise
 Of death with her is seen,
 And on her simple casket lies
 No wreath of bloom and green.

O, not for her the florist's art,
 The mocking weeds of woe,
 Dear memories in each mourner's heart
 Like heaven's white lilies bow.

And all about the softening air
 Of new-born sweetness tells,
 And the ungathered May-flowers wear
 The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle
 Is fresh as heretofore ;
 And earth takes up its parable
 Of life from death once more.

Here organ-swell and church-bell toll
 Methinks but discord were,—
 The prayerful silence of the soul
 Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude
 Alike of earth and sky ;—
 O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,
 Breathe but a half-heard sigh !

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake ;
 And thou not distant sea,
 Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,
 And thou wert Galilee !

For all her quiet life flowed on
 As meadow streamlets flow,
 Where fresher green reveals alone
 The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see
 The plain-robed mourners pass,
 With slow feet treading reverently
 The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for
 me,
 where, like the friends of Paul,
 That you no more her face shall see
 You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and
 more

Unto the perfect day ;
 She cannot fail of peace who bore
 Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to
 wear
 The look of sins forgiven !
 O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
 Our own needs up to heaven !

How reverent in our midst she stood,
 Or knelt in grateful praise !
 What grace of Christian womanhood
 Was in her household ways !

For still her holy living meant
 No duty left undone ;
 The heavenly and the human blent
 Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found
 For feasting ear and eye,
 And Pleasure, on her daily round,
 She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense
 Of all things sweet and fair,
 And Beauty's gracious providence
 Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
 With love's unconscious ease ;
 Her kindly instincts understood
 All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
 Made sweet her smile and tone
 And glorified her farm-wife dress
 With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls ;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes
out.

The saintly fact survives ;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

IN QUEST.

HAVE I not voyaged, friend beloved,
with thee

On the great waters of the unsounded
sea,

Momently listening with suspended ear
For the low rote of waves upon a
shore

Changeless as heaven, where never
fog-cloud drifts

Over its windless woods, nor mirage
lifts

The steadfast hills ; where never birds
of doubt

Sing to mislead, and every dream dies
out,

And the dark riddles which perplex us
here

In the sharp solvent of its light are
clear ?

Thou knowest how vain our quest ;
how, soon or late,

The baffling tides and circles of de-
bate

Swept back our bark unto its starting-
place,

Where, looking forth upon the blank,
gray space,

And round about us seeing, with sad
eyes,

The same old difficult hills and cloud-
cold skies,

We said : " This outward search avail-
eth not

To find Him. He is farther than we
thought,

Or, haply, nearer. To this very spot
Whereon we wait, this commonplace

of home,
As to the well of Jacob, He may
come

And tell us all things." As I listened
there,

Through the expectant silences of
prayer,
Somewhat I seemed to hear, which
hath to me
Been hope, strength, comfort, and I
give it thee.

" The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is
good,

As only he can feel who makes his love
The ladder of his faith, and climbs
above

On the rounds of his best instincts ;
draws no line

Between mere human goodness and
divine,

But, judging God by what in him is
best,

With a child's trust leans on a Father's
breast,

And hears unmoved the old creeds
babble still

Of kingly power and dread caprice of
will,

Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,
The pitiless doomsman of the universe,

Can hatred ask for love? Can Selfish-
ness

Invite to self-denial? Is He less
Than man in kindly dealing? Can He
break

His own great law of fatherhood, for-
sake

And curse His children? Not for earth
and heaven

Can separate tables of the law be
given.

No rule can bind which He himself
denies ;

The truths of time are not eternal lies."

So heard I ; and the chaos round me
spread

To light and order grew ; and, " Lord,"
I said,

" Our sins are our tormentors, worst of
all

Felt in distrustful shame that dares not
call

Upon Thee as our Father. We have
set

A strange god up, but Thou remain-
est yet.

All that I feel of pity Thou hast known

Before I was ; my best is all Thy own.
 From Thy great heart of goodness mine
 but drew
 Wishes and prayers ; but Thou, O
 Lord, wilt do,
 In Thy own time, by ways I cannot see,
 All that I feel when I am nearest
 Thee !”

A SEA DREAM.

WE saw the slow tides go and come,
 The curving surf-lines lightly drawn,
 The gray rocks touched with tender
 bloom

Beneath the fresh-blown rose of dawn.

We saw in richer sunsets lost
 The sombre pomp of showery noons ;
 And signalled spectral sails that crossed
 The weird, low light of rising moons.

On stormy eves from cliff and head
 We saw the white spray tossed and
 spurned ;
 While over all, in gold and red,
 Its face of fire the lighthouse turned.

The rail-car brought its daily crowds,
 Half curious, half indifferent,
 Like passing sails or floating clouds,
 We saw them as they came and
 went.

But, one calm morning, as we lay
 And watched the mirage-listed wall
 Of coast, across the dreamy bay,
 And heard afar the curlew call,

And nearer voices, wild or tame,
 Of airy flock and childish throng,
 Up from the water's edge there came
 Faint snatches of familiar song.

Careless we heard the singer's choice
 Of old and common airs ; at last
 The tender pathos of his voice
 In one low chanson held us fast.

A song that mingled joy and pain,
 And memories old and sadly sweet ;
 While, timing to its minor strain,
 The waves in lapsing cadence beat.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun,
 The rocks are fringed with foam ;

I walk once more a haunted shore,
 A stranger, yet at home,—
 A land of dreams I roam.

Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind
 That stirred thy locks of brown ?
 Are these the rocks whose mosses
 knew

The trail of thy light gown,
 Where boy and girl sat down ?

I see the gray fort's broken wall,
 The turrets that rock below ;
 And, out at sea, the passing sails
 We saw so long ago
 Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time
 On every breeze is blown ;
 As glad the sea, as blue the sky,—
 The change is ours alone ;
 The saddest is my own.

A stranger now, a world-worn man,
 Is he who bears my name ;
 But thou, methinks, whose mortal life
 Immortal youth became,
 Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,
 Thy place I cannot see ;
 I only know that where thou art
 The blessed angels be,
 And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me if the evil years
 Have left on me their sign ;
 Wash out, O soul so beautiful,
 The many stains of mine
 In tears of love divine !

I could not look on thee and live,
 If thou wert by my side ;
 The vision of a shining one,
 The white and heavenly bride,
 Is well to me denied.

But turn to me thy dear girl-face
 Without the angel's crown,
 The wedded roses of thy lips,
 Thy loose hair rippling down
 In waves of golden brown.

Look forth once more through space
 and time,
 And let thy sweet shade fall
 In tenderest grace of soul and form

On memory's frescoed wall,
A shadow, and yet all!

Draw near, more near, for ever dear!
Where'er I rest or roam,
Or in the city's crowded streets,
Or by the blown sea foam,
The thought of thee is home!

At breakfast hour the singer read
The city news, with comment wise,
Like one who felt the pulse of trade
Beneath his finger fall and rise.

His look, his air, his curt speech, told
The man of action, not of books,
To whom the corners made in gold
And stocks were more than seaside
nooks.

Of life beneath the life confessed
His song had hinted unawares;
Of flowers in traffic's ledgers pressed,
Of human hearts in bulls and bears.

But eyes in vain were turned to watch
That face so hard and shrewd and
strong;
And ears in vain grew sharp to catch
The meaning of that morning song.

In vain some sweet-voiced querist
sought
To sound him, leaving as she came;
Her baited album only caught
A common, unromantic name.

No word betrayed the mystery fine,
That trembled on the singer's
tongue;

He came and went, and left no sign
Behind him save the song he sung.

A MYSTERY.

THE river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang:
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang!

No clew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills
The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadow fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took;
The white torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look;

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and
known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?
Or glimpse through æons old?
The secret which the mountains kept
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender hope I drew,
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of Heaven arise.

The voices loved of him who sang,
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,
That sound to-day on all the winds
That blow from Rydal-side,—

Heard in the Teuton's household
songs,
And folk-lore of the Finn,
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths
The Christ-child enters in!

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels ;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can ;
God hath his small interpreters ;
The child must teach the man.

CHILD-SONGS.

STILL linger in our noon of time
And on our Saxon tongue
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mother sung.

And childhood had its litanies
In every age and clime ;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor
flower,
Nor green earth's virgin sod,
So moved the singer's heart of old
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life
Was more than dawning morn,

Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born !

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns, —

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim ;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him !

And haply, pleading long with Him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom !—Teach thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine !

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds ;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall ;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all !

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD.

WITH fifty years between you and your well-kept wedding vow,
The Golden Age, old friends of mine, is not a fable now.

And, sweet as has life's vintage been through all your pleasant past,
Still, as at Cana's marriage feast, the best wine is the last !

Again before me, with your names, fair Chester's landscape comes,
Its meadows, woods, and ample barns, and quaint, stone-built homes.

The smooth-shorn vales, the wheaten slopes, the boscage green and soft
Of which their poet sings so well from towered Cedarcroft.

And lo ! from all the country-side come neighbours, kith and kin ;
From city, hamlet, farm-house old, the wedding guests come in.

And they who, without scrip or purse, mob-hunted, travel-worn,
In Freedom's age of martyrs came, as victors now return.

Older and slower, yet the same, files in the long array,
And hearts are light and eyes are glad, though heads are badger-gray.

The fire-tried men of Thirty-eight who saw with me the fall,
Midst roaring flames and shouting mob, of Pennsylvania Hall;

And they of Lancaster who turned the cheeks of tyrants pale,
Singing of freedom through the grates of Moyamensing jail!

And haply with them, all unseen, old comrades gone before,
Pass, silently as shadows pass, within your open door,—

The eagle face of Lindley Coates, brave Garrett's daring zeal,
The Christian grace of Pennock, the steadfast heart of Neal.

Ah me! beyond all power to name, the worthies tried and true,
Grave men, fair women, youth and maid, pass by in hushed review.

Of varying faiths, a common cause fused all their hearts in one.
God give them now, whate'er their names, the peace of duty done!

How gladly would I tread again the old-remembered places,
Sit down beside your hearth once more and look in the dear old faces!

And thank you for the lessons your fifty years are teaching,
For honest lives that louder speak than half our noisy preaching;

For your steady faith and courage in that dark and evil time,
When the Golden rule was treason, and to feed the hungry, crime;

For the poor slave's house of refuge when the hounds were on his track,
And saint and sinner, church and state, joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon you!—What you did for each sad, suffering one,
So homeless, faint, and naked, unto our Lord was done!

Fair fall on Kennett's pleasant vales and Longwood's bowery ways
The mellow sunset of your lives, friends of my early days.

May many more of quiet years be added to your sum,
And late at last, in tenderest love, the beckoning angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there, alike below, above;
Our friends are now in either world, and love is sure of love.

VESTA.

O CHRIST of God! whose life and death
Our own have reconciled,
Most quietly, most tenderly
Take home thy star-named child!

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's
Who hears its mother call;
The lilies of Thy perfect peace
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms,
To rest herself in Thine;
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we
Our well-beloved resign!

O, less for her than for ourselves
 We bow our heads and pray;
 Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
 To thee shall point the way!

THE HEALER.

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN, WITH DORE'S PICTURE
 OF CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

So stood of old the holy Christ
 Amidst the suffering throng;
 With whom his lightest touch sufficed
 To make the weakest strong.

That healing gift he lends to them
 Who use it in his name;
 The power that filed his garment's hem
 Is evermore the same.

For lo! in human hearts unseen
 The Healer dwelleth still,
 And they who make his temples clean
 The best subserve his will.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed,
 An errand all divine,
 The burden of our common need
 To render less is thine.

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth
 With patience, trust, and hope;
 The sufferings of a sin-sick earth
 Shall give thee ample scope.

Beside the unveiled mysteries
 Of life and death go stand,
 With guarded lips and reverent eyes
 And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued
 From Him who went about
 The Syrian hillsides doing good,
 And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet
 Thy friend and guide to be;
 The Healer by Gennesaret
 Shall walk the rounds with thee.

A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.

I.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from
 all lands,
 The chorus of voices, the claspings of
 hands:

Sing hymns that were sung by the stars
 of the morn,
 Sing songs of the angels when Jesus
 was born!
 With glad jubilations
 Bring hope to the nations!
 The dark night is ending and dawn has
 begun:
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the
 sun,
 All speech flow to music, all hearts
 beat as one!

II.

Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals
 of love
 Sing out the war-vulture and sing in
 the dove,
 Till the hearts of the peoples keep time
 in accord,
 And the voice of the world is the voice
 of the Lord!
 Clasp hands of the nations
 In strong gratulations:
 The dark night has ended and dawn has
 begun;
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the
 sun,
 All speech flow to music, all hearts
 beat as one!

III.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of
 peace;
 East, west, north, and south let the
 long quarrel cease:
 Sing the song of great joy that the
 angels began,
 Sing of glory to God and of good-will
 to man!
 Hark! joining in chorus
 The heavens bend o'er us!
 The dark night is ending and dawn has
 begun;
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the
 sun,
 All speech flow to music, all hearts
 beat as one!

THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

THE time of gifts has come again,
 And, on my northern window-pane,
 Outlined against the day's brief light,
 A Christmas token hangs in sight.

The wayside travellers, as they pass,
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass ;
And the dull blankness ' seems, per-
chance,

Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see
The perfect grace it hath for me ;
For there the flower, whose fringes
through

The frosty breath of autumn blow,
Turns from without its face of bloom
To the warm tropic of my room,
As fair as when beside its brook
The hue of bending skies it took.

So, from the trodden ways of earth,
Seem some sweet souls who veil their
worth,

And offer to the careless glance
The clouding gray of circumstance.
They blossom best where hearth-fires
burn,

To loving eyes alone they turn
The flowers of inward grace, that hide
Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,
My half-immortal flower, from thee !
Man judges from a partial view,
None ever yet his brother knew ;
The Eternal eye that sees the whole
May better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inmost side !

RED RIDING-HOOD.

ON the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap ;
The wind that through the pine-trees
sung

The naked elm-boughs tossed and swung ;
While, through the window, frosty-
starred,

Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poisoning on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew

Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse :
" Oh, see," she cried, " the poor blue-
jays !

What is it that the black crow says ?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs
He's asking for my nuts, I know :
May I not feed them on the snow ? "

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn ;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking
gale ;

Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of colour on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast for-
lorn

Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke :
" Come, squirrel, from your hollow
oak, —

Come, black, old crow, — come, poor
blue-jay,

Before your supper's blown away !
Don't be afraid, we all are good ;
And I'm mamma's Red Riding-
Hood ! "

O Thou whose care is over all,
Who heedest e'en the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest !
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow !
Unmoved by sentimental grief
That wails along some printed leaf,
But, prompt with kindly word and
deed

To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman's self make good
Th' promise of Red Riding-Hood !

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills the river runs,

As down its long, green valley falls
 The last of summer's suns.
 Along its tawny gravel-bed
 Broad-flowing, swift, and still,
 As if its meadow levels felt
 The hurry of the hill,
 Noiseless between its banks of green
 From curve to curve it slips ;
 The drowsy maple-shadows rest
 Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
 Unstoried and unknown ;
 The ursine legend of its name
 Prowls on its banks alone.
 Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
 As ever Yarrow knew,
 Or, under rainy Irish skies,
 By Spenser's Mulla grew ;
 And through the gaps of leaning trees
 Its mountain cradle shows :
 The gold against the amethyst,
 The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
 A glory never sung,
 Aloft on sky and mountain wall
 Are God's great pictures hung.
 How changed the summits vast and
 old !
 No longer granite-browed,
 They melt in rosy mist ; the rock
 Is softer than the cloud ;
 The valley holds its breath ; no leaf
 Of all its elms is twirled :
 The silence of eternity
 Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
 Of mystery is this ;
 Yon miracle-play of night and day
 Makes dumb its witnesses.
 What unseen altar crowns the hills
 That reach up stair on stair ?
 What eyes look through, what white
 wings fan
 These purple veils of air ?
 What Presence from the heavenly
 heights
 To those of earth stoops down ?
 Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
 On Ida's snowy crown !

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
 The golden water pales,

And over all the valley-land
 A gray-winged vapour sails.
 I go the common way of all ;
 The sunset fires will burn,
 The flowers will blow, the river flow,
 When I no more return.
 No whisper from the mountain pine
 Nor lapsing stream shall tell
 The stranger, treading where I tread,
 Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,
 God's colours all are fast ;
 The glory of this sunset heaven
 Into my soul has passed,—
 A sense of gladness unconfined
 To mortal date or clime ;
 As the soul liveth, it shall live
 Beyond the years of time.
 Beside the mystic asphodels
 Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
 And new horizons flush and glow
 With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell ! these smiling hills must
 wear
 Too soon their wintry frown.
 And snow-cold winds from off them
 shake
 The maple's red leaves down.
 But I shall see a summer sun
 Still setting broad and low :
 The mountain slopes shall blush and
 bloom,
 The golden water flow.
 A lover's claim is mine on all
 I see to have and hold,—
 The rose-light of perpetual hills,
 And sunsets never cold !

THE SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

THEY left their home of summer
 ease
 Beneath the lowland's sheltering trees,
 To seek, by ways unknown to all,
 The promise of the waterfall.

Some vague, faint rumour to the vale
 Had crept—perchance a hunter's tale—
 Of its wild mirth of waters lost
 On the dark woods through which it
 tossed.

Somewhere it laughed and sang ; some-
where

Whirled in mad dance its misty hair ;
But who had raised its veil, or seen
The rainbow skirts of that Undine ?

They sought it where the mountain
brook

Its swift way to the valley took ;
Along the rugged slope they clomb,
Their guide a thread of sound and
foam.

Height after height they slowly won ;
The fiery javelins of the sun
Smote the bare ledge ; the tangled
shade

With rock and vine their steps delayed.

But, through leaf-openings, now and
then

They saw the cheerful homes of trees,
And the great mountains with their
wall

Of misty purple girdling all.

The leaves through which the glad
winds blew

Shared the wild dance the waters knew ;
And where the shadows deepest fell
The wood-thrush rang his silver bell.

Fringing the stream, at every turn
Swung low the waving fronds of fern ;
From stony cleft and mossy sod
Pale asters sprang, and golden-rod.

And still the water sang the sweet,
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet,
And found in rock and root the keys
Of its beguiling melodies.

Beyond, above, its signals flew
Of tossing foam the birch-trees through ;
Now seen, now lost, but baffling still
The weary seekers' slackening will.

Each called to each : " Lo here ! Lo
there !

Its white scarf flutters in the air !"
They climbed anew ; the vision fled,
To beckon higher overhead.

So toiled they up the mountain-slope
With faint and ever fainter hope ;
With faint and fainter voice the brook
Still bade them listen, pause, and look.

Meanwhile below the day was done ;
Above the tall peaks saw the sun
Sink, beam-shorn, to its misty set
Behind the hills of violet.

" Here ends our quest ! " the seekers
cried,

" The brook and rumour both have
lied !

The phantom of a waterfall
Has led us at its beck and call."

But one, with years grown wiser, said :
" So, always baffled, not misled,
We follow where before us runs
The vision of the shining ones.

" Not where they seem their signals fly,
Their voices while we listen die ;
We cannot keep, however fleet,
The quick time of their winged feet.

" From youth to age unresting stray
These kindly mockers in our way ;
Yet lead they not, the baffling elves,
To something better than themselves ?

" Here, though unreached the goal we
sought,
Its own reward our toil has brought :
The winding water's sounding rush,
The long note of the hermit thrush,

" The turquoise lakes, the glimpse of
pond
And river track, and, vast, beyond
Broad meadows belted round with
pines,
The grand uplift of mountain lines !

" What matter though we seek with
pain
The garden of the gods in vain,
If lured thereby we climb to greet
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet ?

" To seek is better than to gain,
The fond hope dies as we attain ;
Life's fairest things are those which
seem,
The best is that of which we dream.

" Then let us trust our way well
Still flashes down its rocky wall,
With rainbow crescent curved across
Its sunlit spray from moss to moss.

"And we, forgetful of our pain,
In thought shall seek it oft again ;
Shall see this after-blossomed sod,
This sunshine of the golden-rod,

"And haply gain, through parting
boughs,
Grand glimpses of great mountain
brows
Cloud-turbaned, and the sharp steel
sheen
Of lakes deep set in valleys green.

"So failure wins ; the consequence
Of loss becomes its recompense ;
And evermore the end shall tell
The unreached ideal guided well.

"Our sweet illusions only die
Fulfilling love's sure prophecy ;
And every wish for better things
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

"For fate is servitor of love ;
Desire and hope and longing prove
The secret of immortal youth,
And Nature cheats us into truth.

"O kind allurers, wisely sent,
Beguiling with benign intent,
Still move us, through divine unrest,
To seek the loveliest and the best !

"Go with us when our souls go free,
And, in the clear, white light to be,
Add unto Heaven's beatitude
The old delight of seeking good !"

JUNE ON THE MERRIMACK.

O DWELLERS in the stately towns,
What come ye out to see ?
This common earth, this common
sky,
This water flowing free ?

As gaily as these kalmia flowers
Your door-yard blossoms spring ;
As sweetly as these wild wood birds
Your caged minstrels sing.

You find but common bloom and green,
The rippling river's rune,
The beauty which is everywhere
Beneath the skies of June ;

The Hawkwood oaks, the storm-torn
plumes
Of old pine forest kings,
Beneath whose century-woven shade
Deer Island's mistress sings.

And here are pictured Artichoke,
And Curson's bowery mill ;
And Pleasant Valley smiles between
The river and the hill.

You know full well these banks of
bloom,
The upland's wavy line,
And how the sunshine tips with fire
The needles of the pine.

Yet, like some old remembered psalm,
Or sweet, familiar face,
Not less because of commonness
You love the day and place.

And not in vain in this soft air
Shall hard-strung nerves relax,
Not all in vain the o'erworn brain
Forego its daily tax.

The lust of power, the greed of gain
Have all the year their own ;
The haunting demons well may let
Our one bright day alone.

Unheeded let the newsboy call,
Aside the ledger lay ;
The world will keep his tread-mill
step
Though we fall not to-day.

The truant of life's weary school,
Without excuse from thrift
We change for once the gains of toil
For God's unpurchased gift.

From ceiled rooms, from silent books,
From crowded car and town,
Dear Mother Earth, upon thy lap
We lay our tired heads down.

Cool, summer wind, our heated brows ;
Blue river, through the green
Of clustering pines, refresh the eyes
Which all too much have seen.

For us these pleasant woodland ways
Are thronged with memories old,

Have felt the grasp of friendly hands
And heard love's story told.

A sacred presence overbroods
The earth whereon we meet ;
These winding forest-paths are trod
By more than mortal feet.

Old friends called from us by the voice
Which they alone could hear,
From mystery to mystery,
From life to life, draw near.

More closely for the sake of them
Each other's hands we press ;
Our voices take from them a tone
Of deeper tenderness.

Our joy is theirs, their trust is ours,
Alike below, above,
Or here or there, about us fold
The arms of one great love !

We ask to-day no countersign,
No party names we own ;
Unlabelled, individual,
We bring ourselves alone.

What cares the unconventioned wood
For pass-words of the town ?
The sound of fashion's shibboleth
The laughing waters drown.

Here cant forgets his dreary tone,
And care his face forlorn ;
The liberal air and sunshine laugh
The bigot's zeal to scorn.

From manhood's weary shoulder falls
His load of selfish cares ;
And woman takes her rights as flowers
And brooks and birds take theirs.

The licence of the happy woods,
The brook's release, are ours ;
The freedom of the unshamed wind
Among the glad-eyed flowers.

Yet here no evil thought finds place,
Nor foot profane comes in ;
Our grove, like that of Samothrace,
Is set apart from sin.

We walk on holy ground ; above
A sky more holy smiles ;

The chant of the beatitudes
Swells down these leafy aisles.

Thanks to the gracious Providence
That brings us here once more ;
For memories of the good behind
And hopes of good before !

And if, unknown to us, sweet days
Of June like this must come,
Unseen of us these laurels clothe
The river-banks, with bloom ;

And these green paths must soon be
trod
By other feet than ours,
Full long may annual pilgrims come
To keep the Feast of Flowers ;

The matron be a girl once more,
The bearded man a boy,
And we, in heaven's eternal June,
Be glad for earthly joy !

HYMN OF THE DUNKERS.

KLOSTER KEDAR, EPHRATA A, PENNSYLVANIA
1738.

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA *sings*

WAKE, sisters, wake ! the day-star
shines ;
Above Ephrata's eastern pines
The dawn is breaking, cool and calm.
Wake, sisters, wake to prayer and
psalm !

Praised be the Lord for shade and
light,
For toil by day, for rest by night !
Praised be His name who deigns to
bless
Our Kedar of the wilderness !—

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand
Was heavy on our native land ;
And freedom, to her children due,
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised Him when to prison led,
We owned Him when the stake blazed
red ;

We knew, whatever might befall,
His love and power were over all.

He heard our prayers ; with outstretched
arm

He led us forth from cruel harm ;
Still, wheresoe'er our steps were bent,
His cloud and fire before us went !

The watch of faith and prayer He set,
We kept it then, we keep it yet.
At midnight, crow of clock, or noon,
He cometh sure, He cometh soon.

He comes to chasten, not destroy,
To purge the earth from sin's alloy,
At last, at last shall all confess
His mercy as His righteousness.

The dead shall live, the sick be
whole,

The scarlet sin be white as wool ;
No discord mar below, above,
The music of eternal love !

Sound, welcome tramp, the last
alarm !

Lord God of hosts, make bare thine
arm,

Fulfil this day our long desire,
Make sweet and clean the world with
fire !

Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from
sight

The lies of time ; be swift to smite,
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,
Genevan creed and Roman crown.

Quake earth, through all thy zones, till
all

The fanes of pride and priestcraft fall ;
And lift thou up in place of them
Thy gates of pearl, Jerusalem !

Lo ! rising from baptismal flame,
Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,
Within the heavenly city's bound
Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon ! at dawn or noon
Or set of sun, He cometh soon,
Our prayers shall meet Him on his
way ;

Wake, sisters, wake ! arise and pray !

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

I.

OUR fathers' God ! from out whose
hand

The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

II.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

III.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its
streets,

Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun ;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

IV.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden
Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

V.

For art and labour met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee ; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honour proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold !

VI.

Oh make Thou us, through centuries
long,
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law ;
And cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old !

THE TWO ANGELS.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above :
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels ! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain !"

Two faces bowed before the Throne veiled in their golden hair ;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long ; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept ; but Love, with faith too strong for fear
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo ! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell !

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon !

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake :

"Welcome, my angels ! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven ;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven !"

THE HENCHMAN.

My lady walks her morning round,
My lady's page her fleet greyhound,
My lady's hair the fond winds stir,
And all the birds make songs for her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,
And Rathburn side is gay with
flowers ;

But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird
Was beauty seen or music heard.

The distance of the stars is hers ;
The least of all her worshippers,
The dust beneath her dainty heel,
She knows not that I see or feel.

O proud and calm !—she cannot know
Where'er she goes with her I go ;
O cold and fair !—she cannot guess
I kneel to share her hound's caress !

Gay knights beside her hut and hawk,
I rob their ears of her sweet talk ;
Her suitors come from east and west,
I steal her smiles from every guest.

Unheard of her, in loving words,
I greet her with the song of birds ;
I reach her with her green-armed bowers,
I kiss her with the lips of flowers.

The hound and I are on her trail,
The wind and I uplift her veil ;
As if the calm, cold moon she were,
And the tide, I follow her.

As unrebuked as they, I share
The license of the sun and air,
And in a common homage hide
My worship from her scorn and pride.

World-wide apart, and yet so near,
I breathe her charmed atmosphere,

Wherein to her my service brings
The reverence due to holy things.

Her maiden pride, her haughty name,
My dumb devotion shall not shame;
The love that no return doth crave
To knightly level lifts the slave.

No lance have I, in joust or fight,
To splinter in my lady's sight;
But, at her feet, how blest were I
For any need of hers to die!

OVERRULED.

THE threads our hands in blindness spin
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.

Ah! small the choice of him who sings
What sound shall leave the smitten
strings;

Fate holds and guides the hand of
art;
The singer's is the servant's part.

The wind-harp chooses not the tone
That through its trembling threads is
blown;

The patient organ cannot guess
What hand its passive keys shall
press.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will
Is moved by undreamed forces still;
And no man measures in advance
His strength with untried circum-
stance.

As streams take hue from shade and
sun,
As runs the life the song must run;
But, glad or sad, to his good end
God grant the varying notes may
tend!

GIVING AND TAKING.*

WHO gives and hides the giving hand,
Nor counts on favour, fame, or
praise,

* I have attempted to put in English verse a
 prose translation of a poem by Tinnevaluva, a
 Hindoo poet of the third century of our era.

Shall find his smallest gift out-
weighs
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath nought been
given,
His gift in need, though small
indeed

As is the grass-blade's wind-blown
seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

Forget it not, O man, to whom
A gift shall fall, while yet on earth;
Yea even to thy sevenfold birth
Recall it in the lives to come.

Who broods above a wrong in thought
Sins much; but greater sin is his
Who, fed and clothed with kind-
nesses,
Shall count the holy alms as nought.

Who dares to curse the hands that
bless
Shall know of sin the deadliest cost;
The patience of the heavens is lost
Beholding man's unthankfulness.

For he who breaks all laws may still
In Sivam's mercy be forgiven;
But none can save, in earth or
heaven,
The wretch who answers good with
ill.

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN
TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time —
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
 That nothing stands alone,
 That whoso gives the motive, makes
 His brother's sin his own.
 And, pausing not for doubtful choice
 Of evils great or small,
 He listened to that inward voice
 Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,
 So pure and strong and true,
 Be with us in the narrow way
 Our faithful fathers knew.
 Give strength the evil to forsake,
 The cross of Truth to bear,
 And love and reverent fear to make
 Our daily lives a prayer!

FORGIVENESS.

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

AT EVENTIDE.

POOR and inadequate the shadow-play
 Of gain and loss, of waking and of dream,
 Against life's solemn background needs must seem
 At this late hour. Yet, not unthankfully,
 I call to mind the fountains by the way,
 The breath of flowers, the bird-song on the spray,
 Dear friends, sweet human loves, the joy of giving
 And of receiving, the great boon of living
 In grand historic years when Liberty
 Had need of word and work, quick sympathies
 For all who fail and suffer, song's relief,
 Nature's uncloying loveliness ; and chief,
 The kind restraining hand of Providence,
 The inward witness, the assuring sense
 Of an Eternal Good which overlies
 The sorrow of the world, Love which outlives
 All sin and wrong, Compassion which forgives
 To the uttermost, and Justice whose clear eyes
 Through lapse and failure look to the intent,
 And judge our frailty by the life we meant.

THE PROBLEM.

I.

NOT without envy Wealth at times must look
 On their brown strength who wield the reaping-hook

And scythe, or, at the forge-fire shape the plough
 Or the steel harness of the steeds of steam ;—
 All who, by skill and patience, anyhow
 Make service noble, and the earth redeem
 From savageness. By kingly accolade
 Than theirs was never worthier knighthood made.
 Well for them, if, while demagogues their vain
 And evil counsels proffer, they maintain
 Their honest manhood unseduced, and wage
 No war with Labour's right to Labour's gain
 Of sweet home-comfort, rest of hand and brain,
 And softer pillow for the head of Age.

II.

And well for Gain if it ungrudging yields
 Labour its just demand ; and well for Ease
 If in the uses of its own, it sees
 No wrong to him who tills its pleasant fields
 And spreads the table of its luxuries.
 The interests of the rich man and the poor
 Are one and same, inseparable evermore ;
 And, when scant wage or labour fail to give
 Food, shelter, raiment, wherewithal to live,
 Need has its rights, necessity its claim.
 Yea, even self-wrought misery and shame
 Test well the charity suffering long and kind.
 The home-pressed question of the age can find
 No answer in the catch-words of the blind
 Leaders of blind. Solution there is none
 Save in the Golden rule of Christ alone.

R E S P O N S E .

1877.

BESIDE that milestone where the level sun,
 Nigh unto setting, sheds his last, low rays
 On word and work irrevocably done,
 Life's blending threads of good and ill outspun,
 I hear, O friends ! your words of cheer and praise,
 Half doubtful if myself or otherwise.
 Like him who, in the old Arabian joke,
 A beggar slept and crownéd Caliph woke.
 Thanks not the less. With not unglad surprise
 I see my life-work through your partial eyes ;
 Assured, in giving to my home-taught songs
 A higher value than of right belongs,
 You do but read between the written lines
 The finer grace of unfulfilled designs.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

1879.

THOUGH flowers have perished at the touch
Of frost, the early comer
I hail, the season loved so well—
The good St. Martin's summer.

O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn,
And thin moon curving o'er it!
Th' old year's darling, latest born,
More loved than all before it!

How flamed the sunrise through the pines!
How stretched the birchen shadows,
Braiding in long, wind-wavered lines
The westward sloping meadows!

The sweet day, opening as a flower,
Unfolds its petals tender,
Renews for us at noontide's hour
The summer's tempered splendour.

The birds are hushed; alone the wind,
That through the woodland searches,
The red oak's lingering leaves can find,
And yellow plumes of larches.

But still the balsam-breathing pine
Invites no thought of sorrow;
No hint of loss from air like wine
The earth's content can borrow.

The summer and the winter here,
Midway a truce are holding;
A soft consenting atmosphere
Their tents of peace enfolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,
Rise solemn in the gladness;
The quiet that the valley fills
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

How strange! the autumn yesterday
In winter's grasp seemed dying;
On whirling winds from skies of gray
The early snow was flying.

And now, while over Nature's mood
There steals a soft relenting;
I will not mar the present good,
Forecasting or lamenting.

My autumn time and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst together;

And, both grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day
To feel its bland caressing;
I will not let it pass away
Before it leaves its blessing.

God's angels come not as of old
The Syrian shepherds knew them;
In reddening dawns, in sunset gold,
And warm noon lights I view them.

Nor need is there in times like this,
When heaven to earth draws nearer,
Of wing, or song, or witnesses,
To make their presence clearer.

O stream of life, whose swifter flow
Is of the end forewarning,
Methinks thy sundown afterglow
Seems less of night than morning!

Old cares grow light; aside I lay
The doubts and fears that trouble:
The quiet of the happy day
Within my soul is doubled.

That clouds must veil this fair sunshine,
Not less a joy I find it;
Nor less yon warm horizon line
That winter links behind it.

The mysteries of the untried days
I close my eyes from reading;
His will be done whose darkest ways
To light and life are leading!

Less drear the winter night shall be,
If memory cheer and hearten
Its heavy hours with thoughts of thee,
Sweet summer of St. Martin!

THE WORD.

VOICE of the Holy Spirit, making
known
Man to himself, a witness swift and
sure,
Warning, approving, true and wise
and pure,
Counsel and guidance that misleadeth
none!
By thee the mystery of life is read;
The picture-writing of the world's
grey seers,

The myths and parables of the primal
years,
Whose letter kills, by thee interpreted
Take healthful meanings fitted to our
needs,
And in the soul's vernacular express
The common law of simple righteous-
ness.
Hatred of cant and doubt of human
creeds
May well be felt : the unpardonable sin
Is to deny the Word of God within !

THE BOOK.

GALLERY of sacred pictures manifold,
A minster rich in holy effigies,
And bearing on entablature and frieze
The hieroglyphic oracles of old.
Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit ;
And the low chancel side-lights half
acquaint
The eye with shrines of prophet, bard
and saint,
Their golden tablets traced in holy writ !
But only when on form and word ob-
scure
Falls from above the white supernal
light
We read the mystic characters aright,
And light informs the silent portraiture
Until we pause at last awe-held before
The One ineffable Face, love, wonder
and adore.

THE LOST OCCASION.

SOME die too late and some too soon,
At early morning, heat of noon,
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,
Whom the rich heavens did so endow
With eyes of power and Jove's own
brow,
With all the massive strength that fills
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,
With rarest gifts of heart and head
From manliest stock inherited,
New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian ;
Whom no one met, at first, but took
A second awed and wondering look
(As turned, perchance, the eyes of
Greece

On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece) ;
Whose words, in simplest home-spun
clad,

The Saxon strength of Cædmon's had,
With power reserved at need to reach
The Roman forum's loftiest speech,
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent
In passion, cool in argument,
Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes
As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,
Crushing as if with Talus' flail
Through Error's logic-woven mail,
And failing only when they tried
The adamant of the righteous side,—
Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved
Of old friends, by the new deceived,
Too soon for us, too soon for thee,
Beside thy lonely Northern sea,
Where long and low the marsh-land
spread,

Laid wearily down thy august head,
Thou shouldst have lived to feel below
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow,—
The late-sprung mine that underlaid
Thy sad concessions vainly made.
Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's
wall

The star-flag of the Union fall,
And armed Rebellion pressing on
The broken hues of Washington !
No stronger voice than thine had then
Called out the utmost might of men,
To make the Union's charter free
And strengthen law by liberty.
How had that stern arbitrament
To thy gray age youth's vigour lent,
Shaming ambition's paltry prize
Before thy disillusioned eyes ;
Breaking the spell about thee wound
Like the green withes that Samson
bound ;

Redeeming, in one effort grand,
Thyself and thy imperilled land !
Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
O sleeper by the Northern sea,
The gates of opportunity !
God fills the gaps of human need,
Each crisis brings its word and deed.
Wise men and strong we did not lack ;
But still, with memory turning back,
In the dark hours we thought of thee,
And thy lone grave beside the sea.
Above that grave the east winds blow,
And from the marsh-lands drifting slow

The sea-fog comes, with evermore
The wave-wash of a lonely shore,
And sea-birds melancholy cry,
As Nature fain would typify
The sadness of a closing scene,
The loss of that which should have been.
But, where thy native mountains bare
Their foreheads to diviner air,
Fit emblem of enduring fame,
One lofty summit keeps thy name,
For thee the cosmic forces did

The rearing of that pyramid,
The prescient ages shaping with
Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
With hands of light their benison,
The stars of midnight pause to set
Their jewels in its coronet.
And evermore that mountain mass
Seems climbing from the shadowy pass
To light, as if to manifest
Thy nobler self, thy life at best!



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NOTES.

NOTE 1, page 1.

MOGG MEGONE, or Hegone, was a leader among the Saco Indians, in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account, he was probably selected by the principal sachems as their agent in the treaty signed in November, 1676.

NOTE 2, page 2.

Baron de St. Castine came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilized companions, he plunged into the great wilderness and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the great Modocawando,—the most powerful sachem of the East. His castle was plundered by Governor Andros, during his reckless administration; and the enraged Baron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

NOTE 3, page 2.

The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

NOTE 4, page 2.

Major Phillips, one of the principal men of the Colony. His garrison sustained a long and terrible siege by the savages. As a magistrate and a gentleman, he exacted of his plebeian neighbours a remarkable degree of deference. The Court Records of the settlement inform us that an individual was fined for the heinous offence of saying that "Major Phillip's mare was as lean as an Indian dog."

NOTE 5, page 2.

Captain Harmon, of Georgeana, now York, was, for many years, the terror of the Eastern Indians. In one of his expeditions up the

Kennebec River, at the head of a party of rangers, he discovered twenty of the savages asleep by a large fire. Cautiously creeping towards them until he was certain of his aim, he ordered his men to single out their objects. The first discharge killed or mortally wounded the whole number of the unconscious sleepers.

NOTE 6, page 2.

Wood Island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur de Monts and Champlain, in 1603. The following extract, from the journal of the latter, relates to it: "Having left the Kennebec, we ran along the coast to the westward, and cast anchor under a small island, near the main-land, where we saw twenty or more natives. I here visited an island, beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of the oak and walnut; and overspread with vines, that, in their season, produce excellent grapes. We named it the island of Bacchus.—*Les Voyages de Sieur Champlain*, Liv. 2, c. 8.

NOTE 7, page 2.

John Bonython was the son of Richard Bonython, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the Colony. John proved to be "a degenerate plant." In 1635, we find, by the Court Records, that, for some offence, he was fined 40s. In 1640, he was fined for abuse toward R. Gibson, the minister, and Mary his wife. Soon after he was fined for disorderly conduct in the house of his father. In 1645, the "Great and General Court" adjudged "John Bonython outlawed, and incapable of any of his Majesty's laws, and proclaimed him a rebel." (Court Records of the Province, 1645.) In 1651, he bade defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of "The Sagamore of Saco," which has come down to the present generation in the following epitaph:—

"Here lies Bonython; the Sagamore of Saco,
 He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and
 went to Hobomoko."

By some means or other, he obtained a large

estate. In this poem, I have taken some liberties with him, not strictly warranted by historical facts, although the conduct imputed to him is in keeping with his general character. Over the last years of his life lingers a deep obscurity. Even the manner of his death is uncertain. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; but this is doubted by the able and indefatigable author of the History of Saco and Biddeford.—Part I. p. 115.

NOTE 8, page 2.

Foxwell's Brook flows from a marsh or bog, called the "Heath," in Saco, containing thirteen hundred acres. On this brook, and surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, is a beautiful water-fall, of more than sixty feet.

NOTE 9, page 3.

Hiac comes, the first Christian preacher on Martha's Vineyard; for a biography of whom the reader is referred to Increase Mayhew's account of the Praying Indians, 1726. The following is related of him: "One Lord's day, after meeting, where Hiacoomes had been preaching, there came in a Powwaw very angry, and said, 'I know all the meeting Indians are liars. You say you don't care for the Powwaws;—then calling two or three of them by name, he railed at them, and told them they were deceived, for the Powwaws could kill all the meeting Indians, if they set about it. But Hiacoomes told him that he would be in the midst of all the Powwaws in the island, and they should do the utmost they could against him; and when they should do their worst by their witchcraft to kill him, he would without fear set himself against them, by remembering Jehovah. He told them also he did put all the Powwaws under his heel. Such was the faith of this good man. Nor were these Powwaws ever able to do these Christian Indians any hurt, though others were frequently hurt and killed by them.'—*Mayhew*, pp. 6, 7, c. 1.

NOTE 10, page 5.

"The tooth-ache," says Roger Williams in his observations upon the language and customs of the New England tribes, "is the only pain which will force their stout hearts to cry." He afterwards remarks that even the Indian women never cry as he has heard "some of their men in this pain."

NOTE 11, page 5.

Wuitamuttata. "Let us drink." *Weekan*, "It is sweet." *Vide* Roger Williams's Key to the Indian Language, "in that parte of America called New England." London, 1643, p. 33.

NOTE 12, page 6.

Hetuomanii.—a house god, or demon. "They—the Indians—have given me the names of thirty-seven gods, which I have, all which in their solemn Worships they invoke!"—R, Williams's Briefe Observations of

the Customs, Manners, Worsnips, &c, of the Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death: on all which is added Spiritual Observations, General and Particular, of Chief and Special use—upon all occasions—to all the English inhabiting these parts; yet Pleasant and Profitable to the view of all Mene.—P. 110, c. 21.

NOTE 13, page 8.

Mt. Desert Island, the Bald Mountain upon which overlooks Frenchman's and Penobscot Bay. It was upon this island that the Jesuits made their earliest settlement.

NOTE 14, page 8.

Father Hennepin, a missionary among the Iroquois, mentions that the Indians believed him to be a conjurer, and that they were particularly afraid of a bright silver chalice which he had in his possession. "The Indians," says Père Jerome Lallamant, "fear us as the greatest sorcerers on earth."

NOTE 15, page 9.

Bomazeen is spoken of by Penhallow, as "the famous warrior and chieftain of Norridgewock." He was killed in the attack of the English upon Norridgewock, in 1724.

NOTE 16, page 9.

Père Ralle, or Rasles, was one of the most zealous and indefatigable of that band of Jesuit missionaries who at the beginning of the seventeenth century, penetrated the forests of America, with the avowed object of converting the heathen. The first religious mission of the Jesuits, to the savages in North America, was in 1611. The zeal of the fathers for the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith knew no bounds. For this, they plunged into the depths of the wilderness; habituated themselves to all the hardships and privations of the natives; suffered cold, hunger, and some of them death itself, by the extremest tortures. Père Brebeuf, after labouring in the cause of his mission for twenty years, together with his companion, Père Lallamant, was burned alive. To these might be added the names of those Jesuits who were put to death by the Iroquois,—Daniel, Garnier, Buteaux, La Riborerde, Goupil, Constantin, and Liegeois. "For Led," says Father Lallamant, in his *Relation de ce qui s'est dans le pays des Hurons*, 1640, c. 3, "we have nothing but a miserable piece of bark of a tree; for nourishment, a handful or two of corn, either roasted or soaked in water, which seldom satisfies our hunger; and after all, not venturing to perform even the ceremonies of our religion, without being considered as sorcerers." Their success among the natives, however, by no means equalled their exertions. Père Lallamant says: "With respect to adult persons, in good health, there is little apparent success; on the contrary, there have been nothing but storms and whirlwinds from that quarter."

Sebastian Ralle established himself, some time about the year 1670, at Norridgewock

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where he continued more than forty years. He was accused, and perhaps not without justice, of exciting his praying Indians against the English, whom he looked upon as the enemies not only of his king, but also of the Catholic religion. He was killed by the English, in 1724, at the foot of the cross which his own hands had planted. This Indian church was broken up, and its members either killed outright or dispersed.

In a letter written by Ralle to his nephew he gives the following account of his church, and his own labours: "All my converts repair to the church regularly twice every day; first very early in the morning, to attend mass, and again in the evening, to assist in the prayers at sunset. As it is necessary to fix the imagination of savages, whose attention is easily distracted, I have composed prayers, calculated to inspire them with just sentiments of the august sacrifice of our altars; they chant, or at least recite them aloud, during mass. Besides preaching to them on Sundays and saints days, I seldom let a working day pass, without making a concise exhortation, for the purpose of inspiring them with horror at those voices to which they are most addicted, or to confirm them in the practice of some particular virtue."—*Vide Lettres Edifiantes et Cur.*, Vol. VI. p. 127.

NOTE 17, page 13.

The character of Ralle has probably never been correctly delineated. By his brethren of the Romish Church, he has been nearly apotheosised. On the other hand, our Puritan historians have represented him as a demon in human form. He was undoubtedly sincere in his devotion to the interests of his church, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of advancing those interests. "The French," says the author of the History of Saco and Biddeford, "after the peace of 1713, secretly promised to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, if they would renew hostilities. Their principal agent was the celebrated Ralle, the French Jesuit."—P. 215.

NOTE 18, page 14.

Hertel de Rouville was an active and un- sparing enemy of the English. He was the leader of the combined French and Indian forces which destroyed Deerfield and massacred its inhabitants, in 1703. He was afterwards killed in the attack upon Haverhill. Tradition says that, on examining his dead body, his head and face were found to be perfectly smooth, without the slightest appearance of hair or beard.

NOTE 19, page 14.

Covesass?—tawhich wessascen? Are you afraid?—why fear you?

NOTE 20, page 16.

Winnepurkit, otherwise called George. Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Penna-

cook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where it turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go, accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief.—*Vide Norton's New Canaan*

NOTE 21, page 20.

This was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook (Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. III. pp. 21, 22.) "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, &c. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to these the devil appeareth more familiarly than to others."—*Winslow's Relation*.

NOTE 22, page 22.

"The Indians," says Roger Williams, "have a god whom they call Wetuomanit, who presides over the household."

NOTE 23, page 23.

There are rocks in the river at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which, tradition says, the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn.

NOTE 24, page 25.

The Spring God.—See *Roger Williams's Key*, &c.

NOTE 25, page 27.

"Mat wonck kunna-monee." We shall see thee or her no more.—*Vide Roger Williams's Key to the Indian Language*.

NOTE 26, page 28.

"The Great South West God."—See *Roger Williams's Observations*, &c.

NOTE 27, page 29.

De Soto, in the sixteenth century, penetrated into the wilds of the new world in search of gold and the fountain of perpetual youth.

NOTE 28, page 62.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. BAYOU. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, TOUSSAINT refused to join them until he had aided M. BAYOU and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period, until 1802, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was nappy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Leclerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'Enghem. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

NOTE 29, page 64.

The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

"Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!

Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough

Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;
O miserable chieftain!—where and when

Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not, do thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind

Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,
and skies,—

There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies.
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

NOTE 30, page 64.

The French ship LE RODEUR, with a crew

of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out,—an obstinate disease of the eyes,—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wineglass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several who were stopped in the attempt to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, Leon. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on the 21st June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

NOTE 31, page 83.

The Northern author of the Congressional rule against receiving petitions of the people on the subject of Slavery.

NOTE 32, page 93.

Dr. Thacher, surgeon in Scammel's regiment, in his description of the siege of Yorktown, says: "The labour on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature." Eighteen hundred slaves were found at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by Dr. Barnes, in his late work on Slavery: "No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown than when Patrick Henry first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia."

NOTE 33, page 99.

The rights and liberties affirmed by MAGNA

CHARTA were deemed of such importance, in the thirteenth century, that the Bishops, twice a year, with tapers burning, and in their pontifical robes, pronounced, in the presence of the king and the representatives of the estates of England, the greater excommunication against the infringer of that instrument. The imposing ceremony took place in the great Hall of Westminster. A copy of the curse, as pronounced in 1253, declares that, "by the authority of Almighty God, and the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, and all the saints in heaven, all those who violate the English liberties, and secretly or openly, by deed, word, or counsel, do make statutes, or observe them being made, against said liberties, are accused and sequestered from the company of heaven and the sacraments of the Holy Church."

WILLIAM PENN, in his admirable political pamphlet, "England's Present Interest considered," alluding to the curse of the Charter-breakers, says: "I am no Roman Catholic, and little value their other curses; yet I declare I would not for the world incur this curse, as every man deservedly doth, who offers violence to the fundamental freedom thereby repeated and confirmed."

NOTE 34, page 104

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

NOTE 35, page 106.

"*Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, 10th March, 1846.*

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

"I am not surprised I got little satisfaction when I asked the Moors about the songs of their slaves. Who will say that the above words are not a very appropriate song? What could have been more congenially adapted to their then woeful condition? It is not to be wondered at that these poor bondwomen cheer up their hearts, in their long, lonely, and painful wanderings over the desert, with words and sentiments like these; but I have often ob-

erved that their fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dinge, and many days their plaintive strains never broke over the silence of the desert."—*Richardson's Journal.*

NOTE 36, page 109.

The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the Colony in Virginia, in his capacity of "Admiral of New England," made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

NOTE 37, page 109.

Lake Winnipiseogee,—*The Smile of the Great Spirit*,—the source of one of the branches of the Merrimack.

NOTE 38, page 109.

Captain Smith gave to the promontory, now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabazanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

NOTE 39, page 110.

Some three or four years since, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England, some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus, is now almost generally admitted.

NOTE 40, page 110.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age who had been so honoured before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honour, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favour."

NOTE 41, page 117.

This legend is the subject of a celebrated picture by Timoreo, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch. The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror; a woman in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired

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for the life-like vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements; St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshipper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful; the colouring, in its gorgeous depth and harmony, is in Mr. Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture.—*Mrs. Jamieson's Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*, Vol. I. p. 121.

NOTE 42, page 118.

The storming of the city of Derne, in 1805, by General Eaton, at the head of nine Americans, forty Greeks, and a motley array of Turks and Arabs, was one of those feats of hardihood and daring which have in all ages attracted the admiration of the multitude. The higher and holier heroism of Christian self-denial and sacrifice, in the humble walks of private duty, is seldom so well appreciated.

NOTE 43, page 120.

This ballad was written on the occasion of a Horticultural Festival. Cobbler Keezar was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimack.

NOTE 44, page 164.

The last time I saw Dr. Channing was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, Joseph Sturge, so well known for his philanthropic labours and liberal political opinions, I visited him in his summer residence in Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say, that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy.

NOTE 45, page 167.

"O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!"—*Jeremiah* xlviii. 32.

NOTE 46, page 169.

Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th month, 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor, and ever-ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The Birmingham Pilot says of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended than in this excellent woman."

NOTE 47, page 170.

Ebenezer Elliott, the intelligence of whose death has recently reached us, was, to the artisans of England, what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland. His "Corn-law Rhymes" contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on

bread. Well has the eloquent author of "The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain" said of him, "Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons, who moistened their scanty bread with the sweat of their brow, are largely indebted to his popularity, for the mighty bound which the labouring mind of England has taken in our day."

NOTE 48, page 171

It is proper to say that these lines are the joint impromptu of my sister and myself. They are inserted here as an expression of our admiration of the gifted stranger whom we have since learned to love as a friend.

NOTE 49, page 171.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that there are elements in the character and passages in the history of the great Hungarian statesman and orator which necessarily command the admiration of those, even, who believe that no political revolution was ever worth the price of human blood.

NOTE 50, page 173.

William Forster, of Norwich, England, died in East Tennessee, in the 1st month, 1854, while engaged in presenting to the governors of the States of this Union the address of his religious society on the evils of slavery. He was the relative and coadjutor of the Buxtons, Gurneys, and Frys; and his whole life, extending almost to threescore and ten years, was a pure and beautiful example of Christian benevolence. He had travelled over Europe, and visited most of its sovereigns, to plead against the slave-trade and slavery; and had twice before made visits to this country, under impressions of religious duty.

NOTE 51, page 174.

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

NOTE 52, page 191.

See English caricatures of America: Slaveholder and cowhide, with the motto, "Haven't I a right to whip my nigger?"

NOTE 53, page 193.

It is recorded that the Chians, when subjugated by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to Colchis. Athenæus considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave-trade into Greece. From this ancient villany of the Chians the proverb arose, "The Chian hath bought himself a master."

NOTE 54, page 202.

The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion,

exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren, by his strenuous endeavours to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island. The severity of his language finds its ample apology in the reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura.

NOTE 55, page 220.

For the idea of this line, I am indebted to Emerson, in his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora,—

"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

NOTE 56, page 261.

Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau, or, as Sewall the Quaker historian gives it, Von Merlane, a noble young lady of Frankfort, seems to have been among the Mystics of that city very much in a position as Anna Maria Schurman did among the Labadists of Holland. William Miller appears to have shared the admiration of her own immediate circle for this accomplished and gifted lady.

NOTE 57, page 263.

Magister Johann Kelpius, a graduate of the University of Helmstadt, came to Pennsylvania, in 1699, with a company of German Mystics. They made their home in the woods on the Wissahickon, a little west of the Quaker settlement of Germantown. Kelpius was a believer in the near approach of the Millennium, and was a devout student of the Book of Revelation and the *Morgen-Rothe* of Jacob Behmen. He called his settlement "The Woman in the Wilderness" (*Das Weib in der Wueste*). He was only twenty-four years of age when he came to America, but his gravity, learning, and devotion placed him at the head of the settlement. He disliked the Quakers, because he thought they were too exclusive in the matter of ministers. He was, like most of the Mystics, opposed to the severe doctrinal views of Calvin and even Luther, declaring "that he could as little agree with the *Dammatus* of the Augsburg Confession as with the *Anathema* of the Council of Trent."

He died in 1801, sitting in his little garden surrounded by his grieving disciples. Previous to his death it is said that he cast his famous "Stone of Wisdom" into the river, where that mystic souvenir of the times of Van Helmont, Paracelsus, and Agrippa has lain ever since, undisturbed.

NOTE 58, page 264.

Peter Sluyter, or Schluter, a native of Wesel, united himself with the sect of Labadists, who believed in the Divine commission of John De Labadie, a Roman Catholic priest converted to

Protestantism, enthusiastic, eloquent, and evidently sincere in his special calling and election to separate the true and living members of the Church of Christ from the formalism and hypocrisy of the ruling sects. George Keith and Robert Barclay visited him at Amsterdam and afterward at the communities of Herford and Wieward; and according to Gerard Gross, found him so near to them on some points, that they offered to take him into the Society of Friends. This offer, if it was really made, which is certainly doubtful, was, happily for the Friends at least, declined. Invited to Herford in Westphalia by Elizabeth, daughter of the Elector Palatine, De Labadie and his followers preached incessantly, and succeeded in arousing a wild enthusiasm among the people, who neglected their business and gave way to excitements and strange practices. Men and women, it was said, at the Communion drank and danced together, and private marriages, or spiritual unions were formed. Labadie died in 1674, at Altona, in Denmark, maintaining his testimonies to the last. "Nothing remains for me," he said, "except to go to my God. Death is merely ascending from a lower and narrower chamber to one higher and holier."

In 1679 Peter Sluyter and Jasper Dankers were sent to America by the community at the Castle of Wieward. Their journal, translated from the Dutch and edited by Henry C. Murphy, has been recently published by the Long Island Historical Society. They made some converts, and among them was the eldest son of Hermanus, the proprietor of a rich tract of land at the head of Chesapeake Bay, known as Bohemia Manor. Sluyter obtained a grant of this tract, and established upon it a community numbering at one time a hundred souls. Very contradictory statements are on record regarding his headship of this spiritual family, the discipline of which seems to have been of more than monastic severity. Certain it is that he bought and sold slaves, and manifested more interest in the world's goods than became a believer in the near Millennium. He evinces in his journal an overweening spiritual pride, and speaks contemptuously of other professors, especially the Quakers whom he met in his travels. The latter, on the contrary, seem to have looked favourably upon the Labadists, and uniformly speak of them courteously and kindly. His journal shows him to have been destitute of common gratitude and Christian charity. He threw himself upon the generous hospitality of the Friends wherever he went, and repaid their kindness by the coarsest abuse and misrepresentation.

NOTE 59, page 264.

Among the pioneer Friends were many men of learning and broad and liberal views. Penn was conversant with every department of literature and philosophy. Thomas Lloyd was a ripe and rare scholar. The great Loganian Library of Philadelphia bears witness to the varied learning and classical taste of its donor, James Logan. Thomas Story, member of the Counsel of State, Master of the Rolls, and Commissioner of Claims under William Penn, and an able minister of his Society, took a deep

interest in scientific questions, and in a letter to his friend Logan, written while on a religious visit to Great Britain, seems to have anticipated the conclusion of modern geologists. "I spent," he says, "some months, especially at Scarborough, during the season attending meetings, at whose high cliffs and the variety of strata therein and their several positions I further learned and was confirmed in some things,—that the earth is of much older date as to the beginning of it than the time assigned in the Holy Scriptures as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacities of mankind, as to six days of progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days." It was sometimes made a matter of reproach by the Anabaptists and other sects, that the Quakers read profane writings and philosophies, and that they quoted heathen moralists in support of their views. Sluyter and Dankers, in their journal of American travels, visiting a Quaker preacher's house at Burlington, on the Delaware, found "a volume of Virgil lying on the window, as if it were a common hand-book," also Helmont's book on Medicine (*Ortus Medicinæ, id est Lulæ Physicæ inaudita progressus medicinæ novus in morborum ultionem ad vitam longam*), whom, in an introduction they have made to it, they make to pass for one of their own sect, although in his lifetime he did not know anything about Quakers. It would appear from this that the half-mystical, half-scientific writings of the alchemist and philosopher of Vilverde had not escaped the notice of Friends, and that they had included him in their broad eclecticism.

NOTE 60, page 265.

"The Quaker's Meeting," a painting by E. Hemskerck (supposed to be Egbert Hemskerck the younger, son of Egbert Hemskerck the old), in which William Penn and others,—among them Charles II., or the Duke of York—are represented along with the rudest and most stolid class of the British rural population at that period. Hemskerck came to London from Holland with King William in 1689. He delighted in wild, grotesque subjects, such as the nocturnal intercourse of witches and the temptation of St. Anthony. Whatever was strange and uncommon attracted his free pencil. Judging from the portrait of Penn, he must have drawn his faces, figures, and costumes from life, although there may be something of caricature in the convulsed attitudes of two or three of the figures.

NOTE 61, page 267.

In one of his letters addressed to his friends in Germany he says: "These wild men, who never in their life heard Christ's teachings about temperance and contentment, herein far surpass the Christians. They live far more contented and unconcerned for the morrow. They do not overreach in trade. They know nothing of our everlasting pomp and stylishness. They neither curse nor swear, are temperate in food and drink, and if any of them get drunk,

the mouth-Christians are at fault, who, for the sake of accursed lucre, sell them strong drink.

Again he wrote in 1698 to his father that he finds the Indians reasonable people, willing to accept good teaching and manners, evincing an inward piety toward God, and more eager, in fact, to understand things divine than many among you who in the pulpit teach Christ in word, but by ungodly life deny him.

"It is evident," says Professor Seideustecker, "Pastorius holds up the Indian as Nature's unspoiled child to the eyes of the 'European Babel,' somewhat after the same manner in which Tacitus used the barbarian *Germani* to shame his degenerate countrymen."

As believers in the universality of the Saving Light, the outlook of early Friends upon the heathen was a very cheerful and hopeful one. God was as near to them as to Jew or Anglo-Saxon; as accessible at Timbuctoo as at Rome or Geneva. Not the letter of Scripture, but the spirit which dictated it, was of saving efficacy. Robert Barclay is nowhere more powerful than in his argument for the salvation of the heathen, who live according to their light, without knowing even the name of Christ. William Penn thought Socrates as good a Christian as Richard Baxter. Early Fathers of the Church, as Origen and Justin Martyr, held broader views on this point than modern Evangelicals. Even Augustine, from whom Calvin borrowed his theology, admits that he has no controversy with the admirable philosophers, Plato and Plotinus. "Nor do I think," he says in *De Civ. Dei*, lib. xviii., cap. 47, "that the Jews dare affirm that none belonged unto God but the Israelites."

NOTE 62, page 279.

"Thou'ldst me of a story told
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold."

The incident here referred to is related in a note to Bernardin Henri Saint Pierre's *Étude de la Nature*.

"We arrived at the habitation of the Hermits a little before they sat down to their table, and while they were still at church. J. J. Rousseau proposed to me to offer up our devotions. The hermits were reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayers to God, and the hermits were proceeding to the refectory, Rousseau said to me, with his heart overflowing, 'At this moment I experience what is said in the gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a feeling of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul.' I said, 'If Fenelon had lived, you would have been a Catholic.' He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'O, if Fenelon were alive, I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lackey!'"

In my sketch of Saint Pierre, it will be seen that I have somewhat antedated the period of his old age. At that time he was not probably more than fifty. In describing him, I have by no means exaggerated his own history of his mental condition at the period of the story. In

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the fragmentary Sequel to his Studies of Nature, he thus speaks of himself: "The ingratitude of those of whom I had deserved kindness, unexpected family misfortunes, the total loss of my small patrimony through enterprises solely undertaken for the benefit of my country, the debts under which I lay oppressed, the blasting of all my hopes,—these combined calamities made dreadful inroads upon my health and reason. . . . I found it impossible to continue in a room where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. When alone, my malady subsided. I felt myself likewise at ease in places where I saw children only. At the sight of any one walking up to the place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated, and retired. I often said to myself, 'My sole study has been to merit well of mankind; why do I fear them?'"

He attributes his improved health of mind and body to the counsels of his friend, J. J. Rousseau. "I rejoined," says he, "my books. I threw my eyes upon the works of nature, which spoke to all my senses a language which neither time nor nations have it in their power to alter. Therefore my histories and my journals were the herbage of the fields and meadows. My thoughts did not go forth painfully after them, as in the case of human systems; but their thoughts, under a thousand engaging forms, quietly sought me. In these I studied, without effort, the laws of that Universal Wisdom which had surrounded me from the cradle, but on which heretofore I had bestowed little attention."

Speaking of Rousseau, he says: "I derived inexpressible satisfaction from his society. What I prized still more than his genius, was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters, tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you could, with perfect security, confide your most secret thoughts. . . . Even when he deviated, and became the victim of himself or of others, he could forget his own misery in devotion to the welfare of mankind. He was uniformly the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb these affecting words from that Book of which he carried always about him some select passages, during the last years of his life: *His sins, which are many, are forgiven, for he loved much.*"

NOTE 63, page 280.

"Like that the gray-haired sea-king passed."

Dr. Hooker, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his expedition of 1841, thus describes the appearance of that unknown land of frost and fire which was seen in latitude 77° south,—a stupendous chain of mountains, the whole mass of which, from its highest point to the ocean was covered with everlasting snow and ice:—

"The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast was one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden

yellow and scarlet; and then, to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfect unbroken column, one side jet-black, the other giving back the colours of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward! This was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated, under the guidance of our commander, into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of his hand."

NOTE 64, page 285.

"The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these,—inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy."—*R. Saccho*.

NOTE 65, page 207.

Chaikley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., the residence of THOMAS CHALKLEY, an eminent minister of the Friends' denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his Journal, which was published in 1749, presents a quaint but beautiful picture of a life of anostentations and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the West Indies and Great Britain, omitted no opportunity to labour for the highest interests of his fellow-men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1838, the quiet and beautiful scenery around the ancient village of Frankford frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city.

NOTE 66, page 311.

August. Soliloq. cap. xxxi. "Interrogare Terram," &c.

NOTE 67, page 321.

Lucy Hooper died at Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged 24 years.

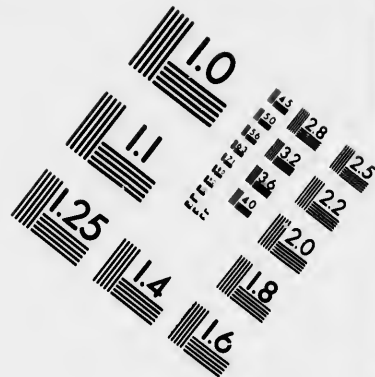
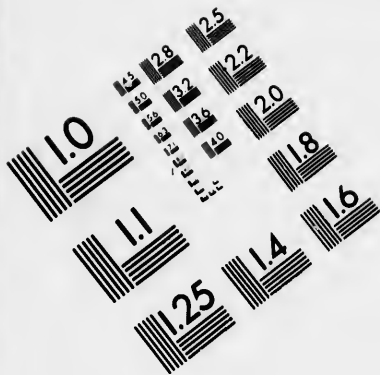
NOTE 68, page 324.

Winnipisegoe: "Smile of the Great Spirit."

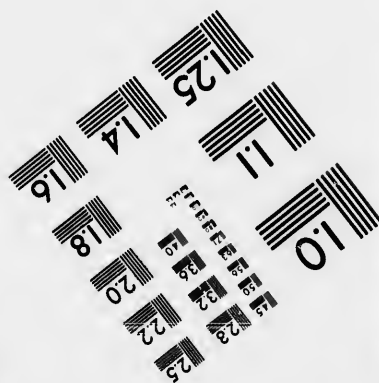
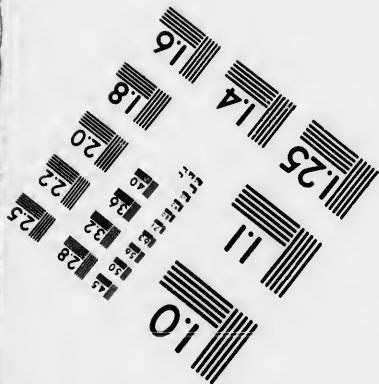
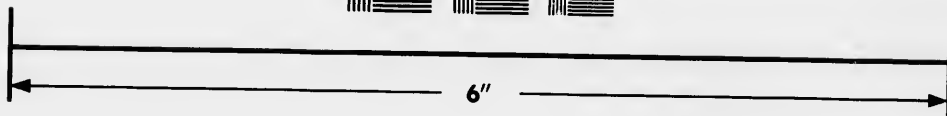
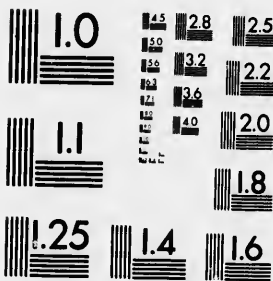
NOTE 69, page 327.

Pennant, in his "Voyage to the Hebrides" describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.





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NOTE 70, page 328.

The reader of the Biography of the late William Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Komilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe, in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend, Stephen Grellett

NOTE 71, page 335

The election of Charles Sumner to the U. S. Senate "followed hard upon" the rendition of the fugitive Sims by the U. S. officials and the armed police of Boston

NOTE 73, page 342.

This ballad was originally published in a prose work of the author's, as the song of a wandering Milesian schoolmaster.

In the seventeenth century, slavery in the New World was by no means confined to the natives of Africa. Political offenders and criminals were transported by the British government to the plantations of Barbadoes and Virginia, where they were sold like cattle in the market. Kidnapping of free and innocent white persons was practised to a considerable extent in the seaports of the United King dom

NOTE 74, page 345

"Homilies from Oldbug bear."

Dr. W. —, author of "The Psalter," under the name of Jonathan Oldbug

NOTE 75, page 369.

A letter from England, in the *Friends' Review*, says: "Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of

mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gunboats of the Allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them."

NOTE 76, page 373.

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

NOTE 77, page 378.

"Too late I loved Thee, O Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! And lo! Thou wert within, and I abroad searching for thee. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee."—*August. Soliloq.*, Book X.

NOTE 78, page 378.

"And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death: but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: And in that I saw the infinite Love of God."—*George Fox's Journal*.

NOTE 79, page 383

The massacre of unarmed and unoffending men, in Southern Kansas, took place near the Marais du Cygne of the French *voyageurs*

NOTE 80, page 396.

Lieutenant Herndon's Report of the Exploration of the Amazon has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indian guides called it "The Cry of a Lost Soul!"



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vat, with a view to ob-

page 373.

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