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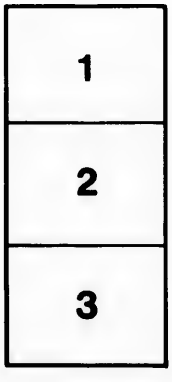

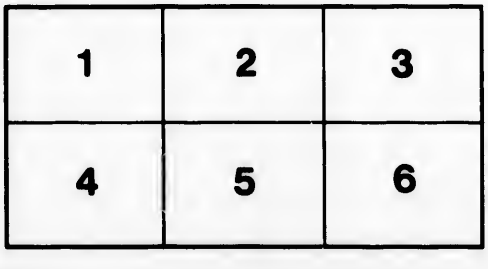

POEMS

BY

SULLIVAN C. KIMBALL.

ALBANY:
J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.
1858.

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I INSCRIBE THIS VOLUME

TO MY FRIEND,

WILLIAM J. GEARON,

AS A MARK OF RESPECT

FOR HIS VIRTUES

AND LOVE OF LITERATURE.

S. C. K.

TO THE READER.

It may seem an audacious and unwise step, for one still in his teens, to present to the public a volume of poems written impromptu and sent to the press almost without a correction. I confess to have not very deliberately considered the result of the affair. But little more than a month ago, I first conceived the idea of writing enough, with the few poems which I had before composed, to make a small book. Ten minutes decided the plan, and one month has executed the work. The cogent reasons which induced me to undertake such a task, I think are sufficient, though not of interest to the reader. I would have been pleased if some scholar could have examined the pieces before they had been published, but my humble circumstances prevented it. If errors should be found, as doubtless some will, I can only beg the reader to pass over them as lightly as pos-

sible, considering that they were committed by a boy, the greater part of whose life has been spent in manual labor. If no merit shall appear in the poems, please let the book die quietly; but if it should afford either profit or pleasure to the reader, it will not be in vain that I have written. SULLIVAN C. KIMBALL.

Albany, February 1st, 1858.

CONTENTS.

POEMS.

AN INDIAN STORY.

CANOCH.

Father, methinks strange dreams now fill thy mind,
Of days, when thou in prime of life didst chase,
The bounding roe through flowering vale and mead,
Or when the deadly strife raged fierce and hot,
When valiant warriors slew, and then were slain.
Else why unconscious clench thine aged hand?
Or make those undimm'd eyes so brightly flash?
And aged sire, how came thine ankles scarr'd?
Those deep drawn circles round thy comely wrists?
While yet thy memory fails thee not, nor speech,
Tell me these things, so strange and yet untold,
Whether by nature wrought or otherwise.

LOUKTAN.

My son, thou art a man of many years,
And snow white locks already do appear,
Upon thy head, once clad as black as jet,
Yet these same furrow'd rings, you see, were made
Long ere thy father had begotten thee;
When not a spire in yonder valley rose,
Where now a score are pointing up to God.

Ah! then these hills were clothed with countless
flocks,
These valleys cover'd now with verdant corn,
Were but the sylvan haunts of fox and deer,
That fearless dwelt among the forest pines.
Then birds and beasts that God had made for food
Throng'd every hill and every woody vale,
While fishes fill'd each river, brook and pond,
Whose names the hunter now not even knows.
White men at first were very, very few.
And begg'd a narrow piece of land to till,
To save their wives and little ones from death;
Nor had the red men learn'd to drive away
The hungry beggar from his cabin door;
So he those strangers bid remain in peace,
For then there were good lands enough for both.
But soon the white men grew and multiplied,
And built strong forts of wood and granite stone,
The like had Indians never seen before,
The use of which they could not even guess.
Yet *now* they *know*, and they too late have learn'd,
That white men *say* but *mean* another thing.
Long, long ago, when I was but a boy,
The white men call'd a *muster*, as they said,
When all the youths assembled on a plain,
To fight in sport with cannons and with guns,
With which they made a roaring noise and smoke,
But neither hit nor hurt each other, they.
The red men also came to view the scene,
Or if they pleased to join the sportive throng.
I with my gun and well fill'd powder-horn,
Along with twenty score of forest braves,
Did go, with pale-faced youths indeed to learn,
To fire the musket and with speed to load,
So that in hunting I'd be more expert,

Nor let the deer unharm'd escape my sight.
We all were taught to turn both right and left,
And what the Major said, to do forthwith.
The red men soon were station'd in a square,
And pale-faced warriors placed on every side.
Wild horror fill'd each Indian hunter's breast,
As he beheld himself a *prisoner.*
In vain to think of flight; for round us stood,
A tripple row of bristling bayonets;
In vain to fight; for powder was alone
The charge our useless guns chanced to contain,
While every musket that a pale-face held,
Was loaded well with powder and with shot.
Our guns, we then in silent rage gave up,
And march'd to town before our *conquerors.*
There we were put in gloomy dungeons dark,
To wait our sentence and receive the doom,
Our captors might for us see fit to give.
We were commanded to be sold as slaves,
To serve strange masters in a foreign land.
Then we were put in iron fetters strong,
And manacles our wrists did closely join.
Thus then, my son, these circles deep were made,
Around my wrists when I was *call'd* a slave;
For *never* did that nervous arm perform,
The base and servile tasks of slavery.
Not weight of chains, nor dungeon's gloom,
Can make a *man* a brute and slave become.
I will not tell thee what I suffer'd, when
Beneath the tropic sun of foreign climes,
I long'd again to see my native land.
Across the boundless water, I had seen,
A hundred moons increase and wane,
Before I heard a kind and friendly word,
From one who wish'd to set a bondman free.

But when my keeper ask'd and learn'd the way,
That I by fraud and treachery was sold,
He said that I, in peace again, should see,
The land where I in infancy had play'd.
The next East wind that fill'd a spreading sail,
Did drive the ship in which I was return'd,
To this my ever lovely father-land,
Where since in quiet I have happy dwelt.

CANOCH.

But father, what became of all the rest,
Who like yourself by treachery were sold,
To toil for foreign lord against their will,
In vineyards or in mines beneath the ground?
And what of him who by foul stratagem,
Perform'd a deed so base and dastardly,
Against allies, who were at perfect peace,
With him indeed as well as all mankind?

LOUKTAN.

Ah! very coldly flows my chilling blood,
As to my mind you call those sad events;
For many years have silent pass'd away,
Since I have told or heard these gloomy tales,
Those captives all, who like myself were sold,
Spent many dismal nights and tedious days.
With fetters and with manacles weigh'd down,
Or in the stocks of loathsome prisons bound.
Yet after years of cruel slavery,
In which they suffer'd brands and servile stripes.
And every torture, which a fiend invents,
To make the sinews of a manly arm,
Return a lucre that can gratify,
The selfish passions of a vile poltroon,

All, save a few who were by cruelties
Of fierce oppression slain, returned home.
The Major, who had sold the Indian youths,
Supposed they all were slaves in distant lands;
When on a certain dark and cloudy night
Two lonely squaws rapp'd at the Major's door.
Twice seven years had come and gone again,
Since he had call'd the muster of the youths,
Which turn'd to him for glory, but to them,
A source of passing grief, and woe untold;
The Major rose and ope'd the grating door,
Which massive swung between the walls of stone,
And bade the squaws to enter in his house,
To warm themselves and tell the news they'd brought
Him from his forest brothers ever true.
They told him all was well, and ask'd him what,
If full five hundred Indians came that night,
An aged man like him could do alone?
"Be not afraid," the boasting Major said,
"The wave of that right arm shall bring to hand,
A hundred men as brave as breathe the air,
So let your sleep be calm and sound to-night."
Then all retired as they were wont to do,
And soon deep sleep enshrouds them all save two,
The squaws indeed, who silently arose,
Then with a noiseless hand unbarr'd the door,
And gave a whistle shrill and full well known,
To those who waited for the appointed hour,
To take the Major and his garrison.
In rush the very band of warriors, who,
At muster train'd just fourteen years before;
They seize the Major now infirm'd with years,
And on the parlor table place him, while,
His hoarded gold is scatter'd on the floor,

To be the prize of him, who first could pick
The shining dollars as they roll around.
When they the spoils had divided thus,
They ask'd the Major if he knew the day,
When they together all, had met to train,
And then each one, across the old man's flesh,
Drew twice his knife and passing as he said:
"Thus my accounts I now cross out with thee."

TO THE HUDSON.

Come tell to me, thou wand'rer,
Thou symbol so sublime,
Of men and nations passing,
Of swiftly flying time.

How long hast thou been rolling
Thine amber tides along?
The prattling child, the old man
United ask—*How long?*

Dost thou well remember when
Thy grassy banks were green,
Erst thou the towering oak,
Or lofty pine had seen?

And canst thou now remember,
The painted chieftain, who
First paddled o'er thy bosom
The birchen bark canoe?

If thou wilt tell us these things,
And light our darken'd mind,
Our highest admiration
Thou shalt forever find.

Ah! stranger, thou dost ask me
What heaven hath conceal'd,
What thy fathers tell thee not,
And books have not reveal'd.

I would I were permitted
To tell thee what was seen,
When first I laved the dry ground
The new made fields between.

When the primeval forests
First sprung up by degrees,
And when the feather'd songsters
First dwelt among the trees.

Long ere the dauntless Hudson
Gave me his honor'd name,
By which, to distant ages,
He'll hand his spotless fame.

A truth I tell thee stranger,
That God, who bid me flow,
Hast told thee by tradition
All that 'tis right to know.

THE SLAVE.

A throng of men, assembled, scan
  The crowded market way,
No work is done in New Orleans,
  An auction's there to-day.
A ship of Africans has come,
  The sale begins at one,
Which is to cheer or grieve the heart
  Of many a sable son.

Among the crowd of slaves that stand
  The auction block around,
A Chieftain's there of royal blood
  Now gazing on the ground;
His noble look and kingly air
  Attract the viewer's eye,
While each resolves, perchance he can,
  The princely slave to buy.

A merchant comes among the crowd,
  In wealth without a peer,
Who often buys without regard
  To prices cheap or dear;
The conquer'd Chieftain mounts the stand,
  Bid after bid they gave,
Until the surly salesman said,
  "He is the merchant's slave."

The merchant gazed upon the Chief
And ask'd him whence he came,
And what might be his parentage,
Also his father's name.
For in his face he thought he saw
A look he'd seen before,
He knew not on what distant isle,
Or on what foreign shore.

The Prince replied: "Thou art my lord,
I am a Christian's slave,
My father reigns in Barbary,
His faithful clan and brave;
The name of Lion King he bears,
A terror to his foe,
A true and faithful friend is he,
As all his allies know.

"Once when the winds blew fierce and rough,
Across the sea and moor,
A merchantman was broken up
Just off Sahara's shore;
The crew escaped a watery grave
By swimming to the land,
To die of thirst and hunger there,
Upon the desert sand.

"My father with his trusty band
Of mounted warriors brave,
Who fear'd not men of mortal race
Nor terrors of the grave,
By chance did meet these wanderers
Oppress'd by hunger sore,
Not having tasted food or drink
For full eight days and more.

"He told those friendless, starving men
His bread they all should share,
And for their life and happiness
His faithful band would care,
Until a ship should chance to come
Along that desert strand,
In which they might embark again
For their dear father-land.

"Or, if it pleased th' unlucky crew
To go away before,
A trusty band of warriors should
Attend them to the shore,
Where foreign vessels always touch
Upon a certain day,
And thus they might in peace depart
To North America.

"My father gave to me the charge
With fifty chosen men,
I led them to the nearest port
In seven days and ten;
And that's the last I ever saw
Or heard of that sad crew;
But one of them—Oh, can it be!
Look'd very like to you."

The merchant fell upon his knees
Before his new-bought slave,
And freedom, as he wept for joy,
Unto the Prince he gave;
While pardon for his countrymen
In grief he did implore:
"How could a Christian people steal
A prince from Afric's shore?"

"Thou shalt a brother dwell with me,
Or if it doth thee please,
A ship of mine shall bear thee home
Where streams and hearts ne'er freeze,
But where the orange and the date
Among the spices grow,
And gold dust glitters on the plains
Instead of ice and snow."

The Prince replied, "I pardon all
The wrongs they've done to me,
But freedom for my brother slaves
I can but long to see;
And while hot blood shall course these veins,
Until the day I die,
To see my kinsmen all set free
This faithful heart will sigh.

"I long to see my native land,
The place where I was born;
I love it better than your own,
So rich in crops of corn.
Just so did you my father-land
Behold with light esteem,
When borne away to cotton-fields,
In many a homesick dream."

The Prince then sail'd across the sea
To meet his cherish'd band,
Despising Southern rice-swamps
Beside his native land;
But sad was he to leave behind,
In manacles and chains,
Three millions of his fellow men,
To toil for others' gains.

JOHN STARK.

There was a time when Grecian bards could sing
The noble deeds of hero, god and king,
And with the Lesbian lyre pleased to tell,
How great Achilles bravely fought and fell.
Nor then did Helicon's least son repine,
Inspired not by smiles of the gracious Nine.
Then may a lover of the muse recite,
The famous deeds of a Londonderry wight,
In whose veins coursed old Scotland's noblest blood,
Whence came his ancestors across the flood,
To plant a city in the Western wild,
Where they might dwell beneath the scepter mild
Of Liberty. John Stark, a hunter true
Went out (as pioneers are wont to do)
With a keen rifle and a faithful guide,
To thread the gloomy forest far and wide,
In quest of shrewd fox and swift-footed roe,
That shyly shunn'd the Indian lance and bow.
Not many furlongs from that woodgirt vill,
Through a dense thicket flows a gurgling rill,
Hard by, beneath the bows of a hemlock tree,
Lay a scout of the wild Abenaqui.
A savage warwhoop rends the morning breeze,
As dusky forms dart from among the trees,
And by a sudden contest fierce but short,
Stark and his friend obtain a new escort.
O'er hills and through vales, by day and by night,
The stern Abenaqui urge on their flight.
Now when they to their distant nation came,

Their captives they show and talk of their fame,
While praising them, the captors grim suggest,
The race of gantlet as one of the best,
Their speed to try. Long lines of youth prepare,
Not to behold but in the sport to share.
Stark's hot blood boils, his faithful friend to save,
While he forgets he is himself a *slave*.
He takes a club and fells the dark throng,
He runs the gantlet but free from the thong;
The chiefs raise shoutings, right glad to behold,
One that was valiant and one that was bold,
Yet to enhance their sport and end the show,
They tell the prisoner, their corn he must hoe.
The dauntless slave beneath their sullen gaze,
Leaving the *weeds*, with zeal cuts up the *maize*.
All vote as one man when this they did see
To make Stark chieftain of th' Abenaqui.
Amazed was each one in that counsel ring,
To hear a *slave* refuse to be their *king*.
Soon for a price their prisoners they sold,
Calling each one five hundred franks in gold.
Stark quitted with joy his Canadian home
And in three days to Derryfield he came.
To his old saw mill, he once more returns
And by his own hands, his bread daily earns,
Happy to lead a quiet miller's life,
Free from the dangers and hardships of strife.
Now border warfare was brought to a close,
While peace and plenty crown'd the sweet repose.
When lo! a tyrant great proclaims afar
To all who dwell in North America,
That they must give way to what he thinks best,
Nor fail in doing what he may request.
Great king George finding his proud threats in vain
Does his fierce anger in nowise restrain,

But sends his minions vile to rob and slay
All those who had denied his savage sway,
Stark calls his townsmen their homes to defend,
And not beneath a yoke their free necks bend.

On Bunker's hill no patriot was there,
In dangers and hardships more free to share,
Than he who ere in Indian wars had won
A name as bright as Telamon's brave son.
At Trenton, Stark did battle on the field,
Where then the redcoats' doom was firmly seal'd,
Again at Princeton, he won in the fight,
And gave his country fresh hope and delight;
Nor did the fluttering Eaglet safely soar,
Free from the grim sound of fierce Lion's roar,
While paltry Hessians, Vandal like descend,
The cause of King George for gold to defend,
The yeomen rise up once more to declare,
The yoke of slaves they'll never deign to bear.
Each his knapsack around himself then girds
As brave Stark utters these undying words:
"Those redcoats yonder, ere the evening shadow,
Must be ours, boys, or Molly Stark's a widow."
Shouts thrice repeated echo then afar,
While the door of the morning smiles ajar,
The Hessians and Tories yield the day,
Nor would they stand to be shot at for pay.
Stark served his country till the contest closed,
With Freedom's triumph and death to her foes.
But should we wait each famous deed to tell,
Our humble lay would to a volume swell.
Then let's remember with profound delight,
The man of nerve, the general of might,
And in all coming time his praise shall rise,
From those who may admire the great and wise.

NEW YEAR.

Hail! happy day returning,
Thou leader of the year,
To gladden all thy children
And those that weep to cheer.

Like to the weaver's shuttle,
Thy visit thou dost make,
And did not Sun and Moon count,
Thy comings we'd mistake.

Let thy propitious advent
The sons of men advise,
To watch the proffer'd blessing
That in the future lies.

Ye faint hearts learn, by ceasing
To worry and to fret,
That fish as good are swimming
As ever fill'd a net;

That birds as rare are flying
As ever Stickney shot;
That fields are left for ploughing,
Like Adam's famous lot;

That bears as fat are loafing
In many shady dales,
As ever felt the tickling
Of Crockett's well pared nails;

That deer as fine are crouching
  Beneath the forest tree,
As ever lined the ladder
  Of th' wild Abenaqui;

That suns as bright for shining
  Are yet to rise and set,
As ever shone at Tibur,
  Or dried a fisher's net.

Teach men to woo contentment,
  That balm of every bane,
Without which endless pleasure
  Becomes perpetual pain.

Teach him to cherish virtue,
  And love for all mankind;
For by our loving others,
  We love alone can find.

We welcome all thy teachings,
  Thou harbinger of truth;
Instructor of our old age
  And teacher of our youth.

We welcome thee, dispeller
  Of every grief and fear,
Thou parent of our happy,
  Our happiest New Year.

OUR COUNTRY'S CHANGE.

In days of yore our worthy fathers did
Such noble deeds in this Republic, that
The world declared no land could then produce
More heroes than our own America.
Men fear'd disgrace, which comes from evil deeds
Or treachery, the worst of mortal crimes;
Nor dared the office holder to despise
The people, in whose hands the country is.
So 'twas when brave John Paulding, with two friends,
Disdeign'd to trifle with the sacred trust
Committed to their hands in time of war;
Nor could an insult greater then be known
Than for a foe of human liberty
To try to bribe a sterling patriot.
So 'twas when Washington, the great and good,
Gave to the people what they e'er had own'd,
What tyrants wrested from them—Liberty.
So 'twas when Jackson quell'd the nullifying clique
Which set at nought the nation's chosen laws,
And bid defiance to the people's will;
His name stands forth in bold relief as one,
Who for his country's weal could sacrifice
That fleeting bubble—Popularity.
But now, alas! what sort of men command
The mighty ship of this great commonwealth?
Do men of virtue represent the bar
Of justice, where the rich and poor alike,
The humblest beggar and the proudest lord,

Should stand to get with speed their true deserts?
Do men of talent and integrity
Go forth to make the people equal laws?
Or do the drunken and the profligate
Receive preferment at the people's hands?
What spot within this wide extended land
Is so corrupted and disgraced by crime
As that great city named for Washington?
There bloody and debasing deeds abound,
That might well make the wildest heathen blush,
If in his nation they had e'er occurr'd.
There bribes indeed are tender'd and received
For votes on questions, greater than the which
Can not before a mighty nation come;
Like *votes* were but a thing of merchandise
A banker's bill e'en, or a note of hand.
Thus men, engaged in making rules that are
To be the laws of millions yet unborn,
Act with regard as little as would boys,
Who wish'd to build a snow fort for the day.
They heed not now the great examples set
By men of stern and simple habits, who
Watch'd o'er with zeal their cherish'd country's good,
Unmindful of all personal concerns.
The PEOPLE must in majesty *arise*
And drive each "loafer" from the public crib,
Then will the nation, purged from vices, stand
Approved before the people and their God.

WINTER.

Stern Winter comes, now knocking,
  Now knocking at our door,
We hear his wonted whistle,
  We hear his sullen roar.

We would not put thee off, friend,
  No longer have thee wait,
Lest thy delay should alter
  The faultless ways of Fate.

We welcome thee to teach us
  The varying course of life;
How when in ease and quiet,
  To look for wars and strife.

Since every virtue preludes
  A corresponding vice;
So may the fall of nations
  Be shadow'd at their rise.

Welcome, thou hoary teacher,
  To tell by thine own gloom,
How all in youth and beauty
  Are hast'ning to the tomb.

THINK OF THE POOR.

When the cold winds howl around
And snow conceals the frozen ground,
    Think of the poor,
    Whom hunger sore
Oppresses with a deadly grasp.

When seated round the bounteous board
Which opulence may well afford,
    Think of the poor,
    Whose scanty store
Is scarce enough to nourish life.

When clothed in garments finely wrought,
E'en from a foreign country brought,
    Think of the poor,
    Hard by your door,
Whose forms old rags but half conceal.

When seated near your blazing fire
Or list'ning to the tuneful lyre,
    Think of the poor,
    Who from the moor
Can listen to but howling winds.

While in the land they may remain,
Let every citizen and swain
    Think of the poor,
    The worthy poor,
Who need a brother's helping hand.

BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

Now Xerxes, king of Persia proud,
  Muster'd a mighty host;
To exterminate the valiant Greeks
  He made his luckless boast.

Not to avenge an injury,
  But to extend his sway,
And make the bravest of the brave
  Tribute and homage pay.

When he led from his Eastern realm
  Two million men and more,
The mightiest nations trembled then
  As ne'er they'd done before.

All hearts grew faint before the king
  And quickly bow'd each knee,
Until he met the Spartan braves
  At the pass, Thermopylæ.

Leonidas had mustered,
  And led his Spartan band
Against th' invading enemy
  To guard his father-land.

From such as might have living sons
  T' immortalize their name,
He chose three hundred yeomanry,
  Like patriots they came.

When, that an army, Xerxes heard,
Was coming to contend,
To learn their number and their name
He faithful spies did send.

The spies unnoticed learn with ease
Whatever they would know,
And to declare a full report
To Xerxes they did go.

The king pronounced it folly great
For them so few to stay,
And waited full three days and more
To see them run away.

To the proud king's astonishment,
They quitted not their post,
But waited for opposing him
E'en with his mighty host.

Xerxes enraged with fury great
Commands the Medes to place
Th' insulting puny Spartan band
Before him face to face.

The Medic army rushes bold
T' obey the king's commands,
Its number most resembled there,
The countless sea-shore sands.

The Spartan band of heroes brave,
With sabers long and bright,
Mow down th' advancing columns quick,
Or scatter them in flight.

The king then sent his body guards
To succor them with speed,
And on the bold "immortal troops"
Hydarnes quick did lead.

But they were roughly handled too
And in flight quickly sown,
While Xerxes king, in terror great
Twice leap'd up off his throne.

The king was greatly troubled then
And knew not what to do,
For the Spartan braves repulsed him
And many brave men slew.

Now, a Trachinian poltroon
(Epialtes was his name),
Made known to him another pass
And pointed out the same.

(Woe to the brute in human form,
Who but for gold dust sand,
Betrays to foreign tyranny
His lovely father-land.)

Hydarnes, then the king commands,
With a traitor for his guide,
To cross the lofty mountain there
Toward the southern side.

Hydarnes finds the Spartan band,
Unmoved as he draws nigh,
Determined to protect their homes
And like brave men to die.

Their spears already broken up
And bathed in royal gore,
They rallied round Leonidas
For once but never more.

Forward they rush with sword in hand
To meet the welcomed grave,
For joy they thought it there to die
Their father-land to save.

The contest closed, the deed was done,
Not a Spartan soul was there,
Their bodies were upon the ground,
Their spirits in the air.

Thrice blessed are the mothers, who
To heroes such, gave birth;
Oh! where is valor in the land?
Such courage on the earth?

Thrice honor'd is the nation brave
To which they do belong,
Their names shall live in history,
Their deeds in epic song.

THE CROW.

Ye poets, sing the dove,
The sleepless nightingale,
The bobolink and lark
And e'en the drumming quail.

But sing ye in sunshine,
For e'er the north winds blow,
Your beauties fly from you
And southerly they go.

Departing they leave you
Through winter all alone,
Their beauty bright to sing,
And their long absence moan.

Like friends who in success
Quite numberless abound,
When persecutions rise
Not one is to be found.

Through Winter's cold and gloom
Of beating hail and snow,
Among the green pine tops
Sits e'er the dauntless Crow.

In spite of all your scorn
United with your law,
That sable bird stays here
And greets you with a "caw."

Put up all your scarecrows
And do the best you can,
The Crow will "caw" at you
Not noticing your ban.

SUNSET.

The day is far spent,
  The sun is low down,
The brow of the evening
  Will soon don its crown.

Just look o'er yon mount,
  Its half phase is seen,
Slowly now hiding
  Its face clear and sheen.

The shadows now fly
  With speed of the fawn,
And in the distance
  They soon will be gone.

From yon horizon
  The bright sun is fled,
The west is now deck'd
  With crimson and red.

The monarch of light
  Departs on his way,
With promise to give
  To us a new day.

THE TRIO'S ADVICE.

I'd often heard it gravely said,
And e'en the same thing I had read,
That boys must take wise men's advice,
If they would in true knowledge rise,
Or if they free from troubles sore,
Would pass life's devious journey o'er.
Now I desirous was to learn,
Truth from falsehood to discern,
As also certainly to know,
Whether this thing was not or so;
And to prevent the least mistake,
I three experiments did make.
The labor was by no means small,
Yet I will now record it all,
To save each one the same hard task,
Who would desire advice to ask
Of those most wise and sagely men,
Who wield the shovel or the pen.

Upon a lovely Summer morn,
I met a farmer hoeing corn;
With ruddy cheeks and brawny arm,
He loved to till his fertile farm;
Four stalwart boys, a blooming wife,
To make complete the joys of life,
Were his, with all that he admired.
No better fortune he desired,
Than on his flocks and herds to gaze
And till his fields of verdant maize.

I asked him how that men should live?
If he would deign advice to give,
E'en so that I might comprehend
On what the joys of life depend.
Now with a look, a little wry,
He closed tight his left grey eye,
And slightly raising up his head,
Me answering, he thus then said:

"I've studied long and learned well my boy,
To know the spring of every woe and joy,
Yet I'm aware that some think men are fools,
Who have not been brought up in noted schools,
To learn by rule each cunning subtile trick
And that strange art which they call rhetoric,
By which they tell not briefly what they'd say,
But in a circuitous and mystic way;
Than thus, an orator had better speak
In Choctaw language or in Greek.
I've learn'd to tell men better by their looks,
Than by their speeches, or their polish'd books,
So better far I know when deeds declare,
Than words, ere cull'd with most assiduous care.
Would you live happy from this very day,
Spend not your time in vanity and play;
Nor fare upon too rich and dainty food,
Lest o'er thy form by night fierce vultures brood,
Or while you're scanning sights mysterious,
You fall deep down in direful Tartarus;
But let employment occupy your days,
With simple meals, and corresponding ways;
Then ev'ry joy you surely may possess
And happiness your future days shall bless."
This then the happy farmer said,
And slightly bow'd again his head.

I thank'd him for his kind advice,
Above the rubies far in price,
And left him there to till the ground,
A happier man than oft is found.

The doctor next I chanced to meet,
Who understood his art complete,
The broken limb to amputate,
The system all to regulate;
Indeed great cures he'd often wrought,
He'd heal'd the sick of ev'ry sort.
He'd also learn'd the way to please,
As well as cruel pains to ease.
Him I then ask'd the proper ways,
Of spending well c. . eeting days,
So that we may not e'er repent,
That we our time have illy spent.
The doctor as a moral guide,
Then with a learned air replied:

"I think it is but right, young friend, to state,
That I am ever wont to medicate
Each healing dose, that I so oft prescribe
To sickly patients of the human tribe.
Nor yet is it to me a given task,
To answer questions such as you now ask,
But I will speak just as it seems to me,
Regarding not abstruse philosophy.
Be always affable and as polite
To humble laborer and rustic wight,
As to the ostentatious millionaire,
Who lounges in his softly cushion'd chair,
Despising men as good, e'en as himself,
But lacking only hoarded heaps of pelf.

No man's opinion good or bad, dispute,
Yet rather be considerately mute,
Unless to you his words by chance refer,
E'en then 'tis better quiet to demur,
If reputation fair is not at stake;
But when 'tis so, a firm defence then make,
For wars and quarrels always bring such ills
That we in vain administer our pills;
Since we have not succeeded yet to find
A medicine to heal a wounded mind.
Live by these principles and similar;
Let Virtue be your constant guiding star,
Then unto you with years shall long increase
The pleasant fruits of harmony and peace."
Thus did the doctor then reveal
His views of gaining joy and weal,
And taught to shun the ills most rife,
Which take away the bliss of life.

My legal friend did next explain
The antidote of ev'ry pain,
Which as he thought each one could draw
From living scenes and books of law:
" I've often gain'd the guilty rascal's cause
And saved him from the vengeance of the laws,
While I have sometimes seen the innocent
Receive the strokes of unjust punishment.
Thus I have learn'd to try as hard to save
The guilty loafer and the heartless knave,
As those who ne'er a wrong to any one
In all their life maliciously have done.
Make this for you a never varying rule,
In ev'ry circumstance of life, *keep cool;*
Fret not for that you no way can prevent,
Bear calmly all that is by Fortune sent.

ake evils with an even balanced mind,
an escape you can by no means find;
ear not those ills that yet are far away,
or they may vanish ere another day;
ut do they come you bear them once nor more
hile if you fear, you bear them ten times o'er.
hen Fortune grants success, let joy be great;
o then yourself, with pleasure freely sate.
njoy life's blessings as they come and go,
et each to you another one foreshow.
o pleasing hope most firmly always cling,
y the "smoothe handle" taking every thing.
hese sentiments with zealous mind retain
nd they'll ensure you a perpetual gain,
coupled with an energetic will
ll opposition speedily to kill."
he lawyer said, indeed as though
e did these things most surely know;
r by experience he had found
ach one to be correct and sound.
hus farmer, doctor, lawyer wise
id me then severally advise;
ach told some things 'twere certain true,
or did I all my labor rue.
ow let us never vainly spurn
f any man, a truth to learn;
or who despisingly has scann'd
he diamond though in common sand?
he Trio look'd *from where they stood*,
ach saw the evil and the good.
hus all upon this life do gaze,
ut each beholds a different phase.

SPRING.

Welcome, thou genial Spring again,
  While Notus gently blows,
And the meridian rays sustain,
  The murm'ring brook that flows.

Welcome, ye transitory birds,
  We've waited for you long,
We've miss'd you 'mong the hardier herds,
  We've miss'd your tuneful song.

Welcome, ye pleasant showers of rain
  In lieu of hail and snow,
To wash away each blot and stain
  From smiling Nature's brow.

No longer let the ploughman stay
  Before the blazing fire,
No longer on the lute to play,
  Or on the peaceful lyre.

The flocks no longer huddle round
  The stall they used to fill,
But grazing on the meadow ground,
  Or on the distant hill.

All Nature seems so blithe and gay
  With nothing to annoy,
That one would almost think or say,
  "This world is one of joy."

Then let our ountless praises rise
To Father of us all,
Who dwells above the azure skies
And blesseth great and small.

Then let us live and learn to love
The God of Nature more,
To whom we hope to go above,
As taught in sacred lore.

ICELAND.

There is a little rocky isle
Away'n the frozen zone,
Amid cold Arctic waves, she stands
In solitude alone.

Her mountains, ever clad with snow,
In majesty arise
Toward the sailor's guiding star,
Implanted in the skies.

Beneath these lofty monuments
Eternal blazes glow;
And from their summits bound in ice,
Oft boiling liquids flow.

Among these mountains drear and cold
A happy people dwell;
Since ev'ry nation on the globe
In virtue they excel.

They have no silver bright, nor gold
To tempt the robber's eyes;
The tyrant sees no treasure there,
To make a worthy prize.

The Icelanders contented live,
As taught in Holy Word
And for each blessing they receive,
All thanks they give to God.

Each father tells his children, how
Jesus of Bethlehem
Is standing now in paradise
To intercede for them.

How they must live and serve their God,
Who loved them the first,
And now will deign to pardon sins,
The slightest and the worst.

Those Christian people thus have lived
Free from all wars and fears,
For they have not an army seen
These twice three hundred years.

But they, like brothers true, have dwelt
In love with all the world;
And may the flag of war remain
As now, forever furl'd.

May all the nations of the earth
From direful carnage cease,
And look to dreary Iceland's coast
To learn the ways of peace.

To see a people who can live
At peace with one and all,
Who settle not their differences
By sword and musket ball.

NATURE.

How beautiful and strangely fair,
The varied works of Nature are!
The vine clad hills,
The gurgling rills,
That meet the eye most ev'rywhere;

The countless stars that blaze at night,
The moon that shines with borrow'd light,
As on she flies
Along the skies,
A wonderful and pleasing sight.

The flashing lights in beauty glow,
Reflected from the northern snow
That ever stands
In frigid lands,
From which the cold winds always blow.

The rainbow's fair with changing hue
Of orange, purple, red and blue,
That was to Noah,
When floods were o'er,
A sign as marvelous as true.

The fountain rises from the ground,
Its edges o'er with mosses bound,
Giving to man,
Since time began,
The sweetest nectar ever found.

The rivers rushing onward, roll
Toward their common briny goal,
Where they in vain
Try earth to drain,
To that ne'er overflowing bowl.

The boundless and unfathom'd sea,
Fit emblem of eternity,
Forever roars
Along the shores,
E'en from its centre to the lee.

The hills are clothed with many flocks,
With here and there a ledge of rocks,
That doth afford
A safe abode,
Wherein may dwell the wolf and fox.

The trees and flowers that deck the field
And pleasing fragrance ever yield,
Make all to say,
"Thrice bless'd are they,
From whom these things are not conceal'd."

When once these beauties meet the eye,
Of land, or sea, or azure sky,
Each one doth grieve
Such scenes to leave,
And turns away but with a sigh.

THE LABORER.

Since that time when our father Adam sinn'd,
And was to labor doom'd for all his days,
With those that might in future ages dwell
On this terrestrial ball; some men have tried
To live in ease and luxury, and thus
Annul the punishment laid down by God.
Those, who thus strive to change the eternal law,
Do but increase the magnitude of guilt,
That o'er them hangs, and which they expiate
By dismal nightmare with its monsters, that
Press down a stomach fill'd with dainty food,
Which strict obedience can alone digest.

The man who earns by his own hands, the bread
That feeds himself, his wife and little ones,
Although he suffers from the parching heat
Of a meridian sun or piercing cold
Of Winter's chilling blast, yet sleep to him
Comes as the zephyrs on a silent grove,
Or as the darkness spreads its shades across
The level surface of the boundless deep.
No cares or fears harrass his quiet mind,
When he in peace returns from work at night
With conscience clear and calm, just like a lake,
Whose placid bosom not a wave doth lash.
'Tis he alone who learns to take the ills
Of life with such a grace, that makes them all
But one continued blessing, which in truth
He understands and loves, as sent from God.

A SUMMER MORNING.

Above the trees on yonder hill,
The rays of morn began to peep,
And silent was the whippowil,
That sings alone while others sleep;

The sky was clear, a gentle gale
Was sweeping o'er the fields of green,
As I in quiet near'd the vale
In solitude to view the scene.

The heavy fog rose slowly up,
Unvailing thus the bright blue sky,
While birds oft seek the streams to sup,
Then to the leafy bowers fly.

The robin with her tuneful notes
First broke the solemn stillness there,
Which call'd from many feather'd throats
Sweet songs that fill'd the morning air.

The warbling lark and bobolink
While singing, in the air arise,
All join'd to make the listener think
He's found at length a paradise.

The timid rabbit flies away
And leaves the half cropp'd herbs in fear,
Supposing that a hunter may
With snare and gun be near.

The cunning fox is passing by,
  Returning from a farmer's yard,
To which he did in silent hie,
  While yet the arching sky was starr'd.

Thus Nature, with her works, to me
  Is truly pleasing and sublime,
And glorious they are to see
  At dawn of day in Summer time.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Hail! happy day, once more return'd
  To witness and inspire,
The love of truth and liberty
  In patriot son and sire.

We think of well fought battles now,
  And heroes early slain,
Who shed their blood in our behalf
  On many a dusty plain.

We sigh, perhaps, for laurels won
  By worthier hands than ours,
And envy their heroic brows,
  Crown'd with immortal flow'rs.

But is there not for us to do
  A work for coming time?
So that the praises of our deeds
  May with our fathers', chime.

A Home.

'Tis true from fields of battle din,
We glory can not gain;
Nor do the dire demands of war,
Our richest treasures drain.

In fields of science ne'er explored
And undiscover'd truth,
A chance we have to labor on,
Both sages wise and youth.

As each one does for glory strive
And hardly tries to win it,
Let him the world, leave better o
For his own living in it.

Let's seek that fame for noble deeds,
That will not fade or die,
As long as trees grow upward
And rolling planets fly.

May each devoted patriot
This day again resolve
Fidelity to principle,
And for our country, love.

A HOME.

"Give me a Home in the country wide,"
Where rushing winds are free;
There no advantage is denied
And ev'ry joy may be.

Give me a house near a shady grove
Where birds go flitting by;
An open fire, no latent stove,
Which makes my heart to sigh.

Give me a decent neighborhood,
Of gen'rous men and true;
I'll live content there with the good
And bid the world—adieu.

Give me a church a mile away,
A worthy preacher too,
And I'll not leave or learn to say,
I go to seek a new.

LINES WRITTEN TO A CITY FRIEND.

Talk not of city life to me,
Its pleasures and its joys;
I'd rather be away up here,
Among Green Mountain boys.

Talk not of balls and theatres,
That I "have never seen,"
Nor ask with a sarcastic hint,
"Are the mountains only *green?*"

I scorn such trivial queries
About the people here,
Who live a life of virtue stern,
And die without a fear.

It's true, like some pragmatic cits,
We while not time away,
For what *we* here call *vanity*,
Supreme a *pleasure, they*.

The widow's call and orphan's cry
In vain ne'er reach our ear,
But rise from crowded city walls
To Heaven all the year.

We give the worthy needy here
From out our bounteous store;
But you compel the poor to steal,
Or die with hunger sore.

Your prison walls are crowded full,
While empty ours remain,
Sad monuments of days agone,
Ne'er to return again.

Of lawyers you've an overplus,
Who live by others' strife;
But ministers, we here support,
To teach "the way of life."

We "moral suasion" do employ
To guide the people's mind,
Yet now and then like "Bristol Bill,"
We, a city poser, find.

We lead a peaceful country life
Among these northern hills,
And of no joys are we deprived,
While absent are all ills.

And if you think we're lonesome here,
Or want to live'n a city,
Don't shed one tear for our "sad fate,"
Or show such *savage* "pity."

Consider well, nor credence give
T' opinions so absurd,
For we such pleasures do enjoy
As you have never heard.

There's not a happier populace,
Who better love to toil,
Than those who live in old Vermont
And till the fertile soil.

Then noble cit, when you get tired
Of your "so happy" city life,
Come up and spend a month or two,
Free from all urban strife,

And dwell among the rustics here,
To learn our simple ways,
How that we live and how we act
And pass our happy days.

A FRIEND.

The rich man cloth'd in gorgeous robes,
Who all his life in sport doth spend,
Rests not with pleasure in his halls,
Unless beside him sits a friend.

The poor man clad in tatter'd rags,
  Whose daily bread by toil is gain'd,
Is happy while he labors on,
  If by him stands a faithful friend.

The weary traveler, with zeal
  Seeks for his distant journey's end,
In hope of meeting there again,
  His well-beloved and long-miss'd friend.

The mariner upon the deep,
  Oft words of fervent love will send
Across the boundless, briny flood,
  Where dwells the one he calls his friend.

When fair success upon us smiles
  And pleasant fortune doth attend,
We love to shake the proferr'd hand—
  Be greeted by a friend.

When sorrow hurls its beating waves,
  By which our grieving hearts are pain'd,
And men look on with silent scorn—
  Ah! then indeed we love a friend.

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."

When you are in a pleasant place
  E'er free from gloomy grief and loss,
Be sure and not desert it, for
  "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

This simple line do not abhor,
Since when the rolling billows toss,
You'll fear and quake most sadly, for
"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Ne'er leave the old to seek a new,
Without a just and proper cause,
Lest you may find too late, 'tis true
"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Though little I have seen of life,
This one opinion I'll indorse:
Avoid rash changes, e'en and strife;
"*A rolling stone gathers no moss.*"

OLD YEAR.—(1857.)

Another year is counted
Among the things that were,
Nor have the steeds of Helius
A moment to demur.

But onward, onward flying,
They bear the year away,
Disdaining for slow mortals
Their shining course to stay.

A year of fleeting pleasures,
Of joy and mirth, is gone
For those whom, sweet innocence
And gayety adorn.

A year of zealous study
The student has pass'd o'er,
In adding acquisition
To all his former store.

A year of peace and plenty
The honest farmer's seen,
Than whom a happier man
There's not on earth, I ween.

A year of sad disaster,
The touchstone of the trade,
Has oft the shrewdest merchants
The veriest beggars made.

When all in all's consider'd,
A happy year we've had,
That's made the many faces smile,
Although a few look sad.

And as we leave the Old Year,
We do it with a sigh
And with a falling tear, say,
My dear old friend, good bye.

TO THE CONTOOCOOK.

Thou, lovely stream, dost call to mind,
My childhood's days, when thou didst wind
Thy way between
The meadows green,
Where I once spread the new mown hay,
That on thy verdant border lay.

My hat of straw or tiny net,
I oft for little fishes set,
While 'neath the sun
I'd wade for fun,
To pluck the lilies bright and fair,
That grew upon thy margin there.

Upon a lovely Summer day,
Along thy bank, I loved to stray,
With pole and line
And tackling fine,
Such as the fisher's wont to bear,
Adjusted all with proper care.

Or in the evening's silent hour
Within some lone, sequester'd bow'r
Where no moon beam
Of light could gleam,
Around the circuit, where I'd wish
In solitude to sit and fish.

From thy fair bosom I have caught
Those little fish of ev'ry sort,
From pike and pout,
To eel and trout,
And those with names, now known so well,
That in thy waters thickly dwell.

But when thou wast in ice bands bound,
I've walk'd upon thee as the ground,
Nor then was I
Compell'd to hie,
'Round by the bridge, but I could there,
Cross o'er thy bosom blue and glare.

Then on a clear and wintry night,
Beneath the pale moon's glimmering light,
The merry boys
With gayest joys,
Were wont to skate o'er thee so clear,
Thrice swifter than the bounding deer.

Such scenes, alas! for me are o'er,
Nor will I, on thy bosom more,
My comrades, meet
And joyous greet;
Yet since thou art fore'er the same,
Thee good old friend, I can not blame.

For while the Winters come and go
With howling winds and drifting snow,
Thou wilt fore'er
With surface clear,
Oft listen to the skater's song
As merrily he glides along.

When children's children joyous sing
And make thy beauteous waters ring,
Thou well canst say
Upon that day,
"As years for others give their place,
So 'tis with men, a changing race."

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

For many years, we've oft been told
Of glaring evils manifold,
That do embrace with deadly hand
The people of our happy land;
And not the least of these perchance
The evil of Intemperance.
Within our legislative halls,
At private parties and at balls,
At village tavern, country store,
We hear it echo'd o'er and o'er;
And if a while you'll lend an ear,
About *this* matter you shall hear.

There was a time not long ago,
As all our worthy fathers know,
When men their buildings couldn't raise,
Nor meet for husking out their maize,
Without a little *sprite* to drink;
For thus the wisest learn'd to think.
Then friends together loved to sup
The pleasing contents of the cup,
Regarding not to-morrow's weal,
While drinking now they happy feel;
Regretting that their necks are not
As endless as the winding rut,
For happy men indeed are they,
If they forget the coming day.
Then even parsons did not scorn
With laity to take a horn

Of brandy, or of blushing wine,
As guest or host chanced to incline;
For they could prove from Holy Word
That in so doing no one err'd;
And if a skeptic there might be,
They'd read Paul's words to Timothy;
Forgetting how the prophet John
Was never known to take a *horn*
Of stronger spirits, or of wine
That came directly from the vine;
Nor did they think of righteous Noah,
That drunk lay sprawling on the floor,
Who brought the curse of God upon
Unlucky Ham, his impious son.
And if a preacher of that day,
While in the pulpit, dared to say,
That "strong drink rages and wine mocks,"
He'd not be call'd quite orthodox;
For thus he'd meddle in th' affair
That to *the world* should be a care.

"Let ministers the gospel preach,"
In thunder tones the rabble screech;
While deacons grave, to say are heard,
"All ministers should preach the word,
And not about such things dispute,
Lest they should gain a bad repute."
Then truly almost all agreed
That of such talk there was no need,
Since best of men would fail to dine
Before they'd lose their glass of *wine*.

Few were the preachers, passing few,
(If rife tradition speaketh true,)
That would the proffer'd bowl decline

Or speak against imbibing wine,
Since they supposed it was no sin
To take a glass of wine or gin,
In sooth but for their stomach's sake,
Or to *prevent* a sick headache,
Or render them more eloquent
In warning sinners to repent.
But in their zeal men's souls to save
A price, in vain, they sometimes gave
Their manhood and their scanty wealth,
Their reputation and their health,
While as a mark of passing zeal
Some like a drunken man would reel;
And as those zealous men arose
Each one display'd a blushing nose;
Then to their hearers' great surprise,
They strangely roll'd their bloodshot eyes.
Now this the faithful most appall'd,
That ministers were drunkards call'd.
But these astounding facts were true,
E'en at that time of very few;
Yet that it is not all a lie
Their own transactions testify.

In old Mass'chusetts, famous state,
(As truthful writers do relate,)
A great convention met of those,
Who much desired to oppose
The wicked practices of some,
Who drank too freely, wine and rum.
These ministers discuss'd the case
And wept for their so great disgrace;
Yet they did not condemn rum's *use*,
But only its profane *abuse*,
By those who did all warning spite

And thus had fail'd to drink aright.
Each one a solemn pledge then gave,
That temp'rately he would behave,
Nor drunk in future would be seen,
With brandy, or with Holland gin.

A prophet wise it did not need
To tell to what this thing would lead;
For when a man a pledge has made
That he'll not eat his daily bread,
Not one in ten will then allow
His life to go and keep his vow;
These preachers e'en had not yet learn'd
To handle fire and not be burn'd,
Nor in their bosoms could they take
Unharmed still, the deadly snake.

They drank their bev'rage as before,
Their pledge they learned to ignore;
Again the laity declared
The state of things was far too bad,
That preachers had all good men shock'd
And Heav'n itself too gravely mock'd.

Another meeting was convened,
Where many ministers were wean'd
Of rum, and gin, and wines of France,
And all the varied stimulants;
For by each one a pledge was giv'n
Before the God of earth and heav'n,
That they renounce from present date
All drink that could intoxicate.
And from that day e'en until now
These and their followers kept the vow.
While in a score of years, I ween

A drunken preacher is not seen.
Therefore indeed they did advance
The newborn cause of Temperance.

Then came that idea into life,
That since has caused so great a strife;
About which civil war has raged
In which so many have engaged,
By writing fast and speaking loud
Before the eager list'ning crowd,
Inviting all to sign the pledge
And in the sacred cause engage.
Some do accept but some refuse,
Some treat politely, some abuse
Those who give up their friends and home
To advocate the great reform.
To lawyer, doctor, farmer, wright,
To wealthy trader, humble wight,
Without regard to race or age,
All they invite to sign the pledge.

The lawyer says: "You see that *we*
Are known as men of *policy*,
Hence did your scheme present a cause
For men to violate the laws,
Then I with pleasure would engage
To place my name below the pledge;
But you are spending half your time,
To prove that drunkeness causes crime,
And could your righteous plan prevail,
The church would soon surplant the jail,
Nor then would men like beasts of prey,
Each other mutilate and slay.
If *that's* the state which you forewarn
You can't from here too soon be gone."

The advocate admits, "'Tis so,"
And that, "A lawyer must forego
A certain, for a dubious chance
Of having causes to enhance
His worldly, and his legal fame,
But yet you'd gain a spotless name
And this bright line your tomb would grace:
"Here lies a man that blest his race."
Thus did the advocate then urge
His legal friend to sign the pledge.

Now meets he Æsculapius' son,
Who knew the compounds ev'ry one,
That form his cogent medicines,
As well as brandies, wines, and gins.
The doctor thus to speak began:
"I am indeed a Temp'rance man;
In *politics* I ne'er engage,
Therefore I cannot sign the pledge,
But may the God of heaven bless,
And to your cause give great success;"
While he within himself then mused:
"To all such customers I'm used.
A soft reply turns wrath away,
Thus did the wisest ancient say;
And when we gain a friend for naught,
It is a prize most cheaply bought;
Each man, though humble he may be,
Can greatly help or injure me;
But fool the man who would advise,
To put an acid in my eyes;
Yet e'en as silly is the head,
Who bids me to refuse my bread—
Give up my patients, and engage;
Ah! can it be, *to sign the pledge.*"

The advocate regrets to find,
This polish'd doctor not inclined
To give his name and firm applause,
For aiding such a noble cause.

The farmer is invited then,
In his rough hand to take the pen;
And show that he would help advance,
The rising cause of Temperance.
The rustic with a hearty will,
Just makes a flourish of the quill.
Upon the freely offer'd scroll,
And there his name stands on the roll.
The advocate apace drew near
A man that dealt in lager beer;
His object was of course to stop,
The business of his neighbor's shop;
The pledge was offer'd, and behold!
How fiercely did the trader scold;
His fists he clench'd, his teeth did gnash,
He threatens loud the man to thrash.
But he alack! was a puny man,
His height but five feet and a span,
And though he raved, and stamp'd and swore,
He learn'd 'twould take at least a score
Of fighting men about his weight
To scare the humble advocate;
Who ask'd the trader to be cool,
And strive his passions all to rule;
Then if his arguments should fail
To prove the wrong of selling ale,
Gin, whiskey, brandy, wine and rum,
He'd leave in peace as he had come.
The trader said, "I had as lief,
You'd speak *but*, babbler, be thou brief,

Nor let an insult pass thy lip,
Lest with this cane you get a clip."
The advocate then plainly said,
That he was not at all afraid;
Nor did he truly much incline,
To cast fine pearls before the swine;
But in the very briefest way,
He'd tell his friend what he'd to say;
Thus then most cooly he began
To lay the case before the man;
Who when he all the story hears,
Is almost brought to shedding tears;
While he for pardon ask'd his friend,
Beneath the pledge his name he penn'd.

The advocate then meets a man,
Who bears upon his arm a can;
He asks his friend to sign the pledge,
But this reply comes with a rage;
"Depart from me thou who dost think
To tell a man what he shall *drink!*
Thou knave! our country yet is *free,*
So shall it be fore'er to me;
Next tell a man what he shall eat!
E'en whether bread, or fish, or meat,
How long and when each one shall sleep,
How many dogs or cats to keep!
Down! with such tyranny and slang,
Down! with that lowlived traitor gang;
Beware or you I quick will smite,
Or show your liver to the light."
The advocate then gravely said:
"I fear that some mistake is made!
I know not what you mean my friend,
To thee I did no wrong intend.
Your *liberties* you'll not forego,

Whether you sign the pledge or no;
To sign the pledge you merely grant,
That you will drink no stimulant,
By whate'er name it chance to come,
From Holland gin to Medford rum;
And all the cash you thus will save,
May keep the hungry from the grave."
To make a long transaction short,
The man his liquor never bought;
But with lamp oil, he fill'd his can
And was for e'er a Temp'rance man.

Thus canvassers went up and down,
Through city, village, port and town,
Inviting men of every class,
To break the bottle and the glass;
While Temp'rance meetings they would call,
Of men and women, great and small,
Where speakers show'd them at a glance,
The horrors of Intemperance.
Thus many thousands sign'd the pledge,
The blooming youth, and gray hair'd sage;
And swiftly roll'd the new ball on,
From Hudson river to St. John.
And farther than these limits e'en,
The Temp'rance banner soon was seen,
According to their zealous aim,
They many drunkards did reclaim.
Then "Moral Suasion," rose on high,
The watch-word and the rally cry;
This motto boldly stood the storm,
And brought about a great reform.
About the Temperance laws of late,
That some condemn, some advocate,
Which not to history belong,
I speak not in my humble song.

AUTUMN.

Cold Boreas begins to blow
From frozen regions of the pole,
While transient birds prepare to go,
Where genial winds the air control.

The farmer hies to gather in
His crops of grain and yellow corn,
And rarest fruits, his spacious bin
Receives from Plenty's golden horn.

The spotted leaves are from the trees
Now gently falling one by one,
And shorter grows the flight of bees
As dimmer shines the distant sun.

The woodchuck and the lazy bear
Go to their Winter's drowsy sleep,
In which for frost nor snow they care,
But e'en till Spring in silence keep.

The little squirrel provident
Lays up his precious store of fruit,
Such as the God of Nature meant
Should well this rover's palate suit.

Thus all for Winter now prepare
Its stern and dreary frost to meet,
Until our land, from southern air
The vernal zephyrs coming greet.

THE CONTEST.

Hod, Steph and Fletch, Boys in the employ of Farmer Suth.

Scene—Cornfield on the bank of the Contoocook.

HOD.

Now Suth is gone, it is the time for you,
Young Steph, to make thy former boastings good.

STEPH.

Well said, for yonder flows Contoocook stream,
And here are countless pebbles smooth and round.

HOD.

Yes, too, and Fletch is here to save dispute,
Just name the wager that may please thee best.

STEPH.

My hoe is rusty now and nigh worn out;
I'd like to win a spring-steel, gooseneck hoe.

HOD.

You win! white blackbirds! let it be a hoe;
Mine still is new, yet two, I'll not refuse.

STEPH.

Declare the rules that shall the contest guide,
And Fletch may see them, each observed fair.

HOD.

He that shall lodge on yonder bank more stones
From five, will own the hoe; What say to that?

STEPH.

Far rather, best in three, lest Suth returns
Before the contest can be fairly closed.

HOD.

So shall it be, and Fletch will draw a line
Across which neither one of us may go.

STEPH.

My pebbles three are ready now, and you
Can not too quick display your first attempt.

HOD.

Now look. [*Throws his first pebble across.*] Far up
on yonder bank it lies.
Throw, Steph; and then I'll do the same again.

STEPH.

Indeed I may not cast this stone across,
For I am younger, yet I now will try.
[*Throws his first pebble, which falls into the stream.*]

HOD.

Ah! why so terrify the harmless fish?
Who've never wrong'd or slightly injured you.

STEPH.

Rail not thus Hod; 'tis true I once have fail'd;
But we have each two pebbles more to throw.

HOD.

That's so; therefore, I've yet but twice to win;
Now goes the second far to yonder shore.
[*Throws his second pebble, which falls in the stream.*]

STEPH.

To yonder *bottom of the stream* you mean!
Talk not to me again of scaring fish!

HOD.

The pebble slipp'd then from my careless hand,
And hence it did not reach the other bank.

STEPH.

A good excuse! I now will try again,
For yet a scanty hope to me remains.
[*Throws his second pebble across.*]

HOD.

It barely reach'd the shore! the merest chance!
And in ten times you'd not do that again.

STEPH.

Perhaps I'd not; but make *your last attempt*;
Then I will test your so prophetic words.

HOD.

The wind is right, that stone shall quickly lie
Beside the one that first I threw across.
[*Throws his third pebble, which falls into the stream.*]

STEPH.

Aha! down in the fishes' bed you mean,
Where just before your second pebble sunk.

HOD.

Why laugh? I'm not yet beat; but cast your third;
Destined methinks to dive beneath the wave.

STEPH.

I will. [*Throws his third pebble across.*] Behold the
yonder dust arise,
Disturbed by the pebble that I threw.

HOD.

I own I'm beat, the spring-steel hoe is your's,
But this decision I'll reverse ere long.

DEPARTURE OF AN INDIAN TRIBE WESTWARD.

Some joy to sing the stars above,
The sun, the moon, the bow;
Some joy to chant the turtle-dove,
The bounding fawn and roe.

Well chosen themes for sportive show,
But suited not to me,
More than the gaudy lily blow
Upon the cypress tree.

I've suffer'd not displeasure,
Endured not a wrong;
Compassion passing measure
Calls forth my doleful song.

Beside Contoocook's shady edge,
'Mong stately pine and oak,
Where gun, nor ax, nor sounding wedge,
The silence yet had broke.

There dwelt a joyous, happy band,
That new not how to weep,
For Nature gave them herds and land
And fishes of the deep.

In latent philosophic lore,
The red man had not skill;
He had this gift, he wish'd not more,
A noble untamed will.

He ask'd no one to be his slave
And no one's slave would be,
Until he's taught to be a knave
By those from o'er the sea.

The "pale-face" cross'd the boundless sea,
The forests fade before him,
The wild beasts howl beneath the tree,
The birds of heaven abhor him.

The red man call'd him brother friend
And taught him in the chase,
Then glad to lend a helping hand
And "smoke the pipe of peace."

He little dream'd those strangers might
Become as sea-shore sand;
Both take away his birthright dear,
And rob his father-land.

How wars arose and famine spread,
I will not wait to tell,
Not count the forest children's dead,
Who for their country fell.

They met beneath a spreading oak
One day in early Spring;
The Sachem rose and gravely spoke
To the encircling ring.

"Brave brothers, ye are call'd upon
Prepare to journey far,
Toward the distant setting sun,
Toward the western star."

SAINT PATRICK.

A lovely little island lies
Just off the Albion shore,
Atlantic billows chafe her strand
And round her headlands roar.

Many a noble hearted soul
Calls Ireland his home,
In eastern lands or western wilds
Where he may chance to roam.

Each loves to sing the days of yore,
When 'neath the forest tree,
Saint Patrick preach'd the Cross of Christ
And Ireland was free.

But through the lapse of many years
Unless our lamps we trim,
Our eyes obscurely read the past,
Our memories grow dim.

And as the ages disappear,
While others take their place,
So 'tis with nations and with tribes
Of ev'ry mortal race.

Every custom, ev'ry law
Most surely will decline,
Unless upon its face its bears
The mark that it's divine.

Every man in time shall stand
The same unerring test,
Each must receive his true deserts,
The vilest and the best.

When th' historian records
The names of former times,
His pen declares what each deserves
For virtues or for crimes.

Yet some through ignorance or vice
Have falsified the past,
For which their infamy by far
Their writings will outlast.

And lest Saint Patrick's holy deeds
Should be effaced by time,
A version true, and faithfully
I will record in rhyme.

Men knowing not his history
Or caring not for truth,
Have lied about his birthplace
And slandered his youth.

Some say he's born in Scotia,
Or in an Albion fen,
While others say at Nutria,
Or in Rosina glen.

Some at Kirkpatrick say he's born
On Pendac near the tide,
But others say with confidence
Tabernia on the Clyde.

These are profoundly ignorant
And overlook the truth,
Not knowing where his birthplace was
Nor where he spent his youth.

At lovely Tours, a town of Gaul
This holy Saint was born,
About three hundred seventy-three,
Upon a bright Spring morn.

Souchet his mother named him
On his baptismal day,
But for this name an Englishman,
"A little stock," would say.

Calpurnius (his father's name,)
A deacon long was he,
Well known among his neighbors all
For deeds of piety.

His mother, great Saint-Martin's niece,
Conchessa, was her name,
Descended from a tribune, who
To live in Gaul once came.

The lad increased, as years roll'd on,
In wisdom and in grace,
Until a great transaction did
In Europa take place;

The Roman army had swept o'er
The world from east to west,
And many nations were at length
By slavery oppress'd.

No longer could the polish'd Greek
Immortalize his name,
Standing upon the bema, there
Man's freedom to proclaim.

In vain Leonidas had fought
At the pass Thermopylæ,
In vain were many battles won—
Greece was no longer free.

Proud Carthage sent her ships for naught
Against the Roman braves;
Her warriors were compell'd to yield,
Her citizens made slaves.

Jerusalem was conquered,
As Jesus had foretold,
The Romans took her treasures all,
Her silver and her gold.

No nation there of mortal men
Were yet remaining free,
From Lybia's most distant sands
E'en to the German sea.

Though far beyond the German bounds
There was a flow'ry land,
That ne'er had worn a foreign yoke
Nor borne the tyrant's hand.

Already Albion was call'd
A part of mighty Rome,
Her sons had tamely given up
Their freedom and their home.

But Erin's heroes then preserved
Their country from her fall,
They rallied round their gallant chief,
Their king—the brave Niall.

They sail'd across the narrow strait
To join the mountaineers,
Who dwelt in Caledonia,
Despising coward fears.

Nor did they, like the Albions, yield
Before th' invaders' face,
But each one swore to die, or save
His country from disgrace.

The Roman legions could not stand
Such valor and such might,
That army, which had conquer'd oft,
Was scatter'd now in flight,

The Roman host left Albion's shore,
Pursued by Erin's chief
Until they came to southern Gaul,
Where they obtain'd relief.

Instead of staying there to fight
The Gailic force of Rome,
The chieftain with his captive band
Prepared for going home.

But as the snow-white sails were spread
To leave the land of Gaul;
Oh! sad indeed it is to tell,
A vassal slew Niall.

It was the year three eighty-nine,
When they arrived at home,
And in that weeping captive band
The lad Souchet had come.

He was a foreign heathen's slave,
Who never yet had heard
Of Jesus, who had died for all,
Nor of His Holy Word.

While in the woody mountain tops,
He did the cattle tend;
Unto his God and Savior there,
He many prayers would send.

And while it was commanded him,
For herds of swine to care,
He was engaged both day and night
In long and fervent prayer.

Whene'er he laid him down to sleep
Or when he woke by night,
Oft pious musings of his mind
To heaven took their flight.

While thus in fasting and in prayer
He spent his servitude,
His tender mind with love of God
Most deeply was imbued.

Affliction was to him a source,
Of blessings from above,
For while he bore his cross with Christ,
His God he learn'd to love.

The Lord of heaven kindly smiled
Upon this gracious boy,
Who suffer'd with a Christian mind
And with a holy joy.

Thus far from native land and home,
Upon the mountains wild,
God breathed on this humble slave
And mark'd him as his child.

Then while exposed to rain and snow,
In darkness or in light,
God shielded from all injury
And guided him aright.

Like Joseph in a foreign land,
Upright he was and just,
To suffer and to love his God,
If suffer there he must.

But God is ever near at hand
To rescue the oppress'd,
To save his children when they cry
And when they are distress'd.

Souchet was now just twenty-two,
Six years had past away;
He left his cruel master's house
Upon a certain day.

He came beside the ocean's strand;
A ship's about to sail;
He left the shore of Erin's isle,
Borne by a fav'ring gale.

But soon the winds grow boisterous
And raging billows raise,
So that to gain the Gallic land
It takes three gloomy days.

And then o'er mountain, hill and dale
For thirty days he goes,
Ere he at home arrives again,
There to enjoy repose.

Now when among his cherish'd friends
He'd been about two years,
Unto his mind, vail'd in deep sleep,
A vision there appears.

Like Paul from Macedonia,
From Ireland he heard
The people's messenger to say,
"Come here and preach the Word."

The youth amazed awoke from sleep,
He thought upon th' affair,
And ever after was intent
To preach the Gospel there.

For gaining more experience
And to enrich his mind,
To traverse foreign countries o'er
He was at first inclined.

Saint Martin then advised him,
Where he had better go
And what was most important for
A holy priest to know.

To Albion he first repair'd,
Where he's enslaved again,
Yet he in bondage there remain'd,
But fifty days and ten.

For with some comrades his escape
Most luckily was made,
Although he slept upon the ground
And on wild honey fed.

Like to the prophets of the Lord,
Who did once dwell in caves,
All hardships he by faith endures
And greatest danger braves.

At length he gains his native town
By chances opportune,
Where he remains in happiness
The pleasant month of June.

Then he prepares to leave his home
For the Italian shore,
Where he might with St. German dwell
O'er manuscripts to pore;

To learn the customs of those men,
Who first the Gospel taught,
Who saw the miracles that Paul,
And that our Savior wrought;

To learn the nature of mankind,
And in what way he might
Best to a heathen nation preach
To spread the Gospel light,

And how the faithful best were kept
Safe from the Devil's snares,
Free from the wiles of wicked men
And from corrupting cares.

He dwelt at Rome about six years
To study sacred lore,
When in a ship he left behind
Italia's sunny shore.

Thence sailing to a little isle
In the Turonian sea,
He lived among the hermi re,
From worldly cares set free.

Here he received the famous staff,
Which histories relate
Was at the port of Dublin burnt
In fifteen thirty-eight.

He went to Albion then with
Segetius his friend,
Whose object was of errors there
To make a speedy end.

About this time Pallaidus
From Ireland retired,
And soon among his cherish'd friends,
In quiet he expired.

A faithful preacher long was he,
Yet he could not withstand
The fierceness of the heathens' rage
In that, then barbarous land.

A few believed and were baptized,
And writers most agree,
That just before he left the isle,
He founded churches three.

Souchet now heard this land was left
In darkness and in gloom,
He calls to mind that wondrous dream
And turns his steps to Rome.

He tells the Pope the mournful news,
And how when, that he heard,
His soul within him burn'd to go
And preach God's Holy Word.

The Pope declared it should be done,
Whatever he desired,
Because such pious sentiments
His fervent mind inspired.

His name was changed to Patricus,
Or Patrick as say we,
Since he a father in the church
In future was to be.

He was ordain'd a holy priest
In the year four thirty-one,
Soon after which on Erin's isle
His ministry began.

He landed, borne by fav'ring gales,
Upon that heathen shore
With faithful comrades and true friends
In number thirty-four.

Saint Patrick preach'd "not as the scribes,"
But like a man that knew,
The things whereof he spoke to them
To be divine and true.

He told them how that Christ had died
A ruin'd world to save,
And how that God had raised him up
The third day from the grave.

His earnest and persuasive words
Sunk deep in ev'ry heart,
In that salvation, which he preach'd,
Each one desired a part.

The first, who ask'd with zeal to know
What God would have him do,
Was of a royal Irish race,
A gen'rous soul and true.

His name, Sinell is placed among
The men of Ireland,
Whose pious labors evermore
In bold relief will stand.

In vain did cruel Nathi rage
With insult and with jeer;
Saint Patrick preach'd the Cross of Christ
Not knowing how to fear.

Those, who at first had threaten'd him,
Were brought to grief and tears,
And soon they thank'd the Saint that spoke
The Gospel in their ears.

But when he came to Rath-Inbher
Upon the river Bray,
The pagans of those parts arose,
And Patrick drove away.

From thence he sail'd toward the north,
And when he drew to land,
The king supposed his ship to bear
A roving pirate band;

And with a force of armed men
He hasten'd to the bay,
Saint Patrick and his little crew,
With full intent to slay;

Yet with his saintly visage struck,
Dichu in silence stood,
While Patrick preach'd to him the Cross
And taught him from God's word.

The chief believed with all his heart
And changed his wicked plan,
In Jesus' name he put his trust
With all his faithful clan.

Thus then he brought a heathen tribe,
A stern and mighty foe,
From bowing down to idols dumb
The living God to know.

The king then set apart the ground
Where first he heard the Word,
To be a consecrated place
To build a church of God.

Saint Patrick now recall'd to mind
The master of his youth,
And thitherward he bent his steps
To teach the way of truth.

He blotted from his pious mind
The wrongs he'd suffer'd there,
And that God also would forgive
Was his most fervent prayer.

But when his master Milcho heard
How many had believed,
That his own slave should preach to him
This proud man greatly grieved.

He rear'd a costly fun'ral pile
According to his pride,
On which before his weeping friends
A heathen death he died.

When of this rash and shocking deed
The great Apostle hears,
He for three mournful hours stands
In silence and in tears.

Although for Milcho's death he grieved
His labors there were crown'd,
For Milcho's children soon believed
And Christ, their Savior found.

Southward again he turn'd his course
As far's the Bregian plain,
Where many converts to the Cross
He thought that he might gain;

For then there was a festival,
A noted one, and great,
Which all the people with the king
At Easter celebrate.

There was a custom at that time,
That not a blaze might rise
Before the bonfire of the king
Should tower to the skies.

Now Patrick builds his morning fire
As he was wont to do,
Which when the Druids did behold
Unto the king they flew,

And told him how there was a fire
Which blazed before his own,
And that the builder, if it burn'd
Would take away his crown.

The king despatch'd his messengers,
Who in the shortest time
Should bring the Saint before his face
To answer for the crime.

He also gave a stern command,
That all men should despise
The stranger who had done the deed
Nor from their seats arise;

But Erc the son of Dego rose
And gave the Saint a seat,
Nor would he for the king's command
The holy man illtreat;

This young man of a noble mind
A bishop soon was made,
While for that kind and gen'rous act
His fame shall never fade.

The Saint appear'd before the king
Both grave and dignified,
Yet to excuse himself for crime,
He there in nowise tried.

Nor did the king condemn the Saint,
But listen'd while he taught
Of that salvation which to earth
By Jesus Christ was brought.

The courtiers and the nobles wise,
The Druids and the queen
To hear Saint Patrick as he spoke
In silent awe were seen.

Thus many with the king believed
In what the stranger taught,
And in his Savior for a hope
Most earnestly they sought.

Now when he had baptized them,
He left that happy place,
Imploring God to keep them all
By his sustaining grace.

From there he came to Talten mount
Where he baptized the king
And many others that to God
He did by preaching bring.

In Meath and Louth he spent the year
Four hundred thirty-four,
Converting and baptizing there
Of heathen many a score.

Saint Patrick soon had visited
The isle in every part,
Baptizing many a prince and king
Converting many a heart,

Hundreds of churches he had built
Where preachers were ordain'd,
Who in each village and each town,
When he had gone, remain'd.

Now when he had established
The churches firm and well,
He went away to distant Rome
A full report to tell.

Each Christian there was pleased to learn
  Of his so great success,
And how the land to which he'd been
  The Lord did greatly bless.

Soon he return'd to Ireland
  To spend his latter days
Where, on the churches he had built
  He might with pleasure gaze,

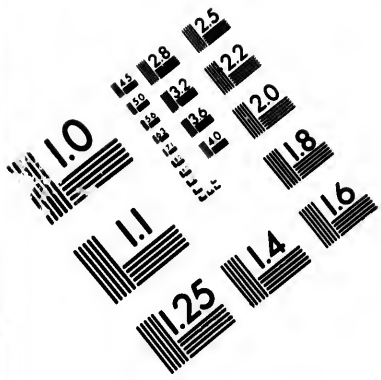
Among the people he had led
  From darkness and from night,
To see the presence of the Lord
  In clear and shining light.

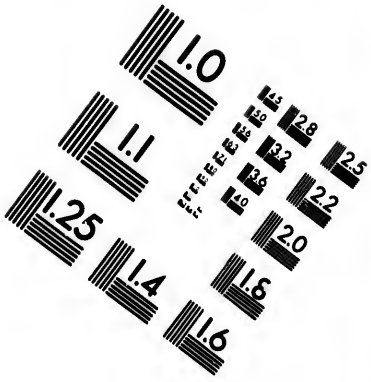
He lived in happiness and peace
  At Armagh and at Saul,
Attending to the schools he form'd
  And to the churches' call.

Upon the seventeenth day of March
  In the year four ninety-three,
From all the cares and toils of life
  Saint Patrick was set free.

All Erin's isle deplored his loss
  As one who gave them life,
Who saved them from eternal woe
  And from all civil strife.

His name is now a household word
  Upon that island, where
The churches of the living God
  Were first to him a care.





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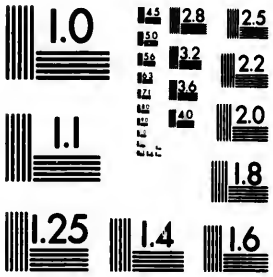

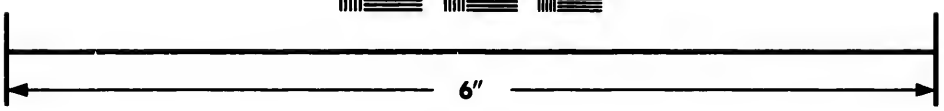

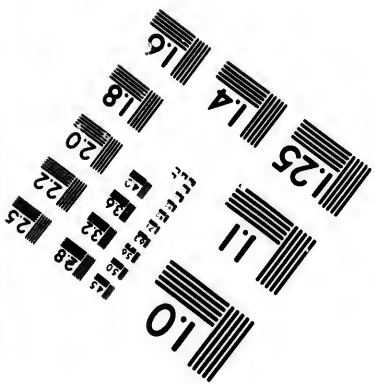

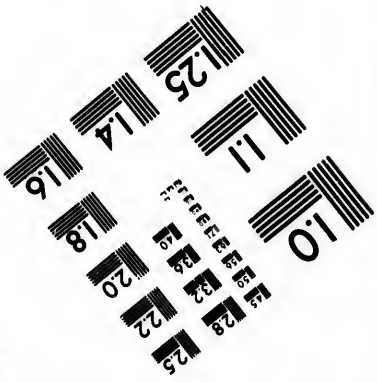

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23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

His death they now commemorate
With prayer year after year,
As one who saved their ancestors
From many a grief and tear.

Each village now can show a church,
Which bears Saint Patrick's name
And that will to the latest age
Hand down his spotless fame.

Long live his name among those men,
Who labor'd for their race,
Whose holy lives, illustrious deeds
Did decorate and grace.

Then let us hold his mem'ry dear,
His deeds tell o'er and o'er;
For it was he who taught God's word
Upon fair Erin's shore.

DO AS I DO AND YOU ARE SAFE.

There was a custom many years ago,
(At least the fathers tell the children so,)
When harvest came and crops now waving stand
As 'twere t' invite the sturdy farmer's hand
To take the sickle, and the garner fill
With grains, that grow on ev'ry plain and hill,
For laborers to buy a little "sprite"
To make them feel both vigorous and right;
Intending sure quite temperate to be,
Despising all a drunken man to see;

Since each alone would say, as he would sigh,
"I fear my neighbor will a drunkard die."
Three jolly farmers went afield one morn,
When each had taken an o'erflowing "horn;"
And as the sun pour'd down his melting fire,
Each one grew hotter, and of course was dryer,
Until the bumpers, round and round again,
Caused each to stagger with a dizzy brain;
And as they went on binding up the wheat,
Each did in turn their friend Joe Tompkins meet.
The first, old Highlands, met with ruddy Joe,
Who with a smile, presents a graceful bow
And says, "the weather is both hot and dry
All things are thirsty, gracious! so am I."
They look, and lo! across the wheaten field,
Davis and Crowell like young children reel'd.
Then Highlands takes a "horn" with blushing Joe
And gravely says as he prepares to go,
"*If I couldn't drink 'thout drinking thus, too much,*
A drop of rum I'd never deign to touch."

Soon Davis came along with stagg'ring gait
And Joe's best health he asked him to state.
Joe says, "I'm tough but sad in truth to know
Highlands and Crowell should both stagger so."
Davis did quick unto his work then hie,
As he with coolness made the same reply:
"*If I couldn't drink 'thout drinking thus, too much,*
A drop of rum I'd never deign to touch."
Now Thompson met the other reeling wight,
Poor Crowell, who was in a sadder plight,
For when he stoop'd to bind the pliant band,
Headlong he'd fall into the stifling sand;
Joe speaks to Crowell in his blandest way
And did to him with solemn air thus say:

"How Davis staggers and as Highlands goes,
The sand he roots oft with his blushing nose.
Oh! what a shame! for men to get so "tight,"
E'en while the sun is not yet to his height."
Then Crowell tottering, leans against the fence
And for replying he did thus commence:
"Oft I have seen such foolish men as they,
Who throw their lives and property away,
Not knowing how *like me* to drink aright
To raise their spirits and increase their might;
For could I not drink 'thout drinking too much
A drop of rum I'd never deign to touch."

ONE'S NATIVE LAND.

There is a charm around the place,
  Where first we breathed the vital air;
That spot possesses ev'ry grace
  And ev'rything, that we call fair.
The garden, where we used to walk,
  Led by a loving mother's hand
And where we first began to talk,
  Endears us to our father-land.

Those fields, in childhood, where we play'd
  And gayly cull'd the fairest flow'rs,
Where kites and tiny ships were made
  For sport by us in childish hours;
That well known rock and oaken tree,
  Which gentle zephyrs often fann'd;
The very brook tnat laved the lee,
  All make us love our father-land.

The Esquimaux, in Northern snows,
Who lives beneath the frozen ground,
Is happy, when the rough wind blows,
And loves to hear its whistling sound;
He loves his subterranean home
With roof and walls of yellow sand
And lofty icebergs for its dome—
He dearly loves his father-land.

The stern Norwegian loves the ice,
That ev'ry little lake enshrouds,
Among the mountains, as they rise
Towards the overhanging clouds;
He loves to hunt the sleepy bear,
With gleaming dagger in his hand
Prepared to draw him from his lair—
He too doth prize his father-land.

The sable Ethiopean
Admires his land, so fair and warm,
And not another on earth can
Present to him so great a charm;
He loves the blazing of the sun,
Though it has him so darkly tann'd
And when away, Ah! he is one,
That pines to see his father-land.

Wherever on the globe we roam,
Although content we learn to live,
We can but think of childhood's home,
The like to which, earth cannot give;
And when we strive it to forget,
Our thoughts we can't command
For if we would, or would not let,
They'll seek again our father-land.

We ne'er shall find such lovely hills,
As those upon which we were born,
Unless hard by, the very rills
Flow just the same along the lawn;
Our thoughts of home we'll ne'er divorce,
Upon what island, mount or strand;
Not till streams flow toward their source
Can we forget our father-land.

A WINTER MORNING.

(Written for the Albany Evening Transcript.)

Across the beaten pavement
The winds of Winter blow;
The crowded way of State street
Is scatter'd o'er with snow.

I sit me down to wonder
And view the busy throng,
I witness scenes of virtue,
I witness deeds of wrong.

For trading in the city,
The farmer from afar
Departeth from his loved home
By light of morning star,

Lest he too late should enter
The over crowded street,
And thus might fail in selling
His fowls so plump and neat;

While through the clear and cold air
The echoing sound doth roll,
From morn till eve resounding,
The well known word, c-o-o-a-l.

The "biped" with his lightwood,
The matron with her fruit;
One strives to sell by shouting,
The one by keeping mute.

Thus *men* in truth are seeking
One and the same great gain;
This, by his skill in speaking,
This, by his silent pen.

Yet who can chide the pedler?
And who but loves to buy,
When by a trifling purchase,
He'll hush the orphan's sigh?

THE SERPENT.

The flowers and bushes
The snake creeps between,
The mark for a poker
Where'er he is seen.

The valleys and meadows
Are not safe for him,
Nor are lakes and rivers
In which he may swim.

But prone on his belly
In dust he must walk,
While all his proud neighbors
Most haughtily stalk.

The dust is his breakfast,
His stern foes are rife,
The dews are his nectar,
Yet short is his life;

For men always kill him
Wherever they can,
Since one snake was cursed
For ruining man.

And while we are zealous
The cursed snake to slay,
Let each one remember,
We're cursed e'en as they.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Along the gleaming heavens glow
Bright flashes, like they were fire,
Now blazing o'er the northern snow,
Than even Hecla's top far high'r.

As two contending armies move
The battle field along in fight,
So these across the arch above
Are passing with a splendid light.

As 'twere, along the sky is heard
The peal of cannon and of drum,
And given to a host such word,
As from a leader stern, would come.

These lights were once supposed to be
The omens of some direful woe,
And each who did them chance to see,
Then trembled for the coming blow.

But since th' immortal Kane has been,
Where he these blazes could inspect
And has the polar icebergs seen,
From which the sun's cold rays reflect;

It has been ascertain'd as true,
That these lights are reflected rays,
Foreboding man no fate to rue
Or cause for fewer or worse days.

SUNRISE.

The stars are now deserting
Their posts in yonder sky,
The pale-faced moon is fading,
As onward she doth hie.

The sky-blue tints are yielding
To give their place for red,
Before the sunlight darkness,
In terror, swift has fled.

Upon the distant hillside,
As on the panes we gaze,
It seems as though the village
Was in a raging blaze.

The bobolink is singing
With robin and blue jay,
Now heartily rejoicing
To see another day.

The fog is slowly rising
Above the winding rill,
That ev'ry night stops flowing
To wait the farmer's mill.

The flocks begin to wander
In quest of sweetest feed,
Which grows upon the border
Of th' honeysuckled mead.

To see these sights, how pleasing
And lovely to the eyes,
O! happy 's one in viewing
The glories of Sunrise.

OUR FAULTS.

When first this wide extending land was found,
A party of adventurers set out
In quest of wealth, far in the western wilds,
Where savage men alone had dwelt before,
Who valued glitt'ring gold with light esteem;
While wandering among Virginia's woods,

Ev'ry native that they chanced to meet,
quiries oft were made for mines of gold.
e natives knew no mines of shining ore
d plainly told the zealous seekers so;
t they believed, all who declared that thing,
speak a falsehood to deceive the band,
hat they might not their hoarded treasures find.
hen those, who told such unpropitious tales,
ere cut in pieces and their flesh to dogs
as thrown, before the horror stricken few,
ho yet remain'd to tell all that they knew
especting gold. When they the sight beheld,
ach one resolved to lie and save his flesh
rom being food for dogs, if thus he might.
hen each, who lying said that gold was found
eyond the mountain pass, was sent away
ith many thanks and presents rich weigh'd down.
hus they were led to traverse far and wide
he wilderness in which so many fell,
ot having found the mine they'd sought so long.
hose, who then told th' *unwelcome truth*, were slain,
hose, who the *pleasing lie*, were laid with gifts.
o 'tis to day. Our country shouts, "God bless the man,"
When he with zeal doth sing, or speak, or write
Our famous virtues, noble deeds and wealth;
But when a man records our many *crimes*,
That cry to Heaven from the very ground,
A hiss of scorn bursts from the nation's lips.
Upon illustrious Independence day
In many crowded halls and palaces,
The gilded rafters echo back the praise
Of all the fathers and their worthy deeds,
While throbbing hearts within our bosoms swell
To think that we, each one, are children born

From ancestors so noble and godlike.
All this is well; but silent why pass o'er
Our own exploits so base and infamous?
We love to talk of "*Blue Laws*" that once were,
But mention not the "*Black Laws*" which remain
Indeed not on the statute books alone
Of "th' other section" of our own "free land,"
Where millions of our fellow men to day
Are held in abject slavery, because,
Forsooth, God gave to them a sable skin.
How much we hear of common schools, where all
May *gratis* learn to cipher, read and write;
Even to foreign lands the tale has spread,
(For lies, when georgeously apparel'd, fly
With speed thrice swifter than the naked truth.)
But there 'tis stamp'd with its peculiar name.
In more than half our "free and glorious" land,
For one to say, that all mankind deserve
The right of freedom, is a crime so great,
That exile is its mildest penalty.
There, teaching children is a greater fault
Than blasphemy in its most shocking form;
To teach a child to spell his very name
Is an offence more grave than larceny.
There slavery is firmly thought to be
Not only most expedient, but *right.*
Where'er opinions so revolting hold
And sway the mind of any populace,
The woeful state of that society
Does hardly need at all to be described;
For scenes of horror and most dreadful crime
Can but attend opinions so debased.
Let not the "other section" of our land
Suppose that guilt is at the South alone,
Since Afric's sons are treated at the North,

Not quite like beasts 'tis true, but not like men,
For though they're born and bred Americans,
They're look'd upon *by law* as Negroes still,
And not allow'd the common rights indeed,
That even foreigners in full enjoy.
For are the people better than their laws,
But rather worse, as many facts declare.

There was a man, (a Negro by the way,)
The foreman of an iron foundery,
Who, when from sweat and toil he'd gold enough
Determined to commence alone and have
A foundry of his own, since he had work'd
So many tedious years for other men.
A shop (not quite a score of years ago,)
He purchased in New York, and lo! a mob
Of straight hair'd Anglo Saxons met
Their occupation from disgrace to save;
These *valiant* men put forth a stern decree,
That not a founder should engage to work
Within the humble Negro's casting shop
Upon the sure and gravest penalty.
Then marching to the founder's new bought shop,
They *kindly* gave to him the chance to choose
A civil coat of feathers and hot tar
Or leave that *holy, pure* metropolis.
The mob prevail'd as often is the case
Even in this our "glorious land and free."
And yet we hear the question sagely ask'd,
Why Negroes here don't act like other men?
Thus one creeps up the slippery path of life,
A score of Anglo Saxons knock him back,
In whose veins course no drop of that base blood,
Which is to other men that fill the earth;
But as they think God made them fit to rule,

As slaves, the vile and common herd of men.
Let not such vain excuses mock the slave,
Such blasphemies insult the living God.
But let us plainly comprehend the fact
And show the world exactly where we stand,
Nor shut our eyes, that we see not the truth,
Nor vainly try to blind those of the world.

JOHN CUMMINGS.

Upon a lovely Autumn day,
Such as the heart could wish,
John Cummings and his brother James
Went out awhile to fish.

While seated on the grassy bank
Besides a purling stream,
Across their uncorrupted minds
Flit many a boyish dream.

They think of home, that distant isle
Wash'd by Atlantic's wave,
They speak of loved ones far away
And of a father's grave.

And as they sit conversing there,
Their thoughts to heaven rise,
They talk of friends in Ireland
And friends in paradise.

Alas! how changed that pleasing scene!
  Alas! what grief and woe
Does not accursed avarice
  Make blinded mortals know?

A bloodhound and his master came,
  With manners not urbane,
Who fear'd these humble fishermen
  Would thus impair his gain.

His orders for departure then,
  Like blazing daggers fly
And as the youths prepare to leave,
  They thoughtlessly reply.

Now Stumpf, at what the youths had said,
  Enraged beyond compare,
Sets on his great and bloody dog
  Th' intruders' flesh to tear.

Obedient to the dictates,
  That Nature ever sends,
One strikes the brute as he comes up
  And thus himself defends.

Homeward they turn their hast'ning steps,
  Each grieving in his heart,
That he to fish in Bethlehem
  Was ever led to start.

But how astonish'd when they saw
  With Stumpf four other men
About to intercept their way,
  For fighting them again.

James says, "O! brother, yonder see!
Our footsteps they pursue!"
While scalding tears, now flowing fast,
John's pallid face bedew.

Before these rash and angry men
Permit the youths to speak,
They knock the one that was unarm'd
Headlong into the creek;

And then as if they were intent
His life to take away,
They rush upon the younger lad,
Then trembling with dismay;

He strives to parry all their blows,
And with his gun defend
His life and limbs from every thrust
Their greater strength could send;

But as he stands upon the brink
Contending for his life,
Alas! his gun goes off just then,
And ends the horrid strife.

John said, as he beheld the man
Before him bleeding lay,
"Oh! that my hand had withered
Ere I had seen this day,

"Then I had never held the gun
That caused a brother's death—
O! that I could restore again
This mortal's living breath!"

John Cummings was arrested, then,
To answer for this crime,
And on the gallows judged to die
At the appointed time.

But thanks be to our ancestors,
There yet remain'd a hope,
Because the righteous Governor
Might still take off the rope.

The Governor did save the boy
From such a cruel fate,
Yet for him clemency, or death
In Sing Sing doth await.

Soon may he meet his sister dear
And brother kind and true,
To cheer that lonely family
As once he used to do.

Soon may that widow'd mother have
Her well-beloved boy,
Restored to her, to be in age,
A solace and a joy.

And may we meet him once again—
Be greeted by that smile,
Which shows a kind and gen'rous mind
A heart that's free from guile.

HOPE.

Hope is the solace and the joy
Of men in ev'ry state of life,
Prolonging bliss without alloy,
E'en giving comfort while in strife.

However hard our lot may be
Or thickly fly the clouds of grief,
Patience and Hope will set us free,
Eager to bring desired relief.

Hardships and trials grievious may
O'ertake us like a blasting wind,
Persuasive Hope with shining ray
Ejects them harmless from the mind.

Hope is a special helping friend
Of those who have stern ills to pass;
Preparing gifts to all to send;
Ennobling men of ev'ry class.

Hope's ever near in time of need,
Our pressing evils to destroy;
Puts off our woes with greatest speed,
Ekes out our ev'ry bliss and joy.

Have we all good that we would seek
On this side of the waiting grave,
Pathetic Hope is heard to speak,
Enticing us o'er Jordan's wave.

A HUSKING.

The yellow corn is gather'd
And heap'd up on the floor,
The huskers are assembled
In number near a score.

This is a time of pleasure,
Of sterling rustic joys;
The world then looks the fairest
Beheld by farmers boys.

Now when they all are husking,
Laconic jokes they crack,
While their so merry shouting
The rafters echo back.

Now one a red ear finding
Will tell a thrilling tale,
How girls once help'd in husking,
So ruddy then, and hale;

To whom, it chanced most happy,
Such red ear then to come,
According to the custom
He would depart "to Rome."

Soon all the corn is husked
And promptly "carried up;"
Then they prepare rejoicing,
With merry hearts to sup.

When they the eve have pass'd thus,
With coursers fleet and wain,
They, for their home departing,
Agreed to meet again.

REMOVAL OF THE FRENCH FROM ACADIA.

I.

Near were St. Lawrence mingles with the deep,
A little tract, almost an island lies.
There once Acadians did sow and reap
In peace and plenty 'neath the temp'rate skies,
Content to dwell, with forests wild around,
In happiness although in solitude,
Where they could hear Atlantic's roaring sound,
Which deeply e'er their pious minds imbued
With thoughts most truly grand and heavenly,
And symbolized to them eternity.

II.

In Spring, they hid the seed beneath the ground
Protected from the sea by dikes well-made;
In Autumn, all their careful toils were crown'd
And all their many hardships thrice repaid
By more than fifty fold of precious wheat,
That most abundant grew upon the mead
And grasses in their fields both tall and sweet,
With which their num'rous flocks and herds to feed,
When the inclement winds might fiercely blow
And meadows lay deep buried in the snow.

III.

No tax-collector counted their herds o'er,
While grazing on the honeysuckled lee.
No tithes were drawn from their sufficient store,
Which was with them earn'd by and for the free.
No magistrate within those hamlets dwelt;
But when, by chance, some slight dispute arose
Between those, who before the same God knelt,
The parish priest invited brings again repose
Among that Christian people, who thus lived
Free from the common ills of life, and thrived.

IV.

While men attend the fields of golden corn
And thus increase the growing public weal,
Each matron, with the wool just shorn,
Keeps up the music of the spinning wheel,
Preparing garments for their Winter's use.
They heed not what may happen o'er the sea,
Scarce noticing the most momentous news.
Molested not by foreign war and strife
They lead a calm and peaceful country life.

V.

England and France a bloody war then waged
And battles fought by water and by land,
In which each had a mighty force engaged
And was, by all the world, most anxious scann'd.
Across the ocean not alone they fought,
But many ships of war and men, afar
By vast expense of gold and blood were brought
T' enrich with gore fields of America.
At length war closed, which was a dismal knell
To fair Acadia, that to Great Britain fell.

VI.

Proud England had fore'er been wont to view
Her colonists as men of lower caste,
E'en if the same blood coursed their veins, 'twas true;
Their being colonists, their name would blast
Though one religion was to both and speech.
Yet when they were not of the same descent
Nor customs, that were similar, wou'd teach,
From slaves, they were but little different
And must with servile patience bear the yoke
Or for their freedom strike a conq'ring stroke.

VII.

The sad Acadians were sore oppress'd
By those, whom England sent to rule the land.
Their goods were plunder'd and they were distress'd
With wantoness and with tyrannic hand.
They were controll'd by most despotic laws,
And by their cruel rulers, there, enslaved
Without a just or e'en the slightest cause,
Where once, a free land, lovely Fundy laved.
They meekly bore the oppressor's savage rod,
Confiding still and trusting in their God.

VIII.

They meekly forged the chains, their limbs to bind,
And till'd their fertile meadows to produce
The bread on which their stern oppressors dined.
But dungeons, manacles and barbarous abuse
Could not those firm and pious men compel,
Their fathers' tried religion to desert;
For more they fear'd the punishments of Hell
Than all, themselves, these fiends of earth could
hurt;

And since in their old way, they served the Lord
They were indeed, most bitterly abhorr'd.

IX.

Their rulers coveted their fair and fertile land
And long'd to see the Acadians away,
Who did not longer 'neath the tyrant's hand
Wish in oppression there to stay.
France, then forgetting not her children's woe,
Besought that England kindly would command
Her officers " to let the people go,"
Receiving hence the much desired land,
Which, on account of its productive soil,
The French had clear'd with vast and rigid toil.

X.

Now haughty England sternly did refuse
This small and yet to them important boon;
But this request, alas, was the excuse
For villainies to be narrated soon.
Th' Acadians were forced to yield their arms
And e'en their boats possess'd for common use,
In order that they might not cause alarms
Nor dare revolt from barbarous abuse.
Thus they were left defenceless and alone
Beneath the yoke of tyranny to groan.

XI.

An edict was to them put forth at length,
That they should meet upon a certain day.
They knew full well, they were deprived of strength
And therefore wish'd most carefully t' obey.
Thus all were then assembled in each town
Within their consecrated churches, where

Before their God they often had bow'd down
Deliverance to ask with tear and pray'r.
There they had met but not as in the past,
This meeting was, on earth, to be their last.

XII.

Down in the harbor many transports lay
Awaiting the Acadians to bear
Far from their loved but conquer'd land away
To different and distant places, where
They might remain, nor e'er again return.
Unto each church, now full of boys and men,
The soldiery with leaders fierce and stern
Came for their captives, just as when
The ancient tyrant 'neath the eastern sun
Led Israel away to Babylon.

XIII.

The youths were first on board the transports led
Between the weeping and the praying crowd
Of those, with whom they had been born and bred,
Invoking blessings, earnestly and loud,
Upon the youthful exiles' heads, as they
To leave their lovely native land repair;
Nor then allow'd a moment to delay
In sailing off—indeed they knew not where;
Their parents, friends and kindred kind
And dear Acadia, to leave behind.

XIV.

Soon all the rest in painful want of food,
With scanty goods, bade Scotia farewell,
As they embark'd the hostile ships on board,
'Mid griefs, my pen in vain would strive to tell.

These captives then were scatter'd on the shore,
Friendless, along the country far and near,
As beggars oft, were they from door to door,
From Cape Cod bay down even to Cape Fear.
Children from parents far away were left,
While friends were long of dearest friends bereft.

XV.

These families thus robb'd of land and home
Were from their base oppressors free;
And though for friends they o'er the country roam,
They suffer not from cruel tyranny.
Thus better far, as strangers in the land,
They then among the colonies sojourn'd,
Than 'neath their ruler's domineering hand,
By whom they were fore'er despised and spurn'd,
Because, forsooth, they had a diff'rent way
In which they loved to worship God and pray.

SURRENDER OF WILLIAM WALKER.

Among the common actions
  Perform'd by common men,
We see uncommon actions
  Attempted now and then.

We've seen an Alexander
  A world of men enslave;
We've seen the great Napoleon
  A hundred battles brave;

We've seen our nation's freedom
  Won by a Washington,
Who gain'd a crown of glory
  Although a yeoman's son.

But while we view the great deeds
  Those famous men have done,
Names of the unsuccessful
  Sink in oblivion.

There dwelt in Nicaragua,
  Beneath the tropic sun,
A nation rude and simple
  At peace with ev'ry one.

They welcomed to their borders
  The merchant with his store,
With whom to trade their gold dust
  For what they wanted more.

Thus then arose a commerce,
  That did in note advance,
Until the hawk-eyed Walker
  Look'd thitherward askance.

(This Walker was a printer
  Of talent and of skill,
Yet better far was fitted
  A soldier's camp to fill;

Hence 'twas he left his paper
  'Way in the golden state,
And went afar for showing
  That diabolic trait.)

Then first a chilling horror
Each countenance depicts,
Just as 'twas with our fathers
In sev'nteen sev'nty-six.

A certain dread and terror
Makes each one's blood congeal,
Such as the simple natives
Are sometimes wont to feel.

But when they view their children
And wives they hold so dear,
They know not that emotion,
Which other men call *fear*.

The natives they assemble
T' obey their chief 's command,
Each deeming death a pleasure
For his loved father-land.

They meet the would-be tyrant
To fight for home and all,
Displaying Spartan valor,
Like Spartans, many fall.

Th' invader takes their villas
By stratagem and skill,
Their palaces to plunder,
Each patriot to kill.

If *art* assists the ruffian
To butcher and to steal,
Kind *nature* by her forests
Does innocence conceal.

Therefore the conquer'd natives
Escape the tyrant's hand,
Who could not by his cunning
The wilderness command.

They then call on their neighbors,
No one of whom disdains
To save a falling nation
From slavery and chains.

Once more the brave allied force
Attacks the pirate band,
Expelling Gen'ral Walker
From their beloved land.

The Gen'ral now defeated
Had to hard quarters come
And as the last resort sends
His ragged soldiers home.

Then to redeem his honor
And satisfy his pride,
To raise another army,
Our hero quickly tried.

According to the proverb,
That "fools are not all dead,"
A num'rous crowd of loafers
To Walker's standard fled.

Some seeking wealth by plunder
And some in hope of fame,
Although their ends are diff'rent,
The means they use, the same.

When they got to Nic'ragua,
A commodore had come,
Beneath the spangled banner
To take the pirates home.

Thus ends the second conquest
Of Walker and his troops,
A lesson to such heroes
And all their brainless dupes.

GOLD.

Why rush the citizens so fast along,
Not heeding boistrous winds and howling storm,
When famine fierce, nor war the land infests,
But perfect peace in ev'ry part pervades?
I ask'd; a man went brushing by me then,
Whose anxious looks uncertain mark'd his face,
Nor could I tell, if hope or joy or grief
Then most prevail'd within his latent mind;
He turn'd not from his swiftly hast'ning course,
Yet as he went half 'tween a walk and run,
He said, "*Gold*, *Gold* should first by all be sought,"
And in an instant he was out of sight.
I went within the justice halls and lo,
I saw the Bible kiss'd by many men,
Betokening, that the certain truth should come
From ev'ry lip that press'd the sacred leaf;
But different were the stories that they told,
Alone because that two contenders sought
To gain alas! the same small heap of *Gold*.

I saw a parricide before a crowd;
The hangman's rope was brought upon the stand,
Then he was ask'd, what for himself he'd say;
He bow'd his head with shame and groaning said:
" 'Twas cursed *Gold* alone that brought me here."
I saw the battle field enrich'd with blood,
By Christian neighbors mutually shed;
The one engaged in plundering for *Gold*,
The other striving to defend her own.
I've seen a Christian people legalize
The awful crime of buying men to sell
Again to stern and hopeless slavery,
To labor during life unthank'd, unpaid,
Save by the cruel lash of scornful lords.
And now three million men, as slaves, are held,
E'en in our own beloved and happy land,
Whose countless tears and sighs to heaven rise
Calling for vengeance from the living God,
Who careth for the poor and will avenge
Himself upon all those, who dare oppress
His children only for the sake of *Gold*.

AMUSEMENTS.

When ease and quiet free the mind
And work to do we cannot find,
Or when our toilsome " task is done
Just at the setting of the sun,"
We seek to fill the vacant space
By going to a public place,
Where other men are wont to go
To hear a speech or see a show

To teach the mind or please the eye,
E'en as the actors chanced to try;
Or round the social family hearth
With loved ones join'd in guiltless mirth,
To read the news of latest date,
The changing scenes of church and state,
What man's committed heinous sin,
What politician's like to win
The office, he has sought with zeal
For public good or private weal
By making speeches night and day
From Oregon to Casco bay;
What child is born, what man is dead;
What's been denied and what's been said;
What youth and maid have sworn to love
Each other like the turtle-dove,
And thus they join young heart to heart,
Which they say death alone can part;
How husband has deserted wife,
Each one preferring single life;
With many other curious things,
How birds have fins and fish have wings;
How men describe the "spirit land,"
While boys are making ropes of sand;
How men are prophets; women, men,
To preach the Word or wield the pen;
How serpents on their tiptoes walk
And oxen learn the way to talk;
How children with their linens on,
Their fathers and their mothers, warn
The awful wrongs they teach and do,
Who never learn to smoke and chew.

Yet many, rather than peruse
This dusty run of city news,

Read what the wise and good have done,
Who teach that we should hate and shun
The way the wicked ever go,
Which only leads to death and woe.
While others dearly love to pore
The poet's pages o'er and o'er,
Where they can see the human race
Standing before them face to face;
Those that beheld proud Ilium's fall
And stood beneath the mighty wall,
When Nestor did the Greeks advise,
As terror hush'd the piercing cries
Of starving women, wounded men,
That dwelt within great Troy then;
And those that felt the earthquake shocks,
That rent the mountains and the rocks
And sever'd ope the vail in twain,
When they, the Son of God, had slain.

Thus all agree both young and old,
In tropic heat, or polar cold,
In poverty or kingly wealth,
That for enjoying perfect health
In body and immortal mind,
These two extremes must be combined;
Let neither all our passions rule,
Nor yet th' ascetic laws of school,
Which would all harmless sports exclude
As vulgar or at least as rude,
Nor deign to let the young and gay
E'en think of merriment or play;
Since joys of earth are thought to be
The Devil's rightful property,
Which tend to lead the youth astray,
Who thus forget to watch and pray.

With them in part we would agree,
That of all things, first, piety;
That piety, which maketh free
From all the ways of vanity,
From sins of earth and woes of hell,
To ev'ry grief and pain the knell;
That piety which giveth joy
And sterling bliss without alloy,
For perfect love admits not fear
To make the path to heaven drear;
But now his flock the Shepherd leads
By gentle brooks and verdant meads;
Hence we would not reprove the child
Because he laugh'd or even smiled,
Or wish a long face he would wear
As if oppress'd by age and care;
Nor wish that he was deaf or blind,
That he might have a purer mind,
Not having heard revolting sounds
Nor places seen, where sin abounds;
Yet rather let his eye be keen
To know the right where'er 'tis seen,
And let his ears be purged and clear,
That he the truth may plainly hear;
Then he among things strange and new
Can quick discern the false and true;
He'll see the wrong and that eschew
He'll see the right and that pursue.

Because some sports are light and vain,
The certain roads to grief and pain,
This is no reason to the wise,
Why they should raise their hues and cries
Against amusements one and all,
From bull-fights down to playing ball.

The man that would in earnest learn
The path of virtue true and stern,
Must not condemn the good and wise
Because a certain villain lies;
Nor let's refuse our fathers' bread
Because our fathers all are dead,
Nor yet their vices imitate
Because they linger'd here so late;
But let the living touchstone, Truth,
Direct the aged and the youth
In wisely choosing what is best,
Condemning freely all the rest.

All fights of men or beasts for sport,
Such as the books of Rome report
'Tween man and beast let from a cage,
Are customs of a by-gone age,
Which serve to show how savage then
Were habits of the mildest men,
Whose pleasure and supreme delight
Was to behold a bloody fight.

Next comes the stage, in Greece 'twas born
About three thousand years agone;
There first were seen dramatic plays
On all their sacred festive days,
When writers would their views impart,
Mounted upon a lumber cart,
From place to place by oxen haul'd,
Wherever they by chance were call'd.
The stage soon gain'd the public praise
Displaying oft its noted plays,
Attended by the choral song
Which to the subject should belong.
Oft splendid buildings they would raise

In which to hear dramatic plays,
Consisting partly now and then
In praise or blame of public men,
And soon so insolent became,
Not sparing e'en the greatest name,
That laws were pass'd to stop such plays;
Thus closed the drama of those days.

Dramatic plays appear'd again
Still showing forth the leading men,
Their names were changed but mien the same,
Which did identity proclaim;
This custom also died away
And then appear'd the modern play,
Which far excels the former two
In having names nor places true
But fit alike for any case,
At any time or any place.
It is a fact none will deny,
The drama 'll not for ages die
Unless the world shall change its mind
And pleasure not in dramas find;
As in the past there'll be reform,
While flying ages go and come,
And may the day be near at hand,
When all the stages of our land
Shall as reformers gain the praise
Of all, who on their scenes may gaze,
That love to have the people know
The ways of truth in which to go.

A play, that truly shows a man
As art and genius only can,
Whose words and look and age agree
With what we hear and what we see,

Will teach and please us, as we view
And think we see the very true;
But when old Adam reads a book,
Which from the shelf he just now took
Or when to mother Eve should speak,
He quotes in Latin, French and Greek
And talks of watches, clocks and guns,
Declares the stars are mighty suns,
We smile and think the man, a fool
Or from an idiotic school,
Who makes old Adam such words say
Like he had lived in our own day.
Respecting sports of many kinds,
That ev'ry one forever finds
In humble cot and palace hall
Or wheresoever he may call;
By this, each one may plainly know,
What sports are ill and what not so:
All games that chance or cheating sway
The man of virtue ne'er should play,
While games of skill and exercise
Are play'd by both the good and wise,
Since they no better way can find
To strengthen and refresh the mind.

ANIMALS IN WINTER.

Each valley and each tow'ring hill
Is thickly overlaid with snow,
While ev'ry little purling rill
Along its course forgets to flow.

The robin and the whippowil,
That used to sing so merrily,
With pleasant notes no longer fill
The orchard and the forest tree.

The hardy woodcock and the jay
Still linger in the sylvan dale
And with the sable crow they stay,
Unterrified by snow and hail.

The fox now sallies from the ledge
To feast upon the farmer's fowl,
Raccoons now creep along the hedge
With watchful look and dismal howl.

The squirrel perches on a tree
Hard by his narrow oaken home,
Where he the far off sun may see
From which the rays obliquely come.

The nimble rabbit keeps his path
So firmly trod and very glare,
That one may think a workman hath
Just grooved it out with double care.

Though transitory birds have now
To southern climes more genial gone,
Yet nature kind doth not allow
The race of man to be alone.

NIGHT.

The sun is gone and darkness fills the land
From inland mountains to the sea shore strand;
The weary laborer has left his plow
And joyous gone to meet his loved ones now.
All noise is hush'd, save from the distant vale
The shrill notes of the watchful nightingale,
That echo back along the little rills
E'en to the summits of the verdant hills,
Or the low murm'ring sounds of growing flow'rs,
Which can be heard but in nocturnal hours,
When all the earth is closely wrapp'd in sleep
And wand'ring stars their constant vigils keep.
The pale moon glides along the azure skies
Just smiling on earth sleepers as she flies,
And then among the hosts of heav'n at night
She noiseless wings her never ending flight.
The anxious watcher, o'er a cherish'd friend
At midnight's lonely hour, doth lowly bend
To whisper consolation to the ear
Of one so well-beloved and truly dear,
Or now to God the watcher turns in pray'r,
Imploring his protection and his care
For one who lies before death's dismal gate,
Which must be pass'd by all, or soon or late;
Then passing slowly drags away the night
And long delay the rays of morning light,
In vain expected by the sleepless eye,
While yet the stars so thickly stud the sky.
The ship pursues a steady onward track,

Though gloomy darkness reigns than pitch more
black,
Propelled not by changing winds and tides,
Of both alike regardless on she rides,
Nor now as once dependent on the light
Of doubtful stars to point the way by night,
But by a power of her own she rides,
While day and night, the faithful needle guides.
At night in Summer heat, or Winter snow,
The light-house lantern constantly doth glow
To warn the stranger that he nears a cape
Or rocky island, which he must escape.
Along the banks of river, pond and lake,
At night the fishermen their fires make
To drive musquitoes from their jolly nook
And light them as they tend their net or hook.
At night, the time for sweet and calm repose,
The villain to his work of darkness goes,
Whether to steal one from the grazing flock,
Or silent pick the well contrived lock,
That guards the treasured mass of shining ore,
Than life itself, by some loved even more,
Or slay the dreaming sleeper for the gold,
Which 'neath his pillow he has slily roll'd.
At night the gentle gales refresh the air
And fan the wild beasts sleeping in their lair;
While health to man and beast it doth insure
By bearing off the atmosphere impure.
Night is the symbol of death's dismal pall
Since each with shade so still and quickly fall,
That when unconscious of our vital breath
We either rest in sleep, or sleep in death.

A HYMN.

The Lord my soul shall ever bless
For gracious is His name,
My tongue shall sing His holiness,
His righteous ways proclaim.

The Lord observes the contrite heart
Of those, who watch and pray,
Their feet He ne'er will let depart
Into the downward way.

He guides His people free from fear
Along by gentle streams,
Reflecting from their bosom clear
The light of heaven's beams.

In vain the Devil sets a snare
In the believer's way,
Since for His children God will care
By night as well as day.

God's spirit will direct the meek,
Where He would have them go
And those that by repentence seek,
Eternal life shall know;

While those, that now salvation spurn,
Shall one day be abased,
When in the Book of Life they learn
Their names have not been placed.

DEFEAT OF MOAB.

Once in that land that lies between
  The lovely rivers twain,
A king as proud as oft is seen
  With cruelty did reign.

His subjects with an iron rod,
  He sternly then distress'd
And since they had forgot the Lord
  All Israel oppress'd.

For eighteen tedious years and long
  They suffered as slaves,
They could not sing their fathers' song,
  There many found their graves.

But soon the evils, they had done,
  Their open'd eyes espied,
And with a voice as of but one
  Unto their God they cried.

When they had call'd upon His name
  O'erwhelmed by their grief,
He boundless mercy show'd to them
  And sent desired relief,

By raising up a Benjamite,
  Who used his left hand
To bring about a noble deed
  And free his father-land.

Unto the cruel heathen king
Young Ehud boldly went,
Feigning that he did presents bring,
Which Israel had sent.

A two-edged sword hung by his side,
A cubit long and keen,
Which by his coat he plann'd to hide,
So that by none 'twas seen.

It happen'd just as he had thought:
To Eglon he came near
And when the king took what he brought
He whisper'd in his ear:

"A secret great I have, O king,
Which I must tell to thee."
"Tell not," said he, "the news you bring,
But silent follow me."

Led he away the Benjamite
To parlor hall so gay,
And there in transport of delight
Ask'd what he had to say.

Up rose the gallant patriot,
His two-edged sword he drew
And as the secret he had brought,
He thrust the tyrant through.

Now then he lock'd the parlor door
On that eventful day,
Leaving the king upon the floor
He safely walk'd away.

The trumpets loud the people blew
And fought their enemies,
Ten thousand Moabites they slew
And gain'd their liberties.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Where is the child of yesterday?
So fair and blithe and gay;
I hear not more his pealing laugh,
I see him not at play.

I view no more his lovely eye,
His little dimpled cheek,
I hear no more his gentle call,
So pleasing and so meek.

He's gone away to his long home,
With those like him to dwell,
'Mid joys no mortal eye hath seen
And that no tongue can tell.

Weep not or seek to call him back
To this sad world of ours,
For now he dwells in paradise
In the celestial bow'rs.

The bud, that grows in early Spring
And blooms out full in May,
Before the Summer rose appears
Is wither'd quite away.

So regal Death call those his own,
Who least expect to go,
And by what rule he chooses them
Immortals only know.

Let's weep not for the darling dear,
Who's gone away to rest,
But hope that we with him may dwell
In the realms of the blest.

He needs no more a mother's care,
A mother's watchful eye;
No sorrows, tears, or pain is there
Above the azure sky;

Yet one eternal day of peace,
Free from all grief and care,
Attends upon all those that dwell
With that dear darling there.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

We'll praise the Lord of Heaven
And call upon His name,
We'll sing aloud His mercy,
His holiness proclaim.

We'll sing a song of glory
His wond'rous works extol,
We'll seek His face forever
And on His name we'll call.

Ye chosen seed of Jacob,
The faithful Israel,
The Lord is God of heaven,
Ye, children by His will.

Remember well His promise—
Ye thousand nations hear,
His covenant to Abram,
His oath to Isaac dear.

Though earth and heavens vanish
And scatter'd flee away,
That covenant remaineth
Unto the perfect day.

He said, "I give you Canaan,
Soon to possess and hold,"
He asks not gleaming silver
Nor weight of shining gold;

But souls unstain'd and humble,
Obedient from love
Are welcomed to the mansions
Of Canaan's shore above.

When ye were few and needy
And wand'rers in the land,
Your weakness He supported
And held you in His hand.

Extol the Lord ye people
And let His praises ring—
Salvation to the nations,
Go publish it and sing.

Great is the Lord of glory
Before dumb idols all,
He made the earth and heavens
To be, but by His call.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

What makes so many weep to-day?
So many faces sad?
Even the very children cry,
Who're wont to look so glad.

Why speaks each man so slow and grave,
When he his neighbor meets?
Why hold the friendly hand so long
Of one he often greets?

Why do the children stay at home,
Who always run to play?
And why so solemn and so still,
Just like a Sabbath day?

What means this train so darkly clad,
The aged and the young?
What makes them walk so slow along?
What fetters ev'ry tongue?

A husband's gone, a father's gone,
A neighbor is no more,
A gen'rous, noble, Christian friend,
'Tis he, whom all deplore.

A lonely wife is left in grief
To mourn her bosom friend;
Her love and grief will never cease
Till earthly cares shall end.

Three darling children well-beloved
Are orphans lone to-day,
Left with their father's cherish'd friends,
In this cold world to stay.

From a widening ring of friends
The brightest star's removed,
To shine in yonder paradise
With Jesus whom he loved.

A PRAYER.

Great God, our heav'nly Father kind,
Do Thou accept this day
The praises we would raise to Thee
And teach us how to pray.

Grant us Thy grace in time of need
To show the narrow road,
That leads from sin to holiness
And points the way to God.

We know our crimes are manifold
And heinous in Thy sight,
We've sinn'd against high Heaven's laws
In view of Gospel light.

We come to Thee, for Thou hast said,
"Why will you die my son?
I have no pleasure in thy death
Though evil thou hast done."

In Jesus' worthy name we come,
Who died that we might live
And gave His life to ransom us,
Which none but He could give.

Teach us to learn and well observe
All that the Bible saith,
That we may live a Christian's life
And die a Christian's death.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

Can birds in Spring refuse to sing
And give their Maker praise,
While they can see, from bush and tree,
The goodness of His ways?

Can humble vines and lofty pines
Receive the Summer shower,
And not their praise of glory raise
In evening's silent hour?

Can sunny field neglect to yield
Its verdure ever green,
For Him, who gave the rills that lave
The lovely hills between?

Can mount or vale accept the gale
  Their guardian angels bring,
And not in song, both loud and long,
  The Giver's praises sing?

How, then, shall we in silence be
  Before our gracious Lord,
Who giveth all, both great and small,
  The blessings of His Word?

NATHAN REPROVETH DAVID.

There lived a man in ancient times
  Of riches and of fame,
He reigned at Jerusalem,
  King David was his name.

It fell upon a luckless day,
  Just at the eventide,
As David walk'd upon his house
  A maiden he espied;

She was a fair and comely maid
  With blushing cheeks and red,
While o'er her shoulders tresses flow'd
  And roses deck'd her head.

This innocent and charming girl
  Was young Uriah's wife,
Who'd gone to fight the Ammonites
  To save king David's life.

The king beheld, nor could he calm
His passion's evil cry,
Until a deed of infamy
Call'd vengeance from on high.

He had betray'd a poor man's trust,
His home made desolate,
He had before his God become
A wicked reprobate.

Since David tried by artifice
To hide his crime in vain,
He told his servant Joab
Uriah must he slain.

Now when Uriah had been slain,
King David took the maid,
But God beheld his awful crime
And vengeance He repaid.

The Lord His prophet Nathan sent
To say at David's door:
"There dwelt two men within a town
One rich the other poor.

"The rich man's flocks and countless herds
Fill'd many a field and stall,
While as the poor man's precious wealth
A pet lamb was his all.

"This little lamb ate at his board
And drank with him his water,
And on his bosom gently lay
Like it had been his daughter.

"A traveler came from afar
Unto the rich man's home,
Who sparing all his flocks and herds
Did to the poor man come,

"And took by force that little lamb
And dress'd it for his friend,
Unmindful of the sorrow, which
The poor man's heart would rend."

King David's anger raged hot
Against the heartless one,
Who, such an awful, heinous wrong,
Had to his neighbor done.

Then David said, "That knave shall die,
Oh, name him if you can!"
Nathan replied unto the king,
"Thou art the very man."

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.

Sadness and sorrow's on the nation's brow,
The Stars and Stripes are clad in mourning now,
Millions in anguish and in grief are bow'd,
All tell, that death, the great dead, doth enshroud.

The nation mourns a patriotic son,
Who by his virtue, her esteem, has won.
The boldest in Truth and Freedom's cause;
His peerless honor is a world's applause.

The friend of liberty, the wide world o'er,
From rich Peru to the Ionian shore;
The orator and champion for Right,
In Freedom's cause, he has fought his last fight.

America, with reason thou canst mourn;
Unto his tomb thy firmest friend is borne;
Whose ever brilliant and undying fame
Adds greater lustre to thine honor'd name.

Long may this patriot's example be
The ardent emulation of the free.
Traitors and tyrants will stand in dismay,
While the world shall remember Henry Clay.

NOTES.

Page 3, line 3.

And what the Major said, to do forthwith.

Major Richard Waldron was slain by the Penacooks, June 27th, 1689. His illustrious exploits in the several Indian wars, during the settlement of New Hampshire, have rendered his name immortal, as a bold and intrepid warrior; yet the treacherous deed which is the subject of this poem, not only cost him his life, but will ever remain an indelible stigma on his else fair fame.

Page 7, line 17.

Long ere the dauntless Hudson, &c.

Henry Hudson, when in quest of a north-west passage to India, while sailing along the coast of North America, chanced to run into the Manhattan river, which was afterwards called by his name.

Page 12, line 28.

The stern Abenaqui urge on their flight.

The Abenaqui, also called Saint Francis Indians, dwelt in Canada.

Page 21, line 16.

At the pass Thermopylæ.

The pass of Thermopylæ (*Gate of warm springs,*) is a narrow strait, between mount Œta and the sea, leading from Thessaly into Greece.

Page 21, line 17.

Leonidas had mustered, &c.

Leonidas, son of Anaxandrides, and descendant of Hercules, was king of the Spartans.

Page 23, line 3.

And on the bold immortal troops, &c.

These troops were called "immortal," because their number was always the same. When one of them fell, his place was immediately supplied by a man chosen from the other forces.

Page 23, line 14.

(*Epialtes was his name.*)

This Epialtes, or Ephialtes, was induced to betray the Spartans by the hope of great reward from Xerxes. He, however, from fear fled into Thessaly, and thence to Anticyra; after which a bounty was offered for his head, and he was killed by Athenades, a Trachinian.

Page 24, line 10.

Not a Spartan soul was there.

The three hundred were all slain except one. The Greeks erected a monument to commemorate this famous battle, on which were inscribed these words: "Stranger, go tell the Lacedæmonians, that we lie here in obedience to their commands." The law, referred to, allowed no Spartan warrior to retreat—he must conquer or die.

Page 42, line 23.

Yet now and then like "Bristol Bill,"
We, a city poser, find.

This notorious burglar, after having committed the most daring robberies in many of the cities of the United States and in London, went to Vermont, where he was arrested, convicted of burglary, and sent to Windsor prison, in which he still remains.

Page 45, line 15.

Nor have the steeds of Helius
A moment to demur.

Helius, in Greek mythology, was the god of the sun.

Page 45, line 21.

The Contoocook is a small river in New Hampshire.

Page 66, line 5.

Some say he's born in Scotia.

Dempster says, St. Patrick was born in Scotia Minor, now called Scotland.

Page 66, line 7.

While others say at Nutria.

Probus states, that his birthplace was Nutria, a district of England, supposed to have been the abode of giants.

Page 66, line 8.

Or in Rosina glen.

Camden points out the very place of his nativity, near a promontory in a glen called Rosevale or Rosina, importing, *a vale of roses.*

Page 66, line 9.

Some at Kirkpatrick say he's born.

Usher names the very spot where he was born, at a place called Kilpatrick or Kirkpatrick, between the castle of Dunbarton and the city of Glasgow.

Page 66, line 10.

Or Pendac near the tide.

Pendac, or Pepidiauc, is situated in Pembrokeshire, Wales, and is now denominated Menavia or St. David's Head.

Page 66, line 12.

But others say with confidence,
Tabernia on the Clyde.

Tabernia denotes a shed or station, it was situated on the Clyde, a river of Scotland.

Page 66, line 17.

At lovely Tours, &c.

Saint Fiech, Bishop of Sletty writes:

Genair Patraic i nem Thur,
Asseadh ad fet hi scelaibh.

Translated thus: Patrick was born at heavenly Tours, as it is ascertained in histories. This is believed to be the correct version by the most credible historians.

Gaul is the ancient name of France.

Page 66, line 24.

O'Sullivan says Souch, in old French, signifies *truncus*, a stock of a tree, and that Souchet is *trunculus*, a little stock.

Page 68, line 19.

Who dwelt in Caledonia, &c.

Caledonia, the ancient name of Scotland, is separated from Ireland by the North Channel.

Page 69, line 15.

And in that weeping captive band
The lad Souchet had come.

St. Patrick was of Roman origin, as his father's name, Calphurnius, plainly shows, and since Niall was pursuing the Romans, he was more desirous to take captives of that race.

Page 73, line 22.

In the Turonian sea.

The Turonian sea was the ancient name of a part of the Mediterranean.

Page 76, line 5.

In vain did cruel Nathi rage.

Nathi was the son of Garchon, king of Leinster, a province of Ireland.

Page 76, line 13.

But when he came to Rath-Inbher, &c.

Rath-Inbher, in Irish, signifies a castle seated on the mouth of a river.

Page 76, line 26.

Dichu in silence stood.

Dichu was the son of Trichem, king of the province of Ulster.

Page 77, line 21.

But when his master Milcho heard, &c.

Milcho, the former master of St. Patrick, was prince of Dalaradia.

Page 78, line 10.

As far as the Bregian plain.

Bregia, or Mac-Bregh, a spacious plain extending many miles about Tarah, was the residence of the monarch.

Page 80, line 9.

From thence he came to Talten mount.

Talten is a mountain in Meath. Here gymnastic exercises, instituted by Lugaidh-lam-fadah, twelfth king of Ireland, were celebrated, like the Olympic games in Greece.

Page 89, line 9.

But since the immortal Kane has been, &c.

Elisha Kent Kane, the commander of the Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.

Page 94.

John Cummings was a resident of the city of Albany at the time of the transaction described, which took place in the Autumn of 1856, in Bethlehem, Albany county, N. Y.

Page 96, line 21.

John said as he beheld the man, &c.

The man referred to is Frederick Stumpf, mentioned in the eighth stanza.

Page 97, line 9.

The Governor did save the boy, &c.

This humane and just interference of the Executive was promoted, if not brought about, by the philanthropic exertions of Hon. John I. Slingerland and others.

Page 99, line 20.

He would depart "to Rome."

A phrase signifying to kiss every girl present.

Page 100.

"I know not," says George Bancroft, in his History of the United States, page 206, vol. iv, "if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter and so perrenial, as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia. 'We have been true,' they said of themselves, 'to our religion, and true to ourselves; yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance.' The hand of the English official seemed under a spell with regard to them; and was never uplifted but to curse them."

Acadia was the name given by the French to the peninsula now called Nova Scotia.

Page 101, line 29.

At length war closed, which was a dismal knell
To fair Acadia, that to Great Britain fell.

The treaty of Utrecht conceded Acadia to Great Britain.

Page 105, line 5.

Children from parents far away were left,
While friends were long of dearest friends bereft.

Lest it should seem to the reader incredible, that such barbarous atrocities were committed by an enlightened and professed Christian nation, but little more than a century ago, I will again quote the words of Bancroft: "Seven thousand of these banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia. * * * * Households, too, were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children."

Page 121, line 1.

Once in that land that lies between
The lovely rivers twain.

The rivers referred to are Zered and Arnon, which flow into the sea of Galilee at the extremities of the land of Moab, in Syria.