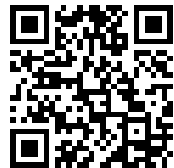


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POEMS  
OF  
ALFRED B. STREET. A. D. 8



# THE POEM



CHARLES W. BENTON





THE POEMS

ALFRED B. STREET



NEW YORK:

1875.

CLARK & BURNETT,

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POEMS

OF

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## P R E F A C E .

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The Author of the following pieces has ventured to hope that to those who have read them in the periodicals, their collection in a volume would not be unacceptable. They are the fruits of some little observation and study in the field, the forest, and at the brook-side.

The early life of the Author was spent in a wild and picturesque region in the southwestern part of New York—his native state. Apart from the busy haunts of mankind, his eye was caught by the strongly marked and beautiful scenes by which he was surrounded : and to the first impressions thus made, may be attributed the fact, that his subjects relate so much to Nature and so little to Man. Instead, therefore, of aiming to depict the human heart, he has endeavored to sketch (however rudely and imperfectly) the features of that with which he was most familiar.

With these remarks this volume is submitted to the public.

ALBANY, Oct. 15, 1845.

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## POEMS.

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### NATURE.

NATURE—faint emblem of Omnipotence—  
Shaped by His hand—the shadow of His light—  
The veil in which He wraps His majesty;  
And through whose mantling folds He deigns to show,  
Of His mysterious, awful attributes  
And dazzling splendors, all man's feeble thought  
Can grasp uncrush'd, or vision bear unquench'd—  
She is the shrine of this, my offering-song.

God glanced on chaos—into form it sprang—  
Worlds cluster'd round Him—instant at His will,  
Blazing, they darted to their destined spheres,  
Spangling the void, and in their orbits wheel'd,  
Each with a different glory. Kindled suns  
Shot their fierce beams, and gentle moons were robed  
In soft pure silvery lustre. Chaos lived.

As the bright shapes were speeding to their goals  
The Angels gazed with wonder. Orb on orb  
Swept past their vision, shedding fitful gleams  
Upon their jewell'd brows and glittering wings,  
And trailing, as they whirl'd along their flight,  
Pathways of splendor, till the boundless space

Flash'd in a web of gorgeous brilliancy.  
But when Omnipotence had form'd His robe,  
And cast its spangled blazonry round Heaven,  
The countless myriads of those shining ones,  
Their wonder changed to awe, bow'd crown and harp  
Before the dazzling brightness. Then, as stole  
The first low music of the singing-stars  
Melting along the stillness, rank on rank,  
The proud Archangel in his majesty,  
And the pure Seraph in her loveliness,  
Leaping erect, pour'd from the quivering string  
Their anthem to the Holiest, till Heaven's air,  
Stirr'd by the diapason of the hymn,  
Roll'd on an ocean of deep billowy sounds.

At the creative summons, Earth had wheel'd  
In her eternal course—Oh! not as now,  
Marr'd by the bitter curse that flow'd from sin,  
Scathed by God's justice, darken'd with His wrath  
And made more black by man—but pure and sweet  
In all the beauty of her blossoming youth,  
In all the fragrance of her new-born spring.  
Paradise, rising at its Maker's touch,  
Bloom'd in its loveliness; the glossy leaves  
Roof'd the rich grass with emerald; gorgeous flowers  
Swung incense to the air, and warbling birds  
And rippling waters made each wind that breathed  
A wandering tongue of softest melody.

Alas! that sin should blight that Paradise!  
Wo for the brightness vanish'd from the earth!  
Wo for lost Eden! As the fiery sword

Gleam'd before eyes that never more might view  
The glories pass'd away with innocence,  
Heaven's radiant brows grew pale at all the grief  
The first transgression then entail'd on man.

Steep'd in her wickedness, Earth revell'd on.  
At length God's anger burst. The mighty rains  
Dash'd, torrent-like, from black and scowling skies  
That veil'd the world with darkness : valleys swell'd  
To leaping rivers—plains to dashing lakes—  
And gorges to mad plunging cataracts ;  
The peopled city and the lonely cot  
Sank in the rising waters ; mountain peaks,  
Dotting the billowy desert, were o'erwhelm'd,  
Until a boundless ocean wildly toss'd  
Its giant surges, and with ceaseless roar  
(Thunder'd its requiem o'er a world destroy'd.)

Borne by the dove o'er this mysterious sea,  
To anxious eyes within the floating Ark,  
The gladdening olive-branch gave pledge of hope  
And sure deliverance.

And when that bright bird,  
Darting through breaking gloom, o'er less'ning flood,  
Vanish'd forever, fainter fell the roar,  
Till the dread requiem ceased ; the watery veil  
Shrank from Earth's features, and, her baptism o'er,  
In the pure sunshine she look'd up and smiled ;  
While o'er her freshen'd beauty, delicate hues  
Glow'd in arch'd brightness on the fleeting clouds—  
God's type of mercy and averted wrath.

B

Time has roll'd on his rapid flood since then—  
 Each wave a century—towards that barrier  
 O'er which it leaps, a mighty cataract,  
 Into the ocean of eternity.

Myriads of human motes have sported o'er  
 Its boiling surges, and been swept away ;  
 Form'd of its mists, upon its slippery banks  
 Empires have risen and vanish'd ; battle-fields  
 Have mingled with its flow their crimson stains,  
 And epochs ruffled it in spots to foam.  
 Nature has kept her order, high above  
 The wild mutations of this rolling tide.  
 Twin-born with Time, and twin-existent, naught  
 Shall swerve her from her proud, sublime career,  
 Until the day of the dread holocaust,  
 When the red sky shall shrivel like a scroll  
 Before the splendors of that "great white throne"  
 Blazing mid crashing spheres and shuddering worlds.

How countless and how multiform the scenes  
 Nature presents, expanding as we tread  
 Her sacred precincts ! With what various tongues  
 She teaches, and how vast the wisdom gain'd !

Show we her scenes, in Europe's differing climes,  
 Asia the gorgeous, stricken Africa,  
 And God's most glorious gift, our own wild land.

An English landscape : a green winding lane,  
 Skirted with fragrant hawthorns, casting down  
 Broad stripes of shadow on the pleasant grass,  
 Streak'd by the slant rays of the sinking sun ;  
 The mown hay's odor fills the balmy air,

And the light clanging of the whetted scythe  
 Rings from the meadow ; o'er yon grove of oaks,  
 Tufting the sky with dome-like foliage,  
 Points the moss'd steeple of the village church ;  
 And through the parted edges of the leaves  
 Gleam the white grave-stones : by this cottage-porch  
 Stoops the rough cart, its long tongue thrust to earth,  
 And near it crouches the tired panting ox,  
 With the grim mastiff, growling in his sleep.  
 Beneath the woodbin'd lattice, flashing back  
 In dazzling sparks the sunshine, the faint hum  
 Of the whirl'd spinning-wheel is blending sweet  
 With the deep low of the approaching kine,  
 And the shrill creaking of the harvest-wain ;  
 O'er the green wave of meadow, melting dim  
 In the far distance sweeps the lordly park,  
 With its gray ivied castle, haughtily  
 Frowning with tower and wall and battlement.

A scene of glorious Italy ! the sky—  
 A delicate sapphire—smiles o'er silver'd slopes  
 Bright with the olive ; purpled terraces  
 Rich with the grape. Isle-dotted Como winds  
 To the dim shroud of its horizon-mist.  
 The glossy myrtles in the fanning air  
 Cast rapid glitterings. In the sunlight, gleam  
 A prostrate column and a broken arch,  
 Their marble bathed in gold : While far, the Alps  
 Lift their proud monarch-forms, with regal robes  
 Of forest purple—dazzling diamond crowns,  
 And craggy sceptres ; guarding, with stern looks,  
 The radiant climes that brighten at their feet.



Romantic Switzerland ! wild mountain peaks  
 Casting gigantic shadows, their grim shapes  
 Streak'd with bright silver, the high headlong plunge  
 Of foaming torrents ; from its crag, the fir  
 Leans o'er the cloven gorge with gloomy frown,  
 While the slight poplar and the graceful larch  
 Cluster round chalets set, like spotted pearls,  
 Upon the bosoms of the billowy hills.  
 The glacier flings its darts of dazzling light  
 In the broad sun ; and towering up, Mont Blanc  
 Throws down the mighty mantle of his shade  
 Upon the vassal-mountains crouching round.

The scorching noon-tide sun of India fires  
 The sandal-scented air. The tall bamboo  
 Walls the bright Ganges with its jointed stems ;  
 Motionless droops the tamarind in the heat,  
 While looming far, the trunk-link'd banyan spreads  
 Its branching columns and its leafy aisles,  
 A temple forest. On his crashing path  
 Through the down trampled canes, the elephant  
 Treads to the dark cool portal, and is lost  
 In the wide-spreading shadow. To the clear  
 Lily-wreath'd mirror of the sacred flood,  
 Bends the striped tiger, and then crouching, hides  
 Within the matted jungle ; while around  
 The tall pagoda and the sculptured mosque,  
 The fig is bursting, and the cocoa hangs  
 High in the glowing air its ripening globes.

Africa shows her picture. Limitless  
 Spread the gray sands, which in their mighty march,

Grain upon grain—each toilsome stride an age—  
 Have whelm'd magnificent temple, palace proud,  
 And gorgeous city, and still onward move—  
 Their only witnesses, the myriad years  
 That o'er have flown, since slow and deep and still,  
 But awful in their stillness, they have pass'd.  
 Afar upon the blue, the pyramid  
 Towering cuts sharply ; near it frowns the Sphynx  
 Wrapped in its sandy mantle, while beneath  
 The grateful shadow of its guardian-palm,  
 The tremulous silver of the fountain glows ;  
 Caravan-camels are reclining round  
 Mid turban'd groups. Quick, skimming like a dart  
 Speeds the light antelope. But what wild shapes  
 Are bursting from the far horizon's rim ?  
 High towering as they come, the pillar'd sands  
 With fearful roaring and with furnace-breath,  
 Shrivelling and scorching, whirl along their course :  
 Brass glares above—red surges toss below—  
 And where they pass, the fierce hyena delves  
 And howls in triumph as he rends his prey.

America, with her rich green forest-robe  
 Yon eagle sweeping from his sunward path,  
 Stoops his broad pinion to a towering peak ;  
 Far as on every side his keen eye darts,  
 An emerald ocean stretches, and its depths,  
 Form'd by the leaves, as ocean by its drops,  
 Are lying motionless in breathless sleep ;  
 But the free viewless wind sweeps over them—  
 They toss in flashing billows, while a sound  
 Arises, swelling in full deep-toned strength,

The playful gambols of this boundless sea,  
 The murmurs of its gladness. Now a cloud,  
 Massive and black, strides up ; the angry gleam  
 Of the red lightning cleaves the frowning folds,  
 And the far thunder mutters ; then as glare  
 Opens on glare and crash succeeds to crash,  
 An awful roar comes deep'ning ; 'tis the wrath  
 Of the fierce whirlwind darting on its way—  
 Crushing beneath its tread, gigantic trees,  
 Leaving its broad strew'd path—a yawning chasm  
 Through the deep forest-heart : Then as uplifts  
 The scowling curtain of the storm, and leaps  
 The sunshine in the coverts, from his lair  
 Bounds the scared panther with his ringing shriek,  
 And from his swampy den, the startled wolf  
 Springs with his clicking teeth and savage snarl,—  
 The forest glitters and sends forth a burst  
 Of music, and upon the mossy glade  
 Light treads the graceful deer—the landscape smiles.

What splendid beauty, and what grandeur wild  
 Nature displays, in this, her loveliest clime,  
 This diamond of her casket ! With one hand,  
 She grasps the pine amongst its mantled snow  
 Rocking in Winter's blasts ; the other holds  
 The orange blossoming mid its golden fruit  
 And trembling in the odor-bearing wind  
 Of changeless Summer. Here, her sloping brows  
 Smile in the bathing sunshine—towering, there,  
 They wear the stern black clouds like diadems ;—  
 Her veins—the glorious rivers rolling on,  
 Now dashing wild o'er barrier-ice, and now

Rippling beneath magnolian chalices ;  
Her eyes—the sea-like lakes, whose angry tones  
Vie with the ocean-thunder ; and her robe  
The gorgeous foliage of the mighty woods.

Not only is she grand and beautiful  
In her majestic outlines, but she paints  
With every passing season's varying brush  
Fairy-like pictures of bright loveliness.

Joy throughout nature. April's fitful smiles  
Have yielded to the warm soft looks of May.  
The hopple and the cherry smile no more  
In cluster'd bloom. The glossy down has left  
The beech-sprays, and the perfumed birch has dropp'd  
Its delicate tassels on the brighten'd moss.  
Alone the dogwood shows its blossoms now,  
Stars of white gauze outspread o'er every leaf,  
Breaking upon the eye amidst the young  
Transparent verdure spotted on the boughs  
Spreading as each day brings a kindlier sun.  
In the moist hollows and by streamlet-sides  
The grass stands thickly. Sunny banks have burst  
Into blue sheets of scented violets.  
The woodland warbles, and the noisy swamp  
Has deepen'd in its tones. All speak of hope  
Of renovated youth, and coming joy.

( A day in June—the full-grown canopy-leaves  
Sketch, in the gentle breathings of the air,  
Black quivering forms upon the flower-gemm'd earth.  
O'er the branch-shelter'd stream, the laurel hangs

Its gorgeous clusters, and the bass-wood breathes  
From its pearl-blossoms, fragrance. Swinging light  
Upon the hemlock-top, the thrasher sounds  
His three-toned flute. From her cool shadowy nook  
The doe has led her dappled fawn, to taste  
The low sweet glade-grass with its clover-spots.  
Bees waft their lyres—clouds wreath and melt above,  
And sunshine smiles in golden gloss below.  
But now the wind stirs fresher ; darting round  
The spider tightens his frail web ; dead leaves  
Whirl in quick eddies from the mounds ; the snail  
Creeps to its twisted fortress, and the bird  
Crouches amid its feathers. Wafted up,  
The stealing cloud with soft gray blinds the sky,  
And in its vapory mantle, onward steps  
The summer shower ; over the shivering grass  
It merrily dances, rings its tinkling bells  
Upon the dimpling stream, and moving on,  
It treads upon the leaves with pattering feet  
And softly murmur'd music. Off it glides—  
And as its misty robe lifts up, and melts,  
The sunshine darting with a sudden burst,  
Strikes o'er the scene a magic brilliancy.  
A damp fresh fragrance from bathed leaves and flowers  
Steeps the cool pleasant air. Tree speaks to tree  
In mirthful warbles—the wet bushes chirp,  
And the grass answers with its insect-tones.

Gorgeous October ! at the reddening morn  
Breathes a slight chillness through the bracing air.  
The white-frost sparkles, showing myriad prints  
Of the wood-wanderers, and the beaded drops

Glitter upon the gossamer. As the skirt  
Of rivulet-mist fades gently in the sky,  
Rich scenes of varied splendor beam around.  
A forest carnival. As though the threads  
Of the sun's light had melted on the leaves  
Each with its different hue ; as though all tints  
Of gem, of bird, of flower, of cloud, of sky,  
Had met and blended in a general glow.  
And as the sun wheels down, his cloudy robes  
Seem but a copy of the dyes of earth  
Brought by his beams, to deck with fitting pomp  
His passage from the glories he had seen  
And smiled on, in his day-course through the sky.

November's storms have pass'd. The stern black frost  
Blighting the pageant-leaves, has left them pale,  
Shrunk and sear, and the strong howling blasts  
Have whirl'd them from their branches, darkening air  
And strewing them o'er earth. Now, sweet and calm,  
Like music gliding o'er discordant sounds,  
Or moonlight smiling on a troubled sea,  
Summer, unrobed of all her glowing charms  
That graced her prime, but mild and matron-like,  
For a brief while returns to greet those scenes  
O'er which she reign'd in queenly loveliness.  
A purple haze is trembling in the air,  
Softening all near in veils of glimmering gauze,  
And steeping far-off masses in thick mist  
Blending their outlines with the shaded sky.  
So still the atmosphere, the thistle's star  
Drops motionless on the moss. Such quiet reigns,  
The low faint crackling of the dry fall'n leaves

Stirr'd by the squirrel's foot is heard, and e'en  
 The light click of the milkweed's bursting pods  
 Showing the glossy satin of the plumes  
 Close pack'd within, with which it wings its seeds.  
 The beech-nut falling from its open'd burr,  
 Gives a sharp rattle, and the locust's song  
 Rising and swelling shrill, then pausing short,  
 Rings like a trumpet. Distant woods and hills  
 Are full of echoes, and each sound that strikes  
 Upon the hollow air, lets loose their tongues.  
 The ripples, creeping through the matted grass,  
 Drip on the ear, and the far partridge-drum  
 Rolls like low thunder. The last butterfly,  
 Like a wing'd violet, floating in the meek  
 Pink-color'd sunshine, sinks his velvet feet  
 Within the pillar'd mullein's delicate down,  
 And shuts and opens his unruffled fans.  
 Lazily wings the crow with solemn croak  
 From tree-top, on to tree-top. Feebly chirps  
 The grasshopper, and the spider's tiny clock  
 Ticks from his crevice.

'Tis the Sabbath-rest  
 Of Nature, ere she yields to Winter's power.

A softer breath is mingled with the keen  
 And piercing air, and o'er the frozen earth  
 And skeleton-forest, from the bleak northwest  
 Uplifts the storm-cloud, gathering fold on fold,  
 A rising mountain : o'er the sky it spreads  
 A dull, impenetrable gloomy gray.  
 The russet snow-bird twitters, as loose flakes  
 One by one, float and flutter through the mist,

Spangling his wing and spotting where they light ;  
 They thicken as they fall, until they stream  
 In myriad columns, mottling the dun air  
 And drawing a dense screen around the sight ;  
 The landscape whitens—and a shell-like sound  
 Murmurs—the low-toned music of the snow.  
 Then roaring on its path, the chainless blast  
 Dashes in furious might, until the scene  
 Is one wild chaos ; then exhausted sinks  
 With dying howls, its strength, and all is still.  
 The morning's sunshine glows upon a waste  
 Sparkling with diamonds. Bare the hill's steep brow,  
 But choked the hollow ; meadow broad, and plain  
 Are furrow'd with white surges ; fences stretch  
 Like low embankments, whilst the open woods  
 Are clothed in garbs of spotless purity.

Nature is Man's best teacher. She unfolds  
 Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,  
 Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart.  
 An influence breathes from all the sights and sounds  
 Of her existence ; she is Wisdom's self.  
 Rest yields she to the "weary" of the earth—  
 Its "heavy-laden" she endows with strength.  
 When sorrow presses on us, when the stings  
 Of bitter disappointment pierce our soul,  
 When our eye sickens at the sight of man,  
 Our ear turns loathing from his jarring voice,  
 The shadowy forest and the quiet field  
 Are then our comforters. A medicine  
 Breathes in the wind that fans our fever'd brow,  
 The blessed sunshine yields a sweet delight,



The bird's low warble thrills within our breast,  
The flower is eloquent with peace and joy,  
And better thoughts come o'er us. Lighter heart  
And purer feelings cheer our homeward way,  
We prize more deep the blessings that are ours,  
And rest a higher, holier trust in God.

And when the splendid summer moonlight bathes,  
Blinding the stars, Night's purple sky in rich  
Transparent splendor, brightening all below,  
As though earth's guardian angel watching o'er  
Had dropp'd his silver mantle from his form  
Upon her to protect her helpless sleep,  
Nature speaks soothing music, stealing through  
Each avenue to the heart, till all is peace—  
Our thoughts are lifted ; passions swept away—  
And in our soul sweet holiness is shed,  
The feverish throbbings leave our brow, and sleep  
Glides o'er our senses like a pleasant shade.

And Nature teaches us Philosophy ;  
In the quick shading of her brilliant morn  
By the dark storm-cloud ; in the canker-spot  
That lurks within her blushing fragrant rose,  
In the sad blighting of her summer leaves  
When Autumn wields his tempests ; solemnly  
She warns how full of direst change is life,  
How perishing our sweetest, brightest joys,  
How oft death lays our dearest feelings waste  
And makes existence cold and desolate.  
But oh ! she teaches also blessed Hope ;  
Hope, the sustainer ! Hope, which keeps the heart

From breaking in its sorrow. Glorious Hope !  
 In the light seed that cradles the green plant—  
 In the bright sun succeeding the dark night—  
 In blue-eyed Spring, that plants her violets  
 Within departing Winter's melting snows.

And—holier theme—she teaches us of God,  
 Her Architect—her Master. At His feet  
 She crouches, and in offering Him her praise  
 From myriad altars, and in myriad tones,  
 She bids man praise Him also. In the broad  
 Magnificent ocean, surging in wild foam,  
 Yet bounded in its madness ; in the fierce,  
 Shrieking, and howling tempest, crashing on  
 In desolating wrath, yet curb'd with reins,  
 She shows His awful power, yet tender care.  
 In the free sunlight—in the dropping clouds,  
 And changes of the seasons, she proclaims  
 His boundless goodness and exhaustless love.

Glorious, most glorious Nature ! thus she yields  
 Gems to the seeker. But, alas ! on earth  
 We see but dim reflections of her light—  
 We hear but whispers of her magic voice—  
 Her dazzling cloudless splendors will be seen,  
 And her full, perfect harmony be heard,  
 Only when, bursting from its chains of clay,  
 The soul shall reach its immortality.

## THE GRAY FOREST EAGLE.

WITH storm-daring pinion, and sun-gazing eye,  
The Gray Forest Eagle is king of the sky !  
Oh, little he loves the green valley of flowers,  
Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours,  
For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees  
But rippling of waters and waving of trees ;  
There the red-robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,  
The timid quail whistles, the shy partridge drums ;  
And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,  
There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song ;  
The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,  
And there's naught but his shadow black gliding across ;  
But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam  
Of the fierce, rocky torrent, he claims as his home :  
There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,  
And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood ;  
From the fir's lofty summit, where morn hangs its wreath,  
He views the mad waters white writhing beneath ;  
On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down,  
With bright azure mantle, and gay mottled crown,  
The kingfisher watches, while o'er him his foe  
The fierce hawk, sails circling, each moment more low ;  
Now poised are those pinions and pointed that beak,  
His dread swoop is ready, when hark ! with a shriek  
His eyeballs red-blazing, high bristling his crest,  
His snake-like neck arch'd, talons drawn to his breast,  
With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,  
The Gray Forest Eagle shoots down in his flight :

One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,  
 The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dripping wreck ;  
 And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like on high  
 With his prey soars the Eagle, and melts in the sky.

A fitful red glaring, a low rumbling jar,  
 Proclaim the Storm-Demon, yet raging afar :  
 The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,  
 And the roll of the thunder, more deep and more dread ;  
 A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,  
 And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair.  
 The lightning darts zigzag and fork'd through the gloom,  
 And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom ;  
 The Gray Forest Eagle, where, where has he sped ?  
 Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread ?  
 Does the glare blind his eye ? Has the terrible blast  
 On the wing of the Sky-King a fear-fetter cast ?  
 No no, the brave Eagle ! he thinks not of fright ;  
 The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight ;  
 To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,  
 To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,  
 And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,  
 And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away !  
 Away, oh, away, soars the fearless and free !  
 What recks he the sky's strife ?—its monarch is he !  
 The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight ;  
 The blast sweeps against him, unwaver'd his flight ;  
 High upward, still upward he wheels, till his form  
 Is lost in the black scowling gloom of the storm.

The tempest glides o'er with its terrible train,  
 And the splendor of sunshine is glowing again ;

Again smiles the soft, tender blue of the sky,  
 Waked (bird-voices | warble, fann'd (leaf-voices) sigh ;  
 On the green grass dance shadows, streams sparkle and run,  
 The breeze bears the odor its flower-kiss has won,  
 And full on the form of the Demon in flight  
 The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight !  
 The Gray Forest Eagle ! oh, where is he now,  
 While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow ?  
 There's a dark, floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,  
 With the speed of the arrow 'tis shooting beneath ;  
 Down, nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,  
 Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze,  
 To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,  
 A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad wing are there ;  
 'Tis the Eagle—the Gray Forest Eagle—once more  
 He sweeps to his eyrie : his journey is o'er !

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,  
 But the Gray Forest Eagle minds little his sway ;  
 The child spurns its buds for Youth's thorn-hidden bloom,  
 Seeks Manhood's bright phantoms, finds Age and a tomb ;  
 But the Eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,  
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !

The green tiny pine-shrub points up from the moss,  
 The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across ;  
 The beech-nut, down dropping, would crush it beneath,  
 But 'tis warm'd with heaven's sunshine, and fann'd by its  
 breath ;  
 The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,  
 Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky ;  
 On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates,

And the deer from his antlers the velvet-down grates ;  
 Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air  
 A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagg'd and bare,  
 Till it rocks in the soft breeze, and crashes to earth,  
 Its brown fragments strewing the place of its birth.  
 The Eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight,  
 He has seen it defying the storm in its might,  
 Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting o'er,  
 But the Gray Forest Eagle is still as of yore.  
 His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,  
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !

He has seen from his eyrie the forest below  
 In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow,  
 The thickets, deep wolf-lairs, the high crag his throne,  
 And the shriek of the panther has answer'd his own.  
 He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,  
 And the smokes of his wigwams curl'd thick in the glades ;  
 He has seen the proud forest melt, breath-like, away,  
 And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day ;  
 He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,  
 And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air ;  
 And his shriek is now answer'd, while sweeping along,  
 By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song ;  
 He has seen the wild red man swept off by his foes,  
 And he sees dome and roof where those smokes once arose ;  
 But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,  
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !

An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,  
 Is the Gray Forest Eagle, that king of the sky !  
 It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth—

By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth ;  
There rock'd by the wild wind, baptized in the foam,  
It is guarded and cherish'd, and there is its home !  
When its shadow steals black o'er the empires of kings,  
Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror it brings ;  
Where wicked oppression is arm'd for the weak,  
There rustles its pinion, there echoes its shriek ;  
Its eye flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way,  
And its talons are bathed in the blood of its prey.

Oh, that Eagle of Freedom ! when cloud upon cloud  
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud,  
When lightnings gleam'd fiercely, and thunder-bolts rung,  
How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung !  
Though the wild blast of battle rush'd fierce through the air  
With darkness and dread, still the Eagle was there ;  
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,  
Till the rainbow of Peace crown'd the victory won.

Oh, that Eagle of Freedom ! age dims not his eye,  
He has seen Earth's mortality spring, bloom, and die !  
He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish and fall,  
He mocks at time's changes, he triumphs o'er all ;  
He has seen our own land with wild forests o'erspread,  
He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head ;  
And his presence will bless this his own chosen clime,  
Till the Archangel's fiat is set upon Time.

ONNEKO.

SPRING in the wilds ! its crimson gems  
The gorgeous maple wore ;  
Rich satin tipp'd the beechen stems,  
The birch was tassell'd o'er.  
The wind-flower, first the blue-bird sees  
When first he flits through budding trees,  
In myriads trembled round ;  
Soft from the south the air-breaths blew,  
Whilst every glowing sunbeam drew  
A violet from the ground.

The long rich rays of sunset fell  
Athwart the forest air,  
And lit, within a swampy dell,  
A form reclining there.  
The scalp-lock o'er the brow—the cheeks  
Fierce blazon'd with the war-paint's streaks,  
The eye still keen and bold,  
The totem on the skin impress'd,  
The wolf-robe twined below the breast,  
The Indian warrior told.



One hand still grasp'd the tomahawk,  
A broken gun was near,  
The last leaf of a wither'd stalk,  
He came to perish here.  
The thresher, in the topmost tree  
Whistled its varied harmony,  
The red-bird, fluttering by,  
Seem'd showering fire-sparks from its wings,  
But naught to him these sounds and things,  
His hour was come to die.

He mark'd the sunset radiance pour  
Upon the field of fray,  
Where, strewn like autumn leaves, in gore  
His faithful warriors lay ;  
There, knife to bayonet, gun to gun,  
Their blood in mingled streams had run,  
Still with their latest breath  
Around their chieftain they had fought,  
Yielding in stern despair to naught  
But rapid slaughtering death.

And as he watch'd the gold and red  
Along the western sky,  
The vision'd future pictured spread  
To his prophetic eye.  
Scatter'd and lost his race were driven,  
Outcasts of earth and cursed by heaven,  
With none to heed or save,  
From scenes where once their fathers reign'd,  
To seek the refuge that remain'd  
In far Pacific's wave.

The eve had deepen'd into night,  
The spangling star-gems now  
Cluster'd around the moon, that bright  
Unveil'd her silver brow ;  
His wing'd thoughts sought the spot where free  
And peacefully, and happily,  
He lived till white men came,  
And turn'd, in midnight's stormiest gloom,  
Where late were joy, and life, and bloom,  
To strife, and death, and flame.

Oh brightly rose that fancied scene  
Before the man of wo !  
The waving forest's leafy screen—  
The village roofs below ;  
The purple of the circling hills,  
The diamond lake, the sparkling rills  
That vein'd the mountain side,  
The dance, the chase, the fleet canoe,  
His simple pomp, his warriors true,  
His parents, and his bride.

But now a pall-like cloud was hung  
Around the blacken'd air,  
And like a fiend the Tempest sprung  
From his sulphureous lair ;  
In the fierce blast the pine-tree writhed,  
Darted the lightning fiery scythed,  
The deafening thunder roar'd,  
Roused from his den, the panther's shriek  
Rung sharp, and clear, while from his peak  
The frighted eagle soar'd.

Madd'ning, as wilder raged the night,  
Thought burst its faint control,  
Then swept the phantoms of the fight,  
Across the Sachem's soul ;  
Once more he whirl'd his hatchet high,  
Once more he whoop'd his battle-cry,  
As, staggering mid his foes  
Plume, knife, and bosom raining blood,  
He for an instant sternly stood  
And sunk beneath their blows.

Just then, broad, bright, and blinding, flash'd  
The lightning o'er the gloom,  
And down, bare, scorch'd, and splinter'd, dash'd  
A cedar's kingly plume ;  
The 'cloud, the earth, the trunks, the sprays,  
Within that blue and sheeted blaze,  
Leap'd startling into light :  
It pass'd—but in that fiery car,  
The Sachem's soul had swept afar  
In its returnless flight.

The frequent gleams of sunny gold,  
The pleasant showers of rain,  
And warmth pervading Nature, told  
That spring had come again ;  
The leaf-buds swell'd upon the bough,  
A soft mist clothed the mountain's brow,  
And sweetly from the hill  
The bird's rejoicing carol blent  
With flute-like, murmuring voices sent  
From many a snow-born rill.

In a wild lurking gorge that wound  
Amid the mountain shade,  
Lost in the mazes of their ground,  
A group of hunters stray'd ;  
The weighty rifle, pouch, and horn,  
Alike by youth and age were borne,  
For toil their limbs had strung ;  
And woods, whose years were centuries,  
Had melted like the passing breeze,  
Where'er their axes rung.

Oft did they seek that passage dark  
To pierce with practised sight,  
Oft scan the moss upon the bark  
To guide their footsteps right ;  
From the dead leaves young grass-blades peer'd,  
Its downy curl the fern uprear'd,  
Fresb fringe the hemlock show'd,  
The blossom'd shadbush crouching low,  
Scatter'd its frequent patch of snow  
Along their tangled road.

From the twined root the partridge whirr'd,  
The striped snake sought its den,  
Shrill chirp'd the squirrel, as were heard  
Strange voices in the glen ;  
Filling the woods with fleeting roar  
The startled pigeon flock whizz'd o'er,  
The robin call'd in fright ;  
And once the branches near them crash'd,  
And the fierce wild-cat screaming dash'd  
Before in leaping flight.

At length the misty atmosphere  
Breathed pestilent and damp,  
And laurels clustering thick and drear,  
Proclaim'd the sunken swamp ;  
Black straggling trees, with long gray moss  
And rotting bark, like ghosts across  
The waste, their branches spread,  
A melancholy stillness reign'd  
Around, as if there naught remain'd  
But relics of the dead.

A thicket, denser than the rest,  
Along their wayside grew,  
They plunge within its net-like breast—  
Ha ! what is that they view ?  
There lay a grinning skeleton,  
Where scarce could pierce the summer sun  
Or blow the summer air ;  
Some helpless dweller of the woods  
Starving, amidst these solitudes  
Had doubtless perish'd there.

The creeping ground-pine twined about  
Each shrunk and fleshless limb,  
And the white wind-flower look'd from out  
The sockets black and grim ;  
Half hidden in the foliage round,  
With which spring clothes the forest ground  
In blossom, leaf, and stalk,  
Redden'd with rust, there lay upon  
The moss, the fragment of a gun,  
And dinted tomahawk.

One with white hair, then kneeling low  
The tomahawk swept bare,  
And read the letters "Onneko"  
In rude mark'd traces there ;  
The memory of a forest King  
Was brought on Thought's recurring wing  
From twilight of the past,  
Who scorning fierce to bend the knee,  
For vengeance and for liberty  
Long strove, but fell at last.

The old man told his story then,  
How in a distant wood  
Embosom'd in a pleasant glen  
An Indian village stood.  
There was the lake, whose blue expanse  
Pictured the council, and the dance—  
The pirogue's simple sail—  
And war-post, where for Onneko  
A hundred warriors struck the blow,  
And rush'd upon the trail.

Then, how the white men sought the lake,  
Like vultures for their prey,  
With craft and worthless toys to take  
Those hunting grounds away ;  
How baffled—one wild night of dread,  
The black sky gleam'd with lurid red  
From burning roofs, and loud  
The Sachem heard the musket crash,  
And saw the blood-stain'd bayonet flash,  
From out the sulphurous shroud.

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Then how those smouldering heaps among  
That prophesied his fate,  
The madden'd chief his death-song sung,  
And swore eternal hate ;  
In wolf-trod swamps, and mountains where  
The lurking panther made his lair,  
The noble savage fought ;  
There oft his war-whoop startling rose,  
Till borne down by unnumber'd foes,  
He died the death he sought.

Then through the listening group, a grief  
Weighty and deep was spread,  
They with one impulse raised the chief  
From that damp thicket's bed.  
They delved a grave within the sod,  
While to the Indian's Christian's God,  
The old man pour'd his prayer,  
Beneath a hemlock's mournful shade,  
The relics of the Sachem laid,  
And left him resting there.

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A FOREST NOOK.

A nook within the forest ; overhead  
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,  
Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine bright,  
Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,  
And flecks of gold ; a soft cool emerald tint

Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves  
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls  
And what a gorgeous roof carved by the hand  
Of glorious Nature ! Here the spruce thrusts in  
Its bristling plume, tipp'd with its pale-green points ;  
The scallop'd beech leaf, and the birch's cut  
Into fine ragged edges, interlace.

While here and there, through clefts, the laurel lifts  
Its snowy chalices half-brimm'd with dew,  
As though to hoard it for the haunting elves  
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.  
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes the earth,  
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern displays  
Its fluted wreath beaded beneath with drops  
Of richest brown ; the wild-rose spreads its breast  
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir  
Has dropp'd its dark, long cone.

The scorching glare  
Without, makes this green nest a grateful haunt  
For summer's radiant things ; the butterfly  
Fluttering within and resting on some flower,  
Fans his rich velvet form ; the toiling bee  
Shoots by, with sounding hum and mist-like wings ;  
The robin perches on the bending spray  
With shrill, quick chirp ; and like a flake of fire  
The redbird seeks the shelter of the leaves.  
And now and then a flutter overhead  
In the thick green, betrays some wandering wing  
Coming and going, yet conceal'd from sight.  
A shrill, loud outcry—on yon highest bough  
Sits the gray squirrel, in his burlesque wrath  
Stamping and chattering fiercely : now he drops



A hoarded nut, then at my smiling gaze  
Buries himself within the foliage.  
The insect tribe are here ; the ant toils on  
With its white burthen ; in its netted web  
Gray glistening o'er the bush, the spider lurks,  
A close-crouch'd ball, out-darting as a hum  
Tells its trapp'd prey, and looping quick its threads,  
Chains into helplessness the buzzing wings.  
The wood-tick taps its tiny muffled drum  
To the shrill cricket-fife, and swelling loud,  
The grasshopper its swelling bugle winds.  
Those breaths of Nature, the light fluttering airs  
Like gentle respirations, come and go,  
Lift on its crimson stem the maple leaf,  
Displaying its white lining underneath,  
And sprinkle from the tree-tops golden rain  
Of sunshine on the velvet sward below.  
Such nooks as this are common in the woods :  
And all these sights and sounds the commonest  
In Nature when she wears her summer prime.  
Yet by them pass not lightly : to the wise  
They tell the beauty and the harmony  
Of e'en the lowliest things that God hath made.  
That His familiar earth and sky are full  
Of His ineffable power and majesty.  
That in the humble objects, seen too oft  
To be regarded, is such wondrous grace,  
The art of man is vain to imitate.  
That the low flower our careless foot treads down  
Is a rich shrine of incense delicate,  
And radiant beauty, and that God hath form'd  
All, from the cloud-wreath'd mountain, to the grain

Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts up,  
 With deepest forethought and severest care.  
 And thus these noteless, lovely things are types  
 Of his perfection and divinity.

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BUNKER HILL.

THE eve of a deathless day  
 Had gather'd o'er the land,  
 And the clear moon cast her silvery ray  
 On banner, plume, and brand ;  
 Ranks of the bold and free  
 Were rallying thickly round,  
 With the stern watchword, " Liberty !"  
 To drum and trumpet sound.  
 The hunter left his deer-trod hill,  
 The hamlet's busy voice was still,  
 The bark lay idly by the shore,  
 The city's hum arose no more—  
 And wild birds in the thickets sung  
 Where late the woodman's hatchet rung.  
 All came to swell the patriot ranks—  
 Men who to man, ne'er bow'd the knee :  
 Like mountain-torrents, wild and free,  
 Fierce bursting from their banks.

Morn breaks. On yon embattled height,  
 What form stands towering in the air—

Holding an ægis, broad and bright,  
O'er the small band collected there ?  
And whose that banner o'er her streaming,  
In striped and starry blazon gleaming ?  
And whose that eagle at her side,  
With arching neck and glance of pride ?  
American ! 'tis Freedom's form !  
Does not thy life-blood kindle warm ?  
And thine that standard waving high—  
And thine that eagle pluming by.  
With blast of trump, and roll of drum,  
Near, and more near the foemen come !  
Think, sire ! thy helpless children throw  
Their arms for succor round thee now !  
Think, son ! thy age-worn parents feel  
Their fireside hopes are on thy steel !  
And, most of all, oh, think that ye  
Defend a nation's liberty !

Have we not seen, along the sky,  
The tempest rear its sulphury crest,  
Till, fold on fold, in blackest dye,  
It gathers round some mountain's breast ?  
As rush and blend those sable palls,  
Below a solemn stillness falls—  
Till flashing lightnings cut the air,  
And bursting thunders rattle there.  
What though beneath the splintering shock,  
Topples the cliff and rolls the rock—  
What though before the rushing blast,  
Tall pines, like weeds, to earth are cast,  
And the strong rains the streamlets lash,

Till, foaming torrents, on they dash ;  
Still firm the mountain rears its form  
And frowns defiance to the storm.  
Thus came, thus rush'd Oppression's might,  
And thus the free maintain'd the fight.

Smoke veils the view—but flash on flash,  
And roar on roar, and crash on crash,  
And groan and shriek, and shout and yell,  
The progress of the combat tell.  
Fitfully through the lurid haze,  
Shoots fierce and red the cannon's blaze,  
And glance, like sparkles on a stream,  
Glitter of sword, and bayonet's gleam.  
It lifts—wild scene of rushing files, '   
And dropping forms, and thickening piles.  
But, on yon earthen mounds, behold !  
That starry flag is still unroll'd,  
There, side by side the patriots stand,  
The bulwark of their native land.

But what huge shape is in the sky,  
Seeming, as from a burning lair  
Slowly emerging ? every eye  
For one brief instant fastens there.  
Is it some form the War-Fiend takes,  
To triumph o'er the scene he makes ?  
That ruddy flush—that darting streak—  
His helm and spear, might well bespeak ;  
But deeper frowns the murky cloud,  
Brightens the radiance in its shroud,  
Till city spire—embattled height

And sail-speck'd bay are bronzed with light.  
'Tis flame ! 'tis flame ! from roofs late bent  
O'er household groups of blest content.  
Where happy hearts were wont to beat,  
With all that made earth truly sweet—  
Where are those groups ? On yon wall'd brow,  
Stern manhood grasps his weapons now !  
The leafy wood—the grassy field—  
To age and childhood shelter yield ;  
Where the content ? from every breast,  
Vengeance has chased the heavenly guest.

In struggling masses—up the hill,  
On the steep glaciis, scorch'd and plough'd,  
Beneath the tottering ramparts, still  
The eager hosts of England crowd.  
Twice had they hurl'd, with warrior might,  
On Freedom's ranks, the deadly fight,  
And twice, upon their corpse-strewn track,  
By Freedom's sons, been beaten back.  
But see ! they rally now—the air  
Gleams with the bayonets bristling there.  
They come ! they come ! Brave hearts ! who stay'd  
That serried torrent undismay'd,  
When fiercer in its flow,  
By all the dearest ties of earth—  
By all the holiest rights of birth,  
Sink not beneath it now.

Once more ! once more ! ye tried and true !  
Bear up, for Freedom strives with you—  
Your banner waves before your eye,

Your guardian Eagle hovers nigh.  
 By every blow a right is freed,  
 On every effort glory's meed !  
 Ha ! Warren falls ! but waver not—  
 Pour in your last, your deadliest shot !

Now, like a lion, death-beset,  
 And drench'd with blood, unconquer'd yet—  
 With bristling mane, and rolling eye—  
 Too weak to rush—too proud to fly—  
 Scowling more grim, as hasten foes,  
 Growling more fierce, as thicken blows—  
 Till, with a roar of deep despair,  
 He staggers feebly to his lair :  
 Grasp, grasp again, ye little band !  
 Each weapon with determined hand ;  
 Though every limb is faint with toil,  
 And every vein has stain'd the soil,  
 With your clench'd muskets, strike once more !  
 One crushing blow !—'tis o'er !—'tis o'er !—  
 And shouting as they slowly flee,  
 They leave the humbled king his useless victory.

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THE LOVERS' WALK.

A NARROW valley, wall'd by mountains—  
 A winding river gliding through,  
 Lucid as though its silver fountains  
 Were born from, and were fed by dew—

Here, spreads its mirror to the day,  
Round thicket-isles with pointed sands,  
To which, the crane, on watch for prey,  
Wades, and with neck low arching stands.  
There the thick alder-branches weave  
A verdant net beside, across,  
So dense and dark as scarce to leave  
Glimpse of the water's sliding gloss.  
Along, are scatter'd willow-groups,  
Their yellow sprays the surface tipping,  
And, roots half loose, half clinging, stoops  
The elm, its slant boughs deeply dipping,  
Making the stream with bubbles wroth,  
That, wheeling into coverts deep,  
Mingle to clumps of snowy froth,  
Whence, flakes detach'd, slow melting, creep :  
The forest, in tall column'd ranks,  
Forming mass'd backgrounds to the banks.

The beamless sun enlarges now,  
Upon the western mountain's brow ;  
His orb is broken into gems  
Red twinkling through the leaves and stems ;  
Viewing the quiet loveliness,  
Two figures seek the river's side,  
One with blue eye and auburn tress,  
And one in manhood's strength and pride.  
Arm lock'd in arm, they roam along,  
Now listening to the thrasher's song,  
Now watching where some straggling ray  
Touches of light casts round their way :  
Love coloring all things with its glow,

Blending their hearts in one sweet flow  
Of music, lengthening to their gaze,  
A future of sweet happy days ;  
Like some fair landscape that we see,  
Soft tinted into harmony,  
Stretching away, and melting bright  
Within a blaze of golden light.

Vincent, the lily's purple gem,  
Gathers from its long spotted stem,  
    To wreath in Ellen's glossy hair,  
Or points, where on the western haze  
The trees seem fusing in a blaze  
    Like gold-dust sparkling through the air.

Wild is their walk ; the stream, beyond  
Spreads to a broad and mirror'd pond ;  
The muskrat, at the coming foe,  
    His burrow seeks with splashing leap,  
His pathway, through the ooze below,  
    Shown by a line upon the deep :  
The otter darts, in backward slide,  
Down the steep gravelly water-side :  
From yon deep nook, where boughs o'erlean,  
And melts the light in golden green,  
The duck, her yellow brood, leads out,  
Dipping their tiny bills about,  
At the quick waterspider's bound,  
And the gray gnat-swarms dancing round.

The river then, through pine-trees tall,  
    Leads to a wide-spread placid sheet



Dome sprinkled, with a low broad fall,  
The timid beaver's wild retreat.  
Here, on the banks, the sapling gnawing,  
There, for the dam the branches drawing,  
Now peering from their huts of clay,  
Now sporting on their liquid way,  
The tenants of the little lake,  
Each in its sphere of bustling strife,  
This lonely spot of Nature make  
A mimic scene of human life.  
But as strange footsteps press the brink,  
Dark heads within each hovel shrink,  
Shapes swiftly glide from tree and bough,  
Quick plunges ring the basin's brow,  
And, o'er the water and the wood,  
Silence sleeps deep with solitude.

Homeward they turn—green roofs o'erhead,  
And cluster'd thickets round them spread;  
With wide expanded feet like wings,  
The flying squirrel shoots his way,  
And grating on its tiny strings,  
The cricket shrills its evening lay,  
The whetsaw sounds its music near,  
Tinkling like silver sweet and clear.  
But now their quicken'd footsteps beat  
The hamlet's wide and straggling street;  
The west with second pomp is bright,  
Though in the east the dusk is thickening,  
Twilight's first star breaks forth in white,  
Into night's gold each moment quickening,  
The red-sleeved boatman, to the shore,

Fastens with withes his long batteau ;  
 On slant-roof'd stoop—by half-swung door,  
 Matron and sire enjoy the glow  
 Glancing from off the looks that Day  
 Turns back upon his downward way.  
 With shoulder'd axe, and greeting speech,  
 The woodsman saunters from the hill,  
 And from the grainfield's nodding reach  
 The reaper comes with whistle shrill,  
 And soon, each pointed pane shows bright  
 That household star—the candle-light.

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THE WILLEWEMOC IN SUMMER.

BUBBLING within some basin green  
 So fringed with fern, the woodcock's bill  
 Scarce penetrates the leafy screen,  
 Leaps into life, the infant rill.  
 Oozing along, a winding streak,  
 O'er moss and grass, it whispers meek,  
 Then swelling o'er some barrier root  
 The tiny ripples onward shoot,  
 Then the clear sparkling waters spread  
 And deepen down their sloping bed,  
 Until a streamlet bright and strong,  
 The Willewemoc glides along,  
 Through its wild forest depths, to bear  
 Its homage to the Delaware.

Now pebbly shallows, where the deer  
     Just bathes his crossing hoof, and now  
 Broad hollow'd creeks that, deep and clear,  
     Would whelm him to his antler'd brow.  
 Here, the smooth silver sleeps so still,  
 The ear might catch the faintest trill ;  
 The bee's low hum—the whirr of wings,  
 And the sweet songs of grass-hid things.  
 There, dashing by, in booming shocks,  
     So loud their wrath the waters wreak,  
 Mid floating trees and scatter'd rocks,  
     They drown the fierce gray eagle's shriek.  
 Here, the slight cowslip from the moss  
 In ripples breaks the amber gloss,  
 There, the whirl'd spray showers upward fly  
 To the slant firs crag-rooted high.

Blue sky, pearl cloud, and golden beam  
     Beguile my steps this summer day,  
 Beside the lone and lovely stream,  
     And mid its sylvan scenes to stray :  
 The moss, too delicate and soft  
 To bear the tripping bird aloft,  
 Slopes its green velvet to the sedge,  
 Tufting the mirror'd water's edge,  
 Where the slow eddies wrinkling creep  
 Mid swaying grass in stillness deep :  
 The sweet wind scarce has breath to turn  
     The edges of the leaves, or stir  
     The fragile wreath of gossamer  
 Embroider'd on yon clump of fern.  
 The stream incessant greets my ear

In hollow dashings—full round tones—  
Purling mid alder branches here,  
There gurgling o'er the tinkling stones ;  
The rumble of the waterfall,  
Majestic sounding over all.

Before me spreads the shelter'd pool,  
Pictured with tree-shapes black and cool ;  
Here the roof'd water seems to be  
A solid mass of ebony :  
There the lit surface glances bright  
In dazzling gleams of spangled light ;  
Now the quick darting waterfly  
Ploughs its light furrow, skimming by,  
While circling o'er in mazy rings,  
The chirping swallow dips his wings ;  
Relieved against yon sunny glare  
The gnat-swarms, dust-like, speck the air ;  
From yon deep cove where lily-gems  
Are floating by their silken stems,  
Out glides the dipping duck to seek,  
The narrow windings of the creek,  
The glitterings of his purple back  
Disclosing far his sinuous track ;  
Now sliding down yon grassy brink  
I see the otter plunge and sink,  
Yon bubbling streak betrays his rise,  
And through the furrowing sheet he plies.

The aspen shakes, the hemlock hums—  
Damp with the shower the west wind comes ;  
Rustling in heaps the quivering grass,

It dark'ning dots the streamlet's glass,  
And rises with the herald-breeze  
The cloud's dark umber o'er the trees ;  
A veil of gauze-like mist it flings,  
Dimples the stream with transient rings,  
And soon beneath this tent-like tree  
The swift bright glancing streaks I see,  
And hear around in murmuring strain  
The gentle music of the rain.  
Then bursts the sunshine warm and gay,  
The misty curtain melts away,  
The cloud in fragments breaks, and through  
Trembles in spots the smiling blue ;  
A fresh, damp sweetness fills the scene,  
From dripping leaf and moisten'd earth,  
The odor of the winter-green  
Floats on the airs that now have birth ;  
Plashes and air-bells all about,  
Proclaim the gambols of the trout,  
And calling bush and answering tree  
Echo with woodland melody.  
Now the piled west in pomp displays  
The radiant forms that sunset weaves,  
And slanting lines of golden haze  
Are streaming through the sparkling leaves.  
A clear, sweet, joyous strain is heard—  
It is the minstrel mocking-bird.  
The strain of every songster floats  
Within his rich and splendid notes ;  
The blue-bird's warble brief and shrill,  
The wailing of the whippoorwill,  
The robin's call—the jay's harsh screech,

His own sweet music heard through each.  
His three-toned anthem now he sings,  
Liquid and low and soft it rings,  
Then rising with a swell more clear,  
It melts upon the bending ear,  
Till with a piercing flourish'd flight,  
He bids the darkening scene good-night.

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THE CALLICOON IN AUTUMN.

FAR in the forest's heart, unknown,  
Except to sun and breeze,  
Where solitude her dreaming throne  
Has held for centuries ;  
Chronicled by the rings and moss  
That tell the flight of years across  
The seam'd and column'd trees,  
This lovely streamlet glides along  
With tribute of eternal song !

Now, stealing through its thickets deep  
In which the wood-duck hides,  
Now, picturing in its basin sleep  
Its green pool-hollow'd sides,  
Here, through the pebbles slow it creeps,  
There, mid some wild abyss it sweeps,  
And foaming, hoarsely chides ;  
Then slides so still, its gentle swell  
Scarce ripples round the lily's bell.

Nature, in her autumnal dress  
 Magnificent and gay,  
 Displays her brightest loveliness,  
 Though nearest her decay ;  
 The sky is spread in silvery sheen,  
 With breaks of tenderest blue between,  
 Through which the timid ray  
 Struggles in faintest, meekest glow,  
 And rests in dreamy hues below.

The south-west airs of laden'd balm  
 Come breathing sweetly by,  
 And wake, amid the forest's calm,  
 One quick and shivering sigh,  
 Shaking, but dimpling not the glass  
 Of this smooth streamlet, as they pass—  
 They scarcely wheel on high  
 The thistle's downy, silver star,  
 To waft its pendent seed afar.

Sleep-like the silence, by the lapse  
 Of waters only broke,  
 And the woodpecker's fitful taps  
 Upon the hollow oak ;  
 And, mingling with the insect hum,  
 The beatings of the partridge drum,  
 With now and then a croak  
 As, on his flapping wing, the crow  
 O'er passes, heavily and slow.

A foliage world of glittering dyes  
 Gleams brightly on the air,

As though a thousand sunset skies,  
With rainbows, blended there ;  
Each leaf an opal, and each tree  
A bower of varied brilliancy,  
And all one general glare  
Of glory, that o'erwhelms the sight  
With dazzling and unequall'd light.

Rich gold with gorgeous crimson, here,  
The birch and maple twine,  
The beech its orange mingles near  
With emerald of the pine ;  
And e'en the humble bush and herb  
Are glowing with those tints superb,  
As though a scatter'd mine  
Of gems, upon the earth were strown,  
Flashing with radiance, each its own.

All steep'd in that delicious charm  
Peculiar to our land,  
That comes, ere Winter's frosty arm  
Knits Nature's icy band ;  
The purple, rich, and glimmering smoke,  
That forms the Indian Summer's cloak,  
When, by soft breezes fann'd,  
For a few precious days he broods  
Amidst the gladden'd fields and woods.

The squirrel chatters merrily,  
The nut falls ripe and brown,  
And, gem-like, from the jewell'd tree  
The leaf comes fluttering down ;



And restless in his plumage gay,  
From bush to bush loud screams the jay,  
    And on the hemlock's crown  
The sentry pigeon guards from foes  
The flock that dots the neighboring boughs.

See ! on this edge of forest lawn,  
    Where sleeps the clouded beam,  
A doe has led her spotted fawn  
    To gambol by the stream ;  
Beside yon mullein's braided stalk  
They hear the gurgling voices talk,  
    While, like a wandering gleam,  
The yellow-bird dives here and there,  
A feather'd vessel of the air.

On, through the rampart walls of rock,  
    The waters pitch in white,  
And high, in mist, the cedars lock  
    Their boughs, half lost to sight  
Above the whirling gulf—the dash  
Of frenzied floods, that vainly lash  
    Their limits in their flight,  
Whose roar the eagle, from his peak,  
Responds to with his angriest shriek.

Stream of the wilds ! the Indian here,  
    Free as thy chainless flow,  
Has bent against thy depths his spear,  
    And in thy woods his bow ;  
The beaver built his dome—but they,  
The memories of an earlier day,

Like those dead trunks, that show  
 What once were mighty pines—have fled  
 With Time's unceasing, rapid tread.

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THE HILL HOLLOW.

A HOLLOW in the hills. Spring's melted snows  
 And many rain-showers swell'd the tiny brook,  
 Until it dash'd a torrent, scooping out  
 A channel, as it tore upon its way.  
 But now, the slender springlet trickles on  
 Purling and murmuring with so low a voice  
 The whizzing of yon humming-bird's swift wings,  
 Spanning gray glimmering circles round its shape,  
 Is heard above the prattle. Green and sweet  
 And quiet is the hollow. From the road  
 Furrow'd with wheels, and beaten hard with feet,  
 A few short steps will place you in the depth  
 Of this soft lap of Nature. When the sun  
 Quivers upon the dust, and on the brow  
 Burns hot and fierce, and short the panting breath,  
 With what refreshing coolness does the air  
 Moisten your lips, and glide around your limbs,  
 Strengthening again to vigor! High o'erhead  
 The yellow bank, scraped by the rushing flood,  
 Dangling with threads of roots, with here and there  
 The twisted feet of clinging firs, like veins  
 Bare, bulging from the earth, and bedded stones,  
 And crown'd with ranks of tall majestic trees,

Casts a black massive shadow half across.  
The short thick emerald grass slopes opposite  
In a tall graceful curve to where the rill  
Glides in its sparkling dance, with castanets  
Made by the pebble tricklings.

August noon

Brightens the blue, and sunshine bathes with gold  
The slope before me. In the faint light airs  
The aspen shakes with laughter, but the pine  
Scarce moves a tassel, and the maple turns  
The pale green backs of its broad scallop'd leaves  
Lazily over. All around I scent  
The breath of ripening things—the cluster'd grape—  
The apple of the thorn—the mandrake's fruit  
Looking like lemons on each side its stem,  
And the low everlasting's fragrance rich,  
O'erpowering all, when near its satin leaves.  
The mullein's pillar, tipp'd with golden flowers  
Slim rises upward, and yon yellow-bird  
Shoots to its top : a crested jay has made  
That jointed rush a pedestal, and couch'd  
Within this thistle's tuft are three bright bees.  
A fox's den gapes, shelving, by yon root,  
Thick cluster'd o'er with shrubs ; and this light track  
Tells where the kine come winding down to drink.  
Lovely the scene, yet is it but a line  
In Nature's glorious volume free to all  
Who seek to read it ; strange that men will not,  
When its bright leaves are scatter'd round their path.  
Like many a blessing also, is the scene,  
Lurking beside the track on which we move

In all our dim pursuits; and only hid  
By some slight veiling screen of circumstance,  
Because we lack the knowledge, or are loth  
To make the effort that would gain the prize.  
Knowledge will come with seeking: circumstance  
Will fall before the effort, and the cool  
Green beauty of the blessing, when the brow  
Burns with the feverish strugglings of the world,  
And heart and limb are weary in the fight  
The wolfish fight of man with fellow-man  
For gold and for ambition, will be ours.

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MIDSUMMER.

An August day! a dreamy haze  
Fills air, and mingles with the skies,  
Sweetly the rich dark sunshine plays,  
Bronzing each object where it lies.  
Outlines are melted in the gauze  
That Nature veils; the fitful breeze  
From the thick pine, low murmuring draws;  
Then dies in flutterings midst the trees.  
The bee is slumbering in the thistle,  
And, now and then, a broken whistle  
A tread—a hum—a tap—is heard  
Through the dry leaves, in grass and bush,  
As insect, animal, and bird  
Rouse, brief from their lethargic hush.  
Then, e'en these pleasant sounds would cease,

And a dead stillness all things lock,  
The aspen seem like sculptured rock,  
And not a tassel-thread be shaken  
The monarch-pine's deep trance to waken,  
And Nature settle prone in drowsy peace.  
The misty blue—the distant masses,  
The air, in woven purple glimmering,  
The shiver transiently that passes  
Over the leaves, as though each tree  
Gave one brief sigh—the slumberous shimmering  
Of the red light—invested seem  
With some sweet charm, that soft, serene,  
Mellows the gold—the blue—the green  
Into mild temper'd harmony,  
And melts the sounds that intervene,  
As scarce to break the quiet, till we deem  
Nature herself transform'd to that of Fancy's dream.

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OSCEOLA.

PART I.

THE rich blue sky is o'er,  
Around are the tall green trees,  
And the jessamine's breath from the everglade  
Is borne on the wandering breeze.  
On the mingled grass and flowers  
Is a fierce and threat'ning form,  
That looks like an eagle when pluming his wing  
To brave the gathering storm.

His rifle within his grasp—  
The bright plume o'er his head—  
His features are clothed with a warrior's pride,  
And he moves with a monarch's tread.  
He bends his listening ear,  
He peers through the tangled screen,  
And he smiles with joy, as the flash of steel  
Through the everglade's grass is seen.

One wave of his stalwart arm,  
Wild forms around him stand,  
And his eye glares bright with triumphant light  
As he looks at his swarthy band.  
Nearer the bayonet's gleam  
At the edge of the hammock now ;  
The pale-face ranks are rallying,  
But they seek in vain the foe.

They see in that lovely scene  
But the humming-bird o'er the flowers,  
And the glittering wing of the paroquet  
In the cool and fragrant bowers.  
But hark ! from the cypress shade,  
From the bay-tree's glossy leaves,  
And the nooks where the vine from bough to bough  
Its serpent-like festoon weaves,

The loud, shrill warwhoops burst  
On the soft and sleeping air,  
And the quick, bright darts of surrounding death  
Are fearfully glancing there.  
The eagle with fierce delight

Abroad has his pinion cast,  
And he shrieks as he bathes in the crimson rain,  
And sweeps through the whizzing blast.

The battle-storm is o'er—  
The hammock is reeking red—  
But who looks there with victorious smile  
On the heaps of the pale-face dead ?  
'Tis a tribe's young warrior-chief !  
The deeds of whose vengeful flame  
Have fill'd the ear of a mighty land  
With the terror of his name.

He leaps from his covert dark  
Like the fire-flash from the smoke,  
And the hamlet awakes from its midnight sleep  
At his tomahawk's lightning stroke.  
He enters the peaceful cot,  
And more blood-drops there he leaves  
Than the multiflora's crimson gems  
That are trail'd about the eaves.

PART II.

In a dark and dungeon room  
Is stretch'd a tawny form,  
And it shakes in its dreadful agony  
Like a leaf in the autumn storm.  
No pillar'd palmetto hangs  
Its tuft in the clear, bright air,  
But a sorrowing group, and the narrow wall,  
And a smouldering hearth are there.

The white froth on his lip  
His trembling, gasping breath  
And the hollow rattle in his throat  
Proclaim the conqueror death.  
'Tis the proud victorious chief  
Who smiled mid the pale-face slain,  
'Tis the eagle that swept through the whizzing blast  
And bathed in the crimson rain.

For his own green forest-home  
He had struggled long and well,  
But the soul that had breasted a nation's arms  
At the touch of a fetter, fell.  
He had worn wild freedom's crown  
On his bright unconquer'd brow  
Since he first saw the light of his beautiful skies :  
It was gone forever now !

But still in his last dread hour  
Did not bright visions come ?  
Bright visions that shed a golden gleam  
On the darkness of his doom :  
They calm'd his throbbing pulse,  
And they hung on his muttering breath :  
The spray thrown up from life's phrensied flood  
Plunging on to the gulf of death.

The close walls shrunk away ;  
Above was the stainless sky,  
And the lakes with their floating isles of flowers  
Spread glittering to his eye.  
O'er his hut, the live-oak spread



Its branching gigantic shade,  
With its dots of leaves and its robes of moss  
Broad blackening on the glade.

But a sterner sight is round,  
Battle's wild torrent is there,  
The tomahawk gleams and the red blood streams,  
And the warwhoops rend the air.  
At the head of his faithful band  
He peals forth his terrible cry,  
As he fiercely leaps mid the slaughter'd heaps  
Of the foe that but fought to die.

\* \* \* \* \*

One gasp—and the eye is glazed  
And still is the stiff'ning clay,  
The eagle soul of the chief had pass'd  
On the battle's flood away.

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THE SCHOOLHOUSE

IN a green lane that from the village street  
Diverges, stands the schoolhouse ; long and low  
The frame, and blacken'd with the hues of Time.  
Around it spreads the green with scatter'd trees ;  
Fenced fields and orchards stretching either hand,  
And fronting. When the strawberry ripe and red  
Is nestling at the roots of the deep grass,  
And when the autumn sun has deck'd with gold

And crimson the gnarl'd apple-bough, light paths  
 Stretch from the play-ground, worn by urchin-feet,  
 To the forbidden treasures ; forays sad !  
 For fingers stain'd, or bulging pockets oft  
 Betray'd what the faint sobbing voice denied.  
 A picture of soft beauty is the scene  
 When painted by the sinking summer sun  
 In tints of light and shade ; but winter's gloom  
 Shows nothing but a waste, with one broad track  
 Stamp'd to the humble door-post from the lane ;  
 The snow-capp'd wood-pile stretching near the walls ;  
 And the half-sever'd log with axe that leans  
 Within the gaping notch.

The room displays

Long rows of desk and bench ; the former stain'd  
 And streak'd with blots and trickles of dried ink,  
 Lumber'd with maps and slates and well-thumb'd books,  
 And carved with rude initials ; while the knife  
 Has hack'd and sliced the latter. In the midst  
 Stands the dread throne whence breathes supreme command,  
 And in a lock'd recess well-known, is laid  
 The dread regalia, gifted with a charm  
 Potent to the rebellious. When the bell  
 Tinkles the school-hour, inward streams the crowd,  
 And bending heads proclaim the task commenced.  
 Upon his throne with magisterial brow  
 The teacher sits, round casting frowning looks  
 As the low giggle and the shuffling foot  
 Betray the covert jest, or idleness.  
 Oft does he call, with deep and pompous voice,  
 The class before him, and shrill chattering tones

In pert or blundering answers, break the soft  
And dreamy hum of study, heretofore  
Like beehive sounds prevailing. Now, perchance,  
Some luckless urchin stands before the throne,  
With features swoln as scarce to keep the tears,  
And shoulders raised, while the detected fault  
Is forth paraded, and the broken law  
Learnedly dwelt on : then with staring sight,  
Face all awry, and chattering teeth he sees  
The sceptre taken slowly from its nook,  
A whip with thongs : pursues with blinking gaze  
Its upward motion, then, with hideous yell  
Tells that the whizzing blow is not in vain.  
Now rising from his seat, the teacher strides  
Athwart the room ; as treads he past, each desk  
Starts into industry—white figures grow  
Upon the slate, black spattering pothooks sprawl  
Upon the blotted dog-ear'd copy-book,  
And eyes are glued upon the letters huge  
And pictures of the primer ; as he wheels,  
The wandering glance has scarcely time to sink,  
The queer grimace, and the replying grin  
To vanish ; each regaining its mute sway  
As turns the back upon them. But bright noon  
Now through the casement streams in quivering haze  
And gushes on the floor : the word is given,  
And, bursting from the thraldom, rush without  
The merry throngs, and breaking into groups,  
Drive their loud pastime on the sunny green.  
Here flies the ball—there shoots the marble—now  
The racers seek the goal—each sinew now  
Is straining in the leap—while heartfelt mirth

Echoes upon the soft and balmy air :  
 The clouds that float and wreath upon the breeze  
 Not more restrainless than those happy hearts.  
 The glee, bright contrast to the sullen looks  
 And lingering steps with which each urchin seeks,  
 At the sad summons of the morning bell,  
 The hated porch. Yet is the schoolhouse rude,  
 As is the chrysalis to the butterfly,  
 To the rich flower the seed. The dusky walls  
 Hold the fair germs of knowledge, and the tree  
 Glorious in beauty, golden with its fruits,  
 To the low schoolhouse traces back its life.

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THE MINISINK.

ENCIRCLED by the screening shade,  
 With scatter'd bush, and bough,  
 And grassy slopes, a pleasant glade  
 Is spread before me now ;  
 The wind, that shows its forest search  
 By the sweet fragrance of the birch,  
 Is whispering on my brow,  
 And the mild sunshine flickers through  
 The soft white cloud and summer blue.

Far to the North, the Delaware  
 Flows, mountain-curved, along,

By forest bank, by summit bare,  
It bends in rippling song ;  
Receiving in each eddying nook  
The waters of the vassal brook,  
It sweeps more deep and strong ;  
Round yon green island it divides,  
And by this quiet woodland glides.

The ground-bird flutters from the grass  
That hides her tiny nest ;  
The startled deer, as by I pass,  
Bounds in the thicket's breast ;  
The red-bird rears his crimson wing  
From the long fern of yonder spring :  
A sweet and peaceful rest  
Breathes o'er the scene, where once the sound  
Of battle shook the gory ground.

Long will the shuddering hunter tell  
How once red warriors rose,  
And waken'd with their battle-yell  
The forest's long repose.  
How shriek'd in vain, babe, wife, and sire,  
As hatchet, scalping-knife, and fire,  
Proclaim'd their bloody foes ;  
Until the boldest quail'd to mark,  
Wrapp'd round the woods, Night's mantle dark.

At length the fisher furl'd his sail  
Within the shelter'd creek,  
The hunter trod his forest trail  
The mustering band to seek ;

The settler cast his axe away,  
And grasp'd his rifle for the fray :  
All came, revenge to wreak—  
With the rude arms that chance supplied,  
And die, or conquer, side by side.

Behind the footsteps of their foe,  
They rush'd, a gallant throng  
Burning with haste, to strike a blow  
For each remember'd wrong ;  
Here on this field of Minisink,  
Fainting they sought the river's brink  
Where cool waves gush'd along ;  
No sound within the woods they heard,  
But murmuring wind and warbling bird.

A scream !—'tis but the panther's—naught  
Breaks the calm sunshine there ;  
A thicket stirs !—a deer has sought  
From sight a closer lair ;  
Again upon the grass they droop,  
When burst the well-known whoop on whoop  
Shrill, deafening on the air,  
And onward from their ambush deep,  
Like wolves the savage warriors leap.

In vain upsprung that gallant band  
And seized their weapons by,  
Fought eye to eye, and hand to hand,  
Alas ! 'twas but to die ;  
In vain the rifle's deadly flash  
Scorch'd eagle plume and wampum sash ;

The hatchet hiss'd on high,  
And down they fell in crimson heaps,  
Like the ripe corn the sickle reaps.

In vain they sought the covert dark,  
The knife gash'd every head,  
Each arrow found unerring mark,  
Till earth was piled with dead.  
Oh! long the matron watch'd, to hear  
Loved tones and footsteps meet her ear,  
Till hope grew faint with dread.  
Long did she search the wood-paths o'er,  
Those tones and steps she heard no more.

Years have pass'd by, the merry bee  
Hums round the laurel flowers,  
The mock-bird pours its melody  
Amid the forest bowers ;  
A skull is at my feet, though now  
The wild rose wreathes its bony brow,  
Relic of other hours,  
It bids the wandering pilgrim think  
Of those who died at Minisink.

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A SEPTEMBER STROLL.

THE dull mist of September, fitfully  
Thickening to chill and gusty streams of rain,  
Lifted at sunset, and the western verge

Showed a broad stripe of light ; a golden smile  
 Burst o'er the dripping scene, then died away :  
 And the North swept, in hollow moan and hiss,  
 Round dwellings and through branches.

Morning broke

In cloudless beauty, but a chilly breath  
 Still edged the crystal air. The sun went down,  
 With a rich halo glowing round the spot  
 Where his orb glided, and a splendid belt  
 Of orange burn'd above his slanting track,  
 Melting to soft bright gray, that deepen'd up  
 Into the rich mid-blue ; and where the pearl  
 Darken'd into the sapphire, bounded forth  
 The courier-star of night's magnificence.  
 Morning again rose gloriously clear :  
 The air was softer, and the gentle West  
 Was fanning where the North had struck its chill :  
 And as the sun climb'd up, his light was cast  
 So warm and genial, and the atmosphere  
 Was felt so sweetly and deliciously,  
 It seem'd 'twere pleasure merely to lie down,  
 And bask and breathe.

The noontide now has come :

Green woods and pleasant fields are smiling forth  
 Inviting welcome. Let us leave the walls  
 Of the close city, and with wandering feet  
 Seek the sweet haunts of Nature. O'er the dust  
 Of the great thoroughfare, with rapid wheels  
 And trampling hoofs vex'd ever, where the gay  
 And flaunting motes sport thick in Fashion's beam,  
 Idle and worthless, quick we tread, and turn  
 Gladly aside, where a green narrow lane



Leads to a wild ravine amid the hills.  
Smooth fields, with browsing cattle, are around,  
And now and then the tinkling sheep-bell breaks  
Pleasantly on the ear. Our pathway leads  
Through a rude gate and o'er a broken bridge,  
Where the green rushes and long tangled grass  
Proclaim the shrunken streamlet; a faint track  
Leads to a barrell'd spring, whose waters boil  
Unceasing from their loose gray sandy depth.  
Grass spreads its sides with velvet, and tall trees  
Drop their black shapes around. We pass along:  
A gorge winds up, wall'd in with rocky banks  
Plumaged with leaning branches: wheel-marks deep  
Are traced upon the stone floor of the chasm,  
And grateful shadow rests like sleep within.  
Grim roots start out from crevices: green sprouts  
Flaunt from moss'd ledges; and large trickling drops,  
From the steep sides, shed moisture on the air.  
We rest awhile, then tread again our path.  
A grassy glade, with points and curving banks,  
The dry bed of a streamlet, lures our steps.  
The varied aster-tribes are cluster'd round;  
The gnarl'd thorn shows its yellow-crimson fruit,  
Studding its boughs and scatter'd thick beneath;  
And from the brinks the solidago bends  
Its golden feather: mingling with the sweet  
And peaceful quiet, low monotonous sounds  
Stream from the insects, varied with the swell  
Of the near locust's peevish clarion,  
And chirrup of the cricket. Now the fence  
We leap, and stray into the broad green field.  
The air is an elixir; as we breathe,

The blood swift tingles in our veins ; we long  
 To bound with transport and shout out our joy.  
 The thread-like gossamer is waving past,  
 Borne on the wind's light wing, and to yon branch  
 Tangled and trembling, clings like snowy silk.  
 The thistle-down, high lifted through the rich  
 Bright blue, quick float, like gliding stars, and then  
 Touching the sunshine, flash, and seem to melt  
 Within the dazzling brilliance. (Yon tall oak  
 Standing from out the straggling skirt of wood,  
 Touched by the frost, that wondrous chemist, shows  
 Spottings of gorgeous crimson through its green,  
 Like a proud monarch, towering still erect,  
 Though sprinkled with his life-blood.) Close beside,  
 That aspen, to the wind's soft-finger'd touch,  
 Flutters with all its dangling leaves, as though  
 Beating with myriad pulses. Misty shade  
 Films the deep hollows, misty sunshine glows  
 On the round hills. Across the far-off wood,  
 The atmosphere is shaded like thin smoke,  
 Until we fancy a dim swarm of motes  
 Is glimmering there and dancing. We approach,  
 And tread the dark recesses : wither'd leaves  
 Spread a thick crackling mantle, countless trunks  
 Lead on the eye in labyrinths, till lost  
 Within a dizzy maze, and overhead  
 A vast and interlacing roof of green.  
 The hickory-shell, cracked open by its fall,  
 Shows its ripe fruit, an ivory ball, within ;  
 And the cleft chestnut-burr displays its sheath  
 White glistening, with its glossy nuts below.  
 Scatter'd around, the wild rose-bushes hang



WHITE LAKE.\*

PURE as their parent springs! how bright  
The silvery waters stretch away,  
Reposing in the pleasant light  
Of June's most lovely day.

Curving around the eastern side,  
Rich meadows slope their banks, to meet,  
With fringe of grass and fern, the tide  
Which sparkles at their feet.

Here, busy life attests that toil,  
With its quick talisman, has made  
Fields green and waving, from a soil  
Of rude and savage shade.

While opposite the forest lies  
In giant shadow, black and deep,  
Filling with leaves the circling sky,  
And frowning in its sleep.

Amid this scene of light and gloom,  
Nature with art links hand in hand,  
Thick woods beside soft rural bloom,  
As by a seer's command.

\* Or "Lake Kau-na-ong-ga," meaning literally "two wings." White Lake, which is the unmeaning modern epithet of this beautiful sheet of water, is situated in the town of Bethel, Sullivan county, N. Y. It is in the form of a pair of huge wings expanded.

Here, waves the grain, here curls, the smoke ;  
The orchard bends ; there, wilds, as dark  
As when the hermit waters woke  
Beneath the Indian's bark.

Oft will the panther's startling shriek  
With the herd's quiet lowings swell,  
The wolf's fierce howl terrific break  
Upon the sheepfold's bell.

The ploughman sees the wind-wing'd deer  
Dart from his covert to the wave,  
And fearless in its mirror clear  
His branching antlers lave.

Here, the green headlands seem to meet  
So near, a fairy bridge might cross ;  
There, spreads the broad and limpid sheet  
In smooth, unruffled gloss.

Arch'd by the thicket's screening leaves,  
A lilled harbor lurks below,  
Where on the sand each ripple weaves  
Its melting wreath of snow.

Hark ! like an organ's tones, the woods  
To the light wind in murmurs wake,  
The voice of the vast solitudes  
Is speaking to the lake.

The fanning air-breath sweeps across  
On its broad path of sparkles now,

Bends down the violet to the moss,  
Then melts upon my brow.

---

FOREST SPORTS.

THE village is stirring with bustle and fright,  
The shriek of the panther was heard over-night ;  
And Tyler told Larkin, that down by the drink  
The wolves howl'd so loudly he slept not a wink ;  
While Meech, the big hunter, was heard to declare  
He yesterday almost fell over a bear.

Good lack ! what a gossip o'er knitting and tea ;  
In store and in taverns what throngings we see !  
The grannies the tales bear, each farther from truth ;  
The codgers rehearse the bold feats of their youth ;  
Round scamper the urchins, and yell in their play,  
"Look out for the panther, he's coming this way !"  
Tom Evans drops in, all his features a-twist,  
And tells of a beautiful yearling he's miss'd,  
Joe Mason counts over, with "blast" and with "darn,"  
The sheep that lie dead in the yard by his barn ;  
And Smetus describes, in a sorrowful tone,  
His hives topsy-turvy, and honey all gone.

The rifles are taken from rafter and wall ;  
The pouches are heavy with powder and ball ;  
Hurrah for the forest ! come Tom and come Joe,  
The heifer and lambs cried aloud "To the foe !"

Load, Smetus, your weapon, come Tyler and Meech,  
And bear, wolf, and panther, more manners we'll teach !

Our hounds beat the swamp ; we our weapons prepare :  
The wolves through the day hold their rendezvous there ;  
Emerging at midnight, to prowl, and to slay  
Each luckless merino that falls in their way.

A rustle of boughs ; ha ! a buck springs to sight !  
But death strikes the proud one while bounding in flight :  
The beautiful creature sinks under his ban,  
Eluding the wolf-pack, to perish by man.

But music, hound-music, bursts shrill from the swamp ;  
Crash, flutter the thickets, with rush, and with tramp :  
Our gaunt robber-foes are aroused, and we seek  
Each rifle his station just vengeance to wreak ;  
We hear their fierce snarls, while vain battle they wage,  
And the click of their jaws as they snap in their rage :  
They dart from their coverts, with horrible cries,  
Hair bristling, teeth gnashing, and red gleaming eyes ;  
Pursuing, Joe plunges head-first in the bog,  
And brings death to naught but a great staring frog ;  
Tom stumbles o'er Lufra, who yelping beneath,  
Averages the wrong by a gripe of his teeth ;  
The rest ply their weapons, fast, steady, and true,  
And earth with the dark shaggy figures we strew :  
With hearty hurrahs then, we push on our way,  
Their scalps as our trophies to boast of the fray.

The hounds are now scenting yon hemlock, whose sides  
A yawning and deep-sunken hollow divides :

With snort and with blow, Bruin springs to the day,  
 And, scorning his company, waddles away.  
 The hounds overtake him; he stops and he rears,  
 And Lufra lies flat, from a box on his ears;  
 The black wrestler hugs, in his terrible grasp,  
 Poor Juno, who writhes, and drops dead at a gasp:  
 But quickly a bullet is wing'd through his brain,  
 And Bruin is mark'd on our list of the slain.

We climb the wild mountain; look well, as we tread,  
 The panther might bound from some branch overhead.  
 Hark! list his low whining! gaze up, but beware!  
 Or we'll see his lithe form, like a dart, in the air.  
 Ha! there sits the monster, with close-crouching frame,  
 And eye-balls fix'd steadily, glaring in flame.  
 Our rifles point upward; he bristles his back;  
 The thick branches shield him; we'll wait his attack:  
 His muscles contract; with a leap down he darts,  
 His shriek, fierce and keen, thrilling cold through our hearts;  
 One hound is dash'd dead by a stroke of his paw,  
 Another is crush'd in the grasp of his jaw!  
 What fury, what wild tameless fury he shows,  
 As dauntless, he dashes and bounds mid his foes!  
 A rifle its bullet unerring has driven,  
 His tawny form quails not; new strength it has given:  
 Another cracks sharply; blood flows from the wound;  
 Another, another; it rains on the ground;  
 And not till a ball through his forehead has flown,  
 He rolls with a shudder, and dies with a groan.



AN AMERICAN SPRING.

Now fluttering breeze, now stormy blast,  
Mild rain, then blustering snow :  
Winter's stern, fettering cold is past,  
But, sweet Spring! where art thou?  
The white cloud floats mid smiling blue,  
The broad bright sunshine's golden hue  
Bathes the still frozen earth :  
'Tis changed! above, black vapors roll ;  
We turn from our expected stroll,  
And seek the blazing hearth.

Hark! that sweet carol! what delight  
The scene no more is dumb.  
The little blue-bird greets our sight,  
Spring, glorious Spring has come!  
The south wind's kiss is on the air,  
The melting snow-wreaths everywhere  
Are leaping off in showers ;  
And Nature, in her brightening looks,  
Tells that her flowers, and leaves, and brooks,  
And birds will soon be ours.

A few soft, sunny days have shone,  
The air has lost its chill,  
A bright green tinge succeeds the brown  
Upon the southern hill.  
Off to the woods! a pleasant scene!

Here sprouts the fresh young wintergreen,  
There swells a mossy mound ;  
Though in the hollows drifts are piled,  
The wandering wind is sweet and mild,  
And buds are bursting round.

Where its long rings unwinds the fern,  
The violet, nestling low,  
Casts back the white lid of its urn,  
Its purple streaks to show :  
Beautiful blossom ! first to rise  
And smile beneath Spring's wakening skies.  
The courier of the band  
Of coming flowers, what feelings sweet  
Gush, as the silvery gem we meet  
Upon its needle wand.

A sudden roar—a shade is cast—  
We look up with a start,  
And, sounding like a transient blast,  
O'erhead the pigeons dart ;  
Scarce their blue glancing shapes the eye  
Can trace, ere, dotted on the sky,  
They wheel in distant flight.  
A chirp ! and swift the squirrel scours  
Along the prostrate trunk, and cowers  
Within its clefts from sight.

Amid the creeping-pine, which spreads  
Its thick and verdant wreath,  
The scauberry's downy spangle sheds  
Its rich, delicious breath.

The bee-swarm murmurs by, and now  
It clusters black on yonder bough :  
The robin's mottled breast  
Glances that sunny spot across,  
As round it seeks the twig and moss  
To frame its summer nest.

Warmer is each successive sky,  
More soft the breezes pass,  
The maple's flowers of crimson lie  
Upon the thick green grass.  
The elm has shower'd its fringes down,  
The alder drops its tassels brown,  
Cowslips are by the rill ;  
The thrasher whistles in the glen,  
Flutters around the warbling wren,  
And swamps have voices shrill.

A simultaneous burst of leaves  
Has clothed the forest now ;  
A single day's bright sunshine weaves  
This vivid, gorgeous show.  
Masses of shade are cast beneath,  
The flowers are spread in varied wreath ;  
Night brings its soft, sweet moon ;  
Morn wakes in mist, and twilight gray  
Weeps its bright dew, and smiling May  
Melts into blooming June !

TO ———.

Thou of the soft bright eye and raven hair,  
Parted in glossy curves upon a brow  
White as the ocean pearl ; I gaze on thee  
Until I am unconscious of aught else.  
I look into the depth of that dark eye,  
Upon the tablet of that glorious brow,  
And read the gentle thoughts of thy pure heart ;  
Then turn away with loathing from myself,  
That I should mingle in the sins of earth  
When such a being treads it. As thy form  
Moves in its perfect gracefulness, it seems  
Made but to float to music, and I feel  
My pulses bounding wildly. I have hung  
Upon the silvery accents of thy voice,  
And thought that sweeter melody ne'er met  
The ear of man, although in olden times  
He heard the tongue of Angels. Melting strains  
O'er moonlit waters, are most like thy tones  
When sadness broods upon thee, and thy laugh  
Ringing so light and merrily from the heart,  
Is joyous as the blue-bird's carolling  
When Spring wakes up the flowers ; and thy sweet face  
Is radiant, as with sunshine bright'ning o'er.  
I've watched the motions of thy rich red lips  
Dropping their music-words, until I long'd

To be invisible, that I might touch  
Their rosiness unchidden.

O how bright  
Is Woman in her beauty! she combines  
All charms possess'd of nature; the light cloud  
Wreathing its folds across the smiling blue  
Is not more graceful than her gliding steps;  
The gem is not more brilliant than her eye;  
The bird's note more melodious than her voice;  
(She is a shrine where man should bow him down,  
Forget his paltry mean-soul'd love of self,  
And in the sun-light of her purity  
See the dark shadows of his own vile heart.)  
Thus, gentle lady! do I kneel to thee;  
And in thy sweet and gentle influence  
Strive with the passions that consume my life,  
Turn from the sins that weigh my spirit down,  
And walk the path made holy by thy tread.

---

SONG FOR INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL to this planting of Liberty's tree!  
Hail to the charter declaring us free!  
Millions of voices are chanting its praises,  
Millions of worshippers bend at its shrine,  
Wherever the sun of America blazes,  
Wherever the stars of our bright banner shine.

Sing to the heroes who breasted the flood  
That swelling, roll'd o'er them—a deluge of blood.  
Fearless they clung to the ark of the nation,  
And dash'd on mid lightning, and thunder, and blast,  
Till Peace, like the dove, brought her branch of salvation,  
And Liberty's mount was their refuge at last.

Bright is the beautiful land of our birth,  
The home of the homeless all over the earth.  
Oh! let us ever with fondest devotion,  
The freedom our fathers bequeath'd us, watch o'er,  
Till the Angel shall stand on the earth and the ocean,  
And shout mid earth's ruins, that Time is no more.

---

THE LOST HUNTER.

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

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,  
Sweep round an anxious eye,  
No bark or axe-blow could he hear,  
No human trace descry.  
His sinuous path, by blazes, wound  
Among trunks group'd in myriads round—  
Through naked boughs, between  
Whose tangled architecture, fraught  
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,  
The hemlock's spire was seen.

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

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

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

As o'er, it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd,  
 Caught by its swooping wings,  
 The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist  
 That seem'd as barb'd with stings—  
 And now 'twas swept with lightning flight  
 Above the loftiest hemlock's height  
 Like driving smoke, and now  
 It hid the air with shooting clouds,  
 And robed the trees with circling shrouds,  
 Then dash'd in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,  
 There, clinging to a limb,  
 The suffering hunter gasp'd for breath,  
 Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim ;  
 As though to whelm him in despair,  
 Rapidly changed air the black'ning air  
 To murkiest gloom of night,  
 Till naught was seen around—below  
 But falling flakes, and mantled snow  
 That gleam'd in ghastly white.



At every blast an icy dart  
Seem'd through his nerves to fly,  
The blood was freezing to his heart,  
Thought whisper'd he must die.  
The thundering tempest echo'd death,  
He felt it in his tighten'd breath,  
Spoil, rifle dropp'd, and slow  
As the dread torpor crawling came  
Along his staggering, stiff'ning frame,  
He sunk upon the snow.

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

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

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

Morn broke—away the clouds were chased ;  
The sky was pure and bright ;  
And on its blue, the branches traced  
Their webs of glittering white.  
Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,  
The pine its silvery tassels droop'd,  
Down bent the burthen'd wood ;  
And scatter'd round, low points of green  
Peering above the snowy scene  
Told where the thickets stood.

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

Spring came with skies and breezes bland,  
Soft suns and melting rains ;  
And roused by her transforming wand,  
Earth burst its winter chains.  
In a deep nook, where moss, and grass,  
And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass—  
Some scatter'd bones beside,  
A mother kneeling with her child  
Told by her tears and wailings wild  
That there the lost had died.

---

A FOREST WALK.

"Why should we crave a hallow'd spot?  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads."  
*Wordsworth's "God in Nature."*

A LOVELY sky, a cloudless sun,  
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,  
O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won,  
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers ;  
One of the paths, all round that wind  
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,  
And sights and sounds of human kind,  
In Nature's lone recesses lose ;  
The beech displays its marbled bark,  
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,  
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,

The maple's scallop'd dome beside :  
All weave on high a verdant roof,  
That keeps the very sun aloof,  
Making a twilight soft and green,  
Within the column'd, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest odors have their birth  
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth ;  
Where pine-cones dropp'd, leaves piled and dead,  
Long tufts of grass and stars of fern,  
With many a wild-flower's fairy urn  
A thick, elastic carpet spread ;  
Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,  
Resolving into soil, is sunk ;  
There, wrench'd but lately from its throne,  
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,  
Its huge roots mass'd with earth and stone,  
One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest tops are bright  
With the broad blaze of sunny light :  
But now, a fitful air-gust parts  
The screening branches, and a glow  
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts  
Down the dark stems, and breaks below ;  
The mingled shadows off are roll'd,  
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold :  
Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,  
Display their shades of brown and green ;  
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,  
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss ;  
The robin, brooding in her nest,

Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast,  
 And as my shadow prints the ground,  
 I see the rabbit upward bound,  
 With pointed ears an instant look,  
 Then scamper to the darkest nook,  
 Where, with crouch'd limb and staring eye,  
 He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista carpeted  
 With rich green grass, invites my tread ;  
 Here showers the light in golden dots,  
 There sleeps the shade in ebon spots,  
 So blended, that the very air  
 Seems network as I enter there.  
 The partridge, whose deep-rolling drum  
 Afar has sounded on my ear,  
 Ceasing its beatings as I come,  
 Whirrs to the sheltering branches near ;  
 The little milksnake glides away,  
 The brindled marmot dives from day ;  
 And now, between the boughs, a space  
 Of the blue laughing sky I trace ;  
 On each side shrinks the bowery shade ;  
 Before me spreads an emerald glade ;  
 The sunshine steeps its grass and moss,  
 That couch my footsteps as I cross ;  
 Merrily hums the tawny bee,  
 The glittering humming-bird I see ;  
 Floats the bright butterfly along,  
 The insect choir is loud in song ;  
 A spot of light and life, it seems  
 A fairy haunt for fancy dreams.

Here stretch'd, the pleasant turf I press,  
 In luxury of idleness ;  
 Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky  
 Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye ;  
 While murmuring grass, and waving trees  
 Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze  
 And water-tones that tinkle near  
 Blend their sweet music to my ear ;  
 And by the changing shades alone,  
 The passage of the hours is known.

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#### JANUARY AND JUNE.

A SABLE pall of sky—the billowy hills  
 Swathed in the snowy robe that Winter throws  
 So kindly over Nature ; skeleton trees  
 Fringed with rich silver drapery, and the stream  
 Dumb in its frosty chains. Yon rustic bridge  
 Bristles with icicles ; beneath it stand  
 The cattle group long pausing while they drink  
 From the ice-hollow'd pools that skim in sheets  
 Of delicate glass, and shivering as the air  
 Cuts with keen, stinging edge ; and those gaunt trunks  
 Bending with ragged branches o'er the bank,  
 Seem, with their mocking scarfs of chilling white,  
 Mourning for the green grass and fragrant flowers,  
 That Summer mirrors in the rippling flow

Of the bright stream beneath them. Shrub and rock  
 Are carved in pearl, and the dense thicket shows  
 Clusters of purest ivory. Comfortless  
 The frozen scene, yet not all desolate.  
 Where slopes, by tree and bush, the beaten track,  
 The sleigh glides merrily, with prancing steeds,  
 And the low homestead, nestling by its grove,  
 Clings to the leaning hill.

The drenching rain  
 Had fallen, and then, the large loose flakes had shower'd,  
 Quick freezing where they lit; and thus the scene,  
 By Winter's alchymy, from gleaming steel  
 Was changed to sparkling silver.

Yet, though bright  
 And rich, the landscape smiles with lovelier look  
 When Summer gladdens it. The fresh blue sky  
 Bends, like God's blessing, o'er; the scented air  
 Echoes with bird-songs, and the emerald grass  
 Is dappled with quick shadows; the light wing  
 Of the soft west makes music in the leaves;  
 The ripples murmur as they dance along;  
 The thicket, by the road-side, casts its cool  
 Black breadth of shade across the heated dust;  
 The cattle seek the pools beneath the banks,  
 Where sport the gnat-swarms glancing in the sun,  
 Gray, whirling specks, and darts the dragon fly  
 A gold-green arrow; and the wandering sheep  
 Nibble the short, thick sward, that clothes the brink,  
 Down sloping to the waters. Kindly tones  
 And happy faces make the homestead walls  
 A paradise. Upon the mossy roof  
 The tame dove coos and bows; beneath the eaves

The swallow frames her nest ; the social wren  
 Lights on the flower-lined paling and trills through  
 Its noisy gamut ; and the humming-bird  
 Shoots, with that flying harp, the honey-bee,  
 Mid the trail'd honeysuckle's trumpet-bloom.  
 Sunset wreathes gorgeous shapes within the west,  
 To eyes that love the splendor : morning wakes  
 Light hearts to joyous tasks ; and when deep night  
 Breathes o'er the earth a solemn solitude,  
 With stars for watchers, or the holy moon  
 A sentinel upon the steeps of heaven,  
 Smooth pillows yield their balm to prayer and trust ;  
 And slumber, that sweet medicine of toil,  
 Sheds her soft dews and weaves her golden dreams.

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THE LATE HON. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

TOWERING on high, a mighty oak  
 Stood, monarch of the scene,  
 On which revolving summers woke  
 A thicker, fresher green.  
 Beneath its arms, stretched grandly round  
 The humblest plants protection found  
 From every chilling air ;  
 And e'en the eagle, sweeping by,  
 Stoop'd to its top with kindling eye  
 And built its eyrie there.



It bent not to the winter blast,  
 The lightning spared its dart,  
 Time seam'd its rugged bark, but cast  
 No wither on its heart ;  
 Although the eagle claim'd its crest,  
 Its green sprays held the robin's nest,  
 And tiny forms and wings  
 Gleam'd round—'twas beautiful to see  
 That oak with all its majesty,  
 So loved by lovely things.

But now no more came leafy bloom,  
 The lichen stain'd its trunk,  
 And, bending to the general doom,  
 In death it calmly sunk.  
 No wrenching storm the trophy won,  
 But fann'd by breeze, and deck'd by sun  
 It sought its native earth  
 Which, like a mother, threw across  
 The soft green robe of grass and moss  
 With which she wrapp'd its birth.

The human oak—the great, the strong  
 Thus tower'd amid his race ;  
 And every year that swept along  
 But brought a lovelier grace ;  
 He caused "the widow's heart to sing,"  
 And took from Poverty its sting,  
 From Sorrow its despair,  
 And when the war-cry echo'd dread,  
 Fame's Eagle, stooping to his head,  
 Entwined the laurel there.

Adversity's relentless storm,  
    (And all feel human ill,)  
Ne'er left a trace upon his form,  
    Nor on his heart a chill ;  
Though crown'd by Fame, yet in his breast  
Each pure affection was a guest,  
    High thought and noble trust—  
All saw and bless'd that towering one  
Basking in fortune's brightest sun,  
    So gentle, kind, and just.

But now, Time clothed that head with white,  
    And bent that stately frame,  
And, like eve merging into night,  
    Death, robed in friendship, came.  
Oh not with fear and anguish deep,  
But calmly fell he into sleep,  
    As Summer's sun departs ;  
Men held their breath with awe, when first  
Upon their ears the tidings burst,  
    Then stamp'd him on their hearts.

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AN OCTOBER RAMBLE.

A GLORIOUS afternoon ; the moving shades  
Have wheel'd their slow half-circles, pointing now  
Toward the sunshiny east ; a shadowy haze  
Trembles amidst the azure overhead,  
Deepening to purple at the horizon's skirts.

Nature is smiling sweetly, and my feet  
 Are wandering in the pleasant woods once more.  
 Keen nights have told of Winter on his way,  
 And Autumn from the dark gaunt trees has drawn,  
 (Save a few shreds upon the beech and oak,)  
 His gorgeous robe, and cast it o'er the earth  
 For Indian Summer's glimmering form to rest  
 Awhile upon it, ere the blighting frost  
 And muffling snow. More golden is the sun  
 Than in its summer radiance, and it throws  
 Its charm on all around. Along this path  
 I tread, light-hearted, glad to be alone  
 With Nature. Beautiful and grand art thou!  
 Man with his passions dims thy light, his voice  
 Jars with thy sounds, his walls and towers but mar  
 Thy proud exhaustless glory. Solitude  
 With its soft dreamy silence is the mate  
 The fittest for thee, visible smile of God.  
 I gaze around me; trunks and boughs and leaves!  
 The robin on yon dog-wood's branch I see  
 Picking the crimson berries; now and then  
 The flicker drops his hammer on the bark,  
 And the soft echo starts, as breaks on high  
 The hoarse voice of the sluggish passing crow.  
 My foot stirs up the oval butternut  
 From the dead leaves, its dark brown tinged with gold,  
 And, strewed around this old oak's knotted roots,  
 Are acorn chalices with braided sides,  
 Left by the fays to fill their depths with dew  
 For the next moonlight revel on the moss.  
 That strange awakener at cold Winter's verge,  
 The low witch-hazel, shows its yellow stars

Curl'd thick along its boughs : you tall slim plant  
 Dangles with blossoms like a Chinese tower  
 Pendent with bells ; and this blue gentian, tight  
 Has twisted the fringed rim of its long cup,  
 To keep from frost the topaz set within.  
 The air is richest perfume from the fern,  
 Sweetest when dying, like a virtuous life  
 Diffusing its example at its close :  
 I pluck a branch—what delicate tracery  
 Of veins minute ! and see upon its back  
 The seeds in brown and regular array  
 Secreted, as the partridge hides her young  
 Beneath her wings. Yon aster, that display'd  
 A brief while since its gorgeous bloom, has now  
 Around the shells that multiply its life  
 Woven soft downy plumes. How wonderful  
 And perfect is thy care, O Thou most high  
 Creator, Father, God ! The flower and man  
 Protected equally by Thee.

The woods  
 Are left, and hills and glades and fields are round.  
 Yon piny knoll, thick cover'd with the brown  
 Dead fringes, in the sunshine's bathing flood  
 Looks like dark gold. From every tip of grass  
 And plant, a web of gossamer is stretch'd  
 Far as the eye can see, with varying hues  
 Shooting and shifting quick along the threads.  
 The sun now rests upon the western ridge  
 That seems dissolving in a golden haze  
 Where rests his blazing circle : as he sinks  
 The haze melts off ; rich purple clothes the mount,  
 The brief gray twilight brings the scatter'd stars,

And soon upwheels the full broad Hunter's moon  
Shedding her affluent silver o'er the earth.

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A CONTRAST.

A LAKE is slumbering in the wild-wood depths,  
Picturing naught upon its polish'd glass  
But the long stretching and contracting shades  
That change as change the hours: its sullen tones  
Blending but with the forest's daylight songs  
And midnight howlings; o'er the leafy waste,  
Curls a light thread of smoke—a hunter's fire;  
And mid the lilies' floating golden globes,  
Spangling the margin, where the ripples play  
And melt in silver, rocks his bark canoe.

A few years circle by. The talisman  
Of toil has waved above this forest-scene.  
Rich meadows, spotted with dense waving woods,  
Slope to the sun-lit surface of the lake,  
Whose plashings mingle with the village-din,  
And rural low and bleat. Where curl'd that smoke,  
Glitter white walls, and cluster roofs of men,  
With terraced gardens, leaning to the wave,  
Religion rearing spires, and Learning, domes  
To the bright skies that arch this Eden-spot.  
The rude canoe has vanish'd, but swift keels  
Move joyous o'er the smiling, sparkling flood  
That lies in calm obedience at the feet  
Of those that freed it from its dungeon-shades.

THE FRONTIER INROAD.

I.

Ours young wild land—the free—the proud !  
Uncrush'd by power—unawed by fear,  
Her knee to none but God is bow'd,  
For Nature teaches Freedom, here :  
From gloom and snow, to light and flowers,  
Expands this heritage of ours :  
Life, with its myriad hopes, pursuits,  
Spreads sails, rears roofs, and gathers fruits.  
But pass two fleeting centuries back ;  
This land—a torpid giant—slept,  
Wrapp'd in a mantle thick and black  
That o'er its mighty frame had crept,  
Since stars and angels sang, as earth  
Shot, from its Maker, into birth.

II.

Though of the past, from no carved shrines,  
Canvass, or deathless lyres, we learn,  
Yet arbor'd streams, and shadowy pines  
Are hung with legends wild and stern :  
In deep dark glen—on mountain side,  
Are graves, whence stately trees have sprung,  
Naught telling how the victims died,  
Save faint Tradition's faltering tongue.

III.

Tradition—fireside history—told

By trembling age to eager youth,  
Wild dreams, in memories dim and cold,

Blent with scarce less wild scenes of Truth ;

Yet, 'tis a soft and silvery light,  
The moon of dark oblivion's night ;

Bathing the turrets of the past,  
But leaving shadows black and vast,

Giving the statued niche its look,  
But massing phantoms in the nook,

Tinting the ivy till it twines  
In laurels, round the dusty shrines,  
But casting not a ray to trace  
The darkness of the dungeon's space.

IV.

A winter picture ! mountain wall,

Valley and river, spread below,  
Late sweet with Indian Summer, all

Now clothed in one wide sheet of snow :

Showing a pale and ghastly scene,  
Save where pines left their spires of green,

And surly hemlocks, pointing high,  
Braid network masses on the sky.

The arch soars o'er in dazzling blue,  
No cloud to dim the sapphire hue ;

And where the boundless sunshine streams,  
Flash diamond showers,—dart shifting gleams.

A square back slanting palisade  
Around a hamlet rude is traced ;

An octagon, loop'd fortress, made

Of trunks, within one angle placed :  
Here, the slim brown brick dwelling towers,  
With terraced gable—sharp, steep roof,  
Walls iron-letter'd—turret-vanes,  
Sashes of lead, and diamond panes ;  
And there, the rough log-fabric cowers,  
As scarce to keep the storms aloof.  
The trader's stooping shed appears,  
Broad swings the tavern-sign in air ;  
While, midst of all, the stone church rears  
Its long low frame, and belfry square.  
The village roofs, beneath the light,  
Glitter like slanting silver plates,  
The pickets from the landscape white  
Look dark, but capp'd with frozen loads,  
While snow piles block the open gates,  
Where, each way, stretch the trodden roads.  
The rough grim fort looks darkly out  
From deep banks curved and heap'd about,  
And, lifts the church its belfry-vane  
O'ercrusted with a frosty chain.

v.

Beside the trader's log-shaped walls,  
Where, with light warmth, the sun-beam falls,  
Which, the slow plashing droppings tell  
From every tinted icicle,  
Soldiers and villagers around,  
With here and there a panting hound,  
A group of weary hunters stands,  
Just breathing from their forest toil,  
Their rifles propp'd beneath their hands,



Whilst round them lie their wild-wood spoil :  
The brindled panther, late crouch'd grim  
And moaning, on the covert-limb ;  
The deer, this morn, that bounded swift  
O'er the choked runway's treacherous drift ;  
From his block'd swamp the wolf, and bear  
Roused, dizzy, in his torpid lair.

VI.

The well-known tempting porch within,  
Strides the red Mohawk proud and shy  
Spreading his glossy beaver-skin  
Before the trader's scanning eye,  
Who greets, in turn, the Indian's sight,  
With blanket gay, and trinket bright.

VII.

At length the wearied trader treads,  
His shanty lock'd with bolt and bar,  
To where its warmth his hearth-fire sheds,  
And wing'd thought seeks his home afar :  
His " father-land," still loved, he sees,  
Its vineyards trembling to the breeze,  
And purpling in the sunshine warm,  
He hears the swift crag-castled Rhine  
Dashing—he starts—day, sinking low,  
But glimmers on a waste of snow,  
The sound is surging from the pine  
Swung wildly by the rising storm.

VIII.

The guard-room of the fort—the walls  
Pierced with long narrow loops, and hung

With scabbard, bayonet-sheath and plume ;  
The fire on gleaming muskets falls  
And in faint wavering glance is flung  
O'er the deep nook'd, high rafter'd gloom.  
On benches stretch'd, a soldier-throng  
Listen, in careless ease, to one  
Whose skin-garb'd figure, lithe, but strong,  
Sharp features tann'd by wind and sun,  
And eye of keen and shifting flame,  
The frontier scout, half wild, proclaim.  
In speech uncouth, quick gestures eking,  
He tells them of an unknown trail  
Struck, whilst, this morn, a moose-haunt seeking,  
And traced in snow o'er hill and vale  
Till branching in such devious ways  
It baffled e'en his practised gaze.  
But wrapp'd in false security  
They drown his voice in jibing glee ;  
To none his tale hath credence brought,  
Though every dwelling has been sought,  
And all the village dames have seen  
An Indian group, of foreign mein,  
With eyes, that stealthily survey'd  
Dwelling, and fort, and palisade,  
And answering brief to every quest,  
They were but traders from the west.

I X .

Oh little did sweet LYNNIE deem,  
As at one form she glanced uncaring,  
LA MOYNE'S fierce eyes, from out the gleam  
Of masquing paint, were on her glaring.

And little did brave SYBRANT know,  
On this, his joyous bridal day,  
There stood his deepest, deadliest foe,  
Exultant o'er the destined prey.

X.

✓ The stooping sun has found a shroud  
Within a thick gray rising cloud :  
A damp and chilling wind is fluttering  
Through the slight softening air, and muttering  
In low sounds, down a wild ravine  
Whose sides jut out in rocky ledges,  
And either hand, huge pine-trees lean,  
Grasping, with snake-like roots the edges,  
Shaping a bristling bower o'erhead,  
Scarce pervious to the winter snow,  
Where frozen moss, and pine-fringe, spread  
Carpets, of brown and green, below :  
In summer, 'tis a fair retreat,  
Sleeping in shadows, cool and sweet,  
The breeze, the murmuring branches, tossing,  
The fitful streaks of sunshine crossing,  
With chirping of the fitting bird,  
As steps, the brooding silence, stirr'd ;  
A place for day-dreams, ere the heart  
Has felt its fresh green spring depart,  
Leaving an arid waste instead,  
Of blighted hopes, and feelings dead.

XI.

A large wild looking throng of men  
Is gather'd in that shelter'd glen,

Clothed in the Indian's warlike dress,  
 To tread the winter wilderness ;  
 Cassocks of hair around them laced,  
 With knife and hatchet at the waist,  
 The bullet pouch and powder horn  
 Around each brawny shoulder borne :  
 Tall muskets slung upon their backs,  
 Or placed, for instant use, in stacks,  
 With beaver's fur the temples capp'd,  
 Thick deer-skin leggins downward wrapp'd  
 To the quill'd moccasin's warm sheath,  
 The broad flat snow-shoe thong'd beneath.  
 Yet though alike the features show  
 The war-paint's black and crimson glow,  
 A steadfast scrutinizing gaze,  
     The white-man, in his oval face,  
 And Indian, in his serpent blaze  
     Of eye, and bony cheeks, could trace.

## XII.

The kindled pine-knots, spattering, stream,  
 Dimm'd by the sun, in pallid gleam.  
 To feed the pile high blazing, some  
 Cleave splinters, blister'd thick with gum,  
 Or from the faded hemlocks near,  
     The wither'd bark of tinder peel,  
 While others, from a slaughter'd deer,  
     Busily dress their forest meal.  
 Some couch upon the frozen ground,  
 Some launch their tomahawks around,  
 Where twisted root, and bending tree  
 Stand, for a fancied enemy.

XIII.

But now, quick striding forms, they note  
Along the hollow's darkening throat.  
They hail the band with guarded shouts,  
La Moyne returning with his scouts!  
The seeming traders, that so free  
Thy precincts trod, Schenectady!  
Oh hadst thou not the danger scorn'd,  
Of which the trail too truly warn'd,  
Nor scoff'd at him, whose instincts caught  
The wo with which its sight was fraught,  
Then hadst thou scaped the flame's red breath,  
Despair, and agony, and death.

XIV.

Day, in the lowest west now cowers,  
The lustrous mantle with him borne,  
That, since his flight on wings of hours  
From the east's portal, he had worn.  
In place, the dull thick cloud has spread  
Its dusky blotting haze o'erhead,  
Close narrowing the horizon's bound ;  
While a few snow-flakes, swerving, sail,  
Like blossoms, that the breath of May  
Shakes from the white garb'd cherry-spray,  
Then thickening to a light, loose veil  
Woven of spangles, fluttering round :  
Wilder the flakes chaotic teem  
Until the gauzy atoms stream  
In slant lines downward steadily  
On mountain, valley, roof, and tree,  
Save when the wind, now rising fast

To the full fury of a blast,  
Fitfully sweeps the gray streak'd haze  
Into a dim and whirling maze.  
The village dwellings scarcely show  
Their outlines in the mist of snow :  
Round the church belfry, whirls and floats  
A quivering swarm of silvery motes,  
And a white netlike curtain falls  
Across the fort's large looming walls.  
No colors tell the daylight's pass,  
But darkness thickens to a mass.  
The blast, aroused, sweeps wildly by,  
First, with far moan and wailing cry,  
Then in fierce shocks, like surges sent  
Dashing across the firmament.  
High o'er the deep-toned rush, a clear  
Keen piercing whistle strikes the ear,  
As though the blast, by fiends bestrode,  
Shriek'd wild beneath their torturing goad.  
Through the black gloom, hurl'd clouds of snow  
Spinning aloft and dashing low,  
Shoot in an instant flash of white,  
Athwart the gazer's dizzy sight.

X V.

The pines, as sweeps the tempest o'er,  
Now roll out sounds like ocean's roar,  
Now hiss, as though they sought, in rage,  
Tossing their strong arms high and free,  
Fierce freedom-striving war to wage  
Against their rushing enemy.  
In circling robes of scatter'd snow

K

They twist and bend in struggling throe,  
As falls the drifted avalanche,  
They tremble to their inmost branch,  
Then, shaking off their loads, again  
They wild renew the conflict vain.

XVI.

Hours creep apace—the storm more wild ;  
More high the drifts are dash'd and piled,  
And thicker, through the pall of night,  
Flakes stream and whirl in ghastly white.

XVII.

Within a hut of logs, around  
Its hearth, the hunters group together :  
They hear the madden'd tempest's sound—  
They mark the frost the casement feather—  
The crackling fire casts glances red,  
Upon the rafters cross'd o'erhead,  
On huge moose-antlers, ruddy shines,  
Chequers the garments from their tines,  
Bathes paw of bear, and panther's tusk,  
Otter's, and beaver's glossy hides,  
And water-rat's brown skin of musk,  
Hung round the cabin's bulging sides,  
While in the corners of each wall  
Are group'd the rifles slim and tall :  
The hounds are crouching by the blaze,  
Slow winking in their dozing gaze ;  
The blister'd drops of sap exude  
In shrill hiss, from the steaming wood ;  
Within, the genial ruby light,

Without, the black, cold, stormy night,  
Contrasting, kindle in the breast,  
Feelings of comfort, and of rest.

XVIII.

( In slumber wrapp'd, the trader lies ;  
The wind-steed's trample through the skies  
And the blent tumult of the night  
People his dreams with visions dread,  
That awful rush ! ) Is that the flight  
Of the Hartz-demon, vengeance-led,  
From his black haunt, his wrath to wreak ?  
Is that the flying victim's shriek ?  
Are those wild sounds, its mournful cries  
As talon-grasp'd, it slowly dies ?  
The slumberer wakes—the sweeping blast  
Bears on the panther's thrilling scream,  
The wolf's sad howl is lengthening past,  
The mystic voices of his dream ;  
And as the visions leave his brain,  
Into deep rest he glides again, )

XIX.

Circling a table—flagon strew'd—  
The soldiers sit in jocund mood.  
Around the fort the tempest howls,  
Thick, solid seeming darkness scowls,  
But what reck they ? with song and shout  
Merrily speeds the festive scene,  
Loud laughter greets the tawny scout  
As starting, when, more shrill and keen  
Swells on the ear the furious gale,



He mutters of the morning's trail.  
One, the most reckless of the band  
Viewing the scout with scornful eyes,  
Fierce smites the table with his hand,  
And swinging high his goblet, cries,  
" Fill, comrades, fill, the wine is bright !  
We'll drink the soldiers life to night.  
Sing, comrades, sing, the wind shall be  
The chorus to our harmony.  
This talk forbear, no trails we fear !  
Thy boding's naught—no foe is near !  
A guardian kind is Winter old !  
He rears his barriers, white and cold  
And frozen forests in the track  
Between us and fierce Frontenac.  
Hark to the blast, how wild his sweep !  
He shouts his chorus strong and deep ;  
How beats the snow ! we envy not,  
This bitter night, the sentry's lot.  
Our comrades at the gates, must feel  
The driving sleet, like points of steel !  
Fill, and let thanks to Fortune flow,  
For wine and fire, not blast and snow ;  
Fill, till the brim is gleaming bright,  
We'll drink the soldier's life to-night !"

X X .

Merrily sounds the music strain !  
Merrily tread the bridal train !  
Merrily, merrily, song and jest  
Echoes find in every breast !  
Lyntie smiles a blushing bride,

Sybrant joyous at her side,  
Seems not earth an Eden bright  
To their cloudless, blissful sight ?

X XI .

Amid the pleasure-seeking band,  
Gayest, the faithless sentries stand ;  
As loudly rings the bridal cheer  
One whispers in the other's ear,  
"Sure, comrade, this is better fate  
Than holding musket at a gate !  
Let the frost sting—the wind rush by !  
Our shapes of snow can both defy.  
Our captain, trust me, comes not forth  
To face this blustering of the North,  
And in the gloom, no eye can tell  
Image of snow from sentinel !  
Black Brom, with nimble elbow, brings  
Feet-lifting music from his strings ;  
Come to the dance, and let us spend  
The hours, until our watch shall end."

X XII .

Forth from the howling forests, slow,  
Stemming the fury of the blast,  
Dark throngs are striving through the snow,  
They reach the palisade at last.  
Each knife is bared, each musket grasp'd,  
For strength renew'd the breath is gasp'd,  
Amidst its drifts the gate, wide spread,  
Seems to invite the entering tread,  
On—ha, a sentry here ! but no !

The hatchet sinks in forms of snow ;  
 Quick, through the passage, rush the band,  
 Quick they divide on every hand ;  
 Lonely and trackless are the streets,  
     Block'd with deep banks—no light—no sound  
     Within the dwellings group'd around.  
 The wind about each corner beats,  
 Whirling the drifts in blinding sheets.  
 Montigni leads—a light breaks near,  
 The hunters bending o'er their cheer !  
 Another streaks with bronze a pine  
 Fast slumbering trader, it is thine !  
 Mantet draws near the fort—within  
 Loud swells the reckless wassail-din !  
 La Moyne beside a window stoops,  
 Merrily step the dancing groups !  
 Till round each roof-tree is the foe  
 With weapons ready for the blow.

## X X I I I .

One moment more—still deep the cheer !  
 Still runs the dream its wild career !  
 Still flows the wine-cup free and red !  
 And still to music bounds the tread !  
 While every other fabric seems  
 Cast in the solemn spell of dreams :  
 The next ; more fierce, more terrible  
 Than the wild tempest's wildest swell,  
 So blended that they seem one yell,  
     The war-whoops burst upon the scene :  
 A thousand frightened eagles, driven  
 From eyrie peaks by lightnings riven,

A thousand madden'd panthers, dashing  
Midst forest-fires all round them flashing,  
Awake not sounds more wild and keen,  
Than those that rend and pierce the air,  
Bursting and ringing everywhere  
Quick swell on swell—as though had risen  
The loosen'd demons from their prison  
To howl and riot through the night,  
And, mingling with those horrid cries,  
Crashings of door and casement rise  
With shrieks of agony and fright :  
Wo, to the death surrounded, wo !  
In vain the rushings to and fro !  
In vain the flight !—the hatchet's blow—  
The knife's quick plunge—the crimson flow—  
The heavy fall—the triumph yell—  
The scream, the groan, sad havoc tell.  
La Moyne, in headlong fury, dashes  
With his wild band, amidst the dance.  
His eye, in stern triumphant flashes  
Meets Lyntie's terror-stricken glance ;  
He hears her shriek through ringing whoops,  
He sees her form through struggling groups,  
Sybrant is at her side, with knife  
Torn from a savage in the strife,  
Deadly and quick the blade is gleaming,  
But blood from many a wound is streaming,  
La Moyne has reach'd them—lifted high  
His hatchet sinks—as Sybrant gasps  
Dying beneath, with eager cry  
Lyntie's crouch'd swooning form, he grasps.  
He bears her to the door, but dash'd

Asunder by the rushing crowd—  
A wandering tomahawk has flash'd—  
Again her shriek rings wild and loud,  
Her blood is gushing red and fast,  
A quivering sigh—it is her last.  
Motionless stands La Moyne, about  
Flash torch and steel, swell scream and shout,  
Motionless stands he, where, oh where  
His lawless hopes—his passion burning,  
To the fierce writhings of despair,  
To everlasting curses, turning!  
For this, through weary days, his feet  
The boundless winter snows had beat,  
For this, his hand has helped to send  
The bolt on those that call'd him friend,  
The cloud has melted at his breath!  
He grasp'd at bliss and finds but death!

XXIV.

Fiercer, the tide of slaughter swells,  
Fast plies the torch, wild burst the yells,  
The war-whoop fills the trader's ear,  
He sees, just wakened from his dream,  
The Caughnewaga's eye-balls gleam.  
Up as he starts in shuddering fear,  
Down falls the cold, keen, searching knife,  
And weltering in his couch of red  
He feels amidst his gasps for life,  
The clutched scalp peeling from his head.  
The hunters to their rifles bound—  
In vain—in vain—the foe is round!  
Quick arms the tomahawk are flinging,

The musket loud and fast is ringing,  
Dark figures, at their throats, are springing,  
    Wo to the struggling hunters, wo !  
At dawn, the trotting moose may speed,  
The deer in laurel thickets feed,  
And the wolf sleep—with naught to heed,  
They, who so oft had made them bleed,  
    The coverts, never more shall know.

X X V .

High towers the smoke—fierce burst the flames,  
Down crash in heaps the dwelling frames,  
Fearfully black, the sky scowls o'er,  
Fearfully bright, the fire-floods pour  
Their splendor ; while like sable walls,  
Around the close horizon falls.  
Red embers mix with showering flakes,  
    Shrieks rise, roofs sink, forms struggle past,  
And the shrill quavering war-whoop shakes  
    In peals upon the howling blast.  
Here aims Montigni's musket—there  
Red Agnier's hatchet cuts the air,  
D'Iberville's tread is told by screams,  
The knife of Repentigni gleams ;  
The mother, at the shiver'd door  
    Dying, beholds her infant, dash'd  
In shrieks, upon the groaning floor  
    Smear'd with crush'd brain—with life-blood splash'd ;  
Sons sink beside their gray-hair'd sires,  
    Sister, by brother, bleeding lies,  
While louder roar the raging fires  
    And blacker scowl the stormy skies.

XXVI.

The high debauch had higher swell'd,  
Brimm'd to the lip the wine was held,  
Hark! the first whoop! the scout turns pale,  
Another quavers on the gale  
Arm! arm, the savage comes! too late!  
The foe is bursting through the gate;  
Stern Mantet, with his yelling horde,  
Bounds on the wild recoiling board,  
Halberd meets hatchet, bayonet, knife,  
But vain the struggle—short the strife!  
Lock'd in stern throttle to the last,  
The scout, beneath his foe, was cast,  
Each, who so late, the goblet drain'd,  
Fell by the danger he disdain'd;  
But, scorning mercy in his pride,  
Each strove and struggled till he died.

XXVII.

On, on, the torrent rolls its wrecks,  
But now its might a barrier checks. .  
From a strong fort-like dwelling, dart  
Quick streaks of death; with dauntless heart  
Vrooman is there, his hearth to save,  
Or, in its ruins, find his grave.  
Shrill peal the whoops around his walls,  
But at each shot, a foeman falls,  
Pours, from without, the leaden rain,  
He hurls the death ball back again:  
From loop to loop he quickly bounds,  
Quickly his fatal musket sounds;  
In the stern fire-flood's lurid glow

Reddening, all round, like blood, the snow,  
The grim and threatening looks, he sees,  
Of his wild, baffled enemies,  
Some, at the loops, aim fruitless ball,  
Some shake the door-bolts, but to fall,  
He marks their gestures fierce with rage,  
But still his shots the contest wage :  
Thus on he strives--the smoke clouds fill  
Each stifling room--he struggles still :  
Ha ! is yon door ajar ! he flies--  
A shriek--his wife beside him dies.  
With madden'd strength, he dashes back  
An entering savage on his track :  
Again his bullets smite his foes,  
Again the door defies their blows :  
He starts--is that his daughter speeding  
    Bearing his infant ? back ! but vain--  
    He hears a sudden cry of pain--  
Down dash'd, his mangled child is bleeding.  
Yet dauntless, he, the fight prolongs,  
Till, spent with toil, the baffled throngs  
    As the foil'd panther slow withdraws  
    Growing, from oft repeated leaps,  
    Leave him, proud meed all efforts worth !  
    With fame that still tradition keeps,  
    A conqueror at his household hearth !  
A victor in a holy cause !

XXVIII.

Many, meanwhile, had sought to win  
Safety, the forest-depths within ;  
Half-clad--each snowflake stings afresh



Their bleeding, raw, yet freezing flesh ;  
Now, in the hollows, plunging deep,  
Now, through the twined swamp, forced to creep,  
The roof-flames touching into grim  
And spectral shapes, trunk, stump, and limb ;  
Frequent, from cave and thicket-lair,  
They hear deep growls—see eye-balls glare ;  
Dark gliding figures cross their way  
Howling and gnashing for their prey ;  
Whilst now and then, shrieks, blending dread  
    With snarls and clicking teeth, denote  
Some doom'd wretch, from his torpid bed,  
    Waking, with wolf-faugs at his throat.  
But on they press, for yells and screams,  
    Borne wildly by the raging wind,  
And the doom'd hamlet's burning gleams  
    Tell, that destruction is behind.

xxix.

The lingering morning dawn'd at last ;  
    Bright wheel'd the sun the mountains o'er,  
Away, the furious storm had pass'd,  
    Nature, in quiet, slept once more.  
Stainless the sky, save where one spot  
Spread o'er the blue, a darkening blot,  
As though a frowning demon hover'd  
Above a scene his blight had cover'd ;  
The foe was gone, but sad, oh, sad  
The scenes, of late, so bright and glad ;  
There, were char'd beam, and blacken'd wall,  
And rafter tottering to its fall,  
Here, a pale waste of ashes, there

Coals kindling in the keen cold air :  
 Fragments, half burn'd, of door, and shed,  
 And household things around were spread ;  
 From some, the flames yet fitful broke,  
 Slowly from others oozed the smoke ;  
 Upon the hard stamp'd snow, smirch'd o'er  
 With mingled stains of soot and gore,  
 Heaps of gash'd mangled limbs were strew'd,  
 By blood and frost together glued ;  
 Amidst the fortress-ruins lay  
 Wrecks of crush'd forms, in sad array,  
 All scorch'd and blacken'd with the flame  
 That had not paused its prey to claim ;  
 Vrooman's strong blockhouse still arose,  
 Spared to his valor by his foes,  
 And still the church its fabric raised,  
 Its firm stone walls with smoke o'erglazed,  
 With a few roofs, that, scatter'd round,  
 Protection from the torch had found.

## XXX.

At length, a wretched throng, toil-spent  
 With the night's freezing banishment,  
 Came crouching through the woods, but naught  
 Of life, was in the scene they sought ;  
 All, all was lone and silent there,  
 Death, grimly frowning with despair.  
 Yet not despair—a holy strength  
 Enters their bleeding hearts, at length ;  
 Within those sacred walls, unriven,  
 As though to point the soul to heaven,  
 They breathe the solemn prayer, and raise

In thankful strains, the song of praise,  
To Him—the Holy One, above,  
Who gives and takes in wisest might,  
Who chastens in His tender love,  
Who is the Way—the Truth—the Light.

XXXI.

Quickly, the forest region through,  
The tidings of the slaughter flew ;  
Tionondaga's wigwams, where  
The sparkling Mohawk waters marry  
The bright, the beautiful Schoharie,  
Sent shouts of vengeance on the air :  
Smoked is the council calumet,  
The blazon'd battle-post is set,  
Each robe is mark'd with hostile types,  
The war-paint shows its gleaming stripes,  
And bounding fiercely in the ring,  
Hatchet and club wild brandishing,  
Each savage rocks, with stamping feet  
To guttural song, and drum's dead beat,  
Now, front to front, they swing, and wield  
Their weapons, as in battle-field,  
Plunging the knife—the hatchet swaying,  
Feature and limb convulsive playing,  
Till, at the short shrill whoop, again  
Each follows each, in circling train.

XXXII.

The war dance o'er, each warrior speeds,  
His mind but one fierce vengeful thought,  
Upon the stealthy trail that leads  
To where the late dark deeds were wrought.

XXXIII.

The hardy colonists too rose  
To follow the retreating foes ;  
The rifle from its nook was taken,  
The axe lay on its pile forsaken,  
The mountain, down the hunter, sent,  
The settler from his clearing went,  
The shingle-weaver left his camp,  
The glen's snow show'd the woodman's tramp,  
The lumberer chain'd his jarring mill,  
Each busy haunt was lone and still,  
As all, with bosoms firm and true,  
Quick gather'd to the rendezvous.

XXXIV.

Winter's wild voice was in the woods,  
His ermine robe o'er all was cast,  
But quickly through the solitudes  
The roused and stern Avengers pass'd ;  
Houndlike, the foe's trail, tracking swift,  
They laugh'd to scorn the blast and drift.  
And well amidst the fleeing band,  
Hatchet and musket, knife and blade  
With reckless and unsparing hand  
The midnight massacre repaid.  
Long did the memory of that trail  
Turn the fierce Caughnewaga pale,  
When, boasting in the lodge and dance,  
His fiendish deeds of blood and flame,  
O'er his wild mind, in transient glance,  
The horrors of that vengeance came,

And long did ruthless Frontenac  
Remember the invader's blow,  
Though striking deep, is beaten back,  
By right, in two-fold force and wo.

XXXV.

But oh! though on La Moyne fell not  
Quick vengeance; yet all aftertime  
Made his dark life a dreary lot,  
The fearful meed for fearful crime!  
A wandering miserable man—  
He lived beneath a blighting ban;  
And when the vulture ceased to gnaw  
His bleeding heart, where cedars join  
Their gloomy shades of shuddering awe,  
In a deep chasm, was laid La Moyne.  
And when too, winds and melting snows  
Had swept the bones from their repose,  
The hollow echo'd to the cries  
Of wolves, fierce fighting for their prize.

XXXVI.

Amid a soft and sylvan scene,  
Where the light graceful willow wept,  
And roses draped a fairy screen,  
Sybrant and Lyntie sweetly slept.  
In vernal days the robin made  
Her nest within the budding shade;  
When glow'd the moon-crown'd summer night  
The mounds were bathed in holy light,  
Rich autumn shower'd his dyes, and shed  
His hazy sunshine o'er the dead,

And pure smooth robes e'en winter gave  
To deck and guard each peaceful grave.

XXXVII.

And now the pine, whose mighty life  
Was green, in that wild winter night,  
Not two short hundred rings have twined ;  
The eagle, that when rose the strife,  
From his steep eyrie wheel'd his flight,  
Still launches vigorous on the wind ;  
The mountains still uprear their sides ;  
Below, the lovely river glides ;  
But oh, the scene how changed ! how bright  
The valley with its sloping belts—  
How wide beneath the gazer's sight  
The glorious landscape smiles and melts ;  
Green wave-like meadows, here, are spread,  
There, woodland shades are sweetly shed,  
In deepening gold, there glows the wheat,  
And there the rye-field's vying sheet,  
Rich honied odors, here, are borne  
From buckwheat blooms by breezes kiss'd,  
There, furrow'd ranks of tassell'd corn  
Fade greenly in the summer mist :  
Where stood grim fort and palisade,  
Thick roofs and spires are now display'd ;  
Where whoops arose, and life-blood flow'd,  
Steam shoots along its iron road ;  
Where frown'd the forest wide and dark,  
The smooth canal now bears its ark ;  
And round, in myriad numbers, press  
The signs of peace and plenteousness.

## NOTE.

At the breaking out of hostilities between France and England in 1690, Frontenac, governor of Canada, dispatched three expeditions, one destined against New-York, one against New-Hampshire, and one against Maine. That destined against New-York, was composed of about two hundred French, of whom Mantet, La Moyne, Montigni and Repentigni were officers, and fifty Caughnewaga Indians led by the Great Agnier, all wearing the paint and dress of the natives. After a twenty-two days' march of the greatest hardship, through wild and continuous forests, blocked with the snows of a northern winter, beating their path by the aid of snow-shoes, the party on the morning of the eighth of February, 1690, came to within a few miles of Schenectady, then the frontier post of New-York.

The hostile operations of the expedition had been originally designed against Albany, but the plan being changed, scouts were sent forward to reconnoitre Schenectady, which was now determined upon as the point of attack. The inhabitants relying upon the immense tract of snowy wilderness that lay between themselves and Quebec, and the severity of the season, entertained no apprehension of danger, and the scouts entered the village, without molestation or even exciting suspicion. Although the place was surrounded by a palisade, and maintained a garrison, the gates of the former were left continually open, and the soldiers of the latter kept but a relaxed and inefficient guard.

The night of the 8th fell with a strong tempest of wind and snow. Such was the security felt, that the sentinels, whose duty it was to guard the two gates with which the palisade was pierced, stationed images of snow at their posts, and went to a wedding that took place that evening. At midnight the French and Indians stole from their covert and entered the village through one of the open gates without obstruction. Dividing themselves into small parties, they surrounded and set fire to almost every dwelling, and waged indiscriminate slaughter amidst the surprised and unguarded inhabitants. The garrison was forced, and, after a feeble resistance, the soldiers were destroyed and the fort burned.

The only effectual defence was made by Adam Vrooman, who, from his dwelling, returned the fire of the enemy with fatal effect; and although he saw his wife and child perish in the conflict, persevered in

his resistance until he not only succeeded in repelling his assailants, but extorted from them a promise, if he would cease from his efforts, that his life should be saved, and his building spared from the flames, which promise was performed.

A few of the villagers, escaping from the fury of the onset fled into the forest, and with several Mohawk Indians who happened to be in the place, and whose lives were protected through the policy of the French, carried the first news of the massacre throughout the adjoining country. The Indian settlement at the confluence of the Mohawk river with the Schoharie creek sent their warriors, who, joined by the white inhabitants scattered through the wild region, struck the trail of the retreating enemies, and amply revenged, by the slaughter of a large number of the invaders, the inhuman barbarities perpetrated at Schepectady.



THE FALLS OF THE MONGAUP.\*

STUGGLING along the mountain path,  
We hear, amid the gloom,  
Like a roused giant's voice of wrath,  
A deep-toned, sullen boom :  
Emerging on the platform high,  
Burst sudden to the startled eye  
Rocks, woods, and waters, wild and rude—  
A scene of savage solitude.

Swift as an arrow from the bow,  
Headlong the torrent leaps,  
Then tumbling round, in dazzling snow  
And dizzy whirls it sweeps ;  
Then, shooting through the narrow aisle  
Of this sublime cathedral pile,  
Amidst its vastness, dark and grim,  
It peals its everlasting hymn.

Pyramid on pyramid of rock  
Tower upward wild and riven,  
As piled by Titan hands to mock  
The distant smiling heaven.  
And where its blue streak is display'd,  
Branches their emerald network braid

\* The falls of the Mongaup are in Sullivan county, N. Y. They are situated in the heart of the forest.

So high, the eagle in his flight  
Seems but a dot upon the sight.

Here column'd hemlocks point in air  
Their cone-like fringes green ;  
Their trunks hang knotted, black and bare,  
Like spectres o'er the scene ;  
Here lofty crag and deep abyss,  
And awe-inspiring precipice ;  
There grottoes bright in wave-worn gloss,  
And carpeted with velvet moss.

No wandering ray e'er kissed with light  
This rock-wall'd sable pool,  
Spangled with foam-gems thick and white,  
And slumbering deep and cool ;  
But where yon cataract roars down,  
Set by the sun, a rainbow crown  
Is dancing o'er the dashing strife—  
Hope glittering o'er the storm of life.

Beyond, the smooth and mirror'd sheet  
So gently steals along,  
The very ripples, murmuring sweet,  
Scarce drown the wild bee's song ;  
The violet from the grassy side  
Dips its blue chalice in the tide ;  
And, gliding o'er the leafy brink,  
The deer, unfrighten'd, stoops to drink.

Myriads of man's time-measured race  
Have vanish'd from the earth,

Nor left a memory of their trace,  
    Since first this scene had birth ;  
These waters, thundering now along,  
Join'd in Creation's matin-song ;  
And only by their dial-trees  
Have known the lapse of centuries !

---

A DREAM.

A SIMPLE sprig of myrtle ! as the stem  
Cluster'd with dark green glossy leaves, was placed  
Within my grasp, gay visions and bright scenes  
Throng'd round me as by magic ; the soft spell  
Of music had been cast upon my soul,  
Melting it with delicious cadences  
Dying upon the ear, or with swift flights  
Bearing it upward, as on wings, to heaven.  
Beautiful forms were floating in the dance ;  
Beings, whose looks of radiant loveliness  
Were blended, like the rainbow, in one blaze  
Of ravishing splendor ; here, the laughing eye  
Tinged with the hue that robes the violet,  
And there, the large bright orb of ebony  
Kindling quick flame, where'er its glances fell ;  
Yet, as I gazed upon the glossy gift,  
The present vanish'd from me, and above  
The glowing, glorious sky of Italy,  
So glowing, and so glorious, Fancy well

Might deem it the spread garment of the sun,  
Shone in its beauty ; olive vales spread out,  
And myrtle-bowers sprung round me ; ivied walls  
And mouldering columns were before my eye :  
While, in the distance, like a sapphire, gleam'd  
Bright Maggioré dotted with its isles.  
I lived, I breathed in that rich purple clime,  
Where Life's bright cup is brimm'd with sparkling joys,  
That steep the soul in deepest happiness.  
And then I thought those beautiful dark eyes  
Beaming beside me, full of light and soul,  
Were glittering underneath that brilliant heaven,  
Which the magnificent southern moon had made  
One sheet of silver ; and that clustering hair,  
Black as the raven's plumage, was entwined  
With Italy's green myrtle wreaths and flowers,  
And the sweet tones of that infectious laugh  
Were sounding o'er the spangled waters, blent  
With the low music of the "light guitar,"  
As the swift gondola darted on its way.

And then the vision changed. I was in Spain.  
Slopes mantled with their vineyards, rose around ;  
The lemon gleam'd, a spot of gold, amongst  
Its polish'd foliage ; streams like silvery threads,  
Glitter'd mid bordering spires, while high, afar  
The Pyrenees, like giant-monarchs stood,  
With crowns of silver, and with purple robes,  
As if to guard this scene of loveliness.  
The air seem'd peopled with the gay Antique  
That witness'd the Alhambra in its pride,  
Grenada's golden towers, and all the bright

And gorgeous scenes of vanish'd chivalry.  
Within a pleasant glade, upon whose grass  
The cork-tree threw its shadow, I beheld  
A group of peasants dancing.

Then I thought  
Thy buoyant graceful step was bounding free  
Within the mazes of that merry dance  
To the light clicking of the castanet :  
And as the hours flew by, and radiant Day  
Sank prostrate on the snow of some high peak,  
With crimson mantle, and with golden plume,  
While boughs gave birth to shadows, and the air,  
Rich with the orange-fragrance, bore along  
The silvery ringing of the Spanish bell  
From some far convent, and the vesper hymn  
Floated o'er Guadalquiver's glittering breast ;  
I deem'd that thou wert straying by the side  
Of that weird stream, whose sands are made of gold  
Like that of olden fable, listening deep  
To the wild tales of those high passionate hearts,  
That beat so fiercely in the battle-storm  
And throb'd so fondly to the thoughts of love.  
And as the Eve rose darkling from the West,  
And look'd upon thee with her diamond eye,  
Palpable images of those days came ;  
The turban'd Moor upon his war-steed, bore  
His lance in rest, and on his breast his lyre.  
Pennon, and scarf, and falchion flash'd ; the knight  
Knelt at the feet of his fair "ladye-love,"  
Castles frown'd blackly o'er the mountain-pass,  
And palaces gleam'd brightly in the sun.

The vision thus was glowing, wrapping up  
My thoughts and feelings, when a jesting word  
Utter'd by some gay passer-by, destroy'd  
The fairy happy spell, and I awoke.  
The waltz was circling by me, and again  
Music, with her invisible feet, now crept  
Slowly and softly, and now bounded high  
With her gay promptings, and I dream'd no more.

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BRADY'S LEAP.

The following incident occurred in the year 1760. The individual referred to was Captain Samuel Brady, a noted hunter and Indian fighter, in the region about the Ohio river.

A STRIPE of sky its sunshine threw  
Upon a sylvan glade,  
On which the circling forest drew  
Its pictured shapes of shade ;  
'Twas spotted with low thickets, where  
Throbb'd the faint pulses of the air,  
Beatings of Nature's sleep :  
Beside, no motion of a thing,  
Nor chirp, nor flutter of a wing,  
Came o'er the stillness deep.

But now, far shouts and steps were heard  
Within the forest's breast,  
Approaching nearer, till the bird  
Flew frighten'd from its nest ;

■

Till bough, and moss, and grass were rife  
With myriad throngs of tiny life  
    Circling and murmuring round,  
And the whole scene, so lately still,  
In leaping forms and voices shrill,  
    Woke startled at the sound.

With laugh, and yell of joy, and hate,  
    A savage group burst in,  
Like demons met to celebrate  
    A festival of sin.  
Some stripp'd a neighboring sapling bare,  
Some dragg'd and bound a white man there,  
    And round him branches piled ;  
Whilst all keen knife and hatchet grasp'd,  
With eyes that glow'd, and breasts that gasp'd  
    To hold their orgies wild.

Madd'ning for their fierce revelry  
    Still nearer press'd the throng,  
Then burst in horrid mocking glee  
    Loud whoop and boisterous song.  
Woman's shrill tones and Manhood's shout  
And childish shrieks rung echoing out,  
    Upon the sunny air ;  
But not a fear the lone one shook ;  
He glanced around with lofty look,  
    Undarkened by despair.

Through the piled boughs red streaks of flame,  
    Like darting serpents ran,  
Still not a tremor thrilled the frame

Of that bound, helpless man.  
He view'd, with calm and equal breath,  
The flashing curls of coming death ;  
The same in soul as though  
His deadly rifle still he bore,  
A dauntless hunter warrior,  
With bosom to his foe.

Now to the chant, in circling dance  
Wrieth every bounding limb,  
And every fiend-like countenance  
Grew still more black and grim ;  
Some whirl'd their hatchets round his head  
With starting eye-balls burning red,  
And teeth with rage that gnash'd ;  
Some scorch'd his shrinking skin with brands,  
Or, blood-drops spiriting o'er their hands,  
With knives his bosom gash'd.

At length a mother, at whose breast  
A trembling infant clung,  
Close to the suffering victim press'd  
With loud and scornful tongue.  
A hope flash'd o'er him ; quick as thought,  
With giant grasp the child he caught  
And hurl'd it in the blaze ;  
Then, as all rush'd to where it lay  
He snapp'd the shrivelling thongs away,  
And vanish'd from their gaze.

Now, hunter, urge thy fleet career !  
Let not a muscle fail,



Like wolves that scent the flying deer,  
Swift feet are on thy trail ;  
Dash through the thicket—leap the mound—  
Thy foemen's shoutings nearer sound,  
On, on, pause not for breath !  
A shot has grazed that sheltering tree ;  
Rush down this steep declivity !  
For close behind is death.

Within the clustering swamp he springs  
To seek some darken'd nook,  
Now by the pendent hemlock swings  
Across the laurel-brook.  
The bear from covert, snorting, wakes,  
The snake his warning rattle shakes,  
But on the hunter flies ;  
Breathless he climbs the broken hill,  
Below, the foemen follow still,  
And still their war-whoops rise.

But now, upon the burthen'd air,  
Creeps a low steady roar ;  
The Cuyahoga tumbles there,  
Hope lights his breast once more.  
He knows the spot—through narrow rocks  
The torrent beats with billowy shocks,  
A war-horse clothed with white,  
Thundering along its curbless way  
Flinging its mane-like showers of spray  
Athwart the yawning night.

One glance—above the hill's steep edge  
Ascending war-plumes float ;

He bounds to where a dizzy ledge  
    Juts o'er the torrent's throat ;  
Nerving his strength one instant there,  
His leaping figure cuts the air,   •  
    The dread ravine is pass'd ;  
And, as the baffled foemen shrink  
From the black chasm's terrific brink,  
    His heart beats free at last.

Thick, screening branches, as they fly,  
    Turn off the whizzing balls ;  
And now along the western sky  
    The gold-fringed sunset falls.  
And soon he saw Night's mantle black,  
Folded around his forest track,  
    With friendly stars to guide,  
And when Morn wove her dappled woof,  
He sat beneath his cabin roof  
    With glad ones at his side.

---

THE MILL

BESIDE the narrow road that, winding, leads  
From the broad arch'd highway, the humble mill  
Rears its red-gabled front. The forest round  
Has fallen beneath the axe, to shape the nook  
For the sharp pointed roof, and wood-built dam  
Bridling the swampy streamlet to a pond  
Scattered with dead jagg'd trees and splinter'd stumps,

And floating logs, round which the frothy scum  
And drooping weeds are gather'd. Stagnant, still,  
And gloomy seems the wide-spread sheet, what time  
The sliding gate is lower'd: the slimy flume  
Looks dark; the waters trickle o'er the dam,  
Or gush from some wide fissure; and the mill  
Is left to deepest silence. But when morn,  
Bringing the daily task, uplifts the gate,  
The scene, like magic, changes: the smooth pond  
Breaks into slanting lines; the scum whirls round;  
The rough black logs sail, jostling, and the weeds  
Stream in the dancing ripples: through the flume  
The waters rush in foam, the dusky wheel  
Whirls its huge circle, as the dashing flood  
Leaps on its buckets; grate and hum succeed  
Throughout the structure, till the daylight dies.  
We enter in: a thin white dust is spread  
O'er walls, and bin, and floor; huge swelling sacks  
Here, prone, or leaning each on each; there, raised  
By sinewy hands on brawny backs, and brought  
With staggering efforts to the porch, where stand  
The broad wheel'd wagon, and the dozing steeds,  
That now and then arouse to pick amidst  
The hay-mounds at their feet. The miller, bluff  
And bustling, powder'd thickly o'er with white,  
Pours from the measure the bright golden corn,  
Or dark brown buckwheat, in the hopper broad,  
A level mass that in its midst, soon shows  
A hollow'd spot, as swift the particles  
Drop to the crushing grinding stones beneath;  
Till funnel-shaped, the sliding load appears,  
And the light grains at last whirl round the mouth

Of the deep passage, and quick disappear.  
From the long tube, within the box beneath,  
Streams the warm flour in readiness for the sack,  
And a strong odor breathes like smitten flint,  
Through the dim dusty air.

Familiar, rude,  
And known to all, this picture of the mill.  
Let all, then, heed the lesson. Industry  
Hews its own place amidst this crowded world ;  
And standing in its humble path, sheds round  
Life, comfort, by its presence. With a hand  
That tires not, and a soul that never faints,  
It brings prosperity around its home,  
And glads the bosom with perpetual smiles.

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THE FOREST TEMPLE.

GRAND pomp of the Wilderness ! solemn and wild,  
Magnificent temple, for Solitude piled !  
Its columns the rocks, and its canopy, sky ;  
Its huge mountain-altar reared proudly on high.  
Round circle the Seasons : Spring dances along—  
It is breathing with fragrance and vocal with song ;  
Its grass-carpet lifts to the steps of her showers ;  
At the wand of her sunbeam come thronging its flowers.  
Bright, beautiful Summer her thick garland weaves,  
And its depths are made dim with her mantle of leaves ;  
There's a dancing of shadows in ebony gloss,  
And gold-slants and sprinkles on blossom and moss.

Gay alchemist Autumn transmutes, and behold!  
 The emerald changed to rich crimson and gold;  
 There's a glitter of gems—a proud blazon of hues,  
 And silver mists forming, to melt with the dews;  
 The moon's splendor streams with more pomp from on high,  
 And the star-clusters glow with more light in the sky.  
 Wild Winter on rushes, with clouds o'er his brow,  
 His war-steed the tempest—his banner the snow;  
 The temple stands blighted and mute at his glance,  
 The glitter has faded, and past is the dance,  
 Till Spring, with her soft looks and sweet smiles, again  
 Breathes joy, as the Despot abandons his reign.

And music, sweet music, the temple gives forth  
 When Winter has reach'd his stern home in the North;  
 The torrent-like stream, as, mad-foaming, it bounds,  
 Loud raises, unceasing, its organ-like sounds;  
 There are voices of birds, and a murmur of bees,  
 And soft strains of wind-harps breathed low through the trees,  
 And thunder o'er-rolling, and launching its crash,  
 And the strong sheeted rains, as fierce downward they dash,  
 And the wild blast, as onward it rages and shoots,  
 Whirling boughs from their trees—wrenching trees from  
 their roots—  
 The bee-song—the blast hymn—the chant of the flood,  
 Sent upward in praise to their Maker and God.

And other sounds forth, too, this temple hath cast,  
 Sounds loud as the thunder, and fierce as the blast;  
 When Tyranny's hordes, grasping fetters, were led  
 O'er a region that shuddered with wrath at their tread;  
 In an air that grew black, as their banners it fann'd,

Till the fierce storm of Vengeance thick curtain'd the land,  
'Twas the war-shout of Freedom! and echoed by men  
She poured down from mountain and rallied in glen,  
As proudly she spread her pure flag for the fray,  
And her young Eagle stretch'd his strong wings on her way.  
Oh, what thought to earth that starr'd banner was cast!  
Oh, what thought those wings were crush'd down by the  
blast!

Brave hearts bore that banner—'twas lifted anew;  
High hopes cheer'd those pinions—more lofty they flew;  
Till Victory, loud as the roar of the sea,  
In heart-bursts were shouted by men that were Free!

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FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

Oh, what is that sound swelling loudly on high  
Wherever our land shows its boundless dominions,  
And uncurb'd, with the stars and the stripes, in the sky  
Borne aloft by our flag, spreads our Eagle his pinions!  
'Tis an Empire's glad strain!  
The Free, hailing again

The day, when their sires trod on sceptre and chain:  
And proudly their sons will remember this day,  
Till the last wave of time bears its glories away.

Oppression strode on—the cloud gather'd o'erhead,  
And Freedom beheld him, with scorn, from her station,  
Our Eagle's fierce eye blazed with wrath at his tread,  
Till the day that our land rear'd its front as a Nation.

Then the red lightning sprung,  
Then the thunder-burst rung,  
'Twas the eye-flash of Freedom—the sound of her tongue ;  
Then proudly her sons will remember this day,  
Till the last wave of time bears its glories away.

In its field stood the plough—the axe ceased in the wood,  
From his log cabin gladly the wild hunter sallied,  
From city and glen, throngs were pour'd like a flood,  
To the flag where the ranks of the valiant were rallied.  
Oh let Bunker's red height  
And let Trenton's wild fight  
Tell, how nobly our sires bled and died for the right ;  
Then proudly their sons will remember this day,  
Till the last wave of time bears its glories away.

On no happier clime than this broad land of ours,  
Does the sun his bright smiles of beneficence render,  
From dark storms and bleak snows, to rich skies and sweet  
flowers,  
Our flag, our proud flag, streams in starr'd and striped  
splendor ;  
Then with shouts of acclaim,  
And with bosoms of flame,  
Let us honor those sires whence our liberties came :  
And proudly their sons will remember this day,  
Till the last wave of time bears its glories away.

## THE GARDEN.

WHEN the light flourish of the blue-bird sounds,  
And the south wind comes blandly ; when the sky  
Is soft in delicate blue with melting pearl  
Spotting its bosom, all proclaiming Spring,  
Oh with what joy, the garden-spot we greet  
Wakening from wintry slumbers. As we tread  
The branching walks, within its hollow'd nook  
We see the violet by some lingering flake  
Of melting snow, its sweet eye lifting up  
As welcoming our presence. O'er our heads  
The fruit tree buds are swelling, and we hail  
Our grateful task of moulding into form  
The waste around us. The quick delving spade  
Upturns the fresh and odorous earth. The rake  
Smooths the plump bed, and in their furrow'd graves  
We drop the seed. The robin stops his work  
Upon the apple-bough, and flutters down  
Stealing, with oft check'd and uplifted foot,  
And watchful gaze bent quickly either side,  
Toward the fall'n wealth of food around the mouth  
Of the light paper pouch upon the earth.  
But fearful of our motions, off he flies  
And stoops upon the grub the spade has thrown  
Loose from its den beside the wounded root.  
Days pass along. The pattering shower falls down  
And then the warming sunshine. Tiny cliffs  
Tell that the seed has turn'd itself and now



Is pushing up its stem. The verdant pea  
Looks out, the twin leaf'd scallop'd radish shows  
Sprinkles of green. The sturdy bean displays  
Its jaws distended wide and slightly tongued,  
The downy cucumber is seen, the corn  
Upshoots its close-wrapp'd spike, and on its mound  
The young potato sets its tawny ear.  
Meanwhile the fruit trees gloriously have broke  
Into a flush of beauty, and the grape  
Casting aside, in peels, its shrivell'd skin,  
Shows its soft furzy leaf of delicate pink,  
And the thick midge-like blossoms round diffuse  
A strong delicious fragrance. Soon along  
The trellice, stretch the tendrils, sharply prong'd,  
Clinging tenacious with their winding rings  
And sending on the stem. A sheet of bloom  
Then decks the garden, till the summer glows  
Forming the perfect fruit. In showery nights  
The fire-fly glances with its pendent lamp  
Of greenish gold. Each dark nook has a voice :  
Whilst perfume floats on every wave of air.  
The corn lifts up its bandrols long and slum.  
The cucumber has overflow'd its spot  
With massy verdure, whilst the yellow squash  
Looks like a trumpet midst its giant leaves ;  
And as we reap the rich fruits of our care  
We bless the God who rains His gifts on us,  
Making the earth its treasures rich to yield  
With slight and fitful toil. Our hearts should be  
Ever but harps to send unceasing hymns  
Of thankful praise to One who fills all space,  
And yet looks down with smiles on lowly Man.

THE BEECH TREE.

DROPP'D by the wind-kiss'd parent-spray,  
The acorn whence the beech tree's birth  
Down trodden by the rabbit, lay  
Forming within the forest earth.  
Urged by its secret principle  
At length from out its perish'd shell,  
The sprout sought light and air ;  
And by the nibbling fawn unseen  
Its downy stem grew firm and green,  
And rose a sapling there.

Its roots stretch'd out—its branches spread—  
Thicken'd its trunk, until on high  
Cover'd with leaves, its lofty head  
Made fretwork of its spot of sky.  
A wand the robin bent, now stood  
The giant monarch of the wood,  
Where paused the eagle's flight ;  
Once trembling at the slightest breath,  
It now scarce deign'd to stir, beneath  
The tempest's fiercest might.

The deer, amid its cool green gloom,  
Sought refuge from the noontide heat,  
And sounding in its leafy dome  
The thresher's warbled notes were sweet.

The sunbeams scarce could find their way  
Through its thick screen, their dots to lay  
Upon the roots below  
That wreath'd deep mossy nooks, where led  
The quail her brood, when Winter spread  
His chilling robes of snow.

And Nature's jewels—radiant things,  
Loved the green sylvan place—the bee,  
Turning to harps its quivering wings,  
With arrowy straightness sought the tree.  
Floated the yellow butterfly,  
A wandering spot of sunshine, by,  
And, nestling mid its moss,  
The sky-tinged violet's fairy cup  
Its draught of fragrance offer'd up  
To airs that stole across.

Its branches form'd the panther's lair  
When waiting for his deadly leap,  
And in its hollow'd trunk, the bear  
Coil'd his black form in torpid sleep.  
Ages of Springs renew'd its crown,  
Ages of Autumns cast it down,  
Till heaps on heaps were strown ;  
Lichens crept up its furrow'd side,  
Its very race of eagles died,  
But still it held its throne.

But its time came—its figure droop'd,  
Leaves smiled no more in vernal days,  
And threads of pale green moss were loop'd

Around its dry and shrivell'd sprays  
It stood, a spectre gaunt and bare,  
Reaching a crooked arm in air  
To court the lightning's dart ;  
Until the tempest stoop'd, and cast  
Its red sulphureous bolt at last,  
And scorch'd it to the heart.

Then as the gust came whirling round,  
It shook from root to pinnacle,  
And headlong, to the echoing ground  
It hurtling, crashing, thundering fell.  
Melting away, the fractured trunk  
To a green moss-mound slowly sunk,  
Until the soil crept o'er,  
And by its solemn mystery  
Took to itself the stately tree,  
Which once it proudly bore.

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A WALK TO TIVOLI.\*

THE clouds are floating silver, and the sky  
So pure, the sight seems piercing up to Heaven.  
Distance has hush'd the city's ceaseless din ;  
And now the warble of the robin sounds  
From the near orchard, and the patriarch trees

\* Tivoli is the name of a beautiful cascade in the Patroon's Creek,  
near the city of Albany, N. Y

Shading the quaint old mansion with their leaves  
And eloquent with the memories of one\*  
Upon whom smiled the angels, fix the eye.  
Southward the river gleams—a snowy sail  
Now gliding o'er its mirror—now a track  
Tossing with foam, displaying on its course  
The graceful steamer with its flag of smoke.  
Slopes swelling up in giant terraces  
Dotted with trees, or purpled with thick woods,  
With scatter'd roofs, and seam'd with winding roads,  
Frame this rich beautiful picture to the East.  
We leave the wheel-throng'd thoroughfare ; to the left  
Fresh springs the summer grass, and light and soft,  
It sinks beneath the footfall. Merrily  
Dances the streamlet mid its sloping banks,  
Now bright with dazzling jewelry, and now  
Dark'ning with leafy coverts ; mark yon bird,  
Dipping its head and scattering silvery drops  
By the quick flutterings of its tiny wings.

The quiet glade is pass'd—the forest spreads  
Its leafy wall, and in it winds the path.  
Thick branches like a roof are stretch'd o'erhead,  
Through which the sunshine falls in broken streaks,  
And rains in golden sprinkles ; here, the shade  
Is sketch'd in fanciful lacework, hiding scarce  
The chirping cricket ; while its dense black mass  
Would shelter, there, the partridge. Mossy roots  
Are coil'd around like serpents, and the fern  
Shows its rich fluted wreath mid wither'd leaves  
And sear red hemlock fringes giving Earth

\* The late Stephen Van Rensselaer.

Her principle of life ; with quick shrill chirp  
Darts the striped squirrel in his fortress-bush,  
Leaving his acorn to my crushing foot.  
The odor of the dead wood scents the air,  
And the soft winnowing wind comes stealthily  
Breathing of sassafras.

The branching path  
Here to the upland winds, there, plunges down  
The sheer rough bank, to skirt the curving marge  
Of the bright stream, whose waters pure and deep  
Now broaden to a creek, so wide, yon duck  
Skimming its surface dwindles in the midst  
To a faint speck, and now is lost to sight  
Upon its glossy sheet ; below, a breath  
Might urge the insect on its leaf across,  
So narrow is the passage ; here, the oar  
Could freely dip, the canvass waft the bark  
Before the breeze loud rushing through the pines.

We leave the shadowy woods ; a lovely glade  
Opens upon us, and a deep-toned sound  
Shakes on the ear ; it is the organ-voice  
Of the hurl'd waters scatter'd o'er their rocks  
In streaks of plunging foam, while high above  
The twisted fir-tree slants as though to pitch  
Headlong beneath.

The glade is smooth and green,  
Spangled with flowers, and gay with glancing shapes  
And musical with songs, while on the eye  
The ripples cast quick darts of blinding light.

Oh for the raven-hair'd and dark-eyed one !

To make this radiant scene more beautiful  
With her sweet presence ; the bright sunshine then  
Would glow more brightly, and this forest-rose  
Breathe out a richer fragrance ; the green grass  
Would rise up greener from her fairy tread,  
And I would be in heaven ; a star would then  
Gild my heart's depths with pure and holy ray,  
And in the soul bright beaming from her eye  
My spirit would find hope, and joy, and peace.

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THE ISLAND

UPON a narrow river-flat  
The sunset falls in streaking glow,  
Here, the mown meadow's velvet plat,  
And there the buckwheat's scented snow.  
A cluster of low roofs is prest  
Against the mountain's leaning breast.  
But each rude porch is closed and barr'd :  
For tenderest Youth and Age alone  
Are left those humble roofs to guard,  
Till Day resumes his blazing throne.

Where deepest shade the forest flings,  
The hunters seek that forest's game ;  
Men tireless as the eagle's wings,  
Of dauntless heart and iron frame.

The sparkling Beaverkill beside,\*  
Benighted in their wanderings wide,  
They merry dress the slaughter'd deer,  
And make the twilight ring with cheer ;  
Now chorus of the woods—now tale  
Of panther-fight and Indian trail,  
Till the rude group, the camp-fire round,  
Couch, with their rifles, on the ground.

Where wide the branch'd-link'd river spreads,  
Near rapids swift, a fairy isle,  
Three leagues above those mountain-sheds,  
Looks like a sweet perpetual smile.  
The muskrat burrows in its sides,  
Down its steep banks the otter slides,  
The splendid sheldrake, floating, feeds  
In his close haunts amidst the reeds ;  
Around its sandy points, all day,  
Watches and wades the crane for prey ;  
While show its shallows lily robes  
Of heart-shaped leaves and golden globes.

Above the mountain hamlet, fade  
Eve's tints, and darkness spreads its shade—  
Their pointed tops the cedars rear  
Against the starlight bright and clear.  
Then come the many sounds and sights  
Usual in forest summer-nights ;  
At intervals the fitting breeze  
Draws soft low sobbings from the trees,

\* The Beaverkill is a romantic stream in Sullivan county, emptying into the Delaware.



From the deep woods in transient float,  
 Tinkles the whetsaw's double note—  
 The wakeful frog, unceasing, groans,  
 Twang the mosquito's hungry tones,  
 And echoing sweetly, on the hill,  
 Whistles the sorrowing whippoorwill—  
 From the cleft pine the gray owl hoots,  
     Swells from the swamp the wolf's long cry,  
 And, now and then, a meteor shoots  
     And melts within the spangled sky.  
 The fire-fly opes and shuts its gleam,  
     The cricket chirps—the tree-toad crows,  
 And hark! the cougar's distant scream  
     Afar the mountain echo throws.

What forms are those that crouch and creep  
 Around those roofs of happy sleep?  
 The dim light falling from the sky  
     Displays the tomahawk and knife:  
 Awake, awake within that lie  
     In guardless rest, and arm for strife!  
 In vain—before each lowly porch  
 The savage grasps his glaring torch.  
 One moment—then the warwhoops swell  
 Wild, fierce, terrific, yell on yell.  
 With blood cold curdling to the heart,  
 The inmates from their slumbers start;  
 They wake, to hear the climbing flames  
 Roaring around their dwelling-frames,  
 To see within the ruddy glare  
 The fierce foe mocking their despair.  
 The mother clasps her shrivelling child

And shrieks her anguish shrill and wild,  
In strangling wreaths the old sire dies,  
They hush the maiden's frantic cries,  
And matron gray and youthful bride,  
Burn in slow torture side by side.

What mean those clouds of rising smoke  
That streak the morning's dappled sky ?  
Alas, the ghastly sight that broke  
Upon each hunter's home-turn'd eye !  
A heap of smouldering ashes now  
Is seen beneath the mountain's brow,  
While cinder'd bones and limbs round spread,  
In blacken'd fragments tell the dead.

Another sunset, crouching low  
Upon a rising pile of cloud  
Bathes deep the island with its glow,  
Then shrinks behind its gloomy shroud.  
From the sweet isle, loud chant and shout  
Upon the heavy air ring out ;  
Rolling the twilight hours along  
In orgies fierce, of dance and song,  
The Indian warriors celebrate  
Their last night's deed of vengeful hate—  
Until the deep and frequent bow  
Has drown'd in sleep each savage soul.

Trees plume the islet's utmost bound,  
And tangled brushwood clothes the ground ;  
The leaves hang wilted on the sprays,  
By the fierce drought of August dried,

Until a spark might whelm in blaze  
That fairy islet's forest pride.  
Deep midnight. Loud the storm-wind's roar;  
The hunters to the margin drew ;  
And every brawny shoulder bore  
The burthen of a light canoe.  
What though on high before the blast,  
The clouds, like sable waves, roll past,  
They scorn the tempest's howling rage ;  
Thoughts not of fear their minds engage,  
But deep revenge on those that shed  
Such bitter sorrow on their head.

The barks are launch'd—they plunge and toss—  
Like bubbles on the swells are cast—  
But strong arms urge their flight across,  
The hunters reach the isle at last.  
They listen—loud the ceaseless crash  
With which the rapids onward dash ;  
And deep the stern and steady roar  
Of the thick pines on either shore ;  
But on the isle, no human sound  
Blends with the tempest's voices round.  
Exhausted with their orgies, prone  
To earth each savage form is thrown,  
With not a guardian eye to keep  
Its watch above that helpless sleep.

At narrow spaces round the isle  
Each wary hunter rears his pile ;  
Form'd of the leaves and branches, cast  
Beneath in myriads by the blast,

The loose sear masses stand on high,  
The smitten flints the sparks supply ;  
The kindled flames like lightnings leap,  
A furnace seems each glowing heap,  
And guided by the light, once more,  
The barks are pointed to the shore.

Through the thick smoke break streaks of red ;  
To lurid masses quick they spread ;  
Each tree points up, a crimson spire ;  
    Beneath, fierce rolling surges gleam,  
Until a glaring isle of fire

    Crackles and roars upon the stream.  
Keen ears are listening on the shore  
With vengeful joy to that dread roar,  
And watchful eyes beholding there  
Those billows tossing in the air.  
Once to their sight a figure came,  
Wrapp'd in a sheet of clinging flame,  
And with a shrill and horrid scream,  
Plunged headlong in the dashing stream.

Morn glows—there is a brooding pall  
Over that islet, shrouding all—  
The pigeon from his perch on shore  
His monotone coos o'er and o'er—  
The thresher in the tamarack

    Calls echo up in varied sound,  
And gliding on his runway track  
    The shy deer seeks his grazing-ground.  
Tones on the sprays, scents on the winds,  
Each thing of Nature pleasure finds

In the bright beams—the sweet bland air—  
Save that black smoking isle,  
Changed to a waste of deep despair,  
From its sweet radiant smile.

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THE PIONEER.

THROUGH the deep wilderness, where scarce the sun  
Can cast his darts, along the winding path  
The Pioneer is treading. In his grasp  
Is his keen axe, that wondrous instrument,  
That like the fabled talisman, transforms  
Deserts to fields and cities. He has left  
The home in which his early years were passed,  
And led by hope, and full of restless strength  
Has plunged within the forest, there to plant  
His destiny. Beside some rapid stream  
He rears his log wall'd cabin. When the chains  
Of winter fetter Nature, and no sound  
Disturbs the echoes of the dreary woods,  
Save when some stem cracks sharply with the frost,  
Then merrily rings his axe, and tree on tree  
Crashes to earth; and when the long keen night  
Mantles the wilderness in solemn gloom,  
He sits beside his ruddy hearth, and hears  
The wolf fierce snarling at the cabin door,  
Or through the lowly casement sees his eye  
Gleam like a burning coal.

Spring's out-post, March,  
(Before the wood-snows melt,) with warm bright days  
And frosty nights, calls up the kindly sap  
From the hard-maple's roots ; with care he wounds  
The seamy bark, and drop by drop wells out  
The sweet and limpid fluid, and his art  
Fashions the rich dark sugar.

Now in piles  
The prostrate trees are drawn, and upward flash  
The fallow fires ; and when the fiery storm  
Has died in ashes, and the earth has cool'd,  
His voice sounds cheerly as the gliding plough  
Turns the loose soil between the blacken'd stumps.  
Then to the kindly earth and elements  
Is left the harrow'd seed. Time passes on,  
And rich green tinges show the rising grain.  
And when the autumn film is in the air,  
Stalks, long and slender, rippling to the breeze,  
And nodding, plump with wealth, reward the toil  
Of the unwearied sower. The low barn  
Receives the tawny loads, whilst in the fields  
Points the hay-barrack. As the gradual smile  
Thus steals, with brightening change, o'er Nature's face,  
From the far settlement he brings in joy  
A partner to his hearth. Years roll along.  
Where stood the hut, a white wall'd cottage now  
Looks through its screen of roses. Meadows stretch  
With grain fields, round. A village clusters near,  
In whose broad street is heard a mingled din  
Of saw and hammer, wagon-wheel and voice.  
By the swift streamlet hums the busy mill,  
And whirrs the bustling long-roof'd factory.

As the low sinking sun with magic brush  
 Paints the rich scene in stripes of black and gold,  
 Beneath the tree, where, through the first long night  
 He slept upon the spot his watch-fire blazed  
 To guard him from the panther, smiling sits  
 The white-hair'd Pioneer, while round him throng  
 Manhood and youth, and merry infancy,  
 Those whom his parent-hand had rear'd, and those  
 That call him grand-sire. Far and wide he sees  
 The wonders he has caused: the bloom—the life—  
 Which glanced in broken visions through his brain  
 That night beneath the branches: and as dips  
 The sun within the west, he humbly hopes  
 His sun will sink as gently to the tomb,  
 And rise as brightly to eternal day.

The Spirit of our land, personified,  
 Is the bold Pioneer: that Spirit strong  
 And restless, which hath mow'd its sinewy way  
 Through the deep forests, since the first tree stoop'd  
 To the sharp axe-blow. Onward still it moves.  
 The Mississippi long hath heard its song,  
 The dark Missouri in her windings far  
 Hath borne its bark. Across the boundless plains  
 That roll their billows to "The shining Heights,"  
 It wandering treads. The sentry prairie-dog  
 Alarms the burrow'd city with his cry  
 At its approaching form. The wild Pawnee,  
 Borne like the wind upon his fiery steed,  
 Spearing the buffalo, with wonder sees  
 Its brow of ashy-hue. The trapper rude,  
 Snaring the beaver by its lonely pond,

Melts into tears as accents he had known  
In boyhood, meet his ear.

The snowy peaks  
Are pass'd, and still it struggles dauntless on,  
Following the sun, till broad Pacific's breast  
Shall gird its progress, and proclaim its bounds.

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THE FRESHET.

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE

MARCH hath unlock'd stern Winter's chain ;  
Nature is wrapp'd in misty shrouds,  
And ceaselessly the drenching rain  
Drips from the gray sky-mantling clouds ;  
The deep snows melt, and swelling rills  
Pour through each hollow of the hills ;  
The river from its rest hath risen,  
And bounded from its shatter'd prison ;  
The huge ice-fragments onward dash  
With grinding roar and splintering crash ;  
Swift leap the floods upon their way,  
Like war-steeds thundering on their path,  
With hoofs of waves and manes of spray  
Restrainless in their mighty wrath.

Wild mountains stretch in towering pride  
Along the river's either side ;  
Leaving between it and their walls  
Narrow and level intervals.



When Summer glows, how sweet and bright  
The landscape smiles upon the sight !  
Here, the deep golden wheat-fields vie  
With the rich carpets of the rye,  
The buckwheat's snowy mantles, there,  
Shed honeyed fragrance on the air ;  
In long straight ranks, the corn uprears  
Its silken plumes and pennon'd spears ;  
The yellow melon, underneath  
Plump ripens, in its viny wreath :  
Here, the piled rows of new-mown grass,  
There, the potato-plant's green mass ;  
All framed by woods—each limit shown  
By zigzag rail, or wall of stone ;  
Contrasting, here, within the shade,  
The axe a space hath open laid,  
Cumber'd with trees hurl'd blended down,  
Their verdure changed to wither'd brown ;  
There, the soil, ashes-strew'd and black,  
Shows the red flame's devouring track ;  
Slim fire-weeds shooting thick where stood  
The leafy monarchs of the wood :  
A landscape frequent in the land,  
Which Freedom, with her gifts to bless,  
Grasping the axe when sheathing brand  
Hew'd from the boundless wilderness.

The rains have ceased—the struggling glare  
Of sunset lights the misty air ;  
The fierce winds sweep the myriad throng  
Of broken ragged clouds along,  
From the rough saw-mill, where hath rung

Through all the hours, its grating tongue ;  
The raftman sallies, as the gray  
Of evening tells the flight of day,  
And slowly seeks with loitering stride,  
His cabin by the river side.  
As twilight darkens into night,  
Still dash the waters in their flight,  
Still the ice-fragments, thick and fast,  
Shoot like the clouds before the blast.

Beyond—the sinuous channel wends  
Through a deep narrow gorge, and bends  
With curve so sharp, the drifting ice,  
Hurl'd by the flood's tremendous might,  
Piles the opposing precipice,  
And every fragment swells the height ;  
Hour after hour uprears the wall,  
Until a barrier huge and tall  
Breasts the wild waves that vain upswell  
To overwhelm the obstacle :  
They bathe the alder on the verge,  
The leaning hemlock now they merge,  
The stately elm is dwindling low  
Within the deep ingulfing flow,  
Till curb'd thus in its headlong flight,  
With its accumulated might,  
The river turning on its track,  
Rolls its wide-spreading volumes back.

The raftman slumbers—through his dream  
Distorted visions wildly stream,  
Now in the wood his axe he swings,

And now his sawmill's jarring rings ;  
Now his huge raft is shooting swift  
Cochecton's wild, tumultuous rift,  
Now floats it on the ebon lap  
Of the grim shadow'd Water Gap,  
And now 'tis tossing on the swells  
Fierce dashing down the slope of Wells.  
The rapids crash upon his ear,  
The deep sounds roll more loud and near,  
They fill his dream—he starts—he wakes !  
The moonlight through the casement falls,  
Ha ! the wild sight that on him breaks,  
The floods sweep round his cabin-walls.  
Beneath their bounding thundering shocks,  
The frail log fabric groans and rocks ;  
Crash, crash ! the ice-bolts round it shiver,  
The walls like blast-swept branches quiver ;  
His wife is clinging to his breast,  
The child within his arms is prest,  
He staggers through the chilly flood  
That numbs his limbs, and checks his blood ;  
On, on he strives—the waters lave  
Higher his form with every wave,  
They steep his breast, on each side dash  
The splinter'd ice with thundering crash,  
A fragment strikes him—ha ! he reels,  
That shock in every nerve he feels,  
Faster, bold raftman, speed thy way,  
The waves roar round thee for their prey ;  
The cabin totters—sinks—the flood  
Rolls its mad surges where it stood :  
Before thy straining sight, the hill

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Sleeps in the moonlight, bright and still,  
Falter not, falter not, struggle on,  
That goal of safety may be won,  
Heavily droops thy wife with fear,  
Thy boy's shrill shriekings fill thine ear ;  
Urge, urge thy strength to where out-fling  
Yon cedar branches for thy cling,  
Joy, raftman, joy ! thy need is past,  
The wished-for goal is won at last,  
Joy, raftman, joy ! thy quick foot now  
Is resting on the hill's steep brow :  
Praise to high heaven ! each knee is bending,  
Each heart's warm incense is ascending,  
Praise to high heaven ! the humble prayer,  
Oh, finds it not acceptance there ?

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ONNAWAH.

Away from Man's close haunts, his toils and cares,  
And mean ambitions. In the deepest core  
Of the free wilderness, a crystal sheet  
Expands its mirror to the trees that crowd  
Its sloping borders. Oft in life's green spring  
My foot hath wander'd to its lovely side,  
That Nature's purity might cleanse my heart  
From stains of human contact, as a wind  
Clears from the sky its clouds.

A morn in June.  
A hood of gray is o'er. The waters sleep

A plain of glass. Through the thick heavy air  
 Far echoes ring. A dampness slight, that steals  
 Across the brow, foretells the misty rain  
 From the cold east. With swift and gladsome step  
 I bend my way to where upon a bank  
 Stands a rude hut of logs. Black stumps are round,  
 The red-stemm'd buckwheat struggling up between,  
 And the bright rye slim lengthening into stalks.  
 Here dwells an aged hermit of the wild.  
 His keen black eye and tinted skin proclaim  
 An Indian fountain to his blood, and taught  
 By Nature only, here his days have pass'd.  
 His linden-scoop'd canoe is launch'd, and forth  
 We glide upon the lake. Each paddle-dash  
 Wakens an echo; quick the slender pike  
 Shoots from the surface like a scaly dart,  
 His splashing fall loud smiting on the ear.  
 Light breaking bubbles tell of finny sports  
 On every hand, whilst in the mottled depths  
 Along the side of our canoe, dark backs  
 Glance like swift phantoms. Off a long low point  
 Without the net of lily-stems, we drop  
 The anchoring stone, and through the light-wing'd hours  
 We ply our sport. The sunset glows, and then,  
 As wearied we recline, the old man tells  
 The legend of the lake.

"Long years ago,  
 An aged Indian with his only son  
 Dwelt in yon hut; the last of that great tribe,  
 That kindled once their fires upon the spot  
 Where the twin branches of the Delaware  
 Glide into one, and in their language call'd

Chihocken, or the meeting of the floods.  
Bright was this lake to gray-hair'd Onnawah,  
As those pure waters that the mind oft sees  
In the far spirit-land. The old bald pines  
Stood for his fathers ; in the winds he heard  
The voice of her long perish'd, and the flowers  
Seem'd smiling with his children's merry looks ;  
His son, I say, was all that now remain'd  
Of his once crowded lodge.

One Autumn morn  
That son departed on a distant hunt.  
With broken rifle-lock he homeward bent  
His steps, and now upon a hill he paused  
To rest him from his toil. Beneath him lay  
The placid lake, so near, the fanning wind  
Could waft his lightest crest-plume on its face.  
In the blue western smoke the beamless sun  
Was plunging, and the red tints of the lake  
Were paling into gray. Off this same point  
The sire was seated in his bark canoe,  
Luring the hungry pike. The old man's form  
Was touch'd by one slant ray that melted off  
E'en as the son gazed on him. Sweet and still  
The peaceful scene, as though the holy smile  
Of the Great Spirit hallow'd it. The son  
Felt his heart swell, and low he kneel'd to bless  
His Manitou that he had still a sire.  
Hark ! a sharp cracking sound ! a rifle-shot  
From the twined shore beneath. He started up.  
His sire had fallen with breast athwart the side  
Of the down-slanted bark ; a tinge of blood  
Was on the glassy water. With a shout

Of taunting triumph, forth a figure sprang  
From a deep thicket. At one glance the son  
That figure knew—a pale-face who had lost  
The inmates of his hearth by one fierce sweep  
Of torch and tomahawk, but wielded not  
By those who had a kindred drop in veins  
Of sire or son; no, no—I swear it, youth,  
By the Great Spirit. But the pale-face vow'd,  
Vow'd to his God his stern revenge should seek  
All, all of Indian race. The son, I say,  
Knew the quick leaping form, and down he dash'd  
With heart all flame, and feet like darting wings.  
The ruthless murderer had plunged within  
The ruffled water, and I—he—the son  
Leap'd in his rippling track. His hand had touch'd  
The sacred head of my—the sire, with knife  
Keen for the scalp, but now the son was there.  
With one strong grasp I tore him from his hold,  
And clutch'd his throat; twice, twice I felt the thrill  
Of his cold piercing knife, but in that grasp  
My strength was centred. Out his eyeballs strain'd—  
Ha! ha! black grew his swelling features, forth  
His quivering tongue was thrust—ha! ha! his form  
Writhed like a snake's. With one hand then I seized  
His streaming hair, as I this lock, and bent  
The head down deep within the splashing waves,  
Till shudderings shook no more his nerveless frame,  
And the quick globules no more gurgled up  
To the red surface. Loosen'd from my clutch,  
Drooping, he sank, whilst to the rocking side  
Of the canoe that held the father's form,  
The son—youth, have I said 'twas I!—then clung,

And climb'd, though fainting with his wounds, within.  
 The point was near, and with his precious load  
 He slowly won his way, till o'er the sand  
 He dragg'd, with staggering steps, his stiffening sire,  
 And placed him in a pit an upturn'd pine  
 Had hollow'd; heap'd the form with wither'd leaves,  
 And then sank down to die. But not so will'd  
 Had the Great Spirit. A young hunter found  
 The bleeding form, bound up the wounds, and bore  
 The sufferer to the hut, and o'er him watch'd,  
 Till life again ran freely in his veins.  
 When he arose, within a fitting grave  
 He placed his sire. Youth, seest thou yon green  
 mound,  
 O'er which the laurel hangs its chalice-flowers?  
 There sits gray Onnawah, with calumet  
 And knife and hatchet, waiting till the son  
 Shall join him, and together they commence  
 Their brierless journey to the spirit-land."

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THE HUNTER'S FLIGHT.

SULTRY and close was the noontide air  
 In the August heats that were burning there;  
 No cloud sent its shade, and no wind its sigh,  
 To the thirsty earth, through the brassy sky;  
 E'en droop'd in the depths of the forest bowers



The shrivelling leaves and the shrinking flowers :  
And faintly, and slowly, the hunter strode  
By the blaze-tree and moss of his lonely road.

He saw, as he look'd through his narrow bound,  
But a red haze mantling each object around,  
So thick, that his footfall nearly trod  
On the blacksnake basking along the sod,  
And touch'd with his rifle the rabbit that crouch'd  
More close in the bush where it tremblingly couch'd ;  
The gossamer motionless hung from the spray  
Where the weight of the dew-drop had torn it away,  
The rock, by the aspen, was not more still  
Than those delicate leaves an air-whisper could thrill,  
And the seed of the thistle, that whisper could swing  
Aloft on its wheel, as though borne on a wing  
When the yellow-bird sever'd it dipping across,  
Its soft plumes unruffled, fell down to the moss.  
The foot of the hunter sunk deep in the mass  
Of green slime, which late gush'd a clear brook, through  
the grass ;  
And on, as he struggled, his breath came thick,  
And his limbs turn'd faint, and his spirit sick.

Upon a prostrate mossy trunk  
At length the toil-worn hunter sunk.  
The insect's whirring clarion wound  
Up from the grass, with lulling sound,  
The quail's quick whistle echo'd clear  
From the red buckwheat-stubble near ;  
The drowsy murmur of the bee,  
The bird's low twitter from the tree,

His beating pulses sooth'd, till sleep  
Stole on his eyelids, sweet and deep.

Dreams hold their empire now ;  
In the cool stream his lip is revelling deep,  
Round his hot skin the balmy breezes creep,  
Until the clammy hair sits lightly on his brow.

Now on the mountain ledge  
With his fleet hound, he tracks the flying deer,  
And now, with its loud thunders in his ear,  
He sends his skimming bark along the torrent's edge.

More loudly swell'd the torrent's sound,  
It seem'd to fill the air around,  
And wakening with a start of fear,  
That deep stern roar still met his ear ;  
Thick stifling smoke obscured his view  
With fiery spots fierce glaring through ;  
Up a rock's side he sped his flight,  
There burst the scene upon his sight.

An ocean of flame there was blazing and roaring ;  
And whirling and surging, swift onward was pouring ;  
The forest was rocking and plunging below  
In a gulf, which each fall made more fiercely to glow ;  
The tallest trees melted away like a breath  
As those waves circled on, full of horror and death ;  
And the ground seem'd to crumble, while high over all  
Dense, black, and gigantic, smoke hung like a pall.  
As onward this cataract awful career'd,  
The scene to the terrified hunter appear'd

Like a Demon aroused, marching on in his ire,  
With trumpet of thunder and banner of fire.

An instant gazed the hunter there,  
The instant whelm'd in deep despair.  
Then bounding, he flew on his footstep of wind  
From the flames, that more fiercely come rolling behind.  
Red gleams were darting o'er his head,  
Like rain, the coals were round him shed,  
And a huge pine beside him thunder'd,  
Blinding his sight with fragments sunder'd.  
As swifter speeds he, wing'd with fear,  
Hark! piercing howls come swelling near.  
With jaw of foam, and skin scorch'd black,  
And rolling eye, and bristling back,  
Tearing his flesh with pain and wrath,  
A panther bounds along his path.

But now, quick silvery sparkles break  
Upon his eye: the lake—the lake—  
Bursts to his view, oh! cool and sweet  
The waters gurgle at his feet:  
One plunge in their crystal—the hunter laves  
His feverish limbs in the laughing waves,  
And he cleaves his way to the refuge before,  
Where the forest stands green on the opposite shore.

On the moist soft verdure the hunter bends,  
His incense of thanks for his safety ascends.  
To the brink of the lake yawns the red abyss,  
Like serpents the flames on its edges hiss,  
But a gleam flash'd o'er, more quick and keen  
Than the dart of the blaze in that burning scene,

And a sound roll'd by, more stern and deep  
Than the roar of that element's wildest sweep ;  
'Twas the frowning storm-cloud's voice and eye  
Spreading his mantle across the sky.  
In thick gray sheets pour'd the drenching rain,  
And the flames shrunk back with their greedy train,  
Now cowering low, and now flashing high  
With a fitful start, to sink down and die.  
Still more fierce and more fast dash'd the rain, till attired  
In his shroud of thick smoke, the red Demon expired.

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INDIAN CORN.

WHEN the warm sunshine and the southern wind  
Have tinged the russet of the basking hills,  
And made warm shelter'd nooks grow hourly green ;  
When buds swell on the boughs, and under banks,  
The eye is sweetly startled by the sight  
Of the white violet, where, the day before,  
Its slender stem was hidden in the moss ;  
Come to the field where swift the rich dark soil  
Is curling into ridges, as the share  
Glides on its way. The tawny furrows now  
Fill the wide space. The yellow seeds are dropp'd,  
And the soft mounded earth is cover'd o'er.  
Sun-gleams and rain-streaks braided, hourly give  
Their generous influence. Once more to the field.  
Points of deep green are bristling on their hills,  
The infant plants. Each day rears up the shoots.

Now cawings fill the air, as from the wood  
 The thievish flock, swift flying, stoops below ;  
 And then black shapes are scatter'd midst the green,  
 Strutting and croaking, busily tearing up  
 The tender roots, whilst slow along the fence  
 The stealing farmer with his ready gun  
 Eyes keen his hoped-for prey. But lo! a croak  
 From some high rail, and on broad skimming wing  
 Darts the whole flock, with guttural chorus, off,  
 Just as the gun is aiming. Next the dawn  
 Falls gray and indistinct, upon a shape  
 Gaudily deck'd within the cornfield's midst,  
 Nodding its limbs to every breath of air.  
 The crow commander, from the hemlock's top,  
 Eyes the strange form askance ; from greater height  
 Still looks, and as the object yet remains,  
 Leads off his legions to the neighboring field.  
 But now, the tall slim stalks put forth long leaves,  
 And whilst the summer brightens to its prime,  
 Their heads are tipp'd with plumes, and from their sides,  
 Fringes of yellow silk and long green cones  
 Proclaim the swelling ears. The burning sun  
 Pours down its withering fire, and up the stalks  
 Still rise, the fringes deepen, and the ears  
 Grow rounder, whilst the buckwheat in the heat  
 Is shrivell'd, and turns black.

Bright Autumn comes.

The tops are sever'd, and the crackling sheaths  
 Show, through the frequent rents, the thick-set grains  
 Glazed into flinty gold. A few more days,  
 And then brown stacks, the stubble spotting, tell  
 The labor of the reaper. Soon the barn

Groans with the toil-worn treasures. When the blasts  
Of chill November warn that Winter, stern  
And fierce, is on his way, and fitfully  
Snow specks the harsh gray air, the freezing Night,  
Stiffening the frame of nature, knits anew  
The social ties within the kitchen-walls  
Lit only by the glow from out the jaws  
Of the huge fireplace, with the ruddy gleams,  
Dancing on fitches from the rafters hung—  
On pumpkins ranged in rows along the floor,  
And on the pile of maize-ears ; merrily  
The husking group of youths and maidens ply  
Their sportive toil, loud laughing, as the jest  
Flies lightly round ; while with a placid smile  
Old age looks on, and in its happiest glee,  
Childhood sports round, pursuing now with shouts  
The frisking kitten, doubling up the ears  
Of the old crouching dog, or seeing through  
The window-pane the crimson phantom face  
Quivering upon the gloom without, awe-struck  
Into brief silence. Thus the hours pass by,  
Until the music of the violin  
Tells that the work is o'er, the dance begun.  
Then jolts the heavy wagon o'er the road,  
To the red mill, heap'd up with rounded bags,  
And soon the golden flour pours warm from out  
The busy hopper. Now the precious grain  
Performs its grateful office : food for man,  
It lights the winter hearth with cheerfulness,  
Gladdens the heart, and causes it to raise  
Thanksgivings to the Holy One who grants  
Seed-time and harvest to His footstool earth.

SKATING.

THE thaw came on with its southern wind  
And misty drizzly rain ;  
The hill-side show'd its russet dress,  
Dark runnels seam'd the plain ;  
The snowdrifts melted off like breath,  
The forest dropp'd its load,  
The lake, instead of its mantle white,  
A liquid mirror show'd ;  
It seem'd—so soft was the brooding fog,  
So fanning was the breeze—  
You'd meet with violets in the grass  
And blossoms on the trees.

But shortly before the sundown,  
The gray and spongy clouds  
Began to break above the head  
And hurry away in crowds ;  
The blaud wind shifted to the west  
Where a stripe of brassy light  
Glow'd like the flame of a furnace,  
When the sun had pass'd from sight ;  
And, in the fleeting twilight, cold  
And colder wax'd the air,  
Till 'twas felt on the brow like the touch of ice,  
As the still night darken'd there.

Oh, bitter were the hours! and those  
Who, wakeful, mark'd them pass,  
Could hear the snap of table and chair  
And ring of breaking glass;  
Without, though the wind was quiet,  
Crack, crack, went the maple and oak,  
As if some mighty trampling power  
Those huge stems downward broke;  
The very wolf, the fierce gaunt wolf,  
Though famishing, to his cave  
Crept shivering back, nor sought again,  
The deadly cold to brave.

And morning glow'd with a heartless sun  
And a heaven of harshest blue,  
And an air that prick'd and stung the skin,  
As if darts invisible flew;  
But oh the sight, the radiant sight  
That broke upon the eye!  
Millions of sparkles danced around  
Of every varied dye;  
The boughs were steel, the roofs were steel,  
With icicles hanging down,  
Steel gave a helmet to the hill—  
To the mountain-top a crown.

The lake, far, far, it stretch'd, no gem  
More pure, more clear and bright;  
Solid as iron, and smooth as glass,  
It froze in a single night;  
When sunk the sun, 'twas a watery waste  
With ripples upon its gloss;



When rose the sun, 'twas a polish'd plain  
That a steed might safely cross ;  
How free would glide the skate now,  
Hurrah for a pleasant day !  
To the lake-side, to the lake-side,  
Away, my boys, away.

We bind our feet with their steely wings,  
And we launch along in glee,  
Hurrah, hurrah, how swift we go !  
No bird more swift than we ;  
We hiss along our glittering path,  
The banks slide quickly by,  
The trees within spin round and round,  
And above is a gliding sky ;  
The eagle is fleet, but we envy him not,  
Though all heaven is his domain,  
He cannot feel more eager joy  
Than we on this glassy plain.

Beneath us is the mottled ice  
With great white clefts athwart,  
Broke by the lake in its toil to breathe ;  
Hark now to the sharp report !  
What a rumble is passing all over,  
A groan so hollow and deep,  
Surely the lake is rent in twain :  
Each heart gives fearful leap.  
No, no, as well might the diamond break  
When ringing to a blow.  
Hurrah ! then, onward, onward, boys,  
More swift, more merrily go.

Our shadows gleam before our track,  
The air hums in our ears,  
The pure clear air, the mountain air,  
How it braces, how it cheers!  
We cluster in groups, we scatter away,  
We whirl, we rush, we wheel—  
All round us are figures of strange device  
Engraved by the flashing steel;  
Again that dismal bellow!  
How the prison'd lake roars out!  
But it cannot escape from its manacle,  
For all its angry shout.

Ha! why do the foremost in yon race  
Upon their heels lean back?  
The ground ice flies from their skates like froth,  
As they stop in their deep-cut track;  
We all approach—'tis a little space  
The lake has burst for air,  
Spread o'er with a film like isinglass;  
Back, back, for death is there!  
The miller's boy one year ago,  
Rush'd swift on a spot like this;  
One crack of the brittle ice—one shriek—  
And he sank in the abyss.

Oh quickly we hurried toward the place,  
With deadly fear and awe;  
Afar in the freezing element  
His struggling form we saw:  
Oh quickly all hurried with might and main,  
For we knew he could not swim,

But ere the fleetest could reach the spot,  
No aid was there for him ;  
We saw his blue and ghastly face  
Sink down in the rippling flood,  
And then we gazed on the empty space  
With horror-frozen blood.

But by and by his father came  
With wild and phrensied look—  
He reached the border of the space,  
And then one leap he took ;  
One leap he took, and the waters closed  
In whirls above his head,  
A moment, and he rose to view,  
And with him rose the dead,  
The dead all drooping and crusted o'er  
With particles of frost,  
And the strong man, weeping, bore away  
His only and his lost.

We leave the spot—to the outlet bank  
We glide for an instant's rest,  
This log, edged round with crystals, yields  
A seat upon its breast ;  
Our tight-bound feet are aching,  
But our veins glow warm and free ;  
Ha, ha ! in that hollow of weak white ice,  
Joe tumbles to his knee !  
But look to the icy lace-work  
That is fringed around the bank !  
And see, how the frozen rushes stand  
In sparkling jewell'd rank !

Again away—but the sun has sunk—  
And the west, what a gorgeous view !  
An orange base, red, green and gray,  
Thence deepening up to blue ;  
And now, low flying to their woods,  
Those distant crows, whose caws  
Have faintly touch'd the ear, are lost,  
As closer the twilight draws ;  
And now dark night, dark starry night,  
For it is but a brief delay  
From the golden tip of the loftiest pine  
To the arch of the milky way.

Dark night, dark starry night, and above  
How bright the clusters glow !  
Here steadily burning orbs, and there  
One sheet of twinkling snow.  
The bank is a mass of frowning gloom,  
And the ice just gives to view  
A few star glimmerings at our feet,  
Then shrinks in darkness too.  
But what care we for the darkness,  
For the shallows of the lake  
Are spotted round with stumps, and there  
Our bonfires will we wake.

Red sparkles dance, from the smitten steel  
On the leaves and sticks we heap ;  
Hurrah ! what glorious pyramids  
Of clear flame upward leap !  
What a flashing glow is shed around !  
The ice, in crimson, gleams,

And the dark woods of the outlet  
Are lit up by the beams ;  
So bare start out their depths to sight,  
That the moss of the old dead pines  
Down hanging in flakes from the topmost limbs,  
Like golden network shines.

Hark to those fierce but lessening snarls !  
We have frighten'd some wolf away,  
Some prowling wolf, this freezing night  
On the lookout for his prey ;  
Again—there's a crash in the forest limbs,  
'Tis a panther's startled spring,  
From the deepest haunt of the wilderness  
His keen shriek soon will ring ;  
In the magic circle of this light  
We fear no forest-foe ;  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! o'er the blushing ice  
We merrily, merrily go !

But the hours are wearing into the night,  
Our limbs are in need of rest,  
And hark ! shrill rushing down the lake  
Is a gust from the dread northwest ;  
'Tis the first breath of the tempest,  
And mark ! in the spangled sky,  
Like surges of a gloomy sea,  
Shoot clouds of murkiest dye.  
'Twill be a wild, wild winter night  
Of bitter hail and sleet,  
But within the walls of our happy homes  
We'll slumber sound and sweet.

## AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

A KNOLL of upland, shorn by nibbling sheep  
 To a rich carpet, woven of short grass  
 And tiny clover, upward leads my steps  
 By the seam'd pathway, and my roving eye  
 Drinks in the vassal landscape. Far and wide  
 Nature is smiling in her loveliness.  
 Masses of woods, green strips of fields, ravines  
 Shown by their outlines drawn against the hills,  
 Chimneys and roofs, trees, single and in groups,  
 Bright curves of brooks; and vanishing mountain-tops  
 Expand upon my sight. October's brush  
 The scene has color'd; not with those broad hues  
 Mix'd in his later palette by the frost,  
 And dash'd upon the picture till the eye  
 Aches with the varied splendor, but in tints  
 Left by light scatter'd touches. Overhead  
 There is a blending of cloud, haze, and sky  
 A silvery sheet with spaces of soft blue;  
 A trembling veil of gauze is stretch'd athwart  
 The shadowy hill-sides and dark forest-flanks;  
 A soothing quiet broods upon the air,  
 And the faint sunshine winks with drowsiness.  
 Far sounds melt mellow on the ear: the bark—  
 The bleat—the tinkle—whistle—blast of horn—  
 The rattle of the wagon-wheel—the low—  
 The fowler's shot—the twitter of the bird,

And e'en the hum of converse from the road.  
The grass, with its low insect-tones, appears  
As murmuring in its sleep. This butterfly  
Seems as if loath to stir, so lazily  
It flutters by. In fitful starts and stops  
The locust sings. The grasshopper breaks out  
In brief harsh strains amidst its pausing chirps ;  
The beetle, glistening in its sable mail,  
Slow climbs the clover-tops, and e'en the ant  
Darts round less eagerly.

What difference marks  
The scene from yester-noon-tide. Then the sky  
Showed such rich, tender blue, it seem'd as if  
'Twould melt before the sight. The glittering clouds  
Floated above, the trees danced glad below  
To the fresh wind. The sunshine flash'd on streams,  
Sparkled on leaves, and laugh'd on fields and woods.  
All, all was life and motion, as all now  
Is sleep and quiet. Nature in her change  
Varies each day, as in the world of man  
She moulds the differing features. Yea, each leaf  
Is variant from its fellow. Yet her works  
Are blended in a glorious harmony,  
For thus God made His earth. Perchance His breath  
Was music when he spake it into life,  
Adding thereby another instrument  
To the innumerable choral orbs  
Sending the tribute of their grateful praise  
In ceaseless anthems toward His sacred throne.

THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the settler swung  
Amid the sea-like solitude,  
And rushing, thundering, down were flung  
The Titans of the wood ;  
Loud shriek'd the eagle as he dash'd  
From out his mossy nest, which crash'd  
With its supporting bough,  
And the first sunlight, leaping, flash'd  
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame  
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil :  
To form that garb, the wild-wood game  
Contributed their spoil ;  
The soul that warm'd that frame, disdain'd  
The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reign'd  
Where men their crowds collect ;  
The simple fur, untrimm'd, unstain'd,  
This forest tamer deck'd.

The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,  
The streams whose bright lips kiss'd their flowers,  
The winds that swell'd their harmonies  
Through those sun-hiding bowers,  
The temple vast—the green arcade,  
The nestling vale—the grassy glade,  
Dark cave and swampy lair,



These scenes and sounds majestic, made  
His world and pleasures, there.

His roof adorn'd a lovely spot,  
Mid the black logs green glow'd the grain,  
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,  
Throve in the sun and rain.  
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,  
The low—the beat—the tinkling bell,  
All made a landscape strange,  
Which was the living chronicle  
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,  
The rose of summer spread its glow,  
The maize hung on its autumn fringe,  
Rude winter brought its snow ;  
And still the settler labor'd there,  
His shout and whistle woke the air,  
As cheerily he plied  
His garden spade, or drove his share  
Along the hillock's side.

He mark'd the fire-storm's blazing flood  
Roaring and crackling on its path,  
And scorching earth, and melting wood,  
Beneath its greedy wrath ;  
He mark'd the rapid whirlwind shoot  
Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,  
And darkening thick the day  
With streaming bough and sever'd root,  
Hurl'd whizzing on its way.

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His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,  
The grim bear hush'd its savage growl,  
In blood and foam the panther gnash'd  
Its fangs, with dying howl ;  
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,  
Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,  
And with its moaning cry,  
The beaver sank beneath the wound  
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race !  
When Liberty sent forth her cry,  
Who throng'd in Conflict's deadliest place,  
To fight—to bleed—to die.  
Who cumber'd Bunker's height of red,  
By hope, through weary years were led,  
And witness'd Yorktown's sun  
Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,  
A Nation's freedom won.

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THE PINE TREE.

Stern dweller of the mountain ! with thy feet  
Grasping the crag, and lifting to the sky  
Thy haughty crest ! Stern warrior king ! thy form  
Scarce deigns to shake, when e'en the mighty blast  
Which the strong eagle fears to stem, swoops down

And breaks upon thee. O'er the glimmering chasm  
As lean'st thou, with one giant limb outspread  
Thy sceptre, and seam'd armor on thy breast,  
Who is more grand, more glorious than thou!  
The headlong torrent pitching at thy base  
Sends forth but vassal rumblings, when the storm  
Awakes thy thunder, and the puny woods  
Seem like bent saplings when thy towering shape  
Swings in its majesty. The lightning's dart  
Hath streak'd, but not consumed thee: upward still  
As the black chariot of the fiend o'er rolls,  
Upward still, warrior-king, thy crest doth point,  
And in sublime defiance dost thou fling  
Thy emerald robe from off thy wounded breast,  
For other blows to fall, fierce hissing forth  
Thy scorn as flies the tempest. On thy rock,  
Thy throne impregnable, thou hast not reign'd  
During the lapse of ages, for a blast  
To break thee, or a lightning shaft to cleave  
Thy plumed head to the earth. The hurricane  
And showers of blazing levin-bolts alone  
Can hurl thee from thy post of centuries.

Yet art thou gentle, monarch of the crag!  
When all is gentle round thee: when the sky  
Is soft with summer, and the sunshine basks  
In love upon thy branches, bright-wing'd birds  
Flutter within thy plumes, and make thee gay  
With their sweet songs: the downy-pinion'd breeze  
Soothes thee, until thou murmurest in a voice  
Of blandest music, that upon the ear  
Steals like a long-drawn sigh.

As proud thy head  
Bears the wild tempest when its rains are launch'd  
In slanted phalanx, so when from the west  
The wind fans lightly, and the parted clouds  
Let the fresh sunshine bound, thy branches drop  
Their sprinklings on the blossom hung beneath,  
Till its blue eye is deeper in its blue,  
And floats its sweet breath sweeter, while the moss  
That plump and green o'erspread thy iron roots,  
Fringed delicate sandals, seem some trysting-place,  
Where fairy shapes of gold and ebony  
Glance o'er in mazy dances. Winter bleak  
Howling through forests changed to skeletons  
At the first mimicking breath of Autumn sent  
As the mere courier of his dread approach,  
Though hurling all his blasts, from thee recoils,  
His fury spent in vain: not one slight plume,  
No, not the tiniest fibre of thy sprays  
Blanches or falls; but as thou stood'st when earth  
Leap'd living at the blue-bird call of Spring,  
Unchanged wilt thou again her carol hail,  
And tell where pass'd her timid steps from prints  
Of violets and of cowslips.

Let us mark,  
Proud pine! thou one of myriad instruments  
Through which mysterious solemn Nature breathes  
The music of her wisdom in our souls;  
Oh let us mark thy likeness in the world,  
The wondrous world of man. True Greatness towers  
A glorious monarch, throned on craggy thought  
Deck'd in its proud regalia. When the blast  
Of Fortune bursts, it bends not: o'er the herd

It spreads its sceptred arm, and weaker souls  
Bow, when occasion wakes its energies  
In all their native glory. Earth's wild storms  
May sweep across it, and their lightnings touch  
Its lifted crest, but haughtily it dares  
The scathing wrath, and casts its deepest scorn  
At the endeavor baffled. Glorious gifts  
Are not bestow'd for every passing cloud  
Of life to lay them darken'd in the dust.

And it is gentle too, when gentle hearts  
Are around it; love for love it freely gives,  
And while it bears the storm upon its head,  
It yields a cherishing care to those that cling  
Unto it for protection. In life's change  
It changes not, but as it smiled in joy,  
So in the bleak waste of adversity,  
It wears its custom'd look, and welcomes back  
The sunshine of renew'd prosperity.

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THE INDIAN'S VIGIL

THE untouch'd forest depth display'd  
Its thick, rich roof of summer shade,  
With sunshine streaming broad across,  
Bathing the hemlock's sloping top,  
And showering mid the elm, to drop  
In golden spots upon the moss;

Or, slanting through green clefts, to pass  
In narrow streaks along the grass  
Of some wild tree-notch'd road  
Whose leafy fretwork, arching high,  
Glimpses of cloud, and dots of sky,  
The upward vision show'd.

Here, rear'd the beech its sprinkled bark  
Beside the maple's rough and dark,  
And birchen column smooth and gray ;  
There, prostrate on its place of birth,  
Raising its mass of clinging earth  
The wind-fallen woodland giant lay.  
Where, grasping with its knotted wreath  
Of roots, the mound-like trunk, beneath  
In brown wet fragments spread,  
A young usurping sapling reign'd,  
Nature, Mezentius-like, had chain'd  
The living with the dead.

Within the deepest of the wood  
Where the huge bolls more scattering stood,  
An area lay of grass and flowers ;  
There, the blue violet modestly  
Shrank from the murmuring kissing bee,  
And sweetly in the bordering bowers  
His changing notes the thresher sung,  
While the gray squirrel's chatterings rung  
At each spray-bending bound.  
And tapping up the mossy oak  
The chequer'd flicker, also woke  
The sylvan echoes round.

An eagle, in this lovely scene,  
Was perch'd upon a hillock green,

Where strew'd remains of bow and spear  
With here and there a scatter'd bone,  
Bared by the frost and rain, made known

An Indian burial-place was here.  
• And as he stood, his form stretch'd high,  
And from his keen and martial eye  
• Glances around he shot,  
• He seem'd, within the halo-light  
With ruffled plumes, and crown of white,  
The monarch of the spot.

Balancing on his outspread wing,  
At length he look'd as if to spring,

While higher arch'd his kingly neck ;  
Rustled the leaves—and with a shriek  
He swept up, pointing high his beak,  
And dwindled to a fading speck.

The next—an Indian from the wood,  
Stepp'd in that scene of solitude

And knelt before the mound,  
With kindling eye and solemn air,  
As though, at last, its Mecca there—  
His pilgrimage had found.

Worn were his moccasins—his trail  
From where the Rocky Mountains' gale

Ruffles Missouri's farthest source,  
Where herds the bison—prowls the bear,  
And wild horse snuffs the prairie air  
And scours along his curbless course.

By an undying wish impell'd  
To view the sacred mound, which held  
    The ashes of his race,  
Earth-blended remnants—yet that made  
This lone, green, forest-nestling glade,  
    A consecrated place.

Now wafted by the west wind's sigh  
A gray cloud stole across the sky,  
    The pleasant shower that summer weaves,  
And, with the streaming sunshine blent,  
Its fine and gentle droppings sent  
    In pattering music on the leaves.  
It lifted—and the wind, bequeath'd  
With the fresh forest odors, breathed  
    From every verdant thing,  
The birch—the spruce—the sassafras—  
The fern—the pine—the moss—the grass—  
    Crept on with burden'd wing.

Sunset, with all its opal hues,  
Glow'd, faded, with the melting dews,  
    And o'er the cedar's tapering height  
The young moon bent her brightening bow  
And cast her deepening gleams below,  
    As twilight darken'd into night.  
Emerging from the pearly sky,  
Open'd each star its sparkling eye,  
    Then, red the crescent sank,  
And fire-flies, through the gloom that lower'd,  
Their fitful golden spangles shower'd  
    About the outlined bank.



The myriad sounds the ear heeds not  
When sunshine glows—now fill'd the spot;  
The streamlet spoke in purling flow,  
Murmur'd the leaves—the spider's clock  
Tick'd in some crevice of the rock,  
Blent with the cricket's chirping low.  
While frequent, from the slimy bog  
Came the hoarse bugle of the frog  
And night-hawk's downward rush—  
And every brooding pause to fill  
The tree-toad's sweet continuous trill  
Swell'd through this breathing hush.

What were the thoughts that o'er him swept,  
As there, the lone one vigil kept?  
Did not those bones that fill'd the mound  
Shaped into forms, arise anew,  
And gather to his mental view  
Instinct with life, above—around!  
The fathers at their council fire,  
The warriors in their battle ire,  
The maidens true and fair;  
And one with fawn-like step and eye,  
He thought she was too young to die,  
Was she too smiling there?

And morning came—the pure cool breeze  
Brought rustling leaf-tones from the trees,  
Night's purple changed to crimson sheen;  
The stars shrunk back—the vapors white,  
That webb'd the branches, took their flight,  
And bursts of warblings woke the scene.

The deer stole timorous to the brook,  
Its drumming wing the partridge shook,  
The darting sunbeams glow'd ;  
And sadly from his musing bed  
The faithful Indian rose, to tread  
Again his homeward road.

Emerging from the forest dim,  
There lay a bitter scene to him.  
Meadows, and fields, and village spires  
And human groups. He heard the air  
Ring with the axe—he saw the share  
Tearing the earth—the fallow fires  
Eating the trees. He fiercely turn'd  
And the soil'd earth beneath him spurn'd ;  
And ne'er, midst waving grain  
And thickening roofs, the Indian found  
That grassy glade—that hallow'd mound,  
His nation's tomb, again.

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LUCIFER.

" And there was war in heaven."—*Revelation.*

Son of the morning ! brightest of the throngs  
Standing the nearest to His blazing throne  
Full in its splendors ; thou ! who casting down  
Thy diadem, and shrouding thy pure brow  
Beneath thy burnish'd wing, didst swell the song

Of "Holy, holy, holy," to the Lamb ;  
In the wild grandeur of thy matchless crime  
Thou standest with the fierce hot ravenous flames  
Wrapping thy form but not consuming it—  
Thy horrid fate forever and forever.

Oh, starr'd Archangel ! why didst thou draw down  
Upon thy head the anger of thy God ?  
Paradise was around thee, radiant forms  
Bow'd at thy bidding, and thy golden harp  
Was most acceptable to Him ; yet thou,  
Fired by ambition's fiercest, guiltiest flame,  
Didst dare to raise thy arm in wildest hope  
Against the Lofty One, whose breath was thine ;  
One little ray of whose great glory made,  
Sublime and glorious as thou wert, thy life.

The glittering multitude that look'd to thee  
As chief amongst them, rush'd to do thy will  
When thy proud flag defiance waved to heaven.  
Oh, what a sight must that bright heaven have seen !  
Forms, a pure God had fashion'd for his will,  
Minds, that were brighten'd by the wisdom lit  
For the great cycles of Eternity,  
Then rose in bold rebellion to His power,  
And stood in haughty daring to His might.  
And thou, the loftiest one, with burning rage  
High in the front, with brow, late holy, plough'd  
By cares, sin-born, and thoughts that made thy heart  
A nest of stinging serpents—thy bright harp  
Cast from thee, and a gleaming spear instead  
Summoning courage for the battle-burst.

As the black cloud roll'd round the Almighty's throne  
Streak'd with fork'd lightnings, swelling with its blasts—  
Dimly revealing mid its scowling depth  
Stern Michael and his band in serried front,  
While far, far downward gaped the throat of Hell  
Flames flashing greedily around its verge,  
Didst thou not quail? And when thou saw'st thy hosts  
Still clinging fondly, faithfully to thee,  
Did not thy conscience smite thee for thy crime  
In luring them from Him their King and God?

But the shock came. A shadow darken'd heaven.  
Wild rag'd the fight. From the black cloud shower'd thick  
The red hot bolts upon thy cowering ranks,  
Cowering too late. In vain, in vain, didst thou  
Attempt by the stern trumpet of thy voice  
The rally of thy host. In vain, in vain,  
Didst thou strive fierce to breast the tempest. On  
Rush'd Michael and his Angels, till the blasts  
Loosen'd in fury, swept thee and thy throng  
Down to the revelling and expectant flames.

And now thou feel'st thy endless punishment.  
Hurl'd from thy throne, thy crown from off thy head,  
Thy wings scorch'd from thee by His burning touch,  
Heart sear'd, and form made hideous to the view,  
Thou dwell'st in dreadful torture. But alas!  
Still, gathering greater strength from thy despair,  
In all the fiendish daring of thy soul,  
Thou liftest thy broad front and courtest all  
The direst and the fearfulest His wrath  
Can yet inflict. Routed, but not subdued—

Still is that arm, that grasp'd rebellious spear,  
Pointed in ceaseless hate and fierce defiance  
At Him who cast thee from thy seat in heaven.

Thou hast an awful empire. Gorgeous flames  
And skyward smoke, thy mantle and thy plume,  
Torture's keen shrieks thy music, and the lapse  
Of centuries thy pride, that thou canst bear  
Unquailing the deep penalty of that  
Thou knowest can never, never be forgiven.  
But still the terror of thy stricken crest  
(Oh, that it should be! what a wreck art thou,  
Child of a loving God!) is lifted high  
In conquering might, amidst the feeble race  
That crowd with evanescent dust the ball  
Whirling among the myriad orbs, that form  
A spangled pavement for His glorious feet.  
The warrior with his wreath sword-reap'd in fields  
Of sickening slaughter, the base creeping worm  
Whose heart was bounded by his hoarded gold—  
The butterfly beauty fluttering in the glare  
Of fashion and of flattery; these, all these,  
Hast thou to fill thy flashing sulphurous realm.

Ply thy fierce torments! for thy slaves deserve them;  
Roll thy red billows! cast thy piercing hail,  
And hurl thy blasts; they're worthy of them all—  
That awful judgment day will not spare thee!  
(Amid the blacken'd sun and dropping stars  
And shrivelling earth thy sentence will go forth,)  
Then spare not them; but with avenging hand  
Scourge those that scourged in life the poor and weak—

Scorch the deep pride from those that walk'd the earth  
Like gods, not insects, and let man too feel  
Like thee, the justice of an outraged God.

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THE HARMONY OF THE UNIVERSE.

● God made the world in perfect harmony.  
Earth, air, and water, in its order, each  
With its innumerable links, compose  
But one unbroken chain ; the human soul  
The clasp that binds it to His mighty arm.

A sympathy throughout each order reigns.  
A touch upon one link is felt by all  
Its kindred, and the influence ceaseth not  
Forever. The mass'd atoms of the earth  
Jarr'd by the rending of its quivering breast,  
Carry the movement in succession through  
To the extremest bounds, so that the foot,  
Tracking the regions of eternal frost,  
Unknowing, treads upon a soil that throbs  
With the equator's earthquake.

The tall oak,  
Thundering its fall in Apalachian woods,  
Though the stern echo on the ear is lost,  
Displaces, with its groan, the rings of air,  
Until the swift and subtle messengers  
Bear, each from each, the undulations on

To the rich palace of eternal Spring  
That smiles upon the Ganges. Yea, on pass  
The quick vibrations through the airy realms,  
Not lost, until with Time's last gasp they die.

The craggy iceberg rocking o'er the surge,  
Telling its pathway by its crashing bolts,  
Strikes its keen teeth within the shuddering bark,  
When night frowns black. Down, headlong, shoots  
the wreck,

Lost is the vortex in the dashing waves,  
And the wild scene heaves wildly as before ;  
But every particle that whirl'd and foam'd  
Above the groaning, plunging mass, hath urged  
Its fellow, and the motion thus bequeath'd  
Lives in the ripple edging flowery slopes  
With melting lace-work ; or with dimples rings  
Smooth basins, where the hanging orange-branch  
Showers fragrant snow, and then it ruffles on,  
Until it sinks upon Eternity.

Thus naught is lost in that harmonious chain,  
That, changing momentarily, is perfect still.  
God, whose drawn breaths are ages, with those breaths  
Renews the lustre. So 'twill ever be,  
Till, with one wave of His majestic arm,  
He snaps the clasp away, and drops the chain  
Again in chaos, shatter'd by its fall.

MORANNAH

RICH sunbeams were glowing,  
Bright streamlets were flowing,  
Fresh breezes were sweeping the beautiful sky ;  
But, contrast of sadness,  
To all this sweet gladness,  
Morannah the chieftain was waiting to die.

Through a loop, a dart of flame  
Shot by sunset, streak'd the gloom ;  
Lit the prostrate warrior's frame,  
Panther robe and eagle plume.  
But the robe was stiff with gore,  
Stain'd and bent the haughty crest ;  
Crimson drops were on the floor,  
Oozings of his mangled breast.

Round the block-house where he lay,  
Sloped a knoll of green ;  
There the same slant sunset ray  
Lit a festive scene.  
All the village throngs were there ;  
Aged men and children fair,  
Hunters in their deerskin dress,  
Just from out the wilderness,  
Choppers with the glittering axe  
Carried at their brawny backs ;



All rejoicing o'er the fate  
Of that dying man,  
Object long of fear and hate,  
Placed beneath a ban.

Fierce hunted like a wild beast, driven  
From wood to wood, from glen to glen,  
Now climbing peaks by lightning riven,  
Now crouching in the panther's den,  
Still roam'd the forest-monarch free,  
Smiling disdain upon the foe,  
Till deepest, foulest treachery,  
Brought the proud soaring eagle low.

Within the block-house walls, the morn  
Had seen the hapless chieftain borne,  
And now, the first-lit star of night  
Would beam upon his spirit's flight.  
The church's rude belfry, low, vane-topp'd and square  
And the octagon shape of the block-house, between,  
Robed rich in the tints that are painted by air,  
The dome-rounded head of a mountain was seen.  
There in the toil had the eagle been caught,  
There was the deep damning treachery wrought.

That mountain's summit is a ledge ;  
Upon each side a precipice  
So sheer, each tree that grasps the edge  
Seems tottering o'er the deep abyss.  
Oft had the chieftain found this place  
A refuge from the white-man's chase,  
But the last warrior of his tribe

Had fallén before the proffer'd bribe ;  
Tempted with gold, he had sworn to clear  
The hunter's way to the slumbering deer.

Midst an oak's roots is a cavity  
Shelving down like a fox's den :  
Standing beside the old gnarl'd tree,  
'Tis hidden from the closest ken.  
For long thick fern-leaves there are hung,  
An emerald veil o'er the entrance flung.  
But the slant pit once pass'd, expand  
A cavern's walls, that, winding in,  
Seem wrought out by a Titan's hand,  
The ledge's rocky heart to win.  
On the dark passage leads, till high  
Glimmers a faint glimpse of the sky  
As through a cleft ; the cavern ends,  
But up a rough, wild stair ascends  
Scoop'd in the granite ; till the tread  
To the rock's towering height is led.

Midnight came with wind and cloud ;  
Now dark, now bright,  
The moon's rich light,  
Fitfully glanced through the tatter'd shroud.

Through the gate of the palisade  
Half a score of the settlers went  
Just as the summer night begun,  
(Half a score for the taking of one,  
Arm'd with rifle and with blade,  
And swift their course to the mountain bent.

The gold-bought traitor at their head,  
Up through the mountain woods they sped.  
Skirting the precipice, threading the glen,  
By the haunt of the wolf—near the rattlesnake's den;  
Fierce eyeballs glared at them from tree and from nook,  
The tempest in rage the dark wilderness shook;  
Still, led by the guilty one, onward they wend,  
To the lair of the guilty one's sachem and friend.

Now they are at the old oak tree  
Whose wreath'd roots hide the cavity.  
High above them soars the ledge,  
Glimmering outlines mark the edge;  
Naught they see, save here and there  
Huge trees writhing in the air,  
Naught they hear, save now and then  
Wolf-howls from the neighboring glen,  
Whilst with fitful shriek and roar  
Sweeps the wild wind, furious, o'er.

Down the little shelving hollow  
Quick the wretched traitor slides;  
One by one the settlers follow;  
Slow along the cavern sides  
Grope they onward, till the stair  
Leads them to the upper air.

In a thicket's twining breast,  
Lies Morannah whelm'd in sleep:  
Chieftain, wake thee from thy rest  
Foemen close around thee creep!  
Closer, closer—wake, oh wake!

Then, swift bounding from thy lair  
Who thy foot could overtake  
Dashing down the rocky stair?  
Or baffled, known to none but thee,  
Here, clinging to the dangling grape,  
There, to the slanting cedar-tree,  
Down the steep ledge there is escape.

Motionless, hapless Morannah lies,  
Closer and closer the foemen creep;  
One more moment, they grasp their prize.  
Ha! a twig breaks! with startled leap  
Up starts Morannah—in sudden sheen  
Bursts the freed moonlight upon the scene.  
It shows the crouching foe, and near  
Drawn back as if in mortal fear  
An Indian—what! his warrior there,  
With trembling limbs and bristling hair!  
Quick flash'd the truth; his hatchet gleam'd,  
Dead fell the traitor at his feet;  
No more the fitful moonlight beam'd,  
Away—away, his course is fleet;  
A shot rings sharply on the night,  
He staggers in his headlong flight;  
Another brings him to his knee;  
He rises, clinging to a bough,  
And firmly braced against a tree,  
He waits the foemen's coming now.  
With his keen hatchet and his knife  
Clutch'd tightly in his outstretch'd hands,  
Ready to brave the unequal strife,  
The bleeding forest warrior stands.

As springs the panther from his lair,  
His eyeballs flashing flames to dare,  
Destruction's toils around him flung,  
With one wild whoop, one sweeping blow  
Amidst the back recoiling foe  
Morannah fiercely sprung.  
And shrieking high his battle yell,  
He bleeding fought and fighting fell.

Still the low sunshine sweetly play'd  
Upon the circling palisade ;  
It bathed with gold the knoll of green,  
It stream'd the village huts between ;  
The block-house on its western face  
From steep projecting roof to base,  
Was flooded with the radiance bright ;  
The loops seem'd fill'd, like eyes, with light,  
Whilst the long ladder leaning there,  
Was pencill'd sharply on the air.

Feebler grew Morannah's breath,  
Keener was the pain,  
Phantoms, born of coming death,  
Floated through his brain,  
Phantoms of the stormy past  
Thronging round him thick and fast—  
Till a single vision grew,  
Living, to his mental view.

Where the deep woods their coverts spread,  
Chasing the deer his steps were led,  
And not till day its hazy course had run,  
Bearing his spoils, his homeward course he won—

Ha! do his straining eyeballs see aright!  
Where is the roof that met at morn his sight?

Where, oh where!

Naught but a black and smouldering waste is there:

All, all—his sire, his boy, his bride,  
By white man's ruthless hands had died.  
The tempest rose; in fiercest might  
Through the surging forest bore,  
And in that wild and fearful night  
A bloody oath he swore,  
Whilst the lightning glared in sulphury light  
And the thunder rattled o'er.

Another vision by him swept,  
Well had that oath of blood been kept;  
By day the field with carnage reek'd,  
At night the village sank in flame,  
Until men bow'd and women shriek'd,  
Where'er was spoke his name.

Then like the clouds in tempestuous strife,  
By roll'd the last closing scenes of his life.  
The battle on the mountain's crest,  
Where, by a thousand foes hemm'd round,  
Striving to shield him with their breast  
A grave his faithful warriors found—  
His wounds, captivity, and flight,  
With his last tribesman by his side,  
And then the scene of yesternight!  
Oh! on that mountain had he died!  
Then had no close walls choked his breath,  
Hastening the wings of hovering death;

His ear the taunt had never met,  
The jest—the sneer—the epithet,  
From those that shook in deadliest fear  
    When night closed round its solemn shades,  
Lest ere the day dawn they should hear  
    His war-whoop round their palisades.

The sun now touch'd the horizon's rim ;  
The slanting pickets faded dim ;  
The block-house rear'd its rounded form  
Its roof yet tipp'd with radiance warm  
Which melted off—but still the throng  
Rejoiced in laughter and in song,  
And not till night claim'd earth and air,  
Was the green block-house hillock bare.

As the first star gemm'd twilight's gloom,  
    The hamlet's white-hair'd patriarch  
Enter'd, with torch, the captive's room ;  
    He heard a rattle in the dark.  
Perchance he came to taunt the chief,  
    For the old man was fierce in ire ;  
Perchance he came to yield relief,  
    For age allays the spirit's fire.

He heard that rattle ; high his torch he rear'd :  
There lay the chieftain—there the warrior fear'd  
His limbs faint fluttering, while from out his throat  
Came that death rattle—life's expiring note.  
But as the light upon his brow was flung,  
Up from his couch the dying sachem sprung,  
Up from his couch, and with one warrior look  
In his clench'd grasp his knife he feebly shook,

From his weak tongue one faltering war-whoop pass'd,  
Then down the chieftain sank—death, death had come at  
last.

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THE WALK AND THE PIC-NIC.

THE sky is a sapphire, the clouds pearly white,  
The wind from the west winnows blandly and light,  
Deep and rich is the gloss of the sunshine below—  
The grass, leaves, and flowers all rejoice in the glow,  
The shadows, cast down by the air-skimming sails,  
Are rippling o'er hill-tops and glancing o'er vales,  
'Tis the day for our pic-nic, let's haste, or the sun  
Will be dipping below ere our long path is won.

At length, from all parts of the village, we throng—  
O'er the maple-lined sidewalk we scatter along,  
Our baskets well stored, and so loud our delight  
That we start Taggett's team from Nate's store in affright:  
We pass by the office—"James, why do you wait?"  
To a laggard shouts Cady—"you're always too late!"  
We turn the stone store—up the Pleasant pond road,  
Green richer, the fields on each side never show'd;  
We pass the flat rock where we often found rest,  
When, on our return-walk, gleam'd golden the west;  
On the hill-brow we turn, the white village to view,  
Its three modest steeples traced clear on the blue;  
To the right Brownson's pond—then we enter the wood,  
Its echoes leap out to our frolicsome mood;



The sweet ringing laugh of gay Martha is heard,  
 And Kate trips along with the grace of a bird ;  
 To the wind's downy kisses bares Sarah her brow,  
 And Mary's black eyes were ne'er brighter than now,  
 While one, grave and thoughtful, to each proffers aid—  
 My friend ! sleeping now in the valley of shade,  
 As the cloud over sunshine, remembrance of thee  
 My boyhood's companion ! draws sadness o'er me.  
 "James, faster !" cries Cady, "and think where you are,  
 Bring your thoughts from the clouds, or we'll never be  
 there !"

We all move on speedily ; down the descent  
 With song, talk, and laughter, our journey is bent :  
 "James, carry this basket !" says Hull, in a huff  
 At the speed of our way, "I've had trouble enough !"  
 "See that rose !" cries Louisa, and instant the stem  
 Is mourning the loss of its beautiful gem.  
 Our party has reach'd now the foot of the hill,  
 And we rest for a space on the trunk by the rill ;  
 One twists from the hopple a chalice of green,  
 And stoops, for the lymph, the dense thicket between ;  
 One whirls a thick branch, as a fine twanging sound  
 On the ear tells a hungry mosquito is round,  
 Whilst Hull, never loth, takes immediate seat,  
 Complaining in bass of the dust and the heat.  
 We leave the green spot, our swift journey resume—  
 The forest twines closer its cool verdant gloom ;  
 Above, like an arbor, the green branches meet,  
 And the moss springs elastic, yet soft, to our feet.  
 The shade is so dense, the gray rabbit scarce fears  
 To show, o'er the fern clump, his long peering ears,  
 And the saucy red-squirrel, erect on his spray,

Were unseen, if his chatter-tongue did not betray ;  
 A scatter of viands, with plunge in the brake,  
 As one stumbles o'er a coil'd root like a snake,  
 There's a laugh from the group, and a lofty perch'd crow  
 Lifts his foot, with a croak, and looks wisely below ;  
 But onward we journey—we catch, as we pass  
 Through vistas, quick glimpses of rock, stream, and grass,  
 Then fitful we loiter by mounds plump in moss  
 With sunshine like bars of gold lying across ;  
 We peel the sweet birch bark, we pluck from the ground  
 The rich, pungent wintergreen growing around,  
 We taste the sour sorrel, in handfuls we pick  
 The bright partridge-berry sown crimson and thick ;  
 We hear the near quail, from the rye stubble, call,  
 And we watch the black beetle on rolling his ball ;  
 Then forward again, with new strength on our way,  
 Our footsteps as light as our bosoms are gay ;  
 A whirr—and, so sudden, the heart gives a bound,  
 The partridge bursts up from his basin of ground ;  
 Three clear, fife-like notes—first, a low, liquid strain,  
 Then high, and then shrill—all repeated again,  
 'Tis the brown-thresher, perch'd on yon pine grim and dark,  
 Our sweetest of minstrels—our own native lark.  
 We pass the low sawmill—the bridge o'er the brook,  
 Where it glides, slow and deep, by each alder-clothed nook.  
 We toil up the hill—o'er the fields are the frames  
 Of hemlocks, scathed black by the fierce fallow-flames,  
 Or girdled, with half-naked trunks smooth and gray,  
 To catch the red lightning, or sink in decay.  
 Again the wood closes—still wend we along,  
 Approaching the robin, it ceases its song,  
 The black-snake, warm basking, his sunlight forsakes,

As, at the loud beat of our steps, he awakes ;  
 The trees shrink away—one more hill to our feet  
 And our eyes Pleasant pond, in its beauty will greet ;  
 There glitters the outlet—still, upward, we pass,  
 And there, spreads its smooth polish'd bosom of glass.  
 On the east, lifts a hill, low and rounded, its crown  
 With a slope, like a robe, on each side falling down,  
 All verdant with meadow, and bristling with grain,  
 From its top, to the edge of the bright liquid plain ;  
 Thence the banks, sweeping round to the north and the  
 west,

With clearing and field interspersed on their breast,  
 Are lost in the black-frowning gloom of the wood  
 That hides, with its shadows, the southernmost flood.  
 How quiet how peaceful how lovely the scene !  
 The glossy black shades from yon headlands of green,  
 That sheet of bright crystal which spreads from the shore,  
 Now dark'ning, as lightly the breeze tramples o'er,  
 Those shafts of quick splendor—these dazzles of light  
 So painful, so blinding, eyes shrink from the sight ;  
 And still, to our fix'd gaze, new colors reveal,  
 Here, gleaming like silver—there, flashing like steel.  
 We hear, in the stillness, the low of the herd,  
 The sound of the sheep-bell, the chirp of the bird  
 All borne from the opposite border—and hark !  
 How the echoes long mimic the dog's rapid bark !  
 See that white gleaming streak—'tis the wake of the loon  
 As she oars her swift passage—her dive will be soon ;  
 She's vanish'd—now upward again to the sight,  
 Her dappled back lit by a pencil of light ;  
 But the bark has aroused her—she's seeking to fly,  
 She stretches her neck, with shrill, tremulous cry,

She flounders in low heavy circles just o'er,  
Till nerved by the loud hostile sounds from the shore,  
Uprising, she shoots like a dart to her brood  
Close hid in the water-plants edging the wood.

On this lap of green grass the white cloth is display'd,  
A maple bends over its golden-streak'd shade ;  
We place cup and trencher—the viands are spread,  
Whilst a pile of pine knots flame a pillar of red :  
We slice the rich lemon, the gifts of the spring  
Bubbling up in its cool sandy basin we bring,  
The white glistening sugar, the butter, like gold  
And the fruits of the garden, our baskets unfold,—  
The raspberry bowl-shaped—the jet tiny cone  
Of the blackberry, pluck'd from the thickets are strown :  
All grace the grass-table—our cups mantle free  
With the dark purple coffee, and light amber tea,  
Wood, water, and bank, tongue the laugh and the jest,  
And the goddess of mirth reigns supreme in each breast.

The sunset is slanting—a pyramid bright  
Is traced on the waters, in spangles of light ;  
A gray blending glimmer then steals like a pall ;  
Gold, leaves hill and tree-top—brown, deepens o'er all ;  
The bat wheels around—sends the nighthawk his cry,  
And the whippoorwill whistles her sweet lullaby ;  
Far voices steal, touching the ear with a charm,  
And the bark of the watch-dog sounds faint from the farm.  
We smile at the hoarse heaved-up roar of the frog,  
And his half-smother'd gulp as he dives from his log,  
And then hasten homeward, fatigued, but still gay,  
With the moon's lustrous silver to brighten our way.

## THE FALLS OF NORMAN'S KILL\*

A DAY in Indian Summer; here, the sky  
 Shows a bright veil of silver, there, a shade  
 Of soft and misty purple, with the fleece  
 Of downy clouds, and azure streaks between;  
 The light falls meekly, and the wooing air  
 Fans with a brisk vitality the frame.  
 The woods have lost the bright and varied charm  
 Of magic Autumn, and the faded leaves  
 Hide with one robe of brown the earth that late  
 Glow'd like the fabled gardens of the East.  
 Still all around is lovely. Far the eye  
 Pierces the naked woods, and marks the shades  
 Like prone black pillars with their capitals  
 Form'd by the sprays, and rocks, ravines, and mounds,  
 (Hidden when Summer smiles) and sparkling rills,  
 Trickling o'er mossy stones.

A low, stern tone  
 Rumbles upon the air, as winding down  
 The gullied road, I seek the gorge where flows  
 The stream to mingle with the river flood  
 In the brief eastward distance. On my left  
 Are the brown waters, a high rocky isle  
 Like a huge platform midway; and the steep

\* The Norman's Kill is a stream about two miles south of Albany, the turnpike crossing it very near its entrance into the Hudson. The Falls are a little to the right, in a deep ravine.

Tree-column'd ridge, in summer dense with shades,  
 But ragged now with gaunt and leafless boughs,  
 And only green where stretch the piny plumes  
 And hemlock fibres. On my right the bank,  
 Of slate and crumbling gravel, pitches down  
 Now sheer, now hollow'd out, the dark blue clay  
 Showing its strata veins, while on the edge  
 High up and dwarf'd by distance, cling tall trees.  
 A rocky rampart, seam'd and dash'd with white,  
 Is piled before me, and the bending sky  
 Close at its back. Advancing, with the sound  
 Louder and louder, waters leap and gush  
 And foam through channell'd outlets : dashing now  
 O'er terraces, now flinging o'er a rock  
 A shifting fringe of silver, shooting quick  
 Through some deep gully, like a glassy dart,  
 And now in one rich mass of glittering foam  
 Sent downward, with light particles of spray  
 In white smoke rising.

Like the puny wrath  
 Of the weak child, to manhood's passion burst  
 When his fierce heart is flaming ; like the voice  
 Of the low west wind, to the mighty sweep  
 Of the roused northern storm-blast, art thou now  
 Oh rushing stream ! to when the roaring rains  
 Have swell'd thy fountains, and with thundering bursts,  
 Foaming and leaping, thou dost dash along  
 Restrainless in thy awful force, to rend  
 And whirl and whelm, until a mightier wave  
 Swallows thy raging being. Bridge and tree  
 Torn into fragments, roll and plunge and toss,  
 Till those that now might look on thee and smile,

Turn grave and tremble.

One more lesson deep  
And sad, in Nature's ever open'd book,  
Art thou, bright stream! Change, quick and endless  
change,

Is ever moving round us. Sun and cloud,  
Winter and summer, light and darkness, all,  
All whirl their contrasts. Life may spread its path  
Glorious with hope and beautiful with joy,  
Home with its blessings, like an Eden smile;  
Beware, gay, thoughtless dreamer! hush thy song!  
Beware! Is joy immortal on the earth?  
Beware! Hath angel Hope, with pointing hand  
And buoyant pinion, never fled, and left  
The fiend Despondency to fill her place  
With blackness? Hush thy song, gay dreamer! pause  
In thy light dancing tread! the awful change .  
Might now, e'en now, be swift approaching thee.

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THE SMITHY.

THERE WAS a little smithy at the corner of the road,  
In the village where, when life shone fresh and bright, was  
my abode ;  
A little slab-roof'd smithy, of a stain'd and dusky red,  
An ox-frame standing by the door, and at one side a shed ;  
The road was lone and pleasant, with margins grassy-green,  
Where browsing cows and nibbling geese from morn till  
night were seen.

High curl'd the smoke from the humble roof with dawning's  
earliest bird,  
And the tinkle of the anvil, first of the village sounds, was  
heard ;  
The bellows-puff, the hammer-beat, the whistle and the song,  
'Told, steadfastly and merrily, toil roll'd the hours along,  
Till darkness fell, and the smithy then with its forge's clear  
deep light  
Through chimney, window, door, and cleft, pour'd blushes  
on the night.

The morning shows its azure breast and scarf of silvery  
fleece,  
The margin-grass is group'd with cows, and spotted o'er with  
geese ;  
On the dew-wet green by the smithy, there's a circle of  
crackling fire,  
Hurrah ! how it blazes and curls around the coal-man's  
welded tire !  
While o'er it, with tongs, are the smith and his man, to fit it  
when cherry-red,  
To the tilted wheel of the huge grimed ark in the back-  
ground of the shed.

There's a stony field on the ridge to plough, and Brindle  
must be shod,  
And at noon, through the lane from the farm-house, I see  
him slowly plod ;  
In the strong frame, chewing his cud, he patiently stands,  
but see !  
The bands have been placed around him—he struggles to  
be free :



But John and Timothy hammer away, until each hoof is  
arm'd,  
Then loosen'd Brindle looks all round, as if wondering he's  
unharm'd.

Joe Matson's horse wants shoeing, and at even-tide he's seen,  
An old gray sluggish creature, with his master on the green ;  
Within the little smithy, old Dobbin, Matson draws,  
There John is busily twisting screws, and Timothy filing  
saws ;  
The bellows sleeps, the forge is cold, and twilight dims the  
room,  
With anvil, chain, and iron bar, faint glimmering through  
the gloom.

I stand beside the threshold and gaze upon the sight,  
The doubtful shape of the old gray horse, and the points of  
glancing light :  
But hark ! the bellows wakens, out dance the sparks in air,  
And now the forge is raked high up, now bursts it to a glare ;  
How brightly and how cheerily the sudden glow outbreaks,  
And what a charming picture of the humble room it makes !

It glints upon the horse-shoes on the ceiling-rafters hung,  
On the anvil and the leaning sledge its quivering gleams are  
flung ;  
It touches with bronze the smith and his man, and it bathes  
old dozing gray,  
And a blush is fix'd on Matson's face in the broad and steady  
ray ;  
One moment more, and the iron is whirl'd with fierce and  
spattering glow,

And swank ! swank ! swank ! rings the sledge's smite, tink !  
tink ! the hammer's blow.

' Whoa, Dobbin !' says Tim, as he pares the hoof, ' whoa !  
whoa !' as he fits the shoe,

And the click of the driving nails is heard, till the humble  
toil is through ;

Pleased Matson mounts his old gray steed, and I hear the  
heavy beat

Of the trotting hoofs, up the corner road till the sounds in  
the distance fleet :

And I depart with grateful joy to the King of earth and  
heaven,

That e'en to life in its lowliest phase, such interest should  
be given.

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THE CAMP IN THE FOREST.

A BAND of hunters were we. All day long  
Our feet had trail'd the woods. The panther fierce,  
The snorting bear, the cowering wolf, and deer  
Swift as our balls, had fallen, as crack'd the shots  
Of our slim, deadly rifles. Sunset now  
Was brightening the leaf-seas that swept all round,  
As with a glory. In a lovely spot,  
A little hollow glade, we check'd our steps.  
Tempting it was, in pleasant grass snow'd o'er  
With the white forest-clover. Scatter'd round  
Were long, low, narrow mounds. Upon our brows

The delicate south wind broke, then melted smooth  
 Over each limb in balm. The western sky  
 Was made one glow with the descending sun  
 Which, mid the mantling leaves and crowded trunks,  
 Shower'd bright and brilliant patches. The lone spot  
 Was steep'd in shade and coolness. From the stream  
 The low song of the ripples, as they purl'd  
 Over some knotted root, with now and then  
 The twitter of the snipe, sweet fill'd the air.  
 A sandy pathway, kindled rich and warm  
 By a slant beam, sloped downward to the lymph,  
 Through the thick alders. As the grateful wind  
 Pour'd its moist sweetness o'er our strengthening frames,  
 We roused our camp-fire. From the bended boughs  
 We hung our spoil; whilst on the ruddy coals  
 The broiling deer-flesh told of coming cheer.  
 Loud was the talk and high the boast, and wide  
 The frequent song re-echoed, for the band  
 Though rude felt kindly. A gray light was spread  
 Across the hollow, but the tree-tops round  
 Cut sharp on mellow brightness. Deepest gold  
 Melting to rich transparent pearl, proclaim'd  
 Where the blue-bosom'd sun had disappear'd.  
 Within the clefts of bushes, and beneath  
 The thickets, raven darkness frown'd, but still  
 The leaves upon the edges of the trees  
 Preserved their shapes.

Our hunter cheer was past.

A glimmering dimness thicken'd in the air  
 Until the leaves were blended each in each.  
 The lurking darkness widen'd till it veil'd  
 Thicket and bush. The neighboring throng of trunks

Retired within the gloom that hid the depths  
 Of the thick forest, till the brush of night  
 Had shaded in each object. Still a hue  
 Of brightness linger'd round the tracery  
 Of the tree-summits, where a few white stars  
 Were deepening ; whilst within the broad rich west  
 One orb—night's first—was beating like a pulse  
 Splendid and large. The fire, supplied, burn'd clear,  
 Bronzing the dark, deep umbrage of the pine,  
 Spattering the thickets with great crimson blots,  
 And streaking, as with streams of blood, the sward.  
 So strong the ruddy gloss just round the fire,  
 The grass-blades twinkled, and the clover-tufts  
 Flash'd out like silver spangles. In the depths  
 Of the black forest, where the gleams reach'd not,  
 The fire-flies sparkled, and within the nooks  
 The dead wood show'd a glaring like fierce eyes.

As the band sat around the camp-fire's glow,  
 The jest and song flew quickly ; legends strange  
 And stories of the woods—old daring feats—  
 Dangers escaped, and panther-fights—pass'd round  
 From lip to lip, till one old hunter, strong  
 And vigorous, though his form was gaunt and bent,  
 Glanced on the narrow mounds where flecks of gold  
 Had late been quivering, and with sorrowing voice  
 Told the dark, bloody legend of the spot.

“The hunters had been out, as we this day,  
 Beating the Willewemoc's woods, which then  
 Were far more lonely, wild, and dark than now.  
 Our village was a straggling hamlet, girt  
 With slanting palisades. As sunset glow'd,  
 Our footsteps lit upon this self-same spot.

We halted. The melodious stream its gifts  
 Gave to our tongues. The golden-tinted woods  
 Laid on our brows their shadows, and the grass  
 Spread to our limbs its velvet. Song and tale,  
 As now, went round the group. High flash'd our fire,  
 And the dark boughs blush'd brightly in its glare.  
 Round the clear blaze the hunters stretch'd their frames,  
 Grasping their rifles. One—myself—was placed  
 As sentry to protect their helplessness.  
 The frog piped shrill its music, and the owl  
 Vied with the whippoorwill—all else was still.  
 Another hour, the fire had cower'd beneath  
 Crouching and springing fitfully, and then  
 Licking the ashes. On my eyelids weigh'd  
 Sleep, heavily, like lead, whilst now and then  
 My brain would whirl in brief forgetfulness.  
 Hark! a twig snapp'd—hush! silence fell again,  
 'Twas but a squirrel. Ha! from out the woods  
 Was not the blackness crawling in dim shapes  
 Near us? No, no, 'twas but the glimmer of sleep  
 Within my fluttering eyelids. Still I heard  
 Each sylvan sound proclaiming peace and rest,  
 The owl-hoot, cricket-chirp, and sorrowing plaint  
 Of the lone whippoorwill, whilst myriad frogs  
 Rang out their silver chiming. Down I sunk.  
 A burst of shrieks. The fire leap'd brightly up.  
 Hatchets were flashing, wild forms leaping round  
 And limbs quick tossing in death agonies.  
 I started, but a knee was on my breast,  
 A fierce red eye met mine, and gnashing teeth  
 Whence the hot breath came hissing, and as peal'd  
 Shrill horrid whoops upon my shrinking ears,

I felt the hatchet sink within my side :  
 The sharp cold knife swift glided round my brows,  
 My hair was clutch'd, and then with keenest pangs  
 The scalp was wrench'd away ; my sight grew black.  
 I woke to consciousness ; my tortured head  
 Lay on a human breast ; a human eye  
 Look'd pitying on me. Soon the features broke  
 Upon my swimming memory ; 'twas the scout  
 Of the near village, whose kind hand was now  
 Sprinkling the stream's cool silver on my face,  
 Whilst round me many an anxious neighbor stood.  
 The morning sun had painted with its light  
 Palisades, roofs, and block-house, but the forms  
 Of the expected hunters darken'd not  
 The sunbeam slanting in a narrow cleft  
 Through which the clearing-pathway pierced the woods.  
 The gaze was ceaseless from the picket-loops,  
 But still the hunters came not. Noon reel'd red  
 Upon the summits of the distant pines,  
 And edged the threshold of the cleft with shade,  
 Still they were absent. Downward sloped the sun ;  
 Blacken'd the cleft, and yet they came not thence.  
 At length a group with fear-wing'd footsteps sought  
 The lost, and found them. Scalp'd, in jellied gore,  
 The hunters lay, stone-dead. A movement slight  
 Told that I lived. The scout bound up my head  
 Stripp'd by the knife ; and whilst these graves, round which  
 The fire-flies ope and shut their gold-green lamps,  
 Were hollow'd for my comrades, I was borne  
 To my low cabin by the block-house knoll,  
 Where with grim death I fought a weary time,  
 But rose to vigorous strength and life at last."

## THE BLOOD-STAINED.

AN Indian-Summer noon. A purple haze,  
Blurring hill outlines, glazing dusky nooks,  
And making all things shimmer to the eye,  
Is woven within the air. A woodland path  
That leads me to a quiet glade, I tread.  
The sunshine twinkles round me, and the wind  
Touches my brow with delicate, downy kiss.  
A stillness so intense around is breathed,  
That the light crackling of the wither'd leaves  
On which I tread sounds loudly. Dropp'd beneath,  
The walnut clicks as though a pebble smote  
On water, and the tiny beech-nuts, shower'd  
By the gray-squirrel leaping from his branch,  
Patter like rain-drops. Now the glade is reach'd.  
Moss-mounds are scatter'd o'er it, and short grass  
Clothes it with velvet. Through the midst, a stream  
Laps, like a tongue, amidst its pebble stones,  
And drips along its plants. Upon its bank,  
Traced by the wood-cart, winds a narrow track  
From the thick forest to the village near.  
Upon the highest mound, a cabin rude,  
Framed of rough, barky logs, and seam'd with clay,  
Once stood. A fragment of its roof is now  
Slanted within the little area form'd  
By the decaying base. Within the square  
The mullein lifts its pillar, and a web

Of blackberry brambles, spangled o'er in spring  
 With silver, and in autumn studded thick  
 With ebon gems, is twined. Here, years ago,  
 Lived an old hunter. Rough his deer-skin garb  
 And wild his features. Black and shaggy brows  
 Roof'd the deep sockets, in whose gloomy depths  
 Glared fierce, keen eyes. Those couch'd and snake-  
 like balls

Ne'er met another's look, but with quick shift  
 Eluded, and if still the gaze sought his,  
 A frown drew up its coils upon his brow,  
 And from those cavernous depths malignant gleams  
 Shot sidelong as he turn'd. Deep mystery robed  
 The hunter. None his lonely cabin shared,  
 Save one gaunt hound with grim and threatening look,  
 Whose savage growls, whene'er belated foot  
 Trod the night-shadow'd glade, caused thrill of fear.  
 The chopper, wending homeward in the dark,  
 From his near wood-lot at the forest edge,  
 Heard horrid shrieks, and oaths, and phrensied shouts  
 In the old hunter's voice, from out the hut,  
 Ceasing as those deep warning growls arose  
 At the near coming footstep. When abroad  
 Amidst the haunts of men the hermit went,  
 He bore his rifle slanted on his arm  
 With finger ever ready to the lock.  
 As through the village street he swiftly pass'd,  
 Shooting his subtle sidelong glances round,  
 It seem'd as though his coming cast a shade  
 Upon the sunshine. Children ceased their play  
 And clung to one another till he pass'd.  
 And the old gossips, chattering in a group,



Paused and gazed after him with fearful looks.  
 His brain seem'd struggling with insanity.  
 Once a strange sunset glared. The clouds were bathed  
 In a dark crimson; the same lurid hue  
 Gleam'd to mid-heaven, and over earth the tinge  
 Seem'd like spill'd blood. The village groups in awe  
 Were gazing at the sight, when, suddenly,  
 The hunter, with the carcass of a deer  
 Slung o'er his shoulders, from the girdling woods  
 Came with slow laboring foot. The sunset stream'd  
 Broadly upon him. As if turn'd to stone,  
 He stopp'd—the carcass fell—and with strain'd eyes  
 And mouth agape he look'd before—around—  
 Beneath—shudder'd, and then, with thrilling cry,  
 Sunk on the earth. The foam stood on his lip  
 Mingled with blood drawn by his gnashing teeth.  
 The villagers drew round and gazed with dread  
 Upon his writhing features. With a start  
 Then sprang he to his feet and mutter'd—"blood!  
 Blood! blood! all blood! the very sky and earth  
 Give witness of the deed. Ha! hide thy throat,  
 Spouting its red-hot gushes on my brow!  
 I do defy thee, ha! ha! ha! I stand  
 To battle with thee," drawing from its sheath  
 His keen, bright hunting-knife. "Away! away!  
 Or the lone camp-fire blow I strike again."  
 His eyes were spots of fire; his long black hair  
 Seem'd knotting with the agony impress'd  
 On brow and cheek, but as the last dread words  
 Fell from his tongue, he started and look'd round.  
 The maniac wildness vanish'd from his face,  
 And searching inquiry and deep alarm

Succeeded ; subtle grew his serpent-eye,  
And, lifting up the deer, he mutter'd low  
Of sudden pains, and quickly left the spot.

Again—'twas such a glorious day as this.  
The village children, I among the rest,  
Went nutting in the woods. In merriest mood  
We shook the hickory's ivory balls beneath,  
And left a circle of green shells around  
The mossy roots. Now mocking in our glee  
The harsh, brief trumpet of the restless jay  
Tossing amidst the thickets his plumed head  
And fluttering his blue wings ; now up the oak  
Gazing, led thither by the shrieking yelps  
Of the pet spaniel, shivering with delight  
And dancing as on wires, until we saw  
The squirrel's silvery fur amidst the leaves,  
We toy'd along ; till came we to the edge  
Of the dread glade. Upon the soft, sweet air  
We heard a voice ; now bubbling amidst leaves,  
Now choked, now lifted almost to a scream.  
It seem'd as though the broken accents tried  
To frame a prayer but could not. Back we press'd  
Back from the sounds. But one bold, reckless boy  
Trod with a cautious oft-arrested step  
And face where curiosity o'er fear  
Had triumph'd, and upon the grassy glade  
He saw the hunter prostrate ; dashing now  
His head upon the earth, and now with hands  
Tight folded, stealing timid looks towards Heaven,  
But quickly dropping them, whilst those dread sounds  
Came from his writhing form. He saw and fled.

One eve—one winter eve—upon the ice  
Of a small lake, whose narrow foot wound in  
Beside the glade, we glided fleet with skates  
Until dark night. The rich Auroral fires,  
Those lightnings of the frost, were kindled up ;  
Now skirting the horizon with bright tints,  
Now shooting high, until a crimson arch  
Bent across heaven. The reddened ice gleam'd back  
The radiance, and the snow in ghastly hues  
Glared midst the forests. Whilst that splendid arch  
Was brightest, from the glade wild screams outpeal'd  
With groans and horrid laughter. Fear gave wings,  
And to the sparkling hearth-fires of our homes  
We hurried. Wild at midnight roar'd the storm.  
The snow beat heavily on the window-panes,  
And the sleet tinkled. From the neighboring woods  
We heard the keen hiss of the yellow pine,  
And the stern surging of the hemlock boughs  
Fierce struggling with the blast. The wolf was out,  
For now and then we heard his mournful howl  
Blent with the forest-voices. Morning came,  
With breathless atmosphere and brilliant sun.  
The chopper, hastening to his hill-side lot  
In his rude wood-sled, as his oxen slump'd  
Across the glade, saw, at the forest edge,  
Wolves fiercely battling. Wrathful snarls he heard  
And gnashing teeth ; and quickly speeding back  
He led a hasty-summon'd village group,  
Each with his rifle, to the spot. A shower  
Of deadly bullets piled the wolves around  
Or drove them to the forests. When the heap  
Of shaggy limbs, thick spotted with fierce eyes,

Had ceased their writhings, towards them stole the group.  
 The fragments of a human form were strew'd  
 In the wild midst ; white bones were here and there  
 Scatter'd among long strips of gory flesh  
 And shreds of garments. Near them was a hound,  
 Mangled and crush'd into a shapeless heap.  
 A face, half peel'd from brow to chin, was seen  
 Amidst the fragments. Gazing with deep awe,  
 The simple villagers those features knew ;  
 And looking at each other, whispering low,  
 And calling up each scene that made the life  
 Of the rude hunter such dark mystery,  
 They broke a grave within the frozen earth,  
 Gather'd, in shuddering silence, the remains,  
 And left the blood-stain'd to his last repose.

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A VISIT TO THE MONGAUP FALLS.\*

THE heat spreads a pale shining glaze o'er the sky,  
 Like piles of carved brass, the clouds motionless lie ;  
 The west hath not sent yet its soft kissing breeze  
 To stir the close air, or wake life in the trees ;  
 With dull, weighty languor the frame is oppress'd,  
 The shades dropp'd around bring no coolness or rest ;  
 As we pant under shelter or melt in the glow  
 Our minds wander off to the regions of snow ;

\* These falls are in a wild and romantic stream called the Mongaup, in Sullivan county, state of New York.

The cold, polish'd ice spreads its plain to our feet,  
We skim in the keen wind rejoicing and fleet.  
Then other sweet visions glide, changing the scene,  
The dim vaulted forests with twilights of green,  
The stream dancing onward delicious and cool,  
Here, foaming a torrent—there, coiling a pool—  
The cavern with fresh dripping moss spotted o'er,  
And water-drops tinkling like bells on its floor ;  
Hurrah ! a thought strikes us—shake languor away,  
The Falls of Mongaup will we visit to-day.

The rough springless wagon—two steeds under rein,  
The harness eked out of rope, leather, and chain—  
Creaks up to the inn porch ; we wheel from the spot,  
One horse in a canter and one on a trot ;  
Along the broad turnpike we clatter and shake  
Like a hail-storm, with clouds of thick dust in our wake ;  
We clamber the hill—round the corner we tear,  
Two wheels slanted downward and two in the air.  
Still plies the whip fiercely, our balance we find,  
We dash down the slope with the speed of the wind ;  
The fences of serpent-like pine roots we pass,  
Scathed stump-spotted clearings and patches of grass,  
With low crouching cabins of logs chink'd with clay,  
Long well-sweep, and wood-pile, and brown stack of hay.  
The dark welcome forests spread round and on high ;  
The road winds in shadow with glimpses of sky ;  
Our steeds strike their hoofs on roots pared to a coil,  
Our hubs graze the trees, from the banks plough the soil ;  
Like opposite cannon, logs point from the shade  
Where once the prone pine its huge rampart had laid ;  
A branch now inclines its green archway so low

We stoop to avoid in our faces the blow ;  
We struggle through hollows, roll smooth over moss,  
And jolt over logs the swamp-streamlet across,  
Where we scare up the woodcock, quick catching a look  
Of the rich-tinted sheldrake swiftly seeking his nook ;  
Then upward we labor ; the steep ridge we crown,  
Either side on the tops of tall trees looking down,  
Our course only pointed by time-blacken'd hacks  
The pioneer-settler has mark'd with his axe.

That rustle ! joy, joy ! 'tis the breeze moist and sweet,  
Oh how the leaves dance up and down to its feet !  
It glides with smooth balm o'er our heat-beaded skin,  
Each pulse feels its soothing—each breath draws it in,  
It blows the wet hair from our brows with its kiss,  
And we yield in delight to the delicate bliss ;  
The aspens shake loosely like fountains in play,  
The maples quick change their green colors to gray,  
The hemlocks give murmurs like millions of bees,  
There's a patter like rain in the slight birchen trees ;  
Wherever those pinions are fanning their flight  
There coolness and music—there life and delight.

We leave the wood-shadows dark, breezy, and sweet ;  
Again, like a burning-glass, beats down the heat ;  
The low-gabled schoolhouse we pass on our way,  
The white-headed urchins shrill shouting in play ;  
The road down the hill by a torrent seems rent,  
Loose stones and deep gullies—a break-neck descent—  
We glide o'er the flat, round the angle we spin,  
And halt, with a shout, at the Forestburgh Inn.  
In a room lined with benches, and sprinkled with sand,

At a picketed nook, the boys clamorous stand,  
 Where bottles and glasses and rolls of cigars  
 Show tempting behind the half-sweep of the bars ;  
 We seek then the parlor—rag carpet on floor,  
 A wild staring sampler framed over the door,  
 Chairs yellow and bright, wooden clock ticking loud,  
 A mirror, whose gilding baize wraps in a shroud,  
 Brown hangings of paper the windows that screen,  
 And hearth fill'd with plumes of asparagus green.  
 The girls there await us ; our path we commence  
 Through crimson-stemm'd buckwheat, o'er rough clearing  
 fence ;

The "barrens" spread round us, a shrubby pine growth  
 With low sneaking hemlocks thin sprinkled, as loth  
 To show e'en their faces, and gaunt trees with locks  
 Of gray brittle moss, and earth scatter'd with rocks.  
 Yet paths branch all over the cattle have trod,  
 The ground-pine o'ertwining its thick fringing sod,  
 The low whortleberries ! what thousands we view,  
 In large tempting clusters of light misty blue !  
 As round them we gather and cull with delight  
 A sound stops the mirth, pales each cheek with affright,  
 A quick whizzing sound, like the wings of a bee  
 Shrill singing in efforts from toils to be free ;  
 The rattlesnake ! back, back—the rattlesnake ! look  
 At his coil of fierce wrath in yon bough shadow'd nook !  
 His eyes flash quick sparkles—his tongue quivers red,  
 The brown turns to bronze as he arches his head ;  
 Back—back—still his warning the dread reptile gives,  
 The post he has taken he holds while he lives ;  
 High shakes he his rattles with venomous strength,  
 Keep back, and no danger—he darts but his length !

A stone whizzes at him—he writhes at the blow,  
More fierce is his rattle, more vivid his glow,  
His eyes flash more luridly—swifter his tongue—  
See, see, from his coil the fierce demon has sprung!  
But another jagg'd missile is hurl'd on his head,  
Down crushing its terror—his being is sped.

We come to a hill, once with trees plumaged o'er,  
But a whirlwind has struck it—its pride is no more.  
Strew'd round, like the straw that the reaper disdains,  
In a wild tangled mass lie the forest remains ;  
Fork'd roots with the soil their tough fibres had grasp'd,  
Boughs twisted in boughs they in falling had clasp'd,  
Trunks lying on trunks in strange mazes, but through  
The path turns and winds like a labyrinth-clew,  
Till we reach a great hemlock, its body stretch'd prone  
Down the slope of the hill it once claim'd for its throne ;  
Along its rough surface we tread as a bridge,  
And leave the drear wind-fall, with joy, on its ridge.

The forest spreads over its ceiling of green,  
We thread its dim aisles, its high columns between ;  
The wintergreens show, lying low at our tracks,  
Their balls, as though moulded of pure snowy wax ;  
The mallows, in clumps spotted over the grass,  
Their cheeses encased in their drawn sacks, we pass ;  
Its scarf of rich pink the wild rose-bush displays,  
A canopy fit for the dance of the fays ;  
On its slim pillar'd stem hangs the sunflower's crown  
Points of delicate gold round a bosom of brown,  
We strip the red beads from the sorrel, and shake  
The down from the rich tawny plumes of the brake ;



We part with soft click the smooth joints of the rush,  
 To scent their strong fragrance the mint-leaves we crush,  
 Whilst the blackberry's beehive-shaped fruitage of jet  
 Is cluster'd in brambles twined round like a net.  
 But on! for a low steady murmur is heard,  
 Like the pine when its plumes by soft breathings are stirr'd;  
 Then deeper and sterner, as onward we wend,  
 Like the pine when the breeze makes its proud summit  
 bend,

Then swell'd to an air-shaking, nerve-thrilling roar,  
 Like a forest of pines when fierce blasts trample o'er.  
 We haste down the steep in the serpent-like path,  
 Still louder the torrent's stern, breath-taking wrath,  
 Till we pause at the brink of a pool dark as night,  
 And scatter'd with slow circling spangles of white.  
 A deep gorge winds upward, and forth with a bound  
 The cataract's pitch shakes its thunder around;  
 It comes from its shadow'd and prison-like glen  
 With a leap and a roar, like a lion from den;  
 Wild fir-trees, contorted as fix'd in some spasm,  
 And tall bristling pines adding gloom to the chasm  
 A dark, gloomy gulf, webb'd below with a screen,  
 The cataract casting white flashes between,  
 As though a mad monster in torments beneath  
 Were now and then grasping the boughs with his teeth.

Around the black pool spread the thickets, and push  
 Their skirts in the water, of sapling and bush.  
 In June, the dense laurels that shadow the brink  
 Are cover'd with beautiful clusters of pink,  
 But now, in the sun their long leaves to the sight  
 Glint from their green polish swift dazzles of light.

Our party has spread into groups scatter'd round  
Some listening intent to the cataract's sound ;  
Some swinging on grape-vines slung loose between trees,  
Their foreheads fann'd cool in the play of the breeze,  
Some kneeling where up peers a fountain of glass,  
Like an eye of soft gray, through its lashes of grass ;  
While some climb the platform, where, down at their feet,  
Five pitches the torrent makes, sheet after sheet,  
First winding, then plunging, once more and once more,  
Till each voice is blent in one agony-roar.

We all are now seated on grass green and cool,  
In a thicket whence glimpses are caught of the pool ;  
At the height of our mirth, one points quick where the  
screen

Lets a space of the foam-jewell'd basin be seen ;  
With still, cautious hand we our network divide ;  
Leaves shake on the basin's fringed opposite side ;  
Two antlers are thrust forth—out stretches a head—  
A deer steals to view with slow hesitant tread ;  
Each side he inclines a neck graceful and slim,  
Then stoops his proud forehead, advances a limb ;  
Draws in the clear water, moves on as he drinks,  
Now the flood laves his sides ; ha ! he flounders, he sinks !  
He rises, and, snorting, strikes out with his feet,  
And, bubbles round boiling, plies swift through the sheet,  
With antlers on shoulder, and nose in the air,  
He comes, the bright creature ! in line with our lair,  
He touches the margin, 'tis scaled with a bound,  
A shake flings the glancing drops showering around,  
Then catching quick sight of an ill-shrouded face,  
A brown shooting streak for an instant we trace,

The next, the close forest conceals him, and deep  
Each breathes a long sigh, as just waken'd from sleep.

Now some all the arts of the angler employ,  
The keen-sighted, quick-hearing trout to decoy :  
A bright mimic fly skims the surface, but no !  
Naught rises ; we have but our pains for the throw ;  
A worm up and down next moves gently, alas !  
Not a jerk to the rod, not a break on the glass,  
Yet air-bells burst round us, and leapings are heard,  
Except where our lines are, the whole pool is stirr'd ;  
But here comes a butterfly ! follow his skim,  
We'll warrant a trout makes a dash now at him ;  
Confound our ill-luck ! Yes, a loud-ringing splash ;  
A splendid two-pounder is up like a flash,  
His spots fairly gleam'd in his leap to the air ;  
That's enough ! and our rods are thrown by in despair.

Meanwhile a rude platform the others have made,  
Of logs wedged together, boards over them laid,  
It floats by the pool-side ; hurrah, boys, a raft !  
We'll enjoy a short trip on our light buoyant craft ;  
The girls shrink, but yield ; we all crowd on its floor,  
Till it yields to our weight—we then push from the shore ;  
We pole through the water, and drive as we go,  
From his sun-bask, the sheath'd snapping-turtle below.  
Our goal is the cataract's foot ; and our ear  
Is fill'd with the roaring, more loud as more near.  
A glance of the sun the white torrent has kiss'd,  
And see ! a rich rainbow is spann'd o'er the mist ;  
The flood seems as fierce springing at us, then lost  
In a high foaming hillock convulsively toss'd ;

Approaching too close, the raft dips in the mound ;  
Like a fear-madden'd steed the frail thing gives a bound,  
But the impetus sends us from danger away  
Unharm'd, save a quick drenching bath of the spray,  
And back we safe glide, though in loudest complaint  
The girls all declare they are ready to faint.  
We touch the green marge ; hark ! a shriek shrill and loud,  
A bird with huge wings, like a fragment of cloud,  
Shoots swift from the gorge, sweeps around, then on high  
Cleaves his way, till he seems a dim spot in the sky ;  
Then stooping in circles, contracting his rings,  
He swoops to a pine-top and settles his wings ;  
An eagle ! an eagle ! how kingly his form !  
He seems fit to revel in sunshine and storm ;  
What terrible talons, what strength in that beak,  
His red, rolling eye-balls the proud monarch speak ;  
He casts looks, superb and majestic, down,  
His pine for a throne, and his crest for a crown ;  
He stirs not a feather, though shoutings arise,  
But still flings beneath mute contempt at our cries ;  
A branch is hurl'd upward, whirls near him, but vain,  
He looks down his eloquent, glorious disdain,  
'Till he chooses to spread his broad pinions of gray  
And launch in majestic, slow motion away.

SUNSET ON SHAWANGUNK MOUNTAIN.

A PARADISE of beauty in the light  
Pour'd by the sinking sun, the mountain glows  
In this soft summer evening. Dark and cool  
The shadow of the opposite hills is spread  
O'er Mamakating, save where brightly stretch  
The edges of the golden mantle, wove  
In the rich loom of sunset, and thrown o'er  
The earthen monarch's form. Within the light  
Sparkles the stream, the shaven meadows glow,  
The cornfields glitter, smiles the kindled grain,  
Farm-house and barn cast far their ebon shapes,  
Whilst the long tip of the hay-barrack lies  
Upon the clubb'd foot of the midway pine  
Bristling on Shawangunk. But in the midst  
Of the sweet valley stand the village-roofs,  
With the first shiftings of the twilight gray  
Upon their outlines. Onward slowly creeps  
The mighty shadow ; no more shines the stream,  
Meadow and cornfield darken, and the grain  
Looks faded ; deeper swim the twilight shades,  
Until the hollow links in blended gloom.  
On still the shadow steals ; the mountain's foot  
Is blacken'd, but a glow of quivering tints  
Yet plays upon its breast. Half light, half gloom  
Now shows the slope. Up, up the shadow creeps  
Toward the steep brow ; the lustrous gloss peels off

Before it, till along the ragged top  
Smiles a rich stripe of gold, that up still slides  
Until it dwindles to a thread, and then  
As breath glides from a mirror, melts away.

Now as I tread the twisting cattle-path  
Along its base, the cool air on my brow,  
I hear a ceaseless twitter running through  
The trees and bushes from the nestling birds,  
Blent with the long-heaved sighing of the pine,  
The buzz of insects on their skimming wings,  
And the deep-throated gurgle of the brook  
Down in the black ravine. A mingled voice  
The hollow too upsends; low human talk—  
Shrill whistlings—tones of children at their play—  
The cow-bell tinkling in the meadow-grass—  
The loud, quick bellow echoing down the vale—  
The bleat—the barn-yard clarion—and the wheel  
On the ear shaking; yea, so still the air,  
I hear the pleasant rustling of the scythe  
Cutting its keen way through the long, deep grass,  
And e'en the fitful stamping of yon horse  
Standing within a corner of the rails  
Bounding his pasture.

Back I trace my path.

The twilight deepens. Shadowy, vast, and grim  
The mountain looms, whilst on the western hills  
The darkness gathers in one gloomy mass;  
O'er head the stars out-tremble, and the moon  
Late cold and blind, is filling rich with light;  
And as the east grows duskier, shadows faint  
Are thrown upon the earth, till soft and sweet

The moonlight bathes all nature in its calm  
And solemn joy. Oh holy, holy hour!  
Hour of pure thought, when worldly cares depart,  
When heaven seems near the weary one of earth  
And God o'erbending with inviting smile.

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ANGLING.

THE south wind is breathing most sweetly to-day,  
The sunshine is veil'd in a mantle of gray,  
The Spring rains are past, and the streams leap along  
Not brimming nor shrunken, with sparkle and song ;  
'Tis the month loved by anglers—'tis beautiful June!—  
Away then, away then, to bright Callikoon !

A narrow wild path through the forest is here,  
With light tiny hoof-prints, the trail of the deer !  
Beside and above us, what splendor of green !  
The eye can scarce pierce the dense branches between,  
How lightly this moss-hillock yields to the foot !  
How gnarl'd is yon bough, and how twisted that root !  
What white and pink clusters the laurel hangs out,  
The air one deep hum from the bees all about !  
The chesnut—'tis gala day with her—behold  
Her leaves nearly cover'd with plumage of gold !  
Whilst thick in the depths of the coverts below,  
The blackberry blossoms are scatter'd like snow.  
High up, the brown-thrasher is tuning her lay,  
And the red-crested woodpecker hammers away,

The caw of the crow echoes hoarse from the tops,  
The horn of the locust swells shrilly and stops,  
While knots of bright butterflies flutter around,  
And seeks the striped squirrel his cave in the ground.

We break from the tree-groups ; a glade deep with grass ;  
The white clover's breath loads the sense as we pass,  
A sparkle—a streak—a broad glitter is seen  
The bright Callikoon through its thickets of green !  
We rush to the banks—its sweet music we hear,  
Its gush, dash, and gurgle all blent to the ear,  
No shadows are drawn by the cloud-cover'd sun,  
We plunge in the crystal, our sport is begun.  
Our line where that ripple shoots onward, we throw,  
It sweeps to the foam-spangled eddy below,  
A tremor—a pull—the trout upward is thrown,  
He swings to our basket—the prize is our own.

We pass the still shallows—a plunge at our side—  
The dive of the muskrat, its terror to hide.  
A clamor is heard, spots are darting from sight—  
The duck with her brood speeding on in affright.  
A rush—the quick water-snipe cleaving the air—  
We pass the still shallows—our prey is not there.

But here, where the trunk stretches half o'er the brook,  
And slumbers the pool in a leaf-shadow'd nook,  
Where eddies are dimpling and circling away,  
Steal gently, for here lies the king of our prey.  
Throw stilly—if greater the sound meets his ear  
Than the burst of a bubble, you strike him with fear :  
How cautious his touch of the death-hiding bait,



The rod now is trembling ; wait ! patiently wait !  
 A pull—raise your line, yet most gently—'twill bring  
 The credulous victim more sure to his spring,  
 A jerk, and the angle is bent to its length,  
 Play the line from the reel or 'twill break with his strength !  
 He darts round in foam, but his vigor is past,  
 Draw steadily to you—you'll have him at last !  
 Raise up, but beware that strong struggle and gasp,  
 And the noble snared creature is filling your grasp.  
 How bright with the water-gloss glitters the pride  
 Of his brown-clouded back, red and gold spotted side !  
 But we leave the reft scene of the dead monarch's reign  
 Like a despot that moves on to triumph again.

The voice of the rapid now burthens the air,  
 Approach, for our prey's crowded city is there !  
 Here whirlpools, there eddies, here stillness, there foam,  
 We ply well our efforts—no further we roam.  
 Our baskets we fill, but our muscles are tired,  
 And a shade in the sky tells that day has expired ;  
 The robin has chanted his vespers and flown ;  
 The frog from the creek has commenced his trombone ;  
 The spider has ceased his slight furrow to show ;  
 The brown sprawling shrimp seeks the pebbles below ;  
 The bank then we clamber, our home-path resume,  
 The torch-bearing fire-fly to lighten the gloom,  
 And dreams of our sleep-fetter'd pillow restore  
 Our day-sport, distorted but pleasing, once more.

## DEER SHOOTING.

THE east is now dappled with dawning of light,  
 To the woods for the deer ere the sun is in sight !  
 The white frost has spread its fresh silver-like veil,  
 And if a hoof passes, it tells us the tale,  
 The hound in swift gambols darts hither and yon,  
 We shoulder our rifles, and rapidly on.

Each limb how elastic, how bracing the air !  
 Hurrah, boys, what know we of sorrow or care !  
 Our veins tingle wild with delight, as we feel  
 The breath of the autumn morn over us steal ;  
 The herds to their pastures are wending along,  
 And hark ! the first robin has burst into song !  
 The hawk leaves the pine, in slow circles to sail,  
 And in the brown stubble field whistles the quail :  
 Tread faster ! for now the deer glides from the shade  
 To drink at the streamlet, and feed in the glade ;  
 If longer we loiter, we'll seek him in vain,  
 He'll soon make his couch in the thickets again.

His haunts we approach ; creep on cautious and slow,  
 The stir of a branch our dread presence will show ;  
 His haunts we approach ; scan the glade-grass, and look  
 For his prints in the soft oozy marge of the brook :  
 Here's a dash of the moss from the rock ; there has sunk  
 His hoof in the brown brittle dust of the trunk ;

Lead the hound to yon thicket! these tracks all around  
Proclaim that the runway at last we have found.

His rich rainbow banner hath Autumn unroll'd,  
The woods blaze in splendors of crimson and gold,  
The leaves cutting sharp on the soft sapphire sky  
Are clusters of jewels suspended on high,  
The dream-like and delicate light melting through  
Seems changed where it falls to an opal-like hue,  
So vivid and brilliant the colors that glow  
On the undergrowth spread, like a carpet, below.  
With canopy o'er, rich as monarch could claim,  
And rifle on shoulder I wait for the game.  
As breathings I hold, the hound's music to hear,  
The trickle of waters comes meek to my ear;  
His hollow-toned trill the dark cricket repeats;  
Like watch-ticks, the spider's quick regular beats;  
And in contrast, the glee of the grasshopper-throng  
With the catydid's solemn monotonous song;  
Then wearied with listening, I smile as, in ire  
The milksnake out-launches his prong'd tongue of fire,  
And on the prone beech, the coxcombical crow  
Struts lordly, as if his black plumage to show;  
But hark to that sound stealing faint through the wood!  
Heart hammers, breath thickens, swift rushes the blood!  
It swells from the thicket more loud and more near  
'Tis the hound giving tongue! he is driving the deer!  
My rifle is levell'd—swift tramlings are heard—  
A rustle of leaves—then, with flight like a bird,  
His antlers thrown back, and his body in motion  
With quick rise and fall like a surge of the ocean—  
His eyeballs wide rolling in phrensied affright—

Outbursts the magnificent creature to sight.  
A low cry I utter ; he stops—bends his head,  
His nostrils distended, limbs quaking with dread ;  
My rifle cracks sharp—he springs wildly on high,  
Then pitches down headlong, to quiver and die.

On the trail now comes, leaping and panting, the hound,  
And I hear the shrill whoop of my comrade resound ;  
Upwheels the broad sun—his fresh joy giving light  
The innermost depths, striking quick into sight ;  
A twitter and flutter awake in the trees ;  
The stream casts its white curling breath to the breeze ;  
As under our burthen we stagger along  
The sociable wren bids good-morrow in song,  
But the chatterbox squirrel is swelling with wrath,  
And stamping, lets drop his brown nuts in our path,  
We heed not his antics, but trudge 'on amain,  
And stand, spent with toil, at our threshold again.

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FOWLING.

“Yet this great solitude is quick with life ;  
And birds, that scarce have learn'd the fear of man,  
Are here.”—*Bryant*.

A MORN in September ! the East is yet gray,  
Come, Carlo ! come, Jupe ! we'll try fowling to-day :  
The fresh sky is bright as the bright face of one  
A sweeter than whom the sky looks not upon :

And those wreath'd clouds that melt to the breath of the  
south

Are white as the pearls of her beautiful mouth ;  
My hunting-piece glitters, and quick is my task  
In slinging around me my pouch and my flask :  
Cease, dogs, your loud clamor ! you'll deafen my brain ;  
Desist from your rambles, and follow my train !

Here, leave the geese, Carlo ! to nibble their grass,  
Though they do stretch their long necks and hiss as we  
pass :

And that fierce little bantam, that flies your attack,  
Then struts, flaps, and crows with such airs, at your back ;  
And the turkey, too, smoothing his plumes in your face,  
Then ruffling so proudly, as leave you the place ;  
Ha ! ha ! that old hen bristling up mid her brood,  
Has taught you a lesson, I trust, for your good—  
By the wink of your eye, and the droop of your crest,  
I see your maraudings are now put at rest.

The rail-fence is leap'd, and the wood-boughs are round,  
And a moss-couch is spread for my foot on the ground :  
A shadow has dimm'd the leaves' amethyst glow,  
The first glance of Autumn his presence to show !  
The beech-nut is ripening above in its sheath  
Which will burst with the black frost and drop it beneath :  
The hickory hardens snow-white in its shell,  
The butternut's globes show more large in the dell,  
The chesnut is changing its hue in its burr,  
The cones are full-grown on the pine-tree and fir,  
The hopple's red berries are tinging with brown,  
The tips of the sumach have darken'd their down,

The white brittle Indian-pipe lifts up its bowl,  
The wild turnip's leaf curls out broad like a scroll,  
The cohosh displays its white balls and red stems,  
The braid of the mullen is yellow with gems,  
While its rich spangled plumage the golden rod shows,  
And the thistle yields stars to each air-breath that blows.

A quick startling whirr now bursts loud on my ear—  
The partridge—the partridge—swift pinion'd by fear,  
Low onward he whizzes, Jupe yelps as he sees,  
And we dash through the brush-wood to note where he  
trees :

I see him—his brown speckled breast is display'd  
On the branch of yon maple that edges the glade :  
My fowling-piece rings, Jupe darts forward so fleet,  
Ere I load he lays down the dead bird at my feet.  
I pass by the scour-berries' drops of deep red  
In their green creeping leaves, where he daintily fed,  
And his couch near the root, in the warm forest-mould  
Where he wallow'd, till sounds his close danger foretold.  
On his branch, the bright oriole dances and sings,  
With rich crimson bosom and glossy black wings,  
And the robin lights warbling, then flutters away,  
For I harm not God's creatures so tiny as they :  
But the quail, whose quick whistle has lured me along,  
No more will recall his stray'd mate with his song ;  
And the hawk, that is circling so proud in the blue,  
Let him keep a look-out, or he'll tumble down too :  
He stoops—the gun echoes—he plunges beneath  
His yellow claws curl'd, and fierce eyes glazed in death.  
Lie there, cruel Arab ! the mocking-bird now  
Can rear her young brood without fear of thy blow,

And the brown wren can warble his sweet little lay,  
 Nor dread more thy talons to rend and to slay ;  
 And with luck, an example I'll make of that crow,  
 For my green sprouting wheat knew no hungrier foe ;  
 But the black rascal seems from his summit to scoff,  
 And as I creep near him, he croaks, and is off.

The woods shrink away and wide spreads the morass,  
 With junipers cluster'd, and matted with grass,  
 Trees standing like ghosts, their heads splinter'd and bare,  
 O'erhung with pale lichens, like age-whiten'd hair,  
 The tamarack here and there, rising between,  
 Its gray mossy boughs tufted over with green ;  
 With clumps of dense laurels, and brown-headed flags,  
 And thick slimy basins black dotted with snags—  
 Tread softly, now, Carlo ! the woodcock is here—  
 He rises, his long bill thrust out like a spear—  
 The gun ranges on him—his journey is sped,  
 Quick scamper my spaniels and bring in the dead :  
 We plunge in the swamp, the tough laurels are round,  
 No matter, our shy prey not lightly is found :  
 Another up-darts, but unharm'd in his flight—  
 Confound it ! the sunshine then dazzled my sight !  
 But the other, my shot overtake as he flies—  
 Come, Carlo ! come, Carlo ! I wait for my prize :  
 Another—another—till, proofs of my sway,  
 From my pouch dangle heads in a ghastly array.

From this scene of exploits, now made birdless, I pass—  
 Pleasant pond gleams before me—a mirror of glass ;  
 My boat's by the margin, with branches supplied,  
 From the keen-sighted duck my approaches to hide :

A flock spots the pond now—crouch, Carlo, below,  
 And I move with light paddle, on cautious and slow.  
 By yon wide lily-island, its meshes that weaves,  
 Of balls rich and golden, and large oval leaves,  
 I watch them; how bright and superb is the sheen  
 Of their plumage, gold blended with purple and green;  
 How graceful their dipping—how gliding their way—  
 They are almost too radiant to mark as a prey!  
 One flutters enchain'd in those brown speckled stems,  
 His yellow foot striking up bubbles like gems—  
 Another with stretch'd neck darts swiftly across  
 To the grass, whose green points dot the mirror-like gloss:  
 But my labor I cease, their wise leader the drake,  
 Eyes keen the queer thicket afloat on the lake:  
 They group close together—both barrels—oh dear,  
 What screaming and diving and splashing are here!  
 The smoke-curles melt off as the echoes rebound—  
 Hurrah! five dead victims are floating around.

But "cloudland" is tinged now with sunset, and bright  
 On the water's smooth polish stretch long lines of light,  
 The head-lands their masses of shade too have lain,  
 And I pull with my spoil to the margin again.



SPEARING.

THE lake's gold and purple has vanish'd from sight,  
The glimmer of twilight is merged into night,  
The woods on the borders, in blackness are mass'd,  
The waters in motionless ebony glass'd,  
The stars that first spangled the pearl of the west  
Are lost in the bright blazing crowds of the rest ;  
Light the torch!—launch the boat!—for to-night we are here,  
The salmon, the quick-darting salmon, to spear.

We urge our light craft by the push of the oar  
Through the serpent-like stems of the lilies near shore,  
And turn the sharp prow at yon crescent-shaped cove,  
Made black by the down-hanging boughs of its grove ;  
The meek eddy-gurgle that whirls at our dip,  
Sounds low as the wine-bead which bursts on the lip,  
On the lake, from the flame of our torch, we behold  
A pyramid pictured in spangles of gold,  
And the marble-like depths on each side of the blaze  
Are full of gray sparkles, far in as we gaze ;  
The loon from his nook in the bank, sends a cry,  
The night-hawk darts down, with a rush, through the sky,  
In gutturals hoarse, on his green slimy log  
To his shrill piping tribe, croaks the patriarch frog,  
And bleat, low, and bark, from the banks, mingle faint  
With the anchorite whippoorwill's mournful complaint.

We glide in the cove—let the torch be flared low !  
 The spot where our victim is lurking, 'twill show,  
 Midst the twigs of this dead sunken tree-top he lies,  
 Poise, comrade, your spear ! or farewell to our prize !  
 It darts—to the blow his best efforts are bent,  
 A white bubbling streak shows its rapid descent,  
 He grasps it as upward it shoots through the air,  
 Three cheers for our luck !—the barb'd victim is there !  
 Give way, boys ! give way, boys ! our prow points to shore,  
 Give way, boys ! give way, boys ! our labor is o'er.  
 As the black mass of forest our torch-light receives,  
 It breaks into groups of trunks, branches, and leaves :  
 Low perch'd on the hemlock, we've blinded with light  
 Yon gray-headed owl !—see him flutter from sight !  
 And the orator frog, as we glide with our glow,  
 Stops his speech with a groan, and dives splashing below ;  
 One long and strong pull—the prow grates on the sand,  
 Three cheers for our luck, boys ! as spring we to land.

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“SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.”

A FAIR young girl, one golden summer day  
 Was wandering through a wood. The two whose love  
 Guided the tottering steps of infancy,  
 Had gone on high to wear bright wings and raise  
 Sweet anthems with the angels ; she was left  
 The world's wild tempest to sustain alone.  
 Yet had her mind been fill'd with love for God,  
 Taught that He e'er was present, that His eye

Look'd always on her, and His holy arm  
 Circled her in protection : and when Death  
 Was fastening heavenward pinions to the one  
 The last to leave her, as a mother's voice  
 Trembled upon her ear, she heard in awe,  
 Heard as her tears fell fast, that voice implore  
 The Father, Him who reigns in highest heaven,  
 To look upon the helpless child on earth,  
 And guide, and guard, and bless her. Since that hour  
 Oh ! ever after, did her childish heart  
 Thrill and hush deep within itself, as thought  
 Wafted that death-bed scene, and in her ear  
 That broken voice was whisper'd. She had look'd  
 In the soft twilight, hour of balm and dew,  
 In the deep night magnificent with stars,  
 In golden morn, and in the gorgeous set  
 Of the proud sun, and ask'd in prayer for God,  
 For God, her Father ! and, oh blessed thought !  
 The Father of the loved ones pass'd away.  
 But naught, oh naught had met her eye or ear  
 To tell her of His presence. She was sad.  
 Her footsteps now were straying in the bright  
 And glorious summer noontide. Fresh and green  
 The leaves hung round her ; overhead the sky  
 Seem'd one bright smile ; rich streaks of sunshine  
     glanced  
 Like pointing fingers through the crowded stems,  
 And little birds, with soft-toned songs that seem'd  
 Tuned for her ear, flew round her ; tiny flowers  
 Wooing her touch were nestling in their nooks,  
 And all was peace and beauty. On a mound  
 Sloping like velvet, sank her girlish form.

Soft murmurs in the grass, a purling voice  
 In the near rill, a low deep organ-tone  
 Thrilling the pine-tree, lull'd each sense, and sleep  
 Glided across her with its downy touch.  
 The ground bird tripp'd beside and look'd askance,  
 Then whirr'd away. The squirrel gazed and bark'd  
 And leap'd into its bush. A straying fawn  
 Bleated in fear as his large staring eye  
 Met the prone form, and still she slumber'd on.  
 A sweet, sweet dream enchain'd her: in her view  
 Two radiant shapes, around which sparkled still  
 The light that flashes from the "great white throne,"  
 Stood, every moment brightening, and soft sounds  
 Like far-off echoes, crept upon her ear.  
 The pure forms pointed round—the melting tones  
 Bade her eyes open and behold her God:  
 Just then a robin lit upon the pine  
 Pouring a gush of music, and she woke.  
 A mist seem'd vanishing from her eye—a veil  
 Seem'd waving from her mind. She look'd—a light  
 Steady and clear, stream'd broad within her heart,  
 And she saw God. Yes! God was in the sky  
 Cloudless and bright above her; in the flower  
 That breathed beneath; in the rich finger'd gold  
 Of the slant sunshine; in the emerald leaves  
 O'er-canopied: His voice was in the grass  
 Murmuring around—the stream and organ pine;  
 And bending low her knee and shedding tears  
 More sweet and soothing than she e'er had known,  
 She lifted up her childish voice and pray'd.

FAITH.

If that high faith, whose holy beam  
The future's midnight turns to day,  
Be but delusion's feverish dream,  
Returning reason sweeps away,  
Oh who could nerve against despair,  
When storms surround the staggering bark!  
Oh who his wearying burthens bear  
Along a path so cold and dark!

The keen regret—the wasting grief,  
The tears that make life's daily showers,  
Oh where from these could come relief!  
Oh where! if that dark creed be ours!  
Better at once to end our pain,  
In the hush'd grave our sorrows cast,  
Than drag along a galling chain,  
And have no goal to reach at last.

But if that Faith that heavenward glows,  
Sheds on our hearts its radiance clear,  
Then come, oh Earth! with all thy woes!  
We care not for our trials here.  
The soul, the soul can never die,  
Away all clouds will soon be driven,  
Its goal is yonder glorious sky,  
Its everlasting home is heaven

## THE FORSAKEN ROAD.

IN the deep bosom of the wilderness,  
Arbor'd with green, now hidden by the leaves  
Dropp'd at the breath of Autumn, seaming here  
The hollow wet with cozing springs, and there  
Traced lightly on the firm and level glade  
Winds, in two wheel-marks, a forsaken road.  
Now it is lost within a sward of grass  
Spread pleasantly, with scatter'd groups of trees,  
A place to lie in, when the summer sun  
Throws broken gold ; thence strikes it through the  
shade,

With time-stain'd blazes on the thronging trunks  
Hack'd either hand. Within the densest spot,  
A pine has stretch'd its giant barricade,  
Bulging with knots and fork'd with splinter'd twigs,  
The shroud-like moss o'ermantling ; as it lies  
So motionless, so powerless in decay,  
I start to think its shatter'd summit once  
Flaunted its daring challenge to the storm  
And told its fall in thunder. Still the wreck  
Hath pleasant uses ; its high twining roots  
Are chambers for the squirrel, and its frame  
Keeps bare a stripe of mossy nut-strew'd earth  
From the white drift that blocks the opposite side,  
So that the tenants of the base might steal

In the brief glimpses of the winter sun  
To find the scatter'd treasures. `

Onward still

I trace the road ; tall saplings in the midst,  
Then tawny grain-crack'd fragments crumbling fine  
As my foot sinks within them ; then a mound  
Of the sweet low-stemm'd wintergreen ; a bridge  
Of logs then lying crosswise o'er a stream,  
Gaping with chasms and tottering dank with age  
A frail support ; until the stone-piled wall  
Cuts sharp across, and smiling farm-fields hide  
All traces of the pathway.

As I tread

The lonely road, now scaring with my steps  
The whizzing partridge, hushing with my form  
The thrasher's song, and baring with my knife  
The darken'd hack o'erlaid with bark and rings  
That years have circled, I give rein to thought,  
And images throng round me. First the deer  
Seeking the lick, leaves prints : the midnight wolf  
Scenting his prey, tramps o'er : the red-man fierce,  
Treads in the faint but noted marks, lest moss  
And mould should show his trail. In after years  
His compass the surveyor sets, and carves  
Rude letters on the trees that, gifted thus  
With language, tell the windings of the way.  
And then the emigrant's huge wagon-tent  
Gleams white between the trunks, with household  
goods,  
Piled in and dangling round, and midst them group'd  
Childhood and matron age, the flock and herd  
Straggling behind, the patriarch and his sons

Loitering before with axes, hewing wide  
 The underbrush, and bridging o'er the streams,  
 And kindling in the dell, when frowns the night,  
 Their bivouac for slumber. Then with toil  
 The settler trudges o'er, his shoulders bent  
 Beneath his burthen from the distant mill,  
 To feed his famishing children. And as Time  
 Smooths the rough clearing to the smiling field,  
 The heavy wagon jolts across the roots  
 To the far market, and the tardy wheel  
 Therefrom bears loads of rustic 'merchandise.  
 And then as scatter'd walls of logs are merged  
 Into thick village roofs, the forest road  
 Is left, for the smooth spacious thoroughfare  
 Linking the hamlet to the river-side.

How like this lonely road, the track of life!  
 Wild passions rage along the path of youth  
 Till Reason's compass points the devious way.  
 Determination follows: hewing down  
 The barriers with the edge of energy,  
 Bridging o'er fortune's many adverse streams,  
 And lighting sorrow's frequent night with flame  
 Of solace till the morrow. Trials come—  
 Our hearts are strong with fortitude, and still  
 We tread beneath the burthens of our care,  
 For those we love are cherish'd. Then as home  
 Brightens to comfort, in our daily path  
 We reap reward of hardship; and as joys  
 Cluster around us, the smooth easy course  
 Of peaceful being leads us to the grave;  
 And the rough early road is shunn'd, for Time



To shroud its varied surface from our thoughts ;  
With proud Ambition lying prone across,  
A dead and shatter'd wreck ; yet sheltering close  
(Its fragments turn'd by dire experience  
To holier use than when it stood erect,)  
By stern remembrance of its miseries,  
Its wrestling warfare and its rending fall,  
Home feelings, and the gentle ties of love  
From perishing in the snow-drifts of the world.

---

HOME.

HOME of the soul ! thy light appears  
A star to guide man's gloomy way,  
When, pilgrim in this waste of years,  
His faltering step is turn'd astray ;  
Hope lends her pinions to his feet,  
Faith sheds its balm within his breast,  
And tireless, on he speeds to greet  
Prize of his toils ! the goal of rest.

Darkly the night hath frown'd on high,  
Roughly the path before hath spread,  
And the fierce tempest, sweeping by,  
Hath beat upon the wanderer's head.  
But through the night, streams, pure and warm  
Upon the path, a pointing ray,  
A hand is with him in the storm,  
To guide and guard—his strength and stay.

Oh who would linger here, when Home  
Hath bliss that fancy never drew !  
Oh why should footstep ever roam,  
When heaven shines o'er our mental view !  
Home, glorious Home ! earth's darkest sky  
And stormiest path, we calmly brave,  
For the bright wafting wings that lie  
In waiting, for us, at the grave.

---

MOONLIGHT.

FROM her blue sky-throned height  
The moon looks down upon the silent scene,  
Changing the gloom of night  
To sparkling silver, with her magic sheen.

A solitary cloud  
Steals o'er her orb which paints a halo there,  
On floats the transient shroud  
Curls by that star-gem, and dissolves in air.

Yon lofty mountain-pile  
Spreads a vast shadow on the glittering ground,  
Its summit like an isle  
Looming o'er billowy vapors wreathed around.

Within the templed wood  
I wander lone ; sublimely still it stands

Enshrined to solitude,  
A green majestic fane "not made with hands."

There frowns Night's blackest hue—  
And there a gleam is shot along the grass,  
Seeming, to Fancy's view,  
Spread for the fairies of the spot to pass.

Moonlight! it hath a spell  
Like music sweet and low—of feelings deep,  
Of joys too bright to dwell,  
And thoughts that come and sadden till we weep.

And blest, oh blest those tears!  
The present's stern realities depart:  
And other, happier years  
Crowd, with their sweet old memories to the heart.

The waken'd, lifted soul  
Draws nearer to that heaven we view afar,  
More brightly shines the goal,  
A ray shoots downward from our native star.

The cedar's pillar'd shade  
Streaks the wild path; and steep'd in lustrous gloss,  
Where spreads yon dewy glade,  
Gleam on my eye, the thickets, grass, and moss.

My grateful brow I bare  
To the soft fragrant wind-kiss; in thy sight  
The darkness of despair  
Brightens to hope, oh pure and holy night!

These silver'd leaves and flowers—  
Yon rich broad sky, God's mighty banner spread—  
Mountain and forest-bowers—  
A sacred awe upon my spirit shed.

One prayer, as low I kneel,  
That when Death's night succeeds Life's stormy day,  
My sin-freed soul may feel  
A heaven-sent calmness as it glides away.

---

THE OLD BRIDGE.

THROUGH a lone landscape, creeps a marshy stream:  
Dead trees have fallen across, and wither'd twigs  
Float on its stealing surface; where it shrinks  
In narrowest line, the fragments of a bridge  
Still stretch, though in decay. Its platform once  
Of lopp'd pine saplings, two hew'd trunks sustain'd.  
But now the point of one foundation-log  
Slants deep within the mire, and not a trace  
Is witness'd of the causeway.

When the bridge  
Lay in its perfect shape,—foot, hoof, and wheel  
Pass'd o'er its sturdy frame, the forest twined  
Its leafy bowers around, and through its vault  
The bright bank-brimming streamlet merrily danced.  
But the keen axe has swept its way amidst  
The woodlands, leaving here and there a tree,  
And summer suns have drunk the streamlet's fount,

Until the waters filter through a marsh  
 Where the bridge-remnants rest midst pools of slime,  
 Grass tufts like streaming hair, and sedges green  
 Pointing like daggers. But the ruin still  
 Has life and beauty round it, and itself  
 Forms to the eye a picture. Timid Spring  
 Smiles with her violet-eyes from mossy nooks,  
 And on its taper stem the lily hangs  
 Its snowy bell rich tongued with downy gold.  
 The chirping snipe alights and balances  
 Its gray-white shape; the woodcock darts in line  
 Upward at morn, but drops again at eve,  
 To feed upon the ooze beneath the logs.  
 One mighty pine, amidst the straggling trees,  
 Lifts its unchanging pyramid to heaven;  
 And when the sun is slant upon the scene,  
 The moss that clothes the fragments of the bridge  
 Glows like green velvet, the pine-top is bathed  
 In golden lustre, whilst the streaming light  
 Touching the remnants, makes a broad bright track,  
 Between them, and the sunset-portals spread  
 As though to let the eye look through to heaven.

An emblem art thou, rude and moulder'd wreck!  
 Of Age decay'd and tottering. Strong in youth  
 Man bears his burthens; Life's green objects stand  
 In myriads round him, and his feelings glide  
 In pure unwasted brightness through his breast.  
 But Time's hand grasps his form; it, shatter'd, sinks:  
 Keen disappointment strikes the objects down  
 Until they lie in wrecks; his feelings shrink  
 Beneath the glare of fierce reality,

Until they creep amidst the slime and weeds  
Of craft and selfishness : with broken frame,  
Age rests then in the mire of slow decay.  
But he is not forsaken : Childhood smiles  
Brightening his weary hours with merry looks :  
Affection hangs above his couch of pain  
A human blossom ; volatile Youth draws near  
Pleased with his presence ; Ardor oft forsakes  
His counsel, soars aloft, but comes again  
To learn new wisdom, ere he wings afresh.  
Midst the few scatter'd objects left to him,  
One changeless hope looks upward to the sky.  
And as Life's sun slants low, it touches him  
With sanctity, illumes the towering hope  
To more resplendent light, and makes the space  
That separates from the portals of the grave,  
A golden pathway between him and heaven.

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THE AMBUSH.

OLD winding roads are frequent in the woods,  
By the surveyor open'd years ago,  
When through the depths he led his trampling band  
Startling the crouch'd deer from the underbrush,  
With unknown shouts and axe-blows. Left again  
To solitude, soon Nature touches in  
Picturesque graces. Hiding, here, in moss  
The wheel-track—blocking up the vista, there,

With bushes—darkening with her soft cool tints  
 The notches on the trees and hatchet-cuts  
 Upon the stooping limbs—across the trail  
 Twisting, in wreaths, the pine's enormous roots,  
 And twining, like a bower, the limbs above.  
 Now skirts she the faint path with fringes deep  
 Of thicket, where the checker'd partridge hides  
 Its downy brood, and whence with drooping wing  
 It limps to lure away the hunter's foot  
 Approaching its low cradle ; now she coats  
 The hollow, stripp'd by the surveyor's band  
 To pitch their tents at night, with pleasant grass,  
 So that the doe, its slim fawn by its side,  
 Amidst the fire-flies in the twilight feeds ;  
 And now she hurls some hemlock o'er the track,  
 Splitting its trunk that in the frost and rain  
 Asunder falls and melts into a line  
 Of umber dust.

It was a summer eve.

Through the dark leaves, the low descending sun  
 Glow'd like a spot of splendor from the shade  
 Of Rembrandt's canvass. In the wildest part  
 Of the wild road where streaks of ruby haze  
 Were quivering, suddenly appear'd a form  
 From the thick woods. His brow was stern and fierce,  
 And his keen eye was like a burning coal.  
 He bore a rifle, and within his belt  
 Glitter'd a knife. He bent his head aside  
 And listen'd breathlessly. The sunset breeze  
 Rising and sinking fitfully, like sighs  
 Drawn by the forest, and the twittering birds  
 Alone were heard. He stoop'd his ear to earth,

Then starting up, with one quick bound he scaled  
 The prostrate body of a pine that lay  
 Like a low wall along the ancient road  
 Plumed with dense blackberry vines, and crouch'd below.  
 Once more the usual quiet settled down.  
 The thrashers which had hush'd their flutes when steps  
 Woke the green solitude, again perch'd near  
 And answer'd one another; from his grot  
 Again the squirrel glided in quick search  
 For the brown butternut, and e'en the fox  
 Peer'd with his sloping snout and glittering eye  
 From his dark den. The snapping of a twig  
 Broke on the air at length, and, treading swift,  
 A hunter, with his rifle trail'd along,  
 Strode by the pine-trunk. As he pass'd, a shot  
 Rung from the covert. Up the hunter leap'd,  
 Then headlong fell with quivering limbs and blood  
 Reddening the earth. The murderer from his lair  
 Sprang with a savage yell and pointed knife,  
 And bent above the dying. In his look  
 Glared fiend-like hate and gratified revenge.  
 He stamp'd his foot upon the form that writhed  
 Amidst its gore, then spurn'd it with wild strength  
 Over and over, laugh'd in horrid joy  
 At every hollow groan, whilst broken words  
 Of some foul wrong hiss'd fiercely through his teeth  
 Until the wretched victim gasp'd and died.  
 Then, dragging through the brown and mouldering leaves  
 The lifeless shape, he cast it in a pit  
 Hollow'd by nature near the ancient road,  
 Fill'd it with branches, and with fearful smile  
 Left the wild scene to all its sweet repose.



NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE sunset Angel lights the leaves,  
Here, casts his wing an upward glow,  
And there, his slanting finger weaves  
Bright net-work on the moss below.  
Amid the pine, now fading dim,  
The wildbird trills its vesper hymn,  
And from the arbor'd shade  
Whose cool green gloom had roof'd the heat,  
The red-deer glides with timid feet  
To feed upon the glade.

Far down, the brindled porcupine  
Within his shelving cave has shrunk,  
And, darting in an arrowy line  
The wild-bee seeks its hollow trunk.  
Each songster couch'd within its nest,  
Is softly twittering into rest ;  
Silent the partridge-drum ;  
The frog-marsh echoes harsh and loud,  
And from it the mosquito-cloud  
Streams with its constant hum.

Along the western mountain's brow  
The golden rim has pass'd away,  
And a large star is glittering now  
Out from the sheet of pearly gray :  
Beneath, the woods are wrapp'd in gloom ;

The cedar lifts its sombre plume,  
The beech is one dark mass ;  
And blackness, thick and murky, lies  
Where lately glow'd the blended dies  
Of blossom, leaf, and grass.

But the wild forest is awake ;  
The gray-owl sends his startling whoop,  
And frequent long-drawn howls outbreak  
As swiftly scours the wolfish troop ;  
And now and then the panther's yell  
Pierces the air with shrill keen swell  
So full of threatening doom,  
The hunter by his watch-fire's gleam,  
Starts, with his rifle, from his dream,  
And shudders at the gloom.

But now the leafy summits traced  
Against the spangled dome of sky,  
With faint and glimmering threads are laced,  
And softer purple glows on high ;  
The east arch kindles pure and bright,  
While a huge globe of blood-red light  
Through the tinged branches glares,  
Till o'er the wood-tops climbs the moon,  
And earth in all the pomp of June,  
Her dreamy splendor wears.

Diamonds are scatter'd o'er the ground,  
Arrows are glittering in the sprays,  
And on yon rippling stream is wound  
A shifting web of sparkling blaze ;

The trunks are streak'd with pearty gleams,  
And every leaf carved silver seems,  
Till column, roof, and wall  
Of myriad sylvan temples, rear  
Their graceful shapes distinct and clear  
Beneath this gorgeous pall.

The shouting owl has sought his den,  
Wolf-howl, and panther-shriek are still,  
Gayly the hunter leaves the glen  
For his lone cabin on the hill.  
He notes with smiles the shy raccoon  
Dipping its corn-ear where the moon  
Has bathed the stream with light,  
And sometimes, as his footsteps crush  
Dry leaf and twig, he hears a rush,  
And antlers dart from sight.

The moonlight fades—dawn struggles gray,  
Tree-tops in golden light are gloss'd,  
A robin whistles—soon his lay  
In myriad chorus-strains is lost :  
The damp wind's breath of sassafras  
Lifts to the boughs—stoops to the grass—  
All things are fair and gay ;  
Night with her sights and sounds is flown,  
And with attendants of his own  
Bright smiles the summer Day.

A PIONEER SETTLEMENT.

A RIVER near, where elms are bending  
As if the glassy flood to drink,  
Which the mild August sun descending  
Has burnish'd with soft hues of pink,  
Two straggling lines of cabins rude  
Guarded with lofty pickets round  
Reveal amidst the solitude  
The Pioneer's first chosen ground.

Around the palisades, a space,  
Of human toil bears smiling trace ;  
In phalanx deep, the plume-tipp'd maize  
Brown fringe, and green sheath'd ear, displays,  
Beside, the umber rye-field stands  
With tribute for the reaper's hands :  
Here, meadow with its shaven brow,  
Here, field just furrow'd with the plough ;  
There—the huge broad-leaf'd vine surrounds,  
Its globes roll'd out on slender stems,  
The green potato's cluster'd mounds  
Just bursting into purple gems :  
Then, spreads, with scatter'd bush and rock,  
The pasture's short thick sward of grass,  
Where stamping steed, and nibbling flock,  
And cropping herd, slow moving, pass.

Here, up the hill, a ghastly glade,  
Block'd from the green surrounding shade,  
Of the keen axe shows recent fruits,  
In chaos-heaps of trunks and roots ;  
There, the fierce fires have claim'd their spoil  
From off the burn'd and blacken'd soil,  
Save where dark stump, and cinder'd tree,  
Stand, spectre-like, and mournfully.

Round this half wild, half rural scene,  
Stretch'd boundless, like the billowy deep,  
In differing shapes and shades of green,  
The forests, thick and trackless, sweep.  
In hollows dark, the hemlocks coned,  
Pines, with tall trunks, on summits throned,  
Maples upon each sloping ridge,  
Elms, that the waters fringe and bridge,  
Dense laurels, filling swamps with screens,  
And fir-trees slanting o'er ravines.

The forest-cinctured spot is rife  
With pleasant sights and sounds of life.  
Groups dot the grass-striped village street,  
Hammer and saw and scythe are ringing,  
From field come neigh, and low, and bleat,  
On mountain-lot the axe is swinging,  
By river-side, is poled along  
The rough batteau, with laugh and song,  
Whilst o'er the mossy root-strown road,  
The Indian, with his furs, is treading ;  
And oxen, to the call and goad,  
Issue from vistas each side spreading.

A frontier picture ; but a germ  
Of that wide-branch'd prosperity  
Top, green and high—base, wide and firm,  
Whose ripen'd fruits now bless the free.

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THE FIRST VIOLET.

WARM rains and fanning winds ; the snow-drifts melt  
Into swift rivulets, and the forest floor  
Shows its leaf-carpet, whilst the roots again  
Are seen, thick velvety with moss ; o'erhead  
The branches studded with their bursting buds,  
Wave as the air stirs lightly—from her sleep  
Nature has waken'd, and laughs out with joy.  
The maple has not reddened, nor the beech  
Plumed its slight sprays, but from the earth the fern  
Thrusts its green, close-curl'd wheel, the downy sprout  
Its two leaves, and the tassels of the birch  
Are lengthening their brown links. From spot to spot  
The merry carol of the blue-bird sounds,  
The gay-wing'd messenger, the Spring sends out  
To tell us of her coming.

Wandering on,  
A tiny blossom, nestling in the moss  
Gladdens the eye—the little violet,  
Pencil'd with purple on one snowy leaf,  
And breathing its light fragrance on the air.  
It starts at the first summoning of Spring,  
And laying its slight, delicate ear to earth,

Listens for her approaching tread, and then,  
As the South tells her breath, and brown gaunt trees  
Catch the first gleaming of her emerald robe,  
It calls upon the wind-flower to arise,  
And the stream-loving cowslip :

As the leaves  
Then look from out their prisons, and the grass  
Shoots from the hill-slopes, and the cherry shows  
Its mass of snowy blossoms, the sweet thing,  
(Like modest merit in this thankless world,)  
Hides its meek head mid countless throngs of flowers.

Come to the forest, bright one ! and I'll show  
How Nature can be like thy lovely self.  
Pleasure and happiness and blessed hope  
Are now in all her teachings : I will cull  
This little violet, emblem of thyself  
In thy fresh spring of life, and all the grace  
Of thy bright girlhood, when the future seems  
A glorious Eden with no gloom to dim.  
These snowy leaves are like thy stainless brow,  
Which sorrow has not paled, nor care impress'd ;  
These purple streaks within this fairy cup,  
Pencill'd so lightly and so delicate,  
Are like the fringes of thy sweet dark eye ;  
And the soft perfume of this bee-sought shrine,  
Like the rich breathing of thy ruby lips.  
Yon pearly cloud amid the stainless blue,  
Is like thy heart in its pure holy sleep,  
No passion ruffling, writhing in no grief,  
But fancying the world is like that sky.  
So be it ever, bright one ; may the sword

Of thy good angel guard thy paradise,  
And life glide on, like music, to its close.

We will not wander far, for soon the cloud  
Rent from stern Winter's mantle in his flight,  
Will send its cold bleak wind, and rain and sleet.  
But when the sun grows warmer, and the grass  
Is thick upon the glades, and myriad flowers  
Make carpets for the fairies; when the winds  
Are scented, and the glorious sunsets spread  
Their crimson mantles, edged with burnish'd gold  
Along the glittering west, and when the moon  
Gems with her bright, magnificent orb the breast  
Of the rich purple night; I'll teach thee, then  
Nature's high, holy mysteries—how her sights  
And sounds are full of deep philosophy.  
She is a harp, whose strings are intertwined  
Within our hearts, and when we touch them, yield  
Sweet, solemn music, making pure our thoughts—  
Hushing wild passion's turbulence to peace—  
Soothing our sorrows, and restoring hope,  
And guiding us, with gentle hand, to Heaven.

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JUNE.

THE loveliest of the seasons, radiant June  
Gladdens us with her presence; tardy Spring  
Timidly glanced upon the sky and earth



That soften'd and grew green beneath her eye.  
The hoarse blast ceased, and sweet the gentle South  
Fann'd the young blossoms, and the downy buds,  
Those fairy cradles of the flowers and leaves :  
And mid the melody of leaping streams  
The birds made warbling music.

Then the skirts  
Of Winter's vanishing robe swept o'er again :  
The black car of the tempest roll'd on high,  
The bluebird ceased her carol—and the bee,  
Lured by the transient sunshine to dart forth  
With its rich hum, shrank back into its cell.  
But the unceasing change in Nature's breast  
Was working, and the kindly elements  
Were nursing the pent principle of life  
To greater strength and power, until it burst  
Upon the waken'd earth in leaves and flowers.

Summer hath bounded on us ; loveliest sights  
And sweetest sounds are echoing, smiling round ;  
The chesnut shows, amidst its dark green leaves,  
Its golden strings ; the basswood is in white ;  
And the rich locust opens to the sun  
Its pea-like shapes of blossoms.

Where the wood  
Arches its emerald depths, the mocking-bird  
Mingles its mimic tones ; the robin hears  
His warble echoed from the neighboring bush ;  
The wren shrill chattering, pauses, as its notes  
Are doubled, and the russet ground-bird lifts  
Its tiny foot, and shoots its bead-like eye  
Around to see who mocks its light quick chirp.

On the hot sunny hill-sides, nestling, lies  
Like a red spot the luscious strawberry  
In the short weedy grass. The meadow shows  
Its robe of purple clover spangled o'er  
With golden buttercups and daisy-stars  
And dandelion globes of silver down.

Beside yon pool that sleeps beneath a roof  
Of blended branches gemm'd with ivy-urns  
And laurel-chalices, the angler plies  
His patient sport, and where the stream expands  
Fringed with thick alders, through the pasture-field  
In the cool crystal stands the toil-worn ox  
Eying the sheep that on the highest ledge  
Pants wearily beneath the scorching sun.

A gray haze mantles round the mountain's brow,  
And leaden streaks athwart the inky cloud  
Proclaim the shower afar: the sky grows dim  
And thread-like sprinkles glimmer in the air  
With murmurings like a shell's. The haze moves on,  
And soon the dense dark rain-sheets deluge earth,  
Sounding most pleasant music. Branches dance,  
Grass quivers, blossoms bow, while streams cast up  
White leaping bubbles as the large drops beat  
Upon their shaking bosoms: then a gleam  
Of sunshine like a golden arrow shoots  
Across the clouds that in huge fragments part,  
Leaving white edges widening till they show  
Glimpses of azure: silvery floating veils  
Melt, and the naked sky is smiling o'er;  
And as the black mass piles the frowning East,

The rainbow springs with all its glorious hues,  
Its broad bright bases staining to the eye  
The objects, seemingly, they rest upon ;  
The landscape in the slant rays of the sun  
Sparkles with its innumerable gems,  
As though a flood of silver had been pour'd  
Molten upon it.

Now the West is made  
One mighty opal by the sunset's pomp ;  
Tint follows tint, until the last bright ray  
Fades from the mountain, and a soften'd light  
Proclaims that Day has fled and Eve has come.

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OBSERVATION.

NATURE is full to overflow of charms,  
For those that seek her with a searching mind  
And the heart-portals open. Rude and lone  
May seem the spot, but the instructed eye  
And ear ne'er fail to find what wakens thought  
And stirs emotion.

Let us thread our way  
Through these close streets. A glance of sunshine  
paints  
A golden track athwart this naked field  
And up that knoll of pines. We tread along,  
Up clamber and descend. We find a chasm  
Such as a torrent makes—a basin scoop'd

Like a dried pool within, and here we pause.  
 An elm is slanting o'er, its wreathing roots  
 Scarce holding to the banks ; beneath the bulge  
 Of its broad base, a little mined-out nook.  
 Pebbles and sharp-edged stones are scatter'd round ;  
 A pine above has shed its dry dead mass  
 Of fibres ; here and there a cone is dropp'd  
 With horny wide-spread edges. Single plumes  
 Of the familiar brake, and blades of grass  
 Have struggled from the earth. Within the nook  
 Is a small coat of moss, and midway up  
 Upon a shelf of rock, a lichen tuft.  
 There is no trace of beauty in the spot,  
 Naught, it would seem, to draw a glance or rouse  
 A feeling ; yea, the foot might pass by  
 E'en in close search of objects, unobserved.  
 But let us rest awhile upon this bank.  
 Listen ! a murmuring sound arises up ;  
 'Tis the commune of Nature—the low talk  
 She holds perpetually with herself.  
 Let the ear separate the blended tones,  
 An orchestra of sounds ! within the nook  
 A trill with pauses ; on the rocky shelf  
 A light swift tick-tick ; in the brake and grass  
 A merry strain ; and, mingling all, a hum  
 As though the pine was breathing.

Now cast round

A scanning eye. This wither'd pine-tuft hold  
 Between you and that streak of mellow light  
 That like a slanting shaft of quivering motes  
 Glances yon opening through ; five bars of gold  
 Join'd at the base. Yon dark unsightly cone

Lift to the sun : what a rich hue of brown,  
How sharp and delicate each oval edge !  
Pick up that wither'd elm-leaf from the nook  
Cast there by Autumn's blast : how beautiful  
Those branching arteries ! what myriad veins !  
Yea, the whole leaf seems but a woven web  
Of arteries and veins. Pluck yon tall brake :  
A fairy chisel has been here at work,  
Tracing exquisite beauty ; waving lines,  
Scallops, dottings ! perfect, wonderful !  
Tear from that coat of moss a single branch ;  
A mimic pine-tree bristling o'er with fringe.  
Sweep from the shelf the lichen ; see this stem !  
A pillar of pale green with crimson balls  
Thick on its summit. Mark ! the very stones  
Seem sown with glittering gems : the pebbles smooth  
And polish'd, have their light gray tint o'erstreak'd  
And shaded with rich varying hues.

Oh, Thou

Parent of Nature ! awful Deity !  
The earth is but a dot amidst the throngs  
Of thy creation, yet in love hast Thou  
Set round the swarming insects of this earth,  
The signs that tell of Thee. The most minute  
Are eloquent as the greatest. Thou hast given  
An ear to hear, an eye to see, a mind  
To understand ; and yet the plainest things,  
Those that are shower'd around us, we pass by  
Unheeding ; ear and eye and mind made dull  
By objects mean and worldly. Oh that we  
Would see the loveliness of Nature, hear  
Her solemn harmony, and comprehend

The meanings that she utters. Constantly  
Proclaim those meanings deepest wisdom forth ;  
Wisdom, that but applied to daily life,  
Would make the beings that now grope their way  
In gloom along a tangled narrow path,  
Wiser and happier.

And oh! most of all  
Those meanings point to Thee, eternal God,  
Thee the Omniscient—the Omnipotent,  
The Fount and Ocean of all earthly things.

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THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

I DARE not whisper what I feel for thee,  
But I will let the flowers, upon whose leaves  
Hath love its language written, plead my suit ;  
Then listen, lovely lady. First, I send  
The rose of hundred leaves, ambassador.  
The amaryllis next—an emblem, bright  
And beauteous, of thyself ; interpreter  
Of my own thoughts, the cedar ; then for thee  
The pure white lily, for myself the pink  
Red as the sky at sunset ; mignonette  
For thee, for me the bay-leaf ; the green fern  
For thee, the oak-geranium for myself ;  
The harebell next, another emblem sweet  
Of thee, the currant for myself ; again  
The austrian rose that breathes of thee such truth,

▲ ▲

The jonquil whispering timidly for me.  
The silver daisy and the jasmine wreath'd,  
Emblems again of thee ; and for myself,  
When the swift hours are warning me to leave,  
I send the thyme to whisper thee the cause ;  
The orange blossom next, more truth of thee,  
With the rich musk-rose to complete the wreath.  
Then, oh then, cluster'd with my hopes and fears,  
Warm from repeated pressures to my heart,  
And trembling with its beatings, close entwined  
I give the myrtle's green and polish'd leaves  
With the rose-hued chrysanthemum. With pride  
I place *thy* wreath upon thy radiant brow,  
And *mine*, with the red tulip in its midst,  
I lay in deepest reverence at thy feet.

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MUSINGS.

ONCE only have I met thee ; once have heard  
The soft and gentle music of thy voice  
And gazed upon thy beauty ; yet my heart  
Is brighten'd with thy image, as the sky  
Is kindled by the moonlight. Memory oft  
Calls from the past that hour of magic spell,  
And I am wrapp'd in day-dreams ; on my ear  
The warble of thy laugh falls clear and sweet  
Charming away the sorrow of my thoughts ;  
Thy form then glides before me with the grace

That fancy gives to angels, and I seem  
Again within thy presence, and am blest.

I know it is in vain. I know thou art  
To me as yon fair moon that dwells in heaven.  
Yet often in my solitary walks  
I take thee from my heart where thou art hid,  
An idol in its shrine, and hold thee up  
Before my mental vision. Brightness streams  
Around me, and my soul is wrapp'd in bliss.  
Fair forms throng round me, but I heed them not,  
For thou art absent. Sweet looks glance around,  
But thy soft, soul-lit, spiritual eye  
Beams not among them, and thy fairy feet,  
Moving in billowy lightness, pass not there.

Often when night is clust'ring with her stars  
Calling to thought, till, tired and sick at heart  
My head has sought its pillow, in sweet dreams  
Thou comest to me. Then, entranced, I hear  
Thy low rich tones of bee-like melody.  
Thou seemest a pure spirit fresh from heaven  
With all its glory round thee, and I bend  
In adoration blent with breathless awe.

The love I bore to nature, and which glow'd  
Within me like a passion, has grown cold,  
For every thought is thine. I feel not now  
The deep delight I once felt, as I see  
The sunshine showering gold upon the leaves,  
The shadows dancing on the pleasant grass,



The purple mistiness of mountain-tops  
And the green gloom of valleys. ( Far away,  
My pilgrim-heart is wandering to its shrine  
Laden with incense-offerings unto thee.)

THE CAPTIVE.

THE tempest of midnight shriek'd loud through the sky,  
Where the black shapes of clouds hurried torrent-like by,  
And the moon driving on mid those surges of air,  
Now was seen, now was lost, in the hurricane there.

But forms in the forest and silent and fast,  
The darkness they sought and wish'd louder the blast,  
For the foe was before, and though shrouded in night,  
Still keen ears and eyes watch'd each sound and each  
sight.

The hand grasp'd the hatchet—the belt bore the knife,  
The tribe's sternest warriors were arm'd for the strife,  
For their chief on his war-path had pass'd from the lake,  
And, entrapp'd in the ambush, was kept for the stake.

And proud was that chief, though the fagots were piled,  
And fierce eyes were gleaming, and curses were wild,  
Though the knife gash'd still wider wounds bleeding and  
fresh,  
And the red brand of torture hiss'd hot in his flesh.

Did ne think of his lodge in the valley that stood ?  
Of the lake whose blue eye shone through fringes of  
wood ?

Of his bride who was weeping with terror and wo ?  
No ! he thought but of taunting and mocking his foe.

“How oft have ye trembled and crouch'd like the deer,  
At the sweep of my hatchet and dart of my spear !  
Give me back but that spear and that hatchet, again  
Will the blood of your bravest be sprinkled like rain.

“The scalp of thy father has dried in my smoke,  
I seized thy young brother, his death-doom I spoke,  
And my warwhoop was loud on the trail, when you fled,  
And the earth of your village was strew'd with your  
dead.”

Their yells drown'd his song, and the torch was applied,  
And a faint curl of flame lit the pile at his side,  
But louder the strain wax'd, and fiercer the eye,  
As he call'd on their young men to teach them to die.

But hark ! from the forest's tempestuous gloom,  
Shrill pealing from out the short hush of its boom,  
Like the shrieks of starved eagles, burst warwhoops, and  
fast  
Whizz'd the thick clouds of arrows like hail on the blast.

With a leap like the panther's, the chieftain has sprung,  
From his limbs are the bonds in the red fagots flung,  
His blood-dripping hatchet a pathway hath hew'd,  
And around him like leaves are his enemies strew'd.

In its purple and gold, rose the morn in the east,  
And lighted the vulture and wolf to the feast,  
And shone on that lake where in victory's pride,  
The chief hail'd his village, his tribe, and his bride.

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THE EVERGREENS CEMETERY, NEAR ALBANY.

WHEN life's last breath has faintly ebb'd away,  
And naught is left but cold unconscious clay,  
Still doth Affection bend in anguish deep,  
O'er the pale brow, to fondly gaze and weep.  
What though the soul hath soar'd in chainless flight;  
Round the spurn'd frame still plays a sacred light,  
A hallow'd radiance never to depart,  
Pour'd from its solemn source, the stricken heart.  
Not to the air should then be given the dead,  
Not to the flame, nor yet cold ocean's bed,  
But to the earth—the earth from whence it rose,  
There should the frame be left to its repose.  
There our great mother guards her holy trust,  
Spreads her green mantle o'er the sleeping dust;  
There glows the sunshine—there the branches wave,  
And birds yield song, flowers fragrance round the grave.  
There oft to hold communion do we stray,  
There droops our mourning memory when away,  
And e'en when years have pass'd, our homeward feet  
Seek first with eager haste that spot to greet,

And the fond hope lives ever in our breast  
When death too claims us, there our dust shall rest.

All these fair grounds with lavish beauties spread,  
Nature's sweet charms—we give them to the dead ;  
Those swelling uplands whence the raptured sight  
Drinks in the landscape smiling rich and bright,  
Woodlands and meadows, trees and roofs and rills,  
The glittering river and the fronting hills ;  
That nestling dell with bowery limbs o'erhead,  
And this its brother opening to the tread,  
Each with its naiad tripping low along  
Striving to hide but freely offering song ;  
These old deep woods where Nature wild and rude,  
Has built a throne for musing solitude,  
Where sunshine scarce finds way to shrub and moss,  
And lies the fractured trunk the earth across ;  
These winding paths that lead the wandering feet  
Through minster aisles and arbors dim and sweet ;  
To sooth thy discord into harmony,  
Oh solemn, solemn death, we dedicate to thee.

Here will his steps the mourning husband bend  
With sympathizing Nature for his friend,  
In the low murmur of the pine he'll hear  
The voice that once was music to his ear,  
In the light waving of the bough he'll view  
The form that sunshine once around him threw.  
As the lone mother threads each leafy bower,  
Her infant's looks will smile from every flower,  
Its laugh will echo in the warbling glee  
Of every bird that flits from tree to tree ;

In the dead trunk laid prostrate by the storm,  
The child will see its perish'd parent's form,  
And in the sighing of the evening breath  
Will hear those faltering tones late hush'd in death.

Through these branch'd paths will Contemplation wind,  
And stamp wise Nature's teachings on his mind ;  
As the white grave-stones glimmer to his eye,  
A solemn voice will thrill him, "*Thou must die ;*"  
When Autumn's tints are glittering in the air,  
That voice will whisper to his soul, "*Prepare ;*"  
When Winter's snows are spread o'er knoll and dell,  
"*Oh this is death,*" that solemn voice will swell ;  
But when with Spring, streams leap and blossoms wave,  
"*Hope, Christian, hope,*" 'twill say, "*there's life beyond  
the grave.*"

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THE REVENGE.

THE sunset pour'd amidst the crowded woods  
In golden beauty drenching them with light.  
Long gleams of lustre lay upon the grass  
Of a small valley-opening dropp'd with trees.  
A streak of water bicker'd amidst shrubs  
Across the hollow, noiseless as a pulse  
And crept beneath a spreading alder-bush.  
A holy silence brooded o'er the spot  
Save the scarce audible hum the forest yields  
E'en in its deepest quiet. But the leaves

That spread their tawny carpet o'er the earth  
Crackled; two forms glanced past the trunks whose throngs  
Pillar'd the depths, and stepp'd within the dell.  
Beside the rill they kneel'd and drank, then threw  
Their lengths upon the sward. The dark red skin  
High cheeks and ebon eyes of one proclaim'd  
His Indian blood; the other, bronzed and wild  
Yet show'd the white man's lineage. Both were garb'd  
Like hunters with the rifle, pouch, and knife.  
They talk'd with rapid gestures, merry laughs  
Frequent from each, with now and then a swell  
Of joyous song. At length their tones wax'd loud,  
The song and laughter ceased, their brows grew dark,  
Abrupt and fierce their gestures, and their eyes  
Devour'd each other. Quick as thought, at length,  
The white man darted on the Indian's breast  
A giant blow. The savage started up,  
His rifle lay upon the grass, but keen  
Flash'd in his grasp his knife; the wounded wolf  
Springs not more fiercely at its foe, than he  
On the white hunter; but the latter stood  
With his long rifle aim'd. One moment glared  
The Indian at his comrade, then his face  
Broke into one bright smile; he sheath'd his knife,  
Press'd his dark hand an instant on his heart,  
And then extended it with dignity  
Towards his companion, who, with honest warmth  
Grasp'd it with words of pardon. Lifting then  
Their rifles to their shoulders, through the cleft  
In the encircling boughs, where went their path  
They left the sylvan spot. The twilight soft  
Trembled within the myriad forest-vaults

Although the hemlock spires and maple domes  
Were burnish'd with rich light. That pass'd away  
And all look'd cold. The outlines of the trunks  
Were shaded out, until long streaks of black  
On lighter gloom alone told where they stood.  
At length they reach'd a cabin, scarce discern'd  
Amidst a thicket. The long August drought  
Had dried the saplings cluster'd round, and sear'd  
The dense vines mantled o'er it, as though flame  
Had scorch'd them. From its leathern hinges fallen,  
The door lay buried in the grass and fern  
Of the luxuriant forest. Night was now  
Fast closing, and the wearied hunters pass'd  
Within the cabin. Half the barken roof  
Away had rotted, and the autumn wind  
Had sown a seed that now a sapling stood  
Where once the hearth-fire glow'd. Beside the stem  
Upon a mound of moss, the hunters stretch'd  
Their limbs for slumber. Onward roll'd the hours,  
And midnight came. The long risen spotted moon  
Pour'd its delicious light upon the woods,  
Piercing with silver glance the aisles and vaults  
Of the magnificent temple rear'd by God  
For Solitude to yield Him ceaselessly  
Incense from leaves and flowers, and upward roll  
Grand crashing anthems of the mighty winds.  
One ray stream'd broad within the ruin'd hut  
And rested on the hunters. The smooth trunk  
Of the young tree within the lustrous light  
Shone like a shaft of pearl. The ray display'd  
The Indian stealing from his comrade's side  
With motion like the gliding of a snake.

Undoing then his belt, he crept again  
 Close to the prostrate form, and with quick strength  
 Tight lash'd him to the sapling. From his sleep  
 Startled so suddenly, the hunter gazed  
 Wildly around, then strove to break away ;  
 In vain, his pinion'd arms and breast were bound  
 As though in iron fetters to the tree.  
 He shouted to the Indian, but the click  
 Of flint on steel alone was heard without.  
 Just then a lurid streak shot brightly up  
 Athwart the door-space, as the lightning darts  
 Along the cloud ; a crackling fill'd his ears,  
 And a shrill whoop peal'd horrid on the air.  
 Again he strove to burst his bonds, the blood  
 Froze in his veins, his hair crept, and his heart  
 Swoon'd sick within him. Once more shouted he—  
 Again the whoop. The door-space was one glow ;  
 The crevices were red, and tongues of flame  
 Shot through the smoke that pour'd within the hut.  
 " My God, the blow ! the blow !" the sapling shook  
 With his convulsive strength in efforts vain.  
 The Indian stood without, a fiendish smile  
 Writhing his lip, fierce triumph on his brow.  
 Gloriously leap'd the avenging flames to heaven ;  
 Night veil'd her soft pure eye ; the silvery blue  
 Was blotted out. Deep roar'd the raging fire,  
 And blending with it, piercing shriek on shriek  
 Peal'd from the burning hut. The sapling flash'd  
 In flame, and now and then quick tremblings shook  
 Its shape, as though wild strength was there at work.  
 At each shrill shriek—each tremor of the tree  
 The Indian whoop'd, more glaring wax'd his eye



And his grim smile more fiendlike ; but at length  
Totter'd the walls and sunk ; more fiercely sprang  
The greedy element ; it seem'd as if  
The fragments of the hut were swallow'd up  
In the quick crackling leap on high, so soon  
They melted in the furnace roaring there.  
No longer peal'd the screams, and with quick hand  
The Indian grasp'd some ashes at his feet,  
Brush'd them across his breast, and with a look  
Of triumph left the spot of his revenge.

---

INDIAN SUMMER.

How quietly the year  
Beneath this soft-eyed season's gentle sway,  
Falls in its full maturity away  
On winter's frozen bier !  
Like sunset gathering to its twilight close,  
Or old age sinking to its last repose.

When first broke morning's light  
Volumes of fog a feathery ocean roll'd,  
The woods loom'd glimmering from the misty fold,  
Dimly the mountain's height  
Seem'd struggling in the thick and mantling screen,  
And the bird sung and streamlet play'd unseen.

The mist has clear'd away ;  
O'erhead the mild sun glows, a redder'd ball,

And on the earth his placid glances fall,  
While tranquil, meek, and gray,  
The sky spreads, shaded with its fleece of cloud,  
And azure glimpses breaking from the shroud.

The hill slopes soft and calm,  
The fields still basking in the noon-tide light,  
All seem my wandering footsteps to invite ;  
And with the south-wind's balm  
Fanning in pure fresh kisses on my brow,  
My path is mid their haunts of quiet now.

Across the meadow sear,  
And up the mount-side where the sumachs spread  
Their downy branches tipp'd with clusters red,  
And what a sight is here !  
Arch'd but by sky and smiling in the ray  
Of the warm quiet Indian Summer day !

The wood-spots dark and deep,  
The upland vista, and the leaning hill,  
The lake below pure polish'd as a rill,  
The sky in peaceful sleep,  
The far-off mountains like piled smoke-wreaths bright,  
And valleys melting in rich purple light.

Late glow'd a different scene ;  
When the chill air had sent its frosty showers,  
The forests burst to myriad gorgeous flowers  
Changed from their summer green  
The blue morn show'd ; while far and wide a blaze  
Of differing splendor met the wondering gaze.

Within the sunny air  
The foliage glitter'd to the wind's soft sigh,  
Shone the lake's bosom like a sunset sky,  
    Beneath the glories there ;  
And where the mountains fired the heavens, it seem'd  
As though gigantic piles of jewels beam'd.

And in the rainbow woods,  
Here, was a fairy canopy unroll'd  
Of sumptuous crimson blent with brilliant gold,  
    There, the gemm'd solitudes  
Form'd purple arches, bowers of every dye,  
With opals shower'd on opals to the sky.

The storm then gather'd o'er  
With its chill rain, and with its rushing blast,  
Beneath the gusts their robes the mountains cast,  
    The wild lake sent its roar,  
The pine hiss'd fiercely, and the forests woke  
Their thunderings as the wind-surge on them broke.

But like an infant's rest  
Field, valley, hill, and wood, seem dreaming now  
In a light glimmering film of purple glow,  
    And on the lake's smooth breast  
The mist-wreaths sleep, or slowly curl across  
As the breeze sportive darkens o'er its gloss.

With murmurs like a flute,  
The streamlet glitters through the alder sprays  
In meteor sparkles or in broken rays,  
    Then on, its ripples shoot

In braided gushes, bending the long grass  
And green fern-fringes bathed within their glass.

Along the forest way  
I tread; the soft wind from the pine creeps down  
And rustles in the beechen thicket brown,  
Then whirls in eddying play  
The wither'd leaves strown idly, rattling fast,  
As showering falls the ripen'd sylvan mast.

The deer glides shadowy by;  
The rabbit springs before me wing'd with dread,  
The squirrel leaves the strew'd nuts where it fed  
With a low chirping cry,  
And the quick flicker like a checker'd speck,  
Climbs the moss'd oak and taps with darting neck.

The air, how calm and still!  
Each gentle sound comes sweetly to my ear;  
The falling nut, the bee-wing's music near,  
The purling of the rill,  
The chirp of birds, the sighing of the breeze,  
And the far axe-blow echoing through the trees.

With what a feeling deep  
Does Nature speak to us! Oh, how divine  
The flame that glows on her eternal shrine!  
What knowledge can we reap  
From her great pages if we read aright!  
Through her God shows His wisdom and His might.

The visions of our youth !  
Bright as the autumn foliage are they found,  
Robed in their glittering rainbows, all around,  
Radiant in seeming truth  
Luring us onward, with their treacherous glow,  
And brightening lovelier swifter as they go.

Then comes the threatening cloud ;  
Despair seems blackening in our adverse sky,  
Frail as the leaves our brilliant visions die,  
And where once brightly glow'd  
Fancy's enchanted Eden, naught appears  
But a wide waste of sorrow and of tears.

But when our youth is past  
With its false visions and its storms, serene  
As yon mild sky, and peaceful as this scene,  
Contentment smiles at last  
Upon our way, and glorious hopes are given  
To light our path, whose native home is heaven.

---

THE SEAT IN THE ROCK.

A RUDE wild place. The long and narrow ridge  
Ends in a rugged precipice of rock ;  
A slope between it and a shallow pond  
Bristling with wither'd hemlocks and with stumps  
O'erspotted. A faint narrow road winds by,  
Here to the village—there, amidst the woods

Border'd by laurel-thickets, to a glade.  
 A jutting of the rock has form'd a nook  
 Along its base. A cedar's giant trunk  
 Dead, barkless, and stain'd black in spots by fire  
 From the high bank above has pitch'd, and lies  
 With base upon the summit of the rock,  
 And fractured head upon the bank beneath,  
 A slanting ladder: and within a cleft  
 O'er a huge bulge upon the rugged wall,  
 Are birchen bushes, like green hanging plumes  
 In a gigantic helmet. At one spot  
 Within the nook, the back is hollow'd out  
 Shaping a seat. Naught is there to declare  
 Whether by freak of Nature or by man,  
 This shelf was scoop'd. Upon the fissured sides,  
 And the smooth slate that, laid in scales, compose  
 This little terrace, names and letters rude  
 Are graven. With the massive roof above  
 Spotted by lichen-scales, and looking out  
 On the grim pond, with its deep background woods,  
 Here have I sat in summer afternoons  
 Watching the long, slim shadows of the trees  
 Slow creeping towards me, the rich halo'd sun  
 Melting the outlines of the forest-tops,  
 Where it impended. In the hours of Spring,  
 When the damp soften'd atmosphere proclaim'd  
 The coming rain to beat the frost from out  
 The torpid earth, so that its lap might smile  
 Again with flowers, here also have I sat  
 And listen'd to the voices of the pond,  
 Those surest prophecies of warmer hours,  
 Ringing like myriad tiny silver bells

Cheerfully on the ear.

Bright day-dreams oft  
Have hover'd o'er me in this lonely place,  
And though its homely features might attract  
None to bestow a glance, yet Memory twines  
Her fibres round it. Ruthless Time hath driven  
The fairy dreams away, but still the spot  
Is hallow'd where they brighten'd.

Strange, most strange,  
The power of Memory! with her kindling touch  
From the dim paintings of the past, she brings  
The golden tints in added brilliancy  
But leaves the shadows to their dusky rest.  
Strange, strange her power! the porch of home, though  
rude,

Is twined with fadeless roses; all its scenes  
Are full of echoes waken'd by her spell.  
The trees have voices and the streams have songs,  
And e'en the air seems gifted with a sound  
Like a low wind with pleasure in its moan.  
No tone that ever struck upon her ear  
Is lost: no sight that ever lit her eye  
Can fade. The discords of this jarring world  
May drown the tone, its scenes o'erlay the sight,  
But still within her essence and upon,  
They vibrate and are written, and at last,  
In some great self-convulsion, or in hours  
We dream not of, will echo in the mind,  
And stand reveal'd before its open'd eye.

TO THE ELM-TREE

ON THE CORNER OF STATE AND NORTH-PEARL STREETS, IN THE  
CITY OF ALBANY.

THOU monument of many centuries !  
The infant leaflet from its cradle-bud  
Wakes to Spring's soft bright sunshine, and expands  
In her warm murmuring rains, as freshly now  
(When the wall'd city has encompass'd thee  
With all its gaudy glare, and tinsell'd show  
Its altars rear'd to Fashion, crowded thick  
With her vain, idle, frivolous worshippers)  
As when mild April call'd the violet forth  
To look up at the leaves thy slender stem  
Bore in its young green beauty, ere the earth  
Was rent by the uptearing of the roots  
Of the proud wilderness, God planted there.  
Thy bark still guards the currents of thy life,  
Woven more strong and thick by countless years,  
And the wild tempest, howling in its rage  
Till its vain breath is spent, cannot subdue  
The grandeur of thy height, but with proud looks  
Still dost thou tower, as when the summer air  
Holds its soft breath, and heaven is one bright smile.

What hast thou witness'd, proud one ! Age on age  
Of frail mortality have pass'd thee by,



Sparkling their transitory life away,  
Then perishing like thy buds. Oh, canst thou give  
Thy records to the eye? How many hearts  
Hast thou seen break, and smiling as they break,  
Till those who bore the wasted, faded form  
To the deep, only rest that is our lot,  
Spoke of some strange disease, remembering not  
That the heart sometimes stings itself to death.  
How many hopes, too, strewn in heaps around  
Like thy own leaves in autumn, couldst thou show  
If thy spray-fingers, and thy organ-voice  
Could bear intelligence to mortality.

We arrogate to ourselves all gifts of God.  
We know not by what signs he makes those speak  
To whom he has denied, what we, vain clay!  
Have named as reason. May not the bright flower,  
Yielding its sweet breath to its bending mate  
Commune, though not in language? And the bird  
Warbling beside some folded wing, outpour  
Its thoughts, though not in what we self-style words?

King of the woods! stern darer of the storm!  
How proudly different thou from puny man!  
Thou, when soft winds breathe on thee, and the sky  
O'erarches with the hue that robes the wing  
Of the archangel bending at that Throne  
The holy speak of; thou giv'st forth thy joy  
In happy murmurs, letting thy light sprays  
Dance to the music, and thy shadows drop  
Upon the grass-spots carpeting thy feet.  
Man, when he basks in Fortune's brightest beams

Grows vain and haughty, scorning gratitude,  
Yielding no tribute for the blessings shower'd,  
And naught but scorn to those God sets beneath him.  
Thou, when the blast falls on thee with its roar  
And crushing weight, up summoning thy strength  
Dost lift thy head and dare it to its worst.  
Man, if a cloud but rises o'er his path,  
Like a scourged dog, down crouches, and then seeks  
For pity where he gave none in his pride,  
And consolation where he heap'd up scorn.

Enough of this. Thou art a sweet-toned harp  
When the soft south twines in thy stirring leaves  
So low, so gentle, the bee's murmuring hum  
Would blend in harmony with thy sounds; but when  
Keen from the northwest comes the swelling storm,  
A cataract, echoing mid its rifted rocks,  
Would be scarce louder than thy angry voice.

The splendid moon, clear, large, and lustrous, looks  
Often upon thee; and within thy shade,  
Checkering the broad bright silver of her robe  
Bathing the earth, soft voices murmuring vows,  
And kind eyes telling sweetest, holiest things  
Hearts feel but dare not utter, have been heard  
And seen with rapture, vows and things that make  
This gross earth beautiful—this dull life bright.

Oh, mayst thou flourish on: though flesh like grass  
Falls and decays, still may thy strong arms stretch  
Their grateful shadows, and where all is art  
Show that our mother Nature deigns to smile

E'en in the city's bustle, dust, and din.  
Oh, mayst thou flourish on, still plunging deep  
Thy roots within the earth, and lifting high  
Thy emerald dome, laughing to scorn the one  
Gleaming in tinsell'd gaudy glitter near,  
Displaying, in its gorgeousness and pride,  
How vain man's workmanship, to that of God.

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THE BASIN

From the steep city street, and from the shore  
Of the broad river, crimson, tall, and slim,  
The mill is seen ; and when the slanting sun  
Throws the sweet witchery of its light and shade  
Over the eastern slope, the windows flash  
In one blent glare of gold.

The afternoon  
With black gigantic pencil, o'er the earth  
Has sketch'd each object, and with vagrant tread  
I wander where it lists me. From the marge  
By which the white sail steals, and now and then  
The clattering steamer darts, I upward pass,  
Till a deep basin wall'd with sheer steep banks  
Receives my foot. Midway above, the trunks  
Of twisted pines are slanting, seemingly  
As though to pitch down headlong they had sought,  
And then been spell-bound.

Dusky shadow fills  
The oval basin, but a stripe of light

Its edges bathes : it seems a Titan cup  
 Rimm'd with rich gold. Beneath, the smooth-worn rock  
 Is fissured into channels by the stream  
 That creeps, divided into threads, along,  
 Moistening the clumps of tall rank grass and moss  
 Spotting this floor of rock. Without, the sun  
 Though sinking, beats with fierceness, but the air  
 Breathes cool and damp within this wall'd recess,  
 Calming the fever'd blood, and gliding o'er  
 The brow with delicate smoothness. On this root,  
 So twisted as to form a rustic seat  
 I rest, and shape in dreamy indolence,  
 The shadows glimmering in the haunted realm  
 Of Fancy, till the hemlock's apex shows  
 No more its tip of light, and treading down  
 To the calm river-side, I see the wave  
 Glassing the softness of the twilight clouds.  
 Before me like the sparks of fire-flies, gleam  
 The city's evening lights ; and its loud tongue  
 That through the day gives out its myriad sounds,  
 Is sinking to the murmurs that at last  
 Die in the voiceless slumbers of the night.

---

A SUMMER DAY.

ALONG that brilliant arch of sky,  
 The clouds display their glittering white,  
 Here, in white fleecy folds they lie,  
 There, like pure snowflakes spotted bright,

Here a curl'd plume ; a castle there  
With flag and battlement in air ;  
A rich, and radiant sight.

Upon yon wood the sunlight lays  
Its scatter'd gems, or sheds across  
A stream of broad deep lustrous blaze,  
Steeping the leaves in golden gloss,  
Or melting through the bowers, its tinge  
Pencils below a checker'd fringes  
On the wild-flower and moss.

Lovely and sweet as fancy's dream,  
That distant landscape melts in light ;  
In tenderest tints, those mountains seem  
To blend with yon horizon bright ;  
That grassy vale—that sloping hill—  
This spreading field—this sparkling rill—  
All charm my raptured sight.

The balmy wind, when first it wakes,  
Scarce stirs the flowers around me flung,  
Then swells it through this tree that shakes  
Till every leaf has found a tongue,  
Then swift, within yon quivering wood  
It stirs to song the solitude,  
As though deep music rung.

Its fairy arch, how light and green  
The birch hangs o'er yon lakelet's breast,  
Where sky, and cloud, and rock are seen  
In soft reflected hues to rest ;

How rich that tassell'd bank of flowers,  
Where sleeps the wave in diamond showers,  
With sedge, and lily dress'd.

Late, frown'd a scene of gloom and dread ;  
Black from the west roll'd cloud o'er cloud  
Shedding wan lustre—then o'erhead  
Burst the storm-demon from his shroud,  
Swept the loud blast ;—the lightning gleam'd ;—  
The thunder crash'd—the rain-sheets stream'd—  
Earth shook—the forest bow'd.

Then the clouds broke—flash'd through the light,  
Laugh'd the pure heaven fresh, blue, and fair,  
The cool winds in their gentle flight  
Kiss'd flower and leaf—sweet flow'd the air—  
Glow'd the green turf—the eastern skies  
Show'd their gemm'd arch of opal dyes,  
A sun-wing'd spirit there.

'Twas bright, but lovelier far are now  
That soften'd landscape's golden hush—  
This forest side—yon sky's rich glow—  
Those groups of flowers—that torrent's gush  
Which pours from out its rocky urn,  
O'er the green moss, and sculptured fern,  
In mimic boil and rush.

Like a wing'd tulip floats around  
The butterfly in airy rings,  
And joyous through the verdant ground  
Each summer insect chirps and springs ;

And now and then, a wandering bee  
Darts by me full of life and glee,  
With music in its wings.

Whistles the thrush its flutelike lay  
Amid this clustering leafy shade  
Which twines in dense, and green array,  
Pavilion, arch, and colonnade ;  
A group of songsters carols near,  
While sends the squirrel to my ear,  
Its shrill bark from the glade.

Thus the heart's June, when being's sky  
Is bright, and music fills the air ;  
When Hope's quick tread and laughing eye  
Lure to a future fresh and fair.  
But oh ! beyond, how dark the years  
Where roams the soul with sighs and fears,  
A desert bleak and bare.

---

WINTER.

With howling fury Winter makes his bound  
Upon us, freezing Nature at a look.  
He dashes out the sweet and dreamy hues  
Of Indian Summer, so that where the eye  
The golden softness and the purple haze  
Beheld at noon, at sunset sees the mist  
Darken around the landscape, and the ear,

Nestling upon its pillow, hears the sleet  
 Ticking against the casement, whilst within  
 The silvery cracking of the kindling coal  
 Keeps merry chime. The morning rises up,  
 And lo! the dazzling picture! Every tree  
 Seems carved from steel, the silent hills are helm'd,  
 And the broad fields have breastplates. Over all  
 The sunshine flashes in a keen white blaze  
 Of splendor, searing eyesight. Go abroad!  
 The branches yield crisp cracklings, now and then  
 Sending a shower of rattling diamonds down  
 On the mail'd earth, as freshens the light wind.  
 The hemlock is a stooping bower of ice,  
 And the oak seems as though a fairy's wand  
 Had, the past night, transform'd its skeleton frame  
 To a rich structure trembling o'er with tints  
 Of rainbow beauty. But the strengthening sun  
 Soon melts the whole enchantment from the sight.

Then the gray snow-cloud from the dim southwest  
 Rises, and veils the sky. The vapory air  
 Is freckled with the flakes, till o'er the scene  
 There steals a gradual hue of white, like sleep  
 Muffling the senses. From the freezing north  
 The mighty blast now tramples, whirling up  
 In mist the snow, and dashing it along,  
 As the lash'd ocean dashes on its spray.  
 Through the long frowning night is heard the war  
 Of the fierce tempest. Wo! oh, bitter wo  
 For Poverty!—here shivering in sheds,  
 And cowering, there, by embers dying out  
 In the white ashes. Wo! oh, bitter wo!



The starving mother, and the moaning babe!  
 And aged, feeling in their veins the blood  
 Freezing forever! Thou whose board is spread—  
 Who sittest by thy household fire in peace—  
 Think of thy brother's lot, condemn'd to die  
 Hungry and naked in a pitiless world  
 Made for the use of all by Him who saith,  
 That not a sparrow falleth to the ground  
 Unnoted; think, and let sweet Charity,  
 That white-wing'd angel, keep her blessed watch  
 Beside the kindled altar of thy heart.

Then the bland wind comes winnowing from the South  
 And the snow melts like breath. The wither'd grass  
 Is bare; in forest paths the moss is green;  
 And in old garden nooks peers tearful out  
 The frozen violet; purlings low of rills  
 Flashing all round from vanishing banks and drifts,  
 Are heard. May's softness steals along the air,  
 And the deep sunshine smiles on limb and earth,  
 As if to draw the leaves and blossoms forth;  
 But soon the mellow sweetness dies away,  
 And Winter holds his bitter sway again.

Yet is he not a foe. Behold, he casts  
 His downy robe o'er Nature's torpid sleep;  
 That, when again he draws his mantle warm  
 At Spring's command, a glory shall burst forth,  
 And the wide air be fill'd with breath of praise—  
 The delicate breath of tree, and plant, and flower  
 Rising to heaven like incense.

BEWARE THE BOWL.

BEWARE the bowl! though rich and bright,  
Its rubies flash upon the sight,  
An adder coils its depths beneath,  
Whose lure is wo, whose sting is death.

Beware the bowl! though round it twine,  
The wreaths from Pleasure's rosiest shrine,  
The thorn is lurking midst the bloom  
That strews the entrance to the tomb.

Beware the bowl! though wit may gleam,  
And song sound gladly o'er its stream,  
That gleam will turn to lightning glare,  
That song will cease in mute despair.

Beware the bowl! by all the wo  
That lies within its poison'd flow—  
By all the hopes that cheer the soul,  
Through life, in death, beware the bowl!

---

A WINTER SUNSET.

NATURE'S great eye, low beaming in the west  
Pours sweetest light upon this mountain-road  
Pleasant in Summer with delicious grass

And checker'd shadows from the bowery limbs :  
 But mantled now in snow that, beaten hard  
 Creaks to my footsteps. The green hemlock smiles  
 Speckled with gold ; the oak's sear foliage, still  
 Tight clinging to the boughs, is kindled up  
 To a rich brown, and on the carpet-snow  
 Glows a soft blush. At hand, a steep abyss  
 Lets down my eye upon the hollow. Pale  
 In its chill robe it lies, with dusky lines  
 Of crossing fences—groups of orchard-trees  
 And roofs, like dingy patches, scatter'd o'er.  
 But now the broad dilated sun has stoop'd  
 To the blue line of hills along the west.  
 Lower it falls, until a shred of light  
 Glitters, then sinks, and the red sky is bare.

---

THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.

GLORY to France ! that heart which tower'd  
 More proud and firm, more fierce the shock,  
 But which in stagnant quiet cower'd  
 And broke upon the desert rock.  
 He, whose stern cannon-voice was law,  
 Whose look held earth in breathless awe ;  
 Whose crown was form'd of royal gems  
 Severed from conquer'd diadems ;  
 Whose seat was but a pile of thrones  
 Wrested from dull and slumberous drones ;

Glory to France!—no longer rests  
Where the rude isle the ocean breasts;  
But in the sunny vine-clad land  
That once bow'd humbly to his hand.  
Trophied by all his genius won,  
Now sleeps the great Napoleon.

Oh when that proud majestic form  
That lived but in the battle-storm,  
Was placed within the sainted earth,  
Rites should have then been paid of fitting worth.  
All the bright flags his valor gain'd  
Scorch'd by the blaze, by slaughter stain'd—  
Should have in one great shroud been made,  
And in it then the Chief been laid;  
Then all the cannon which he won  
When battle blotted out the sun,  
Should have been ranged in frowning line  
Before the hero's funeral shrine,  
And as the tomb was closing o'er  
In one stern earthquake sound should then have burst  
their roar.

---

THE ANCESTRAL TOMBS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

OVER the heath, an aged man  
To the olden chapel-pile  
Once came, with armor upon his breast,  
And enter'd the gloomy aisle.

The proud tombs of his ancestors  
    Stood round in solemn throng ;  
Hark ! from a far recess he heard  
    A wild mysterious song.

“O yes, ye hero-spirits, yes,  
    I hear your summoning cry !  
Your ranks I close, hail, hail to me,  
    Worthy of you am I !”

Within the shadow cold, there stood  
    An empty tomb wide-spread ;  
This chose he for a resting-place,  
    With his shield beneath his head.

He folded then his hands around  
    His sword, and slumber'd on ;  
The wild mysterious music ceased,  
    Well might it then be done.

—

EARLY FEELINGS.

WHEN heart and hope were young  
And Pleasure waved her pinion wreath'd with flowers,  
    When tears that transient sprung  
Call'd but Joy's rainbow brighter from the showers—

Nature was radiant then  
With high and holy beauty ; the blue sky—

The mount—the stream—the glen—  
Seem'd hallow'd with a charm that could not die.

The summer wind at noon ;  
The stars that glow'd for thought ; night's stillness deep ;  
The pure and silver moon  
That kept as with a spell the eye from sleep ;—

These then a language bore  
That thrill'd the bosom, sweet, yet strange and wild :  
Oh ! in this life once more  
Can the world-worn one feel as when a child ?

Yes, in the iciness  
And desert of our life a sudden touch  
The hidden chords will press,  
And then our rapture—heaven is made of such.

The feelings of the past,  
The pure, fresh, cloudless sunbeams of the heart,  
A holy radiance cast,  
And leave a golden glow when they depart.

Thus Memory to the eye  
Of one condemn'd in foreign lands to roam,  
Restores the summer sky  
The streams and flowers and music of his home.

And to the captive lone  
She comes—the bonds, the dungeon gloom are o'er ;  
Lo ! freedom is his own,  
His soul is on the chainless winds once more.

## A COMMON SCENE.

THE sky with silver throngs of sleeping clouds  
Is spotted, and a harmony of hues  
Azure and white, are there ; a genial warmth  
Burns in the sun glance ; from that lowly vale  
A smoke-wreath curls—a rustic chimney peeps  
Through the thick foliage ; in the furrowing field  
The ploughman guides his team and whistles blithe ;  
Around the brink of that blue fairy lake  
A laughing group of children stand to watch  
That frail bark speeding with its tiny sail  
Across the dimpling mirror ; now it moors  
Within yon knot of water-plants : from out  
The tree that dances to the wind, a wren  
Is warbling to its mate within a bush  
The cattle lazily repose beneath  
The meadow shade, or stoop to drink the rill  
That freshens the green herbs. A summer scene  
Common yet lovely.

## THE AMPHITHEATRE.

ROUND the wide area see the fiery steed  
 Loosed from his thralldom, bound with headlong speed ;  
 Free as the tempest seems he, but a rein  
 Is o'er him stronger than the weightiest chain  
 An eye and voice, whose slightest glance and sound  
 Plant him a breathing statue on the ground  
 Eager and watchful ; then with different sway  
 Shoot him again an arrow on his way.  
 With a light leap as upward borne by wings  
 To the fleet courser's back his rider springs ;  
 Around—around—the flying Centaur skims,  
 And to the sight in many a circle swims.  
 Now on the surging pedestal uncheck'd  
 By slightest curb, the rider stands erect ;  
 Poised, with stretch'd arms now leans ; with sudden bound  
 Now to the eye another change has found ;  
 Then leaping o'er some barrier in his way,  
 His steed regains he as a bird its spray,  
 Whilst the gay harlequin in motley dress'd  
 Draws the loud laugh with gambol quaint and jest.

Fancy flies back to Greece, once Freedom's own,  
 Cradle of Art—the Muses' brightest throne.  
 Tier upon tier of animated life  
 To view the struggling race—the wrestling strife



With eager gestures and with fastened gaze  
The splendid Amphitheatre displays :  
The strong Athlete grasps his sinewy foe  
Muscle strains muscle—blow succeeds to blow—  
The foaming courser whirls the chariot on,  
And crowns the laurel-wreath the well-earn'd triumph won.

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ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1845.

SILENCE in Heaven—the shouts and songs  
That rang from all its glittering throngs,  
The praises to the great "I Am,"  
The "holy, holy to the Lamb,"  
Have ceased before that blazing throne,  
Where reigns in power supreme, unknown,  
And pomp no eye, unquench'd, can see,  
Shrouded in blinding light, the awful Deity.

The high archangels nearest to the throne,  
The brightest, wisest, purest of "His own ;"  
The next in power ; yea, all to whom were given  
When they were form'd, the bliss to dwell in heaven,  
And white robed saints, with palm-wreaths in their hands,  
Are ranged in countless ranks and gorgeous bands,  
Full in the blaze that, from the Holiest streaming,  
Kindles each pinion with its golden gleaming,  
And robes each form, from Gabriel, proud and tall,  
Down to the lowliest essence of them all.

Blazing, glittering, there they stand,  
At their God's supreme command ;  
Blazing, glittering, shedding thence  
Floods of rich magnificence,  
Till splendor brightens far chaotic night,  
And heaven is one deep glare of overwhelming light.

Myriads on myriads, far beneath,  
Suspended on the Almighty's breath,  
Roll the worlds in orbits meet,  
Rolling on in music sweet—  
In that starry company  
One dim clouded ball they see ;  
Scarce its shape emits a ray,  
Wrapp'd in misty robe of gray ;  
Seems it not, to their pure sight,  
Fit abode of gloom and night ?  
Fit abode of doubts and fears,  
Pains and sorrows, sighs and tears ?  
Placed beneath a dreadful ban  
Fit abode for stricken man.

But tidings 'wait they from that ball beneath ;  
The aged year has yielded up its breath,  
And the Recording Angel's spotless wing  
Those tidings from our fall'n and suffering race will bring.

Far below, a dot of light  
Nearer comes, more large and bright,  
Nearer, nearer, flashing, glowing,  
Nearer still a wing'd shape showing,

Now the halo round, and now  
The speeding Angel's upward brow.

He enters : all the dazzling ranks are cast  
Suddenly prone like reeds before a blast.  
He glides by prostrate harp, bow'd wing, and crown,  
And kneeling at the Throne, sets those dark records down.

At this year's threshold let one glance be cast  
Across the one now gather'd to the past ;  
Wealth has swept by entranced in Flattery's breath,  
And Pleasure tempted with her poison'd wreath ;  
Fame with his plume has driven his car along,  
And laurell'd Victory pour'd his clarion song :  
But tear the veil that glitters to the eye,  
Beneath, what scenes of utter misery lie ;—  
Friendship has held its broken chain and wept,  
And Love kept vigils where the lovely slept ;  
Hearts that have shiver'd in the cold world's blast,  
Scorning to yield, have bent and broke at last ;  
Others have felt the blight, and suffer'd on,  
While every joy that made earth bright was gone—  
For what is Life—a false and heartless show,  
A Marah wild whence bitter waters flow—  
A desert waste by weary wanderers press'd,  
Who struggling forward, sigh in vain for rest ;  
Trusting the mirage, still they journey there,  
And at the promised goal but find despair.  
Hope ! What is that ? the glistening fire that scathes  
Each hapless object that its radiance bathes,  
Shedding a glory as it glitters o'er,  
But leaving darkness gloomier than before.

And Pleasure, what is that? the serpent hid,  
Deadly and venomous its flowers amid;  
Charming its victims with its eye and breath,  
And luring onward, not to joy, but death.  
And still each bubble leads its follower on,  
And still it leaves him when he thinks 'tis won.  
Deserved his fate, poor fool! who seeks for bliss  
In a dark, lost, and sorrowing world like this:  
Here insect, here a truth is shown to thee,  
Sung by the wisest—"ALL IS VANITY."

Where snowy cliffs o'er dashing seas,  
Tower proudly in the air,  
Its cross'd flag waving in the breeze—  
The anchor'd Isle is there.  
Land of our fathers and our tongue,  
Where Bacon mused and Milton sung,  
How great thy triumphs—won  
In many a field of glorious pride,  
Where blood drench'd earth and warriors died,  
And smoke-wreaths hid the sun.

Bright is its monarch-line that shines,  
Far stretching from rude Saxon shrines  
To these enlighten'd days;  
And now that sceptre of command  
Once in the warrior Richard's hand,  
The young Victoria sways.  
It is a strange yet touching sight,  
The British Lion fierce and grim  
Obedient to her guidance light,  
And yielding to her slightest whim,

With downcast eye and crouching limb.  
When has that limb been known to spare,  
When battle's taint was on the air ?  
When has that red eye ever quail'd  
When dangers lower'd and death assail'd ?  
E'en now the Lion's roar resounds  
Through fated India's farthest bounds ;  
The sacred Ganges mirrors now  
The terrors of that matted brow.  
The savage seeks the solitude  
Of Himalaya's gorges rude,  
And shakes in every breeze with fear,  
Lest that dread roar should meet his ear.  
Wo for his land, for what can stay  
The lightning on its darting way.

Sorrow for Spain ! where the soft breezes stealing,  
Are burthen'd with fragrance breathed on them by flowers ;  
Where bright azure skies wake the soul to new feeling,  
And music seems born but to float in her bowers :  
No more on the air sounds the muleteer's singing,  
Which rose as he traversed his green-mountain path ;  
For the shouts of wild War in her valleys are ringing,  
And carnage and flame mark his progress of wrath.

Sorrow for Spain ! o'er her moonlighted waters  
No more tinkles sweetly the merry guitar :  
No more to the dance move her beautiful daughters,  
When the purple of twilight is gemm'd with its star.  
In the shade of his vineyard the father is sleeping,  
But the gore on his breast tells the sleep of the dead ;

In the gloom of its cottage the orphan is weeping,  
What horrors, oh War, from thy presence are shed.

In the darkest sierras the peasant now hides him,  
Where the eagle's shriek blends with the roar of the flood,  
And the fastness is bless'd, for its secret divides him  
From the vile human tigers that thirst for his blood.  
Shall this bright land no more smile in peace and in quiet ?  
From the scourge that now lashes it, never be free ?  
Oh man, when thy terrible passions run riot,  
What beast is more wild, more ferocious than thee.

Russia's black Eagle is stooping  
From the path he has mark'd in the sky ;  
His pinion in sadness is drooping,  
And dim is the glance of his eye.  
Circassia's sons with sheathless swords,  
Wall'd their free hearth-stones, fierce and strong,  
And that proud Eagle's savage hordes,  
Were taught what wo awaits on wrong.  
When battling for his native land,  
New strength is given the patriot's hand ;  
What power can conquer men who fight  
For country, liberty, and right ?  
Though for the instant forced to fly,  
They rally when the storm sweeps by ;  
Each gorge, each rock, each cavern yield  
Shelter, anew their arms to wield.  
Fetters the writhing form may bind,  
But what can chain the chainless mind ?  
The strongest dungeon ever wrought,  
Cannot restrain the wings of thought ;

The bands of Power are burst in shreds,  
By those determined to be free ;  
And blood-drops that the patriot sheds,  
Sow dragon's teeth for Liberty.

A year is gone—another dawns before :  
New scenes shall stamp it like the one that's o'er :  
Nature will still preserve her order free ;  
But man, vain man, what change awaiteth thee ?  
The winter gloom will pass away from the blue and  
smiling sky ;  
Green leaves will burst in the forest-depths, and stream-  
lets murmur by,  
Rich grass and flowers will clothe the ground—song fill  
the air with glee,  
Each blossom a shrine of incense for its votary bird and bee.  
Ripe, mellow fruits, and golden sheaves, the grateful earth  
will yield,  
And the silver harvest-moon will light the reaper from the  
field.  
Storm, fierce and wild, will wind again his trumpet keen  
and loud—  
His throne the bright and dazzling snow—his plume the  
black'ning cloud.

And thus this year will pass away,  
With all its shadowy train ;  
And love and hope and friendship away,  
The trusting heart again.

Pleasure will sprinkle sparkling dew,  
And scatter rosy bloom ;

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And Death will whet his sickle too,  
And fill his home—the tomb.

But now the lifting pinions fall,  
And as the flight is spent,  
The author sends to each and all,  
The New Year's compliment.

THE END.



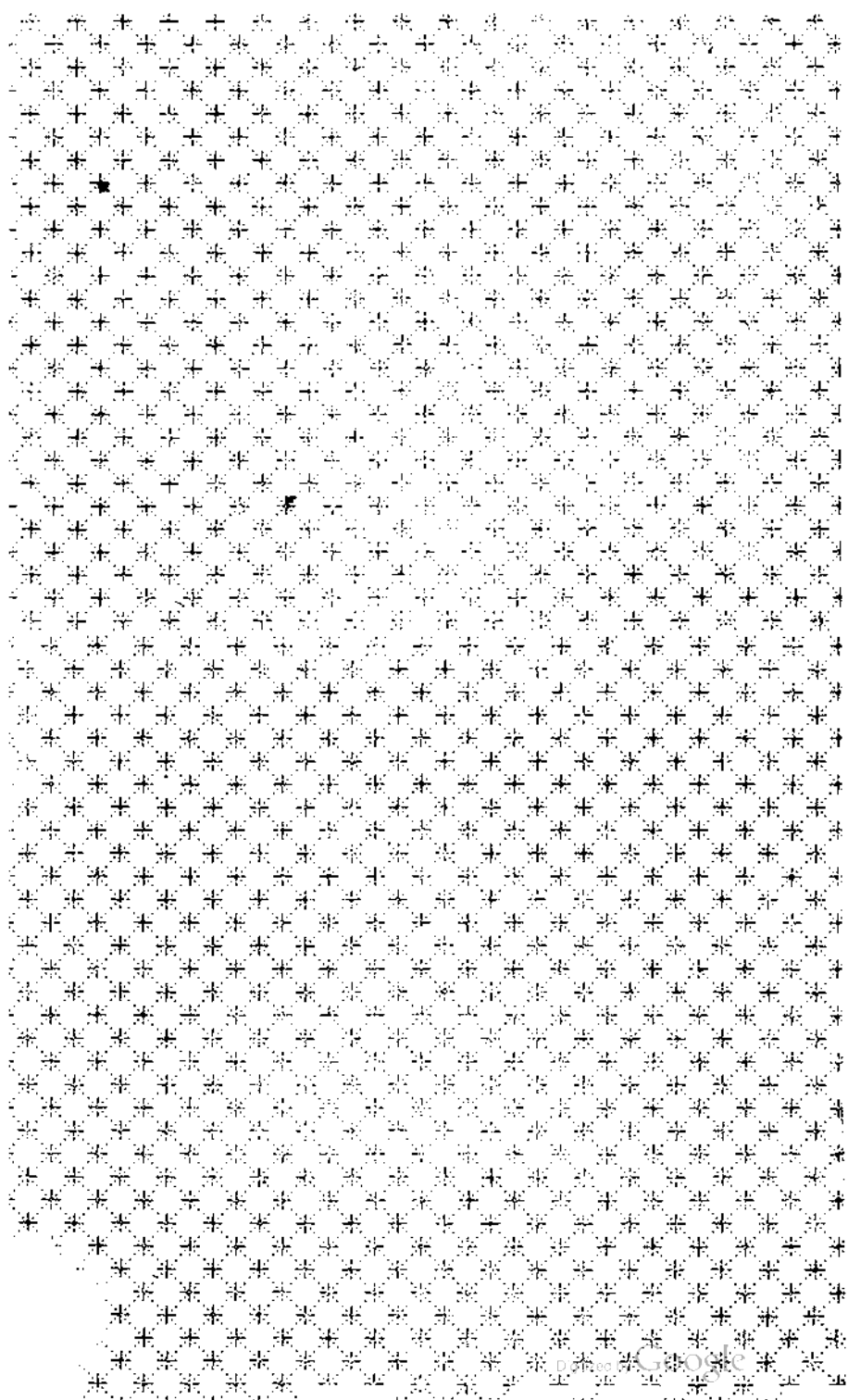


It flows not in vain, but in life,  
Life is but an end to dream,  
For the end is the goal of the dream,  
And the end is the goal of the dream.  
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And the end is the goal of the dream,  
For the end is the goal of the dream,  
And the end is the goal of the dream.

Let us be happy doing  
in a beautiful way  
the achieving of the  
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... ..

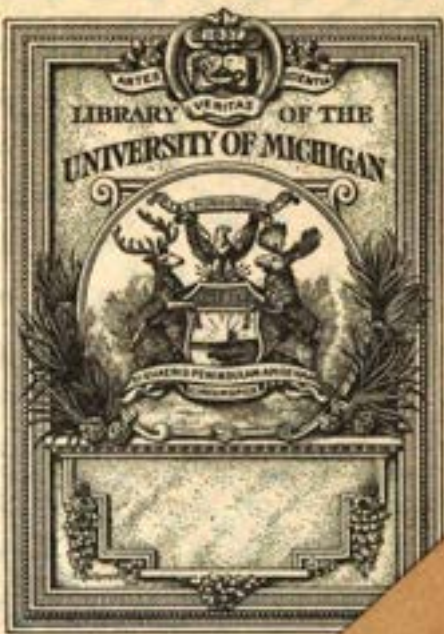




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