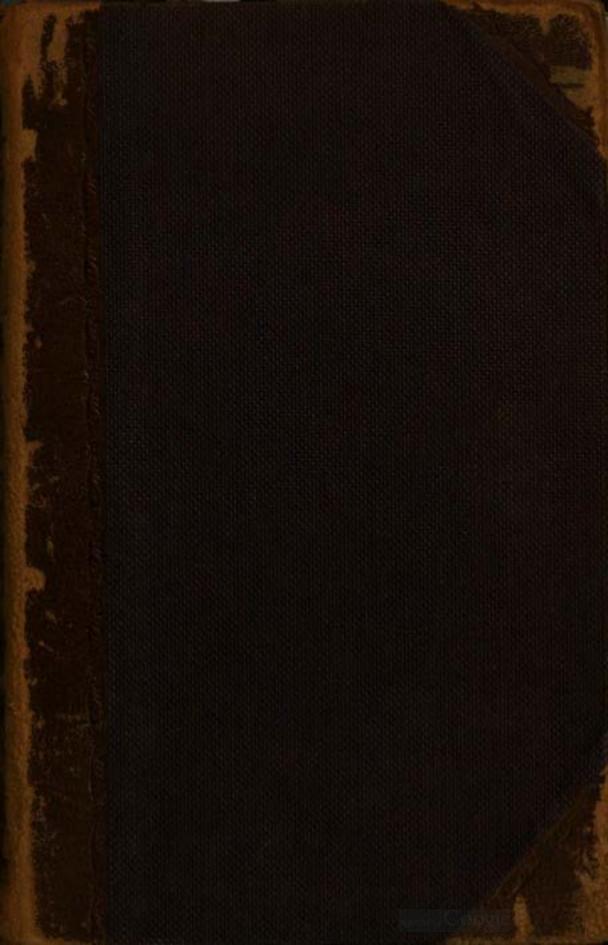
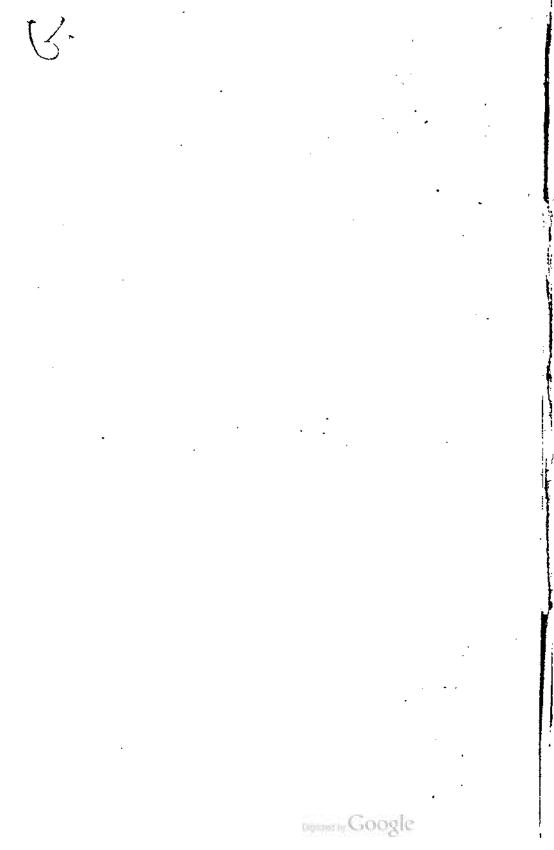
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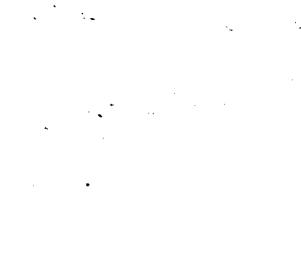


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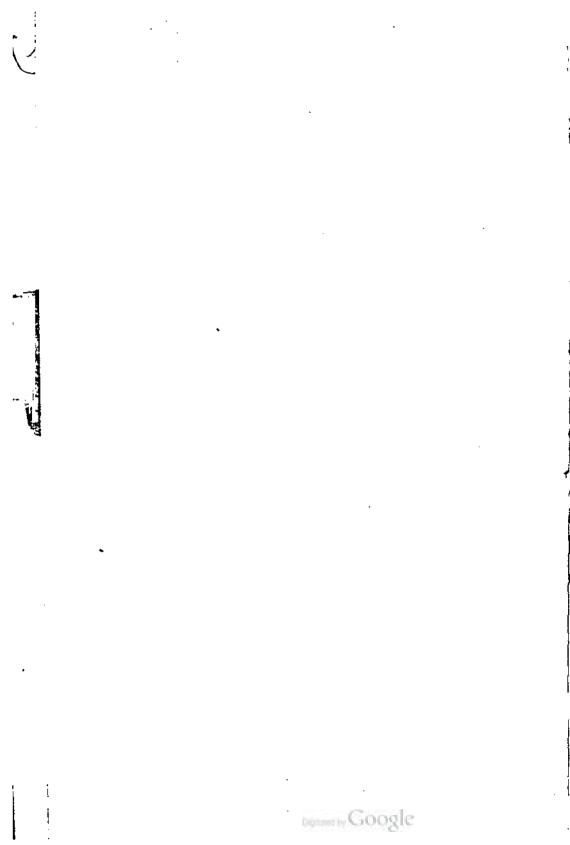


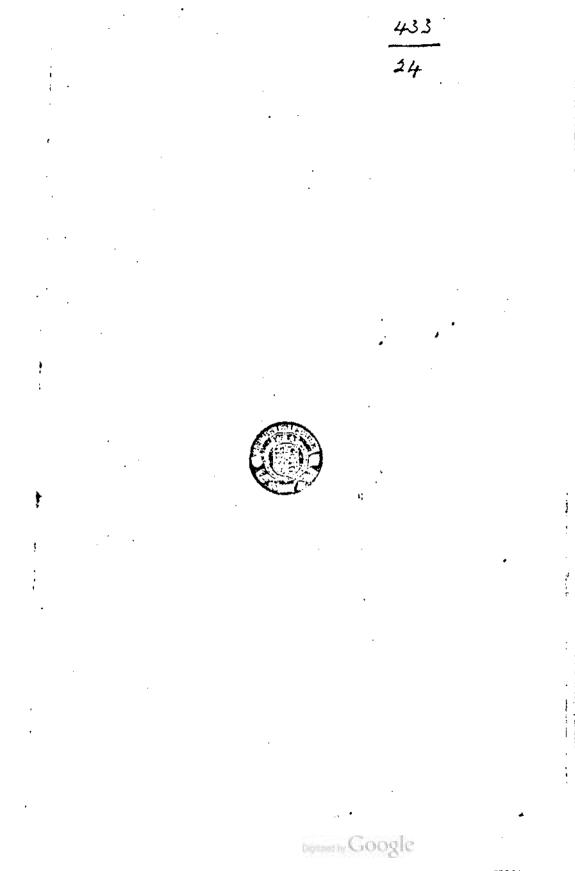
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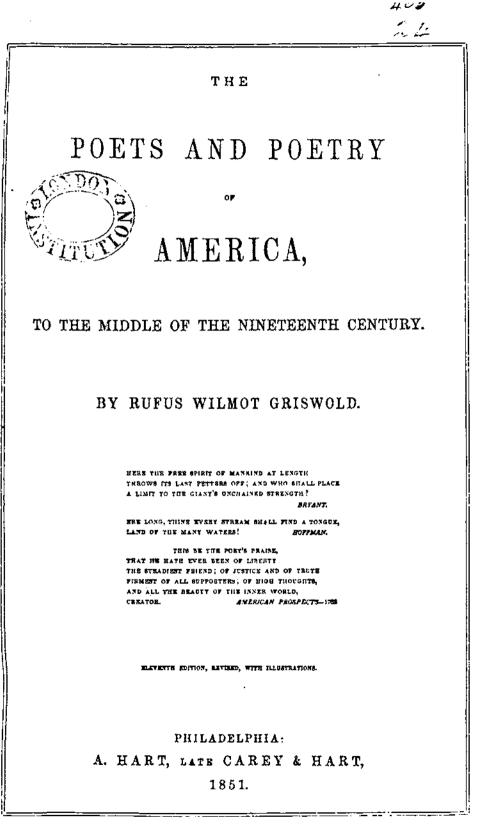


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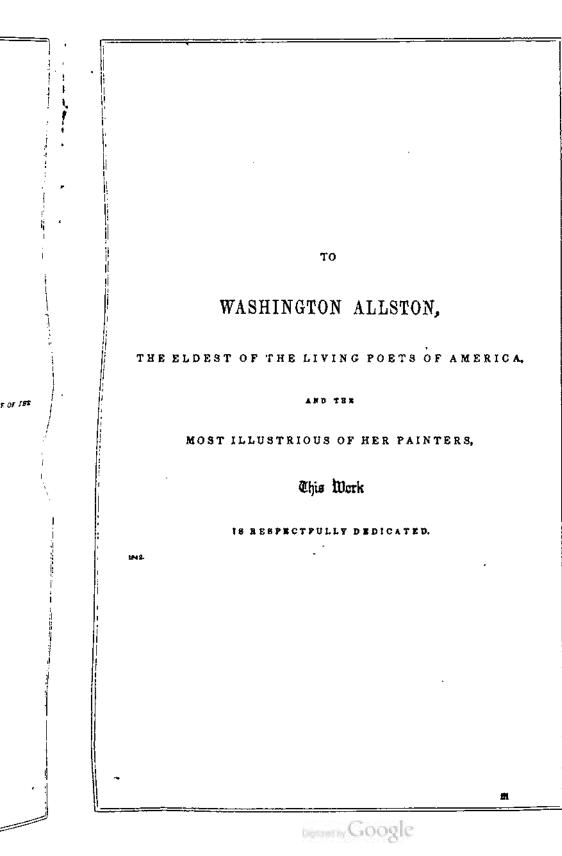
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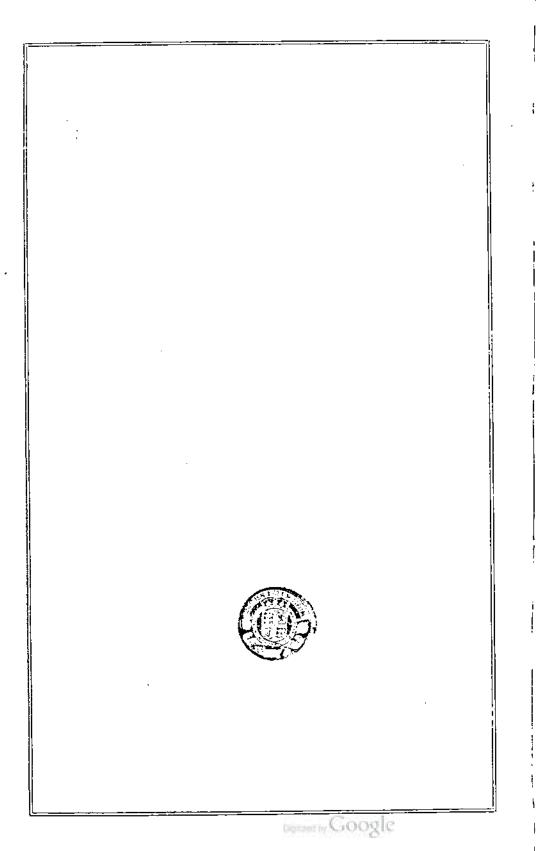
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## PREFACE TO THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

By the publication of "THE FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA," this survey of American Poetry was divided into two parts. From "THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA" are omitted all reviewals of our female poets, and their places are supplied with notices of other authors. The entire volume is also revised, re-arranged, and in other respects much improved.

This work was in the first place too hastily prepared. There was difficulty in procuring materials, and in deciding, where so many had some sort of claim to the title, whom to regard as Poets. There had been published in this country about five hundred volumes of rhythmical compositions of various kinds and degrees of merit, nearly all of which I read with more or less attention. From the mass I chose about one fifth, as containing writings not unworthy of notice in such a survey of this part of our literature as I proposed to make. I have been censured, perhaps justly, for the wide range of my selections. But I did not consider all the contents of the volume genuine Poetry. I aimed merely to show what had been accomplished toward a Poetical Literature in the first half century of our national existence. With much of the first order of excellence I accepted more that was comparatively poor. But I believe I admitted nothing inferior to passages in the most celebrated foreign works of like character. I have also been condemned for omissions. But on this score I have no regrets. I can think of no name not included in the first edition which I would now admit without better credentials than were before me when that edition was printed.

The fact that nine large editions of "THE POETS AND POETRY OF AME-RICA" have been sold in seven years from its first publication, is a gratifying evidence of the interest felt in American letters.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1849.

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## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

This book is designed to exhibit the progress and condition of Poetry in the United States. It contains selections from a large number of authors, all of whom have lived in the brief period which has elapsed since the establishment of the national government. Considering the youth of the country, and the many circumstances which have had a tendency to retard the advancement of letters here, it speaks well for the past and present, and cheeringly for the future.

Although America has produced many eminent scholars and writers, we have yet but the beginning of a National Literature. EDWARDS and MARSH, in metaphysics; DWIGHT, EMMONS, ALEXANDER, STUART, BUSH, WILLIAMS, ROBINSON, NORTON, HODGE and BARNES, in Theology; HAMILTON, MADISON, WEBSTER and CALHOUN, in Politics; STORY, KENT and WHEATON, in Jurisprudence; PRESCOTT and BANCROFT, in History; BROWN, COOPER, IRVING, KENNEDY, BIRD, WARE, HOFFMAN and HAWTHORNE, in Romantic Fiction; BRYANT, DANA, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, and others whose names are in this volume, in Poetry; and AUDUBON, CHANNING, EVERETT, EMERSON, BROWNSON, VERPLANCK, and many more, in the various departments of Literature, have written for the coming ages. But too few of them, it must be confessed, are free from that vassalage of opinion and style which is produced by a constant study of the Literature of the country from which we inherit our language, our tastes, and our manners.

It is said that the principles of our heroic age are beginning to be regarded with indifference; that patriotism is decaying; that the affections of the people are passing from the simplicity of a democracy to the gilded shows of an aristocracy. If it is so, it is because our opinions and feelings are controlled by foreigners, ignorant of our condition and necessities, and hostile to our government and institutions. And it will continue to be the case until, by an honest and judicious system of RECIPROCAL COPYRIGHT, such protection is given to the native author as will enable our best writers to devote more attention to letters, which, not less than wealth, add to a nation's

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

happiness and greatness; and should receive as much of the fostering care of government as is extended to the agriculturist or manufacturer.

There is nothing in our country to prevent the successful cultivation of literature and the arts, provided the government places our own authors upon an equality with their foreign rivals, by making it possible to publish their works at the same prices. A National Literature is not necessarily confined to local subjects; but if it were, we have no lack of themes for romance, poetry, or any other sort of writing, even though the new relations which man sustains to his fellows in these commonwealths did not exist. The perilous adventures of the Northmen; the noble heroism of Columbus; the rise and fall of the Peruvian and Mexican empires; the colonization of New-England by the Puritans; the witchcraft delusion; the persecution of the Quakers and Baptists; the rise and fall of the French dominion in the Canadas; the overthrow of the great confederacy of the Five Nations; the settlement of New-York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, by people of the most varied and picturesque characters; the beautiful and poetical mythology of the aborigines; and that revolution, resulting in our independence and equal liberty, which forms a barrier between the traditionary past and the familiar present: all abound with themes for imaginative literature. Turning from these subjects to those of a descriptive character, we have a variety not less extensive and interesting. The chains of mountains which bind the continent; the inland seas between Itasca and the ocean; caverns, in which whole nations might be hidden; the rivers, cataracts, and sea-like prairies; and all the varieties of land, lake, river, sea and sky, between the gulfs of Mexico and Hudson, are full of them.

The elements of power in all sublime sights and heavenly harmonies should live in the poet's song. The sense of beauty, next to the miraculous divine suasion, is the means through which the human character is purified and elevated. The creation of beauty, the manifestation of the real by the ideal, in "words that move in metrical array," is the office of the poet.

This volume embraces specimens from a great number of authors; and though it may not contain all the names which deserve admission, the judicious critic will be more likely to censure me for the wide range of my selections than for any omissions. In regard to the number of poems I have given from particular writers, it is proper to state that considerations unconnected with any estimates of their comparative merit have in some cases guided me. The collected works of several poets have been frequently

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

printed and are generally familiar, while the works of others, little less deserving of consideration, are comparatively unknown.

There is in all the republic scarcely a native inhabitant of Saxon origin who cannot read and write. Every house has its book closet and every town its public library. The universal prevalence of intelligence, and that self-respect and confidence arising from political and social equality, have caused a great increase of writers. Owing, however, to the absence of a just system of copyright, the rewards of literary exertion are so precarious that but a small number give their exclusive attention to literature. A high degree of excellence, especially in poetry, is attained only by constant and quiet study and cultivation. Our poets have generally written with too little preparation, and too hastily, to win enduring reputations.

In selecting the specimens in the work, I have regarded humorous and other rhythmical compositions, not without merit in their way, as poetry, though they possess few of its true elements. It is so common to mistake the form for the divine essence, that I should have been compelled to omit the names of many who are popularly known as poets, had I been governed by a more strict definition.

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PHILADELPHIA, March, 1842.

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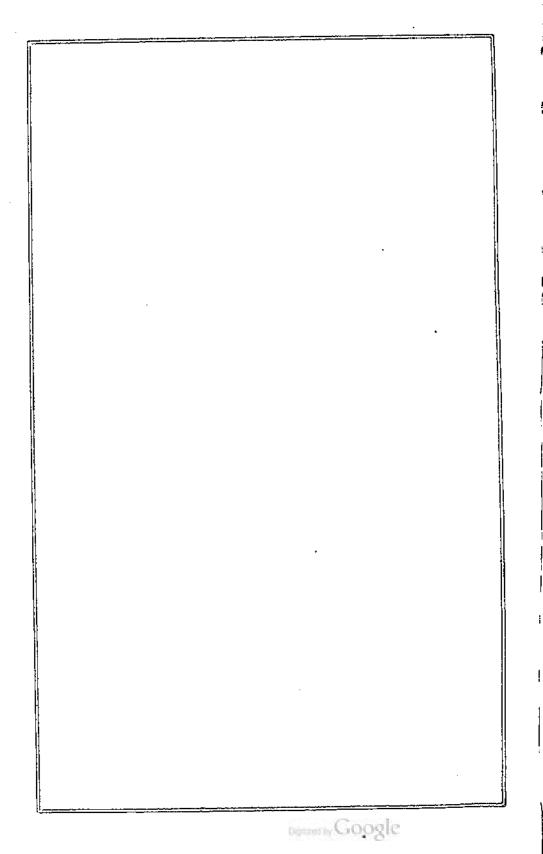
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## POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA.

# Introduction.

FROM THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS TO THE REVOLUTION.



THE earliest specimens of poetry which I have presented in the body of this work are from the writings of PHILIP FRENEAU, one of those worthies who with both lyre and sword aided in the achievement of the independence of the United States. Before his time but little poetry was written in this country, although from the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth there was at no period a lack of candidates for the poetic laurel. Many of the early colonists were men of erudition, deeply versed in scholastic theology, and familiar with the best ancient literature; but they possessed neither the taste, the fancy, nor the feeling of the poet, and their elaborate metrical compositions are forgotten by all save the antiquary, and by him are regarded as among the least valuable of the relics of the first era of civilization in America.

It is unreasonable to compare the quaint and grotesque absurdities of FOLGER, MATHER, and WIGGLESWORTH with the productions of the first cultivators of the art in older nations; for literature-mental development-had here, in truth, no infancy. The great works of CHAU-CER. SPENSER, SHAKSPEARE, and MILTON WERE as accessible in their time as now, and the living harmonies of DRYDEN and POPE were borne on every breeze that then fanned the cheek of an Englishman. The bar to progress was that spirit of bigotry-at length broken down by the stronger spirit of freedomwhich prevented the cultivation of elegant learning, and regarded as the fruits of profane desire the poet's glowing utterance, strong feeling, delicate fancy, and brilliant imagination. Our fathers were like the labourers of an architect; they planted deep and strong in religious virtue and useful science the foundations of an edifice, not dreaming how great and magnificent it was to be. They did well their part; it was not meet for them to fashion the capitals and adorn the arches of the temple.

The first poem composed in this country was a description of New England, in Latin, by the Reverend WILLIAM MORRELL, who came to Plymouth Colony in 1623, and returned to London in the following year. It has been reprinted, with an English translation made by the author, in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The first verses by a colonist were written about the year 1630. The name of the author has been lost:

> Now England's appropriates, you that would know them, Fray poster these serves which briefly do show them.

The place where we live is a wilderness wood, Where grass is much wanting that 's fruitful and good ; Our monatains and bills and our valleys below Being commonly cover'd with ice and with snow ; And when the martineest wind with violence blows, Then every mun pulls his cap over his nose ; But if any 's so herdy and will it withstand, He forfeits a finger, a fout, or a hand.

But when the spring opens, we then take the hos, And marke the ground ready to plant and to saw; Our corn heing planted and seed being sown; The worns destroy nuch before it is grown; And when it is growing some spoil there is made By buds and by squirrels that plack up the blade; And when it is come to full corn in the car, It is often destroy'd by racenon and by deer.

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

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

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

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

The first book published in British America was "The Psalms in Metre, faithfully Translated, for the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints, in Public and Private, especially in New England," printed at Cambridge, in 1640. The version was made by THOMAS WELDE, of Roxbury, RICHARD MATHER, of Dorchester, and JOHN ELIOT, the famous apostle to the Indians. The translators seem a2 xvii

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#### HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

to have been aware that it possessed but little poetical merit. "If," say they, in their preface, "the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire and expect, let them consider that Gop's altar needs not our polishings; for we have respected rather a plain translation, than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase. and so have attended to conscience rather than elegance, and fidelity rather than poetry, in translating Hebrew words into English language, and DAVID's poetry into English metre." COTTON MATHER laments the inelegance of the version, but declares that the Hebrew was most exactly rendered. After a second edition had been printed, President DUNSTER.\* of Harvard College, assisted by Mr. RICHARD LYON, a tutor at Cambridge, attempted to improve it, and in their advertisement to the godly reader they state that they "had special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of sacred writ and sweetness of the verse." DUNSTER's edition was reprinted twenty-three times in America, and several times in Scotland and England, where it was long used in the dissenting congregations. The following specimen is from the second edition :

> PSALM CXXXVII. The rivers on of Babilon, There when wee did sit downe, Yea, even thon, wee mourned when Wee remembered Sion. Our harp wee did hang II amid,

Upon the willow tree, Because there they that us away Led in captivitee

Requir'd of us a cong, and thus Aski mirth us waste who laid, Bing as among a Sion's song, Unto us then they said.

The Lond's song sing can wee, being In stranger's land 1 then let Lose her skill my right hand if I

Jerusalem forget.

Let cleave my tongue my pallate on If mind thee doc not 1, If chiefe joyes o're I prize not more Jorusalem my joy.

Remember, Lond, Edom's sous' word, Unto the ground, said they,

It rose, it rase, when as it was Jerusalem her day,

Biest shall be he that payoth thee, Daughter of Bublion, Who must be waste, that which thou hast

Rewarded as upon.

O happle hee shall surely bee That taketh up, that eke Thy fittle ones achiest the stones Doth into pieces breake.

Mrs. ANNE BRADSTREET, " the mirror of her

\* Thomas DUNSTER was the first president of Harvard College, and was inaugurated on the twenty seventh of age, and glory of her sex," as she is styled by JOHN NORTON, of excellent memory, came to America with her husband, SIMON BRAD-STREET, governor of the colony, in 1030, when she was but sixteen years of age. She was a daughter of Governor DUDLEY, a miserly, though a "valorous and discreet gentleman," for whom Governor BELCHER wrote the following epitaph:

"Here lies THOMAS DEDLEY, that trusty old stud-A bargain 's a bargain, and must be made good."

Mrs. BRADSTREET'S verses were printed at Cambridge, in 1640. The volume was entitled, "Several Poems, compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight; wherein especially is contained a compleat discourse and description of the four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, and Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the Three First Monarchies, viz: the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian; and Roman Commonwealth, from the beginning, to the end of the last King ; with divers other Pleasant and Serious Poems." Norrow declares her poetry so fine that, were MARO to hear it, he would condemn his own works to the fire ; and in a poetical description of her character says---

Her breast was a brave pullace, a *broad street*, Where all heroic, ample thoughts did nuct, Where nature such a tenement had tane That other souls to hers dweit in a lane.

The author of the "Magnalia" speaks of her poems as a "monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marble;" and JOHN ROGERS, one of the presidents of Harvard College, in some verses addressed to her, says—

Your only hand those provice did compose : Your head the source, whence all these springs did flow ; Your voice, whence change's sweetest notes arose : Your feet that kept the dance shone, I trow : Then well your bonneds, poetasters all, Strike, lower amein, and at these humbly fall, And deem yourselves advanced to be her procetal.

Should all with lowly congress laurels bring, Waste Flora's magnizine to dud a wreath, Or Piccus' banks, 't were too usen offering; Your nusse a fairer garland doth bequeath To guard your faster front; bere 't is your name Shall stand immarbled; this your little frame Shall great Colossus be, to your elernal fame.

She died in September, 1672, and "was greatly mourned." The following stanzas are August, 1610. In 1651 he because appropulation account of his public advocacy of anti-product option, and was compelled to resign. When he died, in 1650, he bequeathed legacies to the persons whe were next article in causing his separation from the rollege. In the the of DEWERG, in the *Maemolic*, is the following admontion, by a Mr. SHEEMED, to the authors of the New Pealm Book;

You Reading points Birp after if the anime Of the one for the the waters great for each Audison of Devalution, some versus longthers, Bon with the least income should you while the or Preasthes.

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#### from one of her minor pieces, entitled "Contemplations."

Under the cooling shadow of a stately shm Close sate 1 by a goodly river's eide, Where gliding streams the rocks dud overwhelm; A lonely place, with pleasures dignified. I once that loved the shully woods so well, Now thought the rivers did the trees excell. And if the solu would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream 1 fixt mine eye, White to the long differ ocean huld its course, I markt nor crocks, nor subs that there did lye Could hinder aucht, but still augment its force : O happy flood, quoth I, that holdst thy sace Till thou arrive at thy beloved place, Nor is it rocks or shouls that can obstruct thy psce.

Nor is 't enough, that thou alone may'st slide, But hundred brunks in thy cleer waves do meet, So hand in hand slong with thee they glide To Thetis' house, whore sil embrace and greet: Thou emblem true, of what I count the best, O could I lend my rivulets to rost, So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye fish, which in this liquid region 'blde, That for each scatter, have your habitation, Now sait, now fresh, where you think best to glide, To unknown coasts to give a visitation, In lakes and poorle, you leave your numerous fry, So asture thight, and get you know not why, You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frick to taste the sir, Then to the colder bottome straight they dive, Eftsoon to Ngerturk's glassic hell repair To see what trade the great ones there do drive, Who formge o'er the spacing sen-green field, And take the trembling proy before it yield, [ableid, Whose strought is beir scales, their apreading firs their

While masing thus with contemplation fed, And thousand fancles buzzing in my brain, The sweet-tongued Philomel porcht o'er my head. And chanted forth a most metodious strain Which rapt me so with wonder and delight, I judg'd my hearing better than my sight. And wisht me wings with ber a while to take my flicht.

O merry bird (said I) that fears no snares, That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn, Feels no sai thoughts, nor crucialing cares To sain more good, or shun what might thee harm; Thy locaths ne'er wear, thy mest is every where, Thy bed s bough, thy drink the water cleer, Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thos dost prevent,\* Betts hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew, Bo each one tunes his pretty featrument, And worhling out the old, begins anew, And thus they pass their youth in summer season, Then follow thee into a better region, Where winter's never fell by that sweet alry legion.

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain, In knowledge ignorant, in strength but west : Hubject to sorrows, iosawe, sickness, poin, Each storm his state, his mind, his body break ; From some of these he never finds cessation, But day or night, within, without, vexation, Toubles from fors, from friends, from dearest, near'st re-

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and vain, This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow, This weather benten vessel wrackt with gain, Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow: Nor all his losses, crosses, and vezation,

· Asticipete.

In weight, in frequency, and long dutation, Can make hum deeply grown for that divine translation.

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

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure, Feeding on sweets, that never lut of th' sowre, That's full of friends, of honour, and of treasure. Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heaven's bower. But sad affliction comes and makes him see Here's porther honour, wealth, nor safety; Only above is found all with security.

O Time, the faital wrack of mortal things, That draws obliving'a curtains over kines, Their samplinous monuments, men know them not, Their names without a record are forgot, Their parts, their ports, their poup's all laid in th' dust; Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings scape time's rust; But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone Shall has sad abine when all of these are gone.

WILLIAM BRADFORD, the second governor of Plymouth, who wrote a "History of the People and Colony from 1603 to 1647," composed also "A Descriptive and Historical Account of New England, in Verse," which is preserved in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

When JOHN COTTON, a minister of Boston, died in 1652, BENJAMIN WOODBRIDGE, the first graduate of Harvard College, and alterward one of the chaplains of CHARLES the Second, wrote an elegiac poem, from a passage in which it is supposed FRANKLIN borrowed the idea of his celebrated epitaph on himself. COTTON, says WOODBRIDGE, was

A living, breathing Bible; tables where Both covenants at large engraven were; Goopel and law in 's beart had cach its column, His bead an index to the sacred volume, His very name a tild-page, and next His life a commentary on the text. O what a monument of glorious worth, When in a new edition he comes forth, Without errates, may we think he 'll be, In leaves and covers of ciernity 1

The lines of the Reverend JOSEPH CAPEN, on the death of Mr. JOHN FOSTER, an ingenious mathematician and printer, are yet more like the epitaph of FRANKLIN:

Thy body which no activeness did lack, Now's laid assile like on old alumnack; But for the present only 's out of date, 'T will have at length a far more active state : Yea, though with dust thy body suiled be, Yet at the resurrection we shall see A fair edition, and of matchless worth, Free from errates, new in heaven est forth; 'T is but a word from Gob the great Creator, It shall be done when he saith Imprimatur.

The excellent President URIAN OAREE, styled "the LACTANTIUS of New England," was one of the most distinguished poets of his time. The following verses are from his

Denoria GOOQIC

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Elegy on the death of THOMAS SHEFARD, minister of Charlestown:

Art, nature, grace, in him were all combined To show the world a mate hiers paragon; In whom of radiant virtues no less shuned, Than a whole constellation; but hee's genet

Hee's gone, plast down in the dust must ly As much of this rare person, as could die.

To be descended well, doth that commend ? Can some their fathers' glory call their own? Our Susmaan justly might to this pretend, (His blessed father was of high renown, Both Englands speak him grent, schuire bis name,)

But his own personal worth's a better claim. His look commanded reverence and awe,

Though mild and mulable, not austere : Well humour'd was he, as I ever saw, And ruled by love and wiedom more than fear.

The nuises and the graces too, conspired, To set forth this rare piece to be admired.

He breathed love, and pursued peace in his day, As if his soul were made of harmony: Bearce ever more of goodness crowded hay In such spicee of frail monthity.

Bure Father Wilson's genuine son was he, New-England's PAUL had such a Timorny.

My dearest, inmost, bosome friend is gone ! Gone is my sweet companion, soul's delight ! Now in a buddling crowd, I'm all slone, And almost could bid all the world good night,

Biest be my rock! Gon lives: OI let him be As he is all, so all in all to me.

At that period the memory of every eminent person was preserved in an ingenious elegy, epitaph, or anagram. SHEPARD, mourned in the above verses by OAKES, on the death of JOHN WILSON, "the Paul of New England," and "the greatest annagrammatizer since the days of Lycophicon," wrote—

John Wilson, anagr. John Hilson. O, change it not! No sweeter name or thing, Throughout the world, within our ears shall ring.

THOMAS WELDE, B poet of some reputation in his day, wrote the following epitaph on SAMUEL DANFORTH, a minister of Roxbury, who died soon after the completion of a new meeting-house:

> Our new-built church now suffers too by this, Larger its windows, but its lights are less.

PETER FOULGER, a schoolmaster of Nantucket, and the maternal grandfather of Doctor FRANKLIN, in 1676 published a poem entitled "A Looking-glass for the Times," addressed to men in authority, in which he advocates religions liberty, and implores the government to repeal the uncharitable laws against the Quakers and other sects. He says-

The rolers in the country 1 do owne them in the LORD; And such as nee for government, with them I do accord. But that which I intend boreby, is that they would keep bound;

And meddle not with Gon's worship, for which they have no ground.

And I am not alone herein, there's many hundreds more, That have for many years ago quick much more upon that Induced, I really believe, it's not your business, [score, To modele with the church of Goo in mattern more or less.

#### In another part of his " Looking Glass" he says --

Now loving friends and countrymen, I wish we may be wise ;

"T is now a line for every man to see with his own eyes. "T is easy to provoke the Louth to send among us war; "T is easy to do violence, to eavy and to jar;

To show a spirit that is high; to score and domineer; To pride it out as if there were no Gen to make us fear; To covet what is not our own; to cheat and to oppress; To live a tife that might free us from acts of rightconsuce; To swear and he and to be drunk, to backbite one another; To carey tales that may do burt and mischief to our brother;

To live in such hypoteisy, as men may think us good, Although our hearts within are full of evil and of blood. All these, and many evils more, are easy for to do: But to repent and to reform we have no strength thereto.

The following are the concluding lines:

I am for peace, and not for war, and that 's the reason why I write more plain than some men do, that use to daub and lie.

But I shall cease and set my name to what I here insert: Bacause to be a libeller, I hate it with my heart. I here, From Sherbontown, where now I diw my name too pat Without offence, your real friend, it in PETER FOLLESS.

Probably the first native bard was he who is described on a tombstone at Roxbury as "BENJAMIN THOMSON, learned schoolmaster and physician, and yer renowned poet of New England." He was born in the town of Dorchester, (now Quincy.) in 1640, and educated at Cambridge where Preceived a degree in 1662. His; incident work, "New England's Crisis," appears to have been written during the famous wars of PHILIP, Sachem of the Pequods, against the colonists, in 1675 and 1676. The following is the prologue, in which he laments the growth of luxury among the people:

The times wherein old Powertow was a raint, When men fared bardly yet without complaint, On vilext cates : the debuty Indian-maize Was est with clamp-shells out of wooden trayer, Under thatch'd huis without the cry of rent, And the best sawing to every disk, content. When flesh was food and hairy skins made coals. And men as well as birds had chirping antes. When Cimacis were accounted noble blood; Among the tribes of common herbage food. Of CERES' bounty form'd was many a knack. Emough to fill poor Rober's Almanack. These golden times (too fortunate to hold) Were quickly sin'd away for love of gold. 'T was then among the bushes, not the street, If one in place did an inferior meet, "Good-morrow, brother, is there sught you want? Take freely of me, what I have you ha'nt.' Plain Tom and Dock would pass as current now, As ever since " Your servant, Sir," and bow, Depositured doublets, puritanick capes, Which now would render men like apright aper-Was coulier wear, our wiser fothers thought, Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought. 'T was in those dayes an honest grace would hold Till an hot podding grew at heart a cold. And men had better stomachs at religion, Than I to capan, turkey-cock, or pigeon ; When honest sisters mut to pray, not prate, About their own and not their neighbour's state,

Distanting GOOGLE

II

During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud Of the ancient planters' race before the flood, Then times were good, merchants cared not a rush For other fare than ionakin and much. Although men fared and lodged very hard, Yet mnocence was better than a guard. "T was long before spiders and worms had drawn Their dingy webs, or hid with cheating lawne New England's beautys, which still seem'd to me Illustrious in their own simplicity. 'T was ere the neighbouring Virgin-Land had broke The hogsheads of her worse than hellish smoak. "T was ere the Islands sent their presents in, Which but to use was counted next to sin. "I was ere a barge had made of rich a fraight As chocolate, dust-gold, and bitts of eight. Ere wines from France and Muscovadoe too. Without the which the drink will scarsely doe. From western isles ere fruits and delicaries Did rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces. Or ere these times did chance, the noise of war Was from our towns and hearts removed far. No bugbear conjets in the chrystal air Did drive our Christian planters to despair. No sooner pagan malice peeped forth But valour onib'd it. Then were men of worth Who by their prayers slew thousands, angel-like; Their weapone are unseen with which they strike. Then had the churches rest; as yet the coales Were covered up in most contentious souls : Freeness in Judgment, union in affection, Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection. Then were the times in which our councells sate, These gave prognosticks of our future fate. If these be longer liv'd our hopes increase, These warrs will usher in a longer peace .---But if New England's love die in its youth. The grave will open next for blessed truth. This theams is out of date, the peacefull hours When castles needed not, but pleasant bowers. Not ink, but bloud and tears now serve the tura To draw the figure of New England's orne. New England's hour of passion is at hand; No power except divine can it withstand. Brazee hath her glass of fifty years run out, But her old prosperous steeds turn heads about, Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings, To fear and fare upon their fruits of sinnings, Bo that the mirror of the Christian world Lyes burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furl'd. Grief sighs, joyes flee, and dismal fears surprize Not dastard spirits only, but the wise. Thus have the fairest hopes deceiv'd the eye Of the big-awoin expectant standing by : Thus the proud ship after a little turn, Sinks into NEPTUNE's arms to find its urne : Thus hath the heir to many thousands born Been in an instant from the mother torn ; Even thus thine infant cheeks begin to pale, And thy supporters through great losses fail. This is the Prologue to thy future wee, The Epilogue no mortal yet can know.

THOMSON died in April, 1714, aged 74. He wrote besides his "great epic," three shorter poems, neither of which have much merit.

ROGEN WILLIAMS, Chief Justice SEWALL, NATHANIEL WARD, of Ipswich, JOHN OSBORN, NATHANIEL PITCHER, and many others were in this period known as poets. The death of PITCHER was celebrated in some verses entitled "Pitchero Threnodia," in which he was compared to PINDAR, HORACE, and other great writers of antiquity.

The most celebrated person of his age in America was Corton MATHER. He was once revered as a saint, and is still regarded as a man of great natural abilities and profound and universal learning. It is true that he had much of what is usually called scholarship: he could read many languages; and his niemory was so retentive that he rarely forgot the most trivial circumstance; but he had too little genius to comprehend great truths; and his attainments, curious rather than valuable, made him resemble a complicate machine, which, turned by the water from year to year, produces only bubbles, and spray, and rainbows in the sun. He was industrious, and, beside his three hundred and eighty-two printed works, left many manuscripts, of which the largest is called " Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures," on which he laboured daily more than thirty years. It is a mere compilation of ideas and facts from multitudinous sources, and embraces nothing original, or valuable to the modern scholar. His minor works are nearly all forgotten, even by antiquaries. The "Magnalia Christi Americana" is preserved rather as a curiosity than as an authority; for recent investigations have shown that his statements are not to be relied on where he had any interest in misrepresenting acts or the characters of persons. His style abounds with puerilities, puns, and grotesque conceits. His intellectual character, however, was better than his moral; for he was wholly destitute of any high religious principles, and was ambitious, intriguing, and unscrupulous. He fanned into a flame the terrible superstition in regard to witchcraft, and when the frenzy was over, hypocritically endeavoured to persuade the people that instead of encouraging the proceedings, his influence and exertions had been on the side of forbearance and caution. Failing to convince them of this, he attempted to justify his conduct, by incenting various personal histories, to show that there had been good cause for the atrocious persecutions.

COTTON MATHER'S verses, scattered through a great number of his works, are not superior to those of many of his contemporaries. The following lines from his "Remarks on the Bright and the Dark Side of that American Pillar, the Reverend Mr. William Thomson," show his customary manner....

APOLLYON owing him a cursed spleen Who an APOLLOS in the church had been, Dreading his traffic here would be undone By num'rous proselytes he daily won, Accused him of imaginary faults, And push'd him down so into dismal saults: Vanits, where he kept long emiser-weeks of grisf, Till Heaven alarmed sent him a relief.

Distantin GOOVIC

xxi

Then was a DANIEL in the lion's den, A man, on, how belowed of Gop and ment By his hedside an liebrew sword there iny, With which at last he drove the devil away. Quakers, too, durst not bear his keen replies, But fearing it balf-drawn the trembler files. Like LAZARUS, new raised from death, append The saint that had been dead for many years. Our NEREMIAN said, "shall such as I Desert my flock, and like a coward fly !" Long had the churches begg'd the saint's release; Released at last, he dies in glorious peace. The night is not so long, but Phosphot's ray Approaching glories doth on high display. Faith's eye in him discern'd the morning star, His heart leap'd ; sure the sun cannot be far. In ecstaeles of joy, he revish'd cries, "Love, love the Lists, the Lind!" in whom he dies.

MATHER died on the thirteenth of February, 1724, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

ROGER WOLCOTT, a major-general at the capture of Louisburg, and afterward governor of Connecticut, published a volume of verses at New London, in 1725. His principal work is "A Brief Account of the Agency of the Honourable JOHN WINTHROP, Esquire, in the Court of King CHARLES the Second, Anno Domini 1662, when he obtained a Charter for the Colony of Connecticut." In this he describes a miracle by one of WINTHROP's company, on the return voyage.

The winds owbile Are contrieous, and conduct them on their way, To near the midst of the Atlantic sea, When sublenly their pleasant gales they change For dismal storms that o'er the ocean range. For faithless Zhouvs, meditating harns, Brenks up the pesce, and priding much in arms, Unbars the great artillery of heaven, And at the fatal signal by him given, The cloudy chariots threatening take the plains; Drawn by wing's steads hard pressing on their reins. These was battallons, In dire sapect raised, Btart from the barriers—night with lightning blazed, Whilst clashing wheels, remounding thunders cruck, Btrike mortals denf, and heavens setoniah'd shake.

Here the ship captain, in the midnight watch, Stamps on the deck, and thunders up the batch; And to the mariners aloud he cries, " Now all from asie recumbency arise : All hands aloft, and stand well to your tack, Engendering storms have clothed the sky with black, Big tempeste threaten to undo the world : Down toosail, let the mainsail soon be fuel'd : Haste to the forceall, there take up a reef ; 'Tis time, boys, now if ever, to be brief; Aloof for life ; let's try to stem the tide, The ship's much water, thus we may not ride: Stand roomer then, let's run before the sea. That so the ship may feel her steerage way : Steady at helm !" Swiftly along she acade Before the wind, and cuts the foaming suds. Sometimes aloft she lifts her prow so high, As if she 'd tun het bowsprit through the sky : Then from the summit ebbs and hurries down. As if her way were to the centre shown,

Meanwhile our founders in the cabin sst, Reflecting on their true and end cainte ; While holy WARMAN's encred lips did treat About Goo's promises and mercies great. Still more grantic births spring from the clouds,

Which fore ibe tatter'd canvass from the shrouds,

And dreadful halls of lightning fill the air, Shot from the hand of the great THUNDSEE. And now a sughty wen the whip ofertakes.

Which failing on the deck, the balk-book breaks; The sailors cling to ropes, and frighted cry, "The ship is foundered, we die! we die!"

Those in the cabin heard the sailors screech; All rise, and reversed Waanawido besuech, That he would now lift up to Heaven a cry For preservation in extremity. He with a faith sure bottom'd on the word Of Him that is of sea and winds the Load, Bis eyes him up to Heaven, his hands extends. And fervent prayers for deliverance sends. The winds abate, the threntening waves appears, And a sweet callo sits regent on the seas. They bless the name of their deliverer, Who now they found a God that heareth prayer.

Still further weakward on they keep they way, Biughing the pavenent of the bring sea, Till the vant ocean they had overpast, And in Connecticut their airchors cast.

In a speech to the king, descriptive of the valley of the Connecticut, WINTHROP says-

The grassy banks are like a verdant bed, With choicest thewars all enamelied, O'er which the winged choristers do fly, And wound the air with wondrous metody. Here Philomel, high perch'd upon a thorn. Singe cheerful hypose to the appronching marz. The song once set, each bird times up ans lyre, Responding heavenly music through the quite...

Each plain is bounded at its utmost edge With a long chain of mountains in a ridge, Whose azure tops advance theuselves so high, They seem like pendants hanging in the sky.

In an account of King Philip's wars, he tells how the soldier-

met his sinorous dame, Whose eye had often set his heart in flame. Urged with the motives of her love and lear, She runs and cluaps her arms about her dear Where, weeping on his bosom as she lies, And languishing, on him she sets her eyes, Tilt those bright lamps do with her life expire, And leave him weitering an a double fire.

In the next page he describes the rising of the sun-

By this Aurona doth with gold sdorn The ever beattenns eyelids of the morn; And burning TITAN his exhaustless fays, Bright in the eastern horizon displays; Then soon oppenting in majestic awe, Makes all the starry deities withdraw; Veiling their faces in deep reversace, Before the throne of his magnificence.

Workcorr retired from public life, after having held many honourable offices, in 1755, and died in May, 1767, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. The next American verse-writer of much reputation was the Reverend MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH. He was born in 1631, and graduated at Harvard College soon after entering upon his twentieth year. When rendered unable to preach, by an affection of the lungs,

In costly verse and most inhorious rhymes, He dish'd up truths right worthy our regard-

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His principal work, "The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment, with a Short Discourse about

#### III

Eternity," passed through six editions in this country, and was reprinted in London. A few verses will show its style—

> Still was the night, screne and bright, When all men sleeping lay: Calm was the senson, and carnal reason Thought so 't would last for aye. Soul, take thme ease, let sorrow ceaso, Much good thou hast in store: This was their song their cups atmong, The evening before.

After the "sheep" have received their reward, the several classes of "goats" are arraigned before the judgment-scat, and, in turn, begin to excuse themselves. When the infants object to damnation on the ground that

> Adam is set free And saved from his trespose, Whose simful fall hath spilt them all, And brought them to this pass,-

the puritan theologist does not sustain his doctrine very well, nor quite to his own satisfaction even; and the judge, admitting the pulliating circumstances, decides that although

> in bliss They may not hope to dwell, Still unto them He will allow The samest room in hell.

At length the general sentence is pronounced, and the condemned begin to

> wring their hands, their caltiff-hands, And gnash their teeth for terror; They cry, they roar for angilish sore, And gnaw their tongues for horror. But get away without delay. CHRIST pities not your cry: Depart to hell, there may ye yell, And roar sternally.

WIGGLESWORTH died in 1705.

The Reverend BENJAMIN COLMAN, D. D. "married in succession three widows, and wrote three poems;" but though his diction was more elegant than that of most of his contemporaries, he had less originality. His only daughter, Mrs. JANE 'TURELL, wrote verses which were much praised by the critics of her time.

The "Poems of the Reverend JOHN ADAMS, M.A.," were published in Boston in 1745, four years after the author's drath. The volume contains paraphrases of the Psalms of David, the Book of Revelation in heroic verse, translations from HORACE, and four original compositions, of which the longest is a "Poem on Society," in three cantos. The following picture of parental love is from the first canto.

The parent, warm with nature's tender fire, Does in the child his second self admire; The fondling mother views the springing cherms Of the young Infant smiling in ber arms; And when imperfect accents show the dawn Of rising reason, and the future man, Sweetly she hears what foundly he returns, And by this fuel her affection burns. But when succeeding years have fix'd his growth, And sense and jorganent crown the rulen'd youth : A social joy thence takes its happy rise, And friendship adds its force to Nature's ties.

The conclusion of the second canto is a description of love-

But now the Muse in softer measure flows, And gaver scenes and faiter landscapes shows; The reign of Fancy, when the sliding hours Are past with lovely nyinph in woven howers, Where cooly shades, and lawns forever green, And streams, and warbling birds adorn the scene ; Where surface and graces, and the wantum train Of Cytherea, crown the flowery plain. What can their charms in equal numbers tell 1 The glow of roses, and the fity paie ; The waving rough-ts of the flowing buir, The snowy bosom, and the killing air; Their sable brows in beauteous arches beat, The darts which from their vivid eyes are sent, And fixing in our easy-wounded hearts. Can never be removed by all our arts ; 'T is then with love, and love alone possest, Our reason fled, that passion claims our breast. How many evils then will foncy form i A frown will gather, and discharge a storm : Her smile more soft and cooling breezes brings. Than zophyrs fanging with their silken wings. But love, where madness reason does subdue, E'en angels, were they here, might well pursue, Lovely the sex, and moving are their charms, But why should passion sink us to their arms? Why should the female to a goddess turn, And flames of love to flames of incense burn 1 Either by funcy fired, or fed by lies, Be all distraction, or all artifice i True love does flattery as much disdain As, of its own perfections, to be vain. The heart can feel whate'er the lips reveal, Nor Syren's siniles the destined death conceal. Love is a noble and a generous fire, Esteem and virtue feed the just desire ; Where honour leads the way it ever moves, And ne'er from breast to breast, inconstant, royes. Harbour'd by one, and only harbour'd there, It likes, but ne'er can love quother fair. Fix'd upon one supreme, and her alone, Our heart is, of the fair, the constant throne. Nor will her absence, or her cold neglect, At once, expel her from our just respect : Inflamed by victue, love will not expire, Unless contempt or batted quench the fire.

ADAMS died on the twenty-second of January, 1740. I copy from the "Boston Weekly Newsletter,"\* printed the day after his interment, the following letter from a correspondent at Cambridge, which shows the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries;

" Last Wednesday morning expired in this place, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and this day was interred with a just solemuity and respect, the reverend and learned JOHN ADAMS, M. A., only son of the Honourable JOHN ADAMS, Esquire.

"The corpse was carried and placed in the

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<sup>•</sup> This was the dist newspaper published in America. It was established in 1601, and the first short that was printed was taken daup from the press by Chief Justice Sewel, to exhibit as a curiosity to President WitLARD, of Harvard University. The "Newsletter" was conthured neverty-two years.

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HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

center of the college hall ; from whence, after a portion of Holy Scripture, and a prayer very suitable to the occasion, by the learned head of that society, it was taken and deposited within sight of the place of his own education. The pall was supported by the fellows of the college, the professor of mathematics, and another master of arts. And, next to a number of sorrowful relatives, the remains of this great man were followed by his honour the lieutenant-governor, with some of his majesty's council and justices; who, with the reverend the president, the professor of divinity, and several gentlemen of distinction from this and the neighbouring towns, together with all the members and students of the college, composed the train that attended in an orderly procession, to the place that had been appointed for his mournful interment.

"The character of this excellent person is too great to be comprised within the limits of a paper of intelligence. It deserves to be engraven in letters of gold on a monument of marble, or rather to appear and shine forth from the works of some genius, of an uncommon sublimity, and equal to his own. But sufficient to perpetuate his memory to the latest posterity, are the immortal writings and composures of this departed gentleman; who, for his genius, his learning, and his piety, ought to be enrolled in the highest class in the catalogue of Fame."

The only American immortalized in "The Dunciad" was JAMES RALPH, who went to England with FRANKLIN. Pope exclaime-

Bilence, ye wolvest while Ratrix to Cynthia howis, And makes night hideous; answer him, ye owist

RALPH wrote a long "poem" entitled "Zeuma, or the Love of Liberty," which appeared in London in 1729; "Night," and "Sawney," a satire, in which I suppose he attempted to repay the debt he owed to Porr, as it is but an abusive tirade against that poet and his friends. I quote a few lines from "Zeuma:"

Tiascala's valuet, great ZAOBAR's mortial son, Extended on the rack, no more complains That realms are wanting to employ his sword; But, circled with innumerable ghosts, Who print their keenest vengeance on bla soul, For all the wrongs, and shaughters of his reign, Howls out reportance to the deafon'di skies, Aud shakes hell's concave with continual groans.

In Philadelphia, in 1728 and 1729, THOMAS MARIN published two Latin poems, "Encomium Pennsylvaniæ" and "In laudes Pennsylvaniæ." About the same time appeared in Boston JOHN MAYNEW'S "Gallic Perfidy" and "Conquest of Louisburg," two smoothly versified but very dull compositions.

THOMAS GODFREY of Philadelphia has been called "the first American dramatic poet," but I believe a play superior to "The Prince of Parthia" had been composed by some students at Cambridge before his time. Gobracy was a son of the inventor of the quadrant claimed in England by HADLEY. He was a lieutenant in the expedition against Fort Du Quesne in 1759, and on the disbanding of the colonial forces went to New Providence, and afterward to North Carolina, where he died, on the third of August, 1763, in the twentyseventh year of his age. Ilis poems were published in Philadelphia in 1765, in a quarto volume of two hundred and thirty pages. "The Prince of Parthia, a Tragedy," contains a few vigorous passages, but not enough to save it from condemnation as the most worthless composition in the dramatic form that has been printed in America. The following lines from the fifth act, might pass for respectable prose-

O may be never know a futher's fondness, Or know it to his sorrow; may his hopes Of joy be cut like mine, and his short life Be one continued tempest. If he lives, Let him be cursed with johlowy and fear; May insturing Hope present the flowing cop, Then, hasty, enstch it from his enger thirst. And, when he dies, have treachery be the means.

The "Court of Fancy," a poem in the heroic measure, is superior to his tragedy in its diction, but has little originality of thought or illustration. Of Fancy he gives this description-

High in the midst, raised on her rolling throne. Bublimely eminent, bright FANCY shone. A glittering tigrs her temples bound, Kich set with sparkling rubies all around ; A radiant bough, ensign of her command, Of polished gold, waved in her fily hand; The same the sybil to Ænzas gave, When the bold Trojan cross'd the Stygian wave. In ailver traces fia'd unto her car, Four snowy swans, proud of the imperial fair, Wing'd lightly on, each in gny beauty dress'd, Smooth'd the soft pluninge that adorn'd her breast. Bacred to her the lucent chariot drew, Or whether wildly (brough the air she flew, Or whether to the dreary shades of night, Oppress'd with gloom she downward bent her flight, Or proud aspiring sought the bless'd Abodes, And boldly shot among the assembled gods.

One of GODFREY'S most intimate friends was the Reverend NATHANIEL EVANS, a native of Philadelphia, admitted to holy orders by the Bishop of London in 1765. He died in October, 1767, in the twenty-sixth year of his age; and his poems, few of which had been printed in his lifetime, were soon afterward, by his direction, collected and published. The "Ode on the Prospect of Peace," written in 1761, is the most carefully finished of

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Verses-
Thus has Britannia's glory beam'd, Where'er bright Phæbus, from his car,
To earth his cheerful rays hath stream'd,
Adown the crystal vault of air.
Enough o'er Britain's shining arms, Hath Victory display'd her charms
Amid the horrid pomp of war-
Descend then, Peace, angelic maid,
And smoothe BELLONA's haggard brow ; Hante to diffuse thy healing aid,
Where'er implared by scenes of wo.
Henceforth whoe'er disturbs thy reign Or stains the world with human gore,
Be they from earth (a gloomy train !)
Banish'd to hell's profoundest shore ;
Where Vengeance, on Avernus' lake, Bages, with furious Are bound ;
And black Rebellion's fetters shake,
And Discord's hideous murmurs sound ; Where Envy's nozious enskes entwine
Her temples round, in gorgon mood,
And bellowing Faction rolls supine
Along the flame-becuried flood ! Hence, then, to that accurate place,
Disturbers of the human race !
And with you bear Amhition wild, and relfah Pride,
With Persecution foul, and Terror by her side.
Thus driven from earth, War's horrid train- O Peace, thou nymph divine, draw near!
Here let the nuses fix their reign,
And crown with fame each rolling year.
Bource of Joy and genuine pleasure, Queen of quiet, queen of leisure,
Haste thy votaries to cheer !
Cherish'd beneath thy hallow'd rule, Shall Penneylvania's glory rise ;
Her sons, bred up in Virtue's school,
Shall lift her honours to the skies-
A state thrice bleat with lenient away, Where Liberty exaits the mind ;
Where Plenty onsks the live-long day
And pours her treasures unconfined.
Hither, ye beauteous virgins tend, With Art and Science by your side,
Whose skill the untutor'd morals mend,
And mankind to fair honour guide ; And with you bring the graces three,
To fill the woul with glory's blaze;
Whose charms give grace to pocay,
And consecrate the immortal jays-
Through the Alphean village rung;
Or such as, Meles, by thy lucid fountains flow'd,
When bold M zonides with heavenly transports glow'd.
To such, may Delaware, majestic flood, Lend, from his flowery banks, a ravish'd ear;
Buch note as may delight the wise and good,
Or saints celestial may endure to hear?
For if the muse can aught of time descry, Such notes shall sound thy crystal waves slong,
Thy chiles fair with glorious Athens vie,
Nor pure llissus boast a nobler song.
On thy fair banks, a fane to Virtue's name Shall rise—and Justice light her holy flame.
All hall, then, Peace I restore the golden days,
And round the ball diffuse Britannia's praise ; Stretch her wide empire to the world's last and,
Till klags remotest to her sceptre bendt
JOHN OSBORN of Sandwich, in Massachu-

JOHN OSBORN of Sandwich, in Massachusetts, who died in 1753, wrote a "Whaling Song" which was well known in the Pacific for more than half a century. While in college, in 1735, he addressed an elegiac epistle to one of his eisters, on the death of a member of the family, of which I quote the first part-

Dear sister, see the smiling spring in all its beauties here; The groves a thousand pleasures bring, A thousand grateful acenes appear. With tender laaves the trees are crown'd, And acatter'd blossoms all around, Of various dyes Balue your eyes, And cover o'er the speckled ground. Now thickets shade the glassy fountains; Trees o'erhang the purting streams; Whisp'ring breezes brush the mountains, Grots are fill'd with balmy steams. But, sister, all the sweets that gracs The chirping birds,

The spring and blooming neure states; The chirping birds, Nor lowing herds; The woody hills, Nor murm ring rills; The sylvan shades, Nor flowery meads, To me their former joys dispense, Though all their plessures court my sense, But melancholy damps my mind; I lonely walk the field, With inward sorrow fill'd, And sign to overy breathing wind.

The facatious MATHER BYLES was in his time equally famous as a poet and a wit. A contemporary bard exclaims---

Would but Arollo's genisi touch inspise Such sounds as breathe from Byles's warbling lyrs, Then might my notes in melting measures flow, And make all nature wear the signs of wo.

And his humour is celebrated in a poetical account of the clergy of Boston, quoted by Mr. SAMUEL KETTELL, in his "Specimens of American Poetry,"—

There's punning BYLES, provokes our smiles, A man of stately parts. He visits fulks to crack his jokes, Which never mend their hearts. With strutting gait, and wig so great, He walks along the streets; And throws out wit, or what's like it, To every one he meets.

BYLES was graduated at Cambridge in 1725, and was ordained the first minister of the church in Hollis street, in 1732. He soon became eminent as a preacher, and the King's College at Aberdeen conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was one of the authors of "A Collection of Poems by several Hands," which appeared in 1744, and of numerous essays and metrical compositions in "The New England Weekly Journal," the merit of which was such as to introduce him to the notice of Porz and other English scholars. One of his poems is entitled "The Conflagration;" and it is "applied to that grand catastrophe of our world when the face of nature is to be changed

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# by a deluge of fire." The following lines show its style-

Yei shall ye, fiames, the weating globe refine, And bld the skies with ourer splendour shine. The earth, which the prolific fires consume, To beauty burns, and withers into bloom ; Improving in the fertile finme it lies. Fades into form, and into vigour dies : Fresh-dewning glories blush amidal the blaze, And nature all renews her flowery face. With andless charms the everiasting year Rolls round the seasons in a full career ; Bpring, ever-blooming, bids the fields repoice, And warbling birds try their melodious voice ; Where'er she treads, lilics unbilden blow, Quick tulips rise, and audden roses glow : Her pencil paints a thousand beauteous scenes, Where blossoms bud amid immortal greens; Each strepol, in mazes, murmurs as it flows, And floating forests gently bend their boughs. Thou, autumn, too, sitt'st in the fragrant shade, While the ripe fruits bluch all sround thy head : And lavish noture, with luxuriant hands, All the soft months, in gay confusion blends.

ByLES was earnestly opposed to the Revolution, and in the spring of 1777 was denounced in the public assemblies as a Tory, and compelled to give bonds for his appearance before a court for trial. In the following June he was convicted of treasonable conversation, and hostility to the country, and sentenced to be imprisoned forty days on board a guard ship, and at the end of that period to be sent with his family to England. The board of war however took his case into consideration, and commuted the punishment to a short confinement under a guard in his own house; but, though he continued to reside in Boston during the remainder of his life, he never again entered a pulpit, nor regained his ante-revolutionary popularity. He died in 1788, in the eightysecond year of his age.

He was a favourite in every social or convivial circle, and no one was more found of his society than the colonial governor, BELCHER, on the death of whose wife he wrote an elegy ending with—

Meantime my name to thine allied shall stand. Still our warm friendship, mutual flance extend; The muse shall so survive from age to age, And BELCHER's nome protect his BULER's page.

The doctor had declined an invitation to visit with the governor the province of Maine, and BELCHER resorted to a stratagem to secure his company. Having persuaded him to drink tea with him on board the Scarborough ship of war, one Sunday afternoon, as soon as they were seated at the table the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and before the punning parson had called for his last cup, the ship was too far at sea for him to think of returning to the shore. As every thing necessary for his ecomfort had been thoughtfully provided, he was easily reconciled to the voyage. While making preparations for religious services, the next Sunday, it was discovered that there was no hymn book on board, and he wrote the following lines, which were sung instead of a selection from STERNHOLD and HOPKINS-

Great Gob, thy works our wonder raise; To thee our swelling notes belong ; While skies and winds, and rocks and seas, Around shall echo to our song. Thy power produced this mighty frame. Aloud to thee the tempests roat. Or softer breezes tune thy name Gently along the shelly shore. Round thee the scaly nation roves. Thy opening hands their joys bestow, Through all the blushing caral groves, These silent gay retreats below See the broad sun forsake the skies. Glow on the waves, and downward glide; Anon heaven opens all its eyes. And star-beams tremble o'er the tide. Each various scene, or day or night. Loap ! points to thee our nourish'd soul; Thy glories fix our whole delight ; So the touch'd needle courts the pole.

JOSEPH GREEN, a merchant of Boston, who had been a classmate of BVLES at Cambridge, was little less celebrated than the doctor for humour; and some of his poetical compositions were as popular ninety years ago as in our own time have been those of "CROAKER & Co.," which they resemble in spirit and playful ease of versification. The abduction of the Hollis street minister was the cause of not a little meriment in Boston; and GREEN, between whom and BYLES there was some rivelry, as the leaders of opposing social factions, soon after wrote a burlesque account of it—

In Davip's Psalms an oversight Byigs found one morning at his tes, Alast that he should never write A proper pealm to sing at sca. Thus ruminating on his seat, Ambilious thoughts at length prevail'd, The bard determined to complete The part wherein the prophet fail'd. He sat awhile and stroked his muse." Then taking up his tuneful pen, Wrote a few stanzas for the use ()) his gestaring bretheren. The task perform d, the bard content. Well chosen was each flowing word; On a short voyage himself he went, To hear it read and sung on board. Most serious Christians do aver. (Their credit sure we may rely on,) In former times that after prayer. They used to sing a song of Zion. Out modern parson having proy'd, Unless loud fame our faith beguiles. Bat down, took out his book and said, " Let 's sing a pantin of MATHER BYLES." At first, when he began to read, Their heads the assembly downward hung, But he with buildness did proceed, And thus he read, and thus they sung. · Bytsa's favourite cat, so named by his friends.

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#### XXVÍ

#### THE PSALM.

With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim, and porpoise play,
And crabs and lobsters creep.
Fish of all kinds inhabit here

And throng the dark abade. Here haddack, hake, and flounders are, And eels, and perch, and tod.

From raging winds and tempests free, So smoothly as we pass, The shining surface scenes to be

A piece of Bristol glass. But when the winds and tempests rise,

And foaming billows swell, The versel mounts above the skies And lower sinks than hell,

Our heads the tottering motion feel, And quickly we become Giddy as new-dropp'd calves, and reet

Like Indians drunk with rum.

What praises then are due that we Thus far have safely got, Amarcacoggin tribe to see, And tribe of Penobscot.

In 1750 GREEN published "An Entertainment for a Winter Evening," in which he ridicules the freemasons; and afterward, "The Sand Bank," "A True Account of the Celebration of St. JOHN the Baptist," and several shorter pieces, all of which I believe were satirical. His epigrams are the best written in this country before the Revolution; and many anecdotes are told to show the readiness of his wit and his skill as an improvisator. On one occasion, a country gentleman, knowing his reputation as a poet, procured an introduction to him, and solicited a "first rate epitaph" for a favourite servant who had lately died. GREEN asked what were the man's chief qualities, and was told that "COLE excelled in all things, but was particularly good at raking hay, which he could do faster than anybody, the present company, of course, excepted." GREEN wrote immediately-

> Here lies the body of JOHN COLE, His mester loved him like his soul; He could rake hay, none could rake faster Except that raking dog, his master.

In his old age GREEN left Boston for England, rather from the infirmities of age, than from indifference to the cause of liberty.

Contemporary with BYLES and GREEN was the celebrated Doctor BENJAMIN CHURCH. He was born in Boston in 1739, and graduated at Cambridge when in the sixteenth year of his age. After finishing his professional education, he established himself as a physician in his native city, and soon became eminent by his literary and political writings. At the commencement of the revolutionary troubles, he was chosen a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and after the battle of Lexington

was appointed surgeon-general of the army. In the autumn of 1775 he was suspected of treasonable correspondence with the enemy, arrested by order of the commander-in-chief, tried by the general court, and found guilty. By direction of the Congress, to whom the subject of his punishment was referred, he was confined in a prison in Connecticut; but after a few months, on account of the condition of his health, was set at liberty; and in the summer of 1776 he embarked at Newport for the West Indies, in a ship which was never heard of after the day on which it sailed. CHURCH wrote several of the best poems in Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigiensis apud Novanglos, published on the accession of George the Third to the throne; and "The Times," a satire, "The Choice," "Elegies on George Whitefield and Doctor MAY-HEW," and several other pieces, all of which were manly in their style, and smoothly versified. The following are the concluding lines of his address to the king:

May one clear calm attend then to thy close, One lengthen'd sumshime of complete repose; Correct our crimes, and beam that Christian mind O'er the wide wreck of desolate mankind; To calm-brow'd Peace, the maddening world restore, Or lash the demon thirsing alill for gore; Till nature's utmost bound thy arms restrain, And prostrate tyrants bite the Britah thain.

JAMES ALLEN, the author of an "epic poem" entitled "Bunker Hill," of which but a few fragments have been published, lived in the same period. The world lost nothing by "his neglect of fame."

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, a member of the first Congress, and the first republican governor of New Jersey, was born in New York in 1723, and was graduated at Yale College in 1741. His poem entitled "Philosophic Solitude," which has been frequently reprinted, is a specimen of elegant mediocrity—superior to most of the compositions which I have already alluded to—but contains nothing worthy of especial praise. The opening verses are not deficient in melody:

Let ardent heroes seek renown in arms, Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms; To shining palaces let fools resort, And dunces oringe to be esteem'd at court; Mine be the pleasure of a rural life, From noise remote, and ignorant of strife; Far from the painted belle, and while-gloved beau, The lawless masquerade, and midnight show, From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars, Foops, fiddlers, syranis, enperces, and czars.

Among the poets who wrote just before the Revolution, and whom I have not before mentioned, was Mrs. ELIZA BLEICKER, the author of several pieces relating to the domestic suf-

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## HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

ferings which followed in the train of frontier warfare. Some " Lines on Reading Virgil," written in 1778, show her manner-

Now cease those tesrs, lay gentle Visoit by, Let recent sorrows dim thy bausing eyes Shell ÆREAS for lost Casusa mourn. And tears be wonting on ABELLA's urn 1 Like him I lost my fair one in my flight, From cruel foes, and in the dead of night. Shall be lament the fall of lilon's towers. And we not mourn the sudden ruin of ours 1 See York on fire-while, borne by winds, each fiame Projects its glowing sheet o'er half the malo, The affrighted savage, yelling with amone, From Alleghany sees the rolling blaze. Fat from these scenes of horror, in the shade I saw my aged parent safe conveyed; Then sadly followed to the friendly land With my surviving infant by the band : No cumbrous household gods had 1, indeed, To load my shoulders, and my flight impede ; Protection from such impotence who 'd claim? My Gods took care of me-not I of them. The Troian saw Axcitians breathe bis last When all domestic dangers he had passed ; So my lov'd patent, after she had fled, Lamented, perish'd on a stranger's bed : -He held his way o'er the Cerulian main, But I returned to bostlle fields again.

During the war several volumes of patriotic and miscellaneous verses were published in New England and New York. The poems of Doctor J. M. SEWELL, contain the wellknown epilogue to ADDISON'S "Cato," beginning —

"We see mankind the same in every age:"

and those of Doctor PRIME and GULIAN VER-PLANCE are written with unusual taste and care. PRIME finished his professional education in Europe, and on his return applied for a commission in the army, but did not succeed in obtaining one. He alludes to his disappointment in an elegy on the death of his friend Doctor SCUDDER, who was slain in a skirmish at Shrawebury in New Jersey—

So bright, bless'd shade t thy deeds of virtus shine; So rich, no doubl, thy recompense on high: My lot's far more lementable than thine, Thou liv's th death, while I in tiving dis.

With great applause hast thon perform'd thy part, Since thy first entrance on the stage of life; Or in the labours of the healing art, Or in fair Liberty's important strife.

In medicine skilful, and in warfare brave, In council steady, uncorrupt and whee; To thee, the happy loi thy Maker gave, To no small rank in each of these to rise. Employ'd in constant usefulness thy time, And thy fine talents in exertion strong ; Thou diedet advanc'd in tife, though in thy orime. For, living useful thou hast lived long. But I, alas ! like some unfruitful tree, That useless stands, a cumberer of the plain. My faculties unprofitable aco. And five long years have lived almost in vain. While all around me, like the busy swarms, That ply the fervent labours of the hive ; Or guide the state, with ardour rush to arms Or some less great but needful business drive, I see my time logiorious glide away. Obscure and useless like an idle drone; And unconducive each revolving day, Or to my country's int'rest or my own. Great bast thou lived and glorious hast thou died ; Though trait'rons silleins have cut short thy days : Virtue must shine, whatever fate betide, Be theirs the scandal, and be thine the praise. Then, to my soul thy memory shall be. From glory bright, ss from affection, desr; And while I live to pour my grief for thee,

Giad joy shaii sparkle in each trickling test. Thy great example, (oo, shail fire my breast; If Heaven permit, with thee, egain 7 <sup>15</sup> vie; And sil thy conduct well in mine express'd, Like thee 1" live, though 1 like thee should die.

PRIME wrote a satire on the Welsh, in Latin and English, entitled "Muscipula sive Cambromyomachia;" and on the passage of the stamp act composed "A Song for the Sons of Liberty in New York," which is superior to any patriotic lyric up to that time written in this country. VERPLANCE was a man of taste and erudition, and his "Vice, a Satire," published soon after his return from his travels, in 1774, is an elegant and spirited poem. Among his shorter pieces is the following "Prophecy," written while he was in England, in 1773-

Hall, happy Britain, Freedom's biest retrest; Great is thy power, thy westih, thy glory great, But weath and power have no immottal day, For all things ripen only to decay. And when that time arrives, the lot of all, When Britain's glory, power, and weath shall fall; Then shall thy sons by Fate's unchanged decree In other worlds another Britain see, And what thou art, America shall be.

From this account of the "poets and poetry" of our ante-revolutionary period, it will be seen that until the spirit of freedom began to influence the national character, very little verse worthy of preservation was produced in America. The POETRY OF THE COLONIES was without originality, energy, feeling, or correctness of diction.

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# POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA.

TEROTOR THE OLOWING PRESENT WESTWARD TER STARRY PATE OF POESY LLES: HER GLORIOUS SPIRIT, LIKE TER EVERING CRESCRIFT, GOWRS ROTHDING UP TER SKIRS.

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#### [Born, 1786, Died, 1892.]

PRILIP FRENELU<sup>®</sup> was the most distinguished poet of our revolutionary time. He was a voluminous writer, and many of his compositions are intrinsically worthless, or, relating to persons and events now forgotten, we no longer interesting; but enough remain to show that he had more genius and more enthusiasm than any other bard whose powers were called into action during the great struggle for liberty.

He was of French extraction. His grandfather a pious and intelligent Huguenot, came to America immediately after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in company with a number of Protestant gentlemen, who on their arrival founded the old church of Saint Esprit, in New York, and afterward, I believe, the pleasant village of New Rochelle, near that city. The poet was born on the fifteenth of January, in the year 1752. His father died while he was yet a child, but his mother attended carefully to his education, and he entered Nassau Hall at Princeton, in 1767, so far advanced in classical studies, that the president of the college made his proficiency the subject of a congratulatory letter to one of his relatives. His roommate and most devoted friend here was JAMES MADISON, and among his classmatcs were many others who in after time became eminent as legislators or scholars. He was graduated when nineteen years of age, and soon after removed to Philadelphia, where he was for several years on terms of familiar intimacy with the well-known FRANCIS HOPEINSON, with whom he was associated as a political writer.

Ho began to compose verses at an early period, and, before leaving Princeton, had formed the plan of an epic poem on the life and discoveries of Co-LUMBUR, of which the "Address to Ferdinand," in this volume, is probably a fragment. After his removal to Philadelphia his attention was devoted to politics, and his poetical writings related principally to public characters and events. His satires on HUBH GAINE,<sup>†</sup> and other prominent tories, were remarkably popular in their time, though deserving of little praise for their chasteness or elegance of diction; and his patriotic songs and

\* The name of the poet is sometimes confounded with that of his brother, Purtex FRENEAU, a celebrated partisan editor, of South Carolina, who occasionally wrote verses, though I believe nothing of more pretension than a song or an epigram. PETER FRENEAU was a man of wit and education; he was one of Mc. JEFFREson's most artient and influential adherents, and when he republican party came into power in South Carolina, he was made Secretary of Biste. Thowas, in his "Reminiscences," remarks that "his style of writing combined the beauty such smoothness of Appison with the simplicity of COBETT." He died in 1814.

+ The "King's Printer," In New York.

ballads, which are superior to any metrical compositions then written in this country, were everywhere sung with enthusiasm.

FRENEAU enjoyed the friendship of ADAMS, FRANKLIN, JEFFERSON, MADISON, and MONMOE, and the last three were his constant correspondents while they lived. I have before me two letters, one written by JEFFERSON and the other by MADIson, in which he is commended to certain citizens of New York, for his extensive information, sound discretion, and general high character, as a candidate for the editorship of a journal which it was intended to establish in that city. His application appears to have been unsuccessful: probably because the project was abandoned.

As a reward for the ability and patriotism he had displayed during the war, Mr. JEFERSON gave him a place in the Department of State; but his public employment being of too sedentary a description for a man of his ardent temperament, he soon relinquished it to conduct in Philadelphia a paper entitled "The Freeman's Journal." He was the only editor who remained at his post, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in that city, in the summer of 1793. The "Journal" was unprofitable, and he gave it up, in 1793, to take the command of a merchant-ship, in which he made several voyages to Madeira, the West Indies, and other places. His naval ballads and other poems relating to the sca, written in this period, are mong the most spirited and carefully finished of his productions.

Of the remainder of his history I have been able to learn but little. In 1810 he resided in Philadelphia, and he subsequently removed to Mount Pleasant, in New Jersey. He died, very suddenly, near Freehold, in that state, on the eighteenth day of December, 1832, in the eightieth year of his age.

The first collection of FRENEAC's poems was published in 1786; a second edition appeared in a closely printed octavo volume at Monmouth, in New Jersey, in 1795; and a third, in two duodecimo volumes, in Philadelphia, in 1809. The last is entitled "Poems written and published during the American Revolutionary War, and now republished from the original Manuscripts, interspersed with Translations from the Ancients, and other Pieces not heretofore in Print." In 1788 he published in Philadelphia his "Miscellaneous Works, containing Essays and additional Poems," and, in 1814, "A Collection of Poems on American Affairs, and a Variety of other Subjects, chiefly Moral and Political, written between 1797 and 1815." His house at Mount Pleasant was destroyed by fire, in 1815 or 1816, and in some of his letters he laments the loss, by that misfortune, of some of his best poems, which had never been printed.

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## THE DYING INDIAN.

To what strange lands must Cargot take his way! Groves of the dead departed mortals trace: No deer along those gloomy forests stray, No buntsmen there take pleasure in the chase. But all are empty, unsubstantial shades, That ramble through those visionary glades; No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend, But sickly orchards there Do fruits as sickly bear, And apples a consumptive visage shew, And wither'd hangs the whortleberry blue.

Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend I Wandering a stranger to the shores below, Where shall I brook or real fountain find ! Lezy and sad deluding waters flow---Such is the picture in my boding mind ! Fine tales, indeed, they tell Of shades and purling rills, Where our dead fathers dwell Bayond the western hills; But when did ghost return his state to shew; Or who can promise balf the tale is true !

I too must be a fleeting ghost !--- no more---None, none but shadows to those mansions go; I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore, For emptier groves below ! Ye charming solitudes, Ye tall ascending woods Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams, Whose aspect still was sweet, Whether the oun did greet, Or the pale moon embraced you with her hearns-Adieu to all ! To all, that charm'd me where I stray'd, The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade; Adicu all triumphs here! Adieu the mountain's lofty swell, Adieu, thou little verdant hill, And seas, and stars, and skies-farewell, For some remoter sphere!

Perplex'd with doubts, and tortured with despair, Why so dejected at this hop-less sleep? Nature at last these ruins may repair. When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to weep;

Some real world once more may be assign'd, Some new-born mansion for the immorul mind. Farewell, sweet lake; farewell, surrounding woods: To other groves, through midnight glooms, I stray, Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods, ₽t

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Beyond the Huron bay! Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low, My trusty bow and arrows by my side, The cheerful bottle and the venison store; For long the journey is that I must go, Without a partner, and without a guide."

He spoke, and bid the attending mourners weep, Then closed his eyes, and sunk to endless sleep!

#### THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

In spite of all the learn'd have said, I still my old opinion keep; The *posture* that we give the dead, Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands-The Indian, when from life released, Again is seated with his friends, And shares again the joyous feast.\*

His imaged birds, and painted bowl, And venison, for a journey dress'd, Bespeak the nature of the soul, Activity, that knows no rest.

His how, for action ready bent, And arrows, with a head of stone, Can only mean that life is spent, And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way, No fraud upon the dead commit— Observe the swelling turf, and say They do not *lie*, but here they *sil*.

Here still a lofty rock remains, On which the curious eye may trace (Now wasted, half, by wearing rains) The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspiros, Beneath whose far-projecting shade (And which the shepherd still admires) The children of the forest play'd!

There oft a restless Indian queen (Pale SHERAH, with her braided hair) And many a barbarous form is seen . To chide the man that lingers there.

• The North American Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture; decorating the corpae with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds, &c.: and (if that of s warrior) with bows, arrows, lomabawks, and other military weapons.

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By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews, In habit for the chase array'd, The hunter still the deer pursues, The hunter and the deer, a shade!	To willows and and weeping yews With us a while, old man, repair, Nor to the wault thy steps refuse; Thy constant home must soon be ther
And long shall timorous fancy see The painted chief and pointed spear; And Reason's self shall bow the knee To shadows and delusions here.	To summer suns and winter moons Prepare to bid a long adieu; Autumnal seasons shall return, And spring shall bloom, but not for yo
· · · · · ·	Why so perplex'd with cares and toil
TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMERICANS WHO FELL AT EUTAW.	To rest upon this darksome road ? 'Tis but a thin, a thirsty soil, A burren and a bleak abode.
	Constrain'd to dwell with pain and care,
Ar Eutaw Springs the valiant died ; Their limbs with dust are cover'd o'er	These drees of life are bought too dear "Tis better far to die, than bear "The torments of life's closing year.
How many heroes are no more! If, in this wreck of ruin, they	Subjected to perpetual ills, A thousand deaths around us grow: The frost the tender blossom kills,
Can yet be thought to claim the tear, O smite your gentle breast, and say, The friends of freedom slumber here!	And roses wither as they blow. Cold, nipping winds your fruits essail;
Thou who shall trace this bloody plain, If goodness rules thy generous breast,	The blasted apple seeks the ground; The peaches fall, the cherries fail; The grape receives a mortal wound.
Sigh for the wasted rural reign ; Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest!	The breeze, that gently sught to blow,
Stranger, their humble graves adorn; You too may fall, and ask a tear:	Swells to a storm, and reads the main The sun, that charm'd the grass to grow, Turns hostile, and consumers the plain
'Tis not the beauty of the morn That proves the evening shall be clear.	The mountains waste, the shores decay,
They saw their injured country's wo; The flaming town, the wasted field; Then rush'd to meet the insulting foc;	Once purling streams are dead and dry "Twas Nature's work—'tis Nature's play And Nature says, that all must die.
They took the spear-but left the shield.	Yon flaming lamp, the source of light,
Led by the conquering genius, GREERS, The Britons they compell'd to fly: None distant viewed the fatal plain;	In chaos dark may shroud his heam, And leave the world to mother Night, A farce, s phantom, or s dream.
None grieved, in such a cause to dis.	What now is young, must soon be old :
But like the Parthians, famed of old, Who, flying, still their arrows threw; These routed Britons, full as bold,	Whate'er we love, we soon must leave "Tis now too hot, 'tis now too cold— To live, is nothing but to grieve.
Retreated, and retreating slew.	How bright the morn her course begun !
Now rest in peace, our patriot hand; Though far from Nature's limits thrown, We trust they find a happier land,	No mists bedimm'd the solar sphere ; The clouds arise—they shade the sun, For nothing can be constant here.
A brighter sunshine of their own.	Now hope the longing soul employs,
·····	In expectation we are bloss'd; But soon the airy phunton flivs, For, lo! the treasure is possess'd.
TO AN OLD MAN.	Those monarchs proud, that havoe spress (While pensive REASON dropt a tear,)
Way, dotard, wouldst thou longer groan Beneath a weight of years and wo;	Those monarchs have to darkness fled. And ruin bounds their mad career.
Thy youth is lost, thy pleasures flown, And age proclaims, "'Tis time to go."	The grandeur of this earthly round. Where foily would forever stay,
• The Battle of Eutaw, South Carolina, was fought September 8, 1761.	Is but a name, is but a sound-
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Give me the stars, give me the skies, Give me the heaven's remotest sphere, Above these gloomy scenes to rise Of desolation and despair.	Does yon fair lamp trace half the circle round To light mere waves and monsters of the seas 1 No; be there must, beyond the billowy waste, Islands, and men, and animals, and trees.
Those native fires, that warm'd the mind, Now languid grown, too dimly glow, Joy has to grief the heart resign'd, And love, itself, is changed to wo.	An unremitting flame my breast inspires To seek new lands amid the barren waves, Where, falling low, the source of day descends, And the blue sea his evening visage laves.
<ul> <li>The joys of wine are all you boast, — These, for a moment, damp your pain;</li> <li>The gleam is o'er, the charm is lost — And darkness clouds the soul again.</li> <li>Then seek no more for bliss below, Where real bliss can ne'er be found;</li> <li>Aspire where sweeter blossoms blow, And fairer flowers bedeek the ground;</li> <li>Where plants of life the plains invest,</li> </ul>	<ul> <li>Hear, in his tragic lay, Cordova's sage:"</li> <li>"The time may come, when numerous years are past,</li> <li>When ocean will unloose the bands of things,</li> <li>And an unbounded region rise at last;</li> <li>And TTFRIS may disclose the mighty land,</li> <li>Far, far away, where none have rared before;</li> <li>Nor will the world's remotest region be</li> <li>Gibraltar's rock, or TRULE's savage shore."</li> </ul>
And green eternal crowns the year : The little god, that warms the breast, Is weary of his mansion here. Like Phospher, sent before the day,	Fired at the theme, I languish to depart; Supply the bark, and bid Columbus sail; He fears no storms upon the untravelid deep; Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.
His height meridian to regain, The dawn arrives—he must not stay To shiver on a frozen plain. Life's journey past, for fate prepare,—	Nor does he dread to miss the intended course, Though far from land the reeling galley stray, And skies above, and gulfy seas below, Be the sole objects seen for many a day.
"Tis but the freedom of the mind; Jove made us mortal—his we are, To Jove be all our cares resign'd.	Think not that Nature has unveil'd in vain The mystic magnet to the mortal eye: So late have we the guiding needle plann'd, Only to sail beneath our native sky ?
COLUMBUS TO FERDINAND.*	Ere this was known, the ruling power of all Form'd for our use an <i>ocean in the land</i> , Its breadth so small, we could not wander long, Nor long be absent from the neighbouring strand.
Too long I wait permission to depart; Sick of delays, I beg thy listening ear— Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.	Short was the course, and guided by the stars, But stars no more must point our daring way; The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drowned, And great Arcturus scarce escape the sea,
While yet Columbus breathes the vital air, Grant his request to pass the western main: Reserve this glory for thy native soil, And, what must please thee more, for thy own reign.	When southward we shall steer—O grant my wish, Supply the bark, and hid Columbus sail.
Of this huge globe, how small a part we know- Does heaven their worlds to western suns deny ? How disproportion'd to the mighty deep The lands that yet in human prospect lie !	He dreads no tempests on the untravell'd deep, Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.
Does Cynthia, when to western skies arrived, Spend her moist beam upon the barren main, And ne'er illume with midnight splendour, she, The natives dancing on the lightsome green ?	THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE. FATE flower, that dost so comely grow, Hid in this silent, dull retreat, Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
Should the vast circuit of the world contain Such wastes of ocean and such scanty land ! 'Tis reason's voice that bids me think not so; I think more nobly of the Almighty hand.	Unseen thy little branches greet: No roving foot shall crush thee here, No busy hand provoke a tear.
• Columbus was a considerable number of years en- gaged in soliciting the court of Spain to fit him out, in order to discover a new continent, which he imagined to exist somewhere in the western parts of the ocean. During his negotiations, he is here supposed to address King Ferdinand in the above stanzas.	<ul> <li>Sensca, the poet, a native of Cordova in Spain:</li> <li>"Venient annis secula series, Quidus acconus vineula errum Laret, et ingens potent tellus, Typhisque nonna detegat ordes; Nec sit terris ultima Thuie." Seneca, Med., act iii, v. 375.</li> </ul>

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

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

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

## HUMAN FRAILTY.

Disistrate on disasters grow, And those which are not sent we make; The good we rarely find below, Or, in the search, the road mistake.

The object of our funcied joys With eager cye we keep in view: Possession, when acquired, destroys The object, and the passion too.

The hat that hid Belinda's hair Was once the darling of her eye; "Tis now dismissid, she knows not where; Is laid aside, she knows not why.

Life is to most a nauscous pill, A treat for which they dearly pay : Let's take the good, avoid the ill, Discharge the debt, and walk away.

## THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

TROUGH clad in winter's gloomy dress All Nature's works appear, Yet other prospects rise to bless The new returning year: The active soil again is seen To greet our western shore, Gay plenty smiles, with brow serene, And wars distract no more.

No more the vales, no more the plains An iron harvest yield; Peace guards our doors, impels our swains To till the grateful field: From distant climes, no longer focs, (Their years of miscry past,) Nations arrive, to find repose In these domains at last.

And, if a more delightful scene Attracts the mortal cyc, Where clouds nor darkness intervene,

Behold, aspiring high, On freedom's soil those fabrics plann'd, On virtue's basis laid.

That make secure our native land, And prove our toils repuid.

Ambitious aims and pride severe, Would you at distance keep, What wanderer would not tarry here, Here charm his cares to sleep? O, still may health her balmy wings

O'er these fair fields expand, While commerce from all climates brings

The products of each land.

Through toiling care and lengthen'd views, That share alike our span,

Gay, smiling hope her heaven pursues, The eternal friend of man : The darkness of the days to come

She brightens with her ray, And smiles o'er Nature's gaping tomb,

When sickening to decay !

## TO A NIGHT-FLY, APPROACHING A CANDLE.

ATTRACTED by the taper's rays, How carelessly you come to gaze On what absorbs you in its blaze !

O fly ! I bid you have a care : You do not heed the danger near-This light, to you a blazing star.

Already you have scorch'd your wings: What conrage, or what fully brings You, hovering near such blazing things?

Ah. me ! you touch this little sun-One circuit more, and all is done !----Now to the furnace you are gone !---

Thus folly, with ambition join'd, Attracts the insects of markind, And sways the superficial mind:

#### (Borg 1750. Died 1811.)

JORN TRUMBULL, LL.D., the author of "McFingal," was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, on the twenty-fourth day of April, 1750. His father was a Congregational clergyman, and for many years one of the trustees of Yale College. He carly instructed his son in the elementary branches of education, and was induced by the extruordinary vigour of his intellect, and his unremitted devotion to study, to give him lessons in the Greek and Latin languages before he was six years old. At the age of seven, after a careful examination, young TRUNBULL was declared to be sufficiently advanced to merit admission into Yale College. On account of his extreme youth, however, at that time, and his subsequent ill health, he was not sent to reside at New Haven until 1763, when he was in his thirtcenth year. His college life was a continued series of successes. His superior genius, attainments and industry enabled him in every trial to surpass his competitors for academic honours; and such of his collegiate exercises as have been printed evince a discipline of thought and style rarely discernible in more advanced years, and after greater opportunities of improvement. He was graduated in 1767, but remained in the college three years longer, devoting his attention principally to the study of polite letters. In this period he became acquainted with Dwissr, then a member of one of the younger classes, who had attracted considerable attention by translating in a very creditable manner two of the finest odes of Horace, and contracted with him a lasting friendship. On the resignation of two of the tutors in the college in 1771, TROMBULL and DWIGST were elected to fill the vacancies, and excrted all their energies for several years to introduce an improved course of study and system of discipline into the seminary. At this period the uncient languages, scholastic theology, logic, and mathematics were dignified with the title of "solid learning," and the study of belles lettres was decried as uscless and an unjustifiable waste of time. The two friends were exposed to a torrent of consure and ridicule, but they persevered, and in the end were successful. Taunavil wrote many humorous prose and poetical easays while he was a tutor, which were published in the gazettes of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and with DwiGHT produced a series in the manner of the "Spectator," which extended to more than forty numbers. The " Progress of Dulness" was published in 1772. It is the most finished of TRUMBULL's poems, and was hardly less serviceable to the cause of education than "McFingal" was to that of liberty. The puerile absurdity of regarding a knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages as of more importance to a clergyman than the most perfect acquaintance with rhetoric and belles lettres, then obtained more generally than now, and dunces had but to remain four years in the neighbourhood of a university to be admitted to the fellowship of scholars and the ministers of religion. In the satire, Tom BRAINLESS, & country clown, too indolent to follow the plough, is sent by his weakminded parents to college, where a degree is gained by residence, and soon after appears as a full-wigged parson, half-fanatic, half-fool, to do his share toward bringing Christianity into contempt. Another principal person is DICK HAIRSBAIN, an impudent fop, who is made a master of arts in the same way; and in the third part is introduced a character of the same description, belonging to the other sex.

During the last years of his residence at College, TRUMBULL paid as much attention as his other avocations would permit to the study of the law, and in 1773 resigned his tutorship and was admitted to the bar of Connecticut. He did not seek business in the courts, however, but went immediately to Boston, and entered as a student the office of JOHN ADAMS, afterward President of the United States, and at that time an eminent He was now in the s. The controversy advocate and counsellor. focus of American politics. with Great Britain was rapidly approaching a crisis, and he entered with characteristic ardour into all the discussions of the time, employing his leisure hours in writing for the gazettes and in partisan correspondence. In 1774, he published anonymously his "Essay on the Times," and soon after returned to New Haven, and with the most flattering prospects commenced the practice of his profession.

The first gun of the revolution echoed along the continent in the following year, and private pursuits were abandoned in the general devotion to the cause of liberty. TRUMBUL wrote the first part of "McFingal," which was immediately printed in Philadelphia, where the Congress was then in session, and soon after republished in numerous editions in different parts of this country and in England. It was not finished until 1782, when it was issued complete in three cantos at Hartford, to which place TRUMBUL had removed in the preceding year.

"McFingal" is in the Budibrastie vein, and much the best imitation of the great satire of BUTLER that has been written. The hero is a Sectish justice of the peace residing in the vicinity of Boston at the beginning of the revolution, and the first two cantos are principally occupied with a discussion between him and one HONORIES on the course of the British government, in which MCFINGAL, an unyielding loyalist, endeavour to

make proselytes, while all his arguments are directed against himself. His zeal and his logic are together irresistibly ludicrous, but there is nothing in the character unnatural, as it is common for men who read more than they think, or attempt to discuss questions they do not understand, to use arguments which refute the positions they wish to defend. The meeting ends with a riot, in which McFINGAL is seized, tried by the mob, convicted of violent toryism, and tarred and feathered. On being set at liberty, he assembles his friends around him in his cellar, and harangues them until they are dispersed by the whigs, when he escapes to Boston, and the poem closes. These are all the important incidents of the story, yet it is never tedious, and few commence reading it who do not follow it to the end and regret its termination. Throughout the three cantos the wit is never separated from the character of the hero.

After the removal of TRUMBULL to Hartford a social club was established in that city, of which BARLOW, Colonel HOMENARS, Doctor LEMERL HOPKINS, and our author, were members. They produced numerous essays on literary, moral, and political subjects, none of which altracted more applause than a series of papers in imitation of the "Rollind," (a popular English work, astribed to FOX, SUBRINAN, and their associates.) entitled "American Antiquities" and "Extracts from the Anarchiad," originally printed in the New Haven

Gazette for 1786 and 1787. These papers have never been collected, but they were republished from one end of the country to the other in the periodicals of the time, and were supposed to have had considerable influence on public taste and opinions, and by the boldness of their satire to have kept in abevance the leaders of political disorganization and infidel philosophy. TRUMPLL also aided BARLOW in the preparation of his edition of WATES's version of the Psalms, and wrote several of the paraphrases in that work which have been generally attributed to the author of "The Columbiad."

TRUMBULL was a popular lawyer, and was appointed to various honourable offices by the people and the government. From 1795, in consequence of ill health, he declined all public employment, and was for several years an invalid. At length, recovering his customary vigour, in 1800 he was elected a member of the legislature, and in the year following a judge of the Superior Court. In 1808 he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, and held the office until 1819, when he finally retired from public life. His poems were collected and published in 1820, and in 1825 he removed to Detroit, where his daughter, the wife of the Honourable WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE, now a member of the United States Senate for Michigan, was residing, and died there in May, 1831, in the eighty-first year of his age.

#### ODE TO SLEEP.

#### I.

Cows, gentle Sleep !

Baim of my wounds and softener of my woes, And lull my weary heart in sweet repose, And bid my sadden'd soul forget to weep,

And close the tearful eye;

While dewy eve, with solemn sweep. Hath drawn her fleecy mantle o'er the sky, And chased afar, adown the ethereal way, The din of bustling care and gaudy eye of day.

#### П.

Come, but thy leaden sceptre leave, Thy opiate rod, thy poppies pale, Dipp'd in the torpid fount of Lethe's stream, That shroud with night each intellectual beam, And quench the immortal fire, in deep Oblivion's wave. Yet draw the thick, impervious veil O'er all the scenes of tasted wo; Command each cypress shade to flee; Between this toil-worn world and me

Display thy curtain broad, and hide the realms below.

## III.

Descend, and, graceful, in thy hand, With thee bring thy magic wand, And thy pencil, taught to glow In all the hues of Iris' bow.

And call thy bright, aerial train. Each fairy form and visionary shade,

That in the Elysian land of dreams,

The flower-enwoven banks along, Or bowery maze, that shades the purple streams,

Where gales of fragrance breathe the enamour'd

In more than mortal charms array'd, [song, People the airy valce and revel in thy reign.

#### IV.

But drive afar the haggard crew, That haunt the guilt-enerimson'd bed,

Or dim before the frenzied view

Stalk with slow and sullen tread; While furies, with infernal glare.

Wave their pale torches through the troubled air; And deep from Darkness' inmost womb,

Sad groans dispart the icy tomb,

And bid the sheeted spectre rise,

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Mid shricks and fiery shapes and deadly fantasies.

\* See a note on this subject appended to the Life of BARLOW in this volume.

Come and loose the mortal chain,

That binds to clogs of clay the ethercal wing; And give the astonish'd soul to rove,

٧. -

Where never sunbeam stretch'd its wide domain; And hail her kindred forms above,

In fields of uncreated spring,

Aloft where realms of endless glory rise,

And rapture paints in gold the landscape of the skica.

VI.

Then through the liquid fields we'll climb, Where Plato treads empyreal air,

Where daring Homer sits subline,

And Pindar rolls his fiery car; Above the cloud-encircled hills,

Where high Parnassus lifts his siry head, And Helicon's melodious rills

Flow gently through the warbling glade; And all the Nine, in douthless choir combined, Dissolve in harmony the enraptured mind, And every bard, that tuned the immortal lay, Basks in the othereal blazo, and drinks celestial day.

#### VII.

Or call to my transported eyes Happier eccnes, for lovers made; Bid the twilight grove arise, Lead the rivulet through the glade. In some flowering arbour laid, Where opening roses taste the honey'd dew, And pluny songsters carol through the shade, Recall my long-lost wishes to my view. Bid 'Time's inverted glass return

The secres of bliss, with hope elate, And hall the once expected morn,

And burst the iron bands of fate Graced with all her virgin charms, Attractive smiles and past, responsive flame, Restore my \*\*\*\*\* to my arms, Just to her yows and faithful to her fame.

#### vπ.

Hymen's torch, with hallow'd fire, Rising beams the auspicious ray.
Wake the dance, the festive lyro
Warbling sweet the nupfial lay;
Gay with beauties, once alluring,
Bid the bright enchantrees move,
Eyes that languish, smiles of mpture,
And the rosy blush of love.
On her glowing breast reclining,
Mid that paradise of charms,
Every blooming grace combining,
Yielded to my circling arms,
I clasp the fair, and, kindling at the view,
Press to my heart the dear deceit, and think the

#### IX.

Hence, false, delusive dreams, Fantastic hopes and mortal passions vain

transport true.

Ascend, my soul, to nobler themes Of happier import and sublimer strain. Rising from this sphere of night,

Pierce yon blue vault, ingernm'd with golden fires: Beyond where Saturn's languid car retires.

Or Sirius keen outvice the solar ray,

To worlds from every dross terrene refined, Realuss of the pure, ethereal mind, Warm with the radiance of unchanging day: Where cherub-forms and essences of light,

With holy song and heavenly rite, From rainbow clouds their strains immortal pour; An earthly guest, in converse high, Explore the wonders of the sky.

From orb to orb with guides celestial soar.

And take, through beaven's wide round, the universal tour:

#### x.

And find that mansion of the blest, Where, rising ceaseless from this lethal stage, Heaven's favourite sons, from earthly chains released,

In happier Eden pass the eternal age. The newborn soul beholds the angelic face Of holy sires, that throng the blissful plain,

Or meets his consort's loved embrace,

Or clasps the son, so lost, so mourn'd in vain. There, charm'd with each endearing wile, Maternal fondness greets her infant's smile; Long-sever'd friends, in transport doubly dear, Unite and join the interminable train—

And, hark ! a well-known voice I hear I spy my sainted friend ! I meet my Hows\* again !

#### XI.

Hail, sacred shade ! for not to dust consign'd, Lost in the grave, thine ardent spirit lies, Nor fail'd that warm benevolence of mind To claim the birthright of its native skies. What radiant glory and celestial grace, Immortal meed of picty and praise! Come to my visions, friendly shade, 'Gninst all assaults niv wayward weakness arm, Raise my low thoughts, my nobler wishes aid, When passions rage, or vain allurements charm; The pomp of learning and the boast of art, The glow, that fires in genius' boundless range, The pride, that wings the keen, satiric dart, And hails the triumph of revenge. Teach me, like thee, to feel and know Our humble station in this vale of wo. Twilight of life, illumed with feeble ray, The infant dawning of eternal day; With heart expansive, through this scene improve The social soul of harmony and love ;

To heavenly hopes alone aspire and prize The virtue, knowledge, bliss, and glory of the skies.

 Rev. JOSEPH HowE, phytor of a church in Boston; some time a follow-intor with the author at Yale College. He died in 1775. The conclusion of the ode was varied, by inserting this tribute of affection.

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#### THE COUNTRY CLOWN.

BRID in distant woods, the clown Brings all his country airs to town : The odd address, with awkward grace. That bows with all-averted face : The half-heard compliments, whose note Is swallow'd in the trembling throat : The stiffen'd gait, the drawling tone, By which his native place is known ; The blush, that looks, by vast degrees, Too much like modesty to please ; The proud displays of awkward dress, That all the country fop express : The suit right gay, though much belated, Whose fashion's superannuated ; The watch, depending far in state, Whose iron chain might form a grate The silver buckle, dread to view, O'crshalowing all the clumsy shoe: The white-gloved hand, that tries to peep From ruffle, full five inches deep; With fifty odd affairs beside, The foppishness of country pride.

Poor Dick ! though first thy airs provoke The obstreperous laugh and scornful joke. Doom'd all the ridicule to stand, While each gay dunce shall lend a hand; Yet let not scorn dismay thy hope To shine a witting and a fop. Blest impudence the prize shall gain, And bid thee sigh no more in vain. Thy varied dress shall quickly show At once the spendthrift and the beau. With pert address and noisy tongue, That scorns the fcar of prating wrong 'Mongst listening coxcombs shalt thou shine, And every voice shall echo thine.

## THE FOP.t

How blest the brainless fop, whose praise Is doom'd to grace these happy days, When well-bred vice can genius teach, And fame is placed in folly's reach; Impertinence all tastes can hit, And every rascal is a wit. The lowest dunce, without despairing, May learn the true sublime of swearing ; Learn the nice art of jests obscene, While ladies wonder what they mean; The heroism of brazen lungs, The rhetoric of eternal tongues; While whim usurps the name of spirit, And impudence takes place of merit, And every money'd clown and dunce Commences gentleman at once.

For now, by easy rules of trade, Mechanic gentlemen are made ! From handicrafts of fashion born; Those very arts so much their scorn.

> \* From the " Progress of Duiness." † From the same.

To tailors half themselves they owe, Who make the clothes that make the bean.

Lo! from the seats, where, fops to bless, Learn'd artists fix the forms of dress. And sit in constitution grave On folded skirt, or straiten'd sleeve, The coxcomb trips with sprightly haste, In all the flush of modern taste : Oft turning, if the day be fair, To view his shadow's graceful air : Well pleased, with eager eve runs o'er The laced suit glittering gay before ;\* The ruffle, where from open'd vest The rubied brooch adorns the breast : The coat, with lengthening waist behind, Whose short skirts dangle in the wind ; The modish hat, whose breadth contains The measure of its owner's brains; The stockings gay, with various huce; The little toe-encircling shoes; The cane, on whose carved top is shown A head, just enablem of his own ; While, wrapp'd in self, with lofty stride, His little heart elate with pride, He struts in all the joys of show That tailors give, or beaux can know.

And who for beauty need repline, That's sold at every barber's sign; Nor lies in features or complexion, But curls disposed in meet direction, With strong pomatum's grateful odour, And quantum sufficit of powder 3 These charms can shed a sprightly grace O'er the dull eye and cluinsy face; While the trim dancing-master's art Shall gestures, trips, and bows impart, Give the gay piece its final touches, And lend those airs, would lure a duchess.

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

To grace his speech, let France bestow A set of compliments for show. Land of politeness! that affords The treasure of new-fangled words. And endless quantities disburses Of hows and compliments and curses ; The soft address, with airs so sweet, That cringes at the ladies' feet ; The pert, vivacious, play-house style, That wakes the gay assembly's smile ; Jests that his brother beaux may hit, And pass with young coquettes for wit, And prized by fops of true discerning, Outface the pedantry of learning. Yet learning too shall lend its aid To fill the concomb's spongy head ; And studious oft he shall peruse The labours of the modern muse. From endless loads of novels gain Boft, simpering tales of amorous pain,

• This passage alludes to the mode of dress than in fushion.

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With double meanings, neat and handy, From ROCHESTER and THISTEAN SHARDT.<sup>6</sup> The blundering aid of weak reviews, That forge the fetters of the smuse, Shall give him aim of critic sing On faults of books, he ne'er set eyes on. The magazines shall teach the fashion, And commonplace of conversation, And where his knowledge fails, afford The aid of inany a sounding word.

Then, lost religion he should need, Of pious HUME he'll learn his creed, By strongest demonstration shown, Evince that nothing can be known; Take arguments, unvex'd by doubt, On VOLTAIRE's trust, or go without ; 'Gainst Scripture rail in modern lore, As thousand fools have rail'd before : Or pleased a nicer art display To expound its doctrines all away, Suit it to modern tastes and fashions By various notes and emendations: The rules the ten commands contain, With new provisos well explain ; Prove all religion was but fashion, Boncath the Jewish dispensation. A ceremonial law, deep hooded In types and figures long exploded; Its stubborn fetters all unfit For these free times of gospel light, This rake's millennium, since the day When Sabbaths first were done away ; Since pander-conscience holds the door, And lewduces is a vice no more; And shame, the worst of deadly fiends, On virtue, as its squire, attends.

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

And now the fop, with great energy, Levels at priesteraft and the clergy, At holy cant and godly prayers, And bigots' hypocritic airs; Musters each veteran jest to aid, Calls piety the parson's trude; Cries out 't is shame, past all abiding. The world should still be so priest-ridden; Applauds free thought that scorns control. And generous nobleness of soul, That acts its pleasure, good or evil, And fears nor deity nor devil. These standing topics never fail To prompt our little wits to rail, With mimic drollery of grimaco, And pleased impertinence of face, 'Gainst virtue arm their feeble forces, And sound the charge in peals of curses. Blest be his ashes I under ground

If any particles be found, Who, friendly to the coxcomb race. First taught those arts of commonplace, Those topics fine, on which the beau May all his little wits bestow, Secure the simple lough to raise, And gain the dunce's palm of praise. For where 's the theme that beaux could hit With least similitude of wit, Did not religion and the priest Supply materials for the jest; The poor in purse, with metals vile For current coins, the world beguile ; The poor in brain, for genuine wit Pass off a viler counterfeit; While various thus their doom appears, These lose their souls, and those their ears; The want of fancy, whim supplies, And native humour, mad caprice ; Loud noise for argument goes off. For mirth polite, the ribald's scoff; For sense, lewel drolleries entertain us. And wit is minick'd by profaneness.

#### CHARACTER OF McFINGAL.\*

WHEN Yankees, skill'd in martial rule, First put the British troops to school ; Instructed them in warlike trade, And new manœuvres of parade; The true war-dance of Yankce-recia, And manual exercise of heels; Made them give up, like suints complete, The arm of flesh, and trust the fect. And work, like Christians undissembling, Salvation out by fear and trembling : Taught Percy fushionable races. And modern modes of Chevy-Chaces + From Boston, in his best array, Great SQUIRE MCFINGAL took his way, And, graced with ensigns of renown, Steer'd homeward to his native town,

His high descent our heralds trace To Ossian's famed Fingalian roce; For though their name some part may lack, Old FINGAL spelt it with a Mac; Which great McParason, with submission, We hope will add the next edition.

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands Of Scotia's fog-benighted island; Whence gain'd our squire two gifts by right, Rebellion and the second-sight.

† LORD PERCY commanded the party that was first opposed by the Americans at Lexington. This allusion to the family renown of Chevy-Chace acove from the precipitate manner of his quitting the field of battle, and returning to Boston.

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STERNE's Tristrom Shandy was then in the highest vogue, and in the zenith of its transitory reputation.

<sup>\*</sup> From " McFingal."

Of these the first, in ancient days, Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise; 'Gainst kings stood forth, and many a crown'd With terror of its might confounded; [head Till rose a king with potent charm His foes by goodness to disarm; Whom every Scot and Jacobite Straight fell in love with-at first eight ; Whose gracious speech, with aid of pensions, Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensiona. And with the sound of potent metal, Brought all their blust'ring swarms to settle ; Who rain'd his ministerial mannas, Till loud sedition sung hosunnas; The good lords-bishops and the kirk United in the public work ; Rebellion from the northern regions, With BUTE and MANSFIELD swore allegiance, And all combined to raze, as nuisance, Of church and state, the constitutions; Pull down the empire, on whose rains They meant to edify their new ones; Enslave the American wildernesses, And tear the provinces in pieces. For these our squire, among the valiant'st, Employ'd his time, and tools, and talents; And in their cause, with manly zeal, Used his first virtue-to rebel; And found this new rebellion pleasing As his old king-destroying treason. Nor less avail'd his optic sleight, And Scottish gift of second-sight. No ancient sibyl, famed in rhyme, Saw deeper in the womb of time; No block in old Dodona's grove Could ever more oracular prove. Nor only saw he all that was, But much that never came to pass; Whereby all prophets far outwent he, Though former days produced a plenty : For any man with half an eye What stands before him may espy ; But optics sharp it needs, I ween, To see what is not to be seen. As in the days of ancient fame, Prophets and poets were the same, And all the praise that poets gain Is but for what they invent and feign:

So gain'd our squire his fame by seeing Such things as never would have being; Whence he for oncles was grown The very tripod of his town. Gazettes no sconer rose a lie in, But straight he fell to prophesying; Made dreadful shoughter in his course, O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse; Brought armics o'er by sudden pressings Of Hanoverians, Swiss, and Hessians;

\* This prophecy, like some of the prayers of Homer's hences, was but half accomplished. The Hanoverians, &c., indeed came over, and nuch were they feasied with blood; but the hanging of the rebels and the dividing their estates remain unfulfilled. This, however, cannot be the fault of the hero, but rather the British minister, who left off the was before the work was completed. Feasted with blood his Scottish clan, And hang'd all rebels to a man; Divided their estates and pelf, And took a goodly share himself. All this, with spirit energetic, He did by second-sight prophetic.

Thus stored with intellectual riches, Skill'd was our squire in making speeches, Where strength of brains united centres With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's. But as some muskets so contrive it. As oft to miss the mark they drive at, And, though well aim'd at duck or ployer, Bear wide and kick their owners over: So fured our squire, whose reas'ning toil Would often on himself recoil, And so much injured more his side, The stronger arguments he applied; As old war-elephants, dismay'd, Trod down the troops they came to aid, And hurt their own side more in battle Than less and ordinary cattle : Yet at town meetings ev'ry chief Pinn'd faith on great McFisoal's sleeve. And, as he motioned, all, by rote, Raised sympathetic hands to vote.

The town, our hero's scene of action, Had long been torn by feuds of faction ; And as each party's strength prevails, It turn'd up different heads or tails ; With constant rattling, in a trice Show'd various sides, as oft as dice: As that famed weaver, wife to Ulysses, By night each day's work pick'd in pieces And though she stoutly did bestir her. Its finishing was ne'er the nearer : So did this town, with steadfast zeal, Weave cobwebs for the public weal; Which when completed, or before, A second vote in pieces tore. They met, made speeches full long-winded, Resolved, protested, and reseinded ; Addresses sign'd, then chose committees, To stop all drinking of Bohes-teas; With winds of doctrine veer'd about, And turn'd all Whig committees out, Meanwhile our hero, as their head, In pomp the Tory faction led, Still following, as the squire should please Successive on, like files of geese.

## EXTREME HUMANITY.\*

THUE GADE'S arms did fortune bless With triumph, safety, and success: But mercy is without dispute His first and durling attribute; So great, it far outwent, and conquer'd, His military skill at Concord. There, when the war be chose to wage, Shone the benevolence of GADE;

> • From " McFingal." p 2

Dipatentis GOOS

Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place On errands mere of special grane, And all the work he chose them for Was to prevent a civil war: And for that purpose he projected The only certain way to effect it, To take your powder, stores, and arms, And all your means of doing harms : As prudent folks take knives away, Lest children cut themselves at play. And yet, though this was all his scheme. This war you still will charge on him ; And though he oft has swore and said it, Stick close to facts, and give no credit, Think you, he wish'd you'd brave and beard him ! Why, 'twas the very thing that scand him. He'd rather you should all have run, Than stay'd to fire a single gum. And for the civil law you imment, Faith, you yourselves must take the blame in t: For had you then, as he intended, Given up your arms, it must have ended ; Since that's no war, each mortal knows, Where one side only gives the blows, And the other bear 'em; on reflection The most you'll call it, is correction. Nor could the contest have gone higher, If you had ne'er return'd the fire; But when you shot and not before, It then commenced a civil war. Else GAGE, to end this controversy, Had but corrected you in mercy : Whom mother Britain, old and wise, Sent o'er the colonies to chastise ; Command obedience on their peril Of ministerial whip and ferule, And, since they ne'er must come of age, Govern'd and tutor'd them by GABE. Still more, that this was all their errand, The army's conduct makes apparent. What though at Lexington you can say They kill'd a few they did not fancy, At Concord then, with manful popping, Discharg'd a round, the ball to open-Yct, when they saw your rebel-rout Determined still to hold it out; Did they not show their love to peace, And wish that discord straight might cease, Demonstrate, and by proofs uncommon, Their orders were to injure no man ! For did not every regular run As soon as e'er you fired a gun ! Take the first shot you sent them greeting, As meant their signal for retreating ;

And fearful, if they stay'd for sport, You might by accident be hurt, Convey themselves with speed away Full twenty miles in half a day; Race till their logs were grown so wearv, They 'd scarre suffice their weight to carry ? Whence GAGE extols, from general hearsay, The great activity of LORD PERCE, Whose brave example led them on, And spirited the troops to run ; And now may boast, at royal levees, A Yankee chace worth forty Chevys. Yet you, as vile as they were kind, Pursond, like tigens, still behind ; Fired on them at your will, and shut The town, as though you'd starve them out And with parade preposterous hedged, Affect to hold him there besieged.

#### THE DECAYED COQUETTE.\*

New beauties push her from the stage; She trembles at the approach of age, And starts to view the alter'd face That wrinkles at her in her glass: So Satan, in the monk's tradition, Fear'd, when he met his apparition. At length her name each concomb cancels From standing lists of toasts and angels; And slighted where she shone before, A grace and goddess now no more, Despised by all, and doom'd to meet Her lovers at her rival's feet, She flice assemblies, shuns the ball, And cries out, vanity, on all; Affects to scorn the tinsel-shows Of glittering belles and gaudy beaux; Nor longer hopes to hide by dress The tracks of age upon her face. Now carcless grown of airs polite, Her noonday nightcap meets the sight; Her hair uncomb'd collects together, With ornaments of many a feather; Her stays for easiness thrown by, Her rumpled handkerchief awry, A careless figure half undress'd, (The reader's wits may guess the rest;) All points of dress and neatness carried, As though she'd been a twelvemonth married, She spends her breath, as years prevail, At this and wicked world to rail, To slander all her sex impromptu, And wonder what the times will come to.

· From the "Progress of Dulness."

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(Born 1769. Died 1817.)

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., LL.D., was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, on the fourteenth of May, 1752. His father was a merchant, of excellent character and liberal education ; and his mother, a daughter of the great JONATHAN EB-WARDS, was one of the noblest matrons of her time, distinguished not less for her maternal solicitude, ardent temperament, and patriotism, than for the intellectual qualities which made so illustrious the name of the New England metaphysician. She early perceived the indications of superior genius in her son; and we are told by his biographers that under her direction he became familiar with the rudiments of the Latin language before he was six years old, and at the same carly period laid the foundation of his remarkable knowledge of history, geography, and the kindred departments of learning. When thirteen years old be entered Yale College. His previous unremitted attention to study had impaired his health, and he made little progress during the first two years of his residence at New Haven; but his subsequent intense and uninterrupted application enabled him to graduate in 1769, the first scholar in the institution. Immediately after obtaining the degree of bachelor of arts, he opened a grammar-school in New Haven, in which he continued two years, at the end of which time he was elected a totor in his alma mater. Yale College was established in the year 1700 by several Congregational clergymen, and had, before the period at which DWIGHT returned to it, become generally unpopular, in consequence of the alleged illiberality of the trustees towards other denominations of Christians. At this time two of the tutors had resigned, leaving in office Mr. JOSEPH Howe, a man of erudition and liberal sentiments, and DWIGHT and JOHN TROMBULL were chosen in their places. The regeneration of the seminary now commenced; the study of belles lettres was successfully introduced ; its character rapidly rose, and so popular did Dwigar become with the students, that when, at the age of twenty-five, he resigned his office, they drew up and almost unanimously signed a petition to the corporation that he might be elected to the presidency. He, however, interfered and prevented the formal presentation of the application.

In 1771, Dwiser commenced writing the "Conquest of Canaan," an "epic poem in eleven booke," which he finished in 1774, before he was twentythree years of age. The subject probably was not the most fortunate that could have been chosen, but a poet with passion and a brilliant imagination, by attempting to paint the manners of the time and the natural characteristics of the oriental world, might have treated it more successfully. Dwiser "endeavoured to represent such manners as are removed from the peculiarities of any age or country, and might belong to the amiable and virtuous of any period ; clevated without design, refined without ceremony, elegant without fashion, and agreeable because they are ornamented with sincerity, dignity, and religion ;" his poem therefore has no distinctive features, and with very slight changes would answer as well for any other land or period as for Judea at the time of its conquest by Josuva. Its versification is harmonious, but monotonous, and the work is free from all the extravagances of expression and sentiment which so frequently lessen the worth of poetry by youthful and inexperienced writers. Some of the passages which I have quoted from the "Conquest of Canaan" are doubtless equal to any American poetry produced at this period.

In 1777, the classes in Yale College were separated on account of the war, and, in the month of May, Dwinsy repaired with a number of students to Weathersfield, in Connecticut, where he remained until the autumn, when, having been licensed to preach as a Congregational minister, he joined the army as a chaptain. In this office he won much regard by his professional industry and eloquence, and at the same time exerted considerable influence by writing patriotic songs, which became popular throughout New England. The death of his father, in 1778, induced him to resign his situation in the army, and return to Northampton, to assist his mother to support and educate her family. He remained there five years, labouring on a farm, preaching, and superintending a school, and was in that period twice elected a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Declining offers of political advancement, he was, in 1783, ordained a minister in the parish of Greenfield, in Connecticut, where he remained twelve years, discharging his pastoral dutics in a manner that was perfectly satisfactory to his people, and taking charge of an academy, established by himself, which soon become the most popular school of the kind that had ever existed in America.

The "Conquest of Canaan," although finished ten years before, was not printed until the spring of 1785. It was followed by "Greenfield Hill," a descriptive, historical, and didactic poem, which was published in 1794. This work is divided into seven parts, entitled "The Prospect," "The Flourishing Village," "The Burning of Fairfield," "The Destruction of the Pequods," "The Clergyman's Advice to the Villagers," a The Clergyman's Advice to the Villagers," and "The Vision, or Prospect of the Future Happiness of America." It contains some pleasing pictures of rural life, but added little to the author's reputation as a

poet. The "Triumph of Infidelity," a satire, occasioned by the appearance of a defence of Universalism, was his next attempt in peetry. It was printed anonymously, and his fame would not have been less had its authorship been still a secret.

On the death of Dr. STYLES, in 1795, DWIGHT was elected to the presidency of Yale College, which at this time was in a disordered condition, and suffering from pecuniary embarrassments. The reputation of the new president as a teacher soon brought around him a very large number of students; new professorships were established, the library and philosophical apparatus were extended, the course of study and system of government changed, and the college rapidly rose in the public favour. Besides acting as president, DWIGHT was the stated preacher, professor of theology, and teacher of the senior class, for nearly twenty-one years, during which time the reputation of the college was inferior to that of no other in America.

Dr. Dwisser died at his residence in New Haven on the eleventh of January, 1817, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The following catalogue of his works is probably complete: "America," a poem in the style of Pope's "Windsor Forest," 1772; "The History, Eloquence and Poetry of the Bible," 1772; "The Conquest of Canaan," a poem, 1785; "An Election Sermon," 1791; "The Genuineness and Authenticity of the New Testament," 1793; "Greenfield Hill," a poem, 1794; "The Triumph of Infdelity," a satire, and two "Discourses on the Nature and Danger of Infidel Philosophy," 1797; "The

Duty of Americans in the Present Crisis," 1798; "Discourse on the Character of Washington," 1800; " Discourse on some Events in the last Century," 1801; "Sermons," on the death of E. G. Marsh, 1804; on Duelling, 1805; at the Andover Theological Seminary, 1808; on the ordination of E. Pearson. 1808; on the death of Governor Trumbull, 1809; on Charity, 1810; at the ordination of N. W. Taylor, 1812; on two days of public fasting, 1812; and before the American Board of Foreign Missions, 1813; "Remarks on a Review of Inchiquin's Letters," 1815; "Observations on Language," and an "Essay on Light," 1816; and "Theology Explained and Defended," in a series of sermons, and "Travels in New England and New York," in which is given an account of various spring and autumn vacation excursions, each in four volumes, published after his death.

As a poet DWIGHT was little inferior to any of bis contemporaries in America; but it was not on bis poetry that his claims to the respect of mankind were based. As an instructor probably he was never surpassed in this country, and as a theologian he had few if any equals. An eloquent preacher, with a handsome person, an expressive countenance, polished and affable manners, brilliant conversational abilities, and vast stores of learning, it was almost impossible that he should fail of success in any effort, and least of all in the administration of the important office which he so long and so honourably filled. The best uccount of his life and character which has appeared is that by Dr. STRADUR,

## AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

THERE too, with awful rites, the heary priest, Without, beside the mess-grown alter stood, (His sable form in magic cincture dress'd.) And heap'd the mingled offering to his god. What time with golden light calm evening glow'd, The mystic dust, the flower of silver bloom And spicy herb, his hand in order strew'd; Bright rose the curling flame, and rich perfume On smoky wings upflew or settled round the tomb.

Then o'er the circus danced the maddening throng As cost the Thyas roam'd dread Nysa round, And struck to forest notes the costatic song. While slow beneath them heaved the wavy ground. With a low, lingering groun of dying sound, The woodland rumbled; murnur'd deep each stream;

Shrill sung the leaves; the ether sigh'd profound; Pale tufts of purple topp'd the silver flame, And many-colour'd forms on evening breezes came:

Thin, twilight forms, attired in changing sheen Of plumes, high-tinctured in the western ray— Bending, they peep'd the fleecy folds between, Their wings light-rustling in the breath of May; Soft-hovering round the fire in mystic play, They smuff'd the increase waved in clouds afar, Then silent floated toward the setting day; Eve redden'd each fine form, each misty car, And through them faintly gleam'd, at times, the western star.

Then—so tradition sings—the train behind, In plumy zones of rainbow-heavy dress'd, Rode the Great Spirit, in the obvident wind, In vellow clouds slow-sailing from the west. With dawning smiles the god his votaries blest, And taught where deer retired to ivy dell; What chosen chief with proud command V invest; Where crept the approaching free with purpose fell, And where to wind the scout, and war's dark storm dispel.

There, on her lover's tomb in silence Inid, [beam, While still and sorrowing shower'd the moon's pale At times expectant, slept the widow'd maid, Her soul far-wandering on the sylpi-wing'd dream. Wafted from evening skies on sunny stream, Her darling youth with silver pinions shone; With voice of music, tuned to sweetest theme, He told of shell-bright lowers beyond the sun, Where years of endless joy o'er Indian lovers run.

Digmontly Google

## ENGLAND AND AMERICA.\*

Soos fleets the sunbright form, by man adored !-Soon fell the head of gold to Time a prey, The arms, the trunk, his cankering tooth devour'd, And whirlwinds blew the iron dust away. Where dwelt imperial Timur, far astray Some lonely-musing pilgrim now inquires; And, rack'd by storms and hastening to decay, Mohammed's mosque foreaces its final fires, And Rome's more londly temple day by day expires.

As o'er proud Asian realms the traveller winds, His manly spirit, hush'd by terror, falls When some forgotten town's lost site he finds; Where ruin wild his pondering eye appals, Where silence swims along the moulder'd walls, And broods upon departed Grandeur's tomb, Through the lone, hollow sisles, sad Echo calls At each slow step: deep sighs the breathing gloon, And weeping fields around bewail their empress' doom.

Where o'er a hundred realms the throne uprose The screech-owinests, the panther builds his home; Sleep the dull newts, the lazy adders doze Where pomp and tuxury danced the golden room; Low lies in dust the sky-resembled dome, Tall grass around the broken column waves, And brambles climb and lonely thistles bloom; The moulder'd arch the weedy streamlet layes, And low resound, beneath, unnumber'd sunken

graves.

In thee, O Albion ! queen of nations, live [known; Whatever splendours earth's wide realms have In thee proud Persia sees her pomp revive, And Greece her arts, and Rome her lordly throne; By every wind thy Tyrian fleets are blown; Supreme, on Fame's dread roll, thy heroes stand; All occan's realms thy naval sceptre own; Of bards, of suces, how august thy band ! And one rich Eden blooms around thy garden'd land.

But, O how vast thy crimes! Through Heaven's great year,

When few centurial suns have traced their way; When Southern Europe, worn by feuds severe, Weak, doting, fallen, has how'd to Russian sway, And setting Glory beam'd her farewell ray, To wastes, perchance, thy brilliant fields shall turn; In dust thy temples, towers, and towns decay; The forest how! where London turrets burn, And all thy garlands deck thy sud funereal urn.

Some land, scarce glimmering in the light of fame, Scepter'd with arts and arms, (if I divine.) Some unknown wild, some shore without a name, In all thy pomp shall then majestic shine. As silver-headed Time's slow years decline, Not ruins only meet the inquiring eye;

Where round yon mouldering oak vain brambles The filial stem, slready towering high, [twine, Ere long shall stretch his arms, and nod in youder sky.

\* The extract above and the one which precedes it are from the canto on the destruction of the Pequod Indians, in "Greenfield Hill." Where late resounded the wild woodland roar Now heaves the palace, now the temple smiles; Where frown'd the rude rock and the desert shore Now Pleasure sports, and Business want beguiles. And Commerce wings her flight to thousand isles; Culture walks forth, gay laugh the loaded fields, And jocund Labour plays his harmless wiles; Glad Science brightens, Art her mansion builds, And Peace uplifts her wand, and HEAVEN his blessing yields.

## THE SOCIAL VISIT.\*

YE Musee! dames of dignified renown, Revered alike in country and in town, Your bard the mysteries of a visit show; (For sure your ladyships those mysteries know:) What is it, then, obliging sisters ! easy, The debt of social visiting to pay !

"Fis not to toil before the idol pier; To shine the first in fashion's lunar sphere; By sad engagements forced abroad to roam, And dread to find the expecting fair at home! To stop at thirty doors in half a day, Drop the gilt card, and proudly roll away; To alight, and yield the hand with nice parade; Up stairs to rustle in the stiff brocade; Swim through the drawing-room with studied air, Catch the pink'd beau, and shade the rival fair; To sit, to curb, to toss with bridled micn, Mince the scant speech, and lose a glance between ; Unfurl the fan, display the snowy arm, And ope, with each new motion, some new charm: Or sit in silent solitude, to spy Each little failing with malignant eye ; Or chatter with incessancy of tongue, Cateless if kind or cruel, right or wrong: To trill of us and ours, of mine and me, Our house, our coach, our friends, our family, While all the excluded circle sit in pain, And glance their cool contempt or keen disdain : To inhale from proud Nanking a sip of tea, And wave a courtesy trim and flirt away : Or waste at cards peace, temper, health, and life, Begin with sullenness, and end in strife; Lose the rich feast by friendly converse given, And backward turn from happiness and heaven.

It is in decent habit, plain and neat, To spend a few choice hours in converse sweet, Careless of forms, to act the unstudied part, To mix in friendship, and to blend the heart ; To choose those happy themes which all must feel, The moral duties and the household weak The tale of sympathy, the kind design, Where rich affections soften and refine, To amuse, to be amused, to bless, be bless'd, And tune to harmony the common breast; To cheer with mild good-humour's sprightly ray, And smooth life's passage o'er its thorny way ; To circle round the hospitable board, And taste each good our generous climes afford ; To court a quick return with accents kind, And leave, at parting, some regret behind,

\* From \* Greenfield Hill."

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## THE COUNTRY PASTOR.\*

As! knew he but his happiness, of ment Not the least happy he, who, free from broils And base ambition, vain and bustling pomp, Amid a friendly cure, and competence, Tastes the pure pleasures of parochial life. What though no crowd of clients, at his gate, To falschood and injustice bribe his tongue, And flatter into guilt !---what though no bright And gilded prospects lure ambition on To legislative pride, or chair of state ? What though no golden dreams entice his mind To barrow, with the mole, in dirt and mire ? What though no splendid villa, Eden'd round With gardens of enchantment, walks of state, And all the grandeur of superfluous wealth, Invite the passenger to stay his steed, And ask the liveried foot-boy, "Who dwells here ?" What though no swarms, around his sumptuous board.

Of soothing flatterers, humming in the shine Of opulence, and honey from its flowers Devouring, till their time arrives to sting, Inflate his mind; his virtues round the year Repeating, and his faults, with microscope Inverted, leasen, till they steal from sight I— Yet from the dire temptations these present His state is free; temptations, few can stem; Temptations, by whose sweeping torrent hurl'd Down the dire steep of guilt, unceasing fall Sad victims, thousands of the brightest minds That time's dark reign adorn; minds, to whose grasp Heaven seems most freely offer'd; to man's eye, Most hopeful candidates for angels' joys.

His lot, that wealth, and power, and pride forbids, Forbids him to become the tool of fraud, Injustice, misery, ruin; saves his soul From all the needless labours, griefs, and cares, That avarice and ambition agonize; From those cold nerves of wealth, that, palsied, feel No anguish, but its own; and ceaseless lead To thousand meanneeds, as gain allures.

Though oft compell'd to meet the gross attack Of shameless ridicule and towering pride, Sufficient good is his; good, real, pure, With guilt unmingled. Rarely forced from home, Around his board his wife and children smile; Communion sweetest, nature here can give, Each fond endearment, office of delight, With love and duty blending. Such the joy My hosom oft has known. His, too, the task To rear the infant plants that bud around; To ope their little minds to truth's pure light; To take them by the hand, and lead them on In that straight, narrow road where virtue walks; To guard them from a vain, deceiving world,

\* From "Greenfield Hill."

† Abt know he but his happiness, of men The happiest he, &c. THOMSON.

O fortunator alatium, sue al bona noviet, Agricolas! Viscit, Georg. 2. And point their course to realms of promised life. His too the esteem of those who weekly hear His words of truth divine; unnumber'd acts Of real love attesting to his eye Their filial tenderness. Where'er he walka, The friendly welcome and inviting smile Wait on his steps, and breathe a kindred joy.

Off too in friendliest association join'd, He greets his brethren, with a flowing heart, Flowing with virtue; all rejoiced to uneet, And all reluctant parting; every aim, Benevolent, siding with purpose kind; While, season'd with unblemish'd cheerfulness, Far distant from the tainted mirth of vice, Their hearts disclose each contemplation sweet Of things divine; and blend in friendship pure, Friendship sublimed by piety and love.

All virtue's friends are his: the good, the just, The pious, to his house their visits pay, And converse high hold of the true, the fair, The wonderful, the moral, the divine: Of saints and prophets, patterns bright of truth, Lent to a world of sin, to teach mankind How virtue in that world can live and shine; Of learning's varied realms; of Nature's works; And that bless'd book which gilds man's darksome way

With light from heaven; of bless'd Messiah's throne And kingdom; prophecies divine fulfill'd, And prophecies more glorious yet to come In renovated days; of that bright world, And all the happy trains which that bright world Inhabit, whither virtue's sons are zone: While God the whole inspires, adorns, exaits; The source, the end, the substance, and the soul.

This too the task, the bless'd, the useful task, To invigour order, justice, law, and rule; Peace to extend, and bid contention ccase; To teach the words of life; to lead mankind Back from the wild of guilt and brink of wo To virtue's house and family; faith, hope, And joy to inspire; to warm the soul With love to God and man; to cheer the sad, To fix the doubting, rouse the languid heart; The wandering to restore; to spread with down The thorny bed of death; console the poor, Departing mind, and aid its lingering wing.

To him her choicest pages Truth expands, Unceasing, where the soul-entrancing scenes Portic fiction boasts are real all: Where beauty, novelty, and grandeur wear Superior charms, and moral worlds unfold Sublimities transporting and divine.

Not all the scenes Philosophy can boast. Though them with nobler truths he ceaseless blends, Compare with these. They, as they found the mind, Still leave it; more inform'd, but not more wise. These wiser, nobler, better, make the man.

Thus every happy mean of solid good His life, his studies, and profession yield. With motives hourly new, each tolling day Allures, through wisdom's path and truth's fair field, His feet to yonder skies. Before him heaven Shines bright, the scope sublime of all his prayers, The meed of every sorrow, pain, and toil.

Dimming Google

## THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.\*

Warnz yonder humble spire salutes the eye, Its vane slow-turning in the liquid sky, Where, in light gambole, healthy striplings sport, Ambitious learning builds her outer court ; A grave preceptor, there, her usher stands, And rules without a rod her little bands. Some half-grown sprigs of learning graced his brow : Little he knew, though much he wish'd to know ; Enchanted hung o'er VIRGIL's honey'd lay, And smiled to see desipient Houses play; Glean'd scraps of Greek ; and, curious, traced afar, Through Poes's clear glass the bright Meonian star. Yet oft his students at his wisdom stared. For many a student to his side repair'd: Surprised, they heard him DIL work's knots untie. And tell what lands beyond the Atlantic lie.

Many his faults; his virtues small and few; Some little good he did, or strove to do; Laborious still, he taught the early mind, And ured to manners meek and thoughts refined; Truth he impress'd, and every virtue praised; While infant eyes in wondering silence gazod; The worth of time would day by day unfold, And tell them every hour was made of gold.

## THE BATTLE OF AL!

Now near the burning domes the squadrons stood, Their breasts impatient for the scenes of blood: On every face a death-like glimmer sate, The unbless'd harbinger of instant fate. [spires, High through the gloom, in pale and dreadful Rose the long terrors of the dark-red fires; Torches, and torrent sparks, by whirlwinds driven, Stream'd through the smoke, and fired the clouded heaven;

As oft tall turrets mink, with rushing sound, Broad flames burst forth, and sweep the ethereal round;

The bright expansion lighten'd all the scene, And deeper shadows lengthen'd o'er the green. Loud through the walls, that cost a golden gleam, Crown'd with tall pyramids of bending flame, As thunders rumble down the darkening vales, Roil'd the deep, solemn voice of rushing gales : The bands, admiring, saw the wondrous sight, And expectation trembled for the fight.

At once the sounding clarion breathed alarms; Wile from the forest burst the flash of arms; Thick gleam'd the helms; and o'erastonish'd fields, Like thousand meteors rose the flame-bright shields. In gloomy pomp, to furious combat roll'd [gold; Hanks sheath'd in mail, and chiefs in glimmering In floating lustre bounds the dim-seen steed, And cars unfinish'd, swift to cars succeed: From all the host ascends a dark-red glare, Here in full blage, in distant twinklings there;

• From "Greenfield flitt."

† This and the three following extracts are from " The Conquest of Canasa." Slow waves the dreadful light, as round the shore Night's soleran blasts with deep confusion roar: So rush'd the footsteps of the embattled train, And send an awful murmur o'er the plain.

Tall in the opposing van, bold Inap stood, And bid the clarion sound the voice of blood. Loud blew the trumpet on the sweeping gales, Rock'd the deep groves, and echoed round the vales; A cesseless murmur all the concave fills, Waves through the quivering camp, and trembles

o'er the hills.

High in the gloomy blaze the standards flew; The impatient youth his burnish'd falchion drew; Ten thousand swords his eager bands display'd, And crimson terrors danced on every blade. With equal rage, the bold, Hazorian train Pour'd a wide deluge o'er the shadowy plain; Loud rose the songs of war, loud clang'd the shields, Dread shouls of vengeance shook the shuddering fields:

With mingled din. shrill, martial music rings, And swift to combat each fierce hero springs. So broad, and dark, a midnight storm ascends, Bursts on the main, and trembling nature rends; The red foam burns, the watery mountains rise, One deep, unmeasured thunder heaves the skies : The bark drives lonely; shivering and forlorn, The poor, sad sailors wish the lingering morn : Not with less fury rush'd the vengeful train ; Not with less tumult roar'd the embattled plain. Now in the oak's black shade they fought conceal'd ; And now they should through the open field ; The long, pale splendours of the curling flame Cast o'er their polish'd arms a livid gleam ; An umber'd lustre floated round their way, And lighted falchions to the fierce affray. Now the swift chariots 'gainst the stubborn oak Dash'd; and the earth re-echoes to the shock. From shade to shade the forms tremendous stream. And their arms flash a momentary flame. Mid hollow tombs as flects an airy train, Lost in the skies, or fading o'er the plain ; So visionary shapes, around the fight, Shoot through the gloom, and vanish from the sight : Through twilight paths the maddening coursers bound.

The shrill swords crark, the clashing shields resound. There, lost in grandeur, might the eye behold The dark-red glimmerings of the steel and gold; The chief; the steed; the nimbly-rushing car; And all the horrors of the gloomy war. Here the thick clouds, with purple lustre bright, Spread o'er the long, long host, and gradual sunk in night;

Here half the world was wrapp'd in rolling fires, And dreadful valleys sunk between the spires. Swift ran black forms across the livid flame, And oaks waved slowly in the trembling beam: Loud rose the mingled noise; with hollow sound, Deep rolling whirlwinds roar, and thundering flames resound.

As drives a blast along the midnight heath, Rush'd raging Inan on the scenes of death; High o'er hisshoulder gleam'd his brandish'd blade, And scatter'd ruin round the twilight shade.

Distanting GOOGIC

Full on a giant hero's sweeping car He pour'd the tempest of resistless war; His twinkling lance the heathen raised on high, And hurl'd it, fruitless, through the gloomy sky; From the bold youth the maddening coursers wheel, Gash'd by the vengeance of his slaughtering steel; 'Twixt two tall oaks the helpless chief they drew; The shrill car dash'd; the crack'd wheels ratuling flew;

Crush'd in his arms, to rise he strove in vain, And lay unpitied on the dreary plain.

#### THE LAMENTATION OF SELIMA.

CANST thou forget, when, call'd from southern bowers,

Love tuned the groves, and spring awaked the flowers,

How, loosed from slumbers by the morning ray, O'er balmy plains we bent our frequent way? On thy fond arm, with pleasing gaze, I hung. And heard sweet music nurmur o'er thy tongue; Hand lock'd in hand, with gentle ardour press'd, Pour'd soft emotions through the heaving breast; In magic transport heart with heart entwined, And in sweet languor lost the melting mind.

'T was then thy voice, attuned to wisdom's lay. Show'd fairer worlds, and traced the immortal way; In virtue's pleasing paths my footsteps tried, My sweet companion and my skilful guide; Through varied knowledge taught my mind to soar, Search hidden truths, and new-found walks explore: While still the tale, by nature learn'd to rove. Slid, unperceived, to scenes of happy love. Till, weak and lost, the faltering converse fell, And eyes disclosed what eyes alone could tell; In rapturous tumult hade the passions roll, And spoke the living language of the soul. With what fond hope, through many a blissful hour, We gave the soul to fancy's pleasing power; Lost in the magic of that sweet employ To build gay scenes, and fashion future joy ! We saw mild peace o'er fair Cansan rise, And shower her pleasures from benignant skies. On airy hills our happy mansion rose, Built but for joy, nor room reserved for woes. Round the calm solitude, with ceaseless song, Soft roll'd domestic cestasy along : Sweet as the sleep of innocence, the day, By raptures number'd, lightly danced away : To love, to bliss, the blended soul was given, And each, too happy, ask'd no brighter heaven. Yet then, even then, my trembling thoughts would rove.

And steal an hour from IRAD, and from love, Through dread futurity all anxious roam, And east a mournful glance on ills to come. . .

And must the hours in ceaseless anguish roll ! Must no soft sunshine cheer my clouded soul ! Spring charm around me brightest scenes, in vain, And youth's angelic visions wake to pain ? O, come once more; with fond endearments come ! Burst the cold prison of the sullen tomb; Through favourite walks thy chosen maid attend, Where well known shades for thee their branches bend;

Shed the sweet poison from thy speaking eye, And look those raptures lifeless words deny ! Still be the tale rehearsed, that ne'er could tire, But, told each eve, fresh pleasure could inspire ; Still hoped those scenes which love and fancy drew, But, drawn a thousand times, were ever new !

Again all bright shall glow the morning beam, Again soft suns dissolve the frozen stream, Spring call young breezes from the southern skies, And, clothed in splendour, flowery millions rise— In vain to thee! No morn's indulgent ray Warms the cold mansion of thy slumbering clay. No mild, ethercal gale, with tepid wing, Shall fan thy locks, or waft approaching spring: Unfelt, unknown, shall breathe the rich perfume, And unheard music wave around thy tomb.

A cold, dumb, dead repose invests thee round; Still as a void, ere Nature form'd a sound. O'er thy dark region, pierced by no kind ray, Slow roll the long, oblivious hours away. In these wide walks, this solitary round, Where the pale moonbeam lights the glimmering ground.

At each sad turn, I view thy spirit come, And glide, half-scen, behind a neighbouring tomb; With visionary hand, forbid my stay, Look o'er the grave, and beekon me away.

## PREDICTION TO JOSHUA RELATIVE TO AMERICA.

FAR o'er yon azure main thy view extend, Where seas and skies in blue confusion blend : Lo, there a mighty realm, by Heaven design'd The last retreat for poor, oppress'd mankind; Form'd with that pomp which marks the hand divine.

And clothes yon vault where worlds unnumber'd shine.

Here spacious plains in solemn grandeur spread, Here cloudy forests cast eternal shade ; Rich valleys wind, the sky-tall mountains brave, And inland seas for commerce spread the wave. With nobler floods the sea-like rivers roll, And fairer lustre purples round the pole. Here, warm'd by happy suns, gay mines unfold The useful iron and the lasting gold ; Pure, changing gems in silence learn to glow, And mock the splendours of the covenant bow. On countless hills, by savage footsteps trod, That smile to see the future harvest nod, In glad succession plants unnumber'd bloom, And flowers unnumber'd breathe a rich perfume, Hence life once more a length of days shall claim. And health, reviving, light her purple flame. Far from all realms this world imperial lies, Seas roll between, and threat ning tempests rise. Alike removed beyond ambition's pale, And the hold pinions of the venturous sail;

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Till circling years the destined period bring, And a new Moszs lift the daring wing, Through trackless seas an unknown flight explores, And hails a new Canaan's promised shores. On yon far strand behold that little train Ascending venturous o'er the unmeasured main : No dangers fright, no ills the course delay; "Tis virtue prompts, and God directs the way. Speed-speed, ye sons of truth! let Heaven befriend, Let angels waft you, and let peace attend. O! smile, thou sky serene ; ye storms, retire ; And airs of Eden every sail inspire. Swift o'er the main behold the canvass fiv. And fade and fade beneath the farthest sky : See verdant fields the changing waste unfold ; See sudden harvests dress the plains in gold; In lofty walls the moving rocks ascend, And dancing woods to spires and temples bend. Here empire's last and brightest throne shall rise, And Peace, and Right, and Freedom greet the skics;

To morn's far realms her trading ships shall sail, Or lift their canvass to the evening gale: In wisdom's walks her sons ambitious soar, Tread starry fields, and untried scenes explore. And, hark! what strange, what solemn breaking strain

Swells, wildly murmuring, o'er the far, far main ! Down Time's long, lessening vale the notes decay, And, lost in distant ages, roll away.

## EVENING AFTER A BATTLE.

ABOVE tall western hills, the light of day Shot far the splendours of his golden ray; Bright from the storm, with tenfold grace he smiled, The tumult soften'd, and the world grew mild. With pomp transcendent, robed in heavenly dyce, Arch'd the clear rainbow round the orient skies; Its changeless form, its hues of beam divine— Fair type of truth and beauty—endless shine Around the expanse, with thousand splendours rare; Gay clouds sail wanton through the kindling air; From shade to shade unnumber'd tinetures blend, Unnumber'd forms of wondrous light extend; In pride stupendous, glittering walls aspire, Graced with bright donnes, and crown'd with towers of fire:

On cliffs cliffs burn; o'er mountains mountains roll: A burst of glory spreads from pole to pole: Rapt with the splendour, every songster sings, Tops the high bough, and claps his glistening wings; With new-born green reviving nature blooms, And sweeter fragrance freshening air perfumes.

Far south the storm withdrew its troubled reign, Descending twilight dimm'd the dusky plain; Black night arose, \_er curtains hid the ground: Less roar'd, and less, the thunder's solernn sound; The bended lightning shot a brighter stream, Or wrapp'd all heaven in one wide, mantling flame; By turns, o'er plains, and woods, and mountains spread

Paint, yellow glimmerings, and a deeper shade.

From parting clouds, the moon out-breaking shone, And sate, sole empress, on her silver throne; In clear, full beauty, round all nature smiled, And claimed, o'er heaven and earth, dominion mild; With humbler glory, stars her court attend, And bless'd, and union'd, silent lustre blend.

## COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise, The queen of the world and the child of the skies; Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold, While ages on ages thy splendours unfold. Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time; Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clinic; Let the crimes of the cast ne'er enerimson thy name; Be freedom and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire; Whelm nations in blood and wrap cities in fire; Thy herces the rights of mankind shall defend, And triumph pursue them, and glory attend. A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws, Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause; On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise, Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unlar. And the east see thy morn hide the heams of her star;

New bards and new sages, unrivall'd, shall soar To fame, unextinguish'd when time is no more; To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd, Shall fly from all nations the best of munkind; Hore, grateful, to Heaven with transport shall bring Their incense, more fragment than odours of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend, And genius and beauty in harmony blend; The graces of form shall awake pure desire, And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire: Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined, And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind, With peece and soft rapture shall teach life to glow, And light up a smile in the aspect of wo.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display, The nations admire, and the ocean obey; Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,

And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.

As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendour shall flow,

And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow, While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd, Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread, From wor's dread confusion I pousively struy'd— The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired, The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired; Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along. And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung: "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise, The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

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## DAVID HUMPHREYS.

#### [Born 1755, Died 1815.]

DAVID HUMPHREYS, LL. D., was the son of a Congregational clergyman, at Derby, in Connecticut, where he was born in 1753. He was educated at Yale College, with DW168T, TRUX-BULL, and BARLOW, and soon after being graduated, in 1771, joined the revolutionary army, under General PARSONS, with the rank of captain. He was for several years attached to the stall of General PUTNAM, and in 1780 was appointed aid-de-camp to General WASHINGTON, with the rank of colonel. He continued in the military family of the commander-in-chief until the close of the war, enjoying his friendship and confidence, and afterward accompanied him to Mount Vernon, where he remained until 1784, when he went abroad with FRANKLIN, ADAMS, and JEFFERSON, who were appointed commissioners to negotiate treatics of commerce with foreign powers, as their secretary of legation.\* Soon after his return to the United States, in 1786, he was elected by the eitizens of his native town a member of the Legislature of Connecticut. and by that body was appointed to command a regiment to be raised by order of the national government. On receiving his commission, Colonel HUMPHREYS established his head-quarters and recruiting rendezvous at Hartford; and there renewed his intimacy with his old friends TRUX-BULL and BARLOW, with whom, and Doctor LENCEL HOPEINS, he engaged in writing the "Anarchiad," a political satire, in imitation of the "Rolliad," a work attributed to SHERIDAN and others, which he had seen in London. He retained his commission until the suppression of the insurrection in 1787, and in the following year accepted an invitation to visit Mount Vernon, where he continued to reside until he was appointed minister to Portugal, in 1790. He remained in Lisbon seven years, at the end of which period he was transferred to the court of Madrid, and in 1802, when Mr. PINCKNET was made minister to Spain, returned to the United States. From 1802 to 1812, he devoted his sttention to agricultural and manufacturing pursuits; and on the breaking out of the second war

<sup>4</sup> In a letter to Doctor FRASKLIN, written soon after the appointment of Heweustris to this office, General WARHINGTON, says: "Bis zerol in the cause of his country, his good sense, prodence, and attachment to me, have rendered him data to me; and I persuade myself you will find no confidence which you may think proper to repose in him, mispheod. He pessesses an excellent heart, good natural and acquired abilities, and sterling integrity, as well as solviety, and us obliging disposition. A full conviction of his possessing all them good qualities makes one less acruphicus of recommending him to your patronage and friendship."—Spaaks's Lefe of Brahington, vol. iz, p. 46. with Great Britain, was appointed commander of the militia of Connecticut, with the rank of brigadier-general. His public services terminated with the limitation of that appointment. He died at New Haven, on the twenty-first day of February, 1818, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

The principal poems of Colonel HUMPHREYS are an "Address to the Armics of the United States," written in 1772, while he was in the army; "A Poem on the Happiness of America," written during his residence in London and Paris, as secretary of legation; "The Widow of Malabar, or The Tyranny of Custom, a Tragedy, imitated from the French of M. LE MIERRE,' written at Mount Vernon; and a "Poem on Agriculture," written while he was minister at the court of Lisbon. The "Address to the Annies of the United States" passed through many editions in this country and in Europe, and was translated into the French language by the Marquis de CHATELLUE, and favourably noticed in the Parisian gazettes. The "Poem on the Happiness of America" was reprinted nine times in three years; and the "Widow of Malabar" is suid, in the dedication of it to the author of "McFingal," to have met with "extraordinary success" on the stage. The "Miscellaneous Works of Colonel HEMPARETS" were published in an octavo volume, in New York, in 1790, and again in 1804. The Works contain, besides the author's poems, an interesting biography of his early friend and commander, General PUTNAN, and several orations and other prose compositions. They are dedicated to the Duke de Rochrocerer, who had been his intimate friend in France. In the dedication he says: "In presenting for your amusement the trifles which have been composed during my leisure hours, I assume nothing beyond the negative merit of not having over written any thing unfavourable to the interests of religion, humanity, and virtue." He seems to have aimed only at an elegant mediocrity, and his pieces are generally simple and correct, in thought and language. He was one of the "four bards with Scripture names," satirized in some verses published in London, commencing

" David and Jonathan, Jeel and Timothy. Over the water, set up the hyper of the"-etc.,

and is generally classed among the "poets of the Revolution." The popularity he enjoyed while he lived, and his connection with TAUMBULL, BARLOW, and DWIGHT, justify the introduction of a sketch of his history and writings into this volume. The following extracts exhibit his style. The first alludes to the departure of the British fleet from New York.

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## DAVID HUMPHREYS.

## ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

E'ss now, from half the threaten'd horrors freed, See from our shores the lessening sails recede; See the proud flags that, to the wind unfurl'd, Waved in proud triumph round a vanquish'd world, Inglorious fly; and see their haggard crew, Despair, shame, rage, and infamy pursue.

Hail, heaven-horn peace! thy grateful blessings pour On this glad land, and round the peopled shore; Thine are the joys that gild the happy scene, Propitious days, and happy nights aerene; With thee gay Pleasure frolics o'er the plain, And suiling Plenty leads the prosperous train.

Then, O blest land! with genius unconfined, With polish'd manners, and the illumined mind, Thy future race on daring wing shall soar, Each science trace, and oll the arts explore. Till bright religion, beckoning to the skies, Shall bid thy sons to endless glory rise.

## WESTERN EMIGRATION.

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

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

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

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

#### AMERICAN WINTER.

THEN doubling clouds the wintry skies deform, And, wrapt in vapour, comes the roaring storm; With snows surcharged, from tops of mountains sails.

Loads leafless trees, and fills the whiten'd vales. Then Desolution strips the faded plains, Then tyrant Death o'er vegetation reigns; The birds of heaven to other climes repair, And deepening glooms invade the turbid air. Nor then, unjoyous, winter's rigours come, But find them happy and content with home ; Their granaries fill'd-the task of culture past-Warm at their fire, they hear the howling blast, While pattering rain and snow, or driving sleet, Rave idly loud, and at their window beat : Safe from its rage, regardless of its roar, In vain the tennest rattles at the door. 'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed The ox laborious, and the noble steed : 'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold, To strew with litter, and to fence from cold-The cattle fed, the fuel piled within, At setting day the blissful hours begin ; 'Tis then, sole owner of his little cot, The farmer feels his independent lot ; Hears, with the crackling blaze that lights the wall, The voice of gladness and of nature call; Beholds his children play, their mother smile, And tastes with them the fruit of summer's toil. From stormy heavens the mantling clouds unroll'd, The sky is bright, the air screncly cold. The keen north-west, that heaps the drifted snows, For months entire o'er frozen regions blows; Man braves his blast; his gelid breath inhales, And feels more vigorous as the frost prevails.

#### **REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.**

O, WRAT avails to trace the fate of war Through fields of blood, and paint each glorious sear !

Why should the strain your former woes recall, The tears that wept a friend's or brother's fall, When by your side, first in the adventurous strife, He dauntless rush'd, too prodigal of life ! Enough of merit has each honour'd name, To shine untarnish'd on the rolls of fame, To stand the example of each distant age, And add new lustre to the historic page ; For soon their deeds illustrious shall be shown. In breathing bronze or animated stone. Or where the canvass, starting into life, Revives the glories of the erimson strife. And soon some bard shall tempt the untried themes, Sing how we dared, in fortune's worst extremes; What cruel wrongs the indignant patriot bore, What various ills your feeling bosoms tore, What boding terrors gloom'd the threatening hour, When British legions, arm'd with death-like power, Bade desolation mark their crimson'd way, And lured the savage to his destined prey.

#### [Rore 1755. Died 1819.]

The author of the "Columbiad" was born in the village of Reading, in Connecticut, in 1755. He was the youngest in a family of ten, and his father died while he was yet a child, leaving to him property sufficient only to defrav the costs of his education. On the completion of his preparatory studies he was placed by his guardians at Dartmouth College, but was soon induced to remove to New Haven, where he was graduated, in 1778. Among his friends here were Dwight, then a college tutor, Colonel HUMPHREYS, a revolutionary bard of some reputation, and Thum-sull, the author of "McFingal." Buntow recited an original poem, on taking his bachelor's degree, which is preserved in the "American Poems," printed at Litchfield in 1793. It was his first attempt of so ambitious a character, and possesses little merit. During the vacations of the college he had on several occasions joined the army, in which four of his brothers were serving ; and he participated in the conflict at White Plains. and a number of minor engagements, in which he is said to have displayed much intrepidity.

For a short time after completing his academic course, BARLOW devoted his attention chiefly to the law; but being urged by his friends to qualify himself for the office of chaplain, he undertook the study of theology, and in six weeks became a licensed minister. He joined the army immediately, and remained with it until the establishment of peace, cultivating the while his taste for poetry, by writing patriotic songs and ballads, and composing, in part, his "Vision of Columbus," afterward expanded into the "Columbiad." When the army was disbanded, in 1783, he removed to Hartford, to resume his legal studies; and to add to his revenue established "The Mcrcury," a weekly guzette, to which his writings gave reputation and an immediate circulation. He had previously married at New Haven a daughter of the Honourable ABRARAM BALDWIN, and had lost his carly patron and friend, the Honourable TITTS HOSMER, on whom he wrote an elegant elegy. In 1785 he was admitted to the bar, and in the same year, in compliance with the request of an association of Congregational ministers, he prepared and published an enlarged and improved edition of WATTS's version of the Psalms,\* to which were appended a

• Of the parlins omitted by Warra and included in this edition, only the eighty-eighth and one hundred and thirty-seventh were paraphrased by BarLow. His version of the latter added much to liss reputation, and has been considered the funct translation of the words of David that has been written, though they have received a metrical dress from some of the best poets of England and America. Recently the origin of this paraphrase has been a subject of controversy, but a memorandum found among the papers of the late Judge Tat Wards, 52

collection of hymns, several of which were written by himself.

"The Vision of Columbus" was published in 1787. It was dedicated to Louis XVL, with strong expressions of admiration and gratitude, and in the poem were corresponding passages of applause; but BARLOW's feelings toward the aniiable and unfortunate monarch appear to have changed in after time, for in the "Columbiad" he is coldly alluded to, and the adulatory lines are suppressed. The "Vision of Columbus" was reprinted in London and Paris, and was generally noticed favourably in the reviews. After its publication the author relinquished his newspaper and established a bookstore, principally to sell the poem and his edition of the Pselma, and as soon as this end was attained, resumed the practice of the law. In this he was, however, unfortunate, for his forensic abilities were not of the most popular description, and his mind was too much devoted to political and literary subjects to admit of the application to study and attention to business necessary to secure success. He was engaged with Colonel HUMPHREYS, JOBN TRUNBULL, and Dr. LEMUEL HOPEINS, a man of some wit, of the coarser kind, in the "Anarchiad," a satirical poem published at Harrford, which had considerable political influence, and in some other works of a similar description; but, obtaining slight pecuniary advantage from his literary labours, he was induced to accept a foreign agency from the "Sciota Land Company," and sailed for Europe, with his family, in 1788. In France he sold some of the lands held by this association, but deriving little or no personal benefit from the transactions, and becoming aware of the fraudulent character of the company, he relinquished his agency and determined to rely on his pen for support.

who aided in the preparation of the Connecticut edition of WATTS, settles the question in favour of BARLOW The following is the version to which we have alluded:

> THE DATIONIAN CANTIVITY. The control of the second second

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In 1791, BARLOW published in London " Advice to the Privileged Orders," a work directed against the distinguishing features of kingly and aristocratic governments; and in the early part of the succeeding year. "The Conspiracy of Kings." a poem of about four hundred lines, educed by the first coalition of the continental sovereigns against republican France. In the autumn of 1792, he wrote a letter to the French National Convention, recommending the abolition of the union between the church and the state, and other reforms ; and was soon after chosen by the "London Constitutional Society," of which he was a member, to present in person an address to that body, On his atrival in Paris he was complimented with the rights of citizenship, an "honour" which had been previously conferred on WASHINGTON and HANILTON. From this time he made France his home. In the summer of 1793, a deputation, of which his friend Gasconix, who before the Revolution had been Bishop of Blois, was a member, was sent into Savoy, to organize it as a department of the republic. He accompanied it to Chamberry, the capital, where, at the request of its president, he wrote an address to the inhabitants of Piedmont. inciting them to throw off allegiance to " the man of Turin who called himself their king." Here too he wrote "Hasty Pudding," the most popular of his poems.

On his return to Paris, BARLOW's time was principally devoted to commercial pursuits, by which, in a few years, he obtained a considerable fortune. The atrocitics which marked the progress of the Revolution prevented his active participation in political controversics, though he continued under all circumstances an ardent republican. Toward the close of 1795, he visited the North of Europe, on some private business, and on his return to Paris was appointed by WABRENGTON consul to Algiers, with power to negotiate a commercial treaty with the dey, and to ransom all the Americans held in slavery on the coast of Barbary, He accepted and fulfilled the mission to the satisfaction of the American Government, concluding treatics with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and liberating more than one hundred Americans, who were in prisons or in slavery to the Mohammedans. He then returned to Paris, where he purchased the splendid hotel of the Count CLERNONT DE TONNERS, and lived several years in a fushionable and costly manner, pursuing still his fortunate mercantile speculations, revising his "great epic," and writing occasionally for the political gazettes.

Finally, after an absence of nearly seventeen years, the poet, statesman, and philosopher returned to his native country. He was received with kindness by many old friends, who had corresponded with him while abroad or been remembered in all his wanderings; and after spending a few months in travel, marking, with patriotic pride, the rapid progress which the nation had made in greatness, he fixed his home on the banks of the Potomae, near the city of Washington, where he built the splendid mansion, known afterward as "Kalorama," and expressed an intention to spend there the remainder of his life. In 1806, he published a prospectus of a National Institution, at Washington, to combine a university with a naval and military school, academy of fine arts, and learned society. A bill to carry his plan into effect was introduced into Congress, but never became a law.

In the summer of 1808, appeared the "Columbiod," in a splendid quarto volume, surpassing in the beauty of its typography and embellishments any work before that time printed in America. From his earliest years BARLOW had been ambitions to raise the epic song of his nation. The "Vision of Columbus," in which the most brillight events in American history had been described, occupied his leisure hours when in college, and alterward, when, as a chaplain, he followed the standard of the liberating army. That work was executed too hastily and imperfectly, and for twenty years after its appearance, through every variety of fortune, its enlargement and improvement engaged his attention.

The events of the Revolution were so recent and so universally known, as to be inflexible to the hand of fiction ; and the poem could not therefore be modelled after the regular epic form, which would otherwise have been chosen. It is a series of visions, presented by HESPER, the genius of the western continent, to COLUMBUS, while in the prison at Valladolid, where he is introduced to the reader uttering a monologue on his ill-requited services to Spain. These visions embrace a vast variety of scenes, circumstances, and characters; Europe in the middle ages, with her political and religious reformers; Mexico and the South American nations, and their imagined history : the progress of discovery; the settlement of the states now composing the federation; the war of the Revolution, and establishment of republicanism; and the chief actors in the great dramas which he attempts to present.

The poem, having no unity of fable, no regular succession of incidents, no strong exhibition of varied character, lacks the most powerful charms of a narrative; and has, besides, many dull and spiritless passages, that would make unpopular a work of much more faultless general design. The versification is generally harmonious, but mechanical and passionless, the language sometimes incorrect, stud the similes often inappropriate and inclegant. Yet there are in it many bursts of cloquence and patriotism, which should preserve it from oblivion. The descriptions of nature and of personal character are frequently condensed and forceful; and passages of invective, indignant and full of energy. In his narrative of the expedition against Quebec, under Annoup, the poet exclaims:

Ab, collant troop! deprived of built the project That decide like yours in other three repays, Since your prime chief (the favourite erst of Fame.) Hath suck so deep his halfful, hideous name, That every honest muse with horror flings it forth uncounded from her sorrel attrings; Else what high tones of rapture must have told The first great actions of a chief so hold! These lines are characteristic of his manner.

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The "Columbial" was reprinted in Paris and London, and noticed in the leading critical gazettes, but generally with little praise. The London "Monthly Magazine" attempted in an elaborate article to prove its title to a place in the first class of epics, and expressed a belief that it was surpassed only by the "Illiad," the ". Encid" and " Paradise Lost." In America, however, it was regarded by the judicious as a failure, and reviewed with even more wit and severity than in England, Indeed, the poet did not in his own country receive the praise which he really merited; and faults were imputed to his work which it did not possess. Its sentiments were said to be hostile to Christianity.\* and the author was declared an infidel; but there is no line in the "Columbiad" unfavourable to the religion of New England, the Puritan faith which is the basis of the national greatness; and there is no good reason for believing that BAR-Low at the time of his death doubted the creed of which in his early manhood he had been a minister.

After the publication of the "Columbiad," BAR-LOW made a collection of documents, with an intention to write a history of the United States; but, in 1811, he was unexpectedly appointed minister pleuipotentiary to the French government, and immediately sailed for Europe. His attempts to negotiate a treaty of commerce and indemnification for spoliations were unsuccessful at Paris; and in the autumn of 1812 he was invited by the Duke of BASSANO to a conference with NAPOLEON at Wilna, in Poland. He started from Paris, and travelled without intermission until he reached Zarnowitch, an obscure village near Cracow, where he died, from an inflammation of the lunge, induced by fatigue and exposure in an inhospitable country, in an inclement season, on the twentysecond day of December, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. In Paris, honours were paid to his memory as an important public functionary and a man of letters ; his culozy was written by DUPONT DE NEMOURS, and an account of his life and writings was drawn up and published, accompanied by a canto of the "Columbiad," translated into French heroic verse. In America, too, his death was generally lamented, though without any publie exhibition of mourning.

BARLOW was much respected in private life for his many excellent social qualities. His manners were usually grave and diquified, though when with his intimate friends he was easy and familiar. He was an honest and patient investigator, and would doubtless have been much more successful as a metaphysical or historical writer than as a poet. As an author he belonged to the first class of his time in America; and for his ardent patriotism, his public services, and the purity of his life, he deserves a distinguished rank among the men of our golden age.

#### THE HASTY PUDDING,

#### CANTO f.

Yz Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise, To cramp the day and hide me from the skies; Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurl'd, Bear death to kings and freedom to the world, I sing not you. A softer theme I choose, A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse, But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, we bands to terror steel d, Who hurl your thunders round the cpic field; Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing Joys that the vineyard and the stillhouse bring; Or on some distant fair your notes employ, And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.

<sup>4</sup> It is now generally believed that Baatow, while in France, aljured the Christian relicion. The Reverend THOMAR OBBINS, a venerable clergyman of Rochester, Massachinetts, in a letter written in 1840, remarks that "Bartow's destical opinions were not suspected revious to the publication of his 'Vision of Colondus,' in 1557 d' and further, that "when at a later period he lost As character, and became an open and bitter reviler of Christianity, his pealm-book was fail aside; but for that cause only, as competent judges still mainthined that no revision of WATTS possesses as much public merit as Bystrow's.'' I have seen two letters written by Bartow during the last year of bis life, in which he declares humself "a sincere believer of Christianity, divested of its I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel, My morning incense, and my evening meal,— The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl, Gilde o'er my palate, and inspire my soul. The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine, Its substance mingled, married in with thine, Shall cool and temper thy superior heat. And save the pains of blowing while I cat.

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

Assist me first with pious toil to trace Through wreeks of time thy lineage and thy race;

corruptions." In a letter to M. GREGORIE, published in the second volume of DENNE's "Port Folio," mores 41 to 479, he shys, "the sect of Puritans, in which I was born and educated, and to which I still address for the same reason that you adhere to the Catholies, a corrictes that they are right," etc. The iden that BARLOW disbelieved in his later vesus the religion of his youth, was probably first derived from an engraving in the "Vision of Columbus," in which the cross, by which he intended to represent monkish superstition, is placed among the "symbols of prejudice." He never "lost his character" as a moti of homourable centiments and blanchess life; and I could present numerous other evidences that he did not abordion his religion, were not the above apparently conclusive.

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(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore,) First gave thee to the world; her works of fame Have lived indeed, but lived without a name. Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days, First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried maize. Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower, In boiling water stir the yellow flour: The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste, Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste, Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim, Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim; The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks, And the whole mass its true consistence takes Could but her sacred name, unknown so long, Rise, like her labours, to the son of song, To her, to them I'd consecrate my lays, And blow her pudding with the breath of praise. Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known, But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure, Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure. Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy ! Doom'd o'er the world through devious paths to roam. Each clime my country, and each house my home, My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end: I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend. For thee through Paris, that corrupted town, How long in vain I wander'd up and down, Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching board. Cold from his cave usurps the morning board. London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea; No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee; The uncouth word, a libel on the town, Would call a proclamation from the crown. For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays, Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize: A grain whose rich, luxuriant growth requires Short, gentle showers, and bright, ethereal fires. But here, though distant from our native shore, With mutual glee, we meet and laugh once more. The same! I know thee by that yellow face, That strong complexion of true Indian race, Which time can never change, nor soil impair, Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air; For endless years, through every mild domain, Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign. But man, more fickle, the bold license claims. In different realms to give thee different names. Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant Polania call; the French, of course, Polante. E'en in thy native regions, how I blush To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee Mush ! On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn Insult and eat thee by the name Suppaum. All spurious appellations, void of truth; I've better known thee from my earliest youth: Thy name is Hasty Pudding ! thus our sires Were wont to greet thee fuming from the fires;

Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,

And while they argued in thy just defence With logic clear, they thus explained the sense: "In haste the boiling caldron, o'er the blaze, Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize; In haste 'tis served, and then in equal haste, With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast, No carving to be done, no knife to grate The tender ear and wound the stony plate; But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip, And taught with art the yielding mass to dip, By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored, Performs the hasty honours of the board." Such is thy name, significant and clear, A name, a sound to every Yankce dear, But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste Preserve my pure, hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute The luscious food, because it feeds the brute; In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while gandy prigs Compare thy nurshing man to pamper'd pigs; With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest. Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast. What though the generous cow gives me to qualf

The milk nutritious; am I then a calf?

Or can the genius of the noisy swine,

Though nursed on pudding, thence lay claim to mine!

Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise, Runs more melodious than the notes they ruise.

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

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

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#### CANTO II.

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

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

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

Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart, For nature scorus not all the aids of art. E'en *Husty Pudding*, purest of all food, May still be had, indifferent, or good. As sure experience the short process guides, Or want of skill, or want of care presides. Whee'er would form it on the surest plan, To rear the child and long sustain the man; To still the morals while it mends the size, And all the powers of every food supplies,— Attend the lesson that the muse shall bring; Su-pond your spoons, and listen while I sing.

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

When now the ox, shedient to thy call, Repays the loan that fill'd the winter stall, Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain, And plant in measured hills the golden grain. But when the tender germ begins to shoot, And the green spire declares the sprouting root, Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe, The insidious worm, the all-decouring crow. A little ashee sprinkled round the spire, Soon steep'd in rain, will hid the worm retire; The feather'd robber, with his hungry maw Swift flies the field before your man of straw, A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring, When met to hurn the pope or hang the king.

Thrice in the season, through each verdant row, Wield the strong ploughshare and the faithful hoe; The faithful hoe, a double task that takes.

To till the summer corn and roast the winter cokes. Slow springs the blade, while check'd by chilling mins,

Ere yet the sun the sent of Cancer gains; But when his fiercest fires emblage the land, Then start the juices, then the roots expand; Then, like a column of Corinthian mould, The stak struts upward and the leaves unfold; The busy branches all the ridges fill, Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill. Here cease to vex them; all your cares are done: Leave the last labours to the parent sun: Beneath his genial smiles, the well-dress'd field, When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.

Now the strong foliage lears the standards high, And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky; The suckling ears the silken frinces bend, And, pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend; The loaded stalk, while still the burden grows, O'crhangs the space that runs between the rows; High as a hop-field waves the silent grove, A asfe retreat for little thefus of love, When the pledged roasting-cars invite the maid To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade; His generous hand unloads the cumbrous bill, And the green spoils her ready basket fill; Small compensation for the twofold bliss.

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

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

#### CANTO III.

The days grow short; but though the falling snn To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done, Night's pleasing shades his various tasks prolong, And yield new subjects to my various song. For now, the corn-house fill'd, the barvest home, The invited neighbours to the *husking* come; A folic scene, where work, and mirth, and play, Unite their charms to chase the bours sway.

Where the huge heap lies center'd in the hall, The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall, Brown, corn-fed nympls, and strong, hard-handed Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows, [beaus, Assume their seats, the solid mass attack; The dry husks rustle, and the corneobs erack; The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound, And the sweet eider trips in silence round.

The laws of husking every wight can tell, And sure no laws he ever keeps so well: For each red car a general kiss he gains, With each smut car he smuts the luckless swains;

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But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast, Red as her lips and taper as her waist, She walks the round and culls one favour'd bean, Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow. Various the sport, as are the wits and brains Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains; Till the vast mound of corn is swept away, And be that gets the last ear wins the day.

Meanwhile, the housewife urges all her care, The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare. The sifted meal already waits her hand, The mitk is strain'd, the bowle in order stand, The fire flames high; and as a pool (that takes The headlong stream that o'er the mildiam breaks) Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils, So the vex'd caldron rages, roars, and boils.

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

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

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

Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes em-, ploy,

Great source of health, the only source of joy; Mother of Egypt's god---but sure, for me, Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee. How oft thy tests these precious hands have prese'd! How oft thy bounties proved my only feast! How oft I've fed thee with my favourite grain! And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!

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

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

There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear. The deep-bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop In ample draughts the thin, diluted coup, 8

Performs not well in those substantial things, Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings; Where the strong labial muscles must imbrace The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space. With ease to enter and discharge the freight, A bowl less concave, but still more dilate, Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size, A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes. Experienced feeders can alone impart A rule so much above the lore of art. These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried, With just precision could the point decide, Though not in song; the muse but poorly shines In conce, and cubes, and geometric lines: Yet the true form, as near as she can tell, Is that small section of a goose-egg shell, Which in two equal portions shall divide The distance from the centre to the side.

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

#### BURNING OF THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGES.\*

TREOVER solid curls of smoke, the bursting fires Climb in tall pyramids above the spires, Concentring all the winds; whose forces, driven With equal rage from every point of heaven, Whirl into conflict, round the scantling pour The twisting flames, and through the rafters rosr, Suck up the cinders, send them sailing far, To warn the nations of the raging war; Bend high the blazing vortex, swell'd and curl'd, Careering, brightening o'er the lustred world: Scas catch the splendour, kindling skies resound, And falling structures shake the smouldering ground.

Crowds of wild fugitives, with frantic tread, Flit through the flames that pierce the midnight shade,

Back on the burning domes revert their eyes, Where some lost friend, some perish'd infant lies. Their maim'd, their sick, their sign-enfected sires Have sunk sad victims to the safetes fires; They greet with one last look their tottering walls, See the blaze thicken, as the ruin falls. Then o'er the country train their dumb despair, And far behind them leave the dancing glare; Their own crush'd roofs still lend a trembling light, Point their long shadows and direct their flight. Till, wandering wide, they seek some cottage door, Ask the vile pittance due the vagrant poor; Or, faint and faltering on the devious road, They sink at last and yield their mortal load.

\* This and the following extracts are from the " Colum bind."

## TO FREEDOM.

Sun of the moral world ! effulgent source Of man's best wisdom and his steadiest force, Soul-searching Freedom ! here assume thy stand, And radiate hence to every distant land; Point out and prove how all the scenes of strife, The shock of states, the impassion'd broils of life, Spring from unequal sway; and how they fly Before the spiendour of thy peaceful eye ; Unfold at last the genuine social plan, The mind's full scope, the dignity of man, Bold nature bursting through her long disguise, And nations daring to be just and wise. Yes! righteous Freedom, heaven and earth and sea Yield or withhold their various gifts for thee; Protected Industry beneath thy reign Leads all the virtues in her filial train ; Courageous Probity, with brow screne, And Temperance calm presents her placid mien ; Contentment, Moderation, Labour, Art, Mould the new man and humanize his heart : To public plenty private case dilates, Domestic peace to harmony of states. Protected Industry, careering far, Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,

And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves, Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.

#### MORGAN AND TELL.

MORDAN in front of his bold riflers towers, His host of keen-eved marksmen, skill'd to pour Their slugs unerring from the twisted bore. No sword, no bayonet they learn to wield, They gall the flank, they skirt the battling field, Cull out the distant foe in full horse speed. Couch the long tube, and eye the silver bead. Turn as he turns, dismiss the whizzing lead, And lodge the death-ball in his heedless head. So toil'd the huntsman TRLL. His quivering dart, Press'd by the bended bowstring, fears to part, Dread the tremendous task, to graze but shun The tender temples of his infant son; As the loved youth (the tymnt's victim led) Bears the poised apple tottering on his head. The sullen father, with reverted eve, Now marks the satrap, now the bright-hair'd boy ; His second shaft impatient lies, athirst To mend the expected error of the first, To pierce the monster, mid the insulted crowd, And steep the panes of nature in his blood. Deep doubling toward his breast, well poised and slow.

Curve the strain'd horns of his indignant how; His left arm straightens as the dexter bends, And his nerved knuckle with the stiff drawn strand, Till the steel point has reach'd his steady hand; Then to his keen fix'd eye the shatk he brings; Twangs the loud cord, the feather'd arrow sings, Picks off the pippin from the smiling boy, And Uri's rocks resound with shouts of joy. Soon by an equal dart the tyrant bleeds; The cantons league, the work of fate proceeds; Till Austria's tiled hordes, with their own gore, Fat the fair fields they lorded long before; On Gothard's height while Freedom first unfuri'd Her infant bunner o'er the modern world.

## THE ZONES OF AMERICA.

WEENE Spring's coy steps in cold Canadia stray,

And joyless seasons hold uncound sway, He saw the pine its daring mantle rear, Break the rude blast, and mock the brumal year. Shag the green zone that bounds the boreal skies, And bid all southern vegetation rise. Wild o'er the vast, impenetrable round The untrod bowers of shadowy nature frown'd; Millennial cedars wave their honours wide, The fir's tall boughs, the oak's umbrageous pride, The branching beach, the aspen's trembling shale Veil the dim heaven, and brown the dusky glade. For in dense crowds these sturdy sons of earth, In frosty regions, claim a stronger birth ; Where heavy beams the sheltering donie requires. And copious trunks to feed its wintry fires. But warmer suns, that southern zones emblaze, A cool, thin umbrage o'er their woodland raise; Floridia's shores their blooms around him spread, And Georgian hills erect their shady head; Whose flowery shruhs regale the passing air With all the untasted fragrance of the year. Beneath tall trees, dispersed in loose array, The nee-grown lawns their humble garb display : The infant maize, unconscious of its worth, Points the green spire and bends the foliage forth :

In various forms unbidden harvests rise. Aud blooming life repays the genial skies. Where Mexic hills the breezy gulf defend, Spontaneous groves with richer burdens bend : Anana's stalk its shaggy honours yields ; Acassia's flowers perfume a thousand fields; Their cluster'd dates the mast-like palms unfold ; The spreading orange waves a load of gold ; Connubial vines o'ertop the larch they climb; The long-lived olive mocks the moth of time : Pomona's pride, that old Grenada claims, Here smiles and reddens in diviner flames ; Pimento, citron scent the sky screne; White, woolly clusters fringe the cotton's green; The sturdy fig, the frail, deciduous cane, And foodful cocos fan the sultry plain. Here, in one view, the same glad branches bring The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring; No wintry blasts the unchanging year deform, Nor beasts unshelter'd fear the pinching storm ; But vernal breezes o'er the blossoms rove, And breathe the ripen'd jujces through the grove.

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# RICHARD ALSOP.

#### [Rorn 1758. Died 1816.]

RICHARD ALSOP was a native of Middletown, ( Connecticut, where he resided during the greater part of his life. He commenced writing for the gazettes at a very early age, but was first known to the public as the author of satires on public characters and events, entitled "The Echo," "The Political Greenhouse," etc., printed in periodicals at New York and Hartford, and afterward cojlocked and published in an octavo volume, in 1807. In these works he was aided by TRUM-BULL, HOPKINS, TRIODORS DWIGHT, and others. though he was himself their principal author. "The Echo" was at first designed to exhibit the wrotched style of the newspaper writers, and the earliest numbers contain extracts from contemporary journals, on a variety of subjects, "done into heroic verse and printed beside the originals." Atsor and his associates were members of the Federal party, and the "Echo" contained many ludicrous travestics of political speeches and essays made by the opponents of the administration of JOHN ADAMS. The work had much wit and sprightliness, and was very popular in its time; but, with the greater part of the characters and circumstances to which it related, it is now nearly forgotten. In 1800, Ausor published a "Monody on the Death of Washington," which was much admired; and in the following year a translation of the second canto of BERNI's "Orlando Inamorato," under the title of "The Fairy

## FROM "A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON."

BEFORE the splendours of thy high renown, How fade the glow-worm lustres of a crown! How sink, diminish'd, in that radiance lost, The glare of conquest and of power the houst! Let Greece her ALEXANDER's deeds proclaim, Or C BSAR's triumphs gild the Roman name; Stript of the dazzling glare around them cast, Shrinks at their crimes humanity aghast; With equal claim to honour's glorious meed. See ATTILA his course of havoc lead: O'er Asia's realm, in one vast ruin hurl'd, See furious Zenuss' bloody flag unfurl'd. On base far different from the conqueror's claim, Rests the unsullied column of thy fame; His on the graves of millions proudly based. With blood comented and with tears defaced; Thine on a nation's welfare fixed sublime. By freedom strengthen'd, and revered by time: He, as the comet whose portentous light Spreads baleful splendour o'er the glooms of night, With dire amazement chills the startled breast, While storms and earthquakes dread its course attest; of the Lake," and another of the Poem of SI-LICS ITALICUS on the Second Punic War. In 1807, he translated from the Italian the "History of Chili," by the Abbe MOLINA, to which he added original notes, and others from the French and Spanish versions of the same history. At different periods he translated several less important works from the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French languages, and wrote a number of pocms and essays for the periodicals. His last publication was "The Adventures of John Jewett," printed in 1815. He died on the twentieth of August, in that year, at Flatbush, Long Island, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He had, for a considerable period, been writing "The Charms of Fancy," a poem; and besides this, he left manuscript fragments of a poem on the Conquest of Scandinavia by ODIN; "Aristodemus," a tragedy, from the Italian of Mosri; the poem of QUINTUS CALABER on the Trojan war, from the Greek, and a prose translation of a posthumous work by FLORIAN. As a port Alsop was often elegant, but his verse was generally without energy. Probably no other American of his time was so well acquainted with the literature of England, France, and Italy, and few were more familiar with the natural sciences. He is said to have been deficient in strength and decision of character, but he was amiable and honourable, and had many friends and few enemics.

And nature trembles, lest in chaos hurl'd Should sink the tottering fragment of the world; Thine, like the sun, whose kind, propitious ray, Opes the glad morn, and lights the fields of day, Dispets the wintry storm, the chilling rain, With rich abundance clothes the fertile plain, Gives all creation to rejoice around, And light and life extends, o'er nature's utmost bound. Though shone thy life a model bright of praise.

Inden shore thy the a model bright of price, Not less the example bright thy death portrays; When, plunged in deepest wo around thy bed, Each eye was fix'd, despsiring sunk each head, While nature struggled with extremest pain, And scarce could lite's last lingering powers retain; In that dread moment, awfully screne, No trace of suffering marked thy placid mien, No groan, no nurmuring plaint escaped thy tongue; No longing shadows o'er thy brow were hung; But, calm in Christian hope, undamp'd with fear, Thou sawest the high reward of virtue near. On that bright meed, in surest trust reposed, As thy firm lund thine eyes expiring closed, Pleased, to the will of Heaven resign'd thy breath, And smiled, as nature's struggles closed in death.

# ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD.

(Bors 1785. Died 1798.)

ST. JOHN HONETWOOD WAS A native of Leicester, Massachusetts, and was educated at Yale College. In 1785, being at that time about twenty years old, he removed to Schenectady, New York, where, during the two succeeding years, he was the principal of a classical school. In 1787 he became a law student in the office of PETIN W. YATES, Esquire, of Albany, and on being admitted to the bar removed to Salem, in the same state, where he remained until his death, in September, 1798. He was one of the electors of President of the United States when Mr. ADAMS became the successor of General WAAR-INGTON, and he held other honourable offices. He was a man of much professional and general learning, rare conversational abilities, and scrupulous integrity; and would probably have been distinguished as a man of letters and a jurist, had he lived to a riper age. The poems embraced in the volume of his writings published in 1801, are generally political, and are distinguished for wit and vigour. The longest in the collection was addressed to M. AUST, on his leaving this country for France.

#### **CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.\***

Or crimes, empoison'd source of human woes. Whence the black flood of shame and sorrow flows, How best to check the venom's deadly force. To stem its torrent, or direct its course, To scan the merits of vindictive codes, Nor pass the faults humanity explodes. I sing-what theme more worthy to engage The poet's song, the wisdom of the sage? Ah! were I equal to the great design, Were thy bold genius, blest BRCCARIA! mine, Then should my work, ennobled as my aim, Like thine, receive the meed of deathiess fame. O JAY! deserving of a purer age, Pride of thy country, statesman, patriot, sage, Beneath whose guardian care our laws assume A milder form, and lose their Gothie gloom. Read with indulgent eyes, nor yet refuse This humble tribute of an artless muse,

Great is the question which the learn'd contest, What grade, what mode of punishment is best; In two famed sects the disputants decide, These ranged on Terror's, those on Reason's side : Ancient as empire Terror's temple stood, Capt with black clouds, and founded deep in blood; Grim despots here their trembling honours paid, And guilty offerings to their idol made: The monarch led-a servile crowd ensued. Their robes distain'd in gore, in gore imbrued : O'er manyled limbs they held infernal feast, Monoca the god, and Danco's self the priest. Mild Reason's fane, in later ages rear'd, With sunbeams crown'd, in Attic grace appear'd; In just proportion finish'd every part, With the fine touches of enlighten'd art, A thinking few, selected from the crowd, At the fair shrine with filial rev'rence bow'd; The sage of Milan led the virtuous choir, To them sublime he strung the tuneful lyro:

\* This poen was found among the author's manuscripts, after his decease; and was, doubtless, unitaished. Of laws, of crimes, and punishments he sung, And on his glowing lips persuasion hung: From Reason's source each inference just he drew, While truths fresh polish'd struck the mind as new. Full in the front, in vestal robes array'd, The holy form of Justice stood display'd: Firm was her eye, not vengeful, though severe, And e'er she frown'd she check'd the starting tear. A sister form, of more benignant face, Celestial Mercy, held the second place; Her hands outspread, in suppliant guise she stood, And oft with eloquence resistiess sued; But where 't was impious e'en to deprecate. She sigh'd assent, and wept the wretch's fate.

In savage times, fair Freedom vet unknown, The despot, clad in vengennee, fill'd the throne: His gloomy caprice scrawl'd the ambiguous code, And dyed each page in characters of blood: The laws transgress'd, the prince in judgment sat, And Rage decided on the culprit's fate: Nor stopp'd he here, but, skill'd in murderous art, The scepter'd brute usurp'd the hangman's part; With his own hands the trembling victim hew'd, And hasely wallow'd in a subject's blood. Pleased with the fatal game, the royal mind On modes of death and crucity refined : Hence the dank caverns of the checrless mine, Where, shut from light, the famish'd wretches pine:

The face divine, in scame unsightly scar'd, The evehalls gouged, the wheel with gore besmear'd, The Russian knowt, the sufficient flume, And forms of torture wanting yet a name. Nor was this rage to savage times confined; It reach'd to later years and courts refined. Blush, polish'd France, nor let the muse relate The tragic story of your DANIEN's fate; The bed of steel, where long the assessin lay, In the dark valit, secluded from the day; The quivering firsh which burning pincers tore, The pitch, pour'd flaming in the recent sore; His carcase, warm with life, convulsed with pain, By steeds dismember'd, dragg'd along the plain.

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## ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD.

As during quacks, unskill'd in medic lore, Prescribed the postrums quacks prescribed before; Careless of age or sex, whate'er befall, The same dull recipe must serve for all: Our senates thus, with reverence be it said, Have been too long by blind tradition led: Our civil code, from feudal dross refined, Proclaims the liberal and enlighten'd mind; But till of late the penal statutes stood In Gothic rudeness, smear'd with civic blood; What base memorials of a barbarous age. What monkish whimsics sullied every page! The clergy's benefit, a trifling brand, Jest of the law, a holy sleight of hand : Beneath this saintly cloak what crimes abhorr'd, Of sable dye, were shelter'd from the lord; While the poor starveling, who a cent purloin'd, No reading saved, no juggling trick essoin'd; His was the servile lash, a foul disgrace, Through time transmitted to his hapless race; The fort and dure, the traitor's moticy doom, Might blot the story of imperial Rome. What late disgraced our laws yet stand to stain The spiendid annals of a Gronor's reign-

Say, legislators, for what end design'd This waste of lives, this havoc of mankind? Say, by what right (one case exempt alone) Do ye prescribe, that blood can crimes atone? If, when our fortunes frown, and dangers press, To act the Roman's part be to transgress; For man the use of life alone commands, The fee residing in the grantor's hands. Could man, what time the social pact he seal'd, Code to the state a right he never held? For all the powers which in the state reside, Result from compact, actual or implied. Too well the savage policy we trace To times remote, Humanity's disgrace; E'en while I ask, the trite response recurs, Example warns, severity deters. No milder means can keep the vile in awe, And state necessity compels the law. But let Experience speak, she claims our trust; The data false, the inference is unjust. His at a distance, men but slightly fear; Delusive Fancy never thinks them near: With stronger force than fear temptations draw, And Cunning thinks to parry with the law. " My brother swung, poor novice in his art, He blindly stumbled on a hangman's cart; But wiser I, assuming every shape, As PROTECS erst. am certain to escape." The knave, thus jeering, on his skill relion, For never villain deem'd himself unwise.

When earth convulsive heaved, and, yawning wide,

Engulf'd in darkness Lishon's spiry pride, At that dread hour of ruin and dismay, "Tis famed the harden'd felon prowi'd for prey; Nor trembling earth, nor thunders could restrain His daring fect, which trod the sinking fane; Whence, while the fabric to its centre shock, By impious stealth the hallow'd vase he took.

What time the gaping vulgar throng to see Some wretch expire on Tyburn's fatal tree; Fast by the crowd the luckier villain clings, And pilfers while the hapless culprit swings. If then the knave can view, with carcless eyes, The bolt of vengeance darting from the skies, If Death, with all the pomp of Justice join'd, Scarce strikes a panic in the guilty mind, What can we hope, though every penal code, As DRACo's once, were stamp'd in civic blood ?

The blinded wretch, whose mind is bent on ill, Would laugh at threats, and sport with halters still ; Temptations gain more vigour as they throng, Crime fosters crime, and wrong engenders wrong; Fondly he hopes the threaten'd fate to shun, Nor sees his fatal error till undone. Wise is the law, and godlike is its aim, Which frowns to mend, and chastens to reclaim, Which seeks the storms of passion to control, And wake the latent virtues of the soul; For all, perhaps, the vilest of our race, Bear in their breasts some smother'd spurks of grace; Nor vain the hope, nor mad the attempt to raise Those another'd sparks to Virtue's purer blaze. When, on the cross accurace, the robber writhed, The parting praver of penitence he breathed; Cheer'd by the Saviour's smile, to grace restored, He died distinguish'd with his suffering Lord. As seeds long sterile in a poisonous soil, If nurs'd by culture and assiduous toil, May wake to life and vegetative power, Protrude the germ and yield a fragrant flower: E'en thus may man, rapacious and unjust, The slave of sin, the prey of lawless lust, In the drear prison's gloomy round contined, To awful solitude and toil consign'd; Debarr'd from social intercourse, nor less From the vain world's seductions and caress, With late and trembling stops he measures back Life's narrow road, a long abandon'd track; By Conscience roused, and left to keen Remorse. The mind at length acquires its pristine force : Then pardoning Mercy, with cherubic smile, Dispels the gloom, and smooths the brow of Toil, Till friendly Death, full oft implored in vain, Shall burst the ponderous bar and loose the cluin; Fraught with fresh life, an offering meet for God, The rescued spirit leaves the dread abode.

Nor yet can laws, though Solon's self should frame,

Each shade of guilt discriminate and name; For senates well their sacred trust fulfil, Who general cures provide for general ill. Much must by his direction be supplied, In whom the laws the pardoning power confide; He best can measure every varying grade Of guilt, and mark the bounds of light and shade; Weigh each essoin, each incident review, And yield to Mercy, where she claims her due: And wise it were so to extend his trust, With power to mitigate-when 't were unjust Full amnesty to give-for though so dear The name of Mercy to a mortal's ear, Yet should the chief, to human weakness steel'd Rarely indeed to suits for pardon yield; For neither laws nor pardons can efface The sense of guilt and memory of disgrace

Distantin GOOQ

## ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD.

Say, can the man whom Justice doom'd to shame. With front erect, his country's honours claim? Can he with cheek unblushing join the crowd, Claim equal rights, and have his claim allow'd? What though he mourn, a penitent sincere; Though every dawn be usher'd with a tear : The world, more prone to censure than forgive, Quick to suspect, and tardy to believe, Will still the hapless penitent despise, And watch his conduct with invidious eves: But the chief end of justice once achieved, The public weal secured, a soul repricted, "T were wise in laws, 't were generous to provide Some place where blushing penitence might hide; Yes, 't were humane, 't were godlike to protect Returning virtue from the world's neglect And taunting scorn, which pierce with keener pains The feeling mind, than dungeons, racks, and chains: Enlarge their bounds; admit a purer air; Dismiss the servile badge and scanty fare; The stint of labour lessen or suspend, Admit at times the sympathizing friend.

Repentance courts the shade; alone she roves By ruin'd towers and night-embrowning groves; Or midst dark vaults, by Melancholy led, She holds ideal converse with the deal: Lost to the world and each profaner joy, Her solace tears, and prayer her best employ.

## A RADICAL SONG OF 1786.

HUZZA, my Jo Bunkers! no taxes we'll pay; Here's a pardon for WHEELER, SHATE, PARSONS, and DAT;\*

Put green boughs in your hats, and renew the old cause;

Stop the courts in each county, and bully the laws: Constitutions and oaths, sir, we mind not a rush; Such triffes must yield to us lads of the bush. New laws and new charters our hooks shall display, Composed by conventions and Counsellor GEXX.

Since Boston and Salem so haughty have grown, We'll make them to know we can let them alone. Of Glazgow or Pelham we'll make a senport, And there we'll assemble our General Court: Our governor, now, hoys, shall turn out to work, And live, like ourselves, on molusses and pork; In Adams or Greenwich he'll live like a peer On three hundred pounds, paper money, a year.

Grand jurors, and sheriffs, and lawyers we'll sparn, As judges, we'll all take the bench in our turn, And sit the whole term, without pension or fee, Nor CCSHINO or SEWAL look graver than we. Our wigs, though they're rusty, are decent enough; Our aprons, though black, are of durable stuff;

\* Names of the leaders of the insurrection that arose, in 1785, in the state of Massachusetts, chiefly in the counties of Hampshire, Berkshire, and Worcester; which, after convulsing the state for about a year, was faully quelled by a military force under the command of General Lincoux and General BurnyERO. The leaders field from the state, and were sfterwords purdoned. See Missor's History of the Insurrection in Massachusetts. Array'd in such gear, the laws we'll explain, That poor people no more shall have cause to complain.

To Congress and impost we'll plead a release; The French we can bent half-a-dozen a piece; We want not their guineas, their arms, or alliance; And as for the Dutchmen, we bid them defiance. Then huzza, my Jo Bunkers! no taxes we'll pay; Here's a parlon for WHEELER, SHATE, PARSONS, and DAY;

Put green boughs in your hats, and renew the old cause;

Stop the courts in each county, and bully the laws.

## REFLECTIONS ON SEEING A BULL SLAIN IN THE COUNTRY.

Tax softish clown who never knew a charm Beyond the powers of his nervous arm, Proud of his might, with self-importance full, Or climbs the spire, or fights the maddening bull : The love of praise, impatient of control, O'erflows the scanty limits of his soul ; In uncouth jargon, turbulently loud, He bawls his triumphs to the wondering crowd : "This well-strung arm dispensed the deadly blow, Fell'd the proud bull and sunk his glories low :" Not thoughts more towering fill'd PELINES' breast, When thus to Greece his haughty vaunts express'd: "I sack'd twelve simple cities on the main, And six lay smoking on the Trojan plain;" Thus full and fervid throbb'd the pulse of pride. When " Veni, vidi, vici," C.ESAR cried. Each vain alike, and differing but in names; These poets flatter-those the mob accloims; Impartial Death soon stops the proud career, And bids LEGENDER fot with DUNOUNIER. The God whose sovereign care o'er all extends, Sees whence their madness springs, and where it ends: From his blest height, with just contempt, looks down On thundering heroes and the swaggering clown: But if our erring reason may presume The future to divine, more mild his doom Whose pride was wreck'd on vanquish'd brutes alone. Than his whose conquests made whole nations groan. Can Ganges' sacred wave, or Lethe's flood, Wash clear the garments smear'd with civic blood !

What hand from heaven's dread register shall tear The page where, stamp'd in blood, the conqueror's crimes appear?

IMPROMPTU ON AN ORDER TO KILL THE DOGS IN ALBANY.

"T is done! the dreadful sentence is decreed! The town is mail, and all the dogs must bloed ! Ah me! what boots it that the dogs are slain, Since the whole race of *puppies* yet remain!

Dimenty GOOgle

# WILLIAM CLIFFTON.

#### Born 1772. Died 1798.)

THE father of WILLIAM CLIFFTON Was a wealthy member of the society of Friends, in Philadelphia. The poet, from his childhood, had little physical strength, and was generally a sufferer from disease; but his mind was vigorous and carefully educated, and had he lived to a mature age, he would probably have won an enduring reputation as an author. His life was marked by few incidents. He made himself acquainted with the classical studies pursued in the universities, and with music, painting, and such field-sports as he supposed he could indulge in with most advantage to his health. He was considered an amiable and accomplished genlleman, and his society was courted alike by

### TO WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.\*

Is these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies, Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies; Where few and feeble are the muse's strains, And no fine frenzy riots in the veins, There still are found a few to whom belong The fire of virtue and the soul of song; Whose kindling ardour still can wake the strings, When learning triumphs, and when Girrorn sings. To the the lowliest bard his tribute pays, His little wild-flower to thy wreath conveys; Pleased, if permitted round thy name to bloom, To boast one effort rescued from the tomb.

While this delirious age enchanted seems With hectic Fancy's desultory dreams; While wearing fast away is every trace Of Grecian vigour, and of Roman grace, With fond delight, we yet one bard behold. As Horace polish'd, and as Perscus bold, Rechaim the art, assert the muse divine, And drive obtrusive dulness from the shrine. Since that great day which saw the Tablet rise, A thinking block, and whisper to the eyes, No time has been that touch'd the muse so near, No Age when Learning had so much to fear, As now, when love-lorn ladies light verse frame, And every rebus-weaver talks of Fame.

When Truth in classic inajesty appear'd, And Greece, on high, the dome of science rear'd, Putience and perseverance, care and pain Alone the steep, the rough ascent could gsin : None but the great the sun-clad summit found ; The weak were baffled, and the strong were crown'd.

\* Prefixed to WILLIAM COBETT's edition of the "Bariad and Meviad," published in Philadelphia, in 1799. the fashionable and the learned. He died in December, 1799, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

The poetry of CLIFFTON has more energy of thought and diction, and is generally more correct and harmonious, than any which had been previously written in this country. Much of it is satirical, and relates to persons and events of the period in which he lived; and the small volume of his writings published after his death doubtless contains some pieces which would have been excluded from an edition prepared by himself, for this reason, and because they were unfinished and not originally intended to meet the eye of the world.

The tardy transcript's nigh-wrought page confined To one pursuit the undivided mind. No venal critic fatten'd on the trade; Books for delight, and not for sale were made: Then shone, superior, in the realms of thought, The chief who govern'd, and the sage who taught: The drama then with deathless bays was wreath'd, The statue quicken'd, and the canvass breathed. The poet, then, with unresisted art, Sway'd every impulse of the captive heart. Touch'd with a bram of Heaven's creative mind. His spirit kindled, and his taste refined: Incessant toil inform'd his rising youth; Thought grow to thought, and truth attracted truth, Till, all complete, his perfect soul display'd Some bloom of genius which could never fade. So the sage onk, to Nature's mandate true, Advanced but slow, and strengthen'd as it grew ] But when, at length. (full many a season o'er,) Its virile head, in pride, aloft it bore; When steadfast were its roots, and sound its heart, It bade defiance to the insect's art, And, storm and time resisting, still remains The never-dying glory of the plains.

Then, if some thoughtless BAVICS dared appear, Short was his dute, and limited his sphere; He could but please the changeling mob a day, Then, like his novious labours, pass away: So, near a forest tall, some worthless flower Enjoys the triumph of its gandy hour, Seatters its little poison through the skins, Then droops its empty, hated head, and dies.

Still, as from funcil Hyssus' classic shore, To Mincius' banks, the muse her laurel bore, The sacred plant to hauda divine was given, And deathless MARO nursed the boon of Heaven Exalted bard! to hear thy gentler voice, The valleys listen, and their swains rejoice;

### WILLIAM CLIFFTON.

But when, on some wild mountain's awful form. We hear thy spirit chanting to the storm, Of battling chiefs, and armics laid in gore, We rage, we sigh, we wonder, and adore. Thus Rome with Greece in rival splendour shone, But claim'd immortal satire for her own; While HORACE pierced, full oft, the wanton breast With sportive censure, and resistless jest; And that Etrurian, whose indignant lay Thy kindred genius can so well display, With many a well-aim'd thought, and pointed line, Drove the **bold** villain from his black design. For, as those mighty masters of the lyre, With temper'd dignity, or quenchless ire, Through all the various paths of science trod, Their school was NATURE and their teacher Gon. Nor did the muse decline till, o'er her head. The savage tempest of the north was spread; Till arm'd with desolution's bolt it came, And wrapp'd her temple in functeal flame.

But soon the arts once more a dawn diffuse. And DANCE hall'd it with his morning muse: PETRARCE and BOCCACE join'd the choral lay, And Arno glisten'd with returning day. Thus science rose; and, all her troubles pass'd, She hoped a steady, tranquil reign at last; But FAUSTUB came: (indulge the painful thought,) Were not his countless volumes dearly bought? For, while to every clime and class they flew, Their worth diminish'd as their numbers grew, Some pressman, rich in Howka's glowing page, Could give ten epics to one wondering age; A single thought supplied the great design, And clouds of Iliads spread from every line. Nor HOMER's glowing page, nor VIRGIL's fire Could one lone breast with equal flame inspire, But, lost in books, irregular and wild, The poet wonder'd, and the critic smiled : The friendly smile, a bulkier work repays; For fools will print, while greater fools will praise.

Touch'd with the mania, now, what millions rage To shine the laureat blockheads of the age. The dire contagion creeps through every grade; Giris, coxcombs, peers, and patriots drive the trade: And e'en the hind, his fruitful fields forgot, For divine and misery leaves his wife and cot. Ere to his breast the wasteful mischief spread, Content and plenty cheer'd his little shed ; And, while no thoughts of state perplex'd his mind, His harvests ripening, and Pastora kind, He laugh'd at toil, with health and vigour bless'd, For days of labour brought their nights of rest: But now in rags, ambitious for a name, The fool of faction, and the dupe of fame, His conscience haunts him with his guilty life, His starving children, and his rain'd wife. Thus swarming wits, of all materials made, Their Gothic hands on social quiet laid, And, as they rave, unmindful of the storm, Call lust, refinement; anarchy, reform.

No love to foster, no dear friend to wrong, Will as the mountain flood, they drive along: And sweep, removeless, every social bloom To the dark level of an endless tomb.

By arms assail'd we still can arms oppose, And rescue learning from her brutal focs; But when those foes to friendship make pretence, And tempt the judgment with the baits of sense, Carouse with passion, laugh at Gon's control, And sack the little empire of the soul, What warning voice can save? Alas! 't is o'er, The age of virtue will return no more; The doating world, its manly vigour flown, Wanders in mind, and dreams on folly's throne. Come then, sweet bard, again the cause defend, Be still the muses' and religion's friend; Again the banner of thy wrath display, And save the world from DARWIN's tinsel lay. A soul like thine no listless pause should know; Truth bids thee strike, and virtue guides the blow From every conquest still more dreadful come, Till duiness fly, and folly's self be dumb.

### MARY WILL SMILE.

THE morn was fresh, and pure the gale, When MARY, from her cot a rover, Pluck'd many a wild rose of the vule To bind the temples of her lover. As near his little farm she stray'd, Where birds of love were ever pairing, She saw her WILLIAN in the shade, The arms of ruthless war proparing. "Though now," he cried, "I seek the bostile plain,

"I nough now, he cried, "I seek inclosure plain, MARY shall simile, and all be fair again."

She seized his hand, and "Ah!" she cried, "Wilt thou, to camps and war a stranger, Desert thy MARY'S faithful side,

And bare thy life to every danger? Yet, go, brave youth! to arms away!

My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee, And when the drum beats far away,

I'll drop a silent tear, and bless thee. Return'd with honour, from the hostile plain, MARY will smile, and all be fair again.

"The bugles through the forest wind, The woodland soldiers call to battle :

Be some protecting angel kind, And guard thy life when cannons rattle!"

She sung-and as the rose appears In sunshine, when the storm is over,

A smile beam'd sweetly through her tears-The blush of promise to her lover.

Return'd in triumph from the hostile plain, All shall be fair, and MARY smile again.

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# ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

[Born, 1773. Died, 1811.]

Ture writer was once ranked by our American critics among the great masters of English werse; and it was believed that his reputation would endure as long as the language in which he wrote. The absurd estimate of his abilities shows the wrotched condition of taste in his time, and perhaps caused some of the faults in his later works.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, junior," was born at Taunton, Massachusetts, on the ninth of December, 1773. His father, an eminent lawyer, held many honourable offices under the state and national governments, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The family having removed to Boston, when he was about seven years old, the poet received his early education in that city, and entered Harvard University in 1788. His career here was brilliant and honourable ; no member of his class was so familiar with the ancient languages, or with elegant English literature ; and his biographer assures us that he was personally popular among his classmates and the officers of the university. When he was graduated, "he was as much distinguished for the opening virtues of his heart, as for the vivacity of his wit, the vigour of his imagination, and the variety of his knowledge. A liberality of sentiment and a contempt of setfishness are usual concomitants, and in him were striking characteristics. Urbanity of manners and a delicacy of feeling imparted a charm to his benignant temper and social disposition."

While in college he had won many praises by his poetical " exercises," and on the completion of his education he was anxious to devote himself to literature as a profession. His father, a man of singular austerity, had marked out for him a different career, and obtained for him a clerkship in a mercantile house in Boston. But he was in no way fitted for the pursuits of business; and after a few months he abandoned the counting-room, to rely upon his pen for the means of living. In 1794 he established the "Federal Orrery," в роlitical and literary gazette, and conducted it two years, but without industry or discretion, and therefore without profit. Soon after leaving the university, he had become a constant visiter of the theatre, then recently established in Boston. His intimacy with persons connected with the stage led to his marriage with an actress; and this to his exclusion from fashionable society, and a disagreement with his father, which lasted until his death.

He was destitute of true courage, and of that

• He was originally called THOMAS PAINE; but on the denth of an elder brother, in 1804, his name was changed by an act of the Massachusette legislature to that of his father. 9 kind of pride which arises from a consciousness of integrity and worth. When, therefore, he found himself unpopular with the town, he no longer endeavoured to deserve regard, but neglected his personal appearance, became intemperate, and abandoned himself to indolence. The office of " master of ceremonies" in the theatre, an anomalous station, created for his benefit, still yielded him a moderate income, and, notwithstanding the irregularity of his habits, he never exerted his poetical abilities without success. For his poems and other productions he obtained prices unparalleled in this country, and rarely equalled by the rewards of the most popular European authors. For the "Invention of Letters," written at the request of the President of Harvard University, he received fifteen hundred dollars, or more than five dollars a line. "The Ruling Passion," a poem recited before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, was little less profitable; and he was paid seven hundred and fifty dollars for a song of half a dozen stanzas, entitled "Adams and Liberty."

His habits, in the sunshine, gradually improved, and his friends who adhered to him endeavoured to wean him from dissipation, and to persuade him to study the law, and establish himself in an honourable position in society. They were for a time successful; he entered the office of the Honourable TREOFREEDS PARSONS, of Newburyport; applied himself diligently to his studies; was admitted to the bar, and became a popular advocate. No lawyer ever commenced business with more brilliant prospects; but his indoience and recklessness returned; his business was neglected; his reputa tion decayed; and, broken down and disheartened by poverty, disease, and the neglect of his old associates, the evening of his life presented a melancholy contrast to its morning, when every sign gave promise of a bright career. In his last years, says his biographer, " without a library, wandering from place to place, frequently uncertain whence or whether he could procure a meal, his thirst for knowledge astonishingly increased; neither sickness nor penury abated his love of books and instructive conversation." He died in "an attic chamber of his father's house," on the eleventh of November, 1811, in the thirty-eighth year of his

Dr. JORNSON said of DETDEN, of whom PAINE was a servile but unsuccessful imitator, that "his delight was in wild and daring sallies of sontiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit;" that he "delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and hover over the abyas of unideal vacancy." The oversure is  $r^2$  65

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## ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

more applicable to the copy than the original. There was no freshness in PAINX's writings; his subjects, his characters, his thoughts, were all commonplace and familiar. His mind was fashioned by books, and not by converse with the world. He had a brilliant fancy, and a singular command of language; but he was never content to be simple and natural. He endeavoured to be magnificent and striking; he was perpetually searching for conceits and extravagances; and in the multiplicity of his illustrations and ornaments, he was unintelligible and tawdry. From no other writer could so many instances of the false sublime be selected. He never spoke to the heart in its own language.

PATHER wrote with remerkable facility. It is rolated of him by his biographers, that he had finished "Adams and Liberty," and exhibited it to some gentlemen at the house of a friend. His host pronounced it imperfect, as the name of WASHING-TON was omitted, and declared that he should not approach the sideboard, on which bottles of wine had just been placed, until he had written an ad-

### ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Ys sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought For those rights, which unstain'd from your sizes had descended,

- May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought.
  - And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended.
    - Mid the reign of mild Peace

May your nation increase,

- With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece; And ne'er shell the sons of Columbia be slaves, While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.
- In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world.
  - Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
- The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd, To increase the legitimate powers of the occan. But should pirates invade,

Though in thunder array'd,

Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade. For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway, Had justly ennobled our nation in story,

'Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,

And envelop'd the sun of American glory. But let traitors be told,

Who their country have sold,

And barter'd their God for his image in gold, That ne'er will the sons, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,

And society's base threats with wide dissolution, May Pesce, like the dove who return'd from the flood. ditional stanza. The poet mused a moment, called for a pen, and wrote the following lines, which are, perhaps, the best in the song :

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land, Its bolts could noter rend Freedom's temple shunder; For, unnoved, at its portal would Washington stand, And repulse with his breast the associate of the thunder I lis eword from the slow

Of its scalibard would leap.

And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep t For ne'er shall the sone, &c.

He had agreed to write the "opening address," on the rebuilding of the Boston Theatre, in 1798. HODORIMAON, the manager, called on him in the evening, before it was to be delivered, and upbraided him for his negligence; the first line of it being yet unwritten. "Prey, do not be angry," said PAINE, who was dining with some literary friends; "sit down and take a glass of wine."---" No, sir," replied the manager; "when you begin to write, I will begin to drink." PAINE took his pen, at a side-table, and in two or three hours finished the address, which is one of the best he ever wrote.

Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution. But though peace is our aim, Yet the boon we disclaim,

If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame. For ne'er shall the sone, &c.

"T is the fire of the flint each American warms: Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;

Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms; We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.

While, with patriot pride,

To our laws we're clied,

No foe can subdue us, no faction divide. For ne'er shall the sons, dec.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak, Whose roots, like our libertics, sgcs have nourish'd;

But long e'er our nation submits to the yoke,

Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.

Should invasion impend,

Every grove would descend

From the hilltops they shaded our shores to defend. For ne'er shall the sons, &cc.

- Let our patriots destroy Anarch's positient worm, Lest our liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion :
- Then let cloude thicken round us; we heed not the storm ;
  - Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.

Focs assail us in vain,

Though their fleets bridge the main,

For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.

For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land, Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;

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ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

For, unmoved, at its portal would WASSINGTON stand,

And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!

His sword from the sleep

Of its scabbard would leap,

And conduct with its point every flash to the deep ! For ne'er shall the sons, &cc.

- Let Fame to the world sound America's voice; No intrigues can ber sons from their government sever;
- Her pride is her ADANS; her laws are his choice, And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers forever. Then units heart and hand, Like LEONIDAS' band.
- And swear to the God of the ocean and land, That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves, While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves!

### FROM A "MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

His heart elate, with modest valour bold, Beat with fond rage to vie with chiefs of old. Great by resolve, yet by example warn'd, Himself the model of his glory form'd. A glowing trait from every chief he caught: He paused like FARIUS, and like CESAN fought. His ardent hope survey'd the heights of fame, Deep on its rocks to grave a soldier's nome; And o'er its cliffs to bid the banner wave, A Briton fights, to conquer and to save.....

Inspired on fields, with trophied interest graced, He sigh'd for glory, where he mused from taste. For high emprise his dazzling helm was plumed, And all the polish'd patriot-hero bloom'd. Arm'd as he strode, his glorying country saw That fame was virtue, and ambition law; In him beheld, with fond delight, conspire [fire. Her MARLSOBOUR'S fortune and her SINXAY'S Like Calvi's rock, with clefts abrupt deform'd, His path to fame toil'd up the breach he storn'd; Till o'er the clouds the victor chief was seen, Sublime in terror, and in height serene.

His equal mind so well could triumph greet, He gave to conquest charms that soothed defeat. The battle done, his brow, with thought o'ercast, Benign as Mercy, smiled on perils past. The death-choked fosse, the batter'd wall, inspired A sense, that sought him, from the field retired. Suspiring Pity touch'd that godlike heart, To which no peril could dismay impart; And melting pearls in that stern eye could shine, That lighten'd courage down the thundering line. So mounts the sea-bird in the boreal sky, And sits where steeps in beetling ruin lie; Though warring whirlwinds curl the Norway seas, And the rocks tremble, and the torrents freeze; Yet is the fleece, by beauty's bosom press'd, The down that warms the storm-best eider's breast; Mid floods of frost, where Winter smites the deep, Are fledged the plumes on which the Graces sleep.

In vain thy cliffs, Hispania, lift the sky, Where CERAR's eagles never dared to fly ! To rude and sudden arms while Freedom springs, NAPOLEON's legions mount on bolder wings. In vain thy sone their steely nerves oppose, Bare to the rage of tempests and of foes; In vain, with naked breast, the storm defy Of furious battle and of piercing sky : Five waning reigns had marked, in long decay, The gloomy glory of thy setting day; While hight power, with dark and dire disgrace, Oppress'd the valour of thy gallant race. No martial phalanx, led by veteran art, Combined thy vigour, or confirmed thy heart : Thy bands dispersed, like Rome in wild defeat, Fiel to the mountains, to entrench retreat .....

Illustrious MOORE, by foe and famine press'd, Yet by each soldier's proud affection bless'd, Unawed by numbers, saw the impending host, With front extending, lengthen down the coast. "Charge! Britons, charge!" the exulting chief exclaims:

Swift moves the field ; the tide of armour flames ; On, on they rush; the solid column flies, And shouts tremendous, as the for defies. While all the battle rung from side to side, In death to conquer was the warrior's pride. Where'er the war its unequal tempest pour'd, The leading metcor was his glittering sword ! Thrice met the fight, and thrice the vanquish'd Gaul Found the firm line an adamantine wall. Again repulsed, again the legions drew, And Fate's dark shafts in volley'd shadows flew. Now storm'd the scene where soul could soul attest, Squadron to squadron join'd, and breast to breast; From rank to rank the intrepid valour glow'd, From rank to rank the inspiring champion role Loud broke the war-cloud, as his charger sped; Pale the curved lightning quiver'd o'er his head ; Again it bursts; peal, echoing peal, succeeds; The bolt is launch'd; the peerless soldier bloeds ! Hark ! as he falls, Fame's swelling clarion crice, " Britannia triumphs, though her hero dies !" The grave he fills is all the realm she yields, And that proud empire deathless honor shields. No fabled phonix from his bier revives; His ashes perish, but his country lives.

Immortal dead ! with musing awe thy foes Tread not the hillock where thy bones repose ! There, sacring mourner, see, Britannis spreads A chaplet, glistening with the tears she shede; With burning censer glides around thy tomb, And scatters incense where thy laurels bloom ; With rapt devotion sainted vigil keeps-Shines with Religion, and with Glory weeps ! Sweet sleep the bruve ! in soleinn chant shall sound Celestial vespers o'er thy sacred ground ! Long ages hence, in pious twilight seen, Shall choirs of scraphs sauchify thy green; At curiew-hour shall dimly hover there, And charm, with sweetest dirge, the listening air I With homage tranced, shall every pensive mind Weep, while the requiem passes on the wind ! Till, sadly swelling Sorrow's softest notes, It dies in distance, while its echo floats !

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# WILLIAM MUNFORD.

[Born, 1775. Died, 1825.]

WILLIAM MUNFORD, the translator of the "Ilind," was born in the county of Mecklenburg, in Virginia, on the fifteenth of August, 1775. His father, Colonel ROBERT MUNFORD, was honourably distinguished in affairs during the Revolution, and afterward gave much attention to literature. Some of his letters, to be found in collections relating to the time, are written with grace and vigour, and he was the author of several dramatic pieces, of considerable merit, which, with a few minor poems, were published by his son, the subject of the present article, at Petersburg, in 1798. In his best contedy, "The Candidates," in three acts, he exposes to contempt the falsehood and corruption by which it was frequently attempted to influence the elections. In "The Patriots," in five acts, he contrasts, probably with an eye to some instance in Virginia, a real and pretended love of country. He had commenced a translation of Ovin's " Metamorphoses" into English verse, and had finished the first book, when death arrested his labours. He was a man of wit and humour, and was respected for many social virtues. His literary activity is referred to thus particularly, because I have not seen that the pursuits and character of the father, have been noticed by any of the writers upon the life of the son, which was undoubtedly in a very large degree influenced by them.

WILLIAM MUNFORD was transferred from an academy at Petersburg, to the college of William and Mary, when only twelve years of age. In a letter written soon after he entered his fourteenth year, we have some information in regard to his situation and prospects. "I received from nature." he says, " a weakly constitution and a sickly body ; and I have the unhappiness to know that my poor mother is in want. I am absent from her and my dear sisters. Put this in the scale of evil. I possess the rare and almost inestimable blessing of a friend in Mr. WTTHE and in JOHN RANDOLPH; I have a mother in whose heart I have a large share; two sisters, whose affections I flatter myself are fixed upon me; and fair prospects before me, provided I can complete my education, and am not destitute of the necessaries of life. Fut these in the scale of good." This was a brave letter for a boy to write under such circumstances.

Mr. WYTHE here referred to was afterward the celebrated chancellor. He was at this time professor of law in the college, and young MURTORD lived in his family; and, sharing the fine enthusiasm with which the retired statesman regarded the literature of antiquity, he became an object of his warm affection. His design to translate the "lliad" was formed at an early period, and it was probably encouraged by Mr. WYTHE, who personally instructed him in ancient learning. In 1792, when Mr. WYTHE was made chancellot, and removed to Richmond, Mr. MUNFORD accompanied him, but he afterward returned to the college, where he had graduated with high honours, to attend to the law lectures of Mr. Sr. GROBOR TUCK-ER. In his twentieth year he was called to the bar, in his native county, and his abilities and industry soon secured for him a respectable practice. He rose rapidly in his profession, and in the public confidence, and in 1797 was chosen a member of the House of Delegates, in which he continued until 1802, when he was elected to the senate, which he left after four years, to enter the Privy Council, of which he was a conspicuous member until 1811. He then received the place of clerk of the House of Delegates, which he retained until his death. This occurred at Richmond, where he had resided for nineteen years, on the twentyfirst of July, 1825. In addition to his ordinary professional and political labours, he reported the decisions of the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals, preparing six annual volumes without assistance, and four others, afterward, in connexion with Mr. W. W. HENRY. He possessed in a remarkable degree the affectionate respect of the people of the commonwealth; and the House of Delegates, upon his death, illustrated their regard for his memory by appointing his eldest son to the office which he had so long held, and which has thus for nearly a quarter of a century longer continued in his family.

The only important literary production of Mr. MUNFORD is his HOMER. This was his life-labour. The amazing splendour of the Tale of Troy captivated his boyish admiration, and the cultivation of his own fine mind enabled him but to see more and more its beauty and grandeur. It is not known at what time he commenced his version, but a large portion of it had been written in 1811, and the work was not completed until a short time before he died. In his modest preface he says: " The author of this translation was induced to undertake it by fond admiration of the almost unparalleled sublimity and beauty of the original; neither of which peculiar graces of Ho-MER's muse has, he conceives, been sufficiently expressed in the smooth and melodious rhymes of POPE. It is true that the fino poem of that elegant writer, which was the delight of my boyish days, and will always be read by me with uncommon pleasure, appears in some parts more beautiful than even the work of HOMER himself; but frequently it is less beautiful ; and seldom does it equal the sublimity of the Greek." He had not seen Cowpra's "Iliad" until his own was considerably advanced, and it does not appear that he

### WILLIAM MUNFORD.

was over acquainted with CRAFWAN'S or SOTAX- **BT'S.** He wrote, too, before the Homeric poetry had received the attention of those German scholars whose masterly criticisms have given to its literature an entirely new character. But he had studied the "Iliad" until his own mind was theroughly imbued with its spirit; he approached his task with the fondeat enthusiasm; well equipped with the best learning of his day; a style fashioned upon the most approved mwilels: dignified, : various, and disciplined into uniform elegance; ] and a judicial habit of mind, joined with a consci-

### EXTRACTS FROM THE "ILIAD."

THE MEETING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

To her the mighty HECTOR made reply : " All thou hast said employs my thoughtful mind. But from the Trojans much I dread reproach, And Trojan dames whose garments sweep the If, like a coward, I should shun the war; [ground, Nor does my soul to such disgrace incline, Since to be always bravest I have learn'd, And with the first of Troy to lead the fight; Asserting so my father's lofty claim To glory, and my own renown in arms. For well I know, in heart and mind convinced, A day will come when sacred Troy must fall, And PRIAN, and the people of renown'd Spear-practised Paran ! Yet for this, to me Not such concern arises; not the woes Of all the Trojans, not my mother's griefs, Nor royal PRIAN's nor my brethren's deaths, Many and brave, who slain by cruel fors Will be laid low in dust, so wring my heart As thy distress, when some one of the Groeks In brazen armour clad, shall drive thee hence, Thy days of freedom gone, a weeping slave ! Perhaps at Argos thou mayst ply the loom, For some proud mistress; or mayst water bring, From Mepsa's or Hyperia's fountain, sad And much reluctant, stooping to the weight Of sad necessity : and some one, then, Seeing thee weep, will say, ' Behold the wife Of HECTOR, who was first in martial might Of all the warlike Trojans, when they fought Around the walls of Ilion !' So will speak Some heedless passer-by, and grief renew'd Excite in thee, for such a husband lost, Whose arm might slavery's evil day avert. But me may then a heap of earth conceal Within the silent tomb, before I hear Thy shricks of terror and captivity."

This said, illustrious Hzcrox stretch'd his arms To take his child; but to the nurse's breast The babe clung crying, hiding in her robe His little face, affrighted to behold His father's awful aspect; fearing too The brazen helm, and creat with horse-hair crown'd, Which, nodding dreadful from its lofty cone, Alarm'd him. Sweetly then the father smilled, And sweetly smilled the mother ! Soon the chief Removed the threatening belinet from his head, And placed it on the ground, all beaming bright; entious determination to present the living HOMRR, as he was known in Greece, to the readers of our time and language.

His manuscript remained twenty years in the possession of his family, and was finally published in two large octavo volumes, in Boston, in 1846. It received the attention due from our scholars to such a performance, and the general judgment appears to have assigned it a place near to CRAP-MAN'S and COWPER'S in fidelity, and between COWPER's and POPE's in elegance, energy, and all the best qualities of an English poem.

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Then having fondly kiss'd his son beloved And toss'd him playfully, he thus to Jove And all the immortals pray'd : "O grant me, Jove, And other powers divine, that this my son May he, es I am, of the Trojan race In glory chief. So ! let him be renown'd For warlike prowess and commanding sway With power and wisdom join'd, of Ilion king ! And may the people say, 'This chief excels His father much, when from the field of fame Triumphant he returns, bearing aloft The bloody spoils, some bostile hero slain, And his fond mother's heart expands with joy !" He said, and placed his child within the arms Of his beloved spouse. She him received, And softly on her fragrant bosom laid, Smiling with tearful eyes. To pity moved, Her husband saw: with kind consoling hand He wiped the tears away, and thus he spake: "My dearest love ! grieve not thy mind for me Excessively. No man can send me hence, To Pluto's hall, before the appointed time; And surcly none of all the human race, Base or e'en brave, has ever shunn'd his fate-His fate foredoom'd, since first he saw the light, But now, returning home, thy works attend, The loom and distaff, and direct thy maids In household duties, while the war shall be Of men the care; of all, indeed, but most The care of me, of all in Ilion born.'

# EMBARKATION OF THE GREEKS.

When with food and drink All were supplied, the striplings crown'd with wine The foaming bowls, and handed round to each, In cups, a portion to libstions due. They, all day long, with hymns the god appeased; The sons of Greece melodious peans sang In praise of great Apollo-he rejoiced To hear that pleasant song-and when the sun Descended to the sea, and darkness came, They near the cables of their vessels slept. Soon as the rosy-finger'd queen appear'd, Aurora, lovely daughter of the dawn, Toward the camp of Greece they took their way, And friendly Phæbus gave propitious gales. They reised the mast, and stretch'd the snowy sheet, To catch the breeze which fill'd the swelling sail. Around the keel the darken'd waters roar, As swift the versel flies. The billows dark She quickly mounting, stemm'd the watery way.

Distanting GOOGIC

# JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

## [Bors 1779.]

Mr. PAULDING is known by his numerous norels and other prose writings, much better than by his poetry; yet his early contributions to our poctical literature, if they do not besr witness that he possesses, in an eminent degree, " the vision and the faculty divine," are creditable for their patriotic spirit and moral purity.

He was born in the town of Pawling,—the original mode of spelling his name,—in Duchess county, New York, on the 22d of August, 1779, and is descended from an old and honourable family, of Dutch extraction.

His earliest literary productions were the papers entitled "Salmagundi," the first series of which, in two volumes, were written in conjunction with WANERNOTON LAVING, in 1807. These were succeeded, in the next thirty years, by the following works, in the order in which they are named: John Bull and Brother Jonathan, in one volume; The Lay of a Scotch Fiddle, a satirical poem, in one volume; The United States and England, in one volume; Second Series of Salmagundi, in two volumes; Letters from the South, in two volumes; The Backwoodsman, a poein, in one volume; Koningsmarke, or Old Tinnes in the New World, a novel, in two volumes; John Bull in America, in one volume; Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham, in one volume; The Traveller's Guide, or New Pilgrim's Progress, in one volume; The Dutchman's Fireside, in two volumes; Westward Ho! in two volumes; Slavery in the United States, in one volume; Life of Washington, in two volunces; The Book of St. Nicholas, in one volume; and Tales, Fubles, and Allegories, originally published in various periodicals, in three volumes. Beside these, and some less pretensive works, he has written much in the gazettes on political and other questions agilated in his time.

Mr. PAULDING has held various honourable offices in his native state; and in the summer of 1838, he was appointed, by President VAN BUREN, Secretary of the Navy. He continued to be a member of the cabinet until the close of Mr. VAN BUREN's administration, in 1841.

ODE TO JAMESTOWN.

Orn cradle of an infant world, In which a nestling empire lay, Struggling a while, ere she unfurl'd Her gallant wing and soar'd away;

All hail! thou birth-place of the glowing west, Thou seem'st the towering engle's ruin'd nest!

What solemn recollections throng, What touching visions rise,

As, wandering these old stones among, I backward turn mine eves.

And see the shadows of the dead flit round, Like spirits, when the last dread trump shall sound !

The wonders of an age combined, In one short moment memory supplies; They throng upon my waken'd mind,

As time's dark curtains rise. The volume of a hundred buried years, Condensed in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry occan rave, I see the lonely little barque Sculding along the crested wave, Freighted like old Noah's ark, As o'er the drowned earth 't was hurl'd, With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand, Arnid the desert, desolate, The fathers of my native land, The during pioneers of fate, Who braved the perils of the see and earth, And gave a boundless empire birth. I see the sovercign Indian range His woodland empire, free as air;

I see the gloomy forest change,

The shadowy earth laid bare;

And, where the red man chased the bounding deer, The amiling labours of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze In wonder or in scorn,

As the pule faces sweat to raise Their scanty fields of corn.

While he, the monarch of the boundless wood, By sport, or hair-brain'd rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone; The red men are no more; The pale-faced strangers stand slone Upon the river's shore; And the proud wood-king, who their arts disdain'd, Finds but a bloody grave where once he reign'd.

The forest recels beneath the stroke Of stury woodman's axe; The earth receives the white man's yoke, And pays her willing tax

Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields, And all that nature to blithe labour yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads, And gathering crowds expand, Far as my fancy's vision sprende, O'er many a boundless land, Till what was once a world of savage strife, Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Dimenty GOOgle

### JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

Empire to empire swift succeeds, Each happy, great, and free; One empires still another breeds, A giant progeny, Destined their daring race to run, Each to the regions of yon setting sun.

Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace The fount whence these rich waters sprung, I glance towards this lonely place, And find it, these rude stones among. Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping round, The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

Their names have been forgotten long; The stone, but not a word, remains; They cannot live in deathless song, Nor breathe in pious strains. Yet this sublime obscurity, to me More touching is, than poet's rhapsody.

They live in millions that now breathe; They live in millions yet unborn, And pious gratitude shall wreathe As bright a crown as e'er was worn, And hang it on the green-leaved bough, That whispers to the nameless dead below.

No one that inspiration drinks; No one that loves his native land; No one that reasons, feels, or thinks, Can mid these lonely ruins stand, Without a moisten'd eye, a grateful tear Of reverent gratitude to those that moulder here.

The mighty shade now hovers round— Of RIM whose strange, yet bright career, Is written on this sacred ground In letters that no time shall sere ; Who in the old world smote the turban'd crew, And founded Christian empires in the new.

And she ! the glorious Indian maid, The tutelary of this land, The angel of the woodland shade,

The miracle of God's own hand, Who join'd man's heart to woman's softest grace, And thrice redeem'd the scourges of her race.

Sister of charity and love, Whose life-blood was soft Pity's tide, Dear goddess of the sylvan grove, Flower of the forest, nature's pride,

He is no man who does not bend the knes, And she no woman who is not like thee I

Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallow'd rock To me shall ever sacred be---

I care not who my themes may mock, Or sneer at them and me.

I envy not the brute who here can stand, Without a thrill for his own native land.

And if the recreant crawl her earth, Or breathe Virginia's air, Or, in New England claim his birth, From the old pilgrims there, He is a bastard, if he dare to mock

Old Jamestown's shrine, or Plymouth's famous rock.

### **PASSAGE DOWN THE OHIO.\***

As down Ohio's ever ebbing tide, Oarless and sailless, silently they glide, How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair Was the ione land that met the stranger there I No smiling villages or curling smoke The busy hounts of busy men bespoke; No solitary hut, the banks along, Sent forth blithe labour's homely, rustic song ; No urchin gamboll'd on the smooth, white sand, Or hurl'd the skipping-stone with playful hand, While playmate dog plunged in the clear blue wave, And swam, in vain, the sinking prize to save. Where now are seen, along the river side, Young, busy towns, in buxom, painted pride, And fleets of gliding boats with riches crown'd, To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound. Nothing appear'd but nature unsubdued. One endless, noiseless woodland solitude, Or boundless prairie, that ave seem'd to be As level and as lifeless as the aca: They seem'd to breathe in this wide world alone, Heirs of the earth---the land was all their own !

'T was evening now : the hour of toil was o'er, Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore. Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep, And spring upon and murder them in sleep; So through the livelong night they held their way, And 't was a night might shame the fairest day; So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign, They cared not though the day ne'er came again. The moon high wheel'd the distant hills above, Bilver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove, That as the wooing zephyre on it fell, Whisper'd it loved the gentle visit well That fair-faced orb alone to move appear'd, That zephyr was the only sound they heard. Nodeep-mouth'd hound the hunter's haunt betray'd, No lights upon the shore or waters play'd, No loud laugh broke upon the silent air, To tell the wanderers, man was nestling there All, all was still, on gliding bark and shore, As if the earth now slept to wake no more.

### EVENING.

"T was sunset's hallow'd time—and such an eve Might almost tempt an angel heaven to leave. Never did brighter glories greet the eye, Low in the warm and ruddy western sky: Nor the light clouds at summer eve unfold More varied tints of purple, red, and gold. Some in the pure, translucent, liquid breast Of crystal lake, fast anchor'd seem'd to rest, Like golden islets scatter'd far and wide. By elfin skill in fancy's fabled tide, Where, as wild eastern logends idly feign, Fairy, or genii, hold despotic reign.

\* This, and the two following extracts, are from the "Backwoodsman."

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## JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

Others, like vessels gilt with burnish'd gold, Their flitting, siry way are seen to hold, All gallantly equipp'd with streamers gay, While hands unseen, or chance directs their way ; Around, athwart, the pure othercal tide, With swelling purple sail, they rapid glide, Gay as the bark where Egypt's wanton queen Reclining on the shaded dock was seen, At which as gazed the uxorious Roman fool, The subject world slipt from his dotard rule. Anon, the gargeous scene begins to fade, And deeper hues the ruddy skies invade; The haze of gathering twilight nature shrouds, And pale, and paler wax the changeful clouds. Then such the breeze into a breathless caim; The silent dews of evening dropp'd like balm; The hungry night-hawk from his lone haunt hies, To chase the viewless insect through the skies ; The bat began his lantern-loving flight, The lonely whip-poor-will, our bird of night, Ever unseen, yet ever seeming near, His shrill note quaver'd in the startled ear; The buzzing beetle forth did gayly hie, With idle hum, and carcless, blundering eye; The little trusty watchman of pale night, The firefly, trimm'd anew his lamp so bright, And took his merry airy circuit round The eparkling meadow's green and fragrant bound, Where blossom'd clover, bathed in palmy dew, In fair luxuriance, sweetly blushing grew.

### CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

As look'd the traveller for the world below. The lively morning breeze began to blow; The magic curtain roll'd in mists away, And a gay landscape smiled upon the day. As light the fleeting vapours upward glide, Like sheeted spectres on the mountain side, New objects open to his wondering view Of various form, and combinations new, A rocky precipice, a waving wood, Deep, winding dell, and foaming mountain flood, Each after each, with coy and sweet delay, Broke on his sight, as at young dawn of day, Bounded after by peak aspiring bold, Like giant capp'd with helm of burnish'd gold. So when the wandering grandsire of our race On Ararat had found a resting-place, At first a shoreless ocean met his eve, Mingling on every side with one blue sky: But as the waters, every passing day, Sunk in the earth or roll'd in mists away, Gradual, the lofty hills, like islands, peep From the rough bosom of the boundless deep, Then the round hillocks, and the meadows green, Each after each, in freshen'd bloom are seen, Till, at the last, a fair and finish'd whole Combined to win the gazing patriarch's soul. Yet, oft he look'd, I ween, with anxious eye, In lingering hope somewhere, perchance, to spy,

Within the silent world, some living thing, Crawling on earth, or moving on the wing, Or man, or beast—alas! was neither thero Nothing that breathed of life in earth or air; 'T was a vast, silent, mansion rich and gay, Whose occupant was drown'd the other day; A churchyard, where the gayest flowers of bloom Amid the melancholy of the tomb; A charnel-house, where all the human race Had piled their bones in one wide resting-place; Sadly he turn'd from such a sight of wo, And sadly sought the lifeless world below.

## THE OLD MAN'S CAROUSAL.

DRIVE! drink ! to whom shall we drink ! To friend or a mistress ! Come, let me think ! To those who are absent, or those who are here ? To the dead that we loved, or the living still dear ! Alas ! when I look, I find none of the last ! The present is larren--let 's drink to the past.

Come! here's to the girl with a voice sweet and low, The eye all of fire and the bosom of snow, Who erewhile in the days of my youth that are fled, Once slept on my bosom, and pillow'd my bead! Would you know where to find such a delicate prize? Go seek in yon churchyand, for there she lies.

And here's to the friend, the one friend of my youth, With a head full of genius, a heart full of truth, Who travell'd with me in the sunshine of life, And stood by my side in its peace and its strife! Would you know where to seek a blessing so rare? Go drag the lone see, you may find him there,

And here's to a brace of twin cherubs of mine, With hearts like their mother's, as pure as this wine, Who came but to see the first act of the play, Grew tired of the scene, and then both went away. Would you know where this brace of bright cherubs have hied ?

Go seek them in heaven, for there they abide.

A bumper, my boys! to a gray-headed pair, Who watched o'er my childhood with tenderest care, God bless them, and keep them, and may they look down, On the head of their son, without tear, sich, or frown! Would you know whom I drink to ! go seek mid

- Would you know whom I drink to ! go seek mid the dead,
- You will find both their names on the stone at their head.

And here's—but, alas! the good wine is no more, The bottle is emptied of all its bright store;

Like those we have toasted, its spirit is fled,

And nothing is left of the light that it shed.

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Then, a bumper of tears, boys! the banquet here ends,

With a health to our dead, since we've no living friends.

#### (Soro, 1778. Died, 1843.)

MR. ALISTON was born in South Carolina, of a family which has contributed some eminent names to our annals, though none that sheds more lustre upon the parent stock than his own. When very young, by the advice of physicians, he was sent to Newport, Rhode Island, where he remained until he entered Harvard College in 1796. In his boy. hood he delighted to listen to the wild tales and traditions of the negroes upon his father's plantation; and while preparing for college, and after his removal to Cambridge, no books gave him so much pleasure as the most marvellous and terrible creations of the imagination. At Newport he become acquainted with MALBONE, the painter, and was thus, perhaps, led to the choice of his profession. He began to paint in oil before he went to Cambridge, and while there divided his attention between his pencil and his books. Upon being graduated he returned to South Caroline, to make arrangements for prosecuting his studies in Europe. He had friends who offered to assist him with money, and one of them, a Scottish gentleman named Bowman, who had seen and admired a head which he had painted of Peter hearing the cock crow, pressed him to accept an annuity of one hundred pounds while he should remain abroad ; but he declined it, having already sold his paternal estate for a sum sufficient to defray his lookedfor expenses; and, with his friend MALBONE, embarked for England in the summer of 1801.

Soon after his arrival in Loudon, he became a student of the Royal Academy, then under the presidency of our countryman, Wasr, with whom he contracted an intimate and lasting friendship. His abilities as an artist, brilliant conversation, and gentlemanly manners, made him a welcome guest at the houses of the great puinters of the time; and within a year from the beginning of his residence in London, he was a successful exhibitor at Somerset House, and a general favourite with the most distinguished members of his profession.

In 1804, having been three years in England, he accommanied JORN VANDENLYN to Paris. After passing a few months in that capital, he procorded to Italy, where he remained four years. Among his fellow students and intimate associates here, were VANDERLYN and the Danish sculptor THORWALDSEN. Another friend with whom he now becamo acquainted, was Cons-RIDGE. In one of his letters he says; "To no other man do I owe so much, intellicitually, as to Mr. COLERIDGE, with whom I became acquainted in Rome, and who has bonoured me with his friendship for more than five-and-twenty years. He used to call Rome the silent city ; but I never could think of it as such, while with him; for meet him when or where I would, the fountain of  $10^{10}$  his mind was never dry, but, like the far-reaching aqueducts that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living stream scened specially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered. And when I recall some of our walks under the pines of the villa Borghese, I am almost tempted to dream that I had once listened to PLATO in the groves of the Academy."

In 1809 ALLSTON returned to America, and was soon after married at Boston to a sister of Dr. CHANNEND. In 1811 he went a second time to Encland. His reputation as a pointer was now welt established, and he gained by his nicture of the "Dead Man raised by the Bones of Elisha"" a prize of two hundred guineas, at the British Institution, where the first artists in the world were his competitors. A long and dangerous illness succeeded his return to London, and he removed to the village of Clifton, where he wrote "The Sylphs of the Seasons," and some of the other peems included in a volume which he published in Within two weeks after the renewal of his 1813. residence in the metropolis, in the last-mentioned year, his wife died, very suddenly; and the event, inducing the deepest depression and melancholy, caused a temporary suspension of his fabours.

In 1818 he accompanied LEALTE to Paris, and in the autumn of the following year came back to America, having been previously elected an associate of the English Royal Academy. In 1830 he maried a sister of Rickard H. DANA, and the remainder of his life was tranquilly passed at Cambridgeport, near Boston, where he was surrounded by warm and genial friends, in assiduous devotion to his art. He died very suddenly, or the night of the eighth of July, 1843.

As a painter ALLSTON had no superior, perhaps not an equal, in his age. He differed from his contemporaries, as he said of MONALDI, " no less in kind than in degree. If he held any thing in common with others, it was with those of ages past, with the mighty dead of the filtcenth century. From them he had learned the language of his art, but his thoughts, and their turn of expression, were his own." Among his principal works are "The Dead Man restored to Life by Elisha;" the "Angel liberating Peter from Prison;" "Jacob's Dream ;" " Elijah in the Desert ;" the " Trium. phant Song of Miriam;" "The Angel Uriel in the Sun;" " Saul and the Witch of Endor;" " Spalatro's Vision of the bloody Hand ;" " Gabriel setting the Guard of the Heavenly Host;" "Anne Page and Slender ;" " Rosalie ;" " Donna Marcia in the Robber's Cave;" and " Beishazzar's Feast, or the

\* This work he subsequently sold to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, for thirty-five hundred dollars. 73

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Handwriting on the Wall." The last work, upon which he had been engaged at intervals for nearly twenty years, he left unfinished.

Besides the volume of poems already mentioned, and many short pieces which have since been given to the public, Mr. ALLSTON was the author of "MONALDS," a story of extraordinary power and interest, in which he displays a deep sensibility to beauty, and philosophic knowledge of human passion. He wrote also a series of discourses on art, and various essays and poems, which are unpublished.

Although Alleron weed his chief celebrity to his paintings, which will preserve for his name a place in the list of the greatest artists of all the nations and ages, his literary works alone would have given him a high rank among men of genius. A great painter, indeed, is of necessity a poet, though he may lack the power to express fittingly his conceptions in language. Alleron had in remarkable perfection all the faculties required for either art. "The Sylphs of the Sensons," his longest poem, in which he describes the scenery of Spring, Bummer, Autumn, and Winter, and the effects of each season on the mind, show that he regarded nature with a curious eye, and had power to exhibit her beauties with wonderful distinctness and fidelity. "The Two Painters" is an admirable satire, intended to ridicule attempts to reach perfection in one excellency in the art of painting, to the neglect of every other; the "Paint King" is a singularly wild, imaginative story; and nearly all his minor poems are strikingly original and beautiful. It was in his paintings, however, that the power and religious grandeur of his imagination were most strongly developed.

When this work was originally published, I dedicated it to Mr. ALLATON, with whom I had the happiness to be personally acquainted, addressing him as "the eldest of the living ports, and the most illustrious of the painters" of our country. I retain the dedication in this edition, as an expression of the admiration and reverence in which I, with all who knew him, continue to hold his genius and character.

## THE PAINT KING.

FATE Ellen was long the delight of the young, No damsel could with her compare; [tongue, Her charms were the theme of the heart and the

And hards without number in ecstasics sung

The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid; and though legions advanced, All drill'd by Ovidean art,

And languish'd, and ogted, protested and danced.

- Like shadows they came, and like shadows they From the hard polish'd ice of her heart. [glanced
- Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore A something that could not be found ;

Like a sailor she seem'd on a desolate shore,

With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but the rear Of breakers high dashing around.

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

But rather than ait like a statue so still When the rain made her manyion a *pound*, Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill, And pat every stair, like a woodpecker's bill,

From the files of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement inclined, Passed a youth, with a frame in his hand.

The cascinent she closed-not the eye of her mind; For, do all she could, no, she could not he blind;

Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"Ah, what can he do," said the languishing maid, "Ah, what with that frame can he do?" And she knelt to the goddess of scerets and pray'd, When the youth pass'd again, and again he display'd The frame and a picture to view. "Oh, beautiful picture !" the fair Ellen cried, "I must see thee again or I die."

Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied, And after the youth and the picture she hied,

When the youth, looking buck, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he, (and he chuckled the while,) "This picture I see you admire :

Then take it, I pray you, perhaps 't will beguile

Some moments of sorrow ; (nay, pardon my smile) Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift with delight and surprise From the cumning young stripting received,

But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes, When sparkling with rapture they gazed on her

Thus, alas, are fair maidens deceived ! [prize-

"T was a youth o'er the form of a statue inclined, And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone;

Yet he languish'd as though for its beauty he pined, And gazed as the eyes of the statue so blind

Reflected the beams of his own.

- "T was the tale of the sculptor Pygmalion of old; Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd;
- "Ah, couldst thou but lift from that marble so cold,
- Thine eyes too imploring, thy arms should enfold, And press me this day as thy bride."

She said: when, behold, from the canvas arose The youth, and he stepp'd from the frame: With a furious transport his arms did enclose

- The love-plighted Ellen: and, clasping, he froze
- The blood of the maid with his flume!
- She turn'd and beheld on each shoulder a wing. "Oh, Heaven!" cried she, "who art thou !"
- From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
- As, frowning, he thunder'd "I am the PAINT KING! And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

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Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift	Enthroned in the midst on an emerald bright,
The loud-screaming maid like a blast;	Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,	Her role was a gleam of the first blush of light,
While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift	And her mantle the flecce of a noon-cloud white,
To the right and the left as he pass'd.	And a beam of the moon was her spear.
Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,	In an accent that stole on the still charmed air
With an eddying whirl he descends;	Like the first gentle language of Eve,
The air all below him becomes black as night,	Thus spake from her chariot the fairy so fair:
And the ground where he treads, as if moved with	"I come at the call, but, oh Paint-King, beware,
Like the surge of the Caspian, bends. [affright,	Beware if again you deceive."
<ul> <li>I am here !" said the fiend, and he thundering At the gates of a mountainous cave; (knocked The gates open flew, as by magic unlock'd,</li> <li>While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, Like an island of ice on the wave. [rocked</li> </ul>	"T is true," said the monster, "thou queen of my Thy portrait I oft have essay'd; [heart, Yet ne'er to the canvas could I with my art The lesst of thy wonderful beauties impart; And my failure with scorn you repaid.
<ul> <li>* Oh, mercy !" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his arms, But the PAINT-KING, he scoff'd at her pain.</li> <li>* Prithee, love, "said the monster, "what mean these alarms !"</li> <li>She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms, "That much her to be not the terrible charms,"</li> </ul>	"Now I swear by the light of the comet-king's tail!" And he tower'd with pride as he spoke, "If again with these magical colours I fail, The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail, And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.
That work her to horror again. She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes Behold the fair youth she would woo; Now appears the PAINT-KING in his natural guise; His face, like a palette of villanous dyes, Block and mblue and valuer and blue	"But if I succeed, then, oh, fair Geraldine! Thy promise with justice I claim, And thou, qucen of fuiries, shalt ever be mine, The bride of my led; and thy portrait divine Shall fill all the earth with my fame."
Black and white, red and yellow, and blue. On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied, Sat the fiend, like the grim giant Gog, While aloft to his mouth a hugh pipe he applied, Twice as hig as the Eddystone Lighthouse, descried As it looms through an easterly fog.	He spake; when, behold, the fair Geraldine's form On the canvas enchantingly glow'd; His touchesthey flew like the leaves in a storm; And the pure pearly white and the carnation warm Contending in harmony flow'd.
And anon, as he puff 'd the vast volumes, were seen, In horrid festoons on the wall, Legs and arms, heads and bodies emerging between, Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney	And now did the portrait a twin-eister secm To the figure of Geraldine fair : With the same sweet expression did faithfully tecm Each muscle, each feature ; in short not a gleam Was lost of her beautiful hair.
By the Devil dressed out for a ball. [Beane, "Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet, "Must I hang on these walls to be dried?" "Oh, no!" said the fiend, while he sprung from his "A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet; [seat, Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"	<ul> <li>T was the fairy herself! but, alas, her blue eyes</li> <li>Still a pupil did rucfully lack;</li> <li>And who shall describe the terrific surprise</li> <li>That seized the PAINT-KINO when, behold, he des- Not a speek on his palette of black! [cries</li> </ul>
Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,	"I am lost !" said the fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
An oil jug he plunged her within;	When, casting his eyes to the ground,
Seven days, seven nights, with the shricks of despair,	He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
Did Ellen in tonnent convulse the dun air,	In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
All covered with oil to the chin.	Whisk away from his sight with a bound.
On the more of the eighth, on a huge sable stone	"I am lost !" said the fiend, and he fell like a stone;
Then Ellen, all recking, he laid;	Then rising the fairy in ire
With a rock for his muller he crushed every bone,	With a touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,
But, though ground to jelly, still, still did she groan;	(While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan,)
For life had forsook not the maid.	And she swell'd to a column of fire.
Now reaching his paletts, with masterly care	Her spear, now a thunder-holt, flush'd in the sir,
Each tint on its surface he spread;	And sulphur the vault fill'd around:
The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,	She smote the grim monster; and now by the hair
And the pearl and the white of her forchead so fair,	High-lifting, she hurt'd him in speechless despair
And her lips' and her checks' rosy red.	Down the depths of the chasm profound.
Then, stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,	Then over the picture thrice waving her spear,
"Now I brave, cruch fairy, thy scorn !"	"Come forth !" soid the good Geraldine;
When lo! from a chasm wide-yawning there came	When, behold, from the canvas descending, appear
A light tiny chariot of rose-colour'd flame,	Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than e'cr,
By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.	With grace more than ever divine!

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## THE SYLPHS OF THE SEASONS,

### A POET'S DREAM.

----

Lows has it been my fate to hear The slave of Mammon, with a snear, My indolence reprove. Ah, little knows he of the care, The toil, the hardship that I bear While Iolling in my elbow-chair, And seeming scarce to move:

For, mounted on the poet's steed, I there my coaseless journey speed O'er mountain, wood, and stream: And oft, within a little day, Mid comets fierce, 'I is mine to stray, And wander o'er the milky-way To catch a poet's dream.

But would the man of lucre know What riches from my labours flow-A DREAK is my reply. And who for wealth has ever pined, That had a world within his mind, Where every treasure he may find, And joys that never die?

One night, my task diurnal done, (For I had travell'd with the sun O'er burning sands, o'er snows,) Fatigued, I sought the couch of rest; My wonted prayer to Heaven address'd; But scarce had I my pillow press'd, When thus a vision rose :---

Methought, within a desert cave, Cold, dark, and solemn as the grave, I suddenly awoke. It seem'd of sable night the cell, Where, save when from the ceiling fell An cozing drop, her silent spell No sound had ever broke.

There motionless I stood alone, Like some strange monument of stone Upon a barren wild; Or like (so solid and profound The darkness seem'd that wall'd me round) A man that's buried under ground, Where pyramids are piled.

Thus fix'd, a dreadful hour I pass'd, And now I heard, as from a blast, A voice pronounce my name:

Nor long upon my ear it dwelt, When round me 'gan the air to melt, And motion once again I felt Quick circling o'er my frame.

Again it call'd; and then a ray, That seem'd a gushing fount of day, Across the cavern stream'd. Half-struck with terror and delight, I hail'd the little blessed light, And follow'd till my aching sight An orb of darkness seem'd. Nor long I felt the blinding pain; For econ upon a mountain plain I gazed with wonder new. There high a castle rear'd its head; And far below a region spread, Where every season seem'd to shed Its own peculiar hue.

Now, at the castle's massy gate, Like one that's blindly urged by fate, A hugle-horn I blew. The mountain-plain it shook around, The vales return'd a hollow sound, And, moving with a sigh profound, The portals open flew.

Then entering, from a glittering hall I heard a voice scraphic call, That bade me "Ever reign! All hail!" it said in accent wild, "For thou art Nature's chosen child, Whom wealth nor blood has e'er defiled, Hail, lord of this domain!"

And now I paced a bright saloon, That seem'd illumined by the moon, So mellow was the light. The walls with jetty darkness teem'd, While down them crystal columns stream'd, And each a mountain torrent scenz'd, High-flashing through the night.

Rear'd in the midst, a double throne Like hurnish'd cloud of evening shone; While, group'd the base around, Four damsels stood of fairy race; Who, turning each with heavenly grace Upon me her inmortal face, Transfix'd me to the ground.

And thus the foremost of the train: "Be thine the throne, and thine to reign O'er all the varying year ! But ere thou rulest, the Fates command, That of our chosen rival band A Sylph shall win thy heart and hand, Thy sovereignty to share.

"For we, the sisters of a birth, Do rule by turns the subject earth To serve ungrateful man; But since our varied toils impart No joy to his capricious lucart, "Tis now ordain'd that human art Shall rectify the plan."

Then spake the Sylph of Spring serene, "T is I thy joyons heart, I ween, With sympathy shall move: For I with living melody Of birds in choral symphony, First waked thy soul to poesy, To piety and love.

"When thou, at call of vernal breeze, And beckoning bough of budding trees, Hast left thy sullen fire ;

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And stretch'd thee in some mosey deil, And heard the browsing wether's bell, Blithe echoes rousing from their cell To swell the tinkling choir :

"Or heard from branch of flowering thorn. The song of friendly cuckoo warn The tardy-moving swain; Not bill the source to bill.

Hast bid the purple swallow hail; And seen him now through ether sail, Now sweeping downward o'er the vale, And skimming now the plain;

<sup>a</sup> Then, catching with a sudden glance The bright and silver-clear expanse

Of some broad river's stream, Beheld the boats adown it glide, And motion wind sgain the tide, Where, chain'd in ice by winter's pride, Late roll'd the heavy team :

"Or, lured by some fresh-scented gale That woo'd the moored fisher's sail To tempt the mighty main, Hast watch'd the dim, receding shore, Now faintly seen the ocean o'er, Like hanging cloud, and now no more To bound the sapphire plain;

"Then, wrapt in night, the scudding bark, (That seem'd, self-poised amid the dark, Through upper air to leap.) Bcheld, from thy most fearful height, The rapid dolphin's azure light Cleave, like a living meteor bright, The darkness of the deep:

"T was mine the warm, awakening hand That made thy grateful heart expand, And feel the high control Of Him, the mighty Power that moves Amid the waters and the groves, And through his vast creation proves His connipresent soul.

"Or, brooding o'er some forest rill, Fringed with the early daffodil, And quivering maiden-hair, When thou hast mark'd the dusky bed, With leaves and water-rust o'erspread, That seem'd an amber light to shed On all was shadow'd there:

"And thence, as by its murmur call'd, The current traced to where it brawl'd Beneath the noontide ray ;

Of waves, in many a sinuous braid, That o'er the sunny channel play'd, With motion ever gay:

"T was I to these the magic gave, That made thy heart, a willing slave, To gentle Nature bend; And taught thee how with tree and flower, And whispering gale, and dropping shower, In converse sweet to pass the hour, As with an early friend: "That mid the noontide, sunny haze Did in thy languid bosom raise The raptures of the boy; When, waked as if to second birth, Thy soul through every pore look'd forth, And gazed upon the becuteous earth With myriad eyes of joy:

"That made thy heart, like HIS above, To flow with universal love For every living thing. And, 0 ! if I, with ray divine, Thus tempering, did thy soul refue, Then let thy gentle heart be mine, And bless the Sylph of Spring."

And next the Sylph of Summer fair; The while her crisped, golden hair Half-veil'd her sunny eyes: "Nor less may I thy homage claim, At touch of whose exhaling flame The fog of Spring, that chill'd thy frame, In genial vapour flies.

"Oft, by the heat of noon oppress'd With flowing hair and open vest, Thy footsteps have I won To mossy couch of welling grot, Where thou hast bless'd thy happy lot, That thou in that delicious spot Mayst see, not feel, the sun:

"Thence tracing from the body's change, In curious philosophic range, The motion of the mind; And how from thought to thought at flew, Still hoping in each vision new The fairy land of blies to view, But ne'er that land to find.

"And then, as grew thy languid mood, To some embowering, silent wood I led thy careless way; Where high from tree to tree in air Thou saw'st the spider swing her snare, So bright !—as if, entaugled there, The sun had left a ray:

"Or lured thee to some heating steep, To mark the deep and quiet sleep That wrapt the tarn below; And mountain blue and forest green Inverted on its plane screne, Dim gleaming through the filmy sheen That gleaged the painted show;

"Perchance, to mark the fisher's skiff Swift from beneath some shadowy cliff Dart, like a gust of wind; And, as she skimm'd the sunny lake. In many a playful wreath her wake Far-trailing, like a silvery snake, With sinuous length behind.

"Not less, when hill, and dale, and heath Still Evening wrapt in mimic death, Thy spirit true I proved : a 2

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Around thee as the darkness stole, Before thy wild, creative soul I bade each fairy vision roll Thine infancy had loved.

"Then o'er the silent, sleeping land, Thy fancy, like a magic wand, Forth call'd the elfin race: And now around the fountain's brim In circling dance they gayly skim; And now upon its surface swim, And water-spiders chase;

"Each circumstance of sight or sound Peopling the vacant air around With visionary life: For if amid a thicket stirt'd, Or flitting bat, or wakeful bird, Then straight thy eager fancy heard The din of fairy strife;

"Now, in the passing beetle's hum The elfin army's goblin drum To pigmy battle sound; And now, where dripping dew-drops plash On waving grass, their bucklers clash, And now their quivering lances flash, Wide-dealing death around:

"Or if the moon's effulgent form The passing clouds of sudden storm In quick succession veil; Vast serpents now, their shadows glide, And, coursing now the mountain's side, A band of giants huge, they stride O'er hill, and wood, and dale.

"And still on many a service rare Could I descant, if need there were, My firmer claim to bind. But rest I most my high pretence On that, my geniel influence, Which made the body's indolence The vigour of the mind."

And now, in accents deep and low, Like voice of fondly-cherish'd wo,

The Sylph of Autumn ead: "Though I may not of raptures sing, That graced the gentle song of Spring, Like Summer, playful pleasures bring, Thy youthful heart to glad;

"Yet still may I in hope aspire Thy heart to touch with chaster fire, And purifying love: For I with vision high and holy, And spell of quickening melancholy, Thy soul from sublumary folly First raised to worlds above.

"What though he mine the treasures fair Of purple grape and yellow pear, And fruits of various hue, And harvests rich of golden grain, That donce in waves along the plain To merry song of reaping swain, Beneath the welkin blue; "With these I may not urge my suit, Of Summer's patient toil the fruit, For mortal purpose given; Nor may it fit my sober mood To sing of sweetly murmuring flood, Or dyes of many-colour'd wood, That mock the bow of heaven. 5

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"But, know, 't was mine the secret power That work'd thee at the midnight hour In bleak November's reign: 'T was I the spell around thee cast, When thou didst hear the holiow blast In murnars tell of pleasures past, That ne'er would some again :

"And led thee, when the storm was o'er, To hear the sullen ocean roar, By dreadful calm oppress'd; Which still, though not a breeze was there, Its mountain-billows heav'd in air, As if a living thing it were, That strove in vain for rest.

"T was I, when thou, subdued by wo, Didst watch the leaves descending slow, To each a moral gave;

And as they moved in mournful train, With rustling sound, along the plain, Taught them to sing a scraph's strain Of peace within the grave.

" And then, upraised thy streaming eye, I met thee in the western sky In pomp of evening cloud; That, while with varying form it roll'd, Some wizard's castle seem'd of gold, And now a crimson'd knight of old, Or king in purple proud.

"And last, as sunk the setting sun, And Evening with her shadows dun The gorgeous pageant past, "T was then of life a mimic show, Of human grandeur here below, Which thus beneath the fatal blow Of Death must fall at last.

"O, then with what ampiring gaze Didst thou the tranced vision raise To yander orbs on high, And think how wondrous, how sublime "T were upwards to their spheres to climb, And live, beyond the reach of Time, Child of Eternity !"

And last the Sylph of Winter spake;
The while her piercing voice did shake The castle-vaults below.
O, youth, if thou, with soul refin'd,
Hast felt the triumph pure of mind,
And learn'd a secret joy to find In deepest scenes of wo;

"If e'er with fearful ear at eve Hast heard the wailing tempests grieve Through chink of shatter'd wall;

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The while it conjured o'er thy brain Of wandering ghosts a mournful train, That low in fitful sobs complain Of Death's untimely call:

"Or feeling, as the storm increased, The love of terror nerve thy breast,

Didst venture to the coast; To see the mighty war-ship leap From wave to wave upon the deep, Like chamois goat from steep to steep, Till low in valley lost;

"Then, glancing to the angry sky, Bchold the clouds with fury fly The lurid moon athwart; Like armics huge in battle, throng, And pour in volleying ranks along, While piping winds in martial song To rushing war exhort:

"O, then to me thy heart be given, To me, ordain'd by Him in heaven Thy nobler powers to wake. And O! if thou, with poet's soul, High brooding o'er the frozen pole, Hust felt beneath my stern control The desert region quake;

"Or from old Hecla's cloudy height, When o'er the dismal, half-year's night

He pours his sulphurous breath, Hast known my petrifying wind Wild ocean's curling billows bind, Like bending sheaves by harvest hind, Erect in icy death;

"Or heard adown the mountain's steep The northern blast with furious sweep Some cliff dissever'd dash; And seen it spring with dreadful bound From rock to rock, to guif profound, While echoes fierce from caves resound The never-ending crash:

" If thus, with terror's mighty spell Thy soul inspired, was wont to swell,

Thy heaving frame expand; O, then to me thy heart incline; For know, the wondrous charm was mine, That fear and joy did thus combine In magic union bland.

"Nor think confined my native sphere To horrors gaunt, or ghastly fear, Or desolation wild: For I of pleasures fair could sing. That steal from life its sharpest sting, And man have made around it cling, Like mother to her child.

"When thon, beneath the clear blue sky, So calm. no cloud was seen to fly, Hast gazed on snowy plain, Where Nature slept so pure and sweet, She seem'd a corse in winding-sheet, Whose happy soul had gone to meet The bleet, angelic train; "Or mark'd the sun's declining ray In thousand varying colours play O'er ice-incrusted heath,

In gleams of orange now, and green, And now in red and azure abeen, Like hues on dying dolphin seen, Most lovely when in death;

"Or seen, at dawn of eastern light The frosty toil of fays by night On pane of casement clear, Where bright the mimic glaciers shine, And Alps, with many a mountain pine, And samed knights from Palestine In winding march appear:

"'T was I on each enchanting scone The charm bestow'd that banished splcen Thy bosom pure and light. But still a nubler power I claim; That power allied to poets' fame, Which language vain has dared to name— The soul's creative might.

"Though Autumn grave, and Summer fair, And joyous Spring demand a share Of Fancy's hallow'd power, Yet these I hold of humbler kind, To grosser means of earth confined, Through mortal sense to reach the mind, By mountain, stream, or flower.

"But mine, of purer nature still, Is that which to thy secret will Did minister unseen, Unfelt, unheard; when every eense Did skep in drowsy indolence, And silence deep and night intense Enshrouded every scene;

"That o'er thy teeming brain did raise The spirits of departed days Through all the varying year; And images of things remote, And sounds that long had ceased to float,

With every hue, and every note, As living now they were :

"And taught thee from the motiey mass Each harmonizing part to class,

(Like Nature's self employ'd;) And then, as work'd thy wayward will, From these, with rare combining skill, With new-created worlds to fill Of space the mighty void.

"O then to me thy heart incline; To me, whose plastic powers combine The barvest of the mind; To me, whose magic coffers hear The spoils of all the toiling year, That still in mental vision wear A lustre more refined."

She ceased—And now, in doubtful mood. All motionless and mute I stood, Like one by charm oppress'd:

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By turns from each to each I roved, And each by turns again I loved; For ages ne'er could one have proved More lovely than the rest.

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"O blessed band, of birth divine, What mortal task is like to mine !"→ And further had I spoke, When, lo ! there pour'd a flood of light So fiercely on my aching sight, I fell beneath the vision bright, And with the pain awoke.

### AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.\*

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

The genius of our clime, From his pine-embattical steep, Shall hail the great sublime; While the Tritons of the Jeep With their conclusion the kindred league shall proclaim.

Then let the world combine-O'er the main our naval line, Like the milky-way, shall shine Bright in fame!

Though ages long have pass'd Since our fathers left their home, Their pilot in the blast,

O're untravell'd seas to roam,---Yet lives the blood of England in our veins! And shall we not proclaim That blood of honest fame, Which no tyranny can tame By its chains?

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

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

\* This poem was first published in COLERIDOR's " Sybilline Leaves," in 1810.

# THE SPANISH MAID.

FIVE weary months sweet Inez number d From that unfading bitter day When last she heard the trampet bray That call'd her Isidor away-That never to her heart has slumber'd : She hears it now, and sees, far bending Along the mountain's misty side, His plumed troop, that, waving wide, Seems like a rippling, feathery tide, Now bright, now with the dim shore blending; She hears the cannon's deadly rattle-And fancy hurries on to strife, And hears the drum and screaming fife Mix with the last sad ery of life. O, should ho-should he fall in battle? Yet still his name would live in story, And every gallant bard in Spain Would fight his battles o'er again. And would not she for such a strain Resign him to his country's glory ? Thus Incz thought, and pluck'd the flower That grew upon the very bank Where first her ear bewilder'd drank The plighted yow----where last she sank In that too bitter parting bour. But now the sun is westward sinking; And soon amid the purple haze, That showers from his slanting rays, A thousand loves there meet her gaze, To change her high heroic thinking. Then hope, with all its crowd of fancies, Before her flits and fills the air ; And, deck'd in victory's glorious gear, In vision Isidor is there. Then how her heart mid sadness dances ! Yet little thought she, thus forestalling The coming joy, that in that hour The future, like the colour'd shower That seems to arch the ocean o'er, Was in the living present falling. The foe is slain. His sable charger All fleck'd with foam comes bounding on . The wild Morens rings anon. And on its brow the gallant Don, And gallant steed grow larger, larger; And now he nears the mountain-hollow; The flowery bank and little lake Now on his startled vision break-And Incz there .--- He's not awake--Ah, what a day this dream will follow! But no---he surely is not dreaming.

Another minute makes it clear. A scream, a rush, a burning tear From Incz' check, dispet the fear That blies like his is only seeming.

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## ON GREENOUGH'S GROUP OF THE ANGEL AND CHILD.

I sroop alone; nor word, nor other sound, Broke the mute solitude that closed me round; As when the sir doth take her midnight sleep, Leaving the wintry stars her watch to keep, So slept she now at noon. But not alone My spirit then: a light within me shone

That was not mine; and feelings undefined, And thoughts flow'd in upon me not my own. "T was that deep mystery-for aye unknown-

The living presence of enother's mind.

Another mind was there—the gift of few— That by its own strong will can all that's true In its own nature unto others give, And mingling life with life, seem there to live. I felt it now in mine; and oh! how fair, How beautiful the thoughts that met me there-

Visions of Love, and Purity, and Truth! Though form distinct had each, they seem'd, as'twere, Imbodied all of one celestial air—

To beem for ever in coequal youth.

And thus I learn'd—as in the mind they moved— These stranger Thoughts the one the other loved; That Purity loved Truth, because 't was true, And Truth, because 't was pure, the first did woo; While Love, as pure and true, did love the twain; Then Love was loved of them, for that sweet chain

That bound them all. Thus sure, as passionless, Their love did grow, till one harmonious strsin Of melting sounds they seem'd; then, changed again,

One angel form they took-Self-Happiness.

This angel form the gifted Artist saw, That held me in his spell. "I was his to draw The voil of sense, and see the immortal race, The Forms spiritual, that know not place. He saw it in the quarry, deep in earth, And stay'd it by his will, and gave it birth E'en to the world of sense; bidding its cell,

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The cold, hard marble, thus in plastic girth The shape ethereal fix, and body forth

A being of the skics-with man to dwell.

And then another form beside it stood; "T was one of this our earth—though the warm blood Had from it pass'd—exhaled as in a breath Drawn from its lips by the cold kies of Death. Its little "dream of human life" had fied; And yet it seem'd not number'd with the dead,

But one emerging to a life so bright That, as the wondrous nature o'er it spread, Its very consciousness did seem to shed Rays from within, and clothe it all in light.

Now touch'd the Angel Form its little hand, Turning upon it with a look so bland, And yet so full of majesty, as less Than holy natures never may impress-And more than proudest guilt unmoved may brook. The Creature of the Earth now felt that look,

And stood in blissful awe---as one above Who saw his name in the Eternal Book, And Him that open'd it; e'en Him that took The Little Child, and bless'd it in his love.

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## SONNETS.

#### ON A PALLING GROUP IN THE LAST JUDG MENT OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

How vast, how dread, o'erwhelming is the thought Of space interminable ! to the soul A circling weight that crushes into naught Her mighty faculties ! a wond'rous whole, Without or parts, beginning, or an end ! How fearful then on desp'rate wings to send The fancy e'en amid the waste profound ! Yet, born as if all daring to astound, Thy giant hand, O ANGELO, hath hurl'd E'en human forms, with all their mortal weight, Down the dread void—fall endless as their fate ! Already now they seem from world to world For ages thrown; yet doom'd, another past, Another still to reach, nor e'er to reach the last I

### ON REMBRANT: OCCASIONED BY HIS PICTURE OF JACOPS DREAM.

As in that twilight, superstitious age, When all beyond the nurrow grasp of mind Seem'd fraught with meanings of supernal kind, When e'en the learned philosophic sage, Wont with the stars thro' boundless space to range, Listen'd with reverence to the changeling's tale; E'en so, thou strangest of all beings strange! E'en so thy visionary scenes I bail; That like the rambling of an idiot's speech, No image giving of a thing on earth, Nor thought significant in reason's reach. Yet in their random shadowings give birth To thoughts and things from other worlds that come, And fill the soul, and strike the reason dumb.

### ON THE PICTURES BY RUBENS, IN THE LUX-EMBOURG GALLERY.

THERE is a charm no vulgar mind can reach, No critic thwart, no mighty master teach; A charm how mingled of the good and ill! Yet still so mingled that the mystic whole Shall captive hold the struggling gaze's will, Till vanquish'd reason own its full control. And such, O RUBERS, thy mysterious art, The charm that vexes, yet enslaves the heart I Thy lawices style, from timid aystems free, Impetuous rolling like a troubled sea, High o'er the rocks of reason's lofty verge. Impending banga; yet, ere the foaming surge Breaks o'er the bound, the refluent ebb of taste Back from the shore impels the wai'ry waste.

#### TO MY VENERABLE PRIEND THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

From one unused in pomp of words to raise A courtly monument of empty praise, Where self, transpiring through the filmsy pile, Betrays the builder's ostentatious guile, Accept, O WEST, these unaffected lays, Which genius claims and grateful justice pays. Still green in age, thy vig'rous powers impart The youthful freshness of a blameless heart: For thine, unaided by another's pain, The wiles of envy, or the sordid train

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Of selfishness, has been the manly racs Of one who felt the purifying grace Of bonest fame; nor found the effort vain E'en for itself to love thy soul-ennobling art.

### ON SEEING THE PICTURE OF EOLUS, BY PELIGRINO TIBALDI.

FULL well, TEALDE, did thy kindred mind The mighty spell of BONAROTE OWN. Like one who, reading magic words, receives The gift of intercourse with worlds unknown, 'T was thine, deciph'ring Nature's mystic leaves, To hold strange converse with the viewless wind; To see the spirits, in imbodied forms, Of gales and whiriwinds, hurricanes and storms. For, lo ! abedient to thy bidding, teems Fierce into shape their stern, relentless lord: His form of motion ever-restless seems; Or, if to rest inclined his turbid soul, On Heels's top to stretch, and give the word To subject winds that sweep the desert pole.

### ON THE DEATH OF COLERIDGE.

Axp thouart gone, most loved, most honour'dFriend! No-never more thy gentle voice shall blend With air of earth its pure ideal tones-Binding in one, as with harmonious zones, The heart and intellect. And I no more Shall with thee gaze on that unfathom'd deep, The human soul; as when, push'd off the shore, Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep, Uself the while so bright! For oft we seem'd As on some starless see-all dark above, All dark below-yet, onward as we drove, To plough up light that ever round us stream'd. But he who mourns is not as one bereft Of all he loved: thy living truths are left.

### THE TUSCAN MAID.

How pleasant and how sail the turning tide Of human life, when side by side The child and youth begin to glide Along the vale of years; The pure twin-being for a little space,

With lightsome heart, and yet a graver face, Too young for wo, though not for tears.

This turning tide is URSLINA'S now; 'The time is mark'd upon her brow; Now every thought and feeling throw Their shadows on her face; And so are every thought and feeling join'd, 'T were hard to answer whether heart or mind Of either were the native place.

The things that once she loved are still the same; Yet now there needs another name To give the feeling which they claim, While she the feeling gives; She cannot call it gladness or delicht; And yet there seems a richer, lovelier light On e'en the humblest thing that lives. She sees the mottled moth come twinkling by, And sees it sip the flowret nigh; Yet not, as once, with eager cry She grasps the pretty thing; Hor thoughts now mingle with its tranquil mood-So poised in air, as if on air it atood To show its gold and purple wing.

She hears the bird without a wish to anare, But rather on the azure air To mount, and with it wander there To some untrodden land; As if it told her in its happy song Of pleasures strange, that never can belong To aught of sight or touch of hand.

Now the young soul her mighty power shall prove, And outward things around her move, Pure ministers of purer love, And make the heart her home; Or to the meaner senses sink a slave, To do their bidding, though they mally crave Through hateful scenes of vice to roam.

But, URSCLINA, thine the better choice; Thine eyes so speak, as with a voice: Thy heart may still in earth rejoice And all its beauty love; But no, not all this fair, enchanting earth, With all its spells, can give the rapture birth That waits thy conscious soul above.

### ROSALIE.

O, FOCH upon my soul again That sad, uncarthly strain, That seems from other worlds to plain; Thus falling, falling from afar, As if some melancholy star Had mingled with her light her sighs, And dropped them from the skies.

No-never came from aught below This melody of wo, That makes my heart to overflow As from a thousand gushing springs Unknown before; that with it brings This nameless light—if light it be— That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears The hue of other spheres; And something blent of smiles and tears Comes from the very air I breathe. O. nothing, sure, the stars beneath, Can mould a salaress like to this— So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day, When the last lingering ray Stops on the highest cloud to play-So thought the gentle Rosallin As on her maiden revery First fell the strain of him who stole In music to her soul.

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# LEVI FRISBIE.

#### [Born 1784. Died 1822.]

PROFESSOR FRISELE was the son of a respectshe clergyman at Ipswich, Massachusetts. He entered Harvard University in 1798, and was graduated in 1802. His father, like most of the clergymen of New England, was a poor man, and unable fully to defray the costs of his son's education; and Mr. FRISELS, while an under-graduate, provided in part for his support by teaching a school during vacations, and by writing as a clerk. His friend and biographer, Professor Annews NORTON, alludes to this fact as a proof of the falsity of the opinion that wealth constitutes the only aristocreacy in our country. Talents, united with correct morals, and good manners, pass unquestioned all the artificial barriers of society, and their claim to distinction is recognised more willingly than any other.

Soon after leaving the university, Mr. Faranta commenced the study of the law; but an affection of the eyes depriving him of their use for tho purposes of study, he abandoned his professional pursuits, and accepted the place of Latin tutor in Harvard University. In 1811, he was made Professor of the Latin Language, and in 1817, Professor of Moral Philosophy. The last office he held until he died, on the 19th of July, 1822. He was an excellent scholar, an original thinker, and a pure-minded man. An octave volume, centaining a memoir, some of his philosophical lectures, and a few poems, was published in 1823.

# A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I'LL tell you, friend, what sort of wife, Whene'er I scan this scene of life, Inspires my waking schemes, And when I sleep, with form so light, Dances before my ravish'd sight, In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend, Nor yet the lily with them blend, To capirate my eyes. Give me a check the heart obeys, And, sweetly mutable, displays Its feelings as they rise;

Features, where, pensive, more than gay, Save when a rising smile doth play, The sober thought you see; Eyes that all soft and tender seem, And kind affections round them beam, But most of all on me;

A form, though not of finest mould, Where yet a something you behold Unconsciously doth please; Manners all graceful without art, That to each look and word impart A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm Must speak a heart with feeling warm, And mind inform the whole; With mind her mantling check must glow, Her voice, her beaming eye must show An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find, And were her fate to mine but join'd By Hymen's silken tie, To her myself, my all I'd give, For her alone delighted live, For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious care oppress'd, On the soft pillow of her breast My aching head I'd lay; At her sweet smile each care should cease, Her kiss infuse a balmy peace, And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share;
Should sickness e'er invade.
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply;
I'd watch beside her bed.
Should gathering clouds our sky deform,

My arms should shield her from the storm; And, were its fury hurl'd, My bosem to its boits I'd here; In her defence undaunted dare Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend; Together would we humbly bend, To praise the Almighty name; And when I saw her kindling eye Beam upwards in her native sky, My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide, But on our years screnely glide, And all to love be given; And, when life's little scene was o'er, We 'd part to meet and part no more, But live and love in heaven.

# SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

#### (Born, 1786. Died, 1642.)

MR. Woonworth was a native of Scituate, in | Massachusetts. After learning in a country town the art of printing, he went to New York, where he was editor of a newspaper during our second war with England. He subsequently published a weekly miscellany entitled "The Ladies' Literary Gazette," and in 1823, associated with Mr. GEORGE P. MORRIS, he established "The New York Mirror," long the most popular journal of literature and art in this country. For several years before his death he was an invalid, and in this period a large number of the leading gentlemen of New York acted as a committee for a complimentary benefit given for him at the Park Theatre, the proceeds of which made more pleasant his closing days. He died in the month of December, 1842, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, much respected by all who knew him, for his

modesty and integrity as well as for his literary abilities.

Mr. Woonworkts wrote many pieces for the stage, which had a temporary popularity, and two or three volumes of songs, odes, and other poems, relating chiefly to subjects of rural and domestic lite. He dwelt always with delight upon the scenes of his childhood, and lamented that he was compelled to make his home amid the strife and tumult of a city. He was the poet of the « common people," and was happy in the belief that " The Bucket" was read by multitudes who never heard of "Thanatopsis." Some of his pieces have certainly much merit, in their way, and a selection might be made from his voluminous writings that would be very honourable to his talents and his feelings. There has been no recent edition of any of his works.

## THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail'd as a treasure, For often at noon, when return'd from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, The purest and sweetcet that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well— The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-cover'd bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it, As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it, The brightest that beauty or revely sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation, The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation, And sighs for the bucket that bangs in the well-

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-cover'd bucket that hangs in the well!

## THE NEEDLE.

- The gay belles of fashion may beast of excelling In waltz or cotillion, at whist or quadrille;
- And seek admiration by vauntingly telling Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;

But give me the fair one, in country or city, Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart.

Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty, While plying the needle with exquisite art.

The bright little needle-the swill-flying needle, The needle directed by beauty and art.

If Love have a potent, a magical token, A talisman, ever resistless and true-

A charm that is never evaded or broken, A witchery certain the heart to subdue-

"Tis this—and his armoury never has furnish'd So keen and unerring, or polish'd a dart ;

Let Beauty direct it, so pointed and burnish'd, And Oh! it is certain of touching the heart.

The bright little needle-the swift-flying needle, The needle directed by beauty and art.

Be wise, then, ve maidens, nor seek admiration By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all; You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,

Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball, As gaily convened at a work-cover'd table,

Each cheerfully active and playing her part, Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,

And plying the needle with exquisite art. The bright little needle---the swift-flying needle, The needle directed by beauty and art.

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### (Bern 1786.)

THE author of the "Airs of Palestine," is a native of Litchfield, Connecticut, and was born on the sixth of April, 1785. His great-grandiather, the Reverend JAMES PIERPONT, was the second minister of New Haven, and one of the founders of Yale College; his grandiather and his father were men of intelligence and integrity; and his mother, whose maiden name was ELIZABETH COLLINS, had a mind thoroughly imbued with the religious sentiment, and was distinguished for her devotion to maternal duties. In the following lines, from one of his recent poems, he acknowledges the influence of her example and teachings on his own character:

"She led me first to God : Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew. For, when she used to leave The treasile, every eve,

I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.

"That dow, that bless'd my youth,-Her holy love, her truth, Her spirit of devotion, and the tears That she could not suppress,-Hath never ceased to bless My soul, nor will it, through elernal years.

"How often has the thought Of my mourn'd mother brought Peace to my troubled spirit, and now power The tempter to repel! Mother, thou knowest well That thou hast blessed me since thy mortal hour!"

Mr. PIERPONT entered Yale College when fifteen years old, and was graduated in the summer of 1804. During a part of 1805, he assisted the Reverend Doctor BACKUS, in an academy of which he was principal previous to his election to the presidency of Hamilton College; and in the autumn of the same year, following the example of many young men of New England, he went to the southern states, and was for nearly four years a private tutor in the family of Colonel WILLIAM ALLSTON, of South Carolina, spending a portion of his time in Charleston, and the remainder on the estate of Colonel ALLSTON, on the Waccamaw, near Georgetown. Here he commenced his legal studics, which he continued after his return to his native state in 1809, in the school of Justices REEVE and GOULD; and in 1812, he was admitted to the bar, in Esser county, Massachusetts. Soon after the commencement of the second war with Great Britain, being appointed to address the Washington Benevolent Society of Newburyport, his place of residence, he delivered and afterward published "The Portrait," the earliest of the poetns in the recent edition of his works.

In consequence of the general prostration of business in New England during the war, and of his health, which at this time demanded a more active life, he abandoned the profession of law, and became interested in mercantile transactions, first in Boston, and afterward in Baltimore; but these resulting disastrously, in 1816, he sought a solace in literary pursuits, and in the same year published "The Airs of Palestine." The first edition appeared in an octavo volume, at Baltimore; and two other editions were published in Boston, in the following year.

The "Airs of Palestine" is a poem of about eight hundred lines, in the heroic measure, in which the influence of music is shown by examples, principally from sacred history. The religious sublimity of the sentiments, the beauty of the language, and the finish of the versification, placed it at once, in the judgment of all competent to form an opinion on the subject, before any poem at that time produced in America. As a work of art, it would be nearly faultiess, but for the occasional introduction of double rhymes, a violation of the simple dignity of the ten-syllable verse, induced by the intention of the author to recite it in a public assembly. He says in the preface to the third edition, that he was "aware how difficult even a good speaker finds it to rehearse heroic poetry, for any length of time, without perceiving in his heavers the somniferous effects of a regular cadence," and "the double rhyme was, therefore, occasionally thrown in, like a ledge of rocks in a smoothly gliding river, to break the current, which, without it, might appear sluggish, and to vary the melody, which might otherwise become monotonous." The following passage, descriptive of a moonlight scene in Italy, will give the reader an idea of its manner:

"On Arno's bosom, as he calmly flows, And his cool areas round Vallombrosa throws, Rolling his crystal tide through classic vales, High o'er Mont' Alto walks, in maiden pride. Night's queen :- he sees her image on that tide. Now, ride the wave that curls its infant crest Around his prow, then rippling sinks to rest ; Now, glittering dance around his addying our, Whose every sweep is echo'd from the shore; Now, far before him, on a liquid bed Of waveless water, rest her radiant head. How mild the empire of that virgin oneso! How dark the mountain's shade ! how still the scenet Hush'd by her silver sceptre, zephyrs sleep On dewy leaves, that overhang the deep, Nor dare to whisper through the houghs, nor stir-The valley's willow, nor the mountain's fir, Nor make the pale and breathless aspen quiver, Nor brush, with ruffing wind, that glassy river.

"Hark:—'t is a convent's bell: its midnight chirds ; For music measures even the march of time :— O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore, Gray tarrets rise:--the eye can catch no mote. The boatsma, listening to the tolling bell, Suspends his car :-- a low and solemn swell, H

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Soon after the publication of the "Airs of Palestine," Mr. PIERPONT entered seriously upon the study of theology, first by himself, in Baltimore, and afterward as a member of the theological school connected with Harvard College. He left that seminary in October, 1818, and in April, 1819, was ordained as minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, in Boston, as successor to the Reverend Doctor HOLLET, who had recently been elected to the presidency of the Transylvania University, in Kentucky.

In 1835 and 1836, in consequence of impaired health, he spent a year abroad, passing through the principal cities in England, France, and Italy, and extending his tour into the East, visiting Smyrna, the ruins of Ephesus, in Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Athens, Corinth, and some of the other cities of Greece; of his travels in which, traces will occasionally be found in some of the short poems which he has written since his return.

Mr. PIEBPONT has written in almost every metre,

and many of his hymns, odes, and other brief poems, are remarkably spirited and melodious. Several of them, distinguished alike for energy of thought and language, were educed by events connected with the moral and religious enterprises of the time, nearly all of which are indebted to his constant and earnest advocacy for much of their prosperity.

In the preface to the collection of his poems published in 1840, he says, "It gives a true, though an all too feeble expression of the author's feeling and faith,---of his love of right, of freedom, and man, and of his correspondent and most hearty hatred of every thing that is at war with them; and of his faith in the providence and gracious promises of God. Nay, the book is published as an expression of his faith in man; his faith that every line, written to rebuke high-handed or under-handed wrong, or to keep alive the fires of civil and religious liberty,-written for solace in affliction, for support under trial, or as an expression, or for the excitement of Christian patriotism or devotion; or even with no higher aim than to throw a little sunshine into the chamber of the spirit, while it is going through some of the wearisome passages of life's history,-will be received as a proof of the writer's interest in the welfare of his fellowmen, of his desire to serve them, and consequently of his claim upon them for a charitable judgment, at least, if not even for a respectful and grateful remembrance."

### "PASSING AWAY."

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,

That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,----Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell

That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear, When the winds and the waves lie together asleep, And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep, She dispensing her silvery light, And he, his notes as ailvery quite, While the boatman listens and ships his oar,

To catch the music that comes from the shore !----Hark ! the notes, on my ear that play,

Are set to words :----as they float, they say, . "Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,

Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear; Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,

Striking the hour, that fill'd my ear, As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime That told of the flow of the stream of time. For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung, And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, wwung; (As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring That hangs in his cage, a Canary hird swing;)

And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet, And, as she enjoy'd it, she seem'd to say, "Passing away! passing away!" O, how bright were the wheels, that told Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow! And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,

Seemed to point to the girl below. And lo! she had changed :---in a few short hours. Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers, That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung This way and that, as she, dancing, swung In the fulness of grace and womanly pride, That told me she soon was to be a bride :---

Yet then, when expecting her happicst day, In the same sweet voice I heard her say, "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade Of thought, or care, stole softly over,

- Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made, Looking down on a field of biossoming clover. The rose yet lay on her check, but its flush
- Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
- And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,

That marched so calmiy round above her, Was a little dimin'd, —as when evening steals

Upon noon's hot face :----Yet one could n't but love her,

For she look'd like a mother, whose first babe lay Rock'd on her breast, as she swung all day;---And she seem'd, in the same silver tone to say, "Passing away! passing away!"

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While yet I look'd, what a change there came t Her eye was quench'd, and her check was wan: Stooping and staff'd was her wither'd frame, Yet, just as busily, swung she on; The garland beneath her had fallen to dust; The wheels above her were eaten with rust; The hands, that over the dial swept, Grew crocked and tarnish'd, but on they kept, And still there came that silver tone From the shrivell'd lips of the toothless crone,--(Let me never forget till my dying day The tone or the bunken of her lay,)---"Passing away! passing away!

## FOR THE CHARLESTOWN CENTEN. NIAL CELEBRATION.

Two hundred years ! two hundred years ! How much of human power and pride, What giorious hopes, what gloomy fears Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide !

The red man at his horrid rite, Seen by the stars at night's cold noon, His bark canoe, its track of light Left on the wave beneath the moon;

His dance, his yell, his council-fire, The altar where his victim lay, His death-song, and his functal pyre, That still, strong tide bath borne away.

And that palo pilgrim band is gone, That on this shore with trembling trod, Ready to faint, yet bearing on The ark of freedom and of God.

And war-that since o'er ocean eame, And thunder'd loud from yonder hill, And wrapp'd its foot in sheets of flame, To blast that ark-tis storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers, That live in story and in song,

Time, for the last two hundred years, Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

"I is like a dreath when one awakes, This vision of the scenes of old;

"Tie like the moon when morning brenks, "Tie like a tale round watchfires told.

Then what are we ? then what are we ? Yes, when two hundred years have roll'd O'er our green graves, our names shell be

A morning dream, a tale that's told. God of our fathers, in whose sight The thousand years that sweep away Man and the traces of his might Are but the break and close of day----

Grant us that love of truth sublime, That love of goodness and of thee, That makes thy children in all time To share thine own eternity.

# MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead ! His fair sunshiny head Is ever bounding round my study chair; Yet, when my eyes, now dim With tears, I turn to him, The vision vanishes-he is not there ! I walk my parlour floor. And, through the open door, I hear a footfall on the chamber stair; I'm slepping toward the hall To give the boy a call; And then bethink me that-he is not there ! I thread the crowded street: A satchell'd lad I meet. With the same beaming eyes and colour'd hair : And, as he's running hy, Follow him with my eye, Scarcely believing that-he is not there ! I know his face is hid Under the collin lid ; Closed are his eyes; cold is his forchead; My hand that marble felt; O'er it in prayer I knclt; Yet my heart whispers that-he is not there ! I cannot make him dead! When passing by the bed, So long watch'd over with parental care, My spirit and my eye Seek it inquiringly. Before the thought comes that-he is not there ! When, at the cool, gray break Of day, from sleep I wake, With my first breathing of the morning sir My soul goes up, with joy, To Him who gave my boy, Then comes the sad thought that-he is not there ! When at the day's calm close, Before we eeek repose, I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer, Whate'er I may be saying, I am, in spirit, praying For our boy's spirit, though-he is not there ! Not there !--- Where, then, is he ? The form I used to see Was but the raiment that he used to wear. The grave, that now doth press Upon that cast-off dress, Is but his wardrobe lock'd ;--- he is not there ! He lives !--- In all the past He lives; nor, to the last, Of seeing him again will I despair; In dreams I see him now : And, on his angel brow, I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there !" Yes, we all live to God! FATHER, thy chastening rod So help us, thine afflicted once, to bear, That, in the spirit land. Meeting at thy right hand,

"I will be our heaven to find that-he is there !

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## FOR A CELEBRATION OF THE MASSA-CHUSETTS MECHANICS' CHARITA-BLE ASSOCIATION.

Loud o'er thy savage child, O God, the night-wind roar'd, As, houseless, in the wild He how'd him and adored. Thou saw'st him there, As to the sky He raised his eye In fear and prayer.

Thine inspiration came !
And, grateful for thine aid,
An altar to thy name
He built heneath the shade:
The limbs of larch
That darken'd round,
He bent and bound
In many an arch;

Till in a sylvan fane Went up the voice of prayer, And music's simple strain Arose in worship there. The arching boughs, The roof of leaves That summer weaves, O'erheard his vows.

Then beam'd a brighter day; And Salem's holy height And Greece in glory lay Beneath the kindling light. Thy temple rose On Salem's hill, While Greeian skill Adorn'd thy foes.

Along those rocky shores, Along those olive plains, Where pligtim Genius pores O'er Art's sublime remains, Long colonnades Of snowy white Look'd forth in light Through classic shades.

Forth from the quarry stone The marble goddess sprung; And, loosely round her thrown, Her marble vesture hung; And forth from cold And sunless mines Came silver shrines And gods of gold.

The Star of Bethlehem burn'd! And where the Stoic trod, The altar was o'erturn'd, Rar ed "to an unknown God." A.d now there are No idol funcs On all the plains Beneath that star. To bonour thee, dread Power! Our strength and skill combine; And temple, tomb, and tower Attest these gifts divine. A swelling dome For pride they gild, For pence they build An humbler home.

By these our fathers' host Was led to victory first, When on our guardless coast The cloud of battle burst; Through storm and spray, By these controll'd, Our natives hold Their thundering way.

Great Source of every art ! Our homes, our pictured halls, Our throng'd and busy mart, That lifts its granite walls, And shoots to heaven Its glittering spires, To catch the fires Of more and even;

These, and the breathing forms The brush or chisel gives, With this when marble warms, With that when canvass lives; These all combine In countless ways To swell thy praise, For all are thine.

# HER CHOSEN SPOT.

WRILE yet she lived, she walked alone Among these shades. A voice divine Whisper'd, "This spot shall be thine own; Here shall thy wasting form recline, Benenth the shadow of this pine."

"Thy will be done!" the sufferer said. This spot was hallow'd from that hour; And, in her eyes, the evening's shade And morning's dew this grees spot made More lovely than her bridal bower.

By the pale moon-herself more pale And spirit-like-these walks she trod; And, while no voice, from swell or vale,

Was heard, she knelt upon this sod And gave her spirit back to God.

That spirit, with an angel's wings, Went up from the young mother's bed: So, heavenward, soars the lark and sings. She's lost to earth and earthly things; But "weep not, for she is not dead,

She sleepeth !" Yea, she sleepeth here, The first that in these grounds hath slept. This grave, first water'd with the tear That child or widow'd man hath wept,

Shall be by heavenly watchmen kept.

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The babe that lay on her cold breast— A reached dropp'd on drifted snow— Its young hand in its father's press'd, Shall learn that she, who first carees'd Its infant check, now sleeps below.

And often shall be come alone, When not a sound but evening's sigh Is heard, and, bowing by the stone That bears his mother's name, with none But God and guardian angels nigh,

Shall say, "This was my mother's choice For her own grave: O, be it mine! Even now, methinks, I hear her voice Calling me hence, in the divine And mournful whisper of this pine."

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they !--The waves that brought them o'er Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray As they break along the shore:

Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day When the Mayflower moor'd below.

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

The mists, that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep, Still brood upon the tide;

And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep, To stay its waves of pride.

But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale When the heavens look'd dark, is gone ;----

As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud, Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name! The hill, whose icy brow

Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame, In the morning's flame burns now.

And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night On the hill-side and the sea,

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest; When summer's throned on high, And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,

Go, stand on the hill where they lis.

The earliest ray of the golden day On that hallow'd spot is cast;

And the evening sun, as he leaves the world, Looks kindly on that spot last,

The Pilgrim spiril has not fled; It walks in noon's broad light; And it watches the bed of the glorious dead, With their holy stars, by night. It watches the bed of the brave who have bled, And shall guard this ice-bound shore, Till the waves of the bny, where the Mayflower lay, Bhall foam and freeze no more. 12

# PLYMOUTH DEDICATION HYMN,

Tax winds and waves were roaring ; The Pilgrims met for prayer; And here, their God adoring, They stood, in open air. When breaking day they greeted, And when its close was calm, The leafless woods repeated The music of their psalm. Not thus, O God, to praise thre, Do we, their children, throng ; The temple's arch we raise thre Gives back our choral song. Yet, on the winds that bore thre Their worship and their prayers, May ours come up before thee From hearts as true as theirs ! What have we, Lord, to bind us To this, the Pilgrims' shore !---Their hill of graves behind us, Their watery way before, The wintry surge, that dashes Against the rocks they trod, Their memory, and their ashes, Be thou their guard, O God ! We would not, Holy Father, Forsake this hallow'd spot, Till on that shore we gather Where graves and griefs are not: The shore where true devotion Shall rear no pillar'd shrine, And see no other ocean Than that of love divine. THE EXILE AT REST. His falchion finsh'd along the Nile; His hosts he led through Alpine snows ; O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while, His eagle flag unroll'd-and froze. Here sleeps he now alone : not one Of all the kings whose crowns he gave, Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son, Hath ever seen or sought his grave. Here sleeps he now alone ; the star That led him on from crown to crown Hath sunk ; the nations from afar Gazed as it faded and went down. He sleeps alone : the mountain cloud That night hangs round him, and the breath Of morning scatters, is the shroud

That wraps his mortal form in death. High is his couch; the ocean flood

Far, far below by storms is curl'd, As round him heaved, while high he stood,

A stormy and inconstant world.

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Hark ! Comes there from the Pyrunids, And from Siberia's wastes of snow,

And Europe's fields, a voice that hids The world he awed to mourn him? No: # 2

The only, the perpetual dirgo That's heard there, is the scabird's cry, The mournful murmur of the surge, The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

### JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEN, Jerusalem, How glad should I have been. Could I, in my lone wanderings, Thine aged walls have seen !-Could I have gazed upon the dome Above thy towers that swells, And heard, as evening's sun went down, Thy parting camels' bells :---Could I have stood on Olivet, Where once the Saviour trod, And, from its height, look'd down upon The city of our God; For is it not, Almighty God, Thy holy city still,-Though there thy prophets walk no more,-That crowns Moriah's hill ? Thy prophets walk no more, indeed, The streets of Salem now. Nor are their voices lifted up On Zion's sadden'd brow ; Nor are their garnish'd sepulchres With pious sorrow kept, Where once the same Jerusalem, That kill'd them, came and wept. But still the seed of ABRAHAM With joy upon it look. And lay their ashes at its feet, That Kedron's feeble brook Still washes, as its waters creep Along their rocky bed, And Israel's Gop is worshipp'd yet Where Zion lifts her head. Yes; every morning, as the day Breaks over Olivet. The holy name of ALLAE comes From every minaret; At every eve the mellow call Floats on the quiet sir, "Lo, Gon is Gon ! Before him come, Before him come, for prayer !" I know, when at that solemn call The city holds her breath, That Owan's mosque hears not the name Of Him of Nazareth; But ABRAHAN'S GOD is worshipp'd there Alike by age and youth, And worshipp'd,-bop-th charity,-"In spirit and in truth." Yea, from that day when SALEM knelt And bent her queenly neck

To tim who was, at once, her priest And king,-Malcaislork,

To this, when Egypt's ABBABAN\* The sceptre and the sword Shakes o'er her head, her holy men Have bow'd before the Lord. Jerusalem, I would have seen Thy precipices steep, The trees of palm that overhang Thy gorges dark and deep, The goats that cling along thy cliffs, And browse upon thy rocks, Beneath whose shade lie down, alike, Thy shepherds and their flocks. I would have mused, while night hung out Her silver lamp so pale, Beneath those ancient olive trees That grow in Kedron's vele, Whose foliage from the pilgrim hides The city's wall sublime, Whose twisted arms and gnarled trunks Defy the scythe of time. The garden of Gethsemane Those aged olive trees Are shading yet, and in their shade I would have sought the breeze, That, like an angel, bathed the brow, And hore to heaven the prayer Of Jesus, when in agony, He sought the Father there. I would have gone to Calvary, And, where the MARYS stood, Bewailing loud the Crucified, As near him as they could, I would have stood, till night o'er earth Her heavy pall had thrown, And thought upon my Saviour's cross, And learn'd to bear my own. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Thy cross thou bearest now! An iron yoke is on thy neck, And blood is on thy brow; Thy golden crown, the crown of truth, Thou didst reject as dross. And now thy cross is on thee laid-The crescent is thy cross ! It was not mine, nor will it be, To see the bloody rod That scourgeth thee, and long hath scourged, Thou city of our Gop ! But round thy hill the spirits throng Of all thy murder'd secre, And voices that went up from it Are ringing in my ears,-Went up that day, when darkness fell From all thy firmament, And shrouded thee at noon ; and when Thy temple's vail was rent, And graves of holy men, that touch'd Thy feet, gave up their dead :-Jerusalem, thy prayer is heard, HIS PLOOD IS ON THE READ!

\* This name is now generally written IBRAHIR.

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## THE POWER OF MUSIC.\*

HEAR yon poetic pilgrim† of the west Chant music's preise, and to her power attest; Who now, in Florida's untrodden woods, Bedecks, with vines of jessamine, her floods, And flowery bridges o'er them loosely throws; Who hangs the canvass where ATILI glows, On the live oak, in floating drapery shrouded, That like a mountain rises, lightly clouded : Who, for the son of OUTALISSI, twines Beneath the shade of ever-whispering pines A functal wreath, to bloom upon the mosa That Time already sprinkles on the cross Raised o'er the grave where his young virgin sleeps, And Superstition o'er her victim weeps: Whom now the silence of the dead surrounds, Among Scioto's monumental mounds; Save that, at times, the musing pilgrim hears A crumbling oak fall with the weight of years, To swell the mass that Time and Ruin throw O'er chalky bones that mouldering lie below. By virtues unembalm'd, unstain'd by crimes, Lost in those towering tombs of other times : For, where no hard has cherished virtue's flame, No ashes sleep in the warm sun of fame. With sacred lore this traveller beguiles His weary way, while o'er him fancy smiles. Whether he kneels in venerable groves, Or through the wide and green savanna roves, His heart leaps lightly on each breeze, that bears The faintest breath of Idumea's airs.

Now he recalls the ismentable weil That pierced the shades of Rama's palmy vale, When Murder struck, throned on an infant's bier, A note for SATAN's and for HEROD's car. Now on a bank, o'erhung with waving wood, Whose falling leaves flit o'er Ohio's flood, The pilgrim stands; and o'er his memory rushes The mingled tide of tears and blood, that gushes Along the valleys where his childhood stray'd, And round the temples where his fathers pray'd. How fondly then, from all but hope exiled, To Zion's wo recurs religion's child! He sees the tear of JUDAN's captive daughters Mingle, in silent flow, with Babel's waters; While Salem's harp, by patriot pride unstrung, Wrapp'd in the mist that o'er the river hung, Feit but the brecze that wanton'd o'er the billow, And the long, swceping fingers of the willow.

And could not music soothe the captive's wo? But should that harp be strung for JUDAR's foe? While thus the enthusiast roams along the atream.

Balanced between a revery and a dream, Backward he springs; and through his bounding heart

The cold and curdling poison seems to dart. For, in the leaves, beneath a quivering brake, Spinning his death-note, lies a coiling snake, Just in the act, with greenly venom'd fangs. To strike the foot that heedless o'er him hangs.

 Bloated with rage, on spiral folds he rides; His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides; Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes, And freezing poisons thickens on his guins; His parch'd and hissing throat breathers hot and dry; A spark of holl lies burning on his eye: While, like a vapour o'er his writhing rings. Whirls his light tail, that threatens while it sings.

Soon as dumb fear removes her icy fingers From off the heart, where gazing wonder lingers. The pilgrim, shrinking from a doubtful light, Aware of danger, too, in sudden flight. From his soft flute throws music's air around. And meets his fee upon enchanted ground. Sce! as the plaintive melody is flung, The lightning flash fades on the scrpent's tongue; The uncoiling reptile o'er each shining fold Throws changeful clouds of azure, green, and gold ; A softer lustro twinkles in his eye: His neck is burnish'd with a glossier dye; His slippery scales grow smoother to the sight, And his relaxing circles roll in light. Slowly the charm retires; with waving sides. Along its track the graceful listener glides; While music throws her silver cloud around, And bears her votary off in magic folds of sound.

### **OBSEQUIES OF SPURZHEIM.**

STRANGER, there is bending o'er thee Many an eye with sorrow wet; All our stricken hearts deplore thee; Who, that knew thee, can forget ? Who forgot that thou hast spoken ? Who, thine eye,—that noble frame ? But that golden bowl is broken, In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither On the spot where thou shalt rest;

T is in love we bear thee thither, To thy mourning mother's breast.

For the stores of science brought us, For the charm thy goodness gave

To the lessons thou hast taught us, Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent Was thy worship at her shrine !

Friend of man, of God the scrvant, Advocate of truths divine,-

Taught and charm'd as by no other We have been, and hoped to be;

But, while waiting round thee, brother, For thy light,—'t is dark with thos.

Dark with thee ?--No; thy Creator, All whose creatures and whose laws Thou didst love, shall give thee greater

Light than earth's, as earth withdraws. To thy God, thy godlike spirit

Back we give, in filial trust; Thy cold clay,—we grieve to hear it To its shamper,—but we must

Distanting GOOQIC

To its chamber,-but we must.

### THE SEAMAN'S BETHEL.

Theor, who on the whirlwind ridest, At whose word the thunder roars, Who, in majesty, presidest O'er the oceans and their shores; From those shores, and from the oceans, We, the children of the ses, Come to pay these our devotions, And to give this house to these.

When, for business on great waters, We go down to sea in ships, And our weeping wives and daughters Hang, at parting, on our lips, This, our Bethel, shall remind us, That there's One who heareth prayer, And that those we leave behind us Are a faithful pastor's care.

Visions of our native highlands, In our wave-rock'd dreams embalm'd, Winds that come from spicy islands When we long have lain becalm'd, Are not to our souls so pleasant As the offerings we shall bring Hither, to the Omnipresent, For the shadow of his wing.

When in port, each day that's holy, To this house we'll press in throngs; When at sea, with spirit lowly, We'll repeat its sacred songs. Outward bound, shall we, in sadness, Lose its flag behind the seas;

Homeward bound, we'll greet with gladness Its first floating on the breeze.

Homeward bound !- with deep emotion, We remember, Lord, that life

Is a voyage upon an ocean, Heaved by many a tempest's strife. Be thy statutes so engraven On our hearts and minds, that we, Anchoring in Death's quiet haven, All may make our home with these

### THE SPARKLING BOWL.

Though lips of bards thy brim may press, And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll, And song and dance thy power confess, I will not touch thee; for there clings A scorpion to thy side, that stings!

Those crystal glass ! like Eden's tree, Thy melted ruby tempts the eye, And. as from that, there comes from thee The voice. "Thou shalt not surely die." I date not lift thy liquid gem ;---A snake is twisted round thy stem !

• Written for the dedication of the Seaman's Berhel, ander the direction of the Boston Port Bociety, September fourth, 1823. Thou liquid fire! like that which glow'd On Melita's surf-beaten shore,

Thou'st been upon my guests hestow'd, But thou shalt warm my house no more. For, wheresoe'er thy radiance falls. Forth, from thy heat, a viper crawls!

What, though of gold the gobiet be, Emboss'd with branches of the vine,

Beneath whose burnish'd leaves we see Such clusters as pour'd out the wine ? Among those leaves an adder hangs! I fear him ;--for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod, And felt the fiery serpent's bite, Look'd up to thet ordain'd of Gon.

And found that life was in the sight. So, the worm-bitten's fiery veins Cool, when he drinks what Gop ordsins.

Ye gracious clouds ! ye deep, cold wells ! Ye gems, from mosey rocks that drip ! Springs, that from earth's mysterious cells Gush o'er your granite basin's lip ! To you I look :—your largess give, And I will drink of you, and live.

## FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Dat of glory! welcome day! Freedom's banners greet thy ray; See! how cheerfully they play With thy morning breeze, On the rocks where pilgrims kneel'd, On the heights where squadrons wheel'd, When a tyrant's thunder peal'd O'er the trembling sees.

Gon of armies! did thy "stars In their courses" smite his cars, Blast his arm, and wrest his bars From the heaving tide? On our standard, lo! they burn, And, when days like this return, Sparkle o'er the soldiers' urn

Who for freedom died.

God of peace !---whose spirit fills All the echoes of our hills, All the murmurs of our rills, Now the storm is o'er;---O, let freemen be our sons; And let future WASHINGTONS Rise, to lead their valiant once, Till there's war no more. By the patriot's hallow'd rest,

By the warrior's gory breast, Never let our graves be press'd By a despot's throne; By the Pilgrims' toils and cares, By their battles and their prayers, By their battles and their prayers,

Dow to thee alone.

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#### [Born 1786.]

MR. NORTOX was born at Hingham, near Boston, in 1786. He entered Harvard College in 1800, and was graduated in 1804. He studied divinity, but never became a settled clergyman. He was for a time tutor at Bowdoin College, and afterward tutor and librarian in Harvard University. In 1819, he became Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature in the latter institution. He

resigned that office in 1830, and has since resided at Cambridge as a private gentleman.

Mr. Nowrox is author of "The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels," published in an octavo volume, in 1837; and of several other theological works, in which he has exhibited rare scholarship and argumentative abilities. His poetical writings are not numerous.

# TO ----, ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

O, sray thy tears! for they are blest Whose days are past; whose toil is done. Here midnight care disturbs our rest; Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

For labouring Virtue's anxious toil, For patient Sorrow's stiffed sigh, For Faith that marks the conqueror's spoil, Heaven grants the recompense, to die.

How blest are they whose transient years Pass like an evening meteor's flight; Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears; Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

How cheerless were our lengthen'd way, Did heaven's own light not break the gloom; Stream downward from eternal day, And cast a glory round the tomb!

Then stay thy tears; the blest above Have hail'd a spirit's heavenly birth; Sung a new song of joy and love, And why should anguish reign on earth?

## WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES ELIOT.

FAREWELL! before we meet egain, Perhaps through scenes as yet unknown, That lie in distant years of pain, I have to journey on alone;

To meet with griefs thou wilt not feel, Perchance with joys thou canst not share; And when we both were wont to kneel, To breathe alone the silent prayer;

But no'er a deeper pang to know, Than when I watch'd thy slow decay, Saw on thy check the hectic glow, And feit at last each hope give way. But who the destined hour may tell, That bids the loosen'd spirit fly? E'en now this pulse's feverish swell

May warn me of mortality. But chance what may, thou wilt no more

With sense and wit my hours beguile, Inform with learning's various lore,

Or charm with friendship's kindest smile

Each book I read, each walk I tread, Whate'er I feel, whate'er I see,

All speak of hopes forever fled, All have some tale to tell of thee.

I shall not, should misfortune lower, Should friends desert, and life decline,

I shall not know thy soothing power, Nor hear thes say, "My heart is thine."

If thou hadst lived, thy well-earn'd fame Had bade my fading prospect bloom,

Had cast its lustre o'er my name, And stood the guardian of my tomb.

Servant of Gop! thy ardent mind, With lengthening years improving still, Striving, untired, to serve maakind, Had thus perform'd thy Father's will.

Another task to thee was given; "Twas thine to drink of early wo, To feel thy hopes, thy friendships riven, And bend submissive to the blow;

With patient smile and steady eye, To meet each pang that sickness gave, And see with lingering step draw nigh The form that pointed to the grave.

Servant of Gop ! thou art not there; Thy race of virtue is not run;

What blooms on earth of good anu fair, Will ripen in another sun.

Dost thou, amid the repturous glow With which the soul her welcome hears, Dost thou still think of us below,

Of earthly scenes, of human tcars?

Dimming Google

Perhaps e'en now thy thoughts return To when in summer's moonlight walk, Of all that now is thine to learn, We framed no light nor fruitless talk.

We spake of knowledge, such as soars From world to world with ceaseless flight; And love, that follows and adores, As nature spreads before her sight.

How vivid still past scenes appear! I feel as though all were not o'er; As though 't were strange I cannot hear Thy voice of friendship yet once more.

But I shall hear it; in that day Whose setting sun I may not view, When earthly voices die away, Thine will at last be heard anew.

We meet again; a little while, And where thou art I too shall be. And then, with what an angel smile Of gladness, thou wilt welcome me!

# A SUMMER SHOWER.

The rain is o'er—How dense and bright Yon pearly clouds reposing lie! Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight, Contrasting with the deep-blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives The general blessing; fresh and fair, Each flower expands its little leaves, As glad the common joy to share.

The soften'd sunbeams pour around A fairy light, uncertain, pele; The wind flows cool, the scented ground Is breathing odours on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pils, Methinks some spirit of the air Might rest to gaze below a while, Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth—from off the scene, Its finating veil of mist is flung; And all the wilderness of green With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature—yet the same— Glowing with life, by breezes fann'd, Luxuriant, lovely, as she came, Fresh in her youth, from Gon's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice, Which sounds from all below, above; She calls her children to rejoice, And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence—low-born care, And all the troin of mean desire, Refuse to breathe this holy air, And mid this living light expire.

### HYMN.

Mr Gon, I thank thee! may no thought E'er deem thy chastisements severe; But may this heart, by sorrow taught, Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy hids all nature bloom; The sun shines bright, and man is gay; Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain Thy frail and erring child must know; But not one prayer is breathed in vain, Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ; Thy purposes of love fulfil; And, mid the wreck of human joy, May knceling faith adore thy will !

## TO MRS. ——, ON HER DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

FARIWELL! farewell! for many a day Our thoughts far o'er the sea will roam! Blessings and prayers attend thy way; Glad welcomes wait for thee at home.

While gazing upon Alpine snows, Or lingering near Italian shores; Where Nature all her grandeur shows, Or art unveils her treasured stores;

When mingling with those gifted minds That shed their influence on our mcs, Thine own its native station finds, And takes with them an honour'd place;

Forget not, then, how dear thou art To many friends not with thee there; To many a warm and anxious heart, Object of love, and hope, and prayer.

When shall we meet again !--some day, In a bright morning, when the gale Sweeps the blue waters as in play; Then shall we watch thy coming sail !

When shall we meet again, and where 1 We trust not hope's uncertain voice; To faith the future all is fair: She speaks assured; "Thou shalt rejoice."

Perhaps our meeting may be when, Mid new-born life's awakening glow, The loved and lost appear again, Heaven's music sounding sweet and low

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# EYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Warns ancient forests round us spread, Where bends the cataract's occan-fail, On the lone mountain's silent head, There are thy tempies, Gon of all!

Beneath the dark-blue, midnight arch, Whence myriad suns pour down their rays, Where planets trace their ceaseless march, Father! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thine altars are; for there, When earthly loves and hopes have fied, To thes ascends the spirit's prayer, Thou Gon of the unmortal dead 1

All space is holy; for all space Is fill'd by thee; but human thought Burns clearer in some chosen place, Where thy own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught; and may we know That faith thy servants knew of old; Which onward bears through weal and wo, Till Death the gates of heaven unfold i

Nor we alone; may those whose brow Shows yet no trace of human cares, Hereafter stand where we do now, And raise to thes still holier prayers I

## FORTITUDE.

FAINT not, poor travelier, though thy way Be rough, like that thy SAVIOUR trod; Though cold and stormy lower the day, This path of suffering leads to Gon.

Nay, sink not; though from every limb Are starting drops of toil and pain; Thou dost but share the lot of Him With whom his followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone, Must bear the sorrows that assail; Look upward to the eternal throne, And know a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly; yet a few more days, And thy hard trial will be past; Then, wrapt in glory's opening blaze, Thy feet will rest on heaven at last.

Christian! thy Friend, thy Master pray'd, When dread and anguieb shook his frame; Then met his sufferings undismay'd; Wilt thou not strive to do the same !

0! think'st thou that his Father's love Shone round him then with fainter rays Than now, when, throned all height above, Unceasing voices hymn his praise? Go, sufferer ! calmly meet the woes Which Goo's own mercy bids thee bear; Then, rising as thy SAVIOUR rose, Go ! his eternal victory share,

### THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Axorazz year! another year! The unceasing rush of time sweeps on; Whelm'd in its surges, disappear Man's hopes and fears, forever gone!

O, no ! forbear that idle tale ! The hour demands another strain, Demands high thoughts that cannot quail, And strength to conquer and retain.

"T is midnight—from the dark-blue sky, The stars, which now look down on carth, Have seen ten thousand centuries fly, And given to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall, And, mouldering, mix as dust in sir, The dwellers on this alter'd ball May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on ! shine on ! with you I tread The march of ages, orbs of light! A last eclipse o'er you may spread, To me, to me, there comes no night.

O! what concerns it him, whose way Lies upward to the immortal dead, That a few hairs are turning gray, Or one more year of life has fled !

Swift years ! but teach me how to bear, To feel and act with strength and skill, To reason wisely, nobly dare, And speed your courses as yo will.

When life's meridian toils are done, How calm, how rich the twilight glow! The morning twilight of a sun Which shines not here on things below.

But sorrow, sickness, death, the pain To leave, or lose wife, children, friends ! What then—shall we not meet again Where parting comes not, sorrow ends ?

The fondness of a parent's care, The changeless trust which woman gives, The smile of childhood.—it is there That all we love in them still lives.

Press onward through each varying hour; Let no weak fears thy course delay; Immortal being ! feel thy power, Pursue thy bright and endless way.

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# TO MRS. ———, JUST AFTER HER MAR-RIAGE.

- NAX! ask me not now for some proof that my . heart
  - Has learn'd the dear lesson of friendship for thee;
- Nay! ask not for words that might feebly impart The feelings and thoughts which thy glance cannot see.
- Whate'er I could wish thee already is thine; The fair sunshine within sheds its beams through
- thine eye ; And Pleasure slands near thee, and waits but a sign

To all whom thou lovest at thy bidding to fly.

- Yet, hereafter, thy bosom some sadness may feel, Some cloud o'er thy heart its chill shadow may throw;
- Then, ask if thou wilt, and my words shall reveal The feelings and thoughts which thou now canst not know

## FUNERAL HYMN.

HE has gone to bis Gon; he has gone to his home; No more amid peril and error to roam; His eres are no longer dim; His feet will no more falter; No grief can follow him; No pang his cheek can alter.

There are paleness, and weeping, and sighs below; For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow; But the harps of heaven are ringing; Glad angels come to greet him, And hymnes of joy are singing, While old friends press to meet him.

O! honour'd, beloved, to earth unconfined, Thou hast soared on high, thou hast left us behind. But our parting is not forever, We will follow thee by heaven's light, Where the grave cannot dissever The souls whom Gos will unite.

### A WINTER MORNING.

Tax keen, clear air—the splendid sight---We waken to a world of ice; Where all things are enshrined in light, As by some genie's quaint device.

"T is winter's jubilee—this day His stores their countless treasures yield, See how the diamond glances play, In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field.

The cold, have spot where late we ranged, The naked woods, are seen no more;

This earth to fairy land is changed, With glittering silver sheeted o'er.

A shower of gems is strew'd around; The flowers of winter, rich and rare; Rubies and sapphires deck the ground,

The topsz, emerald, all are there.

The morning sun, with cloudless rays, His powerless splendour round us streams. From crusted boughs, and twinkling sprays, Fly back unloosed the rainbow beams.

With more than summer beauty fair, The trees in winter's garb are shown; What a rich halo melts in air, Around their crystal branches thrown!

And yesterday.....how changed the view From what then charm'd us; when the sky Hung, with its dim and watery hue, O'er all the soft, still prospect niga.

The distant groves, array'd in white, Might then like things unreal seem, Just shown a while in silvery light, The fictions of a poet's dream;

Like shadowy groves upon that shore O'er which Elysium's twilight lay, By bards and sages feign'd of yore, Ere broke on earth heaven's brighter day.

O Gop of Nature ! with what might Of beauty, shower'd on all below,

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Thy guiding power would lead aright Earth's wanderer all thy love to know!

# RICHARD H. DANA.

### [Bons 1787.]

WILLFAN DANA, Esquire, was sheriff of Middlesex during the reign of Queen ELIZABATH. His only descendant at that time living, RICHARD DAWA, came to America about the middle of the seventeenth century, and settled at Cambridge, then called Newtown, near Boston. A grandson of this gentleman, of the same name, was the poet's grandfather. He was an eminent member of the bar of Massachusetts, and an active whig during the troubles in Boston immediately before the Revolution. He married a sister of EDMUND TROWBRIDGE, who was one of the king's judges, and the first lawyer in the colony. FRANCIS DANA, the father of RICHARD H. DANA, after being gruduated at Harvard College, studied law with his uncle, Judge TROWBRIDGE, and became equally distinguished for his professional abilities. He was appointed envoy to Russia during the Revolution, was a member of Congress, and of the Massachusetts Convention for adopting the national constitution, and afterward Chief Justice of that Commonweaith. He married a daughter of the Honourable WILLIAM ELLERT, of Rhode Island, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and through her the subject of this sketch is lineally descended from ANNE BRADSTREET, the wife of Governor BRADSTREET, and daughter of Governor DUBLEY, who was the most celebrated poet of her time in America. Thus, it will be seen, our author has good blood in his veins : an honour which no one pretends to despise who is confident that his grandfather was not a felon or a boor.

RICHARD HENRY DANA was born at Cambridge, on the fifteenth of November, 1787. When about ten years old he went to Newport, Rhode Island, where he remained until a year or two before he entered Harvard College. His health, during his boyhood, was too poor to admit of very constant application to study; and much of his time was passed in rambling along the rockbound coast, listening to the roar and dashing of the waters, and searching for the wild and picturesque; indicating thus early that love of nature which is evinced in nearly all his subsequent writings, and acquiring that perfect knowledge of the scenery of the sea which is shown in the "Buccancer," and some of his minor pieces. On leaving college, in 1807, he returned to Newport, and passed nearly two years in studying the Latin language and literature, after which he went to Baltimore, and entered as a student the law office of General ROBERT GOODBUR HARPER. The approach of the second war with Great Britain, and the extreme unpopularity of all persons known to belong to the federal party, induced him to return to Cambridge, where he finished his course of study and opened an office. He soon became a 18

member of the legislature, and was for a time a warm partisan.

Feeble health, and great constitutional sensitiveness, the whole current of his mind and feelings, convinced him that he was unfitted for his profession, and he closed his office to assist his relative, Professor EDWARD T. CRANNING, in the management of the "North American Review," which had then been established about two years. While connected with this periodical he wrote several articles which (particularly one upon HAZLITT'S British Poets) excited much attention among the literary men of Boston and Cambridge. The Porz and Queen ANNE school was then triumphant, and the dicta of JEFFREY were law. DANA praised WORDSWORTH and COLKniper, and saw much to admire in Brnon ; he thought poetry was something more than a recreation; that it was something superinduced upon the realities of life; he believed the ideal and the spiritual might be as real as the visible and the tangible; thought there were truths beyond the understanding and the senses, and not to be reached by ratiocination; and indeed broached many paradoxes not to be tolerated then, but which now the same community has taken up and carried to an extent at that time unthought of.

A strong party rose against these opinions, and DANA had the whole induence of the university, of the literary and fashionable society of the city, and of the press, to contend against. Being in a minority with the "North American Club," he in 1819 or 1820 gave up all connection with the Review, which passed into the hands of the Evr-BETTS and others, and in 1821 began "The life Mun," for which he found a publisher in Mr. CHARLES WILLT, of New York. This was read and admired by a class of literary men, but it was of too high a character for the period, and on the publication of the first number of the second vojume, DANA received from Mr. WILET information that he was "writing himself into debt," and gave up the work.

In 1825, he published his first poetical production, "The Dying Raven," in the "New York Review," then edited by Mr. Barast;" and two

• While Dawa was a member of the "North American Club," the poem entitled "Thuratopelat" was offered for publication in the Review. Our critic, will one or two others, read it, and concurred in the belief that it could not have been written by an American. There was a finish and completences whout it, added to the grandour and beauty of the ideas, to which, it was supposed, none of our own writers had attained. Dawa was informed, however, that the author of it was a member of the Massachusetto Sensite, then in session, and he walked immediately from Cambridge to the State House in Boston tu obtain a view of the remarkable man. A plain, middleaged geniteman, with a business-like aspect, was pointed

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years after gave to the public, in a small volume, "The Buccaneer, and other Poems." This was well received, the popular taste having, in the five years which had elapsed since the publication of the "Idic Man," been considerably improved ; but as his publishers failed soon after it was printed, the port was not made richer by his toil. In 1833 he published his "Poems and Prose Writings," including "The Buccaneer," and other pieces embraced in his previous volume, with some new porms, and the "Idle Man," except the few papers written for it by his friends. For this he received from his bookseller about enough to make up for the loss he had sustained by the "Idle Man." His case illustrates the usual extent of the rewards of exertion in the higher departments of literature in this country. Had his first work been successful, he would probably have been a voluminous writer.

In 1839, he delivered in Boston and New York a series of lectures on English poetry, and the great masters of the art, which were warmly applauded by the educated and judicious. These have not yet been printed.

The longest and most remarkable of  $D_{AWA's}$ poems is the "Burcancer," a story in which he has depicted with singular power the stronger and darker passions. It is based on a tradition of a murder committed on an island on the coast of New England, by a pirate, whose guilt in the end

#### THE BUCCANEER.

"Boy with thy blac berd, 1 refe that thou blin, And some set the to shrive, With sorrow of thiayn: Ze met with the merchandes And made tham ful bars: It as guide reason and right That ze evilt misfare." LAUBENCE MINOT.

Tuπ island lies nine leagues away. Along its solitary shore, Of craggy rock and sendy bay, No sound but ocean's roar, Save, where the bold, wild sca-bird makes her home, Her shull cry coming through the sparkling foun.

But when the light winds lie at rest, And on the glassy, heaving sea, The black duck, with her glossy breast, Sits swinging silently; How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,

And silvery waves go noiscless up the brach.

out to bim; a single glance was sufficient; the legislator could not be take author of Thanatopys; nucl he returned without seeking an introduction. A slight and instural mistake of names had misled his informant. The real suchor being at length discovered, a correspondence ensued; and Bayaar being invited to deliver the Phil Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge, they became personally acquainted, and a friendship spring up which has lasted until the present time. meets with strange and terrible retribution. In attempting to compress his language he is sometimes slightly obscure, and his verse is occasionally harsh, but never feeble, never without meaning. The "Buccaneer" is followed by a poem of very different character, entitled "The Changes of Home," in which is related the affection of two young persons, in humble life, whose marriage is deferred until the lover shall have earned the means of subsistence; his departure in search of gain; his return in disappointment; his second departure, and death in absence-a sad history, and one that is too often lived. "Factitious Life," "Thoughts on the Soul," and "The Husband's and Wife's Grave," are the longest of his other poems, and, as well as his shorter pieces, they are distinguished for high religious purpose, profound philosophy, simple sentiment, and pure and vigorous diction.

All the writings of DANA belong to the permanent literature of the country. His prose and poetry will find every year more and more readers. Something resembling poetry "is oftentimes borne into instant and turbulent popularity, while a work of genuine character may be lying neglected by all except the poets. But the tide of time flows on, and the former begins to settle to the bottom, while the latter rises slowly and steadily to the surface, and goes forward, for a spirit is in it."

And inland rosts the green, warm doll; The brook comes tinkling down its side; From out the trees the Sabbath bell

Rings cheerful, far and wide, Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks.

That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat In former days within the vale; Flapp'd in the bay the pirate's sheet; Curses were on the gale;

Rich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd men; Pirste and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace, Now slowly fall upon the ear;

A quiet look is in each face,

Subdued and holy fear :

Each motion gentle; all is kindly done-Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

#### ľ.

Twelve years are gone since MATTHEW LEE Held in this isle unquestion'd sway;

A dark, low, brawny man was he; His law---- It is my way."

Beneath his thick-set brows a sharp light broke From small gray eyes; his laugh a triumph spoke.

11.

Cruel of heart, and strong of arm, Loud in his sport, and keen for spoil,

He little reck'd of good or harm, Fierce both in mirth and toil;

Congle

Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were: Spenk mildly, when he would, or look in fear

### 111.

Amid the uproar of the storm, And by the lightning's sharp, red glare, Were seen Lxs's face and sturdy form; His axe glanced quick in air; Whose corpse at morn is floating in the sedge ? There's blood and hair, MAT, on thy axe's edge.

#### I¥.

" Nay, ask him yonder; let him tell; I make the brute, not man, my mark. Who walks these cliffs, needs heed him well! Last night was fearful dark.

Think ye the lashing waves will spare or feel ! An ugly gash !- These rocks-they cut like steel,"

۳.

He wiped his axe; and, turning round, Said, with a cold and harden'd smile, "The hemp is saved—the man is drown'd. Wilt let him float a while ?

Or give him Christian burial on the strand ! He'll find his fellows peaceful 'neath the sand."

#### ¥1.

Lzs's waste was greater than his gain. "I'll try the merchant's trade," he thought, "Though less the toil to kill, than feign-Things sweeter robb'd than bought-But, then, to circumvent them at their arts!"

Ship mann'd, and spoils for cargo, Las departs.

#### VII.

'T is fearful, on the broad-back'd waves, To feel them shake, and hear them roar; Beneath, unsounded, dreadful caves:

Around, no cheerful shore. Yet mid this solemn world what deeds are done? The curse goes up, the deadly sea-fight's won;

#### VIII.

And wanton talk, and laughter heard, Where speaks Gon's deep and awful voice. There's awe from that lone ocean-bird;

Pray ye, when ye rejoice !

"Leave prayers to priests," cries LEX; "I'm ruler here !

These fellows know full well whom they should fear !"

#### х.

The ship works hard; the seas run high; Their white tops, flashing through the night, Give to the easer, straining eye,

A wild and shifting light

"Hard at the pumps!-The leak is gaining fast! Lighten the ship!-The devil rode that blast!"

#### f+ -

Ocean has swallow'd for its food Spoils thou didst gain in murderous glee; Mar, could its waters wash out blood,

It had been well for thee. Crime fits for crime. And no repentant tear Hast thou for sin?—Then wait thine hour of fear.

# xı.

The sea has like a plaything toss'd That beavy buil the livelong night. The man of sin—he is not lost;

Soft breaks the morning light.

Torn spars and sails-her cargo in the deep-

The ship makes port with slow and labouring sweep.

# **XII.**

Ill luck in change !-Ho! cheer ye up, my men! Rigg'd, and at sea, we'll to old work again!"

## XIII.

A sound is in the Pyrenees! Whirling and dark, comes rearing down A tide, as of a thousand seas.

Sweeping both cowf and crown. On field and vineyard, thick and red it stood. Spain's streets and palaces are wet with blood,

# πtv.

And wrath and terror shake the land; The peaks shine clear in watchire lights; Soon comes the trend of that stout band— Bold Antsua and his knights. Awake ye, MENLIN! Hear the shout from Spain!

The spell is broke !- ANTHOR is come again !

## **IT**.

Too late for thee, thou young fair bride: The lips are cold, the brow is pale,

That thou didst kiss in love and pride: He cannot hear thy wall,

Whom thou didst lult with fondly murmur'd sound:

His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

#### XVI.

He fell for Spain-her Spain no more; For he was gone who made it dear;

And she would seek some distant shore, At rest from strife and fear,

And wait, amid her sorrows, till the day

His voice of love should call her thence away.

#### X 7 I 1.

LEE feign'd him grieved, and bow'd him low. 'Twould joy his heart could he but aid So good a lady in her wo.

He meekly, smoothly said.

With wealth and servants she is soon aboard, And that white steed she rode beside her lord.

#### XVIII.

The sun goes down upon the sea; The shadows gather round her home.

"How like a pall are ye to me!

My home, how like a tomb!

Distanting GOOGLE

O! blow, ye flowers of Spain, above his head. Ye will not blow o'er me when I am dead."

# XIX.

And now the stars are burning bright; Yet still she's looking toward the shore Beyond the waters black in night. "I no'er shall see thee more! Ye're many, waves, yet lonely seems your flow; And I'm alone---scarce know I where to go."

# XX.

Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea ! The wash of waters lulls thee now; His arm no more will pillow thee, Thy ingers on his brow. He is not near, to hush thee, or to save.

The ground is his-the sea must be thy grave.

#### XXI.

The moon comes up; the night goes on. Why, in the shadow of the mast, Stands that dark, thoughtful man slone? Thy pledge, man; keep it fast! Bethink thee of her youth and sorrows, LEE; Helpless, alone-and, then, her trust in thee.

# \*\*\*\*

#### XXIII.

He sleeps ; but dreams of massy gold, And heaps of pearl. He stretch'd his hands. He hears a voice—"Ill man, withhold !" A pale one near him stands.

Her breath comes deathly cold upon his check; Her touch is cold.—He wakes with piercing shrick.

#### XXIV.

He wakes; but no relentings wake Within his angry, restless soul.

"What, shall a dream MAT's purpose shake ? The gold will make all whole.

Thy merchant trade had nigh unmann'd thee, lad! What, balk my chance because a woman's sad!"

#### XXV.

He cannot look on her mild eye; Her patient words his spirit quell. Within that evil heart there lie The hates and fears of hell. His speech is short; he wears a surly brow.

There's none will hear her shrick. What fear ye now ?

# XXVI.

The workings of the soul ye fear; Ye fear the power that goodness hath; Ye fear the Unseen One, ever near, Walking his ocean path. From out the silent void there comes a cry-"Vengeance is mine! Thou, murderer, too, shalt

die !"

# XXVII.

Nor dread of ever-during wo, Nor the see's awful solitude, Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego. Then, bloody hand.--to blood ! The scud is driving wildly overhead; The stars burn dim; the ocean moans its dead.

#### XX¥111.

Moan for the living; mean our sins,... The wrath of man, more fierce than thine. Hark! still thy waves !-- The work begins---LIF makes the deadly sign. The crew glide down like shadows. Eye and hand

Speak fearful meanings through that silent band.

# \*\*\*\*

They're gone.—The helmsmon stands alone: And one leans idly o'er the bow. Still as a tomb the ship keeps on; Nor sound nor stirring now.

Hush, hark! as from the centre of the deep-

Shricks-fiendish yells! They stab them in their sleep !

#### 331.

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife, The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,

The panting, throttled prayer for life,

The dying's heaving sigh,

The murderer's curse, the dead man's fix'd, still glare,

And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there!

# XXXI.

On pale, dead men, on burning cheek, On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp, On hands that with the warm blood reck,

Shines the dim cabin lamp. Lex look'd. "They sleep so sound," he, laughing,

said, "They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid."

#### XXXII.

A crash! They've forced the door,—and then One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream Comes thrilling through the growl of men. 'T is hers!—O Gun, redeem

From worse than death, thy suffering, helpless child! That dreadful shrick again-sharp, sharp, and wild!

#### XXXIII.

It ceased.—With speed o'th' lightning's flash, A looso-robed form, with streaming hair, Shoots by.—A leap—a quick, short splash ! 'T is gone!—There's nothing there ! The waves have swept away the bubbling tile. Bright-crested waves, how calmly on they ride'

#### XXXIV.

She's sleeping in her silent cave. Nor hears the stern, loud roar above, Nor strife of man on land or wave. Young thing her home of love

She soon has reach'd !---Fair, unpolluted thing ! They harm'd her not !---Was dying suffering ?

Distanting GOOGIC

# XXIY.

O, no !--To live when joy was dead; To go with one lone, pining thought--To mournful love her being wed--Feeling what death had wrought; To live the child of wo, yet shed no tear, Bear kindness, and yet share no joy nor fear;

#### XXXVI.

To look on man, and deem it strange That he on things of earth should brood, When all its throng'd and busy range To her was solitude—

O, this was bitterness! Death came and press'd Her wearied lids, and brought her sick heart rost.

#### XXXVII.

Why look ye on each other so, And speak no word ?---Ay, shake the head ! She's gone where ye can never go, What fear ye from the dead !

They tell no tales; and ye are all true men; But wash away that blood; then, home again !---

#### XXXVIII.

"T is on your souls; it will not out! LEE, why so lost? "T is not like thee? Come, where thy revel, oath, and shout? "That pale one in the sea?---

I mind not blood....But sho---I cannot tell! A spirit was't !---it flash'd like fires of hell !---

#### XXXIX.

"And when it pass'd there was no tread ! It leap'd the deck.....Who heard the sound ? I heard none!--Say, what was it fied ?--

Poor girl!-And is she drown'd ?---

Went down these depths ! How dark they look, and cold !

She's yonder! stop her!---Now!--there!--hold her, hold!"

XL.

They gazed upon his ghastly face.

"What ails thee, LEF; and why that glare?" "Look! ha, 'tis gone, and not a trace!

No, no, she was not there !----

Who of you said ye heard her when she fell?

"Twas strange-I'll not be fool'd---Will no one tell ?"

#### XLI.

He paused. And soon the wildness pass'd. Then came the tingling flush of shame. Remorse and fear are gone as fast. "The silly thing 's to blame To quit us so. "T is plain she loved us not; Or she'd have stay'd a while, and shared my cot."

#### XLJI.

And then the ribald laugh'd. The jest, Though old and foul, loud laughter drew; And fouler yet came from the rest Of that infernal crew.

Note, heaven, their blasphemy, their broken trust! Lust panders murder-murder panders lust!

### XL111.

Now slowly up they bring the dead From out that silent, dim-lit room. No prayer at their quick burial said; No friend to weep their doom.

The hungry waves have seized them one by one; And, swallowing down their prey, go roaring on-

# XLIV.

Cries Lzr. "We must not be betray'd. "T is but to add another corse! Strange words, 't is said, an ass once bray'd:

I'll never trust a horse ! Out! throw him on the waves alive ! He'll swim; For once a horse shall ride : we all ride him."

### XLV.

Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came As rang far o'er the waters wide. It shook with fear the stoutest frame: The horse is on the tide! As the waves leave, or lift him up, his cry

Comes lower now, and now 't is near and high.

#### XLVI.

And through the swift wave's yesty crown His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light, And fear seems wrath. He now sinks down, Now heaves again to sight, Then drifts away; and through the night they hear Far off that dreadful cry....But morn is neur.

#### XLVII.

O hadst thou known what deeds were done, When thou wast shining far away,

Would'st thou let fall, calin-coming sun, Thy warm and silent ray?

The good are in their graves; thou canst not cheer Their dark, cold mansions: Sin alone is here.

#### XLYIII.

"The deed's complete! The gold is ours! There, wash away that bloody stain! Pray, who'd refuse what fortune showers!

Now, lads, we'll lot our gain.

Must fairly share, you know, what's fairly get? A truly good night's work! Who says 't was not ?"

#### XLIX.

There's song, and oath, and gaming deep, Hot words, and laughter, mad carouse; There's naught of proyer, and little sleep; The devil keeps the house!

"LEE cheats!" cried JACK. LEE struck him to the heart.

"That's foul!" one mutter'd.--- Fool! you take your part!---

#### x.

"The fewer heirs the richer, man! Hold forth thy palm, and keep thy prate!

Our life, we read, is but a span.

tionarity Google

What matters, soon or late?"

And when on shore, and asked, Did many die ' "Near half my crew, poor lads!" he'd say, and sigh.

#### LI.

# Within our bay, one stormy night, The isle-men saw boats make for shore, With here and there a dancing light, That flash'd on man and oar.

When hail'd, the rowing stopp'd, and all was dark. "Ha! lantern-work!→We'll home! They 're playing shark !"

## LII.

Next day, at noontime, toward the town, All stared and wonder'd much to see Mar and his men come strolling down. The boys shout, "Here comes LEP!"

"Thy ship, good LET ?" "Not many leagues from shore

Our ship by chance took fire."-They learn'd no more.

#### LITI.

He and his crew were flush of gold. "You did not lose your cargo, then ?" "Learn, where all's fairly bought and sold, Heaven prospers those true men. Forsake your evil ways, as we forsook Our ways of sin, and honest courses took !

#### LIV.

"Wouldst see my log-book ? Fairly writ With pen of steel, and ink of blood ! How lightly doth the conscience sit ! Learn, truth 's the only good." And thus, with flout, and cold and impious jeer, He fled repentance, if he 'scaped not fear.

#### LV.

Remorse and fear he drowns in drink. "Come, pass the bowl, my jolly crew! It thicks the blood to mope and think. Here's merry days, though few!" And then he qualfa-So riot reigns within; So brawl and laughter shake that house of sin.

#### LVI.

MAT lords it now throughout the isle. His hand falls heavier than before. All dread alike his frown or smile.

None come within his door, Save those who dipp'd their hands in blood with him; Save those who laugh'd to see the white horse swim.

#### £711.

"To-night's our anniversary; And, mind me, lads, we'll have it kept With royal state and special glee! Better with those who slopt Their sleep that night, had he be now, who slinks! And health and wealth to him who bravely drinks!"

#### LVIII.

The words they speak, we may not speak. The tales they tell, we may not tell. Mere mortal man, forlear to seek The secrets of that hell? Their shouts grow loud :---'T is near mid-hour of night:

#### What means upon the waters that red light?

# LIX.

Not bigger than a star it seems: And, now, 'tis like the bloody moon: And, now, it shoots in hairy streams Its light!--'t will reach us soon! A ship! and all on fire !---hull, yards, and mast! Her sheets are sheets of flame!---She's nearing fast!

# LX.

And now she rides, upright and still, Shedding a wild and lurid light Around the cove, on inland hill, Waking the gloom of night. All breathes of terror! men. in dumb amaze, Gaze on each other 'neath the horrid blaze.

# LXI.

It scares the sea-binls from their nests; They dart and wheel with deafening screams; Now dark—and now their wings and breasts Flash back disastrous gleams. O, sin, what hast thou done on this fuir earth ! The world, O man, is wailing o'er thy birth.

#### LXII.

And what comes up above the wave, So ghastly white !—A spectral head !— A horse's head !—(May Heaven save Those looking on the dead— The waking dead !) There, on the sea, he stands— The Spectre-Horse !—He moves; he gains the sands !

#### LXIII.

Onward he speeds. His ghostly sides Are streaming with a cold, blue light. Heaven keep the wits of him who rides The Spectre-Horse to-night ! His path is shining like a swift ship's wake ; Before Lax's door he gleams like day's gray break.

#### LXIV.

The revel now is high within; It breaks upon the midnight air. They little think, mid mirth and din, What spirit waits them there. As if the sky became a voice, there spread A sound to appal the living, stir the dead.

#### LXV.

The spirit-steed sent up the neigh. It seem'd the living trump of hell, Sounding to call the damn'd away, To join the host that fell. It rang along the valled sky: the shore Jarrd hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

#### LXVI.

It rang in ears that knew the sound; And hot, flush'd checks are blanch'd with tear And why does Lex look wildly round ? Thinks he the drown'd horse near? He drops his cup-his lips are stiff with fright. Nay, sit thee down ? It is thy banquet night.

timmering Google

# LXTII.

"I cannot sit. I needs must go: The spell is on my spirit now. I go to dread-I go to wo!" O, who so weak as thou, Strong man!--His hoof upon the door-stone, see, The shadow stands!---His eyes are on thee, Lxz !---

LXVIII.

Thy hair pricks up !-----"O, I must bear His damp, cold breath ! It chills my frame ! His eyes---thoir near and dreadful glare Speak that I must not name !" Thou'rt mad to mount that horse !----"A power

within,

I must obey-cries, 'Mount thee, man of sin !""

#### LXIX.

He's now upon the spectre's back, With rein of silk, and curb of gold. "T is fearful speed !---the rein is slack Within his senseless hold; Upborne by an unseen power, he onward rides, Yet touches not the shadow-beast he strides.

#### LXX.

He goes with speed; he goes with dread! And now they 're on the hanging steep! And, now! the living and the dead, They 'll make the horrid leap! The horse stops short:-----his feet are on the verge. He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

#### LXXI.

And, nigh, the tall ship yet burns on, With red, hot spars, and crackling flame. From hull to gallant, nothing's gone. She burns, and yet's the same ! Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night, On man and horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

#### LTTII.

Through that cold light the fearful man Site looking on the burning ship. He ne'er again will curse and ban. How fast he moves the lip ! And yet he does not speak, or make a sound ! What see you, LEE ! the bodies of the drown'd !

#### LXXIII.

"I look, where mortal man may not---Into the chambers of the deep. I see the dead, long, long forgot; I see them in their sleep. A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,

Save he who leagues his soul with death and wo."

#### LXXIV.

Thou mild, sad mother-waning moon, Thy last, low, melancholy ray

Shines toward him. Quit him not so soon ! Mother, in mercy, stay !

Despair and death are with him; and canst thou, With that kind, earthward look, go leave him now?

#### LIXY.

O, thou wast born for things of love; Making more lovely in thy shine Whate'er thou look'st on. Hosts above, In that soft light of thine,

Burn softer :--earth, in silvery veil, seems heaven. Thou'rt going down !--hast left him unforgiven !

# LXXVI.

The far, low west is bright no more. How still it is ! No sound is heard At sea, or all along the shore, But cry of passing bird. Thou, living thing—and dar'st thou come so

near These wild and ghastly shapes of death and fear ?

#### LXXVII.

Now long that thick, red light has shone On stern, dark rocks, and deep, still bay, On man and horse, that seem of stone, So motionless are they. But now its lurid fire less fiercely burns: The night is going---faint, gray dawn returns.

#### LXXVIII.

That spectre-steed now slowly pales; Now changes like the moonlit cloud; That cold, thin light, now slowly fails. Which wrapp'd them like a shroud. Both ship and horse are fading into air.---Lost, mazed, alone---see, LEE is standing there !

#### LXXIX.

The morning air blows fresh on him: The waves dance gladly in his sight; The sea-birds call, and wheel, and skim--O, blessed morning light! He doth not hear their joyous call; he sees No beauty in the wave; nor feels the breeze.

#### LÏXI.

For he's accursed from all that's good; He ne'er must know its healing power; The sinner on his sins must brood, And wait, alone, his hour. A stranger to earth's beauty—human love; There's here no rest for him, no hope above !

#### LXXXI.

The hot sun beats upon his head; He stands beneath its broad, fierce blsze, As stiff and cold as one that's dead: A troubled, dreamy maze Of some uncarthly horror, all he knows---Of some wild horror past, and coming wors.

# LXXXII.

The gull has found her place on shore; The sun gone down again to rest; And all is still but ocean's roar:

There stands the man unbless'd.

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But, see, he moves-the turns, as asking where His mates !--- Why looks he with that pitcous stare ?

#### 

Go, get thee home, and end thy mirth ! Go, call the revellers again ! They 're fled the isle; and o'er the earth Are wanderers like Cain.

As he his door-stone pass'd, the air blew chill. The wine is on the board; LEE, take thy fill!

#### LITIIV.

"There's none to meet me, none to cheer; The seats are empty-lights burnt out; And I, alone, must sit me here:

Would I could hear their shout!" He ne'er shall hear it more-more taste his wine! Silent he sits within the still moonshine.

# LIIIV.

Day came again; and up he rose, A weary man from his lone board; Nor merry feast, nor sweet repose Did that long night afford. No shadowy-coming night, to bring him rest— No dawn, to chase the darkness of his breast !

#### LIXXVI.

He walks within the day's full glare A darken'd man. Where'er he comes, All shan him. Children peep and stare; Then, frighten'd, seek their homes. Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran. They point, and say,—"There goes the wicked man!"

#### LXXXVII.

He turns and curses in his wrath Both man and child; then hastes away Shoreward, or takes some gloomy path; But there he cannot stay: Terror and madness drive him back to men; His hate of man to solitude again.

#### LEXEVIII.

Time passes on, and he grows bold— His eye is fierce, his oaths are loud; None dure from LEE the hand withhold; He rules and scolls the crowd. But still at heart there lies a secret fear; For now the year's dread round is drawing near.

#### LXXXIX.

He swears, but he is sick at heart; He laughs, but he turns deadly pale; His restless eye and sudden start— These tell the dreadful tale That will be told: it needs no words from thee, Thou self-sold slave to fear and misery.

#### xc.

Bond-slave of sin, see there—that light! "Ha! take me—take me from its blaze!" Nay, thou must ride the steed to-night! But other weary days

And nights must shine and darken o'er thy head, Ere thou shalt go with him to meet the dead.

# xeı.

Again the ship lights all the land; Again Las strides the spectre-beast; Again upon the cliff they stand. This once he 'll be released !--

Gone horse and ship; but Lxx's last hope is o'er; Nor laugh, nor scoif, nor rage can help him more.

#### xctt.

His spirit heard that spirit say, "Listen !—I twice have come to thee. Once more—and then a dreadiul way! And thou must go with me!" Ay, cling to earth, as sailor to the rock! Sen-swept, suck'd down in the tremendous shock.

#### XCIII.

He goes !-So thou must loose thy hold, And go with Death; nor breathe the balm Of early air, nor light behold, Nor sit thee in the calm

Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait their close.

In life, or death, where look'st thou for repose?

#### XCIV.

Who's sitting on that long, black ledge, Which makes so far out in the sea; Feeling the kelp-weed on its edge? Poor, idle MATTREW LEE! So weak and pule? A year and little more, And bravely did he lord it round this shore?

#### XCT.

And on the shingles now he sits, And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands; Now walks the beach; then stops by fits, And scores the smooth, wet sands; Then tries each clift, and cove, and jut, that bounds

The isle; then home from many weary rounds.

# xcvi.

They ask him why he wanders so, From day to day, the uneven strand? "I wish, I wish that I might go! But I would go by land; And there's no way that I can find—I've tried All day and night!"—He scaward look'd, and

#### xevii.

nigh'd.

It brought the tear to many an eye That, once, his eye had made to quail. "LEE, go with us; our sloop is nigh; Come! help us hoist her sail." He shook. "You know the spirit-horse I ride!

He'll let me on the sea with none beside!"

# TCVIII.

He views the ships that come and go, Looking so like to living things.

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O! 't is a proud and gallant show Of bright and broad-spread wings,

Making it light around them as they keep Their course right onward through the unsounded deep.

# XCIX.

And where the far-off sand-bars lift Their backs in long and narrow line, The breakers shout, and leap, and shift, And send the sparkling brine Into the air; then rush to mimic strife----Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life----

e.

But not to LEE. He sits alone; No fellowship nor joy for him. Borne down by wo, he makes no moan, Though tears will sometimes dim That asking eye. O, how his worn thoughts crave-Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

Ct.

#### CII.

And now the mist seems taking shape, Forming a dim, gigentic ghost,---Enormous thing!--There's no escape; 'T is close upon the coast. Lex kneels, but cannot pray.--Why mock him so ? The ship has clear'd the fog. Lax, see har go!

#### ciit.

A sweet, low voice, in starry nights, Chants to his ear a plaining song; Its tones come winding up the heights, Telling of wo and wrong; And he must listen, till the stars grow dim, The song that gende voice doth sing to him.

# CIV.

O, it is sad that anght so mild Should bind the soul with bands of fear; That strains to soothe a little child, The man should dread to hear!

But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace-unstrong

The harmonious chords to which the angels sung.

#### C₹.

In thick, dark nights he'd take his seat High up the cliffs, and feel them shake, As swung the sea with heavy beat Below—and hear it break With savage roar, then pause and gather strength, And then, come tumbling in its swollen length.

#### CYI.

But he no more shall haunt the beach, Nor sit upon the tall cliff's crown, Nor go the round of all that reach, Nor feebly sit him down, Watching the swaying weeds ----another day, And he'll have gone far hence that dreadful way. 14

# CV11.

To-night the charmed number's told. "Twice have I come for thee," it said. "Once more, and none shall there behold. Come! live one, to the dead !"--So bears his soul, and fears the coming night; Yet sick and weary of the soft, calm light.

# CVIII.

Again he sits within that room: All day he leans at that still board; None to bring comfort to his gloom, Or speak a friendly word. Weaken'd with fear, lone, haunted by remorse, Poor, shatter'd wretch, there waits he that pale horse.

# eix.

Not long he waits. Where now are gone Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood Beautiful, while the west sun shone And bathed them in his flood Of airy glory !--Sudden darkness fell; And down they went, peak, tower, citadel

#### CI.

The darkness, like a dome of stone, Ceils up the heavens.—'T is hush as death---All but the ocean's dull, low moan. How hard Luz draws his breath! He shudders as he feels the working Power. Arouse thee, Luz ! up! man thee for thine hour!

#### CXI.

T is close at hand; for there, once more, The burning ship. Wide sheets of flame And shafts of fire she show'd before;— Twice thus she hither came;— But now abs rolls a naked hulk, and throws A westing light! then, settling, down she goes.

#### CXII.

And where she sank, up slowly came The Spectre-Horse from out the sea. And there he stands! His pale sides flame. He'll most thee shortly, Lrs. He treads the waters as a solid floor; He's moving on. Lrs waits him at the door.

#### CXIII.

They 're met.—"I know thou comest for me, LEE's spirit to the spectre said; "I know that I must go with thee— Take me not to the dead. It was not I alone that did the deed!" Dreadful the eye of that still, spectral steed.

# CXIV.

Lux cannot turn. There is a force In that fix'd eye, which holds him fast. How still they stand !---the man and horse.

"Thine hour is almost past."

"O, spare me," crics the wretch, "thou fearful one !"

"My time is full-I must not go alone."

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#### CXY.

- "I'm weak and faint. O, let me stay !" "Nay, murderer, rest nor stay for thee!" The horse and man are on their way;
- He bears him to the sea. Hark ! how the spectre breathes through this still night :

See, from his nostrils streams a deathly light !

#### CIVI.

He's on the beach; but stops not there; He's on the sea!---that dreadful horse 1 LEE flings and writhes in wild despair !----In vain ! 'The spirit-corse

Holds him by fearful spell ;-he cannot leap. Within that horrid light he rides the deep.

# CIVII.

It lights the sea around their track— The cutling comb, and dark steel wave; There, yct, sits Lzz the spectre's back— Gone! gone! and none to save! They're seen no more; the night has shut them in.

May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

# CXVIII.

The earth has wash'd away its stain; The scaled-up sky is breaking forth, Mustering its glorious hosts again, From the far south and north;

The climbing moon plays on the rippling ses. --O, whither on its waters rideth Lxx ?

# THE OCEAN.\*

Now stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters made To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade, To rise, and wet the mountains near the sun, Then back into themselves in rivers run, Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide, Through earth, in air, or here, as occan-tide.

Ho ! how the giant heaves himself, and strains And flings to break his strong and viewless chains; Foams in his wrath; and at his prison doors, Hark ! hear him ! how he beats and tugs and roars, As if he would break forth again and swoep Each living thing within his lowest deep.

Type of the Infinite! I look away Over thy billows, and I cannot stay My thought upon a resting-place, or make A shore beyond my vision, where they break; But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain To think; then rests, and then puts forth again. Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach I feel all coul; and thoughts unmeasured reach Far back beyond all date. And, O! how old Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast roll'd.

Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn, Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn; Waiting, thou mighty minister of death, Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.

From "Factitious Life."

At last thou didst it well! The dread command Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land; And then once more, unto the silent heaven Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is throng'd aguin, O Sea ! Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee. The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call, Share thy own spirit : it is sadness all ! How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down Yonder tall cliff—he with the iron crown. And see ! those sable pines along the steep, Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep ! Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

# DAYBREAK.

<sup>4</sup> The Pilgrim they Isid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising: the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and theo he awoke and sang.<sup>11</sup>—The Pilgrim's Progress.

Now, brighter than the host that all night long, In fiery armour, far up in the sky

Stood watch, thou comest to wait the morning's song,

Thou comest to tell me day again is nigh. Star of the dawning! Cheerful is thine eye; And yet in the broad day it must grow dim. Thou seem at to look on me, as asking why My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;

Thou bid'st me turn to Gon, and seek my rest in Him.

Canst thou grow sad, thou say'st, as earth grows bright?

And sigh, when little birds begin discourse

In quick, low voices, ere the streaming light

Pours on their nests, from out the day's fresh source?

With creatures innocent thou must perforce A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure-

And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,

Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,

And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure.

I feel its calm. But there's a sombrous hue, Edging that eastern cloud, of deep, dull red; Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew; And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.

Still—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song— The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead— The silent city emplied of its throng,

And ended, all alike, grief, wirth, love, hate, and wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth Will quicken soon; and hard, hot toil and strife, With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth With discord strange, and all that man calls life. With thousand scatter'd beauties nature's rife;

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And airs and woods and streams breathe harmonies: Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife; Nor hinds his heart with soft and kindly ties :— He, feverish, blinded, lives, and, feverish, sated, dies.	
It is because man useth so amiss Her dearest blessings, Nature scemeth sad; Else why should she in such fresh hour as this Not lift the veil, in revelation glad, From her fair face ?—It is that man is mad ? Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine When nature grieves; nor deem this heart is bad. Thou look'st toward earth; but yet the heavens are thine; While I to earth am bound :—When will the	
heavens be mine !	1
If man would but his finer nature learn, And not in life fantastic lose the sense Of simpler things; could nature's features stern Teach him be thoughtful, then, with soul intense I should not yearn for Gos to take me hence, But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bow'd, Remembering humbly why it is, and whence: But when I see cold man of reason proud, My solitude is sad—I'm lonely in the crowd.	
But not for this alone, the silent tear Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,	
Nor for this solemn hour: fresh life is near ; But all my joys !they died when newly born. Thousands will wake to joy ; while I, forlorn, And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye Shall see them pass. Breathe calm-my spirit's	
torn; Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high !— Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh.	
And when I grieve, O, rather let it be	L
That Iwhom nature taught to sit with her	
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea-	Ľ
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir Of woods and waters—feel the quickening spur To my strong spirit;—who, as my own child, Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur A beauty see—that I this mother mild Should leave, and go with care, and passions fierce and wild !	
How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft Shot 'thwart the earth ! In crown of living fire Up comes the day ! As if they conscious quaff'd— The sunny flood, hill, forest, city spire	
Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain desire! The dusky lights are gone; go thou thy way! And pining discontent, like them, expire! Be call'd my chamber, PRACE, when ends the day;	
And let me with the dawn, like Pirconim, sing and	
pray.	ł
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INTIMATIONS OF IMMODIATITY .	L

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.\*

O, LISTEN, MAN!

A voice within us speaks the startling word, "Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices

\* From the "Husband's and Wife's Grave."

Hymn it around our souls: according harps, By angel fingers touch'd when the mild stars Of morning sang together, sound forth still The song of our great immortality ! Thick, clustering orbs, and this our fair domain, The tail, dark mountains, and the deep-toned scas, Join in this solemn, universal song. -O, listen, ye, our spirits ! drink it in From all the sir! 'T is in the gentle moonlight; "Tis floating in day's setting glories; night, Wrapp'd in her sable robe, with silent step Comes to our bed and breathes it in our cars; Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve, All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse, As one vast, mystic instrument, are touch'd By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords Quiver with joy in this great jubilee : -The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

# THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

#### 1

Theor little bird, thou dweller by the sea, Why takest thou its melancholy voice ? And with that boding cry O'er the waves dost thou fly ? O! rather, bird, with me

Through the fair land rejoice !

# 11.

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale, As driven by a beating storm at sea; Thy cry is weak and scared, As if thy mates had ahared The doom of us: Thy wail—

What does it bring to me ?

# 111.

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

#### IV.

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

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Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring Thy spirit never more. Come, quit with me the shore,

For gladness and the light

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Where birds of summer sing.

# THE MOSS SUPPLICATETH FOR THE POET.

TROVER I am humble, slight me not, But love me for the Poet's sake; Forget me not till he's forgot; I, care or slight, with him would take.

For off he pass'd the blossoms by, And gazed on me with kindly look; Left flaunting flowers and open sky, And woo'd me by the shady brook.

And like the brook his voice was low: So soft, so sad the words he spoke, That with the stream they seem'd to flow:

They told me that his heart was broke ;---

They said, the world he fain would shun, And seek the still and twilight wood— His spirit, weary of the sun.

In humblest things found chiefest good ;---

- That I was of a lowly frame, And far more constant than the flower, Which, vain with many a boastful name, But flutter'd out its idle hour;
- That I was kind to old decay, And wrapt it softly round in green, On naked root and trunk of gray

Spread out a gamiture and screen :---

They said, that he was withering fast, Without a sheltering friend like me;

That on his manhood fell a blast, And left him bare, like yonder tree;

That spring would clothe his boughs no more, Nor ring his boughs with song of bird-Sounds like the melancholy shore

Alone were through his branches heard.

Methought, as then, he stood to trace The wither'd stems, there stole a tear-That I could read in his sad face,

Brother, our serrows make us near.

And then he stretch'd him all along, And taid his head upon my breast, Listening the water's peaceful song,— How glad was I to tend his rest!

Then happier grew his soothed soul. He turn'd and watch'd the sunlight play Upon my face, as in it stole,

Whispering, Above is brighter day !

He praised my varied hurs—the green, The silver hoar, the golden, brown; Baid, Lovelier hues were never seen: Then gently press'd my tender down.

And where I sent up little shoots, He call'd them trees, in fond conceit : Like silly lovers in their suits

He talk'd, his care awhile to cheat. I said, I'd dock me in the dews,

Could I but chase away his care, And clothe me in a thousand hucs, To bring him joys that I might share. He answer'd, earth no blessing had To cure his tone and aching heart-That I was one, when he was ead,

Off stole him from his pain, in part. But c'en from thee, he said, I go,

To meet the world, its care and strife, No more to watch this quiet flow,

Or spend with thee a gentle life. And yet the brook is gliding on,

And I, without a care, at rest, While back to tailing life he's gone,

Where finds his head no faithful breast.

Deal gently with him, world, I pray; Ye cares, like soften'd shadows come; His spirit, wellnigh worn away,

Asks with ye but awhile a home.

Oh, may I live, and when he dies Be at his fect an humble cod; Oh, may I lay me where he lies, To die when he awakes in God!

# WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

I LOOK through tears on Beauty now; And Beauty's self, less radiant, looks on me, Serene, yet touch'd with sadness is the brow (Once bright with joy) I see.

Joy-waking Beauty, why so sad? Tell where the radiance of the smile is gone At which my heart and earth and skies were glad-That link'd us all in one.

It is not on the mountain's breast; It comes not to me with the dawning day; Nor looks it from the glories of the west, As slow they pass away.

Nor on those gliding roundlets bright That steal their play among the woody shadea, Nor on thine own dear children doth it light— The flowers along the glades.

And alter'd to the living mind (The great high-priestees with her thought-born race Who round thine alter aye have stood and shined) The comforts of thy face.

Why shadow'd thus thy forehead fair? Why on the mind low hungs a mystic gloom? And spreads away upon the genial air, Like vapours from the tomb?

Why should ye shine, you lights above ? Why, little flowers, open to the heat ? No more within the heart ye filled with love The living pulses beat.

Well, Beauty, may you mourning stand! The fine beholding eye whose constant look Was turn'd on thee is dark---and cold the hand That gave all vision took.

Nay, heart, be still !---Of heavenly birth Is Beauty sprung.--Look up ! behold the place ! There he who reverent traced her steps on earth Now sees her face to face.

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#### (Born 1739, Died 1847.]

I BELIEVE Mr. WILDE is a native of Baltimore, and that he was born about the year 1789.<sup>4</sup> His family are of Saxon origin, and their ancient name was DE WILDE; but his parents were natives of Dublin, and his father was a wholesale hardware merchant and ironmonger in that city during the American war; near the close of which he emigrated to Maryland, leaving a prosperous business and a large capital in the hands of a partner, by whose bad management they were in a few years both lost.

The childhood of RICHARD HENRY WILDE Was passed in Baltimore. He was taught to read hy his mother, and received instruction in writing and Latin grammar from a private tutor until he was about seven years old. He alterward attended an academy; but his father's affairs becoming embarrassed, in his eleventh year he was taken home and placed in a store. His constitution was at first tender and delicate. In his infancy he was not expected to live from month to month, and he suffered much from ill health until he was fifteen or sixteen. This induced quiet, retiring, solitary, and studious habits. His mother's example gave him a passion for reading, and all his leisure was devoted to books. The study of poetry was his principal source of pleasure, when he was not more than twelve years old.

About this time his father died; and gathering as much as she could from the wreck of his property, his mother removed to Augusta. Georgia, and commenced there a small business for the support of her family. Here young WILDS, amid the lrudgery of trade, taught himself book-keeping, and became familiar with the works in general literature which he could obtain in the meagre libraries of the town, or from his personal friends.

The expenses of a large family, and various other causes, reduced the little wealth of his mother; her business became unprofitable, and he resolved to study law. Unable, however, to pay the usual fee for instruction, he kept his design a secret, as far as possible; borrowed some elementary books from his friende, and studied increasantly, tasking himself to read fifty pages, and write five pages of notes, in the form of questions and answers, each day, besides attending to his duties in the store. And, to overcome a natural diffidence, increased by a slight impediment in his speech, he appeared frequently as an actor at a dramatic society, which he had called into existence for this

\* Most of the facts in this notice of Mr. WILDE wers communicated to me by an eminent citizen of Goorgia, who has long been intimately acquainted with him. He was uncertain whether Mr. W. was born before the arrival of his parents in America, but believed he was not. purpose, and to raise a fund to establish a public library.

All this time his older and graver acquaintances, who knew nothing of his designs, naturally confounded him with his thoughtless companions, who sought only amusement, and argued badly of his future life. He bore the injustice in silence, and pursued his secret studies for a year and a half; at the end of which, pale, emaciated, feeble, and with a consumptive cough, he sought a distant court to be examined, that, if rejected, the news of his defeat might not reach his mother. When he arrived, he found he had been wrongly informed, and that the judges had no power to admit him. He met a friend there, however, who was going to the Greene Superior Court: and, on being invited by him to do so, he determined to proceed immediately to that place. It was the March term, for 1809, Mr. Justice EARLY presiding; and the young applicant, totally unknown to every one, save the friend who accompanied him, was at intervals, during three days, subjected to a most rigorous exumination. Justice EARLY was well known for his strictness, and the circumstance of a youth leaving his own circuit excited his suspicion; but every question was answered to the satisfaction and even admiration of the examining committee : and he declared that " the young man could not have left his circuit because he was unprepared." His friend certified to the correctness of his moral character; he was admitted without a dissenting voice, and returned in triumph to Augusta. He was at this time under twenty years of age.

His health gradually improved; he applied himself diligently to the study of belles lettres, and to his dutices as an advocate, and rapidly rose to eminence; being in a few years made attorney-general of the state. He was remarkable for industry in the preparation of his cases, sound logic, and general urbanity. In forensic disputation, he never indulged in personalities,—then too common at the bar,—unless in self-defence; but, having studied the characters of his associates, and stored his memory with appropriate quotations, his ridicule was a formidable weapon against all who attacked him.

In the autumn of 1815, when only a fortnight over the age required by law, Mr. WILDE was elected a member of the national House of Representatives. At the next election, all the representatives from Georgia, but one, were defeated, and Mr. WILDE returned to the bar, where he continued, with the exception of a short service in Congress in 1825, until 1828, when he again became a representative, and so continued until 1835. I have not room to trace his character as a politician very closely. On the occasion of the Force Bill, as it K 103

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was called, he seceded from a majority of Congress, considering it a measure calculated to produce civil war, and justified himself in a speech of much elequence. His speeches on the tariff, the relative advantages and disadvantages of a small-note currency, and on the removal of the deposites by General Jacksox, show what are his pretensions to industry and segacity as a politician.<sup>4</sup>

Mr. WILDE's opposition to the Force Bill and the removal of the deposites rendered him as unpopular with the Jackson party in Georgia, as his letter from Virginis had made him with the nullifiers, and at the election of 1834 he was left out This afforded him the opportunity of Congress. he had long desired of going abroad, to recruit his health, much impaired by long and arduous public service, and by repeated attacks of the diseases incident to southern climates. He sailed for Europe in June, 1835, spent two years in travelling through England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, and settled during three years more in Florence. Here he occupied himself entirely with literature. The romantic love, the madness, and imprisonment of Tasso had become a subject of curious controversy, and he entered into the investigation " with the enthusiasm of a port, and the patience and accuracy of a case-hunter," and produced a work, published since his return to the United States, in which the questions concerning Tasso are most ably discussed, and lights are thrown upon them by his letters, and by some of his sonnets, which last are rendered into English with rare

felicity. Having completed his work on Tasso. he turned his attention to the life of DANTE; and having learned incidentally one day, in conversation with an artist, that an authentic portrait of this great poet, from the pencil of Gtorro, probably still existed in the Bargello, (anciently both the prison and the palace of the republic,) on a wall, which by some strange neglect or inadvertence had been covered with whitewash, he set on foot a project for its discovery and restoration, which, after several months, was crowned with complete success. This discovery of a veritable portrait of DANTE, in the prime of his days, says Mr. Invino, + produced throughout Italy some such sensation as, in England, would follow the sudden discovery of a perfectly well-authenticated likeness of SHARSPEARE.

Mr. WILDE returned to the United States in 1840, and was engaged in literary studies and in the practice of his profession until his death, in the summer of 1847, at New Orleans, where he held the professorship of law in the University of Louisians.

Mr. WILDE's original poems and translations are always graceful and correct. Those that have been published were mostly written while he was a member of Congress, during moments of relaxation, and they have never been printed collectively. Specimens of his translations are excluded, by the plan of this work. His versions from the Italian, Spanish, and French languages, are among the most elegant and scholarly productions of their kind that have been published.

# ODE TO EASE.

I XXVSR bent at Glory's shrine; To Weaith I never bow'd the knee; Beauty has heard no vows of mine; I love thee, Easx, and only thee; Beloved of the gods and mon, Sister of Joy and Liberty, When wilt thou visit me sgen; In shuly wood, or silent glen, By falling stream, or rocky den, Like those where once I found thee, when, Despite the ills of Poverty, And Wisdom's warning prophecy, I listen'd to thy siren voice. And made thee mistress of my choice !

I chose thee, EASE! and Glory fled; For me no more her laurels spread; Her golden crown shull never shed Its beams of splendour on my head.

• To show his standing in the House of Representedres, it may be proper to state, that, in 1834, he was youed for as Speaker, with the following result, on the first ballot:-R. H. WILDE, 64; J. K. POLE, 42; J. B. RUTHERLEND, 31; JOHN BELL, 30; scattering, 32. Ultimately Mr. BELL was elected. And when within the narrow bed, To Fame and Memory ever dead,

My senseless corpse is thrown: Nor stately column, sculptured bust, Nor urn that holds within its trust The poor remains of mortal dust,

Nor monumental stone, Nor willow, waving in the gale, Nor feeble fence, with whiten'd pale, Nor rustic cross, memorial frail, Shall mark the grave I own.

No lotty deeds in armour wrought; No lotty deeds in armour wrought; No lotty deeds in armour wrought; No undiscover'd regions sought; No classic page, with learning fraught, Nor eloquence, nor verse divine, Nor daring speech, nor high design, Nor patriotic act of mine On History's page shall ever shine : But, all to future ages lost, Nor even a wreck, tradition toss'd, Of what I was when valued most By the few friends whose love I boast, In after years shall float to shore, And serve to tell the name I bore.

† Knickerbocker Magazine, October, 1841.

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I chose thee, Exer ! and Wealth withdrew, Indignant at the choice I made, And, to her first resentment-true, My scorn with tenfold scorn repaid. Now, noble palace, lofty dome, Or cheerful, hospitable home, Are comforts I must never know : My enemies shall ne'er repine At pomp or pageantry of mine, Nor prove, by howing at my shrine, Their souls are abject, base, and low. No wondering crowd shall ever stand With gazing eye and waving hand, To mark my train, and pomp, and ahow : And, worst of all, I shall not live To taste the pleasures Wealth can give, When used to soothe another's wo. The peasants of my native land Shall never bless my open hand; No wandering bard shall celebrate His patron's hospitable gate : No war-worn soldier, shatter'd tar, Nor exile driven from afar, Nor hapless friend of former years, Nor widow's prayers, nor orphan's tears, Nor helpless age relieved from cares, Nor innocence preserved from snares Nor houseless wanderer clothed and fed, Nor slave from bitter bondage led, Nor youth to noble actions bred, Shall call down blessings on my head. I chose thee, EASE! and yet the while, So sweet was Beauty's scornful smile, So fraught with every lovely wile, Yet seemingly so void of guile, It did but heighten all her charms; And, goddess, had I loved thee then But with the common love of men, My fickle heart had changed agen, Even at the very moment when I woo'd thee to my longing arms: For never may I hope to meet A smile so sweet, so heavenly sweet. I chose thee, EASE! and now for me No heart shall ever fondly swell, No voice of rapturous harmony Awake the music-breathing shell; Nor tongue, or witching melody Its love in faltering accents tell; Nor flushing cheek, nor languid eye, Nor sportive smile, nor artless sigh, Confess affection all as well. No anowy bosom's fall and rise Shall e'er again enchant my eyes; No melting lips, profuse of bliss, Shall ever greet me with a kiss ; Nor balmy breath pour in my ear The trifles Love delights to hear : But, living, loveless, hopeless, I Unmourned and unloved must die.

I chose thee, EASS! and yet to me Coy and ungrateful thou hast proved; Though I have sacrificed to thee Much that was worthy to be loved. But come again, and I will yet Thy past ingratitude forget: O I come again! thy witching powers Shall claim my solitary hours: With thee to cheer me, heavenly queen, And conscience clear, and health serene, And friends, and books, to banish spleen, My life should be, as it had been, A sweet variety of joys; And Glory's crown, and Beauty's smile, And treasured hoards should seem the while The idlest of all human toys.

# SOLOMON AND THE GENIUS.\*

SPIRIT OF THOUGHT ! Lo ! art thou here ! Lord of the false, fond, ceaseless spell That mocks the heart, the eye, the ear-Art thou, indeed, of heaven or hell? In mortal bosoms dost thou dwell. Self-exiled from thy native sphere ? Or is the human mind thy cell Of torment? To inflict and bear Thy doom !--- the doom of all who fell ! Since thou hast sought to prove my skill, Unquestion'd thou shalt not depart, Be thy behests or good or ill, No matter what or whence thou art ! I will commune with thee apart, Yea! and compel thee to my will-If thou hast power to yield my heart What earth and Heaven deny it still. I know thee, Spirit ! thou hast been Light of my soul by night and day; All-seeing, though thyself unseen; My dreams-my thoughts-and what are they, But visions of a calmer ray ? All ! all were thine-and thine between Each hope that melted fast away, The throb of anguish, deep and keen ! With thee I've search'd the earth, the sea, The air, sun, stars, man, nature, time, Explored the universe with thee, Plunged to the depths of wo and crime, Or dared the fearful height to climb, Where, amid glory none may see And live, the ETERNAL reigns sublime, Who is, and was, and is to be ! And I have sought, with thee have sought, Wisdom's celestial path to tread, Hung o'er each page with learning fraught;

Question'd the living and the dead:

\* The Moslem imagine that SOLONON acquired dominion over all the orders of the genil-good and evil. It is even believed he sometimes condescended to converse with his new subjects. On this supposition he has been represented interrogating a genius, in the very wise, but very diagreeable mood of mind which led to the conclusion that "All is vanity !" Touching the sold genius, the author has not been able to discover whether he or she (even the set is equivocal) was of Allah or Eblis, and, therefore, left the matter where he found it—in discreet doubt.

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The patriarche of ages fled... The prophets of the time to come... All who one ray of light could shed Beyond the cradle or the tomb.

And I have task'd my busy brain 'To learn what baply none may know, Thy birth, scat, power, thine ample reign O'er the heart's tides that ebb and flow, Throb, languish, whitl, rage, freeze, or glow Like billows of the restless main, Amid the wrecks of joy and wo By ocean's caves preserved in vain.

And oft to shadow forth I strove, To my mind's eye, some form like thine, And still my soul, like NoAE's dove, Return'd, but brought, alas! no sign: Till, wearying in the mad design, With fever'd brow and throbbing vein,

I left the cause to thread the mine Of wonderful effects again !

But now I see thre face to face, 'Thou art indeed, a thing divine; An eye pervading time and space, And an angelic look are thine, Ready to scize, compare, combine Essence and form—and yct a trace Of grief and care—a shadowy line Dims thy bright forehead's heavenly grace.

Yet thou must be of heavenly birth, Where naught is known of grief and pain; Though I perceive, alas! where earth And earthly things have left their stain: From thine high calling didst thou deign To prove—in folly or in mirth— With daughters of the first-born CAIN, How little HUMAN LOYS is worth ?

Ha! dost thou change before mine syes! Another form! and yet the sume, But lovelier, and of female guise, A vision of ethereal flame,

Such as our heart's despair can frame, Pine for, love, worship, idolize, Like nras, who from the sea-foam came, And lives but in the heart, or skies.

Saidst thou not once, that all the charms Of life lay hid in woman's love, And to be lock'd in Beauty's arms, Was all men knew of heaven above? And did I not thy counsels prove, And all their pleasures, all their pain ? No more ! no more my heart they move, For I, alas ! have proved them vain ! Didet thou not then, in evil hour, Light in my soul ambition's flame? Didet thou not say the joys of power, Unbounded sway, undying fame, A monarch's love alone should claim? And did I not pursue e'en these? And are they not, when won, the same?

All VARITY OF VARITIES !

Didst not, to tempt me once again, Bid new, deceitful visions rise,

And hint, though won with toil and pain, "Wisdom's the pleasure of the wise !" And now, when none beneath the skies Are wiser held by men than me,

What is the value of the prize ? It too, alas! is VANITY !

Then tell me-since I've found on earth Not one pure stream to slake this thirst,

Which still torments us from our birth. And in our heart and soul is nursed; This hopeless wish wherewith we're cursed,

Whence came it, and why was it given ? Thou speak'st not !--Let me know the worst ! Thou pointest !--and it is to HEAVEN !

# A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.\*

FAREWELL! my more than fatherland ! Home of my heart and friends, adjou! Lingering beside some foreign strand, How oft shall I remember you ! How often, o'er the waters blue, Send back a sigh to those I leave, The loving and beloved few, Who grieve for me,-for whom I grieve! We part !--- no matter how we part, There are some thoughts we utter not, Deep treasured in our inmost heart, Never reveal'd, and ne'er forgot ! Why murmur at the common lot ! We part !--- I speak not of the pain,---But when shall I each lovely spot And each loved face behold again ? It must be months,—it may be years,-It may-but no !-I will not fill Fond hearts with gloom .- fond eyes with tears, "Curious to shape uncertain ill." Though humble,---few and far,---yet, still Those hearts and eves are ever dear : Theirs is the love no time can chill, The truth no chance or change can sear! Ali I have seen, and all I see, Only endears them more and more; Friends cool, hopes fade, and hours flee, Affection lives when all is o'er ! Farewell, my more than native shore ! I do not seek or hope to find,

Roam where I will, what I deplore To leave with them and thee behind !

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• Written on board ship Westminster, at ses, off the Highlands of Neversink, June 1, 1835

# NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

FAINT and sad was the moonbeam's smile, Sullen the moan of the dying wave; Hourse the wind in St. Helen's isle, As I stood by the side of NAPOLEON'S grave.

And is it here that the here lies, Whose name has shaken the earth with dread? And is this all that the earth supplice— A stone his pillow—the turf his bed?

Is such the moral of human life? Are these the limits of glory's reign? Have oceans of blood, and an age of strife, And a thousand battles been all in vain?

Is nothing left of his victories now But legions broken—a sword in rust— A crown that cumbers a dotard's brow— A name and a requirem—dust to dust?

Of all the chieftains whose thrones he rear'd, Wasthere none that kindness or faith could bind? Of all the monarche whose crowns he spared, Had none one spark of his Roman mind ?

Did Prussia cast no repentant glance? Did Austria shed no remonsclui loar, When England's truth, and thine honour, France, And thy friendship, Russia, were blasted here?

No holy leagues, like the heathen beaven, Uncollike shrunk from the ginnt's shock; And glorious TITAR, the unforgiven, Was doom'd to his vulture, and chains, and rock.

And who were the gods that decreed thy doom ? A German CESAR—a Prussian sage— The dandy prince of a counting-room—

And a Russian Greek of earth's darkest age.

Men call'd thee Despot, and call'd thee true; But the laurel was earn'd that bound thy brow; And of all who wore it, alas! how few Were freer from treason and guilt than thou!

Shame to thee, Gaul, and thy faithless horde! Where was the oath which thy soldiers swore ? Fraud still lurks in the gown, but the sword Was never so false to its trust before.

Where was thy veteran's boast that day, "The old Guard dies, but it never yields ?"

O ! for one heart like the brave DESSAIX, One phalanx like those of thine early fields !

But, no, no, no !---it was Preedom's charm Gave them the courage of more than men; You broke the spell that twice nerved each arm, Though you were invincible only then.

Yet SL Jean was a deep, not a deadly blow; One struggle, and France all her faults repairs-But the wild FATETTE, and the stern CARNOT Are dupes, and min thy fate and theirs!

# STANZAS.

Mr life is like the summer rose That opens to the morning sky, But ere the shades of evening close,

Is scatter'd on the ground—to die ! Yet on the rose's humble bed The sweetest dews of night are shed, As if she wept the waste to sec— But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the outumn leaf That trembles in the moon's pale ray, Its hold is frail—its date is brief,

Restless—and soon to pass away! Yet, ere that leaf shull full and fade, The parent tree will mourn its shude, The winds bewail the leafless tree, But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet Have left on Tampa's desert strand;

Soon as the rising tide shall beat, All trace will vanish from the sand; Yet, as if grieving to efface All vestige of the human race,

On that lone shore loud moans the sca, But none, alas! shall mourn for me !

# TO LORD BYRON.

BTROM! 'tie thine alone, on carles' pinions. In solitary strength and grandeur searing. To dazzle and delight all eyes; outpouring The electric blaze on tyrants and their minions; Earth, sea, and air, and powers and dominions, Nature, man, time, the universe exploring;

And from the wreck of worlds, thrones, creeds, opinions,

Thought, beauty, eloquence, and wisdom storing: O! how I love and envy thee thy glory.

To every age and clime alike belonging :

Link'd by all tongues with every nation's glory. Thou TACITUS of song ! whose echoes thronging

O'er the Allantic, fill the mountains hoary And forests with the name my verse is wronging.

# TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Wixe'n mimic of the woods! thou motley fool! Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe !

Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe: Wit, sophist, songster, Yorker of thy tribe, Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;

Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school ; To thee the polm of scoffing we ascribe,

Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule ! For such thou art hy day-but all night long

Thon pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain, As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song

Like to the melancholy JACQUES complain, Musing on falschood, folly, vice, and wrong, And sighing for thy motley cost again.

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# [Born 1785. Died 1841.]

Tax author of "Hadad" was descended from an ancient and honourable Irish family, in the county of Derry, and his ancestors emigrated to this country and settled in Connecticut in 1720. A high order of intellect seems to have been their right of inheritance, for in every generation we find their name prominent in the political history of the state. The grandfather of the poet, the Honourable WILLIAM HILLHOUSE, was for more than fifty years employed in the public service, as a representative, as a member of the council, and in other offices of trust and honour. His father, the Honourable JAMES HILLHOUSE, who died in 1833, after filling various offices in his native state, and being for three years a member of the House of Representatives, was in 1794 elected to the Senate of the United States, where for sixteen years he acted a leading part in the politics of the country. His wife, the mother of the subject of this sketch, was the daughter of Colonel MELANC-THON WOOLSEY, of Dosoris, Long Island. She was a woman distinguished alike for mental superiority, and for feminine softness, purity, and delicacy of character. Although educated in retirement, and nearly self-taught, her son was accustomed to say, when time had given value to his opinions, that she possessed the most elegant mind he had ever met with: and much of the nice discrimination, and the finer and more delicate elements of his own character, were an inheritance from her. Among the little occasional pieces which he wrote entirely for the family circle. was one composed on visiting her birth-place, after her death, which I have been permitted\* to make public.

- "As yonder frith, round green Dosoris roll'd, Buffacts the parting glories of the skies, Or quivering glances, like the paly gold, When on its breast the midnight moonbeam lies;
- "Thus, though bedimm'd by many a changeful year, The huos of feeling varied in her cheek, That, brightly flush'd, or glittering with a tear, fleem'd the rapt poet's, or the seruph's meek.
- "Would I could paint the ever-varying grace, The ethereal glow and listice of her mind, Which own'd not time, nor hore of age a trace, Pure as the sunbeam, gentle and refined 1"

• I am indebted for the materials for this blography to the poet's intimate friend, the Reverend Wittiam Inoraniam Kiep, Rector of R. Paul's Church, in Albany, New York, who kindly consented to write out the character of the poet, as he appeared at home, and as none but his associates could know him, for this work.

Mr. HILLHOUSE was born in New Haven, on the twenty-sixth of September, 1789. The home of such parents, and the society of the intelligent circle they drew about them, (of which President DWIGHT was the most distinguished ornament.) was well calculated to cherish and cultivate his peculiar tastes. In boyhood he was remarkable for great activity and excellence in all manly and athletic sports, and for a peculiarly gentlemanly deportment. At the age of fiftcen he entered Yale College, and in 1808 he was graduated, with high reputation as a scholar. From his first junior exhibition, he had been distinguished for the elegance and good taste of his compositions. Upon taking his second degree, he delivered an oration on "The Education of a Poet," so full of beauty, that it was long and widely remembered, and induced an appointment by the Phi Beta Kappa Society, (not much in the habit of selecting juvenile writers.) to deliver a poem before them at their next anniversary. It was on this occasion that he wrote "The Judgment." which was pronounced before that society at the commencement of 1812.

A more difficult theme, or one requiring loftier powers, could not have been selected. The reflecting mind regards this subject in accordance with some preconceived views. That Mr. HILLnocse felt this difficulty, is evident from a remark in his preface, that in selecting this theme, "he exposes his work to criticism on account of its theology, as well as its poetry; and they who think the former objectionable, will not easily be pleased with the latter." Other poets, too, had essayed their powers in describing the events of the Last Day. The public voice, however, has decided, that among all the poems on this great subject, that of Mr. HILLHOUSE stands unequalled. His object was, "to present such a view of the last grand spectacle as seemed the most susceptible of poetical embellishment;" and rarely have we seen grandeur of conception and simplicity of design so admirably united. His representation of the scene is vivid and energetic; while the manner in which he has grouped and contrasted the countless army of characters of every age, displays the highest degree of artistic skill. Each character he summons up appears before us, with historic costume and features faithfully preserved, and we seem to gaze upon him as a reality, and not merely as the bold imagery of the poet.

> "For all appear'd As in their days of earthly pride; the clank Of steel antequared the warrior, and the rube Of Tyrian insite spoke the blood of kings"

His description of the last setting of the sun m the west, and the dreamer's farewell to the evening star, as it was fading forever from bis sight, 114

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are passages of beauty which it would be difficult to find surpassed.

About this period Mr. HILLBOUSE passed three years in Boston, preparing to engage in a mercantile life. During the interruption of business which took place in consequence of the last war with England, he employed a season of leisure passed at home, in the composition of several dramatic pieces, of which "Demetria" and "Percy's Masque" best satisfied his own judgment. When peace was restored, he went to New York, and embarked in commerce, to which, though at variance with his tastes, he devoted himself with fidelity and perseverance. In 1819, he visited Europe, and though the months passed there were a season of great anxiety and business occupations, he still found time to see much to enlarge his mind, and accumulated stores of thought for future use. Among other distinguished literary men, from whom while in London he received attentions, was ZACARY MACAULAT, (father of the Hon. T. BABBINGTON MACAULAT,) who subsequently stated to some American gentlemen, that "he considered Mr. HILLBOCSE the most accomplished young man with whom he was acquainted." It was during his stay in England that "Percy's Masque" was revised and published. The subject of this drama is the successful attempt of one of the Percies, the son of Shakspeare's Hotspur, to recover his ancestral home. The era chosen is a happy one for a poet. He is dealing with the events of an age where every thing to us is clothed with a romantic interest, which invests even the most common every-day occurrences of life.

#### "They carved at the meal With gloves of steel,

And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd." Of this opportunity he fully availed himself, in the picture he has here given us of the days of chivalry. As a mere work of art, "Percy's Masque" is one of the most faultless in the language. If subjected to scrutiny, it will bear the strictest criticism by which compositions of this kind can be tried. We cannot detect the violation of a single rule which should be observed in the construction of a tragedy. When, therefore, it was republished in this country, it at once gave its author an elevated rank as a dramatic poet.

In 1822, Mr. HILLBOUSE was united in marriage to CORNELIA, eldest daughter of ISAAC LAW-BENCE, of New York. He shortly afterward returned to his native town, and there, at his beautiful place, called Sachem's Wood, devoted himself to the pursuits of a country gentleman and practical agriculturist. His taste extended also to the arts with which poetry is allied; and in the embellishment of his residence, there was exhibited evidence of the refinement of its accomplished occupant. Here, with the exception of a few months of the winter, generally spent in New York, he passed the remainder of his life. "And never," remarks his friend, the Reverend Mr. KIPP, "has a domestic circle been anywhere gathered, uniting within itself more of grace, and clegance, and intellect. He who formed its centre and its

charm, possessed a character combining most beautifully the high endowments of literary genius, with all that is winning and brilliant in social life. They who knew him best in the sacred relations of his own fireside, will never cease to realize, that in him their circle lost its greatest ornament. All who were accustomed to meet his cordial greeting, to listen to his fervid and eloquent conversation, to be delighted with the wit and vivacity of his playful moments; to witness the grace and elegance of his manners, the chivalric spirit, the indomitable energy and high finish of the whole character, can tell how nobly he united the combined attractions of the poet, the scholar, and the perfect gentleman. Never, indeed, have we met with one who could pour forth more eloquently his treasures, drawn from the whole range of English literature, or bring them to bear more admirably upon the passing occurrences of the day. Every syllable, too, which he uttered, conveyed the idea of a high-souled honour, which we associate more naturally with the days of old romance. than with these selfish, prosaic times. His were indeed shigh thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy.'"

"Hadad" was written in 1824, and printed in the following year. This has generally been esteemed HTLLBOUSZ'S masterpiece. As a sacred drama, it is probably unsurpassed. The scene is in Judea, in the days of David; and as the agency of evil spirits is introduced, an opportunity is alforded to bring forward passages of strange sublimity and wildness. For a work like this, HILL ROUSZ was peculiarly qualified. A most intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures enabled him to introduce each minute detail in perfect keeping with historical truth, while from the same study he seems also to have imbibed the lofty thoughts, and the majestic style of the ancient Hebrew prophets.

In 1840, he collected, and published in two volumes, the works which at that time he was willing to give to the world. In addition to those I have already mentioned, was "Demetria," a domestic tragedy, now first revised and printed, after an interval of twenty-six years since its first composition, and several orations, delivered in New Haven, on public occasions, or before literary societies in other purts of the country. The manly eloquence of the latter, is well calculated to add the reputation of an accomplished orator, to that which he already enjoyed as a poet. These volumes contain nearly all that he left us. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that he passed his life merely as a literary man. The early part of it was spent in the anxietics of business, while, through all his days, literature, instead of being his occupation, was merely the solace and delight of his leisure moments.

About this time his friends beheld, with anxiety, the symptoms of failing health. For fifteen months, however, he lingered on alternately cheering their hearts by the prospect of recovery, and then causing them again to despond, as his weakness increased. In the full of 1840, he left home

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# JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

for the last time, to visit his friends in Boston. He returned, apparently benefited by the excursion, and no immediate danger was apprehended until the beginning of the following January. On the second of that month his disorder assumed an alarming form, and the next day was passed in intense agony. On Monday, his pain was alleviated; yet his skilful medical attendants beheld in this but the precursor of death; and it became their duty, on the following morning, to impart to him the news that his hours were few and numbered.

"Of the events of this solemn day, when he beheld the sands of life fast running out, and girded up his strength to meet the King of Terrors," says the writer to whom I have before alluded, "I cannot speak. The loss is still too recent to allow us to withdraw the veil and tell of his dying hours. Yet touching was the scene, as the warm affections of that noble heart gathered in close folds around those he was about to leave, or wandered back in remembrance to the opening of life, and the friends of childhood who had already gone. It was also the Christian's death. The mind which had conceived so vividly the scenes of the judgment, must often have looked forward to that hour, which he now could meet in an humble, trusting faith. And thus the day wore on, until, about eight o'clock in the evening, without a struggle, he fell asleep."

As a poet, he possessed qualities seldom found united: a masculine strength of mind, and a most delicate perception of the beautiful. With an imagination of the loftiest order—with " the vision and the faculty divine" in its fullest exercise, the wanderings of his fancy were chastened and controlled by exquisite taste. The grand

# THE JUDGMENT.

1.

Tus rites were past of that auspicious day When white-robed altars wreath'd with living green Adorn the temples ;-when unnumber'd tongues Repeat the glorious anthem sung to harps Of angels while the star o'er Bethlehem stood ;---When grateful hearts bow low, and deeper joy Breathes in the Christian than the angel song, On the great birthday of our Priest and King. That night, while musing on his wondrous life, Precepts, and promises to be fulfill'd, A trance-like sleep fell on me, and a dream Of dreadful character appall'd my soul. Wild was the pageant :- face to face with kings, Heroes, and sages of old note, I stood ; Patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles saw, And venerable forms, ere round the globe Shoreless and waste a weltering flood was roll'd. With angels, compassing the radiant throne Of MARY's Son, anew descended, crown'd With glory terrible, to judge the world.

characteristic of his writings is their classical beauty. Every passage is polished to the utmost, yet there is no exuberance, no sacrifice to false and meretricious taste. He threw aside the gaudy and affected brilliancy with which too many set forth their porms, and left his to stand, like the doric column, charming by its simplicity. Writing not for present popularity, or to catch the senseless applause of the multitude, he was willing to commit his works-as Lord Bacon did his memory-" to the next ages." And the result is proving how wise were his calculations. The "fit audience," which at first huiled his poems with pleasure, from realizing their worth, has been steadily increasing. The scholar studies them as the pro-ductions of a kindred spirit, which had drunk deeply at the fountains of ancient lore, until it had itself been moulded into the same form of stem and antique beauty, which marked the old Athenian dramatists. The intellectual and the gifted claim him as one of their own sacred brotherhood; and all who have a sympathy with genius, and are anxious to hold communion with it as they travel on the worn and beaten path of life, turn with ever renewed delight to his pages. They see the evidences of one, who wrote not because he must write, but because he possessed a mind crowded and glowing with images of heauty, and therefore, in the language of poetry, he poured forth its hoarded treasures. Much as we must lament the withdrawal of that bright mind, at an age when it had just ripened into the maturity of its power, and when it seemed ready for greater efforts than it yet had made, we rejoice that the event did not happen until a permanent rank had been gained among the noblest of our poets.

# ır.

Methought I journey'd o'er a boundless plain, Unbroke by vale or hill, on all sides stretch'd, Like circling ocean, to the low-brow'd sky; Save in the midst a verdant mount, whose sides Flowers of all hues and fragrant breath adorn'd. Lightly I trod, as on some joyous quest, Beneath the azure vault and early sun ; But while my pleased eyes ranged the circuit green, New light shone round; a murmur came, confused, Like many voices and the rush of wings. Upword I gazed, and, 'mid the glittering skies, Begirt by flying myriads, saw a throne Whose thousand splendours blazed upon the earth Refulgent as another sun. Through clouds They came, and vapours colour'd by Aunona, Mingling in swell sublime, voices, and harps, And sounding wings, and hallelujahs sweet. Sudden, a scraph that before them flew, Pausing upon his wide-unfolded plumes, Put to his mouth the likeness of a trump, And toward the four winds four times fiercely breathed.

Doubling along the arch, the mighty peal

To heaven resounded; heil return'd a groan, And shuddering earth a moment reel'd, confounded, From her fixed pathway as the staggering ship, Stunn'd by some mountain billow, reels. The isles, With heaving ocean, rock'd: the mountains shook Their ancient coronets: the avalanche Thunder'd: silence succeeded through the nations. Earth never listen'd to a sound like this. It struck the general pulse of nature still, And broke, forever, the dull sleep of death.

# ш.

Now, o'er the mount the radiant legions hung, Like plumy travellers from climes remote On some sequester'd isle about to stoop. Gently its flowery head received the throne : Cherubs and scraphs, by ten thousands, round Skirting it far and wide, like a bright sea, Fuir forms and faces, crowns, and coronets, And glistering wings furl'd white and numberless. About their Lonn were those seven glorious spirits Who in the ALMIGHTY'S presence stand. Four lean'd

On golden wands, with folded wings, and eyes Fix'd on the throne : one bore the dreadful books, The arhiters of life : another waved The blazing ensign terrible, of yore, To reled angels in the wars of heaven : What secra'd a trump the other spirit grasp'd, Of wondrous size, wreathed multiform and strange. Illustrious stood the seven, above the rest Towering, like a constellation glowing, What time the sphere-instructed huntsman, taught By ATLAS. his star-studded belt displays Aloft, bright-glittering, in the winter sky.

#### 17.

Then on the mount, amidst these glorious shapes, Who reverent stood, with looks of sacred awe, I saw EMMANUEL seated on his throne. His robe, methought, was whiter than the light; Upon his breast the heavenly Urim glow'd Bright as the sun, and round such lightnings flash'd, No eye could meet the mystic symbol's blaze. Irradiant the eternal sceptre shone Which wont to glitter in his Father's hand : Respiradent in his face the Godhead beam'd, Justice and mercy, majesty and grace, Divinely mingling. Celestial glories play'd Around with beamy lustre; from his eye Dominion look'd; upon his brow was stamp'd Creative power. Yet over all the touch Of gracious pity dwelt, which, erst, amidst Dissolving nature's anguish, breathed a praver For guilty man. Redundant down his neck His locks roll'd graceful, as they waved, of old, Upon the mournful breeze of Calvary.

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His throne of heavenly substance seem'd composed,

Whose pearly essence, like the eastern shell, Or changeful opal, shed a silvery light Clear as the moon it look'd through ambient clouds Of snowy lustre, waving round its base, That, like a zodiac, thick with emblems set, Flash'd wondrous beams, of unknown character, From many a burning stone of lustre mre, Stain'd like the bow whose mingling splendour stream'd Confusion bright upon the dazzled eye. Above him hung a emopy whose skirts

Above him hung a canopy whose skirts The mount o'crshadow'd like an evening cloud. Clouds were his curtains: not like their dim types Of blue and purple round the tabernacle, That waving vision of the lonely wild, By pious Israel wrought with cherubim; Veiling the mysteries of old renown, Table, and altar, ark, and mercy-seat, Where, 'twivt the shadow of cherubic wings, In lustre visible JEBOYAB shone.

#### vr.

In honour chief, upon the Lerro's right hand His station MICHAEL held: the dreadful sword That from a starry baldric hung, proclaim'd The Hierarch. 'l'errible, on his brow Blazed the archangel crown, and from his eye Thick sparkles flash'd. Like regal banners, waved Back from his giant shoulders his broad vans, Bedropt with gold, and, turning to the sun, Shone gorgeous as the multitudinous stars, Or some illumined city seen by night, When her wido streets pour noon, and, echoing

through

Her thronging thousands, mirth and music ring. Opposed to him. I saw an angel stand

In suble vesture, with the Books of Life. Black was his mantic, and his changeful wings Gloss'd like the raven's; thoughtful seem'd his mien,

Sedate and ealm, and deep upon his brow Had Meditation set her scal; his even Look'd things unearthly, thoughts unutterable, Or utter'd only with an angel's tongue. Renown'd was he among the scraphim For depth of prescience, and sublimest lore ; Skill'd in the musteries of the ETERNAL, Profoundly versed in those old records where, From everlasting ages, live Gon's deeds; He knew the hour when yonder shining worlds, That roll around us, into being sprang; Their system, laws, connexion ; all he knew But the dread moment when they cease to be, None judged like him the ways of Gon to man, Or so had ponder'd ; his excursive thoughts Had visited the depths of night and chaos, Gathering the treasures of the hoary deep.

# VII.

Like ocean billows seem'd, ere this, the plain, Confusedly heaving with a sumless host From earth's and time's remotest bounds: a roar Went up before the multitude, whose course The unfurl'd banner guided, and the bow, Zone of the universe, athwart the zenith Sweeping its arch. In one vast conflux roll'd, Wave following wave, were men of every age, Nation, and tongue; all heard the warning blast, And, led by wondrous impulse, hither came.

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Mingled in wild confusion, now, those met In distant ages born. Gray forms, that lived When Time himself was young, whose temples shook

The heary honours of a thousand years, Stood side by side with Roman consuls:—here, Mid prophets old, and heaven-inspired bards, Were Greeian heroes seen :—there, from a crowd Of reverend patriarchs, tower'd the nodding plumes,

Tiars, and helms, and sparkling disdems Of Persia's, Egypt's, or Assyria's kings; Clad as when forth the hundred gates of Thebes On sounding cars her hundred princes rush'd; Or, when, at night, from off the terrace top Of his aerial garden, touched to soothe The troubled monarch, came the solemn chime Of sackbut, psaltery, and harp, adown The Euphrates, floating in the moonlight wide O'er sleeping Babylon. For all appear'd As in their days of earthly pride; the clank Of steel announced the warrior, and the robe Of Tyrian lustre spoke the blood of kings. Though on the angels while I gazed, their names Appeared not, yet amongst the mortal throng (Capricious power of dreams !) familiar seem'd Each countenance, and every name well known.

#### ¥111.

Nearest the mount, of that mix'd phalanx first, Our general parent stood: not as he look'd Wandering, at evo, amid the shady bowers And odorous groves of that delicious gurden, Or flowery banks of some soft-rolling stream, Pausing to list its lulling murmur, hand In hand with peerless Evr, the rose too sweet, Fatal to Paradise. Fled from his check The bloom of Eden; his hyacinthine locks Were changed to gray; with years and sorrows bow'd

He seem'd, but through his ruined form still shono The majesty of his Creator: round Upon his sons a grieved and pitying look He cast, and in his vesture hid his face.

# IX.

Close at his side appear'd a martial form, Of port majestic, clail in massive atms, Cowering above whose helm with outspread wings The Roman eagle flew; around its brim Was character'd the name at which earth's queen Bow'd from her seven-fold throne and owned her lord. In his dilated eye amazement stood; Terror, surprise, and blank astonishment Blanch'd his firm check, as when, of old, close herm'd Within the capitol, amidst the crowd Of traitors, fearless else, he caught the glearn Of Burtus' steel. Daunted, yet on the pomp

Of towering scraphim, their wings, their crowns, Their duzzling faces, and upon the LORD He fix'd a steadfast look of anxious note, Like that PRABALIA's hurthing squadrons drew

When all his fortunes hung upon the hour.

x.

Near him, for wisdom famous through the east, ABBARAM rested on his staff; in guise A Chaldee shepherd, simple in his raiment As when at Manue in his tent he sat, The host of angels. Snow-white were his locks And silvery beard, that to his girdle roll'd. Fondly his meek eye dwelt upon his Lown, Like one, that, after long and troubled dreams, A night of sorrows, dreary, wild, and sad, Beholds, at last, the dawn of promised joys.

With kindred looks his great descendant gazed. Not in the poor array of shepherds he, Nor in the many-coloured cost, fond gift Of doating age, and cause of direful hate; But, stately, as his native palm, his form Was, like Egyptian princes', proudly deck'd In tissued purple sweeping to the ground. Plumes from the desert waved above his head, And down his breast the golden collar hung, Bestow'd by PHARAOR, when through Egypt word Went forth to bow the knee as to her king. Graced thus, his chariot with impetuous wheels Bore him toward Goshen, where the fainting heart Of INRAEL waited for his long-lost son, The son of RACHEL. Ah ! had she survived To see him in his glory !--- As he rode, His boyhood, and his mother's tent, arose, Link'd with a thousand recollections dear, And Joszra's heart was in the tomb by Ephrath.

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#### XI.

At hand, a group of sages mark'd the scene. PLATO and SOCHATES together stood, With him who measured by their shades those piles Gigantic, 'mid the desert seen, at eve, By toiling catavans for Memphis bound, Peering like specks above the horizon's verge, Whose huge foundations vanish in the mist Of earliest time. 'Transfix'd they seem'd with wonder, Awe-struck,—amazement rapt their inmost souls. Such glance of deep inquiry and suspense They threw around, as, in untutor'd ages, Astronomers upon some dark eclipse,

Close counselling smidst the dubious light

If it portended Nature's death, or spoke

A change in heaven. What thought they, then, of all

Their idle dreams, their proud philosophy, When on their wilder'd souls redemption, CARIST, And the ALMIGHT broke ! But, though they err'd When all was dark, they reason'd for the truth. They sought in earth, in ocean, and the stars, Their maker, arguing from his works toward Gon; And from his work toward Gon; And they beheld the gospel sending forth Its pure effulgence o'er the farthest sea, Lighting the idol mountain-tops, and gilding The banners of salvation there. These men Ne'er slighted a REDEMERT; of his name They never heard. Perchance their inte-found harps,

Mixing with angel symphonics, may sound In strains more repturous things to them so new.

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#### TII.

Nearcr the mount stood MORES; in his hand The rod which blasted with strange plagues the realm

Of Misraim, and from its time-worn channels Upturn'd the Ambian sea. Fair was his broad, High front, and forth from his soul-piercing eye Did legislation took ; which full he tix'd Upon the blazing panoply, undazzled. No terrors had the scene for him who, oft, Upon the thunder-shaken hill-top, veil'd With smoke and lightnings, with Janovan talk'd, And from his fiery hand received the law, Beyond the Jewish ruler, banded close, A company full glorious, I saw The twelve apostles stand. O, with what looks Of ravishment and joy, what reptorous tears, What hearts of ecstasy, they gazed again On their beloved Master ! what a tide Of overwhelming thoughts press'd to their souls, When now, as he so frequent promised, throned, And circled by the hosts of heaven, they traced The well-known lincaments of him who shared Their wants and sufferings here! Full many a day Of fasting spent with him, and night of prayer, Rush'd on their swelling hearts. Before the rest, Close to the angelic spears, had PETER urged, Tears in his eye, love throbbing at his breast, As if to touch his vesture, or to catch The murmur of his voice. On him and them Jesus beam'd down benignant looks of love.

#### TIII.

How diverse from the front sublime of PAUL, Or pale and placid dignity of him Who in the lonely Isle saw heaven unveil'd, Was his who in twelve summers won a world ! Not such his countenance nor garb, as when He foremost breasted the broad Granicus, Dark-rushing through its steeps from lonely Ida, His double-tufted plume conspicuous mark Of every arrow; cheering his bold steed Through pikes, and speare, and threatening axes, up The suppery bank through all their chivalry, Princes and satraps link'd for CYRUS' throne, With cuirass pierced, cleft helm, and plumeless head.

To vouthful conquest: or, when, panic struck, DARIUS from his plunging chariot sprang, Away the bow and mantle cast, and fled. His robe, all splendid from the silk-worm's loom, Floated effeminate, and from his neck Hung chains of gold, and gems from eastern mines. Bedight with many-colour'd plumage, flamed His proud tiara, plumage which had spread Its glutering dyes of scarlet, green, and gold, To evening suns by Indus' stream : around Twined carcless, glow'd the white and purple band, The imperial, sacred badge of Persia's kings. Thus his triumphal car in Babylon Display'd him, drawn by snow-white elephants, Whose feet crush'd odours from the flowery wreaths Boy-Cuoids scatter'd, while soft music breathed And incense fumed around. But dire his hue, Bloated and bacchanal as on the night

When old Persepolis was wrapp'd in flame ! Fear over all had flung a livid tinge. A deeper awe subdued him than amazed PARNEXTO and the rest, when they beheld The white-stoled Levites from Jerusalem, Thrown open as on some high festival, With hymns and solemn pomp, come down the hill To meet the incensed king, and wondering saw, As on the pontiff's awful form be gazed. Glistering in purple with his mystic gens, Jovz's vaunted son, at JADUA's foot, adore.

# XIV.

Turn, now, where stood the spotless Virgin: sweet

Her azure eye, and fair her golden ringlets;

But changeful as the hues of infancy

Her face. As on her son, her Gon, she gazed,

Fix'd was her look,—carnest, and breathless; now,

Suffused her glowing cheek; now, changed to pale;-

First, round her lip a smile celestial play'd,

Then, fast, fast min'd the tears.-Who can interpret !--

Perhaps some thought maternal cross'd her heart, That mused on days long past, when on her breast He helpless lay, and of his infant smile; Or, on those nights of terror, when, from worse

Than wolves, she hested with her babe to Egypt.

#### XV.

Girt by a crowd of monarchs, of whose fame Scarce a memorial lives, who fought and reign'd While the historic lamp shed glimmering light, Above the rest one regal port aspired, Crown'd like Assyria's princes; not a crest O'ertopp'd him, save the giant scraphim. His countenance, more piercing than the beam Of the sun-gazing engle, earthward lent Its haught, fierce majesty, temper'd with swe. Seven years with brutish herds had quell'd his pride,

And taught him there's a mightier king in heaven. His powerful arm founded old Babylon, Whose bulwarks like the eternal mountains heaved Their adamantine heads; whose brazen gates Beleaguering nations foil'd, and bolts of war, Unshaken, unanswer'd as the polling hail. House of the kingdom ! glorious Babylon ! Earth's marvel, and of unborn time the theme ! Bay where thou stood'st :---or, can the fisherman Plying his task on the Euphrates, now, A silent, silver, unpolluted tide, Point to thy grave, and answer ? From a sash O'er his broad shoulder hung the ponderous sword, Fatal as sulphurous fires to Nineveh, That levell'd with her waves the walls of Tyrus, Queen of the sea; to its foundations shook Jerusalem, and reap'd the fields of Egypt.

#### XVI.

Distantin GOOVIC

From desert-girdled cities, of whose pomp Some solitary wanderer, by the stars Conducted o'er the burning wilderness, Has told a doubted tale : as Europe's sons Describing Mexic', and, in fair Peru, The gorgeous Temple of the Sun, its priests, Its virgin, and its fire, forever bright, Were fablers deem'd, and, for belief, met scorn. Around while gazing thus, far in the sky Appear'd what look'd, at first, a moving star; But, onward, wheeling through the clouds it came, With brightening splendour and increasing size, Till within ken a fiery chariot rush'd, By flaming horses drawn, whose heads shot forth A twisted, horn-like beam. O'er its fierce wheels Two shining forms alighted on the mount, Of mortal birth, but deathless rapt to heaven. Adown their breasts their loose beards floated, white As mist by moonbeams silver'd : fair they seem'd. And bright as angels; fellowship with heaven Their mortal grossness so had purified. Lucent their mantles; other than the seer By Jordan caught; and in the prophet's face A mystic lustre, like the Urim's, gleamed.

#### **X**¥11.

Now for the dread tribunal all prepared: Before the throne the angel with the books Ascending kneel'd, and, crossing on his breast His sable pinions, there the volumes spread. A second summons echoed from the trump, Thrice sounded, when the mighty work began. Waved onward by a seraph's wand, the sca Of pulpitating bosoms toward the mount In silence roll'd. No sooner had the first Pale tremblers its mysterious circle touched Than, instantaneous, swift as fancy's flash, As lightning darting from the summer cloud, Its past existence rose before the soul, With all its deeds, with all its secret store Of emblyo works, and dark imaginings. Amidst the chaos, thoughts as numberless As whirling leaves when autumn strips the woods, Light and disjointed as the sibyl's, thoughts Scatter'd upon the wasto of long, dim years, Pass'd in a moment through the quicken'd soul, Not with the glozing eye of earth beheld; They saw as with the glance of Deity. Conscience, stern arbiter in every breast, Decided. Self-acquitted or condemned, Through two broad, glittering avenues of spears They cross'd the angelic squadrons, right, or left The judgment-seat; by power supernal led To their allotted stations on the plain. As onward, onward, numberless, they came, And touch'd, appall'd, the verge of destiny, The heavenly spirits inly sympathized :--When youthful saints, or martyrs scarr'd and white, With streaming faces, hands ecstatic clasp'd, Spring to the right, celestial beaming smiles A ravishing beauty to their radiance gave; But downcast looks of pity chill'd the left. What clench'd hands, and frenzied steps were there ! Yet, on my shuddering soul, the stifled groan, Wrung from some proud blasphenier, as he rush'd, Constrain'd by conscience, down the path of death, Knells horrible.—On all the hurrying throng The unerring pen stamp'd, as they pass'd, their fate. Thus, in a day, amazing thought! were judged The millions, since from the ALMIGHTY's hand, Launch'd on her course, earth roll'd rejoieing. Whose

The doom to penal fires, and whose to joy, From man's presumption mists and darkness veil. So pass'd the day; divided stood the world, An awful line of separation drawn, And from his labours the Messian ceased.

#### XV117.

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

# TIT.

But while at gaze, in solemn silence, men And angels stood, and many a quaking heart With expectation throbb'd; about the throne And glittering hill-top slowly wreathed the clouds, Erewhile like curtains for adornment hung, Involving Shiloh and the seraphim Beneath a snowy tent. The bands around, Eveing the gonfalon that through the smeke Tower'd into air, resembled hosts who watch The king's pavilion where, ere battle hour, A council sits. What their consult might be, Those seven dread spirits and their LORD, I mused, I marvell'd. Was it grace and peace !-- or death ? Was it of man !-Did pity for the lost His gentle nature wring, who knew, who felt How frail is this poor tenement of clay ?"-Arose there from the misty tabernocle A cry like that upon Gethsemane !--What pass'd in JESUS' bosom none may know, But close the cloudy dome invested him; And, weary with conjecture, round I gazed Where, in the purple west, no more to dawn, Faded the glories of the dving day. Mild twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud, The solitary star of evening shone. While gazing wistful on that peerless light, Thereafter to be seen no more, (as, oft, In dreams strange images will mix,) sad thoughts Pass'd o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, "Farewell, Pale, beauteous planet, that displayest so soft

\*For we have not an high privat which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities .-- HED. iv. 15.

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

#### XX.

Low warhlings, now, and solitary harps Were heard among the angels, touch'd and tuned As to an evening hymn, preluding soft To cherub voices; louder as they swell'd, Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments, Mix'd with clear, silver sounds, till concord rose Full as the harmony of winds to heaven; Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies To some worn pilgrim, first with elistening eyes Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks, The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine, The dash of waters, reed, or rustic pipe, Blent with the dulcet, distance-mellow'd bell, Come, like the echo of his early joys. In every pause, from spirits in mid air, Responsive still were golden viols heard, And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

#### xxt.

Calm, deep, and silent was the tide of joy That roll'd o'er all the blessed; visions of bliss, Rapture too mighty, swell'd their hearts to bursting; Prelude to heaven it seem'd, and in their sight Celestial glories swam. How fared, atas ! That other band ! Sweet to their troubled minds The solumn scene; ah! doubly sweet the breeze Refreshing, and the purple light to eyes But newly oped from that benumbing sleep Whose dark and drear abode no cheering dream, No bright-hued vision ever enters, souls For ages pent, perhaps, in some dim world Where guilty spectres stalk the twilight gloom. For, like the spirit's last scraphic smile, The earth, anticipating now her tomb, To rise, perhaps, as heaven magnificent, Appear'd Hesperian : gales of gentlest wing Came fragrance-laden, and such odours shed As Yemen never knew, nor those blest isles In Indian seas, where the voluptuous breeze The peaceful native breathes, at eventide, From nutmeg groves and howers of cinnamon. How solemn on their ears the choral note Swell'd of the angel hymn ! so late escaped The cold embraces of the grave, whose damp Silence no voice or string'd instrument 10

Has ever broke ! Yet with the murmuring breeze Full sadly chimed the music and the song, For with them came the memory of joys Forever past, the stinging thought of what They once had been, and of their future lot. To their grieved view the passages of earth Delightful rise, their tender lignments So dear, they heeded not an after state. Though by a fearful judgment usher'd in. A bridegroom fond, who levish'd all his heart On his beloved, forgetful of the Man Of many Sorrows, who, for him, resign'd His meck and spotless spirit on the cross, Has marked among the blessed bands, array'd Celestial in a spring of beauty, doom'd No more to fade, the charmer of his soul. Her cheek soft blooming like the dawn in heaven. He recollects the days when op his smile She lived ; when, gently leaning on his breast, Tears of intense affection dimin'd her eyes, Of dove-like lustre .--- Thoughtless, now, of him And earthly joys, eternity and heaven Engross her soul.-What more accursed pang Can hell inflict ! With her, in realms of light, In never-dying bliss, he might have roll'd Eternity away; but now, forever Torn from his bride new-found, with cruel fiends, Ormen like fiends, must waste and weep. Now, now He mourns with burning, bitter drops his days Misspent, probation lost, and heaven despised. Such thoughts from many a bursting heart drew forth

Groans, lamentations, and despairing shricks, That on the silent air came from afar.

#### XXII.

As, when from some proud capital that crowns Imperial Gauges, the reviving breeze Sweeps the dank mist, or hoary river fog Impervious mantled o'er her highest towers, Bright on the eye rush BRAHMA's temples, capp'd With spiry tops, gay-trellised minarets, Pagods of gold, and mosques with burnish'd domes, Gilded, and glistening in the morning sun, So from the hill the cloudy curtains roll'd, And, in the lingering lustre of the eve. Again the SAVIOUR and his scraphs shone. Emitted sudden in his rising, flash'd Intenser light, as toward the right hand host Mild turning, with a look ineffable, The invitation he proclaim'd in accents Which on their ravish'd cars pour'd thrilling, like The silver sound of many trumpets heard Afar in sweetest jubilee; then, swift Stretching his drealful sceptre to the left, That shot forth horrid lightnings, in a voice Clothed but in half its terrors, yet to them Seem'd like the crush of heaven, pronounced the doom.

The sentence utter'd, as with life instinct, The throne uprose majestically slow; Each angel spread his wings; in one dread swell Of triumph mingling as they mounted, trumpets, And harps, and golden lyres, and timbrels sweet, And many a strange and deep-toned instrument

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Of heavenly minstrelsy unknown on earth, And angels' voices, and the loud acclaim Of all the ransom'il, like a thunder-shout. Far through the skies melodious echoes roll'd, And faiut hosannas distant climes return'd.

#### **XX**111.

Down from the lessening multitude came faint And fainter still the trampet's dying peal, All else in distance lost ; when, to receive Their new inhabitants, the heavens unfolded. Up gazing, then, with streaming eyes, a glimpso The wicked caught of Paradise, whence streaks Of splendour, golden quivering radiance shone, As when the showery evening sun takes leave, Breaking a moment o'er the illumined world. Seen far within, fair forms moved graceful by, Slow-turning to the light their snowy wings. A deep-drawn, agonizing groan escaped The hapless outcasts, when upon the LORD The glowing portals closed. Undone, they stood Wistfully gazing on the cold, gray heaven, As if to catch, alas! a hope not there. But shades began to gather; night approach'd Murky and lowering: round with horror roll'd On one another, their despairing even That glared with anguish: starless, hopeless gloom Fell on their souls, never to know an end. Though in the far horizon linger'd yet A lurid gleam, black clouds were mustering there: Red flashes, follow'd by low muttering sounds, Announced the fiery tempest doom'd to harl The fragments of the earth again to chaos. Wild gusts swept by, upon whose hollow wing Uncarthly voices, yells, and ghastly peals Of demon laughter came. Infernal shapes Flitted along the sulphurous wreaths, or plunged Their dark, impure abyss, as sea-fowl dive Their watery element - O'crwhelmed with sights And sounds appalling, I awoke; and found For gathering storms, and signs of coming wo, The inidnight moon gleaming upon my bed Screne and peaceful. Gladly I survey'd her Walking in brightness through the stars of heaven, And blessed the respite ere the day of doom.

# HADAD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

'T is so :--the hoary harper sings aright; How beautiful is Zion !--Like a queen, Arm'd with a heim, in virgin loveliness, Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuitass, She sita aloft, begirt with battlements And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces, Soft gleanning through the umbrage of the woods Which tuft her summit, and, like rayon tresses, Waved their dark beauty round the tower of David.

Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers, The embrasures of alubaster shine; Hail'd by the pilgrims of the desert, bound To Julah's mart with orient merchandise. But not, for thou art fair and turret-crown'd. Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and bless'd With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense, Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here, Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern how

Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch, And where the glory hovers, here I war.

# UNTOLD LOVE.\*

THE soul, my lord, is fashion'd—like the lyre. Strike one chord suddenly, and others vibrate. Your name abruptly mention'd, casual words Of comment on your deeds, praise from your uncle,

News from the armies, talk of your return, A word let fall touching your youthful passion, Suffused her check, call'd to her drooping eye A momentary lustre; made her pulse Leap headlong, and her bosom palpitate. I could not long be blind, for love defics Concealment, making every glance and motion, Silence, and speech a teil-tale—....

These things, though trivial of themselves, begat Suspicion. But long months elapsed, Ere I knew all. She had, you know, a fever. One night, when all were weary and at rest, I, sitting by her couch, tired and o'erwatch'd, Thinking she slept, suffer'd my lids to close. Waked by a voice, I found her—never, Signor, While life endures, will that scene fade from me,— A dying lamp wink'd in the hearth, that cast. And snatched the shadows. Something stood before me

In white. My flesh began to creep. I thought I saw a spirit. It was my lady risen, And standing in her night-robe with clasp'd hands, Like one in prayer. Her pallid face display'd Something, methought, surpassing mortal beauty. She presently turn'd round, and fix'd her large, wild eves.

Brimming with tears, upon me, fetched a sigh, As from a riven heart, and cried: "He's dead! But, hush!-weep not,-I've bargain'd for his soul,-

That's safe in bliss!"—Demanding who was dead, Scarce yet aware she raved, she answer'd quick, Her Cosso, her beloved; for that his ghost, All pale and gory, thrice had pass'd her bed. With that, her passion breaking loose, my lord, She pour'd her lamentation forth in strains Pathetical beyond the reach of reason. "Gone, gone, gone to the grave, and never knew I loved him !"—I'd no power to speak, or move.— I sat stone still.—a horror fell upon me. At last, her little strength ebb'd out, she sank, And lay, as in death's arms, till morning.

\* From " Demetria."

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SCENE FROM HADAD.	But 't was from him I learn'd their fate, their fall,
	Who ercwhile wore resplendent crowns in heaven;
The terraced roof of ABBALON's house by night;	Now scatter'd through the earth, the sir, the sca.
adorned with vases of flowers and fragrant	Them he compels to answer, and from them Has drawn what Mosses, nor no mortal ear
shrubs; an awning over part of it. TAMAN	Has ever beard.
and Hidid.	Tam. But did he tell it thee !
	Had. He told me much-more than I dare reveal;
Tum. No, no, I well remember-proofs, you said,	For with a dreadful oath he scal'd my lips,
Unknown to Moses.	Tam. But canst thou tell me nothing ! Why
Had. Well, my love, thou know'st	unfold
I've been a traveller in various climes;	So much, if I must hear no more?
Trod Ethiopia's scorching sands, and scaled	Had. You hade
The snow-clad mountains; trusted to the deep;	Explain my words, almost reproach me, sweet, For what by accident escaped me.
Traversed the fragrant islands of the sea, And with the wise conversed of many nations.	Tam. Ah!
Tam. I know thou hast.	A little-something tell me-sure not all
Hud. Of all mine eyes have seen,	Were words inhibited.
The greatest, wiscst, and most wonderful	Had. Then promise never,
Is that dread sage, the Ancient of the Mountain.	Never to utter of this conference
Tam. Who ?	A breath to mortal.
Had. None knows his lineage, age, or name:	Tam. Solemnly I vow.
his locks	Had. Even then, 't is little I can say, compared
Are like the snows of Caucasus; his eyes	With all the marvels he related. Tam. Come,
Beam with the wisdom of collected ages. In green, unbroken years he sees, 't is said,	I'm breathless. Tell me how they sinn'd, how fell.
The generations pass, like autumn fruits,	Had. Their head, their prince involved them in
Garner'd, consumed, and springing fresh to life,	his ruin.
Again to perish, while he views the sun,	Tam. What black offence on his devoted head
The seasons roll, in rapt screnity,	Drew endless punishment?
And high communion with celestial powers.	Had. The wish to be
Some say 't is SHEM, our father, some say Exoca,	Like the All-Perfect.
And some MELCHISEDEK.	Tam. Arrogating that
Tam. I've heard a tale Like this, but ne'er believed it.	Due only to his Maker! awful crime! But what their doom? their place of punishment?
Had. I have proved it.	Had. Above, about, beneath; earth, sea, and air;
Through perils dire, dangers most imminent,	Their habitations various as their minds,
Seven days and nights, mid rocks and wildernesses,	Employments, and desires.
And boreal snows, and never-thawing ice,	Tam. But are they round us, HADAD? not
Where not a bird, a beast, a living thing,	confined
Save the far-soaring vulture comes, I dared	In penal chains and darkness ?
My desperate way, resolved to know or perish.	Had. So he said,
Tam. Rash, rash adventurer!	And so your hely books infer. What eaith
Hud. On the highest peak Of stormy Caucasus there blooms a spot	Your prophet? what the prince of Uz? Tam. I shudder,
On which perpetual sunbeams play, where flowers	Lest some dark minister be near us now.
And verdure never die; and there he dwells,	Had. You wrong them. They are bright in-
Tam. But didst thou see him ?	telligences,
Had. Never did I view	Robb'd of some native splendour, and cast down.
Such awful majesty: his reverend locks	'T is true, from heaven; but not deform'd and foul,
Hung like a silver mantle to his feet;	Revengeful, malice-working fiends, as fools
His raiment glishered saintly white, his brow Rose like the gate of Paradise; his mouth	' Suppose. They dwell, like princes, in the clouds, Sun their bright pinions in the middle sky;
Was musical as its bright guardians' songs.	Or such their palaces beneath the hills,
Tam. What did he tell thee? O! what wisdom	With stones inestimable studded so,
fell	That sun or stars were useless there.
From lips so hallow'd t	Tam. Good heavens!
Hud. Whether he possesses	Had. He hade me look on rugged Caucasus,
The Tetragrammaton-the powerful name	Crag piled on crag beyond the utmost ken,
Inscribed on Moszs' rod, by which he wrought	Noked and wild, as if creation's ruins
Unlieard-of wonders, which constrains the heavens To shower down blowings shakes the earth and	Were heaped in one immeasurable chain Of barren mountains, beaten by the storms
To shower down blessings, shokes the earth, and rules	Of everlasting winter. But within
The strongest spirits; or if Gon hath given	Are glorious palaces and domen of light,
A delegated power, I cannot tell.	Irradiate halls and crystal colonnades,
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Tam. I know that they were made to rule the Vaults set with gems the purchase of a crown, night Blazing with lustre past the noontide beam, Had. Like palace lamps! Thou echoest well Or, with a milder beauty, mimicking The mystic signs of changeful Mazzaroth. thy grandsire. Tum. Unheard of splendour ! Woman ! the stars are living, glorious, Had. There they dwell, and muse, Amazing, infinite! And wander; beings beautiful, immortal, Tam. Speak not so wildly. I know them numberless, resplendent, set Minds vast as heaven, capacious as the sky, Whose thoughts connect past, present, and to come, As symbols of the countless, countless years That make eternity. And glow with light intense, imperishable. Thus, in the spacey chambers of the sea Had. Eternity? O! mighty, glorious, miserable thought! And air-pavilious, rainbow tabernacles, They study nature's secrets, and enjoy Had ye endured like those great sufferers, No poor dominion. Like them, seen ages, myriad ages roll; Tam. Are they beautiful, Could ye but look into the void abyss With eyes experienced, unobscured by forments, And powerful far beyond the human race ? Had. Man's feeble heart cannot conceive it. Then mightst thou name it, name it feelingly. Tum. What ails thee, HADAD ? Draw me not When so close. The sage described them, fiery eloquence Had. TAMAR! I need thy love-more than thy Flow'd from his lips; his bosom heaved, his eyes love Grew bright and mystical; moved by the theme, Tam. Thy cheek is wet with tears-Nav, let us Like one who feels a deity within. Tam. Wondrous! What intercourse have they 'T is late-I cannot, must not linger. [part----Breaks from him. and exit. with men ? Had. Loved and abhorr'd! Still, still accursed ! Had. Sometimes they deign to intermix with man, [He paces twice or thrice up and down, with But oft with woman. passionate gestures ; then turns his face to Tum. Ha! with woman ! the sky, and stands a moment in silence.] Had. She O! where, Attracts them with her gentler virtues, soft, In the illimitable space, in what And beautiful, and heavenly, like themselves. Profound of untried misery, when all They have been known to love her with a passion Stronger than human. His worlds, his rolling orbs of light, that fill With life and beauty yonder infinite, Tam. That surpasses all Their radiant journey run, forever set, You yet have told me. Where, where, in what abyss shall I be groaning ? Had. This the sage affirms; And MOSES, darkly. Exit. Tum. How do they appear ! How manifest their love? ARTHUR'S SOLILOQUY.\* Had. Sometimes 't is spiritual, signified By beatific dreams, or more distinct HERE let me pause, and breathe a while, and wipe And glorious apparition. They have stoop'd These servile drops from off my burning brow. To animate a human form, and love Amidst these venerable trees, the air Like mortals. Seems hallow'd by the breath of other times.« Tam. Frightful to be so beloved ! Companions of my fathers! ye have mark'd Who could endure the horrid thought ! What makes Their generations pass. Your giant arms Thy cold hand tremble ! or is't mine Shadow'd their youth, and proudly canopied That feels so deathy ? Their silver hairs, when, ripe in years and glory, Had. Dark imaginations haunt me These walks they trod to meditate on heaven. When I recall the dreadful interview. What warlike pageants have ye seen ! what trains Tun. O, tell them not : I would not hear them. Of captives, and what heaps of spoil ! what pomp, Had. But why contemn a spirit's love? so high, When the victorious chief, war's tempest o'er, So glorious, if he haply deign'd ! In Warkworth's bowers unbound his panoply ! Tum. Forswear What floods of splendour, bursts of jocund din, My Maker! love a demon! Startled the slumbering tenants of these shades, Hud. No----O, no---When night awoke the tumult of the teast, My thoughts but wander'd. Oft, alas! they wander. The song of damsels, and the sweet-toned lyre. Tam. Why dost thou speak so sadly now! And Then, princely PERCY reigned amidst his halls, Thine eyes are fix'd again upon Arcturus. ſlo ! Champion, and judge, and father of the north. Thus ever, when thy drooping spirits ebb, O, days of ancient grundeur ! are ye gone ! Thou gazest on that star. Hath it the power Forever gone ! Do these same scenes behold To cause or cure thy melancholy mool ! His offspring here, the hireling of a fee I [He appears lost in thought. O, that I knew my fate ! that I could read Tell me, ascribest thou influence to the stars ? The destiny which Heaven has mark'd for me ! Had. (starting.) The stars! What know'st thou of the stars ? From "Percy's Masque."

Distanting GOOGIC

[Born, 1791.]

CRIELS SPRIGUE was born in Boston, on the twenty-sixth day of October, in 1791. His father, who still survives, was one of that celebrated band who, in 1773, resisted taxation by pouring the tea on board several British ships into the sea.

Mr. SPRAOUE was educated in the schools of his native city, which he left at an early period to acquire in a mercantile house a practical knowledge of trade. When he was about twenty-one years of age, he commenced the business of a merchant on his own account, and continued in it, I believe, until he was elected cashier of the Globe Bank, one of the first establishments of its kind in Massachusetts. This office he now holds, and he has from the time he accepted it discharged its duties in a faultiess manner, notwithstanding the venerable opinion that a poet must be incapable of successfully transacting practical affairs. In this period he has found leisure to study the works of the greatest authors, and particularly those of the masters of English poetry, with which, probably, very few contemporary writers are more familiar; and to write the admirable poems on which is based his own reputation.

The first productions of Mr. SPRAGUE which attracted much attention, were a series of brilliant prologues, the first of which was written for the Park Theatre, in New York, in 1821. Prize theatrical addresses are proverbially among the most worthless compositions in the poetic form. Their brevity and poculiar character prevents the development in them of original conceptions and striking ideas, and they are usually made up of commonplace thoughts and images, compounded with little skill. Those by Mr. SPRAGUE are certainly among the best of their kind, and some passages in them are conceived in the true spirit of poetry. The following lines are from the one recited at the opening of a theatre in Philadelphia, in 1822.

" To grace the stage, the bard's careering mind Seeks other worlds, and leaves his own behind ; He tures from air its bright, unprison'd forms, Breaks through the tomb, and Death's dull region storms, O'er ruin'd reaton he pours creative day, And slumbering kings his mighty voice obey. From its damp shades the long-laid spirit walks, And round the murderer's bed in vengeance stalks. Poor, maniac Beauty brings her cypress wreath,-Her smile a moonbeam on a blasted heath; Round some cold grave she comes, sweet flowers to strew, And, lost to Heaven, still to love is true. Hate shuts his soul when dove-eyed Mercy pleads ; Power lifts his are, and Truth's bold service bleeds; Remarke drops anguish from his burning even, Feels hell's eternal worm, and, shuddering, dies; War's trophied minion, too, forgakes the dust, Graspe his worn shield, and waves his sword of rust, Springs to the slaughter at the trumpet's call, Again to conquer, or again to fall."

The ode recited in the Boston theatre, at a pageant in honour of SHARSPEARE, in 1823, is one of the most vigorous and beautiful lyrics in the English language. The first poet of the world, the greatness of his genius, the vast variety of his scenes and characters, formed a subject well fitted for the flowing and stately measure chosen by our author, and the universal acquaintance with the writings of the immortal dramatist enables every one to judge of the merits of his composition. Though to some extent but a reproduction of the creations of SHARSPLARE, it is such a reproduction as none but a man of genius could effect.

The longest of Mr. SPRIGUE's poems is entitled " Curiosity." It was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in August, 1829. It is in the heroic measure, and its diction is faultless. The subject was happily chosen, and admitted of a great variety of illustrations. The descriptions of the miser, the novel-reader, and the father led by curiosity to visit foreign lands, are among the finest passages in Mr. SPRAGUE's writings. "Curiosity" was published in Calcutta a few years ago, as an original work by a British officer, with no other alterations than the omission of a few American names, and the insertion of others in their places, as Scorr for Cooper, and CHAL-MERS for CHANNING; and in this form it was reprinted in London, where it was much praised in some of the critical guzettes.

The poem delivered at the centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston, contains many spirited passages, but it is not equal to "Curiosity" or "The Shakspeare Ode." Its versification is easy and various, but it is not so carefully finished as most of Mr. SPALOUZ'S productions. "The Winged Worshippers," "Lines on the Death of M. S. C.," "The Family Meeting," "Art," and several other short poems, evidence great skill in the use of language, and show him to be a master of the poetic art. They are all in good taste; they are free from turgidness; and are pervaded by a spirit of good sense, which is unfortunately wanting in much of the verse written in this age.

Mr. SFRAGUE has written, besides his poems, an essay on drunkenness, and an oration, pronounced at Boston on the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of independence; and I believe he contributed some papers to the "New England Magazine," while it was edited by his friend J. T. BUCKTNOBAN. The style of his prose is florid and much less carefully finished than that of his poetry.

He mixes but little in society, and, I have been told, was never thirty miles from his native city. His leisure hours are passed among his books; with the few "old friends, the tried, the true," who travelled with him up the steeps of manhood; or in the quiet of his own fireside. His poems show the strength of his domestic and social affections. 125

# CURIOSITY.\*

# IT came from Heaven-its power archangels knew.

When this fait globe first rounded to their view; When the young sun reveal'd the glorious scene Where oceans gather'd and where lands grew green; When the dead dust in joyful myriat@swarm'd, And man, the clod, with Goe's own breath was warm'd:

It reign'd in Eden-when that man first woke. Its kindling influence from his eye-balls spoke; No roving childhood, no exploring youth Led him along, till wonder chill'd to truth ; Full-form'd at once, his subject world he trod, And gazed upon the labours of his Gon ; On all, by turns, his charter'd glance was cast, While each pleased best as each appear'd the last; But when She came, in nature's blameless pride, Bone of his bone, his heaven-anointed bride, All meaner objects faded from his sight, And sense turn'd giddy with the new delight; Those charm'd his eye, but this entranced his soul, Another self, queen-wonder of the whole ! Rapt at the view, in ecstasy he stood, And, like his Maker, saw that all was good.

It reign'd in Eden-in that heavy hour When the arch-tempter sought our mother's hower. In thrilling charm her yielding heart assail'd, And even o'er dread JEHOVAR's word prevail'd. There the fair tree in fatal beauty grew, And hung its mystic apples to her view: "Eat," breathed the fiend, beneath his serpent guise, "Ye shall know all things; gather, and be wise! Sweet on her ear the wily falsehood stole, And roused the ruling passion of her soul-"Ye shall become like Goo,"---transcendent fate! That Gon's command forgot, she pluck'd and ate; Ate, and her partner lured to share the crime, Whose wo, the legend saith, must live through time. For this they shrank before the Avenger's face, For this He drove them from the sacred place; For this came down the universal lot, To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot.

It came from Heaven--it reigned in Eden's shades--

It roves on earth, and every walk invades: Childhood and age alike its influence own; It haunts the beggar's nook, the monarch's throne; Hangs o'er the cradle, leans above the bier, Gazed on old Babel's tower—and lingers here.

To all that's lofty, all that's low it turns, With terror curdles and with rapture burns; Now feels a scraph's throb.now, less than man's, A reptile tortures and a planet scans; Now idly joins in life's poor, passing jars, Now stakes creation off, and scars beyond the stars.

"T is CURIONITY—who hath not felt Its spirit, and before its altar knelt? In the pleased infant see the power expand, When first the coral fills his little hand; Throned in its mother's lap, it dries each tear, As her sweet legend falls upon his car;

 Delivered before the Phi Beta Koppa Boclety of Harvard University, in 1929. Next it assails him in his top's strange hum, Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum; Each gilded toy, that doting love bestows, He longs to break, and every spring expose. Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores; How oft he steals upon your graver task, Of this to tell you, and of that to ask; And, when the waving hour to-bedward bids, Though gentle sleep sit waiting on his lids, How winningly he pleads to gain you o'er, That he may read one little story more !

Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined, It sits, dark brooding, o'er his embryo mind: Take him between your knees, peruse his face, While all you know, or think you know, you trace; Tell him who spoke creation into birth, Arch'd the broad heavens, and spread the rolling earth;

Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun, And hade the seasons in their circles run; Who fill'd the sir, the forest, and the flood, And gave man all, for comfort, or for food; Tell him they sprang at Gon's creating nod— He stops you short with, "Father, who made Gon !"

Thus through life's stages may we mark the power That masters man in every changing hour. It tempts him from the blandishments of home, Mountains to climb and frozen sens to roam; By air-blown bubbles buoy'd, it bids him rise, And hang, an atom in the vaulted skies; Loured by its charm, he sits and learns to trace The midnight wanderings of the orbs of space; Boldly he knocks at wisdon's inmost gate, With nature counsels, and communes with fate; Below, above, o'er all he dares to rove, In all finds Gop, and finds that Gop all love.

Turn to the world-its curious dwellers view, Like PAUL's Athenians, seeking something new. Be it a bonfire's or a city's blaze, The gibbet's victim, or the nation's gaze, A female atheist, or a learned dog. A monstrous pumpkin, or a mammoth hog, A murder, or a muster, 't is the same, Life's follies, glories, griefs, all feed the flame. Hark, where the martial trumpet fills the air, How the roused multitude come round to stare; Sport drops his ball, Toil throws his hammer by, Thrift breaks a bargain off, to please his eye; Up fly the windows, even fair mistress cook, Though dinner burn, must run to take a look. In the thronged court the ruling passions read, Where STORT dooms, where WIRT and WEBSTER plead :

Yet kindted minds alone their flights shall trace, The herd press on to see a cut-throat's face. Around the gallows' foot behold them draw, When the lost villain answers to the law; Soft souls, how anxious on his pangs to gloat, When the vile cord shall tighten round his throat; And, ah! each hard-bought stand to quit how grieved,

As the sad rumour runs----" The man's reprieved !" See to the church the pieus myriads pour, Squeeze through the sisles and jostle round the door;

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Does LANGDON preach ! (I veil his quiet name	Perchance the listeners, to their instinct true,
Who serves his Goo, and cannot stoop to fame;)-	May fancy common sense-'t were surely some-
No, 't is some reverend mime, the latest rage,	thing new.
Who thumps the desk, that should have trod the	Turn to the Press-its teeming sheets survey,
•	
sture;	Big with the wonders of each passing day;
Cant's veriest ranter crams a house, if new,	Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fircs, and
When PAUL himself, oft heard, would hardly fill	wrecks,
a pew.	Harangues, and bail-storms, brawls, and broken
Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,	necks;
Holds its warp'd mirror to a gaping age;	Where half-fledged bards, on feeble pinions, seek
There, where, to raise the drama's moral tone,	An immortality of near a week;
Fool Harlequin usurps Apollo's throne;	Where cruel cologists the dead restore,
There, where grown children gather round, to praise	In maullin praise, to martyr them once more ;
The new-vamp'd legends of their nursery days;	Where ruffian slanderers wreak their coward spite,
Where one loose scene shall turn more souls to	And need no venom'd dagger while they write:
shame,	There, (with a quill so noisy and so vain,
Then ten of CHANSING's lectures can reclaim;	We almost hear the goose it clothed complain,)
There, where in idiot rapture we adore	Where each hack scribe, as hate or interest burns,
The herded vagabonds of every shore:	Toad or toad-cater, stains the page by turns;
Women unsex'd, who, lost to woman's pride,	Enacts virtu, usurps the critic's chair,
The drunkard's stagger ape, the bully's stride;	Lauds a mock Gerno, or a monthing player;
Pert, lisping girls, who, still in childhood's fetters,	Viceroys it o'er the realms of prose and rhyme,
	Now pulls pert "Pelham," now "The Course of
Babble of love, yet barely know their letters;	
Neat-jointed mummers, mocking nature's shape,	Time;"
To prove how nearly man can match an ape;	And, though cre Christmas both may be forget,
Vaulters, who, rightly served at home, perchance	Vows this heats MILTON, and that WALTER SCOTT;
Had daugled from the rope on which they dance;	With SAMSON's vigour feels his nerves expand,
Dwarfs, minics, jugglers, all that yield content,	To overthrow the nobles of the land;
Where Sin holds carnival and Wit keeps Lent;	Soils the green garlands that for Oris bloom,
Where, shoals on shoals, the modest million rush,	And plants a brier even on CABOT's tomb;
One sex to laugh, and one to try to blush,	As turn the party coppers, heads or tails,
When mincing RAVENOT sports tight pantalettes,	And now this faction and now that prevails;
And turns fops' heads while turning pirouettes;	Applauds to-day what yesterday he cursed,
There, at each ribald sally, where we hear	Lampoons the wisest, and extols the worst;
The knowing giggle and the scurrile jeer;	While, hard to tell, so coarce a daub he lays,
While from the intellectual gallery first	Which sullies most, the slander or the praise.
Rolls the base plaudit, loudest at the worst.	Yet, sweet or bitter, hence what fountains burst,
Gods! who can grace you desecrated dome,	While still the more we drink, the more we thirst
When he may turn his SHARSPEARS o'er at home ?	Trade hardly deems the busy day begun,
Who there can group the pure ones of his race,	Till his keen eve along the page has run;
To see and hear what bids him well his face ?	The blooming daughter throws her needle by,
Ask ye who can ! why I, and you, and you;	And reads her schoolmate's marriage with a sigh,
No matter what the nonsense, if 't is new.	While the grave mother puts her glasses on,
To Doctor Logic's wit our sons give car;	And gives a tear to some old crony gone;
They have no time for HAMLET, or for LEAR ;	The preacher, too, his Sunday theme lays down,
Our daughters turn from gentle JULIET's wo	To know what last new folly fills the town;
To count the twirls of ALMAVIVA's toe,	Lively or sad, life's meanest, mightiest things,
Not theirs the blame who furnish forth the treat,	The fate of fighting cocks, or fighting kings;
But ours, who throng the board and grossly eat;	Naught comes amiss, we take the nauscous stuff,
We laud, indeed, the virtue-kindling stage,	Verjuice or oil, a libel or a puff.
	'T is this sustains that coarse, licentious tribe
And prate of SHARAPEARE and his deathless page;	
But go, announce his best, on Coopen call,	Of tenth-rate type-men, gaping for a bribe;
Coorgan, "the noblest Roman of them all;"	That reptile race, with all that's good at strife,
Where are the crowds, so wont to choke the door ?	Who trail their slime through every walk of life,
'T is an old thing, they 've seen it all before.	Stain the white tablet where a great man's name
	Stands proudly chiseli'd by the hand of Fame;
Pray Heaven, if yet indeed the stage must stand,	
With guiltless mirth it may delight the land;	Nor round the sacred fireside fear to crawl,
Far better else each scenic temple fall,	But drop their venom there, and poison all.
And one approving silence curtain all.	'T is Curiosity-though, in its round,
Despots to shame may yield their rising youth,	No one poor dupe the columny has found,
But Freedom dwells with purity and truth;	Still shall it live, and still new slanders breed;
Then make the effort, ye who rule the stage-	What though we ne'er believe, we buy and rend,
With novel decency surprise the age ;	Like Scotland's war-cries, thrown from hand to
Even Wit, so long forgot, may play its part,	hand,
And Nature yet have power to melt the heart;	To rouse the angry passions of the land.
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So the black falschood flies from ear to ear,	$8_{0}$
While goodness grieves, but, grieving, still must	Ti
hear.	D
All are not such? O no, there are, thank Heaven,	A
A nobler troop, to whom this trust is given;	
Who, all unbribed, on Freedom's ramparts stand,	_
Faithful and firm, bright warders of the land,	$\mathbf{D}_{i}$
By them still lifts the Press its arm abroad,	F
To guide all-curious man along life's road ;	$\mathbf{D}_i$
To cheer young Genius, Pity's tear to start,	$\mathbf{F}_{\mathbf{c}}$
In Truth's bold cause to rouse each fearless heart;	A
O'er male and female quacks to shake the rod,	F
	A
And scourge the unsex'd thing that scorns her Gon;	Ē
To hunt Corruption from his secret den,	
And show the monster up, the gaze of wondering	W
men.	-
How swells my theme! how vain my power I	T
find,	$\mathbf{F}$
To track the windings of the curious mind;	
Let aught be hid, though useless, nothing boots,	
Straightway it must be pluck'd up by the roots.	$\mathbf{T}$
How off we lay the volume down to ask	50
Ot him, the victim in the fron Mask;	Ň
The crusted medal rub with painful care,	8
	A
To spell the legend out-that is not there;	Se
With dubious gaze, o'er mossgrown tombstones	
bend,	W
To find a name-the heralds never penn'd;	T
Dig through the lava-deluged city's breast,	N
Learn all we can, and wisely guess the rest :	3
Ancient or modern, sacred or profane,	$\mathbf{C}_{i}$
All must be known, and all obscure made plain;	0
If 't was a pippin tempted Eve to sin;	A
If glorious Brnos drugg'd his muse with gin;	F
If Troy e'er stood; if SHAKSPEARS stole a deer;	In
	A
If Israel's missing tribes found refuge here;	
If like a villain Captain HENRY lied;	A
If like a martyr Captain Monoan died.	A
Its aim oft idle, lovely in its end,	т
We turn to look, then linger to befriend;	
The maid of Egypt thus was led to save	
A nation's future leader from the wave;	N
New things to hear, when erst the Gentiles ran,	$\mathbf{F}$
Troth closed what Curiosity began.	F
How many a noble art, now widely known,	В
Owes its young impulse to this power alone;	Ŧ
Even in its slightest working, we may trace	в
A deed that changed the fortunes of a race:	Ĥ
	B
BRCCE, bann'd and hunted on his native soil,	
With curious eve survey'd a spider's toil :	A
Six times the little climber strove and fail'd;	
Six times the chief before his foes had quail'd;	W
"Once more," he cried, "in thine my doom I	Т
read.	$\mathbf{F}$
Once more I dare the fight, if thou succeed ?"	Т
'T was done-the insect's fate he made his own,	Т
Once more the battle waged, and gain'd a throne.	Ιn
Behold the sick man, in his easy chair,	
Barr'd from the busy crowd and bracing air,-	ิพ
	Ŵ
How every passing trifle proves its power	
To while away the long, dull, lazy hour.	A
As down the pane the rival rain-drops chase,	۲I N
Curious he'll watch to see which wins the race;	
	8
And let two dogs beneath his window fight, He'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight	A A

So with each new-born nothing rolls the day, Till some kind neighbour, stumbling in his way, Draws up his chair, the sufferer to amuse, And makes him happy while he tells—the news.

The news! our morning, noon, and evening cry,

Day unto day repeats it till we die. For this the cit, the critic, and the fop, Dally the hour away in Tonsor's shop; For this the gossip takes her daily route, And wears your threshold and your patience out; For this we leave the parson in the lurch, And pause to prattle on the way to church; Even when some coffin'd friend we gather round, We ask, "What news!" then lay him in the ground; To this the breakfast owes its sweetest zest,

For this the dinner cools, the bed remains unpress'd.

What gives each tale of scandal to the street, he Litchen's wonder, and the parlour's treat ? e the pert housemaid to the keyhole fly, hen husband storms, wife frots, or lovers sigh; e Tom your pockets ransack for each note. nd read your secrets while he cleans your coat; e, yes, to listen see even madam deign, hen the smug scamstress pours her ready strain. his wings that lie that malice breeds in fear, o tongue so vile but finds a kindred car: wift flies each tale of laughter, shame, or folly, aught by Paul Pry and carried home to Polly: n this each foul calumniator leans, nd nods and hints the villany he means; ull well he knows what latent wildlive lies the close whisper and the dark surmise; muffled word, a wordless wink has woke warmer throb then if a DEXTER spoke; nd he, o'er Evenerr's periods who would nod, o track a secret, half the town has trod.

O thou, from whose rank breath nor sex can save,

Nor sacred virtue, nor the powerless grave,— Felon unwhipp'd! than whom in yonder cells Full many a groaning wretch less guilty dwells, Blush—if of honest blood a drop remains, To steal its lonely way along thy veins. Blush—if the bronze, long harden'd on thy check, Has left a spot where that poor drop can speak; Blush to be branded with the slanderer's name, And, though thou dread'st not sin, at least dread shame.

We hear, indeed, but shudder while we hear The insidious falschood and the heartless jeer; For each dark libel that thou lick'st to shape, Thou mayest from law, but not from scorn escape; The pointed finger, cold, averted eye, Insulted virtue's hiss—thou canst not fly.

The churl, who holds it heresy to think, Who loves no music but the dollar's clink. Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools, And deems the first of ports first of fools; Who never found what good from science grew, Save the grand truth that one and one are two; And marvels Buwbress o'er a book should pore, Unless to make those two turn into four;

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Who, placed where Catskill's forehead greets the sky,

Grieves that such quarries all unhewn should lie; Or, gazing where Niagara's torrents thrill, Exclaims, "A monstrous stream—to turn a mill!" Who loves to feel the blessed winds of heaven, But as his freighted barks are portward driven: Even he, across whose brain scarco dares to creep Aught but thrift's parent pair—to get, to keep: Who never learn'd life's real bliss to know— With Curiosity even he can glow.

Go, seek him out on yon dear Gotham's walk. Where traffic's venturers meet to trade and talk: Where Mammon's votaries bend, of each degree, The hard-eyed lender, and the pale lendee; Where rogues, insolvent, strut in white-wash'd pride.

And shove the dupes, who trusted them, aside. How through the buzzing crowd he threads his way, To catch the flying rumours of the day,-To learn of changing stocks, of bargains cross'd, Of breaking merchants, and of cargoes lost; The thousand ills that traffic's walks invade. And give the heart-ache to the sons of trade. How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's wo, Node his wise head, and cries, "I told you so: The thriftless fellow lived beyond his means, He must buy brants-I make my folks eat beans;" What cares he for the knave, the knave's sad wife, The blighted prospects of an anxious life? The kindly throbs, that other men control, Ne'er melt the iron of the miser's soul ; Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends, An incarnation of fat dividends; But, when to death he sinks, ungrieved, unsung, Buoy'd by the blessing of no mortal tongue,-No worth rewarded, and no want redress'd, To scatter fragrance round his place of rest, -What shall that hallow'd epitaph supply-The universal wo when good men die ! Cold Curiosity shall linger there, To guess the wealth he leaves his tearless heir; Perchance to wonder what must be his doom, In the far land that lies beyond the tomb;---Alas! for him, if, in its awful plan,

Heaven deal with him as he hath dealt with man. Child of romance, these work-day scenes you spurn;

For loftier things your finer pulses burn; Through Nature's walk your curious way you take, Gaze on her glowing bow, her glittering flake,-Her spring's first cheerful green, her autumn's last, Born in the breeze, or dying in the blast; You climb the mountain's everlasting wall; You linger where the thunder-waters fall; You love to wander by old ocean's side. And hold communion with its sullen tide; Wash'd to your foot some fragment of a wreck. Fancy shall build again the crowded deck That trod the waves, till, mid the tempest's frown, The sepalchre of living men went down. Yet Fancy, with her milder, tenderer glow, But dreams what Curiosity would know; Ye would stand listening, as the booming gun Proclaim'd the work of agony half-done; 17

There would you drink each drowning scaman's cry,

As wild to heaven he cast his frantic eye; Though vain all aid, though Pity's blood ran cold, The mortal havoc ye would dare behold; Still Curiosity would wait and weep, Till all sank down to slumber in the deep.

Nor yet appeased the spirit's restless glow: Ye would explore the gloomy waste below; There, where the joyful sunbeams never fell, Where ocean's unrecorded monsters dwell, Where sleep earth's precious things, her rifled gold,

Bones bleach'd by ages, bodies hardly cold, Of those who bow'd to fate in every form, By battle-strife, by pirate, or by storm; The sailor-chief, who Freedom's focs defied. Wrapp'd in the sacred flag for which he died; The wretch, thrown over to the midnight form, Stabb'd in his blessed dreams of love and home; The mother, with her fleshiess arms still clasp'd Round the scared infant, that in death she grasp'd; On these, and sights like these, ye long to gaze, The mournful trophics of uncounted days; All that the miser deep has brooded o'er, Since its first billow roll'd to find a shore.

Once more the Press,-not that which daily flings

Its fleeting ray across life's fleeting things,— See tomes on tomes of fancy and of power, To cheer man's heaviest, warm his holicat hour. Now Fiction's groves we tread, where young Romance Laps the glad senses in her sweetest trance;

Now through earth's cold, unpeopled realms we range,

And mark each rolling century's awful change; Turn back the tide of ages to its head,

And heard the wisdom of the honour'd dead.

"T was Heaven to lounge upon a couch, sold GRAT,

And read new novels through a rainy day: Add but the Spanish weed, the bard was right; 'T is heaven, the upper heaven of calm delight; The world forgot, to sit at case reclined, While round one's head the smoky perfumes wind, Firm in one hand the ivory folder grasp'd. Scorr's uncut latest by the other clasp'd; 'T is heaven, the glowing, graphic page to turn, And feel within the ruling passion burn; Now through the dingles of his own bleak isle, And now through lands that wear a sunier smile, To follow him, that all-creative one. Who never found a "brother near his throne."

Where the false shutter half its trust betrays,— Mark that fair girl, reclining in her bed,
His curtain round her polish'd shoulders spread.
Dark midnight reigns, the storm is up in power,
What keeps her waking in that dreary hour?
See where the volume on her pillow lies— Claims RADCHFER or CHAPONE those frequent signs?

'T is some wild legend,-now her kind cye fills, And now cold terror every fibre chills :

Still she reads on----in Fiction's labyrinth lost----Of tyrant fathers, and of true love cross'd ; Of clanking fetters, low, mysterious groans, Blood-crusted daggers, and uncoffin'd bones, Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore, And blue flaince dancing round a dungeon door ;---Still she reads on-even though to read she fears, And in each key-hole moan strange voices hears, While every shadow that withdraws her look, Glarce in her face, the goblin of the book ; Still o'er the leaves her craving eye is cast; On all she feasts, yet hungers for the last; Counts what remain, now sighs there are no more, And now even those half tempted to skip o'er; At length, the bad all killed, the good all pleased, Her thirsting Curiosity appeased, She shuts the dear, dear book, that made her weep,

Puts out her light, and turns away to sleep. Her bright, her bloody records to unrol, See History come, and wake th' inquiring soul: How bounds the bosom at each wondrous deed Of those who founded, and of those who freed; The good, the valiant of our own loved clime, Whose names shall brighten through the clouds of time.

How rapt we linger o'er the volumed lors That tracks the glories of each distant shore; In all their grandeur and in all their gloom, The throned, the thrall'd rise dinly from the tomb; Chiefs, sages, bards, the giants of their race, Earth's monarch men, her greatness and her grace; Warm'd as we read, the pennan's page we spurn, And to each near, each far arena turn; Here, where the Pilgrim's altar first was built, Hore, where the patriot's life-blood first was spilt; There, where new empires spread along each spot Where old ones fleurish'd but to be forgot, Or, direr judgment, spared to fill a page, And with their errors warn an after age.

And where is he upon that Rock can stand, Nor with their firmness feel his heart expand, Who a new empire planted where they trod, And gave it to their children and their Gon ! Who you immortal mountain-shrine hath press'd, With saintlier relics stored than priest e'er bless'd, But felt each grateful pulse more warmly glow, In voiceless reverence for the dead below ? Who, too, by Curiosity led on, To tread the shores of kingdoms come and gone, Where Faith her martyrs to the fagot led, Where Freedom's champions on the scaffold bled. Where ancient power, though stripp'd of ancient fame, Curb'd, but not crushed, still lives for guilt and shame.

But prouder, happier, turns on home to gaze. And thanks his Gop who gave him better days?

Undraw yon curtain; look within that room, Where all is splendour, yet where all is gloom; Why weeps that mother? why, in pensive mood, Group noiscless round, that little, lovely brood? The battledore is still, luid by each book, And the harp slumbers in its custom'd nook. Who hath done this? what cold, unpitying tos Hath made this house the dwelling-place of wo? 'T is he, the husband, father, lost in care, O'er that sweet fellow in his cradle there: The gallant bark that rides by yonder strand, Bears him to-morrow from his native land. Why turns he, half-unwilling, from his home ! To tempt the ocean and the earth to roam ? Wealth he can boast, a miser's sigh would hush, And health is laughing in that ruddy blush ; Friends spring to greet him, and he has no foe So honour'd and so bless'd, what hids him go !---His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread, Where sleeps the dust of earth's recorded dead; Where rise the monuments of ancient time, Pillar and pyramid in age sublime; The pagan's temple and the churchman's tower, War's bloodiest plain and Wisdom's greenest bower:

All that his wonder woke in school-boy themes, All that his fancy fired in youthful dreams: Where SOCRATES once taught be thirsts to stray, Where HOMER pour'd his everlasting lay; From VIREIL's tomb he longs to pluck one flower, By Avon's stream to live one moonlight hour; To pause where England "gurners up" her great, And drop a patriot's tear to MILTON's fate; Fame's living masters, too, he must behold, Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old: Nations compare, their laws and customs scan, And read, wherever spread, the book of man; For these he goes, self-banish'd from his hearth, And wrings the hearts of all he loves on eath.

Yet say, shall not new joy these hearts inspire, When grouping round the future winter fire, To hear the wonders of the world they burn, And lose his absence in his glad return ?---Return ! alas ! he shall return no more. To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore. Look once again-cold in his cabin now, Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow ; No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep, To smile on him, then turn away to weep; Kind woman's place rough mariners supplied. And shared the wanderer's blessing when he died. Wrapp'd in the raiment that it long must wear, His body to the dock they slowly bear; Even there the spirit that I sing is true; The crew look on with and, but curious view; The setting sun flings round his farewell rays; O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays; How elongent, how awful in its power, The silent lecture of death's Sabbath-hour: One voice that silence breaks-the praver is said, And the last rite man pays to man is paid; The plashing waters mark his resting-place, And fold him round in one long, cold embrace; Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er. Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more : Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep, With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

"Alps rise on Alps"—in vain my muse essays To lay the spirit that she dated to raise: What spreading scence of rapture and of wo, With rose and cypress lure me as I go. In every question and in every glance, In folly's wonder and in wisdom's trance,

Distantin GOOGIC

And trace the paths of all we love and hate ; The father's heart would learn his children's doom. Even when that heart is crumbling in the tomb; If they must sink in guilt, or soar to fame, And leave a hated or a ballow'd name : By hope elated, or depress'd by doubt, Even in the death-pang he would find it out. What boots it to your dust, your son were born An empire's idol or a rabble's scorn ? Think ye the franchised spirit shall return, To share his triumph, his disgrace to mourn ! Ah, Curiosity ! by thee inspired, This truth to know how oft has man inquired ! And is it fancy all ? can reason say Earth's loves must moulder with earth's mouldering clay ? That death can chill the father's sacred glow. And hush the throb that none but mothers know ? Must we believe those tones of dear delight. The morning welcome and the sweet good-night, The kind monition and the well-earn'd praise, That won and warm'd us in our earlier days. Turn'd, as they fell, to cold and common air !-Speak, proud Philosophy ! the truth declare ! Yet, no, the fond delusion, if no more, We would not yield for wisdom's cheerless lore; A tender creed they hold, who dare believe The dead return, with them to joy or grieve. How sweet, while lingering slow on shore or hill, When all the pleasant sounds of earth are still, When the round moon rolls through the unpillar'd skies. And stars look down as they were angels' eyes, How sweet to deem our lost, adored ones nigh, And hear their voices in the night-winds sigh-Full many an idle dream that hope had broke, And the awed heart to holy goodness woke ; Full many a felon's guilt in thought had died, Fear'd he his father's spirit by his side :---Then let that fear, that hope, control the mind ; Still let us question, still no answer find; Let Curiosity of Heaven inquire, Nor earth's cold dogmas quench the ethereal fire. Nor even to life, nor death, nor time confined-The dread hereafter fills the exploring mind : We burst the grave, profane the coffin's lid, Unwisely ask of all so wisely hid; Eternity's dark record we would read, Mysteries, unravell'd yet by mortal creed; Of life to come, unending joy and wo, And all that holy wranglers dream below; To find their jarring dogmes out we long, Or which is right, or whether all be wrong; Things of an hour, we would invade His throne. And find out Him, the Everlasting One! Faith we may boast, undarken'd by a doubt, We thirst to find each awful secret out; Hope may sustain, and innocence impart Her sweet specific to the fearless heart ; The inquiring spirit will not be controll'd, We would make certain all, and all behold.

In all of life, nor yet of life alone.

In all beyond, this mighty power we own.

We would uncleap the mystic book of fate.

Unfathom'd well-head of the boundless soul! Whose living waters lure us as they roll, From thy pure wave one cheering hope we draw-Man, men at least shall spurn proud Nature's law. All that have breath, but he, lie down content, Life's purpose served, indeed, when life is spent; All as in Paradise the same are found ; The beast, whose footstep shakes the solid ground, The insect living on a summer spire, The bird, whose pinion courts the sundeem's fire; In lair and nest, in way and want, the same As when their sires sought Adam for a name : Their be-all and their end-all here below, They nothing need beyond, nor need to know; Earth and her hoards their every want supply, They revel, rest, then, fearless, hopeless, die. But Man, his Maker's likeness, lord of earth. Who owes to Nature little but his birth, Shakes down her puny chains, her wants, and woes, One world sublues, and for another glows. See him, the feeblest, in his cradle laid; See him, the mightiest, in his mind array'd! How wide the gulf he clears, how bold the flight That bears him upward to the realms of light! By restless Curiosity inspired, Through all his subject world he roves untired : Looks back and scans the infant days of yore, On to the time when time shall be no more ; Even in life's parting throb its spirit burns, And, shut from earth, to heaven more warmly Lorns.

Shall he alone, of mortal dwellers here, Thus soar aloft to sink in mid-career ! Less favour'd then a worm, shall his stern doom Lock up these semph longings in the tomh?-O Thou, whose fingers mised us from the dust, Till there we sleep again, be this our trust : This sacred hunger marks the immortal mind, By Thee't was given, for Thee, for heaven design d; There the rapt spirit, from earth's grossness freed, Shall see, and know, and be like Thee indeed. Here let me pause-no further I rehearso What claims a loftier soul, a nobler verse; The mountain's foot I have but loiter'd round, Not dared to scale its highest, holiest ground ; But ventured on the pebbly shore to stray, While the broad ocean all before me lay :-How bright the boundless prospect there on high! How rich the pearls that here all hidden lie ! But not for me---to life's coarse service sold, Where thought lies barren and naught breeds but gold-

"T is yours, ye favour'd ones, at whose command From the cold world I ventured, here to stand: Ye who were lapp'd in Wisdom's murnuring bowers. Who still to bright improvement yield your hours;

Who shill to bright improvement yield your hours; To you the privilege and the power belong, To give my theme the grace of living song; Yours be the flapping of the cagle's wing, To dare the lofticst crag, and heavenward spring; Mine the light task to hop from spray to spray, Bless'd if I charm one summer hour away. One summer hour—its golden sands have run, And the poor labour of the bard is done.—

Congle

Yet, ere I fling aside my humble lyre, Let one fond wish its trembling strings inspire; Fancy the task to Feeling shall resign, And the heart prompt the warm, untutor'd line. Peace to this ancient spot! here, as of old, May Learning dwell, and all her stores unfold; Still may her priests around these altars stand, And train to truth the children of the land; Bright be their paths, within these shades who rest, These brother-bands-benenth his guidance bless'd, Who, with their fathers, here turn'd wisdom's page, Who comes to them the statesman and the sage. Praise he his portion in his labours here. The praise that cheer'd a KINKLANN's mild career : The love that finds in every breast a shrine, When zeal and gentleness with wisdom join. Here may he sit, while race succeeding race Go proudly forth his parent care to grace; In head and heart by him prepared to rise, To take their stations with the good and wise : This crowning recompense to him be given, To see them guard on earth and guide to heaven ; Thus, in their talents, in their virtues bless'd. O be his rivest years his happiest and his best I

# SHAKSPEARE ODE.\*

Gon of the glorious ivre! Whose notes of oid on iofty Pindus rang, While Joyx's exulting choir Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang-Come! bless the service and the shrine We consecrate to thee and thine.

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

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

There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's shade, Wrapp'd in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel stray'd. Lighting there and lingering long, Thou didst teach the bard his song; Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell, And round his brows a garland curl'd;

On his lips thy spirit fell. And bade him wake and warm the world !

Then SHARSPEARE rose! Across the trembling strings His daring hand he flings, And, lo! a new creation glows!

\* Delivered in the Boston Theatre, in 1923, at the exhibition of a pageant in honour of SHARBPEARE. There, clustering round, submissive to his will, Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

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

Mirth, his face with sun-beams lit, Waking laughter's merry swell, Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,

That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream, Kiss'd by the virgin moon's cold beam, Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes, And, swan-like, there her own dirge breathes, Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest,

Beneath the bubbling wave, that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom, Now drooping o'er the hallow'd tomb Where his plighted victims lie— Where they met, but met to die : And now, when crimson buds are sleeping, Through the dewy arbour peeping,

Where Beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,

To youth's devoted tale is listening,

Rapture on her dark lash glistening, While fairies leave their cowslip cells and guard the happy spot,

Thus rise the phantom throng, Obedient to their master's song, And lead in willing chain the wandering soul along, For other worlds war's Great One sigh'd in vain-O'er other workls see SHARSPRARE rove and reign ! The rapt magician of his own wild lay, Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey. Old Ocean trembles, Thunder cracks the skies, Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spectres rise: Night's pattering hags their fearful orgies keep, And faithless Guilt unscals the lip of Sleep : Time yields his trophics up, and Death restores The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores. The fireside legend, and the faded page, The crime that cursed, the deed that bless'd an nge.

All, all come forth, the good to charm and cheer, To scourge hold Vice, and start the generous tear:

With pictured Folly gazing fools to shame,

And guide young Glory's foot along the path of Fame.

Lo! hand in hand,

Distanting GOOGIC

Hell's juggling sisters stand,

To greet their victim from the fight;

Group'd on the blasted heath. They tempt him to the work of death,

Then melt in sir, and mock his wondering sight.

In midnight's hellow'd hour He seeks the fatal tower, Where the lone raven, perch'd on high, Pours to the sullen gale Her hoarse, prophetic wail, And croaks the dreadful moment nigh. See, by the phantom dagger led, Pale, guilty thing. Slowly he steals with silent tread, And grasps his coward steel to smite his sleeping king. Hark 1 't is the signal bell, Struck by that bold and unsex'd one, Whose milk is gall, whose heart is stone; His ear hath caught the knell-'T is done! 't is done! Behold him from the chamber rushing, Where his dead monarch's blood is gushing : Look, where he trembling stands, Sad, gazing there, Life's smoking crimson on his hands, And in his fcion heart the worm of wild despair. Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering! There fit the slaves of conscience round, With boding tongues foul murderers numbering; Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound. In his dream of blood for mercy quaking, At his own dull scream behold him waking! Soon that dream to fate shall turn, For him the living furies hurn; For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak, And chides the lagging night, and whets her hungry beak. Hark ! the trumpet's warning breath Echoes round the vale of death. Unhorsed, unhelm'd, disdaining shield, The panting tyrant scours the field. Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade! The scourge of earth, the scorn of heaven, He falls ! unwept and unforgiven, And all his guilty glories fade. Like a crush'd reptile in the dust he lics, And hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes! Behold yon crownless king-You white-lock'd, weeping sire-Where heaven's unpillar'd chambers ring. And burst their streams of flood and fire ! He gave them all-the daughters of his love: That recreant pair ! they drive him forth to rove; In such a night of wo. The cubicss regent of the wood Forgets to bathe her fange in blood. And caverns with her foe ! Yet one was ever kind: Why lingers she behind ? O pity !---view him by her dead form kneeling, Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling. His aching cyeballs strain, To see those curtain'd orbs unfold. That beauteous bosom heave again: But all is dark and cold. In agony the father shakes;

Grief's choking note Swells in his throat, Each wither'd heart-string tugs and breaks! Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes, And on her marble lips his last, his death-kiss breathes. Down! trembling wing: shall insect weakness keep The sun-defving eagle's sweep ! A mortal strike celestial strings, And feehly echo what a seraph sings? Who now shall grace the glowing throne, Where, all unrivall'd, all alone, Bold SHARSPEARS Bat, and look'd creation through, The minstrel monarch of the worlds he drew ! That throne is cold-that lyre in death unstrung, On whose proud note delighted Wonder hung. Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps, One spot shall spare—the grave where SHAKSPEARE sleeps. Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie, But Nature's laureste bards shall never die. Art's chisell'd hoast and Glory's trophied shore Must live in numbers, or can live no more. While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may claim, Still roars the Olympic car in PINDAR's fame: Troy's doubtful walls, in ashes pass'd away, Yet frown on Greece in HOMER's deathless lay; Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fance, Stands all immortal in her MARO's strains; So, too, yon giant empress of the isles, On whose broad away the sun forever smiles, To Time's unsparing rage one day must head, And all her triumphs in her SHARSPRARE end ! O thou! to whose creative power We dedicate the festal hour, While Grace and Goodness round the altar stand, Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's rose-lipp'd band----Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown, Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own, Deep in the west, as Independence roves, His banners planting round the land he loves. Where Nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace, In Time's full hour shall spring a glorious race: Thy name, thy verse, thy language shall they bear, And deck for thee the vaulted temple there. Our Roman-hearted fathers broke

. Thy parent empire's galling yoke; . Thy parent empire's galling yoke; But theu, harmonious monarch of the mind, Around their sons a gentler chain shall bind; Still o'er our tand shall Albion's accutre wave, And what her mighty lion lost, her mightier awan shall save.

# THE BROTHERS.

Wx are but two—the others sleep Through death's untroubled night; We are but two—O, let us keep The link that binds us bright, M

Distanting GOOQIC

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood That warms us is the same; That good old man—his honest blood Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were lock'd— Long be her love repaid; In the same cradie we were rock'd, Round the same hearth we play'd.

Our boyish sports were all the same, Each little joy and wo;— Let manhood keep alive the flame, Lit up so long ago.

We are but two-be that the band To hold us till we die; Shoulder to shoulder let us stand, Till side by side we lie.

## ART.

WREN, from the sacred garden driven, Man fled before his Maker's wrath, An angel left her place in heaven, And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path. 'T was Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke Where her light foot flew o'er the ground, And thus with seraph voice she spoke: "The curse a blessing shall be found." She led him through the trackless wild,

Where noontide sunbeam never blazed; The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled, And Nature gladden'd as she gazed. Earth's thousand tribes of living things, At Art's command, to him are given; The village grows, the city springs, And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride, To guard the shores its beauty graced; He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,

See towers of strength and domes of taste. Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal, Fire bears his banner on the wave,

He bids the mortal poison heal, And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

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

In fields of air he writes his name, And treads the chamiers of the sky, He reads the stars, and grasps the flame That quivers round the throne on high. In war renown'd, in peace sublime, He moves in greatness and in grace; His power, subduing space and time,

Links realm to realm, and race to race.

## "LOOK ON THIS PICTURE."

O, IT is life ! departed days Fling back their brightness while I gaze : "Tis ExxA's self—this brow so fair, Half-curtain'd in this glossy hair, These eyes, the very home of love, The dark twin arches traced above, These red-ripe lips that almost speak, The fainter blush of this pure cheek, The rose and lily's beauteous strife— It is—ah no !— 'is all but life.

"Tis all but life-art could not save Thy graces, EMMA, from the grave; Thy check is paie, thy smile is past, Thy love-lit eves have look'd their last; Mouldering beneath the coffin's lid, All we adored of thee is hid; Thy heart, where goodness loved to dwell, Is throbless in the narrow cell; Thy gentle voice shall charm no more; Its last, last, joyful note is o'er.

Oft, oft, indeed, it hath been sung, The requirem of the fair and young; The theme is old, alas! how old. Of grief that will not be controll'd. Of sighs that speak a father's wo, Of pangs that none but mothers know, Of friendship, with its bursting heart, Doom'd from the idol-one to part— Still its sad debt must feeling pay, Till feeling, too, shall pass away.

O say, why age, and grief, and pain Shall long to go, but long in vain; Why vice is left to mock at time, And, gray in years, grow gray in crime; While youth, that every eye makes glad, And beauty, all in radiance clad, And goodness, cheering every heart, Come, but come only to depart; Sunbeams, to flash, then fide away.

'Tis darkness all ! black benners wave Round the cold borders of the grave; There, when in agony we bend O'er the fresh sod that hides a friend, One only comfort then we know— We, too, shall quit this world of wo; We, too, shall find a quiet place With the dear lost ones of our race; Our crumbling bones with theirs shall blend, And life's sad story find an end.

And is this all—this mournful doom ! Beams no glad light beyond the tomb? Mark how yon clouds in darkness ride, They do not quench the orb they hid, Still there it wheels—the tempest of e. In a bright sky to burn once more; So, far above the clouds of time, Faith can behold a world sublime-There, when the storms of life are past. The light beyond shall break at last.

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## CENTENNIAL ODE.\*

Now to the pagan's mount I turn For inspirations now; Olympus and its golds I sporm— Pare One, he with me, Thou! Thou, in whose awful name, From suffering and from shame. Our fathers fiel, and braved a pathless sea; Thou, in whose hely fear, Thou, in whose hely fear, They fix'd an empire here, And gave it to their children and to Thee.

#### II.

And You ? ye bright-ascended Dead, Who scorn'd the bigot's yoke, Come, round this place your influence shed ; Your spirits I invoke. Come, as ye came of yore, When on an unknown shore Your daring hands the flag of faith unfurl'd,

> To float sublime, Through future time

The beacon-banner of another world,

#### m.

Behold! they come-those sainted forms, Unshaken through the strife of storms; Heaven's winter cloud hangs coblly down, And earth puts on its rodest frown; But colder, ruder was the hand

That drove them from their own fair land; Their own fair land—refinement's chosen sest, Art's trophied dwelling, Learning's green retreat; By valour guarded, and by victory crown'd, For all, but gentle charity renown'd. With streaming eye, yet steadfast heart, Even from that land they dared to part, And burst each tender tie;

Haunts, where their sunny youth was pass'd, Homes, where they fondly hoped at last In penceful age to die.

Friends, kindred, comfort, all they spurn'd; Their fathers' hallow'd graves;

And to a world of darkness turn'd, Beyond a world of waves.

#### IV.

When Idaaxt's race from bendage fied, Signs from on high the wanderers led; But here-Heaven hung no symbol here, Their stops to guide, their souls to cheer; They saw, through sorrow's longthening night, Naught but the façot's guilty light; The cloud they gazed at was the smoke That round their munder'd brethren broke. Nor power abore, nor power below Sustain'd them in their hour of wo; A fearful path they trod, And dared a fearful doom : To build an altar to their Gon,

And find a quiet tomb.

· Pronounced at the Cemennial Colebration of the Sectlement of Boston, September, 1830. τ.

But not alone, not all unbless'd, The exile sought a place of rest; Over dared with him to burst the knot That bound her to her mative spot; Her low, sweet voice in comfort spoke, As round their back the billows bucke; She through the midnight watch was there, With him to bend her knees in prayer; She trod the share with ginled heart, Through good and ill to claim her part; In life, in death, with him to scal Her kindred love, her kindred zeal.

#### YL.

They come ;---that coming who shall tell ! The eye may weep, the heart may swell, But the poor tongue in vain essays A fitting note for them to raise. We hear the after-shout that rings For them who smote the power of kings; The swelling triumph all would share, But who the dark defeat would dare, And boldly meet the wrath and wo That wait the unsuccessful blow ! It were an envied fate, we deem, To live a land's recorded theme,

When we are in the tomb; We, too, might yield the joys of home, And waves of winter darkness roan, And tread a shore of gloom—

And treat a since of groun-Knew we those waves, through coming time, Should roll our names to every elime; Felt we that millions on that shore Should stand, our memory to adors, But no glad vision burst in light Upon the Pilgrims' aching sight; Their hearts no proud hereafter swell'd; Deep shadows veil'd the way they held;

The yell of vengeance was their trump of fame, Their monument, a grave without a name.

#### ¥11.

Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand, On yonder ice-bound rock, Stem and resolved, that faithful band, To meet fate's rudest shock. Though anguish reals the father's breast, For them, his dearest and his best, With him the waste who trod— Though tears that freeze, the mother sheds Upon her children's houseless heads—

The Christian turns to Gon !

## TIII.

In grateful adoration now, Upon the barren sands they how. What tongue of joy o'er woke such prayer As bursts in desolution there ! What arm of strength o'er wrought such power As waits to crown that feeble hour ! There into life an infant empire springs ! There falls the iron from the soul ; There Liberty's young secents roll Up to the King of kings !

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To fair creation's farthest bound That thrilling summons yet shall sound; The dreaming nations shall awake, And to their centre earth's old kingdoms shake. Pontiff and prince, your sway Must crumble from that day; Hefore the loitier throne of Heaven The hand is raised, the pledge is given— One monarch to obey, one creed to own, That monarch, Gon; that creed, His word alone.

## 1X.

Spread out earth's holiest records here. Of days and deeds to reverence dear ; A zeal like this what pious legends tell ? On kingdoms built In blood and guilt, The worshippers of vulgar triumph dwell-But what exploits with theirs shall page, Who rose to bless their kind-Who left their nation and their age. Man's spirit to unbind ? Who boundless seas pass'd o'er, And boldly met, in every path, Famine, and frost, and heathen wrath, To dedicate a shore, Where Picty's meek train might breathe their vow, And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow;

And seek incir maker with all unshamed brow; Where Liberty's glad race might proudly come, And set up there an everinsting home?

#### T.

O. many a time it hath been told,
The story of those men of old.
For this fair Poetry hath wreathed Her sweetest, purest flower;
For this proud Elequence hath breathed His strain of loftiest power;
Devotion, too, hath linger'd round Each spot of consecrated ground,
And hill and valley blow'd;
There, where our banish'd fathers stray'd,
There, where they loved, and wept, and pray'd,
There, where their ashes rest.

#### **X**1.

And never may they rest unsung, While Liberty can find a tongue. Twine, Grutitude, a wreath for them, More deathless than the diadem, Who, to life's noblest end, Gave up life's noblest powers, And hule the legacy descend Down, down to us and ours.

#### хп.

By centuries now the glorious hour we mark, When to these shores they steer'd their shatter'd bark :

And still, as other centuries melt away, Shall other ages come to keep the day. When we are dust, who gather round this spot, Our joys, our griefs, our very names forgot, Here shall the dwellers of the land be seen, To keep the memory of the Pilgring green. Nor here alone their praises shall go round, Nor here alone their virtues shall abound— Broad as the empire of the free shall spread, Far as the foot of man shall dare to tread, Where oar hath never dipp'd, where human tongue Hath never through the wools of ages rung, There, where the cagle's seream and wild woll's cry Keep ceaseless day and night through earth and sky, Even there, in after time, as toil and tasts Go forth in gladness to redeem the waste, Even there shall rise, as grateful myriads throng, Faith's holy prayer and Freedom's joyful song : There shall the flame that flash'd from yonder Rock, Light up the land, till nature's final shock.

#### X111.

Yet while, by life's endearments crown'd, To mark this day we gather round, And to our nation's founders raise The voice of gratitude and praise, Shall not one line lament that lion race, For us struck out from sweet creation's face ? Alas! alas! for them-those fated bands, Whose monarch tread was on these broad, green lands: Our fathers call'd them savage-them, whose bread, In the dark hour, those famish'd fathers fed ; We call them savage, we, Who hail the struggling free Of every clime and hue; We, who would save The branded slave, And give him liberty he never knew; We, who but now have caught the tale That turns each listening tyrant pale. And bless'd the winds and waves that bors The tidings to our kindred shore ; The triumph-tidings pealing from that land Where up in arms insulted legions stand : There, gathering round his bold compeers, Where He, our own, our welcomed One, Riper in glory than in years, Down from his forfeit throne A craven monarch hurl'd, And spurn'd him forth, a proverb to the world !

#### XIV,

We call them savage—O, be just ! Their outraged feelings scan; A voice comes forth, 't is from the dust— The savage was a man ! Think ye he loved not ? Who stood by, And in his toils took part ? Woman was there to bless his eye— The savage had a heart ! Think ye he pray'd not ? When on high He heard the thunders roll, What bade him look beyond the sky ? The savage had a coul ! IV.

I venerate the Pilgrim's cause, Yet for the red man dare to plead— We bow to Heaven's recorded laws, He turn'd to nature for a creed;

Distanting GOOGLE

Beneath the pillar'd dome, We seek our Gop in prayer; Through boundless woods he loved to roam, And the Great Spirit worshipp'd there. But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt ; To one divinity with us he knelt; Freedom, the self-same Freedom we adore, Bade him defend his violated shore. He saw the cloud, ordain'd to grow, And burst upon his hills in wo: He saw his people withering by, Beneath the invader's evil eye ; Strange feet were trampling on his father's bones; At midnight hour he woke to guze Upon his happy cabin's blaze, And listen to his children's dying groans. He saw-and, maddening at the sight, Gave his bold bosom to the fight; To tiger rage his soul was driven ;

XVI.

Mercy was not----nor sought nor given ;

The pale man from his lands must fly;

He would be free-or he would die.

And was this savage ? say, Ye ancient few, Who struggled through Young Freedom's trial-day---What first your sleeping wrath awoke ? On your own shores war's larum broke ; What turn'd to gall even kindred blood ? Round your own homes the oppressor stood ; This every warm affection chill'd, This every warm affection chill'd, This every beart with vengeance thrill'd, And strengthen'd every hand ; From mound to mound The word went round---"Death for our native land !"

#### XVII.

Ye mothers, too, breathe ye no sigh For them who thus could dare to die 1 Are all your own dark hours forgot, Of soul-sick suffering here ! Your pange, as, from yon mountain spot, Death spoke in every booming shot That knell'd upon your ear? How oft that gloomy, glorious tale ye tell, As round your knees your children's children hang, Of them, the callant ones, ye loved so well, Who to the conflict for their country sprang! In pride, in all the pride of wo, Ye tell of them, the brave laid low, Who for their birth-place bled ; In pride, the pride of triumph then, Ye tell of them, the matchless men, From whom the invaders fled.

#### XVIII.

And ye, this holy place who throng, The annual theme to hear, And bid the exulting song Sound their great names from year to year; Ye, who invoke the chisel's breathing grace, In marble majesty their forms to trace; 18 Ye, who the sleeping rocks would raise, To guard their dust and speak their praise; Ye, who, should some other band With hostile foot defile the land, Feel that ye like them would wake, Like them the yoke of bondage break, Nor leave a battle-blade undrawn, Though every hill a sepulchre should yawn----Say, have not ye one line for those, One brother-line to spare,

Who rose but as your fathers rose, And dared as ye would dare?

#### XIX.

Alas! for them....their day is o'er, Their fires are out from hill and shore; No more for them the wild deer bounds; The plough is on their hunting-grounds; The pale man's axe rings through their woods The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods, Their plensant springs are dry; Their chiklren...look, by power oppress'd, Beyond the mountains of the west, Their children go—to die.

#### II.

O, doubly lost ! Oblivion's shadows close Around their triumphs and their woes. On other realms, whose suns have set, Reflected radiance lingers yet; There sage and hard have shed a light That never shall go down in night; There time-crown'd columns stand on high, To tell of them who cannot die : Even we, who then were nothing, kneel In homage there, and join earth's general peal. But the doom'd Indian leaves behind no trace. To save his own, or serve another race; With his freil breath his power has pass'd away, His deeds, his thoughts are buried with his clay; Nor lofty pile, nor glowing page Shall link him to a future age, Or give him with the past a rank; His heraldry is but a broken bow, His history but a tale of wrong and wo, His very name must be a blank.

### XXI.

Cold, with the beast he slew, he sleeps; O'er him no filial spirit weeps; No crowds throng round, no anthem-notes ascend, To bless his coming and embalm his end; Even that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue; By foes alone his death-song must be sung; No chronicles but theirs shall tell His mournful doom to future times; May these upon his virtues dwell, And in his fate forget his crimes.

#### XXII.

Peace to the mingling dead I Beneath the torf we tread, Chief, pilgrim, patriot sleep. All gone ! how changed ! and yet the same As when Faith's herald bark first came In sorrow o'er the deep. \* 2

Distanting GOOS

Still, from his noonday height, The sun looks down in light: Along the trackless realms of space, The stars still run their midnight race; The same green valleys smile, the same rough shore Still echoes to the same wild ocean's roar;---But where the bristling night-wolf sprang Upon his startled prey, Where the fierce Indian's war-cry rang Through many a bloody fray, And where the stern old pilgrim pray'd In solitude and gloom, Where the **bold** patriot drew his blade, And dared a patriot's doom,-Behold ! in Liberty's unclouded blaze We lift our heads, a race of other days.

#### XXIII.

All gone! the wild beast's lair is trodden out; Proud temples stand in beauty there; Our children raise their merry shout Where once the death-whoop vex'd the air. The pilgrim—seck yon ancient mound of graves, Beneath that chapel's boly shade; Ask, where the brecze the long grass waves, Who, who within that spot are laid: The patriot—go, to Fame's proud mount repair; The tardy pile, slow rising there, With tongueless eloquence shall tell Of them who for their country fell.

#### XXIV.

All gone! 't is ours, the goodly land-Look round-the heritage behold ; Go forth-upon the mountains stand; Then, if ye can, be cold. See living vales by living waters bless'd; Their wealth see earth's dark caverns yield; See ocean roll, in glory dress'd, For all a treasure, and round all a shield ; Hark to the shouts of praise Rejoicing millions raise; Gaze on the spircs that rise To point them to the skies, Unfearing and unfear'd : Then, if ye can, O, then forget To whom ye owe the sacred debt-The pilgrim race revered ! The men who set Paith's burning lights Upon these everlasting heights, To guide their children through the years of time; The men that glorious law who taught, Unshrinking liberty of thought, And roused the nations with the truth sublime.

#### EXT.

Forget! No, never---ne'er shall die Those names to memory dear; I read the promise in cach eys That beams upon me here. Descendants of a twice-recorded race! Long may ye here your lofty lineage grace. 'T is not for you home's tender tie To rend, and brave the waste of waves; 'T is not for you to rouse and die, Or yield, and live a line of slaves. The deeds of danger and of death are done: Upheld by inward power alone, Unhonour'd by the world's loud tongue, "T is yours to do unknown, And then to die unsung. To other days, to other men belong The penman's plaudit, and the poet's song; Enough for glory has been wrought; By you be humbler praises sought; In peace and truth life's journey run, And keep unsullied what your fathers won.

#### XXVI.

Take then my prayer, ye dwellers of this spot! Be yours a noiseless and a guiltless lot. I plead not that ye bask In the rank beams of vulgar fame; To light your steps, I ask A purer and a holier flame. No bloated growth I supplicate for you, No pining multitude, no pamper'd few; 'T is not alone to coffer gold. Nor spreading borders to behold ; 'T is not fast-swelling crowds to win, The refuse-ranks of want and ein. This be the kind decree: Be ye by goodness crown'd; Revered, though not renown'd ; Poor, if Heaven will, but free! Free from the tyrants of the hour, The clans of wealth, the clans of power, The coarse, cold scorners of their Gon; Free from the taint of sin. The leprosy that feeds within, And free, in mercy, from the bigot's rod.

#### XXVII.

The sceptre's might, the crosier's pride, Ye do not fear; No conquest blade, in life-blood dyed, Drops terror here,---Let there not lurk a subtler snare, For wisdom's footsteps to beware, The shackle and the stake Our fathers fied : Ne'er may their children wake A fouler wrath, a deeper dread ; Ne'er may the craft that fears the flesh to bind. Lock its hard fetters on the mind; Quench'd be the fiercer flame That kindles with a name ; The pilgrim's faith, the pilgrim's zeal, Let more than pilgrim kindness seal; Be purity of life the test, Leave to the heart, to heaven, the rest.

#### XXVIII.

So, when our children turn the page, To ask what triumphe mark'd our age-What we achieved to challenge praise, Through the long line of future days-This let them read, and hence instruction draws: "Here were the many bless'd, Here found the virtues rest, Faith link'd with Love, and Liberty with Law;

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Here industry to comfort led; Her book of light here learning spread; Here the warm heart of youth Was woo'd to temperance and to truth; Here heary age was found, By wisdom and by reverence crown'd. No great but guilty fame Here kindled pride, that should have kindled shame; These chose the better, happier part, That pour'd its sunlight o'er the heart, That crown'd their homes with peace and health, And weigh'd Heaven's smile beyond earth's wealth; Far from the thorny paths of strife They stood, a living lesson to their race, Rich in the charities of life, Man in his strength, and woman in her grace; In purity and truth their pilgrim path they trod, And when they served their neighbour, felt they served their Gon.' TTTT. This may not wake the poet's verse, This souls of fire may ne'er rehearse In crowd-delighting voice; Yet o'er the record shall the patriot bend, His quiet praise the moralist shall lend,

And all the good rejoice.

#### III.

This be our story, then, in that far day, When others come their kindred deht to pay. In that far day !---O, what shall be, In this dominion of the free, When we and ours have render'd up our trust. And men unborn shall tread above our dust? O, what shall be ?-He, He alone The dread response can make, Who sitteth on the only throne That time shall never shake : Before whose all-beholding eves Ages sweep on, and empires sink and rise. Then let the song, to Him begun, To Him in reverence end ; Look down in love, Eternal One, And Thy good cause defend ; Here, late and long, put forth thy hand, To guard and guide the Pilgrim's land.

## LINES TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

Youne mother ! what can feeble friendship say, To soothe the anguish of this mournful day ? They, they alone, whose hearts like thine have bled, Know how the living sorrow for the dead; Each tutor'd voice, that seeks such grief to cheer, Strikes cold upon the weeping parent's ear; I've feit it all-alas! too well I know How vain all earthly power to hush thy wo! Goo cheer thee, childless mother ! 't is not given For man to ward the blow that falls from heaven,

I've felt it all—as thou art feeling now; Like thee, with stricken heart and aching brow, I've sat and watch'd by dying beauty's bed, And burning tears of hopeless anguish shed; I've gazed upon the sweet, but pallid face, And vainly tried some comfort there to trace; I've listen'd to the short and struggling breath ; I've seen the cherub eye grow dim in death; Like thee, I've veil'd my head in speechless gloom, And laid my first-born in the silent tomb.

#### I SEE THEE STILL.

"I rock'd her in the cradle, And laid her in the tomb. She was the youngest. What fireside circle hath not felt the charm Of that aweet the ? The youngest ne'er grow old The fond endearments of our earlier days We keep alive in them, and when they die, Our youthful joys we bury with them."

### I szn thee still :

Remembrance, faithful to her trust, Calls thee in beauty from the dust ; Thou comest in the morning light, Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night; In dreams I meet thee as of old : Then thy soft arms my neek enfold, And thy sweet voice is in my car: In every scene to memory dear I see thee still.

I see thee still, In every hallow'd token round; This little ring thy finger bound, This lock of hair thy forehead shaded, This silken chain by thee was braided, These flowers, all wither'd now, like thee, Bweet sister, thou didst cull for me; This book was thine, here didst thou read; This picture, ah ! yes, here, indeed,

I see thee still.

#### I see thee still:

Here was thy summer noon's retreat, Here was thy favourite fireside seat; This was thy chamber-here, each day, I sat and watch'd thy sad decay; Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie, Here, on this pillow, thou didst die : Dark hour! once more its wors unfold ; As then I saw thee, pale and cold, I see thee still.

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I see thee still : Thou art not in the grave confined-Death cannot claim the immortal mind; Let earth close o'er its sacred trust, But goodness dies not in the dust; Thee, O! my sister, 't is not thee Beneath the coffin's lid I see; Thou to a fairer land art gone; There, let me hope, my journey done, To see thee still!

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF M.S.C.

I KNEW that we must part—day after day, I naw the dread Destroyer win his way; That hollow cough first rang the fatal knell, As on my ear its prophet-warning fell; Peeble and slow thy once light footstep grew, Thy wasting check put on death's pallid hue, Thy thin, hot hand to mine more weakly chang. Each sweet "Good night" fell fainter from thy tongue;

I knew that we must part—no power could save Thy quiet goodness from an early grave; Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they cast,

Looking a sister's fordness to the last; Thy lips so pale, that gently press'd my cheek, Thy voice—alas! thou coulds but try to speak;— All told thy doom; I felt it at my heart; The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part.

And we have parted, Maar—thou art gone ! Gone in thine innocence, meek, suffering one. Thy weary spirit breathed itself to sloep So peacefully, it seem'd a sin to weep, In those food watchers who around thee stood, And felt, even then, that Gon, even then, was good. Like stars that stroggle through the clouds of night.

Thine eyes one moment caught a glorious light, As if to thee, in that decad hour, 't were given To know on earth what faith believes of heaven; Then like tired breezes didst thou sink to rest, Nor one, one pang the awful change confess'd. Death stole in softness o'er that lovely face, And touch'd each feature with a new-born grace; On check and brow unearthly beauty lay, And told that life's poor cares had pase'd away. In my last hour be Heaven so kind to me ! I ask no more than this—to die like thee.

But we have parted, MANY-thou art dead ! On its last resting-place I laid thy head, Then by thy coffin-side knelt down, and took A brother's farewell kiss and farewell look : Those marble lips no kindred kiss return'd ; From these weil'd orbs no glance responsive burn'd; Ah! then I felt that thou hadst pass'd away, That the sweet face I gazed on was but clay; And then came Memory, with her busy throng Of tender images, forgotten loug; Years hurried back, and as they ewiftly roll'd, I saw thee, heard thee, as in days of old ; Bad and more sad each sacred feeling grew; Manhood was moved, and Sorrow claim'd her due; Thick, thick and fast the burning tear-drops started ; I turn'd away-and felt that we had parted.-

But not forever-in the silent tomb, Where thou art laid, thy kindled shall find room; A little while, a few short years of pain, And, one by one, we'll come to thee again; The kind old father shall seek out the place, And rest with thee, the youngest of his race; The dear, dear mother, bent with age and grief, Shall lay her head by thine, in sweet relief; Sister and brother, and that faithful friend, True from the first, and tender to the end,— All, all, in His good time, who placed us here, To live, to love, to die, and disappear, Shall come and make their quiet hed with thee, Beneath the shadow of that spreading tree; With thee to sleep through death's long, dreamless night.

With thee rise up and bless the morning light.

#### THE FAMILY MEETING.\*

Wn are all here! Falher, mother, Sister, brother, All who hold each other dear. Each chair is fill'd—we're all at home, To-night let no cold stranger come: It is not often thus around Our old familiar hearth we're found: Bless, then, the meeting and the spot; For once be every care forgot; Let gentle Peace assert her power, And kind Affection rule the hour; We're all—all here.

We're not all here! Some are away—the dead ones dear, Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth, And gave the hear to guildless mirth. Fate, with a stern, releatless hand, Look'd in and thinn'd our little band: Some like a night-flash pass'd away, And some mak, lingering, day by day; The quist graveyard—some lie there— And croel Ocean has his share—

We're not all here.

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

We are all here.

We are all here! Father, mother, Sister, brother,

You that I love with love so dear. This may not long of us be said; Soon must we join the gather'd dead; And by the hearth we now sit round, Some other circle will be found. O! then, that wisdom may we know, Which yields a life of pence below! So, in the world to follow this, May each repeat, in words of bliss,

We're all-all Acre !

Congle

 Written on the worldental meeting of all the surviving members of a family.

## THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

GAT, guildless pair, What seek ye from the fields of heaven? Ye have no need of prayer, Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here, Where mortals to their Maker bend? Can your pure spirits fear The Gon ye never could offend?

Ye never knew The crimes for which we come to weep. Penance is not for you, Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 't is given To wake sweet nature's untaught lays; Beneath the arch of heaven To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing, Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands, And join the choirs that sing In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands,

Or, if ye stay, To note the consecrated hour, Teach me the airy way, And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd, On upward wings could I but fly, I'd bathe in you bright cloud, And seek the stars that gem the sky.

"Twere heaven indeed Through fields of trackless light to soar, On Nature's charms to feed, And Nature's own great Gop adore.

## DEDICATION HYMN.

Gon of wisdom, Gon of might, Father ! dearest name of all, Bow thy throne and bless our rite; 'T is thy chiklren on thee call. Glorious Ose ! look down from heaven, Warm each heart and wake each vow; Unto Thee this house is given; With thy presence fill it now.

Fill it now! on every soul Shed the incense of thy grace, While our anthem-echoes roll Round the consecrated place; While thy holy page we read, While the prayers Thou lovest ascend, While thy cause thy servants plead,--Fill this house, our Gon, our Friend.

Fill it now—O, fill it long ! So, when death shall call us home, Still to Thee, in many a throng, May our children's children come. Bless them, Father, long and late, Blot their sine, their sorrows dry; Make this place to them the gate Leading to thy courts on high.

There, when time shall be no more, When the feuds of earth are past, May the tribes of every shore Congregate in peace at last! Then to Thee, thou Oxe all-wise, Shall the gather'd millions sing, Till the arches of the skies With their hallelujahs ring.

## TO MY CIGAR.

Yzs, social friend, I love thes well, In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel, And lap me in delight.
What though they tell, with phizzes long, My years are sconer pass'd?
I would reply, with reason strong,

They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art A monitor, though still;

Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart, Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives To goodness every duy,

The odour of whose virtues lives When he has passed away.

When, in the lonely evening hour, Attended but hy thee,

O'er history's varied page I pore, Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows, Then breaks and falls away,

I trace how mighty realms thus rose, Thus tumbled to decay.

A while, like thee, earth's masters burn, And smoke and fume around.

And then, like thee, to ashes turn, And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly roll'd, And time's the wasting breath, That inte or early, we behold,

Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe, One common doom is pass'd: Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,

Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now !----A little moving heap,

That soon like thee to fate must bow, With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go, Thy essence rolls on high; Thus, when my body must lie low, My soul shall cleave the sky.

Distantin GOOS

## HENRY WARE, JR.

#### (Soro, 1794. Died, 2643.)

HENRY WARE, D. D., & SON OF HENRY WARE, D. D., and brother of WILLIAN WARE, D. D., author of "Probus," etc., was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, on the seventh of April, 1794; was graduated at Cambridge in 1812; completed his theological studies in 1815; was ordained minister of the Second Congregational Church, in Boston, in 1817; received RALPS WALDO EMERson as his colleague, in 1829; for the recovery of his health soon after visited Europe; and on his return, in 1830, resigned his charge and entered

upon the office of Professor of Pulpit Eloquenes and the Pastoral Care in the Theological School connected with Harvard College, which he held until the summer of 1842, when he gave up his public dutics. He died September 22, 1843.

Dr. WARX's writings, theological, critical, and miscellaneous, are numerous and valuable. In 1815 he published "A Poem on Occasion of the Peace;" in 1824 "The Vision of Liberty;" in 1837, "The Feast of the Talernacles," and at various times many shorter pieces, chiefly devotional.

### TO THE URSA MAJOR.

WITE what a stately and majestic step That glorious constellation of the north Treads its eternal circle ! going forth Its princely way among the stars in slow And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail! I joy to see thee on thy glowing path Walk, like some stout and girded giant; stern, Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot Disdains to loiter on its destined way. The other tribes forsake their midnight track, And rest their weary orbs beneath thy wave : But thou dost never close thy burning eye, Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on, While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds Siumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds. The near horizon tempts to rest in vain. Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still, Dost guard the fix'd light of the universe, And bid the north forever know its place, Ages have witness'd thy devoted trust,

Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven.

And echold from the outer spheres that bound The illimitable universe, thy voice Join'd the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise, Who thus had cast another sparkling gem, Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd Of splendours that enrich his firmament. As thou art now, so wast thou then the same, Ages have roll'd their course, and time grown gray; The earth has gather'd to her womb sgain, And yet again, the myriads that were born Of her uncounted, unremember'd tribes, The seas have changed their beds; the eternal hills Have stoop'd with age; the solid continents Have left their banks; and man's imperial works-The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung

Their haughty honours in the face of heaven, As if immortal—have been swept away: Shatter'd and mouldering, buried and forgot. But time has shed no dimness on thy front, Nor touch'd the firmness of thy tread; youth, strength.

And beauty still are thine; as clear, as bright, As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth, Beautiful offspring of his curious skill, To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim The eternal chorus of eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light, Undimm'd, unquench'd--just as I see it now-Has issued from those dazzling points through years That go back far into eternity. Exhaustless flood ! forever opent, renew'd Forever ! Yes, and those refulgent drops, Which now descend upon my lifted eye, Left their far fountain twice three years ago. While those wing d particles, whose spred outstrips The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth Compass'd its tedious circuit round and round, And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom. So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve ! So vast the void through which their beams descend?

Yes, glorious lamp of Gon! He may have quench'd Your sneient flames, and bid eternal night Rest on your spheres; and yet po tidings reach This distant planet. Messengers still come Laden with your far fire, and we may seem To see your lights still hurning; while their blaze But hides the black wreck of extinguish'd realms, Where anarchy and darkness long have reign'd.

Yet what is this, which to the astonish'd mind Secms measurcless, and which the balled thought Confounds! A span, a point, in those domains Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight Embraces all at once; yet each from each Recedes as far as each of them from earth. And every star from every other hurns No less remote. From the profound of heaven,

Distanting GOOGLE

## HENRY WARE, JR.

Untravell'd even in thought, keen, piercing rays Dart through the void, revealing to the sense . Systems and worlds unnumber'd. Take the glass And search the skies. The opening skies pour down Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire; Stars, crowded, throng'd, in regions so remote, That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be-

Have travell'd centuries on their flight to earth. Earth, sun, and nearer constellations ! what Are ye amid this infinite extent And multitude of Gop's most infinite works !

And indicate of copy a most infinite works: And these are suns! vast, central, living fires, Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds That wait as satellites upon their power, And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul, And meditate the wonder! Countless suns Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!

Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice, And drink the bliss of being from the fount Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know, What tongue can utter all their multitudes ! Thus numberless in numberless abodes! Known but to thee, bless'd Father ! Thine they are, Thy children, and thy care; and none o'erlook'd Of thre! No, not the humblest soul that dwells Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course Amid the giant glories of the sky, Like the mean mote that dances in the beam Amongst the mirror'd lamps, which fling Their wasteful eplendour from the palace wall, None, none escape the kindness of thy care ; All compass'd underneath thy spacious wing, Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your throne Ye mark the rolling provinces that own Your sway, what beings fill those bright abodes ! How form'd, how gifted ! what their powers, their state.

Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear The stamp of human nature? Or has Goo Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms And more celestial minds? Does Innocence Still wear her native and untainted bloom? Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad, And sow'd corruption in those fairy howers? Has War tred o'er them with his foot of fire? And Slavery forged his chains; and Wrath, and Hate,

And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth, And scatter we where Heaven had planted joy? Or are they yet all paradise, unfailen And uncorrupt? existence one long joy, Without disease upon the frame, or sin Upon the heart, or weariness of life; Hope never quench'd, and age unknown, And death unfear'd; while fresh and fadeless youth Glows in the light from Gop's near throne of love? Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair !

Speak, speak ! the mysteries of those living worlds Unfold ! No language ? Everlasting light And everlasting silence ? Yet the eye May read and understand. The hand of Gob Has written legibly what man may know. THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines, Ineffable, unchangeable; and man, Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe, May know and ask no more. In other days, When death shall give the encumber'd spirit wings, Its range shall be extended; it shall roam, Perchance, among those vast, mysterious spheres, Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each, Familiar with its children ; learn their laws. And share their state, and study and adore The infinite varieties of bliss And beauty, by the hand of Power divine Lavish'd on all its works. Eternity Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight; No pause of pleasure or improvement ; world On world still opening to the instructed mind An unexhausted universe, and time But adding to its glories. While the soul. Advancing ever to the Source of light And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss,

## SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer; --for the morning breaks, And earth in her Maker's smile awakes. His light is on all below and above, The light of gladness, and life, and love. O, then, on the breath of this early air, Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

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

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

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

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

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side, And pray for his soul through Him who died. Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow— O, what is carth and its pleasures now!

## HENRY WARE, JR.

And what shall assuage his dark despair, But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

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

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

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

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

## THE VISION OF LIBERTY.

THE evening heavens were calm and bright; No dimness rested on the glittering light [high; That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on Those distant suns burn'd on in quiet ray; The placid planets held their modest way : And silence reign'd profound o'er earth, and sea, and sky. O what an hour for lefty thought ! My spirit burn'd within ; I caught A holy inspiration from the hour. Around me man and nature slept; Alone my solemn watch I kept, Till morning dawn'd, and sleep resumed her power. A vision pase'd upon my soul. I still was gazing up to heaven. As in the early hours of even ; I still beheld the planets roll, And all those countless sons of light Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless night. When, io, upon the plain, Just where it skirts the swelling main, A massive castle, far and high, In towering grandeur broke upon my eye. Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile Flung up its time-defying towers; Its lofty gates seem'd scornfully to smile At vain assault of human powers, And threats and arms deride. Its gargeous carvings of hemidric pride

Sce, within, a sudden blaze ! So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell, That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top, Nor makes the wither'd leaf to drop, The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell. But soon it spread--Waving, rushing, force, and red-From wall to wall, from tower to tower, Raging with resistless power; Till every fervent pillar glow'd, And every stone seem'd burning coal, Instinct with living heat, that flow'd Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole. Beautiful, fearful, grand, Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand. At length a crackling sound began; From side to side, throughout the pile it ran; And louder yet and louder grew, Till now in milling thunder-peaks it grew; Huge shiver'd fragments from the pillars broke, Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke. The shatter'd walls were rent and riven, And piecemeal driven Like blazing comets through the troubled sky. "T is done; what centuries had rear'd, In quick explosion disappear'd, Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye. But in their place-Bright with more than human grace, Robed in more than mortal seeming, Radiant glory in her face, fing----And eyes with heaven's own brightness beam-Rose a fair, majestic form, As the mild rainbow from the storm. I mark'd her smile. I knew her evo: And when, with gesture of command, She waved aloft the cap-crown'd wand, My slumbers fled mid shouts of "Liberty!" Read ye the dream ? and know ye not How truly it unlock'd the world of fate ! Went not the flame from this illustrious apoly And spreads it not, and burns in every state ! And when their old and cumbrous walls, Fill'd with this spirit, glow intense, Vainly they rear'd their impotent defence : The fabric fulls ! That fervent energy must spread, Till despotisin's towers be overthrown ; And in their stead, Liberty stands alone ! Hasten the day, just Heaven ! Accomplish thy design ; And let the blessings thou hast freely given, Freely on all men shine; Till equal rights be equally enjoy'd And human power for human good employ'd; Till law, and not the sovereign, rule sustain,

And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

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In giant masses graced the walls above,

Yet ivy there and mose their garlands wove.

Grave, silent chroniclers of time's protracted flow.

And dungcons yawn'd below.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,

 From a pness delivered before the Phi Bota Kappa Bociety, at Cambridge, In 1825.

#### [Born, 1794. Died, 1897.]

Tas ancestors of CARLOS WILCOX were among the early emigrants to New England. His father was a respectable farmer at Newport, New Hampshire, where the poet was born, on the twentyshere, where the poet was born, on the twentysecond day of October, 1794. When he was about four years old, his parents removed to Orwell, in Yermont; and there, a few years afterward, he accidentally injured himself with an axe; the wound, for want of care or skill, was not healed; it was a cause of suffering for a long period, and of lumeness during his life; it made him a minister of religion, and a poet.

Perceiving that this accident and its consequences unfitted him for agricultural pursuits, his parents resolved to give him a liberal education. When, therefore, he was thirteen years old, he was sent to an academy at Custleton; and when fifteen, to the college at Middlebury. Here he became religious, and determined to study theology. He won the respect of the officers, and of his associates, by the mildness of his temper, the gravity of his manners, and the manliness of his conduct; and he was distinguished for his attainments in languages and polite letters.

He was graduated in 1813; and after spending a few months with a maternal uncle, in Georgia, he entered the theological school at Andover, in Massachusetts. He had not been there long when one of his classmates died, and he was chosen by his fellows to pronounce a funeral oration. The departed student was loved by all for his excellent qualities; but by none more than by Wilcoux; and the tenderness of feeling, and the purity of diction which characterized his culogy, established his reputation for genius and eloquence in the seminary.

WILCOX had at this time few associates; he was a melancholy man; "I walk my room," he remarks, in one of his letters, "with my hands clasped in anguish, and my eyes streaming with tears;" he complained that his mind was unstrung, relaxed almost beyond the power of reaction ; that he had lost all control of his thoughts and affections, and become a passive slave of circumstances; "I feel borne along," he says, "in despairing listlessness, guided by the current in all its windings, without resolution to raise my head to see where I am, or whither I am going; the roaring of a cataract before me would rather full me to a deeper sleep than rouse me to an effort to escape destruction." His sufferings were apparent to his friends, among whom there were givings-out concerning an unrequited passion, or the faithlessness of one whose hand had been pledged to him; and he himself mentioned to some who were his confidants, troubles of a different kind: he was indebted to the college faculty, and in other ways embarrassed. Whatever may have been the cause, all perceived that there was something preying on his mind; that he was ever in dejection.

As time wore on, he became more cheerful; he finished the regular course of theological studies, in 1817, end in the following spring returned to Vermont, where he remained a year. In this period he began the poem, in which he has sung

> "Of true Benevolence, its charms divine, With other untives to call forth its power, And its grand trumpbs."

In 1819, WILCOX began to preach; and his pro fessional labours were constant, for a year, at the end of which time his health failed, and he accepted an invitation from a friend at Salisbury, in Connecticut, to reside at his house. Here he remained nearly two years, reading his favourite authors, and composing "The Age of Benevolence." The first book was published at New Haven, in 1822; it was favourably received by the journals and by the public. He intended to complete the poem in five hooks; the second, third, and fourth, were left by him when he died, ready for the press; but, for some reason, only brief imgments of them have been printed.

During the summer of 1824, WILCOX devoted his leisure hours to the composition of "The Religion of Taste," a poem which he pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College; and in the following winter he was ordained as minister of the North Congregational Church, in Hartford. He soon obtained a high reputation for eloquence; his sermons were long, prepared with great care, and delivered with deep feeling. His labours were too arduous; his health rapidly declined; and in the summer of 1825, he sought relief in relaxation and travel. He visited New York, Philadelphia, the springs of Saratoga, and, for the last time, his home in Vermont. In the autumn he returned to his parish, where he remained until the spring, when, finding himself unable to perform the duties of his office, he sent to the government of the church his resignation. It was rejuctantly accepted, for he had endcared himself, as a minister and a man, to all who knew him. The summer of 1826 was passed at Newport, Rhode Island, in the hope that the sea-breeze and bathing in the surf would restore his health. He was disappointed; and in September, he visited the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, and afterward went to Boston, where he remained several weeks. Finally, near the end of December, he received an invitation to preach in Daubury, in Connecticut. He went immediately to his new parish, and during the winter discharged the duties of his profession regularly. But as the spring came round, his strength failed; and on the 27th of May, 1827, he died.

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There is much merit in some passages of the fragment of the "Age of Benevolence." WILCOX was pious, gentle-hearted, and unaffected and retiring in his manners. The general character of his poetry is religious and aincere. He was a lover of nature, and be described rural sights and sounds with singular clearness and fidelity. In the ethical and narrative parts of his poems, he was less successful than in the descriptive; but an carnestness and simplicity pervaled all that he wrote.

## SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.\*

Lows swoln in drenching rain, seeds, germs, and buds

Start at the touch of vivifying beams. Moved by their secret force, the vital lymph Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and field A flood of verdure. Clothed, in one short week, Is noked Nature in her full attire. On the first morn, light as an open plain Is all the woodland, fill'd with sunbeams, pour'd Through the bare tops, on yellow leaves below, With strong reflection : on the last, 't is dark With full-grown foliage, shading all within. In one short week the orchard buds and blooms; And now, when steep'd in dew or gentle showers, It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze, Or all the tranguil atmosphere perfumes. E'en from the juicy leaves of sudden growth, And the rank grass of steaming ground, the air, Fill'd with a watery glimmering, receives A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays. Each day are heard, and almost every hour, New notes to swell the music of the groves. And soon the latest of the feather'd train At evening twilight come; the lonely snipe, O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air, Invisible, but with faint, tremulous tones, Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head; And, in mid air, the sportive night-hawk, seen Flying a while at random, uttering oft A cheerful cry, attended with a shake Of level pinions, dark, but when upturn'd Against the brightness of the western sky, One white plume showing in the midst of each, Then far down diving with a hollow sound ; And, deep at first within the distant wood, The whip-poor-will, her name her only song. She, soon as children from the noisy sport Of whooping, laughing, talking with all tones, To hear the cchoes of the empty barn, Are by her voice diverted and held mute. Comes to the margin of the nearest grove ; And when the twilight, deepen'd into night, Calls them within, close to the house she comes, And on its dark side, haply on the step Of unfrequented door lighting unseen, Breaks into strains articulate and clear, The closing sometimes quicken'd, as in sport. Now, animate throughout, from morn to eve All harmony, activity, and joy, Is lovely Nature, as in her bless'd prime. The robin to the gurden or green yard,

\* This and the four following extracts are from "The Age of Benevoience."

Close to the door, repairs to build again Within her wonted tree ; and at her work Seems doubly busy for her past delay. Along the surface of the winding stream, Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skin, Or round the horders of the spacious lawn Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er Hillock and fence with motion serpentine, Easy, and light. One snatches from the ground A downy feather, and then upward springs, Follow'd by others, but oft drops it soon, In playful mood, or from too slight a hold, When all at once dart at the falling prize. The flippant blackbird, with light yellow crown, Hangs fluttering in the air, and chatters thick Till her breath fails, when, breaking off, she drops On the next tree, and on its highest limb Or some tall flag, and gently rocking, sits, With sonorous notes Her strain repeating. Of every tone, mix'd in confusion sweet, All chanted in the fulness of delight, The forest rings : where, far around enclosed With bushy sides, and cover'd high above With foliage thick, supported by bare trunks, Like pillars rising to support a roof. It seems a temple vast, the space within Rings loud and clear with thrilling melody. Apart, but near the choir, with voice distinct, The merry mocking-bird together links In one continued song their different notes, Adding new life and sweetness to them all. Hid under shrubs, the squirrel, that in fields Frequents the stony wall and briery fence, Here chirps so shrill, that human feet approach Unheard till just upon him, when, with cries Sudden and sharp, he darts to his retreat Beneath the mossy hillock or aged tree; But oft a moment after reappears. First peeping out, then starting forth at once With a courageous air, yet in his pranks Keeping a watchful eve, nor venturing far Till left unheeded. In rank pastures graze, Singly and mutely, the contented herd; And on the upland rough the peaceful theep; Regardless of the frolic lambs, that, close Beside them, and before their faces prone, With many an antic leap and butting feint, Try to provoke them to unite in sport. Or grant a look, till tired of vain attempts; When, gathering in one company apart, All vigour and delight, away they run. Straight to the utmost corner of the field. The fence beside ; then, wheeling, disappear In some small sandy pit, then rise to view; Or crowd together up the heap of earth Around some upturn'd root of fallen tree,

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And on its top a trembling moment stand, Then to the distant flock at once return. Exhibitsted by the general joy. And the fair prospect of a fruitful year, The peasant, with light heart and nimble step, His work pursues, as it were postime sweet. With many a cheering word, his willing team For labour fresh, he hastens to the field Ere morning lose its coolness; but at eve. When loosen'd from the plough and homeward turn'd.

He follows slow and silent, stopping oft To mark the daily growth of tender grain And meadows of deep verdure, or to view His scatter'd flock and herd, of their own will Assembling for the night by various paths, The old now freely sporting with the young, Or labouring with uncouth attempts at sport.

## A SUMMER NOON.

A SULTRY ROON, not in the summer's prime, When all is fresh with life, and youth, and bloom, But near its close, when vegetation stops, And fruits mature stand ripening in the sun, Soothes and enervates with its thousand charms, Its images of silence and of rest, The melancholy mind. The fields are still ; The husbandman has gone to his repast, And, that partaken, on the coolest side Of his abode, reclines in sweet repose. Deep in the shaded stream the cattle stand, The flocks beside the fence, with heads all prone, And panting quick. The fields, for harvest ripe, No breezes bend in smooth and graceful waves, While with their motion, dim and bright by turns, The sunshine scems to move ; nor e'en a breath Brushes along the surface with a shade Fleeting and thin, like that of flying smoke. The slender stalks their heavy bended heads Support as motionless as oaks their tops. O'er all the woods the topmost leaves are still; E'on the wild poplar leaves, that, pendent hung By stoms elastic, quiver at a breath, Rest in the general calm. The thistle down, Seen high and thick, by gazing up beside Some shading object, in a silver shower Plunib down, and slower than the slowest snow, Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends; And where it lights, though on the steepest roof, Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved. White as a floece, as dense and as distinct From the resplendent sky, a single cloud, On the soft bosom of the air becalm'd, Drops a lone shadow, as distinct and still, On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side; Or in the polish'd mirror of the lake, In which the deep reflected sky appears A calm, sublime immensity below.

No sound nor motion of a living thing The stillness breaks, but such as serve to soothe, Or cause the soul to feel the stillness more. The yellow-hammer by the way-side picks, Mutely, the thistle's socd; but in her flight,

So smoothly serpentine, her wings outspread To rise a little, closed to fall as far, Moving like sea-fowl o'er the heaving waves. With each new impulse chimes a feeble note. The russet grasshopper at times is heard, Snapping his many wings, as half he flies, Half-hovers in the air. Where strikes the sun, With sultriest beams, upon the sandy plain, Or stony mount, or in the close, deep vale, The harmless locust of this western clime. At intervals, smid the leaves unseen, Is heard to sing with one unbroken sound. As with a long-drawn breath, beginning low. And rising to the midst with shriller swell, Then in low cadence dying all away. Beside the stream, collected in a flock. The noiseless butterflies, though on the ground, Continue still to wave their open fans Powder'd with gold ; while on the jutting twigs The spindling insects that frequent the banks Rest, with their thin, transparent wings outspread As when they fly. Oftlimes, though seldom seen, The cuckoo, that in summer lisunts our groves, Is heard to moan, as if at every breath Pauting aloud. The hawk, in mid-air high, On his broad pinions sailing round and round, With not a flutter, or but now and then, As if his trembling balance to regain, Utters a single scream, but faintly heard. And all again is still.

#### SEPTEMBER.

Tax sultry summer past, September comes, Soft twilight of the slow-declining year. All mildness, soothing loneliness, and peace ; The fading season ere the fulling come. More sober than the buxom, blooming May, And therefore less the favourite of the world, But dearest month of all to pensive minds. T is now far spent ; and the meridian sun, Most sweetly smiling with attemper'd beams, Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth. Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods, Checker'd by one night's frost with various hues. While yet no wind has swept a leaf away, Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hucs, The yellow, red, or purple of the trees That, singly, or in tufts, or forests thick Adom the shores; to see, perhaps, the side Of some high mount reflected far below, With its bright colours, intermix'd with spots Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad To wander in the open fields, and hear, E'en at this hour, the noonday hardly past, The fulling insects of the summer's night; To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard, A lonely bee long roving here and there To find a single flower, but all in vain : Then rising quick, and with a louder hum, In widening circles round and round his head,

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Straight by the listener flying clear away, As if to bid the fields a last adieu; To hear, within the woodland's sunny side, Late full of music, nothing save, perhaps, The sound of nutshells, by the squirrel dropp'd From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

## SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.\*

Tuz sun now rests upon the mountain tops-Begins to sink behind-is half conceal'd-And now is gone : the last faint, twinkling beam Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge. Sweet to the pensive is departing day, When only one small cloud, so still and thin, So thoroughly imbued with amber light, And so transparent, that it seems a spot Of brighter sky, beyond the furthest mount, Hangs o'er the hidden orb; or where a few Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain, At each end sharpen'd to a needle's point, With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth, And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream, A half-hour's space above the mountain lie; Or when the whole consolidated mass, That only threaten'd rain, is broken up Into a thousand parts, and yet is one, One as the ocean broken into waves: And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed

\* Every person, who has witnessed the spleudour of the sumset acenery in Audover, will recognise with delight the local as well as general truth and beauty of this description. There is not, perhaps, in New Engined, a spot where the sun goes down, of a clear summer's evening, amidst so much grandeur reflected over earth and aky, In the winter season, too, it is a most magnificent and impressive scene. The great extent of the landscape; the atuation of the hill, on the broad, level animum of which stand the buildings of the Theological Institution : the vast amphithestre of luxuriant forest and field, which rises from its base, and swells away into the heavens; the perfect outline of the horizon; the noble range of blue minimizing in the background, that seem to retire one beyond another almost to infinite distance ; together with the magnificent expanse of sky visible at once from the elevated spot,-these features constitute at all times a scene on which the lover of instate can never be weary with gazing. When the sun goos down, it is all in a blaze with his descending glory. The subset is the most perfeelly beautiful when an afternoon shower has just precoded it. The gorgeous clouds roll away like masses of amber. The sky, close to the horizon, is a set of the richest purple. The setting and shines through the mist, which rises from the wet forest and meadow, and makes the clustered folioge appear invested with a brilliant golden transparency. Neurer to the eye, the trees and shrubs are sporkling with fresh rain-drops, and over the whole scene, the parting rays of soulight linger with a yellow gleam, as if reluctant to pass entirely away. Then come the varying tints of twilight, "fading, still fading," till the stars are ont in their beauty, and a cloudless night reigns, with its adence, shadows, and repose. In the aummer, Andover combines almost every thing to charm and elevate the feelings of the student. In winter, the north-western blasts, that ewcep fresh from the snowbanks on the Grand Monadanck, make the invalid, at least, sigh for a more congenist climate.-Rev. G. B. CHERVER.

Deep scarlet, asffron light, or crimson dark, As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote, All fading soon as lower sinks the sun. Till twilight end. But now another scene. To me most beautiful of all, appears: The sky, without the shadow of a cloud, Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow So bright and broad, it glures upon the eye, Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force Its power of vision to admit the whole. Below, 't is all of richest orange dye, Midway, the blushing of the mellow peach Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep ; And here, in this most lovely region, shines, With added loveliness, the evening-star. Above, the fainter purple slowly fades, Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.

Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun Descended, in a single row arranged, As if thus planted by the hand of art, Majestic pines shoot up into the sky, And in its fluid gold seem half-dissolved. Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands With shafts erect, and tops converged to one, A stately colonnade, with verdant roof; Upon a nearer still, a single tree, With shapely form, looks beautiful alone; While, forther northward, through a narrow pass Scoop'd in the hither range, a single mount Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems, And of a softer, more ethereal blue, A pyramid of polish'd sapublic built.

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

#### SUMMER EVENING LIGHTNING.

#### FAR off and low

In the horizon, from a sultry cloud, Where sleeps in embryo the midnight storm, The silent lightning gleams in fitful sheets, Illumes the solid mass, revealing thus Its darker fragments, and its ragged verge; Or if the bolder fancy so conceive Of its fantastic forms, revealing thus Its gloomy caverns, rugged sides and tops With beetling cliffs grotesque. But not so bright The distant flashes gleam as to ciliaca The window's image, on the floor impress'd By the dim crescent; or outshines the light Cast from the room upon the trees hard by, If haply, to illume a moonless night, The lighted taper shine ; though lit in vain, To waste away unused, and from abroad Distinctly through the open window seen, Lone, pale, and still as a sepulchral lamp.

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## THE CASTLE OF IMAGINATION.\*

Just in the centre of that wood was rear'd Her castle, all of marble, amooth and white; Above the thick young trees, its top uppear'd Among the naked trunks of towering height; And here at morn and eve it glitter'd bright, As often by the far-off traveller seen In level sunbeams, or at dead of night,

When the low moon shot in her rays between That wide-spread roof and floor of solid foliage green.

Through this wide interval the roving eye From turrets proud might trace the waving line Where meet the mountains green and azure sky, And view the deep when sun-gilt billows shine; Fair bounds to sight, that never thought confine, But tempt it far beyond, till by the charm Of some sweet wood-note or some whispering pine C-fild home again, or by the soft alarm Of Love's approaching step, and her encircling arm.

Through this wide interval, the mountain side Show'd many a sylven slope and rocky steep: Here roaring torrents in dark forests hide; There silver streamlets rush to view, and leap Unheard from lofty cliffs to valleys deep: Here rugged peaks look smooth in sunset glow, Along the clear horizon's western sweep; There from some eastern summit moonbeams flow Along o'er level wood, far down to plains below.

Now stretch'd a blue, and now a golden zone Round that horizon; now o'er mountains proud Dim vapours rest, or bright ones move alone: An chon wall, a smooth, portentous cloud, First muttering low, anon with thunder loud, Now rises quick, and brings a sweeping wind O'er all that wood in waves before it bow'd; And now a rainbow, with its top behind A spangled veil of leaves, seems heaven and earth

to bind.

Above the canopy, so thick and green, And spired so high o'er that enchanted vale, Through center'd openings off were glimpsesseen Of fleery clouds, that, link'd together, sail In moonlight clear before the gente gele: Sometimes a shooting meteor draws a glance; Sometimes a twinkling star, or planet pale, Long holds the lighted eye, as in a trance; And oft the milky-way gleams through the white expanse.

That eastle's open windows, though half-hid With flowering vines, show'd many a vision fair: A face all bloom, or light young forms, that thrid Some maze within, or lonely ones that wear The garb of joy with sorrow's thoughtful sir, Oft caught the eye a moment: and the sound Of low, sweet music often issued there. And by its magic held the listener bound, And seen'd to hold the winds and forests far around,

\* This and the two extracts which follow are from \* The Religion of Trate.\*\* Within, the queen of all, in pomp or mirth, While glad attendants at her glance unfold Their shining wings, and fly through heaven and earth,

Off took her throne of burning gems and gold, Adom'd with emblems that of empire told, And rising in the midst of trophies bright, That bring her memory from the days of old, And help prolong her reign, and with the flight Of every year increase the wonders of her might.

In all her dwelling, tales of wild romance, Of terror, love, and mystery dark or gay, Were scatter'd thick to each the wandering glance, And stop the dreamer on his unknown way; There, too, was every sweet and lofty lay, The sacred, classic, and romantic, sung As that enchantress moved in might or play; And there was many a harp but newly strung, Yet with its fearless notes the whole wide valley rung.

There, from all lands and ages of her fame, Were markle forms, array'd in order due, In groups and single, all of proudest name; In them the high, the fair, and tender grew To life intense in love's impassion'd view, And from each air and feature, bend and swell, Each shapely neck, and lip, and forehead threw O'er each enanour'd sense so deep a spell. The thoughts but with the past or bright ideal dwell.

The walls around told all the pencil's power; There proud creations of each mighty hand Shone with their hues and lines, as in the hour When the last touch was given at the command Of the same genius that at first had plann'd, Exulting in its great and glowing thought: Bright scenes of peace and war, of sea and land, Of love and glory, to new life were wrought, From history, from fable, and from nature brought.

With these were others all divine, drawn all From ground where oft, with signs and accents dread.

The lonely prophet doom'd to sudden full Proud kings and cities, and with gentle tread Bore life's quick triumph to the humble dead, And where strong angels flew to blast or save, Where martyr'd hosts of old, and youthful bled, And where their mighty Loan o'er land and wave Spread life and prace till death, then spread them through the grave.

From these fix'd visions of the hallow'd eye, Some kindling gleams of their ethereal glow, Would offtimes fall, as from the opening sky, On eyes delighted, glancing to and fro, Or fasten'd till their orbs dilated grow; Then would the proudest seem with joy to learn Truths they had fear'd or felt aslamed to know; The skeptic would believe, the lost return; And all the cold and low would seem to rise and burn.

Theirs was devotion kindled by the vast, The beantiful, impassion'd, and refined; And in the deep enchantment o'er them cost, They look'd from earth, and soar'd above their kind  $N^2$ 

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To the bless'd caim of an abstracted mind, And its communion with things all its own, Its forms sublime and lovely; as the blind, Mid earthly scenes, forgotten, or unknown, Live in ideal worlds, and wander there abone.

Such were the lone enthusiasts, wont to dwell With all whom that enchantress held subdued, As in the holiest circle of her spell, Where meaner spirits never dare intrude, They dwelt in calm and silent solitude, Rapt in the love of all the high and sweet, In thought, and art, and nature, and imbued With its devotion to life's inmost seat,

As drawn from all the charms which in that valley meet.

ROUSSEAU AND COWPER.

ROUSSEAU could weep-ycs, with a heart of stone The impious sophist could recline beside The pure and peaceful lake, and muse alone On all its loveliness at eventide: On its small running waves, in purple dyed Beneath bright clouds, or all the glowing sky, On the white sails that o'er its bosom glide, And on surrounding mountains wild and high, Till tears unbidden gush'd from his enchanted eye.

But his were not the tears of feeling fine, Of grief or love; at fancy's flash they flow'd, Like burning drops from some proud, lonely pine, By lightning fired; his heart with passion clow'd Till it consumed his life, and yet he show'd A chilling coldness both to friend and foe, As Etna, with its centre an abode Of wasting fire, chills with the icy snow Of all its desert brow the living world below.

Was he but justly wretched from his crimes? Then why was Cowern's anguish oft as keen, With all the heaven-horn virtue that sublines Genius and feeling, and to things unseen Lifts the pure heart through clouds that roll between

The earth and skies, to darken human hope ? Or wherefore did those clouds thus intervene To render vain faith's lifted telescope, And leave him in thick gloom his weary way to grope ?

He, too, could give himself to musing drep; By the calm lake at evening he could stand, Lonely and sad, to see the moonlight sleep On all its breast, by not an insect fann'd, And hear low voices on the far-off strand, Or through the still and drwy atmosphere The pipe's soft tones waked by some gentle hand, From fronting slore and woody island near In echoes quick return'd more mellow and moro elear.

And he could cherish wild and mournful dreams, In the pine grove, when low the full moon fair Shot under lofty tops her level beams, Stretching the shades of trunks erect and bare, In stripes drawn parallel with order rare, As of some temple vast or colonnade, While on green turf, made smooth without his care, He wander'd o'er its stripes of light and shade And heard the dying day-breeze all the boughs pervade. ----

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"T was thus in nature's bloom and solitude He nursed his grief till nothing could assuage; "T was thus his tender spirit was subdued, Till in life's toils it could no more engage; Aut his had been a useless pilgrinnage, Had he been gifted with no sacred power, To send his thoughts to every future age; But he is gone where grief will not devour, Where beauty will not fade, and skies will never lower.

THE CURE OF MELANCHOLY.

Ann thou, to whom long worshipp'd nature lends No strength to fly from griet or hear its weight. Stop not to rail at foes or fickle friends, Nor set the world at naught, nor spurn at fate; None seek thy misery, none thy being hate; Break from thy former self, thy life begin; Do thou the good thy thoughts oft mediate, And thou shall feel the good man's peace within, And at thy dying day his wreath of glory win.

With deeds of virtue to embalm his name, He dies in triumph or screne delight; Weaker and weaker grows his mortal frame At every breath, but in immortal might His spirit grows, preparing for its flight: The world recedes and fades like clouds of even, But heaven comes nearer fast, and grows more bright.

All intervening mists far off are driven; The world will vanish soon, and all will soon be heaven.

Wouldst thon from sorrow find a sweet relief? Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold? Balm wouldst thou gather for corroting grief? Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold : 'T is when the rose is wrapp'd in many a fold Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there Its life and heauty; not when, all unroll'd, Leef after leaf, its bosom rich and fair Breuthes freely its perfumes throughout the am-

breathes freely its performes throughout the am-

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers, Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night

When death is whiting for thy number'd hours To take their swift and everlasting flight; Wake are the carthborn charm unnerve the quite, And be thy thoughts to work divine address'd; Do something—do it soon—with all thy might; An angel's wing would droop if long at rest, And God himself inactivo were no longer bless'd.

Some high or humble enterprise of good Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,

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Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food, And kindle in thy heart a flame refined; Pray Heaven with firmness thy whole soul to bind To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue, With thoughns all fix'd and feelings purely kind, Strength to complete, and with delight review, And grace to give the praise where all is ever due. No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit

To light on man as from the passing air; The lamp of genius, though by nature lit, If not protected, pruned, and fed with cure, Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitfol glarc; And learning is a plant that spreads and towers Slow as Columbia's aloc, proudly rare, That, mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers

Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given To them that idly worship hills and groves, And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven? Did Newrox learn from fancy, us it roves, To measure workls, and follow where each moves? Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease, By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves? Or did Paut gain heaven's glory and its peace, By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim Thy want of worth; a charge thou couldst not hear From other lips, without a blush of shume, Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame, And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame; 'T is infamy to die and not be miss'd, Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love, And thou an angel's happiness shalt know.— Shalt bless the earth while in the world above; The good begun by thee shall onward flow In many a branching stream, and wider grow; The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours, Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow, Shall dock thy grave with amaranthine flowers, And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

#### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT.

Ens long the clouds were gone, the moon was set; When deeply blue without a shade of gray, The sky was fill'd with stars that almost met, Their points prolong'd and sharpen'd to one ray; Through their transparent air the milky-way Seem'd one broad fiame of pure resplendent white, As if some globe on fire, turn'd far astray, Had cross'd the wide arch with so swift a flight, That for a moment abone its whole long track of light. At length in northern skics, at first but small, A sheet of light meteorous begun To spread on either hand, and rise and full In waves, that slowly first, then quickly run Along its edge, set thick but one by one With spiry beams, that all at once shot high. Like those through vapours from the setting sun; Then sidelong as before the wind they fly,

Like streaking rain from clouds that flit along the sky.

Now sill the mountain-tops and gulfs between Seem'd one dark plain; from forests, caves profound.

And rushing waters far below unseen. Rose a deep roar in one united sound, Alike perveding all the air around, And seeming e'en the azure done to fill, And from it through soft ether to resound In low vibrations, sending a sweet thrill To every finger's end from rapture deep and still.

## LIVE FOR ETERNITY.

A BRIGHT or dark eternity in view, With all its fix'd, unutterable things, What madness in the living to pursue. As their chief portion, with the speed of wings, The joys that death-beds always turn to stings! Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste To dance along the path that always brings Quick to an end, from which with tonfold haste Back would be glady fly till all should be retraced?

Our life is like the hurrying on the eve Before we start, on some long journey bound, When fit preparing to the last we leave, Then run to every nom the dwelling round. And sigh that nothing needed can be found; Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break; We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the sound For our departure culls; we rise and take A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.

Rear'd in the sunshine, blasted by the storms Of changing time, scarce asking why or whence, Men come and go like vegetable forms, Though heaven appoints for them a work immenso, Demanding constant thought and zeal intense, Awaked by hopes and fears that leave no room For rest to mortals in the dread suspense, While yet they know not if beyond the tomb A long, long life of bliss or wo shall be their doon.

What matter whether pain or pleasures fill The swelling heart one little moment here? From both alike how vain is every thrilt, While an untried eternity is near? Think not of rest, fond man, in life's career; The joys and grief that meet thee, dash aside Like bubbles, and thy bark right onward steer Through calm and tempest, till it cross the tide, Shoot into port in triumph, or serencily glide.

# JOHN NEAL.

#### [Boro about 1794.]

MR. NEAL is a native of Portland. In 1815 he went to Baltimore, and was there associated several years with JORN PLEAPONT in mercantile transactions; but these resulting disastrously, he turned his attention to literature, commencing his career by writing for "The Portico," a monthly magazinc, a series of critical essays on the works of Brnos. In 1818, he published "Keep Cool," a novel, and in the following year "The Battle of Niagara, Goldau the Maniac Harper, and other Poeins, by John O'Catariet,"\* and "Otho," a tragedy. He also wrote a large portion of ALLEN's "History of the American Revolution," which appeared early in 1821. In 1822 he published in Philadelphia a second novel, entitled "Logan," which was reprinted soon after in London. This was followed in 1823 by "Seventy-aix," the most popular of his fictions; "Raudolph," + a story which attracted considerable attention at the time by the notices it contained of the most prominent politicians, authors, and artists then in the country; and "Errata, or the Works of Will Adams."

Near the close of the last-mentioned year Mr. NEAL went abroad. Soon after his arrival in London he became a contributor to various periodicals, for which he wrote, chiefly under the guise of an Englishman, numerous articles to correct erroneous opinions which prevailed in regard to the social and political condition of the United States. He made his first appearance in Blackwood's Magazine, in "Sketches of the Five American Presidents and the Five Candidates for the Presidency," a paper which was widely republished, and, with others, led to his introduction to many eminent persons, smong whom was JERENT BENTIAN, who continued until his death to be Mr. NEAL's warm personal friend.

After passing four years in Great Britain and on the continent, in which time appeared his "Brother Jonathan," a novel, Mr. NEAL came back to his

In this edition of "The Poets and Poetry of America" Have quoted from the "Bottle of Nisgara" as it appeared with the "last udditions and corrections." I had seen only the first impression of it when this work was originally prepared for the press.

† In a note in Direkwood's Magazine, Mr. NEAL says he wrote "Randolph" in thirty-six days, with an interval of shout a week between the two volumes, in which he wrote nothing; "Ersta" in less than thirty-nine days; and "Seventy-six" in twenty-seven days. During the line he was engaged in professional business. native city of Portland, where he now resides. Since his return he has published " Rachel Dyer," "Authorship,"" "The Down Easters," and " Ruth Elder;" edited "The Yankee," a weekly guzette, two years, and contributed largely to other periodicals.

Mr. NEAL'S novels contain numerous passages marked by brilliancy of sentiment and expression, and occasional scenes which show that he possesses dramatic shifty. They are original; they are written from the impulses of his heart, and are pervaded by the peculiarities of his character; but most of them were produced rapidly and carelessly, and are without unity, aim, or continuous interest.

His poems have the unquestionable stamp of genius. He possesses imagination in a degree of sensibility and energy hardly surpassed in this age. The elements of poetry are poured forth in his verses with a prodigality and power altogether astonishing. But he is deficient in the constructive faculty. He has no just sense of proportion. No one with so rich and abundant materials had ever less skill in using them. Instead of bringing the fancy to adorn the structures of the imagination, he reverses the poetical law, giving to the imagination the secondary office, so that the points illustrated are quite forgotten in the accumulation and aplendour of the imagery. The "Battle of Niagare," with its rapid and slow, gay and solemn movement, falls on the car as if it were composed to martial music. It is marred, however, by his customary faults. The isthmus which bounds the beautiful is as narrow as that upon the borders of the sublime, and he crosses both without hesitation. Passages in it would be magnificent but for lines or single words which, if the reader were not confident that he had before him the anthor's own edition, he would think had been thrown in by some burlesquing enemy.

I have heard an anecdote which illustrates the rapidity with which he writes. When he lived in Baltimore, he went one evening to the rooms of PERREVET, and read to him a poem which he had just completed. The author of a Airs of Palestine" was always a nice critic, and he frankly pointed out the faults of the performance. NEAL promised to revise it, and submit it again on the following morning. At the appointed time he repaired to the apartment of his friend, and read to him a new poem, of three or four hundred lines. He had tried to improve his first, but failing to do so, had chosen a new subject, a new measure, and produced an entirely new work, before retiring to sheep.

In the last edition of his Poems, Mr. NEAL presents some specimens of an intended epic on the conquest of Peru; and he has written many lyrical pieces, not included in his collections, which have been popular.

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<sup>\*&</sup>quot;JERT O'OATARACC" WAS D BEIDE given to NEAL by the D-Iohian Club of Bartinore, of which Paul ALLER, Gen. BYND, BUN, JOHN PIERFORT, Judge BREUKEN-STIDE. NEAL, and other divingualed men, were then members. The second edition of the Battle of Niggura was published in 1849, and for "JERT O'CATARACT" was substituted the real name of the author.

## JOHN NEAL.

## FROM THE CONQUEST OF PERU. INVOCATION TO THE DELTY.

O THOU, from whom the rebel angels fled. When thou didst rend thine everlasting veil, And show thy countenance in wrath! O Thou, Before whose brow, unclothed in light-put forth In awful revelation-they that stood Erect in heaven, they that walk'd sublime, E'en in thy presence, Lord ! and they that shone Most glorious 'puid the host of glorious ones, With Luciler-the Morning Star, the Terrible, The chief of old immortals-with the sight Were suddenly consumed ! Almighty ! Thou, Whose face but shone upon the rebel host Of warring constellations, and their crowns Were quench'd for ever ! and the mightiest fell, And lo ! innumerable wings went up, And gather'd round about the Eternal's throne, And all the solitudes of air were till'd With thunders and with voices! and the war Fled from thy presence! And thy wrath was o'er, And heaven again in peace !.....

O Thou-our Inspiration-Thou, O God ! To whom the prophets and the crowned kings, The bards of many years, who caught from Thee Their blazing of the spirit ! Thou, to whom The Jewish monarchs, on their ivory thrones, Fiaming with jewelry, have fallen down And rung their golden harps, age after age ? O Thou, to whom the gitted men of old, Who stood among the mysteries of heaven, Read the thick stars, and listened to the wind, Interpreted the thunder, told the voice Of Ocean tumbling in his caves, explained The everlasting characters of flame That burn upon the firmament, and saw The face of him that sitteth in the sun, And read the writing there, that comes and goes, Revealing to the eyes the fate of men, Of monarchs, and of empires !---men who stood Amid the solitudes of heaven and carth, and heard From the high mountain-top the silent Night Give out her uninterpreted decrees !-The venerable men ! the old, and mighty, Prophets and hards and kings, whose souls were fill'd With immortality, and visions, till Their hearts have ached with weary supplication; Till all the Future, rushing o'er their strings, In tempest and in light, hath drown'd their prayers, And left their mighty harps all ringing loud With prophecy and wo ! O Thou, to whom Innumerable suns, and moons, and worlds, The glorious elevations of the sky, The choirs of cherubim and scraphim-Immortal multitudes, that worship round Thine echoing throne-upon their golden harps And silver trumps, and organs of the air, Pour eventating melody! O Thou, to whom All this hath been familiar from the hour When thou didst how the heavens, and, at the sound Of many thunders, pealing thy decree. Creation spruig to light, when time began And all the boundless sky was full of suns, Rolling in symphony, and man was made 20

Sublime and confident, and woman, up From the sunshine of the Eternal rose, All intellect and love! and all the hills And all the vales were green, and all the necs in flower. --O, bless our trembling harp!

## FROM THE BATTLE OF NIAGARA.

A CAVALCADE SEEN AT SUNSET THROUGH  $\blacktriangle$  GORGE,

Aπ, now let us gaze! what a wonderful sky! How the robe of the god, in its flame-colored dye, Goes ruddily, flushingly, sweepingly by !.... Nay, speak ! did you ever behold such a night ? While the winds blew about, and the waters were The sun rolling home in an ocean of light ! [bright, But hush ! there is music away in the sky; Some creatures of magic are charioting by ; [wild Now it comes\_\_what a sound ! 'tis as cheerful and As the echo of caves to the laugh of a child ; Ah yes, they are here ! See, away to your left, Where the sun has gone down, where the mountains are cleft,

A troop of tall horsemen! How fearless they ride! This a perilous path o'er that sleep mountain's side; Carcering they come, like a hand of young knights, That the trumpet of morn to the tilting invites; With high-nolding plumes, and with sun-shiny vests; With wide-tossing manes, and with mail-cover'd breasts;

With arching of necks, and the plunge and the pride Of their high-mettled steeds, as they galloping ride, In glitter and pomp; with their housings of gold, With their scatlet and blue, as their squadrons unfold Flashing changeable light, like a banner unroll'd! Now they harst on the eye in their martial array And now they have gone, like a vision of day.

In a streaming of splendour they came-but they wheel'd;

And instantly all the bright show was conceal'd— As if 't were a tournament held in the sky, Berray'd by some light passing suddenly by; Some band by the flashing of torches reverl'd, As it fell o'er the boss of an uplified shield, Or banners and blades in the durkness conceal'd

## APPROACH OF EVENING.

A alow, like enchantment, is seen o'er the lake, Like the flush of the sky, when the day heralds wake And o'er its dull boson their soft plumage shake. Now the warnth of the heaven is fading away— Young Evening comes up in pursuit of the Day— The richness and mist of the tints that were there Are melting away like the bow of the air— The blue-boson'd water heaves darker and bluer, The cliffs and the trees are seen bolder and truer, The cliffs and the trees are seen bolder and truer, The landwape has less of enchantment and light: But it lies the more steady and firm in the sight. The lustre-crown'd peaks, while they duzzled the eye, Seem'd loosen'd and passing away in the sky. And the far-distant hills, in their tremulous blue, But balled the eye, as it dwelt on their hue.

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The light of the hill, and the wave, and the sky Grow fainter, and fainter :- The wonders all die !

The visions have gone ! they have vanish'd away, Unobserved in their change, like the bliss of a day. The rainbows of heaven were bent in our sight, And fountains were gushing like wine in its light. And scraphs were wheeling around in their flight— A moment : and all was enveloped in night! 'Tis thus with the dreams of the high-heaving heart: They come but to blaze, and they blaze to depart— They come but to blaze, and they blaze to depart— They come but to blaze, and they blaze to depart— They come, but to brash o'er its young gullant swell, Like bright birds over ocean—but never to dwell.

#### MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS AT NIGHT.

OBSERVED ye the cloud on that mountain's dim So heavily hanging ?---as if it had been [green The tent of the Thunderer-the chariot of one Who dare not appear in the blaze of the sun? "I is descending to earth ! and some horsemen are now, In a line of dark mist, coming down from its brow, T is a helmeted band-from the hills they descend, Like the monarchs of storm, when the forest trees bend. No scimitars swing as they gallop along; No clattering hoof falls sudden and strong; No trainpet is fill'd, and no burle is blown; No banners abroad on the wind are thrown; No shoutings are heard, and no cheerings are given; No waving of red flowing plumage to heaven; No flashing of blades, and no loosening of reins; No neighing of steeds, and no tossing of mance; No furniture trailing, or warrior helms howing, Or crimson and gold-spotted drapery flowing; But they speed, like coursers whose boofs are shod With a silent shoe, from the loosen'd sod ; Like the steeds that career o'er the billowy surf, Or stretch like the winds o'er the antrodden turf, (ing, Where the willow and yew in their darkness are weep-And young, gallant hearts are in sepulchres sleeping; Like the squadrons, that on the pale light of the moon, While the night's muffled horn plays a low windy tune, Are seen to come down from the height of the skics, By the warrior that on the red battle-field lies, And wave their cloud-helmets, and charge o'er the field, And career o'er the tracks where the living had wheel'd, When the dying half-raise themselves up in a trance, And gaze on the show, as their thin banners glance, And wonder to see the dread battle renew'd, [stood. On the turf where themselves and their comrades had Like these shadows, in swiftness and darkness they ride.

O'er the thunder-reft mount--on its ruggedest side; From the precipice top, they circle and leap, Like the warriors of air, that are seen in our sleep; Like the creatures that pass where a bleeding man lies, Their heads multled up to their while filmy eyes, With gestures more threatening and fierce till he dies: And away they have gone, with a motionless speed, Like demons alroad on some terrible deed. The last one has gone: they have all disappear'd; Their dull-echoed trainpings no longer are heard; For still though they pass'd like no steeds of the earth, The full of their tread gave some hollow-sounds birth;

Your heart would lie still till it number'd the last; And your breath would be held till the rear horsemen pass'd,

So swiftly, so mutely, so darkly they went, Like the spectres of air to the sorcerer sent, [tent. That ye felt their approach, and might guess their in-

Your hero's stern bosom will oftentimes quake, Your gallant young warrior-plume oftentimes shake, Before the cool marching that comes in the night, Passing by, like a cloud in the dim troubled light; Subduing the heart with a numcless allright, When that would swell strongly, and this would ap-If the sound of one trumpet soluted the car, [pear, Like some scarlet-wing'd bird, that isnurs'd in the day, When she shakes her red plumage in wrath o'er her prey.

For he they the horsemen of earth, or of heaven, No blast that the trumpet of Slaughter hath given, No roll of the drum, and no cry of the fife, No neighing of steeds in the bloodiest strife, Is half so terrific to full swelling hearts. As the still, pulseless tramp of a band that departs, With echoless armour, with motionless plume, With ensigns all furi'd, in the trappings of gloom, Parading, like those who came up from the tonb, In silence and darkness—determined and slow, And dreadfully calm, as the murderer's brow, When his dagger is forth !—and ye see not the blow, Till the gleam of the blade shows your heart in its flow!

O, say what ye will! the dull sound that awakes When the night breeze is down, and the chill spirit aches

With its measureless thought, is more dreadful by far, Than the burst of the trump, when it peals for the war. It is the cold summons that comes from the ground, When a sepulchre answers your light youthful bound, And loud joyous laugh, with its chill fearful sound, Compared to the challenge that leaps on the car, When the banners of death in their splendors appear, And the free golden bugle sings freshly and clear !---The low, sullen means, that so feelily awake, At midnight, when one is alone, on some lake, Compared to the Thunderer's voice, when it rolls From the bosom of space to the uttermost poles !---Like something that stirs in the weight of a shroud, The talking of those who go by in a cloud, To the eannon's full voice, when it wanders aloud !---"Tis the light that is seen to burst under the wave, The pale, fitful omen, that plays ofer a grave. To the rushing of flame, where the turf is all red, And farewells are discharged o'er a young soldier's bed, To the lightnings that blaze o'er the mariner's way, When the storm is in pomp, and the occan in spray!

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#### AN INDIAN APOLLO.

Nor like the airy god of moulded light, Just stepping from his chariot on the sight; Poising his beauties on a rolling cloud, With outstretch'd arm and howstring twinging loud, And arrows singing as they piece the air; With tinkling sandals, and with flaming hair; As if he paused upon his bounding way, And loosen'd his tierce arrows—all in play; But like that angry god, in blazing light

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### JOHN NEAL.

Bursting from space, and standing in his might-Reveal'd in his omnipotent array, Apollo of the skies, and deity of day, In god-like wrath piercing his myriad-foe With quenchless shafts, that lighten as they go! -Not like that god, when up in air he springs. With brightening mantle and with sunny wings, When heavenly music murmurs from his strings-A buoyant vision-an imbodied dream Of dainty Pocsy-and boyishly supreme ! -Not the thin spirit waked by young Desire, Gazing o'er heaven until her thoughts take fire. Panting and breathless; in her heart's wild trance. Bright, shapeless forms, the gollings of Romance! -Not that Apollo-not resembling him Of silver bow and woman's nerveless limb-But man-all man ! the monarch of the wild ! -Not the faint spirit that corrupting smiled On soft, lascivious Greece, but Nature's child, Arrested in the chase, with piercing eye Fix'd in its siry lightning on the sky, Where some red bird goes languid, eddying, drooping, Pierced by his arrows in her swittest stooping. Thus springing to the skies, a boy will stand With arms uplifted and unconscious hand Tracing his arrow in its lottiest flight, And watch it kindling, as it cleaves the light Of worlds unseen but by the Indian's sight-His robe and hair upon the wind, at length-A creature of the hills, all grace and strength. All muscle and all flame-his cuger eye Fix'd on one spot, as if he could descry His bleeding victim nestling in the sky ! -Not that Apollo !- not the heavenly one. Voluptuous spirit of a setting sun-But this, the offspring of young Solitude, Child of the holy spot, where none intrude But genii of the torrent, cliff, and wood-Nurslings of cloud and storm, the desert's tiery brood.

## MORNING AFTER A BATTLE.

Wso thinks of battle now ! The stirring sounds Spring lightly from the trumpet, yet who bounds On this sad, still, and melancholy morn, As he was wont to bound, when the fresh horn Came dancing on the winds, and peal'd to heaven, In gone-by hours, before the battle even ? The very horses move with halting pace; No more they heave their manes with fiery grace, With plunge, and reach, and step that leaves no trace; No more they spurn the bit, and sudden fling Their light hoofs on the air. The bugles sing, And yet the metcor mane and rolling eye Lighten no longer at their minstrelsy; No more their housings blaze, no more the gold Or purple flashes from the opening fold; No rich-wrought stars are glittering in their pride Of changing luce; all, all, is crimson-dyed. They move with slow, far step; they hear the tread That measures out the tombing of the dead; The cannon speaks, but now no longer rolls In heavy thunders to the answering poles;

But bursting suddenly, it calls, and flics, At breathless intervals, along the skies, As if some viewless sentinel were there Whose challenge peals at midnight through the air. Each sullen steed goes on, nor heeds its roar, Nor pauses when its voice is heard no more ; But shuffs the tainted breeze, and litts his head, And slowly wheeling, with a cautious tread, Shuns, as in reverence, the mighty dead ; Or, rearing suddenly, with flashing eye, Where some young war-horse lics, he passes by; Then, with unequal step, he smites the ground, Utters a startling neigh, and guzes round, And wonders that he hears no answering sound. This, while his rider can go by the bier Of slaughter'd men, and never drop a tear ; And only, when he meets a comrado there, Stretch'd calmly out, with brow and bosom bare, And stiffen'd hand uplifted in the air-With lip still curl'd, and open, glassy eye, Fix'd on the pageant that is passing by-And only then-in decency will rido Less stately in his strength, less lordly in his pride.

## MUSIC OF THE NIGHT.

Yes! harps that complain to the breezes of night, To the breezes of night alone;

Growing fainter and fainter, as ruddy and bright The sun rolls aloft in his drapery of light,

Like a conqueror, shaking his brilliant hair And flourishing robe, on the edge of the air ! Burning crimson and gold On the clouds that unfold,

Breaking onward in flame, while an ocean divides On his right and his left—So the Thunderer rides, When becuts a bright path through the heaving tides, Rolling on, and erect, in a charioting throne!

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

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## NIGHT.

Trs dark abroad. The majesty of Night Bows down superbly from her utmost height, Stretches her starless plumes across the world, And all the banners of the wind are furl'd. How heavily we breathe amkl such gloom. As if we slumber'd in creation's tomb. It is the noon of that tremendous hour When life is helpless, and the dead have power; When solitudes are peopled ; when the sky Is swept by shady wings that, sailing by, Proclaim their watch is set; when hidden rills Are chirping on their course, and all the hills Are bright with armour ; when the starry vests, And glittering plumes, and fiery twinkling crests Of moon-light sentinels are sparkling round, And all the sir is one rich floating sound ; When countless voices, in the day unheard, Are piping from their hounts, and every bird That loves the leafy wood and blooming bower And echoing cave, is singing to her flower : When every lovely, every lonely place, Is ringing to the light and sundal'd pace Of twinkling feet; and all about, the flow Of new-born fountains, murmoring as they go; When watery tunes are richest, and the call Of wandering streamlets, as they part and fall In foaming melody, is all around, Like fairy harps beneath encluanced ground-Sweet, drowsy, distant music ! like the breath Of airy flutes that blow before an infant's death.

It is that hour when listening ones will weep And know not why; when we would gladly sleep Our last, hast sleep, and feel no touch of fear, Unconscious where we are, or what is near, Till we are startled by a falling tear, That unexpected gather'd in our eye, While we were panting for yon blessed sky; That hour of gratitude, of whispering prayer, When we can hear a worship in the air; When we can hear a worship in the air; When we are lifted from the earth, and feel Light faming wings around us faintly wheel, And o'er our lids and brow a blessing steal; And then, as if our sins were all forgiven, And all our tears were wiped, and we in heaven !

#### ONTABIO.

No sound is on the car, no boatman's oar Drops its dull signal to the watchful shore : But all is listening, as it were to hear Some scraph harper stooping from her sphere And calling on the desert to express Its sense of Silence in her loveliness. What holy dreaming comes in nights like these, When, like yon wave, unruffled by a breeze, The mirrors of the memory all are spread And fanning pinions sail around your head ; When all that man may love, alive or dead, Come murmuring sweet, unutterable things, And nestle on his heart with their young wings, And all perchance may come, that he may fear, And mutter doubtful curses in his ear; Hang on his loaded soul, and fill his brain With indistinct forebodings, dim, and vain....

The moon goes lightly up her thronging way, And shadowy things are brightening into day; And cliff and shruh and bank and tree and stone Now move upon the eye, and now are gone. A dazzling tapestry is hung around, A gorgeous carpeting bestrews the ground; The willows glitter in the passiffe beam And shake their tangling lustres o'er the stream; And all the full rich foliage of the shore Seems with a quick enchantment frosted o'er, And dances at the faintest breath of night, And trembles like a plume of spangles in the light!....

This dark cool wave is bluer than the deep, Where sailors, children of the tempest, sleep; And dropp'd with lights as pure, as still, as those The wide-drawn hangings of the skies disclose, Far lovelier than the dim and broken ray, That Ocean's flashing surges send astray.....

This is the mirror of dim Solitude, On which unholy things may ne'er intrude; That frawns and ruffles when the clouds appear, Refusing to reflect their shapes of fear. Outario's deeps are spread to multiply But surshine, stars, the moon, and clear-blue sky.

No pirate barque was ever seen to ride, With blood-red streamer, chasing o'er that tide; Till late, no bugie o'er those waters sang With such but buntsman's orisons, that rang Their clear, exulting, bold, triumphant strain, Till all the mountain erhoes laugh'd again; Till caverns, depths, and hills, would all reply. And heaven's blue dome ring out the sprightly melody.

## TREES.

Tur heave, the wave and bond Of everlasting trees, whose busy leaves Rustle their songs of praise, while Ruin weaves A role of verdure for their yielding bark— While mossy garlands, full and rich and dark, Greep slowly round thein! Monarchs of the wood, Whose mighty aceptres sway the mountain brood— Whose aged bosons, in their last decay, Shelter the wing'd idolaters of Day— Who, mid the descrt wild, sublinely stand, And grapple with the storm-god, hand to hand, Then drap like weary pyramids away, Stependous monuments of calm decay !

#### INVASION OF THE SETTLER.

WHERE now fresh streamicts answer to the hues Of passing scraph-wings; and hery dews Hang thick on every bush, when morning wakes, Like sprinkled finme; and all the green-wood shakes With liquid jewelry, that Nicht hath flong Upon her favourite tresses, while they awing And wanton'd in the wind—henceforth will be No lighted dimness, such as you see, In vonder faint, mysterious scenery, Where all the woods keep festival, and seem, Beneath the midnight sky, and mellow beam Of vonder breathing light, as if they were Branches and leaves of unimbodied air.

Dimenty GOOgle

[Born, 1794.]

Mr. BRTANT was born in Cummington, Masarchusetts, on the third day of November, 1794. At a very early ace he gave indications of superior genius, and his father, an eminent physician, distinguished for erudition and taste as well as for extensive and thorough knowledge of science, watched with deep interest the development of his faculties under the most careful and judicious instruction. At ten years of age he made very creditable translations from some of the Latin poets, which were printed in a newspaper at Northempton, and during the vehement controversies between the Federalists and Democrats, which marked the period of Jellerson's administration, he wrote " The Embargo," e political setire, which was printed in Boston in 1808. Tasso when nine years of age wrote some lines to his mother which have been praised, CowLEY at ten finished his "Tragical History of Pyramus and Thislie," Porr when twelve his " Ode to Solitude," and " the wondrous boy CHATTENTON," at the same age, some verses entitled "A Hymn for Christmas Day;" but none of these pieces are superior to that which gave a title to the volume of our precocious American. The satire was directed against President JEFFERsox and his party, and has recently been quoted to prove the author an inconsistent politician, the last forty years having furnished no ground, it may be supposed, for such an accusation. The description of a caucus, in the following extract, shows that there has been little change in the character of such assemblies, and it will be confessed that the lines are remarkably spirited and graphic for so young an author:

"E'en while I sing, see Paction urge her claim, Mislead with falsehood, and with zeal inflame ; Lift her black hanner, surend her empire wide. And stalk triumphant with a Pury's stride. She blows her brazen trump, and, at the sound, A motley throng, obedient, flock pround ; A must of changing hue o'er all she flings, And darkness perches on all her dragon wings ! "Ob, might some patriot rise, the gloom dispel, Chase Error's mist, and break her magic spell ! But vain the wish, for, back ! the normaring meed Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed; Enter, and view the thronging concourse there, Intent, with gaping month and stupid store ; While, in the midst, their supple leader stands, Barangues blond, and flourishes his hands ; To adulation tunes his servile throat, And sues, successful, for each blockhead's vote."

Some of the democrats affected to believe that Master BRTART was older than was confessed, or that another person had written "The Embarge;" but the book was eagerly read, and in a few months a second edition appeared, with some additional pieces. To this was prefixed the following advertisement:

"A doubt having been intimated in the Monthly Anthology of June last, whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem---in justice to his merits the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. They would premise, that they do not come uncalled before the public to bear this testimony. They would prefer that he should be judged by his works, without favour or affection. As the doubt has been suggested, they deem it merely an act of justice to remove it, after which they leave him a candidate for favour in common with other literary adventurers. They therefore assure the public that Mr. BRYANT, the author, is a native of Chinmington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. These facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends, who give this notice; and if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence."

In the sixteenth year of his age, BRTANT entered an advanced class of Williams College, in which he soon became distinguished for his attainments generally, and especially for his proficiency in classical learning. In 1812 he obtained from the faculty an honourable discharge, for the purpose of entering upon the study of the law, and in 1815 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of his profession in the village of Great Barrington, where he was soon after married.

When but little more than eighteen years of age he had written his noble poem of "Thurstopsis," which was published in the North American Review for 1816.\* In 1821 he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College his longest poem, "The Ages," in which, from a survey of the past eras of the world, and of the successive advances of mankind in knowledge, virtue, and happiness, he endeavours to justify and confirm the hopes of the philanthropist for the future destinies of men. It is in the stanza of SPENSER, and in its versification is not inferior to "The Facric Queene." "To a Waterfowl," "Inscription for an entrance to a Wood," and several other pieces of nearly as great merit were likewise written during his residence at Great Barrington.

Having passed ten years in successful practice in the coarts, he determined to abandon the uncongenial basiness of a lawyer, and devote his attention more exclusively to literature. With this view, in 1825, he removed to the eity of New York, and

> \*See note on page 92. O

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with a friend, established "The New York Review and Atheneum Magazine," in which he published several of his finest poems, and in "The Hymn to Death" paid a touching tribute to the memory of his father, who died in that year. In ] 1826 he assumed the chief direction of the "Evening Post," one of the oldest and most influential political and commercial gazettes in this country, with which he has ever since been connected. In 1827, 1828, and 1829, he was associated with Mr. VERPLANCE and Mr. SANDS in the production of "The Talisman," an annual; and he wrote two or three of the "Tales of Glauber Spa," to which, besides himself, Miss Sedgwick, Mr. Paulding, Mr. Leggett, and Mr. Sands were contributors. An intimate friendship subsisted between him and Mr. SANDS, and when that brilliant writer died, in 1832, he assisted Mr. VERPLANCE in editing his works.

In the summer of 1834, Mr. BRTANT visited Europe, with his family, intending to devote a few years to literary studies, and to the education of his children. He travelled through France, Germany, and Italy, and resided several months in each of the cities of Florence, Pies, Munich, and Heidelberg. The dangerous illness of his partner and associate, the late WILLIAM LEGGETT, COMpelled him to return hastily in the early part of 1836. The summer of 1840 he passed in Florida and the Valley of the Mississippi, and in 1844 he revisited Europe. He resides still in the city of New York, and continues to devote the chief part of his time to the editorship of the Evening Post, which has been for many years the leading journal of the democratic party.

In 1832 a collection of all the poems Mr. Bar-ANT had then written was published in New York; it was soon after reprinted in Boston, and a copy of it reaching WASHINGTON IRVING, who was then in England, he caused it to be published in London, where it has since passed through several editions. In 1842 he published "The Fountain and other Poems;" in 1844 "The White-Footed Deer and other Poems," and in 1846 a splendid edition of his complete Poctical Works, illustrated with engravings from pictures by Leutze, has been published in Philadelphia by Carey & Hart. No. volume has issued from the American press, of which the country should be more proud. We may send it abroad as a representative of our literature, and as a proof of our proficiency in the arts.

The many and high excellencies of Mr. BREAST have been almost universally recognised. With men of every variety of tastes he is a favorite. His works abound with passages of profound reflection which the philosopher meditates in his closet, and with others of such simple beauty and obvious intention as please the most illiterate. In his pages are illustrated all the common definitions of poetry, yet they are pervaded by a single purpose and spirit. Of the essential but inferior characteristics of poetry, which make it an art, he has a perfect mastery. Very few equal him in grace and power of expression. Every line has compactness, precision, and elegance, and flows with its fellows in exquisite harmony. His manner is on all occasions fitly chosen for his subject. His verse is solenn and impressive, or airy and playful, as suits his purpose. His beautiful imagery is appropriate, and has that air of freshness which distinguishes the productions of an author writing from his own observations of life and nature rather than from books.

Mr. Burker is a translator to the world of the silent language of the universe. He "conforms his life to the brautiful order of God's works." In the inclination of nature he has learned high leasons of philosophy and religion. With no other poet does the subject spring so naturally from the object; the moral, the sentiment, from the contemplation of the things about him. There is nothing forced in his inductions. By a genuine carnestness he wins the sympathy of his reader, and prepares him to anticipate his thought. By an imperceptible influence he carries him from the beginning to the end of a poem, and leaves him infused with the very spirit in which it is conceived.

In his descriptions of nature there is remarkable fidelity. They convey in an extraordinary degree the actual impression of what is grand and beautiful and peculiar in our scenery. The old and shadowy forests stand as they grew up from the seeds God planted, the sea-like prairies stretching in airy undulations beyond the eye's extremest vision, our lakes and mountains and rivers, he brings before us in pictures warmly coloured with the hues of the imagination, and as truthful as those which Cone puts on the canvas.

It has been complained that there is very little sentiment, very little of the blending of passion with philosophy, in BATANT's poetry; that his antique and dignified simplicity is never warmed with human sympathy. This is true in a degree, but in many of his poems are passages of touching pathos, and his interest in his race appears, contrary to the general experience, to increase with his age.

It has been denied by some persons, reasoning from our descent, education, language, and manners, identifying us so closely with another people, that we can have a distinctive national literature. But there are very few of BRTANT's poems that could have been written in any country but our own. They breathe the very spirit of our young and vigorous life. He feels not more sensibly the grandeur and beauty of creation as manifested only in our own land, than he does the elevating influences of that freedom and power which is enjoyed by none but the citizens of this republic. To the thoughtful critic every thing in his verse belongs to America, and is as different from what marks the poetry of England as it is from that which most distinguishes the poetry of Germany or France.

Mr. BRTANT is still in the meridian of his life; among the most recent of his productions are some of the finest he has written; and we may look with confidence to an increase of the bases of his high reputation, second now to that of no contemporary who writes in our language.

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## THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the gardens of the desert, these The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, For which the speech of England has no name The prairies. I behold them for the first, And my heart swells, while the dilated sight Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch In airy undulations, far away, As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell, Stood still, with all his rounded billows fix'd. And motionless forever .--- Motionless ?---No-they are all unchain'd again. The clouds Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath, The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye; Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase The sunny ridges. Breezes of the south ! Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers, And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high, Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not-ye have [play'd Among the palms of Mexico and vines Of 'Texas, and have crisp'd the limpid brooks That from the fountains of Sonora glide Into the calm Pacific-have ye fann'd A nobler or a lovelier scene than this? Man hath no part in all this glorious work : The hand that built the firmament hath heaved And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes

With herbage, planted them with island groves, And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor For this magnificent temple of the sky— With flowers whose glory and whose multitude Rival the constellations! The great heavens Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,— A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue, Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant wasto I guide my steed, Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides, The hollow heating of his footstep seems A sacrilegious sound. I think of those Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here-The dead of other days !--- and did the dust Of these fair solitudes once stir with life And burn with passion ? Let the mighty mounds That overlook the rivers, or that rise In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks, Answer. A race, that long has pass'd away, Built them;---a disciplined and populous race Heap'd, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms [Greek Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields Nourish'd their harvests ; here their herds were fed, When haply by their stalls the bison low'd, And how'd his maned shoulder to the yoke, All day this desert murmur'd with their toils. 'Fill twilight blush'd, and lovers walk'd, and woo'd In a forgetten language, and old tunes, From instruments of unremember'd form. Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came-The roaming hunter-tribes, warlike and fierce, And the mound-builders vanish'd from the earth. The solitude of centuries untold

Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug dea Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground Where stood their awarming cities. All is gone— All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones— The platforms where they worshipp'd unknown gods—

The barriers which they builded from the soil To keep the foc at bay-till o'er the walls The wild beleaguerers broke, and, one by one, The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heap'd With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood Flock'd to those vast, uncover'd sepulchres. And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast. Haply some solitary fugitive, Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense Of desolution and of fear became Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die. Man's better nature triumph'd. Kindly words Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose A bride among their maidens, and at length Seem'd to forget,-vet ne'er forgot,-the wife Of his first love, and her sweet little ones Butcher'd, amid their shricks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise Races of living things, glorious in strength, And perish, as the quickening breath of Gon Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too-Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long. And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds No longer by these streams, but far away, On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back The white man's face-among Missouri's springs, And pools whose issues swell the Oregon, He rears his little Venice. In these plains The hison feeds no more. Twice twenty lengues Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp, Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake The earth with thundering steps-yet here I meet His ancient footprints stamp'd beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life. Myriada of inserts, gaudy as the flowers They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds, And birds, that scarce have learn'd the fear of man, Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground, Startlingly heautiful. The graceful deer Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee, A more adventurous colonist than man. With whom he came across the eastern deep, Fills the savannos with his murmurings, And hides his sweets, as in the golden age, Within the hollow oak. I listen long To his domestic hum, and think I hear The sound of that advancing multitude Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn Of Sabiath worshippers. The low of herds Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain Over the dark-brown furrows. All st once A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream, And I am in the wilderness alone.

Distanting GOOGIC

## THANATOPSIS.

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

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

So shalt thou rest.—and what if thou withdraw Untreded by the living—and no friend Take note of thy departure ! All that breathe Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh When thou art gone, the solernn brood of care Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave Their mirth and their employments, and shall come And make their bed with thee. As the long train Of ages glide away, the sons of men, The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes In the full strength of years, matron, and maid, And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,— Shall one by one be guther'd to thy side, By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

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

## FOREST HYMN.

#### THE groves were Gon's first temples. Ere men learn'd

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave, And spread the roof above them,-ere he framed The lofty vault, to gather and roll back The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood, Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down, And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks. And supplication. For his simple heart Might not resist the sacred influences, Which, from the stilly twilight of the place, And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound Of the invisible breath, that sway'd at once All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd His spirit with the thought of boundless power, And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect Gon's ancient sanctuaries, and adore Only among the crowd, and under roofs That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least, Here, in the shadow of this aged wood, Offer one hymn-thrice happy, if it find Acceptance in his ear.

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

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That, from the inmost darkness of the place, Comes, scarcely felt;-the barky trunks, the ground, The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee. Here is continual worship ;---nature, here, In the tranquillity that thou dost love, Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around, From perch to perch, the solitary bird Passes; and you clear spring, that, midst its herbs, Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left Thyself without a witness, in these shades, Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace, Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak, By whose immovable stem I stand, and secin Almost annihilated, --- not a prince, In all that proud old world beyond the deep, E'er wore his crown as loftily as he Wears the green coronal of leaves with which Thy hand has maced him. Nestled at his root Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower, With delicate breath, and look so like a smile, Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould, An emanation of the indwelling Life, A visible token of the upholding Love, That are the soul of this wide universe.

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

There have been holy men who hid themselves Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived The generation born with them, nor seein'd Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks Around them ;---and there have been holy men-Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus. But let me often to these solitudes Retire, and in thy presence reassure My feeble virtue. Here its enemies, The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink, And tremble and are still. O, Gon ! when thou Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill, With all the waters of the firmament, The swift, dars whirlwind that uproots the woods And drowns the villages; when, at thy call, 21

Uprises the great deep and throws himself Upon the continent, and overwhelms Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight Of these tremendous tokens of thy power, His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by I O, from these sterner aspects of thy face Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath Of the mad, unchain'd elements to teach Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate In these calm shades thy milder majesty, And to the heautiful order of thy works Learn to conform the order of our lives.

#### HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE SEC and solemn night Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires; The glorious host of light Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires ; All through her silent watches, gliding slow, Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go. Day, too, hath many a star To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they: Through the blue fields afar, Unseen, they follow in his flaming way: Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim, Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him. And then dost see them rise, Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set. Alone, in thy cold skies, Thou keep'st thy old, unmoving station yet. Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train, Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main. There, at morn's rosy birth, Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air, And eve, that round the earth Chases the day, beholds thee watching there ; There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls. Alike, beneath thine eve, The deeds of darkness and of light are done; High towards the star-lit sky Towns blaze-the smoke of battle blots the sun-The night-storn on a thousand hills is loud-And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud. On thy unaltering blaze The half-wreck'd mariner, his compass lost, Fixes his steady gaze, And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast; And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night, Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right. And, therefore, bards of old, Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood, Did in thy beams behold A beauteous type of that unchanging good, That bright, eternal beacon, by whose ray

The voyager of time should shape his heedful way

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## THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tail oaks, and gnarled pines, That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground

Was never touch'd by spade, and flowers spring up Unsown, and die ungather'd. It is sweet To linger here, among the flitting birds And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and winds That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass A fragrance from the cedars thickly set With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades----Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old----My thoughts go up the long dim path of years, Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

O FAREDOM! thou art not, as poets dream, A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs, And wavy tresses gushing from the cap With which the Roman master crown'd his slave, When he took off the gyves. A bearded man, Arm'd to the teeth, art thou: one mailed hand Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy Glorious in beauty though it be, is sear'd [brow, With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs Are strong and struggling. Power at thee has

launch'd

His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee; They could not quench the life thou hast from Hea-Merciless Power has dug thy dungcon deep, [ven. And his swart armourers, by a thousand fires, Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound.

The links are shiver'd, and the prison walls Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth, As springs the flame above a burning pile, And shoutest to the nations, who return Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

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

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years, But he shall fide into a feebler age; Feebler, yet subtler; he shall weave his snares, And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send Quaint maskers, forms of fuir and gallant mien, To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words To charm thy car; while his sly imps, by stealth, Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,

That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms

With chains conceal'd in chaplets. Oh! not yet Mayst thou unbrace thy corsist, nor lay by Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps. And thou must watch and combat, till the day Of the new Earth and Heaven. But wouldst thou Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men, [rest These old and friendly solitudes invite Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees Were young upon the unviolated earth, And yet the most atims on the rock were new, Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

## THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime, For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;

- Thou muscet, with wet eyes, upon the time Of cheerful hopes that fill'd the world with light, Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
- Thy tongue was prompt the generous thought to speak,

And willing faith was thine, and ecom of wrong Summon'd the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days, Shuddering to feel their shudow o'er thee creep;

- A path, thick-set with changes and decays, Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;
- And they who walk'd with thee in life's first stage, Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,

Thou seest the sad companions of thy age---Dull love of rest, and weariness, and fear.

- Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone, Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.
- Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn, Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
- Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides, Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
- Waits, like the vanish'd spring, that slumbering bides.

Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

- There shall be welcome thee, when thou shall stand On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
- Than when at first he took thee by the hand. Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet. He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still.
- Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
- Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpees, in the twilight here, Of mountains where immortal morn prevails? Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear

- A gentle rustling of the morning gales; A mumur, waited from that glorious shore,
- Of streams that water banks for ever fair, And voices of the loved ones gone before,

More musical in that celestial air?

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## THE WINDS.

Yr winds, ye unseen currents of the air. Softly ye play'd a few brief hours ago; Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye toss'd the hair O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow; Ye roll'd the round, white cloud through depths of blue Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew; Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew, Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow. How are ye changed ! Ye take the cataract's sound. Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might; The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground ; The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight. The clouds before you sweep like eagles past; The homes of men are rocking in your blast : Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast, Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight. The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain, To scape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead. Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain; The harvest field becomes a river's bed ; And torrents tumble from the hills around, Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drown'd, And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound. Rise, as the rushing floods close over head. Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray; Ye fling its waters round you, as a bird Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray. See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings; Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,

And take the mountain billow on your wings, And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

Why rage ye thus !---no strife for liberty [fear, Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through Has chain'd your pinions, till ye wrench'd them free.

And rush'd into the unmeasured atmosphere: For ye were born in freedom where ye blow;

Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go; Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of

Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

O, ye wild winds! a mightier power than yours In chains upon the shores of Europe lies; The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,

Watch his mute throas with terror in their eyes: And armed warriors all around him stand, And, as he struggles, tighten every band, And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,

To pierce the victim, should be strive to rise.

Yet, O, when that wrong'd spirit of our race, Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains, And leap in freedom from his prison-place,

Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains, Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air, To waste the loveliness that time could spare, To fill the earth with wo. and blot her fair

Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.

But may he, like the spring-time, come abroad, Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,

When in the genial breeze, the breath of Gou, Come epouting up the unseal'd springs to light; Flowers start from their dark prisons at his fect, The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,

And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet, Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

## **OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE!**

On mother of a mighty race, Yet lovely in thy youthful grace! The elder dames, thy haughty peers, Admire and hate thy blooning years. With words of eleme

And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy checks the glow is spread That tints the morning hills with red; Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet Within thy woods, are not more fleet; Thy hopeful eye

Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones— While safe thou dwellest with thy sons. They do not know how loved thou art— How many a fond and fearlese heart Would rise to throw

Its life between thes and the foe !

They know not, in their hate and pride, What virtues with thy children bide; How true, how good, thy graceful maids Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades; What generous men

Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen :

What cordial welcomes greet the guest By the lone rivers of the west; How faith is kept, and truth revered. And man is loved, and Goz is fear'd, In woodland homes,

And where the solemn ocean foams!

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest For earth's down-trodden and oppress'd, A shelter for the hunted head,

For the starved labourer toil and bread. Power, at thy bounds,

Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother ? on thy brow Shall sit a nober grace than now. Deep in the brightness of thy skies The thronging years in glory rise, And, as they fleet.

Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour, Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower; And when thy sisters, elder born, Would brand thy name with words of scorn, Before thine eye,

Upon their lips the tount shall die !

Distanting GOOGIC

## SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried, Our leader frank and bold : The British soldier trembles When MARION's name is told. Our fortress is the good green wood, Our tent the cypress tree; We know the forest round us, As seamen know the sea. We know its walls of thorny vines, its glades of reedy grass, Its safe and eilent islands Within the dark morass. Wo to the English soldiery That little dread us near! On them shall light at midnight A strange and sudden fear: When, waking to their tents on fire, They grasp their arms in vain, And they who stand to face us Are heat to earth again; And they who fly in terror deem A mighty host behind, And hear the tramp of thousands Upon the hollow wind. Then sweet the hour that brings release From danger and from toil: We talk the battle over. And share the battle's spoil. The woodland rings with laugh and shout, As if a hunt were up. And woodland flowers are gother'd To crown the soldier's cup. With merry songs we mock the wind That in the pine-top grieves, And simmber long and eweetly, On beds of oaken leaves. Well knows the fair and friendly moon The band that MARION leads-The glitter of their rifles, The scampering of their steeds. T is life to guide the fiery barb Across the moonlight plain; 'T is life to feel the night-wind That lifts his tossing mane. A moment in the British camp-A moment-and away Back to the pathless forest, Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee, Grave men with hoary hairs, Their hearts are all with MARION, For MARION are their prayers. And lovely ladies greet our band With kindlicst welcoming, With smiles like those of summer, And tears like those of spring. For them we wear these trusty arms, And lay them down no more, Till we have driven the Briton Forever from our shore.

## TO THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Past ! Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain, And fetters, sure and fast, Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign. Far in thy realm withdrawn, Old empires sit in sulienness and gloom; And glorious ages gone Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb. Childhood, with all its mirth, Youth, manhood, age, that draws us to the ground. And last, man's life on earth, Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound. Thou hast my better years. Thou hast my earlier triends-the good-the kind, Vielded to thee with tears-The venerable form-the exalted mind. My spirit yearne to bring The lost ones back-yearns with desire intense, And struggles hard to wring Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence. In vain-thy gates deny All passage, save to those who hence depart ; Nor to the streaming eve Thou givest them back-nor to the broken heart. In thy abysses hide Beauty and excellence unknown-to thee Earth's wonder and her pride Are gather'd, as the waters to the sea-Labours of good to man, Unpublish'd charity-unbroken faith-Love, that midst grief began, And grew with years, and falter'd not in death. Full many a mighty name Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered ; With thee are silent fame, Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd. Thine, for a space, are they-Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last; Thy gates shall yet give way, Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past ! All that of good and fair Has gone into thy womb, from earliest time, Shall then come forth, to wear The glory and the beauty of its prime. They have not perish'd-no ! Kind words, remember'd voices, once so sweet, Smiles, radiant long ago, And features, the great soul's apparent seat; All shall come back, each tie Of pure affection shall be knit again; Alone shall evil die. And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign-And then shall I behold Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprang, And her, who, still and cold, Fills the next grave-the beautiful and young

Dimming GOOgle

## THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

Ar, this is freedom !- these pure skies Were never stain'd with village smoke: The fragrant wind, that through them flies, Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke. Here, with my rifle and my steed, And her who left the world for me, I plant me, where the red deer feed In the green desert-and am free. For here the fair sayannas know No barriers in the bloomy grass; Wherever breeze of heaven may blow, Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass. In postures, measureless as air, The bison is my noble game; The bounding elk, whose antiers tear The branches, falls before my aim. Mine are the river-fowl that scream From the long stripe of waving sedge; The bear, that marks my weapon's gleam, Hides valuely in the forest's edge; In vain the she-wolf stands at bay; The brinded catamount, that lies High in the boughs to watch his prey, Even in the act of springing, dies. With what free growth the elm and plane Fling their luge arms across my way, Grav, old, and cumber'd with a train Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray ! Free stray the lucid streams, and find No taint in these fresh lawns and shades; Free spring the flowers that scent the wind-Where never scythe has swept the glades. Alone the fire, when frostwinds sere The heavy herbage of the ground, Gathers his annual harvest here, With roaring like the battle's sound, And hurrying flames that sweep the plain, And smoke-streams gushing up the sky : I meet the flames with flames again, And at my door they cower and die. Here, from dim woods, the aged past Speaks solemnly; and I behold The boundless future in the vast And lonely river, seaward roll'd. Who feeds its founts with rain and dew? Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass, And trains the bordering vines, whose blue, Bright clusters tempt me as I pass ! Broad are these streams-my steed obeys, Pluta ges, and bears me through the tide. Wide sare these woods-I thread the maze Of griant stems, nor ask a guide. thunt, till day's last glimmer dies O'er woody vale and grassy height;

And kined the voice, and glad the eyes That welcome my return at night.

## AFTER A TEMPEST.

Tax day had been a day of wind and storm :----The wind was laid, the storm was overpast .--And, stooping from the zenith, bright and warm Shone the great sup on the wide earth at last. I stood upon the upland slope, and cast My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene, Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast, And hills ofer hills litted their heads of green. With pleasant vales scoop'd out and villages between. The rain-drops glisten'd on the trees around, Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirr'd, Save when a shower of diamonds to the ground Was shaken by the flight of startled bird; For birds were warbling round, and bees were About the flowers; the cheerful rivulet smig [heard And gossip'd, as he hasten'd ocean-ward; To the gray oak the squirrel, chiding, ching, And chirping from the ground the grasshopper upsprung. And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry Flew many a glittering insect here and there, And darted up and down the butterfly, That seem'd a living blossom of the air. The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where The violent rain had pent them; in the way Stroll'd groups of damsels froliesome and fair; The farmer swung the seythe or turn'd the hay, And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play. It was a scene of peace-and, like a spell, Did that screne and golden sunlight fall Upon the motionless wood that clothed the fell, And precipice upspringing like a wall, And glassy river and white waterfall, And happy living things that trod the bright And beautoous scene ; while far beyond them all, On many a lovely valley, out of sight, Was your'd from the blue heavens the same soft, golden light. I look'd, and thought the quiet of the scene An emblem of the peace that yet shall be, When, o'er earth's continents and isles between, The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea, And married nations dwell in harmony ; When millions, crouching in the dust to one, No more shall beg their lives on bended knee, Nor the black stake be dress'd, nor in the sun The o'erlabour'd captive toil, and wish his life were done. Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast, The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers And ruddy fruits; but not for ave can last The storia, and sweet the sunshine when 't is past. Lo, the clouds roll away-they break--they fly, And, like the glorious light of summer, cast O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,

On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

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## THE RIVULET.

Tars little rill that, from the springs Of yonder grove, its current brings, Plays on the slope a while, and then Goes prattling into groves again, Oft to its warbling waters drew My little feet, when life was new. When woods in early green were dress'd, And from the chambers of the west The warmer breezes, travelling out, Breathed the new scent of flowers about, My truant steps from home would stray, Upon its grassy side to play, List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn, And crop the violet on its brim. With blooming cheek and open brow, As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came, And I had grown in love with fame, Duly I sought thy banks, and tried My first rude numbers by thy side. Words cannot tell how bright and gay The scenes of life before me lay. Then glorious hopes, that now to speak. Would bring the blood into my cheek, Pass'd o'er me; and I wrote, on high, A name I deem'd should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill The tail old maples, verdant still, Yet tell, in grandeur of decay, How swift the years have pass'd away, Since first, a child, and half-afraid. I wander'd in the forest shade. Thou, ever-joyous rivulet, Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet; And eporting with the sands that pave The windings of thy silver wave, And dancing to thy own wild chime, Thou laughest at the lapse of time. The same sweet sounds are in my car My early childhood loved to hear; As pure thy limpid waters run, As bright they sparkle to the sun ; As fresh and thick the bending ranks Of herbs that line thy oozy banks; The violet there, in soft May dew, Comes up, as modest and us blue; As green amid thy current's stress, Floats the scarce-rooted water-cress; And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen, Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not-but I am changed, Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged; And the grave stranger, come to see The play-place of his infancy, Has scarce a single trace of him Who sported once upon thy brim. The visions of my youth are past-Too bright, too beautiful to last. I've tried the world—it wears no more The colouring of romance it wore. Yet well has Nature kept the truth She promised to my earliest youth : The radiant beauty, shed abroad On all the glorious works of Goo, Shows freshly, to my sober'd eye, Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away, And I, all trembling, weak, and gray, Bow'd to the earth, which waits to fold My ashes in the embracing mould, (if haply the dark will of fate Indulge my life so long a date.) May come for the last time to look Upon my childhood's favourite brook. Then dimly on my eye shall gleam The sparkle of thy dancing stream; And faintly on my ear shall fall Thy prattling current's merry call; Yet shalt thou flow as glea and bright As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side, As ages after ages glide, Children their early sports shall try, And pass to hoary age, and die. But thou, unclanged from year to year, Gayly shalt play and glitter here; Amid young flowers and tender grees Thy endiese infancy shalt pass; And, singing down thy narrow glen, Shalt mock the fading race of men.

## JUNE.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky And the green mountains round; And thought, that when I came to lie Within the silent ground, 'T were pleasant, that in flowery June, When brooks sent up a cheerful tune, And groves a joyous sound, The sexton's hand, my grave to make, The rich, green mountain turf should break. A cell within the frozen mould, A coffin borne through sleet, And icy cloils above it roll'd. While fierce the tempests heat-Away !--- I will not think of these---Blue he the sky and soft the breeze, Earth green beneath the feet, And he the damp mould gently press'd Into my narrow place of rest. There, through the long, long summer hours, The golden light should lie, And thick, young herbs and groups of flowers Stand in their beauty by. The oriole should build and tell His love-tale, close beside my cell; The idle butterfly Should rest him there, and there be heard The housewife-bee and humming bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon, Come, from the village sent, Or songs of maids, beneuth the moon,

With fairy laughter blent?

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And what if, in the evening light, Betrothed lovers walk in sight Of my low monument? I would the lovely scene around Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see The season's glorious show, Nor would its brightness shine for me,

Nor its wild music flow; But if, around my place of sleep,

The friends I love should come to weep, They might not haste to go. Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their soften'd hearts should bear The thought of what has been, And speak of one who cannot share The gladness of the scene; Whose part, in all the pomp that fills The circuit of the summer hills, Is—that his grave is green;

And deeply would their hearts rejoice To hear, again, his living voice.

## TO THE EVENING WIND.

SFIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!

Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow; Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,

Riding all day the wild blue waves till now, Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thes To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone---a thousand bosoms round Inhale thes in the fulness of delight; And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound

Livelier, at coming of the wind of night; And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,

Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond the sight. Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth,— Goo's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest, Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,

Summoning, from the innumerable boughs, The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,

And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway The sighing herbage by the glearning stone; That they who near the churchyard willows stray, And listen in the deepening gloom, alone, May think of gentle souls that pass'd away,

Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown, Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men, And gone into the boundless heaven again. The faint old man shall lean his eilver head To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,

And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;

And they who stand about the sick man's bed, Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,

- And softly part his curtains to allow
- Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go-but the circle of eternal change, Which is the life of nature, shall restore,

With sounds and scents from all thy mighty sange Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more

Sweet odours in the sea-sir, sweet and strange, Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore; And, listening to thy murmur, he shell deem He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

## LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY

I STAND upon my native hills again,

Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky, With garniture of waving grass and grain.

Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie, While deep the sunless glens are scoop'd between, Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near, And ever restless feet of one, who, now,

Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year; There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,

As breaks the varied scene upon her sight, Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

For I have taught her, with delighted eye, • To gaze upon the mountains, to behold, With deep affection, the pure, ample sky,

And clouds along its blue abysses roll'd, To love the song of waters, and to hear The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here, I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat, Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;

And where the season's milder fervours best, And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear The song of bird, and sound of running stresm, Am come a while to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun? thou canst not wake, In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen. The maize leaf and the maple bough but take,

From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green. The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray, Sweeps the blue streams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind! most spiritual thing of all The wide earth knowe-when, in the sultry time,

He stoops him from his vast, cerulcan hall, He seems the breath of a celestial clime;

As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow, Health and refreshment on the world below.

Demostry GOOGIC

## THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

Axono our hills and valleys, I have known Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent hands

Tended or gather'd in the fruits of earth, Were reverent learners in the solemn school Of Nature. Not in vain to them were sent Seed-time and harvest, or the vernal shower That darken'd the brown tilth, or snow that beat On the white winter hills. Each brought, in turn, Some truth; some lesson on the file of man, Or recognition of the Eternal Mind, Who veils his glory with the elements.

One such I knew long since, a white-hair'd man, Puthy of speech, and merry when he would; A genial optimist, who daily drew From what he saw his quant moralities. Kindly he held communion, though so old, With me, a dreaming boy, and taught me much, That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven, And steep'd the sprouting forests, the green hills, And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light. Upon the apple tree, where rowy buds Stood cluster'd, ready to burst forth in bloom, The robin warbled forth his full, clear note For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods, Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce cast

A shale, gay circles of anemones Danced on their stafks; the shad-bush, white with flowers, Brighten'd the glens; the new-leaved butternut, And quivering poplar, to the roving breeze

Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields, I saw the pulses of the gentle wind

On the young grass. My heart was touch'd with joy,

At so much beauty, flushing every hour

Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,

The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,

Gazed on it mildly sad. I ask'd him why.

"Well may'st thou join in gladness," he replied,

"With the glad earth, her springing plants and flowers,

And this soft wind, the herald of the green, Luxuriant summer. Thou art young, like them, And well mayst thou rejoice. But while the flight Of acasons fills and knits thy spreading frame, It withers mine, and thins my bair, and dims These eyes, whose fading light shall soon be quenched

In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird ?"

I listen'd, and from midst the depth of woods Heard the low signal of the grouse, that wears A sable ruff around his mottled neck: Particlze they call him by our northern streams, And pheasant by the Delaware. He heat 'Gainst his barr'd sides his speekled wings, and made

A sound like distant thunder; slow the strokes

At first, then fast and faster, till at length They pass'd into a murmur, and were still.

"There hast thou," said my friend. "a fitting type Of human life. "T is an old truth, I know, But images like these will freshen truth. Slow pass our days in childhood, every day Seens like a century; rajidly they glide In manhood, and in life's decline they fly; Till days and seasons fit before the mind As fit the snow-thakes in a winter storm, Seen rather than distinguish'd. Ah! I seem As if I sat within a helpless bark, By swiftly-running waters hurried on To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock, Bare sands, and pleasant homesteads; flowery nooks,

And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear Each after each; but the devoted skiff Darts by so swiftly, that their innaces Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep By other banks, and the great guif is near.

"Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long, And this fair change of seasons passes slow, Gather and treasure up the good they yield— All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts, And kind allections, reverence for thy Gon, And for thy brethren; so, when thou shalt come Into these barren years that fleet away Before their finits are ripe, thou mayst not bring A mind unfurnish'd, and a wither'd heart."

Long since that white-hair'd ancient slept-but still,

When the red flower-buds crowd the orchard bough,

And the rull'd grouse is drumming far within The woods, his venerable form again Is at my side, his voice is in my ear.

## AN EVENING REVERIE.\*

THE summer day has closed—the sum is set: Well have they done their office, those bright hours, The latest of whose train goes softly out In the red west. The green blade of the ground Has risen, and herds have cropp'd it; the young twice

Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun; Flowers of the guiden and the waste have blown, And wither'd; seeds have fallen upon the soil From bursting cells, and in their graves await Their resurrection. Inseets from the pools Have full d the air a while with humming wings. That now are still forever; painted moths Have wander'd the blue sky, and died again; The mother-bird bath broken, for her brood Their prison-shells, or shoved them from the nest,

\* From an unfinished poem.

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Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves, In woodland cottages with barky walls, In noisome cells of the tumultuous town, Mothers have clasp'd with joy the new-born babe. Graves, by the lonely forest, by the shore Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways Of the throng'd city, have been hollow'd out, And fill'd, and closed. This day hath parted friends, That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long Hath woo'd; and it hath heard, from lips which late Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word, That told the wedded one her peace was flown. Parewell to the sweet sunshine ! One glad day Is added now to childhood's merry days, And one calm day to those of quiet age. Still the flect hours run on; and as I lean Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit By those who watch the dead, and those who twine Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes Of her sick infant shades the painful light, And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great Movement of the universe, Or Change, or Flight of Time-for ye are one ! That learest, silently, this visible scene Into Night's shadow, and the streaming rays Of startight, whitter art thou bearing me ! I feel the mighty current sweep me on, Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar The courses of the stars; the very hour He knows when they shall darken or grow bright: Yet doth the celipse of sorrow and of death Come unforewarned. Who next, of these I love, Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall From virtue ? Strife with foes, or litterer strife With friends, or shame, and general scorn of men-

Which, who can bear ?—or the fierce rack of pain, Lie they within my path ? Or shall the years Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace, Into the stilly twilight of my nge ? Or do the portals of another life, Even now, while I am glorying in my strength, Impend around me ? O? beyond that bourne, In the vast cycle of being, which begins At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms Shall the great law of change and progress clothe Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught— Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide Into the new, the eternal flow of things, Like a bright river of the fields of heaven, Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

## HYMN OF THE CITY.

Nor in the solitude Alone, may man commune with Heaven, or see Only in savage wood And sunny vale, the present Deity;

Or only hear his voice

Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold Thy steps, Almighty !—here, smillst the crowd Through the great city roll'd, With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—

Choking the ways that wind

Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind. Thy golden sunshine comes

From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies, And lights their inner homes-

For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies, And givest them the stores

Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is sround,

Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along; And this eternal sound---

Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine, Hushing its billowy breast---

The quict of that moment, too, is thine; It breathes of Him who keeps

The vast and helpless city while it sleeps,

## TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITARA, 'midd falling dew, While glow the heavens with the last steps of day, Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursuo Thy solitary way!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Densetiy GOOgle

### WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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

### THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Oses this soft turf, this rivulet's sands, Were trampled by a hurrying crowd, And fiery hearts and armed hands Encounter'd in the hattle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget How gueb'd the life-blood of her brave-Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet, Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now, all is calm, and fresh, and still; Alone the chirp of fitting bird, And talk of children on the hill, And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain; Men start not at the battle-cry; O! be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou Who minglest in the harder strife For truths which men receive not now, Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long Through weary day and weary year. A wild and many-weapon'd throng

Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet, nerve thy spirit to the proof, And blench not at thy chosen lot. The timid good may stand aloof, The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor herd the shaft too surely cast, The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn; For with thy side shall dwell, at last, The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again: The eternal years of Gon are hers; But Error, wounded, writhes with pain, And dies among his worshippers.

Yes, though thou lie upon the dust, When they who help'd thee fice in fear, Die full of hope and manly trust, Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield, Another hand the standard wave, Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

### THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

Tax melancholy days are come, The saddest of the year, Of wailing winds, and naked woods, And meadows brown and sear. Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, The wither'd leaves lie dead: They rustle to the eddying gust, And to the rabbit's tread. The robin and the wren are flown, And from the shrubs the jay, And from the wood-top calls the crow, Through all the gloomy day. Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, That lately sprang and stood In brighter light and softer airs, A beauteous sisterhood ? Alas! they all are in their graves; The gentle race of flowers Are lying in their lowly beds, With the fair and good of ours. The rain is falling where they lie, But the cold November min Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, The lovely ones again. The wind-flower and the violet, They perish'd long ago, And the brier-rose and the orchis died, Amid the summer glow; But on the hill the golden-rod, And the aster in the wood, And the yellow sun-flower by the brook In autumn beauty stood, Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, As fails the plague on men, And the brightness of their smile was gone, From upland, glade, and glen. And now, when comes the caim, mild day, As still such days will come, To call the squirrel and the bee From out their winter home: When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, Though all the trees are still, And twinkle in the smoky light The waters of the rill, The south wind searches for the flowers Whose fragrance late he bore, And sighs to find them in the wood And by the stream no more. And then I think of one who in Her youthful beauty died, The fair, meek blossom that grew up And faded by my side; In the cold, moist earth we laid her, When the forest cast the leaf, And we wept that one so lovely Bhould have a life so brief: Yet not unmeet it was that one. Like that young friend of ours, So gentle and so beautiful, Blould perish with the flowers.

Dimenting Google

### WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

### THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps The disembodied spirits of the dead, When all of thee that time could wither sleeps And perishes among the dust we tread ? For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain If there I meet thy gentle presence not; Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again In thy screnest eyes the tender thought. Will not thy own meek heart demand me there I That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given? My name on earth was ever in thy prayer. Shall it be banish'd from thy tongue in heaven? In meadows framed by heaven's life-breathing wind, In the resplendence of that glorioue sphere, And larger movements of the unfetter'd mind, Wilt thou forget the love that join'd us here: The love that lived through all the stormy past, And meekly with my harsher nature boro, And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,-Shall it expire with life, and be no more ? A happier lot than mine, and larger light, Await thee there; for thou hast bow'd thy will In cheerful homage to the rule of right, And lovest all, and renderest good for ill. For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll; And wrath has left its scar-that fire of hell Has left its frightful scar upon my soul. Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky, Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name, The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eve, Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same? Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home

### TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew, And colour'd with the heaven's own blue, That openest, when the quiet light Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

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

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

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye Look through its fringes to the sky, Bine-blue-es if that sky let fall A flower from its cerulean wall. I would that thus, when I shall see The hour of death draw near to me, Hope, blossoming within my heart, May look to heaven as I depart.

### OH, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

OR, faircet of the rural maids! Thy birth was in the forest shades; Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky, Wore all that met thy infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wenderings, when a child, Were ever in the sylvan wild; And all the beauty of the place Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks Is in the light shade of thy locks; Thy step is as the wind, that weaves Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose screne And silent waters heaven is seen; Their lashes are the herbs that look On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpress'd, Are not more sinless than thy breast; The hely peace that fills the air Of those calm solitudes, is there.

### THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

SEVEN long years has the desert min Dropp'd on the clods that hide thy face; Seven long years of sorrow and pain 1 have thought of thy burial place.

Thought of thy fate in the distant weet, \_\_\_\_\_Dying with none that loved thee near;

They who flung the earth on thy breast Turn'd from the spot without a tear.

There, I think, on that lonely grave, Violets spring in the soft May shower;

There in the summer breezes wave Crimson phlox and moccasin flower.

There the turtles alight, and there Feeds with her fawn the timid doe; There, when the winter woods are bare,

Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon wilt thou wipe my team away; All my task upon earth is done;

My poor father, old and grey, Slumbers beneath the church-yard stone.

In the dreams of my lonely bed, Ever thy form before me seems; All night long I talk with the dead,

All day long I think of my dreams.

I shall feel it no more again.

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# JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

(Born, 1796.)

Ma. PERCIVAL was born in Berlin, near Hartford, in Connecticut, on the fiftcenth of September, 1795. His father, an intelligent physician, died in 1807, and he was committed to the care of a guardian. His instruction continued to be carefully attended to, however, and when fiftcen years of age he entered Yake College. The condition of his health, which had been impaired by too close application to study, rendered necessary a temporary removal from New Haven, but after an alsence of about a year he returned, and in 1815 graduated with the reputation of being the first scholar of his class. He subsequently entered the Yake Medical School, and in 1820 received the degree of Ductor of Medicine.

He began to write verses at on early age, and in his fourteenth year is said to have produced a satire in aim and execution not unlike Mr. Barrxxr's "Embargo." In the last year of his college life he composed a dramatic piece to be spoken by some of the students at the annual commencement, which was alterwards enlarged and printed under the title of "Zamor, a Tragedy." He did not appear as an author before the public, however, until 1821, when he published at New Haven, with some minor poems, the first part of his "Prometheus," which attracted considerable attention, and was favourably noticed in an article by Mr. Enward Evenert, in the North American Review.

In 1822 he published two volumes of miscellaneous poems and prose writings under the title of "Clio," the first at Charleston, South Carolina, and the second at New Haven. They contain "Consumption," "The Coral Grove," and other pieces which have been regarded as among the finest of his works. In the same year they were followed by an oration, previously delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, " On Some of the Moral and Political truths Derivable from History," and the second part of "Prometheus." The whole of this poem contains nearly four hundred stanzas in the Spenserian measure. An edition of his principal poetical writings, embracing a few original pieces, appeared soon after in New York and was reprinted in London.

In 1824 Dr. PERCIVAL was appointed an assistant-surgeon in the army, and stationed at West Point with orders to act as Professor of Chemistry in the Military Academy. He had supposed that the duties of the office were so light as to allow him abundant leisure for the pursuit of his favourite studies, and when undeceived by the experience of a few manths, he resigned his commission and went to Hoston, where he passed in various literary avocations the greater portion of the year 1825. In this period he wrote his poem on the mind, in which he intinates that its highest office is the creation of beauty, and that there are certain unchanging principles of taste, to which all works of art, all "linked sounds of most elaborate music," must be conformable, to give more than a feeble and transient pleasure.

Early in 1827 he published in New York the third volume of «Cho," and was afterwards engaged nearly two years in superintending the printing of the first quarto edition of Dr. WEBSTRI'S American Dictionary, a service for which he was eminently qualified by an extensive and critical acquaintance with ancient and modern languages. His next work was a new translation of MATTE-Bury's Geography, from the French, which was not completed until 1843.

From his boyhood Dr. PERCIVAL has been an earnest and constant student, and there are few branches of learning with which he is not familiar. Perhaps there is not in the country a man of more thorough and comprehensive scholarship. In 1835 he was employed by the government of Connecticut to make a geological survey of that state, which he had already very carefully explored on his own account. His Report on the subject, which is very able and elaborate, was printed in an octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages, in 1842. While engaged in these duties he published poetical translations from the Polish, Russian, Servian, Bohendan, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, and wrote a considerable portion of 6 The Dream of Day and other Poeins," which appeared at New Haven in 1843. This is his last volume; it embraces more than one hundred and fifty varieties of measure, and its contents generally show his familiar acquaintance with the poetical art, which in his preface he observes, "requires a mastery of the riches and niceties of a language; a full knowledge of the science of versification, not only in its own neculiar principles of rhythin and melody, but in its relation to elecution and music, with that delicate natural perception and that facile execution which render the composition of verse hardly less easy than that of prose; a deep and quick insight into the nature of man, in all his varied faculties, intellectual and emotive; a clear and full perception of the power and beauty of nature, and of all its various harmonies with our own thoughts and feelings; and, to gain a high rank in the present age, wide and exact attainments in literature and art in general. Nor is the possession of such facilities and attainments all that is necessary ; but such a sustained and self-collected state of mind as gives one the mastery of lus genius, and at the same time presents to him the ideal as an immediate reality, not as a remote conception."

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There are few men who possess these high qualities in a more eminent degree than PERCIVAL; but with the natural qualities of a great poet, and his comprehensive and thorough learning, be hecks the executive skill, or declines the habour, without which few authors gain immortality. He has considerable imagination, remarkable command of language, and writes with a facility rarely equalled; but when his thoughts are once committed to the page, he shrinks from the habour of revising,

CONCLUSION OF THE DREAM OF A DAY.

A stringt stool before me, half unseen, Majestic and severe; yet o'er him play'd A genial light-sublued though high his mien,

As by a strong collected spirit sway'd— In even balance justly poised between \_\_\_\_\_(stav'd---\_\_\_\_\_)

Each wild extreme, proud strength by feeling Dwelling in upper reating scrench bright, Lifted above the shadowy sphere of night.

reaction above the subdowy sphere of might

He stood before me, and I heard a tone, Such as from mortal lips had never flow'd, Soft yet commanding, gentle yet alone.

It how'd the listener's heart-anon it glow'd Intensely fervent, then like wood-notes thrown

On the chance winds, in airy lightness role-Now swell'd like occan surge, now pausing fell Like the last murmur of a muffled bell.

" Lone pilgrim through life's gloom," thus spake the shade,

"Hold on with steady will along thy way : Thou, by a kindly favouring hand wert made----

Hard though thy lot, yet thine what can repay Long years of bitter tuil-the holy aid

Of spirit aye is thine, be that thy stay : Thine to behold the true, to feel the pure. To know the good and lovely—these endure.

Hold on-thou hast in thee thy best reward; Poor are the largest stores of sordial gain,

If from the heaven of thought thy soul is harr'd, If the high spirit's bliss is sought in vain:

Think not thy lonely lot is cold or hard, The world has never bound thee with its chain; Free as the hirds of heaven thy heart can soar, Thou canst create now worlds—what woulds thou more?

The future age will know thee-yes, even now Hearts beat and tremble at thy bidding, tears

Flow as thou movest thy word, thy word can bow Even ruler natures, the dull soil uprears

As thou thy trumpet blast attunest-thou Speakest, and each remotest valley hears:

Thou hust the gift of song—a wealth is thing, Richer than all the treasures of the mine.

Hold on, glad spirits company thy path— They minister to thee, though all unseen : Byen when the tempest lifts its voice in wrath, correcting, and condensing. He remarks in one of his prefaces, that this verse is "very fur from bearing the marks of the file and the burnisher," and that he likes to see "poetry in the full chullition of feeling and fancy, forming up with the spirit of life, and glowing with the rainbows of a glad inspiration." If by this he means that a poet should reject the slow and laborious process by which a polished excellence is attained, very few who have acquired good reputations will agree with him.

Thou joyest in its strength; the orient sheen Gladdens thee with its beauty; winter hath A holy charm that southes thee, like the green

Of infant May—all nature is thy friend, All seasons to thy life enchantment lend.

Man, too, thou know'st and feelest—all the springs That wake his simile and tear, his joy and sorrow,

All that uplifts him on emotion's wings, Each longing for a fair and bleat to-morrow,

Each tone that soothes or suddens, all that rings Joyously to him, thou caust fitly borrow

From thy own breast, and blend it in a strain, To which each human heart beats back again.

Thine the unfetter'd thought alone controll'd By nature's truth; thine the wide-seeing eye,

Pictured in fairest light, as chart unroll'd, Fields of the present and of destiny :

The voice of truth amid the senseless throng May now be lost; 'tis heard and felt ere long.

Thy form among thy fellows; sternly climb The spirit's alpine peaks; mid show towers there Nurse the pure thought, but yet accordant chime

With lowlier hearts in valleya green and fuir,— Sustain thyself—yield to no meaner hand,

Even though he rule awhile thy own dear land.

Brief is his power, oblivion waits the churl Bound to his own poor self; his form decays,

But sooner fades his name. Thou shalt unfur Thy standard to the winds of future days-

Well mayest thou in thy sont definite hurl On such who would subdue thee; thou shalt raise Thy name, when they are dust, and nothing more: Hold on—in carnest hope still look before.

Nerved to a stern resolve, fulfil thy lot-

Reveal the secrets nature has unveiled thee; All higher gifts by toil intense are bought-

Has thy firm will in action over fail'd thee? Only on distant summits fame is sought-----

Sorrow and gloom thy nature has entail'd thee, But bright thy present joys, sud brighter far The hope that draws thee like a heavenly star."

The voice was still—its tone in distance dying Breathed in my car, like harp faint heard at even. P 2

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Soft as the autumn wind through sere leavess ighing When flaky clouds athwart the moon are-driven

Far through the viewless gloom the spirit flying, Wing'd his high passage to his native heaven, But o'er me still he seem'd in kindness bending, Fresh hope and firmer purpose to me lending.

#### THE POET.

DEEP sunk in thought, he sat beside the river-Its wave in liquid lapses glided by, Nor watch'd, in crystal depth, his vacant eye The willow's high o'er-arching foliage quiver. From dream to shadowy dream returning ever, He sat, like statue, on the grassy verge; His thoughts, a phantom train, in airy surge Stream'd visionary onward, pausing never. As autumn wind, in mountain forest weaving Its wondrous tapestry of leaf and bower, O'ermastering the night's resplondent flower With tints, like hues of heaven, the eye deceiving-So, lost in labyrinthine maze, he wove A wreath of flowers; the golden thread was love.

# NIGHT.

Ax I not all alone !-- The world is still In passionless slumber---not a tree but feels The far-pervading hush, and softer steals The misty river by .- Yon broad bare hill Looks coldly up to heaven, and all the stars Seem eyes deep fix'd in silence, as if bound By some unearthly spell-no other sound But the owl's unfrequent moan .-. Their airy cars The winds have station'd on the mountain peaks. Am I not all alone !--- A spirit speaks

From the abyes of night, " Not all alone-Nature is round thee with her banded powers, And ancient genius haunts thee in these hours Mind and its kingdom now are all thy own."

### CHORIAMBIC MELODY.

- BEAR me afar o'er the wave, far to the sacred islanda,
- Where over bright blossoms the plain, where no cloud hangs on the highlands-
- There be my heart ever at rest, stirr'd by no wild emotion :
- There on the earth only repose, haloyon calm on the ocean.

Lay me along, pillow'd on flowers, where steals in silence for ever

- Over its sands, still as at noon, far the oblivious river.
- Scarce through the grass whispens it by; deep in its wave you may number
- Pebble and shell, and image of flower, folded and bent in slumber.

Spirit of life ! rather aloft, where on the creat of the mountain,

- Clear blow the winds, fresh from the north, sparkles and dashes the fountain,
- Lead me along, hot in the chase, still 'mid the storm high glowing-

Only we live-only, when life, like the wild torrent, is flowing.

### SAPPHO.

SHE stands in act to fall-her garland torn, Its wither'd rose-leaves round the rock are blowing; Loose to the winds her locks dishevell'd flowing Tell of the many sorrows she has borne.

Her eye, up-turn'd to heaven, has lost its fire-One hand is presa'd to feel her bosom's beating, And mark her lingering pulses back retreating-The other wanders o'er her silent lyre,

Clear rolis the midway sun-she knows it not; Vainty the winds waft by the flower's perfume; To her the sky is hung in deepest gloom-

She only feels the noon-beam burning hot.

What to the broken heart the dancing waves, The air all kindling-what a sounding name ! O! what a mockery, to dream of fame-

It only lures us on to make us slaves.

And Love-O ! what art thou with all thy light ? Ineflable joy is round thee, till we know,

Thou art but as a vision of the night-And then the bursting heart, how deep its wo.

" They tell me I shall live-my name shall rise. When nature falls-O ! blest illusion, stay---" A moment hopes and jove around her play; Then darkness hides her-faint she sinks and dies.

#### THE FESTIVE EVENING.

CHERREVI glows the festive chamber ; In the circle pleasure smiles:

Mounts the flame, like wreaths of amber ; Bright as love, its warmth beguiles. Glad the heart with joy is lighted;

Hand with hand, in faith, is plighted,

As around the goblet flows. Fill-fill-fill, and quaff the liquid rose !

Bright it glowe-

O! how bright the bosom glows.

Pure as light, our social meeting : Here no passion dares invade.

Joys we know, not light and fleeting: Flowers we twine, that never fade. Ours are links, not time can sever:

Brighter still they glow for ever-Glow in yon eternal day.

No-no-no. ve will not pass away----Ye will stay-

Social joys, for ever stay !

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### THE SUN.

- Cxxrex of light and energy! thy way Is through the unknown void; thou hast thy throne, Morning, and evening, and at noon of day, Far in the blue, untended and elone: Bre the first-waken'd airs of earth had blown, On thou didst march, triumphant in thy light; Then thou didst march thy glance, which still hath flown Wide through the never-ending worlds of night, And yet thy full orb burns with flash as keen and
- We call thee Lord of Day, and thou dost give To earth the fire that animates her crust.

bright.

- And wakens all the forms that move and live, From the fine, viewless mould which lurks in dust,
- To him who looks to heaven, and on his bust Brars stamp'd the seal of Gon, who gathers there
- Lines of deep thought, high feeling, daring trust In his own center'd powers, who aims to share In all his soul can frame of wide, and great, and fair.
- Thy path is high in heaven; we cannot gaze On the intense of light that girds thy car;
- There is a crown of glory in thy rays, Which bears thy pure divinity afsr, To mingle with the equal light of star,---
- For thou, so vast to us, art in the whole One of the sparks of night that fire the air.
- And, as around thy centre planets roll, So thou, too, hast thy path sround the central soul.
- I am no fond idolater to thee, One of the countless multitude, who burn,
- As lamps, around the one Eternity, In whose contending forces systems turn Their circles round that seat of life, the urn
- Where all must sleep, if matter ever dies: Sight fails me here, but fancy can discern
- With the wide glance of her all-seeing eyes, Where, in the heart of worlds, the ruling Spirit lies.
- And thou, too, hast thy world, and unto thee We are as nothing; thou goest forth alone,
- And movest through the wide, aerial sea, Glad as a conqueror resting on his throne From a new victory, where he late had shown
- Wider his power to nations; so thy light
- Comes with new pomp, as if thy strength had grown
- With each revolving day, or thou, at night, Had lit again thy fires, and thus renew'd thy might.
- Age o'er thee has no power: thou bring'st the same Light to renew the morning, as when first,
- If not eternal, thou, with front of flame, On the dark face of earth in glory burst, And warm'd the seas, and in their bosom nursed
- The earliest things of life, the worm and shell;
- Till, through the sinking ocean, mountains pierced,
- And then came forth the land whereon we dwell, Rear'd, like a magic fane, above the watery swell.

- And there thy searching heat awoke the seeds Of all that gives a charm to earth, and lends An energy to nature; all that feeds
- On the rich mould, and then, in hearing, bends Its fruits again to earth, wherein it blends
- The last and first of life; of all who bear
- Their forms in motion, where the spirit tends, Instinctive, in their common good to share,
- Which lies in things that breathe, or late were living there.
- They live in thee: without thee, all were dead And dark; no beam had lighted on the wasto,
- But one eternal night around had spread Funereal gloom, and coldly thus defuced
- This Eden, which thy fairy hand hath graced With such uncounted heauty; sli that blows
- In the fresh air of spring, and, growing, braced Its form to manhood, when it stands and glows In the full-temper'd beam, that gladdens as it goes.
- Thou lookest on the earth, and then it smiles; Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;
- Laughs the wide ses around her budding isles, When through their beaven thy changing car is borne;
  - Thou wheel'st sway thy flight, the woods are shorn
- Of all their waving locks, and storms awake; All, that was once so beautiful, is torm
- By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,
- And, in their maddening rush, the crested mountains shake.
- The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow; Life lingers, and would die, but thy return
- Gives to their gladden'd hearts an overflow Of all the power that brooded in the urn
  - Of their chill'd frames, and then they proudly spurn
- All bands that would confine, and give to air Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,
- When, on a dewy morn, thou dartest there
- Rich waves of gold to wreathe with fairer light the fair.
- The values are thine; and when the touch of spring Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light
- They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing Dashes the water in his winding flight, And leaves behind a wave that crinkles bright, And widens outward to the pehbled shore.—
- The vales are thine; and when they wake from night.
- The dews that bend the grass-tips, twinkling o'er Their soft and oozy brds, look upward, and adore.
- The hills are thine: they catch thy newest beam, And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
- Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream, That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood
- Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food Of nations in its waters: so thy rays
- Flow and give brighter tints than ever bud, When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze

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Of many twinkling gems, as every gloss'd bough plays.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift Snows that have never wasted, in a sky Which hath no stain ; below, the storm may drift Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by; Aloft in thy cternal smile they lie, Dazzling, but cold; thy farewell glance looks there; And when below thy hues of beauty die, Girt round them, as a rosy helt, they bear, Into the high, dark vault, a brow that still is fair. The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues Are pencill d by thee; when thou bendest low, Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues Their waving fold with such a perfect glow Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw Shame on the proudest art; the tender stain Hung round the verge of heaven, that as a bow Ginls the wide world, and in their blended chain All tints to the deep gold that flashes in thy train : These are thy trophics, and thou bend'st thy arch, The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine, Where the spent storm is hasting on its march, And there the glories of thy light combine, And form with perfect curve a lifted line, Striding the carth and air; man looks, and tells How peace and mercy in its beauty shine, And how the heavenly messenger impels Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells. The ocean is thy vassal; thou dost sway His waves to the dominion, and they go Where thou, in heaven, dost guide them on their way. Rising and falling in eternal flow: Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow; They take them wings, and spring aloft in air, And change to clouds, and then, dissolving, throw Their treasures back to earth, and, rushing, tear The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they bear. I, too, have been upon thy folling breast, Widest of waters ; I have seen thee lis Calm, as an infant pillow'd in its rest On a foul mother's bosom, when the sky, Not smoother, gave the deep its azure dye, Till a new heaven was arch'd and glass'd below; And then the clouds, that, gav in sunset, fly, Cast on it such a stain, it kindled so, As in the check of youth the living roses grow. I, too, have seen thee on thy surging path. When the night-tempest met thee: thou didst dash The white arms high in heaven, as if in wrath, Threatening the angry sky; thy waves did lash The labouring vessel, and with deadening crash Rush madly forth to scourge its groaning sides ; Onward thy billows came, to meet and clash In a wild warfare, till the lifted tides Mingled their yesty tops, where the dark stormcloud rides. In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles, When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,

That rolls, in glittering green, around the isles, Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell; O! with a joy no gifted tongue can tell, I hurry o'er the waters, when the sail

Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well Over the curling hillow, and the gale Comes off the spicy groves to tell its winning tale.

The soul is thine: of old thou wert the power Who gave the poet life; and I in thee

Feel my heart gladden at the holy hour When thou art sinking in the silent sea; Or when I climb the height, and wander free

In thy meridian glory, for the air Sparkles and burns in thy intensity,

I feel thy light within me, and I share In the full glow of soul thy spirit kindles there.

### CONSUMPTION.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay, When the light of beauty is failing away, When the bright enchantment of youth is gone, And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone, And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone, And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower That ever in Pastum's" garden blew, Or ever was steep'd in Imgrant dew. When all that was bright and fair is fled, But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close, Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose; For a nameless charm around her plays, And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays; And a veil of spotless purity Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye, Like a cloud whereon the queen of night Has pour'd her softest tint of light; And there is a blending of while and blue, Where the purple blood is melting through The snow of her pale and tender cheek; And there are tones that sweetly speak Of a spirit who longs for a puret day, And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth, and the spring of feeling, When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing Its silent steps through a flowery path. And all the endearments that pleasure bath Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn, When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn, In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song The maiden may trip in the dance along, And think of the passing moment, that lies, Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes, And yield to the present, that charms around With all that is lovely in sight and sound; Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit, With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit, And the music that steals to the bosoin's core, And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er With a few hig drops, that are soon repress'd, For short is the stay of grief in her breast :

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In this enliven'd and gladsome hour The spirit may burn with a brighter power; But dearer the calm and quiet day, When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining, And life wears out with no repining. And the whisper, that tells of early death, Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath, When it comes at the hour of still prose, To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose : And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow, Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow; And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,-But the hectic spot that flushes there When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling, In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling. And giving a tinge to her icy lips, Like the crimson rose's brightest tips, As richly red, and as transient too As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue, That seem like a host of glory, met To honour the sun at his golden set; O ! then, when the spirit is taking wing, How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling, As if she would blend her soul with his In a deep and long-imprinted kiss; So fondly the pasting camel flies, Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes; And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest, And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast. And though her dying voice be mute, Or faint as the tones of an unstrung late, And though the glow from her check be fled, And her pale lips cold as the marble dead, Her eye still beams unwooted fires, With a woman's love, and a saint's desires, And her last, fond, lingering look is given To the love she leaves, and then to heaven, As if she would bear that love away To a purer world, and a brighter day.

### TO THE EAGLE.

BIND of the broad and sweeping wing, Thy home is high in heaven, Where wide the storms their banners fling, And the tempest clouds are driven. Thy throne is on the mountain top; Thy fields, the boundless air; And hoary peaks, that proudly prop The skies, thy dwellings are. Thou sittest like a thing of light, Amid the noontide blaze: The midway sun is clear and bright; It cannot dim thy gaze. Thy pinions, to the rushing blast, O'er the bursting billow, spread, Where the vessel plunges, hurry past, Like an angel of the dead.

Thou at perch'd aloft on the beciling crag, And the waves are white below. And on, with a haste that cannot lag, They rush in an endless flow.

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Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight To lands beyond the sea, And away, like a spirit wreathed in light, Thou hurriest, wild and free. Thou hurriest over the myriad waves, And those leavest them all behind ; Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves, Fleet as the tempest wind, When the night-storm gathers dim and dark With a shrill and hoding scream, Those rushest by the foundering back, Quick as a passing dream. Lord of the boundless realm of air. In thy imperial name, The hearts of the bold and ardent days The dangerous path of fame. Beneath the shade of thy golden wings, The Roman legions bore, From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs, Their pride, to the polar shore. For thee they fought, for thee they fell, And their oath was on thee laid ; To thee the clarious raised their weell, And the dying warrier pray'd. hon wert, through an age of death and fears, The image of pride and power, Till the gather'd rage of a thousand years Burst forth in one awful hour. And then a deluge of wrath it came, And the nations shook with dread ; And it swept the each till its fields were flame, And piled with the mingled dead. Kings were roll'd in the wasteful flood, With the low and crouching slave : And together lay, in a shroud of blood, The coward and the brave. And where was then thy fearless flight? "O'er the dark, mysterious scs. To the lands that caught the setting light, The cradle of Liberty. There, on the silent and lonely shore, For ages, I watch'd alone, And the world, in its darkness, ask'd no more Where the glorious bird had flown. "But then came a bold and hardy few, And they breasted the unknown wave: caught afar the wandering crew; And I knew they were high and brave. wheel'd around the welcome bark, As it sought the desolate shore, And up to heaven, like a joyous lark, My quivering pinions bore. "And now that hold and hanly few Are a nation wide and strong : And danger and doubt I have led them through, And they worship me in song ; And over their bright and glancing arms, On field, and lake, and sea,

With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms. I guide them to victory."

Congle

### PREVALENCE OF POETRY.

The world is full of poetry-the air Is living with its spirit; and the waves Dance to the music of its melodics. And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veil'd, And mantled with its beauty; and the walls, That close the universe with crystal in, Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim The unseen glories of immensity, In harmonies, too perfect, and too high. For aught but beings of celestial mould, And speak to man in one eternal hymn, Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir Forever charming, and forever new, Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay, The mournful, and the tender, in one strain, Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore Of the wide ocean, resting after storms; Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof, And pointed arches, and retiring sisles Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand, Skilful, and moved, with passionate love of art, Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls, By mellow touches, from the softer tubes, Voices of melting tenderness, that blend With pure and gentle musings, till the soul, Commingling with the melody, is borne, Rapt. and dissolved in costasy, to heaven.

T is not the chime and flow of words, that move In measured file, and metrical array; "I is not the union of returning sounds, Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme, And quantity, and accent, that can give This all-pervading spirit to the ear, Or blend it with the movings of the soul. "T is a mysterious feeling, which combines Man with the world around him, in a chain Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till He taste the high communion of his thoughts, With all existence, in earth and heaven, That meet him in the charm of grace and power. 'T is not the noisy babbler, who displays, In studied phrase, and ornate epithet, And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts, Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments That overload their littleness. Its words Are few, but deep and solemn ; and they break Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired The holy prophet, when his lips were coals, His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath, Commission'd to affright us, and destroy.

Passion, when deep, is still: the glaring eye That reads its enemy with glonce of the, The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness, The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide The keen, fix'd orbs, that burn and flash below, The hand firm clench'd and quivering, and the foot

Planted in attitude to spring, and dart Its vengeance, are the language it employs, So the poetic feeling needs no words To give it utterance; but it swells, and glows, And revels in the cestasics of soul, And sits at banquet with celestial forms, The beings of its own creation, fair And lovely, as e'er haunted wood and wave. When earth was peopled, in its solitudes, With nymph and najad-mighty, as the gods, Whose palace was Olympus, and the clouds, That hung, in gold and flame, around its brow; Who bore, upon their features, all that grand And awful dignity of front, which bows The eye that gazes on the murble Jove, Who hurls, in wrath, his thunder, and the god, The image of a beauty, so divine, So masculine, so artless, that we seem To share in his intensity of joy, When, sure as fate, the bounding arrow sped, And darted to the scaly monster's heart.

This spirit is the breath of Nature, blown Over the sleeping forms of clay, who else Doze on through life in blank stupidity, Till by its blast, as by a touch of fire. They rouse to lofty purpose, and send out, In deeds of energy, the rage within, Its seat is deeper in the savage breast, 🐔 Than in the man of cities; in the child, Than in the maturer bosoms. Art may prune Its rank and wild luxuriance, and may train Its strong out-breakings, and its vehement gusts To soft refinement, and amenity; But all its energy has vanish'd, all Its maddening, and commanding spirit gone, And all its tender touches, and its tones Of soul-dissolving pathos, lost and hid Among the measured notes, that move as dead And heartless, as the puppets in a show.

Well I remember, in my boyish days, How deep the feeling, when my eye look'd forth On Nature, in her loveliness, and storms; How my heart gladden'd, as the light of spring Came from the sun, with zephyrs, and with showers.

Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods To music, and the atmosphere to blow, Sweetly and calmly, with its breath of balm-O! how I gozed upon the dazzhing blue Of summer's heaven of glory, and the waves. That roll'd, in bending gold, o'er hill and plain; And on the tempest, when it issued forth, In folds of blackness, from the northern sky, And stood above the mountains, silent, dark, Frowning, and terrible; then sent abroad The lightning, as its herald, and the peal, That roll'd in deep, deep volleys, round the hills, The warning of its coming, and the sound, That usher'd in its elemental wor. And, O ! I stood, in breathless longing fix'd, Trembling, and yet not fearful, as the clouds Heaved their dark billows on the roaring winds, That sent, from mountain top, and bending wood, A long, hourse murmur, like the rush of waves, That burst, in foam and fury, on the shore.

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Nor less the swelling of my heart, when high Rose the blue arch of autumn, cloudless, pure As nature, at her dawning, when she sprang Fresh from the hand that wrought her : where the eve Caught not a speck upon the soft serene, To stain its deep carulean, but the cloud, That floated, like a lonely spirit, there, White as the snow of Zemla, or the foam That on the mid-sea tosses, cinctured round, In easy undulations, with a belt Woven of bright APOLLO's golden hair. Nor, when that arch, in winter's clearest night. Mantled in ebon darkness, strew'd with stars Its canopy, that seem'd to swell, and swell The higher, as I gazed upon it, till, Sphere after sphere, evolving, on the height Of heaven, the everlasting throne shone through,

In glory's effulgence, and a wave, Intensely bright, roll'd, like a fountain, forth Beneath its sapphire pedestal, and stream'd Down the long galaxy, a flood of snow, Bathing the heavens in light, the spring, that gush'd, In overflowing richness, from the breast Of all-maternal nature. These I saw, And felt to madness; but my full heart gave No utterance to the ineffable within. Words were too weak ; they were unknown ; but still The feeling was most poignant: it has gone; And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er Pour'd, in a torrent fulness, from the tongue Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stored With all the patriarchs of British song Hallow'd and render'd glorious, cannot tell Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.

### CLOUDS.

Yz Clouds, who are the ornament of heaven; Who give to it its gavest shadowings. And its most awful glories; ye who roll In the dark tempest, or at dewy evening Hang low in tenderest beauty ; ye who, ever Changing your Protean aspects, now are gather'd, Like fleecy piles, when the mid-sun is brightest, Even in the height of heaven, and there repose, Solemnly calm, without a visible motion, Hour after hour, looking upon the earth With a serenest smile :---or ye who rather Heap'd in those sulphury masses, heavily Jutting above their bases, like the emoke Pour'd from a furnace or a roused volcano, Stand on the dun horizon, threatening Lightning and storm-who, lifted from the hills, March onward to the zenith, ever darkening, And heaving into more gigantic towers And mountainous piles of blackness --- who then roar With the collected winds within your womb, Or the far utter'd thunders-who ascend Swifter and swifter, till wide overhead Your vanguards curl and toss upon the tempest Like the stirr'd ocean on a reef of rocks Just topping o'er its waves, while deep below The pregnant mass of vapour and of flame

Rolls with an awful pomp, and grimly lowers, Seeming to the struck eve of fear the car Of an offended spirit, whose swart features Glare through the sooty darkness-fired with vengeance, And ready with uplifted hand to smita And ecourge a guilty nation ; ye who lie, After the storm is over, far away, Crowning the dripping forests with the arch Of beauty, such as lives alone in beaven, Bright daughter of the sun, bending around From mountain unto mountain, like the wreath Of victory, or like a banner telling Of joy and gladness; ye who round the moon Assemble when she sits in the mid-sky In perfect brightness, and encircle her With a fair wreath of all aerial dyce : Ye who, thus hovering round her, shine like mountains Whose tops are never darken'd, but remain, Centuries and countless ages, rear'd for temples Of purity and light; or ye who crowd To hail the new-born day, and hang for him, Above his ocean-couch, a canopy Of all inimitable hues and colours, Such as are only pencil'd by the hands And the soft shadowing of plumes and flowers ;

Of the unseen ministers of earth and air, Seen only in the tinting of the clouds, Or ye who, following in his funeral train, Light up your torches at his sepulchre, And open on us through the clefted hills Far glances into glittering worlds beyond The twilight of the grave, where all is light, Golden and glorious light, too full and high For mortal eye to gaze on, stretching out Brighter and ever brighter, till it spread, Like one wide, radiant ocean, without bounds, One infinite sea of glory :- Thus, ye clouds, And in innumerable other shapes Of greatness or of beauty, ye attend us, To give to the wide arch above us, life And all its changes. Thus it is to us A volume full of wisdom, but without ve One awful uniformity had ever With too severe a majesty oppress'd us.

### MORNING AMONG THE HILLS.

A NIGHT had pass'd away among the hills, And now the first faint tokens of the dawn Show'd in the east. The bright and dewy star, Whose mission is to usher in the morn, Look'd through the cool air, like a blessed thing In a far purer world. Below there lay, Wrapp'd round a woody mountain tranquilly, A misty cloud. Its edges caught the light, That now came up from out the unseen depth Of the full fount of day, and they were laced With colours ever brightening. I had waked From a long sleep of many changing dreams, And now in the fresh forest air I stood Nerved to another day of wandering.

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Before me rose a pinnacle of rock, Lifted above the wood that homm'd it in. And now already glowing. There the beams Came from the far horizon, and they wrapp'd it In light and glory. Round its vapoury cone A crown of far-diverging rays shot out, And gave to it the semblance of an altar Lit for the worship of the undying flame, That center'd in the circle of the sun, Now coming from the ocean's fathomless caves. Anon would stand in solitary pomp Above the lottiest peaks, and cover them With spiendour as a garment. Thitherward I bent my eager steps; and through the grove, Now dark as deepest night, and thickets hung With a rich harvest of unnumber'd gems, Waiting a clearer dawn to eatch the hues Shed from the starry fringes of its yell On cloud, and mist, and dew, and backward thrown In infinite reflections, on I went, Mounting with hasty foot, and thence emerging, I scaled that rocky steep, and there awaited Silent the full appearing of the sun.

Below there lay a far-extended sea, Rolling in feathery waves. The wind blew o'er it, And toss'd it round the high-ascending rocks, And swept it through the half-hidden forest tops, Till, like an ocean waking into storm, It heaved and welter'd. Gloriously the light Crested its billows, and those eraggy islands Shone on it like to palaces of spar Built on a sea of pearl. Far overhead, Thy sky, without a vapour or a stain, Intensely blue, even deepen'd into purple, When nearer the horizon it received A tincture from the mist that there dissolved Into the viewless air .- the sky bent round, The awful dome of a most mighty temple, Built by omnipotent hands for nothing less Than infinite worship. There I stood in silence I had no words to tell the mingled thoughts Of wonder and of joy that then came o'er me, Even with a whirlwind's rush. So beautiful, So bright, so glorious ! Such a majesty In yon pure vault! So many dazzling tints In yonder waste of waves,-so like the ocean With its unnumber'd islands there encircled By foaming surges, that the mounting engle, Lifting his fearless pinion through the clouds To bathe in purest sunbeams, seem'd an ospray Hovering above his prev, and yon tall pines, Their tops half-mantled in a snowy yell, A frigate with full canvass, bearing on To conquest and to glory. But even these Had round them something of the lofty air In which they meved; not like to things of earth, But heighten'd, and made glorious, as became Such pamp and splendour.

Who can tell the brightness, That every moment caught a newer glow, That circle, with its centre like the heart Of elemental fire, and spreading out In floods of liquid gold on the blue sky And on the ophaline waves, crown'd with a rainbow Bright as the arch that bent above the throne Seen in a vision by the holy man . In Patinos! who can tell how it ascended, And flow'd more widely o'er that lifted occan, Till instantly the unobstructed sun Roll'd up his sphere of fire, floating away-Away in a pure ether, far from carth, And all its clouds,-and pouring forth unbounded His arrowy brightness ! From that burning centre At once there ran along the level line Of that inngined sea, a stream of gold-Liquid and flowing gold, that seem'd to tremble Even with a furnace heat, on to the point Whereon I stool. At once that sea of vapour Parted sway, and melting into air, Rose round me, and I stood involved in light, As if a flame had kindled up, and wropp'd me In its innocuous blaze. Away it roll'd, Wave after wave. They climb'd the highest rocks. Pour'd over them in surges, and then rush'd Down glens and valleys, like a wintry torrent Dash'd instant to the plain. It seem'd a moment, And they were gone, as if the touch of fire At once dissolved them. Then I found myself Midway in air; ridge after ridge below, Descended with their opulence of woods Even to the dim-seen level, where a lake Flash'd in the sun, and from it wound a line, Now silvery bright, even to the farthest verge Of the encircling hills. A waste of rocks Was round me-but below how beautiful, How rich the plain ! a wilderness of groves And ripening harvests; while the sky of June-The soft, blue sky of June, and the cool sir, That makes it then a luxury to live. Only to breathe it, and the busy echo Of cascades, and the voice of mountain brooks, Stole with such gentle meanings to my heart, That where I stood seem'd heaven.

### THE DESERTED WIFE.

Hs comes not-I have watched the moon go down,

But yet he comes not .- Once it was not so. He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow. The while he holds his riot in that town. Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep; And he will wake my infant from its sleep, To blend its feeble wailing with my tears. O! how I love a mother's watch to keep, Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep. I had a husband once, who loved me-now He ever wears a frown upon his brow, And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip, As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip; But yet I counct hate-O! there were hours, When I could hang forever on his eye, And time, who stole with silent swiftness by, Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers. I loved him then-he loved me too -My heart Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile; The memory of our loves will ne'er depart : And though he often sting me with a dart,

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Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vils Caresses, which his babe and mine should share; Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear His madness,—and should sickness come and lay Its paralyzing hand upon him, then I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay, Until the penitent should weep, and say, How injured, and how faithful I had been !

## THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a corol grove, Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove; Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue, That never are wet with falling dew, But in bright and changeful beauty shine, Far down in the green and glassy brine. The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift, And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty enow: From coral rocks the sea-plants lift Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow: The water is ealm and still below, For the winds and waves are absent there, And the sands are bright as the stare that glow In the motionless fields of upper air: There, with its waving blade of green, The sea-flag streams through the silent water, And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter: There, with a light and easy motion, The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea; And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean Are bending like corn on the upland lea: And life, in rare and beautiful forms, Is sporting amid those bowers of stone, And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms Has made the top of the wave his own : And when the ship from his fury flies, Where the myriad voices of ocean roar, When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies, And demons are waiting the wreck on shore; Then, far below, in the peaceful sea, The purple mullet and gold-fish rove, Where the waters murmur tranquilly, Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

# DECLINE OF THE IMAGINATION.

Way have yo linger'd on your way so long, Bright visions, who were wont to hear my call, And with the harmony of dance and song

Keep round my dreaming couch a festival? Where are ye gone, with all your eyes of light, And where the flowery voice I loved to hear, When, through the silent watches of the night.

Ye whisper'd like an angel in my ear ? O! fly not with the rapid wing of time.

But with your ancient votary kindly stay; And while the loftier dreams, that rose sublime

In years of higher hope, have flown away: O! with the colours of a softer clime,

Give your last touches to the dying day.

# GENIUS SLUMBERING.

Hz sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame; He has no feeling of the glory gone;

He has no eye to catch the mounting flame, That once in transport drew his spirit on; He lies in dull, oblivious dreams, nor cares Who the wreathed laurel bears.

And yet, not all forgotten, sleeps he there; There are who still remember how he bore Upward his during pinions, till the air

Seem'd living with the crown of light he wore; There are who, now his early sun has set,

Nor can, nor will forget. He sleeps,—and yet, around the sightless eys And the pressid lip, a darken'd glory plays;

Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie, There hovers still the light of other days;

Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth, Still struggles for its birth.

He will not sleep forever, but will rise Fresh to more daring labours; now, even now, As the close shrouding mist of morning flies.

The gather'd slumber leaves his hited brow; From his half-open'd eye, in fuller beams, His waken'd spirit streams.

Yes, he will break his sleep; the spell is gone; The deadly charm departed; see him fling

Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on, Keen as the famish'd eagle darts her wing; The goal is still before him, and the prize

Still woos his cager eyes. He rushes forth to conquer: shall they take---

They, who, with feebler pace, still kept their way, When he forgot the contest-shall they take,

Now he renews the race, the victor's bay! Still let them strive—when he collects his might, He will assert his right.

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,

Whose easence is othereal; they may try To darken and degrade it; it may rust

Dimly a while, but cannot wholly die; And, when it wakens, it will send its fire Intenser forth and higher.

### GENIUS WAKING.

SLUMBER's heavy chain both bound thee---Where is now thy fire ? Feelder wings are gathering round theo----Shall they hover higher ? Can no power, no spell, recail theo From inglorious dreams ! O, could glory so appal thee, With his burning beams ! Thine was once the highest pinion

In the midway air; With a proud and sure dominion,

Thou didst upward bear,

Like the herald, wing'd with lightning, From the Olympian throne,

Q.

With a bold, a fearless pinion,

On thy starry road, None, to fame's supreme dominion,

Mightier ever trode.

Ever mounting, ever brightening, Thou wert there alone. Where the pillar'd props of heaven Glitter with cternal snows, Where no darkling clouds are driven, Where no fountain flows-Far above the rolling thunder, When the surging storm Rent its sulphury folds asunder, We beheld thy form. O, what rare and heavenly brightness Flow'd around thy plumes, As a cascade's foamy whiteness Lights a cavern's glooms ! Wheeling through the shadowy ocean, Like a shape of light, With serene and placid motion, Thou wert dazzling bright. From that cloudless region stooping, Downward thou didst rush, Not with pinion faint and drooping But the tempest's gush. Up again undaunted souring, Thou didst pierce the cloud, When the warring winds were roaring Fearfully and loud. Where is now that restless longing After higher things I Come they not, like visions, thronging On their airy wings? Why should not their glow enchant thes Upward to their bliss? Surely danger cannot dount thee From a heaven like this ! But thou slumberest; faint and quivering Hange thy ruffled wing; Like a dove in winter shivering, Or a feebler thing. Where is now thy might and motion, Thy imperial flight ! Where is now thy heart's devotion ? Where thy spirit's light? Hark! his rustling plumage gathers Closer to his side ; Close, as when the storm-bird weathers Ocean's hurrying tide. Now his nodding beak is steady-Wide his burning eye-Now his open wings are ready, And his aim-how high ! Now he curves his neck, and proudly Now is stretch'd for flight-Hark! his wings-they thunder loudly, And their Bash-how bright ! Onward-onward over mountains, Through the rock and storm, Now, like sunset over fountains, Flits his glancing form. Glorious bird, thy dream has left thee-Thou hast reach'd thy heaven---Lingering slumber hath not reft thee Of the glory given.

NEW ENGLAND. HATL to the land whereon we tread. Our fondest boast; The sepulchre of mighty dead, The truest hearts that ever bled, Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed. A fearless host: No elave is here: our unchain'd feet Walk freely as the waves that beat Our coast. Our fathers cross'd the ocean's wave To seek this shore; They left behind the coward slave To welter in his living grave; With hearts unbent, and spirits brave, They sternly bore Such toils as meaner souls had quell'd; But souls like these, such toils impell'd To soar. Hail to the morn, when first they stood On Bunker's height, And, fearless, stemm'd the invoding flood, And wrote our dearest rights in blood, And mow'd in ranks the hireling brood. In desperate fight! O, 't was a proud, exulting day, For even our fallen fortunes lay In light. There is no other land like thee. No dearer shore: Thou art the shelter of the free; The home, the port of Liberty, Thou hast been, and shalt ever be, Till time is o'er. Ere I forget to think upon My land, shall mother curse the son She bore. Thou art the firm, unshaken rock, On which we rest; And, rising from thy hardy stock, Thy sone the tyrant's frown shall mock, And slavery's galling chains unlock, And free the oppress'd: All, who the wreath of Freedom twine Beneath the shadow of their vine, Are blesa'd. We love thy rude and rocky shore, And here we stand-Let foreign navies hasten o'er, And on our heads their fury pour, And yeal their cannon's loudest roor, And storm our land; They still shall find our lives are given To die for home ;---and leant on Heaven Our hand.

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### ΜΑΎ.

I FILL a newer life in every gale; The winds, that fan the flowers, And with their welcome breathings fill the sail, Tell of serener hours,— Of hours that glide unfeit away Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls From his blue throne of air, And where his whispering voice in music falls, Beauty is budding there; The bright ones of the valley break Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dailying of the west-wind play;
And the full-brimning floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun,

### TO SENECA LAKE.

Or thy fair boson, silver lake, The wild swan spreads his snowy sail, And round his breast the ripples break, As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream, The dipping paddle echoes far, And flashes in the moonlight gleam, And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore, As blows the north-wind, heave their foam, And curl around the dashing oar, As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view Thy golden mirror spreading wide, And see the mist of mantling blue Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon, A sheet of silver spreads below, And swift she cuts, at highest noon, Light clouds, like wreaths of purest mow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake, O! I could ever sweep the oar, When early birds at morning wake, And evening tells us toil is o'er.

## THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

Now the growing year is over, And the shepherd's tinkling bell Faintly from its winter cover Rings a low farewell :---Now the birds of Autumn shiver. Where the wither'd beech-leaves quiver, O'er the dark and lazy river, In the rocky dell. Now the mist is on the mountains, Reddening in the rising sun; Now the flowers around the fountains Perish one by one :-Not a spire of grass is growing, But the leaves that late were glowing, Now its blighted green are strowing With a mantle dun. Now the torrent brook is stealing Faintly down the furrow'd glade-Not as when in winter pealing, Such a din is made, That the sound of cutaracts falling Gave no echo so appalling. As its hoarse and heavy brawling In the pine's black shade. Darkly blue the mist is hovering Round the clifted rock's bare height-All the bordering mountains covering With a dim, uncertain light :---Now, a fresher wind prevailing, Wide its heavy burden sailing, Deepens as the day is failing, Fast the gloom of night. Slow the blood-stain'd moon is riding Through the still and hazy air, Like a sheeted spectre gliding In a torch's glare :----Few the hours, her light is given-Mingling clouds of tempest driven O'er the mourning face of heaven, All is blackness there. THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME. FAINTLE flow, thou falling river, Like a dream that dies away; Down to ocean gliding ever. Keep thy calm unruffied way: Time with such a sileut motion. Floats along, on wings of air, To eternity's dark ocean, Burying all its treasures there. Roses bloom, and then they wither; Cheeks are bright, then fade and dio-Shapes of light are walted bither---Then, like visions hurry by: Quick as clouds at evening driven O'er the many-colour'd west,

Years are bearing us to heaven, Home of happiness and rest.

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### IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

- O! IT is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending :
  - Bright is the wreath of our fame; Glory awaits us for aye-
- Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending-
  - Glory that never shall fade, never, O! never away.
- O! it is sweet for our country to die-how softly reposes
  - Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
- Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
  - Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.
- Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country hath perish'd:
  - HENE awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
- There, at the hanquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherish'd;
  - Gods love the young, who ascend pure from the functal pile.
- Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river; Not to the isles of the bless'd, over the blue, rolling sea;
- But on Olympian heights, shall dwell the devoted forever;
  - There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.
- O! then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
  - Firm with our breast to the fee, Victory's shout in our ear:
- Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
  - We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

### EXTRACT FROM PROMETHEUS.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are frail,

Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay; Though darken'd in this poor life by a veil

- Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way
- To heaven's high capitol our ears shall roll; The temple of the Power whom all obey,

That is the mark we tend to, for the soul Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it-though the fleeh is weak, I feel The spirit has its energies untamed By all its fatal wanderings; time may heal

- The wounds which it has suffer'd; folly claim'd Too large a portion of its youth; ashamed
- Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly,
- And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed Elijah, when the chariot, rushing by,

Bore him with steeds of fire triumphant to the sky.

We are as barks affoat upon the sca. Helmless and ontless, when the light has fied,

The spirit, whose strong influence can free The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead

Cold night of mortal darkness; from the bed Of sloth he rouses at her sacred call,

- And, kindling in the blaze around him shed, Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall,
- And gives to Goo his strength, his heart, his mind, his all.

Our home is not on earth; although we sleep, And sink in seeming death a while, yet, then,

The awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap To life, and energy, and light, again; We cannot slunder always in the den

Of sense and selfishness; the day will break, Ere we forever leave the haunts of men;

Even at the parting hour the soul will wake, Nor, like a senseless brute, its unknown journey take.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings The heary wretch, who, on his death-bed hears,

Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings, In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years

And, screaming like a vulture in his cars. Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds of shame,

How wild the fury of his soul careers! His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,

And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his frame.

### HOME.

My place is in the quiet vale,

The chosen haunt of simple thought ; I seek not Fortune's flattering gale,

- I better love the peaceful lot.
- I leave the world of noise and show, To wander by my native brook;
- I ask, in life's unruffled flow, No treasure but my friend and book.
- These better suit the tranquil home. Where the clear water muturus by;

And if I wish a while to roam, I have an ocean in the sky.

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Fancy can charm and feeling Mess With awceter hours than fashion knows; There is no calmer quictness

Than home around the bosom throws.

#### (Sora, 1795. Died, 1821.)

THE author of the "Culprit Fay" was born in the city of New York, on the seventh day of August, 1795. His father died while he was very young, and I believe left his family in possession of but little property. Young DRAKE, therefore, experienced some difficulties in acquiring his education. He entered Columbia College, however, at an early period, and passed through that seminary with a reputation for scholarship, taste, and admirable social qualities. He soon after made choice of the medical profession, and became a student, first, with Doctor ROMAINE, and subsequently with Doctor PowRIC, both of whom were at that time popular physicians in New York.

Soon after completing his professional studies he was married to Miss SARAH ECRFORD, a daughter of the well-known marine architect, HENRY ECK-FORD, through whom he inherited a moderate fortune. His health, about the same time, began to decline, and in the winter of 1819 he visited New Orleans, to which city his mother, who had married a second husband, had previously removed with his three sisters. He had anticipated some benefit from the sea-voyage, and the mild climate of Louisiana, but was disappointed, and in the spring of 1820 he returned to New York. His disease-consumption-was now too deeply seated for hope of restoration to be cherished, and he gradually withdrew bimself from society, and sought quiet among his books, and in the companionship of his wife and most intimate friends. He lingered through the summer, and died near the close of September, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

He began to write verses when very young, and was a contributor to several gazettes before he was sixteen years old. He permitted none but his most intimate friends to know his signatures, and sometimes kept the secrets of his authorship entirely to himself. The first four of the once celebrated series of humorous and satirical odes, known as the "Croaker Pieces," were written by him, for the New York "Evening Post," in which they appeared between the tenth and the twentieth of March, 1819. After the publication of the fourth number, DRAKE made HALLECE, then recently arrived in New York, a partner, and the remainder of the pieces were signed "Croaker and Co." The last one written by DRARE was "The American Flag," printed on the twenty-ninth of May, and the last of the series, "Curtain Conversations," was contributed by HALCECE, on the twenty-fourth of July. These pieces related to persons, events, and scenes, with which most of the readers in New York were familiar, and as they were distinguished alike for playful humour, and an easy and spirited diction, they became very popular, and many efforts were made to find out the authors. Both DRAKE and HALLECK were unknown as poets, and, as they 24

kept the secret from their friends, a considerable period elapsed before they were discovered.

The "Croakers" are now, however, well nigh forgotten, save a few of the least satirical numbers. which HALLECK has preserved in the collections of his own and of his friend's writings; and the reputation of either author rests on more elaborate and ingenious productions. The longest poem by DRAXE is " The Culprit Fay," a story exhibiting the most delicate fancy, and much artistic skill, which was not printed until several years after his death. It was composed hastily among the highlands of the Hudson, in the summer of 1819. The author was walking with some friends, on a warm, moonlit evening, when one of the party remarked, that "it would be difficult to write a fairy poem, purely imaginative, without the aid of human characters." When the friends were reassembled, two or three days afterwards, "The Culprit Fay" was read to them, nearly as it is printed in this volume.

DEAKE placed a very modest estimate on his own productions, and it is believed that but a small portion of them have been preserved. When on his death-bed, a friend inquired of him what disposition he would have made with his poems 1 "O, burn them," he replied, "they are quite valueless." Written copies of a number of them were, however, in circulation, and some had been incorrectly printed in the periodicals; and, for this reason, Commodore DEKAY, the husband of the daughter and only child of the deceased poet, in 1836 published the single collection of them which has appeared. It includes, beside "The Culprit Fay," eighteen shorter pieces, some of which are very beautiful.

DRAKE was unassuming and benevolent in his manners and his feelings, and he had an unfailing fountain of fine humour, which made him one of the most pleasant of companions. HALLECK closes a tributary poem published soon after his death, in the "New York Review," with the following stangas-

> When hearts, whose truth was proven, Like thine, are laid in earth, There should a wreath be woven To tell the world their worth. And I, who woke each morrow To clasp thy hand in mine, Who shared thy joy and sorrow, Whose weal and we were thine,---It should be mine to braid it Around thy faded brow; But I've in vain cesav'd it. And feel I cannot now. While memory bids me weep thee, Nor thoughts nor words are free, The grief is fix'd too deeply That mourns a man like thes. 186 02

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### THE CULPRIT FAY.

"My visual orbs are purged from film, and, lot Instead of Anster's turnip-hearing vales I see old fairy land's miraculous show t Iler trees of tinsel kiss'd by freakish gales, Her Oupbs that, cloak'd in leaf-gold, skim the breeze, And fairies, swarming \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_,

TENNANT'S ANATER PAIR.

ı.

'T is the middle watch of a summer's night-The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright; Naught is seen in the vault on high But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky, And the flood which rolls its milky hue, A river of light on the welkin blue. The moon looks down on old Cronest, She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast, And seems his huge gray form to throw In a silver cone on the wave below; His sides are broken by spots of shade, By the walnut bough and the cedar made, And through their clustering branches dark Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark-Like starry twinkles that momently break Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

#### II.

The stars are on the moving stream, And fling, as its ripples gently flow,

A burnish'd length of wavy beam In an eel-like, spiral line below;

The winds are whist, and the owl is still, The bat in the shelvy rock is hid.

And naught is heard on the lonely hill

But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill Of the gauze-winged katy-did;

And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will, Who moans unscen, and ceaseless sings,

Ever a note of wail and wo, Till morning spreads her rosy wings,

And earth and sky in her glances glow.

#### nı.

T is the hour of fairy ban and spell: The wood-tick has kept the minutes well; He has counted them all with click and stroke Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak, And he has awaken'd the sentry elve

Who sleeps with him in the hounted tree, To bid him ring the hour of twelve,

And call the fays to their revelry; Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell--('T was made of the white snail's pearly shell:---) • Midnight comes, and all is well! Hither, hither, wing your way! 'T is the dawn of the fairy-day."

### 17.

They come from beds of lichen green, They creep from the multen's velvet screen; Some on the backs of beetles fly

From the silver tops of moon-touched trees, Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks And rock'd about in the evening breeze; [high, Some from the hum-bird's downy nest-They had driven him out by elfin power,

And, pillow'd on plumes of his rainbow breast, Had slumber'd there till the charmed hour;

Somo had lain in the scoop of the rock, With glittering ising-stars inlaid;

And some had open'd the four-o'clock, And stole within its purple shade.

And now they throng the moonlight glade, Above-below-on every side,

Their little minim forms array'd In the trickey pomp of fairy pride!

#### γ,

They come not now to print the les, In freak and dance around the tree, Or at the mushroom board to sup, And drink the dew from the buttercup;— A scene of sorrow waits them now, For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow; He has loved an earthly maid, And left for her his woodland shade; He has lain upon her lip of dew, And sunn'd him in her eye of blue, Fann'd her check with his wing of air, Play'd in the ringlets of her hair, And, nestling on her snowy breast, Forgot the lily-king's behest. For this the shadowy tribes of air

#### VI.

The throne was rear'd upon the grass, Of spice-wood and of sussafras; On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell Hung the burnished canopy— And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell Of the tulip's crimson drapery.

The monarch sat on his judgment-seat, On his brow the crown imperial shone.

The prisoner Fay was at his feet, And his peers were ranged around the throne.

He waved his sceptre in the air,

He look'd around and calmly spoke; His brow was grave and his eye severe,

But his voice in a soften'd accent broke:

#### ¥11,

"Fairy! Fairy! Fist and mark: Thou hast broke thine elfin chain; Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stan---Thou hast sulfied thine elfin purity In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye, Thou hast scorn'd our dread decree, And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high, But well I know her sinless mind Is pure as the angel forms above, Gentle and merk, and chaste and kiud,

Such as a spirit well might love; Foiry! had she spot or taint,

Bitter had been thy putishment

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

#### VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand Where the water bounds the cifin land; Thou shalt watch the oozy brins Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshins, Then dart the glistening arch below, And cetch a drop from his silver bow. The water-sprites will wield their arms

And dash around, with roar and rave, And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,

They are the imps that rule the wave. Yet trust thee in thy single might: If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right, Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

#### IX.

"If the spray-boad gem be won, The stain of thy wing is wash'd away: But another errand must be done

Ere thy crime be lost for aye;

Thy fame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark, Thou must reillume its spark. Mount thy steed and spur him high To the heaven's blue canopy; And when thou seest a shooting star, Follow it fast, and follow it far— The last faint spark of its burning train Shall light the elfin lamp again. Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay; Hence! to the water-side, away!"

#### I.

The goblin mark'd his monarch well; He spake not, but he bow'd him low, Then pluck'd a crimson colon-bell,

And turn'd him round in act to go.

The way is long, he cannot fly, His soiled wing has lost its power,

And he winds adown the mountain high, For many a sore and weary hour.

Through dreary beds of tangled forn, Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn, Over the grass and through the brake, Where toils the ant and sloops the snake;

Now o'er the violet's armre flush He skips along in lightsome mood ;

And now he thrids the bramble-bush, Till its points are dyed in fairy blood. He has leap'd the bog, he has pieceed the brier, He has swum the brook, and waded the mire, Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak, And the red wax'd fainter in his check. He had fellen to the ground outright,

For rugged and dim was his onward track, But there came a spotted toad in sight,

And he laugh'd as he jump'd upon her back; He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,

He lash'd her sides with an osier thong; And now, through evening's dewy mist,

With leap and spring they bound along, Till the mountain's magic verge is past, And the beach of sand is reach'd at last,

#### II.

Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream; The wave is clear, the beach is bright

With snowy shells and sparkling stones; The shore-surge comes in ripples light,

In murmurings faint and distant means; And ever afar in the silence deep Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap, And the bend of his graceful how is seen— A glittering arch of silver sheen, Spanning the wave of burnish'd blue, And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

### **X**11,

The elfin cast a glance around, As he lighted down from his courser toad, Then round his breast his wings he wound, And close to the river's brink he strole; He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer, Above his head his arms he threw, Then toss'd a tiny curve in eir,

And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

#### XIII.

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

#### **XIV**.

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

His back gleams bright above the brine. And the wake-line foam behind him lies.

But the water-sprites are gathering near

To check his course along the tide;

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Their warriors come in swift career And hern him round on every eide; On his thigh the leech has fix'd his hold, The quarl's long arms are round him roll'd, The prickly prong has pierced his skin, And the squah has thrown his javelin, The gritty star has rubb'd him raw, And the erab has struck with his giant claw; He howls with rage, and he shricks with pain, He strikes around, but his blows are vain; Hopvless is the unequal fight, Fairy ! naught is left but flight.

#### XY.

He turn'd him round, and fled amain With hurry and dash to the beach again, He twisted over from side to side, And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide : The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet, And with all his might he flings his feet, But the water-sprites are round him still, To cross his path and work him ill. They hade the wave before him rise; They flung the sea-fire in his eyes, And they stunn'd his cars with the scallop stroke, With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak. O! but a weary wight was he When he reach'd the foot of the dogwood tree, -Gash'd and wounded, and stiff and sore, He laid him down on the sandy shore; He bless'd the force of the charmed line,

And he bann'd the water goblin's spite, For he saw around in the sweet moonshine Their little wee faces above the brine,

Giggling and laughing with all their might At the pitcous hap of the Fairy wight.

#### XVI.

Soon he gather'd the balsam dew From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud; Over each wound the balm he drew,

And with colored lint he stanch'd the blood. The mild west wind was soft and low, It cool'd the heat of his burning brow, And he felt new life in his sinews shoot, As he drank the juice of the calamus root; And now he treads the fatal shore, As fresh and vigorous as before.

### XVII.

Wrapp'd in musing stands the sprite : 'T is the middle wane of night;

His task is hard, his way is far, But he must do his errand right

Ere duwning mounts her beamy car, And rolls her chariot wheels of light; And vain are the spells of fairy-land; He must work with a human hand.

#### XV117.

He cast a sadden'd look around, But he felt new joy his bosom swell, When, ghttering on the shadow'd ground, He saw a purple muscle-shell; Thither he ran, and he bent him low, He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow, And he pushed her over the yielding sand, Till he came to the verge of the haunted iand. She was as lovely a pleasure-boat

As ever fairy had paddled in, For she glow'd with purple paint without, And shone with silvery pearl within;

A sculler's notch in the stern he made, An oar he shaped of the bootle blade; Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap, And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

#### **XIX.**

The imps of the river yell and rave; They had no power above the wave, But they heaved the billow before the prow,

And they dash'd the surge against her side, And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,

Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide. She wimpled about to the pale moonbearm, Like a feather that floats on a wind-toss'd stream; And momently athwart her track The quarl uprear'd his island back, And the fluttering scallop behind would float, And patter the water about the boat; But he bail'd her out with his colen-bell, And he kept her trimm'd with a wary tread, While on every side like lightning fell

The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

#### ΧΧ.

Onward still he held his way, Till he came where the column of moonshine lay, And saw beneath the surface dim The brown-back'd sturgeon slowly swim: Around him were the goblin train---But he scull'd with all his might and mein, And follow'd wherever the sturgeon led, Till he saw him upward point his head; Then he dropp'd his public-blade, And held his colon-goblet up To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

#### X X I.

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

Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

#### \*\*\*\*

A moment, and its lustre fell; But ere it met the billow blue,

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He caught within his crimson bell A droplet of its sparkling dew— Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done, Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won— Cheerly ply thy dripping oar, And haste away to the elin shore.

#### TTIII.

He turns, and, lo ! on either side The ripples on his path divide ; And the track o'er which his boat must pase Is smooth as a sheet of polish'd glass. Around, their limits the seenymphs lave.

With snowy arms half-swelling out, While on the gloss'd and gleamy wave

Their sea-green ringlets loosely float; They swim around with smile and song;

They press the bark with pearly hand, And gently urge her course along,

Toward the beach of speckled sand; And, as he lightly leap'd to land,

They bade adieu with nod and how, Then gayly kiss'd each little hand,

And dropp'd in the crystal deep below.

### **T**¥I**V**.

A moment stay'd the fairy there; He kiss'd the beach and breathed a prayer; Then spread his wings of gilded blue, And on to the elfin court he flow; As ever ye saw a bubble rise, And sline with a thousand changing dyes, Till, lessening far, through ether driven, It mingles with the hues of heaven; As, at the glimpse of morning pale, The lance-fly spreads his silken sail, And gleams with blendings soft and bright, Till lost in the shades of fading night; So rose from earth the lovely Fay--So vanish'd, far in heaven away!

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

#### XX7.

He put his acorn helmet on; It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down: The corslet plate that guarded his breast Was once the wild bee's golden vest; His cleak, of a thousand mingled dyes, Was formed of the wings of butterflies; His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen, Studie of gold on a ground of green; And the quivering lance which he brandish'd bright, Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight. Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;

He bared his blade of the bent grass blue; He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,

And away like a glance of thought he flew, To skim the heavens, and follow far The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

#### X17I.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air, Crept under the leaf, and hid her there; The katy-did forgot its lay, The prowling gnat fled fast away, The fell mosqueto eleck'd his drone And folded his wings till the Fav was gone, And the wily beetle dropp'd his head, And fell on the ground as if he were dead: They crouch'd them close in the darksome shade, They quaked all o'er with awe and fear, For they had felt the blue-bent blade, And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear; Many a time, on a summer's night, When the sky was clear and the moon was bright, They had been roused from the haunted ground By the yelp and bay of the fairy bound; They had heard the tiny bugle-horn. They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string, When the vine-twig bows were tightly drown, And the needle-shaft through air was borne, Feather'd with down of the hum-bird's wing. And now they deem'd the courier ouple, Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground ; And they watch'd till they saw him mount the roof That canopies the world around ; Then glad they left their covert lair. And freak'd about in the midnight air. XXYII. Up to the vaulted firmament His path the fire-fly courser bent, And at every gallop on the wind,

He flung a glittering spark behind ;

He flies like a feather in the blast

Till the first light cloud in heaven is past. But the shapes of air have begun their work, And a drizzly mist is round him cost,

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

Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade, He lashes his steed and spurs amain, For shadowy hands have twitch'd the rein.

And flame-shot tonzues around him play'd, And near him many a fiendish eye Glared with a fell malignity, And yells of rage, and shricks of fear, Came screaming on his startled ear.

#### XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast, The plume hangs dripping from his crest, His eyes are blurr'd with the lightning's glure. And his cars are stunn'd with the thunder's blare, But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,

He thrust before and he struck behind, Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,

And gash'd their shadowy limbs of wind; Howling the misty spectres flew,

They rend the air with frightful ies, For he has gain'd the welkin blue,

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And the land of clouds beneath han lies

#### IXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift, In breathless motion fast,

First as the swallow cuts the drift, Or the sea-roc rides the blast,

- The supphire sheet of eve is shot,
- The sphered moon is past, The earth but seems a tiny blot
- On a sheet of azure cast.
- O! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight, To trend the starry plain of even,

To meet the thousand eyes of night, And feel the cooling breath of heaven! But the Elfin made no stop or stay Till he came to the bank of the milky-way, Then he check'd his courser's foot, And watch'd for the glimpse of the planet-aboot.

#### XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide That swell'd to meet their footsteps' fall,

- The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide, Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
- Around the Fay they weave the dance, They skip before him on the plain,

And one has taken his wasp-sting lance, And one upholds his bridle-rein;

With warblings wild they lead him on To where, through clouds of amber seen,

Studded with stars, resplendent shone The palace of the sylphid queen. Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,

Were streamers of the northern light; Its curtain's light and lovely flush Was of the morning's rosy blush, And the ceiling fair that rose aboon The white and feathery fleece of noon.

#### XXXI.

But, O! how fair the shape that lay Beneath a rainbow bending bright; She seem'd to the entranced Fay

The loveliest of the forms of light; Her mantie was the purple roll'd

At twilight in the west sfar; 'T was tied with threads of dawning gold,

And button'd with a sparkling star.

Her face was like the lily roon That wils the vestal planet's hue;

Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon, Set floating in the welkin blue.

Her hair is like the sunny beam, And the diamond geins which round it gleam Are the pure drops of dewy even That ne'er have left their native heaven.

#### XXXII.

She mised her eyes to the wondering sprite, And they leap'd with smiles, for well I ween Never before in the bowers of light

Had the form of an earthly Fay been seen. Long she look'd in his tiny face;

Long with his butterfly cloak she play'd; She smooth'd his wings of azure lace, And handled the tassel of his blade;

And as he told in accents low The story of his love and wo. She felt new pains in her bosom rise, And the tear-drop started in her eyes. And "O, sweet spirit of carth," she cried, "Return no more to your woodland height, But ever here with me abide In the land of everlasting light! Within the fleecy drift we'll lie, We'll hang upon the minbow's rim; And all the jewels of the sky Around thy brow shall brightly beam! And thou shalt bothe thee in the stream That rolls its whitening foam aboon. And ride upon the lightning's gleam, And dance upon the orbed moon! We'll sit within the Picial ring. We'll rest on Oriou's starry helt, And I will bid my syluhs to sing The song that makes the dew-mist melt; Their harps are of the umber shade, That lides the blush of waking day, And every gleamy string is made Of silvery moonshine's lengthen'd ray; And thou shalt pillow on my breast, While heavenly breathings float around,

And, with the sylphs of ether blest, Forget the joys of fairy ground."

#### XXXIII.

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

#### XXXIV.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night, On the word of a fairy-knight, To do my sentence-task aright; My honour scarce is free from stain, I may not soil its snows sgain; Betide me weal, betide me wo, Its mandate must be answer'd now." Her bosom heaved with many a sigh, The tear was in her drooping eye; But she led him to the palace gate,

And call'd the sylphs who hover'd there, And bade them fly and bring him straight

Of clouds condensed a saide car. With charm and spell she bless'd it there, From all the fiends of upper air; Then round him cast the shadowy shroud, And tied his steed behind the cloud; And press'd his hand as she bade him fly Far to the verge of the northern sky,

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For by its wane and wavering light There was a star would fall to-night.

#### TITY.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast, Northward away, he speeds him fast, And his courser follows the cloudy wain Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain, The clouds toll backward as he flies,

Each flickering star behind him lies, And he has reach'd the northern plain, And back'd his fire-fly steed again, Ready to follow in its flight The streaming of the rocket-light.

#### TITYI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven. But it rocks in the summer gale; And now 'tis fitful and uneven,

And now 'tie deadly pale; And now 't is wrapp'd in sulphur-smoke, And quench'd is its rayless beam,

And now with a mitling thunder-stroke It bursts in flash and flame.

As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance That the storm-spirit flings from high,

The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue. As it fell from the sheeted say.

As swift as the wind in its trail behind The Elfin gallops along,

The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud, But the sylphid charm is strong ;

He gallops unhart in the shower of fire, While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;

He watches each flake till its sparks expire, And rides in the light of its rave.

But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed. And caught a glimmering spark;

Then wheel'd around to the fairy ground. And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and Goblin! Imp and Sprite! Elf of eve! and starry Fay!

Ye that love the moon's soft light,

Hither-hither wend your way; Twine ye in a jocund ring,

Sing and trip it merrily, Hand to hand, and wing to wing.

Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again

With dance and song, and lute and lyre, Pure his wing and strong his chain,

And doubly bright his fairy fire. Twine ye in an airy round,

Brash the dew and print the lea; Skip and gambol, hop and bound, Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground, He flies about the haunted place, And if mortal there be found,

He hums in his ears and flaps his face;

The leaf-harp sounds out roundelay. The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;

Thus we sing, and dance, and play, Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But, hark ! from tower on tree-top high, The sentry-elf his call has made :

A streak is in the eastern sky, Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!

The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,

The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,

The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,

The cock has crow'd, and the Fays are gone.

### BRONX.

I sat me down upon a green bank-side, Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river.

Whose waters seem'd unwillingly to glide, Like parting friends, who linger while they sever;

Enforced to go, yet seeming still unready, Backward they wind their way in many a wistful eddy.

Gray o'er my head the yellow-vested willow Ruffled its hoary top in the fresh breezes,

Glancing in light, like spray on a green billow, Or the fine frostwork which young winter freezes; When first his power in infant pastime trying. Congeals sad autumn's tears on the dead branches

lying.

From rocks around hung the loose ivy dangling, And in the elefts sumach of liveliest green,

Bright ising-stars the little beech was spangling, The gold-cup sorrel from his gauzy screen Shone like a fairy crown, enchased and bended,

Left on some morn, when light flash'd in their eyes unheeded.

The humbing shook his sun-teach'd wings around. The bluefinch carolf'd in the still retreat :

The antic squirrel caper'd on the ground Where lichens made a carpet for his feet;

Through the transparent waves, the ruddy minkle Shot up in glimmering sparks his red fin's tiny twinkle.

There were dark cedars, with loose, mossy tresses, White-powder'd dog trees, and still hollies flaunting

Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses, Blue pelloret from purple leaves upstanting

A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden

Shining beneath dropp'd lide the evening of her wedding.

The breeze fresh springing from the lips of morn, Kissing the leaves, and sighing so to lose 'cm,

- The winding of the merry locust's horn. The clad spring gushing from the rock's bare bosoin :
- Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds excelling.

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O! 'twas a ravishing spot, form'd for a poet's dwelling.

And did I leave thy loveliness, to stand Again in the dull world of earthly blindness ? Pain'd with the pressure of unfriendly hands,

Sick of smooth looks, agued with icy kindness ? Left I for this thy shades, where none intrude, To prison wandering thought and mar sweet solitude ?

Yet I will look upon thy face again,

My own romantic Bronx, and it will be A face more pleasant than the face of men.

Thy waves are old companions, I shall see A well-remember'd form in each old tree, And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minetrelsy.

### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

#### I.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height Unfurl'd her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night,

And set the stars of glory there. She mingled with its gorgeous dyes The milky baldrie of the skies, And striped its pure, celestial white, With streakings of the morning light; Then from his mansion in the sun She call'd her cagle bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand The symbol of her chosen land,

#### II.

Majestic monarch of the cloud, Who rear'st aloft thy regal form, To hear the tempest trumpings loud And see the lightning lances driven, When strive the warriors of the storm, And rolls the thundor-drum of heaven, Child of the sun 1 to thee 't is given To guard the banner of the free,

To have in the sulphur smoke, To ward away the battle-stroke, And bid its blendings shine afar, Like rainbows on the cloud of war, The harbingers of victory!

#### m.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly, The sign of hope and triumph high, When speaks the signal trumpet tone,

And the long line comes gleaming on. Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,

Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet, Each soklier eye shall brightly turn

To where thy sky-born glories burn; And as his springing steps advance, Catch war and vengeance from the glance. And when the cannon-mouthings loud

Heave in wild wreathes the battle-shroud, And gory sabres rise and fall Like shoots of flame on midnight's pull;

Then shall thy meteor glances glow,

And covering foes shall sink beneath Each gallant arm that strikes below That lovely messenger of death.

### 17.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave; When death, carcering on the gale,

Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail, And frighted waves rush wildly back

Before the broadside's reeling rack, Each dying wanderer of the sea

Shall look at once to heaven and thee, And smile to see thy splendours fly In triumph o'er his closing eye.

#### Ŧ,

Flag of the free heart's hope and home ! By angel hands to valour given ; The stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet ! Where breathes the foe but falls before us,

With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

### TO SARAH.

#### I.

ONE happy year has fled, SALL, Since you were all my own; The leaves have felt the autumn blight, The wintry storm has blown. We heeded not the cold blast, Nor the winter's icy air; For we found our climate in the heart,

For we found our climate in the heart, And it was summer there.

#### 11.

The summer sun is bright, SALL, The skies are pure in hue; But clouds will sometimes sadden them, And dim their lovely blue; And clouds may come to us, SALL, But sure they will not stay; For there's a spell in fond hearts To chase their gloom away.

### 111.

In sickness and in sorrow Thine eyes were on me still, And there was comfort in each glance To charm the sense of ill; And were they absent now, SALL, I'd seek my bed of pain, And bless each pang that gave me back Those looks of love again.

#### IV.

O, pleasant is the welcome kiss, When day's dull round is o'er, And sweet the music of the step That meets me at the door. Though worldly cares may visit us, I reck not when they fall, White I have thy kind lips, my SALL, To smile away them all.

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#### [Bons, 1795.]

Tax author of "Fanny," "Burns," "Marco ; Bozzaris," etc., was born at Guilford in Connecticut, in August, 1795. In his eighteenth year he i removed to the city of New York, where he has since resided. It is said that he evinced a taste for poetry, and wrote verses, at a very early period ; but the oldest of his effusions that I have seen are those under the signatures of "Croaker," and "Croaker & Co.," published in the New York Evening Post, in 1819. In the production of these pleasant entires" he was associated with Doctor DRAKE, the author of the "Culprit Fay," a man of brilliant wit and delicate funcy, with whom he was long intimate. DRARS died in 1820, and his friend soon after wrote for the New York Review, then edited by BRTANT, the lines to his memory, beginning-

> "Green be the turf above thee, Friend of my hetter days; None knew thee but to love thee, Nor named thee but to praise."

Near the close of the year 1819, HALLECK published "Fanny," his longest poem, which has since passed through numerous editions, though its authorship has never been publicly avowed. It is a humorous sotire, containing from twelve to fifteen hundred lines, and was written and printed in three weeks from its commencement.

In 1927 he published a small volume, containing "Alnwick Castle," "Marco Bozzaris," and a few other pieces, which had previously appeared in various miscellanies; and in 1936, an edition of all his serious poems then written, including "Burns," "Hed Jacket," "The Field of the Grounded Arms," and those before alluded to. The last and most complete collection of his works appeared early in the present year.

Mr. HALLERS is the only one of our ports who possesses a decided local popularity. With the subjects of "Fanny," the "Croakers," and some of his other pieces, every person in New York is in some degree acquainted, and his name is cherished in that city with fondness and enthusiasm. His humorous poems are marked with an uncommon case of versification, a natural, unstudied flow of language, and a carcless playfulness and felicity of jest. "Sometimes," remarks Mr. Bayaxt, "in the midst of a stmin of harmonious diction, and soft and tender imagery, he sarprises by an irre-istible stroke of ridicule, as if he took pleasure in showing the reader that the portical vision he had raised was but a cheat. Sometimes,

• The curiosity of the town was greatly excited to know by whom these pieces had been written, and they were ascribed, at different times, to various literary greathemen, while the real authors proved, for a long while, eptirely unsuspected. -WILLIAM LEGGETT. - The Critic. 26

with that aerial facility which is his peculiar endowment, he accumulates graceful and agreeable images in a strain of irony so fine, that did not the subject compel the reader to receive it as irony, he would take it for a beautiful passage of serious poetry-so beautiful, that he is tempted to regret that he is not in carnest, and that phrases so exquisitely chosen, and poetic colouring so brilliant, should be employed to embellish subjects to which they do not properly belong. At other times, he produces the effect of wit by dexterous allusion to contemporaneous events, introduced as illustrations of the main subject, with all the unconscious gracefulness of the most animated and familiar conversation. He delights in ludicrous contrasts, produced by bringing the nobleness of the ideal world into comparison with the homeliness of the actual; the beauty and grace of noture with the awkwardness of art. He venerates the past and laughs at the present. He looks at them through a medium which lends to the former the charm of romance, and exaggerates the deformity of the latter. His poetry, whether serious or sprightly, is remarkable for the melody of the numbers. It is not the melody of monotonous and strictly regular measurement. His verse is constructed to please an ear naturally fine, and accustomed to a range of metrical modulation. It is as different from that painfully-balanced versification, that uniform succession of ismbics, closing the scene with the couplet, which some writers practise, and some critics praise, as the note of the thrush is unlike that of the cuckoo. He is familiar with those general rules and principles which are the busis of metrical harmony; and his own unerring taste has taught him the exceptions which a proper attention to variety demands. He understands that the rivulet is made musical by obstructions in its channel. In no poet can be found passages which flow with more sweet and liquid smoothness; but he knows very well that to make this smoothness perceived, and to prevent it from degenerating into monotony, occasional roughness must be interposed."

HALLECK's serious poems are as admirable as his satirical. There are few finer martial lyrics than "Marco Bozzaris;" "Burns" and "Red Jacket" are distinguished for manly vigour of thought and language; and several of his shorter picces have rarely been excelled in melodiousness of versification or quiet beauty of imagery.

HALLECK has generally been engaged in commercial pursuits. He was once in "the cotton trade, and sugar line;" but I believe he has for several years been the principal superintendent of the affairs of the great capitalist, Mr. Aston. He is a bachelor, and is as popular among his friends for his social qualities, as he is with the world as a poet R

### BURNS. TO A ROSE, BROCOST FROM NEAR ALLOWAT KIRK, IN ATR-SHIRE, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1884.

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks, Thou mindst me of that autumn noon, When first we met upon "the banks And braes o' bouny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn tree's bough, My sunny hour was glad and brief, We've cross'd the winter sea, and thou Art wither'd-flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine-The doom of all things wrought of clay-And wither'd my life's leaf, like thine, Wild rose of Allowsy 1

Not so his memory, for whose sake My bosom bore thee far and long, His, who an humbler flower could make Immortal as his song.

The memory of BORNS----a name That calls, when brimm'd her festal cap, A nation's glory, and her shame, In silent salness up.

A nation's glory-be the rest Forgot-she's canonized his mind; And it is joy to speak the best We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed Where the hard-peasant first drew breath: A straw-thatch'd roof above his head, A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile, His monument—that tells to heaven The homago of earth's proudest isle, To that bard-peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot, Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour; And know, however low his lot, A poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted BURNS from earth, The power that gave a child of song Ascendency o'er rank and birth, The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then, Despair—thy name is written on The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his, And longer scrolls, and louder lyres, And lays lit up with Poesy's Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death; Few nobler ones than Buans are there; And few have won a greener wreath Than that which binds his hair. His is that language of the heart, In which the answering heart would speak, Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start, Or the smile light the cheek; And his that music, to whose tone The common pulse of man keeps time, In cot or eastle's mirth or moan, In cold or suppy clime. And who hath heard his song, nor knelt Before its spell with willing knee, And listen'd, and believed, and felt The poet's mastery. O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm, O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers. O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm, O'er Reason's dark, cold hours; On fields where brave men "die or do," In halls where rings the banquet's mirth, Where mourners weep, where lovers woo, From throne to cottage hearth; What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed, What wild yows falter on the tongue, When "Scots whs hac wi' WALLACS bled." Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung ! Pure hopes, that lift the soul above, Come with his Cotter's hymn of preise, And dreams of youth, and truth, and love, With "Logan's" banks and brace. And when he breathes his master-lay Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall, All passions in our frames of clay Come thronging at his call. Imagination's world of sir, And our own world, its gloom and glee, Wit, pathos, poetry, are there, And death's sublimity. And BURNS-though brief the race he ran, Though rough and dark the path he trod-Lived-died-in form and soul a man. The image of his Gop. Though care, and pain, and want, and wo, With wounds that only death could heal. Tortures-the poor alone can know, The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth, His independent tongue and pen, And moved, in manhood and in youth,. Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong, A hate of tymnt and of knave,

A love of right, a scorn of wrong, Of coward, and of slave;

Distance in GOOS

A kind, true heart, a spirit high, That could not fear and would not bow, Were written in his manly eye, And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard ! his words are driven,	And faithful to the act of Congress, quoted
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,	As law-authority—it pass'd nem. con.—
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,	He writes that we are, as ourseives have voted,
The birds of fame have flown.	The most enlighten'd people ever known.
Praise to the man! a nation stood	That all our week is happy as a Sunday
Beside his colfin with wet eyes,	In Paris, full of song, and dance, and laugh;
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,	And that, from Orleans to the bay of Fundy,
As when a loved one dies.	There's not a bailiff nor an epitaph.
And still, as on his funeral day,	And, furthermore, in fifty years or sconer,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,	We shall expert our poetry and wine;
With the mute homage that we pay	And our brave fleet, eight frientes and a schooner,
To consecrated ground.	Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the line.
And consecrated ground it is,	If he were with me, King of Tuscarora,
The last, the hallow'd home of one	Gazing as I, upon thy portrait now.
Who lives upon all memories,	In all its medall'd, fringed, and beaded glory,
Though with the buried gone.	Its eyes' dark beauty, and its thoughtful brow
Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,	Its brow, half-martial and half-diplomatic,
Shrines to no code or creed confined	Its eye, upscaring, like an engle's wings;
The Delphian vales, the Pulestines,	Well might ho boast that we, the democratic,
The Meccas of the mind.	Outrival Europo—even in our kings;
Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,	For thou wert monarch born. Tradition's pages
Crown'd kings, and mitred pricets of power,	Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,	But that the forest-tribes have bent for ages
'The mightiest of the hour;	To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.
And lowlier names, whose humble home	Thy name is princely. Though no poet's magic
Is lit by Fortuno's dimmer star,	Could make RED JACKET grace an English
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,	Unless he had a genius for the tragic, [rhyme
From countries near and far;	And introduced it in a pantomime;
Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have press'd	Yet it is music in the language spoken
The Switzer's enow, the Arab's sand,	Of thine own land; and on her herald-roll,
Or trod the piled leaves of the west,	As nobly fought for, and as proud a token
My own green forest-land;	As Cauca us Liox's, of a warrior's soul.
All ask the cottage of his birth, Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung, And gather feelings not of carth His fields and streams among.	Thy garh—though Austria's bosom-star would frighten That medal pale. as diamonds the dark mine, And GRARS the Fours wore, in the dance at Brighton,
They linger by the Doon's low trees,	A more becoming evening dress than thine;
And pastoral Nith. and wooded Ayr,	Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!	And fitted for thy couch on field and flowl,
The poet's tomb is there.	As Roz Ror's tartans for the highland heather,
But what to them the sculptor's art, His funceal columns, wreaths, and urns ? Wear they not graven on the heart The name of ROBERT BURNS ?	Or forest-green for England's RUBIN Houp. Is strength a monarch's merit! (like a whaler's) Thou art as tail, as sinewy, and as strong As earth's first kings-the Argo's gallant suilors, Hence in history and scale in cong
	Heroes in history, and gods in song.
RED JACKET, A CHIEF OF THE INDIAN TRIBES, THE TUSCARORAS.	Is eloquence? Her spell is thine that reaches The heart, and makes the wiscet head its sport; And there's one rate, strange virtue in the speeches, The secret of their mastery-they are short.
Goopta, whose name is with his country's woven,	Is beauty? Thine has with thy youth departed,
First in her files, her rioxxxx of mind,	But the love-legends of thy manhood's venus.
A wanderer now in other climes, has proven	And she who perish'd, young and hoken-hearted,
His love for the young land he left behind ;	Anebut I rhyme for smiles, and not for tears.
And throned her in the semate half of nations,	The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding,
Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought,	The godlike power, the art Napotros,
Magnificent as his own mind's creations,	Of winning, fettering, moulding, wichling, banding
And beautiful as its green world of thought.	The hearts of millions till they move as one;
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<ul> <li>Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded The road to death as to a festival;</li> <li>And ministrel minds, without a blush, have shrouded With banner-folds of glory their dark pall.</li> <li>Who will believe—not I—for in deceiving Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream;</li> <li>I cannot spare the luxury of believing That all things beautiful are what they seem.</li> <li>Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing Would, like the patriarch's, soothe a dying hour;</li> <li>With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlight hower;</li> <li>With look, like patient Jos's, eschewing evil; With notions graceful as a bird's in air;</li> <li>Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil That o'er clinch'd fingers in a captive's hair?</li> <li>That in thy veins there springs a poison fountain, Deadlier than that which bathes the upas-tree;</li> <li>And in thy wrath, a nursing cat o' mountain Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with the?</li> <li>And underneath that face like summer's ocean's, Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,</li> <li>Slumbers a whirtwind of the heart's emotions, Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter, Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in wars;</li> <li>Hatred—of missionaries and cold water; Pride—in thy rife-trophies and thy scars;</li> <li>Hope—that thy wrongs will be by the Great Spirit Remember'd and revenged when thou art gone;</li> </ul>	<ul> <li>They love their land, because it is their own, And scorn to give aught other reason why;</li> <li>Would shake hands with a king upon his throne, And think it kindness to his majesty;</li> <li>A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none. Such are they nurtured, such they live and die:</li> <li>All—but a few apostates, who are meddling</li> <li>With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling;</li> <li>Or, wandering through the southern countries, teaching</li> <li>The A B C from WERSTER's spelling-book;</li> <li>Gallant and godly, making love and preaching, And gaining, by what they call "block and crook,"</li> <li>And gaining, by what they call "block and crook,"</li> <li>And what the moralists call overteaching, A decent living. The Virginians look</li> <li>Upon them with as favourable eyes</li> <li>As GABRIEL on the devil in Paradise.</li> <li>But these are but their outcasts. View them near At home, where all their worth and pride is placed;</li> <li>And there their hospitable fires burn clear, Aud three the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced</li> <li>With manly hearts, in piety sincere, Faithful in love, in honour stern and chaste, In friendship warm and true, in danger brave, Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.</li> <li>And minds have there been nurtured, whose control Is felt even in their nation's destiny; Men who sway'd senates with a statesman's soul, And look'd on armics with a looder's eye; Names that alorn and dignify the scoll</li> </ul>
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne. CONNECTICUT. Aven still her gray rocks tower above the sea That murnurs at their feet, a conquer'd wave; T is a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree, Where breathes no eastled lord or cabin'd slave; Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands are bold and free. And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave; And where none kueel, save when to Heaven they Nor even then, unless in their own way. [pray, Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong, A "fierce democracic." where all are true To what themselves have voted—right or wrong— And to their laws, denominated blue; (If red, they might to DRACO's coile belong;) A vestal state, which power could not subdue, Nor promise vin—like her own eagle's nest, Sacred—the San Marino of the west. A justice of the peace, for the time bring, They have a natural talent for foresceing In price or creed, dismiss him without fear; They have a natural talent for foresceing Analknowing all things; and should Paws appear From his long tour in Africa, to show [know.]	<ul> <li>Whose leaves contain their country's history.</li> <li>Hers are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's spring, Nor the long summer of Cathayan vales, The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling Such wild enchantment o'er BuccAccto's tales Of Florence and the Arno—yet the wing Of life's best angel, health, is on her gales Through sun and snow—and, in the autumn time, Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.</li> <li>Her clear, warm heaven at noon,—the mist that shrouds</li> <li>Her twilight hills,—her cool and starry eves, The glorious splendour of her sunset clouds, The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves, Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowda, Where'er his web of song her poet weaves; And his mind's brightest vision but displays The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.</li> <li>And when you dream of woman, and her love; Her truth, her tenderness, her gentic power; The maiden, listening in the moonlight grove; The mother, smiling in her infant's bower; Forms, features, worshipp'd while we breathe or move, Be, by some spirit of your dreaming hour, Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air To the green land I sing, then wake; you'll find them there.</li> </ul>

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# ALNWICK CASTLE.

Hows of the Percy's high-born race. Home of their beautiful and brave, Alike their birth and burial place, Their cradic and their grave ! Still sternly o'er the castle gate Their house's Lion stands in state, As in his proud departed hours; And warriors frown in stone on high, And feudal banners "flout the sky" Above his princely towers. A gentle hill its side inclines, Lovely in England's fadeless green, To meet the quict stream which winds Through this romantic scene As silently and sweetly still, As when, at evening, on that hill, While summer's wind blew soft and low, Seated by gallant Hotspur's side, His Katharine was a happy bride, A thousand years ago. Gaze on the Abbey's min'd pile : Does not the succouring ivy, keeping Her watch around it, seem to smile, .As o'er a loved one sleeping ? One solitary turret grav Still tells, in melancholy glory, The legend of the Cheviot day, The Percy's proudest border story. That day its roof was triumph's arch; Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome, The light step of the soldier's march, The music of the trump and drum; And babe, and sire, the old, the young, And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song, And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long, Welcomed her warrior home. Wild roses by the abbey towers Are gay in their young bud and bloom : They were born of a race of funeral flowers That garlanded, in long-gone hours, A Templar's knightly tomb. He died, the sword in his mailed hand, On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land, Where the Cross was damp'd with his dying breath. When blood ran free as festal wine. And the sainted air of Palestine Was thick with the darts of death. Wise with the lore of centuries. What tales, if there be "tongues in trees," Those giant oaks could tell, Of beings born and buried here; Takes of the peasant and the peer, Tales of the bridal and the bier, The welcome and farewell, Since on their boughs the startled bird First, in her twilight slumbers, heard The Norman's curfew-bell. I wander'd through the lofty halls Trod by the Percys of old fame,

And traced upon the chapel walls Each high, heroic name, From him who once his standard set Where now, o'er mosque and minarct, Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons; To him who, when a younger son, Fought for King George at Lexington, A major of dragoons, That last half stanza-it has dash'd From my warm lip the sparkling cop; The light that o'er my evebeam flash'd, The power that hore my spirit up Above this bank-note world-is gone ; And Alnwick's but a market town, And this, plas! its market day, And beasts and borderers throng the way; Oven and bleating lambs in lots, Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots, Men in the coal and cattle line ; From Teviot's hard and hero land. From royal Berwick's beach of sand, From Wooler, Morpeth, Hexbam, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. These are not the romantic times So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes, So dayzling to the dreaming boy : Ours are the days of fact, not fable, Of knights, but not of the Round Table, Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy : "Tis what "our President," Monroe, Has call'd "the era of good feeling :" The Highlander, the bitterest foe To modern laws, has felt their blow, Consented to be taxed, and vote, And put on pautaloons and coat, And leave off cattle-stealing ; Lord Stafford mines for conl and salt, The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt, The Douglas in red herrings: And noble name and cultured land, Polace, and park, and vassal band, Are powerless to the notes of hand Of Rothschild or the Barings. The age of bargaining, said Burke, Has come : to-day the turban'd Turk (Sleep, Richard of the lion heart! Sleep on, nor from your cerements start) is England's friend and fast ally ; The Moslem transples on the Greek. And on the Cross and altar stone, And Christendom looks tamely on, And hears the Christian maiden shrick, And sees the Christian father die: And not a sabre blow is given For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven, By Europe's craven chivalry. You'll ask if yet the Percy lives In the arm'd pomp of feudal state !

The present representatives Of Hot-pur and his "genue Kate," Are some half-dozen serving men, In the drab coat of William Penn;

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A chambermaid, whose lip and eye, And check, and brown bair, bright and curling, Spoke nature's aristocracy; And one, half groom, half seneschal, Who bow'd me through court, hower, and hall, From donjon-keep to turret wall, For ten-and-aixpence sterling.

### MAGDALEN.

A swoan, whose blade has ne'er been wet With blood, except of freedom's focs; That hope which, though its sun be set,

Still with a starlight beauty glows; A heart that worshipp'd in Romance The Spirit of the buried Time,

And dreams of knight, and steed, and lance, And indye-love, and minstrel-rhyme; These had been, and I deemed would be My joy, whate'er my destiny.

Born in a camp, its watch-fires bright Alone illumied my cradle-bed;

And I had borne with wild delight My banner where Bolivar led,

Ere manhood's hue was on my check, Or manhood's pride was on my brow.

Its folds are furl'd—the war-bird's beak. Is thirsty on the Andes now; I long'd, like her, for other skies Clouded by Glory's sacrifice.

In Greece, the brave heart's Holy Land, Its soldier-song the bugle sings; And I had buckled on my brand,

And waited but the sea wind's wings, To bear me where, or lost or won

Her battle, in its frown or smile, Men live with those of Marathon,

Or die with those of Scio's isle; And find in Valour's tent or tomb, In life or death, a glorious home.

I could have left but yesterday The scene of my boy-yests behind, And floated on my careless way

Wherever will'd the breathing wind. I could have hade adjeu to aught

I've sought, or met, or welcomed here, Without an hour of shaded thought,

A sigh, a murmur, or a tear. Such was I yesterday—but then I had not known thee, Magdalen.

To-day there is a change within me, There is a weight upon my brow,

And Fame, whose whispers once could win me From all I loved, is powerless now. There ever is a form, a face

Of maiden beauty in my dreams,

Speeding before no. like the race To ocean of the mountain streams— With dancing hair, and laughing eyes, That seem to mock me as it flics.

My sword—it slumbers in its sheath; My hopes—their starry light is gone; My heart—the failed clock of death, Beats with the same low, lingering tone: And this, the land of Magdalen,

Seems now the only spot on earth Where skies are blue and flowers are green;

And here I'd build my household hearth, And breathe my song of joy, and twine

A lovely being's name with mine.

In vain! in vain! the sail is spread; To sea! to sea! my task is there;

But when among the unmourned dead They lay me, and the ocean air

Brings tidings of my day of doom, Mayst thou be then, as now thou art,

The load-star of a happy home; In smile and voice, in eye and heart

The same as thou hast ever been,

The loved, the lovely Magdalen.

### TWILIGHT.

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart, When its wild passion-waves are luli'd to rest, And the eveness life's fairy access depart,

As fades the day-beam in the rosy west-Tis with a nameless feeling of regret

We gaze upon them as they melt away, And fondly would we bid them linger yet,

But hope is round us with her angel lay, Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour; Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth the check was crimson'd with her glow; Her smile was loveliest then; her matin song

Was heaven's own music, and the note of wo-Was all unbrard her sunny bowers among.

Life's little world of bliss was newly born ; We knew not, cared not, it was born to die,

Flush'd with the cool breeze and the dews of morn, With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,

And mock'd the passing clouds that diam'd its blue, Like our own sorrows then-as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too-on the eye, Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,

Her promised hower of happiness seem'd nigh, Its days of joy, its vigils of delight;

And though at times might lower the thunder-storm, And the red lightnings threaten, still the air

Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form. The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.

"Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen. [erren. Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress, There's more of heaven's pure beam about her

That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness, [now ; Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow ;

That smile shall brighten the dim evening star That points our destined tonib, nor e'er depart

Till the faint light of life is fled afar, And hush'd the last deep beating of the heart; The meteor beater of our parting breath,

A moonbeam in the miduight cloud of death.

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### MARCO BOZZARIS."

AT midnight, in his guarded tent, The Turk was dreaming of the hour When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, Should tremble at his power: In dreams, through camp and court, he bore The trophies of a conqueror : In dreams his song of triumph heard ; Then wore his monarch's signet-ring : Then press'd that monarch's throno-a king; As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing, As Eden's garden-bird. At midnight, in the forest shades, BOSZARIS ranged his Suliote band. True as the steel of their tried blades. Heroes in heart and hand. There had the Persian's thousands stood, There had the glad earth drunk their blood On old Plates's day; And now there breathed that haunted air The sons of sizes who conquer'd there, With arm to strike, and soul to dare, As quick, as far as they. An hour pass'd on-the Turk awoke; That bright dream was his last; He awoke-to hear his sentries shrick, "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek !" He woke-to die midst flame, and smoke, And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke, And death-shots failing thick and fast As lightnings from the mountain-cloud; And heard, with voice as trumpet loud, BOZZARIS cheer his band : "Strike-till the last arm'd foe expires; Strike-for your sitars and your fires; Strike-for the green graves of your sires; Gon-and your native land! They fought-like brave man, long and well; They piled that ground with Moslem slain; They conquer'd-but BozzARIS fell, Bleeding at every vein. His few surviving comrades saw His amile when rang their proud hurran. A rid the red field was won: Thera saw in death his eyelids close Calculy, as to a night's repose, Like flowers at set of sun. Come to the bridal chamber, Death I Come to the mother's, when she feels, For the first time, her firstborn's breath ;

Corre when the blessed scals That close the postilence are broke, And crowded cities wail its stroke;

<sup>9</sup> He fer B in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the sile ca if the ancient Platma, August 20, 1923, and expired is the me coment of victory. His last words were: "To die for unmerty is a pleasure, not a pala." Come in consumption's ghastly form, The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm, Come when the heart beats high and warm, With banquet-song, and dance, and wine; And thou art terrible--the tear, The groan, the kneil, the pall, the bier; And all we know, or dream, or fear

Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword Has won the battle for the free. Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word : And in its hollow tones are heard The thanks of millions yet to be. Come, when his task of fame is wrought-Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought--Come in her crowning hour-and then Thy sunken eye's uncerthly light To him is welcome as the sight Of sky and stars to prison'd men : Thy grasp is welcome as the hand Of brother in a foreign land; Thy summons welcoms as the cry That told the Indian isles were nigh To the world-seeking Genocse, When the land-wind, from woods of palm, And orange-groves, and fields of baim, Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

BOZZARIS! with the storied brave Greece nurtured in her glory's time, Rest thee—there is no prouder grave, Even in her own proud clime. She wore no funeral weeds for thee,

Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume, Like torn branch from death's leafless tree, In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb: But she remembers thes as one Long loved, and for a season gone; For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed, Her marble wrought, her music breathed; For thes she rings the birthday bells; Of thes her babes' first lisping tells: For thins her evening prayer is said At palace couch, and cottage bed; Her soldier, closing with the foe, Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow; His plighted maiden, when she fears For him, the joy of her young years, Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:

And she, the mother of thy boys, Though in her eye and faded check is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys, And even she who gave thee birth, Will, by their pilgrim-circlod hearth,

Taik of thy doom without a sigh: For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's, One of the few, the immortal names,

That were not born to die.

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# SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

### (Born, 1796.)

SANUEL GRISWOLD GOODBICS is a native of Ridgefield, on the western border of Connecticut, and was born about the year 1796. His father was a respectable clergyman, distinguished for his simplicity of character, strong common sense, and eloquence. Our author was educated in the common schools of his native town, and soon after he was twenty-one years old, engaged in the business of publishing, in Hartford, where he resided for several years. In 1824, being in ill health, he visited Europe, and travelled over England, France, Germany, and Holland, devoting his attention particularly to the institutions for education; and on his return, having determined to attempt an improvement in books for the young, established himself in Boston, and commenced the trade of authorship. Since that time he has produced from twenty to thirty volumes, under the signature of "Peter Parley," which have passed through a great number of editions in this country and in England, and been translated into several foreign languages. Of some of these works more than fifty thousand copies are circulated annually. In 1824 Mr. GOODRICH commenced "The Token," an annuary, of which he was the editor for fourteen years. In this series

BIRTHNIGHT OF THE HUMMING-BIRDS.

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Ere the old world yet had found the new, The fairies oft in their frolies flew. To the fragrant isles of the Carribee----Bright bosom-gems of a golden sea. Too dark was the film of the Indian's eve, These gossamer sprites to suspect or spy,-So they danced mid the spicy groves unseen, And gay were their gambolings, I ween; For the fairies, like other discreet little elves, Are freest and fondest when all by themselves. No thought had they that in after time The muse would echo their deeds in rhyme ; So, gavly doiling light stocking and shoe, They tripp'd o'er the meadow all dappled in dew. I could tell, if I would, some right merry tales Of unshipper'd fairies that danced in the valeshe published most of the poems of which he is known to be the author. They were all written while he was actively engaged in business. His "Fireside Education" was composed in sixty days, while he was discharging his duties as a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and superintending his publishing establishment; and his numerous other prose works were produced with equal rapidity. In 1837 he published a volume entitled "The Outcast, and other Poems," most of the contents of which had previously been printed; and, in 1841, "Sketches from a Student's Window," a collection of poems and prose writings that had originally appeared in "The Token" and other periodicals.

Mr. Goonarca has been a liberal patron of American authors and artists; and it is questionable whether any other person has done as much to improve the style of the book manufacture, or to promote the arts of engraving. It is believed that he has put in circulation more than two millions of volumes of his own productions; all of which inculcate pure morality, and cheerful views of life. His style is simple and unaffected; the flow of his verse melodious; and his subjects generally such as he is capable of treating most successfully.

- If they danced-be it known--'t was not in the clime
- Of your MATARAS and Hookkas, where laughter was crime;
- Where sentinel virtue kept guard o'er the lip,
- Though witchcraft stole into the heart by a slip!
- O. no! 't was the land of the fruit and the flower-Where summer and spring both dwelt in one
- bower---Where one hung the citron, all ripe from the bough,

And the other with blossoms encircled its brow,.... Where the mountains embosom'd rich tissues of gold,

And the rivers o'er rubies and emeralds roll'd. It was there, where the seasons came only to bless, And the fashions of Eden still linger'd, in dress,

- That these gay little fairies were wont, as I say,
- To steal in their merricst gambols away. But, dropping the curtain o'er frolie and fun,
- Too good to be told, or too bad to be done,
- I give you a legend from Fancy's own sketch,

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Though I warm you he's given to fibbing---the wretch I

But I learn by the legends of breezes and brooks, 'T is as true as the fairy tales told in the books.

### SAMUEL G. GOODRICH,

#### 111.

One night when the moon shone fair on the main, Choice spirits were gather'd 'twixt Derry and Spain, And tightly embarking from Erin's bold cliffs. They slid o'er the wave in their moonbeam skiffs. A ray for a rudder—a thought for a sail, Swift, swift was each bark as the wing of the gale. Yet long were the tale, should I linger to say What gambol and frolic enliven'd the way; How they flirted with bubbles that danced on the wave,

Or fisten'd to mermaids that sang from the cave; Or slid with the moonbeams down deep to the grove Of cord, "where multet and gold-fish rove:" How there, in long vistas of silence and sleep, They waltzed, as if mocking the death of the deep: How oft, where the wreck lay scatter'd and torn. They peep'd in the skull—now ghastly and lorn; Or deep, mid wild rocks, quizzed the goggling shark, And mouth'd at the sca-wolf—so solernn and stark—

Each seeming to think that the earth and the sea Were made but for fairies—for gambol and glee! Enough, that at last they came to the isle,

Where moonlight and fragrance were rivals the while.

Not yet had those vessels from Palos been here, To turn the bright gem to the blood-mingled tear. O, no ! still blissful and peaceful the land,

And the merry elves flew from the sea to the strand. Right happy and joyousseem'd now the bright crew, As they tripp'd mid the orange groves flashing in dew.

For they were to hold a revel that night, A gay, fancy hall, and each to be dight In the gen or the flower that fancy might choose From mountain or vale, for its fragrance or hues.

17.

Away sped the maskers like arrows of light, To gather their gear for the revel bright. To the dazzling peaks of far-off Peru, In emulous speed some sportive flew-And deep in the mine, or mid glaciers on high, For ruby and supphire scarched heedful and sly. For diamonds rare that gleam in the bed Of Brazilian streams, some merrily sped, While others for topaz and emerald stray. Mid the cradle cliffs of the Paraguay. As these are gathering the rarest of gems, Others are plucking the rarest of stems. They range wild dells where the zephyr alone To the blushing blossoms before was known ; Through forests they fly, whose branches are hung By creeping plants, with fair flowercts strung-Where temples of nature with arches of bloom, Are lit by the moonlight, and faint with perfume. They stray where the mangrove and elematis twine. Where azalia and laurel in rivalry shine; Where, tall as the oak, the passion-tree glows, And jasmine is blent with rhodors and rose. O'er blooming savannas and meadows of light, Mid regions of summer they sweep in their flight, And gathering the fairest they speed to their bower, Each one with his favourite brilliant or flower.

Υ.

The hour is come, and the fairies are seen In their plunder array'd on the moonlit green. The music is breathed—'t is a soft tone of pleasure, And the light giddy throng whiri into the measure. 'T was a joyous dance, and the dresses were bright, Such as never were known till that famous night; For the genes and the flowers that shone in the scene, O'ermutch'd the regalia of princess and queen. No gaudy slave to a fair one's brow Was the rose, or the ruby, or emerald now; But lighted with souls by the playful elves, The brilliants and blossoms seem'd dancing themsolves.

ΥI.

Of all that did chance, 't were a long tale to tell, Of the dresses and waltzes, and who was the belle; But each were so happy, and all were so fair, That night stole away and the dawn caught them there !

Such a scampering never before was seen As the fairies' flight on that island green. They rush'd to the bay with twinkling feet. But vain was their haste, for the moonlight fleet Had pass'd with the dawn, and never again Were those fairies permitted to traverse the main,-But mid the groves, when the sun was high. The Indian marked with a worshipping eye The humming-birds, all unknown before, Glancing like thoughts from flower to flower, And seeming as if earth's loveliest things, The brilliants and blossoms, had taken wings :-And fancy hath whisper'd in numbers light, That these are the fairies who danced that night, And linger yet in the garb they wore, Content in our clime, and more blest than before!

### THE RIVER.

O, TELL me, pretty river! Whence do thy waters flow? And whither art thou roaming, So pensive and so slow?

" My birthplace was the mountain, My nurse, the April showers; My cradle was a fountain, O'ercurtain'd by wild flowers.

- "One morn I ran away, A madeap, hoyden rill— And meny a prank that day I play'd adown the hill!
- "And then, mid mendowy banks, I flirted with the flowers,
- That stoop'd, with glowing lips, To woo me to their bowers.
- "But these bright scenes are o'er, And darkly flows my wave----
- I hear the ocean's rear, And there must be my grave !"

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### SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

### THE LEAF.

It came with spring's soft sun and showers, Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers; It flourish'd on the same light stem, It drank the same clear dews with them. The crimson tints of summer morn, That gilded one, did each adorn. The breeze, that whisper'd light and brief To bud or blossom, kiss'd the leaf; When o'er the leaf the tempest flew, The bud and blossom trenbled too.

But its companions pass'd away, And left the leaf to lone decay. The gentle gales of spring went by, The fruits and flowers of summer die. The autumn winds swept o'er the hill, And winter's breath cause cold and chill. The leaf now yielded to the blast, And on the rushing stream was cast. Far, far it glided to the sea, And whirl'd and eddied wearily, Till suddenly it sank to rest, And sumber'd in the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins-its morning hours, Bright as the birth-day of the flowers ; Thus posses like the leaves away, As wither'd and as lost as they. Beneath the parent roof we meet In joyous groups, and gayly greet The golden beams of love and light, That kindle to the youthful sight. But soon we part, and one by one, Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone. One gentle spirit seeks the tomb, His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom. Another treads the paths of fame, And barters peace to win a name. Another still tempts fortune's wave, And seeking wealth, secures a grave. The last grasps yet the brittle thread-Though friends are gone and joy is dead, Still dares the dark and fretful tide, And clutches at its power and pride, Till suddenly the waters sever, And, like the leaf, he sinks forever.

### LAKE SUPERIOR.

"FATHER OF LAKES !" thy waters bend Beyond the engle's utmost view, When, throned in heaven, he sees thes send Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave Their twilight shade thy borders o'er, And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves, With listening ear, in sadness broods; Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves, Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light cances, that glide Across thy breast like things of air, Chase from thy lone and level tide The spell of stillness reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave, Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives, That, breathing o'er each rock and cave, To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings Its grisly arms athwart the sky, A sudden, startling image brings To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarl'd and braided boughs, that show Their dim forms in the forest shade, Liko wrestling scrpents seem, and throw Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echocs round this shore Have caught a strange and gibbering tone; For they have told the war-whoop o'er, Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adjeu ? Adjen, ye rocks, ye wilds and woods ? Roll on, thou element of blue, And fill these awful solitudes !

Then hast no tale to tell of man-God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan Deems as a bubble all your waves!

### THE SPORTIVE SYLPHS.

Tax sportive sylphs that course the air, Unseen on wings that twilight weaves, Around the opening rose repair, And breathe sweet incense o'cr its leaves.

With sparkling cups of bubbles made, They catch the ruddy beams of day, And steal the rainbow's sweetest shade, Their blushing favourite to array.

They gather gems with subrams bright, From floating clouds and falling showers; They rob Aurom's locks of light To grace their own fair queen of flowers.

Thus, thus adorned, the speaking rose Becames a token fit to tell Of things that words can ne'er disclose, And naught but this reveal so well.

Then, take my flower, and let its leaves Beside thy heart be cherish'd near, While that confiding heart receives The thought it whispers to thine ear.

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# ISAAC CLASON.

#### (Born about 1796, Died, 1830.)

Is ALC CLASON Wrote the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Cantos of Don Juan-a continuation of the poem of Lord Braon-published in 1825. I have not been able to learn many particulars of his biography. He was born in the city of New York, where his father was a distinguished merchant, and graduated at Columbia College in 1813. He inherited a considerable fortune, but in the pursuit of pleasure he spent it all, and much besides, received from his relatives. He was in turn a gay roue in London and Paris, a writer for the public journals, an actor in the theatres, and a private

### NAPOLEON.\*

I love no land so well as that of France-Liand of NAPOLKON and CHARLEMAGNE, Renown'd for valour, women, wit, and dance,

For racy Burgundy, and bright Champagne, Whose only word in battle was, Advance;

While that grand genius, who seem'd born to reign, Greater than Awnow's son, who boasted birth From heaven, and spurn'd all sons of earth;

Greater than he who wore his buskins high, A Vanus arm'd, impress'd upon his seal;

Who smiled at poor CALPRURNIA's prophecy, Nor fear'd the stroke he soon was doom'd to feel;

Who on the ides of March breath'd his last sigh, As Baptus pluck'd away his "cursed steel,"

Exclaiming, as he expired, "Et tu, BRUTS," But BRUTUS thought he only did his duty;

Greater than he, who, at nine years of age, On Carthage' altar swore eternal bate;

Who, with a rancour time could no'er assuage, With feelings no reverse could moderate,

With talents such as few would dare engage, With hopes that no misfortune could abate, Died like his rival, both with broken hearts,— Such was their fate, and such was BOXAPARTE'S.

NAPOLSON BONAPANYS! thy name shall live Till time's last echo shall have ceased to sound; And if eternity's confines can give

To space reverberation, round and round The spheres of heaven, the long, deep cry of "Vive

NAPOLEON !" in thunders shall rebound; The lightning's flash shall blaze thy name on high, Monarch of earth now meteor of the sky!

What though or. St. Helena's rocky shore Thy head be pillow'd, and thy form entomb'd, Perhaps that eon, the child thou didst adore, Fired with a father's fame, may yet be doom'd

· From the Seventeenth Canto of Don Juan.

tutor. A mystery hangs over his closing years. It has been stated that he was found dead in an obscure lodging-house in London, under circumstances that led to a belief that he committed suicide, about the year 1830.

Besides his continuation of Don Juan, he wrote but little poetry. The two cantos which he left under that title, have much of the spirit and feeling, in thought and diction, which characterize the work of Braux. He was a man of attractive manners and brilliant conversation. His fate is an unfavourable commentary on his character.

To crush the bigot BOURBON, and restore

Thy mouldering ashes are they be consumed; Perhaps may run the course thyself didst run, And light the world, an comets light the sun.

"T is better thou art gone: 't were sad to see, Beneath an "imbecile's impotent reign,"

Thine own unvanquish'd legions doom'd to be Cursed instruments of vengcance on poor Spain,

That land, so glorious once in chivalry, Now sunk in slavery and shame again; To see the imperial guard, thy dountless band, Made tools for such a wretch as FRADINAND.

Farewell, NAPOLEON! thine hour is post; No more earth trembles at thy dreaded name;

But France, unhappy France, shall long contrast Thy deeds with those of worthless D'ANGOULENE.

Ye gods! how long shall slavery's thraldom last? Will France alone remain forever tame?

Say, will no WALLACE, will no WASHINGTON Scourge from thy soil the infamous BOURBON 1

Is Freedom dead ? Is Nuno's reign restored ? Frenchmen ! remember Jena, Austerlitz :

The first, which made thy emperor the lord Of Prussia, and which almost threw in fits

Great FREDERICE WILLIAM; he who, at the board, Took all the Prussian uniform to bits :

FREDERICR, the king of regimental tailors,

As HUDSON LOWS, the very prince of jailors.

Farewell, NAPOLION ! couldst thou have died The coward scorpion's death, afraid, ashamed To meet adversity's advancing tide,

The weak had praised thee, but the wise had biamed;

But no! though torn from country, child, and bride, With spirit unsubdued, with soul untamed,

Great in misfortune, as in glory high, Thou daredst to live through life's worst agony.

Pity, for thee, shall weep her fountains dry, Mercy, for thee, shall bankrupt all her store; Valour shall pluck a garland from on high, And Honour twine the wreath thy temples o'er;

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### ISAAC CLASON.

Beauty shall beckon to thee from the sky, And smiling scraphs open wide heaven's door; Around thy head the brightest stars shall meet, And rolling suns play sportive at thy feet.

Farewell, NAPOLEON ! a long farewell,

A stranger's tongue, slas! must hymn thy worth; No craven Gaul dares wake his harp to tell, Or sound in song the spot that gave thee birth.

No more thy name, that, with its magic spell, Aroused the slumbering nations of the earth,

Echoes around thy land; 't is past—at length France sinks beneath the sway of CHARLES the Tenth.

### JEALOUSY.

He who has seen the red-fork'd lightnings finsh From out some black and tempest-gather'd cloud, And heard the thunder's simultaneous crash.

Bursting in peals, terrifically loud;

He who has mark'd the madden'd ocean dash (Robed in its snow-white foam as in a shroud) Its giant billows on the groaning shore, While death seem'd echo'd in the deafening roar;

He who has seen the wild tornado sweep (its path destruction, and its progress death) The silent hosom of the smiling deep

With the black besom of its boistercus breath,

Waking to strife the slumbering waves, that leap In battling surges from their beds beneath, Yawning and swelling from their liquid caves,

Like buried giants from their restless graves :---

He who has gazed on sights and scenes like these, Hath look'd on nature in her maddest mood;

But nature's worfare passes by degrees,— The thunder's voice is hush'd, however rude,

The dying winds uncleap the raging seas, The scowling sky throws back her cloud-capt

hood, The infant lightnings to their cradles creep, And the gaunt earthquake rocks hcreelf to sleep,

But there are storms, whose lightnings never glare, Tempests, whose thunders never cease to roll-

The storms of love, when madden'd to despair, The furious tempests of the jealous soul.

That kamsin of the heart, which few can bear, Which owns no limit, and which knows no goal,

Whose blast leaves joy a tomb, and hope a speck, Reason a blank, and happiness a wreck.

### EARLY LOVE.

THE fund caress of beauty, O, that glow! The first warm glow that mantles round the beart Of boyhood! when all 's new—the first dear yow

He ever breathed-the tear-trops that first start,

Pure from the unpractised eye-the overflow Of waken'd passions, that but now impart A hope, a wish, a feeling yet unfelt,

That mould to madness, or in milduess melt.

Ah! where's the youth whose stoic heart ne'er knew The fires of joy, that burst through every vein,

That burn forever bright, forever new, As passion rises o'er and o'er again?

That, like the phœnix, die but to renew-Beat in the heart, and throb upon the hrain-Self-kindling, quenchless as the elemal flame That sports in Etna's base. But I 'm to blame

Ignobly thus to yield to reptures past; To call my buried feelings from their shrouds,

O'cr which the dccp functeal poll was cast-Like brightest skies entomb'd in darkest clouds; No matter, these, the latest and the last

That rise, like spectres of the past, in crowds; The chullitions of a heart not lost,

But weary, wandering, worn, and tempest-toss'd.

"T is vain, and worse than vain, to think on joys Which, like the hour that's gone, return no more;

Bubbles of folly, blown by wanton boys-Billows that swell, to burst upon the shore-

Playthings of passion, manhood's gilded toys, (Deceitful as the shell that seems to roar,

But proves the mimic mockery of the surge:) They sink in sorrow's sea, and no'er emerge.

### ALL IS VANITY.

. . . . I've compass'd every pleasure, Caught every joy before its *bead* could pass; I've loved without restriction, without measure-

What constitutes man's chief enjoyment here? What forms his greatest antidote to sorrow?

Is't wealth? Wealth can at last but gild his bier, Or buy the pall that poverty must borrow.

Is't love? Alas, love's cradled in a tear; It smiles to-day, and weeps egain to-morrow; Mere child of passion, that beguiles in youth.

And flics from age, as falschood flics from truth.

Is't glory ? Pause beneath St. Helen's willow, Whose weeping branches wave above the spot; Ask him, whose head now rests upon its pillow,

Its last, low pillow, there to rest, and rot. Is't fame? Ask her, who floats upon the billow,

Untomb'd, uncoffin'd, and perchance forgot; The lovely, lovesick Leshian, frail as fair, Victim of love, and emblem of despair.

Is 't honour ! Go, ask him whose ashes sleep Within the crypt of Paul's stupendous doine.

Whose name once thunder'd victory o'er the deep, Far as his country's navies proudly roam;

Above whose grave no patriot Dane shall weep, No Frank deplore the hour he found a home-

A home, whence valour's voice from conquest's car No more shall rouse the lord—of Trufalgar.

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# JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

#### i [Sorn, 1796. Died, 1848.]

DUBING the present century many persons in this country, whose early productions gave promise of brilliant achievements in maturity, have died young. It has been said that the history of American genius might be written in a series of obituaries of youthful authors. Were DRAKE, SANDA, GRIFFIN, ROCKWELL, WILCON, PINK-NET, CLARKE, the DAVIDSONS, and BRAINARD now alive, there would be no scarcity of American writers, nor would any of them have passed the ordinary meridian of existence. What they have left us must be regarded as the first-fruits of minds whose full powers were to the last undeveloped, and which were never tasked to their full capacity.

JORN GARBNER CALKINS BRAINARD Was a son of the Honourable J. G. BRAINARD, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. He was born at New London, in that State, on the twenty-first day of October, 1796. After finishing his preparatory studies, which were pursued under the direction of an elder brother, he entered Yale College, in 1811, being then in the fiftcenth year of his age. At this immature poried, before the mind is fully awake to the nature and importance of moral and intellectual discipline, severe application to study is unusual. BRATNann's books were neglected for communion with his own thoughts and "thick-coming funcies," or for the society of his fellows. His college career was marked by nothing peculiar : he was distinguished for the fine powers he evinced whenever he chose to exert them, for the uniform modesty of his deportment, the kindness which characterized his intercourse with those about him, and a remarkable degree of sensitiveness, which caused him to shrink from every harsh collision, and to court retirement. On leaving college, in 1815, he commenced the study of law, in his native place, and on his admission to the bar, he removed to the city of Middletown, intending to practise there his profession. His success was less than he anticipated; perhaps because of his too great modesty-an unfortunate quality in lawyers-or, it may be, in consequence of his indolence and convivial propensities. One of his biographers remarks that his friends were always welcome, save when they came as clients.

Weuried with the vexations and dry formalities of his profession, he relinquished it in the winter of 1822, to undertake the editorship of the Connecticut Mirror, a weekly political and literary gazette, published in Hartford. But here he found as little to please him as in the business he had deserted. He was too indolent to prepare every week articles of a serious, argumentative character, and gave in their place, graceful or humorous paragraphs, and the occasional pieces of verse on which rests his reputation as a poet. These, at the time, were republished in many periodicals, and much praised. In the departments of poetry and criticism, the Mirror acquired a high reputation; but in others, while under his direction, it hardly rose to mediocrity.\*

His first volume of poetry,† containing his contributions to the Mirror, and some other pieces, was published carly in 1825. It was favourably received by the public, and its success induced his friends to urge him to undertake the composition of a larger and more important work than he had yet attempted. His constitutional lassitude and aversion to high and continued effort deterred him from beginning the task, until 1827, when his health began to wane, and it was no longer in his power. He then relinquished the editorship of the Mirror, and sought for restoring quiet, and the gentle ministrations of affection, the home of his childhood. His illness soon assumed the character of consumption, and he new that he had but a brief time to live. A few weeks were passed on the eastern shore of Long Island, in the hope of deriving benefit from a change of sir; but nothing could arrest the progress of the fatal malady; and he returned to New London, to prepare for the

 The editor of the last edition of his works, of which I have received a copy since the above was written, and while this volume is presing through the press, spouks as follows of his editorial career :--\* We are assured by competent testimony, that laboured and able political articies were withheld from publication, owing to causes over which he had little control. It is not, perhaps, necessary to detail the facts, but they certainly go far to exculpute him from the charge of levily, or weakness, in conducting the editorial department of his paper. Prudential considerations were suffered to have sway, at the expense of his reputation for political tast and foresight. The only substitutes for the articles referred to, were such brief and tame pieces as he could prepare, after the best and almost only hours for composition had passed by. This circumstance, together with the consciousness that the paper was ill sustained in respect to its patronage, was sufficiently discouraging to a person whose sensibilities. were as acute as those of BRAINARD. It accounts, sluo, for the frequent turns of mental depression which marked his latter years,-heightened, indeed, by shat frequent and mortifying concomitant of genius,-slender pecuniary means."

† The volume was introduced by the following characterialic address to the reader :---\* The author of the following pieces has been induced to publish them in a book, from considerations which cannot be interesting to the public. Many of there little pocus have been primed in the Connecticus Mirror; and others are just fit to keep them company. No apologies are node, and no criticisms deprecated. The commonplace story of the importantiles of friends, though it had its share in the public, if others choose to call it such, is a natural motive, and the lope of 'making a little something by it,' is an honest acknowledgment, if it is a poor excuse." The motive of the title-page was as quaint :-- İì

"Some said 'I ohn, print it ;' others said 'Net so;' Some said 'It might do good ;' others said, 'Ne.'" Bunyau's Apology.

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spiritual life upon which he was about to enter. He had always regarded with reverence the Christian character and profession, and he was now united to the visible church,<sup>•</sup> and received the holiest of the sacraments. He lingered until tho twenty-sixth of September, 1828, when he passed peacefully to the rest of those who "know that their Redeemer lives."

The pathway of BRAINARD was aside from the walks of ambition, and the haunts of worldliness. He lived within himself, holding communion with his own thoughts, and suffering from deep and lasting melancholy. Like WILCOX, it is said, he hal met with one of those disappointments in early life, which so frequently impress the soul with sadness; and though there was sometimes gavety in his manner and conversation, it was generally assumed, to conceal painful musings or to beguile sorrow.

His person was small, and well formed; his countenance mild, and indicative of the kindness and gentleness of his nature; and in his eyes there was a look of dreamy listlessness and tenderness. He was fond of society, and his pleasing ; purity,

#### JERUSALEM.†

Foun lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves-GODENET'S and BALDWIN'St-Salem's Christian kings;

And holy light glanced from Helena's naves, Fed with the incense which the pilgrim brings,-

• On this occasion, says the Reverend Mr. M'EWEN, as he was too feeble to go to the church and remain through the customery services, he arrived at and entered the stantuary when these were nearly or quite through. Every one present (literality, almost) knew him,—the occasion of his coming was understood,—and when he appeared, pule, feeble, emoclated, and trembling In consequence of his extreme debility, the sensation it produced was at once apparent throughout the whole assembly. There are not to be an instinctive homage paid to the grace of GoD in him; or, perhaps, the fact shows how readily a refined Christian community agrouptilizes with genius and virtue destined to an early tomb.

<sup>†</sup> The following intelligence from Constantinople was of the eleventh October, 1624: "A severe earthquake is shill to have taken place at Jerussiem, which has destroyed great part of that city, shaken down the Mosque of Onars, and ceduced the Holy Sepulchre to ruins from top to bottom."

‡ GODERRY and BALDWIN were the first Christian kings at Jerusalem. The Empress HELEXA, mother of Con-FRANTINE the Great, built the church of the sepulchre on Mount Calvary. The walls are of slone and the roof of cedar. The four imps which ill it, are very costly. It is kept in repair by the offerings of pilerims who resort to It. The mosque was originally a 3-wish temple. The Emperor JULIAN undertook to rebuild the temple of Jerusales) at a very great expense, to disprove the prophecy of our Paviour, as it was understood by the Jews; but the work and the workmen were destroyed by an earthquake. The pools of Betheada and Gibon-the tomb of the Virgin MARY, and of King JEHOPAPHAT-the piller of ABSALON-the tomb of ZACHARIAR-and the composonto, or holy field, which is supposed to have been purchased with the price of JUDAN's treason, are, or were lately, the most interesting parts of Jerusalem.

conversation and amiable character won for him many ardent friends. He was peculiarly sensitive; and Mr. WHITTIER,\* in a sketch of his life, remarks that in his gayest moments a coldly-spoken word, or casual inattention, would check at once the free flow of his thoughts, cause the jest to die on his lips, and "the melancholy which had been lifted from his heart, to fall again with increased heaviness."

BRAINARD lacked the mental discipline and strong self-command which alone confer true power. He never could have produced a great work. His poems were nearly all written during the six years in which he edited the Mirror, and they bear marks of haste and carclessness, though some of them are very beautiful. He failed only in his humorous pieces; in all the rest his language is appropriate and pure, his diction free and harmonious, and his sentiments natural and sincere. His serious poems are characterized by deep feeling and delicate fancy; and if we had no records of his history, they would show us that he was a man of great gentleness, simplicity, and purity.

While through the panell'd roof the cedar flings Its sainted arms o'er choir, and roof, and dome,

And every porphyry-pillar'd cloister rings To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"

- As every lip breathes out, "O LOED, thy kingdom come."
- A mosque was garnish'd with its crescent moons, And a clear voice call'd Mussulmans to prayer.
- There were the splendours of Judea's thrones. There were the trophies which its conquerors wear.
- All but the truth, the holy truth, was there :--For there, with lip profane, the crier stood.

And bim from the tall minaret you might hear, Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,

That verse misunderstood, "There is no Gop but Gop."

Hark ! did the pilgrim tremble as he kneel'd ? And did the turban'd Turk his sins confess !

Those mighty hands the elements that wield, That mighty Power that knows to curse or bless, Is over all; and in whatever dress

His suppliants crowd around him, He can see Their heart, in city or in wilderness,

And probe its core, and make its blindness flee, Owning Him very Gon, the only Deity.

There was an earthquake once that rent thy fane, Proud JULIAN: when (against the prophecy

Of Him who lived, and died, and rose again. "That one stone on another should not lie") Thou wouldst rebuild that Jewish masonry

To mock the eternal Word .- The earth below Gush'd out in fire; and from the brazen sky.

• JOHN G. WHITTER WAS one of BRAIRARD'S lottmate friends, and, soon after his denth, he wrote an interesting account of his life, which was prefixed to an addition of his poems, printed in 1839.

Dimenty GOOgle

And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow, As saw not Shinar's plain, nor Babel's overthrow, Another earthquake comes. Dome, roof, and wall Tremble; and headlong to the grassy bank, And in the muddled stream the fragments fall, While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and drank At one huge draught, the sediment, which sank In Salem's drained goblet. Mighty Power! Thou whom we all should worship, praise, and thank. Where was thy mercy in that awful hour, When hell moved from beneath, and thine own heaven did lower ! Say, Pilate's palaces-proud Herod's towers-Say, gate of Bethlehom, did your arches quake ? Thy pool, Bethesda, was it fill'd with showers ? Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake ? Tomb of thee, MART-Virgin-did it shake ? Glow'd thy bought field, Aceldama, with blood ? Where were the shudderings Calvary might Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood, [make ] To wash away the spot where once a Gon had stood ? Lost Salem of the Jews-great sepulchrs Of all profane and of all holy things-Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentile yet concur To make thee what thou art ! thy history brings Thoughts mix'd of joy and wo. The whole earth rings With the sad truth which He has prophesied, Who would have shelter'd with his holy wings Thee and thy children. You his power defied : You scourged him while he lived, and mock'd him as he died ! There is a star in the untroubled sky, [made-That caught the first light which its Maker It led the hymn of other orbs on high ;-'T will shine when all the fires of heaven shall fade. Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid ! For it has kept its watch on Palestine ! Look to its holy light, nor be dismav'd, Though broken is each consecrated shrine, Though crush'd and ruin'd all-which men have call'd divine. ON CONNECTICUT RIVER. FROM that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain That links the mountain to the mighty main, Fresh from the rock and swelling by the tree. Rushing to meet, and dare, and breast the sea-Fair, noble, glorious river ! in thy wave The sunniest slopes and sweetest postures lave;

The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave; The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar, Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore:— The promontories love thee—and for this Turn their rough checks and stay thee for thy kiss.

Storn, at thy source, thy northern guardians Rude rulers of the solitary land, [stand, Wild dwellers by thy cold, sequester'd springs, Of earth the feathers and of air the wings; Their blasts have rock'd thy cradle, and in storm Cover'd thy couch and swathed in snow thy form— Yet, bless'd by all the elements that sweep The clouds above, or the unfathom'd deep, The purest brezes scent thy blooming hills, The gentlest dews drop on thy eddying rills, By the moss'd bank, and by the aged tree, The silver streamlet smootbest glides to thee.

The young oak greets thee at the water's edge, Wet by the wave, though anchor'd in the ledge. ---Tis there the otter dives, the beaver feeds, Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds, And there the wild-cat purs amid her brood, And trains them in the sylvan solitude, To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink Paddling the water by the quiet brink ;---Or to out-guze the gray owl in the dark. Or hear the young fox practising to bark.

Dark as the frost-nipp'd leaves that strew'd the ground,

The Indian hunter here his shelter found; Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true, Here built his wigwam and his bark cance, Spear'd the quick salmon leaping up the fall, And slew the deer without the rifle-bail; [choose, Here his young squaw her cradling tree would Singing her chant to hush her swart pappose; Here stain her quills and string her trinkets rude, And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood. —No more shall they thy welcome waters bless, No more their forms thy moon-lit banks shall press, No more be heard, from mountain or from grove, His whoop of slaughter, or her song of love.

Thou didst not shake, thou didst not shrink when, late,

The mountain-top shut down its ponderous gate, Tumbling its tree-grown ruins to thy side, An avalanche of acres at a slide. Nor dost thou say, when winter's coldest breath

Howis through the woods and sweeps along the heath-

One mighty sigh relieves thy icy breast, And wakes thee from the calmness of thy rest.

Down sweeps the torrent ice—it may not stay By rock or bridge, in narrow or in hay— Swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes, And leaves the dimpling in thy sweet repose. —Yet as the unharm'd swillow skims his way, And lightly drops his pinions in thy spray, So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas, And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze, New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars Feather thy waves and touch thy noble shores.

Thy noble shores! where the tall steeple shines, At mid-day, higher than thy mountain pines; Where the white school-house with its daily drill Of sunburn'd children, smiles upon the hill; Where the neat village grows upon the eye, Deck'd forth in nature's sweet simplicity— Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth, Gains merit, honour, and gives labour health; Where GoLOSNITS's self might send his exiled hand To find a new "Sweet Auburn" in our land.

What Art can execute, or Taste devise, Decks thy fair course and gladdens in thins eyes-

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As broader sweep the bendings of thy stream, To meet the southern sun's more constant beam. Here citics rise, and sea-wash'd commerce halls Thy shores and winds with all her flapping sails, From tropic isles, or from the torrid main— Where grows the grape, or sprouts the sugar-cane— Or from the haunts where the striped haddock play, By each cold, northern bank and frozen bay. Here, safe return'd from every stormy sea, Waves the striped flag, the mantle of the free, —That star-lit flag, by all the breezes curl'd Of yon vast deep whose waters grasp the world.

In what Areadian, what Utopian ground Are warmer hearts or manifer feelings found, More hospitable welcome, or more zeal To make the curious " tarrying" stranger feel That, next to home, here best may he abide, To rest and cheer him by the chimney-side ; Drink the hale farmer's eider, as he hears From the gray dame the tales of other years, Cracking his shag-barks, as the aged crone -Mixing the true and doubtful into one-Tells how the Indian scalp'd the helpless child, And hore its shricking mother to the wild, Butcher'd the father hastening to his home. Seeking his cottage-finding but his tomb. How drums, and flags, and troops were seen on high, Wheeling and charging in the northern sky, And that she knew what these wild tokens meant, When to the Old French War her husband went, How, by the thunder-blasted tree, was hid The golden spoils of far-famed ROBERT KIDD; And then the chubby grandchild wants to know About the ghosts and witches long ago, That haunted the old swamp.

The clock strikes ten-The prayer is said, nor unforgotten then The stranger in their gates. A decent rule Of elders in thy puritanic school. [dream.

Stream of my sleeping fathers ! when the sound Of coming war echoed thy hills around, How did thy sons start forth from every glade, Snatching the musket where they left the spade, How did their mothers urge them to the fight, Their sisters tell them to defend the right;— How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall. The earth their coffin and the turf their pall; How did the aged pastor light his eye, When, to his flock, he read the purpose high And stern resolve, whate'er the toil may be, To pledge life, name, fame, all—for liberty. —Cold is the hand that penn'd that glorious page— Still in the grave the body of that sage Whose lip of eloquence and heart of zeal Made patriots act and listening statesmen feel— Brought thy green mountains down upon their focs, And thy white summits melted of their snows, While every vale to which his voice could come, Rang with the fife and echoed to the drum.

Bold river! better suited are thy waves To nurse the laurels clustering round thy graves, Than many a distant stream, that soaks the mud Where thy brave sons have shed their gallant blood, And felt, beyond all other mortal pain, They ne'er should see their happy home again.

Thou hadst a poet once, —and he could tell, Most tunefully, whate'er to thee befell; Could fill each pastoral reed upon thy shore— But we shall hear his classic lays no more ! He loved thee, but he took his sged way, By Erie's shore, and PERRY's glorious day, To where Detroit looks out anidst the wood, Remote beside the dreary solitude.

Yet for his brow thy ivy leaf shall spread, Thy freshest myrtle lift its berried head, And our gnarl'd charter-oak put forth a bough, Whose leaves shall grace thy THUMBULL's honour'd brow.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. WOODWARD, AT EDINBURGH.

"The spider's most attenuated thread Is cord—is cable, to man's tender tie On earthly bliss; it breaks at overy breeze."

ANOTHER ! 't is a sad word to the heart. That one hy one has lost its hold on life, . From all it loved or valued, forced to part In detail. Feeling dies not by the knife That cuts at once and kills-its tortured strife Is with distill'd affliction, drop by drop Oozing its bitterness. Our world is rife With grief and sorrow! all that we would prop, Or would be propp'd with, falls--when shall the ruin stop ? The sea has one," and Palestine has one, And Scotland has the last. The snooded maid Shall gaze in wonder on the stranger's stone, And wipe the dust off with her tartan plaid-And from the lonely tomb where thou art laid, Turn to some other monument-nor know Whose grave she passes, or whose name she read : Whose loved and honour'd relics lie below; Whose is immortal joy, and whose is mortal wo. There is a world of bliss hereafter-else Why are the had above, the good beneath The green grass of the grave ? The mower fells Flowers and briers alike. But man shall breathe (When he his desolating blade shall sheatho And rest him from his work) in a pure sky, Above the smoke of burning worlds ;- and Death On scorched pinions with the dead shall lie, When time, with all his years and centuries has pass'd by.

\* Professor Fisher, lost in the "Albien," and Rev. LEVI PARSONS, missionary to Palestine, who died at Alexandria

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# ON A LATE LOSS."

" He shall not float upon his watery bier Unweol."

Tax breath of air that stirs the harp's soft string, Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm ; The drops of dew exhaled from flowers of spring, Rise and assume the tempest's threatening form ; The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun, Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash;

And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on, Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash

That wave and wind can muster, when the might Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

So science whisper'd in thy charmed car, And radiant learning beckon'd thre away.

The breeze was music to thee, and the clear Beam of thy morning promised a bright day.

And they have wreck'd thee !- But there is a shore Where storms are hush'd --- where tempests never rage ;

Where angry skies and blackening seas no more With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage.

By thee its penceful margent shall be trod---Thy home is heaven, and thy friend is Gon.

SONNET TO THE SEA-SERPENT.

" Hugest that awing the ocean stream."

WELTER upon the waters, mighty one-And stretch thee in the ocean's trough of brine : Turn thy wet scales up to the wind and sun,

And toss the billow from thy flashing fin; Heave thy deep breathings to the ocean's din.

And bound upon its ridges in thy pride : Or dive down to its lowest depths, and in

The caverns where its unknown monstern hide, Measure thy length beneath the gulf-stream's tide-Or rest thee on that navel of the sea

Where, floating on the Maelstrom, abide

The krakens sheltering under Norway's lee ; But go not to Nuhant, lest men should swear You are a great deal bigger than you are.

## THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

# "Labltur et Inbetur."

Tax thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain, While I look upward to thee. It would seem As if Gup pour'd thee from his "hollow hand," And hung his how upon thine awful front; And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake, "The sound of many waters;" and had bade Thy flood to chronicle the ages back, And notch His conturies in the elernal rocks.

· Professor Flance, lost in the Athion, off the coast of Kinsale, Ireland. 27

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we, That hear the question of that voice sublime ! O ! what are all the notes that ever rung From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side! Yes, what is all the riot man can make In his short life, to thy unceasing roar! And yet, bold bubbler, what art thou to Him Who drown'd a world, and heaped the waters far Above its loftiest mountains ?--- a light wave, That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might

# ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Wao shall weep when the rightcous die ! Who shall mourn when the good depart ! When the soul of the godly away shall fly, Who shall lay the loss to heart 1

He has gone into prace-he has laid him down, To sleep till the dawn of a brighter day; And he shall wake on that holy morn, When sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

But ye who worship in sin and shame Your idol gods, whate'er they he: Who scoff, in your pride, at your Maker's name, By the pebbly stream and the shady tree,---

Hope in your mountains, and hope in your streams, Bow down in their worship, and loudly pray;

Trust in your strength, and believe in your dreams, But the wind shall carry them all away.

There's one who drank at a purer fountain, One who was wash'd in a purer flood : He shall inherit a holier mountain, He shall worship a holier Gon.

But the sinner shall utterly fail and die. Whelm'd in the waves of a troubled sea; And Gon, from his throne of light on high, Shall say, there is no peace for thee.

#### EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning, Tinged by the rising sun, And in the down they floated on, And mingled into one; I thought that morning cloud was bless'd, It moved so sweetly to the west. I saw two summer currents Flow smoothly to their meeting, And join their course, with silent force, In peace each other greeting; Calm was their course through banks of green, While dimpling eddice play'd between. Such be your gentle motion, Till life's last pulse shall beat; Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,

Float on, in joy, to meet A calmer sea, where storms shall cease-

A purer sky, where all is peace.

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Distanting GOOQIC

### TO THE DEAD.

How many now are dead to me That live to others yet! How many are alive to me Who crumble in their graves, nor see That sickening, sinking look, which we Till dead can ne'er forget.

Beyond the blue seas, far away, Most wretchedly alone, One died in prison, far away, Where stone on stone shut out the day, And never hope or comfort's ray In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me, Though months and years have pass'd; In a lone hour, his sigh to me Comes like the hum of some wild bee, And then his form and face I see, As when I saw him last.

And one with a bright lip, and cheek, And eye, is dead to me. How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek I His lip was cold—it would not speak: His heart was dead, for it did not break: And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb, And for the dead the smile; Engrave oblivion on the tomb Of pulseless life and deadly bloom,— Dim is such glare: but bright the gloom Around the funeral pile.

#### THE DEEP.

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

There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep.

Here, far beneath the tainted foam That frets above our peaceful home; We dream in joy, and wake in love, Nor know the rage that yells above. There's quiet in the deep.

## MR. MERRY'S LAMENT FOR "LONG TOM."

"Let us think of them that sleep, Full many a fathem deep, By thy wild and stormy sleep, Elsinore."

TET cruise is over now, Thou art anchor'd by the shore, And never more shalt thou Hear the storm around thee roar; Death has sinken out the sands of thy glass. Now around thee sports the whole, And the porpoise snuffs the gale, And the night-winds wake their wail, As they pass.

The sca-grass round thy bier Shall bend beneath the tide, Nor tell the breakers near Where thy manly limbs abide; But the granite rock thy tombstone shall be. Though the edges of thy grave Are the combings of the wave-Yet unheeded they shall rave Over thee.

At the piping of all hands, When the judgment signal's spread-When the islands, and the lands, And the seas give up their dead, And the south and the north shall come; When the sinner is dismay'd, And the just man is afraid, Then licaven be thy aid, Poor Tox.

#### THE INDIAN SUMMER.

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

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

Distanting GOOQIC

#### STANZAS.

The dead leaves strew the forest walk, And wither'd are the pale wild flowers; The fost hange blackening on the stalk, The dew-drops fall in frozen showers. Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers, Gone summer's rich and mantling vines, And autumn, with her yellow hours, On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learn'd a clear and wild-toned note, That rose and swell'd from yonder tree— A gay bird, with too sweet a throat.

There perch'd, and raised her song for me, The winter comes, and where is she ! Away—where summer wings will rove,

Where buds are fresh, and every tree Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky, Too fresh the flower that blushes there,

The northern breeze that rustles by Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair; No forest tree stands stripp'd and bare,

No stream beneath the ice is dead, No mountain top, with sleety hair, Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there, with all the birds, and seek A happier clime, with livelier flight,

Kiss, with the sun, the evening's check, And leave me lonely with the night, I'll gaze upon the cold north light,

And mark where all its glories shone,— See---that it all is fair and bright, Feel---that it all is cold and gone.

#### THE STORM OF WAR.

O! once was felt the storm of war! It had an earthquake's roar;

- It flash'd upon the mountain height, And smoked along the shore.
- It thunder'd in a dreaming ear, And up the farmer sprang;
- It mutter'd in a bold, true heart, And a warrior's harness rang.
- It trembled through a leafy grove, And a maiden's cheek was pale.
- It steps upon the sleeping sea, And waves around it howl;
- It strides from top to foaming top, Out-frowning ocean's scowl.

And yonder sail'd the merchant ship, There was peace upon her deck;

Her friendly flag from the mast was torn, And the waters whelm'd the wreck.

- But the same blast that bore her down Fill'd a gallant daring sail,
- That loved the might of the blackening storm, And laugh'd in the rearing gale.

The stream, that was a torrent once, Is rippled to a brook, The sword is broken, and the spear Is but a pruning-hook. The mother childes her truant boy, And keeps him well from hann; While in the grove the happy maid

Hangs on her lover's arm.

Another breeze is on the sea, Another wave is there, And floats abroad triumphantly

A banner bright and fair.

And peaceful hands, and happy hearts, And gallant spirits keep

Each star that decks it pure and bright, Above the rolling deep.

## THE GUERILLA.

TROUGH friends are false, and leaders fuil, And rulers quake with fear; Though tamed the shenherd in the vale, Though slain the mountaineer: Though Spanish beauty fill their arms, And Spanish gold their purse-Sterner than wealth's or war's alarms Is the wild Guerilla's curse. No trumpets range us to the fight : No signal sound of drum Tells to the foe, that, in their might, The hostile squadrons come. No sunheam glitters on our spears, No warlike tramp of steeds Gives warning-for the first that hears Shall be the first that bleeds. The night-breeze calls us from our bed, At dew-fall forms the line. And darkness gives the signal dread That makes our ranks combine: Or should some straggling moonbrain lie On coose or lurking hedge. 'T would flash but from a Spaniard's eye, Or from a dagger's edge. 'T is clear in the sweet vale below, And misty on the hill; The skies shine mildly on the foe, But lour upon us still. This gathering storm shall quickly burst, And spread its terrors fur, And at its front we'll be the first, And with it go to war. O? the mountain peak shall safe remain-'T is the vale shall be despoil'd, And the tame hamlets of the plain With ruin shall run wild : But liberty shall breathe our air Upon the mountain head,

And freedom's breezes wander here, Here all their fragrance shed.

## THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

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

Who watches their course, who so mildly Careen to the kiss of the breeze ! Who lists to their shricks, who so wildly Are clusp'd in the arms of the seas ! 'T is the sea-bird, &c.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover, And her who has clung to his neck ! Whose wing is the wing that can cover, With its shadow, the foundering wreck? 'T is the sea-bird, &cc.

My eye in the light of the hillow, My wing on the wake of the wave,

I shall take to my breast, for a pillow, The shroud of the fair and the brave. I'm a sea-bird, &c.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted, When hoarse the wild winds veer about, My eye, when the bark is benighted, Sees the lamp of the light-house go out. I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird, Lone looker on despair; The sca-bird, sca-bird, sca-bird, The only witness there.

# TO THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND.

I PRAT thee, by thy mother's face, And by her look, and by her eye, By every decent matron grace That hover'd round the resting-place Where thy young head did lie; And by the voice that soothed thine ear, The hymn, the smile, the sigh, the tear, That match'd thy changeful mood ; By every prayer thy mother taught, By every blessing that she sought, I pray thee to be good. Is not the nestling, when it wakes, Its eye upon the wood around, And on its new-fledged pinions takes Its taste of leaves, and boughs, and brakes-Of motion, sight, and sound,-Is it not like the parent ? Then Be like thy mother, child, and when Thy wing is bold and strong,---As pure and steady be thy light, As high and heavenly be thy flight,

As holy be thy song.

#### SALMON RIVER.\*

Hic viridis tenera pretexit arundine ripas 

"T is a sweet stream-and so, 'tis true, are all That, undisturb'd, save by the harmless brawl Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall, Pursue their way

By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood, By rock, that since the deluge fix'd has stood, Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood By night and day.

But yet there's something in its humble rank, Something in its pure wave and sloping bank, Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank With unscared look ;

There's much in its wild history, that teems With all that's superstitious-and that sceme To match our fancy and eke out our dreams, In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain, And blood has dropp'd there, like the drops of min; The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain-And many a quiver,

Fill'd from the reeds that grew on yonder hill, Has spent itself in carnage. Now 't is still, And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill From Salmon river.

Here, say old men, the Indian magi made Their spells by moonlight; or beneath the shade That shrouds sequester'd rock, or darkening glade, Or tangled dell.

Here PHILLP came, and MIANTONINO.

And ask'd about their fortunes long ago.

As SAUL to Endor, that her witch might show Old SAMUEL.

And here the black fox roved, that howl'd and shook His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook Where they pursued their game, and him mistook For earthly fox; Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear, And his soft peltry, stripp'd and dress'd, to wear, Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. "T is hard to rhyme About a little and unnoticed stream, That few have heard of--but it is a theme

I chance to love:

And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed, And whistle to the note of many a deed Done on this river-which, if there be need, I'll try to prove.

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This river enters into the Connecticut at East Haddam.

#### [Born, 1799. Died, 1632.]

Twe history of American literature, for the period f which has already passed, will contain the names of few men of greater genius, or more general learning, than ROBERT C. SANDE. His life has been written so well by his inimate friend, GU-LIAN C. VERPLANCE, I.L. D., that I shall attempt only to present an abstract of the narrative of that accomplished scholar and critic.

Saxos was born in the city of New York, (where his father, who had been distinguished for his patriotism during the revolutionary struggle, was an eminent merchant,) on the eleventh of May, 1799. At a very early age he was remarkable for great quickness of apprchension, and facility of acquiring knowledge. When seven years old, he began to study the Latin language, and at thirteen he was admitted to the sophomore class of Columbia College. He had already, under Mr. FINDLAY, of Newark, and the Reverend Mr. WRELPLEY, of New York, made great progress in classical knowledge; and while in the college, which had long been distinguished for sound and accurate instruction in the dead languages, he excelled all his classmates in ancient learning, and was equally successful in the mathematics and other branches of study. In his second collegiate year, in conjunction with his friend EASTBURN, and some other students, he established a periodical entitled "The Moralist," and afterward another, called "Academic Recreations," of both of which he wrote the principal contents. He was graduated in 1815, and soon after became a student in the law-office of DAVID B. CODEX, one of the most distinguished advocates of the time. He pursued his legal studies with great ardour; his course of reading was very extensive; and he became not only familiar with the more practical part of professional knowledge, but acquired a relish for the abstruse doctrines and subtle reasonings of the ancient common law.

Still he found time for the study of the classics; and, in company with two or three friends, read several of the most difficult of the Greek authors, exactly and critically. His love of composition continued to grow upon him. He wrote on all subjects, and for all purposes; and, in addition to essays and verses, on topics of his own choice, volunteered to write orations for the commencement displays of young graduates, verses for young lovers, and even scrmons for young divines. Several of the latter, written in an animated style, were much admired, when delivered in the pulpit with good emphasis and discretion, to congregations who little suspected to whom they were indebted for their edification. One of them, at least, has been printed under the name of the clergyman by whom it was delivered. In 1817 he published a poem, which he had begun and in great part written four years before. It was called "The Bridal of Vaumond." and was a metrical romance, founded on the same legend of the transformation of a decrepit and miserable wretch into a youthful hero, by compact with the infernal powers, which forms the groundwork of Braos's "Deformed Transformed."

It was during the period of these studies, that he and three of his friends, of as many different professions, formed an association, of a somewhat remarkable character, under the name of the Literary Confederacy. The number was limited to four; and they bound themselves to preserve a friendly communication in all the vicissitudes of life, and to endeavour, by all proper means, to advance their mutual and individual interest, to advise each other on every subject, and to receive with good temper the rebuke or admonition which might thus be given. They proposed to unite, from time to time, in literary publications, covenanting solemnly that no matter hostile to the great principles of religion or morals should be published by any member. This compact was most faithfully kept to the time of Samps's death, though the primary objects of it were gradually given up, as other duties engrossed the attention of its members. In the first year of its existence, the confederacy contributed largely to several literary and critical gazettes, besides publishing in one of the daily papers of the city a series of essays, under the title of the "Amphilogist," and a second under that of the "Neologist," which attracted much attention, and were very widely circulated and republished in the newspapers of the day. SANne wrote a large portion of these, both in prose and verse,

His friend EASTBORN had now removed to Bristol, Rhode Island, where, after studying divinity for some time under the direction of Bishop Gursworn, he took orders, and soon after settled in Virginia. A regular correspondence was kept up between the friends; and the letters that have been preserved are filled with the evidence of their literary industry. EASTBURN had undertaken a new metrical version of the Psalins, which the pressure of his clerical duties and his untimely death prevented him from ever completing. Saxns was led by curiosity, as well as by his intimacy with EASTBORN, to acquire some knowledge of the Hebrew. It was not very profound, but it enabled him to try his skill at the same translation ; and he from time to time sent his friend a Pasin paraphrased in verse.

But amid their severer studies and their literary amusements, they were engaged in a bolder poetical enterprise. This was a romantic poem, founded on the history of PRILIP, the celebrated sectem at

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ROBERT C. SANDS.

of the Pequods, and leader of the great Indian wars against the New England colonists in 1665 and 1676. It was planned by EASTBURN, during his residence in the vicinity of Mount Hone, in Rhodo Island, the ancient capital of the Pequed race, where the scene is laid. In the year following, when he visited New York, the plan of the story was drawn up in conjunction with his friend. "We had then," said Saxns, "read nothing on the subject; and our plot was formed from a hasty glance into a few pages of HURBARD's Narrative. After Exersions's return to Bristol, the poem was written, according to the parts severally assigned, and transmitted, reciprocally, in the course of corrospondence. It was commenced in November, 1817. and finished before the summer of 1818, except the concluding stanzas of the sixth canto, which were added after Mr. EASTBURN left Bristol. As the fable was defective, from our ignorance of the subicct, the execution was also, from the same cause, and the hasty mode of composition, in every respect imperfect. Mr. EASTBURN was then preparing to take orders; and his studies, with that view, engrossed his attention. He was ordained in October, 1818. Between that time and the period of his going to Accomack county, Virginia, whence he had received an invitation to take charge of a congregation, he transcribed the first two cantos of this poem, with but few material variations, from the first collating copy. The labours of his ministry left him no time even for his most delightful amusement. He had made no further progress in the correction of the work when he returned to New York, in July, 1819. His health was then so much impaired, that writing of any kind was too great a labour. He had packed up the manuscripts, intending to finish his second copy in Santa Cruz, whither it was recommended to him to go, as the last resource to recruit his exhausted constitution." He died on the fourth day of his passage, on the second of December, 1819. The work, thus left imperfect, was revised, arranged, and completed, with many additions, by SANDS. It was introduced by a procent in which the surviving poet mourned, in nable and touching strains, the accomplished friend of his youth.

The work was published under the title of "Yamoyden," at New York, in 1820. It unquestionably shows some marks of the youth of its authors, besides other imperfections arising from the mode of its composition, which could not fail to prove a serious impediment to a clear connection of the plot, and a vivid and congruous conception of all the characters. Yet it has high merit in various ways. Its descriptions of natural scenery are alike accurate and beautiful. Its style is flexible, flowing, and poetical. It is rich throughout with histotical and antiquarian knowledge of Indian history and tradition; and every thing in the customs, mannets, superstitions, and story of the aborigines of New England, that could be applied to poetical purposes, is used with skill, judgment, and taste. In 1820, Savas was admitted to the bar, and opened an office in the city of New York. He entered upon his professional career with high

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hopes and an ardent love of the learning of the law. His first attempt as an advocate was, however, unsuccessful, and he was disheartened by the result. Though he continued the business of an attorney, he made no second attempt of consequence before a jury, and after a few years he gradually withdrew himself from the profession. During this period he persevered in his law reading, and renewed and extended his acquaintance with the Latin poets, and the "grave, lofty tragedians" of Greece; acquiring an intimacy such as professore might have envied, with the ancient languages and learning. He had early learned French, and was familiar with its copious and elegant literature; but he never much admired it, and in his multifarious literary conversation and authorship, rarely quoted or alluded to a French author, except for facts. He now acquired the Italian, and read carefully and with great admiration all its great writers, from DANTE to ALFIERI. His versions and imitations of POLITIAN. MONTI. and METISTISIO, attest how fully he entered into their spirit. Some time after he acquired the Spanish langunge very critically, and, after studying its more celebrated writers, read very largely all the Spanish historians and documents he could find touching American history. In order to complete his acquaintance with the cognate modern languages of Latin origin, he some years later acquired the Portuguese, and read such of its authors as he could procure.

In 1822 and 1823 he wrote many articles for "The Literary Review," a monthly periodical then published in New York, which received great increase of reputation from his contributions. In the winter of 1823-4, he and some friends published seven numbers of a sort of mock-magazine, entitled "The St. Tammany Magazine." Here he gave the reins to his most extravagant and happiest humour, indulging in parody, burlesque, and grotesque satire, thrown off in the gavest mood and with the greatest rapidity, but as good-natured as satire and parody could well be. In May, 1824, "The Atlantic Magazine" was established in New York, and placed under his charge. At the end of six months he gave up this work ; but when it changed its name, and in part its character, and became the New York Review, he was recongaged as an editor, and assisted in conducting it until 1827. During this same period he assisted in preparing and publishing a digest of equity cases, and also in editing some other legal compilations, enriching them with notes of the American decisions. These publications were, it is true, not of a high class of legal authorship; but they show professional reading and knowledge, as well as the ready versatility of his mind. He had now become an author by profession, and looked to his pen for support, as heretofore for fame or for amusement, When, therefore, an offer of a liberal salary was made him as an assistant editor of the "New York Commercial Advertiser," a long-established and well-known daily evening paper, he accepted it, and continued his connection with that journal until his death.

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His daily task of political or literary discussion was far from giving him sufficient literary employment. His mind overflowed in all directions into other journals, even some of different political opinions from those which he supported. He had a propensity for innocent and playful literary mischief. It was his sport to excite public curiosity by giving extracts, highly spiced with fashionable allusions and eatire, "from the forthcoming novel;" which novel, in truth, was, and is yet to be written; or else to entice some unhappy wight into a literary or historical newspaper discussion, then to combat him anonymously, or, under the mask of a brother editor, to overwhelm him with history, facts, quotations, and authorities, all, if necessary, manufactured for the occasion; in short, like SHARSPEARE'S "merry wanderer of the night," to lead his unsuspecting victim around "through bog. through hush, through brier." One instance of this sportive propensity occurred in relation to a controversy about the material of the Grecian crown of victory, which arose during the excitement in favour of Grecian liberty some years ago. Several ingenious young men, fresh from their college studies, had exhausted all the learning they could procure on this grave question, either from their own acquaintance with antiquity, or at second hand from the writers upon Grecian antiquities, LEMPRIERE, POTTER, BARTHELEME, of the more erudite Paschalis de Corona; till Sanos grew tired of seeing so much scholarship wasted, and ended the controversy by an essay filled with excellent learning, chiefly fabricated by himself for the occasion, and resting mainly on a passage of PAUSANIUS, quoted in the original Greek, for which it is in vain to look in any edition of that author. ancient or modern. He had also other and graver employments. In 1828, some enterprising printrs proposed to supply South America with Spanish books suited to that market, and printed in New York. Among the works selected for this purpose were the original letters of Conres, the conqueror of Mexico. No good life of Coarse then existing in the English or Spanish language, SANDS was employed by the publishers to prepare one, which was to be translated into Spanish, and prefixed to the edition. He was fortunately relieved from any difficulty arising from the want of materials, by finding in the library of the New York Historical Society a choice collection of original Spanish authorities, which afforded him all that he desired. His manuscript was translated into Spanish, and prefixed to the letters of the Conquistador, of which a large edition was printed, while the original remained in manuscript until SANDS's writings were collected, after his death, by Mr. VERPEAVER. Thus his work had the singular fortune of being read throughout Spanish America, in another language, while it was totally unknown in its own country and native tongue. Soon after completing this piece of literary labour, he became accidentally engaged in another undertaking which afforded him much amusement and gratification. The fashion of decorated literary annuals, which the English and French had bor-

rowed some years before from the literary almanace, so long the favourites of Germany, had reached the United States, and the booksellers in the principal cities were ambitiously vicing with each other in the "Souvenirs," "Tokens," and other annual volumes. Mr. Buiss, a bookseller of New York, desirous to try his fortune in the same way, pressed Mr. SANDS to undertake the editorship of a work of this sort. This he at first declined; but it happened that, in conversation with his two friends, Mr. VERPLANCE and Mr. BRYANT, a regret was expressed that the old fashion of Queen ANNE's time, of publishing volunies of miscellanies by two or three authors together, had gone out of date. They had the edvantage, it was said, over our ordinary magazines, of being more select and distinctive in the characters and subjects, and yet did not impose upon the authors the toil or responsibility of a regular and separate work. In this way POPE and Swirr had published their minor pieces, as had other writers of that day, of no small merit and fame. One of the party proposed to publish a little volume of their own miscellauies, in humble imitation of the English wits of the last century. It occurred to SANDS to combine this idea with the form and decorations of the annual. The materials of a volume were bastily prepared, amid other occupations of the several authors, without any view to profit, and more for amusement than reputation; the kindness of several artists, with whom SANDS was in habits of intimacy, furnished some respectable embellishments; and thus a miscellany which, with the exception of two short poetical contributions, was wholly written by Mr. SANDS and his two friends above named, was published with the title of "The Talisman," and under the name and character of an imaginary author, FRANcrs HERBERT, Esq. It was favourably received, and, on the solicitation of the publisher, a second volume was as hastily prepared in the following year, by the same persons. Of this publication about one-fourth was entirely from SANDS'S pen, and about as much more was his joint work with one or another of his friends. This, as the reader must have remarked, was a favourite mode of authorship with him. He composed with case and rapidity, and, delighting in the work of composition, it gave him additional pleasure to make it a social enjoyment. He had this peculiarity, that the presence of others, in which most authors find a restraint upon the free course of their thoughts and fancies, was to him a source of inspiration and excitement. This was peculiarly visible in gay or humorous writing. In social compositions of this nature, his talent for Indicrons description and character and incident rioted and revelled, so that it generally became more the business of his coadjutor to chasten and sober his thick-coming fancies, than to furnish any thing like an equal contingent of thought or invention. For the purpose of such joint-stock authorship it is necessary that one of the associates should possess SANDA's unhesitating and rapid fluency of written style, and his singular power of seizing the ideas and

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images of his friends, and assimilating them perfectly to his own.

His "Dream of PAFANTZLE," a poem, one of the fruits of his researches into Mexican history,

\* " PACANTLIN, & Mexican princess, sister of MOTEUCzowa, and wedow of the governor of Tlateloico, died, ag was supposed, in the palace of the latter, in 1509. Her funeral rites were celebrated with the usual pompt, her brother and all the nobility attending. She was buried in a cave, or subterraneau grotto, in the gardens of the some paltice, mar a reservoir in which she usually bathed. The entrance of the cave was closed with a stone of no great size. On the day after the funeral, a little girl, five or six years old, who leved in the palace, was going from ber mother's house to the residence of the princess's in dor-domo, in a further part of the earden ; and passing by, she heard the princess calling to her cocoton, a phrase used to call and convehildren, &c. &c. The princess sent the little girl to call her mother, and much alarm was of course excited. At length the King of Tezcuco was notified of her resurrection ; and, on his representation, Mo-TECCIONA hunself, full of terror, visited her with his chief nobility. He asked her if she was his sister. "I am," said she, "the same whom you buried yesterday. I am alive, and desire to tell you what I have seen, as it imports to know it.' Then the kings sat down, and the others reunified standing, marvelling at what they heard.

"Then the princess, requiring her discourse, said :---"After my life, or, if that is possible, ofter sense and the power of motion departed, incontinently I found myself In a vast plain, to which there was no bound in any direction. In the midst I discerned a road, which divided into various paths, and on one side was a great river, whose waters made a frightful rushing noise. Being minded to lean into it to cross to the opposite side, a fair youth stood before my eyes, of noble presence, clad in long robes, white as snow, and respletident as the sun. He had two wings of beautiful plumage, and bore this sign on his forehead, (an saying, the princess made with her fingers the sign of the cross;) and taking me by the hand, sold, "Stay, it is not yet tune to pass this river. God loves thee, although thost dost not know it." Thence he led me along the shores of the river, where I saw many skulls and human bonce, and heard such doleful grooms, that they moved me to compansion. Then, turning my eyes to the river, I saw in it divers great barks, and in them many men, different from those of these regions in dress and complexion. They were white and bearded, having standards in their hands, and helmets on their heads. Then the young man said to me, 'Gop wills that you should live, that you muy bear testimony of the revolutions which are to occur in these countries. The clamours thou hast heard on these banks are those of the souls of thise ancestors, which are and ever will be tormented in punishment of their sins. The men whom thou seest passing in the barks, are those who with arms will make themselves masters of this country; and with them will come also an aununciation of the true Gob, Creator of beaven and earth. When the war is finished, and the abiation promutgated which washes away sin, thou shalt he first to receive it, and guide by thine example all the inhabitants of this land.' Thus having said, the young man disappeared; and I found myself restored to life-rose from the place on which I lay-lifted the stone from the semilchre, and issued forth from the garden, where the servants found me."

<sup>10</sup> Morgingzowa went to his house of mourning, full of heavy thoughts, saying nothing to his sister, (when he would never see again.) nor to the King of Tezcuco, nor to his continers, who tried to personde him that it was a feverish fantasy of the princess. She lived many years afterward, and in 1921 was baptized.<sup>20</sup>

This inculent, says CLAVIGERO, was universally known, and made a great noise at the time. It is described in several Mexican pictures, and afbilavits of its truth were sent to the court of Spain.—The Taliaman. is remarkable for the religious solemnity of the thoughts, the magnificence of the imagery, and the flow of the versitication. It was first published in "The Talisman," for the year 1839.

His next literary employment was the publication of a new "Life of PATL JONES," from original letters and printed and manuscript materials furnished him by a niece of the commodore. He at first meditated an entirely original work, as attractive and discursive as he could make it; but various circumstances limited him in great part to compilation and correction of the materials furnished him, or, as he termed it in one of his letters, in his accustomed quaintness of phrase, "upsetting some English duodecimos, together with all the manuscripts, into an American octavo, without worrying his brains much about the matter." This biography was printed in 1831, in a closely-printed octavo, and is doubtless the best and most authentic narrative of the life of this gallant, chivalrous, and erratic father of the American navy.

In the close of the year 1832, a work, entitled "Tales of the Glauber Spa," was published in New York. This was a series of original tales by different authors—BRIANT, PAULOING, LEGGETT, and Miss SERGWICK. To this collection SANDS contributed the introduction, which is tinged with his peculiar humour, and two of the tales, both of which are written in his happiest vein.

The last finished composition of SANDS was a little poem enuited "The Drad of 1832," which appeared anonymously in "The Commercial Advertiser," about a week before his own death. He was destined to join those whom he mourned within the few remaining days of the same year. CHARLES F. HOFFMAN had then just established "The Knickerbocker Magazine," and SANDS, on the seventeenth of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, sat down to finish an article on "Esquinaux Literature," which he had engaged to furnish for that periodical. After writing with a pencil the following line, suggested, probably, by some topic in the Greenland mythology,

"O, think not my spirit among you shides,"

he was suddenly struck with the disease which removed his own spirit from its material dwelling. Below this line, on the original manuscript, were observed, after his death, several irregular pencilmarks, extending nearly across the page, as if traced by a hand that moved in darkness, or no longer obeyed the impulse of the will. He rose, opened the door, and attempted to pass out of the room, but fell on the threshold. On being assisted to his chamber, and placed on the bed, he was observed to raise his powerless right arm with the other, and looking at it, to shed tears. He shortly after relaysed into a letharcy, from which he never awoke, and in less than four hours from the attack, expired without a struggle. He died in his thirty fourth year, when his talents, enriched by study and the experience of life, and invigorated by constant exercise, were fully matured for greater and bolder literary enterprise than any he hod yet essaved. His death was deeply mourned by many friends, and most deeply by those who knew him best.

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# PROEM TO YAMOYDEN.

Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain, The last that either bard shall e'er essay! The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again, That first ewoke them, in a happier day: Where sweeps the ocean breeze its desert way, His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave; And he who feebly now prolongs the loy, Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallow'd honours crave; His harp lies buried deep, in that untimely grave!

Friend of my youth, with thee began the love Of sacred song; the wont, in golden dreams, Mid classic realms of splendours past to rove, O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams; Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom, gleams Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage, Forever lit by memory's twilight beams; Where the proud dead, that live in storied page, Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.

There would we linger oft, entranced, to hear, O'er battle fields, the epic thunders roll; Or list, where tragic wail upon the ear, Through Argive palaces shrill echoing, stole; There would we mark, uncurh'd by all control, In central heaven, the Theban eagle's flight; Or hold communion with the musing soul Of same or bard, who sought, mid pagen night, In loved Athenian groves, for truth's eternal light.

Homeward we turn'd, to that fair land, but late Redeem'd from the strong spell that bound it fast, Where mystery, brooding o'er the waters, sate And kept the key, till three millenniums pass'd; When, as creation's noblest work was last; Latest, to man it was vouchsaled, to see Nature's great wonder, long by clouds o'ereast, And veiled in sacred awe, that it might be An empire and a home, most worthy for the free.

And here, forerunners strange and meet were found,

Of that bless'd freedom, only dream'd before ;— Dark were the morning mists, that linger'd round Their birth and story, as the line they here.

- "Earth was their mother;"-or they knew no more.
- Or would not that their secret should be told; For they were grave and silent; and such lore, To stranger cars, they loved not to unfold.
- The long-transmitted tales their sires were taught of old.

Kind nature's commoners, from her they drew Their needful wants, and learn'd not how to hoard; And him whom strength and wisdom crown'd they knew,

But with no servile reverence, as their lord. And on their mountain summits they adored One great, good Spirit, in his high abode, And thence their incense and orisons pour'd To his pervading presence, that abroad

They felt through all his works,-their Father, King, and Goo. And in the mountain mist, the torrent's spray, The quivering forest, or the glassy flood, Soft-falling showers, or buce of orient day, They imaged spirits beautiful and good; But when the tempest roar'd, with voices rude, Or fierce red lightning fired the forest pine, Or withering heats untimely sear'd the wood, The angry forms they saw of powers malign; These they besought to spare, those bless'd for aid

I have they becought to spare, those bless'd for aid divine.

As the fresh sense of life, through every vein, With the pure air they drank, inspiring came, Comely they grew, patient of toil and pain, And as the flect deer's, agile was their frame; Of meaner vices scarce they knew the name; These simple truths went down from size to son.— To reverence age,—the sluggish hunter's shame And craven warrior's infamy to shun,— [done. And still avenge each wrong, to friends or kindred

From forest shades they peer'd, with awful dread, When, uttering flame and thunder from its side, The ocean-monster, with broad wings outspread, Came ploughing gallantly the virgin tide. Few years have puss'd, and all their forests' pride From shores and hills has vanish'd, with the race, Their tenants erst, from memory who have died, Like airy shapes, which eld was wont to trace, In each green thicket's depths, and lone, sequester'd place.

And many a gloomy tale, tradition yet Saves from oblivion, of their struggles vain, Their prowess and their wrongs, for rhymer meet, To people scenes where still their names remain; And so began our young, delighted strain, That would evoke the plumed chieftains brave, And bid their martial hosts arise again, Where Narragenset's tides roll by their grave,

And Houp's romantic steeps are piled above the wave.

Friend of my youth! with thee began my song, And o'er thy bier its latest accents die; Mieled in phantom-peopled realms too long,— Though not to me the muse adverse deny, Sometimes, perhaps, her visions to descry, Such thriftless pastime should with youth be o'er; And he who loved with thee his notes to try, But for thy sake, such idlesse would deplore, And swears to meditate the thankless muse no more.

But, no ! the freshness of the past shall still Sacred to memory's holiest musings be; When through the ideal fields of song, at will, He roved and gather'd chaptets wild with thee; When, reckless of the world, alone and free, Like two proud barks, we kept our carcless way, That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea; Their white apparel and their streamers gay Bright gleaning o'er the main, beneath the ghostly nay;---

And downward, far, reflected in the clear Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees; So buovant, they do seem to float in air, And silently obey the noiseless breeze; T

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Till, all too soon, as the rule winds may please, They part for distant ports: the gales beingn Switt wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees, To its own harbour sure, where each divine And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine,

Muses of Helicon! melodious race Of Jorg and golden-hair'd Mrgmosryz; Whose art from memory blots each sadder trace, And drives each secowling form of grief away! Who, round the violet fount, your measures gay Once trod, and round the altar of great Jorg; Whence, wrapt in silvery chouds, your nightly way Ye held, and ravishing strains of music wove, That soothed the Thunderer's goul, and fill'd his

courts above.

Bright choir ! with lips untempted, and with zone Sparkling, and unapproach'd by touch profane; Ye, to whose gladsome bosome ne'er was known The blight of sorrow, or the throb of pain; Rightly invoked,...if right the elected swain, On your own mountain's side ye taught of yore, Whose honour'd hand took not your gift in vain, Worthy the budding laurel-bough it bore,... Farewell! a long farewell ! I worship you no more.

#### DREAM OF THE PRINCESS PAPANTZIN.

MEXITLIS' power was at its topmost pride; The name was terrible from sea to sea; From mountains, where the tameless Ottomite Maintain'd his savage freedom, to the shores Of wild Higueras. Through the nations pase'd, As stalks the angel of the positience, [young, The great king's messengers. They marked the The brave and beautiful, and bore them on For their foul sacrifices. Terror went Before the tyrant's heralds. Grief and wrath Remain'd behind their steps; but they were dumb.

He was as Gon. Yet in his capital Sat Morreczowa, second of that name, Trendbling with fear of dangers long foretold In ancient prophecies, and now announced By signs in heaven and portents upon earth; By the reluctant voices of pale priests; By the grave looks of solemn counsellors; But chief, by sickening heaviness of heart That told of evil, dimly understood, But evil which must come. With fire obscured, And robed in night, the giant phantom rose, Of his great empire's min, and his own. Happier, though guilticr, he, before whose glance Of reckless triumph, moved the spectral hand That traced the upcarthly characters of fate.

Twos then, one eve, when o'er the imperial lake Aud all its citics, glittering in their poup, The lord of glory threw his parting smiles, In TLATELOLCO's palace, in her bower, PAPANTELS lay reclined; sister of him At whose name monarchs trembled. Yielding there To musings various, o'er her senses crept Or sloep, or kindred death. It seen'd she stood In an illinitable plain, that stretch'd Its desert continuity around,

Upon the o'erwearied sight; in contrast strange With that rich vale, where only she had dwelt, Whose everlasting mountains, girdling it, As in a chalice held a kingdom's wealth; Their summits freezing, where the eagle tired, But found no resting-place. PAPANTZIN look'd On endless barrenness, and walk'd perplex'd Through the duil haze, along the boundless heath, Like some lone ghost in Mictian's cheerless gloom Debarred from light and glory. Wandering thus, She came where a great sullen river pour'd Its turbid waters with a rushing sound Of painful moans; as if the inky waves Were hastening still on their complaining course To escape the horrid solitudes. Beyond What seem'd a highway ran, with branching onthe Innumerous. This to gain, she sought to plunge Straight in the troubled stream. For well she knew To shun with agile limbs the current's force, Nor fear'd the noise of waters. She had play'd From infancy in her fair native lake, Amid the gay plumed creatures floating round, Wheeling or diving, with their changeful luces As fearless and as innocent as they.

A vision stay'd her purpose. By her sido Stood a bright youth; and startling, as she gazed On his effulgence, every sense was bound In pleasing awe and in fond reverence. For not TERCATLIPOLA, so he shone Upon her priest-led fancy, when from heaven By filmy thread sustain'd he came to earth, In his respiradent mail reflecting all Its images, with dazzling portraiture, Was, in his radiance and immortal youth, A peer to this new god .- His stature was Like that of men; but match'd with his, the port Of kings all dreaded was the crouching mich Of suppliants at their feet. Screne the light That floated round him, as the lineaments It cased with its mild glory. Gravely sweet The impression of his features, which to scan Their lofty loveliness forbade: His eyes She felt, but saw not : only, on his brow-From over which, encircled by what seem'd A ring of liquid diamond, in pure light Revolving over, backward flow'd his locks In buoyant, waving clusters-on his brow She mark'd a cross described ; and lowly bent, She knew not wherefore, to the sacred sign, From either shoulder mantled o'er his front Wings dropping feathery silver; and his robe, Snow-white, in the still air was motionless, As that of chisell'd god, or the pale shroud Of some fear-conjured ghost. Her hand he took And led her passive o'er the naked banks Of that black stream, still murmuring angrify. But, as he spoke, she heard its moans no more; His voice seem'd sweeter than the hymnings raised By brave and gentle souls in Paradise, To celebrate the outgoing of the sun, [yet On his majestic progress over heaven. "Stay, princess," thus he spoke, "thou mayst not O'ermas these waters. Though thou know'st it not, Nor him, Gup loves thee." So he led her on,

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Unfainting, amid hideous sights and sounds: For now, o'er scatter'd skulls and grisly bones They walk'd; while underneath, before, behind, Rise dolorous wails and groans protracted long, Sobs of deep anguish, screams of agony, And melancholy sighs, and the flerce yell Of hopeless and intolerable pain.

Shuddering, as, in the gloomy whirlwind's pause, Through the malign, distemper'd atmosphere, The second circle's purple blackness, pasz'd The pitying Florentine, who saw the shades Of poor FRANCESCA and her paramour,-The princess o'er the ghastly relics stepp'd, Listening the frightful clamour ; till a gleam, Whose sickly and phosphoric lustre seem'd Kindled from these decaying bones, lit up The sable river. Then a pageant came Over its obscure tides, of stately barks, Gigantic, with their prows of quaint device, Tall masts, and ghostly canvass, huge and high, Hung in the unnatural light and lifeless air. Grim, bearded men, with stern and angry looks, Strange robes, and uncouth armour, stood behind Their galleries and bulwarks. One ship bore A broad sheet-pendant, where, inwrought with gold, She mark'd the symbol that adorned the brow Of her mysterious guide. Down the dark stream Swept on the spectral fleet, in the false light Flickering and fading. Louder then uprose The roar of voices from the accursed strand. Until in tones, solemn and sweet, again Her angel-loader spoke. " Princess. Gop wills That thou shouldst live, to testify on earth What changes are to come : and in the world Where change comes never, live, when earth and all Its changes shall have pass'd like earth away. The cries that pierced thy soul and chill'd thy veins Are those of thy tormented ancestors. Nor shall their torment cease; for Gon is just. Foredoom'd,-since first from Aztlan led to rove, Following, in quest of change, their kindred tribes-Where'er they rested, with foul sacrifice They stain'd the shuddering earth. Their monu-By blood comented, after ages pass'd, ments, With idle wonder of fantastic guess The traveller shall hehold. For, broken, then, Like their own ugly idols, buried, burn'd, Their fragments spurn'd for every servile use, Trampled and scatter'd to the reckless winds, The records of their origin shall be. Still in their cruelty and untamed pride, They lived and died condemn'd; whether they Outcasts, upon a soil that was not theirs, [dwelt All sterile as it was, and won by stealth Food from the slimy margent of the lake, And digg'd the earth for roots and unclean worms; Or served in bondage to another race, Who loved them not. Driven forth, they wander'd [then In miscrable want, until they came Where from the thriftless rock the nopal grew, On which the hungry eagle perch'd and scream'd, And founded Tenochtitlan ; rearing first, With impious care, a cabin for their god HUITZILOPSCHTLE, and with murderous rites Devoting to his guardianship themselves

And all their issue. Quick the nopel climb'd, Its harsh and bristly growth towering o'er all The vale of Anahuac. Far for his prey, And farther still the ravenous eagle flew; And still with dripping beak, but thirst unslaked, With savage cries wheel'd home. Nine kings have reign'd,

Their records blotted and besmear'd with blood So thick that none may read them. Down the stairs And o'er the courts and winding corridors Of their abominable piles, uprear'd In the face of heaven, and naked to the sun, More blood has flow'd than would have fill'd the lakes O'er which, enthroned midst carnage, they have sat, Heaping their treasures for the stranger's spoil. Prodigious cruelty and waste of life, Unnatural riot and biaspheming pride, All that Gon hates,-and all that tumbles down Great kingdoms and luxurious commonwealths, After long centuries waxing all corrupt,-In their brief annals aggregated, forced, And monstrous, are compress'd. And now the cup Of wrath is full; and now the hour has come. Nor yet unwarn'd shall judgment overtake The tribes of Aztlan, and in chief their lords, MEXITLIS' blind adorers. As to one Who feels his inward malady remain, Howe'er health's seeming mocks his destiny, In gay or serious mood the thought of death Still comes obtrusive ; so old prophecy, From age to age preserved, has told thy race How strangers, from beyond the rising sun. Should come with thunder arm'd, to overturn Their idols, to possess their lands, and hold Them and their children in long servitude.

"Thou shalt bear record that the hour is nigh. The white and bearded men whose grim array Swept o'er thy sight, are those who are to come, And with strong arms, and wiedom stronger far, Strange beasts, obedient to their masters' touch, And engines hurling death, with Fate to aid, Shall wrest the sceptre from the Azteques' line, And lay their temples flat. Horrible war, Rapine, and murder, and destruction wild Shall hurry like the whirlwind o'er the land. Yet with the avengers come the word of peace; With the destroyers comes the bread of life; And, as the wind-god, in thine idle creed, Opens a passage with his boisterous breath Through which the genial waters over earth Shed their reviving showers ; so, when the storm Of war has pass'd, rich dews of heavenly grace Shall fall on flinty hearts. And thou, the flower,-Which, when huge cedars and most ancient pines, Coeval with the mountains, are uptorn, The hurricane shall leave unharm'd,-thou, then, Shalt be the first to lift thy drooping head Renew'd, and cleansed from every former stain.

"The fables of thy people teach, that when The deluge drown'd mankind, and one sole pair In fragile bark preserved, escaped and climb'd The steeps of Colhuncan, daughters and sons Were born to them, who knew not how to frame Their simplest thoughts in speech; till from the A dove pour'd forth, in regulated sounds, [grove

Each varied form of language. Then they spake, Though neither by another understood. But thou shalt then hear of that holiest Dove, Which is the Spirit of the eternal Gon. When all was void and dark, he moved shove Infinity; and from beneath his wings Earth and the waters and the islands rose; The air was quicken'd, and the world had life. Then all the lamps of heaven began to shine, And man was made to gaze upon their fires. "Among thy fathers' visionary tales, Thou'st heard, how once near ancient Tula dwelt A woman, holy and devout, who kept The temple pure, and to its platform saw A globe of einerald plumes descend from heaven. Placing it in her bosom to adorn Her idol's manctuary, (so the tale Runs.) she conceived, and hore MEXITER. He. When other children had assail'd her life, Sprang into being, all equipp'd for war ; His green plumes dancing in their circlet bright. Like sheaf of sun-lit spray creating the bed Of angry torrents. Round, as Tonatiun Flames in mid-heaven, his golden buckler shone : Like nimble lightning flash'd his dreadful lance : And unreleating vengeance in his eyes Blazed with its swarthy lustre. He, they tell, Led on their ancestors; and him the god Of wrath and terror, with the quivering hearts And mangled limbs of myriads, and the stonch Of blood-wash'd shrines and altars they appease. But then shall be reveal'd to thee the name And vision of a virgin undefiled, Embalm'd in holy beauty, in whose eves, Downcast and chaste, such sacred influence lived. That none might gaze in their pure spheres and feel One carth-born longing. Over her the Dove Hung, and the Almighty power came down. She In lowliness, and as a helpless hahe. [bore Heir to man's sorrows and calamities. His great Deliverer, Conqueror of Death : And then shalt learn, how when in years he grew Perfect, and fairer than the sons of men, And in that purifying rite partook Which thou shalt share, as from his sacred locks The glittering waters dropp'd, high over head The source vault was open'd, and that Dove Swiftly, serencly floating downwards, stretch'd His silvery pinions o'er the anointed Long, Sprinkling celestial dews. And thou shalt hear How, when the sacrifice for man had gone In glory home, as his chief messengers Were met in council, on a mighty wind The Dove was borne among them; on each brow A forked tongue of fire unquenchable lit; And, as the lambent points shot up and waved, Strange speech came to them ; thence to every land, In every tongue, they, with untiring steps, Bore the glad tidings of a world redrem'd." Much more, which now it suits not to rehearse.

The princess heard. The historic prophet told Past, present, future, ---things that since bave been, And things that are to come. And, as he ceased, O'er the black river, and the desert plain, As o'er the close of counterfeited scenes, Shown by the buskin'd muse, a veil came down, Impervious; and his figure faded swift In the dense gloom. But then, in starlike light, That swful symbol which adorn'd his brow In size dilating show'd: and up, still up, In its clear splendour still the same, though still Lessening, it mounted; and PAPANTZIN woke.

She woke in darkness and in solitude. Slow pass'd her lethergy sway, and long To her half-dreaming eye that brilliont sign Distinct appear'd. Then damp and close she felt The air around, and knew the poignant smell Of spicy herbs collected and confined. As those awakening from a troubled trance Are wont, she would have learn'd by touch if yet The spirit to the body was allied. Strange hindrances prevented. O'er her face A mask thick-plated lay: and round her swathed Was many a costly and encumbering role, Such as she wore on some high festival, O'erspread with precious gems, ravless and cold, That now press'd hard and sharp against her touch. The cumbrous collar round her slender neck, Of gold, thick studded with each valued stone Earth and the sca-depths yield for human pride-The bracelets and the many twisted rings That girt her taper limbs, coil upon coil-What were they in this dungeon's solitude ? The plumy coronal that would have sprung Light from her fillet in the purer air, Waving in mockery of the rainbow tinta, Now drooping low, and steep'd in clogging dews, Oppressive hung. Groping in dubious search. She found the household goods, the spindle, broom, GICALLI quaintly sculptured, and the jar That held the uscless beverage for the dead. By these, and by the jewel to her lip Attach'd, the emerald symbol of the soul, In its green life immortal, soon she knew Her dwelling was a sepulchre. She loosed The mask, and from her feathery bier uprose, Casting away the robe, which like long alb Wrapp'd her; and with it many an sloe leaf, Inscribed with Azteck characters and signs, To guide the spirit where the screent hiss'd, Hills tower'd, and deserts spread, and keen winds blew,

And many a "Flower of Death;" though their frail leaves

Were yet unwither'd. For the living warmth Which in her dwelt, their freshness had preserved; Else, if corruption had begun its work, The emblems of quick change would have survived Her beauty's semblance. What is locatty worth, If the cropp'd flower retains its tender bloom When foul decay has stolen the latest lines Of loveliness in death ! Yet even now PAPASTICS knew that her exuberant locks-Which, unconfined, had round her flow'd to earth, Like a stream rushing own some rocky steep. Threading ten thousand channels—had been shorn Of half their waving length,—and liked it not.

But through a crevice soon she mark'd a gleam Of rays uncertain; and, with staggering steps, But strong in reckless dreaminoss, while still

Congle

Presided o'er the chaos of her thoughts The revelation that upon her soul Dwelt with its power, she gain'd the cavern's throat, And push'd the quarried stone axide, and stood In the free air, and in her own domain.

But now, obscurely o'er her vision swam The beauteous landscape, with its thousand tints And changeful views; long alleve of bright trees Bending beneath their fruits; espaliers gay With tropic flowers and shrubs that fill'd the breeze With odorous incense, basins vast, where birds With shining plumage sported, smooth canals Leading the glassy wave, or towering grove Of forest veterans. On a rising bank, Her seat accustom'd, near a well hewn out From ancient rocks, into which waters gush'd From living springs, where she was wont to bathe, She threw herself to muse. Dim on her sight The imperial city and its causeways rose, With the broad lake and all its floating isles And glancing shallops, and the gilded pomp Of princely barges, canopied with plumes Spread faulike, or with tufted pageantry Waving magnificent. Unmark'd around The frequent huitzilin, with murmuring hum Of ever-restless wing, and shrill, sweet note, Shot twinkling, with the ruby star that glow'd Over his tiny bosom, and all hues That loveliest seem in heaven, with ceaseless change, Flashing from his fine films. And all in vain Untiring, from the rustling branches near. Pour'd the centzontli all his hundred strains Of imitative melody. Not now She heeded them. Yet pleasant was the shade Of palms and cedars; and through twining boughs And fluttering leaves, the subtle god of air, The serpent arm'd with plumes, most welcome crept, And fann'd her check with kindest ministry.

A dult and dismal sound came booming on ; A solemn, wild, and melancholy noise, Shaking the tranquil air; and afterward A clash and jangling, barbarously prolonged, Torturing the unwilling ear, rang dissonant. Again the unnatural thunder roll'd along, Again the crash and clamour follow'd it. Shuddering she heard, who knew that every peal From the dread gong announced a victim's heart Torn from his breast, and each triumphant clang, A mangled corse, down the great temple's stairs Hurl'd headlong; and she knew, as lately taught, How vengeance was ordain'd for cruelty; How pride would end; and uncouth soldiers tread Through bloody furrows o'er her pleasant groves And gardens; and would make themselves a road Over the dead, choking the silver lake, And cast the batter'd idols down the steps That climb'd their execrable towers, and raze Sheer from the ground Asctrzon's mighty pile.

There had been wail for her in Mexico, And with due rites and royal obsequies, Not without blood at devilish altars shed, She had been number'd with her ancestry. Here when beheld, revisiting the light, Great marvel rose, and greater terror grew, Until the kings came trembling, to receive The foreshown tidings. To his house of wo Silent and mournful, MOTRUCZONA went.

Few years had pass'd, when by the rabble hands Of his own subjects, in ignoble bonds He fell; and on a hasty gibbet rear'd By the road-side, with scorn and obloquy The brave and gracious GUATEMOTALS hung; While to Honduras, thirsting for revenge, And gloomier after all his victories, Stern Courts stalked. Such was the will of Gon.

And then, with holier rites and sacred pomp, Again committed to the peaceful grave, PAPANTZIN slept in consecrated earth.

#### MONODY ON SAMUEL PATCH.\*

By water shall be die, and take his end .- SHARBFRARE.

TOLL for SAN PATCH! SAN PATCH, who jumps no more,

This or the world to come. SAM PATCH is dead! The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore

Of dark futurity, he would not tread.

No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed; Nor with decorous wo, sedately stepp'd

In one great, wholesale sob, his body drown'd and kept.

Toll for SAN PATCH! he scorn'd the common way That leads to fame, up heights of rough ascent,

And having heard POPE and LONGING say, That some great men had risen to falls, he went

And jump'd, where wild Passaic's waves had rent The antique rocks ;---the air free passage gave,---

And graciously the liquid element Upbore him, like some sea-god on its wave ;

And all the people said that SAM was very brave.

Fame, the clear spirit that doth to heaven upraise, Led SAN to dive into what BYRON calls

The hell of waters. For the sake of praise, He woo'd the bathos down great waterfalls; The dizzy precipice, which the eve appals

Of travellers for pleasure, SANUEL found Pleasant, as are to women lighted halls, Cramm'd full of fools and fiddles; to the sound

Of the eternal roar, he timed his desperate bound.

San was a fool. But the large world of such Has thousands—better taught, alike absurd, And less sublime. Of fame he soon got much,

Where distant cataracts spout, of him men heard.

<sup>8</sup> SAMUEL PATCH was a bootman on the Eric Canal, in New York. He made humed from the Falls of bings from the masts of ships, from the Falls of Ningara, and from the Falls in the Genesse River, at Nochester. His last feat was in the summer of 1531, when, in the presence of many thousands, he jumped from above the highest rock over which the water falls in the Genesse, and was lost. He had become intoxicated, before going upon the scaffold, and lost his balance in descending. The above verses were written a few days after this event.  $T^2$ 

Distantin GOOS

Alas for Sax! Had he aright preferr'd The kindly element, to which he gave Himself so fearlessly, we had not heard That it was now his winding-sheet and grave, Nor sung, 'twirt tears and smiles, our requiem for the brave.	He jump'd in person. Death or Victory Was his device, "and there was no mistake," Except his last; and then he did but die, A blunder which the wisest men will make. Aloft, where mighty floods the mountains break, To stand, the target of ten thousand eyes, And down into the coil and water-quake
He soon got drunk, with rum and with renown, As many others in high places do;— Whose full is like Saw's last—for down and down, By one mud impulse driven, they flounder through	To leap, like MALA'S offspring, from the skies- For this, all vulgar flights he ventured to despise.
The gulf that keeps the future from our view, And then are found not. May they rest in peace! We heave the sigh to human frailty due—	And while Niagara prolongs its thunder, Though still the rock primeval disappears, And nations change their bounds—the theme of wonder
And shall not SAM have his! The muse shall cease	Shall SAN go down the entaract of long years;
To keep the heroic roll, which she began in Greece—	And if there be sublimity in tears,
With demigods, who went to the Black Sea	Those shall be precious which the adventurer shed
For wool, (and, if the best accounts be straight,	When his frail star gave way, and waked his fears
Came back, in negro phraseology,	Lest by the ungenerous crowd it might be said,
With the same wool each upon his pate,)	That he was all a hoax, or that his pluck had fied.
In which she chronicled the deathless fate	Who would compare the maudlin ALEXANDER,
Of him who jump'd into the perilous ditch	Blubbering, because he had no job in hand,
Left by Rome's street commissioners, in a state	Acting the hypocrite, or else the gander,
Which made it dangerous, and by jumping which He made himself renown'd, and the contractors rich-	With SAN, whose grief we all can understand? His crying was not womanish, nor plann'd For exhibition; but his heart o'erswell'd With its own earny, when he the grand
I say, the muse shall quite forget to sound	With its own agony, when he the grand
The chord whose music is undying, if	Natural arrangements for a jump beheld,
She do not strike it when SAN PATES is drown'd.	And, measuring the cascade, found not his courage
LENDER dived for love. Leucadia's cliff	quell'd.
The Lesbian SAPPHO leap'd from in a miff,	His last great failure set the final seal
To punish PHAON; ICANUS went dead,	Unto the record Time shall never tear,
Because the wax did not continue stiff;	While bravery has its honour,—while men feel
And, had he minded what his father said,	The holy, natural sympathies which are
He had not given a name unto his watery bed.	First, last, and mightiest in the bosom. Where
And HELLE'S case was all an accident,	The tortured tides of Genessee descend,
As everybody knows. Why sing of these?	He came—his only infinate a bear.—
Nor would I rank with SAN that man who went	(We know not that he had another friend,)
Down into ÆIna's womb—Exerptotiss,	The martyr of renown, his wayward course to end.
I think he call'd himself. Themselves to please,	The field that from the infernal rivers stole
Or else unwillingly, they made their springs;	Hell-draughts for man, too much tormented him.
For glory in the abstract, SAM made his.	With nerves unstrung, but steadfast in his soul,
To prove to all men, commons, lords, and kings,	He stood upon the salient current's brim;
That "come things may be done, as well as other	His head was giddy, and his eight was dim;
things."	And then he knew this leap would be his last,—
I will not be fatigued, by citing more	Saw air, and earth, and water wildly swim.
Who jump'd of old, by hazard or design,	With eyes of many multitudes, dense and vast.
Nor plague the weary ghosts of boyish lore,	That stared in mockery; none a look of kindness
VULCAN, APOLLO, PHAETON—in fine,	cast.
All Tooks's Pantheon. Yet they grew divine By their long tumbles; and if we can match 'Their hierarchy, shall we not entwine One wreath ! Who ever came "up to the scratch."	Beat down, in the huge amphithcatre "I see before me the gladiator lie," And tier on tier, the myriads waiting there
And, for so little, jump'd so bravely as SAN PATCH 1 To long conclusions many men have jump'd	The bow of grace, without one pitying eye- He was a slave—a captive hired to die ;— SAM was born free as CABAR ; and he might The hopeless issue have refused to try ;
In logic, and the safer course they took; By any other, they would have been stump'd, Unable to argue, or to quote a book, [brook; And quite dumb-founded, which they cannot	No! with true leap, but soon with faltering flight "Deep in the roaring gulf, he plunged to endless night."
They break no bones, and suffer no contusion,	But, ere he leap'd, he begg'd of those who made
Hiding their woful fall, by hook and crock,	Money by his dread venture, that if he
In slang and gibberish, sputtering and confusion;	Should perish, such collection should be paid
But that was not the way SAM came to his conclusion.	As might be pick'd up from the "company"

Dignastis Google

To his mother. This, his last request, shall be,-Though she who bore him ne'er his fate should An iris, glittering o'er his memory, (know-When all the streams have worn their barriers low, And, by the sea drank up, forever cease to flow.

On him who chooses to jump down entaracts, Why should the sternest moralist be severe !

Judge not the dead by prejudice—but facts, Such as in strictest evidence appear; Else were the laurels of all ages sere.

Give to the brave, who have pass'd the final goal,-

And let the muse's clerk upon her scroll, [roll. In coarse, but honest verse, make up the judgment-

Therefore it is consider'd, that SAN PATCH Shall never be forgot in prose or rhyme ; His name shall be a portion in the batch

Of the heroic dough, which baking Time Kneuds for consuming ages-and the chime

Of Fame's old bells, long as they traly ring, Shull tell of him; he dived for the sublime, And found it. Thou, who with the engle's wing, Being a goose, wouldst fly,-dream not of such a

thing !

#### EVENING.\*

HAIL! sober evening! thes the harass'd brain And sching heart with fand orisons greet; The respite thou of toil; the balm of pain; To thoughtful mind the hour for musing meet: T is then the sage, from forth his lose retreat, The rolling universe around espice;

"T is then the bard may hold communion sweet With lovely shapes, unkenn'd by grosser eyes, And quick perception comes of finer mysteries.

The silent hour of bliss! when in the west Her argent crosset lights the star of love :---The spiritual hear! when creatures bless'd Unseen return o'er former haunts to rove; While sheep his shadowy mantle spreads above, Sleep, brother of forgetfalness and death, Round well-known couch, with noiseless tread

they rove, In tones of heavenly music confort breathe, And tell what weal or bale shall chance the moon beneth.

Hour of devotion! like a distant sea, The world's load voices faintly murmuring die; Responsive to the spheral harmony, While grateful hymns are bornefrom earth on high. O! who can guze on you unsulled sky. And not grow puter from the heavenward view ! As those, the Virgin Mother's meek, full eye, Who met, if uninspired fore be true, Felt a new birth within, and sin no longer knew.

Let others hall the oriflamme of morn, O'er kindling hills unfuel'd with gorgeous dyes ! O, mild, blue Evening ! still to thee I turn, With holier thought, and with undarded eyes;---

\* From \* Yamoyden."

Where wealth and power with glare and splendour rise,

Let fools and slaves disgustful incense burn ! Still Memory's moonlight lustre let me prize; The great, the good, whose course is o'er, discern, And, from their glories past, time's mighty lessons

learn !

#### WEEHAWKEN.

Evz o'er our path is stealing fast; Yon quivering splendours are the last The sun will fing, to treachle o'er The waves that kiss the opposing shore; His latest glories fringe the height Behind us, with their golden light.

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

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

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

O'er yon rough heights and mess-clad sod. Oft hath the stalworth warrier tred; Or peer'd, with hanter's gene, to mark. The progress of the glancing bark. Spoils, strangely won on distant waves, Have lurk'd in yon obstructed caves.

When the great strife for Freedom roso, Here acousted oft her friends and foces, Alternate, through the changeful way, And heacon-fires flash'd bright and far ; And here, when Freedom's strife was won, Fell, in sad feud, her favour'd son ; —

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

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

## THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS.

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

There verdure fades never ; immortal in bloom, Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume ; And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depress'd,

All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east; There the bright eve of nature, in mild glory hovers: "T is the land of the sunbeam,-the green Isle of Lovers!

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs

Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover On high with their shade the green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eveballs of fire, When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire, Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle, Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile; From beauty there valour and strength are not rovers.

And peace reigns supreme in the green Isle of Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore. In mazes perplex'd, has beheld it no more; It fleets on the vision, deluding the view, Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue ; O ! who in this vain world of we shall discover The home undisturb'd, the green Isle of the Lover!

# THE DEAD OF 1832.

O, TIME and Death ! with certain pace, Though still unequal, hurrying on, O'erturning, in your awful race, The cot, the palace, and the throne !

Not always in the storm of war, Nor by the pestilence that sweeps From the plague-smitten realms afar, Beyond the old and solemn deeps:

In crowds the good and mighty go, And to those vast, dim chambers hie : Where, mingled with the high and low, Dead CESARS and dead SHARSPEARES lie !

Dread ministers of Gop ! sometimes Ye smite at once to do his will, In all carth's ocean-sever'd climes, Those-whose renown ye cannot kill!

When all the brightest stars that burn At once are banish'd from their spheres, Men sadly ask, when shall return

Such lustre to the coming years!

For where is he\*-who lived so long-Who raised the modern Titan's ghost. And show'd his fate in powerful song, Whose soul for learning's sake was lost ?

Where he-who backward to the birth Of Time itself, adventurous trod, And in the mingled mass of earth

Found out the handiwork of Gop ?+

Where he-who in the mortal head, Ordain'd to gaze on heaven, could trace

The soul's vast features, that shall tread The stars, when earth is nothingness ?

Where he-who struck old Albyn's lyre,§ Till round the world its echoes roll. And swept, with all a prophet's fire, The diapason of the soul?

Where he-who read the mystic lore! Buried where buried PHARAOHS sleep; And dated presumptuous to explore

Secrets four thousand years could keep !

Where he-who, with a poet's eye Of truth, on lowly nature gazed, And made even sordid Poverty Classic, when in his numbers glazed ?

Where----that old sage so hale and staid,\*\* The "greatest good" who sought to find ; Who in his garden nused, and made All forms of role for all mankind ?

And thou-whom millions far removed ++ Revered--the hierarch meek and wise, Thy ashes sleep, adored, beloved, Near where thy WESLEY's coffin lies.

He, too---the heir of glory---where## Hath great NAPOLEON's scion fled ! Ah! glory goes not to an heir! Take him, ye noble, vulgar dead !

But hark ! a nation sighs ! for he.65 Last of the brave who perill'd all To make an infant empire free,

Obeys the inevitable call! They go-and with them is a crowd,

For human rights who thought and did: We rear to them no temples proud,

Each hath his mental pyramid.

All earth is now their sepulchre, The mind, their monument sublime-

Young in eternal fame they are-Such are your triumphs, Death and Time.

Goethe and his Faust.

- 1 Spurzheim
- || Champollion. \*\* Jeremy Bentham.
- § Scott. T Ctabbe. tt Adam Clarke.

+ Cuvier.

# The Duke of Reichstadt.

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65 Charles Carroll.

## PARTING

BAT, when afar from mine thy home shall be, Still will thy soul unchanging turn to me ! When other scenes in beauty round thes lie. Will these be present to thy mental eye? Thy form, thy mind, when others fondly praise, Wilt thou forget thy poet's humbler lays? Ab me! what is there, in earth's various range, That time and absence may not sadly change ! And can the heart, that still demands new ties, New thoughts, for all its thousand sympathies-The waxen heart, where every scal may set, In turn, its stamp-remain unalter'd yet, While nature changes with each fleeting day, And seasons dance their varying course away? Ah! shouldst thou swerve from truth, all else must DarL

That yet can feed with life this wither'd heart! Whate'er its doubts, its hopes, its fears may be, 'T were, even in madness, fuithful still to thee; And shouldst thou snap that silver chord in twain, The golden bowl no other links sustain; Crush'd in the dost, its fragments then must sink, And the cold earth its latest life-drops drink. Blame not, if oft, in melancholy mood, This theme, too far, sick fancy bath pursued; And if the soul, which high with hope should beat, Turns to the gloomy grave's unbless'd retreat.

Majestic nature! since thy course began, Thy features wear no sympathy for man; The sun smiles loveliest on our darkest hours; O'er the cold grave fresh spring the sweetest flowers, And man himself, in selfish sorrows bound. Heeds not the melancholy ruin round. The crowd's vain roar still fills the passing breeze That bends above the tomb the cypress-trees. One only heart, still true in joy or wo, Is all the kindest fates can e'er bestow. If frowning Heaven that heart refuse to give, O, who would ask the ungracious boon-to live? Then hetter 'twere, if longer doom'd to prove The listless load of life, unbiess'd with love, To seek midst ocean's waste some island fair,-And dwell, the anchorito of nature, there ;-Some loucly isle, upon whose rocky shore No sound, save curlew's scream, or billow's roar, Hath echoed ever; in whose central woods, With the quick spirit of its solitudes, In converse deep, strange sympathics untried, The soul might find, which this vain world denied.

But I will trust that heart, where truth alone, In loveliest guise, sits radiant on her throne; And thus believing, fear not all the power Of absence drear, or time's most tedious hour. If e'er I sigh to win the wreaths of fame, And write on memory's scroll a deathless name, 'T is but thy loved, approving smile to meet, And hay the budding laurels at thy fort. If e'er for worldly wealth I heave a sigh, And glittering visions float on fancy's eye, 'T is but with rosy wreaths thy path to apread, And place the diadem on beauty's head. Queen of my thoughts, each subject to thy sway, Thy ruling presence lives but to obey; And shouldst thou e'er their bless'd allegiance slight, The mind must wander, lost in endless night.

Farewell ! forget me not, when others gaze Enamour'd on thee, with the looks of praise; When weary leagues before my view are cast, And each dull hour seems heavier than the last, Forget me not. May joy thy steps attend, And mayst thou find in every form a friend; With care unsullied be thy every thought; And in thy dreams of home, forget me not!

# CONCLUSION TO YAMOYDEN.

SAD was the theme, which yet to try we chose, In pleasant moments of communion sweet; When least we thought of earth's unvarnish'd woes,

And least we dream'd, in fancy's fond deceit, That either the cold grasp of death should meet, Till after many years, in ripe old age; Three little summers flew on pluions fleet, And thou art living but in memory's page. And earth seems all to me a worthless pilgrimage.

Sad was our theme; but well the wise man sung, "Better than festal halls, the house of wo;" 'T is good to stand destruction's spoils among. And muse on that sad hourne to which we go. The heart grows better when tears freely flow; And, in the many-colour'd dream of earth, One stolen hour, wherein ourselves we know, Our weskness and our vanity.—is worth

Years of unmeaning smiles, and lewd, obstreporous mirth.

"T is good to muse on nations pass'd away, Forever, from the land we call our own; Nations, as proud and mighty in their day, Who deem'd that everlasting was their throne. An age went by, and they no more were known Sublimer andness will the mind control, Listening time's deep and melaneholy mean; And meaner griefs will less disturb the soul; And human pride fails low, at human grandeur's goal.

PRILE! farewell! thee King, in idle jest, Thy persecutors named; and if indeed, The jewell'd diadem thy front hud press'd, It had become the better, than the breed Of palaces, to sceptres that succeed, To be of courtier or of priest the tool, Satiate dull sense, or count the frequent bead, Or painper gormand hunger; thou wouldst rule Better than the worm rake, the glutton, or the fool!

I would not wrong thy warrior shade, could I Aught in my verse or make or mar thy fame; As the light carol of a bird flown by [name; Will pass the youthful strain that breathed thy But in that hand whence thy destroyers came, A sacred bard thy champion shall be found; He of the laurente wreath for thee shall claim The here's honours, to earth's farthest bound, Where Albion's tongue is heard, or Albion's songue resound.

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## INVOCATION.

On quick for me the goblet fill, From bright Castalia's sparkling rill ; Plock the young laurel's flexible boogh, And let its foliage wreathe my lorow ; And bring the lyre with sounding shell, The four-string'd lyre I loved so well !

Lo? as I gaze, the picture flies Of weary life's realities; Behold the shade, the wild wood shade, The mountain steeps, the checker'd glade; And heary rocks and bubbling rills, And painted waves and distant hills.

Oh! for an hour, let me forget How much of life is left me yet; Recall the visions of the past, Pair as those tints that cannot last. That all the heavens and waters o'er Their gorgeous, transient glories pour.

Ye pastoral scenes, by fancy wrought! Ye pageants of the loftier thought! Creations proud ! majestic things! Heroes, and demigods, and kings! Return, with all of shephends' lore, Or old remance that pleased before !

Ye forms that are not of the earth, Of grace, of valoar, and of worth ! Ye bright abstractions, by the thought Like the great master's pictures, wrought To the ideal's shadowy micn, From beauties fancied, dreamt or seen !

Ye speaking sounds, that poet's ear Alone in nature's voice can hear! Thou full conception, vast and wide, Hoar of the lonely minstrel's pride, As when projection gave of old Alchymy's visionary gold!

Return I return ! oblivion bring Of cases that vex, and thoughts that sting ! The hour of glaom is o'er my soul ; Disperse the shades, the fiends control, As David's harp had power to do, If sacred chroadeles be true.

Oh come ! by every classic spell, By old Pieris's haunted well ; By revels on the Ohmeian height Held in the moon's religious light; By virgin forms that wont to lave, Permessus ! in thy lucid wave !

In vain! in vain! the strain has pass'd; The laurel leaves upon the blast Plost, wither'd, ne'er again to bloom, The cup is drain'd—the song is dumb— And spell and thyme slike in vain Would woo the genia! muse again.

#### GOOD-NIGHT.

Goon night to all the world ! there's none, Beneath the "over-going" sun, To whom I feel or hats or spite, And so to all a fair good-night. Would I could say good night to pain, Good night to conscience and her train, To cheerless poverty, and shame That I am yet unknown to fame!

Would I could say good night to dreams That haunt me with delusive gleams, That through the sable future's veil Like metores glimmer, but to fail.

Would I could say a long good-night To halting between wrong and right, And, like a giant with new force, Awake prepared to ran my course !

But time o'er good and ill sweeps on, And when few years have come and gone, The past will be to me as naught, Whether remember'd or forgot.

Yet let me hope one faithful friend, O'er my hat couch shall tearful bend; And, though no day for me was bright, Shall hid me then a long good-night.

# FROM A MONODY ON J. W. EASTBURN.

Bur now, that cherish'd voice was near ; And all around yet breathes of him ;-We look, and we can only hear The parting wings of cherubins ! Mourn ye, whom haply nature taught To share the bard's communion high ; To scan the ideal world of thought, That floats before the poet's even Ye, who with ears o'created long, From native bards disgusted fly, Expecting only, in their song, The ribald strains of calumny ;-Mourn we a minstrel chuste as sweet, Who caught from heaven no doubtful fire, But chose immortal themes as meet. Alone for an immortal lyre. O silent shell ! thy chords are riven ! That heart lies cold before its prime ! Mote are those lips, that might have given One deathless descant to our clinse ! No laurel chapict twines he now ; He sweeps a harp of heavenly tone, And plucks the amaranth for his brow That springs beside the eternal throne. Mourn ye, whom friendship's silver chain Link'd with his soul in bonds refined : That carth had striven to burst in vain.-The sacred sympathy of mind. Still long that sympathy shall last : Still shall each object, like a spell, Recall from fate the buried past, Present the mind beloved so well. That pure intelligence-Oh where Now is its onward progress won ? Through what new regions does it dars Push the bold quest on earth begun ? In realms with boundless glory fraught, Where fancy can no trophies raise In blissful vision, where the thought Is whelm'd in wonder and in praise!

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Till life's last pulse, O triply dear, A loftier strain is due to thee; But constant memory's votive tear Thy sacred epitaph must be.

#### TO THE MANITTO OF DREAMS.

SPIRIT! THOU SPIRIT of subtlest air. Whose power is upon the brain. When wondrous shapes, and dread and fair, As the film from the eyes At thy hidding flies, To sight and sense are plain ! Thy whisper creeps where leaves are stirr'd ; Thou sighest in woodland gale; Where waters are gushing thy voice is heard; And when stars are bright. At still midnight, Thy symphonies prevail ! Where the forest ocean, in quick commotion, Is waving to and fro. Thy form is seen, in the masses green, Dimly to come and go. From thy covert peeping, where thou lavest sleeping Beside the brawling brook, Thou art seen to wake, and thy flight to take Flect from thy lonely nook. Where the moonbeam has kiss'd The sparkling tide, In thy mantle of mist Thou art seen to glide. Far o'er the blue waters Melting away, On the distant billow. As on a pillow, Thy form to lay. Where the small clouds of even Are wreathing in heaven Their garland of roses, O'er the purple and gold, Whose hangings enfold The hall that encloses The couch of the sun, Whose empire is done,---There thou art smiling, For thy sway is begun: Thy shadowy sway, The senses beguiling, When the light fades away, And thy vapour of mystery o'er nature ascending, The heaven and the earth, The things that have birth, And the embryos that float in the future are blending. From the land, on whose shores the billows break The sounding waves of the mighty lake ; From the land where boundless meadows be, Where the buffalo ranges wild and free; With eilvery coat in his little isle, Where the beaver plies his ceaseless toil ; The land where pigmy forms abide, Thou leadest thy train at the eventide;

And the wings of the wind are left behind, So swift through the pathless air they glide.

Then to the chief who has fusted long, When the chains of his slumber are heavy and strong SFIRIT! thou concet; he lies as dead, His weary lids are with heaviness weigh'd; But his soul is abroad on the hurricane's pinion, Where fees are met in the rush of fight, In the shadowy world of thy dominion Conquering and slaying, till morning light!

Then shall the hunter who waits for thee, The land of the game rejoicing see; Through the leafless wood, O'er the frozen flood, And the trackless snows his spirit goes, Along the sheeted plain, Where the hermit bear, in his sullen lair, Keeps his long fast, till the winter bath pass'd And the boughs have builded again. SPIRIT OF DREAMS! all thy visions are true, Who the shadow bath seen, he the substance shall view !

Thine the riddle, strange and dark, Woven in the dreamy brain :--Thine to yield the power to mark Warrior ghosts for vengeance crying, Scalped on the lost battle's plain, Or who died their focs defying, Slow by lingering tortures slain.

Thou, the war-chief hovering near, Breathest language on his ear; When his winged words depart, Swift as arrows to the heart; When his eye the lightning leaves; When each valiant bosom heaves; Through the veins when hot and glowing Rage like liquid fire is flowing; Round and round the war pole whirling, Furious when the dancers grow; When the maces swift are hurling Promised vengeance on the foe • Thine assurance, Spinir true ! Glorious victory gives to view !

When of thought and strength despoil'd, Lies the brave man like a child; When discolour'd visions fly, Painful o'er his glazing eye, And wishes wild through his darkness rove, Like flitting wings through the tangled grove,-Thine is the wish; the vision thine, And thy visits, Semart 1 are all divine !

When the dizzy senses spin, And the brain is maily recting, Like the Pów-wah, when first within The present spirit feeling; When rays are flashing athwart the gloom, Like the dancing lights of the northern heaven. When voices strange of turnult come On the ear, like the roar of battle driven,— The Initiate then shall thy wonders see, And thy priest, O SFIRIT! is full of thee!

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# WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.

[Born, 1799, Died, 1847.]

WILLIAN B. O. PRABODY was born at Excter, New Hampshire, on the ninth of July, 1799; was graduated at Cambridge in 1816; and in 1820 became pastor of a Unitarian Society in Springfield, | history, literary and historical criticism, and poetry

Massachusetts, where he resided until his death, on the twenty-cighth of May. 1847. He was a voluminous and clegant writer in theology, natural

# HYMN OF NATURE.

Gon of the earth's extended plains ! The dark, green fields contented lie; The mountains rise like holy towers, Where man might commune with the sky: The tall cliff challenges the storm That lowers upon the vale below, Where shaded fountains send their streams, With joyous music in their flow. Gop of the dark and heavy deep! The waves lie sleeping on the sands, Till the fierce trumpet of the storm Hath summon'd up their thundering bands;

Then the white sails are dash'd like foam, Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas, Till, calm'd by thee, the sinking gale Screncly breathes, Depart in peace.

Gop of the forest's solemn shade ! The grandeur of the lonely tree, That wrestles singly with the gale,

Lifts up admiring eyes to thee; But more majestic far they stand,

When, side by side, their ranks they form, To wave on high their pluines of green, And fight their battles with the storm.

Gon of the light and viewless air ! Where summer breezes sweetly flow, Or, gathering in their angry might, The fierce and wintry tempests blow;

All-from the evening's plaintive sigh, That hardly lifts the drooping flower, To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,

Breathe forth the language of thy power.

Gon of the fair and open sky ! How gloriously above us springs The tented dome, of heavenly blue, Suspended on the rainbow's rings ! Each brilliant star, that sparkles through, Each glided cloud, that wanders free In evening's purple radiance, gives The beauty of its praise to thee.

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

Gon of the world! the hour must come. And nature's self to dust return : Her crumbling altars must decay; Her incense fires shall cease to burn;

But still her grand and lovely scenes Have made man's warmest praises flow; For hearts grow holier as they trace

The beauty of the world below.

# TO WILLIAM.

### WRITTEN BY & BEREAVED FATHER.

IT seems but yesterday, my love, Thy little heart beat high ; And I had almost scorn'd the voice That told me thou must die. I saw thee move with active bound. With spirits wild and free; And infant grace and beauty gave Their glorious charm to thee. Far on the sunny plains, I saw

Thy sparkling footsteps fly, Firm, light, and graceful, as the bird That cleaves the morning sky; And often, as the playful breeze Waved back thy shining hair, Thy cheek display'd the red rose-tint

That health had painted there.

And then, in all my thoughtfulness, I could not but rejoice

To hear, upon the morning wind, The music of thy voice,-

Now, echoing in the rapturous laugh, Now sad, almost to tears,

"T was like the sounds I used to hear, In old and happier years.

Thanks for that memory to thee, My little, lovely boy .-That memory of my youthful bliss, Which time would fain destroy.

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#### W. B. O. PEABODY.

I listen'd, as the mariner Suspends the out-bound oar, To taste the farewell gale that breathes From off his native shore.

So gentle in thy loveliness !---Alas! how could it be, That death would not forbear to lay His icy hand on thee; Nor spare thee yet a little while, In childhood's opening bloom, While many a sad and weary soul Was longing for the tomb!

Was mine a happiness too pure For erring mun to know? Or why did Heaven so soon destroy My paradise below? Enchanting as the vision was, It suuk away as soon

As when, in quick and cold eclipse, The sun grows dark at noon.

I loved thee, and my heart was bless'd; But, ere the day was spent, I saw thy light and graceful form In draoping illness bent, And shudder'd as I cast a look Upon thy fainting head; The mournful cloud was gathering there, And life was almost fied.

Dave pass'd; and soon the seal of death Made known that hope was vain;
I knew the swiftly-wasting lamp Would never burn again;
The check was paie; the snowy lips Were gently thrown apart;
And life, in every passing breath, Seem'd gushing from the heart.
I knew those marble lips to mine Should never more be press'd,
And floods of feeling, undefined,

Roll'd wildly o'er my breast; Low, stifled sounds, and dusky forms Seem'd moving in the gloom, As if death's dark array were come,

To bear thee to the tomb.

And when I could not keep the tear From gathering in my eye, Thy little hand press'd gently mine, In token of reply; To ask one more exchange of love, Thy look was upward cast, And in that long and burning kiss Thy happy spirit pass'd. I never trusted to have lived To bid farewell to thee, And almost said, in agony, I tought not so to be;

I hoped that thou within the grave My weary head shouldst lay, And live, beloved, when I was gone,

For many a happy day.

With trembling hand, I vainly tried Thy dying eyes to close; And almost envied, in that hour, Thy calm and deep repose; For I was left in loneliness. With pain and grief oppress'd, And thou wast with the sainted, Where the weary are at rest. Yes, I am sad and weary now; But let me not repine, Because a spirit, loved so well, Is earlier bless'd than mine ; My faith may darken as it will, I shall not much deplore, Since thou art where the ills of life Can never reach thee more.

## MONADNOCK.

Upon the far-off mountain's brow The angry storm has ceased to beat; And broken clouds are gathering now In sullen reverence round his feet ; I saw their dark and crowded bands In thunder on his breast descending: But there once more redeem'd he stands, And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending. I've seen him when the morning sun Burn'd like a bale-fire on the height ; I've seen him when the day was done, Bathed in the evening's crimson light. I've seen him at the midnight hour, When all the world were calmly sleeping, Like some stern sentry in his tower, His weary watch in allence keeping. And there, forever firm and clear, His lofty turret upward springs; He owns no rival summit near, No sovereign but the King of kings. Thousands of nations have pass'd by, Thousands of years unknown to story, And still his aged walls on high He rears, in mclancholy glory. The proudest works of human hands Live but an age before they fall; While that severe and heary tower Outlasts the mightiest of them all. And man himself, more frail, by far, Than even the works his hand is raising, Sinks downward, like the falling star That flashes, and expires in blazing.

And all the treasures of the heart, Its loves and sorrows, joys and fears, Its hopes and memories, must depart To sleep with unremember'd years. But still that ancient rampart stands Unchanged, though years are passing o'er him; And time withdraws his powerless hands, While ages melt away before him.

#### W. B. O. PEABODY.

So should it be-for no heart beats Within his cold and silent breast; To him no gentle voice repeats

The soothing words that make us blest. And more than this-his deep repose

Is troubled by no thoughts of sorrow; He hath no weary eyes to close, No cause to hope or fear to-morrow.

Farewell! I go my distant way; Perchance, in some succeeding years, The eyes that know no cloud to-day, May gaze upon thee dim with tears.

Till life and sorrow end forever.

#### THE WINTER NIGHT.

T is the high festival of night ! The earth is radiant with delight ; And, fast as weary day retires, The heaven unfolds its secret fires, Bright, as when first the firmament Around the new-made world was bent, And infant scraphs pierced the blue, Till rays of heaven came shining through.

And mark the heaven's reflected glow On many an icy plain below; And where the streams, with tinkling clash, Against their frozen barriers dash, Like fairy lances flectly cast, The glittering ripples hurry past; And floating sparkles glance afar, Like rivals of some upper star.

And see, beyond, how sweetly still The enowy moonlight wraps the hill, And many an aged pine receives The steady brightness on its leaves, Contrasting with those giant forms, Which, rifled by the winter storms, With naked branches, broad and high, Are darkly painted on the sky.

From every mountain's towering head A white and glistening robe is spread, As if a melted silver tide Were gushing down its lofty side; The clear, cold lustre of the moon Is purer than the burning noon; And day hath never known the charm That dwells amid this evening calm.

The idler, on his silken bed, May talk of nature, cold and dead; Hut we will gaze upon this scene, Where some transcendent power hath been, And made these streams of beauty flow In gladness on the world below, Till nature breathes from every part The rapture of her mighty heart.

# DEATH.

LIFT high the curtain's drooping fold. And let the evening sunlight in; I would not that my heart grew cold Before its better years begin. 'T is well; at such an early hour, So calm and pure, a sinking ray Should shine into the heart, with power To drive its darker thoughts away. The bright, young thoughts of early days Shall gather in my memory now, And not the later cares, whose trace Is stamp'd so deeply on my brow. What though those days return no more? The sweet remembrance is not vain, For Heaven is waiting to restore The childhood of my soul again. Let no impatient mourner stand In hollow sadness near my bed, But let me rest upon the hand, And let me hear that gentle tread Of her, whose kindness long ago, And still, unworn away by years, Has made my weary evelids flow With grateful and admiring tears. I go, but let no plaintive tone The moment's grief of friendship tell; And let no proud and graven stone Say where the weary slumbers well. A few short hours, and then for heaven! Let sorrow all its tears dismiss;

For who would mouth the warning given Which calls us from a world like this?

# AUTUMN EVENING.

BERGIN the western evening light! It melts in deepening gloom; So calmly Christians sink away, Descending to the tomb.

The wind breathes low; the withering leaf Scarce whispers from the tree;

So gently flows the parting breath, When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills The crimson light is shed ! "T is like the peace the Christian gives

To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud The sunset beam is cast!

T is like the memory left behind When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night, The yellow star appears;

So faith springs in the heart of those Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light Its glory shall restore;

Dimming Google

And evcluis that are seat'd in death Shall wake, to close no more.

# GEORGE W. DOANE.

#### [Born, 1798.]

THE Right Reverend GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D. D., LL. D., was born in Trenton, New Jersey, 1799. He was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, when nineteen years old, and immediately after commenced the study of theology. He was ordained deacon by Bishop HOBLAR, in 1821, and priest by the same prelate in 1823. He officiated in Trinity Church, New York, three years, and, in 1824, was appointed Professor of Belles Lettres and Oratory in Washington College, Connecticut. He resigned that office in 1828, and soon after was elected rector of Trinity Church, in Boston. He was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of New Jersey, on the thirty-first of October, 1832. The church has few more active, efficient, or popular prelates.

Bishop  $Do_A x x$ 's "Songs by the Way," a collection of poems, chiefly devotional, were published in 1824, and appear to have been mostly produced during his college-life. He has since, from time to time, written poetry for festival-days and other occasions; but he has published no second volume. His contributions to the religious literature of the country are more numerous and valuable.

## ON A VERY OLD WEDDING-RING.

THE DEVICE-Two hearts united. THE MOTTO-" Dear love of mine, my heart is thing."

I LIKE that ring-that ancient ring, Of massive form, and virgin gold, As firm, as free from base alloy, As were the sterling hearts of old. I like it-for it wafts me back. Far, far along the stream of time. To other men, and other days, The men and days of deeds sublime, But most I like it, as it tells The tale of well-requited love ; How youthful fondness persevered, And youthful faith disdain'd to rove-How warmly he his suit preferr'd, Though she, unpitving, long denied, Till, soften'd and subdued, at last, He won his "fair and blooming bride."-How, till the appointed day arrived, They blamed the lazy-footed hours-How, then, the white-robed maiden train Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers-And how, before the holy man, They stood, in all their youthful pride, And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows, Which bind the husband to his bride : All this it tells; the plighted troth-The gift of every earthly thing-

The hand in hand—the heart in heart— For this I like that ancient ring.

I like its old and quaint device; "Two hlended hearts"—though time may wear them.

No mortal change, no mortal chance, "Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them. Year after year, 'neath sun and storm, Their hopes in heaven, their trust in Goo, In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,

These two the world's rough pathway trod. Age might impair their youthful fires.

Their strength might fail, mid life's bleak weather, Still, hand in hand, they travell'd on-

Kind souls ! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too:

"Mine own dear love, this heart is thine !" Thine, when the dark storm howls along,

As when the cloudless sunbeams shine. "This heart is thine, mine own dear love !"

Thine, and thine only, and forever; Thine, till the springs of life shall fail, Thine, till the cords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long, Emblem of plighted troth unbroken, Pledge of devoted faithfuinces, Of beartfelt, holy love the token : What varied feelings round it cling !----For these I like that ancient ring.

#### THE VOICE OF RAMA.

"RACHEL weeping for her children, and would not be comforted."

For Salem's devastation ! Ah. no-a sorer ill than chains That bitter wail is waking,

Denny GOOQLC

# GEORGE W. DOANE.

And deeper wo than Salem's fall That tortured heart is breaking: "Tis RACHEL, of her sons bereft, Who lifts that voice of weeping; And childless are the eyes that there Their watch of grief are keeping.

O! who shall tell what fearful pange That mother's heart are rending, As o'er her infant's little grave

Her wasted form is bending; From many an eye that weeps to-day Delight may beam to-morrow; But she---her precious babe is not! And what remains but sorrow?

Weep on ! 't will coel that burning brow, And still that bosom's throbbing : But be not thine such grief as theirs

To whom no hope is given----Snatch'd from the world, its sins and enarce,

Thy infant rests in heaven.

# THAT SILENT MOON.

TEAT silent moon, that silent moon, Careering now through cloudless sky, O! who shall tell what varied scenes

Have pass'd beneath her placid eye, Since first, to light this wayward earth, She walk'd in tranquil beauty forth !

How of has guilt's unhallow'd hand, And superstition's senseless rite, And loud, licentious revelry

Profaued her pure and holy light: Small sympathy is hers, I ween, With sights like these, that virgin queen I

But dear to her, in summer eve, By rippling wave, or tufted grove, When hand in hand is purely clasp'd,

And heart meets heart in holy love, To smile in quiet loneliness,

And hear each whisper'd vow, and bless.

Dispersed along the world's wide way, When friends are far, and fond ones rove, How powerful she to wake the thought,

And start the tear for those we love, Who watch with us at night's pale noon, And gaze upon that eilent moon.

How powerful, too, to hearts that mourn, The magic of that moonlight sky,

To bring again the vanish'd scenes-The happy eves of days gone by; Again to bring, mid bursting teers, The loved, the lost of other years.

And off she looks, that silent moon, On lonely eyes that wake to weep

In dungton dark, or sacred cell, Or couch, whence pain has banish'd sleep: O! softly beams her gentle eve On those who mourn, and those who die ! But, beam on whomsoe'er she will,

And full where'er her splendours may, There's purchess in her chasten'd light, There's comfort in her tranquil ray:

What power is hers to soothe the heart-What power, the trembling tear to start!

The dewy morn let others love, Or bask them in the nooutide ray; There's not an hour but has its charm,

# THERMOPYLÆ.

"T was an hour of fearful issues, When the bold three hundred stood, For their love of holy freedom,

By that old Thessalian flood; When, lifting high each sword of flame, They call'd on every sacred name, And swore, beside those dashing waves, They never, never would be slaves!

And, O! that oath was nobly kept: From morn to setting sun

Did desperation urge the fight Which valour had begun;

Till, torrent-like, the stream of blood Ran down and mingled with the flood, And all, from mountain-cliff to wave, Was Freedom's, Valour's, Glory's grave.

O, yes, that oath was nobly kept, Which nobly had been sworn, And proudly did each gallant heart The foeman's fetters spurn; And firmly was the fight maintain'd, And amply was the triumph gain'd;

They fought, fair Liberty, for thee: They fell--- TO DIE IS TO BE FREE.

#### THE WATERS OF MARAH.

"And Moszs cried unto the Lond, and the Londshowed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."

> Br Marah's stream of bitterness When Mosses stood and cried,
> JEHOVAR heard his ferrent prayer, And instant help supplied:
> The prophet sought the precious tree With prompt, obedient feet;
> 'T was cast into the fount, and made The bitter waters sweet.
> Whene'er affliction o'er thee sheds Its influence mahign,
> Then, sufferer, be the prophet's prayer And prompt obedience, thine:
> 'T is but a Marah's fount, ordain'd

Thy faith in Gop to prove, And prover and resignation shall

Its bitterness remove.

Distanting GOOVIC

#### GEORGE W. DOANE.

#### "WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER !"

WHAT is that, Mother ?- The lark, my child !-The morn has but just look'd out, and smiled, When he starts from his humble grassy nest, And is up and away, with the dew on his breast, And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere, To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

> Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother?—The dove, my son!— And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan, Is flowing out from her gentle breast, Constant and pure, by that lonely nest, As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn, For her distant dear one's quick return:

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove, In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother ?—The eagle, boy !— Proudly carcering his course of joy; Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying, Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying, His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun, He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on. Boy, may the eagle's flight ever bo thine, Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, Mother ?—The swan, my love !— He is floating down from his native grove, No loved one now, no neatling nigh. He is floating down, by himself to die ; Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings, Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come, Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

## A CHERUB.

"Dest Sir, I am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very slad; but now he rejoices in his little orbe, while we thinke, and wigh, and long to be as safe as he is."— JERENY TAYLOR to EVELYN, 1636.

BEAUTIFUL thing, with thine eye of light, And thy brow of cloudless beauty bright, Gazing for aye on the sapphiro throne Of Him who dwelleth in light shone— Art thou hasting now, on that golden wing, With the burning scraph choir to sing 1 Or stooping to earth, in thy gratteness, Our darkling path to cheer and bless 1

Beautiful thing! thou art come in love, With gentle gales from the world above, Breathing of purcness, breathing of bliss, Bearing our spirits away from this. To the hetter thoughts, to the brighter skies, Where heaven's eternal sunshine lies; Winning our hearts, by a blessed guile, With that infant look and angel smile. 30 Beautiful thing! thou art come in joy, With the look and the voice of our darling boy-Him that was torn from the bleeding heurts He had twined about with his infant arts, To dwell, from sin and sorrow far, In the golden orb of his little star: There he rejoireth in light, while wo Long to be happy and safe as he.

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

# LINES BY THE LAKE SIDE.

This placid lake, my gentle girl, Be emblem of thy life, As full of peace and purity, As free from care and strife; No ripple on its tranquil breast That dies not with the day, No pebble in its darkest depths, But quivers in its ray. And see, how every glorious form And pageant of the skies, Reflected from its glassy face, A mirror'd image lies;

So be thy spirit ever pure,

To Gob and virtue given, And thought, and word, and action bear The imagery of heaven.

### THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

LIFT not thou the wailing voice, Weep not, 't is a Christian dicth,— Up, where blessed saints rejoice, Ransom'd now, the spirit flicth; High, in heaven's own light, she dwelleth, Full the song of triumph swelleth is Freed from earth, and earthly failing, Lift for her no voice of wailing!

Pour not thou the bitter tear; Heaven its book of comfort opeth; Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,

But, as one who alway hopeth, Humbly here in faith relying, Peacefully in JENUS dying, Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,— Why should thine with tears be gushing ?

They who die in Cunter are bless'd,— Ours be, then, no thought of grieving! Sweetly with their Gap they rest,

All their toils and troubles leaving: So be ours the faith that saveth, Hope that every trial braveth, Love that to the end endureth, And, through Curter, the crown secureth!

Distantin GOOGIC

# GRENVILLE MELLEN.

#### [Born, 1750. Died, 1841.]

GRENVILLE MELLEN was the third son of the late Chief Justice PRENTISS MELLEN, LL. D., of Maine, and was born in the town of Biddeford, in that state, on the nineteenth day of June, 1799. He was educated at Harvard College, and after leaving that seminary became a law-student in the office of his father, who had before that time removed to Portland. Soon after being admitted to the bar, he was married, and commenced the practice of his profession at North Yarmouth, a pleasant village near his native town. Within three vears-in October, 1828-his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died, and his only child followed her to the grave in the succeeding spring. From this time his character was changed. He had before been an ambitious and a happy man. The remainder of his life was clouded with melancholy.

I believe Mr. MELLEN did not become known as a writer until he was about twenty-five years old. He was then one of the contributors to the Cambridge "United States Literary Gazette." In the early part of 1827, he published a satire entitled "Our Chronicle of Twenty-six," and two years afterward, "Glad Tales and Sad Tales," a collection of prose sketches, which had previously been printed in the periodicals. "The Martyr's Triumph, Buried Valley, and other Poems," appeared in 1834. The principal poem in this volume is founded on the history of Saint Alban, the first Christian martyr in England. It is in the measure of the "Faery Queene," and has some creditable passages; but, as a whole, it hardly rises above mediocrity. In the "Buried Valley" he describes the remarkable avalanche near the Notch in the White Mountains, by which the Willey family were destroyed, many years ago. In a poem entitled "The Rest of Empires," in the same collection, he laments the custom of the elder bards to immortalize the deeds of conquerors alone, and contrasts their prostitution of the influence of poetry with the nobler uses to which it is applied in later days, in the following lines, which are characteristic of his best manner :-

"We have been taught, in orncles of old, Of the enskied divinity of song ; That Poetry and Music, hand in hand, Came in the light of inspiration forth, And claim'd alliance with the folling heavens. And were those peerless bards, whose strains have come In an undying echo to the world, Whose numbers floated round the Greelan Isles, And made melodious all the hills of Ronte,-Were they inspired 1-Alus, for Poetry1 That her great ministers, in early time. Song for the brave alone-and hade the soul-Battle for heaven in the tanks of wart It was the treason of the godlike art That pointed glory to the sword and spear, And left the heart to moulder in its mail !

It was the mental service of the bard-It was the basest bondage of his powers, In later times to consecrate a feast. And sing of gallantry in hall and bower, To courtly knights and ladtes.

"But other times have strung new lyres again, And other music greets us. Poetry Comes tobed in siniles, and, in low breathing sounds, Takes counsel, like a friend, in our still hours, And points us to the stars-the waneless stars-That whisper an hereafter to our souls. It breathes upon our spirits a rich baim, And, with its tender tones and melody, Draws mercy from the warrior-and proclaims A morn of bright and universal love To those who journey with us through the vale ; It points to moral greatness-deeds of mind, And the high struggles, worthy of a man. Have we no minstrels in our echoing halls. No wild CADWALLON, with his wilder strain, Pouring his war-songs upon helmed ears l We have sounds stealing from the far retreats Of the bright company of gifted men, Who pour their mellow music round onr age, And point us to our duties and our hearts; The poet's constellation beams around-A pensive Cowega lives in all his lines. And MILTON hymns us on to hope and heaven !"

After spending five or six years in Boston, Mr. MELLES removed to New York, where he resided nearly all the remainder of his life. He wrote much for the literary magazines, and edited several works for his friend, Mr. COLMAN, the publisher. In 1839, he established a Monthly Miscellany, but it was abandoned after the publication of a few numbers. His health had been declining for several years; his disease finally assumed the form of consumption, and he made a voyage to Cuba, in the summer of 1840, in the hope that he would derive advantage from a change of climate, and the sea air. He was disappointed; and learning of the death of his father, in the following spring, he returned to New York, where he died, on the fifth of September, 1841.

Mr. MELLEN was a gentle-hearted, amiable man, social in his feelings, and patient and resigned in the long period of physical suffering which preceded his death. As a poet, he enjoyed a higher reputation in his lifetime than his works will preserve. They are without vigour of thought or language, and are often dreamy, mystic, and unintelligible. In his writings there is no evidence of creative genius; no original, clear, and manly thought; no spirited and natural descriptions of life or nature; no humour, no pathos, no passion; nothing that appeals to the common sympathies of mankind. The little poem entitled " The Bugle," although "it whispers whence it stole its spoils," is probably superior to any thing else he wrote. It is free from the affectations and unmeaning epithets which distinguish nearly all his worka.

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#### GRENVILLE MELLEN.

### ENGLISH SCENERY.

Tax woods and vales of England !--- is there not A magic and a marvel in their names ! Is there not music in the memory Of their old glory 1-is there not a sound, As of some watchword, that recalls at night All that gave light and wonder to the day? In these soft words, that breathe of loveliness, And summon to the spirit scence that rose Rich on its raptured vision, as the eye Hung like a tranced thing above the page That genius had made golden with its glow-The page of noble story-of high towers, And castled halls, envised'd like the line Of heroes and great hearts, that centuries Had led before their hearths in dim array-Of lake and lawn, and gray and cloudy tree, That rock'd with banner'd foliage to the storm Above the walls it shadow'd, and whose leaves, Rustling in gather'd music to the winds, Secm'd voiced as with the sound of many seas!

The woods and vales of England! O, the founts, The living founts of memory! how they break And gush upon my stirr'd heart as I gaze! I hear the shout of reapers, the far low Of herds upon the banks, the distant bark Of the tired dog, stretch'd at some cottage door, The echo of the axe, mid forest swung, And the loud laugh, drowning the faint helloo.

Land of our fathers ! though 'tis ours to roam A land upon whose bosom thou mightet lie, Like infant on its mother's-though 'tis ours To gaze upon a nobler heritage Than thou couldst e'er unshadow to thy sons,-Though ours to linger upon fount and sky, Wilder, and peopled with great spirits, who Walk with a deeper majesty than thine,-Yet, as our father-land, O, who shall tell The lone, mysterious energy which calls Upon our sinking spirits to welk forth Amid thy wood and mount, where every hill Is eloquent with beauty, and the tale And song of centuries, the cloudless years When fairies walk'd thy valleys, and the turf Rung to their tiny footateps, and quick flowers Sprang with the lifting grass on which they trod-When all the landscape murmur'd to its rills, And joy with hope slept in its leafy howers I

#### MOUNT WASHINGTON.

MOUNT of the clouds, on whose Olympian height The tall rocks brighten in the other air, And spirits from the skies come down at night, To chant immortal songs to Freedom there ! Thine is the rock of other regions, where The world of life, which blooms so far below, Sweeps a wide waste: no gladdening scenes appear, Save where, with silvery flash, the waters flow Beneath the far-off mountain, distant, calm, and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose, Or, eddying wildly, round thy clubs are borne; When Tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws His billowy mist amid the thunder's home ! Far down the deep ravine the whiriwinds come, And bow the forests as they sweep along : While, roaring deeply from their rocky worth, The storms come forth, and, hurrying darkly on, Amid the echoing peaks the reveiry prolong !

And when the turnult of the air is fled, And quench'd in silence all the tempest flame, There come the dim forms of the mighty dead, Around the steep which bears the hero's name: The stars look down upon them; and the same Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave Gleams on the summit that enshrines his fame, And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave. The richest, purest tear that memory ever gave!

Mount of the clouds! when winter round thee The heary mantle of the dying year, [throws Sublime amid thy canopy of snows, Thy towers in bright magnificence appear! This then we view thee with a chilling fear, Till summer robes thee in her tints of blue; When, lo! in soften'd grandeur, far, yet clear, Thy buttlements stand clothed in heaven's own hue, To swell as Freedom's home on man's unbounded view!

# THE BUGLE.

Of wild, enchanting horn! Whose music up the deep and dewy air Swells to the clouds, and calls on Echo there, Till a new melody is born-

Wake, wake again, the night Is bending from her throne of beauty down. With still stars burning on her source crown, Intense and eloquently bright.

Night, et its pulseless noon ! When the far voice of waters mourns in song, And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark ! how it sweeps away, Soaring and dying on the silent sky, As if some sprite of sound went wandering by, With lone halloo and roundelay !

Swell, swell in glory out ! Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart, And my stirr'd spirit hears thes with a start As boyhood's old remember'd shout.

O! have ye heard that peal, From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements, Or from the guarded field and warrior tents, Like some near breath around you steal 1

Or have ye in the roar Of sca, or storm, or battle, heard it rise, Shriller than engle's chamour, to the skies, Where wings and tempests never soar ?

Go, go—no other sound, No music that of sir or earth is born, Can match the mighty music of that horn, On midnight's fathomless profound 1

Distantin GOOVIC

#### GRENVILLE MELLEN.

# ON SEEING AN EAGLE PASS NEAR ME IN AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

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

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

Yet lonely is thy shatter'd nest, Thy eyry desolate, though high;

And lonely thou, alike at rest, Or soaring in the upper sky. The golden light that bathes thy plumes

On thine interminable flight, Falls cheerless on earth's desert tombs, And makes the north's ice-mountains bright.

So come the eagle-hearted down, So come the high and proud to earth, When life's night-gathering tempests from

Over their glory and their mirth: So quails the mind's undying eye, That bore, unveil'd, fame's noontide sun; So man secks solitude, to die, His high place left, his triumphs done.

So, round the residence of power, A cold and joyless lustre shines, And on life's pinnacles will lower Clouds, dark as bathe the eagle's pines. But, O, the mellow light that pours

From Gon's pure throne----the light that saves! It warms the epirit as it soars, And sheds deep radiance round our graves.

# THE TRUE GLORY OF AMERICA.

ITATTA's vales and fountains, Though beautiful ye be, I love my soaring mountains And forests more than ye; And though a dreamy greatness rise From out your cloudy years. Like hills on distant stormy ekies, Seem dim through Nature's tears, Still, tell me not of years of old, Of ancient heart and clime : Ours is the land and age of gold, And ours the hallow'd time ! The jewell'd crown and sceptre Of Greece have pass'd away; And none, of all who wept her, Could hid her splendour stay. The world has shaken with the tread Of iron-sandall'd crime-And, lo ! o'ershadowing all the dead, The conqueror stalks sublime ! Then ask I not for crown and plume To nod above my land: The victor's footsteps point to doom, Graves open round his hand! Rome! with thy pillar'd palaces, And sculptured heroes all, Snatch'd, in their warm, triumphal days, To Art's high festival; Rome ! with thy giant sons of power, Whose pathway was on thronce, Who built their kingdoms of an hour On yet unburied bones.----I would not have my land like thee, So lofty-yet so cold ! Be hers a lowlier majesty, In yet a nobler mould. Thy marbles—works of wonder! In thy victorious days, Whose lips did seem to sunder Before the astonish'd gaze; When statue glared on statue there, The living on the dead,---And men as silent pilgrims were Before some sainted head ! O, not for faultless marbles yet Would I the light forego That beams when other lights have set, And Art herself lies low! O, ours a holier hope shall be Than consecrated bust, Some loftier mean of memory To snatch us from the dust. And ours a sterner art than this, Shall fix our image here,-The spirit's mould of loveliness --A nobler BELVIDERE! Then let them bind with bloomless flowers The busts and urns of old,-A fairer heritage be ours, A sacrifice less cold ! Give honour to the great and good, And wreathe the living brow, Kindling with Virtue's mantling blood, And pay the tribute now!

Bo, when the good and great go down, Their statues shall arise.

To crowd those temples of our own, Our fadeless memories!

And when the sculptured marble falls, And Art goes in to die,

Our forms shall live in holier halls, The Pantheon of the sky!

# GEORGE HILL.

#### [Borth, 1800.]

GEORGE HILL is a native of Guilford, on Long Island Sound, near New Haven. He was admitted to Yale College in his fifteenth year, and, when he graduated, took the Berkeleian prize, as the best classic. He was subsequently attached to the navy, as Professor of Mathematics; and visited in this capacity the Mediterranean, its storied islands, and classic shores. After his return, he was appointed librarian to the State Department, at Washington: a situation which he at length resigned on account of ill health, and was appointed Consul of the United States for the southwestern portion of Asia Minor. The climate disa-

#### FROM "THE RUINS OF ATHENS."

The daylight fades o'er old Cyliene's hill, And broad and dun the mountain shadows fall; The stars are up and sparkling, as if still Smiling upon their allars; but the tall, Dark cypress, gently, as a mourner, bends-Wet with the drops of evening as with tears-Alike o'er shrine and worshipper, and blends, All dim and lonely, with the wrecks of years, As of a world gone by no coming morning cheers.

There sits the queen of temples—gray and lone. She, like the last of an imperial line, Has seen her sister structures, one by one, To Time their gods and worshippers resign; And the stars twinkle through the weeds that twine Their roofless capitals; and, through the night, Heard the hearse drum and the exploding mine, The clash of arms and hymns of uncouth rite, From their dismantled shrines the guardian powers affright.

Go! thou from whose forsaken heart are reft The ties of home; and, where a dwelling-place Not Jovx himself the elements have left, The grass-grown, undefined arena pace! [hear Look on its rent, though tower-like shafts, and The load winds thunder in their aged face; Then slowly turn thine eye, where moulders near A C.ESAR's arch, and the blue depth of space Vaults like a sepulchre the wreeks of a past race.

Is it not better with the Eremite, Where the weeds rustle o'er his airy cave, Perch'd on their summit, through the long, still night

To sit and watch their shadows slowly wave-

greeing with him, he returned to Washington; and he is now attached again to one of the bureaus in the Department of State.

The style of Mr. Hill's poetry is severe, and sometimes so elliptical as to embarrase his meaning; this is especially true of his more elaborate production, "The Ruins of Athens," written in the Spenserian stanza. He is most successful in his lyrics, where he has more freedom, without a loss of energy. His "Titania," a dramatic piece, is perhaps the most original of his productions. It is wild and fanciful, and graced with images of much beauty and freshness.

While oft some fragment, sapp'd by duil decay, In thunder breaks the silence, and the fowl Of Ruin hoots—and turn in scorn sway Of all man builds, time levels, and the cowl Awards her moping sage in common with the owl?

Or, where the palm, at twilight's holy hour, By THESECS' fane her lonely vigil keeps: Gone are her sisters of the leaf and flower, With them the living crop earth sows and reaps, But these revive not: the weed with them sleeps, But clothes herself in beauty from their clay, And leaves them to their slumber; o'er them weeps

Vainly the Spring her quickening dews away, And Love as vainly mourns, and mourns, slas! for aye.

Or, more remote, on Nature's haunts intrude, Where, since creation, she has slept on flowers, Wet with the noonlay forest-dew, and woo'd By untamed choristers in unpruned bowers: By pathless thicket, rock that time-worn towers O'er dells untrodden by the hunter, piled Ere by its shadow measured were the hours To human eye, the rampart of the wild, Whose bunner is the cloud, by carnage undefiled,

The weary spirit that forsaken plods The world's wide wilderness, a home may find Here, mid the dwellings of long-banish'd gods. And thoughts they bring, the mourners of the mind;

The spectres that no spell has power to hind, The loved, but lost, whose soul's life is in ours, As incense in sepulchral urns, enshrined, The sense of blighted or of wasted powers, The hopes whose promised fruits have perish'd

with their flowers.

#### GEORGE HILL.

There is a small, low cape—there, where the moon Breaks o'er the shatter'd and now shapetess stone; The waters, as a rude but fitting boon, Weeds and small shells have, like a garland, thrown

Upon it, and the wind's and wave's low moan, And sighing grass, and crickct's plaint, are heard To steal upon the stillness, like a tone Remember'd. Here, by human foot unstirr'd, Its seed the thistle shols, and builds the ocean-bird.

Lurks the foul tond, the lizard basks secure Within the sepulchre of him whose name Had scatter'd navies like the whirlwind. Sure, If sught ambition's fiery wing may tame, 'Tis here; the web the spider weaves where Fame Planted her proud but sunken shaft, should bo To it a fetter, still it springs the same, Glory's fool-worshipper ! here bend thy knee ! The tomb thime altar-stone, thine idol Mockery :

A small, gray elf, all sprinkled o'er with dust Of crumbling catacomb, and mouldering shred Of banner and embroider'd pall, and rust Of arms, time-worn monuments, that shed A canker'd gleam on dim escutcheons, where The groping antiquary pores to apy---

A what? a name—perchance ne'er graven there; At whom the urchin, with his mimic eye, Sits peering through a skull, and laughs continually.

#### THE MOUNTAIN-GIRL.

Tax clouds, that upward curling from Nevada's summit fly, Melt into air: gone are the showers, And, deck'd, as 't were with bridal flowers, Earth seems to wed the sky. All hearts are by the spirit that Breathes in the sunshine stirr'd:

And there's a girl that, up and down, A merry vagrant, through the town, Goes singing like a bird.

A thing all lightness, life, and glee; One of the shapes we seem To meet in visions of the night; And, should they greet our waking sight,

Imagine that we dream.

With glossy ringlet, brow that is As failing snow-flake white, Half-hidden by its jetty braid, And eye like dewdrop in the shade, At once both dark and bright;

And check whereon the sunny clime Its brown tint gently throws, Gently, as it reluctant were To leave its print on thing so fair— A shadow on a rose.

She stops, looks up-what does she see ? A flower of crimson dyo.

Whose vase, the work of Moorish hands, A lady sprinkles, as it stands

Upon a balcony :

High, leaning from a window forth, From curtains that half-shroud Her maiden form with treas of gold. And brow that mocks their snow-white fold, Like DIAM from a cloud. Nor flower, nor lady fair she sees— That mountsin-girl—but dumb And motionless she stands, with eye

That seems communing with the sky: Her visions are of home.

That flower to her is as a tone Of some forgotten eong, One of a slumbering thousand, struck From an old harp-string; but, once woke, It brings the rest along.

She sees beside the mountain-brook, Beneath the old cork tree And toppling crag, a vine-thatch'd shed, Perch'd, like the cagle, high o'erhead, The home of liberty;

The rivulet, the olive shade, The grassy plot, the flock; Nor does her simple thought forget, Haply, the little violet, That springs beneath the rock.

Sister and mate, they may not from Her dreaming eye depart; And one, the source of gentier fears, More dear than all, for whom she wears The token at her heart.

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#### THE MIGHT OF GREECE.\*

Tax might of Greece! whose story has gone forth, Like the eternal echo of a lyre Struck by an angel, to the bounds of earth, A marvel and a melody; a fire Unquench'd, unquenchable. Castalia's choir Mourn o'er their altars worshipless or gone; But the free mountain-air they did respire Has borne their music onward, with a tone Shaking earth's tyrant race through every distant zone! A never-dying music, borne along [fraught

A never-dying music, borne along [fraught The stream of years, that else were mute, and —A boundless echo, thunder peal'd in song— With the unconquerable might of thought: The Titan that shall rive the fetters wrought By the world's god, Opinion, and set free The powers of mind giants from darkness brought; The trophies of whose triumph-march shall be Thrones, dungeone swept away, as rampires by the sea.

\* From " The Ruins of Athens."

# THE FALL OF THE OAK.

A GLORIOUS tree is the old gray oak: He has stood for a thousand years, Has stood and frown'd On the trees around, Like a king among his peers; As round their king they stand, so now, When the flowers their pale leaves fold, The tail trees round him stand, array'd In their robes of purple and gold.

He has stood like a tower Through sun and shower, And dared the winds to battle; He has heard the hail, As from plates of mail, From his own limbs shaken, rattle; He has toss'd them about, and shorn the tops (When the storm had roused his might) Of the forest trees, as a strong man doth The heads of his foes in fight.

The autumn sun looks kindly down, But the frost is on the les, And sprinkles the horn Of the owl at morn, As she hies to the old oak tree. Not a leaf is stirr'd; Not a sound is heard But the thump of the thresher's fail, The low wind's sigh, Or the distant cry Of the hound on the for's trail.

The forester he has whistling plunged With his are, in the deep wood's gloom, That shrouds the hill, Where few and chill The sunbeams struggling come: His brawny arm he has bared, and laid His are at the root of the tree, The gray old oak, And, with lusty stroke, He wields it merrily:---

With lusty stroke,— And the old gray oak, Through the folds of his gorgeous vest You may see him shake, And the night-owl break From her perch in his leafy crest. She will come but to find him gone from where He stood at the break of day; Like a cloud that peals as it melts to air, He has pass'd, with a crash, away.

Though the spring in the bloom and the frost in gold No more his limbs attire, On the stormy wave He shall float, and brave The blast and the battle-fire ! Shall spread his white wings to the wind, And thunder on the deep, As be thunder'd when His bough was green, On the bigh and stormy steep.

# LIBERTY.

**TEXER is a spirit working in the world,** Like to a silent subterrancan fire; Yet, ever and anon, some monarch hurl'd Aghast and pale, attests its fearful ire. The dungeon'd nations now once more respire The keen and stirring air of Liberty. The strugging giant wakes, and feels he's free. By Delphi's fountain-cave, that ancient choir Resume their song; the Greek astonish'd hears, And the old altar of his worship rears. Sound on, fair sisters ! sound your boldest lyre,— Peal your old harmonies as from the spheres. Unto strange gods too long we've bent the knee,

The trembling mind, too long and patiently.

## TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

WHAT things of thee may yield a semblance meet, And him, thy fairy portmiture ? a flower

And bud, moon and attending star, a sweet Voice and its sweeter echo. Time has small power

O'er features the mind moulds; and such are thine, Imperishably lovely. Roses, where

They once have bloom'd, a fragmance leave behind; And harmony will linger on the wind;

And suns continue to light up the air,

When set; and music from the broken shrine Breathes, it is said, around whose altar-stone

His flower the votary has ceased to twine :---

Types of the beauty that, when youth is gone, Beams from the soul whose brightness mocks decline.

### SPRING.

Now Heaven seems one bright, rejoicing eye, And Earth her sleeping vesture fings aside, And with a blush awakes as does a bride; And Nature speaks, like thee, in melody.

The forcet, sunward, glistens, green and high;

The ground each moment, as some blussom springs,

Puts forth, as does thy check, a lovelier dye, And each new morning some new songster brings. And, hark ! the brooks their rocky prisons break, And echo calls on echo to awake,

Like nymph to nymph. The air is rife with wings, Rustling through wood or dripping over lake.

Herb, bud, and bird return—but not to me With song or beauty, since they bring thee.

#### NOBILITY.

Go, then, to heroes, sages if allied, Go! trace the scroll, but not with eye of pride, Where Truth depicts their glories as they shone, And leaves a blank where should have been your own.

Mark the pure beam on yon dark wave impress'd; So shines the star on that degenerate breast— Each twinkling orb, that burns with borrow'd fires,— So ye reflect the glory of your sires.

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# JAMES G. BROOKS.

#### (Born, 1901. Died, 1841.)

Tax late James Gondow BROOKS was been at ! Red Hook, near the city of New York, on the third day of September, 1801. His father was an other in the revolutionary army, and, after the achievement of our independence, a member of the national House of Representatives. Our author was educated at Union College, in Schenectady, and was graduated in 1819. In the following year he commenced studying the law with Mr. Justice Emorr, of Poughkeepsie; but, though he devoted six or seven years to the acquisition of legal knowledge, he never sought admission to the bar. In 1823, he removed to New York, where he was for several years an editor of the Morning Courier, one of the most able and influential journals in this country.

Mr. BROOKS began to write for the press in 1817. Two years afterward he adopted the signature of "Florio," by which his contributions to the periodicals were from that time known. In 1828, he was married. His wife, under the signature of "Norma," had been for several years a writer for the literary journals, and, in 1829, a collection of the poetry of both was published, entitled "The Rivals of Este, and other Poems, by James G. and Mary E. Brooks." The poem which gave its title to the volume was by Mrs. BROOKS. The longest of the pieces by her husband was one entitled "Genius," which he had delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, in 1827. He wrote but little poetry after the appearance of this work.

In 1830 or 1831, he removed to Winchester, in Virginia, where, for four or five years, he edited a political and literary gazette. He returned to the state of New York, in 1838, and established himself in Albany, where he remained until the 20th day of February, 1841, when he died.

The poems of Mr. BROOKS are spirited and smoothly versified, but diffuse and carclessly written. He was imaginative, and composed with remarkable ease and rapidity; but was too indifferent in regard to his reputation ever to rewrite or revise his productions.

## GREECE-1832.

LAND of the brave ! where lie inum'd The shrouded forms of mortal clay, In whom the fire of valour burn'd, And blazed upon the battle's fray: Land, where the gallant Spartan few Bied at Thermopyles of yore, When death his purple garment threw On Helle's consecrated shore !

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers Her soul-entrancing echoes rung, While on their course the rapid hours

Paused at the melody she sung-Till every grove and every hill. And every stream that flow'd along,

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

Land of dead heroes! living slaves! Shall glory gild thy clime no more ? Her banner float above thy waves

Where proudly it hath swept before ? Hath not remembrance then a charm To break the fettern and the chain, To bid thy children nerve the arm,

And strike for freedom once again ? No ? coward souls, the light which shons On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,

The light which beam'd on Marathon Huth lost its splendour, ceased to play; And thou art but a shadow now, With helmet shatter'd—spear in rust— Thy honour but a dream—and thou Despised—degraded in the dust!

Where sleeps the spirit, that of old Dash'd down to earth the Persian plume, When the loud chant of triumph told How fatal was the despot's doom ?-The hold three hundred-where are they, Who died on battle's gory breast? Tyrants have trampled on the clay Where death hath hush'd them into rest. Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill A glory shines of ages fied; And fame her light is pouring still, Not on the living, but the dead ! But 't is the dim, sepulchral light, Which sheds a faint and feeble ray, As moonbeams on the brow of night, When tempests sweep upon their way. Greece! yet awake thee from thy trance, Behold, thy banner waves afar ; Bchold, the glittering weapons glance Along the gleaming front of war! A gallant chief, of high emprize,

Is urging foremost in the field, Who calls upon thee to arise

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In might-in majesty reveat'd.

#### JAMES G. BROOKS.

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

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

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm Hath pass'd in giant fury by, To blast the beauty of thy form, And spread its pall upon the sky? Gone is thy glory's diadem, And freedom never more shall cease To pour her mournful requiem O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece ?

#### TO THE DYING YEAR.

Theor desolate and dying year ! Emblem of transitory man, Whose wearisome and wild career, Like thine, is bounded to a span; It seems but as a little day

Since nature smiled upon thy birth, And Spring came forth in fair array, To dance upon the joyous carth.

Sad alteration ! now how lone, How verdureless is nature's breast, Where ruin makes his empire known, In autumn's yellow vesture dress'd; The sprightly bird, whose carol sweet Broke on the breath of early day, The summer flowers she loved to greet; The bird, the flowers, O! where are they !

Thou desolate and dying year! Yet lovely in thy lifelessness As beauty stretch'd upon the bier, In death's clay-cold and dark caress; There's loveliness in thy decay, Which breathes, which lingers on thee still, Like memory's mild and cheering my Beaming upon the night of ill.

Yet, yet the radiance is not gone, Which shed a richness o'er the scene, Which smiled upon the golden dawn. When skies were brillient and serene; O! still a melancholy smile Gleams upon Nature's aspect fair, To charm the eye a little while, Ere ruin spreads his mantle there!

Thou desolate and dying year! Since time entwined thy vernal wreath, How often love hath shed the tear, And knelt beside the hed of death; How many hearts, that lightly sprung When joy was blooming but to die, Their finest chords by death unstrung, Have yielded life's expiring sigh, And, pillow'd low beneath the clay, Have ceased to melt, to breathe, to burn ; The proud, the gentle, and the gay, Gather'd unto the mouldering urn ; While freshly flow'd the frequent tear For love bereft, affection fied ; For all that were our blessings here. The loved, the lost, the sainted dead ! Thou desolute and dying year! The musing spirit finds in thee Lessons, impressive and serene, Of deep and stern morality: Thou teachest how the germ of youth, Which blooms in being's dawning day, Planted by nature, rear'd by truth, Withers, like thee, in dark decay, Promise of youth ' fair as the form Of Heaven's benign and golden bow, Thy smiling arch begirds the storm, And sheds a light on every wo; Hope wakes for thee, and to her tongue A tone of melody is given. As if her magic voice were strung With the empyreal fire of heaven. And love which never can expire, Whose origin is from on high. Throws o'er thy morn a ray of fire, From the pure fountains of the sky; That ray which glows and brightens still, Unchanged, eternal and divine; Where scraphs own its holy thrill, And bow before its gleaming shrine. Thou desolate and dving year! Prophetic of our final fall; Thy buds are gone, thy leaves are sear ; Thy beauties shrouded in the pull; And all the garniture that shed A brilliancy upon thy prime, Hath like a morning vision fled Unto the expanded grave of time. Time! Time! in thy triumphal flight, How all life's phantoms fleet away; Thy smile of hope, and young delight, Fame's meteor-beam, and Faney's ray: They fade; and on the heaving tide, Rolling its stormy waves afar, Are borne the wreck of human pride, The broken wreck of Fortune's war. There, in disorder, dark and wild, Are seen the fubrics once so high; Which mortal vanity had piled

terments Google

As emblems of eternity!

## JAMES G. BROOKS.

And deem'd the stately piles, whose forms Frown'd in their majesty sublime, Would stand unshaken by the storms That gather'd round the brow of Time. Thou desolute and dying year ! Earth's brightest pleasures fade like thine ; Like evening shadows disappear, And leave the spirit to repine. The stream of life, that used to pour Its fresh and sparkling waters on, While Fate stood watching on the shore, And number'd all the moments gone-Where hath the morning splendour flown, Which danced upon the crystal stream 1 Where are the joys to childhood known, When life was an enchanted dream I Enveloped in the starless night Which destiny hath overspread : Enroll'd upon that trackless flight Where the death-wing of time hath sped ! O! thus both life its even-tide Of sorrow, loncliness, and grief; And thus, divested of its pride,

It withers like the yellow leaf: O! such is like's autumnal bower, When plunder'd of its summer bloom; And such is like's autumnal hour, Which heraids man unto the tomb!

## TO THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Theor faded leaf! it seems to be But as of yesterday, When thou didst flourish on the tree In all the pride of May: Then t'was the merry hour of spring, Of nature's fairest blossoming.

On fichl, on flower, and spray; It promised fair; how changed the scene To what is now, from what hath been !

So fates it with life's early spring ; Hope gilds each coming day. And sweetly doth the syren sing Her fond, delusive lay : Then the young, fervent heart beats high,

While passion kindles in the eye, With bright, unceasing play; \* Fair are thy tints, thou genial hour, Yet transient as the autumn flower.

Thou faded leaf! how like to thee Is beauty in her morning pride,

When life is but a summer sea, And hope illumes its placid tide:

Alas! for beauty's autumn hour, Alas! for beauty's blighted flower, When hope and bliss have died! Her pallid brow, her check of grief, Have thy sad hue, thou failed leaf!

Autumnal leaf : thus honour's plume, And valour's laurel wreath must fade; Must lose the freshness, and the bloom On which the beam of glory play'd; The banner waving o'er the crowd, Par streaming like a silver cloud, Must sink within the shade,

Where dark oblivion's waters flow O'er human weal and human wo.

Autumnal leaf! there is a stern And warning tone in thy decay; Like thee must man to death return

With his fmil tenement of clay: Thy warning is of death and doom, Of genius blighted in its bloom,

Of joy's beclouded rav; Life, rapture, hope, ye are as brief And floeting as the autumn leaf!

### THE LAST SONG.

STATES the wild harp yet once again ! Again its lonely numbers pour ; Then let the melancholy strain He hush'd in death for evermore. For evermore, for evermore, Creative fancy, be thou still; And let oblivious Lethe pour Upon my lyre its waters chill. Strike the wild harp yet once again ! Then be its fitful chords unstrung, Silent as is the grave's domain, And mute as the death-moulder'd tongue : Let not a thought of memory dwell One moment on its former song; Forgotten, too, be this farewell, Which plays its pensive strings along ! Strike the wild harp yet once again ! The saddest and the latest lay; Then break at once its strings in twain. And they shall sound no more for sye: And hang it on the cypress tree :

The hours of youth and song have pass'd, Have gone, with all their witchery;

Lost lyre! these numbers are thy last.

## JOY AND SORROW.

Jor kneels, at morning's rosy prime, In worship to the rising sun; But Sorrow loves the calmer time, When the day-god his course bath run; When Night is on her shadowy car, Pale sorrow wakes while Joy doth sleep; And, guided by the evening star, She wanders forth to muse and weep. Joy loves to cull the summer-flower. And wreathe it round his happy brow; But when the dark eutumnal hour Hath leid the leaf and blossoms low; When the frail hud hath lost its worth,

And Joy hath dash'd it from his crest, Then Sorrow takes it from the earth, To wither on her wither'd breast.

Distanting GOOQIC

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## GEORGE P. MORRIS.

[Torn, 1901.]

This popular song-writer is a native of Philadelphia. In common with many prominent authors of the present time, he commenced his literary career by contributions to the journals. When about fifteen years of age he wrote verses for the "New York Gazette," and he subsequently filled occessionally " the poet's corner" in the "American," at that time under the direction of Mr. Jourson VERPLANCE. In 1823, with the late Mr. Woonwonrn, he established the "New York Mirror," a weekly miscellany which for nearly nineteen years was conducted with much taste and ability. In 1827 his play, in five acts, entitled "Brier Cliff, a tale of the American Revolution," was brought out at the Chatham Theatre by Mr. WALLACK, and acted forty nights successively. I have been informed that its popularity was so great that it was played at four theatres in New York, to full houses, on the same evening, and that it yielded the author a profit of three thousand five hundred dollars, a larger sum, probably, than was ever paid for any other dramatic composition in the United States.

In 1836 General Mourts published a volume of amusing prose writings under the title of "The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots;" in 1838 "The Deserted Bride and other Poems," of which an enlarged edition, illustrated by Wirm and CHAPMAN, appeared in 1843; and in 1844 a complete collection of his "Songs and Ballads." The composition which is understood to rank highest in his own estimation is the poetry of "The Maid of Saxony," an opera with music by Mr. CHABLES HORN, produced at the Park Theatre in 1842. In 1843, in conjunction with Mr. WILLS, he reëstablished "The Mirror," and he is now associated with that popular author in conducting "The Home Journal."

If there is any literary work which calls for a special gift of nature, perhaps it is the song. In terms of a sounder theory, I may say, that its successful accomplishment, beyond almost any other composition, demands an intelligent insight into the principles upon which its effect depends, and a capacity, if not to combine with imposing strength, yet to select with the nicest judgment. Other productions often gratify long and highly, in spite of considerable defects, while the soug, to succeed at all, must be nearly perfect. It implies a taste delicately skilled in the fine influences of language. It has often shunned the diligence of men who have done greater things. Starting from some common perception, by almost a crystalline process of accretion, it should grow up into a poem. Its first note should find the hearer in sympathy with it, and its last should leave him moved and wondering. Throughout, it must have an affinity to some one fixed idea. Its propriety is, not so much to give expression to a feeling existing in the bosom of the author, as to reproduce that feeling in the heart of the listener. The tone of the composition ought therefore to be, as much as is possible, *below* the force of the feeling which it would inspire. It should be simple, entire, and glowing.

The distinction and difficulty of the song are illustrated by the genius of Jonson, MARLOWE, and DHYDEN; by the fame of MOORE, and the failure of Brnos. Several of the songs of MORRIS, whether judged of by their success, or by the application of any rules of criticism, are nearly faultless. They are in a very chaste style of art. They have the simplicity which is the characteristic of the classic models, and the purity which was once deemed an indispensable quality in the lyric poet. They are marked by neatness of language, free from every thing affected or finical; a natural elegance of sentiment, and a correct moral purpose. His best effusions have few marks of imitation; they are like each other, but no English song can be named from which, in charactor and tone, they are not different. "The Chieftain's Daughter" is an example of the nurrative song, in which the whole story is tokl, in a few lines, without omission and without redundancy; "When other friends are round thee," is a benutiful expression of affection; "Land, Ho!" is an exceedingly spirited and joyous nutrical piece; and in "Near the Lake," the very delicate effect which the author has contemplated is attained with remarkable precision. In sentiment, as in sound, there are certain natural melodies, which seem to be discovered rather than contrived, and which, as they are evolved from time to time by the felicity or skill of successive artists, are sure to be received with unbounded popularity. The higher and more elaborate productions of genius are best appreciated by the thoughtful analysis of a single critic; but the appropriate test of the merit of these simple, apparently almost spontaneous effusions, is the response which they meet with from the common heart of man. The melodies of MOZART and AUBER, doubtless, enchanted their ears who first heard them played by the composers, but we know them to be founded in the enduring truth of art, only because they have made themselves a home in the streets of every city of Europe and Americal and after long experience have been found to be among the natural formulas by which gaiety and melancholy express themselves in every rank and in every land. The song of "Woodman, spare that Tree, has touched one of those cords of pervading nature which fraternize multitudes of different nations.

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## GEORGE P. MORRIS.

## THE WEST.

Ho! brothers-come hither and list to my story-Merry and brief will the narrative be:

Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory-Master am I, boys, of all that I see.

Where once frown'd a forest a garden is smiling-The meadow and moorland are marshes no more:

And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling The children who cluster like grapes at the door, Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest; The land of the heart is the land of the west. Oho, boys !---oho, boys !---oho !

Talk not of the town, boys,-give me the broad prairie,

Where man like the wind roams impulsive and Behold how its beautiful colours all vary, [free;

Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea. A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;

With proud independence we season our cheer, And those who the world are for happiness ranging,

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger, We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;

We spread hospitality's board for the stranger, And care not a fig for the king on his throne;

We never know want, for we live by our labour, And in it contentment and happiness find;

We do what we can for a friend or a neighbour. And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind. Then enter, boys, cheerly, boys, enter and rest; You know how we live, boys, and die in the west! Oho, boys !---oho, boys !---oho !

## "LAND-HO!"

Up, up, with the signal ! The land is in sight! We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night! The cold, cheerless occan in safety we've pass'd. And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last. In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find, To soothe us in absence of those left behind. Land !--land-ho! All hearts glow with joy at the sight!

We'll be happy, if never again, hoys, to-night !

The signal is maring t Till morn we'll remain, Then part in the hope to meet one day again Round the hearth-stone of home in the land of our birth.

The holiest spot on the face of the earth! Dear country ! our thoughts are as constant to thee, As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea. Ho !--hand-ho ! We near it—we bound at the sight!

Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is answer'd l. The feam-sparkles rise Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes! May min-drops that fail from the storm-cloude of care,

Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair! One health, as chime gayly the nautical bells, Towoman-God bless her!--wherever she dwells! THE FILOT'S ON BOARD!--and, thank Heaven, all's right!

So be happy, if never again, boys, to-night !

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

Uros the barren sand A single captive stood. Around him came, with bow and brand, The red men of the wood. Like him of old, his doom he hears, Rock-hound on ocean's rim :--The chiettain's daughter knelt in tears, And breathed a prayer for him. Above his head in air, The savage war-club swung. The frantic girl, in wild despair, Her arms aboat him slung. Then shook the warriors of the shade, Like leaves on aspen limb,

Subdued by that heroic maid Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him ?" gasp'd the chief, "Obey your king's decree !"

He kiss'd away her tears of grief, And set the captive free.

"Tis over thus, when in life's storm, Hope's star to man grows dim,

An angel kneels in woman's form, And breathes a prayer for him.

## NEAR THE LAKE.

NEAR the lake where droop'd the willow, Long time ago !

Where the rock threw back the billow, Brighter than show ;

Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd, By high and low:

But with autuum's leaf she perished, Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water, Long time ago !

Bee and bird and blossom taught her Love's spell to know !

While to my fond words she listened, Murmuring low,

Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts for ever ! Long time ago !

Can I now forget her ?--Never ! No, lost one, no !

To her grave these tears are given, Ever to flow ;

She's the star I miss'd from heaven, Long time ago !

Congle

## GEORGE P. MORRIS.

## "WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE."

When other friends are round thee, And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crown'd thee, More fresh and green than nine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doating heart will be,
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,
Beloved onc, for thee !

Yet do not think I doubt thee, I know thy truth remains; I would not live without thee, For all the world contains. Thou art the star that guides me Along life's changing sea; And whate'er fate betides me, This heart still turns to thee.

## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Whon XAN, spare that free ! Touch not a single bough ! In youth it shelter'd me, And I'll protect it now. 'T was my forefather's hand That placed it near his cot; There, woodman. let it stand, 'Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree, Whose glory and renown Are spread o'er land and sea, And wouldst thou hew it down ? Woodman, forbear thy stroke ! Cut not its earth-bound ties; Oh spare that aced oak, Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy I sought its grateful shade; In all their gushing joy Here too my sisters play'd. ' My mother kiss'd me here; My futher press'd my hand— Forgive this foolish tear, But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round three cling, Close as thy bark, old friend ! Here shall the wild-bird sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree! the storm still brave ! And, woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not.

WARET I had sung the noble ballad of Woodman, spars that tree, at Boulogne, says Mr. Henry Russell, the vocalist, an old gentieman, among the addience, who was greatly moved by the simple and touching beauty of the words, rose and said. "I heg your pardon, Mr. Russell, but was the tree really spared I'' "It was," said L. "I am very glod to hear it," said he, as he took his scat amides the unanimous applause of the whole assembly. I nover new such excitement in a concert-toom.

### "WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE."

WULLE Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands Winds through the hills afar, Old Cronest like a monarch stands, Crown'd with a single star! And there, amid the billowy swells Of rock-ribb'd, cloud-capp'd earth, My fair and gentle Ida dwells, A nymph of mountain birth. The snow-flake that the cliff receives. The diamonds of the showers. Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves, The sisterhood of flowers, Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze, Her purity define ; But Ida's dearer far than these To this foud breast of mine. My heart is on the hills. The shades Of night are on my brow ;

Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades, My soul is with you now !

I bless the stor-crown'd highlands where My Ida's footsteps roam-

Oh! for a falcon's wing to bear Me onward to my home.

## THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

As ivy-mantled cottage smiled, Deep-wooded near a streamlet's side, Where dwelt the village pastor's child, In all her maiden bloom and pride. Proud suitors paid their court and duty To this romantic sylvan beauty: Yet none of all the swains who sought her, Was worthy of the pastor's daughter.

The town-guliants cross'd hill and plain, To seek the groves of her retreat, And many follow'd in her train, To lay their riches at her feet. But still, for all their arts so wary, From home they could not lure the fairy. A maid without a heart, they thought her, And so they left the pastor's daughter.

One balmy eve in dewy spring A bard became her father's guest; He struck his harp, and every string To love vibrated in her breast. With that true faith which cannot falter, Her hand was given at the altar, And faithful was the heart he brought her To wedlock and the pastor's daughter.

How seldom learn the worldly gay, With all their sophistry and art, The sweet and gentle primrose-way

To woman's fond, devoted heart: They seek, but never find the treasure, Although reveal'd in jet and azure. To them, like truth in wells of water, A fable is the paster's daughter.

## ALBERT G. GREENE.

#### (Bort, 1809.)

MR. GREEXE was born in Providence, Rhode I Island, on the tenth day of February, 1802. He was educated at Brown University, in that city, at which he was graduated in 1820. He was soon after admitted to the bar, and followed his profession until 1834, when he was elected to an office under the city government, in which he has since

remained. One of his earliest metrical compositions was the familiar piece entitled "Old Grimes," which was written in the year in which he entered the university.

His poems, except one delivered before a literary society, at Providence, were written for periodicals, and have never been published in a collected form.

## THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'RR a low couch the setting sun Had thrown its latest ray. Where in his last strong agony A dying warrior lay, The stern, old Baron RUBIGER, Whose faine had ne'er been bent By wasting pain, till time and toil Its iron strength had spent. " They come around me here, and say My days of life are o'er, That I shall mount my noble steed And lead my hand no more; They come, and to my heard they dars To tell me now, that I, Their own liege lord and master born,-That I-ha! ha!-must dic. "And what is death ! I've dared him off

 Before the Paynim spear,→
 Think ye he's entered at my gate, Has come to seek me here !
 I've met him, faced him, scom'd him,

"Ho! sound the toesin from my tower,---And fire the culverin,---Bid each retainer arm with speed,---Call every vassal in ; Up with my banner on the wall,---The banquet board prepare,---Throw wide the portal of my hall, And bring my armour there!" A hundred hands were busy then,---The banquet forth was spread,---

And rung the heavy oaken floor With many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery Along the vaulted wall,
Lighta gleam'd on harness, plume, and spear,
O'or the proud, old Gothic hall. Fast hurrying through the outer gate, The mail'd retainers pour'd,

On through the portal's frowning arch, And throng'd around the board. While at its head, within his dark,

While at its head, within his dark Curved oaken chair of state, Arm'd cap-a-pie, stern Runness,

With girded falchion, sate.

Fill every beaker up, my men, Pour furth the cheering wine; There's life and strength in every drop, Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true!— Mine eyes are waxing dim;—
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, Each goblet to the brim.
Ye're there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword,—

And let me hear your faithful steel Clash once around my board : I hear it faintly :--Louder yet !---What clogs my heavy breath ? Up all,---snd shout for Reviews,

"Defiance unto Death !"

Howi rang to bowi, ---steel clang'd to steel,
--And rose a dealening cry
That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high :--"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him !--Slaves, traitors! have ye flown !
Ho! cowards, have ye left me
To meet him here alone!

But I defy him :--let him come!" Down rang the massy cup. While from its sheath the ready blade Came flashing halfway up; And, with the black and heavy plumes Scarce trembling on his lead. There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, Old Repress sat, dead.

Dimenty GOOgle

## ALBERT G. GREENE.

## TO THE WEATHERCOCK ON OUR STEEPLE.

Tax dawn has broke, the morn is up, Another day begun; And there thy poised and gilded spear Is flashing in the sun, Upon that steep and lotty tower Where thou thy watch hast kept, A true and faithful sentinel, While all around thee slept. For years, upon thee, there has pour'd

The summer's noon-day heat. And through the long, dark, starless night, The winter storms have beat; But yet thy duty has been done, By day and night the same, Still then hast met and faced the storm, Whichever way it came.

No chilling blast in wrath has swept Along the distant heaven, But thou hast watch'd its onward course, And distant warning given; And when mid-summer's sultry beams Oppress all living things. Thou dost foretell each breeze that comes With health upon its wings. How oft I've seen, at early dawn, Or twilight's quiet hour, The swallows, in their joyous glee,

Come during round thy tower, As if, with thee, to hail the sun And catch his earliest light, And offer ye the morn's salute, Or bid ye both,-good-night

And when, around thee or above, No breath of air has stirr'd, Thou seem'st to watch the circling flight Of each free, happy bird, Till, after twittering round thy head In many a mazy track, The whole delighted company Have settled on thy back.

Then, if, perchance, amilet their mirth, A gentle breeze has sprung, And, prompt to mark its first approach, Thy eager form halb swung.

I've thought I almost heard thee say, As far sloft they flew,---

"Now all away !- here ends our play, For I have work to do !

Men slander thee, my honest friend, And call thee, in their pride, An emblem of their ficklenese, Thou ever-faithful guide. Each weak, unstable human mind A # weathercock?" they call;

And thus, unthinkingly, mankind Abuse thee, one and all. They have no right to make thy name A by-word for their deeds :-They change their friends, their principles, Their fashions, and their creeds; Whilst thou hast ne'er, like them, been known Thus causelessly to range: But when thou changest sides, canst give Good reason for the change. Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course The thoughtless oft condemn, Art touch'd by many airs from heaven Which never breathe on them,-And moved by many impulses Which they do never know. Who, round their earth-bound circles, plod The dusty paths below. Through one more dark and cheerless night Thou well hast kept thy trust, And now in glory o'er thy head The morning light has burst. And unto earth's true watcher, thus, When his dark hours have pass'd, Will come "the day-spring from on high," To cheer his path at last. Bright symbol of fidelity, Still may I think of thee: And may the lesson thou dost teach Be never lost on me ;---But still, in sunshine or in storm, Whatever task is mine, May I be faithful to my trust, As thou hast been to thine. ADELHEID. Way droop the sorrowing trees, Swayed by the autumn breeze, Heavy with rain ! Drearily, wearily, Move as in pain ? Weeping and sighing, They ever seem crying,

Adelheid ! Adelheid !" evening and morn :
Adelheid ! Adelheid ! where has also gone !"
With their arms bending there, Is the cold winter air, Icy and chill, Trembling and glistening, Watching and listening, Awaiting her still,
With the snow round their feet, Still they the name repeat—
Adelheid ! Adelheid ! here is her home: Adelheid ! Adelheid ! when will she come !"

> With the warm breath of Spring Now the foliage is stirr'd; On the pathway below them A footstep is heard.

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### ALBERT G. GREENE.

Now bent gently o'er her, How joyous the greeting, Now waving before her Each sound scems repeating— "Adelheid! Adelheid! welcome again." Their branches upspringing, The breeze through them ringing, The breeze through them ringing, Unite in the strain— "Adelheid! Adelheid! welcome again!"

#### OLD GRIMES.

OLD GRIMES is dead; that good old man We never shall see more: He used to wear a long, black coat, All button'd down before. His heart was open as the day,

His feelings all were true; His hair was some inclined to gray--Ho wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain, His breast with pity burn'd;

The large, round head upon his cane From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he over had for all; He knew no base design:

His eyes were dark and rather small, His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind, In friendship he was true:

His coat had pocket-holes behind, His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes He pass'd securely o'er,

And never wore a pair of boots For thirty years or more.

But good old GRIMES is now at rest, Nor fears misfortune's frown:

He wore a double-breasted vest-The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find, And pay it its desert: He had no malice in his mind,

No ruffles on his shirt.

And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze, He did not bring to view,

Nor make a noise, town-meeting days, As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw In trust to fortune's chances, But lived (as all his brothers do)

In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares, His peaceful moments ran; And everybody said he was A fine old gentleman.

## OH, THINK NOT THAT THE BOSOM'S LIGHT.

On think not that the bosom's light Must dimly shine, its fire be low, Because it doth not all invite To feel its warmth and share its glow. The altur's strong and steady blaze On all around inay coldly shine, But only genial warmth conveys To those who gather near the shrine. The lamp within the festal hall Doth not more clear and brightly burn Than that, which shrouded by the pall, Lights but the cold funereal urn. The fire which lives through one brief hour, More sudden heat perchance reveals Than that whose tenfold strength and power its own unmeasured depth conceals. Brightly the summer cloud may glide But hear no heat within its breast, Though all its gorgeous folds are dyed In the full glories of the west : "T is that which through the darken'd sky, Surrounded by no radiance, sweeps-In which, conceal'd from every eye, The wild and vivid lightning sleeps. Do the dull flint, the rigid steel, Which thou within thy hand mayst hold, Unto thy sight or touch reveal The hidden power which they enfold ? But take those cold, unyielding things, And beat their edges till you tire, And every atom forth that springs Is a bright spark of living fire: Each particle, so dull and cold Until the blow that woke it came, Did still within it slumbering hold A power to wrap the world in fiame. What is there, when thy sight is turn'd To the volcano's icy crest, By which the fire can be discern'd That rages in its silent breast; Which hidden deep, but quenchless still, Is at its work of sure decay. And will not cease to burn until It wears its giunt heart away. The mountain's side upholds in pride Its head amid the realms of snow, And gives its bosom depth to hide The burning mass which lies below. While thus in things of sense alone Such truths from sense lie still conceal'd, How can the living heart be known, Its secret, inmost depths reveal'd ? Oh, many an overburden'd soul Has been at last to madness wrought, While proudly struggling to control Its burning and consuming thought-When it had sought communion long, And had been doon'd in vain to seek For feelings far too deep and strong

For heart to bear or tongue to speak !

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## GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

#### (Born about 1802.)

TAR Rev. GRORDS W. BETHENE, D. D., is a native of New York, and is widely known as one of the finest scholars and most eloquent preachers in the American church. He is author of several volumes of literary and religious discourses, which are as much distinguished as his poems by a cenial, loving spirit, and a classical elegance of diction. In 1847 he published an edition of Walton's Angler, with ingenious and learned notes, and in the same year a volume of " Lays of Love and Faith."

## TO MY MOTHER.

My mother !---Manhood's anxious brow And sterner cares have long been mine; Yet turn I to thee fondly now,

As when upon thy bosom's shrine My infant griefs were gently hush'd to rest, And thy low-whisper'd prayers my slumber bless'd.

I never call that gentle name, My mother! but I am again

E'en as a child; the very same That prattled at thy knee; and fain Would I forget, in momentary joy, That I no more can be thy happy boy;-

The artless boy, to whom thy smile Was sunshine, and thy frown sad night,

(Though mre that frown, and brief the while It veil'd from me thy loving light;) For well-conn'd task, ambition's highest bliss,

To win from thine approving lips a kiss.

I've loved through foreign lands to roam, And gazed o'er many a classic acene;

Yet would the thought of that dear home, Which once was ours, oft intervene, And bid me close again my weary eye

To think of thee, and those sweet days gone by.

That pleasant home of fruits and flowers, Where, by the Hudson's verdunt side

My sisters wove their jasmine bowers, And he, we loved, at eventide

Would hastening come from distant toil to bless Thine, and his children's radiant happiness.

Alas, the change ! the rattling car On flint-paved streets profanes the spot,

Where o'er the sol, we now'd the Star Of Bethichem, and Forget-mo-not. Oh, wo to Mammon's desolating reign! We ne'er shall find on earth a home again!

Fve pored o'er many a yellow page Of ancient wisdom, and have won,

Perchance, a scholar's name-but sage Or bard have never taught thy son

Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth, As those his mother's fuith shed on his youth.

If, by the Saviour's grace made meet, My Gon will own my life and love, 32 Methinka, when singing at Hrs feet, Amid the ranson'd throng above, Thy name upon my glowing lips shall be, And I will bless that grace for heaven and thee.

For thee and heaven; for thou didst tread The way that leads me heavenward, and My often wayward footsteps led

In the same path with patient hand; And when I wander'd far, thy earnest call Restored my soul from sin's deceitful thrall.

I have been bloss'd with other ties, Fond ties and true, yet never deem That I the less thy fondness prize :

No, mother ! in my warmest dream Of answer'd passion, through this heart of mine One chord will vibrate to no name but thine.

Mother! thy name is widow-well I know no love of mine can fill

The waste place of thy heart, or dwell Within one sacred recess: still

Lean on the faithful bosom of thy son. My parent, thou art mine, my only one !

NIGHT STUDY.

I AM alone; and yet In the still solitude there is a rush Around me, as were met A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush Of utter? d harmonics—heaven meeting earth, Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye winced Mysteries, Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye, Beckoning me to arise,

And go forth from my very self, and fly With you far in the unknown, unseen immense Of worlds beyond our sphere—What are ye? Whence?

Ye eloquent voices, Now soft as breathings of a distant flute, Now strong as when rejoices, The transpet in the victory and pursuit; Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thratt.

I know you new—I see With more than natural light—ye are the good The wise departed—ye

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## GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

250	GEORGE W.	BETHUNE.
Are come from heaven to	claim your brotherhood	Let them immortal wake
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife And chains, which once were yours in this sad life.		Among the breathless flowers of Paradise, Where angel-songs of welcome with surprise
Ye hover o'er the	page	This their last sleep may break, O Night,
Ye traced in ancient days with glorious thought For many a distant age;		And to celestial joy their kindred souls invite.
Ye love to watch the insp	viration caught,	There can come no sorrow,
From your sublime examples, and so cheer The fainting student to your high careor.		The brow shall know no shade, the eye no tears, For ever young through heaven's eternal years,
Ye come to nerve		In one unfading morrow, O Night,
Like him who near the A		Nor sin, nor age, nor pain their cherub-beauty blight
Trembling, saw ro The wrathful potents of (		Would we could sleep as they,
With courage strong: the	e promise ye have known -	So stainless and so calin, at rest with thee,
And proved, rapt for me l	from the Eternal throne.	And only wake in immortality !
Still keep! O, kee	ep me neur you,	Bear us with them away, O Night,
Compass me round with		To that ethercal, holier, happier height
Still let my glad Striking your triumphs fr	rom your golden strings.	
Until with you I mount,	and join the song,	
An angel, like you, 'mid	the white-robed throng.	TO MY WIFE.
	•	ATAR from thee! the morning breaks,
LIN WRITTEN ON SERVICE OF M	NEN ALTERNIS BAS-RELIEF	But morning brings no joy to me;
REPRISENT	1999 19961:T.	Alas! my spirit only wakes To know I am star from thee.
YES! bear them to	their rest;	In dreams I saw thy blossed face,
The rosy habe, tired with	the glare of day,	And thou wert nestled on my breast;
The prattler fallen asleep Clasp them to thy s	oft breast.	In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
O Night,		And to mine own thy heart was press'd.
Bless them in dreams wi	th a deep hush'd delight-	Afar from thee ! 'tis solitude ! Through smilling crowds around me be,
Yet must they wake		The kind, the beautiful, the good,
Wake soon to all the bit	terness of life,	For I can only think of thee;
The pang of sorrow, the Aye, to the conscient		Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
O Night,	-	My earliest and my only one! Without thre I am all unbless'd,
Canst thou not take with	them a longer flight <sup>†</sup>	And wholly bless'd with the alone.
Const thou not bear		Afar from thee! the words of pruise
E'en now all innocent- The mint of sin, its con-	scouence of wo.	My listless car unheeded greet;
The world's distract	ting jar,	What sweetest seem'd, in better days, Without thee seems no longer sweet.
O Night,		The dearest joy fame can bestow
To some ethereal, holier		Is in thy moisten'd eye to see,
Const thou not bear		And in thy check's unusual glow, Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.
Through starlit skies, fai And sorrowful, e'en whi	ic they sleep, to Him	
Who drank for us		Afar from thee! the night is come, But slumisers from my pillow flee;
O Night,		Oh, who can rest so far from home !
The cup of wrath for he		And my heart's home is, love, with thes.
To Him, for them in A balls all leads on Min		I kneel me down in silent prayer, And then I know that thou art nigh:
A balic all lowly on His And from that hour to c		For Gon, who seeth everywhere,
In all our sorrows y	wept,	Bends on us both his watchful eye.
O Night, That on our could might		Logetoer, in his loved chibrace,
That on our souls might dawn Heaven's cheering		
So, lay their little heads Close to that human breast, with love divine		Forgotten quite the mediate space, I kneel thy kneeling form beside.
Deep beating, while his arms immortal twine		My tranquil frame then sinks to alcop,
Around them as he	c sheds,	But sours the spirit far and free;
O Night,		
A hard a hard a hard hard and a second	, [might. .cc of Gun's own boundless	

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## WILLIAM LEGGETT.

## (Born, 1802. Dead, 1842.)

Tais distinguished political and miscellaneous , writer was born in the city of New York, in the summer of 1802, and was educated at the Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia. In 1822 he entered the navy of the United States as a midshipman; but in consequence of the arbitrary conduct of his commander, Captain JOHN ONDE CREIGHTON, he retired from the service in 1826, after which time he devoted himself mainly to literary pursuits. His first publication was entitled " Leisure Hours at Sea," and was composed of various short poems written while he was in the navy. In 1828 he established, in New York, "The Critic," e weekly literary gazette, which he conducted with much ability for seven or eight months, at the end of which time it was united with the "Mirror," to which he became a regular contributor. In "The Critic" and "The Mirror," he first published "The Rifle," " The Main Truck, or the Leap for Life," "White Hands, or Not Quite in Character," and other stories, afterward embraced in the volumes entitled "Tales by a Country Schoolmaster," and "Sketches of the Sca." These tales and sketches are probably the most spirited and ingenious productions of their kind ever written in this country.

In 1829 Mr. LEOUETT became associated with Mr. BRYANT, in the editorship of the "Evening Post," and on the departure of that gentleman for Europe, in 1834, the entire direction of that able journal was devolved to him. A severe illness, which commenced near the close of the succeeding year, induced him to relinquish his connexion with the "Post;" and on his recovery, in 1836, he commenced "The Plaindealer," a weekly periodical devoted to politics and literature, for which he obtained great reputation by his independent and fearless assertion of doctrines, and the vigorous eloquence and powerful reasoning by which he maintained them. It was discontinued, in consequence of the failure of his publisher, before the close of the year; and his health, after that period, prevented his connexion with any other journal. In 1828 he had been married to Miss ELWIRA WARING, daughter of Mr. JONA, WARING, of New Rochelle; and to that pleasant village he now retired, with his family. He occasionally visited his friends in the city, and a large portion of the democratic party there proposed to nominate him for a seat in Congress; but as he had acted independently of a majority of the party in regard to certain important political questions, his formal nomination was prevented. In April, 1840, he was appointed by Mr. VAN BUREN, then President of the United States, a diplomatic agent\* from our

Soon after the desith of Mr. LEODEFT, Mr. JOHN L.
 STEPRENS, whose "Travels in Central America" have been since published, was appointed his auccessor as diplomatic agent to that country.

government to the Republic of Guatemala. He was preparing to depart for that country, when he suddenly expired, on the twenty-ninth day of following month, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

A few months after his death, a collection of his political writings, in two large duodecimo volumes, was published, under the direction of his friend, Mr. THEODORE SEDOWICE. Besides the works already mentioned, he wrote much in various periodicals, and was one of the authors of "The Tales of Glauber Spa," published in 1832. In the maturity of his powers, his time and energies were devoted to political writing. His poems are the poorest of his productions, and were written while he was in the naval service, or during his editorship of "The Critic." In addition to his Melodieswhich are generally ingenious and well versifiedhe wrote one or two prize addresses for the theatres, and some other pieces, which have considerable merit.

His death was deeply and generally deploted, especially by the members of the democratic party, who regarded him as one of the ablest champions of their principles. Mr. BRIANT, with whom he was for several years intimately associated, published in the "Democratic Review" the following tribute to his character :--

- "The earth may ring from shore to shore, With echoes of a glorious name; But he whose loss our hearts deplore Has left behind him more than fause.
- "For when the death-frost tame to its Upon that warm and mighty heart, And quench that bold and friendly eye, His spiril did not all depart.
- <sup>4</sup> The words of fire that from his pea Were flung upon the lucki page, Btill move, still shake the lucats of men, Amid a cold and coward age.
- "His love of Truth, too warm-too strong For Hope or Yeaz to chain or chill, His hate of Tyranny and Wrong, Burn in the breasts he kindled still."

Mr. SEBOWICK, in the preface to his political writings, remarks that "every year was softening his prejudices, and calining his passions; enlarging his charities, and widening the bounds of his likerelity. Had a more genial clime invigorated his constitution, and enabled him to return to his labours, a brilliant and honourable future might have been predicted of him. It is not the suggestion of a too fond affection, but the voice of a culm judgment, which declares that, whatever public career he had pursued, he must have raised to his memory an imperishable monoment, and that as no name is now deater to his friends, so few could have been more honourably associated with the history of his country, than that of WILLIAM LEGOLTT.'

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## WILLIAM LEGGETT.

## A SACRED MELODY.

Ir yon bright stars which gem the night Be each a blissful dwelling sphere, Where kindred spirits reunite, Whom death has torn asunder here; How sweet it were at once to die, And leave this blighted orb alar-Mixed soul with soul, to cleave the sky, And soar away from star to star.

But, O! how dark, how drear, how lone Would seem the brightest world of bliss,

If, wandering through each radiant one, We fail'd to find the loved of this I

If there no more the tics should twine, Which death's cold hand alone can sever, Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,

More hateful, as they shine forever.

It cannot be ! each hope and fear That lights the eye or clouds the brow, Proclaims there is a happier sphere

Than this bleak world that holds us now! There is a voice which sorrow hears,

When heaviest weighs life's galling chain; "Tis heaven that whispers, "Dry thy tears: The pure in heart shall meet again !"

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

The birds, when winter shades the sky, Fly o'er the seas away, Where laughing isles in sunshine lie, And summer breezes play;

And thus the friends that flutter near While fortune's sun is warm, Are startled if a cloud appear, And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains Each other warbler's past, The little snow-bird still remains,

And chirrups midst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng With fortune's sun depart, Still lingers with its cheerful song, And nestles on the heart.

## SONG.

I TRUST the frown thy features wear Ere long into a smile will turn; I would not that a face so fair As thine, beloved, should look so stern. The chain of ice that winter twines, Holds not for ave the sparkling rill, It melts away when summer shines. And leave the waters sparkling still. Thus let thy check resume the smile That shed such sumy light before; And though I left thee for a while, I'll swear to leave thee, love, no more. As he who, doomed o'er waves to roam, Or wander on a foreign strand,

Will sigh whene'er he thinks of home, And better love his native land;

So I, though lured a time away, Like bees hy varied aweets, to rove, Return, like bees, by close of day,

And leave them all for thee, my love, Then let thy check resume the smile

That shed such sunny light before, And though I left thee for a while,

I swear to leave thee, love, no more.

### LIFE'S GUIDING STAR.

THE youth whose hark is guided o'er A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
With idle gaze delights to pore On imaged skies that glow beneath.
But should a fleeting storm arise To shade a while the watery way,
Quick lifts to heaven his anxious cyes, And speeds to reach some sheltering bay,
'T is thus, down time's eventful tide, While prosperous breezes gently blow,
In life's frail bark we gayly glide, Our hopes, our thoughts all fix'd below.

But let one cloud the prospect dim, The wind its quiet stillness mar, At once we raise our prayer to Him

Whose light is life's best guiding star.

#### TO ELMIRA.

WRITTEN WITH FRENCH CRALX<sup>6</sup> ON A PANE OF GLASS IN THE HOUSE OF  $\Delta$  FRIEND.

On this frail glass, to others' view, No written words appear; They see the prospect smiling through, Nor deem what secret 's here. But shouldst thou on the tablet bright A single breath bestow. At once the record starts to sight Which only thou must know.

Thus, like this glass, to strangers' gaze My heart seemed unimpress'd; In vain did beauty round me blaze, It could not warm my breast. But as one breath of thine can make These letters plain to see, So in my heart did love awake When breathed upon by thee.

• The substance usually called French chalk has this shoular property, that what is written on glass, though easily rubbed out again, so that no trace remains visible, by being breathed on becomes inumediately distinctly legible.

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(Born 1808. Died 1828.)

EDWARD COATE PINKENT was born in London, in October, 1802, while his father, the Honourable WILLIAR PIRKENT, was the American Minister at the court of SL James'. Soon after the return of his lamily to Baltimore, in 1811, he entered St. Mary's College, in that city, and remnined there until he was fourteen years old, when he was appointed a midshipman in tho navy. He continued in the service nine years, and in that period visited the Mediterranean and several other foreign stations, and acquired much general knowledge and acquaintance with mankind.

The death of his father, and other circumstances. induced him, in 1824, to resign his place in the navy; and in the same year he was married, and admitted to the Maryland bar. His career as a lawyer was brief and unfortunate. He opened an office in Baltimore, and applied himself earnestly to his profession; but though his legal acquirements and forensic abilities were respectable, his rooms were seldom visited by a client; and after two years had passed, dishcartened by neglect, and with a prospect of poverty before him, he suddenly determined to enter the naval service of Mexico, in which a number of our officers had already won distinction and fortune. When, however, he presented himself before Commodore PORTER, then commanding the sea-forces of that country, the situation he solicited was refused," and he was compelled reluctantly to return to the United States.

He reappeared in Baltimore, poor and dejected. He turned his attention again to the law, but in his vigorous days he had been unable to support himself by his profession; and now, when he was suffering from disease and a settled melancholy, it was not reasonable to anticipate success. The erroneous idea that a man of a poetical mind cannot transact business requiring patience and habits of careful investigation, was undoubtedly one of the principal causes of his failure as a lawyer; for that he was respected, and that his fellow-citizens were willing to confer upon him honours, is evident from the fact that, in 1826, he was appointed one of the professors in the University of Maryland. This office, however, was one of honour only: it yielded no profit.

PINERSY now became sensible that his constitution was broken, and that he could not long

\* It has been said that Commonfore PORTER refused to give PINKNEY a continisation, because he was known to be a warm adherent of an administration to which he was himself opposed; but it is more reasonable to believe, as was slieged at the time, that the navy of Mexico was full, and that the citizens of that republic had begun to regard with Jealousy the too frequent admission of foreigners into the service. survive; but he had no wish to live. His feelings at this period are described in one of his poems :----

"A sonse it was, that I could sea The angel leave my side— That thenecforth my prosperity Must be a failing tide; A strenge and onishous belief, That in spring-time the yellow leaf Had fullen on my hours; And that all hope must be most wain, Of finding on my path again Its former vanish'd flowces."

Near the close of the year 1827, a political gazette, entitled "The Marylander," was established in Baltimore, and, in compliance with the general wish of the proprietors, Mr. PINKNEY undertook to conduct it. He displayed much segneity and candour, and in a few weeks won a high reputation in his new vocation; but his increasing illness compelled him to leave it, and he died on the eleventh of April, 1828, at the early age of twenty-five years and six months. He was a man of genius, and had all the qualities of mind and heart that win regard and usually lead to greatness, except gors and NERGY.

A small volume containing "Rodolph," and other poems, was published by PINKNEY in 1825. "Rodolph" is his longest work. It was first published, anonymously, soon after he left the navy, and was probably written while he was in the Mediterranean. It is in two cantos. The first begins,---

> "The summer's heir on land and sea Had thrown his parting glance And whiter taken angrily His wriste inheritance. The winds in storny revelry Boorted beneath a frowning sky; The chafing waves, with holiow rost, Tumbled upon the shaken shore. And sent their spray in inpurt showers To Rodotph's proud ancestral towers, Whose bastion, from its nutral crown, A regal took cast sternly dow."

There is no novelty in the story, and not much can be said for its morality. The hero, in the season described in the above lines, arrives at his own domain, after many years of wandering in foreign lands, during which he had "grown old in heart, and infirm of frame." In his youth he had loved-the wife of another-and his passion had been returned. "At an untimely tide," he had met the busband, and, in encounter, slain him. The wife goes into a convent, and her paramour seeks refuge from remorse in distant countries. In the beginning of the second canto, he is once more in his own castle; but, feeling some dark presentiment, he wanders to a cemetery, where, in the morning, he is found by his vassals, "senseless 253

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beside his lady's urn." In the delirium which follows, he raves of many crimes, but most

#### "Of one too denrip loved, And one untimely slata, Of an affection hardly proved By murder done in vain."

He dies in madness, and the story ends abruptly and coldly. It has more faults than PixKXXX's other works; in many passages it is obscure; its beauty is marred by the use of obsolete words; and the author seems to delight in drawing his comparisons from the least known portions of ancient literature.

Some of his lighter pieces are very beautiful. "A Health," "The Picture-Song," and "A Serenade," have not often beeu equalled; and

## ITALY.

Kxow'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose? Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews; In glesning streams the crystal rivers run, The purple vintage clusters in the sun; Odours of flowers haunt the balmy breeze, Rich fruits hang high upon the verdant wees; And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves, Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.

Beloved !---speed we from this sullen strand, Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky; [cye And, flying fast and free before the gale, The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail; And waters glittering in the glare of noon, Or touch'd with silver by the stars and moon, Or fleck'd with broken lines of crimson light, When the far fisher's fire affronts the night. Lovely as loved ! toward that smilling shore Bear we our household gods, to fix forever more.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth, The scal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth; Nature is delicate and graceful there, The place's genius, feminino and fair; The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud; The air scems never to have borns a cloud, Save where volcances send to heaven their curl'd And solemn smokes, like altars of the world. Thrice beautiful—to that delightful spot Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art. too. shows, when Nature's beauty palls, Her sculptured markles, and her pictured walls; And there are forms in which they both conspire To whisper thermes that know not how to tire; The speaking ruins in that gentle clime Have but been hallow'd by the hand of Time, And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame: Then come, heloved 5---chasten o'er the sea. To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy. "Italy,"—an imitation of Gorras's Kennst du das Land---has some noble lines. Where is there a finer passage than this:

"The winds are awed, nor date to breathe aloud; The alr seems never in have borne a cloud, Save where volcances and to heaven their curi'd And solean smokes, like altars of the world!"

**PINENTT's** is the first instance in this country in which we have to lament the prostitution of true poetical genius to unworthy purposes. Pervading much that he wrote there is a selfish melancholy and sullen pride; disactisfaction with the present, and doubts in regard to the future life. The great distinguishing characteristic of American poetry is its pure and high morality. May it ever be so!

#### THE INDIAN'S BRIDE.

#### ٢.

Why is that graceful female here With you red hunter of the deer? Of gentle mien and shape, she seems For civil halls design d.

Yet with the stately savage walks, As she were of his kind.

Look on her leafy diadem, Enrich'd with many a floral gem: Those simple ornaments about

Her candid brow, disclose

The loitering spring's last violet, And summer's earliest rose;

But not a flower lies breathing there Sweet as hereelf, or half so fair. Exchanging lustre with the sun,

A part of day she strays-A glancing, living, human smile

On Nature's face she plays. Can none instruct me what are these Companions of the Jofty trees?

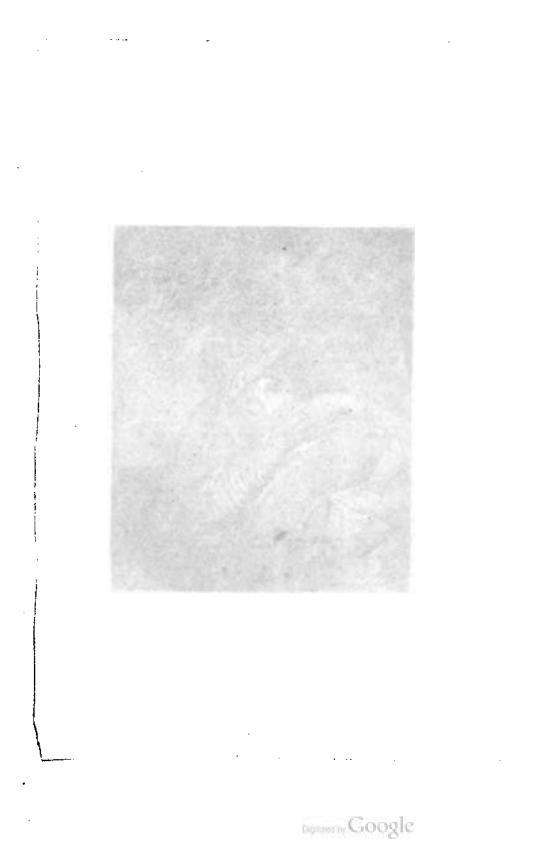
#### 11.

Intent to blend her with his lot, Fate form'd her all that he was not : And, as by more unlikeness, thoughts Associate we see, Their hearts, from very difference, caught A perfect sympathy. The household goddess here to be Of that one dusky votary, She left her pallid countrymen. An earthling most divine, And sought in this sequester'd wood A solitary shrine. Behold them roaming hand in hand, Like night and sleep, along the land ; Observe their movements :--- he for her Restrains his active stride.

While she assumes a bolder gait To rainble at his side ;

Distanting GOOGIC

Thus, even as the steps they frame, Their souls fast alter to the same.





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The one forsakes ferocity, And momently grows mild; The other tempers more and more The artful with the wild. She humanizes him, and he Educates him to liberty.

#### 111.

O, say not they must soon be old,-Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel cold ! Yet envy I that sylvan pair More than my words express,-The singular beauty of their lot, And seeming happiness. They have not been reduced to share The painful pleasures of despair: Their sun declines not in the sky, Nor are their wishes cast, Like shadows of the afternoon, Repining towards the past : With nought to dread or to repent, The present yields them full content. In solitude there is no crime; Their actions all are free, And passion lends their way of life The only dignity; And how can they have any cares !---Whose interest contends with theirs 1

#### Ι۳.

The world, for all they know of it, Is theirs :--- for them the stars are lit; For them the earth beneath is green, The heavens above are bright ; For them the moon doth war and wane, And decorate the night; For them the branches of those trees Wave music in the vernal breeze; For them, upon that dancing spray, The free bird sits and since. And glittering insects flit about Upon delighted wings; For them that brook, the brakes among, Murmurs its small and drowey song; For them the many-colour'd clouds Their shapes diversify, And change at once, like smiles and frowns, The expression of the sky. For them, and by them, all is gay, And fresh and beautiful as they : The images their minds receive, Their minds assimilate To outward forms, imparting thus The glory of their state.

#### ٧,

Could aught be painted otherwise Than fair, seen through her star-bright eyes? He, too, because she fills his sight, Each object falsely sees; The pleasure that he has in her Makes all things seem to please. And this is love;—and it is life They lead,—that Indian and his wife.

## SONG.

Ws break the glass, whose sacred wine, To some beloved health we drain. Lest future pledges, less divine, Should e'er the hallow'd toy profane; And thus I broke a heart that pour'd Its tide of feelings out for thee, In draughts, by after-times deplored, Yet dear to memory. But still the old, impassion'd wave And habits of my mind remain, And still unhappy light displays Thine image chamber'd in my brain, And still it looks as when the hours Went by like flights of singing birds, Or that soft chain of spoken flowers, And airy gems-thy words. A HEALTH. I FILL this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone,

A woman, of her gentle sex The seeming paragon; To whom the better elements

And kindly stars have given

A form so fair, that, like the air, "T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own. Like those of morning birds, And something more than melody Dwells ever in her words; The coinage of her heart are they, And from her lips each flows As one may see the burden'd bee Forth issue from the rose. Affections are as thoughts to her, The measures of her hours; Her feelings have the fragrancy, The freshness of young flowers; And lovely passions, changing oft, So fill her, she appears The image of themselves by turns,-The idol of past years! Of her bright face one glance will trace A picture on the brain. And of her voice in cchoing hearts A sound must long remain ; But memory, such as mine of her, So very much endears. When death is nigh my latest sigh Will not be life's, but hers. I fill'd this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone, A woman, of her gentle sex The seeming phragon-Her health ! and would on earth there stood, Some more of such a frame, That life might be all poetry, And weariness a name. 2 A

## THE VOYAGER'S SONG.\*

Sou we trumpets, ho!---weigh anchor---toosen sail---The seaward flying banners chide delay; As if 'twere heaven that breathes this kindly gale, Our life-like hark beneath it speeds away. Flit we, a gliding dream, with troublous motion, Across the slumbers of uneasy ocean; And furl our canvass by a happier land, So fraught with emanations from the sun, That potable gold streams through the sand Where element should run.

Onward, my friends, to that bright, florid isle, The jewel of a smoothe and silver sea, With springs on which perennial summers smile A power of causing immortality. For Binini;—in its enchanted ground, The hallow'd fountains we would seek, are found; Bathed in the waters of those mystic wells, The frame starts up in renovated truth, And, freed from Time's deforming spells, Resumes its proper youth.

Hail, bitter birth !---once more my feelings all A graven image to thenselves shall make, And, placed upon my heart for pedestal, That glorious idol long will keep awake Their natural religion, nor be cast To earth by Age, the great iconoclast. As from Gadara's founts they once could come, Charm-call'd, from these Love's genii shall arise, And build their perdurable home, MULANDA, in thine eyes.

By Nature wisely gifted, not destroy'd With golden presents, like the Roman maid,---A sublunary paralise enjoy'd, Shall trach thee bliss incapable of shade;---An Eden ours, nor angry go is, nor men, Nor star-ciad Fates, can take from us again. Superior to animal decay, Sun of that perfect heaven, thou'lt calmly see Stag, raven, phenix, drop away With human transiency.

Thus rich in being,—beautiful,—adored, Fear not exhausting pleasure's precious mine; The wondrous waters we approach, when pour'd On passion's lees, supply the wasted wine: Then be thy bosom's tenant prodigal, And confident of termless carnival. Like idle yellow leaves afloat on time, Let others lapse to death's pacific sea,— We'll fade nor fall, but sport sublime In green eternity.

• "A tradition prevailed among the natives of Puerio Rico, that in the lale of Bimini, one of the Lucavos, three was a fountain of such warderful virtue, as lo renew the youth and recall the vigour of every person who balhed in its salutary waters. In hopes of finding this grand restorative. Poure de Leon and his followers, ranged through the islands, searching with (ruitless solicitude for the fountain, which was the chief object of the expedition "-ROBERTSON's America. The envious years, which steal our pleasures, thou Mayst call at once, like magic memory, back, And, as they pass o'er thine unwithering brow, Efface their footsteps ere they form a track. Thy bloom with wilful weeping never stain, Perpetual life must not belong to pain. For me,—this workl has not yet been a place Conscious of joys so great as will be mine, Because the light has kiss'd no face Forever fair as thine.

## A PICTURE-SONG.

How may this little tablet feign The features of a face, Which o'er informs with loveliness. Its proper share of space; Or human hands on ivory. Enable us to see The charms, that all must wonder at, Thou work of gods in thee ! But yet, methinks, that sunny smile Familiar storics tells, And I should know those placid eyes, Two shaded crystal wells; Nor can my soul, the limner's art Attesting with a sigh, Forget the blood that deck'd thy check, As rosy clouds the sky. They could not semble what thou art, More excellent than fair, As soft as sleep or pity is, And pure as mountain-air; But here are common, earthly hues, To such an aspect wrought, That none, save thine, can seem so like The beautiful of thought. The song I sing, thy likeness like, Is painful mimicry Of something better, which is now A memory to me. Who have upon life's frozen sea Arrived the icy apot. Where man's magnetic feelings show Their guiding task forgot. The sportive hopes, that used to chase Their shifting shadows on. Like children playing in the sun, Are gone-forever gone; And on a carcless, sullen peace, My double-fronted mind, Like JANCS when his gates were shut, Looks forward and behind. APOLLO placed his harp, of old. A while upon a stone, Which has resounded since, when struck, A breaking harp-string's tone; And thus my heart, though wholly now, From early softness free,

If touch'd, will yield the music yet, It first received of thee.

Dimenty GOOgle

## THE OLD TREE.

Ann is it gone, that venerable tree, The old spectator of my infancy?— It used to stand upon this very spot, And now almost its absence is forgot. I knew its mighty strength had known decay, Its heart, like every old one, shrunk away, But dreamt not that its frame would fall, ore mine At all partook my weary soul's decline.

The great reformist, that each day removes The old, yet never on the old improves, The dotard, Time, that like a child destroys, As sport or spleen may prompt, his ancient toys, And shapes their ruins into something new-Has planted other playthings where it grew. The wind pursues an unobstructed course, Which once among its leaves delay'd perforce; The harmless Hamadryad, that of yore Inhabited its bole, subsists no more: Its roots have long since felt the ruthless plough-There is no vestige of its glories now! But in my mind, which doth not soon forget, That venerable tree is growing yet; Nourish'd, like those wild plants that feed on air, By thoughts of years unconversant with care, And visions such as pass ere man grows wholly A fiendish thing, or mischief adds to folly. I still behold it with my fancy's eye, A vernant record of the days gone by : I see not the sweet form and face more plain, Whose memory was a weight upon my brain. -Dear to my song, and dearer to my soul, Who knew but half my heart, yet had the whole Sun of my life, whose presence and whose flight Its brief day caused, and never-ending night ! Must this delightless verse, which is indeed The mere wild product of a worthless weed. (But which, like sunflowers, turns a loving face Towards the lost light, and scorns its birth and place,) End with such cold allusion unto you, To whom, in youth, my very dreams were true ? It must; I have no more of that soft kind, My age is not the same, nor is my mind.

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'T was eve; the broadly shining sun Its long, celestial course had run; The twilight heaven, so soft and blue, Met earth in tender interview, E'en as the angel met of yore His gifted mortal paramour, Woman, a child of morning then,-A spirit still,-compared with men. Like happy islands of the sky, The gleaming clouds reposed on high, Each fix'd sublime, deprived of motion, A Delos to the airy ocean. Upon the stirless shore no breeze Shook the green drapery of the trees, Or, rebel to tranquillity, Awoke a ripple on the sea. Nor, in a more tumultuous sound, Were the world's audible breathings drown'd; 33

The low, strange hum of herbage growing, The voice of hidden waters flowing, Made songs of nature, which the ear Could scarcely he pronounced to hear; But noise had furl'd its subtle wings, And moved not through material things, All which lay calm as they had been Parts of the painter's mimic scene. "T was eve ; my thoughts belong to thee, Thou shape of separate memory! When, like a stream to lands of flame, Unto my mind a vision came. Methought, from human haunts and strife Remote, we lived a loving life; Our wedded spirits seem'd to blend In harmony too sweet to end, Such concord as the echoes cherish Fondly, but leave at length to perish. Wet rain-stars are thy lucid eyes, The Hyades of earthly skies. But then upon my heart they shone, As shines on snow the fervid sun. And fast went by those moments bright, Like meteors shooting through the night; But faster fleeted the wild dream That clothed them with their transient beam. Yet love can years to days condense, And long appear'd that life intense; It was,-to give a better measure Than time,-a century of pleasure.

## ELYSIUM.

SEE dwelleth in Elysium; there, Like Echo, floating in the air; Feeding on light as feed the flowers, She fleets away uncounted hours, Where haleyon Peace, among the bless'd, Sits brooding o'er her tranquil nest.

She needs no impulse; one she is, Whom thought supplies with ample bliss: The fancies fashiou'd in her mind By Heaven, are after its own kind; Like sky-reflections in a lake, Whose calm no winds occur to break.

Her memory is purified, And she seems never to have sigh'd: She hath forgot the way to weep; Her being is a joyous eleep; The mere imagining of pain, Hath pass'd, and cannot come again.

Except of pleasure most intense And constant, she hath lost all sense; Her life is day without a night, An endless, innocent delight; No chance her happiness now mars Howe'er Fate twine her wreaths of stars.

And palpable and pure, the part Which pleasure playeth with her heart; For every joy that seeks the maid, Foregoes its common painful shade Like shapes that issue from the grove Arcadian, dedicate to Jovs.  $\sqrt{2}$ 

Distanting GOOQ

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Tux firstlings of my simple song Were offer'd to thy name; Again the altar, idle long, In worship rears its flame. My sucrifice of sullen years, My many hecatombs of tears, No happier hours recall---Yet may thy wandering thoughts restore To one who ever loved thee more Than fickle Fortune's all.

And now, farewell!—and although here Men hate the source of pain,
I hold thee and thy follies dear, Nor of thy faults complain.
For my misused and blighted powers,
My waste of miserable hours,
I will accuse thee not :—
The fool who could from self depart,
And take for fate one human heart, Deserved no better lot.

I reck of mine the less, because In wiser moods I feel A doubtful question of its cause And nature, on me steal— An ancient notion, that time flings Our pains and pleasures from his wings With much equality— And that, in reason, happiness Both of accession and decrease Incapable must be.

Uxwiss, or most unfortunate, My way was; let the sign, The proof of it, be simply this----Thou art not, wert not mine ? For 'tis the wont of chance to bless Pursuit, if patient, with success; And envy may repine, That, commonly, some triumph must Be won by every lasting lust.

How I have lived imports not now; I am about to die, Else I might chide thee that my life Has been a stifled sigh ; Yes, life; for times beyond the line Our parting traced, appear not mine, Or of a world gone by; And often almost would evince, My soul had transmigrated since, Pass wasted flowers; alike the grave, To which I fast go down, Will give the joy of nothingness To me, and to renown: Unto its careless tenants, fame Is idle as that gilded name, Of vanity the crown, Helvetian hands inscribe upon The forchead of a skeleton.

List the last cadence of a lay, That, closing as begun, Is govern'd by a note of pain, O, lost and worshipp'd one! 

#### SERENADE.

Loox out upon the stars, my love, And shanie them with thine eyes, On which, than on the lights above, There hang more destinies. Night's beauty is the harmony Of blending shades and light; Then, lady, up,-look out, and be A sister to the night !---Sleep not !---thine image wakes for aye Within my watching breast : Sleep not !--- from her soft sleep should fly, Who robs all hearts of rest. Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break, And make this darkness gay With looks, whose brightness well might make Of darker nights a day.

## THE WIDOW'S SONG.

I DURN no incense, hang no wreath O'er this, thine early tomb: Such cannot cheer the place of death, But only mock its gloom. Here odorous smoke and breathing flower No grateful influence shed; They lose their perfume and their power, When offer'd to the dead. And if, as is the Afghaun's creed, The spirit may return,

A disembodied sense, to feed On fragrance, near its urn----

It is enough, that she, whom thou Didst love in living years, Sits desolate beside it now, And falls these heavy tears.

#### SONG.

I SEED not name thy thrilling name, Though now I drink to thee, my dear, Since all sounds shape that magic word, That fall upon my ear,—MARY; And silence, with a wakeful voice, Spenks it in accents loudly free, As durkness bath a light that shows Thy gentle face to me,—MARY.

I pledge thee in the grape's pure soul, With scarce one hope, and many fears, Mix'd, were I of a melting mood, With many bitter tears,----MART----

I pledge thee, and the empty cup Einblems this hollow life of mine, To which, a gone enchantment, thou

No more will be the while,-MARY.

Distanting Google

(Bors, 1804.)

**RALFR** WALDO EVENSOV, one of the most eminent authors of this country, was born in Boston about the year 1903. After obtaining his bachelor's degree at Harvard College, he studied theology, and was settled over the Second Unitarian Church in his native city, but subsequently abandoned the pulpit on account of having adopted the Quaker opinion in regard to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and has since lived in retirement, devoting his time to the study of literature and philosophy. Mr. EMERSON has been a contributor to the "North American Review" and the "Christian Evaminer," and was two years editor of "The Dial," a literary and philosophical magazine printed in Boston. He has published a work entitled "Nature;" a collection of "Orations," and two volumes of "Essays," all of which have peculiar and extraordinary merits. The first collection of his Poems was published in Boston in the beginning of 1817. Many of them bear the unquestionable marks of genius.

## EACH IN ALL.

Little thicks in the field yon red-cloak'd clown Of thee from the hill-top looking down; And the heifer that lows in the upland farm Far heard, lows not thine car to charm; The sexton tolling his bell at noon Dreams not that great NAFOLEON Stops his horse, and lists with delight, Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height; Nor knowest thou what argument Thy life to thy neighbour's creed hath lent, All are needed by each one; Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven, Singing at dawn on the alder bough;

I brought him home in his nest at even,-He sings the song, but it pleases not now, For I did not bring home the river and sky, He sang to my ear, these saug to my eye. The delicate shells lay on the shore-The hubbles of the latest wave Fresh pearls to their enamel gave, And the hollowing of the savage sea Greeted their safe escape to me. I wiped away the weeds and foam, I fetch'd my sea-born treasures home, But the poor, unsightly, noisome things Had left their beauty on the shore, With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar. Nor rose, nor stream, nor bird is fair, Their concord is beyond compare.

The lover watch'd his graceful maid As mid the virgin train she stray'd, Nor knew her beauty's best attire Was woven still by that snow-white quire. At last, she came to his hermitage, Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage,— The gay enchantment was undone,— A gentle wife, but fairy none. Then, I said, "I covet truth; Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat; I leave it behind with the games of youth;" ——As I spoke, beneath my feet The ground-pine curl'd its pretty wreath, Running over the hair-eap burs; I inhaled the violet's breath: Around me stood the oaks and firs: Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground. Over me soar'd the eternal sky Full of light and of deity; Again I saw-magain I heard, The rolling river, the morning bird; Beauty through my senses stole,— I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

### "GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD !"

Goon-BYE, proud work! I'm going home, Thou art not my friend; I am not thine: Too long through weary crowds I roam:---A river ark on the ocean brine, Too long I am toss'd like the driven foam But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-hye to Flattery's fawning face; To Grandeur with his wise grimace: To upstart Wealth's averted eye; To supple office, low and high; To crowded halls, to court and street, To frozen hearts, and hasting feet, To those who go, and those who come.----Good-hye, proud world, Im going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone Bosom'd in you green hills alone; A secret lodge in a pleasant land, Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd, Where arches green, the livelong day Echo the blackhird's roundelay, And evil men have never trod A spot that is sacred to thought and Gon.

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O, when I am safe in my sylvan home, I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome; And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines Where the evening star so holy shines, I laugh at the fore and pride of man, At the sophist schools, and the fearned clan; For what are they all in their high conceit, When man in the bush with God may meet ?

## TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Fist humble-bee! fine humble-bee! Where thou art is clime for me, Let them sail for Porto Rique, Far-off heats through seas to seek,.... will follow thee alone, Thou animated torrid zone! Zig-zng steerer, desert cheerer, Let me chase thy waving lines, Keep me nearer, me thy hearer, Singing over shrubs and vines.

> Flower-bells, Honey'd cells,— These the tents Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun, Joy of thy dominion ! Sailor of the atmosphere, Swimmer through the waves of air, Voyager of light and noon, Epicurean of June, Wait, I prithee, till I come Within carshot of thy hum,... All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days, With a net of shining haze, Silvers the horizon wall. And with softness touching all, Tints the human countenance With a colour of romance, And infusing subtle heats Turns the sod to violets,— Thou in aunny solitudes, Rover of the underwoods, The green silence dost displace With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone, Sweet to me thy drowsy tune, Telling of countless summy hours, Long days, and solid banks of flowers, Of gulfs of sweetness without bound In Indian wildernesses found, Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure. Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean Hath my insect never seen, But violets, and hilkerry bells, Maple say, and datfodels. Clover, catchfly, adders-tongue, And brier-roses dwelt among. All beside was unknown waste, All was picture as he pass'd. Wiser far than human scer, Yellow-breech'd philosopher, Seeing only what is fair, Sipping only what is sweet

Thou dost mack at fate and care, Leave the chall and take the wheat. When the fierce north-western blast Cools sea and land so far and fast,---Thou already slumberest deep, Wo and want thou canst outsleep; Want and wo which torture us, Thy sleep makes tidiculous.

## THE RHODORA. LANES ON BEING ASKED, WALNCE IS THE FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes, I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods, Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook, To please the desert and the sluggish brook; The purple petals fallen in the pool

Made the black waters with their beauty gay; Young RATHARL might covet such a school;

The lively show beguiled me from my way. Rhodora I if the sages ask thee why This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky, Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing, Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why, thou wert there, O, rivel of the rose! I never thought to ask, I never knew,

But in my simple ignorance suppose (you. The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought

## THE SNOW-STORM.

ARNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields, Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air Hiles hills and woods, the river, and the heaven, And veils the farm-house at the garden's end. The sled and traveller stopp'd, the courier's feet Delay'd, all friends shut out, the honsemates sit Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed In a tunulthous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry. Out of an unseen quarry evermore Furnish'd with tile, the fierce artificer Curves his white bastions with projected roof Round every windward stake, or tree, or door. Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work So funciful, so savage, nought cares he For number or proportion. Mockingly On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths; A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn ; Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall, Mangre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate A tapering turret overtops the work. And when his hours are number'd, and the world Is all his own, retiring, as he were not, Leaves, when the sun appears, astonish'd Art To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone. Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work, The frolic architecture of the snow.

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## THE SPHINX.

THE Sphing is drowsy, Her wings are furl'd, Her ear is heavy, She broods on the world. "Who'll tell me my secret The ages have kept ? I awaited the scor While they slumber'd and slept. "The fate of the manchild,-The meaning of man,-Known fruit of the unknown. Dædelian plan. Out of sleeping a waking, Out of waking a sleep, Life death overtaking, Deep underneath deep. "Erect as a sunbeam Upspringeth the palm: The clephant browses Undaunted and calm; In beautiful motion The thrush plice his wings, Kind leaves of his covert ! Your silence he sings. "The waves unashamed In difference sweet. Play glad with the breezes, Old playfellows meet. The journeying atoms, Primordial wholes, Firmly draw, firmly drive, By their animate poles. "Sea, earth, air, sound, silence, Plant, quadruped, bird, By one music enchanted, One doity stirr'd, Each the other adorning, Accompany still, Night veilcth the morning, The vapour the hill. "The babe, by its mother Lies bathed in joy, Glide its hours uncounted. The sun is its toy; Shines the peace of all being Without cloud in its eyes, And the sum of the world In soft miniature lies. " But man crouches and blushes, Absconds and conceals; He creepeth and peepeth, He palters and steals; Infirm, melancholy, Jealous glancing around, An oaf, an accomplice, He poisons the ground. " Outspoke the great mother Beholding his fear ;---

At the sound of her accents Cold shudder'd the sphere ;---

" Who has drugg'd my boy's cup, Who has mix'd my boy's bread ! Who, with sadness and madness. Has turn'd the manchild's head ?" I heard a poet answer Aloud and cheerfully, "Say on, sweet Sphinz !- thy dirges Are pleasant songs to me. Deep love lieth under These pictures of time, They fade in the light of Their meaning sublime. " The fiend that man harries Is love of the Best. Yawns the Pit of the Dragon Lit by rays from the Blost; The Lethe of Nature Can't trance him again, Whose soul sees the Perfect Which his eyes seek in vain-" Profounder, profounder Man's spirit must dive : To his ave-rolling orbit No goal will arrive. The beavens that now draw him With sweetness untold. Once found,-for new heavens He spurneth the old. " Pride ruin'd the angels, Their shame them restores: And the joy that is sweetest Lurks in stings of remorse. Have I a lover Who is noble and free,---I would he were nobler Than to love me. "Eterne alternation Now follows, now flics, And under pain, pleasure,-Under pleasure, pain lies. Love works at the centre Heart heaving alway, Forth speed the strong pulses 'f'o the borders of day. "Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits ! Thy sight is growing blear : Hemlock and vitriol for the Sphinx Her muddy eyes to clear." The old Splanx bit her thick lip,-Said, " Who taught thee me to name I Manchild! I am thy spirit; Of thine eye I am cycleam. "Thou art the unanswer'd question :---Couldst see thy proper eye, Alway it asketh, asketh, And each unswer is a lie. So take thy quest through nature, It through thousand natures ply, Ask on, thou clothed eternity,

Time is the false reply."

## Dimminy Google

Uprose the merry Sphinx, And crouch'd no more in stone, She hopp'd into the baby's eyes, She hopp'd into the moon, She spired into a yellow flame, She flower'd in blossoms red, She flow'd into a foaming wave, She stood Monadnoe's lucad.

Thorough a thousand voices Spoke the universal dame, "Who telleth one of my meanings Is master of all I am."

## THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a chutch, I like a cowl, I love a prophet of the soul, And on my heart monastic aisles Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles, Yet not for all his faith can see Would I that cowled churchman be, When be all the next to him. It

Why should the vest on him allure, Which I could not on me endure !

Not from a vain or shallow thought His awful Jove young Phidias brought; Never from lips of cunning fell The thrilling Delphie oracle; Out from the heart of nature roll'd The bundens of the Bible old ; The litanics of nations came, Like the volcano's tongue of flame, Up from the burning core below,---The canticles of love and wo. The hand that rounded Peter's dome. And groin'd the aisles of Christian Rome, Wrought in a sad sincerity, Hunself from God he could not free; He builded better than he knew, The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove you wood-bird's nest Of leaves, and feathers from her breast; Or how the fish outbuilt her shell, Painting with morn each annual cell; Or how the sacred pine tree adds To her old leaves new myriads ! Such and so grew these holy piles, Whilst love and terror laid the tiles, Earth proudly wears the Parthenon As the best gem upon her zone; And morning opes with baste her lide To gaze upon the Pyramids; O'er England's Abbeys bends the sky As on its feiends with kindred eve: For, out of Thought's interior sphere These wonders rose to upper air, And nature gladly gave them place, Adopted them into her race, And granted them an equal date With Andes and with Arorat.

These temples grew as grows the grass, Art might obey but not surpass. The passive Master but his hand To the vast Soul that o'er him plann'd. And the same power that rear'd the shrine, Bestrode the tribes that knelt within. Ever the fiery Pentacost Girds with one finine the countless host, Trances the heart through chunting quires, And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet moken. Was writ on tables yet unbroken ; The word by scers or schils told In groves of oak or fanes of gold, Still floats upon the morning wind, Still whispers to the willing mind, One accent of the Holy Ghost The heedless world hath never lost. I know what say the Fathers wise .-The book itself before me lies .-Old Chrysostom, best Augustine, And he who blent both in his line, The younger Golden Laps of mines, Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines; His words are music in my car. I see his cowled portrait dear, And yet, for all his faith could see, I would not the good hishop be.

## THE FORE-RUNNERS.

Love I follow'd happy guides: I could never reach their sides. Their step is forth and, ere the day, Breaks up their leaguer and away. Keen my sense, my heart was young, Right good will my sinews strung, But no speed of mine avails To hunt upon their shining trails. On and away, their hasting feet Make the morning proud and sweet. Flowers they strew, I catch the scent, Or tone of silver instrument Leaves on the wind melodious trace, Yet I could never see their face. On eastern hills I see their smokes Mix'd with mist by distant lochs. I met many travellers Who the road had surely kept, They saw not my fine revellers, These had cross'd them while they slept. Some had heard their fair report, In the country or the court. Flectest couriers alive Never yet could once arrive, As they went or they return'd, At the house where these sojourn'd. Sometimes their strong speed they slacken, Though they are not overtaken: In sleep their jubilant troop is near, I tuneful voices overhear, It may be in wood or waste,-At unawares 't is come and pass'd. Their near camp my spirit knows By signs gracious as talubous, I thenceforward and long after, Listen for their harp-like laughter, And earry in my heart for days Peace that hallows rudest ways.

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### THE POET.

Fon this present, hard Is the fortune of the bard Born out of time : All his accomplishment From nature's utmost treasure spent Booteth not him. When the pine tosses its cones To the song of its waterfull tones. He speeds to the woodland walks, To birds and trees he talks: Cusar of his leafy Rome, There the poet is at home. He goes to the river side,---Not hook nor line hath he: He stands in the meadows wide,-Nor gun nor scythe to see; With none has he to do, And none to seek him, Nor men below, Not spirits dim. What he knows nobody wants: What he knows, he hides, not vannts, Knowledge this man prizes best Seems fantastic to the rest ; Pondering shadows, colours, clouds, Grass buds, and caterpillars' shrouds, Boughs on which the wild been settle, Tints that spot the violets' petal. Why nature loves the number five, And why the star-form she repeats ;-Lover of all things alive, Wonderer at all he meets. Wonderer chiefly at hinself,-Who can tell him what he is; Or how meet in human elf Coming and past eternities? .... And such I knew, a forest seer, A ininstrel of the natural year, Foreteller of the vernal ides, Wise harbinger of spheres and tidea. A lover true, who knew by heart Each joy the mountain dates impart ; It seem'd that nature could not raise A plant in any secret place, In quaking bog, on snowy hill, Beneath the grass that shades the rill, Under the snow, between the rocks, In damp fields known to bird and fox. But he would come in the very hour It open'd in its virgin bower, As if a sunbeam show'd the place, And tell its long descended race. It seem'd as if the breezes brought him, It seen'd as if the sparrows taught him, As if by secret sight he knew Where in far fields the orchis grew. There are many events in the field, Which are not shown to common eyes, But all her shows did nature yield To please and win this pilgrim wise, He saw the partridge drum in the woods, He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,

He found the tawny thrush's broods, And the shy hawk did wait for him, What others did at distance hear, And guess'd within the thicket's gloom, Was show'd to this philosopher, And at his bidding seem'd to come.

## DIRGE.

Knows he who tills this lonely field To reap its scanty corn, What mystic fruit his acres yield At midnight and at morn ? In the long sunny afternoon The plain was full of ghosts, I wander'd up, I wander'd down, Beset by pensive hosts. The winding Concord gleam'd below, Pouring as wide a flood As when my brothers, long ago, Came with me to the wood. But they are gone-the holy ones Who trod with me this lonely vale, The strong, star-bright companions Are silent, low, and pale. My good, my noble, in their prime, Who made this world the feast it was, Who learn'd with me the lore of Time, Who loved this dwelling-place; They took this valley for their toy, They play'd with it in every mood. A cell for prayer, a hall for joy, They treated Nature as they would. They colour'd the whole horizon round. Stars flamed and foded as they bade, All cchoes hearken'd for their sound, They made the woodlands glad or mad. I touch this flower of silken leaf Which once our childhood knew, Its soft leaves wound me with a grief Whose balsam never grew. Hearken to you pine warbler, Singing aloft in the tree; Hearest thou, O traveller ! What he singeth to me? Not unless God made sharp thine ear With sorrow such as mine, Out of that delicate lay couldst thou Its heavy tale divine. "Go, lonely man," it saith, "They loved thee from their birth. Their hands were pure, and pure their faith, There are no such hearts on earth. " Ye drew one mother's milk, One chamber held ye all, A very tender history Did in your childhood fall. "Ye cannot unlock your heart,

The key is gone with them; The silent organ loudest chants The master's require."

Distantin GOOS

## TO RHEA.

TREE, dear friend, a brother soothes, Not with flatteries, but truths, Which tarnish not, but purify To light which dims the morning's eye. I have come from the spring-woods, From the fregrant solitudes : Listen what the poplar tree And murmuring waters counsell'd me. If with love thy heart has burn'd, If thy love is unreturn'd, Hide thy grief within thy breast, Though it tear thes unexpress'd : For when love has once departed From the eyes of the false-hearted,

And one by one has torn off quite The bandages of purple light. Though thou wert the loveliest Form the soul had ever dress'd, Thou shalt seem, in each reply, A vixen to his altered eys; Thy softest pleadings seem too bold, Thy praying lute will seem to scold; Though thou kept the straightest road, Yet thou errest far and broad.

But thou shalt do as do the gods In their cloudless periods; For of this lore be thou sure— Though thou forget, the gods, secure, Forget never their command,

But make the statute of this land, As they lead, so follow all, Ever have done, over shall. Warning to the blind and deaf. "I is written on the iron leaf-Who drinks of Cupid's nectar cup, Loveth downward, and not up; Therefore, who loves, of gods or men, Shall not by the same be loved again ; His sweetheart's idolatry Falls, in turn, a new degree. When a god is once beguiled By beauty of a mortal child, And by her radiant youth delighted, He is not fool'd, but warily knoweth His love shall never be requited. And thus the wise Immortal doeth .---'T is his study and delight To bless that creature day and night-From all evils to defend her. In her lap to pour all splendour, To ransack earth for riches rare, And fetch her stars to deck her hair: He mixes music with her thoughts, And suddens her with heavenly doubts: All grace, all good, his great heart knows, Profuse in love, the king bestows: Saying, " Hearken ! earth, sea, air ! This monument of my despair Build I to the All-Good, All-Fair. Not for a private good, But I, from my beatitude, Albeit scorn'd as none was scorn'd,

Adorn her as was none adorn'd. I make this maiden an ensample To Nature, through her kingdoms ample, Whereby to model newer races, Statelier forms, and fairer faces; To carry man to new degrees Of power and of comeliness. These presents be the hostages Which I pawn for my release. See to thyself, O Universe ! Thou art better, and not worse."— And the god, having given all,. Is freed forever from his thrall.

## TO EVA.

On fair and stately maid, whose eyes Were kindled in the upper skies At the same torch that lighted mine; For so I must interpret still Thy sweet dominion o'er my will, A sympathy divine.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon Features that seem at heart my own; Nor fear those watchful sentinels, Who charm the more their glance forbids, Chaste-glowing, underneath their fids, With fire that draws while it repols.

### THE AMULET.

Your picture smiles as first it smiled; The ring you gave is still the same; Your letter tells, oh changing child! No tidings since it came.

Give me an amulet That keeps intelligence with you— Red when you love, and rosier red,

And when you love not, pale and blue.

Alas! that neither bonds nor vows Can certify possession: Torments me still the fear that love Died in its last expression.

### THINE EYES STILL SHINED.

THINE eyes still shined for me, though far I lonely roved the land or sea: As I behold yon evening star, Which yet beholds not me.

This morn I climb'd the misty hill, And roamed the pastures through; How danced thy form before my path, Amidst the deep-eyed dew !

When the red-bird spread his sable wing, And show'd his side of flame— When the rosebud ripen'd to the rose— In both I read thy name.

Coogle Google

## SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

(Rom 1803. Died 1844.)

THE author of "The Last Night of Pompeii" was horn in Warwick, near the western horder of Massachusetts, in the autumn of 1803. His father, a respectable physician, died in 1806, and his mother, on becoming a widow, returned with two children to her paternal home in Worcester.

Mr. FAIRFIELD entered Harvard College when thirteen years of ago; but, after spending two years in that seminary, was compelled to leave it, to aid his mother in teaching a school in a neighbouring village. He subsequently passed two or three years in Georgia and South Carolina, and in 1824 went to Europe. Ho returned in 1826, was soon afterwards married, and from that period resided in Philadelphia, where for several years he conducted the "North American Magazine," a monthly miscellany in which appeared most of his prose writings and poems.

He commenced the business of authorship at a very early period, and perhaps produced more in the form of poetry than any of his American contemporaries. "The Citics of the Plain," one of his carliest poems, was originally published in England. It was founded on the history of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of Genesis. The "Heir of the World," which followed in 1828, is a portical version of the life of ABRAHAM. It is in the Spenserian measure, and contains some fine passages, descriptivo of scenery and feeling. His next considerable work, "The Spirit of Destruction," appeared in 1830. Its subject is the deluge. Like the "Citics of the Plain," it is in the heroic verse, in which he wrote with great facility. His "Last Night of Pompeii"" was published in 1832. It is the result of two years' industrious labour, and was written amid the cares and vexations of poverty, The destruction of the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, Retina and Stabia, by an eruption of Vesuvius, in the summer of the year seventy-nine, is perhaps one of the finest subjects for poetry in modern history. Mr. FAIRFIELD in this poem exhibits a familiar acquaintance with the manners and events of the period, and his style is stately and sustained. His shorter pieces, though in some cases turgid and unpolished, are generally distinguished for vigour of thought and depth of feeling. An edition of his principal writings was published in a closely-printed octavo volume, in Philadelphia, in 1841.

The first and last time I ever saw FAIRFIELD was in the summer of 1842, when he called at my hotel to thank me for some kind notice of him in one of the journals, of which he supposed me

• Mr. FAIRFIELD accused Sir Epwarp Survey Lyrrow of founding on this poem his romance of the "Last Days of Pompeti." RI

to be the anthor. In a note sent to my apartment he described himself as " an outcast from all human affections" except those of his mother and his children, with whom he should remain but a little while, for he "felt the weight of the arm of Death." He complained that every man's hand had been against him, that exaggerated accounts had been published of his infirmitics, and uncharitable views given of his misfortunes. He said his mother, who had "been abused as an annoving old crone," in the newspapers, for endeavouring to obtain subscribers for his works, was attending him from his birth to his burial, and would never grow weary till the end. This prediction was verified About a year afterwards I read in a published letter from New Orleans that FATAFIELD had wandered to that city, lived there a few months in solitude and destitution, and after a painful illness died. While he fingered on his pallet, between the angel of death and his mother, she counted the hours of day and night, never slumbering by his side, nor leaving him, until as his only mourner she had followed him to a grave.

Not wishing to enter into any particular examination of his claims to personal respect, 1 must still express an opinion that FAIRFIELD was harshly treated, and that even if the specific charges against him were true, it was wrong to permit the private character of the author to have any influence upon critical judgments of his works. He wrote much, and generally with commendable aims. His knowledge of books was extensive and accurate. He had considerable fancy, which at one period was under the dominion of cultivated taste and chastened feeling; but troubles, mostly resulting from a want of skill in pecuniary affairs, induced recklessness, misanthropy, intemperance, and a general derangement and decay of his intellectual and moral nature. I see not much to admire in his poems, but they are by no means contemptible ; and " the poet FAIR-FIELD" had during a long period too much notoriety not to deserve some notice in a work of this sort, even though his verses had been still less poetical.

Persons of an ardent temperament and refined sensibilities have too frequently an aversion to the practical and necessary dutics of common life, to the indulgence of which they owe their chief misfortunes and unhappiness. The mind of the true port, however, is well ordered and comprehensive, and shrinks not from the humblest of dutics, **FARETELD** had the weakness or madness, absurily thought to belong to the poetical character, which unfatted him for an honourable and distinguished life. He needed, besides his " some learning and more feeling," a strong will and good sense, to be either great or useful.

## SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

## DESTRUCTION OF POMPEIL.

A ROAT, as if a myrind thunders burst, Now hurtled o'er the heavens, and the deep earth Shudder'd, and a thick storm of lava hail Rush'd into air, to fall upon the world. And low the lion cower'd, with fearful moans And upturn'd eyes, and quivering timbs, and clutch'd The gory sand instinctively in fear. The very soul of silence died, and hreath Through the ten thousand pallid lips, unfelt, Stole from the stricken bosons; and there stood, With face uplifted, and eyes fix'd on air, (Which unto him was throng'd with angel forms,) The Christian—waiting the high will of Heaven.

A wandering sound of wailing agony, A cry of coming horror, o'er the street Of tombs arose, and all the lurid air Echo'd the shricks of hopelessness and death.

"Hear ye not now?" said PANSA. Death is Ye saw the avalanche of fire descend [here ! Vesuvian steeps, and, in its giant strength Sweep on to Herculaneum; and ye cried, "It threats not us: why should we lose the sport? Though thousands perish, why should we refrain !" Your sister city-the most beautiful-Gasps in the burning ocean-from her domes Fly the survivors of her people, driven Before the torrent-floods of molten earth, With desolution red-and o'er her grave Unearthly voices raise the heart's last cries-'Fly, fly! O, horror! O, my son! my sire!' The hoarse shouts multiply; without the mount Are agony and death-within, such rage Of fossil fire as man may not behold ! Hark ! the destroyer slumbers not-and now, Be your theologics but true, your Joyz, Mid all his thunders, would shrink back aghast, Listening the horrors of the Titan's strife. The lion trembles; will ye have my blood, Or fice, ere Herculaneum's fate is yours !"

Vesuvius answer'd : from its pinnacles Clouds of far-flashing cinders, lava showers, And seas, drank up by the abyss of fire, To be hurl'd forth in boiling cataracts, Like midnight mountains, wrapp'd in lightnings, fell. O, then, the love of life! the struggling rush, The crushing conflict of escape1 few, brief, And dire the words delirious fear spake now,-One thought, one action sway'd the tossing crowd. All through the vomitories madly sprung, And mass on mass of trembling beings press'd, Gasping and goading, with the savageness That is the child of danger, like the waves Charybelis from his jagged rocks throws down, Mingled in madness-warring in their wrath. Some ewoon'd, and were trod down by legion feet: Some cried for mercy to the unanswering gods; Some shrick'd for parted friends, forever lost ; And some, in passion's chaos, with the yells Of desperation, did blaspheme the heavens;

• From "The Last Night of Pompeil." This scene follows the destruction of Herculaneum. PAKSA, a Christian, condenned by Dioxeter, is brought into the gladiatorial areon, when a new cruption from Vesuvius causes a suppension of the proceedings. And some were still in utterness of wo. Yet all toil'd on in trembling waves of life Along the subterranean corridors. Momenta were centuries of doubt and dread : Each breathing obstacle a hated thing; Each trainpled wretch a footstool to o'crlook The foremost multitudes; and terror, now, Begat in all a maniac ruthlessness,-For, in the madness of their agonies, Strong men cast down the feeble, who delay'd Their flight; and muidens on the stones were crush'd, And mothers inadden'd when the warrior's heel Pass'd o'er the faces of their sons ! 'I'he throng Press'd on, and in the ampler areades now Beheld, as floods of human life roll'd by, The uttermost terrors of the destined hour. In gory vapours the great sun went down; The broad, dark sea heaved like the dving heart, "Tween earth and heaven hovering o'er the grave And moan'd through all its waters ; every dome And temple, charr'd and choked with ceaseless Of suffocating cinders, seem'd the home [showers Of the triumphant desolutor, Death. One dreadful glance sufficed,-and to the sea, Like Lybian winds, breathing despair, they fled.

Nature's quick instinct, in most savage beasts, Prophesies danger ere man's thought awakes, And shrinks in fear from common savageness. Made gentle by its terror; thus, o'crawed, E'en in his famine's fury, by a Power Brute beings more than human oft adore, The lion lay, his quivering paws outspread, His white teeth gnashing, till the crushing throngs Had pass'd the corridors; then, glaring up, His eyes imbued with samiel light, he saw The crags and forests of the Apennines Gleaming far off, and, with the exulting sense Of home and lone dominion, at a bound He leap'd the lofty palisades, and sprung Along the spiral passages, with howls Of horror, through the flying multitudes, Flying to seek his lonely mountain-lair.

From every cell shricks burst ; hyenas cried, Like lost child, wandering o'er the wilderness, That, in deep loneliness, mingles its voice With wailing winds and stunning waterfalls; The giant elephant, with matchless strength, Struggled against the portal of his tomb, And groan'd and panted; and the icopard's yell, And tiger's growl, with all surrounding cries Of human horror mingled; and in air, Spotting the lurid heavens and waiting prov. The evil birds of carnage hung and watch'd. As revening heirs watch o'er the miser's couch. All awful sounds of heaven and earth met now: Darkness behind the sun-god's chariot roll'd, Shrouding destruction, save when volcan fires Lifted the folds, to glare on agony ; And, when a moment's terrible repose Fell on the deep convulsions, all could hear The toppling cliffs explode and crash below,-While multitudinous waters from the sea In whirlpools through the channel'd mountain rocks Rush'd, and, with hisses like the damaed's speech. Fell in the mighty furnace of the mount.

Congle

## SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

## VISIONS OF ROMANCE.

WHEN dark-brow'd midnight o'er the slumbering world

Mysterious shadows and bewildering throws, And the tired wings of human thought are furl'd, And sleep descends, like dew upon the rose,— How full of bliss the poet's vigil hour, When o'er him elder time hath magic power!

Before his eye past ages stand reveal'd, When feudal chiefs held lordly banquettings, In the spoils reveiling of flood and field, Among their vasals proud, unquestion'd kings: While bonour'd minstrels round the ample board The lays of love or songs of battle pour'd.

The dinted helmet, with its broken crest, The serried sabre, and the shatter'd shield Hung round the wainscot, dark, and well express'd That wild, fierce pride, which secon'd, unscathed, to The pictures there, with dusky glory rife, [yield; From age to age bore down stern characters of strife.

Amid long lines of glorious ancestry, [walls, Whose eyes flash'd o'er them from the gray, old What craven quails at Dangor's lightning eye ? What warrior blenches when his brother falls ? Bear witness Cressy and red Agincourt ! Bosworth, and Bannockburn, and Marston Moor!

The long, lone corridors, the antler'd hall, The massive walls, the all-commanding towers— Where revel reign'd, and masquerading ball, And beauty won stern warriors to her bowers— In ancient grandeur o'er the spirit move, With all their forms of chivalry and love.

The voice of centuries bursts upon the soul; Long-buried ages wake and live again; Past feats of fame and deeds of glory roll, Achieved for ladye-love in knighthood's reign; And all the simple state of olden time Assumes a garb majestic and sublime.

The steel-clad champion on his vaulting steed, The mitted primate, and the Norman ford, The peerless maid, awarding valour's meed, And the meck vestal, who her Gon adored— The pride, the pomp, the power and charm of earth From fancy's dome of living thought come forth.

The feast is o'er, the huntsman's course is done, The trump of war, the shrill horn sounds no more; The heroic revellers from the hall have gone, The lone blast moans the ruin'd castle o'er! The spell of beauty, and the pride of power Have pass'd forever from the feudal tower.

No more the drawbridge echoes to the tread Of visor'd knights, o'creanopied with gold; O'er mouldering gates and crumbling archways Dark ivy waves in many a mazy fold, [spread, Where chiefs flash'd vengeance from their lightning glance, [lance. And grasp'd the brand, and couch'd the conquering

The gorgeous pageantry of times gone by, The tilt, the tournament, the vaulted hall, Fades in its glory on the spirit's eye, And faney's bright and gay creations—all Sink into dust, when reason's searching glance Unmasks the age of knighthood and romance.

Like lightning hurtled o'er the lurid skies, Their glories flash along the gloom of years; The beacon-lights of time, to wisdom's eyes, O'er the deep-rolling stream of human tenrs. Fade! fade! ye visions of antique romance! Tower, casque, and mace, and helm, and banner'd Iance!

## AN EVENING SONG OF PIEDMONT.

Avz MARIA! 't is the midnight hour, The starlight wedding of the earth and heaven, When music breathes its perfume from the flower, And high revealings to the heart are given; Soft o'er the meadows steals the dewy air— Like dreams of bliss; the deep-blue ether glows, And the stream murmurs round its islets fair The tender night-song of a charm'd repose.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love, The kiss of rapture, and the link'd embrace, The hallow'd converse in the dim, still grove, The elysium of a heart-revealing face, When all is beautiful—for we are bless'd, When all is lovely—for we are beloved, When all is silent—for our passions rest, When all is faithful—for our hopes are proved.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer, Of bush'd communion with ourselves and Heaven, When our waked hearts their inmost thoughts declare, High, pure, far-searching, like the light of even; When hope becomes fruition, and we feel The holy earnest of eternal peace,

That bids our pride before the Omniscient kneel, That bids our wild and warring passions cease.

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

Ave Maria! let our prayers ascend From them whose holy offices afford No joy in heaven---on earth without a friend---That true, though faded image of the Loan! For them in vain the face of nature glows, For them in vain the sun in glory burns, The hollow breast consumes in firety wees, And meets despair and death where'er it turns.

Ave Maria! in the deep pine wood, On the clear stream, and o'er the nzure sky Bland midnight smiles, and starry solitude Breathes hope in every breeze that wanders by. Ave Maria! may our last hour come As bright, as pure, as gentle, Heaven! as this! Let faith attend us smiling to the tomb, And life and death are both the heirs of bliss!

2000

#### [Bars, 1905.]

TRE family of the author of "Geraldine" is one of the most ancient and respectable in Massachusetts. His ancestors were among the earliest setticrs of Boston; and his grundfather, as president of the Council, was for a time acting governor of the state, on the death of the elected chief magistrate. His father, THOMAS DAWES, was for ten years one of the associate judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and was distinguished among the advocates of the Federal Constitution, in the state convention called for its consideration. He was a sound lawyer, a man of great independence of character, and was distinguished for the brilliancy of his wit, and for many useful qualities."

RUFUE DAWKS was born in Boston, on the twenty-sixth of January, 1803, and was the youngest but one of sixteen children. He entered Harvard College in 1820; but in consequence of class disturbances, and insubordination, of which it was afterward shown he was falsely accused, he was compelled to leave that institution without a degree. This indignity he retaliated by a severe satire on the most prominent members of the faculty-the first poem he ever published. He then entered the office of General WILLIAM SUL-LIVAN, as a law-student, and was subsequently admitted a member of the Suffolk county bar. He has however never pursued the practice of the legal profession, having been attracted by other pursuits more congenial with his feelings.

In 1829 he was married to the third daughter

LANCASTER.

THE Queen of May has bound her virgin brow, And hung with blossoms every fruit-tree bough; The sweet Southwest, among the early flowers, Whispers the coming of delighted hours, While birds within the heaping foliage, sing Their music-welcome to returning Spring.

O. Nature! loveliest in thy green attire— Dear mother of the passion-kindling lyre; Thou who, in early days, upled'st me where The mountains freeze above the summer air; Or luredst my wandering way beside the streams, To watch the bubbles as they mock'd my dreams, Lead me again thy flowery paths among, To sing of native scenes as yet unsung!

Dear Lancaster! thy fond remembrance brings Thoughts, like the music of Æblian strings,

 Ite is classed by Mr. KETTELL among the American pacts; and in the Book of "Specimens" published by him are given some passares of his "Law given on Binsi," published in Boston in 1777. of Chief Justice CRANCE, of Washington. In 1830 he published "The Valley of the Nashaway, and other Poems," some of which had appeared originally in the Cambridge "United States Literary Gazette;" and in 1839, "Athenie of Damascus," "Geraldine," and his miscellaneous poetical writings. His last work, "Nix's Mate," an historical romance, appeared in the following year.

With Mr. DAWES poetry seems to have been a passion, which is fast aubsiding and giving place to a love of philosophy. He has been said to be a disciple of COLENDOR, but in reality is a devoted follower of SWERENGOR; and to this influence must be ascribed the air of mysticism which pervades his later productions. He has from time to time edited several legal, literary, and political works, and in the last has shown himself to be an adherent to the principles of the old Federal party. As a poet, his standing is yet unsettled, there being a wide difference of opinion respecting his writings. His versification is generally easy and correct, and in some pieces he exhibits considerable imagination.

In the winter of 1840-41, he delivered a course of lectures in the city of New York, before the American Institute, in which he combated the principles of the French eelectics and the Transcendentalists, contending that their philosophy is only a sublimated natural one, and very far removed from the true system of causes, and genuine spirituality.

In life's dull dream, when want of sordid gain Clings to our being with its cankering chain, When lofty thoughts are cramp'd to stoop below The vile, rank weeds that in their pathway grow, Who would not turn amidst the darken'd scene, To memoricd spots where sunbeams intervene; And dwell with fondness on the joyous hours. When youth hult up his pleasure-dome of flowers!

Now, while the music of the feather'd choir Rings where the sheltering blossoms wake desire, Wr. n dew-cycd Love looks tenderness, and speaks A itent language with his mantling checks; I think of those delicious moments past, Which joyless age shall dream of to the last;

As now, though far removed, the Muse would tell, 1 Though few may listen, what she loved so well.

Dear hours of childhood, youth's propitious spring, When Time fann'd only roses with his wing, When dreams, that mock reality, could move To yield an endless holiday to Love, How do ye crowd upon my fever'd brain, Aud, in imagination, live again !

Lo! I am with you now, the sloping green, Of many a sunny hill is freehly seen; Once more the purple clover bends to meet, And shower their dew-drops on the piltrim's feet; Once more he breathes the fragrance of your fields, Once more the orchard tree its harvest yields, Again he hails the morning from your hills, And drinks the cooling water of your rills, While, with a heart subdued, he feels the power Of every humble shrub and modest llower.

O thou who journeyest through that Eden-clime, Winding thy devious way to cheat the time, Delightful Nashaway! beside thy stream, Fain would I paint thy beauties as they gleam. Eccentric river ! poet of the woods ! Where, in thy far occluded solitudes, The wood-nymphs sport and neigde plash thy wave, With charms more sweet than ever Fancy gave; How oft with Mantua's bard, from school let free, I've conn'd the silver lines that flow like thee, Couch'd on thy emerald banks, at full length laid, Where classic elins grew lavish of their shade, Or indolently listen'd, while the throng Of idler beings woke their summer song; Or, with rude angling gear, outwatched the sun, Comparing mine to deeds by WALTON done.

Far down the silent stream, where arching trees Bend their green boughs so gently to the breeze, One live, broad mass of molten crystal lies, Clasping the mirror'd beauties of the skies! Look, how the sunshine breaks upon the plains! So the deep blush their flatter'd glory stains.

Romantic river! on thy quiet breast, While flash'd the salmon with his lightning crest, Not long ago, the Indian's thin canos Skimm'd lightly as the shadow which it threw; Not long ago, beside thy banks of green, The night-fire blazed and spread its dismal sheen.

Thou peaceful valles ! when I think how fair Thy various beauty shines, beyond compare, I cannot choose but own the Power that gave Amidst thy wors a helping hand to save, When o'er thy hills the savage war-whoop came, And desolation raised its functal flame!

'T is night! the stars are kindled in the sky, And hunger wakes the famished she-wolf's cry, While, o'er the crusted snow, the careful trend Betrays the heart whose pulses throb with dread; Yon flickering light, kind beacon of repose! The weary wanderer's homely dwelling shows, Where, by the bluzing fire, his bosom's joy Holds to her heart a slumbering infant boy; While every sound her anxious bosom moves, She starts and listens for the one she loves;----Hark! was't the night-bird's cry that met her ear,

Curdling the blood that thickens with cold fear?---

"Again, O God! that voice,--'tis his! 'tis his!" She hears the death-shriek and the arrow's whiz, When, as she turns, she sees the bursting door Roll her dead husband bleeding on the floor.

Loud as the burst of sudden thunder, rose The maddening war-cry of the ambush'd foce; Startling in sleep, the dreamless infant wakes, Like morning's smile when daylight's slumber breaks:

"For mercy ! spare my child, forbear the blow !" In vain ;-- the warm blood crimsons on the mow.

O'er the cold earth the captive mother sights, Her ears still tortured by her infant's crise; She cannot weep, but deep resolve, unmoved, Plots vengeance for the victims so beloved; Lo ! by their fire the glutted warriors lie, Locked in the death-sleep of ebriety, When from her bed of snow, whence slumber flew, The frenzied woman rose the deed to do;— Firmly beside the senseleas men of blood, With vengeful arm, the wetched mother stood; She hears her groaning, dying lord expire, Her woman's heart nerves up with modelening fire, She sees her infant dashed against the tree,— 'T is done!—the red men sleep eternally. Inow,

Such were thy wrongs, sweet Lancaster! but No apot so praceful and serene as thou; Thy hills and fields in checker'd richness stand, The glory and the beauty of the land.

From calm repose, while glow'd the eastern sky, And the fresh breeze went fraught with fragmore by, Waked by the noisy woodbird, free from care, What joy was mine to drink the morning air ! Not all the bliss maturer life can bring. When ripen'd manhood soars with strengthen'd

wing .-Not all the rapture Fancy ever wove, Nor less than that which springs from mutual love, Could challenge mine, when to the ravish'd sense The sunrise painted Gon's magnificence ! George-hill, thou pride of Nashaway, for thee,-Thyself the garden of fertility .--Nature has hung a picture to the eye, Where Beauty smiles at sombre Majesty. The river winding in its course below, grow, Through fertile fields where yellowing harvests The bowering elms that so majestic grew, A green areade for waves to wander through ; The deep, broad valley, where the new-mown hay Loads the fresh breezes of the rising day, And, distant far, Wachusett's towering height, Blue in the lingering shadows of the night, Have power to move the sternest heart to love, That Nature's loveliness could ever move.

Ye who can slumber when the starlight fades, And clouds break purpling through the eastern shades,

Whose care-worn spirits cannot wake at morn, To lead your buoyant footsteps o'er the lawn, Can never know what joy the ravish'd sense Feels in that moment's sacred influence. I will not ask the meed of fortune's smile, The flatterer's praise, that masks his heart of guile, So I can walk beneath the ample sky, And hear the birds' discordant mclody,

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And see reviving Spring, and Summer's gloom, And Autumn bending o'er his icy tomb, And hoary Winter pile his snowy drifts; For these to me are Fortune's highest gifts; And I have found in poor, neglected flowers, Companionship for many weary hours; And high above the mountain's crest of snow, Communed with storm-clouds in their wrath below; And where the vault of heaven, from some vast height

Grew black, as fell the shadows of the night, Where the stars seem to come to you, I've woo'd The grandeur of the fearful soliude. From such communion, feelings often rise, To guard the heart midst life's perplexities, Lighting a heaven within, whose deep-felt joy Compensates well for Sorrow's dark alloy. Then, though the worldly chide, and wealth deny, And passion conquer where it fain would fly, Though friends you love betray, while these are left, The heart can never wholly be bereft.

Hard by yon giant eim, whose branches spread A rustling role of leaves above your head; Where weary travellers, from noonday beat, Beneath the hospitable shade retreat. The school-house met the stranger's busy eye, Who turned to gaze again, he knew not why. Thrice lovely spot ! where, in the classic spring, My young ambition dipp'd her fever'd wing, And drank unseen the vision and the fire That break with quenchless glory from the lyre! Amidst thy wealth of art, fair Italy ! While Genius warms beneath thy cloudless sky, As o'er the waking marble's polished mould The eculptor breathes Promation's prayer of old, His heart shall send a frequent sigh to rove, A pilgrim to the birth-place of his love !

And can I e'er forget that hallowed spot, Whence aprings a charm that may not be forgot; Where, in a grove of elm and sycamore, The pastor show'd his hospitable door, And kindness shone so constantly to bless That sweet abode of peace and happiness?

The oaken bucket-where I stoop'd to drink The crystal water, trembling at the brink, Which through the solid rock in coldness flow'd, While creaked the ponderous lever with its load; The dsiry-where so many moments flew, With half the dainties of the soil in view; [rare, Where the broad pans spread out the milikmaid's To feed the busy churn that isbour'd there; The garden-where such neatness met the eye, A stranger could not pass unbeeding by; The orchard-and the yellow-mantied fields,

Each in its turn some dear remembrance yields. Ye who can mingle with the glittering crowd, Whore Mammon struts in rival splendour proud; Who pass your days in heartless fashion's round; And how with haired, where ye fear to wound; Away! no flatterer's voice, nor cowurd's sneer, Can find a welcome, or an altar here. But ye who look beyond the common ken, Self-unexalted when ye judge of men, Who, conscious of detects, can hurry by Faults that lay claim upon your charity; Who feel that thrilling vision of the soul Which looks through faith beyond an earthly goal, And will not yet refuse the homely care Which every being shares, or ought to share; Approach ! the home of Goodness is your own, And such as ye are worthy, such alone.

When silence hung upon the Sabbath's smile, And noiseless footsteps paced the sacred aisle, When hearts united work the suppliant lay, And happy faces bless'd the holy day; O. Nature! could the worshipper have own'd Such joy, as then upon his bosom throned; When feelings, even as the printless snow, Were harmless, guileless as a child can know; Or, if they swerved from right, were pliant still, To follow Virtue from the path of ill! No i when the morning 's old, the mist will rise To cloud the fairest vision of our eyes; As hopes too hrightly formed in rainbow dyes, A moment clumm--then vanish in the skirs!

Sweet hour of holy rest, to mortals given, To paint with love the fairest way to heaven; When from the sacred book instruction came With fervid cloquence and kindling flame. No myatic rites were there; to Gon alone Went up the grateful heart before his throne, While solenm anthems from the organ pour'd Thanksgiving to the high and only Lown.

Lo! where yon cottage whitens through the green.

The lovelicst feature of a matchless scene; Beneath its shading elm, with pious fear, An aged mother draws her children near; While from the Holy Word, with earnest air, She teaches them the privilege of proyer. Look I how their infunt eyes with rapture speak; Mark the flush'd lily on the dimpled check; Their hearts are filled with gratitude and love, Their hopes are center'd in a world above, Where, in a choir of angels, faith portrays The loved, departed father of their days.

Beside von grassless mound, a mourner kneels, There gush no tears to soothe the pang he feels; His loved, his lost, lies coffin'd in the sod. Whose soul has found a dwelling-place with Gon! Though press'd with anguish, mild religion shows His aching heart a balm for all its woes; And hope smiles upward, where his love shall find A mnon in eternity of mind!

Turn there your eves, ye cold, malignant crew, Whose vile ambition dima your reason's view, Ye faithless ones, who preach religion vain, And, childlike, chase the phantoms of your brain; Think not to crush the heart whose truth hos Its confidence in heavenly love reveal'd. [seal'd Let not the atheist deem that Fate decrees The lot of man to misery or ease, While to the contrite spirit faith is given, To find a hope on earth, a reat in heaven.

Unrivall'd Nashaway! where the willows throw Their frosted beauty on thy path brlow, Beneath the verdant drapery of the trees, Luxuriant Fancy woos the sighing breeze. The redbreast singing where the fruit-tree weaves Its silken canopy of multi-ry leaves;

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Enameth'd fields of green, where herding kine Crop the wet grass, or in the shade recline; The tapping woodbird, and the minstrel bes, The squirrel racing on his moss-grown tree, With clouds of pleasant dreams, demand in vain Creative thought to give them life again.

I turn where, glancing down, the eye surveys Art building up the wreck of other days; For graves of silent tribes upheave the sod, And Science emiles where savage Partier trod; Where wing'd the poison'd shaft along the skies, The hammer rings, the noisy shuttle flics; Impervious forests how before the blade, And fields rise up in yellow robes array'd. No lordly palace nor imperial seat Grasps the glad soil where freemen plant their

feet; No ruin'd castle here with ivy waves, To make us blush for ancestry of slaves; But, io ! unnumber'd dwellings moet the sye, Where men lie down in native majesty : The morning birds spring from their leafy bed, As the stern ploughman quits his happy shed; His arm is steel'd to toil—his heart to hear The rohe of pain, that mortals always wear; Though would may never come, a plentcous board Suiles at the pamper'd rich man's joyless hoard; True, when among his sires, no gilded heir Shall play the fool, and damn himself to care, But Industry and Knowledge lead the way, Where Independence braves the roughest day.

Nurse of my country's infancy, her stay In youthful trials and in danger's day; Diffusive Education ! 'tis to thee She owes her mountain-breath of Liberty; To thee she looks, through time's illusive gloom, To light her path, and shield her from the tomb; Beneath thine Ægis tyranny shall fail, Before thy frown the traitor's heart shall quail; Ambitious foes to liberty may wear A patriot mask, to compass what they dare, And sting the thoughtless nation, while they smile Benignantly and modestly the while; But thou shalt rend the virtuous-seeming guise, And guard her from the worst of enemics. Eternal Power! whose tempted thunder sleeps, While heaven-eyed Mercy turns away and weeps; Thou who didst lead our fathers where to send Their free devotions to their Gop and friend : Thou who hast swept a wilderness away, That men may walk in freedom's cloudless day; Guard well their trust, lest impious faction dars Unlock the chain that binds our birthright fair ; That private views to public good may yield, And honest men stand fearless in the field !

Once more I turn to thee, fair Nashaway! The farewell tribute of my humble lay; The time may come, when lofty notes shall bear Thy peerless beauty to the gladden'd air; Now to the lyre no daring hand aspires. And rust grows cankering on its tuneless wires.

Our lays are like the fiful streams that flow From careless birds, that carol as they go; Content, beneath the mountain-top to sing, And only touch Castalia with a wing.

## ANNE BOLEYN.

I wass while gazing on thy modest face, Thou pictured history of woman's love! Joy spreads his burning pinions on thy check, Shaming its whiteness; and thine eyes are full Of conscious beauty, as they undulate. Yet all thy beauty, poor, deluded girl! Served but to light thy ruin.—Is there not. Kind Heaven! some secret talisman of hearts, Whereby to find a resting-place for love! Unhappy maiden! let thy story teach The beautiful and young, that while their path Softens with roses.—danger may be there; That Love may watch the bubbles of the stream, But never trust his image on the wave.

#### SUNRISE, FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Tux laughing hours have chased sway the night, Plucking the stars out from her diadem :---And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace, Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east, Blushing in smiles and glad as infancy. And see, the foolish Moon, but now so vain Of borrow'd beauty, how she yields her charms, And, pale with envy, steals herself away ! The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on, Attendant on the day-the mountain-tops Have lit their beacons, and the vales below Warbling to charm the air with melody, Floats on the frosty breeze ; yet Nature hath The very soul of music in her looks ! The sumshine and the shade of poetry.

I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle, Temple of Nature! and look down with nwe On the wide world beneath me, dimly seen; Around me crowd the giant sone of carth, Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued; Firm as when first rebellion bale them rise Unrifted to the Thunderer—now they seem A family of mountains, clustering round Their heary patriarch, emulously watching To meet the partial glances of the day. Far in the glowing east the flickering light, Mellow'd by distance, with the blue sky blending, Questions the eve with every-varying forms.

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

Congle

Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air, And sleep in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place, A Presence, that forbids to break the spell, Till the heart pour its agony in tears. But I must drink the vision while it lasts; For even now the curling vapours rise, Wreathing their cloudy coronals to grace These towering summits—bidding me away;— But often shall my heart turn back again, Thou glorious eminence 1 and when oppress'd, Aud aching with the coldness of the world, Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

## SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

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

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

At noon she hics to a cool retreat, Where bowering eims over waters meet; She dimplet the wave where the green leaves dip,  $A \le it$  smillingly carls like a maiden's lip, When her tremulous boson woold hide, in vain, From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

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

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

## LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

YES! still I love thee:-Time, who sets His signet on my brow, And dims my sunken eye, forgets The heart he could not how ;---Where love, that cannot perish, grows For one, alse! that little knows How love may sometimes last ; Like sunshine wasting in the skies, When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose, Within its robe of light, Can never touch a leaf that blows, Though seeming to the sight; And yet it still will linger there, Like hopeless love without despair,— A snow-drop in the sun ! A moment finely exquisite, Alas! but only one. I would not have thy married heart Think momently of me,— Nor would I tear the cords apart.

Nor would I tear the cords apart, That bind me so to thee;

No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild, Like dow upon the roses wild,

I would not have thee know,

The stream that seems to thee so still, Has such a tide below !

Enough ! that in delicious dreams I see thee and forget---

Enough, that when the morning beams, I feel my cyclids wet!

Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall The darkness, for creation's pall,

To meet thee,---and to love,---I would not shrink from aught below, Nor ask for more above.

## EXTRACT FROM "GERALDINE."

I RNOW a spot where poets fain would dwell, To gather flowers and food for alterthought, As bees draw honey from the rose's cell,

To hive among the treasures they have wrought; And there a cottage from a sylvan screen Sent up its carling smoke amidst the green.

Around that hermit-home of quictude, The elm trees whisper'd with the summer sir, And nothing ever ventured to intrude.

But happy birds, that caroli'd wildly there, Or honey-laden harvesters, that fiew Humming away to drink the morning dew.

Around the door the honeysuckle climbed, And Multa-flora spread her countless roses,

And never ministrel sang nor pact rhymed Romantic scene where impliness reposes, Sweeter to sense than that enchanting dell, Where home-sick memory fondly loves to dwell

Beneath a mountain's brow the collage stood, Hard by a shelving lake, whose peobled bed Was skitted by the drapery of a wood,

That hung its festoon foliage over head, Where wild deer came at eve, unharm'd, to drink, While monlight threw their shadows from the brink.

The green earth heaved her giaot waves around, Where through the mountain vista one vast height (hound

Tower'd heavenward without peer, his forchead With gorgeous clouds, at times of changeful light. While far helow, the lake, in bridal rest. Slept with his glorious picture on her breast.

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## EDMUND D. GRIFFIN.

#### (Bors, 1804. Died, 1800.)

EDMUND DORB GRIFFIN was born in the celebrated valley of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, on the tenth day of September, 1804. During his infancy his parents removed to New York, but on account of the delicacy of his constitution, he was celucated, until he was twelve genrs old, at various schools in the country. He entered Columbia College, in New York, in 1819, and until he was graduated, four years afterwards, maintained the highest mak in the successive classes. During this period most of his Latin and English poems were composed. He was admitted to deecon's orders, in the Episcopal Church, in 1826, and

after spending two years in the active discharge of the duties of his profession, set out on his travels. He passed through France, Itsly, Switzerland, England, and Scotland, and returned to New York in the spring of 1830. He was then appointed an associate professor in Columbia College, but rosigned the office after a few months, in consequence of ill health, and closed a life of successful devotion to learning, and remarkable moral purity, on the first day of September, in the same year. His travels in Europe, sermons, and miscellaneous writings were published in two large octavo volumes, in 1831.

## LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING ITALY.

" Deh ! fossi tu men bella, o almon plu forte."--FILICAIA.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair, Land of the orange grove and myrtle bower ! To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial sir,

Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power;

To look upon whose mountains in the hour When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil Of purple flows around them, would restore

The sense of beauty when all else might fail.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair, Parent of fruits, alas! no more of men!

Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare, The yellow harvests loads the scarce till'd plain.

Spontaneous shoots the vine, in rich festoon From tree to tree depending, and the flowers

Wreathe with their chaplets, sweet though fading soon,

E'en fallen columns and decaying towers.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair, Home of the beautiful, but not the brave !

Where noble form, bold outline, princely sir, Distinguish e'en the pessant and the slave:

Where, like the goldess spring from ocean's wave, Her mortal sisters boast immortal grace,

Nor spoil those charms which partial Nature gave, By art's weak aids or fashion's vain grimace.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fuir, Thou nurse of every art, save one alone,

The art of self-defence ! Thy fostering care Brings out a nobler life from senseless stone,

And bids e'en canvass speak ; thy magic tone, Infused in music, now constrains the soul

With tears the power of melody to own, [trol. And now with passionate throbs that spurn con-

Would that thou wert less fair, at least more strong, Grave of the mighty dead, the living mean ! Can nothing rouse ye both? no tyrant's wrong, No memory of the brave, of what has been ?

Yon broken arch once spoke of triumph, then That mouldering wall too spoke of brave defence :

Shades of departed heroes, rise again !

Italians, rise, and thrust the oppressors hence ! O, Italy ! my country, fare thee well !

For art thou not my country, at whose breast Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me dwell.

The fathers of my mind? whose fame impress'd E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest

With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams, E'er yet thou didst receive me as a guest,

Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams?

Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost: Too carly lost, alas! when once so dear;

I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast, And urge the feet forbid to linger here.

But must I rove by Arno's current clear. And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,

And wander on the mount, now waste and drear, Where C BBAR's palace in its glory stood ;

And see again Parthenope's loved bay, And Paertum's shrines, and Baiae's classic shore,

And mount the bark, and listen to the lay

That floats by night through Venice-never Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar- [more ? It washes not thy feet, that envious sea.

But waits, with outstretch'd arms, to waft me o'er To other lands, far, far, alss, from thee.

Fare—fare thee well once more. I love thee not As other things inanimate. Thou art

The cherish'd mistress of my youth; forgot Thou never canst be while I have a heart. Launch'd on those waters, wild with storm and wind,

Congle

I know not, ask not, what may be my lot;

For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind. Broading in gloom on that one bitter thought.

## EDMUND D. GRIFFIN.

## DESCRIPTION OF LOVE, BY VENUS.

THOUGH old in cunning, as in years, He is so small, that like a child In face and form, the god appears, And sportive like a boy, and wild; Lightly he moves from place to place, In none at rest, in none content ; Delighted some new toy to chase-On childish purpose ever bent. Beware ! to childhood's spirit gay Is added more than childhood's power; And you perchance may rue the hour That saw you join his seeming play. He quick is anger'd, and as quick His short-lived passion's over past, Like summer lightnings, flashing thick. But flying ere a bolt is cast. I've seen, myself, as 't were together, Now joy, now grief assume its place, Shedding a sort of April weather, Sunshine and rain upon his face. His curling hair floats on the wind, Like Fortune's, long and thick before, And rich and bright as golden ore: Like hers, his head is bald behind, His ruddy face is strangely bright, It is the very hue of fire. The inward spirit's quenchless light, The glow of many a soft desire. He hides his eye that keenly flashes, But sometimes steals a thrilling glance From 'neath his drooping silken lashes. And sometimes looks with eye askance; But seldom ventures he to gaze With looks direct and open eye; For well he knows-the urchin sly-But one such look his guile betrays. His tongue, that seems to have left just then His mother's breast, discourses sweet, And forms his lisping infant strain In words scarce utter'd, half-complete; Yet, wafted on a winged sigh, And led by Flattery, gentle guide, Unseen into the heart they fly, Its coldness melt, and tame its pride. In smiles that hide intended wo. His tuddy lips are always dress'd, As flowers conceal the listening crest Of the coil'd enake that lurks below. In carriage courteous, meek, and mild, Humble in speech, and soft in look, He seems a wandering orphan child, And asks a shelter in some nook Or corner left unoccupied :

But, once admitted as a guest, By slow degrees he have aside

That lowly port and look distress'd-

Displays his captions, high-bred airs, His causeless pets and jealous fears, His fickle fancy and unquiet brain.

## EMBLEMS.

Yox rose, that bows her graceful head to hail The welcome visitant that brings the morn,

And spreads her leaves to gather from the gale. The coolness on its early pinions home,

Listing the music of its whisper'd tale, And giving stores of perfume in return— Though fair she seem, full many a thorn doth hide; Perhaps a worm pollutes her bosom's pride.

Yon oak, that proudly throws his arms on high, Threshing the air that flies their frequent strokes,

And lifts his haughty crest towards the sky, Daring the thunder that its height provokes,

And spreads his foliage wide, a shelter nigh, From noonday heats to guard the weary flocks-

Though strong he seem, must dread the bursting And e'en the malice of the feeble worm. [storm,

The moon, that sits so lightly on her throne, Gliding majestic on her silent way,

And sends her silvery beam serencly down, 'Mong waving boughs and frolic leaves to play,

To sleep upon the bank with moss o'ergrown, Or on the clear waves, clearer far than they-Scems purity itself; but if again

We look, and closely, we perceive a stain.

Fit emblems all, of those unworthy joys On which our passions and our hopes dilate:

We wound ourselves to seize on Pleasure's toys, Nor see their worthlessness until too late;

And Power, with all its pomp and all its noise, Meets oft a sudden and a hapless fate; And Fame of gentle deeds and daring high, Is often stain'd by blots of foulest dye.

Where then shall man, by his Crestor's hand Gifted with feelings that must have an aim.

Aspiring thoughts and hopes, a countless hand; Affections glowing with a quenchless flame,

And passions, too, in dread array that stand, To aid his virtue or to stemp his shame : Where shall he fix a soul thus form'd and given ? Fix it on Gon, and it shall rise to Heaven.

## TO A LADY.

LIKE target for the arrow's aim, Like snow beneath the sunny heats,

Like wax before the glowing flame, Like cloud before the wind that fleets,

I am—'t is love that made me so, And, lady, still thou sayst me no.

The wound's inflicted by thine eyes, The mortal wound to hope and me,

Which naught, alas, can cleatrize, Nor time, nor absence, far from thee. Thou art the sun, the fire, the wind. That make me such; sh, then be kind !

My thoughts are darts, my soul to smite; Thy charms the sun, to blind my sense,

My wishes—ne'er did passion light A flame more pure or more intense. Love all these arms at once employs,

And wounds, and dazzles, and destroys.

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## I.H. BRIGHT.

### [Sona, 1804. Died. 1837.]

Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804. At an early age he went to New York, where he resided several years, after which he removed to Albany, and subsequently to Richmond, in Virginia, where he was married. In the autumn of 1836 he sailed for New Orleans, and soon after his arrival in that

THE VISION OF DEATH.

THE moon was high in the autumn sky, The stars wared cold and dim, Where hoarsely the mighty Oregon

Peals his eternal hymn;

And the prairie-grass bent its seedy heads Far over the river's brim.

An impulse I might not defy, Constrain'd my footsteps there,

When through the gloom a red eye burn'd With fix'd and steady glare;

- And a huge, misshapen form of mist Loom'd in the midnight air.
- Then out it spake : "My name is Death !" Thick grew my blood, and chill-

A sense of fear weigh'd down my breath, And held my pulses still ;

- And a voice from that unnatural shade Compell'd me to its will,
- "Dig me a grave! dig me a grave!" The gloomy monster said,
- " And make it deep, and long, and wide, And bury me my dead."
- A corpse without sheet or shroud, at my feet, And rusted mattock laid.
- With trembling hand the tool I spann'd, 'T was wet with blood, and cold,
- And from its slimy handle hung The gray and ropy mould ;
- And I sought to detach my stiffen'd grasp, But could not loose my hold.
- "Now cautiously turn up the sod; Gon's image once it bore.
- And time shall be when each small blade To life He will restore.
- And the separate particles shall take The shape which first they wore."

Deeply my spade the soft earth pierced, It touch'd the festering dead ; Tier above tier the corpses lay,

As leaves in autumn shed ; The vulture circled, and flapp'd his wings,

And scream'd, above my head.

JONATHAN HUNTINGTON BRIGHT Was born in | city was induced to ascend the Mississippi, to take part in a mercantile interest at Manchester, where he died, very suddenly, in the thirty-third year of his age. He was for several years a writer for the public journals and literary megazines, under the signature of "Viator." His poetry has never been published collectively.

O, then I sought to rest my brow,

The spade I held, its prop ;

"Toil on ! toil on !" scream'd the ugly fiend, "My servants never stop!

Toil on ! toil on ! at the judgment-day Ye'll have a glorious crop !'

Now, wheresoe'er I turn'd my eyes, 'T was horrible to see

How the grave made hare her secret work, And disclosed her depths to me;

While the ground beneath me heaved and roll'd Like the billows of the sea.

The spectre skinn'd his yellow teeth-"Ye like not this, I trow :

Six thousand years your fellow-man Has counted me his foe,

And ever when he cursed I hugh'd, And drew my fatal bow.

"And generations all untold In this Jark spot I've laid-

The forest ruler and the young And tender Indian moid ;

And moulders with their carcasses Behemoth of the glade.

"Yet here they may no more remain ; I fain would have this room : And they must seek another rest,

Of deeper, lonelier gloom;

Long ages since I mark'd this snot To be the white man's tomb.

"Already his coming steps I hear, From the east's remotest line.

While over his advancing hosts The forward banners shine :

And where he builds his cities and towns, I ever must build mine."

Anon a pale and silvery mist Was girdled round the moon : Slowly the dead unclosed their eves,

- On midnight's solemn noon,
- "Ha!" mutter'd the mocking sprite, "I fear We've waken'd them too soon !
- "Now marshal all the numerous host In one concentred band.

### J. H. BRIGHT.

And hurry them to the west," said he, "Where ocean meets the land: They shall regard thy bidding voice, And move at thy command." Then first I spake-the sullen corpse Stood on the gloomy cod, Like the dry hones the prophet raised, When hidden by his Goo; A might company, so vast, Each on the other trod. They stalk'd creet as if alive, Yet not to life allied, But like the pestilence that walks, And wasteth at noontide, Corruption animated, or The grave personified. The earth-worm drew his slimy trail Across the bloodless check, And the carrion bird in hot haste came To gorge his thirsty beak : But, scared by the living banquet, fled, Another prey to seek. While ever as on their way they moved, No voice they gave, nor sound, And before and behind, and about their sides, Their wither'd arms they bound ; As the beggar clasps his skinny hands His tatter'd garments round. On, on we went through the livelong night, Death and his troop, and I; We turn'd not aside for forest or stream Or mountain towering high, But straight and swift as the hurricane sweeps Athwart the stormy sky. Once, once I stopp'd, where something gleam'd, With a bright and star-like ray, And I stoop'd to take the diamond up From the grass in which it lay; "T was an eye that from its socket fell, As some wretch toil'd on his way. At length our army reach'd the verge Of the far-off western shore; Death drove them into the sea, and said, "Ye shall remove no more." The ocean hymn'd their solemn dirgs, And his waters swept them o'cr. The stars went out, the morning smiled With rosy tints of light, The bird began his early hymn, And plumed his wings for flight: And the vision of death was broken with The breaking up of night. HE WEDDED AGAIN. Ene death had quite stricken the bloom from her cheek. Or worn off the smoothness and gloss of her brow, When our quivering lips her dear name could not speak,

And our hearts vainly strove to Gon's judgment to bow; He estranged himself from us, and cheerfully then Sought out a new object, and wedded again.

The dust had scarce settled itself on her lyre, And its soft melting tones still held captive the ear,

While we look'd for her fingers to glide o'er the wire, And waited in fancy her sweet voice to hear; He turn'd from her harp and its melody then, Sought out a new minstrel and wedded again.

The turf had not yet by a stranger been trod, Nor the pansy a single leaf and on her grave,

The cypress had not taken root in the sod, [gave; Nor the stone lost the freshness the sculptor first He turn'd from these mournful remembrances then, Wove a new bridal chaplet, and wedded again.

His dwelling to us, O, how lenely and sad! When we thought of the light death had stolen gway,

Of the warm hearts which once in its keeping it had, And that one was now widow'd and both in decay; But its deep desolation had fled even then— He sought a new idol, and wedded again.

But can she be quite blest who presides at his board ? Will no troublesome vision ber happy home shade,

Of a future love luring and charming her lord. When she with our lost one forgotten is laid ? She must know he will worship some other star then, Seek out a new love, and be wedded again.

### SONG.

Should sorrow o'er thy brow Its darken'd shadows fling, And hopes that cheer thee now, Die in their early spring ; Should pleasure at its birth Fade like the hues of even, Turn thou away from earth,-There's rest for thee in heaven ! If ever life shall seem To thee a toilsome way, And gladness cease to beam Upon its clouded day; If, like the wearied dove, O'er shoreless ocean driven, Raise thou thine eve above,-There's rest for thee in heaven! But, O ! if always flowers Throughout thy pathway bloom, And gayly pass the hours, Undimn'd by earthly gloom; Still let not every thought To this poor world be given, Not always be forgot Thy better rest in heaven ! When sickness pales thy cheek, And dims thy lustrous eye, And pulses low and weak Tell of a time to die-Sweet hope shall whisper then, "Though thou from earth be riven, There's bliss beyond thy ken,-There's rest for thee in heaven !"

Detroitin GOOS

# GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

(flora, 1904.)

MR. PRENTICE is a native of Preston, in Connecticut, and was educated at Brown University, in Providence, where he was graduated in 1823. He edited for several years, at Hartford, "The New England Weckly Review," in connection, I believe, with JOHN G. WEITTIER; and in 1831

he removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where he has since conducted the "Journal," of that city, one of the most popular gazettes ever published in this country. Nearly all his poems were written while he was in the university. 'They have never been published collectively.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

"T is midnight's holy hour-and silence now Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on the winds The bell's deep tones are swelling ; 't is the knell Of the departed year. No funeral train Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood, With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest, Like a pale, spotless shroud ; the air is stirr'd, As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud, That floats so still and placidly through heaven, The spirits of the seasons seem to stand, form, Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn And Winter with his aged locks, and breathe In mournful cadences, that come abroad Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail, A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year, Gone from the earth forever. 'T is a time For memory and for tears. Within the deep, Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim, Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time, Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold And solemn finger to the beautiful And holy visions that have pass'd away, And left no shadow of their loveliness On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love, And, bending mournfully above the pale Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers O'er what has pass'd to nothingness. The year Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow, Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course, It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful, And they are not. It laid its pallid hand Upon the strong man, and the haughty form Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim. It trod the hall of revelry, where throng'd The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song And reckless shout resounded. It pass'd o'er The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield Flash'd in the light of midday-and the strength Of service hosts is shiver'd, and the grass, Green from the soil of carnage, waves above The crush'd and mouldering skeleton. It came And faded like a wreath of miet at eve ; Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air, It heralded its millions to their home

In the dim land of dreams, Remorseless Time-Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe-what power Can stay him in his silent course, or melt His iron heart to pity ? On, still on He presses, and forever. The proud bird, The condor of the Andes, that can sour Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave The fury of the northern hurricane, And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home, Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down To rest upon his mountain-crag,---but Time Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness, And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast Of dreaming sorrow ; citics rise and sink, Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go lack To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear To heaven their bald and blacken'd cliffs, and how Their tall heads to the plain ; new empires rise, Gathering the strength of hoary centuries, And rush down like the Alpine avalanche, Startling the nations; and the very stars, Yon bright and burning blazonry of Gon, Glitter a while in their eternal depths, And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train, Shoot from their clorious spheres, and pass away, To darkle in the trackless void :--- yet Time---Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career, Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path, To sit and muse, like other conquerors. Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

# LINES TO A LADY.

LANY, I love, at eventide, When stars, as now, are on the wave, To stray in loncliness, and muse Upon the one dear form that gave Its sunlight to my boyhood; oft That same sweet look sinks, still and soft, Upon my spirit, and appears As lovely as in by-gone years.

Eve's low, faint wind is breathing now, With deep and soul-like murnuring. Through the dark pines; and thy awcet words Seem borne on its mysterious wing; 2 A

2 A STR

### GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

And oft, mid musings sad and lone, At night's deep noon, that thrilling tone Swells in the wind, low, wild, and clear, Like music in the dreaming sir.

When sleep's calm wing is on my brow, And dreams of peace my spirit hull, Before me, like a misty star,

That form floats dim and beautiful; And, when the gentle moonbeam smiles On the blue streams and dark-green isles, In every ray pour'd down the sky, That same light form seems stealing by,

It is a blessed picture, shrined In memory's urn; the wing of years Can change it not, for there it glows, Undinm'd by "weaknesses and tears;" Deep-hidden in its still recess, It beams with love and holiness, O'er hours of being, dark and dull, Till life seems almost beautiful.

The vision cannot fade away; 'T is in the stillness of my heart, And o'er its brightness I have mused in solitude; it is a part Of my existence; a dear flower Breathed on by Heaven: morn's carliest hour That flower bedews, and its blue eye At eve still rests upon the sky.

Lady, like thine, my visions cling To the dear shrine of buried years; The past, the past ! it is too bright, Too decply beautiful for tears; We have been bless'd; though life is made A tear, a silence, and a shade, And years have left the vacant breast To loneliness—we have been bless'd !

Those still, those soft, those summer eyes, When by our favourite stream we stood, And watch'd our mingling shadows there, Soft-pictured in the deep-blue flood, Seem'd one enchantment. O! we felt, As there, at love's pure shrine, we knelt, That life was sweet, and all its hours A glorious dream of love and flowers.

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And still 'tis sweet. Our hopes went by Like sounds upon the unbroken sea;

Yet memory wings the spirit back To deep, undying melody; And still, around her early shrine, Fresh flowers their dewy chaplets twine, Young Love his brightest garland wreathes, And Eden's richest incense breathes.

Our hopes are flown-yet parted hours Still in the depths of memory lie, Like night-gens in the silent blue Of summer's deep and brilliant sky; And Love's bright flashes seem again To full upon the glowing chain (of our existence. Can it be That all is but a mockery ? Lady, adieu! to other climes I go, from joy, and hope, and thee; A weed on Time's dark waters thrown, A wreck on life's wild-heaving sea; J go; but O, the past, the past! Its spell is o'er my being cast.— And still, to Love's remember'd eves,

With all but hope, my spirit cleaves.

Adieu! adieu! My farewell words Are on my lyre, and their wild flow Is faintly dying on the chords.

Broken and tuncless. Be it so ! Thy name—O, may it never swell My strain again—yet long 't will dwell Shrined in my heart, unbreathed, unspoken— A treasured word—a cherish'd token.

### THE DEAD MARINER.

SLEEF on, sleep on ! above thy corse The winds their Sabhath kcep; The waves are round thee, and thy breast Heaves with the heaving deep. O'er thee mild eve her beauty flings, And there the white gull lifts her wings, And the blue haleyon loves to lave Her plumage in the deep blue wave.

Sleep on; no willow o'er thee bends With melancholy air, No violet springs, nor dewy rose Its soul of love lays bare; But there the sea-flower, bright and young, Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung, And, like a weeping mourner fair, The pale flag bangs its tresses there.

Sleep on, sleep on ; the glittering depths Of ocean's coral caves Are thy bright unn—thy requiem The music of its waves; The purple geme forever burn In fadeless beauty round thy urn, And, pure and deep as infant love, The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on, sleep on ; the fearful wrath Of mingling cloud and deep May leave its wild and stormy track Above thy place of sleep ; But, when the wave has sunk to rest, As now, 't will murmur o'er thy breast, And the bright victims of the sea Perchance will make their home with thee.

Skeep on ; thy corse is fur away, But love bewails theoryet; For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed, And lovely eyes are wet: And she, thy young and beauteous bride, Her thoughts are hovering by thy side, As oft she turns to view, with tears, The Eden of departed years.

Distantin GOO

### GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

### SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun ! Yet twilight lingers still ; And beautiful as dream of Heaven It slumbers on the hill ; Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things, Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings, And, rendering back the hues above, Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest-trees In shadowy groups recline, Like saints at evening bow'd in prayer Around their boly shrine;

And through their leaves the night-winds blow So calm and still, their music low Seems the mysterious voice of prayer, Soft echo'd on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds, Retiring from the sky,

So calmly move, so softly glow, They seem to fancy's eye

Bright creatures of a better sphere, Come down at noon to worship here, And, from their sacrifice of love, Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea, The night-arch floating by,

The flowers that gaze upon the heavans, The bright streams leaping by, Are living with religion-deep On earth and sea its glories sleep,

And mingle with the starlight rays, Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve Comes through the silent air To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes

A gush of music there ! And the far depths of ether beam So passing fair, we almost dream That we can rise, and wander through Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is fill'd with glorious dreams, Each pulse is beating wild;

And thought is soaring to the shrine Of glory undefiled !

And holy espirations start, Like blessed angels, from the heart, And bind---for earth's dark ties are riven----Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

# TO A LADY.

I THINK of thee when morning springs From sleep, with plumage bathed in dow, And, like a young bird, lifts her wings Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love O'er flower and stream is wandering free, And sent in music from the grove, I think of thee---I think of thee. I think of thee, when, soft and wide, The evening spreads her robes of light, And, like a young and timid bride, Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs In light o'er beaven's deep, waveless sea, And stars are forth, like blessed things, I think of theo...I think of thee.

I think of thee ;---thet eye of flame, Those tresses, falling bright and free, That brow, where "Beauty writes her name," I think of thee---I think of thee.

#### WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Tax trembling dew-drops fall Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest The stars shine gloriously: and all Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave ! The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild, Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave Above thy child ?

"I is a sweet flower, yet must Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow; Dear mother, 't is thine emblem; dust Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die: To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams-By thee, as erst in childhood, lie, And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here, To stain the plumage of my sinless years, And mourn the hopes to childhood dear With bitter tears.

Ay, I must linger bere, A lonely branch upon a wither'd tree, Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere, Went down with thee!

Oft, from life's wither'd bower, In still communion with the past, I turn, And muse on thee, the only flower In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale Bows, like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave, I stray to hear the night-winds wail Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown ! I gaze above---thy look is imaged there; I listen----and thy gentle tone Is on the air.

O, come, while here I press My brow upon thy grave; and, in those mild And thrilling tones of tenderness, Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless your weeping child; And o'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine— O, give his spirit, undefiled. To blend with thine.

# WALTER COLTON.

#### [Both, 1804.]

Mr. COLTON is a native of Rutland, in Vermont. After obtaining a degree at Yale College, he was three years in the theological seminary at Andover. In 1820 he entered the navy as a chaptain, and after a short service in the West India squadron, was ordered to that of the Mediterranean, during his connection with which he travelled through Southern Europe and Asia Minor, and visited Paris and London. Among the fruits of his tours are two works

THE SAILOR.

A SAILOR ever loves to be in motion. Roaming about he scarce knows where or why; He looks upon the dim and shadowy ocean

As home, abhors the land ; and e'en the sky, Boundless and heautiful, has naught to please, Except some clouds, which promise him a breeze.

He is a child of mere impulse and passion, Loving his friends, and generous to his foes, And fickle as the most ephemeral fashion,

Save in the cut and colour of his clothes, And in a set of phrases which, on land, The wisest head could never understand.

He thinks his dialect the very best That ever flow'd from any human lip, And whether in his prayers, or at a jest,

Uses the terms for managing a ship: And even in death would order up the helm, In hope to clear the "undiscover'd realm,"

He makes a friend where'er he meets a shore. One whom he cherishes with some affection:

But leaving port, he thinks of her no more, Unless it be, perchance, in some reflection Upon his wicked ways, then, with a sigh, Resolves on reformation-ere he die.

In calms, he gazes at the sleeping sea, Or seeks his lines, and sets himself to angling. Or takes to polities, and, being free

Of facts and full of feeling, falls to wrangling: Then recollects a distant eye and lip, And rucs the day on which he saw a ship:

Then looks up to the sky to watch each cloud, As it displays its faint and fleeting form ; Then o'er the calm begins to mutter loud,

And swears he would exchange it for a storm. Tornado, any thing-to put a close To this most dead, monotonous repose.

An order given, and he obeys, of course, Though 'twere to run his ship upon the rocks-Capture a squadron with a boat's-crew force-

Or batter down the massive granite blocks Of some huge fortress with a swivel, pike, l'isto', aught that will throw a ball, or strike.

entitled "Ship and Shore," and "Athens and Constantinople." He was appointed historiographer to the South Sea Exploring Expedition, but the ultimate reduction of the exploring squadron, and the resignation of his associates, induced him to forego the advantages of this office, and he was subsequently attached several years to the naval stations at Philadelphis. He is now (in the autumn of 1845) at sea as chaplain to the United States ship Congress.

He never shrinks, whatever may betide ; His weapon may be shiver'd in his hand, His last companion shot down at his side,

Still he maintains his firm and desperate stand-Bleeding and battling-with his colours fast As nail can bind them to his shatter'd mast ....

I love the sailor-his eventful life-

His generous spirit-his contempt of danger-His firmness in the gale, the wreck, and strife;

And though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger. Gon grant he make that port, when life is o'er, Where storms are hush'd, and billows break no more.

### MY FIRST LOVE, AND MY LAST.

CATHARA, when the many silent tears Of beauty, bending o'er thy bed,

Bespoke the change familiar to our fears, I could not think thy spirit yet had fled-So like to life the slumber death had cast On thy sweet face, my first love and my last.

I watch'd to see those lide their light unfold, For still thy forehead rose screne and fair,

As when those raven ringlets richly roll'd O'er life, which dwelt in thought and beauty there Thy cheek the while was rosy with the theme That flush'd along the spirit's mystic dream.

Thy lips were circled with that silent smile Which oft around their dewy freshness woke, When some more happy thought or harmless wile

Upon thy warm and wandering fancy broke : For thou wert Nature's child, and took the tone Of every pulse, as if it were thine own.

I watch'd, and still believed that thou wouldst wake, When others came to place thee in the shroud :

I thought to see this seeming slumber break. As I have seen a light, transparent cloud

Disperse, which o'er a star's sweet face had thrown A shadow like to that which veil'd thine own.

But, no: there was no token, look, or breath : The tears of those around, the tolling bell

And henrse told us at last that this was death ! I know not if I breathed a last farewell;

Distanting GOOGLE

But since that day my sweetest hours have pass'd In thought of theo, my first love and my last.

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# WILLIAM CROSWELL.

#### [Bors, 1806.]

THE Reverend WILLIAM CROSWELL is a son of the Reverend Doctor CROSWELL, of New Haven, and was educated at Yale College, where he was graduated in the summer of 1824. He was subsequently, for two years, associated with Doctor DOANE, now Bishop of New Jersey, in the editorship of the "Episcopal Watchman," at Hartford, after which he removed to Boston, and was for

several years minister of Christ's Church, in that city. He is now rector of St. Peter's, in the heautifui village of Auburn, in the western part of the state of New York. His poems are nearly all religious. Bishop DOANS, in a note to his edition of KEBLE'S "Christian Year," remarks that "ho has more unwritten poetry in him" than any man he knows.

### THE SYNAGOGUE.

"But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the vell is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when it shalt turn to the Lord, the vell shall be taken away."—Sr. Paul.

> I saw them in their synagogue, As in their ancient day, And never from my memory The scene will fade away, For, dazzling on my vision, still The latticed galleries shine With Israel's loveliest daughters, In their beauty half-divine! It is the holy Sabbath eve,— The solitary light Sheds, mingled with the hues of day, A lustre nothing bright; On swarthy brow and piercing glance It fails with saddening tinge,

And dimly gilds the Phariseo's Phylacteries and fringe.

The two-leaved doors slide slow spart Before the castern screen,

As rise the Hebrew harmonies, With chanted prayers between, And mid the tissued vails disclosed, Of many a gorgeous dye, Enveloped in their iewell'd scarfs.

The sacred records his. Robed in his sacerdotal vest,

A silvery-headed man With voice of solemn cadence o'er The backward letters ran, And often yet methinks I see The glow and power that sate Upon his face, as forth he spread The roll immaculate.

And fervently that hour I prny'd, That from the mighty scroll Its light, in burning characters, Might break on every soul, That on their handen'd hearts the vell Might be no longer dark, But be forever rent in twain Like that before the srk. 36 For yet the tenfold film shall fall, O, Judah 1 from thy sight, And every cyc be purged to read Thy testimonics right, When thou, with all MESSIAE's signs In CHRIST distinctly seen, Shall, by JEROFAR's nameless name, Invoke the Nazarene.

### THE CLOUDS.

"Cloud isnd! Gorgeous isnd!"-Conzernos,

I CANNOT look above and see Yon high-piled, pillowy mass Of evening clouds, so swimmingly In gold and purple pass, And think not, Loup, how thou wast seen On Israel's desert way, Before them, in thy shadowy screen, Pavilion'd all the day ! Or, of those robes of gorgeous hus Which the Redeemer wore, When, ravish'd from his followers' view, Aloft his flight he bore, When lifted, as on mighty wing. He curtained his ascent, And, wrapt in clouds, went triumphing Above the firmument. Is it a trail of that same pall Of many-colour'd dyes, That high above, o'ermantling all, Hangs midway down the skies-Or borders of those sweeping folds Which shall be all unfuri'd About the Savjour, when he holds His judgment on the world l For in like manner as he went,-My soul, hast thou forgot ?---Shall be his terrible descent, When man expecteth not ! Strength, Son of man, against thet hour, Be to our spirits given, When thou shalt come again with power, Upon the clouds of heaven !

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### WILLIAM CROSWELL.

### THE ORDINAL.

ALAS for me if I forget The memory of that day Which fills my waking thoughts, nor yet E'en sleep can take away ! In dreams I still renew the rites Whose strong but mystic chain The spirit to its Gob unitss, And none can part again.

How oft the bishop's form I see, And hear that thrilling tone Demanding with authority The heart for Gon alone; Again I kneel as then I kneit, While he above me stands, And when to feel, as then I felt,

The pressure of his hands. Again the priests in meet array, As my weak spirit fails,

Beside me bend them down to pray Before the chancel-mils; As then, the sacramental host

Of Gan's elect are by, When many a voice its utterance lost, And team dimm'd many an eye.

As then they on my vision rose, The valued aisles I see,

And deak and cushion'd book repose In solemn sanctity,---

The mitre o'er the marble niche, The broken crook and key, That from a bishop's tomb shone rich

With polished tracery;

The hangings, the baptismal font, All, all, save me unchanged,

The holy table, as was wont, With decency arranged; The linen cloth, the plate, the cup, Beneath their covering shine, Ere priestly hands are lifted up

To bless the bread and wine.

The solumn ceremonial past, And I am set spart To serve the LORD, from first to last, With undivided heart; And I have sworn, with ploiges dire, Which Gos and man have heard, To speak the holy truth entire, In action and in word.

O Thou, who in thy holy place Hast set thine orders three, Grant me, thy meancat servant, grace To win a good degree; That so, replenish'd from above, And in my office tried,

Thou mayst be honoured, and in love Thy church be edified !

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

The thickly-woven boughs they wreaths
Through every hallow'd fane
A soft, reviving odour breathe
Of summer's gentle reign;
And rich the ray of mild green light
Which, like an emerald's glow,
Comes struggling through the latticed height
Upon the crowds below.
O, let the streams of solemn thought
Which in those temples rise,
From deeper sources spring than aught
Dependent on the skies:
Then, though the summer's pride departs,
And winter's withering chill

Rosts on the cheerless woods, our hearts Shall be unchanging still.

### THE DEATH OF STEPHEN.

WITE awful dread his murderers shok, As, radiant and screne,
The lastre of his dying look
Was like an angel's scen;
Or Moses' face of puly light,
When down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the glorious sight
And presence of his Gon.
To us, with all his constancy, Be his rupt vision given,
To look above by faith, and see Rerealments bright of heaven.
And power to speak our triumphs out,
As our last hour draws near,
While neither clouds of fear nor doubt

### THE CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

Before our view appear.

WE come not with a costly store, O LORD, like them of old, The masters of the starry lore, From Ophir's shore of gold: No weepings of the incense tree Are with the gifts we bring, No adorous myrth of Ataly Blends with our offering.

But still our love would bring its best, A spirit keenly tried By fierce affliction's fiery test, And seven times purified : The fragrant graces of the mind, The virtues that delight To give their perfume out, will find Acceptance in thy sight.

# WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

#### (Bora, 1906.)

MR. PALMER is descended from a Puritan ancestor who came to America in the next ship after the May Flower. His father was a youthful soldier in the Revolution, and one of the latest, if not the last, of the survivors of the Jersey prison ship. Having acquired a competency as the captain of a New York merchantman, he retired from the sca early in the present century, to Stockbridge, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, where he spont the remainder of his days, in that sunshine of love and respect which has gilded the declining years of so many men of our heroic age. There, on the twenty-second of February, 1805, our poet was born, and named in honour of the great orator whose claims to gratitude are recognised among us in a thousand living monuments which bear the name of WILLIAM PITT.

In his native county, Mr. PARMER has told me, the first and happiest half of his life was spent on the farm, in the desultory acquisition of such knowledge as could then be obtained from a New England common school, and a "college" with a single professor. The other half has been chiefly passed in New York, as a medical student, teacher, writer for the gazettes, and, for several years, clerk in a public office.

Mr. PALMER is a man of warm affections, who finds a heaven in a quiet home. He is a lover of nature, too, and like most inhabitants of the pent-up city, whose carly days have been passed in the country, he delights in recollections of rural life. Some of his poems have much tendemess and delicacy, and they are generally very complete and polished.

### LIGHT.

FROM the quicken'd womb of the primal gloom The sun roll'd black and bare, Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast, Of the threads of my golden hair; And when the broad tent of the firmament Arose on its airy spars, I pencill'd the hue of its matchless blue, And spangled it round with stars. I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers, And their leaves of living green, And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes Of Eden's virgin queen ; And when the fiend's art, on her trustful heart, Had fasten'd its mortal spell. In the eilvery sphere of the first-born tear To the trembling earth I fell. When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed Their work of wrath hath sped. And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true, Came forth among the dead ; With the wondrous gleams of any braided beams I hade their terrors cease : As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll Gon's covenant of peace. Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast, Night's funeral shadow slept, Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains Their lonely vigils kept ; When I flash'd on their sight the heralds bright Of heaven's redeeming plan, As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born-Joy, joy to the outcast man !

Equal favour I show to the lofty and low, On the just and unjust I descend;

- E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and trans.
  - Feel my smile the best smile of a friend :
- Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced, As the rose in the garden of kings;
- As the chrysalis hier of the worm I appear, And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn, Conceals all the pride of her charms,

Till I bid the bright Hours chase the Night from her bowers,

And lead the young Day to her arms; And when the gav rover seeks Eve for his lover,

And sinks to her balmy repose,

I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fann'd west, In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep, I gaze with unshumbering eye,

- When the cynosure star of the mariner Is blotted from the sky;
- And guided by me through the meteiless ses, Though sped by the hurricane's wings,

His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark, To the haven-home safely he brings.

- I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers, The birds in their chambers of green,
- And mountain and plain glow with beauty again, As they bask in my matinal sheen.
- O, if such the glad worth of my presence to earth, Though fitful and fleeting the while,

What glories must rest on the home of the bless'd, Ever bright with the DESTY's smile !

### LINES TO A CHRYSALIS.

Mosrwe long I asked me this, Chrysalis, Lying helpless in my path, Obvious to mortal scath From a careless passer by, What thy life may signify ? Wby, from hope and joy spart, Thus thou art ?

Nature surely did amiss, Chrysalis, When she lavish'd fins and wings Nerved with nicest moving-springs, On the mote and madripore, Wherewithal to swim or soar; And dispensed so niggardly Unto thee.

E'en the very worm may kiss, Chrysalis, Roses on their topmost etems Blazon'd with their dewy gems, And may rock him to and fro As the zephyrs softly blow; Whilst thou lyest dark and cold On the mould.

Quoth the Chrysalis, Sir Bard, Not so hard Is my rounded destiny In the great Economy: Nay, by humble reason view'd, There is much for gratitude In the absping and upshot Of my lot.

Though I seem of all things born Most forlorn, Most obtuse of soul and sense, Next of kin to Impotence, Nay, to Death himself; yet ne'er Priest or prophet, sage or seer, May sublimer wisdom teach Than I preach.

From my pulpit of the sod, Like a god, I proclaim this wondrous truth, Farthest age is nearest youth, Nearest glory's natal porch, Where with pale, inverted torch, Death lights downward to the rest Of the blest.

Mark yon airy butterfly's Rainbow-dyes! Yesterday that shape divine Was as darkly bearsed as mino; But to-morrow I shall be Free and beautiful as she, And sweep forth on wings of light, Like a sprite. Soul of man in crypt of clay ! Bide the day When thy latent wings shall be Plumed for immortality, And with transport marvellous Cleave their dark sarcophagus, O'er Elysian fields to soar Evermore !

### THE HOME VALENTINE.

STILL fond and true, though wedded long. The bard, at eve retired, Sat smiling o'er the annual song His home's dear Muse inspired : And as he traced her virtues now With all love's vernal glow, A gray hair from his bended brow, Like faded leaf from autumn bough, Fell to the page below. He paused, and with a mournful mien The sad memento raised, And long upon its silvery sheen In pensivo silence gazed : And if a sigh escaped him then, It were not strange to say; For fancy's favourites are but men ; And who e'er felt the stoic when First conscious of decay? Just then a soft check press'd his own With beauty's fondest tear, And sweet words breathed in sweeter tone Thus murmur'd in his ear : Ah, sigh not, love to mark the trace Of time's unsparing wand ! It was not manhood's outward grace, No charm of faultless form or face, That won my heart and hand. Lo ! dearest, mid these motron locks, Twin-fated with thine own, A dawn of mivery lustre mocks The midnight they have known: But time to blighted check and tress May all his snows impart; Yet shalt thou feel in my caress No chill of waning tenderness. No winter of the heart! Forgive me, dearest Bestrice ! The grateful bard replied. As nearer and with tenderer kiss He pressed her to his side : Forgive the momentary tear To manhood's faded prime;

I should have felt, hadst thou been near, Our hearts indeed have nought to fear From all the frosts of time!

### (Bare, 1806.)

THE author of "Greyslaer," "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," etc., is a brother of the Honourable OODEN HOFFMAN, and a son of the late eminent lawyer of the same name." He is the child of a second marrisge. His maternol grandfather was JORN FENNO, of Philadelphia, one of the ablest political writers of the old Federal party, during the administration of WASHING-TON. The fumily, which is a numerous one in the state of New York, planted themselves, at an early day, in the valley of the Hudson, as appears from the Dutch records of PITER STOTYERANT'S storied reign.

Mr. HOFFMAN was born in New York, in the year 1806. He was sent to a Latin grammarschool in that city, when six years old, from which, at the age of nine, he was transferred to the Poughkeepsie academy, a seminary upon the Hudson, about eighty miles from New York, which at that time enjoyed great reputation. The harsh treatment he received here induced him to run away, and his father, finding that he had not improved under a course of severity, did not insist upon his return, but placed him under the care of an accomplished Scottish gentleman in one of the rural villages of New Jersey. During a visit home from this place, and when about twelve years of age, he mot with an injury which involved the necessity of the immediate amputation of the right log, above the knee. The painful circumstances are minutely detailed in the New York "Evening Post," of the twenty-fifth of October, 1817, from which it appears, that while, with other lads, attempting the dangerous feat of leaping aboard a steamer as she passed a pier, under full way, he was caught between the vessel and the wharf. The steamer swept by, and left him clinging by his hands to the picr, crushed in a manner too frightful for description. This deprivation, instead of acting as a disqualification for the manly sports of youth, and thus turning the subject of it into a retired student, seems rather to have given young HOFFMAN an especial amhition to excel in swimming, riding, etc., to the still further neglect of perhaps more useful acquirements.

When fifteen years old, he entered Columbia College, and here, as at preparatory schools, was noted rather for success in gymnastic exercises

• Judge HOPPMAN was, in early life, one of the most distinguished advocates at the American bar. He won his first cause in New Jersey at the age of seventeen; the liness of counsel or the indulgence of the court giving him the apportunity to speak. At twenty-one he succeeded his father as representative, from New York, in the state legislature. At twenty-six he filled the office of attorney-general; and thenceforth the still youthful pleader was often the successful competitor of HAMIL-TON, BURN, PINNEY, and other profeesional giants, for the highest honours of the legsl forum. than in those of a more intellectual character. His reputation, judging from his low position in his class, contrasted with the honours that were awarded him by the college-societies at their anniversary exhibitions, was greater with the students than with the faculty, though the honorary degree of Master of Arts, conferred upon him under peculiarly gratifying circumstances, after leaving the institution in his third or junior year, without having graduated, clearly implies that he was still a favourite with his *alma mater*.<sup>9</sup>

Immediately after leaving college-being then eighteen years old-he commenced the study of the law with the Honourable HARMANUS BLESCEER, of Albany, now Charge d'Affaires of the United States at the Hugue. When twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar, and in the succeeding three years he practised in the courts of the city of New York. During this period he wrole anonymously for the New York American-having made his first essay as a writer for the gazettes while in Albany-and I believe finally became associated with Mr. CHARLES KING in the editorship of that paper. Certainly he gave up the legal profession, for the successful prosecution of which he appears to have been unfitted by his love of books, society, and the rod and gun. His feelings at this period are described in some rhymes, entitled "Forest Musings," from which the following stanzas are quoted, to show the fine relish for forest-life and scenery which has thrown a peculiar charm around every production from his pen :---

The hunt is up-The merry woodland shout, That rung these echoing glades about An hour agone, Hath swept beyond the eastern hills, Where, pale and ione, The moon her mystic circle fills : A while across the setting sun's broad disc The dusky larch, As if to pierce the blue o'erhanging arch, Lifts its tall obeliek. And now from thicket deck. Where, by the mist-wreathed river, The fire-fly's spork Will fitte) quiver, And bubbles round the lify's cup From lurking trout come coursing up, The doe bath led her fawn to drink : White, scared by step so near, Oprising from the sedgy brink The ionely bittern's cry will sink Upon the startled ear. And thus upon my dreaming youth, When boyhood's gambols pleased no more, And young Romance, in guise of Trath, Usurp'd the heart all theirs before ;

At the first semi-centennial anniversary of the incorporation of Columbia College, the honorary degree Master of Arts was conferred upon FITZ-GREENE HAL-LECK, WILLIAM COLLER BRYANT, and CHARLES FRANO HOFFMAR.



Thus broke ambition's trumper-note On Visions wild. Yet blithesome as this river On which the smiling moon-beams float, That thus have there for ages smiled, and will thus smile forever. And now no more the fresh green-wood, The forest's fretled aisles And leafy domes above them beni. And solitude So eloquent ! Mocking the varied skill that 's blent In art's most gorgeous piles No more can coothe my soul to cleep Than they can awe the sounds that sweep To hunter's horn and merriment Their verdant passes through, When fresh the dun-deer leaves his scent Upon the morning dew. The game's afoot !--- and let the chase Lead on, whate'er my destiny-Though fate her funeral drum may brace Full soon for me t And wave death's pageant o'er mo Yet now the new and untried world Like maiden banner first unforl'd, is glancing bright before met The quarry soars ! and mine is now the sky, Where, "at what bird I please, my hawk shall fly !" Yet something whispers through the wood A voice like that perchance Which taught the batinter of EGERTA's grove To tame the Roman's dominating mood And lower, for awhite, his conquering lance Before the images of Law and Love Some mystic voice that ever since bath dwelt Along with Echo in her dim retreat, voice whose influence all, at times, have felt By wood, or glen, or where on allver strand The clasping waves of Ocean's belt Do clashing meet Around the land: It whispers me that soon-too soon The pulses which now beat so high Inipatient with the world to cone Will, like the hues of antumn sky, Be changed and fallen ere life's noon Should tame it's morning hope. It tells me not of heart betray'd Of health impair'd, Of fruitless toll, And ills alike by thousands shared, Of which each year some link is madu To add to "mortal coll :" And yet its strange prophetic tone So faintly murniars to my soul The fate to be my own, That all of these may be Reserved for me Ere manhood's early years can o'er me roll. Yet why, While Hope so jocund singeth And with her plumes the gray-beard's arrow wingeth, Should I Think only of the barb it bringeth? Though every dream deceive That to my youth is dearest, Until my heart they leave Like forest leaf when searest-Yet still, mid forest leaves, Where now Its tissue thus my ldle fancy weaves, Still with heart new-blossoming While leaves, and bads, and wild flowers spring, At Nature's shrine I'll bow; Nor seek in vain that troth in her She keeps for her idolater.

Since that time Mr. HOFFMAN has devoted his attention almost constantly to literature. While connected with the "American," he published a series of brilliant articles in that paper, under the signature of a star (\*), which attracted much at-tention. In 1833, for the benefit of his health, he left New York on a travelling tour for the "far west," and his letters, written during his absence, were also first published in that popular journal. They were afterward included in his "Winter in the West," of which the first impression appeared in New York, in 1834, and the second, soon after, in London. This work has passed through many editions, and it will continue to be popular so long as graphic descriptions of scenery and character, and richness and purity of style, are admired. His next work, entitled "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," was first printed in 1837, and, like its predecessor, it contains many admirable pictures of scenery, inwoven with legends of the western country, and descriptive poetry. This was followed by a romance, entitled "Greyslaer," founded upon the famous criminal trial of BEAU-CHAMP, for the murder of Colonel SHARPE, the Solicitor-General of Kentucky,-the particulars of which, softened away in the novel, are minutely detailed in the appendix to his "Winter in the West," "Grevslaer" was a successful noveltwo editions having sppcared in the author's native city, one in Philadelphia, and a fourth in London, in the same year. It placed him in the front rank of American novelists. He describes in it, with remarkable felicity, American forest-life, and savage warfare, and gives a truer idea of the border contests of the Revolution than any formal history of the period that has been published.

The Knickerbocker magazine was first issued under the editorial suspices of Mr. HOFFMAN, He subsequently became the proprietor of the American Monthly Magazine, (one of the ablest literary periodicals ever published in this country,) and during the long term of which he was the chief editor of this journal, he also, for one year, conducted the New York Mirror, for its proprietor, and wrote a series of zealous papers in favour of international copyright, for the New Yorker, the Corsair, and other journals.

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Mr. HOFFMAN published in 1843 " The Vigil of Faith, a Legend of the Andirondack Mountains, and other Poems," in 1844, "Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation," (the title of which was suggested by an article on " The Ports and Poetry of America," in " The Foreign Quarterly Review,") and near the close of 1845, through the house of Harper and Brothers, of New York, the most complete collection that has been printed of his poetical writings.

The poetry of Mr. HOFFMAN is graceful and fanciful. No American is comparable to him as a song-writer. Although some of his pieces are exquisitely finished, they have all evidently been thrown off without labour, in moments of feeling. A few of his pieces, in which he has copied the style of "the old and antique song," are equal to the richest melodies of the time of HERBICK and WALLER.

Congle

#### 2S6

### MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON. WRITTEN AT WEST POINT.

I'm not romantic, but, upon my word, There are some moments when one can't help feeling

As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirr'd By things around him, that 't is vain concealing

A little music in his soul still lingers, Whene'er its keys are touch'd by Nature's fingers:

And even here, upon this settee lying,

With many a sleepy traveller near me snoozing, Thoughts warm and wild are through my bosom flying.

Like founts when first into the sunshine oozing: For who can look on mountain, sky, and river, Like these, and then be cold and culm as ever?

Bright Dian, who, Camilla-like, dost skim yon Azure fields-thou who, once earth ward bending,

Didst loose thy virgin zone to young EXNYMION On dewy Latmos to his arms descending— Thou whom the world of old on every shore, Type of thy sex, Triformis, did adore:

Tell me-where'er thy silver bark be steering, By bright Italian or soft Persian lands,

Or o'er those island-studded seas carcering, Whose pearl-charged waves dissolve on coral strands:

Tell if thou visitest, then heavenly rover, A lovelier stream than this the wide world over #

Doth Achelous or Araxes, flowing

Twin-born from Pindus, but ne'er-meeting brothers-

Doth Tagus, o'er his golden pavement glowing, Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of mothers,

The storied Rhine, or far-famed Guadalquiver-Match they in beauty my own glorious river ?

What though no cloister gray nor ivied column Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear?

What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn Of despots tell and superstition here—

What though that mouldering fort's fast-crumbling walls

Did ne'er enclose a baron's banner'd halle-

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud An echo to the war-blown clarion's peal---

As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd As ever beat beneath a vest of steel,

When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest day

Call'd forth chivalric host to battle-fray:

For here amid these woods did he keep court, Before whose mighty soul the common crowd

Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought, Are like the patriarch's sheaves to Heaven's chosen bow'd—

Hs who his country's eagle taught to soar, And fired those stars which shine o'er every shore. And sights and sounds at which the world have wonder'd

Within these wild ravines have had their birth; Young Freedom's cannon from these glens have thunder'd.

And cent their startling rehoes o'er the earth; And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary But treasures up within the glorious story.

And yet not rich in high-soul'd memories only, Is every moou-kiss'd headland round me gleaming,

Each cavern'd glen and leafy valley lonely,

And silver torrent o'er the bald rock atreaming: But such soft fancies here may breathe around, As make Vaucluse and Clarens hallow'd ground.

Where, tell me where, pale watcher of the night— Thou that to love so oft has left its soul.

Since the forn Lesbian languish'd 'neath thy light, Or fiery ROMEO to his JULLET stole---

Where dost thou find a fitter place on earth To nurse young love in hearts like theirs to birth ?

O, loiter not upon that fairy shore,

To watch the lazy barks in distance glide, When sunset brightens on their soils no more,

And stern-lights twinkle in the dusky tide— Loiter not there, young heart, at that soft hour, What time the bird of night proclaims love's power.

Even as I gaze upon my memory's track, Bright as that coil of light along the deep,

A scene of early youth comes dream-like back. Where two stand gazing from yon tide-wash'd steep-

A sanguine stripling, just toward manhood flushing, A girl scarce yet in ripen'd beauty blushing.

The hour is his--and, while his hopes are scaring, Doubts he that maiden will become his bride ! Can she resist that gush of wild adoring,

Fresh from a heart full-volumed as the tide ! Tremulous, but radiant is that peerless daughter Of loveliness—as is the star-paved water !

How oft the whip-poor-will from yonder glen Each year has whistled to her callow brood !

How oft have lovers by yon star's same beam

Dream'd here of bliss-and waken'd from their dream !

But now, bright Peri of the skies, descending,

Thy pearly car hange o'er yon mountain's crest, And Night, more nearly now each step attending,

As if to hide thy envied place of rest,

Closes at last thy very couch beside,

A matron curtaining a virgin bride.

Distanting GOOGLC

Farewell! Though tears on every leaf are starting: While through the shadowy boughs thy glances quiver.

As of the good when heavenward hence departing, Shines thy last smile upon the placid river.

So-could I fling o'er glory's tide one ray-Would I too steal from this dark world away.

# THE FOREST CEMETERY.

	And w
WILD TAWASENTHA !" in thy brook-loced gien	Thus h
The doe no longer lists her lost fawn's bleating,	When
As panting there, escaped from hunter's ken.	Thus bi
She hears the chase o'er distant hills retreating ;	Where
No more, uprising from the fern around her,	And ne
The Indian archer, from his "still-hunt" lair,	Hath .
Wings the death-shaft which bath that moment	Wild T
found her When Fate seem'd foit'd upon her foutsteps there :	With 1
	And still
Wild Tawasentha! on thy cone-strew'd sod,	Spark
O'er which yon Pine his giant arm is bending,	When a
No more the Mohawk marks its dark crown nod	To the
Against the sun's broad disk toward night de- scending,	Still wil
Then crouching down beside the brands that redden	Each y
The column'd tranks which rear thy leafy dome,	Expand
Forgeta his toils in hunter's slumbers leaden,	Of nai
Or visions of the red man's spirit home :	Namele
But where his estumet by that lone fire,	How t
At night beneath these cloister'd boughs was	Could 1
highted,	In som
The Christian orphan will in prayer aspire,	Under o
The Christian parent mourn his proud hope	The m
blighted ;	When t
And in thy shade the mother's heart will listen	To pie
The spirit-ery of have she clasps no more,	
And where thy rills through hendock-branches	For thic
glisten, There many a maid her lover will deplore.	From ( Nor e'c
	Would
Here children link'd in love and sport together,	One lon
Who check their mirib as creaks the slow hearse	Should
by, Will totter lonely in life's sutumn weather,	To that
To ponder where life's spring-time blossoms lie;	From
And where the virgin soil was never dinted	The wo
By the rude ploughshare since creation's birth,	Should
Year after year fresh furrows will be printed	The sch
Upon the sad check of the grieving Earth.	Should
Yoo sun returning in unwearied stages,	And the
Will gild the constrain's ascending spire,	0(1)
O'er names on history's yet unwritten pages	Of boo Dell un
That unborn crowds will, worshipping, admire ;	Like fa
Names that shall brighten through my country's	
story Like meteor hues that fire her autumn woods,	There n
Encircling high her onward course of glory	Would
Like the bright bow which spans her mountain-	There v To wa
floodn.	The qui
	Thing
Here where the flowers have bloom'd and died for	And par
ages→ Bloom'd all unseen and perish'd all unsung→	In give
On youth's green grave, traced out beside the	There
surc's,	There,
Will gartands now by votive hearts he flung;	Loosei
And sculptur'd marble and functional urn,	Thou to
O'er which gray birches to the night air wave,	In that
	Where
* Tawasentha—meaning, in Mohawk, "The place of the many dead"—is the finaly appropriate name of the new	Shoute
many many mention of the providence of the many	And we

 Tawasentha-meaning, in Mohawa, "The place of the many dead"-is the finely appropriate name of the new Forest Connectry on the banks of the Hudson, between Albaoy and Troy. Will whiten through thy glades at every turn, And woo the moonbeam to some poet's grave!

Thus back to Nature, fwithful, do we come, When Art hath taught us all her best beguiling; Thus blend their ministry around the tomb Where, pointing upward, still sits Nature smiling **f** And never, Nature's hallow'd spots adoming, Hath Art, with her a sombre garden dress'd, Wild Tawasentha ! in this vale of mourning With more to consecrate their children's rest.

And still that stream will hold its winsome way, Sparkling as now upon the frosty air, When all in turn shall troop in pale array To that dim land for which so few prepare. Still will you tak, which now a sapling waves, Each year renew'd, with hardy vigour grow, Expanding still to shade the nameless graves Of nameless men that haply sleep below.

Nameless as they—in one dear memory blest, How tranquil in these plasnom-peopled lowers Could I here whit the partner of my rest In some green most that should be only ours; Under old boughs, where anist the livelong summer

The moss is green and springy to the tread. When thou, my friend, shouldst be an often comer To pierce the thicket, seeking for my hed:

For thickets heavy all around should screen it From careless gazer that might wander near; Nor e'en to him who by some chance had seen it,

Would I have aught to eatch his eye, appear: One loady stem—s frunk those old loaghs lifting, Should mark the spot; and, haply, new thrift owe To that which upward through its say was drifting

From what lay mouldering round its roots below.

The wood-duck there her glossy-throated brood Should unmelested gather to her wings;

The schoolboy, awed, as near that mound he stood, Should spare the redstart's near that o'er it swings, And thrill when there, to bear the cadenced winding

Of boatmen's horn upon the distant over, Dell unto dell in long-link'd echoes binding— Like far-off requiren, floating on for ever.

There my freed spirit with the dawn's first beaming Would come to revel round the dancing spray; There would it linger with the day's last gleaming, 'To watch thy footsteps thither track their way. The quivering leaf should whisper in that hour Things that for thee alone would have a sound, And parting boughs my spirit-glances shower In gleams of light upon the mosay ground. There, when long years and all thy journeyings over— Loosed from this world thyself to join the free,

Thou too wouldst come to rest beside thy lover. In that sweet cell beneath our trysting-tree; Where entriest birds above our narrow dwelling Should pipe their matins as the morning rose, And woodland symphonies majestic swelling, In midnight anthem, hallow our repose.

Congle

### THE BOB-O-LINKUM.

THOE vocal sprite-thou feather'd troubadour! In pilgrim weeds through many a clime a ranger, Com'st thou to doff thy russet suit once more, And play in foppish trim the masquing stranger ! Philosophers may teach thy whereshouts and nature, But wise, as all of us, perforce, must think 'em, The school-boy best hath fix'd thy nomenclature, And poets, too, must call thes Bob-O-Linkum. Say! art thou, long mid forest glooms benighted, So glad to skim our laughing meadows over-With our gay orchards here so much delighted. It makes thee musical, thou siry rover ! Or are those buoyant notes the pilfer'd treasure Of fairy isles, which thou hast learn'd to raviah Of all their sweetest minstrelsy at pleasure, And, Ariel-like, again on men to lavish ? They tell sad stories of thy mad-cap freaks Wherever o'er the land thy pathway ranges; And even in a brace of wandering weeks, They say, alike thy song and plumage changes; Here both are gay; and when the buds put forth, And leafy June is shading rock and river, Thou art unmatch'd, blithe warbler of the North, While through the balmy air thy clear notes quiver. Jovons, yet tender-was that gush of song Caught from the brooks, where mid its wild flowers The silent prairie listens all day long, [smiling The only captive to such sweet beguiling; Or didst thou, flitting through the verdurous halls And column'd isles of western poves symphoni-Learn from the tuneful woods, race madrigals, [ous, To make our flowering pastures here harmonious? Caught'st thou thy carol from Otawa maid, [ing. Where, through the liquid fields of wild rice plash-Brushing the cars from off the burden'd blade, Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing ? Or did the reeds of some savannah South, Detain thee while thy northern flight pursuing, Some To gentle issues

To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth, The spice-fed winds had taught them in their wooing !

Unthrifty prodigal !- is no thought of ill Thy ceaseless roundelay disturbing ever ?

Or doth each pulse in choiring cadence still Throb on in music till at rest for ever?

Yet now in wilder'd maze of concord floating, "T would seem that glorious hymning to prolong, Old Time in hearing thes might fall a deating

And pause to listen to thy repturous song !

#### THE REMONSTRANCE.

You give up the world ! why, as well might the sun, When tired of drinking the dew from the flowers, While his rays, like young hopes, stealing off one

by one, Die away with the muezzin's last note from the towers,

37

Declare that he never would gladden again,

With one rosy smile, the young morn in its birth ; But leave weeping Day, with her sorrowful train

Of hours, to grope o'er a pall-cover'd earth.

The light of that soul once so brilliant and steady, So far can the incense of flattery smother,

That, at thought of the world of hearts conquer'd already,

Like Macedon's madman, you weep for another ? OI if sated with this, you would seek worlds untried,

And fresh as was ours, when first we began it, Let me know but the sphere where you next will abide.

And that instant, for one, I am off for that planet.

### PRIMEVAL WOODS.

YEs! even here, not less than in the crowd, Here, where you vault in formal sweep seems piled Upon the pines, monotonously proud, Fit dome for fane, within whose heary veil No ribald voice an echo hath defiled-Where Science seems articulate ; up-stealing Like a low anthem's heavenward wail :---Oppressive on my bosom weighs the feeling Of thoughts that language cannot shape aloud; For song too solemn, and for prayer too wild,-Thoughts, which beneath no human power could quail.

For lack of utterance, in abasement bow'd,-The cavern'd waves that struggle for revcaling. Upon whose idle foam alone God's light hath smiled.

Ere long thine every stream shall find a toggue, Land of the Many Waters! But the sound Of human music, these wild hills a Hath no one save the Indian mother-mang

So redol Of hum Of Log

Its spell of tenderness ! Oh, o'er this ground y, hath there play'd no breath none beside the word aur'd these old boughs beneath. ce and wage suitor it hath stirr'd issues mone but these been heard ?

No mind, no soul here kindled but my own ! Doth not one hollow trunk about resound With the faint echoes of a song long flown, By shadows like itself now haply heard alone ?

And Ye, with all this primal growth must go ! And loiterers beneath some lowly spreading shade, Where pasture-kissing breezes shall, ere then, have play'd,

A century hence, will doubt that there could grow From that meek land such Titans of the glade! Yet wherefore primal? when beneath my tread Are roots whose thrifty growth, perchance, hath arm'd

The Anak spearman when his trump alarm'd! Roots that the Deluge wave hath plunged below : Seeds that the Deluge wind hath scattered ; Berries that Eden's warblers may have fed ; Safe in the slime of carlier worlds embalm'd : Again to quicken, germinate and blow, [charm'd. Again to charm the land as erst the land they 2 B

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### RIO BRAVO.

#### 

- Rto Bnavo ! Rio Bravo !---saw men ever such a sight
- Since the field of Roncesvalles seal'd the fate of many a knight !
- Dark is Palo Alto's story-sad Resaca Pulma's rout-
- Ah met upon those fields so gory how many a gallant life went out.
- There our best and bravest lances shiver'd 'goinst the Northern steel,
- Left the valiant hearts that couch'd them 'nesth the Northern charger's heel.
- Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! brave hearts ne'er mourn'd such a sight,
- Since the nublest lost their life-blood in the Roncesvalles fight.
- There Anisra, best and bravest-there RADDEXA, tried and true,
- On the fatal field thou lavest, nobly did all men could do;
- Vainly there those heroes rally, Castile on Mon-TEZUMA's shore,
- Vainly there shone Aztec valour brightly as it shone of yore.
- Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! saw men ever such a sight,
- Since the down of Roncesvalles wept for paladin and knight !
- Heard ye not the wounded coursers shricking on yon trampled banks,
- As the Northern wing'd artillery thunder'd on our shutter'd maks?
- On they game-those Northern horsemen-on likewaygles toward the sun;
- Follow'd then the Northern buyonet, and the field was lost and won.
- Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! minstretune ung such a fight,
- Since the lay of Roncesvalles sang the fame of martyr'd knight.
- Rio Bravo ! fatal river ! saw yo not, while red with gore,
- One cavalier all headless guiver, a nameless trunk upon thy shore ?
- Other champions not less noted sleep beneath thy sullen wave :
- Sullen water, thou hast floated armies to an ocean grave.
- Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! Indy no'er wept such a sight.
- Since the moon of Roncesvalles kiss'd in death her own loved knight.
- Weepest thou, forn Lady INEZ, for thy lover mid the slain 1
- Brave La VEGA's trenchant sabro cloft his slayer to the brain-
- Brave LA VEGA, who, all lonely, by a host of foes boset.
- Yielded up his faichion only when his equal there he met.

- Oh, for ROLANU's horn to rally his paindins by that and shore !
- Rio Bravo, Roncesvalles, ye are names link'd evermore.
- Sullen river ! sullen river ! vultures drink thy gory wave,
- But they blur not those loved features, which not Love himself could save.
- Rio Bravo, they wilt name not that lone cores upon thy shore,
- But in prayer and INEZ names him-names him praying evermore.
- Rio Rravo! Rio Bravo! lady ne'er mourn'd such a knight,
- Since the fundest hearts were broken by the Roncesvalles fight.

LOVE'S MEMORIES.

To-x1007 ! to-night ! what memories to-night Came thronging o'er me as I stood near thee !

Thy form of loveliness, thy brow of light, Thy voice's thrilling flow--

All, all were there; to me to me as bright As when they claim'd my soul's idelatry Years, long years ago.

That gulf of years! Oh, God! hads thou been mine, Would all that's precious have been swallow'd there !

Youth's metcor hope, and manhood's high design, Lost, lost, forever lost—

Lost with the love that with them all would twine, 'The love that ligh no harvest but despair-

Unwon Couch a cost

- Was it *ideal*, that wild, wild love I have the ? Or thou thyself—didst thou my coul enthrall?
- Thich as thou art to-night did I adore thee, Av. idolize - in vain!
- Such as thou art to night—could time restore me That wealth of loving—shouldst thou have it all, To waste perchance again ?
- No! Thou didst break the coffers of my heart, And set so lightly by the heard within,

Filing my soul, and lavishing a part

On each, less cold than thou, who cared to win And seem'd to prize a share.

No! Thou didst wither up my flowering youthlf blameless, still the bearer of a blight;

- The unconscious agent of the deadliest ruth That boman heart bath riven;
- Teaching me scarn of my own spirit's truth; Holding, not me, but that fond worship light

Which link'd my soul to Heaven.

- No. no!-For me the weakest heart before One so untouch'd by tenderness as thine;
- Angels have enter'd through the fruit tent door
- That pass the pulsee now -. And Hs who spake the words, "Go, sin no more,"
- Mid human passions saw the spark divine, But not in such as thou!

### ROSALIE CLARE.

WHO owns not she 's peerless, who calls her not fair, Who questions the beauty of ROSALIE CLARE? Let him saddle his courser and spur to the field, And, though harness'd in proof, he must perish or yield;

For no gallant can splinter, no charger may dare The fance that is couch d for young ROSALTE CLARE.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is pour'd,

And foud wishes for fair ones around offer'd up From each hp that is wet with the dew of the cup, What name on the brimmer floats oftener there, Or is whisper'd more warmly, than ROSALIE CLARK?

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine, Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine;

Of the houris that gladden the East with their smiles, [isles; Where the sea's studded over with green summer

But what flower of far-away clime can compare With the blossom of ours-bright ROSALLY CLARE?

Who owns not she's peerless, who calls her not fair? Let him meet but the glances of ROSALLE CLARE! Let him list to her voice, let him gaze on her form, And if, seeing and hearing, his soul do not warm, Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air Than that which is bless'd by sweet ROSALLECLARE.

### THINK OF ME, DEAREST.

**THIME** of me, dearest, when day is breaking Away from the sable chains of night, When the sun, his occan-couch forsaking,

Like a giant first in his strength awaking, Is flinging abroad his limbs of light;

As the breeze that first travels with morning forth,<sup>55</sup> Giving life to her steps o'er the quickening earth— As the dream that has cheated my soul through the night,

Let me in thy thoughts come fresh with the light.

Think of me, dearest, when day is sinking In the soft embrace of twilight gray. When the starry eyes of heaven are winking, And the weary flowers their tears are drinking,

As the ystart like gemson the moon-touch'd spray. Let me come warm in thy thoughts at eve. As the glowing track which the subbasins leave, When they, blushing, tremble along the deep, While stealing away to their place of sleep.

Think of me, dearest, when round thee smiling Are eyes that melt while they gaze on thee; When words are winning and looks are wiling, And those words and looks, of others, beguiling

Thy fluttering heart from love and me. Let me come true in thy thoughts in that hour; Let my trust and my faith—my devotion—have power,

When all that can lure to thy young sonl is nearest. To summon each truant thought back to me, dearest.

# WE PARTED IN SADNESS.

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting; We talk'd not of hopes that we both must resign,

I saw not her eyes, and but one tear-drop starting, Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine :

Each felt that the past we could never recover, Each felt that the future no hope could restore; She shudder'd at wringing the heart of her lover,

I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Long years have gone by, and the spring-time smiles ever

As o'er our young loves it first smilled in their birth. Long years have gone by, yet that parting, O! never Can it be forgotten by either on earth. Iven.

Can it be forgotten by either on earth. [ven, The note of each wild bird that carols toward hea-

Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that weremine, And the dew that steals over each blossom at even, Tells me of the tear-drop that wept their decline

### THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

And first hehold this cordial Julep here, That figures and dances in its crystal bounds. With epirits of helm and fragment writes interd; Not that Nepentlies which the wife of Thomy In Egypt gave to Jove-born HELEMS, Is of such power to stir up Joy as this, To hife so friendly, or so cool to thurst.

MILTON-COME.

- "T is said that the gods, on Olympus of old, (And who the bright legend profones with a doubt?)
- One night, 'mid their revels, by BACCRUS were told That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!
- But, determined to send round the goblet once more, They sued to the fairer immortals for aid force,
- In composing a draught, which, till drinking were Should cast every wine ever drank in the shude.

Grave CERES herself blithely yielded her corn, And the spirit that lives in each amber hued grain,

And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,

Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again,

- Ponona, whose choicest of fruits on the board Were scatter'd profusely in every one's reach,
- When called on a tribute to cull from the heard, Express'd the mild juice of the delicate peach.
- The liquids were mingled, while VENUS looked on, With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
- That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone, Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.
- FLORA then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shoek, And with rosentr fingers press d down in the bowl,
- All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook. The herb whose aroma should flavour the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim, Though something yet wanting they all did be-

But juleps the drink of immortals because. [wail; When Jovx himself added a handful of hail.

# LE FAINEANT.

• Now arouse thee, Sir Knight, from thine indolent case,

Fling boldly thy banner abroad in the breeze, Strike home for thy lady--strive hard for the prize, And thy guerdon shall beam from her love-lighted eves !"

" I shrink not the trial," that hiuff knight replied---"But I battle---not I---for an unwilling hride; Where the boldest may venture to do and to dare, My pennon shall flutter---my bugle peal there!

"I quail not at aught in the struggle of life, I'm not all unproved even now in the strife, But the wreath that I win, all unaided—alone, Round a faltering brow it shall never be thrown!"

"Now fie on thy manhood, to deem it a sin That she loveth the glory thy falchion might win; Let them doubt of thy provess and fortune no more; Up! Sir Knight, for thy lady—and do thy devoir!"

"She hath shrunk from my side, she hath fail'd in her trust,

Not relied on my blade, but remember'd its rust; It shall brighten once more in the field of its fame, But it is not for her I would now win a name."

The knight role away, and the lady she sigh'd, When he featly as ever his steed would bestride, While the mould from the banner he shook to the wind

Seem'd to fall on the breast he left aching behind.

But the rust on his glaive and the rust in his heart Had corroded too long and too deep to depart, And the brand only brighten'd in honour once more, When the heart ceased to beat on the fray-trampled shore.

#### iore,

# TO AN AUTUMN ROSE.

TELL her I love her—love her for those eyes Now soft with feeling, radiant now with mirth Which, like a lake reflecting autumn skies, Reveal two heavens here to us on Earth— The one in which their soulful beauty lies, And that wherein such soulfulness has birth: Go to my lady ere the senson flics, And the rude winter comes thy bloom to blast— Go! and with all of eloquence thou hast, The borning story of my love discover, And if the theme should fail, alas! to move her, Tell her when youth's gay budding-time is past, And summer's gaudy flowering is over, Like thee, my love will blossom to the last !

### SYMPATHY.

WELL! call it *Friendship*! have I ask'd for more, Even in those moments, when 1 gave thee most<sup>1</sup> "Iwas but for thee, I look'd so far before! I saw our bark was hurrying blindly on, A guideless thing upon a dangerous coast--- With thee--with thee, where would I not have gone? But could I see thes drift upon the shore, Unknowing drift upon a shore, unknown? Yes, call it Friendship, and let no revealing If love be there, e'er make love's wild name heard, It will not die, if it be worth concealing? Call it then Friendship--but oh, let that word Speak but for me--for me, a deeper feeling Than ever yet a lover's bosom stirr'd?

### A PORTRAIT.

#### ·····

Nor here the charms which Laura's lover drew. Or Titian's pencil on the canvas threw; No soul enkindled beneath southern skies Glow'd on her cheek and sparkled in her eyes; No prurient charms set off her slender form With swell voluptuous and with contour warm; While each proportion was by Nature told In maiden beauty's most bewitching mould. High on her peerless brow-a radiant throne Unmix'd with aught of earth-spale genius sat alone. And yet, at times, within her eye there dwelt Softness that would the sternest bosom melt : A douth of tenderness which show'd, when woke, That woman there as well as angel spoke. Yet well that eye could flash resontment's rays, Or, proudly scornful, check the boldest gaze : Chill burning possion with a calm disdain, Or with one glance rekindle it again. Her mouth-Oh! never fascination met Near woman's lips half so alluring yet: For round her mouth there play'd, at times, a smile, Such as did man from Paradise beguile ; Such, could it light him through this world of pain, As he'd not barter Eden to regain. What though that smile might beam alike on all; What though that glance on each as kindly fall; What though you knew, while worshipping their power,

Your homage but the postime of the hour, Still they, however guarded were the heart, Could every feeling from its fastness start-Deceive one still, howe'er deceived before, And make him wish thus to be cheated more. Till, grown at last in such illusions grav, Faith follow'd Hope and stole with Love away. Such was Alinda; such in her combined Those charms which round our very nature wind; Which, when together they in one conspire, He who admires must love-who sees, admire. Variably perilous; upon the sight Now beam'd her beauty in resistless light, And subtly now into the heart it stole. And, ere it startled, occupied the whole. "I'was well for her, that lovely mischief, well That she could not the pangs it waken'd tell; That, like the princess in the fairy tale, No soft emotions could her soul assail : For Nature .- that Alinda should not feel For wounds her eyes might make, but never heal,-In mercy, while she did each gift impart Of rarest excellence, withheld a heart l

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### INDIAN SUMMER, 1828.

LIGHT as love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river; The blue bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne, As high in air he carols, faintly quiver; The weeping birch, like banners idly waving, Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving; Broded with dew, the witch-elm's tassets shiver; The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping, And from the springy spray the squirrel's gayly leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery ere The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes That richly deck the slow-declining year; I love the splendour of thy sunset skies, The gorgeous hues that tinge each failing leaf, Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too, I love the note of each wild bird that files, [brief; As on the wind he pours his parting lay, And wings his loitering flight to summer climes away.

O. Nature 1 still I fondly turn to thee, With feelings fresh ase'er my childhood's were; Though wild and passion-toss'd my youth may be, Toward thee I still the same devotion bear; To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more Life's wasted verdure may to me restore— I still can, child-like, come as when in prayer I bow'd my head upon a mother's knee, And deem'd the world, like her, all truth and purity.

### TOWN REPININGS.

Rivza! O, river! thou rovest free, From the mountain height to the fresh blue sea! Free thyself, but with silver chain, Linking each charm of land and main, From the splinter'd crag thou leap'st below, Through leafy glades at will to flow— Lingering now, by the steep's mose'd edge— Loitering now mid the dallying sedge: And pausing ever, to call thy waves From grassy meadows and fern-clad caves— And then, with a prouder tide to break From wooded valley, to breezy lake: Yet all of these scenes, though fair they be, River! O, river! are bann'd to me.

River! O, river! upon thy tide Full many a freighted bark doth glide; Would that thou thus couldst bear away The thoughts that burthen my weary day! Or that I, from all save them made free, Though laden still, might rove with thee! True that thy waves brief lifetime find, And live at the will of the wanton wind— True that thou seekest the ocean's flow, To be lost therein for evermos. Yet the slare who worships at Glory's shrine, But tolls for a bubble as frail as thine : But loses his freedom here, to be Forgotten as soon as in death set free.

## TO A LADY BLUSHING.

Tax lilies faintly to the roses yield, As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,

(Who would not strive upon so sweet a field To win the mastery?) And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes reveal'd, Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unseal'd,

I could not wish that in thy bosom aught

Should e'er one moment's transient pain awaken, Yet can't regret that thou-forgive the thought-As flowers when shaken

Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind, Should, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

#### THE FAREWELL.

The conflict is over, the struggle is past,

I have look'd-I have loved-I have worshipp'd my last,

And now back to the world, and let Fate do her worst

On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nursed: To thee its best feelings were trusted away, And life hath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I resign; I blame not—upbraid not—one motive of thine; I ask not what change has come over thy heart, I reck not what chances have doom'd us to part; I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more, And I still must obcy where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one-O! loved but too well,

Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell— Farewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust, Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust! Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell, I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell!

# I WILL LOVE HER NO MORE.

I wILL love her no more —'tis a waste of the heart, This lavish of feeling—a prodigal's part: Who, heedless the treasure a life could not earn, Squanders forth where he vainly may look for return.

I will love her no more; it is folly to give Our best years to one, when for many we live. And he who the world will thus barter for one, I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more; it is heathenish thus To bow to an idol which bends not to us; Which heads not, which hears not, which recks

not for aught That the wombip of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love her no more; for no love is without Its limit in measure, and mine hath run out; She engroaseth it all, and, till some she restore, Than this moment I love her, how can I love more? 282

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### THEY ARE MOCKERY ALL.

THEY are mockery all—those skies, those skies— Their untroubled depths of blue—

- They are mockery all—these eyes, these eyes, Which seem so warm and true.
- Each tranquil star in the one that lies,
- Each meteor glance that at random flics The other's lashes through ;
- They are mackery all, these flowers of spring, Which her airs so softly woo-
- And the love to which we would madly cling, Ay ! it is mockery too;
- The winds are false which the perfume stir, And the looks deceive to which we sue,
- And love but leads to the sepulchre,

Which the flowers spring to strew.

### MELODY.

WREN the flowers of Friendship or Love have decay'd,

In the heart that has trusted and once been betray'd, No subshine of kindness their bloom can restore; For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more!

Hope cheated too often when life's in its spring, From the bosom that nursed it for ever takes wing! And Memory comes, as its promises fade, To brood o'er the havoe that Passion has made.

As 'tis said that the swallow the tenement leaves Where ruin endangers her nest in the caves, While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall, And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.

### MORNING HYMN.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT !" The Eternal spoke, And from the abyse where darkness rode

The earliest dawn of nature broke, And light around creation flow'd.

The glad earth smilled to see the day, The first-born day, come blushing in; The young day smilled to shed its ray

- Upon a world untouch'd by sin.
- "Let there be light !" O'er heaven and earth, The Gon who first the day-beam pour'd,
- Utter'd again his fiat forth, Aud shed the gospel's light abroad,
- And, like the dawn, its cheering rays On rich and poor were meant to fall,
- Inspiring their Redeemer's praise, In lowly cot and lordly hall.
- Then come, when in the orient first Flushes the signal-light for prayer;
- Come with the earliest beams that burst From Gon's bright throne of glory there.
- Come kneel to Him who through the night Hath watch'd above thy sleeping soul,
- To Him whose mercies, like his light, Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

### THE WESTERN HUNTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

WEND, love, with me, to the deep woods, wend, Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,

- Where no watching eye shall over us bend, Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep. Thou shalt gather from buds of the oriole's hue.
- Whose flaming wings round our pathway flit,

From the saffron orchis and lupin blue, And those like the foam on my courser's bit.

One steed and one saddle us both shall bear, One hand of each on the bridle meet;

And beneath the wrist that entwines me there, An answering pulse from my heart shall beat.

I will sing thee many a joyous lay, As we chase the deer by the blue lake-side,

While the winds that over the prairie play Shall fan the check of my woodland bride.

Our home shall be by the cool, bright streams, Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat,

And our hearth shall smile like the sun's warm gleams [meet.

Through the branches around our lodge that Then wend with me, to the deep woods wend,

Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep, Where no watching eye shall over us bend,

Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep,

### THY NAME.

It comes to me when healths go round, And o'er the wine their garhands wreathing

The flowers of wit, with music wound, Are freshly from the goblet breathing; From sparkling song and sally gay It comes to steal my heart away, And fill my soul, mid festal glee, With sad, sweet, silent thoughts of thee.

It comes to me upon the mart, Where care in justling crowds is rife;

Where Avarice goads the sordid heart, Or cold Ambition prompts the strife;

It comes to whisper, if I'm there, 'T is but with thee each prize to share, For Fame were not success to me, Nor riches wealth unshared with thee.

Nor ticnes wealth unshared with thee.

It comes to me when smiles are bright On gentle lips that murmur round ins, And kindling glances flash delight

In eyes whose spell would once have bound me. It comes—but comes to bring alone Remembrance of some look or tone, Dearer than aught I hear or see. Because 't was born or breathed by thee.

- It comes to me where cloister'd boughs. Their shadows cast upon the sod;
- A while in Nature's fane my vows Are lifted from her shrine to Gop;
- It comes to tell that all of worth
- I dream in heaven or know on earth,
- However bright or dear it be,
- Is blended with my thought of thee.

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# THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

Oxa bumper yet, gallants, at parting, One toast ere we arm for the fight ; Fill round, each to her he loves dearest-'T is the last he may pledge her, to-night. Think of those who of old at the banquet Did their weapons in garlands conceal, The patriot heroes who hallowed The entwining of myrtle and steel ! Then hey for the myrtle and steel, Then ho for the myrtle and steel, Let every true blade that c'er loved a fair maid, Fill round to the myrtle and steel ! "T is in moments like this, when each bosom With its highest-toned feeling is warm, Like the music that's sold from the ocean To rise ere the gathering storm, That her image around us should hover, Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal, We may breathe mid the foam of a bumper, As we drink to the myrtle and steel. Then hey for the myrtle and steel, Then ho for the myrtle and steel, Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid, Fill round to the myrtle and steel ! Now mount, for our bugle is ringing To marshal the host for the fray, Where proudly our banner is flinging Its folds o'er the battle-array ; Yetgallants-one moment-remember, When your sabres the death-blow would deal, That MENCY wears her shape who's cherish'd By lads of the myrtle and steel. Then hey for the myrtle and steel, Then ho for the myrtle and steel, Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid, Fill round to the myrtle and steel !

### EPITAPH UPON A DOG.

As ear that caught my slightest tone, In kindness or in anger spoken; An eye that ever watch'd my own, In vigils death alone has broken; Its changeless, ceaseless, and unbought Affection to the last revealing; Beaming almost with human thought, And more—far more than human feeling **!** 

Can such in endless sleep be chill'd, And mortal pride disdain to sorrow, Because the pulse that here was still'd

May wake to no immortal morrow! Can faith, devotedness, and love, That seem to humbler creatures given

To tell us what we owe above,-The types of what is due to Heaven,-

Can these be with the things that were, Things cherish'd-but no more returning, And leave behind no trace of care,

No shade that speaks a moment's mourning ?

Alas! my friend, of all of worth That years have stolen or years yet leave me, I've never known so much on earth,

But that the loss of thine must grieve me.

## ANACREONTIC.

BLANE not the bowl-the fruitful bowl, Whence wit, and mirth, and music spring, And amber drops elysian roll, To bathe young Love's delighted wing. What like the grape Ostats gave Makes rigid age so lithe of limb ! Illumines memory's tearful wave, And teaches drowning hope to swim? Did ocean from his radiant arms To earth another VENUS give, He ne'er could match the mellow charms That in the breathing beaker live. Like burning thoughts which lovers hoard, In characters that mock the sight, Till some kind liquid, o'er them pour'd, Brings all their hidden warmth to light-Are feelings bright, which, in the cup, Though graven deep, appear but dim, Till, fill'd with glowing Baccave up, They sparkle on the foaming brim. Each drop upon the first you pour Brings some new tender thought to life, And, as you fill it more and more, The last with fervid soul is rife. The island fount, that kept of old Its fabled path beneath the sea, And fresh, as first from earth it roll'd, From earth again rose joyously: Bore not beneath the bitter brine Each flower upon its limpid tide, More faithfully than in the wine Our hearts toward each other glide. Then drain the cup, and let thy soul Learn, as the draught delicious flies, Like pearls in the Egyptian's bowl,

Like pearls in the Egyptian's bowl, Truth beaming at the bottom lies.

### A HUNTER'S MATIN.

Up, comrades, up! the morn's awake Upon the mountain side,

The curlew's wing hath swept the lake, And the deer has left the tangled brake, To drink from the limpid tide.

Up, comrades, up! the mead-lark's note And the plover's cry o'er the prairie float; The squirrel, he springs from his covert now, To prank it sway on the chestnut bough, Where the oriole's pendant nest, high up,

Is rock'd on the swaying trees, While the humbird size from the harebell's cup,

As it bends to the morning breeze.

Up, comrades, up ! our shallops grate Upon the pebbly strand,

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And our stalwart hounds impatient wait To spring from the huntsman's hand.

## SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

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

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

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

# - SEEK NOT TO UNDERSTAND HER.

Why seek her heart to understand, If but enough thou knowest To prove that all thy love, like sand, Upon the wind thou throwest ? The ill thou makest out at last Doth but reflect the bitter past, While all the good thou learnest yet, But makes her harder to forget.

What matters all the noblences Which in her breast resideth, And what the warmth and tendernces Her mien of coldness hideth, If but ungenerous thoughts prevail When thou her bosom wouldst assail, While tenderness and warmth doth ne'er, By any chance, toward thee appear.

Sum up each token thou hast won Of kindred feeling there— How few for Hope, to build upon, How many for Despair! And if e'er word or look declareth Love or aversion, which she heareth, While of the first, no proof thou hast, How many are there of the last!

Then strive no more to understand Herheart, of whom thou knowest Enough to prove thy love like sand Upon the wind thou throwest: The ill thou makest out at last both but reflect the bitter past, While all the good thou learnest yet But makes her harder to forget.

### ASK NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

As me not why I should love her: Look upon those soul-full eyes! Look while mirth or feeling move her, And see there how sweetly rise Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast, Which is of innovence the nest— Which, though each joy were from it shred, By truth would still be tenanted!

See, from those sweet windows peeping, Emotions tender, bright, and joure, And wonder not the faith 1'm keeping Every trial can endure ! Wonder not that looks so winning Still for me new ties are spinning; Wonder and that heart so the

Wonder not that heart so true Keeps mine from ever changing too.

#### SHE LOVES, BUT 'T IS NOT ME.

SHE loves, but 't is not me she loves: Not me on whom she ponders,

When, in some dream of tenderness, Her truant fancy wanders.

The forms that flit her visions through Are like the shapes of old,

Where tales of prince and paladin On tapestry are told.

Man may not hope her heart to win, Be his of common mould.

But I---though spurs are won no more Where herald's trump is pealing,

Nor thrones carved out for lady fair Where steel-ctad ranks are wheeling---

- I loose the falcon of my hopes Upon as proud a flight
- As those who hawk'd at high renown, In song-ennobled fight.

If during, then, true love may crown, My love she must requite.

### THY SMILES.

"T is hard to share her smiles with many f And while she is so dear to me, To fear that I, far less than any, Call out her spirit's whethery! To find my imnost heart when near her Trembling at every glance and tone. And feel the while each charm grow dearer That will not beam for me alone. How can she thus, sweet spendthrift, squander The treasures one alone can prize! How can her eyes to ali thus wander.

When I but live in those sweet eyes! Those syren tones so lightly spoken

Cause many a heart 1 know to thrill; But mine, and only mine, till broken, In every pulse must answer still.

Dimming Google

### LOVE AND POLITICS. A BIRTH-DAT MEDITATION.

AROTEER year! also, how swift, ALINDA, do these years flit by, Like shadows thrown by clouds that drift In flakes along a wintry sky. Another year! another leaf Is turnid within lite's volume brief, And yet not one bright page appears Of mine within that book of years.

There are some moments when I feel As if it should not yet be so; As if the years that from me steal Had not a right alike to go, And lose themselves in Time's dark sea, Unbuoy'd up by aught from me; Aught that the future yet might claim To rescue from their wreck a name.

But it was love that taught me rhyme, And it was thou that taught me love; And if I in this idle chime

Of words a useless sluggard prove, It was thine eyes the habit nurs'd, And in their light I learn'd it first. It is thine eyes which, day by day, Consume my time and heart away.

And often hitter thoughts arise Of what I've lost in loving thee, And in my breast my spirit dies, The gloomy cloud around to see, Of baffled hopes and ruined powers Of mind, and miserable hours----

Of self-upbraiding, and despair-Of heart, too strong and fierce to bear.

"Why, what a peasant slave am I," To bow my mind and bend my knee To woman in idelatry,

Who takes no thought of mine or ms. O, Gon ! that I could breathe my life On battle-plain in charging strife----In one mad impulse pour my soul Far beyond passion's base control.

Thus do my jarring thoughts revolve Their gather'd causes of offence, Until I in my heart resolve

To dush thine angel image thence; When some bright look, some accent kind, Comes freshly in my heated mind, And scares, like newly-flushing day, These brooding thoughts like owls away.

And then for hours and hours I muse On things that might, yet will not be, Till, one by one, my feelings lose Their passionate intensity, And steal away in visions soft, Which on wild wing those feelings waft Far, far beyond the drear domain Of Reason and her freezing reign. And now again from their gay track I call, as I despondent sit, Once more these truant fancies back, Which round my brain so idly flit;

And some I treasure, some I blush To own—and these I try to crush— And some, too wild for reason's reign, I loose in idle rhyme again.

And even thus my moments fly, And even thus my hours decay, And even thus my years slip by,

My life itself is wiled away; But distant still the mounting hope, The burning wish with men to cope In aught that minds of iron mould May do or dare for fame or gold.

Another year! another year, ALINDA, it shall not be so; Both love and lays forswear I here,

As I've forsworn thee long ago. That name, which thou wouldst never share, Proudly shall Fame emblazon where On pumps and corners posters stick it, The highest on the Jackson ticket.

### WHAT IS SOLITUDE :

Nor in the shadowy wood, Not in the crag-hung glen, Not where the echoes broad In caves untrod by men ; Not by the bleak sea-shore, Where loitering surges break, Not on the mountain hoar, Not by the breezeless lake, Not on the desert plain, Where man hath never stood, Whether on isle or main-Not there is solitude ! Birds are in woodland bowers. Voices in lonely dells, Streams to the listening hours Talk in earth's secret cells ; Over the gray-ribb'd sand Breathe ocean's frothing lips, Over the still lake's strand The flower toward it dips: Pluming the mountain's crest. Life tosses in its pince; Coursing the desert's breast, Life in the steed's mane shines. Leave-if thou wouldst be lonely-Leave Nature for the crowd ; Seek there for one----one only--With kindred mind endow'd! There-as with Nature erst Closely thou wouldst commune-The deep soul-music, nursed In either heart, attune ! Heart-wearied, thou wilt own, Vainly that phantom woo'd, That thou at last hast known What is true solitude!

Dipage in GOOS

# J. O. ROCKWELL.

[Born, 1907. Died, 1831.]

JAMEA OTIN ROCKWELL was born in Lebanon, an agricultural town in Connecticut, in 1807. At an early age he was apprenticed to a printer, in Utica, and in his sixteenth year he began to write verses for the newspapers. Two years afterward he went to New York, and subsequently to Boston, in each of which cities he laboured as a journeyman compositor. He had now acquired considerable reputation by his poetical writings, and was engaged as associate editor of the "Statesman," an old and influential journal published in Boston, with which, I believe, he continued until 1829, when he became the conductor of the Providence "Patriot," with which he was connected at the time of his death.

He was poor, and in his youth he had been left nearly to his own direction. He chose to learn the business of printing, because he thought it would afford him opportunities to improve his mind; and his education was acquired by diligent study during the leisure hours of his apprenticeship. When he removed to Providence, it became necessary for him to take an active part in the discussion of political questions. He felt but little interest in public affairs, and shrank instinctively from the strife of partisanship; but it seemed the only avenue to competence and reputation, and he embarked in it with apparent amour. Journalism, in the hands of able and honourable men, is the noblest of callings; in the hands of the ignorant and mercenary, it is among the meanest. There are at all times connected with the press, persons of the baser sort, who derive their support and chief enjoyment from ministering to the worst passions; and by some of this class Rock wELL'S private character was assailed, and he was taunted with his obscure parentage, defective education, and former vocation, as if to have elevated his position in society, by perseverance and the force of mind, were a ground of accusation. He had too little energy in his nature to regard such assaults with the indifference they merited; and complained in some of his letters that they "robbed him of rest and of all pleasure." With constantly increasing reputation, however, he continued his editorial labours until the summer of 1831, when, at the early age of twenty-four years, he was suddenly called to a better world. He felt unwell, one morning, and, in a brief paragraph, apologized for the apparent neglect of his gazette. The next number of it wore the signs of mourning for his death. A friend of RockwELL's," in a notice of him published in the "Southern Literary Messenger." mentions as the immediate cause of his death, that he "was troubled at the thought of some obliga-

\* Reverend CHARLES W. EVENERT, of Meriden, Connecticut. tion which, from not receiving money then due to him, he was unable to meet, and shrank from the prospect of a *deblor's prison*." That it was in some way a result of his extreme sensitiveness, was generally believed among his friends at the time. WEITTER, who was then editor of the «New England Weekly Review," soon after wrote the following lines to his memory:

"The turf is smooth above him 1 and this roln Will moisten the rent roots, and sumnon back The perishing life of its green-binded grass. And the crush'd flower will lift its head again Smilingly unto heaven, as if it kept No vigit with the dead. Well—it is meret That the green grass should treuble, and the flowers Blow wild about his resting place. Jis mind Was in itself a flower but half-disclosed--A bud of blessed promise which the storm Visited rudely, and the passer by Bmote down in wantonness. But we may trust That it hat found a dwelling, where the sun Of a more holy clime will visit it, And the pure dews of mercy will descend, Through Heaven's own atmosphere, upon its head.

"His form is now before me, with no trace Of death in its fine lineatnents, and there Is a faint crimson on his youthful cheek, And his free lip is softening with the smile Which in his eye is kindling. I can feel The parting pressure of his hand, and hear His last 'Gon bless you!' Strange-that he is there Distinct before me like a breathing thing, Even when I know that he is with the dead, And that the damp earth hides him. I would not Think of him otherwise-his image lives Within my memory as he seem'd before The curse of blighted feeling, and the toil And fever of an uncongenial strife, had left Their traces on his aspect. Peace to him 1 He wrestled nobly with the weariness And triate of our being-smiling on, While poison mingled with his springs of life, And wearing a caim brow, while on his heart Anguish was resting like s hand of fire-Until at last the agony of thought Grew insupportable, and madness came Darkly upon him,-and the sufferer died !

"Nor dist the unknown the source one," "Nor dist the unknown the source one," The beautiful and gifted shall go up, And muae upon the skepper. And young lips Shall murmut in the broken tones of griet-Uis own sweet melodies—and if the ear Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath The brightness of its new inheritance, It may be Joyful to the parted one To feel that earth remembers him in love "

The specimens of ROCKWELL's poetry which have fallen under my notice show him to have possessed considerable funcy and deep feeling His imagery is not always well chosen, and his versification is sometimes defective; but his thoughts are often original, and the general effect of his pieces is striking. His later poems are his best, and probably he would have produced works of much merit had he lived to a maturer age.

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J. O. ROCKWELL.

# THE SUM OF LIFE.

SEARCHER of gold, whose days and nights All waste away in anxious care, Estranged from all of life's delights, Unlearn'd in all that is most fair---Who sailest not with easy glide, But delvest in the depths of tide, And strugglest in the form; O! come and view this land of graves, Death's northern sea of frozen waves, And mark thee out thy home. Lover of woman, whose sad heart

Wastes like a fountain whose sai heart Wastes like a fountain in the sun, Clings most, where most its pain does start, Dies by the light it lives upon; Come to the land of graves; for here Are beauty's smile, and beauty's tear, Gather'd in holy trust; Hore slumber forms as fair as those Whose cheeks, now living, shame the rose,

Their glory turn'il to dust. Lover of fame, whose foolish thought Steals onward o'er the wave of time, Tell me, what goodness hath it brought, Atoning for that restless crime? The spirit-mansion desolate, And open to the storms of fate,

And open to the scorms of rate, The absent soul in fear; Bring home thy thoughts and come with ms, And see where all thy pride must be: Searcher of fame, look here!

And, warrior, thou with snowy plume, That goest to the bugle's call, Come and look down ; this lonely tomb Shall hold thee and thy glories all: The haughty brow, the manly frame, The daring deeds, the sounding fame, Are trophies but for death ! And millions who have toil'd like thee, Are stay'd, and here they sleep ; and see, Does glory lend them breath !

## TO ANN.

Theor wert as a lake that lieth In a bright and sunny way; I was as a bird that flieth O'er it on a pleasant day; When I look'd upon thy features Presence then some feeling lent; But thou knowest, most false of creatures, With thy form thy image went. With a kiss my vow was greeted, As I knelt before thy shrine;

But I saw that kiss repeated On another lip than mine; And a solemn vow was spoken That thy heart should not be changed; But that binding vow was broken, Anal thy spirit was estranged. I could blame thee for awaking Thoughts the world will but deride; Calling out, and then forsaking

Flowers the winter wind will chide . Guiling to the midway ocean

Barks that tremble by the shore; But I hush the sad emotion, And will punish these no more.

## THE LOST AT SEA.

WITZ, who in thy deep devotion Puttest up a prayer for one Sailing on the stormy occan, Hope no more-his course is done. Dream not, when upon thy pillow, That he slumbers by thy side; For his corse beneath the billow Heaveth with the restless tide. Children, who, as sweet flowers growing, Laugh amid the sorrowing rains, Know ye many clouds are throwing Shadows on your sire's remains ? Where the hoarse, gray surge is rolling With a mountain's motion on, Dream ye that its voice is tolling For your father lost and gone ? When the sun look'd on the water, As a hero on his grave, Tinging with the hue of slaughter Every blue and leaping wave, Under the majestic occan, Where the giant current roll'd, Slept thy sire, without emotion, Sweetly by a beam of gold; And the silent sunbeams slanted, Wavering through the crystal deep, Till their wonted splendours haunted Those shut evelids in their sleep. Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming, Sparkled through his raven hair ; But the sleep that knows no dreaming Bound him in its silence there. So we left him; and to tell thee Of our sorrow and thine own. Of the wo that then befell thee, Come we weary and alone. That thine eve is quickly shaded, That thy heart-blood wildly flows, That thy check's clear hue is faded, Are the fruits of these new woes. Children, whose meek eyes, inquiring, Linger on your mother's face-Know ye that she is expiring, That ye are an orphan race ? Gop be with you on the morrow,

Father, mother,—both no more; One within a grave of sorrow, One upon the ocean's floor!

Dimenty GOOgle

### J. O. ROCKWELL,

### THE DEATH-BED OF BEAUTY.

San sleeps in beauty, like the dying rose

By the warm skies and winds of June forsaken: Or like the sun, when dimm'd with clouds it goes To its clear ocean-bed, by light winds shaken : Or like the moon, when through its robes of snow It smiles with angel meckness-or like sorrow When it is soothed by resignation's glow, Or like herself,-she will be dead to-morrow. How still she sleeps ! The young and sinless girl ! And the faint breath upon her red lips trembles! Waving, almost in death, the raven curl That floats around her ; and she most resembles The fall of night upon the occan foam. Wherefrom the sun-light hath not yet departed; And where the winds are faint. She stealeth home, Unsullied girl! an angel broken-hearted! O, bitter world ! that hadst so cold an eye To look upon so fair a type of heaven; She could not dwell beneath a winter sky, And her heart-strings were frozen here and riven, And now she lies in ruins-look and weep! How lightly leans her cheek upon the pillow! And how the bloom of her fair face doth keep Changed, like a stricken dolphin on the billow. TO THE ICE-MOUNTAIN. GRAVE of waters gone to rest! Jewel, dazzling all the main ! Father of the silver crest ! Wandering on the trackless plain, Sleeping mid the wavy roar, Sailing mid the angry storm, Ploughing ocean's oozy floor, Piling to the clouds thy form I Wandering monument of rain, Prison'd by the sullen north ! But to melt thy hated chain. Is it that thou comest forth ? Wend thee to the sunny south, To the glassy summer sea. And the breathings of her mouth Shall unchain and gladden thee ! Roamer in the hidden path, 'Neath the green and clouded wave! Trampling in thy reckless wrath, On the lost, but cherish'd brave ; Parting love's death-link'd embrace--Crushing beauty's skeleton-Tell us what the hidden race With our mourned lost have done ! Floating isle, which in the sun Art Bill icv coronal ; And beneath the viewless dun, Throw'st o'er barks a wavy pall; Shining death upon the sea! Wend thee to the southern main : Warm skics wait to welcome thee! Mingle with the wave again !

### THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

- WREN the summer sun was in the west, Its crimson radiance fell,
- Some on the blue and changeful sea, And some in the prisoner's cell.
- And then his eye with a smile would beam, And the blood would leave his brain,

And the verdure of his soul return, Like sere grass after rain !

But when the tempest wreathed and spread A mantic o'er the sun,

- He gather'd back his woes again, And brooded thercupon;
- And thus he lived, till Time one day Led Doath to break his chain :
- And then the prisoner went away, And he was free again !

#### TO A WAVE.

LIST! thou child of wind and sea, Tell me of the far-off deep, Where the tempest's breath is free, And the waters never sleep ! Thou perchance the storm hast aided, In its work of stern despair, Or perchance thy hand hath braided, In deep caves, the mermaid's hair. Wave I now on the golden sands, Silent as thou art, and broken, Bear'st thou not from distant strands To my heart some pleasant token ! Tales of mountains of the south, Spangles of the ore of silver; Which, with playful singing mouth, Thou hast leap'd on high to pilfer ! Mournful wave! I deem'd thy song Was telling of a floating prison, Which, when tempests swept along, And the mighty winds were risen, Founder'd in the ocean's grasp. While the brave and fair were dying, Wave ! didst mark a white hand clasp In thy folds, as thou wert flying ? Hast thou seen the hallow'd rock Where the pride of kings reposes, Crown'd with many a misty lock, Wreathed with supphire, green, and roses ? Or with joyous, playful leap, Hast thou been a tribute flinging, Up that bold and jutty steep, Pearls upon the south wind stringing? Faded Wave ! a joy to thee, Now thy flight and toil are over ! O, may my departure he Caim as thine, thou ocean-rover ! When this soul's last pain or mirth On the shore of time is driven,

Be its lot like thine on carth, To be lost away in heaven !

Distance in GOOS

### (Born, 1807.)

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS Was born at Portland. in Maine, on the twentieth day of January, 1807. During his childhood his parents removed to Boston; and at the Latin school in that city, and at the Philips Academy in Andover, he pursued his studies until he entered Valo College, in 1823. While he resided at New Haven, as a student, he won a high reputation, for so young an author, by a series of "Scripture Sketches," and a few other brief poems; and it is supposed that the warm and too indiscriminate praises bestowed upon these productions, influenced unfavourably his subsequent progress in the poetic art. He was graduated in 1827, and in the following year he published a "Poem delivered before the Society of United Brothers of Brown University," which, as well as his "Sketches," issued soon after he left college, was very favourably noticed in the best periodicals of the time. He also edited "The Token." a wellknown annuary, for 1828; and about the same period published, in several volumes, "The Legendary," and established "The American Month-ly Magazine." To this periodical several young writers, who afterward became distinguished, were contributors; but the articles by its editor, constituting a large portion of each number, gave to the work its character, and were of all its contents the most popular. In 1830 it was united to the "New York Mirror," of which Mr. WILLIB became one of the conductors; and he soon after sailed for Europe, to be absent several years,

He travelled over Great Britain, and the most interesting portions of the continent, mixing largely in society, and visiting every thing worthy of his regard as a man of lotters, or as an American : and his "First Impressions" were given in his letters to the "Mirror," in which he described, with remarkable spirit and fidelity, and in a style peculiarly graceful and elegant, scenery and incidents, and social life among the polite classes in Europe. His letters were collected and republished in London, under the title of "Pencillings by the Way," and violently attacked in several of the leading periodicals, ostensibly on account of their too great freedoin of personal detail. Captain MARRANT, who was at the time editing a monthly magazine, wrote an article, characteristically gross and malignant. which led to a hostile meeting at Chatham, and Mr. LOCKBART, in the "Quarterly Review," published a "criticism" alike illiberal and unfair. Mr. WILLIS perhaps erred in giving to the public dinner-table conversations, and some of his descriptions of manners; but Captain MARSYAT himself is not undeserving of censure on account of the «personalities" in his writings; and for other reasons he could not have been the most suitable person in England to avenge the wrong it was alleged Mr. WILLIS had offered to society. That the author of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfelk," a work which is filled with far more reprehensible personal allusions than are to be found in the "Pencillings," should have ventured to attack the work on this ground, may excite surprise among those who have not observed that the "Quarterly Review" is spoken of with little reverence in the letters of the American traveller.

In 1836 Mr. WILLIS was married in England. He soon after published his "Inklings of Adventure," a collection of tales and sketches originally written for a London magazine, under the signature of "Philip Slingsby;" and in 1837 he returned to the United States, and retired to his beautiful estate on the Susquehanns, named "Gleninary," in compliment to one of the most admirable wives that ever gladdened a poet's solitude. In the early part of 1839, he becaupe one of the editors of "The Corsair," a literary gazette, and in the autumn of that year went again to London, where, in the following winter, he published his " Loiterings of Travel," in three volumes, and "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband," comprising the plays "Bianca Visconti," and "Tortesa the Usurer." In 1840 appeared the illustrated edition of his poems. and his "Letters from Under a Bridge," and he retired a second time to his seat in western New York, where he now resides. Besides the works already mentioned, he is the author of "Ameri-CBR Scenery," and of "Ireland,"---two works illustrated in a splendid manner by BARTLETT, -- and of numerous papers in the reviews, magazines, and other periodicals.

The prose and poetry of Mr WILLIS are alike distinguished for exquisite finish and melody. His language is pure, varied, and rich; his imngination brilliant, and his wit of the finest quality. Many of his descriptions of natural scenery are written pictures; and no other author has represented with equal vivacity and truth the manners of the age. His dramatic poems have been the most successful works of their kind produced in America. They exhibit a deep acquisintance with the common sympathies and passions, and are as remarkable as his other writings for affluence of language and imagery, and descriptive power.

His leading characteristics are essentially different from those of his contemporatics. DANA and BETANT are the teachers of a high, religious philosophy; HALLECK and HOMEN excel in humour and delicate satire; LONGFELLOW has a fine imagination and is unequalled as an artist; but WIL-LIS is more than any other the poet of society familiar with the secret springs of action in social life,—and moved himself by the same influences which guide his fellows. His genius is various: "Parthasius," "Spring," "Hagar in the Wikkerness," "The Annoyer," and other pieces, present strong contrasts; and they are alike excellent. 2C 301

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### MELANIE.

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I srugs on yonder rocky brow,\* And marvell'd at the Sybil's fane. When I was not what I am now. My life was then untouch'd of pain; And, as the breeze that stirr'd my hair. My spirit freshen'd in the sky, And all things that were true and fair Lay closely to my loving eye, With nothing shadowy between-I was a boy of seventeen. Yon wondrous temple crests the rock, As light upon its giddy base, As stirless with the torrent's shock, As pure in its proportion'd grace, And seems a thing of air, as then, Aflost above this fairy glen; But though mine eye will kindle still In looking on the shapes of art. The link is lost that sent the thrill. Like lightning, instant to my heart. And thus may break, before we die, The electric chain 'twixt soul and eye! Ten years-like yon bright valley, sown Alternately with weeds and flowers-Had swiftly, if not gayly, flown, And still I loved the rosy hours; And if there lurk'd within my breast Some nerve that had been overstrung And quiver'd in my hours of rest, Like bells by their own echo rung, I was with Houe a masker yet. And well could hide the look of sadness. And, if my heart would not forget, I knew, at least, the trick of gladness, And when snother sang the strain, I mingled in the old refrain. 'T were idle to remember now. Had I the heart, my thwarted schemes. I bear beneath this slter'd brow The ashes of a thousand dreams: Some wrought of wild Ambition's fingers, Some colour'd of Love's pencil well, But none of which a shadow lingers, And none whose story I could tell. Enough, that when I climb'd again To Tivoli's romantic steep, Life had no joy, and scarce a pain, Whose wells I had not tested deep; And from my lips the thirst had pass'd For every fount save one-the sweetest-and the last. The last-the last ! My friends were dead, Or false ; my mother in her grave ; Above my father's honour'd head The sea had lock'd its hiding wave ; Ambition had but foil'd my grasp, And Love had perish'd in my clasp:

\* The story is told during a walk around the Cascateller of Tivoli.

And still, I say, I did not eleck My love of life, and hope of pleasure, But mather'd my affections back ; And, as the miser huge his treasure. When plague and ruin bid him flee, I closer chung to mine-my loved, lost MELANIEI The last of the Dr BREVERS race, My sister claim'd no kinsman's care; And, looking from each other's face, The eye stole upward unsware-For there was naught whereon to lean Each other's heart and heaven between-Yet that was world enough for me, And, for a brief, but blessed while, There seem'd no care for MELANIS. If she could see her brother smile : But life, with her, was at the flow, And every wave went sparkling higher, While mine was ebhing, fast and low, From the same shore of vain desire. And knew I, with prophetic heart, That we were wearing aye insensibly apart. 11. We came to Italy. I felt

A yearning for its sound sky; My very spirit seem'd to melt As swept its first warm breezes by. From lip and cheek a chilling mist, From life and soul a frozen rime By every breath seem'd softly kiss'd: Gon's blessing on its radiant clime! It was an endices joy to me To see my sister's new delight; From Venice, in its golden sea, To Pestum, in its purple light, By sweet Val d'Arno's tinted hills. In Valiombrosa's convent gloom, Mid Terni's vale of singing rills, By deathless lairs in solemn Rome, In gay Palermo's "Golden Shell," At Arethusa's hidden well, We loiter'd like the impassion'd sun, That slept so lovingly on all, And made a home of every one-Ruin, and fane, and waterfall---And crown'd the dying day with glory, If we had seen, since morn, but one old haunt of story. We came, with apring, to Tivoli. My sister loved its laughing air And merry waters, though, for me, My heart was in snother key; And sometimes I could scarcely bear The mirth of their eternal piay, And, like a child that longs for home, When weary of its holiday, I sigh'd for melancholy Rome. Perhaps-the fancy haunts me still-'T was but a boding sense of ill. It was a morn, of such a day As might have dawn'd on Eden first, Early in the Italian May.

Vine-leaf and flower had newly burst,

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And, on the burden of the sir, The breath of bude came faint and rare ; And, far in the transparent sky, The small, earth-keeping birds were seen. Soaring deliriously high; And through the clefts of newer green Yon waters dash'd their living pearls; And, with a gaver smile and bow. Troop'd on the merry village-girle; And, from the Contailina's brow. The low-slouch'd hat was backward thrown, With air that scarcely seem'd his own; And MELINIE, with lips apart. And clasp d hands upon my arm, Flung open her impassion'd heart, And bless'd life's mere and breathing charm, And sang old songs, and gother'd flowers. And passionately bless'd once more life's thrilling hours. In happiness and idleness We wander'd down yon sunny vale.— O, mocking eyes! a golden tress Floats back upon this summer gale ! A foot is tripping on the grass! A laugh rings merry in mine car ! I see a bounding shadow pass !---O, Gop ! my sister once was here ! Come with me, friend ;---we rested yon ; There grew a flower she pluck'd and wore; She sat upon this mossy stone ! That broken fountain, running o'er With the same ring, like silver bells : She listen'd to its babbling flow, And said, "Perhaps the gossip tells Some fountain nymph's love-story now !" And, as her laugh rang clear and wild, A youth-a painter-pass'd and smiled, He gave the greeting of the morn With voice that linger'd in mine ear. I knew him sad and gentle born By those two words, so caim and clear, His frame was slight, his forehead high, And swept by threads of raven hair ; The fire of thought was in his eye, And he was pale and marble fair; And Grecian chisel never caught The soul in those slight features wrought. I watch'd his graceful step of pride, Till hidden by yon leaning tree, And loved him e'er the echo died : And so, alas! did MELANIE! We sat and watch'd the fount a while In silence, but our thoughts were one; And then arose, and, with a smile Of sympathy, we saunter'd on; And she by sudden fits was gay, And then her laughter died away : And, in this changefulness of mood, Forgotten now those May-day spells, We turn'd where VARRO's villa stood, And, gazing on the Cascatelles, (Whose hurrying waters, wild and white,

Scem'd madden'd as they burst to light,)

I chanced to turn my eves away, And, lo! upon a bank alone, The youthful painter, sleeping, lay ! His pencils on the grass were thrown, And by his side a sketch was flung. And near him as I lightly crept, To see the picture as he slept, Upon his feet he lightly sprung: And, gazing with a wild surprise Upon the face of MELANTE. He sold-and dropp'd his earnest eyes "Forgive me! but I dream'd of thee!" His sketch, the while, was in my hand, And, for the lines I look'd to trace-A torrent by a palace spann'd, Half-classic and half-fairy-land-I only found-my sister's face ! Our life was changed. Another love In its lone woof began to twine: But, ah ! the golden thread was wove Between my sister's heart and mine ! She who had lived for me before-She who had smiled for me alone-Would live and smile for me no more! The echo to my heart was gone ! It seem'd to me the very skies Had showe through those averted eves: The air had breathed of balm-the flower Of radiant beauty seem'd to be But as she loved them, hour by hour, And murmur'd of that love to me ! O, though it be so heavenly high The selfishness of earth above, That, of the watchers in the sky, He sleeps who guards a brother's love-Though to a sister's present weal-The deep devotion far transcends The utmost that the soul can feel For even its own higher ends-Though next to Gon, and more than heaven For his own sake, he loves her, even-'T is difficult to see another, A passing stranger of a day, Who never hath been friend or brother, Pluck with a look her heart away,-To see the fair, unsullied brow, Ne'er kiss'd before without a prayer, Upon a stranger's bosom now, Who for the boon took little care. Who is enrich'd, he knows not why: Who suddenly bath found a treasure Golconda were too poor to huy; And he, perhaps, too cold to measure, (Albeit, in ber forgetful dream, The unconscious idol happier seem,) 'T is difficult at once to crush The rebel mourner in the breast, To press the heart to earth, and hush Its bitter jealousy to rest,-And difficult—the eye gets dim— The lip wants power to smile on him !

I thank sweet MART Mother now. Who gave me strength those pangs to hide,

And touch'd mine eves and lit my brow With sunshine that my heart belied. I never spoke of wealth or race, To one who ask'd so much of me .-I look'd but in my sister's face, And mused if she would happier be: And, hour by hour, and day by day, I loved the gentle painter more, And in the same soft measure wore My selfish jealousy away; And I begun to watch his mood, And feel, with her, love's trembling care, And hade Gon bless him as he woo'd That loving girl, so fond and fair, And on my mind would sometimes press A fear that she might love him less. But MELINIE-I little dream'd What spells the stirring heart may move-Provision's statue never seem'd More changed with life, than she with love. The pearl-tint of the early dawn Flush'd into day-spring's rosy hue; The meek, moss-folded bud of morn Flung open to the light and dew: The first and half-seen star of even Wax'd clear amid the deepening heaven-Similitudes perchance may be; But these are changes oftener scen, And do not image half to me My sister's change of face and mien. 'T was written in her very air, That love had pass'd and enter'd there. A calm and lovely paradise Is Itsly, for minds at ease. The sadness of its sunny skies Weighs not upon the lives of these, The ruin'd aisle, the crumbling fane, The broken column, vast and prone-It may be joy, it may be pain, Amid such wrecks to walk alone: The saddest man will sadder be, The gentlest lover gentler there. As if, whate'er the spirit's key, It strengthen'd in that solemn air. The heart soon grows to mournful things; And Italy has not a breeze But comes on melancholy wings; And even her majestic trees

Stand ghost-like in the C.#san's home, As if their conscious roots were set

In the old graves of giant Rome, And drew their sap all kingly yet! And every stone your feet beneath

Is broken from some mighty thought, And sculptures in the dust still breathe The fire with which their lines were wrought, And sunder'd arch, and plunder'd tomb still thunder back the echo, "Rome!"

Yet gayly o'er Egerio's fount The ivy flings its emerald veil, And flowers grow fair on Numa's mount, And light-sprung arches span the dale,

And soft, from Caracalla's Baths. The herdsman's song comes down the breeze. While climb his goats the giddy paths 'To grass-grown architrave and frieze; And gracefully Albano's hill Curves into the horizon's line, And sweetly sings that classic rill, And fairly stands that nameless shrine; And here, O, many a sultry noon And starry eve, that happy June, Came ANGELO and MELANIE, And carth for us was all in tune-For while Love talk'd with them, Hope welk'd apart with me! I shrink from the embitter'd close Of my own melancholy tale. "T is long since I have waked my woes---And nerve and voice together fail ! The throb beaus faster at my brow, My brain feels warm with starting tears, And I shall weep-but heed not thou ! 'T will soothe a while the ache of years. The heart transfix'd-worn out with grief-Will turn the arrow for relief. The painter was a child of shame ! It stirr'd my pride to know it first, For I had question'd but his name, And thought, alas! I knew the worst, Believing him unknown and poor. His blood, indeed, was not obscure ; A high-born Conti was his mother, But, though he knew one parent's face, He never had beheld the other, Nor knew his country or his race. The Roman hid his daughter's shame Within St. Monu's convent wall, And gave the boy a painter's name-And little else to live withal ! And, with a noble's high desires Forever mounting in his heart, The boy consumed with hidden fires, But wrought in silence at his art; And sometimes at St. Mona's shrine, Worn thin with penance harsh and long, He saw his mother's form divine. And loved her for their mutual wrong-I said my pride was stirr'd-but no ! The voice that told its litter tale Was touch'd so mournfully with wo, And, as he ceased, all deathly pale, He loosed the hand of MELANIE. And gazed so gaspingly on me-The demon in my bosom died ! "Not thine," I said. " snother's guilt; I break no hearts for silly pride; So, kiss yon weeper if thou wilt !" τt. St. Mona's morning mass was done ; The shrine-lamps struggled with the day ;

And, rising slowly, one by one, Stole the last worshippers away.

The organist play'd out the hymn, The incense, to St. MARY swung,

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Had mounted to the cherubim, Or to the pillars thinly clung; And boyish chorister replaced The missal that was read no more, And closed, with half-irreverent haste. Confessional and chancel-door; And as, through aisle and oriel pane, The sun wore round his slanting beam, The dving martyr stirr'd again, And warriors battled in its gleam; And costly tomb and sculptured knight Show'd warm and wondrous in the light-I have not said that MELANIE Was radiantly fair-This each again may never see A loveliness so rare ! She glided up St. Mona's aisle That morning as a bride, And, full as was my heart the while, I bless'd her in my pride! The fountain may not fail the less Whose sands are golden ore, And a sister for her loveliness May not be loved the more; But as, the fount's full heart beneath, Those golden sparkles shine, My sister's heauty seem'd to breathe Its brightness over mine! St. Mona has a chapel dim Within the altar's fretted pale, Where faintly comes the swelling hymn, And dies, half-lost, the anthem's wail. And here, in twilight meet for prayer, A single lamp hangs o'er the shrine, And RAPHAEL's MARY, soft and fair, Looks down with sweetness half-diving. And here St. Mona's nuns alway Through latticed bars are seen to pray. Ave and sacrament were o'er, And ANGELO and MELANIE Still knelt the holy shrine before; But prayer, that morn, was not for me I My heart was lock'd ! The lip might stir, The frame might agonize- and yet, O Goo! I could not pray for her ! A seal upon my soul was set-My brow was hot-my brain opprest-And fiends seem'd muttering round, "Your bridal is unblest !" With forehead to the lattice laid, And thin, white fingers straining through, A nun the while had softly pray'd. O, e'en in prayer that voice I knew! Each faltering word, each mournful tone, Each pleading cadence, half-suppress'd-Such music had its like alone On lips that stole it at her breast! And ere the orison was done I loved the mother as the son ! And now, the marriage-vow to hear, The nun unveil'd her brow; When, sudden, to my startled ear, There crept a whisper, hoarse, like fear, "Dr BREVERN! is if thou !"

The priest let fall the golden ring, The bridegroom stood aghast; While, like some wierd and frantic thing, The nun was muttering fast ; And as, in dread, I nearer drew, She thrust her arms the lattice through, And held me to her straining view; But suddenly begun To steal upon her brain a light, That stagger'd soul, and sense, and sight, And, with a mouth oll ashy white, She shrick'd, " It is his son ! The bridegroun is thy blood-thy brother ! RODOLPH DE BREVENN wrong'd his mother !" And, as that doom of love was heard, My sister sunk, and died, without a sign or word ! I shed no tear for her. She died With her last sunshine in her eyes. Earth held for her no joy beside The hope just shatter'd, -and she lies In a green nook of yonder dell; And near her, in a newer bed, Her lover-brother-sleeps as well ! Peace to the broken-hearted dead !

# THE CONFESSIONAL.

I TROCORT of thee----I thought of thee On ocean many a weary night, When heaved the long and sullen sea, With only waves and stats in eight. We stole along by isles of balm, We furl'd before the coming gale, We slept amid the breathless calm, We flew beneath the straining sail,-But thou wert lost for years to me, And day and night I thought of thee! I thought of thee----I thought of thee In France, smid the gay saloon, Where eyes as dark as eyes may be Are many as the leaves in June : Where life is love, and e'en the air Is pregnant with impassion'd thought, And song, and dance, and music are With one warm meaning only fraught, My half-snared heart broke lightly free, And, with a blush, I thought of thee : I thought of thee—I thought of thee In Florence, where the fiery hearts Of Italy are breathed away In wonders of the deathless arts ; Where strays the Contadina, down Val d' Arno, with song of old ; Where clime and women seldom frown, And life runs over sands of gold; I stray'd to lonely Fiesolc, On many an eve, and thought of thes. I thought of thee----I thought of thee

In Rome, when, on the Palatine, Night left the Cesar's palace free To Time's forgetful foot and mine; 2 c 2

Or, on the Coliseum's wall, When moonlight touch'd the ivied stone, Reclining, with a thought of all That o'er this scene hath come and gone, The shules of Rome would start and fies Unconsciously-I thought of thee. I thought of thee—I thought of thee In Vallombrosa's holy shade, Where nobles born the friars be. By life's rude changes humbler made. Here MILTON fromed his Paradise ; I slept within his very cell; And, as I closed my weary eyes, I thought the cowl would fit me well; The cloisters breathed, it seem'd to me, Of heart's-ease-but I thought of thee. I thought of thee-I thought of thee In Venice, on a night in June; When, through the city of the sea, Like dust of silver, slept the moon. Slow turn'd his oar the gondolier, And, as the black barks glided by, The water, to my leaning car, Bore back the lover's passing sigh ; It was no place alone to be, I thought of thee-I thought of thee. I thought of thee-I thought of thee In the Ionian isles, when straying With wise ULTASES by the sea, Old HOMER's songs around me playing; Or, watching the bewitch'd calque, That o'er the star-lit waters flew, I listen'd to the holmsman Greek. Who sung the song that SAFPHO knew: The poet's spell, the bark, the sea, All vanish'd as I thought of thee, I thought of thee-I thought of thee In Greece, when rose the Parthenon Majestic o'er the Egean sea, And heroes with it, one by one; When, in the grove of Academe, Where LAIS and LEONTIUM STRAY'd Discussing PLATO's mystic theme, I lay at moontide in the shade-The Egean wind, the whispering tree Had voices - and I thought of thee. I thought of thee-I thought of thee In Asia, on the Dardanelles, Where, swiftly as the waters flee. Each wave some sweet old story tells; And, seated by the marble tank Which sleeps by Hium's ruins old, (The fount where peerless Hatay drank, And YENUS laved her locks of gold,) I thrill'd such classic haunts to see, Yet even here I thought of thee. I thought of thee-I thought of thee Where glide the Bosphor's lovely waters, All palace-lined from sea to sea: And ever on its shores the daughters Of the delicious cast are seen, Printing the brink with slipper'd feet,

And, O, the snowy folds between, What eyes of heaven your glances meet 1 Peris of light no fairer be, Yet, in Stamboul, I thought of thes. I've thought of thee-I've thought of thee, Through change that teaches to forget ; Thy face looks up from every sea, In every star thine eyes are set. Though roving beneath orient skies, Whose golden beauty breathes of rest, I envy every bird that flies Into the far and clouded west; I think of thee-I think of thee ! O, dearest ! hast thou thought of me ! LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE. BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast, Fling out your field of azure blue; Lct star and stripe be westward cast, And point as Freedom's eagle flew! Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars ! Point home, my country's flag of stare ! The wind blows fair, the vessel feels The pressure of the rising breeze, And, swiftest of a thousand keels, She leaps to the careering seas ! O, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail, In whose white breast I seem to lie. How oft, when blew this eastern gale, I've seen your semblance in the sky, And long'd, with breaking heart, to fee On such white pinions o'er the sea! Adieu, O lands of fame and eld ! I turn to watch our foamy track, And thoughts with which I first beheld Yon clouded line, come hurrying back; My lips are dry with vague desire, My check once more is hot with joy ; My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire ! O, what has changed that traveller-boy! As leaves the ship this dying foam. [home! His visions fade behind-his weary heart speeds Adieu, O soft and southern shore, Where dwelt the stars long miss'd in heaven; Those forms of beauty, seen no more, Yet once to Art's rapt vision given ! O, still the enamour'd sun delays, And price through fount and crumbling fane, To win to his adoring gaze Those children of the sky again! Irradiate beauty, such as never That light on other earth hath shone, Hath made this land her home forever: And, could I live for this alone. Were not my birthright brighter far Than such voluptuous sinve's can be; Held not the west one glorious star, New-born and blazing for the free, Soar'd not to heaven our eagle yet,

Rome, with her helot sons, should teach me to forget!

Distanting GOOGIC

Adieu, O. fatherland ! I see Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim, And, though to freer skies I flee, My heart swells, and my eyes are dim! As knows the dove the task you give her, When loosed upon a foreign shore: As spreads the rain-drop in the river In which it may have flow'd before-To England, over vale and mountain, My fancy flew from climes more fair. My blood, that knew its parent fountain, Ran warm and fast in England's air. My mother ! in thy prayer to-night There come new words and warmer tears! On long, long darkness breaks the light, Comes home the loved, the lost for years I Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner, Fear not, to-night, or storm or sen ! The car of Heaven bends low to her ! He comes to shore who sails with me! The wind-toss'd spider needs no token How stands the tree when lightnings blaze: And, by a thread from heaven unbroken, I know my mother lives and prays? Dear mother ! when our lips can speak, When first our tears will let us see, When I can gaze upon thy cheek, And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me-'T will be a pastime little sad To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers Upon each other's forms have had; For all may flee, so feeling lingers! But there's a change, beloved mother, To stir far deeper thoughts of thine ; I come-but with me comes another, To share the heart once only mine ! Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely, One star arose in memory's heaven; Thou, who hast watch'd one treasure only, Water'd one flower with tears at even: Room in thy heart! The hearth she left Is darken'd to make light to ours! There are bright flowers of care bereft, And hearts that languish more than flowers; She was their light, their very air-[prayer! Room, mother, in thy heart ! place for her in thy SPRING. Tax Spring is here, the delicate-footed May, With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers; And with it comes a thirst to be away, Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours; A feeling that is like a sense of wings, Restless to soar above these perishing things. We pass out from the city's feverish hum, To find refreshment in the silent woods: And nature, that is beautiful and durab,

Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broads; Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal, To teach the indolent heart it still must feel. Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon, The waters tripping with their silver feet,

The turning to the light of leaves in June, And the light whisper as their edges meet: Strange, that they fill not, with their tranguil tone, The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this, Save in forgetting the immortal dream;

We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss, That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream; Bird-like, the prison'd soul will lift its eye And pine till it is booled from the sky.

### TO ERMENGARDE.

I KNOW not if the sunshine waste. The world is dark since thou art gone ! The hours are, O! so leaden-paced! The birds sing, and the stars float on, But sing not well, and look not fair ; A weight is in the summer air. And sulness in the sight of flowers; And if I go where others smile, Their love but makes me think of ours. And Heaven gets my heart the while. Liko one upon a desert isle. I languish of the dreary hours; I never thought a life could be So flung upon one hope, as mine, dear love, on thee! I sit and watch the summer sky: There comes a cloud through heaven alone: A thousand stars are shining nigh. It feels no light, but darkies on ! Yet now it nears the lovelier moon, And, flashing through its fringe of anow, There steals a rosier dye, and soon Its bosom is one fiery glow ! The queen of life within it lies, Yet mark how lovers meet to part: The cloud already onward flies, And shadows sink into its heart; And (dost thou see them where thou art ?) Fade fast, fade all those glorious dyes ! Its light, like mine, is seen no more, And, like my own, its heart seems darker than before. Where press, this hour, those fairy feet ? Where look, this hour, those eyes of blue? What music in thine ear is sweet? What adour breathes thy lattice through 1 What word is on thy lip ! What tone, What look, replying to thine own<sup>†</sup> Thy steps along the Danube stray, Alas, it seeks an orient sea ! Thou wouldst not seein so far away, Flow'd but its waters back to me ! I bless the slowly-coming moon, Because its eye look'd late in thine ; I envy the west wind of June. Whose wings will bear it up the Rhine; The flower I press upon my brow

Were sweeter if its like perfumed thy chamber now!

### HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Tax morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds With a strange beauty. Earth received again Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves, And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers, And every thing that bendeth to the dew, And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light, And loveliness, and fragrant air, were sad To the dejected HAGAN. The moist earth Was pouring odours from its spicy pores, And the young birds were singing, as if life Were a new thing to them; but, O ! it came Upon her heart like discord, and she felt How cruelly it tries a broken heart, To see a mirth in any thing it loves, She stood at Ahuanam's tent Her lips were press'd Till the blood started; and the wandering veins Of her transparent forchead were swell'd out, A+ if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye Was clear and tearloss, and the light of heaven, Which made its language legible, shot back From her long lashes, as it had been flame. Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand Clusp'd in her own, and his round, delicate feet, Scarce train'd to balance on the tented floor, Sandall'd for journeying. He had look'd up Into his mother's face, until he caught The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form Straighten'd up proudly in his tiny wrath, As if his light proportions would have swell'd, Had they but match'd his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now Upon his staff so wearly? His beard Is low upon his breast, and on his high brow, So written with the converse of his Guo, Beareth the swollen vein of agony. His lip is quivering, and his wonted step Of vigour is not there; and, though the morn Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes His freshness as it were a pestilence. O, man may bear with suffering: his heart Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp Of pain, that wrings mortality; but tear One chord affection clings to, part one tie That binds him to a woman's delicate love, And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread, But spoke no word, and trusted not himself. To look upon her face, but laid his hand In silent blessing on the fair-hair'd boy, And left her to her lot of longlings.

Should H town weep! May slighted woman turn, And. as a vine the oak hath shaken off, Bend lightly to her leaning trust again ! O, no ! by all her leveliness, by all That makes life poetry and beauty, no ! Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek By needless jealousics; let the last star Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain; Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet give She went her way with a strong step and slow Her press'd lip arch'd, and her clear eye undimm'd, As it had been a diamond, and her form Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through. Her child kept on in silence, though she press'd His hand till it was pain'd: for he had caught, As I have said, her spirit, and the seed Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning pass'd, and Asia's sun rode up In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat. The cattle of the hills were in the shade. And the bright plumage of the Orient lay On beating bosoms in her spicy trees. It was an hour of rest; but HAGAR found No shelter in the wilderness, and on She kept her weary way, until the boy Hung down his head, and open'd his parch'd lips For water; but she could not give it him. She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,-For it was better than the close, hot breath Of the thick pines,---and tried to comfort him; But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes Were dim and blowlshot, and he could not know Why Gop denied him water in the wild. She sat a little longer, and he grew Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died. It was too much for her. She lifted him. And bore him further on, and laid his head Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub; And, shrouding up her face, she went away, And sat to watch, where he could see her not, Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourn'd:

"Gon stay thee in thine agony, my boy! I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook Upon thy brow to look, And see death settle on my cradle-joy. How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye! And could I see thee die?

"I did not dream of this when thon wert straying, Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers; Or wearing rosy hours,

By the rich gush of water-sources playing, Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep, So beautiful and deep.

"O, no! and when I watch'd by thee the while, And saw thy bright lip curting in thy dream, And thought of the dark stream In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile, How pray'd I that my father's land might be An heriuge for thee!

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee, And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press; And, O! my last caress

Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee. How can I leave my boy, so pillow'd there Upon his clustering hair!"

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She stood beside the well her Gop had given To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed The forehead of her child until he laugh'd In his reviving happiness, and lisp'd His infant thought of gladness at the sight Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

### THOUGHTS

#### WRILE MAXING & GRAVE FOR & FIRST CHILD, BORN DEAD.

Room, gentle flowers! mychild would pass to heaven! Ye look'd not for her yet with your soft eyes, O, watchful unders at Death's narrow door! But, lo! while you delay to let her forth, Angeis, beyond, stay for her! One long kiss From lips all pale with agony, and tears, Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life Held as a welcome to her. Weep, O, mother! But not that from this cup of bitterness A cherub of the sky has turn'd away.

One look upon her face ers she depart ! My daughter ! it is soon to let thee go ! My daughter ! with thy birth has gush'd a spring I knew not of: filling my heart with tears, And turning with strange tenderness to thee ! A love-O, Gop, it seems so-which must flow Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt Heaven and me, Henceforward, be a sweet and yearning chain, Drawing me after thee ! And so farewell ! "I is a harsh world in which affection knows No place to treasure up its loved and lost But the lone grave ! Thou, who so late was sleeping Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart, Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving, But it was sent thee with some tender thought-How can I leave thee here ! Alas, for man ! The herb in its humility may fall, And waste into the bright and genial air, While we, by hands that minister'd in life Nothing but love to us, are thrust away, The earth thrown in upon our just cold bosoms, And the warm sunshine trodden out forever !

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child, A bank where I have lain in summer hours, And thought how little it would seem like death To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps That lead us to thy bed, would still trip on, Breaking the dread hush of the mourners gone; The birds are never silent that build here. Trying to sing down the more yocal waters: The slope is heautiful with moss and flowers : And, far below, seen under arching leaves, Glitters the warm sun on the village spire, Pointing the living after thee. And this Secure like a confort, and, replacing now The flowers that have made room for thre, I go To whisper the same peace to her who lies Robb'd of her child, and lonely. "T is the work Of many a dark hour, and of many a prover, To bring the heart back from an infant gone ! Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot Its images from all the silent rooms,

And every sight and sound familiar to her Undo its sweetest link; and so, at last. The fountain that, once loosed, must flow forever, Will hide and waste in silence. When the smilo Steals to her palled lip again, and spring Wakens its buds above thee, we will come, And, standing by thy music-haunted grave, Look on each other cheerfully, and say, A child that we have loved is gone to heaven. And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away !

#### THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell The nest of a pigeon is builded well. In summer and winter that bird is there, Out and in with the morning air ; I love to see him track the street. With his wary eve and active feet; And I often watch him as he springs. Circling the steeple with easy wings, Till across the dial his shade has pass'd. And the belfry edge is gain'd at last. T is a bird I love, with its brooding note, And the trembling throle in its mottled throat ; There's a human look in its swelling breast, And the gentle curve of its lowly crest; And I often stop with the fear I feel, He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell-Chime of the hour, or funeral knell-The dove in the belfry must hear it well. When the tongue awings out to the midnight moon, When the accton cheerly rings for noon, When the clock strikes clear at morning light. When the child is waked with snine at night." When the child is waked with snine at night." When the child is waked with snine at night." When the child is waked with snine at night." When the child is waked with snine at night." When the child is waked with snine at night." When the child is waked with snine at night." When the child is waked with snine at night. When the child is waked with snine at night. When the child is waked with snine at night. When the child is not in the Subbath air, Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,— Whatever tale in the bell is heard, He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd, Or, rising half in his rounded nest, He takes the time to smoothe his breast, Then drops again, with filmed eyes, And sleeps as the fast vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be A hermit in the crowd like thee! With wings to fly to wood and glen! Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men; And daily, with unwilling feet, I tread, like thee the crowded street; But, unlike me, when day is o'er, Thou caust dismiss the world, and soar, Or, at a half-felt wish for rest, Caust smoothe thy feathers on thy breast, And dop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, in such wings of gold, I could my weary heart upfold; I would I could look down unmoved, (Unloving as I am unloved.) And, while the world throngs on beneath. Smoothe down my cares and calmly breathe; And never and with others' andness, And never glad with others' gladness, Listen, unstirr'd, to knell or chine, And, lapp'd in quiet, bide my time.

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#### N. P. WILLIS.

#### APRIL.

#### "A violet by a monsy stone, Half-hidden from the eye, Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky." WORDSWORTH.

I RAVE found violets. April hath come on, And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time. You may hear birds at morning, and at eve The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls, Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in His beautiful, bright neck ; and, from the hills, A murmur like the hoarseness of the sca, Tells the release of waters, and the earth Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves Are lifted by the grass; and so I know That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring. Take of my violets ! I found them where The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank That lean'd to running water. There's to me A daintiness about these early flowers, That touches me like poetry. They blow With such a simple loveliness among The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts Whose beatings are too gentle for the world. I love to go in the capricious days Of April and hunt violets, when the rain Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod So gracefully to the kisses of the wind. It may be deem'd too idle, but the young Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven, And call the flowers its poetry. Go out ! Ye spirits of habitual unrest. And read it, when the "fever of the world" Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life Hath yet one spring unpoison'd, it will be Like a loguiling music to its flow, And you will no more wonder that I love To hunt for violets in the April-time.

#### THE ANNOYER.

Love knoweth every form of air, And every shape of earth, And comes, unbidden, everywhere, Like thought's mysterious birth. The moonlit sea and the sunset sky Are written with Love's words, And you hear his voice uncessingly, Like song, in the time of birds. He preps into the warrior's heart From the tip of a stooping plume, And the seried spears, and the many men, May not deny him room.

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He'il come to his tent in the weary night, And be busy in his dream, And he'll float to his eye in morning light,

Like a fav on a silver beam.

And rides on the echo back, And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf, And filts in his woodland track. The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river, The cloud, and the open sky,— He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver, Like the light of your very eye.
The fisher hangs over the leaning boat, And ponders the silver sea, For Love is under the surface hid, And a spell of thought has he: He heaves the wave like a hosom sweet, And speaks in the ripple low, Till the bait is gone from the crafty line, And the hook hangs bare below.
He blurs the print of the scholar's book, And intrudes in the maiden's prayer, And profanes the cell of the holy man In the shape of a lady fair. In the darkest night, and the bright daylight, In earth, and sea, and eky, In every home of human thought Will Love be lurking nigh.
<b></b> .
TO A FACE BELOVED.
THE music of the waken'd lyre Dies not upon the quivering strings, Nor burns alone the minstrel's firo Upon the lip that trembling sings; Nor shines the moon in heaven unseen, Nor shuts the flower its fragment cells, Nor sleeps the fountain's weath, I ween, Forever in its sparry wells; The spells of the enchanter lie [cye. Not on his own lone heart, his own rapt ear and
I look upon a face as fair As ever made a lip of heaven Falter amid its music-prayer ! The first-lit star of summer even Springs not so softly on the eye. Nor grows, with watching, half so bright, Nor, mid its sisters of the sky, So seems of heaven the dearest light; Men murmur where that face is seen- My youth's angelic dream was of that look and mien.
Yet, though we deem the stars are blest, And envy, in our grief, the flower That bears but sweetness in its breast, And fear'd the enchanter for his power, And love the minstrel for his spell He winds out of his lyre so well; The stars are almoners of light, The lyrist of melodious air, The fountain of its waters bright, And event thing most streat and fair

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,

And every thing most sweet and fair Of that by which it charms the car, The eye of him that passes near;

A lamp is lit in woman's eyo

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That souls, else lost on carth, remember angels by.

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# EDWARD SANFORD.

#### (Bors, 1807.)

EDWARD SANFORD, 2 SON of the late Chancellor SANFORD, is a native of the city of New York. He was graduated at the Union College in 1824, and in the following year became a law student in the office of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, afterward Attorney-General of the United States. He subsequently practised several years in the courts of

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# ADDRESS TO BLACK HAWK.

THERE's beauty on thy brow, old chief! the high And manly beauty of the Roman mould, And the keen flashing of thy full, dark eye

Sprake of a heart that years have not made cold; Of prasions scathed not by the blight of time;

Ambition, that survives the battle-rout

The man within thee scorns to play the mime To gaping crowds, that compase thee about. Thou walkest, with thy warriors by thy side, Wrapp'd in fierce hate, and high, unconquer'd pride.

Chief of a hundred warriors! dost thou yet-Vanquish'd and captive-dost thou deem that here The glowing day-star of thy glory set-

Dull night has closed upon thy bright career 1 Old forest-lion, caught and caged at last,

Dost pant to roam again thy native wild ! To gloat upon the lifeblood flowing fast

Of thy crush'd victims; and to slay the child, To dabble in the gore of wives and mothers, (thers ? And kill, old Turk! thy harmless, pale-faced bro-

For it was cruel, BLACK HAWK, thus to flutter The dove-cotes of the peaceful pioneers,

To let thy tribe commit such fierce and utter Slaughter among the folks of the frontiers. Though thins be old, hereditary hate.

Begot in wrongs, and nursed in blood, until It had become a madness, 't is too late (will

To crush the hordes who have the power and To rob thee of thy hunting-grounds and fountains, And drive thes backward to the Rocky Mountains.

Spite of thy looks of cold indifference, [wonder; There's much thou'st seen that must excite thy Wakes not upon thy quick and startled sense

The cannon's harsh and pealing voice of thunder? Our hig canoes, with white and widespread wings,

That sweep the waters as birds sweep the sky; Our steamboats, with their iron lungs, like things

Of breathing life, that dosh and hurry by? Or, if thou scorn'st the wonders of the ocean, What think'st thou of our railroad locomotion?

Thou'st seen our museums, beheld the dummies That grin in darkness in their coffin cases;

What think'st thou of the art of making mummies, So that the worms shrink from their dry embraces? Thou'st seen the mimic tyrants of the stage Strutting, in paint and feathers, for an hour;

Thou at heard the bellowing of their tragic rage,

New York, but finally abandoned his profession

to conduct the "Standard," an able democratic

journal, with which he was connected during the political contest which resulted in the election of

Mr. VAN BUREN to the Presidency, after which he

was for a time one of the editors of "The Globe,"

at Washington. He now resides in New York.

Been their eyes glisten, and their dark brows lower. Anon, thou'st seen them, when their wrath cool'd down.

Pass in a moment from a king-to clown.

Thou seest these things unmoved ! sayst so, old fellow ?

Then tell us, have the white man's glowing daughters

Set thy cold blood in motion ! Has't been mellow By a sly cup or so of our fire-waters !

They are thy people's deadliest poison. They First make them cowards, and then white men's slaves;

And sloth, and penury, and passion's prey, And lives of misery, and early graves.

For, by their power, believe mc, not a day goos

But kills some Foxes, Sacs, and Winnebagoes.

Say, does thy wandering heart stray for away, To the deep bosom of thy forest-home?

The hill-side, where thy young pappooses pisy, And ask, amid their sports, when thou will come ?

Come not the wailings of thy gentle squaws For their lost warrior loud upon thine ear,

Piercing athwart the thunder of huzzas, That, yell'd at every corner, most then here?

The wife who made that shell-slock'd wampum helt, Thy rugged heart must think of her---and melt.

Chafes not thy heart, as chafes the panting breast Of the caged bird against his prison-bars.

That thou, the crowned warrier of the West, The victor of a hundred forest-wars,

Shouldet in thy age become a marce-show, Led, like a walking bear, about the town,

A new-caught monster, who is all the go,

And stared at, gratis, by the gaping clown? Boils not thy blood, while thus theu'rt led about, The sport and mockery of the rabble rout?

Whence came thy cold philosophy ! whence came, Thou tearless, stern, and uncomplaining one,

The power that taught thee thus to veil the flame Of thy fierce passions? Thou despisest fun, 311 EDWARD SANFORD.

And thy proud spirit scorns the white men's glee, Save thy fierce sport, when at the funeral-pile Of a bound warrior in his agony.

Who meets thy horrid laugh with dying smile. Thy face, in length, reminds one of a Quaker's; Thy dances, too, are solemn as a Shaker's.

Proud seion of a noble stem ! thy tree

Is blanch'd, and bare, and sear'd, and leafless I'll not insult its fallen majesty, [now.

Nor drive, with careless hand, the ruthless plough Over its roots. Torn from its parent mould,

Rich, warm, and deep, its fresh, free, balmy air, No second verdure quickens in our cold,

New, barren earth; no life sustains it there, But, even though prostrate, 't is a noble thing, 'Though crownless, powerless, "every inch a king."

Give us thy hand, old nohleman of nature, Proud ruler of the forest aristocracy;

The best of blood glows in thy every feature, And thy curl'd lip speaks scorn for our democracy.

Thou wear'st thy titles on that godlike brow; Let him who doulds them meet thine cagle-eye,

He'll quail benenth its glance, and disavow All question of thy noble family;

For thou mayst here become, with strict propriety, A leader in our city good society.

#### TO A MUSQUITO.

His voice was over soft, gentle, and low .-- King Lear.

Theoremeet musician, that around my bed Dost nightly come and wind thy little horn, By what unseen and secret influence kd.

Feed'st thou my ear with music till 't is morn ? The wind-harp's tones are not more soft than thine.

The hum of falling waters not more sweet: I own, indeed, I own thy song divine. [meet.

And when next year's warm summer nights we (Till then, farewell!) I promise thee to be A patient listener to thy minstrelsy.

Thou tiny minetrel, who hid thee discourse Such eloquent music? was't thy tuneful sire?

Some old musician? or didst take a course Of lessons from some master of the lyre?

Who bid thee twang so sweetly thy small trump? Did Nonrow form thy notes so clear and full? Art a phrenologist, and is the hump

Of song developed in thy little skull? At N (B to's hast thou been when crowds stood mute, Drinking the birdlike tones of C ypr's flute?

Tell me the burden of thy ceaseless song. . Is it thy evening hymn of grateful prayer,

Or hay of love, thou pipest through the long. Still night ! With song dost drive away dull care?

Art thou a vieux garçon, a gay deceiver,

A wandering blade, roaming in search of sweets, Pledging thy faith to every fond believer,

Who thy advance with halfway shyness meets ? Or art o' the softer sex, and sing'st in glee, "In maiden meditation, fancy free ?" Thou little siren, when the nymphs of yore Charm'd with their songs till man forgot to dine,

And starved, though music-fed, upon their shore, Their voices breathed no softer lays than thine.

They sang but to entice, and thou dost sing As if to full our senses to repose,

That thou mayst use, unharm'd, thy little sting, The very moment we begin to doze :

Thou worse than siren, thirsty, force blood-sipper, Thou living vampire, and thou gullinipper!

Nature is full of music, sweetly sings The bard, (and thou dost sing most sweetly too,) Through the wide circuit of created things,

Thou art the living proof the bard sings true.

Nature is full of thee; on every shore, 'Neath the hot sky of Congo's dusky child, From warm Peru to icy Labrador.

The world's free citizen, thou roamest wild. Wherever "mountains rise or oceans roll." Thy voice is heard, from "Indus to the Pole."

The incarnstion of Queen MAS art thou, "The fairies' midwife ;"-thou dost nightly sip, With amorous probases bending low,

The honey-dew from many a lady's lip-

(Though that they "straight on kisses dream," I doubt-)

On miniling faces, and on eyes that weep, Thou lightest, and oft with "sympathetic snout"

"Ticklest men's noses as they lie asleep; And sometimes dwellest, if I rightly scan, "On the forefinger of an alderman."

Yet thou canst glory in a noble birth.

As rose the sea-born Vxxus from the wave, So didst thou rise to life; the teeming earth,

The living water and the fresh air gave A portion of their elements to create

Thy little form, though beauty dwells not there. So lean and gaunt, that economic fate

Meant thee to feed on music or on sir. Our vein's pure juices were not made for thee, Thou living, singing, stinging atomy.

The hues of dying sunset are most fair, And twilight's tints just fading into night,

Most dusky soft, and so thy soft notes are

By far the sweetest when thou takest thy flight. The swen's last note is sweetest, so is thine;

Sweet are the wind-harp's tonce at distance heard; "T is sweet at distance, at the day's decline,

To hear the opening song of evening's bird. But notes of hnrp or hird at distance float Less sweetly on the ear than thy last note.

The autumn-winds are wailing: 't is thy dirge; Its leaves are sear, prophetic of thy doom.

Soon the cold min will whelm thee, as the surgo Whelms the toss'd mariner in its watery tomb:

Then soar, and sing thy little life away ! Albeit thy voice is somewhat husky now.

T is well to end in music life's last day,

Of one so glecful and so blithe as thou: For thou will soon live through its joyous hours, And pass away with autumn's dying flowers.

# THOMAS WARD.

#### (ilon, 1977.)

DOCTOR WARD was born at Newark, in New [ Jersey, on the eighth of June, 1807. His father, General THOMAS WARD, is one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most respectable citizens of that town; and has held various offices of public trust in his native state, and represented his district in the national Congress.

Doctor WAND received his classical education at the academies in Bloomfield and Newark, and the college at Princeton. He chose the profession of physic, and, after the usual preparation, obtained his degree of Doctor of Medicine in the spring of 1829, at the Rutgers Medical College, in New York. In the autumn of the same your he went to Paris, to avail himself of the facilities afforded in that capital for the prosecution of every branch of modical inquiry; and, after two years' absence, during which he accomplished the usual tour through Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and Great Britain, he returned to New York, and commenced the practice of medicine in that city. In the course of two or three years, however, he gradually withdrew from business, his circumstances permitting him to exchange devotion to his profession for the more congenial pursuits of literature and general knowledge. He is married, and still resides in New York; spending his summers, however, in his native city, and among the more romantic and beautiful scenes of New Jersey. His first literary efforts were brief satirical pieces, in verse and prose, published in a country gazette, in 1825 and 1826. It was not until after his return from Europe, when he adopted the signature of "PLACCUS," and began to write for the "New York American." that he attracted much attention. His principal work, "Passaic, a Group of Poems touching that River," appeared in 1841. It contains some fine descriptive passages, and its versification is generally correct and musical. "The Monomania of Money-getting," a satire, and many of his minor pieces, are more distinguished for vicout and sprightliness, than for mere poetical qualities.

#### MUSINGS ON RIVERS.

BEAUTIFUL rivers! that adown the vale With graceful passage journey to the deep, Let me along your grassy marge recline At ease, and musing, meditate the strange Bright history of your life; yes, from your birth, Has beauty's shadow chased your every step; The blue sea was your mother, and the sun Your glorious sire : clouds your voluptuous cradle, Roof'd with o'erarching rainbows; and your fall To earth was cheer'd with shout of happy birds, With brighten'd faces of reviving flowers And meadows, while the sympathising west Took holiday, and donn'd her richest robes. From deep, mysterious wanderings your springs Break bubbling into beauty; where they lie In infant helplessness a while, but soon Gathering in tiny brooks, they gambol down The steep sides of the mountain, laughing, shouting, Teasing the wild flowers, and at every turn Meeting new playmates still to swell their ranks; Which, with the rich increase resistless grown, Shed foam and thunder, that the cohoing wood Rings with the boisterous glee; while o'er their heads, Catching their spirit blithe, young rainbows sport, The frolic children of the wanton sun.

Nor is your swelling prime, or green old age, Though calm, unlovely; still, where'er ye move, Your train is beauty; trees stand grouping by To mark your graceful progress: giddy flowers, And vain, as beauties wont, stoop o'er the verge To greet their faces in your flattering glass; The thirsty herd are following at your side ; And water-birds, in clustering fleets, convoy

Your sea-bound tides ; and juded man, released From worldly thraldom, here his dwelling plants, Here pauses in your pleasant neighbourhood, Sure of repose along your tranquil shores. And when your end approaches, and yo blend With the eternal ocean, ye shall fade As placidly as when an infant dies; And the death-angel shall your powers withdraw Gently as twilight takes the parting day, And, with a soft and gradual decline That cheats the senses, lets it down to night.

Bountiful rivers! not upon the earth Is record traced of Gon's exuberant grace So deeply graven as the channels worn By ever-flowing streams: arteries of earth, That, widely branching, circulate its blood : Whose ever-throbbing pulses are the tides, The whole vast enginery of Nature, all The roused and labouring elements combine In their production; for the mighty end Is growth, is life to every living thing. The sun himself is charter'd for the work : His arm uplifts the main, and at his smile The fluttering vapours take their flight for heaven, Shaking the briny sea-dregs from their wings; Here, wrought by unseen fingers, soon is wove The cloudy tissue, till a mighty flect, Freighted with treasures bound for distant shores, Floats waiting for the breeze; loosed on the sky Rush the strong tempests, that, with sweeping [breath. Impel the vast flotilla to its port; Where, overhanging wide the arid plain, Drops the rich mercy down; and oft, when summer Withers the harvest, and the lazy clouds Drag idly at the bidding of the breeze, 313

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New riders spur them, and enraged they rush, Bestrode by thunders, that, with bideous shouts And crackling thongs of fire, urge them along.

As fulls the blessing, how the satiate earth And all her race shed grateful smiles !-- not here The bounty ceases : when the drenching streams Have, inly sinking, quench'd the greedy thirst Of plants, of woods, some kind, invisible hand In bright, perennial springs draws up again For needy man and beast; and, as the brooks Grow strong, apprenticed to the use of man, The ponderous wheel they turn, the web to weave, The stubborn metal forge; and, when advanced To sober age at last, ye seek the sea, Bearing the wealth of commerce on your backs, Ye seem the unpaid carriers of the sky Vouchsafed to earth for burden; and your host Of shining branches, linking land to land, Seem bands of friendship-silver chains of love, To bind the world in brotherhood and peace.

Back to the primal chaos fancy sweeps To trace your dim beginning; when dull earth Lay sunken low, one level, plashy marsh, Girdled with mists; while saurian reptiles, strange, Measurcless monsters, through the cloggy plain Paddled and flounder'd; and the Almighty voice, Like silver trumpet, from their hidden dens Summon'd the central and resistiess fires, That with a groan from pole to pole upheave The mountain-masses, and, with dreadful rent, Fracture the rocky crust; then Andes rose, And Alps their granite pyramids shot up, Barren of soil; but gathering vapours round Their stony scalps, condensed to drops, from drops To brooks, from brooks to rivers, which set out Over that rugged and untravell'd land, The first exploring pilgrims, to the sea. Tedious their route, precipitous and vague, Seeking with humbleness the lowliest paths: Oft shut in valleys deep, forlarn they turn And find no vent; till, gather'd into lakes, Topping the basin's brinning lip, they plunge Headlong, and hurry to the level main, Rejoicing: misty ages did they run, And, with unceasing friction, all the while Fritter'd to granular atoms the dense rock, And ground it into soil-then dropp'd (O! sure Fromheaven) the precious seed: first mosses, lichens Seized on the sterile flint, and from their dust Sprang herbs and flowers: last from the deepening mould

Uprose to heaven in pride the princely tree, And earth was fitted for her coming lord.

### TO THE MAGNOLIA.

WREN roaming o'er the marshy field, Through taugled brake and treacherous alough, We start, that spot so foul should yield,

Chaste blosson ! such a balm as thou. Such lavish fragrance there we meet, That all the dismal waste is sweet. So, in the dreary path of life, Through clogging toil and thorny care,

Love rears his blossom o'er the strife,

Like thine, to cheer the wanderer there: Which pours such incense round the spot, His pains, his cares, are all forgot.

# TO AN INFANT IN HEAVEN.

- Taoυ bright and star-like spirit! That, in my visions wild, I see mid heaven's scraphic host----
- O! canst thou be my child ?
- My grief is quench'd in wonder, And pride arrests my sighs; A branch from this unworthy stock.

Now blossoms in the skies.

- Our hopes of thee were lefty, But have we cause to grieve !
- O! could our fondest, proudest wish A nobler fate conceive ?

The little weeper, tearless, The sinner, snatch'd from sin; The babe, to more than manhood grown, Ere childhood did begin.

Thou art to me a parent now, And I, a child to thee!

Thy brain, so uninstructed While in this lowly state, Now threads the mazy track of spheres,

Or reads the book of fate.

Thine eyes, so curb'd in vision, Now range the realms of space---Look down upon the rolling stars, Look up to Gon's own face.

Thy little hand, so helpless. That scarce its toys could hold, Now clasps its mate in holy prayer, Or twangs a harp of gold.

Thy fetble feet, unsteady, That totter'd as they trod, With angels walk the heavenly paths, Or stand before their Gon.

Nor is thy tongue less skilful, Before the throne divine

"T is pleading for a mother's weal, As once she pray'd for thine.

What bliss is born of sorrow ! "T is never sent in vain---

The heavenly surgeon mains to save, He gives no uscless pain.

Our Gop. to call us homeward, His only Son sent down: And now, still more to tempt our hearts, Has taken up our own.

# HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### [Burs, 1907.]

Ma. LONGERLLOW was born in the city of Portland, in Maine, on the twenty-seventh of February, 1807. When fourteen years of age he entered Bowdoin College, where he was graduated in 1825. He soon after commenced the study of the law, but being appointed Professor of Modern Languages in the college in which he was educated, he in 1826 sailed for Europe to prepare himself for the duties of his office, and passed three years and a half visiting or residing in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England. When he returned he entered upon the labours of instruction, and in 1831 was married. The professorship of Modern Languages and Literatures in Harvard College was made vacant, in 1835, by the resignation of Mr. TICKNOR. Mr. LANGERLLOW, being elected his successor, resigned his place in Brunswick, and went a second time to Europe to make himself more thoroughly acquainted with the subjects of his studies in the northern nations. He passed the summer in Denmark and Sweden ; the autumn and winter in Germany-losing in that period his wife, who died suddenly at Heidelberg-and the follow. ing spring and summer in the Tyrol and Switzerland. He returned to the United States in October, 1836, and immediately entered upon his duties at Cambridge, where he has resided ever since, except during a visit to Europe for the restoration of his health, in 1843.

The earliest of LONGESLLOW's metrical compositions were written for "The United States Literary Gazette," printed in Boston, while he was an under-graduate; and from that period he has been known as a poet, and his effusions, improving as each year added to his scholarship and taste, have been extensively read and admired. During his subsequent residence in Brunswick he wrote several of the most elegant and judicious papers that have appeared in the "North American Review;" made a translation of Coplas de Manrique; and published "Outre Mer, or a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea," a collection of agreeable tales and sketches, chieffy written during his first residence abroad. In 1839 appeared his "Hyperion," a romance, which contains passages of remarkable beauty, but has little dramatic or nurrative interest.

The first collection of his poems was published in 1839, under the title of "Voices of the Night." His "Ballads and other Poems" followed in 1841; "The Spanish Student, a Play," in 1843; "Poems on Slavery," in 1844, and a complete edition of his poetical writings, excepting some early ellusions and the lyrical pieces on slavery, in a large octavo volume, illustrated with engravings by J. CHENER, from original pictures by HUNGTINGTON, in 1845.

LONGEVILLOW'S most considerable poon is the "Children of the Lord's Supper," translated from the Swedish of ESATAS TRANER, a venerable bishop of the Lutheran church, and the most illustrious poet of northern Europe. The genius of TESNEE had already been made known in this country by a learned and elaborate criticism, illustrated by translated masages of great beauty, from his "Frithiof's Saga," contributed by LONGFELLOW to the " North American Review," soon after he returned from his second visit to Europe. The "Children of the Lord's Supper" is little less celebrated than the author's great epic, and the English version is a singularly exact reproduction of it, in form and spirit. No translations from the continental languages into the English surpass those of Long-FELLOW, and it is questionable whether some of his versions from the Spanish. German and Swedish, have been equalled. The rendition of the "Children of the Lord's Supper" was among the most difficult tasks to be undertaken, as spondaic words, necessary in the construction of hexameters, and common in the Greek, Latin and Swedish, are so rare in the English language. "The Skeleton in Armour" is the longest and most unique of his original poems. The Copenhagen antiquaries attribute the erection of a round tower at Newport, in Rhode Island, to the Scandinavians of the twelfth century. A few years ago a skeleton in complete armour was exhumed in the vicinity of the tower. These facts are the groundwork of the story.

Soon after the appearance of the first edition of this work, I suggested to the late Mr. CARET, the publisher, widely known for his taske in art and literature, that a series of such volumes, embracing surveys and specimens of the poetry and prose of different countries, would be valuable and popular; and among the results of various conversations on the subject, was a request to Mr. Lowe-PELLOW to prepare "The Poets and Poetry of Europe." He acceded, and in the summer of 1845 finished and gave to the press the most comprehensive, complete, and accurate review of the poetry of the continental nations that has ever appeared in any language.

Of all our poets LONGTELLOW best deserves the title of artist. He has studied the principles of verbal melody, and rendered himself master of the mysterious affinities which exist between sound and sense, word and thought, feeling and expression. This tact in the use of language is probably the chief cause of his success. There is an aptitude, a gracefulness, and vivid beauty, in many of his stanzas, which at once impress the memory and win the car and heart. There is in the tone of his poetry little passion, but much quiet carnestness. It is not so much the power of the instrument, as the skill with which it is managed, that excites our sympathy. His acquaintance with foreign literasure has been of great advantage, by rendering him familiar with all the delicate capacities of lan

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# HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

guage, from the grand symphonic roll of Northern tongue to the "soft, bastard Latin" of the South. His ideas and metaphors are often very striking and poetical; but there is no affluence of imagery, or wonderful glow of emotion, such as take us captive in Brnos of SKELLEY: the claim of LOWOFELLOW consists rather in the wise and tasteful use of his materials than in their richness or originality. He has done much for the Art of Poetry in this country by his example, and in this respect may claim the praise which all good critics of English Poetry have bestowed on GRAT and COLLING. The spirit of LONGTELEOW'S muse is altogether unexceptionable in a moral point of view. He illustrates the gentler themes of song, and pleads for justice, humanity, and particularly the beautiful, with a poet's deep conviction of their eternal claims upon the instinctive recognition of the man.

# NUREMBERG.

- In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
- Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.
- Quaint old town of teil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
- Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng ;
- Memorics of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and hold,
- Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;
- And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
- That their great imperial city stretch'd its hand through every clime.
- In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
- Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen CUNI-DUNDA's hand;
- On the square the oricl window, where in old heroic days
- Sat the poet MELCHIOR singing Kaiser MAXINI-LIAN'S projec.
- Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art.---
- Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;
- And above rathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
- By a former age commission'd as apostles to our own-
- In the church of sainted SEBALD sleeps ensbrined his holy dust.
- And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from ago to age their trust;
- In the church of sainted LAWRENCE stands a pix of sculpture rare,
- Like the formy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.
- Here, when art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
- Lived and inbour'd ALBRECHT DOBER, the Evangelist of Art;
- Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
- Like an emigrant he wander'd, seeking for the Better Lond.

- Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
- Dead he is not,-but departed,-for the artist never dies.
- Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
- That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air !
- Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lunce,
- Walked of yore the Masterningers, chanting rude poetic strains.
- From remote and miniess suburbs, came they to the friendly guild,
- Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.
- As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
- And the smith his iron measures barniner'd to the anvil's chime;
- Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poorsy bloom
- In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.
- Here HANN SACHS, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
- Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laugh'd.
- But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
- And a gartand in the window, and his face above the door;
- Painted by some humble artist, as in ADAM PUSCI-MAN'S song,
- As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.
- And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care.
- Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chuir.
- Vanish'd is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eve
- Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.
- Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
- But thy painter, ALBRECHT DURKS, and HANS SAURS, thy cobbler-bard.

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# HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,

As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his carcless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,

The nobility of labour,-the long pedigree of toil.

## THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

Tars is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling, Like a huge organ, rise the burnish'd arms; But from their silent pipes no anthem peoling, Startlee the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary, When the death-angel touches those swift keys!

What loud lament and disinal Miserere Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus, The cries of agony, the endless groan,

Which, through the ages that have gone before us, In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer, Through Cimbric forest roars the Norsemen's

And loud, amid the universal clamor, [song, O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar goog.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din, And Aztec priests upon their toocallis

Beat the wild war-drums made of screent's skin;

The tumult of each eacked and burning village; The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;

The soldiers revels in the midst of pillage; The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder, The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;

And ever and anon, in tones of thunder, The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it. O man, with such discordant noises, With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices, And jarrest the celestial harmonies !

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror, Were half the wealth, bestow'd on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error, There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred ! And every nation, that should litt again

Its hand against a brother, on its forchead Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations, The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease; And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations, Thear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies! But beautiful as songs of the immortals, The holy melodics of love arise.

# THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

SPEAR! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Conest to dannt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy floshless palms
Stretch'd, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me !"
Then, from those covernous eyes

Pale flashes second to rise, As when the Northern skies Glean in December; And, like the water's flow Under December's snow, Came a dull voice of wo From the heart's chamber.

" I was a Viking old! My deeds, though manifold, No Skald in song has told, No Saga taught thee! Take heed, that in thy verse Thou dost the tale rehearse, Else dread a dead man's curse! For this I sought thee.

" Far in the Northern Land, By the wild Baltic's strand, I, with my childish hand, Tained the ger-falcon; And, with my skates fast-bound, Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound, That the poor whisupering hound Trendled to walk on.

Oft to his frozen lair Track'd I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the scaring lark Sang from the meadow.

But when I older grew, Joining a corsair's crew, O'er the dark sea I flew With the marauders. Wild was the life we led; Many the souls that sped, Many the hearts that bled, By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout Wore the long winter out." Often our midnight shout Bet the cocks crowing, As we the Berserk's tale Measured in cups of ale, Draining the oaken pail, Fill'd to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee Tales of the stormy sea, Soft eyes did gaze on me, Burning yet tender; 2 c ?

And as the white stars shine On the dark Norway pine, On that dark heart of mine Fell their soft splendour.

" I woo'd the blue-eyed maid, Yielding, yet half afraid, And in the forest's shade Our vows were plighted. Under its loosen'd vest Flutter'd her little breast, Like birds within their nest By the hawk frighted.

Bright in her father's hall Shields gleam'd upon the wall, Loud sang the minstrels all, Chanting his glory; When of old Hildebrand I ask'd his daughter's hand, Mute did the minstrel stand To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd Loud then the champion laugh'd, And as the wind-gusts waft The sca-foam brightly, So the loud laugh of scorn, Out of those lips unshorn, From the deep drinking-born Biew the foam lightly.

She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blush'd and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded !

"Scarce had I put to sea, Bearing the maid with me,----Fairest of all was she Among the Norsemen!----When on the white sca-strand, Waving his armed hand, Saw we old Hildebrand, With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast, Bent like a reed each mast, Yet we were gaining fast, When the wind fail'd us; And with a sudden flaw Came round the gusty Skaw, So that our foe we saw Laugh as he bail'd us.

"And as to catch the gale Round veer'd the flapping suil, Death ! was the helmeman's hail, Death without quarter ! Mid-ships with iron keel Struck we her ribs of steel; Down her black hulk did reel Through the black water.

" As with his wings aslant, Sails the fierce cormorant,

Seeking some rocky haupt. With his prey laden, So toward the open main, Beating to sea again, Through the wild burricane, Bore I the maiden. "Three weeks we westward bore, And when the storm was o'er. Cloud-like we saw the shore Stretching to lee-ward; There for my lady's bower Built I the lofty tower. Which, to this very hour, Stands looking sea-ward. "There lived we many years; Time dried the maiden's tears ; She had forgot her fears, She was a mother ; Death closed her mild blue eves. Under that tower she lies : Ne'er shall the sun arise On such another ! "Still grew my bosom then, Still as a stagnant fen ! Hateful to me were men, The sun-light bateful ! In the vast forest here, Clad in my warlike gear, Fell I upon my spear, O, death was grateful ! "Thus, seam'd with many scare Bursting these prison bars, Up to its native stars My soul ascended! There from the flowing bowl Deep drinks the warrior's soul,

In Scandinavis this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. The orthography of the word is slightly changed, to preserve the correct pronunciation.

Stoal / to the Northland! skoal /""

-Thus the tale ended.

Norn.-This poem was suggested by the Round Tower at Newport, now claimed by the Danes, as a Mr. Longfellow remarks, work of their ancestors. On this sucient structure, there are no ornaments rematning which might possibly have served to guide us to assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an eatlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can acarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are funiliar with Old Northern architecture, will concur, THAT THIS SULLDING WAS ERECTED AT & PERIOD DECIDEDLY This re-NOT LATER THAT THE TWELFTH CENTURY. mark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received ; for these are several such siterations in the upper part of the building, which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example as the sub structure of a wind-mill, and latterly, as a bay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fire-place, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a wind-mill, is what an architect will easily discern .- PRo-FERON RAFR, in the .Wémoires de la Société Royale des Antiousires du Nord, for 1638-1839.

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### HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

#### A PSALM OF LIFE. WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream ! For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouse of Life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle ! Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant ! Let the dead Past bury its dead ! Act,—act in the living Present ! Heart within, and Gon o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,

Seeing, shall take heart again, Let us, then, be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, etill pursuing, Learn to labour and to wait.

### THE LIGHT OF STARS.

Tax night is come, but not too soon; And sinking silently, All silently, the little moon Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven, But the cold light of stars; And the first watch of night is given To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ? The star of love and dreams ? O no ! from that blue tent above A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise, When I behold afar, Suspended in the evening skies, The shield of that red star. O star of strength ! I see thee stand And smile upon my pain ;

Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand, And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light, But the cold light of stars:

I give the first watch of the night To the red plunet Mars.

The star of the unconquer'd will, He riscs in my breast,

Serene, and resolute, and still, And calm, and self-possess'd.

And thou, too, whosee'er thou art, That readest this brief psalm,

As one by one thy hopes depart, Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this, And thou shalt know ere long,

Know how sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong.

#### ENDYMION.

TRE rising moon has hid the stars, Her level rays, like golden bars, Lie on the landscape green, With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams, As if D1434, in her dreams, Had dropt her silver bow Upon the mealows low.

On such a tranquil night as this, She woke EXPERION with a kiss, ... When, sleeping in the grove, He dream'd not of her love.

Like Draw's kiss, unask'd, unsought, Love gives itself, but is not bought; Nor voice, nor sound betrays Its deep, impassion'd gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free, The crown of all humanity— In silence and alone To seek the elected one.

It lifts the bows, whose shadows deep Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep, And kisses the closed eyes Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts ! O, slumbering eyes ! O, drooping souls, whose destinies Are fraught with fear and puin, Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accursed by fate, No one so utterly desolate, But some heart, though unknown, Responds unto its own.

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Responds—as if, with unseen wings, A breath from heaven had touch'd its strings. And whispers, in its song, "Where hast thou stay'd so long !"

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are number'd, And the voices of the Night Wake the better soul that slumber'd To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And, like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fitful fire-light Dance upon the parlour-wall;

Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door;

The beloved ones, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd Noble longings for the strife,—
By the road-side fell and perish'd,

Weary with the march of life! They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore,---

And with them the Being Beauteous, Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiscless footstep, Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me.

Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she site and gazes at me, With those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars, so still and saintlike, Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer, Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depress'd and lonely, All my fears are laid aside,

If I but remember only Such as these have lived and died !

#### -----

#### THE BELEAGURED CITY.

I HAVE read in some old marvellous tale Some legend strange and vague, That a midnight host of spectres pale Beleagured the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream, With the wan moon overhead,

There stood, as in an awful dream, The army of the dead.

White as a sca-fog, landward bound, The spectral camp was seen,

And, with a sorrowful, deep sound, The river flow'd between.

No other voice nor sound was there, No drum, nor sentry's pace; The mist-like banners clasp'd the air, As clouds with cloude embrace. But, when the old cathedral bell Proclaim'd the morning prayer,

The white pavilions rose and fell On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far The troubled army fied;

Up rose the glorious morning star, The ghastly host was dead.

I have read in the marvellous heart of man, That strange and mystic scroll,

That an army of phantoms vast and wan Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamp'd beside Life's rushing stream, In Fancy's misty light,

Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight tattle-ground The spectral camp seen, And with a sorrowful, deep sound,

Flows the River of Life between. No other voice, nor sound is there.

In the army of the grave; No other challenge breaks the air, But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell Entreats the soul to pray,

The midnight phantoms feel the spell, The shudows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar The spectral camp is fled; Faith shineth as a morning star, Our ghastly fears are dead.

# IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

Tax sun is bright, the air is clear, The darting swallows sear and sing, And from the stately elms I hear The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

Bo blue yon winding river flows, It seems an outlet from the sky, Where, waiting till the west wind blows,

The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves, That gild the elin-tree's nodding crest, And even the nest beneath the caves—

There are no birds in last year's nest.

All things rejoice in youth and love, The fulness of their first delight. And learn from the soft heavens above The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden ! that read'st this simple rhyme, Enjoy thy youth---it will not stay;

Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime, For, O! it is not always May!

Determine GOO

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth, To some good angel leave the rest,

For Time will teach thee soon the truth-There are no birds in last year's nest.

# HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the year is growing old, And his eye is pale and blear'd! Death, with frosty hand and cold, Plucks the old man by the beard, Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are fulling, failing, Solemnly and slow; Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling, It is a sound of wo, A sound of wo !

Through woods and mountain-passes The winds, like anthems, roll; They are chanting soleum masses, Singing; Pray for this poor soul, Pray,—pray !

The hooded clouds, like friars, Tell their beads in drops of rain, And patter their doleful prayers;— But their prayers are all in vain, AR in vain!

There he stands, in the foul weather, The foolish, fond Old Year, Crown'd with wild flowers and with heather, Like weak, despised LEAR, A king,—a king !

Then comes the summer-like day, Bids the old man rejoice ! His joy ! his last ! O, the old man gray Loveth her ever-soft voice, Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith, And the voice gentle and low Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath, Pray do not mock me so ! Do not laugh at me !

And now the sweet day is dead; Cokl in his arms it lies. No stain from its breath is spread Over the glassy skies, No mist nor stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth, And the forests utter a moan, Like the voice of one who crieth In the wilderness alone, Vex not his ghost !

Then comes, with an awful roar, Gathering and sounding on, The storm-wind from Labrador, The wind Euroclydon, The storm-wind ?

Howl! howl! and from the forest Sweep the red leaves away! Would, the sins that thou abhorrest, O soul! could thus decay, And be swept away! 41 For there shall come a mightier blast, There shall be a darker day; And the stars, from heaven down-cast, Like red leaves be swept away ! Kyrie Eleyson ! Christe Eleyson !

# THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER B spreading chestnut tree The village smithy stands; The smith, a mighty man is he, With large and sinewy hands; And the muscles of his browny arms Are strong as iron bands. His hair is crisp, and black, and long; His face is like the tan ; His brow is wet with honest sweat ; He carns whate'er he can. And looks the whole world in the face, For he owes not any man. Weck in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bellows blow ; You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, With measured beat and slow. Like a sexton ringing the village bell When the evening sun is low. And children coming home from school Look in at the open door ; They love to see the flaming forge, And hear the bellows roar, And catch the burning sparks that fly Like chaff from a threshing-floor. He goes on Sunday to the church, And sits among his boys; He hears the parson pray and preach, He hears his daughter's voice, Singing in the village choir, And it makes his heart rejoice. It sounds to him like her mother's voice, Singing in Paradise ! He needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she lies : And with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes. Toiling-rejoicing-sorrowing-Onward through life he goes: Each morning sees some task begin, Each evening sees it close ; Something attempted-something done,

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, For the lesson thou hast taught! Thus at the flaming forge of Life Our fortunes must be wrought. Thus on its sounding anvit shaped Each burning deed and thought.

Has carned a night's repose.

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# EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village pass'd A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device, Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath Flash'd like a faulchion from its sheath, And like a silver clarion rung The accents of that unknown tongue, Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light Of household fires gleam warm and bright: Ahave, the spectral glaciers shone, And from his lips escaped a groan, Excelsior !

"Try not the pass !" the old man said; "Dark lowers the tempest overhead, The roaring torrent is deep and wide!" And loud that clarion voice replied, Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest Thy weary head upon this breast?" A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answer'd, with a sigh, Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's wither'd branch ! Beware the awful avalanche !" This was the peasant's last good-night; A voice replied, far up the height, Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward The pious monks of Saint BERNARD Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer, A voice cried through the startled air, Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound, Half-buried in the snow was found, Still grasping in his hand of ice That banner with the strange device, Excelsion!

There, in the twilight cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay, And from the sky, setene and far, A voice fell, like a failing star ! Excelsior !

# THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary; The vine still clings to the mouldering wall, But at every gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary; My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, And the days are dark and dreary. Be still, and heart, and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common tate of all: Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary.

## .

# MAIDENHOOD.

MAINEN! with the meek, brown eyes, In whose orbs a shadow lies, Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks ontshine the sun, Golden tresses, wreathed in one, As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet ! Womanbood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance, On the brooklet's swift advance, On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream Beautiful to thee must seem, As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision, When bright angels in thy vision Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by, As the dove, with startied eve, Sees the falcon's shadow fly !

Hearest thou voices on the shore, That our cars perceive no more, Deafen'd by the cataract's roar!

O, thou child of many proyers! Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snores! Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune, Morning rises into noon, May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumber'd Birds and blossoms many-number'd ;---Age, that bough with snows encumber'd.

Gather, then, each flower that grows, When the young heart overflows, To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lify in thy hand; Gates of brass cannot withstand One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth, In thy heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of trath.

O, that dew. like balm, shall steal Into wounds, that cannot heal, Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart Into many a sunless heart. For a smile of God thon ert.

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# WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

#### [Dors, 1807.]

Tax author of "Guy Rivers," "Southern Passages and Pictures." etc., was born in Charleston, | South Carolina, in the spring of 1807. His mother died during his infancy, and his father soon after emigrated to one of the western territories, leaving him under the guardianship of a grandmother, who superintended his early education. When not more than time or ten years old, he began to write verses; at filteen he was a contributor to the postical department of the gazettes printed near his home; and at eighteen he published his first volume, entitled "Lyrical and other Poems," which was followed in the next two years by "Early Loys," and "The Vision of Cortez and other Pieces," and in 1830, by "The Tricolor, or Three Days of Blood in Paris." In each of these four volumes there were poetical ideas, and oceasionally well-finished verses; but they are worthy of little regard, except as indications of the early tendency of the author's mind.

When twenty-one years old, Mr. SIMMS was admitted to the bar, and began to practise his profession in his native district ; but feeling a deep interest in the political questions which then agitated the country, he soon abandoned the courts, and purchased a daily gazette at Charleston, which he edited for several years, with industry, integrity, and ability." It was, however, unsuccessful, and he lost by it all his property, as well as the prospective carnings of several years. His andour was not lessened by this failure, and, confident of success, he determined to retrieve his fortune by authorship. He had been married at an early age; his wife, as well as his father, was now dead ; and no domestic ties binding him to Charleston, he in the spting of 1832 visited for the first time the northern states. After travelling over the most interesting portions of the country, he paused at the rural village of Hingham, in Massachusetts, and there prepared for the press his principal poetical work, "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea," which was published at New York in the following winter. This is an imaginative story, in the dramatic form; its plot is exceedingly simple, but effectively managed, and it contains much beautiful imagery, and fine description. While a vessel glides over a summer sea. LEON, one of the principal characters, and his sister ISABEL, hear a benevolent spirit of the air warning them of the designs of a sea-god to lure them into peril.

Leo. Didst here the strain it utter'd, lashed 4 fra. All, all 1 tapuke, methooght, of peril near, From rocks and wites of the ocean : did it not ? Leon. It did, but http://Here em/lurk no rocks; For, by the chart which now before me lies,

\*The Charleston City Gazette, conducted by Mr. Riwss, was, I believe, the first journal in South Carolina that took ground against the principle of pullification. Thy own unpractised eve may well discern The wide extent of the ocean—shoreless all. The land, for many a league, to the coatward hangs, And not a point boaide m. Jac. Wherefore, then, Should come this voice of warping 7

Lean. From the deep: It hith its demons as the earth and air, All tributaries to the master-field That yets their springs in mation. This is one, That, doubting to malead us, plants this wile, So to divert our course, that we may strike The very rocks he fain would warn us from. Lea. A solutio sprite: and, now I think of it, Dest them remember the old story told By Diaz Ostis, the lame mariner, Of an adventore in the Indian Scot, Where he made one with Journ of Portugal, Touthing a woman of the ocean wave, That swan beside the harave, and snot strange songs

Of riches in the waters; with a speech So winning on the senses, that the crew Grew all infected with the melody; Aral, but for a good forther of the church. Who made the sign of the cross, and offer'd up Hefficing prayers, which drove the fiend away, They had been tempted by her cunning voice To leap into the occun.

Lean. I do. 1 do!

And, at the time, I do remember me, I made much mirth of the estravagant tale, As a deceil of the reason : the old man Being in his second childhood, and at fits Wild, as you know, on other themes ilian this.

I.a. I never more shall muck at marcelinus things, Such strange conceits had a Ger-time found true, That once were themes for jest. I shall not smile At the most nonarrous legend.

Lean. Nor will I: To nov tale of mighty wonderment I shall bestow my est, nor wonder more; And every fancy that my childhood bred, in variant dreams of fiolic, I shall look To have, without reliake, my sense approve. Thus, like a bille island in the sea. Girt in hy perilous waters, and upknown To all adventure, may he you same cloud, Specking, with fleecy bosom, the blue sky, Lit by the rising moon. There we may dream, And find no consure to an after day-Throng the assembled fairies, perched on beams, And riding on their way trhumphantly. There eather the coy spirits. Many a fey, Roving the eilver sands of that some isle, Floating in azure ether, plomes her wing Of ever-frolicsome fancy, and parameter-While myriade, like hereelf, do watch the chase--Some traant sylph, through the influitade Of their oncircumscribed and rich domain. There sport they through the night, with mimicry Of strife and battle ; striking their tiny shields And gathering into combat : meeting fierce. With tip compress'd and spear alon, and sye Glaring with fight and deeperate circumstance; Then sudden-in a moment all their wrath Mellow'd to friendly terms of coursesy-Throwing aside the dread array, and link'd Each in his foe's embrace. Then comes the dance, The grateful route, the wild and musical pomp, 323

The long procession o'er fantastic reatms Of cloud and moonbeam, through the enamour'd night, Making it all one revel. Thus the eye, Breathed on by fancy, with endarged score, Through the protracted and deep hush of night May note the fairies, coursing the laxy hours In various changes, and without fatigue. A fickle race, who tell their time by flowers, And live on zenhvrs, and have stars for lamps. And hight-dows for androsia ; perch'd on beams, Speeding through space, even with the scattering light On which they feed and frolic, Isa. A sweet dream :

And yet, since this same tale we laugh'd at once, The story of old ORTIS, is made sooth-Perchance not all a dream. I would not doubt.

Lean. And yet there may be, dress'd in subtle guise Of unsuspected art, some gay deceit Of human conjugation mix'd with this, Score conning scamon having natural skill--As, from the books, we learn may yet be done---Hath 'yood our vessel's figure pitch'd his voice, Leading ne wantonly.

las. It is not so,

Or does my sense deceive? Look there: the wave A perch beyond our barque. What don't thou see I Leon. A marvellous shape, that with the billow curls, In cambols of the deep, and yet is not Its wonted hurden; for beneath the waves I much a gracious form, though nothing clear

Of visage 1 discern. Again it opeaks.

The ship is wrecked, and ATALANTIS, a fairy, wandering along the beach with an attendant, NEA, discovers the inanimate form of LEON chinging to a spar.

#### But what is here,

Grasping a shaft, and lifelessly stretch'd out 1 Mra. One of the creatures of that goodly barque-Perchance the only one of many men, That, from their distant homes, went forth in her, And here have perished.

Ant. There is life in him---And his heart swells beneath my hand, with pulse Fitful and faint, returning now, now gone, That much I fear it may not come again. How very young he is-how beautiful t Made, with a matchless sense of what is true, In maniv groce and chisell'd elegance : And features, rounded in as nice a mould As one own, NEA. There, his eye unfolds--Stand away, girl, and let me look on himit It connot be, that such a form as this, No lovely and competting, ranks below The creatures of our kingdom. He is one, That, 'mongst them all, might well defy compare-Out-hining all that shine t

Nea. He looks as well, In outward secondar, as our own, methicks-And yet, he may he but a shaped thing, Wanting in every show of that high sense Which makes the standard of true excellence.

Atal. O. I am sure there is no want in him-The spirit must be true, the sense be high, The soul as far ascending, strong and bright, As is the form he wears, and they should be Pleased to mhabit-'t wate a fitting home ! Breathe on him, NEA. Fan him with thy wing, And so arouse him. I would have him speak, And satisfy my doubt. Stay, yet a while-Now, while his seases sleep, 1'll place my lip Upon his own-it is so beautiful : Such lips should give forth music-such a sweet Should have been got in heaven-the produce there Of never-blighted gardens. [Kisses him.

Leon. [starts.] Cling to me-Am 1 not with thee now, my leaber ? Atal. O, gentle sounds-how sweetly did they fall

In broken murmurs, like a melody, From how, that waiting long on loving hearts. Had learn'd to mormur like them. Wake again, Sweet stranger 1. If my lips have wrought this spell, And won thee back to life, though but to sigh, And sleep again in death, they shall, once more, Wake and restore thes.

[Swoone again.

Soon after the appearance of "Atalantis," Mr. SIMMS published, in the "American Quarterly," a review of Mrs. TROLLOPE's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," which was reprinted, in several editions, in this country and in England; and in 1833 appeared his first romance, "Mortin Faber, the Story of a Criminal," parts of which had been printed several years before in a magazine conducted by him in Charleston. In the same year he published "The Book of My Lady," and, in the summer of 1834, "Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia," which was followed by "The Yemassee," "The Partisan," "Mellichampe," "Pelavo," "Carl Werner," "The Dainsel of Datien," "The Kinsman," "The History of South Carolina," "The Blind Heart," and numerous sketches, reviews, and misceilanics, in the periodicals. Several other works have been generally attributed to him; though the amount of his acknowledged writings seems to be as great as one man could have produced since he commenced his career as an author. His novels have been very popular, particularly in the southern states, the scenery and history of which, several of them are designed to illustrate. They exhibit considerable dramatic power, and some of the characters are drawn with great skill.

His "Southern Passages and Pictures" appeared in New York, in 1839, and he has since published "Florida," in five cantos, and many shorter poems, They are on a great variety of subjects, and in almost every measure. Among them are several very spirited ballads, founded on Indian traditions and on incidents in the war for independence. His style is free and melodious, his fancy fertile and inventive, and his imagery generally well chosen, though its range is limited; but sometimes his rhymes are imperfect, and his meaning not easily understood. He is strongly attached to his country, but his sympathies seem to me to be too local. The rivers, forests, savannas, and institutions of the south, he regards with feelings similar to those with which WHITTER looks upon the mountains, lakes, and social systems of New England.

Mr. SIMMS is again matried, and now resides in the vicinity of Charleston. He is in the meridian of life and energy, and is constantly writing and adding to his reputation. He is retiring in his habits, goes little into society, and keeps aloof from all controversies; finding happiness in the bosom of his family, among his books, and in correspondence and personal intercourse with his literary friends. He is a fine specimen of the true southern gentleman, and combines in himself the high qualities attributed to that character.

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## THE SLAIN EAGLE.

Tax eye that mark'd thy flight with deadly aim. Had less of warmth and splendour than thine own; The form that did thee wrong could never claim The matchless vigour which thy wing hath shown; Yet art thou in thy pride of flight o'erthrown; And the far hills that echoed tack thy scream. As from storm-gathering clouds thou sent st it down.

Shall see no more thy red-eyed glances stream For their far summits round, with strong and terrible gleam.

Lone and majestic monarch of the cloud ! No more I see thee on the tall cliff's brow, When tempests meet, and from their watery shroud Pour their wild torrents on the plains below, Lifting thy fearless wing, still free to go, True in thy aim, undaunted in thy flight, As seeking still, yet scorning, every foc-Shricking the while in consciousness of might, To thy own realm of high and undisputed light.

Thy thought was not of danger then---thy pride Left thee no fear. Thou hadst gone forth in storms, And thy strong pinions had been bravely tried Against their rush. Vainly their gathering forms Hadstriven against thy wing. Such conflict warms The nobler spirit; and thy joyful whrick Gave token that the strife itself had charms For the born warrior of the mountain peak, He of the giant brood, sharp fung, and bloody beak.

How didst thou then, in very mirth, spread far Thy pinions' strength !--with freedom that became Audacious license, with the winds at war, Striding the yielding clouds that girt thy frame, And, with a fearless rush that naught could tame, Defying earth--defying all that mars The flight of other wings of humbler name; For thee, the storm had impulse, but no bars To stop thy upward flight, thou pilgrim of the stars !

Morning above the hills, and from the ocean, No'er leap'd abroad into the fetterless blue With such a free and unrestrained motion, Nor shook from her etheresl wing the dew That else had elogg'd her flight and dimm'd her view.

With such calm effort as 'twas thine to wear-Bending with sunward course erect and true, When winds were piping high and lightnings near, hy day-anide all withdrawn, through futhomless fields of air.

The moral of a chosen race wert thou, In such proud fight, From out the ranks of men-The million molices, with earth-cumber'd brow, That slink, like coward tigers to their den, Each to his hiding-place and corner then-One mighty spirit watch'd thee in that hour, Nor turn'd his lifted heart to earth again; Within his soul there sprang a holy power,

And he grew strong to sway, whom tempests made not cower. Watching, he saw thy rising wing. In vain, From his superior dwelling, the fierce sun Shot forth his brazen arrows, to restrain The audacious pilgrin, who would gaze upon The secret spleadours of his central throne; Proudly, he saw these to that presence fly, And, Ehlis-like, unaided and alone, Ilis dazzing glotics seek, his power defy.

Raised to thy god's own face, meanwhile, thy rebel eye.

And thence he drew a hope, a hope to soar, Even with a wing like thine. His during glance Sought, with as hold a vision, to explore The secret of his wing—and to advance The secret of his wing—and to advance To sovereign sway like thine—to rule, to rise

Above his race, and nobly to enhance

Their empire as his own---to make the skies,

The extended earth, far seas, and solemn stars, his prize.

He triumphs---and he perishes like thee ! Scales the sun's heights, and mounts above the winds, Breaks down the gloomy barrier, and is free ! The worm receives his winglet : he unbinds The captive thought, and in its centre finds New barriers, and a glory in his gaze; He mocks, as thon, the sun !---but scaly blinds

Grow o'er his vision, till, beneath the daze, From his proud height he falls, amid the world's amaze.

And thou, brave bird ! thy wing hath pierced the cloud,

The storm had not a battlement for thee; But, with a spirit fetteriess and proud, Thou hast soar'd on, majestically free, To worlds, perchance, which men shall never see! Where is thy spirit now? the wing that bore! Thou hast lost wing and all, save liberty? Death only could subdue—and that is o're: Alas! the very form that slow thee should deplore!

A proud exemplar hath been lost the proud. And he who struck thee from thy fearless flight— Thy nolde loneliness, that left the crowd. To seek, uncurb'd, that singleness of height Which glory aims at with unswerving sight— Hull learn'd a nobler toil. No longer base With lowliest comrades, he had given his might, His life—that hud been cast in vilest place— To raise his hopes and homes—to teach and fift his race.

T is he should mourn thy fate, for he hath lost The model of dominion. Not for him The mighty eminence, the gathering host That worships, the high glittering pomps that dim, The bursting borage and the bailing hymn: He dies—he hath no life, that, to a star, Rises from dust and sheds a holy gleam To light the struggling nations from afar, And show, to kindred souls, where fruits of glory Are

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Evulting now, he clamours o'er his prey; His secret shaft hath not been illy sped ; He lurk'd within the rocky cleft all day, Till the proud bird rose sweeping o'er his head, And thus he slew him ! He should weep him dead, Whom, living, he could love not-weep that he, The noble lesson taught him, never read-Exulting o'er the victim much more free Than, in his lowly soul, he e'er can hope to be.

'T is triumph for the base to overthrow That which they reach not-the ignoble mind Loves over to assail with secret blow The lottier, purer beings of their kind : In this their petty villany is blind ; They hate their benefactors-men who keep Their names from degradation-men design'd Their guides and guardians: well, if late they weep The cruel shaft that struck such noble hearts so deep.

Around thy mountain dwelling the winds lie-Thy wing is gone, thy evry desolate; O, who shall teach thy young ones when to fly,---Who fill the absence of thy watchful mate ? Thou type of genius! bitter is thy fate, A hour has sent the shaft that leaves them lone, Thy clustering fellows, guardians of thy state---Shaft from the reedy fen whence thou hast flown, And feather from the bird thy own wing hoth struck down !

### THE BROOKLET.

A LITTLE farther on, there is a brook Where the breeze lingers idly. The high trees Have roof'd it with their crowding limbs and leaves, So that the sun drinks not from its sweet fount, And the shade cools it. You may hear it now, A low, faint heating, as, upon the leaves That lie beneath its rapids, it descends In a fine, showery rain, that keeps one tune, And 'tis a sweet one, still of constancy.

Beside its banks, through the whole livelong day, Ere yet I noted much the speed of time, And knew him but in songs and ballad-books, Not cared to know him better. I have isin; With thought unchid by harsher din than came From the thick thrush, that, gliding through the copse,

Hurried above me; or the tunid fawn That came down to the brooklet's edge to drink. And saunter'd through its shade, cropping the grass,

Even where I lay,-having a quiet mood, And not disturbing, while surveying mine.

Thou smilest-ond on thy fip a straying thought Says I have infled-calls my hours misspent, And looks a solemn warning! A true thought,-And so my errant mood were well reliaked !-Yet there was pleasant sadoess that became Meetly the gentle heart and pliant sense, In that same idlesse-gazing on that brook So pebbly and so clear,-prattling away, Lake a young child, all thoughtless, till it goes From shadow into sunlight, and is lost.

#### THE SHADED WATER.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise And bustle of the crowd, I feel rebuke,

I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys, And sit me down beside this little brook: The waters have a music to mine car

It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen as you may see, Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,

That spread their giant branches, broad and free, The silent growth of many centuries;

And make a hallow'd time for hapless moods, A Subbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter,---none, like me, Do seek it out with such a fond desire.

Poring, in illesse mood, on flower and tree,

And listening, as the voiceless leaves respire,-When the far-travelling breeze, done wandering, Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new, And sweet companions from their boundless

Of merry clves, bespangled all with dew, [Ftore

Fantastic creatures of the old time lore,-Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,

I fling the hours away.

gracious couch,---the root of an old eak, Whose branches yield it mose and canopy,-

Is mine-and so it be from woodman's stroke Sceure, shall never be resigned by me;

It hangs above the stream that idly plies, Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eve sometimes shut, but upward bent, Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,

While every sense, on earnest mission sent. [er: Returns, thought-laden, back with bloom and flow Pursuing, though reliaked by those who moil, A profitable toil.

And still the waters, trickling at my feet, Wind on their way with gentlest melody,

Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat, Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by,-

Yet not so rudely as to send one sound Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees.

Breaking the spell that, like a clumber, press'd On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries,-

And, with awaken'd vision upward bent, I watch the firmament.

How like-its sure and undisturb'd retreat, Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm-

To the pure waters trickling at my feet, The bending trees that overshade my form;

So far as sweetest things of earth may seem Like those of which we dream.

Thus, to my mind, is the philosophy The young hird teaches, who, with sudden flight, Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,

Until I lose him from my straining sight,---With a most lofty discontent, to fly

Upward, from earth to sky.

Distant in GOOQ

#### TO THE BREEZE: AFTER A PROTRACTED CALM AT SEA.

Lacking all chart, They hast been slow to bless us, gentle breeze; Where hast thou been a lingerer, welcome friend ? THE LOST PLEIAD. Where, when the midnight gather'd to her brow Not in the sky. Her pale and crescent minister, wert thou ? Where it was seen, On what far, sullen, solitary seas, Piping the mariner's requiem, didst thou tend The home-returning bark. Though green, Curling the white foam o'er her lifted prow, [dark ] White, when the rolling waves around her all were Shall the bright watcher have Gently, and with a breath Of spicy adour from Sabman vales, Gone, gone ! Where subtle life defies and conquers death, O, never more to cheer Fill'dst thou her yellow sails ! On, like some pleasant bird, With glittering plumage and light-loving eye, While the long permant by aloft unstirr'd, Shall it appear, And sails houg droopingly, Camest thou with tidings of the land to cheer The weary marmer. Vain, vain ! How, when the occan slept, Making no sign ; And his dumb waters, of all life bereft, Howe'er the north Lay 'neath the sun-girt line; His drapery of storm-clouds lifted high In some far, foreign sky, And gloomier grows the hour While a faint moaning o'er his bosom crept, As the deep breathings of eternity, Above the grave of the unburied time. Claiming its clime-Tending his flocks,-How did the weary tar, His form reclined along the burning deck. Gladdening his gaze : Stretch his dim eye afur, To hall the finger, and delusive speck, Thy bending shadow, from some rocky steep, How stands he in amaze, Down-darting o'er the deep! Born in the solemn night, When the deep skies were bright, With all their thousand watchers on the sight-Thine was the music through the firmament So natural to his sight ! By the foul nature sent, And lone, To hail the blessed birth. To guide to lowly carth The glorious glance, the holy wing of light! Music to us no less, Such perfect heauty mars; Thou comest in our distress. To cheer our pathway. It is clear, through thee, Fallen from on high, O'er the broad wastes of sea-How soothing to the heart that glides alone, Unwatch'd and unremember'd, on the wave, Perchance his grave !---A strain-a mellow strain--Should he there perish, to thy deeper moan What lip shall add one tone ! I bless thee, gentle brecze ! Sweet minister to many a fond desire, Thou bear'st me to my sire, Thou, and these rolling seas ! What-O, thou Gon of this strong element !--Are we, that it is sent, Obedient to our foud and fervent hope ! But that its pinion on our path is bent, We had been doom'd beyond desire to grope,

Nor on the white tops of the glistering wave. Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep,-And beautiful, its caves of mystery,-A place-and, as of old, high station keep. The mariner who holds his course alone On the Atlantic, through the weary night, When the stars turn to watchers and do sleep, With the sweet fixedness of certain light, Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep. Hopeful most idly then, shall he look forth, That mariner from his bark--Doth raise his certain lamp when tempests lower-He sees no more that perish'd light again ! [dark. Which may not, through the thick and crowding Restore that lost and loved one to her tower. He looks,--- the shepherd on Chaldea's hills, And wonders the rich beacon doth not blaze, And, from his dreary watch along the rocks, Guiding him safely home through perilous ways ! Still wondering, as the drowsy silence fills The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils Its leaden dews--how chafes he at the night, Still slow to bring the expected and sweet light, Where its first splendours shone, Shall be that pleasant company of stars: How should they know that death And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath, Their lights grow blasted by its touch, and die--All their concerted springs of harmony, Snapp'd rudely, and the generous music gone. Of wailing sweetness, fill'd the earth and sky; The stars lamenting in unborrow'd pain That one of the selectest ones must die; Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest I Alas! 'tis ever more the destiny, The hope, heart-cherish'd, is the soonest lost: The flower first hudded soonest feels the frost: Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest? And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,

Where plummet's cast is vain, and human art,

Look they not ever brightest when they fly The desolate home they bless'd ?

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# THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

"I's a wild spot, and hath a gloomy look; The bird sings never merrily in the trees, And the young leaves seem blighted. A rank growth Spreads prisonously round, with power to taint With blistering dows the thoughtless hand that dares To penetrate the covert. Cypersses. flength, Crowd on the dank, wet earth ; and, stretch'd at The cayman-a fit dweller in such home Simplers, half-buried in the solgy grass. Boside the green ooze where he shelters him, A whooping crane erects his skelcton form, And shricks in flight, 'Two summer ducks, aroused To apprehension, as they hear his cry, Dash up from the lagoon, with marvellons haste, Following his guidance. Meetly taught by these, And startled at our rapid, near approach, The stoel-jaw'd monster, from his grassy bed, Crawls slowly to his slimy, green abode, Which straight receives him. You behold him now, His ridgy back uprising as he speeds, In silence, to the centre of the stream, Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly, That, travelling all the day, has counted climes Only by flowers, to rest himself a while, Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute Straightway goes down, so suddenly, that he, The dandy of the summer flowers and woods, Dips his light wings, and spoils his golden cost, With the rank water of that tarbid pend. Wondering and vex'd, the plumed citizen Flies, with a hurried effort, to the shore, Seeking his kindred flowers :--- but seeks in vain-Nothing of genial growth may there be seen, Nothing of beautiful! Wild, razged trees, That look like felon spectres-fetid shrubs, That taint the gloomy atmosphere-dusk shades, That gather, half a cloud, and half a fiend In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge,-Gloom with their steraness and forbidding frowns The general prospect. The aid butterfly, Waving his lacker'd wings, darts quickly on, And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet, Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

#### CHANGES OF HOME.

WREE may we sing her beauties, This pleasant land of ours, Her sunny smiles, her golden fruits, And all her world of flowers; The young birds of her forest-groves, The blue folds of her sky, And all those airs of gentleness, That never seem to fly ; They wind about our forms at noon, They woo us in the shade, When panting, from the summer's heats, The woodman seeks the glade; They win us with a song of love, They cheer us with a dream, That gilds our passing thoughts of life, As sunlight does the stream;

And well would they persuade us now, In moments all too dear, That, sinful though our hearts may be, We have our Eden here. Ah, well has lavish nature, From out her boundless store, Spread wealth and loveliness around, On river, rock, and shore : No sweeter stream than Ashley glides And, what of southern France !-She boasts no brighter fields than ours, Within her matron glance; Our skies look down in tendemess From out their realms of blue, The fairest of Italian climes May claim no softer hue; And let them sing of fruits of Spain, And let them boost the flowers, The Moors' own culture they may claim, No dearer sweet than ours Perchance the dark-hair'd maiden Is a glory in your eye, But the blue-eyed Carolinian rules, When all the rest are nigh. And none may say, it is not true, The bunden of my lay, T is written, in the sight of all, In flower and fruit and ray ; Look on the scene around us now, And say if suog amiss, The song that pictures to your eye A spot so fair as this : Gay springs the merry mocking-bird Around the cottage pale,-And, scarcely taught by hunter's aim, The rabbit down the vale ; Each boon of kindly nature, Her buds, her blooms, her flowers, And, more than all, the maidens fair That fill this land of ours, Are still in rich perfection, As our fathers found them first, But our sons are gentle now no more, And all the land is cursed. Wild thoughts are in our bosoms And a savage discontent; We love no more the life we led, The music, nor the scent; The merry dance delights us not, As in that better time, When, glad, in happy bands we met, With spirits like our clime. And all the social loveliness, And all the smile is gone, That link'd the spirits of our youth, And made our people one. They mile no more together, As in that earlier day, Our maidens sigh in loneliness, Who once were always gay; And though our skies are bright, And our sun looks down as then-Ah. me ! the thought is sad I feel, We shall never smile again.

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# GEORGE LUNT.

#### [Born about 1807.]

MR. LUNT is a native of the pleasant village of Newluryport, near Boston, from which, for a long period, his ancestors and relatives "followed the sca." He was educated at Cambridge, and soon after leaving the university entered as a student the law-office of the present Chief Justice of Massachusetts. From the time of his admission to the bar he has pursued the practice of his profession in Newburyport. He has for several years represented the people of that town in the State Scinte and House of Assembly, and has held various other honourable offices.

When he was about nineteen years of age, he

# AUTUMN MUSINGS.

Cove thou with me! If thou hast worn away All this most glorious summer in the crowd, Arnid the dust of cities, and the din, While birds were carolling on every spray; If, from gray dawn to solenn night's approach, Thy soul hath wasted all its better thoughts, Tolling and panting for a little gold; Dradging amid the very lees of life For this accursed slave that makes men slaves; Come thou with me into the pleasant fields: Let Nature breathe on us and make us free!

For thou shalt hold communion, pure and high, With the great Spirit of the Universe; It shall pervade thy soul; it shall renew The fancies of thy boyhood ; thou shalt know Tears, most unwonted tears dimming thine eyes; Thou shalt forget, under the old brown oak, That the good south wind and the liberal west Have other tidings than the songs of birds, Or the soft news wafted from fragrant flowers, Look out on Nature's face, and what hath she In common with thy feelings ! That brown hill, Upon whose sides, from the gray mountain-ash, We gather'd crimson berries, look'd as brown When the leaves fell twelve autumn suns ago; This pleasant stream, with the well-shaded verge, On whose fair surface have our buoyant limbs So often play'd, caressing and caress'd ; Its verdant banks are green as then they were; So went its babbling murnur down the tide. Yes, and the very trees, those ancient oaks, The crimson-crested maple, feathery elm, And fair, smooth ash, with leaves of graceful gold, Look like familiar faces of old friends. From their broad branches drop the wither'd leaves, Drop, one by one, without a single breath, Save when some eddying curl round the old roots Twirls them about in merry sport a while. They are not changed; their office is not done; 42

wrote "The Grave of Byron," a poem in the Spenserian measure, which has considerable merit; and, in 1839, appeared a collection of his later productions, of which the largest is a metrical essay entitled "Life," in which he has attempted to show, by reference to the condition of society in different ages, that Christianity is necessary to the development of mun's moral nature. His minor pieces please by their general vigour and sprightliness, and by that purity of thought which distinguishes the writings of all Christian bards. His most recent publication is a volume entitled "The Age of Gold, and other Poems."

The first soft breeze of spring shall see them fresh With sprouting twigs bursting from every branch, As should fresh feelings from our wither'd hearts. Scorn not the moral; for, while these have warm'd To annual beauty, gladdening the fields With new and ever-glorious garniture, Thou hast grown worn and wasted, almost gray Even in thy very summer. 'T is for this We have neglected nature! Wearing out Our hearts and all our life's dearest charities In the perpetual turmoil, when we need . To strengthen and to purify our minds Amid the venerable woods; to hold Chaste converse with the fountains and the winds I So should we clevate our souls ; so be Ready to stand and act a nobler part In the hard, heartless struggles of the world.

Day wanes ; 't is autumn eventide again ; And, sinking on the blue hills' breast, the sun Spreads the large bounty of his level blaze, Longthening the shades of mountains and tall trees, And throwing blacker shadows o'er the sheet Of this dark stream, in whose unruffled tide Waver the bank-shrub and the graceful elm, As the gay branches and their trembling leaves Catch the soft whisper of the coming air: So doth it mirror every passing cloud, And those which fill the chambers of the west With such strange beauty, fairer than all thrones, Blazon'd with orient gems and barbarous gold, I see thy full heart gathering in thine eyes; I see those eyes swelling with precious tears; But, if thou couldst have look'd upon this scene With a cold brow, and then turn'd back to thoughts Of traffic in thy fellow's wretchedness, Thou wert not fit to gaze upon the face Of Nature's naked beauty ; most unfit To look on fairer things, the loveliness Of earth's most lovely daughters, whose glad forms And glancing eyes do kindle the great souls Of better men to emulate pure thoughts, And, in high action, all ennobling deeds. 329 2 x 2\_

GEORGE LUNT.

But lo ! the harvest moon ! She climbs as fair Among the cluster'd jewels of the sky, As, mid the rosy bowers of paradise, Her soft light, trembling upon leaf and flower, Smiled o'er the slumbers of the first-born man. And, while her beauty is upon our hearts, Now let us seek our quiet home, that sleep May come without bad dreams; may come as light As to that yellow-headed cottage-boy, Whose serious musings, as he homeward drives His soher herd, are of the frosty dawn, And the ripe nuts which his own hand shall pluck. Then, when the bird, high-courier of the morn, Looks from his airy vantage over the world, And, by the music of his mounting flight, Tells many blessed things of gushing gold, Coming in floods o'er the eastern wave, Will we arise, and our pure orisons Shall keep us in the trials of the day.

#### JEWISH BATTLE-SONG.

Ho! Princes of Jacob! the strength and the stay Of the daughter of Zion,—now up, and army; Lo, the hunters have struck her, and bleeding alone Like a pard in the desert she maketh her moan: Up, with war-horse and banner, with spear and with sword.

On the spoiler go down in the might of the Lord !

She lay sleeping in beauty, more fair than the moon, With her children about her, like stars in night's noon.

When they came to her covert, these spoilers of Rome,

And are trampling her children and rifling her home: O, up, noble chiefs ! would you leave her forlorn, 'To be crush'd by the Gentile, a mock and a scorn !

Their legions and cohorts are fair to behold, With their iron-clud bosons, and helmets of gold; But, gorgeous and glorious in pride though they be, Their avarice is broad as the grosp of the sea; They talk not of pity; the mercies they feel Are cruel and fierce as their death-doing steel.

- Will they laugh at the hind they have struck to the earth,
- When the hold stag of Naphtali bursts on their mirth !

Will they dore to decide and insult, when in wrath The lion of Judah glares wild in their path ? O, say, will they mock us, when down on the plain

The hoots of our steeds thunder over their siain !

They come with their plumes tossing haughty and free,

And white as the crest of the old hoary sea;

Yet they float not so fierce as the wild lion's mane,

To whose lair ye have truck'd him, whose whelps ye have slain;

But, dark mountain-archer ! your sinews to-day Must be strong as the spear-shaft to drive in the prey.

And the tribes are all gathering; the valleys ring out To the peak of the trumpet—the timbrel—the shout; Lo, Zebulon comes; he remembers the day When they perill'd their lives to the death in the fray; And the riders of Naphtali burst from the hills Like a mountain-swollen stream in the pride of its rills.

Like Sisera's rolls the foe's chariot-wheel, And he comes, like the Philistine, girded in steel; Like both shall he perish, if ye are but men, If your javelins and hearts are as mighty as then; He trusts in his buckler, his spear, and his sword; His strength is but weakness;—we trust in the Long !

"PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD."

SwIFTER and swifter, day by day, Down Time's unquiet current hurl'd, Thou passest on thy restless way, Tumultuous and unstable world ! Thou passest on ! Time hath not seen Delay upon thy hurried path ; And pravers and tears alike have been In vain to stay thy course of wrath ! Thou passest on, and with thee go The loves of youth, the cares of age; And smiles and tears, and joy and wo, Are on thy history's troubled page! There, every day, like vesterday, Writes hopes that end in mockery; But who shall tear the veil away Before the abyss of things to be ! Thou passest on, and at thy side, Even as a shade, Oblivion treads, And o'er the dreams of human pride His misty shroud forever spreads; Where all thine iron hand bath traced Upon that gloomy scroll to-day, With records ages since ellaced,-Like them shall live, like them decoy. Thou passest on, with thee the vain, Who sport upon thy flaunting blaze, Pride, frained of dust and folly's train, Who court thy love, and run thy ways: But thou and I,-and be it so,-Press onward to eternity ; Yet not together let us go To that deep-voiced but shorecess see. Thou hast thy friends,-I would have mine; Thou hast thy thoughts,-leave me my own; I kneel not at thy gilded shrine, I how not at thy slavish throne; I see them pass without a sigh .----They wake no swelling raptures now, The fierce delights that fire thine eye, The triumphs of thy haughty brow. Pass on, relentless world ! I grieve No more for all that thou hast riven, Pass on, in Gon's name,---only leave The things thou never yet hast given-A heart at ease, a mind at home, Affections fixed above thy sway,

Faith set upon a world to come, And patience through life's little day.

Coogle Google

#### GEORGE LUNT.

#### HAMPTON BEACH.

Again upon the sounding shore, And, O how bless'd, again alone ! I could not bear to hear thy roar, Thy deep, thy long, majestic tone ; I could not bear to think that one Could view with me thy swelling might, And, like a very stock or stone, Turn coldly from the glorious sight,

And seek the idle world, to hate and fear and fight.

Thou art the same, eternal sca? The earth hath many shapes and forms, Of hill and valley, flower and tree; Fields that the fervid noontide warms, Or winter's rugged grasp deforms, Or bright with autumn's golden store; Thou coverest op thy face with storms, Or smilest screne,—but still thy roar

And dashing foam go up to vex the sea-beat shore.

I see thy heaving waters roll, I hear thy stern, uplifted voice, And trumpet-like upon my soul Falls the deep music of that noise Wherewith thou dost thyself rejoice; The ships, that on thy bosom play, Thou dashest them shout like toys, And stranded navies are thy prey,

Strown on thy rock-bound coast, torn by the whirling spray.

As summer twilight, soft and calm, Or when in stormy grandeur drest, Peals up to heaven the eternal psalm, That swells within thy boundless breast; Thy curling waters have no rest; But day and night the creaseless throng Of waves that wait thy high behest, Speak out in utterance deep and strong,

And loud the craggy beach howls back their savage song.

Terrible art thou in thy wrath,---Terrible in thine hour of glee, When the strong winds, upon their path, Bound o'er thy breast tumultuously, And shout their chorus loud and freo To the sad sca-bird's mournful wail, As, henving with the heaving sea, The broken mast and shatter'd sail

Tell of thy crucl strength the lamentable tals.

Ay, 'tis indeed a glorious sight To gaze upon thine ample face; An awful joy.--a deep delight! I see thy laughing waves embrace Each other in their frolic race; I sit above the flashing spray, That foams around this rocky base, And, as the bright blue waters play, [as they. Feel that my thoughts, my life, perchance, are vain

This is thy lesson, mighty sea! Man calls the dimpled earth his own, The flowery vale, the golden lea; And on the wild, gray mountain-stone Claims nature's temple for his throne! But where thy many voices sing Their endless song, the deep, deep tone Calls back his spirit's siry wing, He shrinks into himself, where Gon alone is king !

# PILGRIM SONG.

Over the mountain wave, see where they come; Storm-cloud and wintry wind welcome them home; Yet, where the sounding gale howls to the sea, There their song peaks along, deep-toned and free:

" Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come ; Where the free dare to he---this is our home!"

England hoth sonny dales, dearly they bloom; Scotia hath heather-hills, sweet their perfome: Yet through the wikierness cheerful we stray, Native land, native land---home far away!

"Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come ; Where the free dare to be-this is our home!"

Dim grew the forest-path: onward they trod; Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting in Gop ? Gray men and blooming maids, high rose their song; Hear it sweep, clear and deep, ever along:

"Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come; Where the free dare to be-this is our home!"

Not theirs the glory-wreath, torn by the blast; Heavenward their holy steps, heavenward they past! Green be their mossy graves ! ours be their fame, While their song peals along, ever the same :

"Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come; Where the free dare to bo---this is our home!"

# THE LYRE AND SWORD.

Tax freeman's glittering sword be blest,----Forever blest the freeman's lyre,----That rings upon the tyrant's crest; This stim the heart like living fire: Well can he wield the shining brand, Who battles for his native land ; But when his fingers eweep the chords. That summon heroes to the fray, They gather at the feast of swords, Like mountain-eagles to their prey ! And mid the vales and swelling hills, That sweetly bloom in Freedom's land, A living spirit breathes and fills The freemon's heart and nerves his hand ; For the bright soil that gave him birth, The home of all he loves on earth,-For this, when Freedom's trumpet calls, He waves on high his sword of fire,-For this, amidst his country's halls Forever strikes the freeman's lyre! His burning heart he may not lend To serve a doting despot's sway .---A suppliant knee he will not bend, Before these things of "brass and clay :" When wrong and ruin call to war, He knows the summons from afar ; On high his glittering sword he waves, And myriads feel the freeman's fire, While he, around their fathers' graves, Strikes to old strains the freeman's lyrel

Demonthy GOOS

# JOHN H. BRYANT.

#### (Boro, 1807.)

Joan Howann Bayant was born in Cummington. Massachusetts, on the twenty-second day of July, 1807. His youth was passed principally in rural occupations, and in attending the district and other schools, until he was nineteen years of age, when he began to study the Latin language, with a view of entering one of the colleges. In 1826, he wrote the first poem of which he retained any copy. Thiswasentitled "My Native Village," and first appeared in the "United States Review and Literary Guzette," a periodical published simultaneously at New York and Buston, of which his brother, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, WAS one of the editors. It is included in the present collection. After this he gave up the idea of a university education, and placed himself for a while at the Rensselaer School at Troy, under the superintendance of Professor EATON. He subsequently applied himself to the study of the mathematical and natural sciences, under different instructors, and in his intervals of leisure produced several poems, which wore published in the gazettes.

In April, 1831, he went to Jacksonville, in Illinois; and in September of the next year went to Princeton, in the same state, where he sat himself down as a souutter, or inhabitant of the public lands not yet ordered to be sold by the government. When the lands came into the market, he purchased a farm, bordering on one of the fine groves of that country. He was married in 1833. He accepted soon afterward two or three public offices, one of which was that of Recorder of Bureau county; but afterward resigned them, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. Of his poems, part were written in Massachusetts, and part in Illinois. They have the same general characteristics as those of his brother. He is a lover of nature, and describes minutely and effectively. To him the wind and the streams are ever musical, and the forests and the prairies clothed in beauty. His versification is easy and correct. and his writings show him to be a man of refined taste and kindly feelings, and to have a mind stored with the best learning.

#### THE NEW ENGLAND PILGRIM'S FUNERAL.

IT was a wintry scene, The hills were whiten'd o'er, And the chill north winds were blowing keen Along the rocky shore.

Gone was the wood-bird's lay, That the summer forest fills, And the voice of the stream has pass'd away From its path among the hills.

And the low sun coldly smiled Through the boughs of the ancient wood, Where a hundred souls, sire, wife, and child, Around a coffin stood.

They raised it gently up, And, through the untrodden mow, They bore it away, with a solema step, To a woody vale below.

And grief was in each eye, As they moved towards the spot. And brief, low speech, and tear and sigh Told that a friend was not.

When they isid his cold corpse low In its dark and narrow cell, Heavy the mingled carth and snow Upon his coffin fell.

Weeping, they pass'd away, And left him there alone, With no mark to tell where their dead friend lay, But the mossy forest-stone.

When the winter storms were gone And the strange birds sung around, Green grass and violets spring upon That spot of holy ground.

And o'er him ginnt trees Their proud arms toss'd on high, And rustled music in the breeze That wander'd through the sky.

When these were overspread With the hues that Autumn gave, They bow'd them in the wind, and shed Their leaves upon his grave.

These woods are perish'd now, And that humble grave forgot, And the yeoman sings, as he drives his plough O'er that once sacred spot.

'I'wa conturies are flown Bince they laid his cold corpse low, And his bones are moulder'd to dust, and strown 'To the breezes long ago.

And they who laid him there, That sad and suffering train, Now sleep in dust,—to tell us where No letter'd stones remain.

Their memory remains, And ever shall remain, More lasting than the aged fanes Of Egypt's storied plain.

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#### JOHN H. BRYANT.

# A RECOLLECTION.

HERE tread aside, where the descending brook Pays a scant tribute to the mightier stream, And all the summer long, on eilver feet, Glides lightly o'er the publics, sending out A mellow murmur on the quiet air. Just up this narrow glen, in yonder glade Set, like a nest amid embowering trees, Where the green grass, fresh as in early spring, Spreads a bright carpet o'er the hidden soil, Lived, in my early days, an humble pair, A mother and her daughter. She, the dame, Had well nigh seen her threescore years and ten. Her step was tremulous ; slight was her frame. And how'd with time and toil; the lines of care Were deep upon her brow. At shut of day I've met her by the skirt of this old wood, Alone, and faintly murmuring to herself, Haply, the history of her better days. I knew that history once, from youth to age:----It was a ead one; he who wedded her Had wrong'd her love, and thick the darts of death Had fatten among her children and her friends. One solace for her age remained,----a fair And gentle daughter, with blue, pensive eyes, And cheeks like summer roses. Her sweet songs Rang like the thrasher's warble in these woods, And up the rocky dells. At noon and eve, Her walk was o'er the hills, and by the founts Of the deep forest. Oft she gather'd flowers In lone and desolate places, where the foot Of other wanderers but seldom trod, Once, in my boyhood, when my truant steps Had led me forth among the pleasant hills, I met her in a shaded path, that winds [low]For through the spreading groves. The sun was The shadow of the hills stretch'd o'er the vale, And the still waters of the river lay Black in the early twilight. As we met, She stoop'd and press'd her friendly lips to mine, And, though I then was but a simple child, Who ne'er had dream'd of love, nor knew its power, I wonder'd at her beauty. Soon a sound Of thunder, muttering low, along the west, Foretold a coming storm; my homeward path Lay through the woods, tangled with undergrowth. A timid urchin then, I fear'd to go, Which she observing, kindly led the way, And left me when my dwelling was in sight. I hasten'd on; but, ere I reach'd the gate, The rain fell fast, and the drench'd fields around Were glittering in the lightning's frequent flash. But where was now Entza? When the morn Blush'd on the summer hills, they found her dead, Beneath an oak, rent by the thunderbolt. Thick lay the splinters round, and one sharp shaft Had pierced hersnow-white brow. And here she lies, Where the green hill slopes toward the southern sky. 'T is thirty summers since they laid her here; The cottage where she dwelt is razed and gone; Her kindred all are perish'd from the earth, And this rude stone, that simply bears her name, Is mouldering fast; and soon this quiet spot, Held sacred now, will be like common ground.

Fit place is this for so much loveliness To find its rest. It is a hallow'd shrine, Where nature pays her tribute. Dewy spring Sets the gay wild flowers thick around her grave; The green boughs o'er her, in the summer-time, Sigh to the winds; the robin takes his perch-Hard by, and warbles to his sitting mate; The brier-rose blossoms to the sky of June, And hange above her in the winter days Its scarlet fruit. No rude foot ventures near; The noisy schoolboy keeps aloof, and he Who hunts the fox, when all the hills are white, Here treads aside. Not seldom have I found, Around the head-stone carefully entwined, Garlands of flowers, I never knew by whom. For two years past I've miss'd them; doubtless one Who held this dust most precions, placed them there, And, sorrowing in secret many a year, At last hath left the earth to be with her.

# MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

THERE lies a village in a peaceful vale, With eloping hills and waving woods around, Fenced from the blasts. There never ruler gale Bows the tall grass that covers all the ground; And planted skrubs are there, and cherish'd flowers. And a bright verdure, born of gentler showers.

"T was there my young existence was begun, My earliest sports were on its flowery green,

And often, when my schoolboy task was done, I climb'd its hills to view the pleasant scene, And stood and gazed till the sun's setting ray Shone on the height, the sweetest of the day.

There, when that hour of mellow light was come, And mountain shadows cool'd the ripen'd grain, I watch'd the weary ycoman plodding home,

In the lone path that winds across the plain, To rest his limbs, and watch his child at play, And tell him o'er the labours of the day

And when the woods put on their autumn glow, And the bright sun came in among the trees,

And leaves were gathering in the glen below, Swept softly from the mountains by the breeze, I wander'd till the starlight on the stream At length awoke me from my fairy dream.

Ah! happy days, too happy to return, Fled on the wings of youth's departed years,

A bitter lesson has been mine to learn, The truth of life, its labours, pains, and fears; Yet does the memory of my boyhood stay, A twilight of the brightness puse'd away.

My thoughts steal back to that sweet village still, Its flowers and peaceful shades before me tise;

The play-place, and the prospect from the hill, Its summer verdure, and autumnal dyes;

The present brings its storms; but, while they last,

I shelter me in the delightful past.

# JOHN H. BRYANT.

#### THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THAT soft autumnal time Is come, that sheds, upon the naked scene, Charms only known in this our northern climo-Bright seasons, far between.

The woodland foliage now Is gather'd by the wild November blast; E'en the thick leaves upon the poplar's bough Are fallen, to the last.

The mighty vince, that round The forest trunks their slender branches bind, Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground, Swing naked in the wind,

Some living green remains By the clear brook that shines along the lawn; But the sear grass stands white o'er all the plains, And the bright flowers are gone.

But these, these are thy charms— Mild airs and temper'd light upon the lea; And the year holds no time within its arms That doth resemble thee.

The sunny noon is thine, Soft, golden, noiseless as the dead of night; And hues that in the flush'd horizon shine At eve and carly light.

The year's last, loveliest smile, Theu comest to fill with hope the human heart, And strengthen it to bear the storms a while, Till winter days depart.

O'er the wide plains, that lie A desolate scene, the fires of autumn spread, And nightly on the dark walls of the sky A ruddy brightness shed.

Far in a shelter'd nook I've met, in these calm days, a smiling flower, A lonely aster, trembling by a brook, At the quiet noontides' hour :

And something told my mind, That, should old age to childhood call me back, Some sunny days and flowers I still might find Along life's weary track.

THE BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.

"And f went and washed, and I received sight."  $\sim$  Journar, II.

WHEN the great Master spoke, He touch'd his wither'd eyes. And at one gleam upon him broke The glad earth and the skies. And he saw the city's walls, And kings' and prophets' tomb, And mighty acches, and vaulted halls, And the temple's lofty dome.

He look'd on the river's flood, And the flash of mountain rills, And the gentle wave of the palms that stood Upon Judea's hills.

He saw on heights and plains Creatures of every race:

But a mighty thrill ran through his veins When he met the human face;

And his virgin sight beheld The ruddy glow of even, And the thousand shining orbs that fill'd The azure depths of heaven.

And woman's voice before Had cheer'd his gloomy night, But to see the angel form she wore Made deeper the delight.

And his heart, at daylight's close, For the bright world where he trod, And when the yellow morning rose, Gave speechless thanks to Gon.

#### SONNET.

THERE is a magic in the moon's mild ray,----What time she softly climbs the evening sky, And sitteth with the silent stars on high,----That charms the pang of earth-born grief away I raise my eye to the blue depths above.

And worship Him whose power, pervading space, Holds those bright orbs at pease in his embrace, Yet comprehends earth's lowliest hings in love. Of, when that silent moon was sailing high,

I've left my youthful sports to gaze, and now, When time with graver lines has mark'd my Sweetly she shines upon my soler'd eye. 'brow, O, may the light of truth, my steps to guide. Shine on my eve of life—shine soft, and long abide.

#### SONNET.

**T is Autumn, and my steps have led me far** To a wild hill, that overlooks a land

Wide-spread and beautiful. A single star Sparkles new-set in heaven. O'er its bright sand The streamlet slides with mellow tones away; The west is crimson with retiring day;

And the north gleams with its own native light. Below, in autumn green, the meadows lie,

And through green banks the river wanders by, And the wide woods with autumn hues are bright: Bright—but of fading brightness!—soon is past

That dream-like glory of the painted wood ; And pitiless decay o'ertakes, as fast,

Dimminy Google

The pride of men, the beauteous, great, and good.

# JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

[Born, 1877. Died, 1833.]

FRW persons in private life, who have died so young, have been mourned by so many warm friends as was JONATHAN LAWBENCE. Devoted to a profession which engaged meatly all his time, and regardless of literary distinction, his productions would have been known only to his associates, had not a wiser appreciation of their merits withdrawn them from the obsentity to which his own low estimate had consigned there.

He was born in New York, in November, 1807, and, after the usual preparatory studies, entered Columbia College, at which he was graduated before he was fifteen years of age. He soon after became a student in the office of Mr. W. SLOSSON, an eminent lawyer, where he gained much regard by the assiduity with which he prosecuted his studies, the premature ripeness of his judgment, and the undeviating purity and honourableness of his life. On being admitted to the bar, he entered into a partnership with Mr. SLOSSON, and daily added confirmation to the promise of his probational career, until he was suddenly called to a better life, in April, 1833.

# THOUGHTS OF A STUDENT,

MANY a sad, sweet thought have I, Many a passing, sunny gleam, Many a bright tear in mine eye, Many a wild and wandering dream, Stolen from hours I should have tied

To musty volumes by my side, Given to hours that sweetly woo'd My heart from study's solitude,

OR, when the south wind's dancing free Over the earth and in the sky,

And the flowers peep softly out to see The frolic Spring as she wantons by; When the breeze and beam like thieves come in, To steal me away. I deen it sin To slight their voice, and away I'm straying Over the hills and values a Maying.

Then can I hear the earth rejoice, Happier than man may ever be; Every fountain hath then a voice, That sings of its glad festivity;

For it light hurst the chains that bound its currents dead in the frozen ground, And, flashing away in the sun, has gone Singing, and singing, and singing on.

Autumn hath sunset hours, and then Many a musing mood I cherish; The industry with which he attended to his professional duties did not prevent him from giving considerable attention to general literature; and in moments—to use his own language—

> "Stolen from house I should have tied To musty volumes at my side, Given to hours that sweetly woo'd My heart from study's solitude,''--

he produced many poems and prose sketches of considerable nurrit. These, with one or two exceptions, were intended not for publication, but as tributes of private friendship, or as contributions to the exercises of a literary society—still in existence—of which he was for several years an active member. After his death, in compliance with a request by this society, his brother made a collection of his writings, of which a very small edition was printed, for private circulation. Their character is essentially meditative. Many of them are devotional, and all are distinguished for the purity of thought which guided the life of the man.

Many a hue of fancy, when

The hues of earth are about to perish; Clouds are there, and brighter, I ween, Hath real sunset never seen, Sad as the faces of friends that die, And beautiful as their memory.

Love hath its thoughts, we cannot keep, Visious the mind may not control,

Waking, as fancy does in sleep, The secret transports of the soul; Faces and forms are strangely mindled, Till one by one they're slowly singled, To the voice, and hp, and eye of her I worship like an idelater.

Many a big, proud tear have I, When from my sweet and roaming track,

From the green carth and misty sky, And spring, and love, I hurry back ;

Then what a dismal, dreary gloom Settles upon my leathed room, Darker to every thought and sense Than if they had never travell'd thence.

Yet. I have other thoughts, that cheer The toilsome day and lonely night,

And many a scene and hope appear, And almost make me gay and bright. Honour and fame that I would win, Though every toil that yet hath been Were doubly borne, and not an hour Were brightly bued by Fancy's power.

Distantin GOOS

## JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

And, though I sometimes sigh to think Of earth and heaven, and wind and sea, And know that the cup which others drink Shall never be brinn"d by me; That many a joy must be untasted, And many a glorious breeze be wasted, Yet would not, if I dared, repine, That toil, and study, and care are mine.

#### SEA-SONG.

Oven the far blue ocean-wave, On the wild winds I flee,

- Yet every thought of my constant heart Is winging, love, to thee;
- For each foaming leap of our gallant ship Had barb'd a pang for me,
- Had not thy form, through sun and storm, Been my only memory.
- O, the sen-mew's wings are fleet and fast, As he dips in the dancing spray;
- But flecter and fuster the thoughts, I ween, Of dear ones far away !
- And lovelier, too, than you rainbow's hue, As it lights the tinted sea,
- Are the daylight dreams and sunny gleams Of the heart that throbs for thee.
- And when moon and stars are ssleep on the waves, Their dancing tops among.
- And the sailor is guiling the long watch-hour By the music of his song;
- When our sail is white in the dark midnight, And its shadow is on the sea,
- O, never knew hall such festival As my fond heart holds with thee!

# LOOK ALOFT.

Is the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale Are around and above, if thy footing should fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, "Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart-

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow, With a smile for each jay and a tear for each wo, Should betray thes when sorrows like clouds are

- array'd, "Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall
- fude.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,

Like the tints of the minbow, but brighten to fly, Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret, "Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart, The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart, "Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb, To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom." And, O! when death comes in his terrors, to cast His fears on the future, his pall on the past, In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart, And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart<sup>1</sup>

# TO MAY.

Cown, gentle May !

Come with thy robe of flowers, Come with thy sun and sky, thy clouds and showers; Come, and bring forth unto the eye of day,

From their imprisoning and mysterious night, The buds of many hues, the children of thy light.

Come, wondrous May! For, at the bidding of thy magic wond, Quick from the caverns of the breathing land, In all their green and glorious array

They spring, as spring the Persian maids to hail Thy flushing footsteps in Cashmerian vale.

Come, vocal May!

Come with thy train, that high

On some fresh branch pour out their melody; Or, carolling thy praise the livelong day,

Sit perch'd in some lone glen, on echo calling, Mid murmuring woods and musical waters falling.

Come, sunny May!

Come with thy laughing beam,

What time the lazy mist melts on the stream, Or seeks the mountain-top to meet thy ray, Ere yet the dew-drop on thine own soft flower Hath lost its light, or died beneath his power.

Come, holy May!

When, sunk behind the cold and western hill, His light hath ceased to play on leaf and till,

And twilight's footsteps hasten his decay; Come with thy musings, and my heart shall be Like a pure temple consecrate to thee.

Come, beautiful May!

Like youth and loveliness,

Like her I love; O, come in thy full dress, The drapery of dark winter cast away;

To the bright eye and the glad heart appear Queen of the spring, and mistress of the year.

Yet, lovely May !

Teach her whose eyes shall rest upon this rhyme. To spurn the gilded mockeries of time,

The heartless pomp that beckons to betray, And keep, as thou wilt find, that heart each year, Pure as thy dawn, and as thy sunset clear.

And let me too, sweet May!

Let thy fond votary see,

As fade thy heauties, all the vanity

Of this world's pomp; then teach, that though decay

In his short winter bury beauty's frame,

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In fairer worlds the soul shall break his sway, Another spring shall bloom, eternal and the same.

# JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### [Bons, (808.)

THE ancestors of Mn. WRITTLE settled at an early period in the town of Haverhill, on the banks of the Merriniack River, in Massachusetta, They were Quakers, and some of them suffered from the "sharp laws" which the fierce Independents enacted against those "devil-driven heretics," as they are styled in the "Magnalia" of Corrow MATARN. The poet was born in the year 1808. on a spot inhabited by his family during four or five generations; and until he was eighteen years of age, his time was chiefly passed in the district schools, and in aiding his father on the farm. His nincteenth year was spent in a Latin school, and in 1828 he went to Boston to conduct "The American Manufacturer," a gazette established to advocate a protective tariff. He had previously won some reputation as a writer by various contributions, in prose and verse, to the newspapers printed in his native town and in Newburyport, and the ability with which he managed the "Manufacturer," now made his name familiar throughout the country. In 1830 he went to Hartford, in Connecticut, to take charge of the "New England Weekly Review." He remained here about two years, during which he was an ardent politician, of what was then called the National Republican party, and devoted but little attention to literature. He published, however, in this period his "Legends of New England," a collection of poems and prose sketches, founded on events in the early history of the country; wrote the memoir of his friend BRATNARD, prefixed to the collection of that author's works printed in 1830; and several poems which appeared in the "Weekly Review."

In 1831 Mr. WHITTIER returned to Haverhill, where he was five or six years engaged in agricultural pursuits. He represented that town in the legislature, in its sessions for 1835 and 1836, and declined a reflection in 1837. His longest poem, " Mogg Megone," was first published in 1836. He regarded the story of the hero only as a framework. for sketches of the scenery and of the primitive settlers of Massachusetts and the adjacent states. In portraying the Indian character, he followed as closely as was practicable the rough but natural delineations of CHURCH, MAYHEW, CHARLEVOIX, and ROCKS WILLIAMS, discarding much of the romance which more modern writers have thrown around the red-man's life. In this, as in the fine ballad of "Cassandra Southwick," and in some of his prose writings, he has exhibited in a very striking manner the intolerant spirit of the Puritana. It can excite no surprise that a New England Quaker refuses to join in the applause which it is the custom to bestow upon the persecutors of his ancestors. But our poet, by a very natural 43

exaggeration, may have done them even less than fustice.

Impelled by that hatred of every species of oppression which perhaps is the most marked of his characteristics, Mr. WHITTIER entered at an early period upon the discussion of the abolition question, and since the year 1836, when he was elected one of the secretarics of the American Anti-Slavery Society, he has been among the most promineut and influential advocates of immediate emancipation. His poems on this subject are full of indignant and nervous remonstrance, invective and denunciation. Very few in this country express themselves with uniform freedom and sincerity. Nowhere else is there so common and degrading a servility. We have therefore comparatively little individuality, and of course less than we otherwise should have that is original. Mr. WHITTIER rates this tyranny of public opinion at its true value. Whatever may be its power he despises it. He gives to his mind and heart their true voice. His simple, direct and earnest appeals have produced deep and lasting impres-Their reception has happily shown that **ย่อ**บอ. plain and unprejudiced speech is not less likely. to be heard than the vapid self-praise and wearisome iteration of inoffensive commonplaces with which the great mass of those who address the public ply the drowsy ears of the hydra-

Although boldness and energy are WHITTIER's leading characteristics, his works are not without passages scarcely less distinguished for tenderness and grace. In his later poems his style is more subdued and correct, though it is divested of none of his peculiar freshness.

Besides his "Mogg Megone," "Ballads," " Lays of Home," " Bridal of Pennacook," and other poems, he has written the " Legends of New England," before mentioned, "The Stranger in Lowell," and much more in prose, all in the same honest and fearless spirit which marks his verse.

WRITTIKE may reasonably be styled a national noet. His works breathe affection for and fuith in our republican polity and unshackled religion, but an affection and a faith that do not blind him to our weakness or wickedness. He dares to "tell the world it lies." He is of that class of authors whom we most need in America to build up a literature that shall elevate with itself the national feeling and character.

The last volume of his poems was published by Ticknor & Company, of Boston, in 1844. An edition of his select works has since appeared in London, with an introduction by Mr. WRIGHT, the accomplished translator of the Fables of La FONTAINE. 2 2

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#### THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK."

- To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
- From the scoffer and the cruel he hath pluck'd the spoil away,-
- Yes, He who cool'd the furnace around the faithful three,
- And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free!
- Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,
- Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars;
- In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night time,
- My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by; Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;

- No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seem'd to be
- The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow

- The ruler and the crucl priest would mock me in my sorrow,
- Dragg'd to their place of market, and bargain'd for and sold,

Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold l

- Oh, the weakness of the flush was there-the shrinking and the shame;
- And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
- "Why sit'st thou thus forlornly ?" the wicked murmur said,
- "Dump walls thy hower of beauty, cold carth thy muiden bed !
- "Where be the smiling fuces, and voices soft and sweet,
- Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street !
- Where be the youths, whose glances the summer Sabbath through

Turn'd tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew ?

The ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fixed ten pounds each for non-attendance at church, which they were mable to pny. The case being represented to the General Court, at Boston, that body issued an order which may still be seen on the const seconds, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the treasurer of the County was "fully empowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation at Firginia or Harbadoce, to answer said fives." An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies. Vide SEWALL's History, pp. 225-6, G. Bistion.

- "Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra ?-Bethink thee with what mirth
- Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;
- How the crimson shadows tremble, on forcheads white and fair,

On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

- "Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,
- Not for the the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken ;
- No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
- For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.
- "Oh! weak, deluded maiden !- by crazy fancies led,
- With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread; To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;
- And mate with maniac women, loose-hair'd and saekeloth-bound.
- "Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
- Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;
- Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
- Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.
- "And what a fate awaits thee !- a sadly toiling slave,
- Dragging the slowly length'ning chain of bondage to the grave !
- Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
- The easy proy of any, the scoff and scorn of all !"
- Oh !--ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
- Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
- I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer
- To feel, oh. Helper of the weak !---that Thou indeed wert there!
- I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
- And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prisonshuckles fell.
- Till I seem'd to hear the tealing of an angel's robe of white.
- And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight,
- Bless the Lord for all His mercies !---for the peace and love I felt,
- Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
- When, "Get behind me, Satan!" was the Janguage of my heart,
- And I feit the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.
- Slow broke the gray cold morning ; again the sunshine fell,
- Fleck'd with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;

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#### IGHN G. WHITTIER

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	The hearfrost melted on the wall, and upward from the street	"Good people," quoth the white-lipp'd pricet, "heed not her words so wild,
	Came carcless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.	Her master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child!"
	At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,	But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
	And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I pass'd;	That haw the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
	I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,	Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
	How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.	No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.
	And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burn'd upon	Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said:
	my check, Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling	"Which of ye, worthy scamen, will take this Qua- ker maid i
ļ	limbs grew weak; "O Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her soul cast out The feet of men which brings a many the weak.	In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore, You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."
	The fear of man, which brings a snarc—the weak- ness and the doubt."	Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,
ĺ	Then the dreary shadows scatter'd like a cloud in morning's breeze,	"Speak out, my worthy seamen !"-no voice or sign replied;
Ì	And a low deep voice within me seem'd whisper- ing words like these :	But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my car:
	"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,	"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear !"
	Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over all."	A weight seem'd lifted from my heart,-a pitying
	We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke	friend was nigh, I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
	On gluring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;	And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
ĺ	The merchants-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,	Growl'd lack its stormy answer like the rearing of the sea :
ł	Tracing with rope and slender spar their act-work on the sky.	"Pile my ship with bars of silver-pack with
	And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapp'd and grave and cold,	coins of Spanish gold. From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of
	And grim and stout sen-cuptains with faces bronzed and old,	her hold, By the living God who made me !—I would sooner
	And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruelelerk at hand, Bat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the lund.	in your bay Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away !"
	And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,	"Well answerd, worthy captain, shame on their
	The pricet lean'd o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer;	cruel laws!" Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the peo- ple's just applause.
	It stirr'd my soul, and from my lips the seal of si- lence broke,	"Like the herdsman of Tekos, in Israel of old, Shall we see the poor and righteous again for sil-
	As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.	ver sold) ?"
	cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smitter of the meek.	I look'd on haughty Endicott; with weapon half way drawn,
	Thou robber of the rightcous, thou trampler of the weak !	Swept round the throng his hon glare of bitter hate and scorn ;
	Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones—go turn the prison lock	Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turn'd in si- lence back,
	Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock!"	And entering priest and baffled clerk rode mur- muring in his track.
	Dark lower'd the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red	Hard after them the sheriff look'd in bitterness of soul;
	O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread;	Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crush'd his parchment roll.

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- "Good friends," he said, "since both have fied, the ruler and the priest, Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released." Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round the silent bay, As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way; For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen. And the river of great waters, had turn'd the hearts of men. benenth my eve, A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky, A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland lay, And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay. Thanksgiving to the Lord of life !--- to Him all praises be, Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free; All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid. Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the poor is laid! Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly; on evening's twilight calm Uplift the loud thanksgiving-pour forth the grateful psalm; Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the mints of old, When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told. of wrong, The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand upon the strong. Wo to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour ! Wo to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour: be glad, And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise he clad, For He who cool'd the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave, And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save! NEW ENGLAND. LAND of the forest and the rock-Of dark-blue lake and mighty river-Of mountains rear'd aloft to muck
- Oh, at that hour the very earth seem'd changed

And weep and howl, ye evil pricate and mighty men-

- But let the humble ones arise,-the poor in heart

The storm's career, the lightning's shock---My own green land for ever !

Land of the locautiful and brave-The freeman's home-the martyr's grave---

The nurvery of giant men, Whose deeds have link'd with every glen. And every hill, and every stream, The romance of some warrior-dream ! Oh! never may a son of thine, Where'er his wandering steps incline, Forget the sky which bent above His childhood like a dream of love, The stream beneath the green hill flowing, The broad-arm'd trees above it growing, The clear breeze through the foliage blowing ; Or hear, unmoved, the tount of scorn Breathed o'er the brave New England born ; Or mark the stranger's jaguar-hand Disturb the ashes of thy dead, The buried glory of a fand Whose soil with noble blood is red, And sanctified in every part,-Not feel resentment, like a brand, Unsheathing from his fiery heart ! Oh! greener hills may catch the sun Beneath the glorious heaven of France; And streams, rejoicing as they run Like life beneath the day-beam's glance. May wander where the orange-bough With golden fruit is bending low : And there may bend a brighter sky O'er green and classic Italy-And pillar'd fane and ancient grave Bear record of another time, And over shaft and architrave The green, luxoriant ivy climb: And far toward the rising sun The pain may shake its leaves on high, Where flowers are opening, one by one, Like stars upon the twilight sky; And breezes soft as sighs of love Above the broad banana stray, And through the Brahmin's sacred grove A thousand bright-hued pinions play ! Yet unto thee, New England, still Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms, And thy rule chart of rock and hill Seem dearer than the land of palms; Thy massy oak and mountain-pine More welcome than the banyan's shade And every free, blue stream of thine Seem richer than the golden bed Of oriental waves, which glow And sparkle with the wealth below!

#### TO JOHN PIERPONT.

Nor to the poet, but the man, I bring In friendship's fearless trust my offering : How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt see. Yet well I know that thou hast deem'ed with me Life all too earnest, and its time too short, For dreamy case and Fancy's graceful aport :

And girded for thy constant strife with wrong, Like Nehemish, fighting while he wrought

The broken walis of Zion, even thy song Hath a rule martial tone, a blow in every thought!

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#### PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallow'd of song, Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng; In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea, On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shoro. Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before; With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod Made bright by the steps of the angels of Gon.

Blue sea of the hills !—in my spirit I hear Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear; Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down, And thy spray on the dust of H is sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green, And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene; And I pause on the goat-crags of Tubor to see The gleam of thy waters, O, dark Gaidee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and Thy river, O. Kishon, is sweeping along; [strong, Where the Canaanite strove with JKHOVAH in vain, And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern ZEBULON came,

And NAFETALI's stag, with his eyeballs of flame, And the chariots of JABIN roll'd harmlessly on, For the arm of the LORD was ABINGAN'S son !

There sloop the still rocks and the caverns which range

To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang, When the princes of Issuchar stood by her side, And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo. Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen, With the mountains around and the valleys between; There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there The song of the angels rose sweet on the sir.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw Their shalows at noon on the ruins below; But where are the sisters who hasten'd to greet The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet?

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod; I stand where they stood with the chosen of Gon-Where His blessings was heard and his lessons were taught.

Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

O, here with H1s flock the sad Wanderer came-These hills HE toil'd over in grief, are the same-The founts where HE drank by the way-side still flow.

And the same airs are blowing which breath'd on his brow !

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet, [feet; But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone, And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly above Of humanity clothed in the brightness of Goo ? Were my spirit but tuned from the outward and dim, It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when, In love and in meckness. Hz moved among men; And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,

In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me !

And what if my feet may not tread where Hs stood, Nor my cars hear the dashing of Galilee's flood, Nor my cyrs see the cross which he bow'd him to hear,

Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near To the meck, and the lowly, and pentent here; And the voice of thy love is the same even now, As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

O, the outward hath gone !---but, in glory and power, The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour; Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame On the heart's secret sltar is burning the same !

#### PENTUCKET.\*

How sweetly on the wood-girt town The mellow light of sunset shone ! Each smull, bright lake, whose waters still Mirror the forest and the bill, Reflected from its waveless breast The beauty of a cloudless west, Glorious as if a glimpse were given Within the western gates of Heaven, Left, by the spirit of the star Of sunset's holy hour, ajar !

Beside the river's tranquil flood The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood, Where many a rood of open land Stretch'd up and down on either hand, With corn-leaves waving freshly green The thick and blacken'd stumps between; Behind, unbroken, deep and dread, The wild, untravell'd forest spread, Back to those mountains, while and cold, Of which the Indian trapper told, Upon whose summits never yet Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and colm, without a fear Of danger darkly lucking near, The weary labourer left his plough— The mitk-maid caroll'd by her cow—

\* The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimack, called by the Indians Pentuckel, was for nearly served, years a frontier lown, and during thirty years endured all the horrors of savage warfare. In the year 150%, a combined body of French and Indians, under the command of De Cratitions, and Herritz De Rovertite, the infamous and hloody ancker of Deerfield, made an attack upon the village, which, at that time, contained only thirty houses, Sixteen of the villagers were massacred, and a still arger number made prisoners. About thirty of the chemoy also fell, and aboug them HERTIL DE ROVENDE. The minister of the place, BEVIAMIN ROLFZ, was killed by a short through his own door

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From coltage door and household hearth Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth. At length the murmur died away, And silcuce on that village lay.— So slept Pompeii, tower and hall, Ere the quick earthquake swallow'd all, Undreaming of the fiery fate Which made its dwellings desolate !

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

Was that the tread of many fect, Which downward from the hill-side beat? What forms were those which durkly stood Just on the margin of the wood ?— Charr'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim, Or paling rule, or leafless limb? No-through the trees fierce cyclolls glow'd, Dark human forms in moonshine show'd, Wild from their native wilderness, With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell, the dead might wake to hear, Swell'd on the night air, far and clear— Then smote the Indian tomahawk On crashing door and shattering lock— Then rang the rife-shot—and then The shrill death-scream of stricken men— Sunk the red axe in woman's brain, And childhood's ery arose in vain— Bursting through roof and window came, Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame; And blended fire and moonlight glared Over dead corse and weapons bared.

The morning sun look'd brightly through The river-willows, wet with dew. No sound of combat fill'd the air. No shout was heard,---nor gun-shot there : Yet still the thick and sullen smoke From smouldering ruins slowly broke ; And on the green sward many a stain, Aod, here and there, the manualed slain, Told how that midnight bolt had sped, Pentucket, on thy fated head !

E'en now, the villager can tell Where Rotex heside his hearth-stone fell, Still show the door of wasting oak Through which the fatal death-shot broke, And point the curious stranger where DE ROUVILE's corse lay grin and here— Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd, Bore not a trace of hair or beard— And still, within the churchyard ground, Heaves darkly up the ancient mound, Whose grass-grown surface overlies The victums of that sacrifice.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF S. OLIVER TORREY, OF BOSTON.

Gown before us, O, our brother, To the spirit-land ! Vainly look we for another In thy place to stand. Who shall offer youth and beauty On the wasting shrine Of a stern and lofty duty, With a faith like thino ? O! thy gentle smile of greeting Who again shall see ! Who, amidst the solemn meeting, Gaze egain on thee !-Who, when peril gathers o'er us, Wear so calm a brow ! Who, with evil men before us, So serene as thou ? Early hath the spoiler found thee, Brother of our love! Autumn's faded earth around thee. And its storms above ! Evermore that turf lie lightly, And, with future showers, O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly Blow the summer-flowers ! In the locks thy forehead gracing, Not a silvery streak ; Nor a line of sorrow's tracing On thy fair, young check ; Eves of light and lips of roses. Such as HILLAS wore-Over all that curtain closes, Which shall rise no more ! Will the vigil Love is keeping Round that grave of thine, Mournfully, like JAZER weeping Over Silimah's vine\*--Will the pleasant memorics, swelling Gentle hearts, of thee, In the spirit's distant dwelling All unheeded be ? If the spirit ever gazes, From its journeyings, back ; If the immortal ever traces O'er its mortal track : Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us Sometimes on our way, And, in hours of sadness, greet us As a spirit may ? Peace be with thee, O our brother, In the spirit-land ! Vainly look we for another In thy place to stand. Unto Truth and Freedom giving All thy early powers, Be thy virtues with the fiving, And thy spirit ours !

• "O, vine of Sibinah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of JATER !"-Jeremak Rivill, 32.

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### RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

On, Mother Earth! upon thy lap Thy weary ones receiving, And o er them, silent as a dream, Thy grassy mantle weaving-Fold suffly in thy long embrace That heart so worn and broken, And cool its pulse of fire beneath Thy shadows old and oaken. Shut out from him the bitter word And serpent hiss of scorning; Nor let the storms of yesterday Disturb his quiet morning. Breathe over him forgetfulness Of all save deeds of kindness, And, save to smiles of grateful eyes, Press down his lids in blindness. There, where with living ear and eye He heard Potomac's flowing. And, through his tall ancestral trees Saw Autumn's sunset glowing, He sleeps-still looking to the west, Beneath the dark wood shadow, As if he still would see the sun Sink down on wave and meadow. Bard, sage, and tribune !- in himself All moods of mind contrasting-The tenderest wail of human wo. The scorn like lightning blasting; The pathos which from rival eyes Unwilling tears could summon, The stinging tount, the fiery burst Of hatred scarcely human ! Mirth, sparkling like a diamond-shower, From lips of life-long sadness; Clear picturings of majestic thought Upon a ground of madness; And over all, romance and song A classic beauty throwing, And laurell'd Clip at his side Her storied pages showing. All parties fear'd him : each in turn Beheld its schemes disjointed, As right or left his fatal glance And spectral finger pointed. Sworn foe of Cant, he smole it down With trenchant wit unsparing, And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand The robe Pretence was wearing. Too honest or too proud to feign A love he never cherish'd, Beyond Virginia's border line His patriotism perish'd. While others hall'd in distant skies Our eagle's dusky pinion, He only saw the mountain bird Stoop o'er his Old Dominion ! Still through each change of fortune strange, Rack'd nerve, and brain all burning, His loving fuith in mother-land Knew never shade of turning:

By Britain's lakes, by Nova's wave, Whatever sky was o'er him, He heard her rivers' rushing sound, Her blue peaks rose before him. He held his slaves, yet made withal No false and vain pretences, Nor paid a lying priest to seek For scriptural defences. His harshest words of proud rebuke, His bitterest taunt and scorning, Fell firelike on the northern brow That bent to him in fawning. He held his slaves : yet kept the while His reverence for the human ; In the dark vassals of his will He saw but man and woman ! No hunter of God's outraged poor His Roanoke valley enter'd; No trader in the souls of men Across his threshold ventured. And when the old and wearied man Laid down for his last sleeping, And at his side, a slave no more, His brother man stood weeping, His latest thought, his latest breath, To freedom's duty giving, With failing tongue and trembling hand The dying bless'd the living. Oh ! never bore his ancient state A truer son or braver; None trainpling with a calmer scorn On foreign hate or favor. He knew her faults, yet never stoop'd His proud and manly feeling To noor excuses of the wrong, Or meanness of concealing. But none beheld with clearer eye The plague-spot o'er her spreading, None heard more sure the steps of Doom Along her future treading. For her as for himself he spake, When, his gaunt frame upbracing, He traced with dying hand, " REMOUSE !". And perished in the tracing. As from the grave where Henry sleeps, From Vernon's weeping willow, And from the grassy pall which hides The sage of Monticello. So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone Of Randolph's lowly dwelling, Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves A warning voice is swelling. And hark ! from thy described fields Are sadder warnings spoken. From quench'd hearths, where thine exiled sons Their household gods have broken. The curse is on thee-wolves for mon, And briers for corn-sheaves giving ! Oh ! more than all thy dead renown Were now one hero living !

\* See the remarkable statement of Dr. Parrish, his medical attendent.

Distanting Google

# THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

LOOK on him--through his dungcon-grate, Feebly and cold, the morning light Comes stealing round him, dim and late, As if it loathed the sight. Reclining on his strawy bed, His hand upholds his drooping head---His bloodless check is sean'd and hard,

Unshorn his gray, neglected beard; And o'er his bony fingers flow His long, dishevell'd locks of enow.

No grateful fire before him glows,— And yet the winter's breath is chill: And o'er his half-clad person goes The frequent ague-thrill! Stient—save ever and anon, A sound, half-murnur and half-groan, Forces apart the painful grip Of the old sufferer's bearded lip: O, sad and crushing is the fate Of old age chain'd and desolate !

Just Goo! why lies that old man there? A muricrer shares his prison-bed, Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair, Gleam on him ficece and red; And the rude oath and heartless jeer Fall ever on his loathing ear, And, or in wakefulness or sleep, Nerve, flesh, and fibre thrill and creep, Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb, Crimson'd with murder, touches him !

What has the gray-hair'd prisoner done? Has murder stain'd his hands with gore? Not so: his crime's a fouler one:

God made the old man poor ! For this he shares a felon's cell--The fittest earthly type of heil! For this--the boon for which he pour'd His young blood on the invader's sword, And counted light the fearful cost--His blood-gain'd liberty is lost!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns, And fling the starfy banner out; Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones Give back their cradle-shout; Let boasted eloquence declaim Of honour, liberty, and fame; Still let the poet's strain be heard, With "glory" for each second word,

\* Bunker Hill Monument.

And every thing with breath agree To praise "our glorious liberty!"

And when the patriot cannon jars That prison's cold and gloomy wall,

And through its grates the stripes and slars Rise on the wind, and fall---Think ye that prisoner's aged ear Rejoices in the general cheer ! Think ye his dim and failing eye Is kindled at your pageantry ? Sorrowing of soul, and chain'd of limb, What is your carnival to him ?

Down with the law that binds him thus! Unworthy freemen, let it find No refuge from the withering curse Of Gop and human kind! Open the prisoner's living tomb, And usher from its brooding gloom The victims of your savage cole, To the free sun and air of Gon! No longer dare as crime to brand The chastening of the Almighty's hand!

# THE MERRIMACK.

STARAN of my fothers ! sweetly still The sunset rays thy valley fill; Pour'd slantwise down the long defile. Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile. I see the winding Powow fold The green hill in its belt of gold, And, following down its wavy line, Its sparkling waters blend with thine. There's not a tree upon thy side, Nor rock, which thy returning tide As yet hath left abrupt and stark Above thy evening water-mark ; No calm cove with its rocky hem, No isle whose emerald swells begem Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail Bow'd to the freshening ocean-gale; No small boat with its busy cars, Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores; Nor farm-house with its maple shade, Or rigid poplar colonnade, But lies distinct and full in sight, Beneath this gush of sunset light. Centuries ago, that harbour-bar, Stretching its length of foam afar, And Salisbury's beach of shining sand, And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand, Saw the adventurer's tiny sail Flit, stooping from the eastern gale; And o'er these woods and waters broke The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak, As brightly on the voyager's eye, Weary of forest, sea, and sky, Breaking the dull, continuous wood, The Merrimack foll'd down his flood ; Mingling that clear, pellucid brook Which channels vast Agioochook---When spring-time's sun and shower unlock The frozen fountains of the rock,

Distanting Google

And more abundant waters given From that pure lake, "The Smile of Heaven," Tributes from vale and mountain side---With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape which braves The stormy challenge of the waves, Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood. The bardy Anglo-Saxon stood, Planting upon the topmost crag The staff of England's battle-flag; And, while from out its heavy fold SL GRORGE's crimson cross unroll'd. Midst roll of drum and trumpet blars, And weapons brandishing in air. He gave to that lone promontory The sweetest name in all his story ; Of her-the flower of Islam's daughters, Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters Who, when the chance of war had bound The Moslem chain his limbs around, Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain. Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain, And fondly to her youthful slave A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look ! the yellow light no more Streams down on wave and verdant shore ; And clearly on the calm air swells The distant voice of twilight bells. From ocean's bosom, white and thin The mist comes slowly rolling in ; Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim, A midst the sea-like vapour swim, While yonder lonely coast-light set Within its wave-wash'd minaret, Half-quench'd, a beamless star and pale. Shines dimly through its cloudy will! Vale of my fathers !--- I have stood Where Hudson roll'd his lordly flood ; Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade Along his frowning palisade ; Look'd down the Appaiachian peak On Juniata's eilver streak ; Have seen along his valley gleam The Mohawk's softly winding stream; The setting sun, his axle red Quench darkly in Potomac's bed ; The autumn's rainbow-tinted hanner Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ; Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be, Thy wandering child look'd back to thes! Heard in his dreams thy river's sound Of murmuring on its pebbly bound, The unforgotten swell and roar Of waves on thy familiar shore ; And seen amidst the curtain'd gloom And quiet of my lonely room, Thy sunset scenes before me pase : As, in AGRIPPA's magic glass, The loved and lost arose to view, Remember'd groves in greenness grow ; And while the gazer lean'd to trace, More near, some old familiar face, He wept to find the vision flown-A phantom and a dream alone ! 41

# GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us, Another call is given; And glows once more with angel-steps The path which reaches Heaven. Our young and gentle friend whose smile Made brighter summer hours, Amid the frosts of autumn time Has left us, with the flowers. No paling of the check of bloom Forewarned us of decay, No shalow from the silent land Fell around our sister's way. The light of her young life went down, As sinks behind the bill The glory of a setting star-Clear, suddenly, and still. As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed-Eternal as the sky ; And like the brook's low song, her voice-A sound which could not die. And half we deemed she needed not The changing of her sphere, To give to heaven a shining one, Who walked an angel here. The blessing of her quiet life Fell on us like the dew; And good thoughts, where her footsteps press'd, Like fairy blossoms grew. Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds Were in her very look; We read her face, as one who reads A true and holy book : The measure of a blessed hymu, To which our hearts could move; The breathing of an inward pealm-A centicle of love. We miss her in the place of prayer, And by the hearth-fire's light; We pause beside her door to hear Once more her sweet " Good night! " There seems a shadow on the day, Her smile no longer cheers: A dimness on the stars of night, Like eyes that look through tears. Alone unto our Father's will One thought bath reconciled ..... That He whose love exceedeth ours Hath taken home his child. Fold her, oh Father ! in thine arms, And let her henceforth be A messenger of love between Our human hearts and thee. Still let her mild rebuking stand Between us and the wrong. And her dear memory serve to make Our faith in goodness strong. And grant that she who, trembling, here Distrusted all her powers, May welcome to her holier home

The well belov'd of ours.

Distance by 3

# LINES

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.

On page of thine I cannot trace The cold and heartless commonplace— A statue's fix'd and marble grace.

For ever as these lines are penn'd, Still with the thought of thee will blend That of some loved and common friend,

Who, in life's desert track has made His pilgrim tent with mine, or laid Beneath the same remember'd shade.

And hence my pen unfetter'd moves In freedom which the heart approves— The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less For simple air and rustic dress, And sign of haste and carclessness ?----

O! more than specious counterfeit Of sentiment, or studied wit, A beset like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be Unto thy book, if not to thre, Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banish'd name from fashion's sphere-A lay unheard of Beauty's car, Forbid, discown'd,—what do they here?

Upon my ear not all in vain Came the sad captive's clanking chain-The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the wo Which only wounded spirits know When pride's strong footsteps o'er them go.

Spurn'd not alone in walks abroad, But in the "temples of the Lord," Thrust out spart like things abhorr'd.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong. In words which prudence smother'd long. My soul spoke out against the wrong.

Not mine alone the task to speak Of comfort to the poor and weak, And dry the tear on sorrow's check;

But, mingled in the conflict worm, To your the fiery breath of storm Through the harsh trumpet of reform;

To brave opinion's settled frown, From ermined robe and saintly gown, While wrestling boary error down.

Founts gush'd beside my pilgrim way, Cool shadows on the green sward lay. Flowers swung upon the bending spray,

And, broad and bright on either hand Stretch'd the green slopes of fairy land, With hope's eternal sunbow spann'd; Whence voices call'd me like the flow, Which on the listener's ear will grow, Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes, which still retain Their picture on the beart and brain, Smiled, beckoning from that path of pain.

From youthful hopes—from each green spot Of young romance, and gentie thought, Where storm and tumuit enter not.

From each fair altar, where belong The offerings love requires of song In homage to her bright-eyed throng,

With soul and strength, with heart and hand, I turn'd to freedom's struggling band— To the sad helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn Her notes of praise to those of scorn-Her gifts reclaim'd-her smiles withdrawn.

What matters it !--- a few years more, Life's surge so restless heretofore Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear The shadows which we follow here— The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere!

Before no work of mortal hand Of human will or strength expand The pearl gates of the "better land;"

Alone in that pure love which gave Life to the sleeper of the grave, Restold the power to "seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through The vista of the past can view One deed to heaven and virtue true;

If through the wreck of wasted powers, Of gatlands wreathed from folly's bowers, Of idle aims and misspent hours,

The eye can note one secred spot By pride and self profaned not-A green place in the waste of thought,

Where deed or word hath render'd less "The sum of human wretchedness," And gratitude looks forth to bless-

The simple burst of tenderest feeling From sad hearts won by evil-dealing, For blessing on the hand of healing,-----

Something of time which may invite The purified and spiritual sight To rest on with a calm delight.

Contrasting Google

And when the summer winds shall sweep With their light wings my place of sleep, And momes round my head-stone creep,

If still, as freedom's rallying sign, Upon the young heart's altars shine The very fires they caught from mine,

If words my lips once utter'd still In the celin faith and eteatfast will Of other hearts, their work fulfil,

Perchance with joy the soul may learn These tokens, and its eye discern The fires which on those altars burn,---

A mervellous joy that even then The spirit bath its life again, In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring, No gay and graceful offering— No Bower-scale of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of youth's fresh May, With fancy's leaf-enwaven bay, My sad and sombre gift I lay.

Oppress'd and spoil'd on every side, By prejudice, and scorn, and pride; Life's common courtesies denied:

Sod mothers mourning o'er their trust, Children by want and misery nursed, Tasting life's bitter cup at first.

If to their strong appeals which come From fireless hearth, and crowded room, And the dark alley's noisome gloom,----

Though dark the hands upraised to thes In mute, beseeching agony, Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy,

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine Where love, and mirth, and friendship twine Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

# DEMOCRACY.

On, fairest born of love and light, Xet bending brow and eye severo On all which pains the holy sight Or wounds the pure and perfect ear!

Beautiful yet thy temples rive, Though there profaming gifts are thrown; And fires unkindled of the skies Are glaring round thy altar-stone

Still sacred—though thy name be breathed By those whose hearts thy truth deride; And garlands, pluck'd from thee, are wreathed Around the haughty brows of pride.

O, ideal of my boyhood's time ! The fuith in which my father stood, Even when the sons of lust and crime Had stain'd thy pesceful courts with blood?

Still to those courts my footsteps turn, For, through the mists that darken there, I see the flame of freedom burn— The Kebls of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm, Which owns the right of all divine— The pitying heart—the helping arm— The prompt self-sacrifice—are thing.

Benesth thy broad, impartial eye, How fade the lines of caste and birth! How equal in their suffering lie The growning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true, Whatever clime hath nurtured him; As stoop'd to heal the wounded Jew The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepell'd, unawed By pomp or power, thou see'st a MAX In prince or present—slave or lord— Pale pricet, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place or name, Beneath the flaunting roles of sin,

Through poverty and squalid shame, They lookest on the man within.

On man, as man, retaining yet, Howe'er debased, and soil'd, and dim, The crown upon his forehead set---The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ; For that frail form which mortals wear The Spirit of the Hulicat took,

And well'd His perfect brightness there.

Not from the cold and shallow fount Of vain philosophy thou art, He who of old on Syria's mount Thrill'd, warm'd by turns the listener's heart.

In holy words which cannot dis, In thoughts which angels lean'd to know, Proclaim'd thy message from on high---Thy mission to a world of wo.

That voice's echo hath not died ! From the blue lake of Galilee,

And Tabor's lonely mountain side, It calls a struggling world to thes.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land I hear in every breeze that stirs,

And round a thousand altars stand Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day, At party's cull, my gift I bring; But on thy olden shrine I lay

A freeman's dearest offering:

The voiceless utterance of his will— His pledge to freedom and to truth, That monbood's heart remembers still The homage of its generous youth.

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## THE CYPRESS TREE OF CEYLON.

THET sat in silent watchfulness The sacred cypress tree about, And from the wrinkled brows of age Their failing eyes look'd out.

Gray age and sickness waiting there, Through weary night and lingering day, Grim as the idols at their side,

And motionless as they. Unheeded, in the boughs above, The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet; Unseen of them the island's flowers

Bloom'd brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept, The thunder crash'd on rock and hill, The lightning wrapp'd them like a cloud,....

Yet there they waited still !

What was the world without to them? The Moslem's sunset call—the dance Of Cevion's maids—the passing gleam

Of battle-flag and lance !

They waited for that falling leaf Of which the wandering Jogees sing, Which lends once more to wintry age

The greenness of its spring.

O1 if these poor and blinded ones In trustful patience wait to feel O'er torpid pulse and failing limb

A youthful freshness steal :

Shall we, who sit beneath that tree Whose healing leaves of life are shed In answer to the breath of prayer,

Upon the waiting head :

Not to restore our failing forms, Nor build the spirit's broken shrine, But on the fainting coul to shed

A light and life divine:

Shall we grow weary at our watch, And murmur at the long delay,----

Impatient of our Father's time, And his appointed way?

Or shall the stir of outward things Allure and claim the Christian's eye, When on the heathen watcher's ear Their powerless murmure die ?

Alas! a deeper test of faith Than prison-cell or martyr's stake, The self-abasing watchfuluess Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke Our erring brother in the wrong; And in the car of pride and power Our warning voice is strong.

• IBN BATUTA, the colebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a coveress tree in Ceylon, universally hold sacred by the inhabitants, the leaves of which were said to fail only at long and uncertain periods: and he who had the happionss to find and eat one of them was restarted at once to youth and vigour. The traveller saw several venerable Jogess, or saints, sitting silent under the tree, patiently waiting the fall of a leaf.

Easier to smite with PETER's sword, Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer: Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord, Our souls can do and dare. But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side. From waters which alone can save : And murmur for Abana's banks. And Pharpar's brighter wave. O! Thou who in the garden's shade Didst wake thy weary ones again, Who slumber'd in that fearful hour, Forgetful of thy pain: Bend o'er us now, as over them. And set our sleep-bound spirits free, Nor leave us slumbering in the watch Our souls should keep with thee ! THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.\* TAE ocean looketh up to heaven. As 'twere a living thing; The homage of its waves is given In ceaseless worshipping. They kneel upon the sloping sand, As bends the human knee. A beautiful and tireless band, The priesthood of the sea! They pour the glittering treasures out Which in the deep have birth. And chant their awful hymns about The watching hills of earth. The green earth sends its incense up From every mountain-shrine. From every flower and dewy cup That greeteth the sunshine. The mists are lifted from the rills, Like the white wing of praver; They lean above the ancient hills, As doing homage there. The forest-tops are lowly cast O'er breezy hill and glen, As if a prayerful spirit pass'd On nature as on men. The clouds weep o'er the fallen world, E'en as repontant love; Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd, They fade in light above. The sky is as a temple's arch, The blue and wavy air Is glorious with the spirit-march

The gentle moon, the kindling sun, The many stars are given, As shrines to burn earth's incense on,

Of messengers at prayer.

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The altar-fires of Heaven !

\* "It hath beene as it were especially rendered unto mee, and made plaine and legible to my understandunge, that a great worshipp is going on among the thyngs of GoD."--GsaLT.

## THE FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.•

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

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

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

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

Yet green are Saco's banks below, And helts of sprace and codar show, Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring, Though yet upon her tardy wing The lingering frosts of winter cling.

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

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

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

But in their hour of bitterness, What reck the broken Sokokis, Besido their slaughter'd chief, of this ? The turf's red stain is yet andried— Scarce have the death-shot echoes died Along Sebago's wooded side:

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

Fire and the axe have swept it bare, Save one lone beech, unclosing there Its light leaves in the April air. With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute, They break the damp turf at its foot, And bare its coil'd and twisted root. They heave the stubborn trunk asile, They heave the stubborn trunk asile, The firm roots from the earth divide— The rent beneath yawns dark and wide. And there the fallen chief is laid, In tassell'd garb of skins array'd. And girdled with his wampum-braid.

\* POLAN, a chief of the Nokokis Indians, the original inhabitants of the country lying between Agamenticus and Cusco bay, was killed in a skirmlish at Windham, on the Behago lake, in the spring of 1758. He clasued all the lands on both sides of the Presumpscot river to its mouth at Carco, as his own. He was shrewd, suble, and brave. After the white men had relized, the surviving Indians "awayed" or bent down a young tree until its roots were turned up, placed the body of their chief beneath them, and then released the tree to spring back to its former position. The silver cross he loved is press'd Beneath the heavy arms, which rest Upon his scarr'd and naked breast.\*

"T is done: the roots are backward sent, The beechen tree stands up unbent-The Indian's fitting monument!

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

O! long may subset's light be shed As now upon that beech's head  $\rightarrow$ A green memorial of the dead !

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

To their wild wail the waves which break Forever round that lonely lake A solemn under-tone shall make !

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

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

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

What though the places of their rest No priestly knee hath ever press'd— No funeral rite nor prayer hath bless'd !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* The Bokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. Francois.

+ The brutal and unchristian spirit of the early settlers of New England toward the ted man is strikingly illutrated in the conduct of the man who shot down the Sokokis chief. He used to say be slways noticed the sumversary of that exploit, as "the day on which he sent the devil a present."-Withinson's History of Maise. 26

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# RAPHAEL.

I ARALL not soon forget that sight: The glow of autumn's westering day, A hazy warmth, a dreamy light, On Raphael's picture lay. It was a simple print I saw, The fair face of a musing boy; Yet while I gazed a sense of awe Seem'd blending with my joy. A simple print :--- the graceful flow Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair, And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow Unmark'd and clear, were there. Yet through its sweet and calm repose I saw the inward spirit shine; It was as if before me rose The white veil of a shrine. As if, as Gothland's sage has told, The hidden life, the man within, Dissever'd from its frame and mould, By mortal eye were seen. Was it the lifting of that eve. The waving of that pictured hand ! Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky I saw the walls expand. The narrow room had vanish'd--space Broad, luminous, remain'd alone, Through which all hues and shupes of grace And beauty look'd or shone. Around the mighty master came The marvels which his pencil wrought, Those miracles of power whose fame Is wide as human thought. There droop'd thy more than mortal face, O Mother, heautiful and mild ! Enfolding in one dear embrace Thy Saviour and thy child ! The rapt brow of the Desert John; The awful glory of that day When all the Father's brightness shone Through manhood's veil of clay. And, midst gray prophet forms, and wild Dark visions of the days of old, How ewectly woman's beauty smiled Through locks of brown and gold ! There Fornarina's fair young face Once more upon her lover shone, Whose model of an angel's grace He borrow'd from her own. Slow pass'd that vision from my view, But not the lesson which it taught : The soft, caim shadows which it threw Still rested on my thought : The truth, that painter, bard and sage, Even in earth's cold and changeful clime, Plant for their deathless heritage

The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear Of which the coming life is made, And fill our future's atmosphere With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be We weave with colours all our own, And in the field of destiny We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call The shadows which it gather'd here, And painted on the eternal wall The past shall reappear.

Think ve the notes of holv song On Milton's tuneful ear have died ! Think ye that Raphael's angel throng Has vanish'd from his side ?

Oh no !----we live our life again : Or warmly touch'd or coldly dim The pictures of the past remain,-Man's works shall follow him !

#### MEMORIES.

A BRAUTIFUL and happy girl With step as soft as summer air, And fresh young lip and brow of pearl Shadow'd by many a careless curl Of unconfined and flowing hair: A seeming child in every thing Save thoughtful brow, and ripening charms, As nature wears the snife of spring When sinking into summer's arms. A mind rejoicing in the light Which melted through its graceful bower, Leaf after leaf screnely bright And stainless in its holy white Unfolding like a morning flower: A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute With every breath of feeling woke, And, even when the tongue was mute, From eye and lip in music spoke. How thrills once more the lengthening chain Of memory at the thought of thee !---Old hopes which long in dust have lain, Old dreams come thronging back again, And boyhood lives again in me : I feel its glow upon my check, Its fulness of the heart is mine. As when I lean'd to hear thee speak, Or raised my doubtful eye to thine. I hear again thy low replice, I feel thy arm within my own, And timidly again uprise The fringed lids of hazel eves With soft brown tresses overblown. Ah! memorics of sweet summer eves, Of moonlit wave and willowy way, Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,

And smiles and tones more dear than they !

Ere this thy quiet eve bath smiled My picture of thy youth to see, When half a woman, half a child, Thy very artlessness beguiled, And folly's self seem'd wise in thee. I too can smile, when o'er that hour The lights of memory backward stream, Yet feel the while that manhood's power Is vainer than my boyhood's dream. Years have pass'd on, and left their trace Of graver care and deeper thought; And unto me the calm, cold face Of manhood, and to thee the grace Of woman's pensive beauty brought, On life's rough blasts for blame or praise The schoolboy's name has widely flown; Thine in the green and quiet ways Of unobtrusive goodness known. And wider yet in thought and deed Our still diverging thoughts incline, Thine the Genevan's sternest creed, While answers to my spirit's need The Yorkshire peasant's simple line. For thee the priestly rite and praver, And holy day and solenin psalm, For me the silent reverence where My brethren gather, slow and calm. Yct hath thy spirit left on me An impress time has not worn out, And something of myself in thee, A shadow from the past, I see Lingering even yet thy way about; Not wholly can the heart unlearn That lesson of its better hours, Not yet has 'Time's dull footstep worn To common dust that path of flowers. Thus, while at times before our eyo The clouds about the present part, And, smiling through them, round us lie

Soll hues of memory's morning sky— The Indian summer of the heart, In secret sympathies of mind,

In founds of feeling which retain Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find Our early dreams not wholly vain!

## TO A FRIEND,

ON BER RETURN FROM EUROPE.

How smiled the land of France Under thy blue cyc's glance, Light-hearted rover! Old walls of chateaux gray, Towers of an early day Which the three colours play Flauntingly over.

Now midst the prilliant train Thronging the banks of Seine: Now midst the splendour

Of the wild Alpine range, Waking with change on change Thoughts in thy young heart strange, Lovely and tender. Vales, soft, Elysian, Like those in the vision Of Mirzs, when, dreaming, He saw the long hollow dell Touch'd by the prophet's spell Into an ocean's swell With its isles teeming. Cliffe wrapt in snows of years, Splintering with icy spears Autumn's blue beaven: Loose rock and frozen slide. Hung on the mountain side, Waiting their hour to glida Downward, storm-driven ! Rhine stream, by castle old Baron's and robber's hold, Peacefully flowing; Sweeping through vineyards green, Or where the cliffs are seen O'er the broad wave between Grim shadows throwing. Or, where St. Peter's dome Swells o'cr eternal Rome Vast, dim, and solemn .--Hymns ever chanting low-Censers swung to and fro-Sable stoles sweeping slow Cornice and column ! Oh. as from each and all Will there not voices call Everinore back again? In the mind's gallery Wilt thou not ever see Dim phantoms beckon thee O'er that old truck again ? New forms thy presence haunt-New voices softly chant-New faces greet thee !-Pilgrims from many a shrine Hallow'd by poet's line At memory's inagic sign Rising to meet thee. And when such visions come Unto thy olden home,

Will they not waken Deep thoughts of Him whose hand Led thee o'er sea and land Back to the household band Whence thou wast taken!

While at the sunset time, Swells the cathedral's chime, Yet, in thy dreaming, While to thy spirit's eye Yet the vest mountain's lis Piled in the Switzer's sky, Icy and gleaming:

Prompter of silent prayer, Be the wild picture there In the mind's chamber, And, through each coming day Him, who, as stoff and stay, Watch'd o'er thy wandering way, Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be Soon or late unto thee, As to all given, Still may that picture live, And its fair forms survive, And to thy spirit give Gladuces in heaven!

# THE REFORMER.

ALL grim, and soil'd, and brown with tan, I saw a strong one, in his wrath, Smitting the godless shrines of man Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome Essay'd in vain her ghostly charm: Wealth shook within his gilded home With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled Before the sunlight bursting in : Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile; That grand, old, time-worn turret spare?" Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle, Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-hearded Use, who, deaf and blind, Groped for his old, accustom'd stone, Lean'd on his staff, and wept, to find His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes, O'erhung with paly locks of gold: "Why emite," he asked in sad surprise, "The fuir, the old !"

Yet louder rang the strong one's stroke, Yet nearer flash'd his axe's gleam ! Shuddering and sick of heart I woke, As from a dream.

I look'd: aside the dust-cloud roll'd---The waster seem'd the builder too; Upspringing from the ruin'd old, I sow the new.

"T was but the ruin of the bad-The wasting of the wrong and ill; Whate'er of good the old time had, Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I fear'd; The frown which awed me pass'd away, And left behind a suile which cheer'd Like breaking day. The grain grew green on battle-plains, O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow; The slave stood forging from his chains The spade and plough.

Where frown'd the fort, pavilions gay And cottage windows, flower-entwined, Look'd out upon the peaceful bay And hills behind.

Through vine-wreath'd cups with wine once red, The lights on brimming crystal fell, Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope, Fresh breezes blew, and sunboams stray'd, And with the idle gallows-rope The young child play'd.

Where the doom'd victim in his cell Had counted o'er the weary hours, Glad school-girls, answering to the bell, Came crown'd with flowers.

Grown wiset for the lesson given, I fear no longer, for I know That, where the share is deepest driven, The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse, The pious fraud transparent grown, The good held captive in the use Of wrong alone---

These wait their doom, from that great law Which makes the past time serve to-day, And fresher life the world shall draw From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of Time !---The new is old, the old is new----The cycle of a change sublime Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer; Destroying SEVA, forming BRAHN, Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear, Are one, the same.

As idly as, in that old day, Thou mournest, did thy sires repine : So, in his time, thy child grown gray, Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou The eternal step of Progress beats To that great anthem, calm and slow, Which God repeats !

God works in all things; all obey His first propulsion from the night: Ho, wake and watch !-- the world is gray With morning light !

Distant in GOOQ

# MY SOUL AND I.

STAND still, my soul : in the silent dark I would question thee. Alone in the shadow drear and stark With God and me ! What, my soul, was thine errand here ? Was it mirth or ease. Or heaping up dust from year to year 1 "Nay, none of these." Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight Whose eye looks still And steadily on thee through the night : " To do his will !" What hast thou done, oh, soul of mine. That thou tremblest so !--Hast thou wrought His task, and kept the line He hade thee go ! What, silent all !--- art sad of cheer ? Art fearful now ! When God seem'd far. and men were near. How brave wert thou ! Aha! thou tremblest !-- well I see Thou'rt craven grown, Is it so hard with God and me To stand alone ? Summon thy sunshine bravery back, On, wretched sprite ! Let me hear thy voice through this deep and black Abyamal night. What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth, For God and man, From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth To life's mid span ? Ab, soul of mine, thy tones I hear, But weak and low; Like far, sed murmuts on my car They come and go. "I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong, And borne the Right From beneath the footfall of the throng To life and light. "Wherever Freedom shiver'd a chain, God speed,' quoth I; To Error smidst her shouting train I gave the lie." Ah, soul of mine! ah, soul of mine! Thy deeds are well : Were they wrought for Truth's sake or for thine I My coul, pray tell. " Of all the work my hand hath wrought Beneath the sky, Save a place in kindly human thought, No gain have I." Go to, go to !---for thy very self Thy deeds were done: Thou for fame, the miser for pelf, Your end is one. And where art thou going, soul of mine ! Canst see the and !

And whither this troubled life of thine Evermore doth tend ! What daunts thee now !----what shakes thee so ? My sad soul, say. "I see a cloud like a curtain low Hang o'er my way. "Whither I go I cannot tell: That cloud hangs black, High as the heaven and deep as hell, Across my track. "I see its shadow coldly enwrap The souls before. Sadly they enter it, step by step, To return no more! " They shrink, they shudder, dear God! they kneel To thee in prayer. They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel That it still is there. "In vain they turn from the dread Before To the Known and Gone; For while gazing behind them evermore, Their feet glide on. "Yet, at times, I see upon sweet, pale faces A light begin To tremble, as if from holy places And shrines within. "And at times methicks their cold lips move With hymn and prayer, As if somewhat of awe, but more of love And hope were there. "I call on the souls who have left the light, To reveal their lot; I bend mine ear to that wall of night, And they answer not. "But I hear around me sighs of pain And the cry of fear, And a sound like the slow, and dropping of rain, Each drop a tear ! "Ah, the cloud is dark, and, day by day, I am moving thither: I must pass beneath it on my way Ah, soul of mine, so brave and wise In the life-storm loud, Fronting so calmly all human eyes In the sunlit crowd ! Now standing apart with God and me, Thou art weakness all, Gazing value after the things to be Through Death's dread wall. But never for this, never for this Was thy being lent; For the craven's fear is but selfshness. Like his merriment. Folly and Fear are sisters twain : One closing her eyes, The other peopling the dark inane With spectral lies. Know well, my soul, God's hand controls

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Whate'er thou fearest; 2 0 2

Round him in calmest music rolls Whate'er thou hearest. What to thee is shadow, to him is day, And the cnd he knoweth. And not on a blind and aimless way The spirit goeth. Man sees no future---- a phantom show Is alone before him : Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow, And flowers bloom o'er him. Nothing before, nothing behind : The steps of Faith Fall on the securing void, and find The tock beneath. The Present, the Present is all thou hast For thy sure possessing ; Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast Till it gives its blessing. Why fear the night! why shrink from Death, That phantom wan ! There is nothing in heaven, or earth beneath, Save God and man. Peopling the shadows, we turn from Him And from one another ; All is spectral, and vague, and dim, Save God and our brother ! Like warp and woof, all deatinies Are woven fast, Linked in sympathy like the keys Of an organ vast. Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar; Break hut one Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar Through all will run. Oh, restless spirit ! wherefore strain Beyond thy sphere !--Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain, Are now and here. Back to thyself is measured well All thou hast given ; Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell, His hliss thy heaven. And in life, in death, in dark and light, All are in God's care; Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night, And he is there ! All which is real now remaineth, And fadeth never: The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth The soul for ever. Leaning on Him, make with reverent meckness His own thy will. And with strength from him shall thy utter weakness Life's task fulfit: And that cloud itself, which now before thee Lies dark in view, Shall with beams of light from the inner glory Be stricken through.

	And like meadow-mist through Autumn's dawn Uprolling thin,	
	Its thickest folds when about thes drawn Let sunlight in.	
	Then of what is to be, and of what is done, Why queriest thou !	
	The past and the time to be are one, And both are now !	
	TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.	
	THIRE is a grief, the depth of which snother May never know ;	
1	Yet, o'er the waters, ob, my atricken brother ! To thee I go.	
	I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding Thy hand in mine ;	
İ	With even the weakness of my soul upholding The strength of thine.	
	I never knew, like thee, the dear departed, I stood not by	
	When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-hearted Lay down to die.	
	And on thine cars my words of weak condoling Must vainly fall :	
	The funeral-bell which in thy heart is tolling, Sounds over all !	
	I will not mock thee with the poor world's common And heartless phrase,	
	Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman With idle praise.	
	With silence only as their benediction, God's angels come	
	Where, in the shadow of a great affliction, The soul sits dumb!	
	Yet, would I say what thine own heart approveth : Our Father's will,	
	Calling to him the dear one whom he loveth, Is mercy still.	
ļ	Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel Hath evil wrought:	
Í	Her funersl-anthem is a glad evangel- The good die not!	
ļ	God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly What he hath given ;	
ł	They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly As in his heaven.	
	And she is with thee: in thy path of trial She welketh yet;	
	Still with the baptism of thy self-denial Her locks are wet.	
ļ	Up, then, my brother ! Lo, the fields of harvest Lie white in view !	
ł	She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest To both is true.	
	Thrust in thy sickle ! England's toil-worn peasants Thy call abide ;	
	And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence,	

Distanci Goos

Shall glean beside !

(Born, 1808.)

WILLIAN D. GALLAGERR, the son of an Irish patriot who came to this country soon after the rebedion, and married in New Jersey, was born in Philadelphia in 1808, and in 1816 emigrated with his widowed mother to Ohio. He learned the business of printing in Cincinnati, and has been from an early age conspicuous as a journalist and a man

# CONSERVATISM.

The owl, he fareth well In the shadows of the night, And it puzzleth him to tell Why the eagle loves the light.

Away he floats—away, From the forest dim and old, Where he pass'd the garish day— The night doth make him bold !

The wave of his downy wing, As he courses round about, Disturbs no sleeping thing, That he findeth in his route.

The moon looks o'er the hill, And the vale grows softly light; And the cock, with greeting shrill, Wakes the echoes of the night.

But the moon-he knoweth well Its old familiar face;

And the cock-it doth but tell, Poor fool ! its resting-place.

And as still as the spirit of Death On the air his pinions play ;

There's not the noise of a breath As he grapples with his prey.

Oh, the shadowy night for him ! It bringeth him fare and glee : And what cares he how dim For the eagle it may be !

It clothes him from the cold, It keeps his larders full; And he loves the darkness old,

To the eagle all so dull. But the dawn is in the east,

And the shadows disappear; And at once his timid breast Feels the presence of a fear.

He resists—but all in vain ! The clear light is not for him; So he hastene back again To the forest old and dim.

Through his head strange fancies run : For he cannot comprehend Why the moon, and then the sun, Up the heavens should ascendof letters. He has edited "The Cincinnati Mirror," "The Western Literary Journal," "The Hesperian." and other periodicals, and has published, under the title of "Errsto," three volumes of poems. As a poet, he has great merits. He is graceful, picturesque, and forcible, and his writings are informed with an earnest and intelligent love of mankind.

> When the old and quiet night, With its shadows dark and deep, And the half-revealing light Of its stars, he'd ever keep.

And he hooteth loud and long: But the eagle greets the day— And on pinions bold and strong, Like a roused thought, sweeps away!

# THE INVALID.

SHE came in Spring, when leaves were green. And birds sang blithe in bower and tree— A stranger, but her gentle mien

It was a caim delight to see.

In every motion, grace was here; On every feature, sweetness dwelt; Thoughts soon became her worshippers-Affections soon before her knelt.

She bloom'd through all the summer days As sweetly as the fairest flowers, And till October's softening haze Came with its still and dreamy hours.

So calm the current of her life, So lovely and serene its flow, We hardly mark'd the deadly strife Disease forever kept below.

But autumn winds grew wild and chill, And pierced her with their icy breath; And when the snow on plsin and hill Lay white, she pass'd, and slept in desth.

Tones only of immortal birth Our memory of her voice can stir; With things too beautiful for earth Alone do we remember her.

She came in Spring, when leaves were green, And birds sang blithe in bower and tree, And flowers sprang up and bloom'd between Low branches and the quickening lem.

The greenness of the leaf is gone, The beauty of the flower is riven, The birds to other climes have flown, And there's an angel more in beaven I

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# THE EARLY LOST.

WHEN the soft airs and guickening showers Of spring-time make the meadows green, And clothe the sunny hills with flowers. And the cool hollows scoop'd between-Ye go, and fondly bending where The bloom is brighter than the day, Ye pluck the loveliest blossom there Of all that gom the rich array. The stem, thus robb'd and rudely press'd, Stands desolate in the purple even; The flower has wither'd on your breast, But given its perfume up to heaven. When, mid our hopes that waken fears, And mid our joys that end in gloom, The children of our earthly years Around us spring, and bud, and bloom-An angel from the blest above Comes down among them at their play, And takes the one that most we love. And bears it silently away. Bereft, we feel the spirit's strife; But while the inmost soul is riven. Our dear and beauteous bud of life

Receives immortal bloom in heaven.

# FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A sowe for the early times out west, And our green old forest-home, Whose pleasant memories freshly yet Across the bosom come : A song for the free and gladsome life In those early days we led, With a teeming soil beneath our feet, And a smilling heaven o'erhead! Oh, the waves of life danced merrily, And had a joyous flow, In the days when we were pioneers, Fifty years ago ! The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase, The captured elk or deer; The camp, the big, bright fire, and then The rich and wholesome cheer; The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night, By our camp-fire blazing high-Unbroken by the wolf's long howl, And the panther springing by. Oh, merrily pass'd the time, despite Our wily Indian foe, In the days when we were pioneers, Fifty years ago ! We shunn'd not labour; when 't was due We wrought with right good will; And for the home we won for them, Our children bless us still. We lived not hermit lives, but oft In social converse met; And fires of love were kindled then, That burn on warmly yet. Oh, pleasantly the stream of life Pursued its constant flow. In the days when we were pioneers, Fifty years ago !

We felt that we were fellow-men; We felt we were a band Sustain'd here in the wilderness By Heaven's upholding hand. And when the solenin subbath came, We gather'd in the wood, And lifted up our hearts in prayer To God, the only good. Our temples then were earth and sky; None others did we know In the days when we were pioneers, Fifty years ago! Our forest life was rough and rude, And dangers closed us round, But here, amid the green old trees. Freedom we sought and found. OR through our dwellings wintry blasts Would rush with shrick and moan ; We cared not-though they were but frail, We felt they were our own ! Oh, free and manly lives we led. Mid verdure or mid snow, In the days when we were pioneers, Fifty years ago ! But now our course of life is short; And as, from day to day, We're walking on with halting step, And fainting by the way, Another land, more bright than this, To our dim sight appears, And on our way to it we'll soon Again be pioneers! Yet while we linger, we may all A backward glance still throw To the days when we were pioneers, Fifty years ago ! TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

On the page that is immortal. We the brilliant promise see : "Ye shall know the truth, my people, And its might shall make you free !" For the truth, then, let us battle, Whatsoever fate betide; Long the boast that we are freemen. We have made and publish'd wide. He who has the truth, and keeps it, Keeps what not to him belongs-But performs a selfish action. That his fellow-mortal wrongs. He who seeks the truth, and trembles At the dangers he must brave, Is not fit to be a freeman-He at best is but a slave. He who hears the truth, and places Its high promptings under ban, Loud may boast of all that's manly, But can never be a man!

Friend, this simple lay who readest, Be not thou like either them--But to truth give utmost freedom, And the tide it raises stem.

Dimming GOOgle

Bold in speech and hold in action Be forever !—'fime will test, Of the free-sout'd and the stavish, Which fulfils life's mission best.

Be thou like the nohle ancient---Scorn the threat that bids thee fear: Speak !---no matter what betide thee; Let them strike, but make them hear !

Be thou like the first apostles-Be thou like heroic PAUL:

If a free thought seek expression, Speak it boldly-speak it all !

Face thine enemies—accusers; Scorn the prison, rack, or rod; And, if thou hast truth to utter, Speak, and leave the rest to Gop!

# AUGUST.

Dret on thy mentle ! dust, Bright Summer, on thy livery of green ! A tarnish, as of rust, Dime thy late-brilliant sheen : And thy young glories--leaf, and bud, and flower---Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun Look'd on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face; And still and lazily run, Scarce whispering in their pace, The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long midday, With not so much of sweet air as hath stirr'd The down upon the spray, Where rests the panting bird, Dazing away the hot sud tedious noon, With fiful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air, And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees; E'en the tall pines, that rear Their plumes to catch the breeze, The slichtest breeze from the unfreshening west,

Partake the general languor, and deep rest. Happy, as man may be, Stretch'd on his back, in homely bean-vine bower, While the voluptuous bes Robs each surrounding flower, And prattling childhood clamkers o'er his breast, The hushandman enjoys his noonday rest.

Against the hazy sky The thin and fleecy clouds, unmoving, rest. Beneath them far, yet high In the dim, distant west, The vulture, scenting thence its carrion-fare, Sails, slowly circling in the sunny sir.

Soberly, in the shade, Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox; Or in the shoal stream wade, Shelter'd by jutting rocks: The ficecy flock, fly-scourged and restless, rush Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

Tediously pass the hours, And regetation wills, with blister'd root, And droop the thirsting flowers, Where the slant sunheams aboot : But of each tall, old tree, the lengthening line, Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's decline.

Faster, along the plain, Moves now the shade, and on the meadow's edge: The kine are forth again, The bird fits in the hedge. Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun. Welcome, mild ere !--the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comest thou. Dew of the evening, to the crisp'd-up grass; And the curl'd corn-blades bow, As the light breezes pass. That their parch'd lips may feel thee, and expand. Thou sweet review of the fever'd land.

So, to the thirsting soul, Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love; And the scathed heart, made whole, Turneth in joy shove, To where the spirit freely may expand, And rove, untragmel'd, in that " better land."

# SPRING VERSES.

How with the song of every birn, And with the scent of every flower, Bome recollection dear is stirr'd Of many a long-departed hour, Whose course, though shrouded now in night, Was traced in lines of golden light!

I know not if, when years have east Their shadows on life's early dreams,

"Tis wise to touch the hope that's past, And re-illume its fading beams: But, though the future hath its star, That olden hope is dearer far.

Of all the present, much is bright; And in the coming years. I see

A brilliant and a cheering light, Which burns before me constantly; Guiding my steps, through haze and gloom,

To where Fame's turrets proudly loom.

Yet coldly shines it on my brow; And in my breast it wakes to life None of the holy feelings now,

With which my boyhood's heart was rife : It cannot touch that secret spring Which erst made life so bless'd a thing.

Give me, then give me birds and flowers, Which are the voice and breath of Spring!

For those the songs of life's young hours With thrilling touch recall and sing:

And these, with their sweet breath, impart Old tales, whose memory warms the heart.

Denny WG0091C

# MAY.

WOULD that thou couldst last for aye, Merry, ever-merry May I. Made of sun-gleams, shade, and showers, Bursting buds, and breathing flowers; Dripping-lock'd, and roay-vested, Violet-slipper'd, rainbow-crested; Girdled with the cglantine, Festoon'd with the dewy vine: Merry, ever-merry May, Would that thou couldst last for aye f

Out beneath thy morning sky Dian's bow still hangs on high; And in the blue depths afar Glimmers, here and there, a star. Diamonds robs the bending grass,

By mysterious fingers hung, In the lone and quiet night. Now the freshening breezes pass-Gathering, as they steal along, Rich perfume, and matin-song; And quickly to destruction hurl'd Is fairy's diamond glass, and monad's dew-drop Lo! yon cloud, which hung but now (world. Black upon the mountain's brow, Threatening the green earth with storm ; See ! it heaves its giant form, And, ever changing shape and hue. Each time presenting something new, Moves slowly up, and spreading rolls away Towards the rich purple streaks that usher in the Brightening, as it onward goes, [day; Until its very centre glows With the warm, cheering light, the coming sun As the passing Christian's soul, [bestows: Nearing the celestial goal, Brighter and brighter grows, till Gop illumes the whole. Out beneath thy noontide sky, On a shady slope I lie, Giving fancy ample play; And there's not more blest than I, One of ADAM's race to-day.

Out beneath thy evening sky, Not a breeze that wanders by

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But hath swept the green earth's bosom : Rifling the rich grape-vine blossom, Dallying with the simplest flower In mossy nook and rosy bower; To the perfumed green-house straying, And with rich exotics playing; Then, unsated, sweeping over Banks of thyme, and fields of clover I Out beneath thy evening sky, Groups of children caper by, Crown'd with flowers, and rush along With joyous laugh, and shout, and song. Flashing eye, and radiant cheek, Spirits all unsunn'd bespeak. They are in life's May month hours, And those wild bursts of joy, what are they but life's flowers !

Would that thou couldst last for aye, Merry, ever-merry Muy! Made of sun-gleanes, shade, and showers, Bursting buds, and breathing flowers; Dripping-lock'd, and rosy-vested, Violet-slipper'd, rainhow-crested; Girdled with the cgiantine, Festoon'd with the dewy vine: Merry, ever-merry May, Would that thou couldst last for aye!

# OUR EARLY DAYS.

OUR early days !-- How often back We turn on life's bewildering track, To where, o'er hill and valley, plays The sunlight of our early days !

A hoy-my truant steps were seen Where streams were bright, and meadows green ; Where flowers, in beauty and perfume, Breathed ever of the Eden-bloom; And birds, abroad in the free wind. Sang, as they left the earth behind And wing'd their joyous way above, Of Eden-peace, and Eden-love. That life was of the soul, as well As of the outward visible : And now, its streams are dry; and sere And brown its meadows all appear : Gone are its flowers; its bird's glad voice But seldom bids my heart rejoice ; And, like the mist as comes the day, Its Eden-glories roll away.

A youth—the mountain-torrent made The music which my soul obey'd. To shun the crowded ways of men, And seek the old tradition'd glen, Where, through the dim, uncertain light, Moved many an ever-changing sprite, Alone the splinter'd crag to dare, While trooping shadows fill'd the air, And quicken'd fancy many a form Traced vaguely in the gathering storm, To tread the forcet's lone arcades. And dream of Sherwood's peopled shades.

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And Windsor's haunted "alleys green" "Dingle" and "bosky bourn" between, Till burst upon my raptured glance The whole wide realm of Old Romance: Such was the life I lived—a youth ! But vanish'd, at the touch of Truth, And never to be known agen, Is all that made my being then.

A man-the thirst for fame was mine, And bow'd me at Ambition's shrine, Among the votaries who have given Time, health, hope, peace-and madly striven, Ay, madly ! for that which, when found, Is oftenest but an empty sound. And I have worshipp'd !--even yet Mine eye is on the idol set; But it hath found so much to be But hollowness and mockery, That from its worship oft it turns To where a light intenser burns, Before whose radiance, pure and warm, Ambition's star must cease to charm.

Our early days !--- They haunt us ever---Bright star-gleams on life's silent river, Which pierce the shadows, deep and dun, That bur e'en manbood's noonday sun-

# THE LABOURER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form, And likeness of thy Gop 1—who more? A soul as dauntless mid the storm Of daily life, a heart as warm And pure, as breast ever wore.

What then !--Thou art as true a man As moves the human mass among; As much a part of the great plan That with Creation's dawn began, As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high In station, or in wealth the chief? The great, who coldly pass thee by, With proud step and averted eye? Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast, What were the proud one's scorn to thoe? A feather, which thou mightest cast Aside, as idly as the blast The light leaf from the tree.

No:--uncurb'd passions, low desires, Absence of noble self-respect, Death, in the breast's consuming fires, To that high nature which aspires Forever, till thus check'd;

These are thine enemics---thy worst; They chain thes to thy lowly lot: Thy labour and thy life accursed. O, stand erect ! and from them burst ! And longer suffer not ! Thou art thyself thine enemy! The great !---what better they than thou ! As theirs, is not thy will as free ! Has Gup with equal favours thes Neglected to endow !

True, wealth thou hast not—'t is but dust ! Nor place---uncertain as the wind ! But that thou hast, which, with thy crust And water, may despise the last Of both---a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban, True faith, and holy trust in Gon, Thou art the peer of any man. Look up, then: that thy little span Of life may be well trod !

# THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

Aye free to peril life. The mothers of our forest-land ! On old Kentucky's soil How shared they, with each dauntless band, War's tempest and life's toil ! They shrank not from the foeman---They quail'd not in the fight-But cheer'd their husbands through the day, And soothed them through the night, The mothers of our forest-land ! Their bosoms pillow'd men! And proud were they by such to stand, In hammock, fort, or gien, To load the sure, old rifle-To run the leaden ball-To watch a battling husband's place, And fill it, should he fall:

The mothers of our forest-land ! Such were their daily deeds. Their monument!---where does it stand ! Their epitaph !--who reads ! No braver dames had Sparta, No nohler matrons Rome----Yet who or lauds or honours them. E'en in their own green home ! The mothers of our forest-land ! They sleep in unknown graves : And had they borne and nursed a band Of ingrates, or of slaves, They had not been more neglected !

But their graves shall yet be found, And their monuments dot here and there "The Dark and Bloody Ground."

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# OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(Born, 1809.)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLNES is a son of the late ABIRL HOLMES, D. D., and was born at Cambridge, Massachusetta, on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1809. He received his early education at the Phillips Exeter Academy, and entered Harvard University in 1825. On being graduated he commenced the study of the law, but relinquished it, after one year's appplication, for the more congenial pursuit of medicine, to which he devoted himself with ardour and industry. For the more successful prosecution of his studies, he visited Europe in the spring of 1833, passing the principal portion of his residence abroad at Paris, where he attended the hospitals, acquired an intimate knowledge of the language, and became personally acquainted with many of the most eminent physiciaus of France.

He returned to Boston near the close of 1835. and in the following spring commenced the practice of medicine in that city. In the autumn of the same year he delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, which was received with extraordinary and merited applause. In 1838 he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the medical institution connected with Dartmouth College, but resigned the place on his marriage, two years afterward. Devoting all his attention to his profession, he soon acquired a large and lucrative practice, and in 1847 he succeeded Dr. WARREN as Professor of Anatomy in the medical department of Harvard University. His principal medical writings are comprised in his "Boylston Prize Essays," " Lectures on Popular Delusions in Medicine," and the "Theory and Practice," by himself and Dr. BIDELOW. His other compositions in prose consist of occasional addresses, and papers in the North American Review.

The carlier poems of Dr. HOLMES appeared in "The Collegian.". They were little less distinguished for correct and melodious versification than his more recent and most elaborate productions. They attracted attention by their humour and originality, and were widely republished in the periodicals. But a small portion of them have been printed under his proper signature.

In 1831 a small volume appeared in Boston, entitled "Illustrations of the Athonaum Gallery of Paintings," and composed of instrical pieces, chiefly sutirical, written by Dr. HOLMES and EFES SAR-OENT. It embraced many of our author's best humorous verses, afterward printed among his ac-

• "The Collegian" was a monthly miscellany published in 1830, by the undergraduates at Cambridge. Among the editors were HOLMES, the late WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, who will be remembered for his admirable lectures on the ports and orators of England, and JOHN O. SARGENT, who has distinguished himself as a lawyer and as a political writer. knowledged works. His " Poetry, a Metrical Essay," was delivered before a literary society at Cambridge. It is in the heroic measure, and in its versification it is not surpassed by any poem written in this country. It relates to the nature and offices of poetry, and is itself a series of brilliant illustrations of the ideas of which it is an expression. Of the universality of the poetical feeling he says :-

There breathes no being but has some pretence To that fine instinct call'd poetic sense ; The rudest savage, roaming through the wild, The simplest matic, bending o'er his child, The inisht, listening to the warbling bird, The mother, smiling at its half-formed word ; The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand The vote that shakes the turren of the land; The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain, Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain; The hot-cheek'd reveller, tossing down the wine. To join the chorus peaking "Auld lang syne;" The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim, While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn; The Jewell'd beauty, when her steps draw near The circling dance and dazzling chardelier: E'en trembling age, when spring's renewing air Waves the thin ringlets of his silver'd hair-All, all are glowing with the inward flame, Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name, While, unembaluid, the silent dreamer dies His memory passing with his smiles and sighs!

The poet, he contends, is

He, whose thoughts differing not in shape, but dress, What others feel, more filly can express.

In another part of the essay is the following fine description of the different English measures :

Poets, like painters, their machinery claim, And verse bestows the varnish and the frame; Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar Shakes the rack'd axle of Art's rattling car, Fits like Mosaic in the lines that gird Fast in its place each many-angled word; From Saxon lips ANACHREON's numbers glide, As once they melted on the Teian tide, And, fresh transfised, the fliad thrills scalu From Albion's cliffs as 0'er Achana's plain; The proud heroic, with its pulse-like best, Rings like the cymbals, clashing as they meet; The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows, Sweeps gently onward to its dying close, Where waves on waves in long succession pour, Till the ninth follow meta along the shores: The lonely spirit of the mourtiful lay, Which lives unmortal in the verse of ORAY, In sable plumage slowly drifte along. On eagle pinion, through the sir of song ; The glittering lyric bounds elastic by, With flushing ringlets and exciting eye, While every image, in her nity which Giearan like a diamond on a dancing girl!

In 1843 Dr. HOLMES published "Terpsichore," a poem read at the annual dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in that year; and in 1846, " Urania, a Rhymed Lesson," pronounced before the 350

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# OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Mercantile Library Association. The last is a collection of brillisht thoughts, with many local allusions, in compact but flowing and harmonious versification, and is the longest poem Dr. HOLMES has published since the appearance of his "Metri- cal Essay" in 1835. Dr. HOLMES is a post of art and humour and genial sentiment, with a style remarkable for its purity, terseness, and point, and for an exquisite	fusish and grace. His lyrics ring and sparkle like cataracts of silver, and his serious pieces—as suc- cessful in their way as those mirthful folics of his muse for which he is best known—arrest the attention by touches of the most gennine pathos and tenderness. All his poems illustrate a manly feeling, and have in them a current of good sense, the more charming because somewhat out of fash- ion now in works of imagination and fancy.
<ul> <li>ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.</li> <li>This ancient silver bowl of mine—it tells of goud old times—</li> <li>Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;</li> <li>They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true.</li> <li>That dipp'd their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.</li> <li>A Spanish galleon brought the bar—so runs the ancient tale;</li> <li>T was hammer'd by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;</li> <li>And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail.</li> <li>He wiped his brow, and quaff'd a cup of good old Flemish ale.</li> <li>T was purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame.</li> <li>Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;</li> <li>And oft, as on the ancient stock another twig was found.</li> <li>T was fill d with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.</li> <li>But, changing hands, it reach'd at length a Puritan divine.</li> <li>Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wime. But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps.</li> <li>He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and achnaps.</li> <li>And then, of course, you know what's next: it left the Duchman's shore.</li> <li>With those that in the May-Flower came—a hundred souls and more—</li> <li>Along with all the furnituro, to fill their new abodes—</li> <li>To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.</li> <li>T was on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim.</li> <li>When old Mitrs Stawniss took the bowl, and fill'd it to the brim;</li> <li>The time captain stood and stirr'd the posset with his sword.</li> <li>And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.</li> <li>He pour'd the flery Hollands in—the man that never fear'd—</li> </ul>	<ul> <li>And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and pray'd—</li> <li>All drank as 't were their mother's milk, and not a mon afraid.</li> <li>That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming engle flew:</li> <li>He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;</li> <li>And there the sachern learn'd the rule he taught to kith and kin:</li> <li>"Run from the while man when you find he smells of Hollands gin?"</li> <li>A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows.</li> <li>A thousand rube had flatten'd down each little cherub's nose;</li> <li>When once again the bowt was fill'd, but not in mirth or joy—</li> <li>"Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.</li> <li>"Drink, Joxx," she said, "'t will do you good; poor child, you'll never bear</li> <li>This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;</li> <li>And if—God blews me—you were hurt, 't would keep away the chill."</li> <li>So Joan did drink—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's hill !</li> <li>I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;</li> <li>I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;</li> <li>I tell you, there say pleasant thought to drink its symbol here.</li> <li>"T is but the fool that loves excess: hast thou a drunken soul ?</li> <li>Thy bane is in thy shallow skull—not in my silver bow! ?</li> <li>I love the momory of the past—its press'd yet fragrant flowers—</li> <li>The most that clothes its broken wells, the ivy on its towers—</li> <li>Nay, this poor bauble it bequeath'd: my eyes grow moist and dim.</li> <li>Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;</li> <li>The goblet hallowes all it holds, whate'erthe liquid be; And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin</li> <li>That dooms one to those dreadful words—" My dear, where hare you been ?"</li> </ul>
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## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

# LEXINGTON. SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping.

Bright on the dewy buds glisten'd the sun,		
When from his couch—while his children were		
sleeping Pass the built raint about loss? his sum		
Rose the bold rebel and shoulder'd his gun. Wisving her golden veil		
Over the silent date,		
Blithe look'd the morning on cottage and spire; Hush'd was his parting sigh,		
While from his noble eye		
Flash'd the last sparkle of Liberty's fire.		
On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is spring- Calmly the first-born of glory have met: [ing Hark! the death-volley sround them is ringing- Look! with their life-blood the young grassis wet. Faint is the feeble brenth, Murmuring low in death-		
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"		
Nerveless the iron hand, Raised for its native land,		
Lice by the weapon that gleans at its side.		
Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,		
From their far hamlets the ycomanry come;		
As thro' the storm-clouds the thunder-hurst rolling, Circles the best of the mustering drum.		
Fast on the soldier's path		
Darken the waves of wrath;		
Long have they gather'd, and loud shall they fall : Red glares the musket's flash,		
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,		
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.		
Gayly the plame of the horseman was dancing, Never to shadow his cold brow again;		
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,		
Recking and panting he droops on the rein;		
Pale is the lip of score, Voiceless the trumpet-horn		
Torn is the silken-fring'd red cross on high ;		
Many a belled breast Low on the turf shall rest,		
Ere the dark hunters the herd have pass'd by.		
Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,		
Rocks where the weary floods nurmur and wail, Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving, Reel'd with the echoes that rode on the gale; Far as the tempest thrills		
Over the darken'd hills, Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,		
Roused by the tyrant band, Woke sli the mighty land,		
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.		
Green be the graves where her mertyrs are lying !		
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest; While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying,		
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest. Burne on her notthern nine		
Burne on her northern pine, Long o'er the foaming brine		
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;		
Heaven keep her ever free Wide as o er land and sea		
Fioats the fair emblem her heroes have won!		

# A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet

Breathes soft the Alpine rose, So, through life's desert springing swoot. The flower of friendship grows; And as, where'er the roses grow, Some rain or dew descends, "T is Nature's law that wine should flow To wet the lips of friends. Then once again, before we part, My empty glues shall ring; And he that has the warmest heart Shall loudest laugh and sing. They say we were not born to eat; But gray-haired sages think It means-" Be moderate in your meat, And partly live to drink." For baser tribes the rivers flow That know not wine or song; Man wants but little drink below, But wants that little strong. Then once again, &c. If one bright drop is like the gem That decks a monarch's crown, One goblet holds a diadem Of rubics melted down ! A fig for CERAR's blazing brow, But, like the Egyptian queen, Bid each dissolving jewel glow My thirsty lips between. Then once again, &cc. The Grecien's mound, the Roman's urn, Are silent when we call, Yet still the purple grapes return To cluster on the wall; It was a bright Immortal's head They circled with the vine, And o'er their best and bravest dead They pour'd the dark-red wine. Then once again, &c. Methinks o'er every sparkling glass Young Eans waves his wings, And echoes o'er its dimples pass From dead ANACREON's strings ; And, tossing round its beaded brim Their locks of floating gold, With bacchant dance and choral hymn Return the nymphs of old. Then once again, &c. A welcome, then, to joy and mirth, From hearts as freeb as ours, To scatter o'er the dust of earth Their sweetly mingled flowers; T is Wisdom self the cup that fills, In spite of Folly's frown; And Nature, from her vine-clad hills, That rains her life-blood down ! Then once again, before we part, My empty glass shall ring; And he that has the warmest heart Shall loudest laugh and sing.

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# THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD.

Own ancient church ! its lowly tower, Beneath the loftier spire, Is shadow'd when the sumset hour Clothes the tall shaft in fire ; It sinks beyond the distant syn, Long ere the glittering yane, High wheeling in the western aky, Has faded o'er the plain.

Like statinel and nun, they keep Their vigil on the green ; One seems to guard, and one to weep, The dead that lie between ; And both roll out, so full and near,

Their music's mingling waves, They shake the grass, whose pennon'd spear Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds, Whose seeds the winds have strown. So thick benesth the line he reads,

They shade the sculptured stone; The child unveils his cluster'd brow, And ponders for a while

The graven willow's pendent bough, Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell T These were the mourner's share;

The sullen dang, whose heavy swell Throby'd through the beating air; The rattling cond,-the rolling stone,-

The shelving sand that slid, And, far beneath, with bollow tone Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and groen, Then slowly disappears;

The mosses creep, the gray stones loan, Earth hiles his date and years (

But, long before the once-loved name Is sunk or worn away,

No lip the silent dust may claim, That press'd the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides, See where our sizes laid down. Their smiling habes, their cherish'd brides,

The patriarchs of the town : Hast those a tear for buried love 1 A sigh for transient power 1 All that a century left above, Go, wead it in an nour 1

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball. The subro's thirsting edge,

The hot shell, shattering in its fall, The bayonet's rending wedge,---

Here scatter'd death ; yet seek the spot, No trace thing eye can see,

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand. In many a chisell'd square,

The knightly crest, the shield, the brand Of honour'd names were there 1 Alas I for every tear is dried Those blazon'd tablets knew, Save when the icy maride's side Drips with the evening dew. Or gaze upon yon pillar'd stone,\* The empty arn of peide; There stands the goblet and the sun, What need of more beside? Where lives the memory of the dead ! Who made their tomb a tey ? Whose ashes press that nameless bed ? Go, ask the village boy! Lean o'er the slender western wall, Ye ever-roaming girls ; The breath that bids the blossom fall May lift your floating curls, To sweep the simple lines that tell An exile's+ date and doom ; And sigh, for where his doughters dwell, They wreaths the stranger's tomb. And one amid these shades was born, Beneath this turf who lies, Once beaming as the summer's morn, That closed her gentle cyes; If sinless angels love as we, Who stood thy grave beside, Three seraph welcomes waited thre, The daughter, sister, bride ! I wander'd to thy buried mound, When earth was hid, below The level of the glaring ground, Choked to its gates with enow, And when with summer's flowery waves The take of verdure roll'd, As if a sultan's white-robed slaves Had scatter'd pearls and gold. Nay, the soft pinions of the air, That lifts this trembling tone, Its breath of love may almost bear, To kiss thy funeral-stone ; And, now thy smiles have pass'd away, For all the joy they gave, May sweetest dows and warmest ray Lie on thine early grave !

When damps beneath, and storms above, Have bow'd these fragile towers, Still o'er the graves you locust-grove Shall swing its orient flowers i And I would ask no modifiering bust, If o'er this humide time. Which heathed a sigh o'er other's dust, Might call a tear on mine.

\* The touch of the Vassall, family is marked by a freestone tablet, supported by five pillars, and hearing mithing has the acceptured reflects of the cohler and the sure, - Pasdat, --which designated a powerful family, new almost forgetter.

† The salle referred to in this staura was a nutive of Honflear, in Normanity.

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## AN EVENING THOUGHT. WRITTEN AT SEA.

Ir sometimes in the dark-blue eye, Or in the deep-red wine, Or soothed by gentlest melody, Btill warms this heart of mine, Yet something colder in the blood, And calmer in the brain, Have whispor'd that my youth's bright flood Ebbs, not to flow again.

If by Helvetia's azure lake, Or Arno's yellow stream, Each star of memory could awake, As in my first young dream, I know that when mine eye shall greet The hill-sides bleak and bare, That gird my home, it will not meet My childhood's sunsets there. O, when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss

Burn'd on my boyish brow, Burn'd on my boyish brow, Was that young forchead worn as this? Was that flush'd check as now? Where that wild pulse and throbbing heart Like these, which vainly strive, In thankless strains of soulless art, To dream themselves alive?

Alas! the morning dew is gons, Gone ere the full of day; Life's iron fetter still is on, Its wreaths all torn eway; Happy if still some casual hour Can warm the fading shrine, Too soon to chill beyond the power Of love, or song, or wine!

# LA GRISETTE.

As, CLEMENCE! when I saw theo last Trip down the Rue de Scine, And turning, when thy form had pass'd, I said. "We meet again,"-I dream'd not in that idle glance Thy latest image came, And only left to memory's trance A shadow and a name. The few strange words my lips had taught Thy fimid voice to speak ; Their gentler sighs, which often brought Fresh roses to thy check; The trailing of thy long, loose hair Bent o'er my couch of pain, All, all return'd, more sweet, more fait ; O, had we met again ! I wolk'd where saint and virgin keep The vigil lights of Heaven, I knew that thou hadst woes to weep, And sing to be forgiven ; I watch'd where GENEVIEVE was laid, I knelt by MARY's shrine,

Beside me low, soft voices pray'd; Alas! but where was thine ! And when the morning sun was bright, When wind and wave were calm,

- And fismed, in thousand-tinted light, The rose\* of Notre Dame,
- I wander'd through the haunts of men, From Boulevard to Quai,
- Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne, The Pantheon's shalow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more, Nor dream what fates befall; And long upon the stranger's shore My voice on thee may call.

When years have clothed the line in moss That tells thy name and days,

And wither'd, on thy simple cross, The wreaths of Pere-lu-Chaise!

#### THE TREADMILL SONG.

Tax stars are rolling in the sky, The earth rolls on below. And we can feel the ratting wheel Revolving as we go. Then tread eway, my gullant boys, And make the arle fly; Why should not wheels go round about Like planets in the sky? Wake up, wake up, my duck-legg'd man, And stir your solid pegs; Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend, And shake your spider-legs; What though you're swkward at the trade ! There's time enough to learn,-So lean upon the rail, my lad, And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble wall, To keep the valgar out;

We've nothing in the world to do, But just to walk about; So faster, now, you middle men,

Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes, He sha'n't be lazy here;

And punch the little fellow's tibs, And tweek that lubber's ear;

He's lost them both ; don't pull his bair, Because he weers a scratch,

But poke bim in the farther eye, That is n't in the patch.

Hark ! fellows, there's the supper-bell, And so our work is done;

If ever they should turn me out, When I have better grown. Now, hang me, but I mean to have

A treadmill of my own !

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Circular-stained windows are called roses.

# DEPARTED DAYS.

Yxs, dear, departed, cherish'd days, Could Memory's hand restore Your morning light, your evening rays, From Time's gray urn once more,— Then might this restloss heart be still, This straining eye might close, And Hope her fainting pinions fold, While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms, We strive against the stream, Each moment farther from the shore, Where life's young fountains gleam— Each moment fainter wave the fields, And wilder rolls the sea; The mist grows dark—the sun goes down— Day breaks—and where are we !

## THE DILEMMA.

Now, by the bless'd Paphian queen, Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen; By every name I cut on bark Before my morning-star grew dark; By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart, By all that thrills the beating heart; The bright, black eye, the melting blue,— I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams; I saw a row of twenty beams; From every beam a rope was hung. In every rope a lover swung. I ask'd the hue of every eye That hade each lockless lover die; Ten livid lips said, heavenly blue, And ten accused the darker hue.

I ask'd a matron, which she deem'd With fairest light of beauty beam'd; She answer'd, some thought both were fair— Give her blue eyes and golden hair. I might have liked her judgment well, But as she speke, she rung the bell, And all her girls, nor small nor few, Came marching in—their eyes were blue.

I ask'd a maiden; back she flung The locks that round her forehead hung, And turn'd her eye, a glorious one, Bright as a diamond in the sun, On me, until, beneath its rays, I felt as if my hair would blaze; She liked all eyes but eyes of green; She look'd at me; what could she mean T

Ab! many lids Love lurks between, Nor heeds the colouring of his screen; And when his random arrows fly, The victim falls, but knows not why. Gaze not upon his shield of jet, The shaft upon the string is set; Look not beneath his same veil, Though every limb were cased in mail. Well, both might make a martyr break The cham that bound hims to the stake, And both, with but a single ray, Can melt our very hearts away; And both, when balanced, hardly seem

To stir the scales, or rock the beam; But that is dearest, all the while, That wears for us the sweetest smile.

# THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

Tax Sun stepp'd down from his golden throne, And lay in the silent sea,

And the Lily had folded her satin leaves, For a sleepy thing was she ;

What is the Lily dreaming of ! Why crisp the waters blue !

See, see, she is lifting her varnish'd lid ! Her white leaves are glistening through !

The Rose is cooling his barning cheek In the lap of the breathless tide;

The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair, That would lie by the Rose's side ;

He would love her better than all the rest, And he would be fend and true ;

But the Lily unfolded her weary lids, And look'd at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one, How fast will thy summer glide,

And wilt thou wither a virgin pole, Or flourish a blooming bride !

 O, the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold, And he lives on earth," said she;

"But the Star is fair and he lives in the air, And he shall my bridegroom be."

But what if the stormy cloud should come, And ruffle the silver sca?

Would he turn his eye from the distant sky, To smile on a thing like thee !

O, no ! fair Lily, he will not send One ray from his far-off throne;

The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow, And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top, Nor a drop of evening dew,

Nor a golden sand on the spackling shore, Nor a pearl in the waters blue,

That he has not cheer'd with his fickle smile, And warm'd with his faithless beam,-

And will he be true to a pallid flower, That floats on the quiet stream !

Alas, for the Lily ! she would not heed, But turn'd to the skies afar,

And bared her breast to the trembling my That shot from the rising star :

The cloud came over the darken'd sky, And over the waters wide;

She look'd in vain through the beating rain, And sank in the stormy tide.

# THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

TEERE are three ways in which men take One's money from his purse. And very hard it is to tell Which of the three is worse; But all of them are bad enough To make a body curse. You're riding out some pleasant day. And counting up your gaine: A fellow jumps from out a bush And takes your horse's reins, Another hints some words about A bullet in your brains. It's hard to meet such pressing friends In such a lonely spot; It's very hard to lose your cash, But harder to be shot ; And so you take your wallet out, Though you would rather not. Perhaps you're going out to dine,----Some filthy creature begs You'll hear about the cannon-ball That carried off his pegs, And says it is a dreadful thing For men to lose their legs. He tells you of his sturving wife, His children to be fed. Poor, little, lovely innocents, All clamorous for bread,-And so you kindly help to put A bachelor to bed. You're sitting on your window-seat Beneath a cloudless moon : You hear a sound, that seems to wear The semblance of a tune. As if a broken fife should strive To drown a crack'd bassoon. And nearer, nearer still, the tide Of music seems to come. There's something like a human voice, And something like a drum ; You sit, in speechless agony, Until your ear is numb. Poor "Home, sweet home" should seem to be A very diamal place; Your "Auld acquaintance," all at once. Is alter'd in the face ; Their discords sting through BURNE and MOORE, Like hedgehogs dress'd in lace. You think they are crusaders, sent From some informal clime, To pluck the eves of Sentiment, And dock the tail of Rhyme, To crack the voice of Melody, And break the legs of Time. But, hark ! the air again is still, The music all is ground, And silence, like a poultice, comes To heal the blows of sound ;

It cannot be, —it is, —it is, — A hat is going round! No! Pay the dentist when he leaves A fracture in your jaw,

And pay the owner of the bear, That stunn'd you with his paw, And buy the lobster, that has had

Your knuckles in his claw; But if you are a portly man, Put on your fiercest frown, And talk about a constable To turn them out of town; Then close your sentence with an oath, And shut the window down! And if you are a slender man, Not big enough for that, Or, if you cannot make a speech,

Because you are a flat, Go very quietly and drop A button in the hat!

# THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.

DEAREST, a lock is but a ray Reflected in a certain way; A word, whatever tone it wear, Is but a trembling wave of air; A touch, obedience to a clause In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet, In sweetening others, grow more sweet; The clouds by day, the stars by night, Inweave their floating locks of light; The minhow, Heaven's own forchead's braid, Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found ! How wide the world that girls them round ! Like mountain-streams we meet and part, Each living in the other's heart, Our course unknown, our hope to be Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But ocean coils and heaves in vain, Bound in the subtle moonbcam's chain; And love and hope do but obey Some cold, capricious planet's ray, Which lights and leads the tile it charms, To Death's durk caves and icy arms.

Atas! one narrow line is drawn, That links our sunset with our dawn; In mist and shade life's morning rose, And clouds are round it at its close; But, ah! no twilight beam ascends To whisper where that evening ends.

O? in the hour when I shall feel Those shadows round my senses steal, When gentle eyes are weeping o'er The clay that feels their tears no more, Then let thy spirit with me be, Or some sweet angel, likest thee!

SON

## L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name MART, meiden fair ? Such should, methinks, its music be; The sweetest name that mortals bear, Were best befitting thee;

And she to whom it once was given, Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile, I look upon thy folded hair;

Ah! while we dream not they beguile, Our hearts are in the snare; And she, who chains a wild bird's wing, Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls, To all but thes unseen, unknown; When evening shades thy silent walls,

Then read it all alone; In stillness read, in darkness seal, Forget, despise, but not reveal !

#### THE LAST READER.

I sourrings at beneath a tree, And read my own sweet songs; Though naught they may to others be,

Each humble line prolongs A tone that might have pass'd away, But for that scarce-remember'd lay.

I keep them like a lock or leaf, That some dear girl has given :

Frail record of an hour, as brief As sunset clouds in heaven, But spreading purple twilight still High over memory's shedow'd hill.

They lie upon my pathway blcak, Those flowers that once ran wild,

As on a father's care-worn check. The ringlets of his child; The golden mingling with the gray,

And stealing half its snows away.

What care I though the dust is spread Around these yellow leaves,

Or o'er them his surcestic thread Oblivion's insect weaves;

Though weeds are tangled on the stream, It still reflects my morning's beam.

And therefore love I such as smile On these neglected songs,

Nor deem that flattery's needless wile My opening bosom wrongs; For who would trample, at my side,

A few pale buds, my garden's pride i

It may be that my scanty ore Long years have wash'd away, And where were golden sends before, Is naught but common clay; Still something sparkles in the sun, For Memory to look back upon.

And when my name no more is heard, My lyre no more is known, Still let me, like a winter's bird, When and alone, Wer them the weary wing Rushing through the dews of spring. Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap

My youth in its decline, And not in the rosy lap Of thoughts that once were mine, And give the worm my little store,

When the last reader reads no more !

## THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before. As he pass'd by the door, And seain The pavement-stones resound As he totters o'er the ground With his case.

They say that in his prime, Ere the proning-knife of Time Cut him down, Not a better man was found By the crier on his round

Through the town. But now he walks the streets.

And he looks at all he meets So forlorn ; And he shakes his feeble head.

That it seems as if he said, "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest On the lips that he has press'd In their bloom,

And the names he loved to hear Have been carved for many a year On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said-Poor old lady! she is dead Long ago-

That he had a Roman nose, And his chock was like a rose In the snow.

And now his nose is thin, And it rests upon his chin Like a staff,

And a crook is in his back, And a melancholy crack In his laugh.

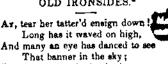
I know it is a sin For me to sit and grin At him here, But the old three-corner'd hat, And the breeches---and all that, Are so queer!

And if I should live to be The last leaf upon the tree In the spring— Let them smile as I do now At the old forsaken bough Where I cling.

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# OLD IRONSIDES."



Beneath it rung the battle-shout, And burst the cannon's roar : The meteor of the ocean air Shall sweep the clouds no more I

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood, Where knelt the vanquish'd foe, When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, And waves were white below, No more shall feel the victor's tread. Or know the conquer'd knee;

The harpies of the shore shall pluck The eagle of the sca!

O, better that her shatter'd bulk Should sink beneath the wave; Her thunders shook the mighty deep,

And there should be her grave; Nail to the mast her holy flag,

Set every threadbare sail, And give her to the god of storms,---The lightning and the gale !

# STANZAS.

STRANGE! that one lightly-whisper'd tone Is far, far sweeter unto me, Than all the sounds that kiss the earth, Or breathe along the sea; But, lady, when thy voice I greet, Not heavenly music seems so aweet.

I look upon the fair, blue skies, And naught but empty air I see; But when I turn me to thine eyes, It seemsth unto me

Ten thousand angels spread their wings Within those little azure rings.

The lify hath the softest leaf That ever western breeze hath fann'd, But thou shalt have the tender flower, So I may take thy hand; That little hand to me doth yield More joy than all the broider'd field.

O, lady ! there be many things That seem right fair, below, above; But sure not one among them all Is half so sweet as love ;---Let us not pay our vows alone, But join two altars both in one.

" Written when it was proposed to break up the frigate Constitution, as unfit for service.

# THE STEAMBOAT.

Sxx how yon flaming hereld treads The ridged and rolling waves, As, crashing o'er their crested heads, She bows her surly slaves ! With foam before and fire behind. She rends the clinging sea. That flies before the roaring wind, Beneath her hissing loe. The morning spray, like sea-born flowers, With hesp'd and glistening bells, Fails round her fast in ringing showers, With every wave that swells; And, flaming o'er the midnight deep, In lurid fringes thrown, The living gems of ocean sweep Along her flashing zone. With clashing wheel, and lifting keel, And smoking torch on high, When winds are loud, and billows reel. She thunders foaming by ! When seas are silent and screne. With even beam she glides, The sunshine glimmering through the green, That skirts her gleaming sides. Now, like a wild nymph, far spart She veils her shadowy form, The beating of her restless heart Still sounding through the storm ; Now answers, like a courtly dame, The reddening surges o'er, With flying scarf of spangled flame, The Pharos of the shore. To-night you pilot shall not sleep, Who trims his narrow'd sail; To-night you frigate scarce shall keep Her broad breast to the gale ; And many a foresail, scoop'd and strain'd, Shall break from yard and stay, Before this smoky wreath has stain'd The rising mist of day. Hark! bark! I hear yon whistling shroud, I see yon quivering mast; The black throat of the hunted cloud Is panting forth the blast ! An hour, and, whirl'd like winnowing chaff. The giant surge shall fling His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff. White as the sea-bird's wing ! Yet rest, ve wanderers of the deep; Nor wind nor wave shall tire Those ficshiess arms, whose pulses leap With floods of living fire; Sleep on-and when the morning light Streams o'er the shining bay,

O, think of those for whom the night Shall never wake in day!

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(florm, 1809.)

ALBERT PIRE was born in Boston, on the twenty-ninth day of December, 1809. When he was about four years old, his parents removed to Newburyport. His father, he informs me, "was a jour-Levman shoemaker, who worked hard, paid his taxes, and gave all his children the benefit of an education." The youth of the poet was passed principally in attending the district-schools at Newburyport, and an academy at Framingham, until he was sixteen years of age, when, after a rigid and triumphant examination, he was admitted to Harvard College. Not being able to pay the expenses of a residence at Cambridge, however, he soon after became an assistant teacher in the grammar-school at Newburyport, and, at the end of a year, its principal. He was induced to resign this office after a short time, and in the winter which followed was the preceptor of an academy at Fairhaven. He returned to Newburyport in the spring, on foot, and for one year taught there a private school. During all this time he had been a diligent student, intending to enter the university, in advance; but in the spring of 1831 he changed his plans, and started on his travels to the west and south.

He went first to Niagara, and then, through Cleveland, Cincinnati, Nashville, and Paducah, much of the way on foot, to Saint Louis. He left that city in August, with a company of forty persons, among whom were two young men besides himself from Newburyport, for Mexico; and after much fatigue and privation, arrived at Santa Fe on the twenty-eighth of November. Here he remained nearly a year, passing a part of the time as a clork in a store, and the residue in selling merchandise through the country. Near the close of September, 1832, he left Taos, with a trappingparty; travelled around the sources of Red River to the head waters of the Brazos; separated from the company, with four others, and came into Arkansas,-travelling the last five hundred miles on foot, and reaching Fort Smith, in November, "without a rag of clothing, a dollar in money, or knowing a person in the territory."

Near this place he spent the winter in teaching a few children, and in the following July he went further down the country, and opened a school under more favourable auspices; but after a few weeks, being attacked by a fever, was compelled to abandon it. He had in the mean time written several poems for a newspaper printed at Little Rock, which pleased the editor so much that he sent for him to go there and become his partner. The proposition was gladly accepted, and in October he crossed the Arkansas and landed at Little Rock, paying his last cent for the ferriage of a poor old soldier, who had known his father in New England. Here commenced a new era in the life of Pixes. From this time his efforts appear to have been crowned with success. The "Arkansas Advocate" was edited by him until the autumn of 1834, when it became his property. Soon after his arrival at his new bome he began to devote his leisure to the study of the law, and he was now admitted to the bar. He continued both to write for his paper and to practise in the courts, until the summer of 1836, when he sold his printing establishment; and since then he has successfully pursued his profession. He was married at Little Rock, in November, 1834.

About this time he published at Boston a volume of prose sketches and poems, among which are an interesting account of his journeys over the prairies, and some fine poetry, written at Santa Fe and among the mountains and forests of Mexico. In the preface to it, he says: "What I have written has been a transcript of my own feelings-too much so, perhaps, for the purposes of fame. Writing has always been to me a communion with my own soul. These poems were composed in descriton and loncliness, and sometimes in places of fear and danger. My only sources of thought and imagery have been my own mind, and Nature, who has appeared to me generally in desolate guise and utter dreariness, and not unfrequently in sublimity."

His "Hymns to the Gods," published afterward, were composed at an early age, in Fairhaven, and principally while he was surrounded by pupils, in the school-room. They are bold, spirited, scholarly and imaginative, and their diction is appropriate and poetical, though in some instances marred by imperfect and double rhymes. Of his minor pieces, "Spring" and "To the Mockingbird," are the best. I have heard praise bestowed on "Ariel," a poem much longer than these, published in 1835, but as it appeared in a periodical which had but a brief existence. I have not been able to obtain a copy of it. In "Fantasma," in which, I suppose, he intended to shadow forth his own "eventful history," he speaks of one who

"Was young,

And had not known the bent of his own mind, Until the mighty spell of Congatoon woke Its hidden powers,"

and in some of his poems there is a cast of thought similar to that which pervades many of the works of this poet, though nothing that amounts to imitation. His early struggles, and subsequent wanderings and observations furnished him with the subjects, thoughts, and imagery of many of his pieces, and they therefore leave on the mind an impression of nature and truth. He still writes occasionally for the literary magazines, but none of his later poems seem to be equal to those which I have quoted in this work.

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# HYMNS TO THE GODS.

#### 

Gon of the mighty deep ! wherever now The waves beneath thy brazen axles bow--Whether thy strong, proud steeds, wind-wing'd and wild.

Trample the storm-yex'd waters round them piled. Swift as the lightning-flashes, that reveal The quick gyrations of each brazen wheel; While round and under thee, with hideous rosr. The broad Atlantic, with thy scourging sore, Thumlering, like antique Chaos in his spasms, In heaving mountains and deep-yawning chasms, Fluctuates endlessly; while, through the gloom, Their glossy sides and thick manes fleck'd with foam, Career thy stords, neighing with frantic glee In fierce response to the tumultuous sea,-Whether thy coursers now career below, Where, smid storm-wrecks, hoary sea-plants grow, Broad-leaved, and fanning with a ceaseless motion The pale, cold tenants of the abysmal ocean-O, come! our altars waiting for thee stand, Smoking with incense on the level strand !

Perhaps thou lettest now thy horses roam Upon some quiet plain; no wind-toss'd foam Is now upon their limbs, but leisurely They tread with silver feet the sleeping sea, Fanning the waves with slowly-floating manes. Like mist in sunlight; haply, silver strains From clamorous trumpets round thy chariot ring. And green-robed sea-gods unto thee, their king, Chant, loud in praise: APOLLO now doth gaze With loving looks upon thee, and his rays Light up thy steeds' wild eyes: a pleasant warmth Is felt upon the sea, where fierce, cold storm Has just been rushing, and the noisy winds, That EoLUS now within their prison binds, Flying with misty wings: perhaps, below Thou liest in green eaves, where bright things glow With myriad colours-many a monster cumbers The sand a-near thee, while old TRITON slumbers As idly as his wont, and bright eyes peep Upon thee every way, as thou dost sleep.

Perhaps thou liest on some Indian isle, Under a waving tree, where many a mile Stretches a sumry shore, with golden sands Heap'd up in many shapes by naiada' hands, And, blushing as the waves come rippling on, Shaking the sunlight from them as they run And curl upon the beach-like molten gold Thick-set with jewellery most rare and old-And sen-nymphs sit, and, with small, delicate shells, Make thee sweet melody : as in deep dells We hear, of summer nights, by fairies made, The while they dance within some quiet shade, Sounding their silver flutes most low and sweet. In strange but beautiful tunes, that their light feet May dance upon the bright and misty dew In better time: all wanton airs that blew But lately over spice trees, now are here, Waving their wings, all odour-luden, near The bright and laughing sea. O, wilt thou rise, And come with them to our new sacrifice !

#### NO. 11.--- TO APOLLO.

Bright-hair'd APOLLO !- thou who ever art A blessing to the world-whose mighty heart Forever pours out love, and light, and life: Thou, at whose glance all things of earth are rife With happiness; to whom, in early spring, Bright flowers raise up their heads, where'er they On the steep mountain-side, or in the vale [cline] Are nestled calmly. Thou at whom the pale And weary earth looks up, when winter flees, With patient gaze: thou for whom wind-stripp'd trees Put on fresh leaves, and drink deep of the light That glitters in thine eye: thou in whose bright And hottest rays the eagle fills his eye With quenchless fire, and far, far up on high Screams out his joy to thee: by all the names That thou dost hear-whether thy godhead claims PERENUS, or Sol, or golden-hair'd APOLLO, Cynthian or Pythian-if thou dost follow

The ficeing night, O, hear Our hymn to thee, and smilingly draw near!

O, most high poct! thou whose great heart's swell Pours itself out on mountain and deep dell : Thou who dost touch them with thy golden feet, And make them for a poet's theme most meet: Thou who dost make the poet's eye perceive-Great beauty everywhere-in the slow heave Of the unquiet sea, or in the war Of its unnumber'd waters; on the shore Of pleasant streams, upon the jagged cliff Of savage mountain, where the black clouds drift Full of strange lightning; or upon the brow Of silent night, that solemnly and slow Comes on the earth; O, thou ! whose influence Touches all things with beauty, makes each sense Double delight, tinges with thine own heart Each thing thou meetest ; thou who ever art Living in beauty-nay, who art, in truth, Beauty inhodied-hear, while all our youth

With carnest calling cry! Answer our hymn, and come to us, most high!

O, thou ! who strikest oft thy golden lyre In strange disguise, and with a wondrous fire Sweepest its strings upon the sunny glade, While dances to three many a village maid, Decking her hair with wild flowers, or a wreath Of thine own laurel, while, reclined beneath Some ancient oak, with smiles at thy good heart, As though thou wert of this our world a part. Thou lookest on them in the darkening wood. While fauns come forth, and, with their dances rude Flit round among the trees with merry leap, Like their god, PAN; and from fir thickets deep Come up the salyts, joining the wild erew, And capering for thy pleasure: from each yew, And oak, and beech, the wood-nymphs oft peep on To see the revelry, while metry shout And noisy laughter rings about the wood, And thy lyre cheers the darken'd solitude-

O, come! while we do sound Our flutes and pleasant-pealing lyres around !

O, most high prophet !---thou that showest men Deep-hidden knowledge: thou that from its den

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Bringest futurity, that it comes by In visible shape, passing before the eye Shrouded in visions: thou in whose high power Are health and sickness: thou who oft dost shower Great plagues upon the nations, with hot breath Scorching away their souls, and sending death Like fiery mist amid them; or again, Like the sweet breeze that comes with summer rain. Touching the soul with joy, thou scudest out Bright health among the people, who about With dewy feet and fourning wings doth step, And touch each poor, pale cheek with startling lip, Filling it with rich blood, that leaps anew Out from the shrivell'd heart, and courses through The long-forsaken veins !--- O, thou, whose paulo Is sung by all, let us, too, dare to claim Thy holy presence here!

Henr us, bright god, and come in beauty near!

O, thou, the lover of the springing bow! Who ever in the gloomy woods dost throw Thine arrows to the mark, like the keen flight Of those thine arrows that with midday light Thou proudly pointest; thou from whom grim bears And lordly lions flee, with strange, wild fears, And hide among the mountains : thou whose cry Sounds often in the woods, where which and fly The time-worn leaves-when, with a merry train, BACCRES is on the hills, and on the plain The full-arm'd CERER-when upon the sea The brine-gods sound their borns, and memily The whole earth rings with pleasure : then thy voice Stills into eitence every stirring noise. With utmost sweetness pealing on the hills, And in the echo of the dancing rills, And o'er the sea, and on the busy plain, And on the air, until all voices wane Before its influence-

O, come, great god, be ever our defence!

By that most gloomy day, when with a cry Young HTACINTA fell down, and his dark eve Was fill'd with dimming blood-when on a bed Of his own flowers he laid his wounded head, Breathing deep sighs; by those heart-cherish'd eyes Of long-loved HTACINTR-by all the sight That thou, O, young Aporto, then didst pour On every gloomy hill and desolate shore, Weeping at thy great soul, and making dull Thy ever-quenchiess eye, till men were full Of strange foreholdings for thy lustre dimm'd, And many a choot in many a fane was hymn'd Unto the pale-eyed sun; the satyrs stav'd Long time in the dull woods, then on the glade They came and look'd for thee; and all in vain Poor Diax sought thy love, and did complain For want of light and life ;- by all thy grief, O, bright Aporto ! hear, and give relief

To us who cry to thee-O, come, and let us now thy glory see!

#### NO. III.-TO VENCE.

O, thou, most lovely and most beautiful! Whether thy doves now lovingly do lull Thy bright eyes to soft slumbering upon Some dreamy south wind: whether thou hast gone Upon the heaven now, or if thou art Within some flowing cloud, and on its heart Pourest rich-tinted joy; whether thy wheels Are touching on the sun-forsaken fields, And brashing off the dew from bending grass, Leaving the poor green blades to look, also? With dim eyes at the moon—(ah! so dost thou Full oftquen-h brightness!)—VXXVA, whether new Thou passest o'er the sea, while each light wing Of thy fair doves is wet, while sea-maids hear 2 Sweet odours for thec—(ah! how foolish they! They have not felt thy smart!)—

They know not, while in ocean-caves they play, How strong thou art.

Where'er thou art, O. VENUS! hear our song---Kind goddess, hear! for unto thee belong All pleasant offerings : bright doves coo to thee, The while they twine their necks with quiet gloa Among the morning leaves; thing are all sounds. Of pleasure on the carth; and where abounds Most happiness, for thee we ever look ; Among the leaves, in dimiv-lighted nook, Most often hidest thou, where winds may wave Thy sunny curls, and cool airs fondly lave Thy beaming brow, and rufile the white wings Of thy tired doves; and where his love-song stugs, With lightsome eyes, some little, strange, sweet bird, With notes that never but by thee are heard---O, in such scene, most bright, thou liest now And, with half-open eve,

Drinkest in heauty-O, most fair, that thou Wouldst hear our cry!

O, thou, through whom all things upon the earth Grow brighter: thou for whom even haughing mith Lengthens his note; thou whom the joyous bird Singeth continuously; whose name is heard In every pleasant sound: at whose warm glance All things look brighter: for whom wine doth dance More merrily within the brimming vase, To meet thy lip: thou, at whose quiet pace Joy leaps on faster, with a londer haugh, And Sorrow tosses to the see his stiff, And pushes back the hair from his dim eyes, To look again upon forgotten skies; While Avarice forgets to court his gold, Yea, unto thee his wither'd hand doth hold, Fill'd with that heart-blood: thou, to whose high

All things are made to how, [might Come thou to us, and turn thy looks of light Upon us now !

O, hear, great goddess! thou whom all obey; At whose desire rough satvrs leave their play. And gather wild-flowers, decking the bright hair Of her they love, and oft blackberries bear To shame them at her eyes: O, thou! to whom They leap in awkward mood, within the gloom Of darkening oak trees, or at lightsome noon Sing unto thee, upon their pipes, a tune \_\_\_\_\_ power Of wondrous languishment: thou whose great Brings up the sen-maids from each orean-bower, With many an idle song, to sing to thee, And bright locks flowing half above the ses

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And gleaming eyes, as if in distant caves They spied their lovers—(so among the waves Small bubbles flit, mocking the kindly sun, With little, laughing brightness)—

#### O, come, and ere our festival be done, Our new loves bless !

O, thou who once didst weep, and with sad tears Bedew the pitying woods !---by those great fears That hounted thee when thy beloved lay With dark eyes drown'd in death-by that dull day When poor Anoxis fell, with many a moan, Among the leaves, and sadly and alone Breathed out his spirit-O, do thou look on All maidens who, for too great love, grow wan, And pity them : come to us when night brings Her first faint stars, and let us hear the wings Of thy most beautoous and bright-eyed doves Stirring the breathless air; let all thy loves Be flying round thy car, with pleasant songs Moving upon their lips : come ! each maid longs For thy fair presence-goddese of rich love! Come on the odorous air:

And, as thy light wheels roll, from us remove All love-sick care !

Lo, we have many kinds of incense here To offer thee, and sunny wine and clear, Fit for young BACCHER: flowers we have here too, That we have gather'd when the morning dew Was moist upon them; myrtle-wreaths we bear, To place upon thy bright, luxuriant hair, And shade thy temples too; 'tis now the time Of all fair beauty: thou who lovest the clime Of our dear Cyprus, where sweet flowers blow With honey in their cups, and with a glow Like thine own cheek, raising their modest heads To be refresh'd with the transparent beads Of silver dew : behold, this April night, Our altars burn for thee; lo, on the light We pour out incense from each golden vase; O. goddess, hear our words!

And hither turn, with thine own matchless grace, Thy white-wing'd birds.

#### 

Most graceful goddess !---whether now thou art Hunting the dun deer in the silent heart Of some old, quiet wood, or on the side Of some high mountain, and, most enger-eyed, Dashing upon the chase, with bended bow And arrow at the string, and with a glow Of wondrous beauty on thy cheek, and feet Like thine own silver moon-yea, and as fleet As her best beams-and quiver at the back, Rattling to all thy steppings; if some track, In distant Thessaly thou followest up, Brushing the dews from many a flower-cup And quiet leaf, and listening to the bay Of thy good hounds, while in the deep woods they, Surong-limb'd and swift, leap on with eager bounds, And with their long, deep note each hill resounds, Making thee music :-- goddess, hear our cry, And let us worship thee, while far and high Goes up thy brother-while his light is full Upon the earth: for, when the night-winds lull

The world to sleep, then to the lightless sky DIAN must go, with silver robes of dew, And sunward eye.

Perhaps thou liest on some shady spot Among the trees, while frighten'd beasts hear not The deep bay of thy hounds; but, dropping down Upon green grass, and leaves all sere and brown, Thou pillowest thy delicate head upon Some ancient mossy root, where wood-winds run Wildly about thee, and thy fair nymphs point Thy death-wing'd arrows, or thy hair anoint With Lydian odours, and thy strong hounds lie Lazily on the earth, and watch thine eye, And watch thine arrows, while thou hast a dream. Perchance, in some deep-bosoni'd, shaded stream Thou bathest now, where even thy brother sun Cannot look on thee-where dark shades and dun Fall on the water, making it most cool, Like winds from the broad sea, or like some pool In deep, dark cavern: hanging branches dip Their locks into the stream, or slowly drip With tear-drops of rich dew : before no eves But those of flitting wind-gods, each nymph hies Into the deep, cool, running stream, and there

Thou pillowest thyself upon its breast, O queen, most fair !

By all thine hours of pleasure-when thou wast Upon tall Latmos, moveless, still, and lost In boundless pleasure, ever gazing on Thy bright-eyed youth, whether the unseen sun Was lighting the deep sea, or at mid-noon Careering through the sky-by every tune And voice of joy that thrill'd about the chords Of thy deep heart, when thou didst hear his words In that cool, shady grot, where thou hadst brought And placed ENDYMION; where fair hands had taught All beauty to shine forth; where thy fair maids Had brought up shells for thee, and from the glades All sunny flowers, with precious stones and gene Of utmost beauty, pearly diadems Of many sea-gods; birds were there, that sang Ever most sweetly; living waters rang Their changes to all time, to soothe the soul Of thy ENDIMION: pleasant breezes stole With light feet through the cave, that they might His dewy lips;-O, by those hours of bliss [kiss That thou didst then enjoy, come to us, fair

And beautiful Drawa—take us now Under thy care!

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#### NO. IV .--- TO MERCURT.

O, winged messenger! if thy light feet Are in the star-paved halls where high gods meet, Where the rich nectar thou dost take and sip At idly-pleasant leisure, while thy lip Utters rich eloquence, until thy foe, Juro herself, doth her long hate forego, And hangs upon thine accents; VENUS smiles, And sims her looks at thee with winning wiles; And wise MINNNYA'S cup stands idly by The while thou speakest. Whether up on high Thou wing'st thy way—or dost but now unturl Thy pinions like the eagle, while a whirl

Of air takes place about thee—if thy wings Are over the broad sen, where Afric flings His het breath on the waters; by the shore Of Araby the blest, or in the roar Of crushing northern ice—O, turn, and arge Thy winged course to us! Leave the rough surge, Or icy mountain-height, or city proud, Or haughty temple, or dim wood down bow'd

With weaken'd age, And come to us, thou young and mighty sage!

Thou who invisibly dost ever stand Nea. each high orator; and, hand in hand With the gold-roked Apollo, touch the tongue Of every poet; on whom men have hung With strange enchantment, when in dark disguise Thou hast descended from cloud-curtain'd skies, And lifted up thy voice, to teach hold men Thy world-arousing art : O. thou ! that, when The ocean was untrack'd, didst teach them send Great ships upon it : thou who dost extend In storm a calm protection to the hopes Of the fair merchant : thou who on the slopes Of Mount Cyllene first mulest sound the lyre And many-toned harp with childish fire, And thine own beauty counding in the caves A strange, new tune, unlike the ruder staves That PAN had utter'd-while each wondering nymph

Came out from tree and mountain, and pure lymph Of mountain-stream, to drink each rolling note That o'er the listening woods did run and float With fine, clear tone,

Like silver trumpets o'er still waters blown :

O. matchless artist ! thou of wondrous skill, Who didst in ages past the wide earth fill With every usefulness: thou who dost teach Quick-witted thieves the miser's gold to reach. And rob him of his sleep for many a night, Getting thee curses: O, mischievous sprite ! Thou Rogue-god MERCORY! ever glad to cheat All gods and men ; with mute and noiseless feet Going in search of mischief; now to steal The fiery spear of MARS, now clog the wheel Of bright Acouto's car, that it may crawl Most slowly upward : thou whom wrestlers call, Whether they strive upon the level green " At dewy nightfall, under the dim screen Of ancient oak, or at the sacred games In fictce contest: thou whom each then names In half-thought prayer, when the quick breath is drawn

For the last struggle: thou whom on the lawn The victor praises, making unto thee Offering for his proud honours-let us be

Under thy cure:

O, winged messenger, hear, hear our prayer I

NO. Y1 .--- TO BACCHUS.

Where art thou, Baccars! On the vine-spread hills Of some rich country, where the red wine fills The cluster'd grapes-staining thy lips all red With generous liquor-pouring on thy bead The odorous winc, and ever holding up Unto the smilling sun thy brimming cup, And filling it with light ! Or doth thy car, Under the blaze of the far northern star, Roll over Thracia's hills, while all around Are shouting Bucchanals, and every sound Of merry revelry, while distant men Start at thy noisings ! Or in shady glen Reclinest thou, beneath green ivy leaves, And idlest off the day, while each Faun weaves Green garlands for thee, sipping the rich lowt That thou hast given him—while the loud roll Of thy all-conquering wheels is heard no more, And thy strong tigers have lain down before Thy grape-stain'd feet !

O, BACCHER ! come and meet

Thy womhippers, the while, with merry lore Of ancient song, thy godhead they do greet!

O, thou who lovest pleasure ! at whose heart Rich wine is always felt ; who hast a part In all air-swelling mirth; who in the dance Of merry maidens join'st, where the glance Of bright black eyes, or white and twinkling feet Of joyous fair ones, doth thy quick eves greet Upon some summer-green : Maker of joy To all care-troubled men ! who dost destroy The piercing pange of grief; for whom the maids Weave ivy gurlands, and in pleasant glades Hung up thy image, and with beaming looks Go dancing round, while shepherds with their crooks Join the glad company, and pass about, With merry laugh and many a gleesome shout, Staining with rich, dark grapes each little check They most do love; and then, with sudden freak, Taking the willing hand, and dancing on

About the green mound : O, thou merry son Of lofty Jove ! Where thou dost rove

Among the grape-vines, come, ere day is done, And let us too thy sunny influence prove !

Where art thou, conqueror ? before whom fell The jewell'd kings of Ind, when the strong swell Of thy great multitudes came on them, and Thou hadst thy thyrsus in thy red, right hand, Sliaking it over them, till every soul Grew faint as with wild lightning ; when the roll Of thy great chariot-wheels was on the neck Of many a conqueror, when thou didst check Thy tigers and thy lynxes at the shore Of the broad ocean, and didst still the roar, Pouring a sparkling and most pleasant wine Into its waters; when the dashing brine Toss'd up new odours, and a pleasant scent Upon its breath, and many who were spent With weary sickness, breathed of life onew, When wine-inspired breezes on them blew ;---Barences! who bringest all men to thy feet ! Wine-god! with brow of light, and smiles most Make this our earth [sweet ] A sharer in thy mirth-

Let us rejuice thy wine-dew'd hair to greet, And chant to thee, who gavest young Joy his birth.

Come to our reremony ! lo, we rear An altar of bright turf unto thes here

Distanting GOOGIC

And crown it with the vine and pleasant leaf Of clinging ivy: Come, and drive sad Grief Far from us! lo, we pour thy turf upon Full cups of wine, bidding the westering sun Fill the good air with odour ; see, a mist Is rising from the sun-touch'd wine !-- (ah ! hist !--Alas! 't was not his cry !)-with all thy train Of laughing Satyrs, pouring out a strain Of utmost shrillness on the noisy pipe-O, come !- with eye and lip of beauty, ripe And wondrous rare-O! let us hear thy wheels Coming upon the hills, while twilight steals Upon us quictly-while the dark night Is hinder'd from her course by the fierce light Of thy wild tigers' eyes ;- O ! let us see The revelry of thy wild company,

With all thy train ;

And, ere night comes again, We'll pass o'er many a hill and vale with thee, Raising to thee a loudly-joyous strain.

#### NO. VII.-TO SOMNUS.

O, thou, the leaden-eved! with drooping lid Hanging upon thy sight, and eye half-hid By matted hair: that, with a constant train Of empty dreams, all shadowless and vain As the dim wind, dost sleep in thy dark cave With poppies at the mouth, which night-windswave, Sending their breathings downward-on thy bed, Thine only throne, with darkness overspread, And curtains black as are the eyes of night : Thou, who dost come at time of waning light And sleep among the woods, where night doth hide And tremble at the sun, and shadows glide Among the waving tree-tops; if now there Thou sleepest in a current of cool air, Within some nook, amid thick flowers and moss, Gray-colour'd as thine eyes, while thy dreams toss

Their funtasies about the silent earth, In waywardness of mirth-

O, come! and hear the hymn that we are chanting. Amid the star-light through the thick leaves slanting.

Thou lover of the banks of idle streams O'ershaded by broad oaks, with scatter'd gleams From the few stars upon them; of the shore Of the broad sea, with silence hovering o'er; The great moon hanging out her lamps to gild The murmuring waves with hues all pure and mild, Where thou dost lie upon the sounding sands, While winds come dancing on from southern lands With dreams upon their backs, and unseen waves Of adours in their hands : thou, in the caves Of the star-lighted clouds, on summer eves Reclining lazily, while Silence leaves Her influence about thee : in the sea That liest, hearing the monotony Of waves far-off above thee, like the wings Of passing dreams, while the great ocean awings

It passing dreams, while the great ocean awings His bulk above thy sand-supported head— (As chain'd upon his bed

Some givent, with an idleness of motion So swings the still and sleep-enthrall'd ocean.)

Thou who dost bless the weary with thy touch, And makest Agony relax his clutch Upon the bleeding fibres of the heart; Pale Disappointment lose her constant smart, And Sorrow dry her tears, and cease to weep Her life away, and gain new cheer in sleep: Thou who dost bless the birds, in every place Where they have sung their songs with wondrons grace

Throughout the day, and now, with drooping wing, Amid the leaves receive thy welcoming:— Come with thy crowd of dreams, O, thou ! to whom All noise is most abhard, and in this gloom, Beneath the shaded brightness of the sky, Where are no sounds but as the winds go by,— Here touch our eyes, great SUMNER! with thy wand; Ah! here thou art, with touch most mild and bland,

And we forget our hymn, and sink away; And here, until broad day

Come up into the sky, with fire-steeds leaping, Will we recline, beneath the vinc-leaves sleeping.

#### NO. VIII.-TO CERES.

Goddess of bounty! at whose spring-time call, When on the dewy carth thy first tones fall, Pierces the ground each young and tender blade, And wonders at the sun; each dull, grav glade Is shining with new grass; from each chill hole, Where they had lain enchain'd and dull of soul, The birds come forth, and sing for joy to thee Among the springing leaves; and, fast and free, The rivers toss their chains up to the sun, And through their grassy banks leapingly run, When thou hast touch'd them: thou who ever art The goddess of all beauty: thou whose heart Is over in the sunny meads and fields; To whom the laughing earth looks up and yields Her waving treasures: thou that in thy cur, With winged dragons, when the morning star Sheds his cold light, touchest the morning trees Until they spread their blossoms to the breeze :-

O, pour thy light

Of truth and joy upon our souls this night, And grant to us all plenty and good case !

O, thou, the goddess of the rustling corn ! Thou to whom reapers sing, and on the lawn Pile up their baskets with the full-ear'd wheat ; While maidens come, with little dancing feet, And bring thee poppies, weaving thee a crown Of simple beauty, bending their heads down To garland thy full baskets : at whose side, Among the sheaves of wheat, doth BACCHUS ride With bright and sparkling eves, and feet and mouth All wine-stain'd from the worm and sunny south: Perhaps one arm about thy neck he twines, While in his car ye ride among the vince, And with the other hand he gathers up The rich, full grapes, and holds the glowing cup Unto thy lips-and then he throws it by, And crowns thee with bright leaves to shade thine So it may gaze with richer love and light cye, Upon his beaming brow: If thy swift flight

Be on some hill

Dimmerin Google

Of vinc-hung Thrace—O, come, while night is still.

And greet with heaping arms our gladden'd sight!

Lo! the small stars, above the silver wave, Come wandering up the sky, and kindly lave The thin clouds with their light, like floating sparks Of diamonds in the air; or spirit backs, With unseen riders, wheeling in the sky. Lo! a soft mist of light is rising high, Like silver shining through a tint of red, And soon the queened moon her love will shed, Like pearl-mist, on the earth and on the sea, Where thou shalt cross to view our mystery. Lo! we have torches here for thee, and urns, Where incense with a floating odour burns, And altars piled with various fruits and flowers, And ears of corn, gather'd at early hours, And odours fresh from India, with a heap Of many-colour'd poppies :- Lo! we keep Our silent watch for thee, sitting before Thy ready altars, till to our lone shore

Thy chariot wheels Shall come, while ocean to the burden reels, And utters to the sky a stiffed roar.

## TO THE PLANET JUPITER.

Toop art, in truth, a fair and kingly star, Planet! whose silver crest now gleams afar Upon the edge of yonder eastern hill, That, night-like, seems a third of heaven to fill. Thou art most worthy of a poet's lore, His worship-as a thing to bend before; And yet thou smilest as if I might sing, Weak as I am-my lyre unused to ring Among the thousand harps which fill the world. The sun's last fire upon the sky has curl'd, And on the clouds, and now thou hast arisen, And in the east thine eye of love doth glisten-Thou, whom the ancients took to be a king, And that of gods; and, as thou wert a spring Of inspiration, I would soar and drink, While yet thou art upon the mountain's brink. Who bid men say that thou, O silver peer, Wast to the moon a servitor, anear To sit, and watch her eye for messages, Like to the other fair and silver bees That swarm around her when she sits her throne 1 What of the moon ? She bringeth storm alone, At new, and full, and every other time ; [rhyme, She turns men's brains, and so she makes them And rave, and eigh away their weary life; And shall she be of young adorers rife, And thou have none ! Nay, one will sing to thee, And turn his eve to thee, and bend the knee. Lo! on the marge of the dim western plain, The star of love doth even yet remain-She of the ocean-foam-and watch thy look, As one might gaze upon an antique book, When he doth sit and read, at deep, dead night, Stealing from Time his hours. Ah, sweet delay ! And now she sinks to follow fleeting day, Contented with thy glance of answering love: And where she worships can I thoughtless prove? Now as thou risest higher into sight, Marking the water with a line of light, On wave and ripple quietly aslant,

Thy influences steal upon the heart, With a sweet force and unresisted art, Like the still growth of some unceasing plant. The mother, watching by her sleeping child, Blesses thee, when thy light, so still and mild, Falls through the essement on her babe's paic face. And tinges it with a benignant grace, Like the white shadow of an angel's wing, The sick man, who has lain for many a doy, And wasted like a lightless flower away, He blesses thee, O Joys ! when thou dost shine Upon his face, with influence divine, Soothing his thin, blue cyclids into sleep. The child its constant murmaring will keep, Within the nurse's arms, till thou dost glad His eyes, and then he sleeps. The thin, and sad, And patient student closes up his books A space or so, to gain from thy kind looks Refreshment. Men, in dungeons pent, Climb to the window, and, with head upbent, Gaze they at thee. The timid deer awake, And, 'neath thine eye, their nightly rambles make, Whistling their joy to thee. The speckled trout From underneath his rock comes shooting out, And turns his eye to thee, and loves thy light, And sleeps within it. The gray water plant Looks up to thee beseechingly aslant, And thou dost feed it there, beneath the wave. Even the tortoise crawls from out his cave, And feeds wherever, on the dewy grass, Thy light hath linger'd. Thou canst even pass To water-depths, and make the coral-fly Work happier, when flatter'd by thine eye. Thou touchest not the roughest heart in vain; Even the sturdy sailor, and the swain, Bless thee, whene'er they see thy lustrous eye Open amid the clouds, stilling the sky. The lover praises thee, and to thy light Compares his love, thus tender and thus bright; And tells his mistress thou dost kindly mock Her gentle eye. Thou dost the heart unlock Which Care and Wo have render'd comfortless, And teachest it thy influence to bless, And even for a time its grief to brave. The madman, that betreath the moon doth rave, Looks to thy orb, and is again himself. The miser stops from counting out his pelf. When through the barred windows comes thy lull-And even he, he thinks thee beautiful. O! while thy silver arrows pierce the air, And while beneath thee, the dim forests, where The wind sleeps, and the snowy mountains tall Are still as death-O! bring me back again The bold and happy heart that bleas'd me, when My youth was green ; ere home and hope were veil'd In desolation ! Then my check was paled, But not with care. For, late at night, and long, I toil'd, that I might gain myself among Old tomes, a knowledge; and in truth I did: I studied long, and things the wise had hid In their quaint books, I learn'd; and then I thought The poet's art was mine; and so I wrought My boyish feelings into words, and spread Them out before the world-and I was fed With praise, and with a name. Alas! to him,

Denoying GOOgle

Whose eye and heart must soon or late grow dim, Toiling with poverty, or evils worse, This gift of poetry is but a curse, Unfitting it amid the world to brood, And toil and jostle for a livelihood, The feverish passion of the soul hath been My bane. O Joyn! couldst thou but wean Me back to boyhood for a space, it were Indeed a gift. There was a sudden stir. Thousands of years ago, upon the sea; The waters foam'd, and parted hastily, As though a giant left his azure home. And Delos woke, and did to light up come Within that Greeian sea. LATONA had. Till then, been wandering, listlessly and sad, About the earth, and through the hollow vast Of water, follow'd by the angry haste Of furious Juno. Many a weary day, Above the shaggy hills where, groaning, lay ENCRUANCE and TYPHON, she had roam'd, And over volcanoes, where fire upfoam'd: And sometimes in the forests she had lurk'd, Where the fierce serpent through the herbage work'd. Over grav weeds, and tiger-trampled flowers, And where the lion hid in tangled bowers. And where the panther, with his dappled skin, Made day like night with his deep moaning din : All things were there to fright the gentle soul-The hedgehog, that across the path did roll, Grav eagles, fang'd like cats, old vultures, bald, Wild hawks and restless owls, whose cry appail'd, Black bats and speckled tortoises, that snap, And scorpions, hiding underneath gray stones, With here and there old piles of human bones Of the first men that found out what was war, Brass heads of arrows, rusted scimetar, Old crescent, shield, and edgeless battle-axe, And near them skulls, with wide and gaping cracks, Too old and dry for worms to dwell within; Only the restless spider there did spin, And made his house. And then she down would lay Her restless head, among dry leaves, and faint, And close her eyes till thou wouldst come and paint Her visage with thy light; and then the blood Would stir again about her heart, endued, By thy kind look, with life again, and speed; And then wouldst thou her gentle spirit feed With new-wing'd hopes, and sunny fantasies, And, looking piercingly amid the trees. Drive from her path all those unwelcome sights. Then would she rise, and o'er the flower-blights, And through the tiger-peopled solitudes, And odorous brakes, and panther-guarded woods, Would keep her way until she reach'd the edge Of the blue sea, and then, on some high ledge Of thunder-blacken'd rocks, would sit and look Into thine eve, nor fear lest from some nook Should rise the hideous shapes that Juno ruled. And persecute her. Once her feet she cool'd Upon a long and narrow beach. The brind Had mark'd, as with an endless serpent-spine, The sanded shore with a long line of shells, Like those the Nereids weave, within the cells Of their queen THETIS-such they pile around The feet of cross old NEREUS, having found

That this will gain his grace, and such they bring To the quaint PROTEUS, as an offering. When they would have him tell their fate, and who Shall first embrace them with a lover's glow. And there LATONA stepp'd along the marge Of the slow waves, and when one came more large, And wet her feet, she tingled, as when Jorg Gave her the first, all-burning kiss of love. Still on she kept, pacing along the sand, And on the shells, and now and then would stand. And let her long and golden hair outfloat Upon the waves-when, lo ! the sudden note Of the fierce, hissing dragon met her ear. She shudder'd then, and, all-possess'd with fear. Rush'd wildly through the hollow-sounding yest Into the deep, deep sea; and then she pass'd Through many wonders---coral-rafter'd caves. Deep, far below the noise of upper waves-Sca-flowers, that floated into golden hair, Like misty silk-fishes, whose eyes did glare, And some surpassing lovely --- fleshless spine Of old behemoths-flasks of hourded wine Among the timbers of old, shatter'd shins--Goblets of gold, that had not touch'd the line Of men a thousand years. And then she lay Her down, amid the ever-changing spray, And wish'd, and begg'd to die; and then it was That voice of thine the deities that awes, Lifted to light beneath the Grecian skies That rich and lustrous Delian paradise, And placed LATONA there, while yet asleep, With parted lip, and respiration deep, And open palm; and when at length she woke, She found herself beneath a shadowy oak, Huge and majestic; from its boughs look'd out All birds, whose timid nature 't is to doubt And fear mankind. The dove, with patient eyes Earnestly did his artful nest devise, And was most busy under sheltering leaves; The thrush, that loves to sit upon gray eaves Amid old ivy, she, too, sang and built; [spilt And mock-bird songs rang out like hail-showers Among the leaves, or on the velvet grass; The bees did all around their store amass, Or down depended from a swinging bough, In tangled swarms. Above her dazzling brow The lustrous humming-bird was whirling ; and, So near, that she might reach it with her hand, Lav a grav lizard-such do notice give When a foul serpent comes, and they do live By the permission of the roughest hind ; Just at her feet, with mild eyes up-inclined, A snowy antelope cropp'd off the huds From hanging limbs; and in the solitudes No noise disturb'd the birds, except the dim Voice of a fount, that, from the grassy brim, Rain'd upon violets its liquid light, And visible love; also, the murmur slight Of waves, that softly song their anthem, and Trode gently on the soft and noiseless sand, As gentle children in sick-chambers grieve, And go on tiptoe. Here, at call of eve, When thou didst rise above the barred east, Touching with light LATONA's snowy breast And gentler eyes, and when the happy earth

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Sent up its dews to theo-then she gave birth Unto Aporto and the lustrous DIAN : And when the wings of morn commenced to fan The darkness from the east, afar there rose, Within the thick and odour-dropping forests, fest, Where moss was grayest and dim caves were hoar-Afar there rose the known and dreadful hiss Of the pureuing dragon. Agonies Grew on LATONA's soul; and she had fled, And tried again the ocean's pervious bed, Had not Arouno, young and bright Arouno, Restrained from the dim and perilous hollow, And ask'd what meant the noise. "It is, O child! The hidcous dragon that hath ave defiled My peace and quiet, sent by heaven's queen To slay her rival, me." Upon the green And mossy grass there lay a nervous bow, And heavy arrows, esgle-wing'd, which thou, O Jovz ! hadst placed within Aporto's reach. These grasping, the young god stood in the breach Of circling trees, with eye that fiercely glanced, Nostril expanded, lip press'd, foot advanced, And arrow at the string; when, lo ! the coil Of the fierce snake came on with winding toil, And vast gyrations, crushing down the branches, With noise as when a hungry tiger cranches Huge bones: and then APOLLO drew his bow Full at the eve--nor ended with one blow: Dart after dart he hurl'd from off the string-All at the eye-until a lifeless thing The dragon lay. Thus the young sun-god slew Old Juno's scaly snake: and then he threw (So strong was he) the monster in the sea; And sharks came round and ate voraciously, Lashing the waters into bloody foam, By their fierce fights. LATONA, then, might roam In earth, air, sea, or heaven, void of dread; For even Jewo badly might have sped With her bright children, whom thou soon didst set To rule the sun and moon, as they do yet. Thou! who didst then their destiny control, I here would woo thee, till into my soul Thy light might sink. O Joyx ! I am full sure None hear unto thy star a love more pure Than I; thou hast been, everywhere, to me A source of inspiration. I should be Sleepless, could I not first behold thine orb Rise in the west; then doth my heart absorb, Like other withering flowers, thy light and life; For that neglect, which cutteth like a knife, I never have from thee, unless the lake Of heaven be clouded. Planet! thou wouldst make Me, as thou didst thine ancient worshippers, A poet; hut, alas! whatever stirs My tongue and pen, they both are faint and weak : APOLLO hath not, in some gracious freak, Given to me the spirit of his lyre, Or touch'd my heart with his othereal fire And glorious essence : thus, whate'er I sing Is weak and poor, and may but humbly ring Above the waves of Time's far-booming sea. All I can give is small; thou wilt not scorn A heart : I give no golden sheaves of corn : I burn to thee no rich and odorous gums; I offer up to thee no hecatombs,

And build no altars : 't is a heart alone ; Such as it is, I give it-'t is thy own.

## TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Theor glorious mocker of the world! I hear Thy many voices ringing through the glooms Of these green solitudes—and all the clear, Bright joyance of their song enthralls the enr And flooils the heart. Over the sphered tonbs Of vanish'd nations rolls thy music tide. No light from history's starlike page illumes The memory of those nations—they have died. None cares for them but thou, and thou mayst sing. Perhaps, o'er me—as now thy song doth ring Over their bones by whom thou once wast deilied.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave The world's turmoil and never-ceasing din, Where one from others no existence weaves, Where the old sighs, the young turns gray and grieves,

Where misery gname the maiden's heart within: And thau dost fice into the broad, green woods, And with thy soul of music thou dust win Their heart to harmony---no jar intrudes Upon thy sounding melody. O, where, Anid the sweet musicians of the air, Is one so dear as these to these old solitudes ?

Ha! what a hurst was that! the .Æolian strain Goes floating through the tangled passages Of the lone woods—and now it comes again— A multitudinous melody—like a rain Of glossy music under echoing trees, Over a ringing lake; it wraps the soul With a bright harmony of happiness— Even as a gem is wrapt, when round it roll Their waves of brilliant flame—till we become, E'en with the excess of our deep pleasure, dumb, And pant like some swift runner clinging to the goal.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee, Amid the eloquent grandeur of the shades, Alone with nature---but it may not be; I have to struggle with the tumbling sea Of human life, until existence fades Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar Through the thick woods and shadow-checker'd glades.

While naught of sorrow casts a dimness o'er The brilliance of thy heart-but I must wear As now, my garmenting of pain and care-As penitents of old their gulling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain !---What though fond hopes deferr'd [gloom ! Have overshadow'd Youth's green paths with Still, joy's rich music is not all unheard,---There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird, To welcome me, within my humble home :--There is an eye with love's devotion bright. The darkness of existence to illume ! [blight Then why complain!---When death shall cast his Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest Beneath these trees--- and from they swelling breast, O'erthem thy song shall pour likes rich flood of light. 212

Dimmenty Google

# TO SPRING.

O THOU delicious Spring ! Nursed in the lap of thin and subtle showers. Which fall from clouds that lift their snowy wing From odorous beds of light-enfolded flowers, And from enmassed howers, That over grassy walks their greenness fling, Come, gentle Spring ! Thou lover of young wind, That cometh from the invisible upper sea (bind. Beneath the sky, which clouds, its white foam, nd, settling in the trees deliciously, Makes young leaves dance with glee, Even in the teeth of that old, sober hind, Winter unkind. Come to us; for thou art Like the fine love of children, gentle Spring ! Touching the sacred feeling of the heart, Or like a virgin's pleasant welcoming; And thou dost ever bring A tide of gentle but resistless art Upon the heart.

Red Autumn from the south

Contends with thee; slas! what may he show? What are his purple-stain'd and rosy mouth, And browned checks, to thy soft feet of snow, And timid, pleasant glow, Giving earth-piercing flowers their primal growth, And greenest youth? Gay Summer conquers thee;

And yet he has no beauty such as thine; What is his over-streaming, fiery sea, To the pure glory that with thee doth shine? Thou season most divine, What may his dull and lifeless minstrelsy Compare with thee?

Come, sit upon the hills, And hid the waking streams leap down their side, And green the vales with their slight-sounding And when the stars upon the sky shall glide, [rills; And creacent Dian ride, I too will breathe of thy delicious thrills, On grassy hills.

Alas! bright Spring, not long Shall I enjoy thy pleasant influence; For thou shalt die the summer heat among, Sublimed to vapour in his fire intense, And, gone forever hence,

Exist no more : no more to earth belong, Except in song.

So I who sing shall die: Worn unto death, perchance, by care and sorrow; And, fainting thus with an unconscious sigh, Bid unto this poor hody a good-morrow, Which now sometimes I borrow, And breathe of joyance keener and more high, Ceasing to sigh!

## LINES WRITTEN ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Taz deep, transporent sky is full Of many thousand glittering lights-Unnumber'd stars that calmly rule The dark dominions of the night. The mild, bright moon has upward risen, Out of the gray and boundless plain, And all around the white snows glisten. Where frost, and ice, and silence reign,-While ages roll away, and they unchanged remain. These mountains, piercing the blue sky With their eternal cones of ice; The torrents dashing from on high. O'er rock and crag and precipice ; Change not, but still remain as ever, Unwasting, deathless, and subline, And will remain while lightnings quiver, Or stars the heavy summits climb, Or rolls the thunder-chariot of sternal Time. It is not so with all--I change, And waste as with a living death, Like one that hath become a strange, Unwelcome guest, and lingereth Among the memories of the past, Where he is a forgotten name ; For Time hath greater power to blast The hopes, the feelings, and the fame, To make the passions fierce, or their first strength to tame. The wind comes rushing swift by me, Pouring its coolness on my brow; Such was I once-as proudly free, And yet, alas! how alter'd now! Yet, while I gaze upon yon plain, These mountains, this eternal sky, The scenes of boyhood come again, And pass before the vacant eye, Still wearing something of their ancient brilliancy. Yet why complain !--- for what is wrong. False friends, cold-heartedness, deceit, And life already made too long, To one who walks with bleeding feet Over its paths !--- it will but make Death sweeter when it comes at last---And though the trampled heart may ache, Its agony of pain is past, And calmness gathers there, while life is ebbing fast. Perhaps, when I have pass'd away, Like the sad echo of a dream, There may be some one found to say A word that might like corrow seem. That I would have-one sadden'd tear, One kindly and regretting thought-Grant me but that !--- and even here, Here, in this lone, unpeopled spot,

To breathe away this life of pain, I murmur not.

Demonstry Google

# WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

(Born, 1810. Died, 1843.)

WILLTS GATLOAD CLARK was born at Otisco, an agricultural town in central New York, in the year 1310. His father had been a soldier in the revolutionary army, and his services had won for him tributes of acknowledgment from the government. He had read much, and was fond of philosophical speculations; and in his son he found an earnest and ready pupil. The teachings of the father, and the classical inculcations of the Reverend GROAD COLTON, a maternal relative, laid a frim foundation for the acquirements which afterward gave grace and vigour to his writings.

At an early age, stimulated by the splendid scenery outspread on every side around him, CLARK began to feel the poelic impulse. He painted the beauties of Nature with singular fidelity, and in numbers most musical; and as he grew older, a solemnity and gentle sadness of thought pervaded his verse, and evidenced his desire to gather from the scenes and images it reflected, lessons of morality.

When he was about twenty years of age he repaired to Philadelphia, where his reputation as a poet had already precoded him, and under the auspices of his friend, the Reverend Doctor Eur. commenced a weekly miscellany aunilar in design to the "Mirror," then and now published in New York. This work was abandoned after a brief period, and CLARK assumed, with the Reverend Doctor BRANTLEY, an eminent Baptist clergyman. now President of the College of South Carolina, the charge of the "Columbian Star," a religious and literary periodical, of high character, in which he printed many brief poems of considerable merit, a few of which were afterward included in a small volume with a more elaborate work entitled "The Spirit of Life," originally prepared as an exercise at a collegiate exhibition, and distinguished for the melody of its versification and the rare felicity of its illustrations.

After a long association with the reverend editor of the "Columbian Star," CLARK was solicited to take charge of the "Philadelphia Gazette," one of the oldest and most respectable journals in Pennevivanis. He ultimately became its proprietor, and from that time until his death continued to conduct it. In 1836 he was married to Axys Poryrell CALDULEURS, the daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens of Philadelphia, and a woman of great personal beauty, rare accomplishments, and an affectionate disposition, who fell a victim to that most terrible disease of our climate, consumption, in the meridian of her youth and happiness, leaving her husband a prey to the deepest incluncholy. In the following verses, written soon after this bereavement, his emotions are depicted with unaffected feeling:

T is an antomoal eve-the low winds, sighing To wet leaves, rustling as they hasten by j The rack, swift-wandering through the void above, As 1, a mourner by my lonely taker,

Bend back to faded hours the plaint of love.

Biorsome of peace, once in my pathway springing, Where have your brightness and your splendour gone F

And thou, whose voice to me came sweet as singling, What region holds thee, in the vast unknown?

In realms unvertid by pen, or prophet's art f Ab ! loved and lost ! in these automnal hours, When faity cohours deck the painted tree, When the vast woodbonies seems a see of forwers.

Of then my soul, exuiting, bounds to thee! Springs, as to clump they yet in this existence.

Yet to behald thee at my lonely side ; But the four vision metts ut once to distance,

And my and heart gives echo-she has died!

Yest when the mothing of her years was brighlest, That sugel-presence into dust went down,-

While yet with rosy dreams her rost was lightest, Death for the olive wove the cypress-crown,-

Sleep, which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom, O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes;

Spared in her bower consubut one fair blossom-Then dore her spirit to the upper skies.

There let me meet her, when, life's struggies over, The pure in love and thought their faith senew,---

Where man's forgiving and redections Lover Sprends out his paradise to every view.

Let the dim Autumn, with its leaves descending, Howf on the winter's verge -yet spring will come:

So my freed soul, no more 'gainst fate contending, With all it loveth shall regain its home :

From this time his health gradually declined, and his friends perceived that the same discuss which had robbed him of the "light of his existence," would soon deprive them also of his fellowship. Though his illness was of long duration, he was himself unaware of its character, and when I last saw him, a few weeks before his death, he was rejoicing at the return of spring, and confident that he would soon he well enough to walk about the town or to go into the rountry. He continued to write for his paper until the last day of his life, the twelfth of June. 1841.

His metrical writings are all distinguished for a graceful and elegant diction, thoughts morally and poetically heautiful, and chaste and appropriate imagery. The sadness which pervades them is not the gloom of misunthropy, but a gentle religious melancholy; and while they portray the changes of life and nature, they point to another and a purer world, for which our affections are chastened, and our desires made perfect by suffering in this.

The qualities of his prose are essentially different from those of his poetry. Occasionally he

#### WILLIS G. CLARK.

poured forth grave thoughts in cloquent and fervent language, but far more often delighted his readers by passages of irresistible humour and wit. His perception of the ludicrous was acute, and his jests and "cranks and wanton wiles" evinced the fulness of his powers and the benevolence of his feelings. The tales and essays which he found leisure to write for the New York "Knickerbocker Magazine."—a monthly miscellany of high reputation edited by his only and twin brother. Mr. LEWIS GAYLOAN CLARE.—and especially a series of amusing papers

# A LAMENT.

THERE is a voice I shall hear no more-There are tones whose music for me is o'er, Swret as the adours of spring were they,---Precious and rich-but they died away; They came like peace to my heart and ear--Never again will they murmur here; They have gone like the blush of a summer morn, Like a crimson cloud through the sunset borne.

There were eyes, that late were lit up for me, Whose kindly glance was a joy to see; They reveal'd the thoughts of a trusting heart, Untouch'd by sorrow, untaught by art; Whose affections were fresh as a stream of spring, When birds in the vernal branches sing; They were fill'd with love that hath pass'd with them, And my lyre is breathing their requiem.

I remember a brow, whose serene repose Seem'd to lend a beauty to checks of rose; And lips, I remember, whose dewy smile, As I mused on their eloquent power the while, Sent a thrill to my bosom, and blese'd my brain With raptures that never may dawn again; Amidst musical accents, those smiles were shed---Alas! for the doom of the early dead!

Alas! for the clod that is resting now On those slumbering eyes—on that fated brow, Wo for the check that hath censed to bloom— For the lips that are dumh, in the noisome tomb; Their melody broken, their fragrance gone, Their aspect cold as the Parian stone; Alas, for the hopes that with thee have died— O, loved one!—would I were by thy side!

O! once the summer with thee was bright; The day, like thine eyes, wore a hely light. There was bliss in existence when thou wert nigh, There was halm in the evening's rosy sigh; Then earth was an Eden, and thou its guest---A Sabbath of blessings was in my breast; My heart was full of a sense of love, Likest of all things to beeven shove. under the quaint title of "Ollapollana," will long be remembered as affording ahundant evidence of the qualities I have enumerated.

In person Mr. CLARK was of the middle height, his form was erect and manly, and his countonance pleasing and expressive. In ordinary intercourse he was cheerful and animated, and he was studious to conform to the conventional usages of society. Warm-hearted, confiding, and generous, he was a true friend, and by those who knew him intimately he was much loved.

Now, thou art gone to that voiceless hall. Where my budding raptures have perish'd all; To that tranquil and solemn place of rest. Where the earth lies damp on the sinless breast: Thy bright locks all in the vault are hid— Thy brow is conceal'd by the coffin lid;— All that was lovely to me is there— Mournful is life, and a load to bear !

### MEMORY.

'T is sweet to remember ! I would not forego The charm which the past o'er the present can throw, For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive. We know not the future—the past we have frlt— Its cherish'd enjoyments the bosom can melt; Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll. When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.

'T is sweet to remember! when storms are abroad, To see in the rainhow the promise of Gon: The day may be darken'd, but far in the west, In vernilion and gold, sinks the sun to his rest; With smiles like the morning he passeth away: Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play, When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers Which love scatter'd round us in happier hours.

'T is sweet to remember! When friends are unkind, When their coldness and carelessness shadow the mind :

Then, to draw back the veil which envelopes a land Where delectable prospects in beauty expand; To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear; To drink in the smiles that delighted us then, To list the fond voices of childhood again,— O, this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised, Binds up, when the banquet of hope is refused.

'T is excet to remember! And naught can destroy The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy, Which spring from that fountain, to gladden our way,

When the changeful and faithless desert or betray. I would not forget !---though my thoughts should be dark,

O'er the ocean of life I look back from my bark, And I soe the lost Eden, where once I was blest, A type and a promise of heavenly rest.

Distanting Google

## WILLIS G. CLARK.

# SONG OF MAY.

- Tax spring's scented buds all around me are swelling:
  - There are congs in the stream—there is health in the gale;

A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling, As float the pure daybeams o'er mountain and rale:

Of Nature's revival the charm, and a token Of love, O thou Spirit of Beauty, to thee!

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning, And flushes the clouds that begint his career;

He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning To rest on the promise and hope of the year:

He fills with delight all the balm-breathing flowers; He mounts to the zenith and laughs on the wave;

He wakes into music the green forest-bowers, And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion-He timidly sails in the infinite sky;

A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion, He nours on the west-winds that fragrantly sigh;

Around and above, there are quiet and pleasure-The woodlands are singing, the heaven is bright;

The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure, And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas! for my weary and care-haunted bosom 1 The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more; The song in the wildwood, the sheen in the blossom, The fresh-swelling fountain—their magic is o'er 1

When I list to the stream, when I look on the flowers, They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,

That I call up the throngs of my long vanish'd hours, And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the far-spreading earth and the limitless beaven There have vanish'd an eloquent glory and gleam;

To my and mind no more is the influence given, Which coloureth life with the hues of a dream; The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth;

I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;

But the eye of my spirit in weariness sleepeth, Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended— 'T is not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;

But the newness and sweetness of being are ended: I feel not their love-kindling witchery now;

- The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping-
  - There are those who have loved me debarr'd from the day;
- The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,

And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.

- And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance. Where the last blooms of earth will be garner'd again:

Where no mildew the soft damask-rose cheek shall nourish,

Where grief bears no longer the poisonous sting; Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,

Or stain with his blight the inxuriant spring.

- It is thus that the hopes which to others are given Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
- I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven-

I drink the bland airs that enliven the day; And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,

Delights not my bosom, and do not condemn; O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping.

For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

You we mother, he is gone ! His dimpled check no more will touch thy breast;

No more the music-tone Float from his lips, to thine all fondly press'd; His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee: Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour, And he hath pass'd in beauty from the day,

A bud, not yet a flower, Torn, in its sweetness, from the parent spray; The death-wind swept him to his soft repose. As frost, in spring-time, blights the early rose.

Never on earth again

Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear, Like some Æolian strain,

Breathing at eventide serene and clear; His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart, Whose inmost core was warm with love for him, A gladness must depart,

And those kind eyes with many tears be dim; While lonely memories, an unceasing train, Will turn the rapturos of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner, while the day Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by, And hope forbids one my Yo stream athwart the grief-discolour'd sky: There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom

A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'T is from the better land! There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,

Thy loved one's wings expand; As with the choiring cherubim he sings, And all the glory of that Gon can me, Who said, on earth, to children, "Come to me."

Mother, thy child is bless'd:

Dimenty GOOGLE

And though his presence may be lost to thee, And vacant leave thy breast,

And miss'd, a sweet load from thy parent knee; Though tones familiar from thine car have pass'd, Thou'lt meet thy first-born with his Lord at lest.

#### WILLIS G. CLARK.

## SUMMER.

The Spring's gay promise melted into thee, Fair Summer! and thy gentle reign is here; The emerald robes are on each leafy tree;

In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear; And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign— They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales, that wander from the unclouded west, Are burden'd with the breath of countless fields; They teem with increase from the green earth's breast

That up to heaven its grateful odour yields; Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird, By nature's aspect into rapture stirr'd.

In such a scene the sun-illumined heart

Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell, When through its bars the morning glories dart.

And forest-anthems in his hearing swell-And, like the heaving of the voiceful sea, His panting bosom labours to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire sky, O, Summer! in my inmost soul arise Unlifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,

And the bland air with its soft melodies; — Till basking in some vision's glorious ray,

I long for eagle's plaines to fice away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay asile, And the impure, unholy thoughts that cling

To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride: I would soar upward, on unfetter'd wing. Far through the chambers of the peaceful skies, Where the high fount of Summer's brightness hes!

# THE EARLY DEAD.

Ir ince sad to mark the how'd with age think in the halls of the remorecless tomb, Closing the changes of life's pilgrimage In the still darkness of its mouldering gloom: O! what a shadow o'er the heart is flung. When peals the requirem of the loved and young!

They to whose bosoms, like the dawn of spring. To the unfolding bud and scented rose,

Comes the pure freshness age can never bring, And fills the spirit with a rich repose,

How shall we lay them in their final rest, How pile the clods upon their wasting breast?

Life opencth brightly to their ardent gaze; A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky;

O'er the broad world hope's smile incessant plays, And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye: How sail to break the vision, and to fold Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould !

Yet that is life ! To mark from day to day, Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,

Pass, like the anthem of a breeze away, Sinking in waves of death ere chill'd by time ! Ere yet dark years on the warm check had shed Autumnal mildew o'er the rose-like red !

And yet what mourner, though the pensive eye Be dimly thoughtful in its burning tears, But should with rapture gaze upon the sky, freers? Through whose far depths the spirit's wing ca-There gleams eternal o'er their ways are flung, Who fade from earth while yet their years are young?

#### THE SIGNS OF GOD.

I MARR's the Spring as she pass'd along, With her eve of light, and her lip of song; While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast, While the streams sprang out from their joy rest: The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh, And their breath went forth in the scented sky ; When the fields look'd fresh in their sweet repose, And the young dows slept on the new-born rose. The scene was changed. It was Autumn's hour: A frost had discolour'd the automer bower: The blast wail'd sail mid the wither'd leaves. The reaper stood musing by gather'd sheaves; The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods Was stirr'd by the sound of the rising floods ; And I knew by the cloud-by the wild wind's strain That Winter drew near with his storms again ! I stood by the occan; its waters roll'd In their changeful beauty of samphire and gold ; And day look'd down with its radiant smiles, Where the blue waves danced round a thousand The ships went forth on the trackless seas. (isles: Their white wings play'd in the joyous breeze ; Their prows rushed on mid the parted foam, While the wanderer was wrapp'd in a dream of home! The mountain arose with its lofty brow, While its shadow was sleeping in vales below; The mist like a garland of glory lay, Where its proud beights soar'd in the air away; The eagle was there on his tircless wing, And his shrick went up like an offering : And he seem'd, in his sunward flight, to raise A chant of thankegiving-a hymn of praise ! I look'd on the arch of the midnight skies, With its deep and unsearchable mysteries: The moon, mid an eloquent multitude Of unnumber'd stars, her career pursued : A charm of sleep on the city fell, All sounds lay hush'd in that brooding spell : By babilding brooks were the buds at rest, And the wild-bird dream'd on his downy nest. I stood where the deepening tempest pass'd, The strong trees groan'd in the sounding blast, The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolf'd on; The clouds o'crshadow'd the mighty sun; The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side. And hills to the thunder-peal replied ; The lightning burst forth on its fearful way. While the heavens were lit in its red array! And hath man the power, with his pride and his skill, To arouse all nature with storms at will ! Hath he power to colour the summer-cloud-To allay the tempest when the hills are bow'd? Can he waken the spring with her festal wreath? Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath? Will he come again when death's vale is trod ? Who then shall date murmur "There is no Gud !"

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## EUTHANASIA.

METHINES, when on the languid eye Life's autumn scenes grow dim: When evening's shadows veil the sky, And Pleasure's syren hymn Grows fainter on the tuncless ear. Like echoes from another sphere, Or dream of seraphim, It were not sad to cast away This dult and cumbrous load of clay. It were not sad to feel the heart Grow passionless and cold : To feel those longings to depart That cheer'd the good of old : To clasp the faith which looks on high, Which fires the Christian's dying eyo, And makes the curtain-fold That fulls upon his wasting breast The door that leads to endlose rest. It were not lonely thus to lie On that triumphant bed, Till the pure spirit mounts on high,

By white-wing'd scraphs led: Where glories carth may never know O'er "many mansions" lingering glow, In peerless lustre shed; It were not lonely thus to scar,

Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And, though the way to such a goal Lies through the clouded tomb, If on the free, unfetter'd acoul There rest no stains of gloom, How should its aspirations rise Far through the blue, unpillar'd skies, Up, to its final home ! Beyond the journeyings of the sun, Where streams of living waters run-

## AN INVITATION.

"They that seek me early shall flod me."

Cows, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest, Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze,

Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest, And joy's pure sunbcame tremble in thy ways;

Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer-buds unfolding,

Waken rich feelings in the careless breast, While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is hold-Come-and secure interminable rest! [ing,

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over, And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;

Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover Will to the embraces of the worin have gone;

Those who now love thee will have pass'd forever, Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;

Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever, As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing, Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die; Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throw-Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky; [ing

Life hath but shadows, save a promise given, Which lights the future with a fudeless ray;

O, touch the sceptre !--win a hope in Heaven . Come, turn thy spirit from the world away !

And, shining brightly in the forward distance, Will of thy patient race appear the goal :

Home of the weary !--where, in peace reposing, The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,

Though o'er its dust the curtain'd grave is closing, Who would not, early, choose a lot like this?

# THE BURIAL-PLACE AT LAUREL HILL.\*

HERE the lamented dead in dust shall lie, Life's lingering languors o'er, its labours done, Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky, Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town, With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in,

To lay the loved in tranquil silence down, No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And in this hallow'd spot, where Nature showers Her summer siniles from fair and stainless skies, Affection's hand may strew her dewy flowers.

Whose fragrant incense from the grave shall rise.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words Which grief scattentious gives to marble pale,

Shall teach the heart; while waters, leaves, and birds Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour On scented airs the unavailing sigh-

While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore, And landscapes blooming—that the loved must die ?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene; Soon rainbow colours on the woods will fall, And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,

As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round, Disrobed and mucless, all the woods will stand. While the chain'd atrenus are alent as the ground,

As Death had numb'd them with his icy hand.

Yet, when the warm, soft winds shall rise in spring, Like struggling daybeams o'er a blusted heath, The bird return'd shall poise her golden wing.

And liberal Nature break the spell of Death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end. The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise, And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend

Its tone with authents from the upper skins.

There shall the good of earth be found at last, Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand; Where Love her crown attains—her trinls past—

And, fill'd with rapture, hails the "better land!"

· Near the city of Philadelphia.

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## A CONTRAST.

It was the morning of a day in spring; The sun look'd gladness from the eastern sky; Birds were upon the trees and on the wing, And all the air was rich with melody; [high; The heaven—the calm, pure heaven, was bright on Earth laugh'd beneath in all its freshening green, The free blue streams song as they wandered by, And many a sunny glade and flowery scene Gleam'd out, like thoughts of youth, like's troubled years between.

The rose's breath upon the south wind come, Oft as its whisperings the young branches stirr'd, And flowers for which the poet hath no name; While, mid the blossoms of the grove, were heard The restless murmurs of the humming-bird; Waters were dancing in the mellow light; And joyous notes and many a cheerful word Stole on the charmed ear with such delight As waits on soft, sweet tones of music heard at night.

Songs were amid the valleys far and wide, And on the green slopes and the mountains high: While, from the springing flowers on every side, Upon his painted wings, the butterfly Roam'd, a gay blossom of the sunny sky; The visible smile of joy was on the scene; 'T was a bright vision, but too soon to die! Spring may not linger in her rokes of green---Autumn, in storm and shade shall quench the summer sheen.

I came again. "T was Autumn's stormy hour: The voice of winds was in the faded wood; The sere leaves, rustling in deserted hower, Were hurl'd in eddies to the moaning flood : Dark clouds were in the west—and red as blood, The sun shone through the hazy atmosphere; While torrent voices broke the solitude, Where, straying lonely, as with steps of fear,

I mark'd the deepening gloom which shrouds the dying year.

The ruffled lake heaved wildly; near the shore It have the red leaves of the shaken tree, Shed in the violent north wind's restless roar, Emblems of man upon life's stormy sea! Pale autumn leaves! once to the breezes free They waved in spring and summer's golden prime; Now, even as clouds or dew how fast they fice; Weak, changing like the flowers in autumn's clime,

ų,

As man sinks down in death, chill'd by the touch of time!

I mark'd the picture---'t was the changeful scene. Which life holds up to the observant eye: Its spring, and summer, and its bowers of green, The streaming sunlight of its morning sky, And the dark clouds of death, which linger by; For oft, when life is fresh and hope is strong, Shall early sorrow breathe the unbidden sigh, While age to death mores peacefully along, As on the singer's tip expires the finish'd song

### THE FADED ONE.

Gows to the slumber which may know no waking Till the loud requiem of the world shall swell;

Gone! where no sound thy still repose is breaking, In a lone mansion through long years to dwell;

Where the sweet gales that herald bud and blossom Pour not their music nor their fragrant breath :

A seal is set upon thy budding bosom, A bond of loncliness---a spell of death !

Yet 't was but yesterday thet all before thee Shone in the freshness of life's morning hours; Joy's radiant shile was playing briefly o'er thee,

And thy light feet impress'd but vernal flowers. The restless spirit charm'd thy sweet existence,

Making all leauteous in youth's pleasant maze, While gladsome hope illumed the onward distance,

And lit with subleams thy expectant doys.

How have the garlands of thy childhood wither'd, And hope's false anthem died upon the air!

Death's cloudy tempests o'er thy way have gather'd, And his stern bolts have burst in fury there.

On thy pale forchead sleeps the shade of even, Youth's braided wreath lies stain'd in sprinkled

Yet looking upward in its grief to Heaven, [dust, Love should not mourn theo, save in hope and trust.

## A REMEMBRANCE.

I SED thee still ! thou art not dead, Though dust is mingling with thy form; The broken sunheam hath not shed The final rainbow on the storm: In visions of the midnight deep, Thine accents through my borom thrill. Till joy's fond impulse bids me weep .--For, wrapt in thought I see thee still ! I see thee still,---that check of rose,---Those lips, with dewy fragrance wet, That forehead in screne repose,----Those soul-lit eves---I see them yet ! Sweet scraph ! Sure thoy art not dead,-Thou gracest still this earthly sphere. An influence still is round me shed, Like thine .---- and yet thou art not here ! Farewell, beloved ! To mortal sight,

Thy vermeil check no more may bloom; No more thy smiles inspire delight,

For thou art garner'd in the tomb. Rich harvest for that ruthless power

Which hath no bound to mar his will :----Yet, as in hope's unclouded hour,

Throned in my heart, I see thee still.

(Boos, 1808.)

The paternal ancestors of Mr. BENJANIN came to New England at an early period from Wales. His father, who was a merchant, resided many years at Demerara, in British Guiana, where he acquired a large fortune. There the subject of this notice was born in the year 1809. When he was about three years old, in consequence of a severe illness he was brought to this country, under the care of a faithful female guardian, and here, except during a few brief periods, he has since resided. The improper medical treatment to which he had been subjected in Demerara prevented his complete restoration under the more skilful physicians of New England, and he has been lame from his childhood; but I believe his general health has been uniformly good for many years.

While a boy he was sent to an excellent school in the rural village of Colchester, in Connecticut. At twelve he was removed to New Haven, where he resided three years in his father's family, after which he was sent to a private boarding school near Boston, in which he remained until he entered Harvard College, in 1825. He left this venerable institution before the close of his second academic year, in consequence of a protracted and painful illness, and on his recovery entered Washington College, at Hartford, then under the presidency of the Right Reverend TROMAN C. BROWN-ELL, now Bishop of Connecticut. He was graduated in 1829, with the highest honours of his class.

In 1830, Mr. BENJAMIN entered the Law School at Cambridge, at that time conducted by Mr. Justice Scour and Professor Ashurs. He pursued his legal studies with much industry for a considerable period at this seminary, but finished the acquirement of his profession at New Haven, under Chief Justice DAGGETT and Professor HITCHCOCK. He was admitted to the Connecticut bar in 1833, and removing soon after to Boston, the residence of his relatives and friends, he was admitted to the courts of Massachusetts, as attorney and counsellor at law and solicitor in chancery.

His disposition to devote his time to literature prevented his entering upon the practice of his profession, and on the death of Enwis BUCKINGsax, one of its original editors, I believe he became connected with the "New England Mugazine." In 1836 that periodical was joined to the "American Monthly Magazine," published in New York, and edited by CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, and Mr. BENJAHIN was soon after induced to go to reside permanently in that city. By unfortunate investments, and the calamities in which so rasny were involved in that period, he had lost most of his patrimonial property, and the remainder of it he now invested in a publishing establish ment; but the commercial distress of the time, by which many of the wealthiest houses were overthrown, prevented the realization of his expectations, and the business was abandoned. He purchased, I believe, near the close of the year 1837, the "American Monthly Magazine," and for about two years conducted it with much ability; but by giving to some of the later numbers of it a political character, its prosperity was destroyed, and he relinquished it to become associated with Mr. HORICE GREELEY in the editorship of the "New Yorker," a popular weekly periodical, devoted to literature and politics. In 1840 several weekly gazettes of unprecedented size were established in New York, and rapidly attained a great circulation. With the most prominent of these he was connected, and his writings contributed largely to its success.

In both prose and verse Mr. BRNJAMIN has been a very prolific author. His rhythmical compositions would fill many volumes. They are generally short. "A Poem on the Contemplation of Nature," read before the classes of Washington College, on the day of his graduation ; " Postry, a Satire," published in 1843, and "Infatuation, a Satire," published in 1845, are the longest of his printed works. He has written several dramatic pieces, of which only freqments have been given to the public.

There have not been many successful American satires. Thumau L's " Progress of Dulness" and "McFingal," are the best that had been produced at the close of the Revolution. FRENERU, Hop-KINS, DWIGHT, ALSOP, CLIPPTON, and others, attempted this kind of writing with various success, but none of them equalled TRUNSVLL. More recently FRANKER, VERPLANCE, PIERPONT, HALLECK, HULMER, WARD, OSBORN, and BEN-JAMIN, have essayed it. HALLECR's "Fanny" and "Epistles" are witty, spirited and playful, but local in their application. The "Vision of Rubeta" has felicitous passages, and shows that its author is a scholar, but it is cumbrous and occasionally coarse. Mr. BENJAMIN'S satires are lively, pointed, and free from malignity or licentiousness.

In some of his shorter poems, Mr. BENJAMIN has shown a quick perception of the ridiculous; in others, warm affections and a meditative spirit; and in more, gayety. His poems are adorned with apposite and pretty fancies, and seem generally to be expressive of actual feelings. Some of his humourous pieces, as the sonnet entitled "Sport," which is quoted in the following pages, are happily expressed, but his style is generally more like that of an improvisator than an artist. He rarely makes use of the burnisher. 885

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#### GOLD.

"Gold is, in its last analysis, the sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."-JOSEPH NAPOLEON.

WASTE treasure like water, ye noble and great! Spend the wealth of the world to increase your es-Pile up your temples of marble, and raise [late; Columns and domes, that the people may gaze And wonder at beauty, so gorgeously shown By subjects more rich than the king on his throne. Lavish and squander—for why should ye save "The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave?"

Pour wine into goblets, all crusted with gems---Wear pearls on your collars and pearls on your Let diamonds in splendid profusion outvie [hems; The myriad stars of a tropical sky ! Though from the night of the fathomless mine These may be dug at your banquet to shine, Little care ye for the chains of the slave, "The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

Behold, at your gates stand the feeble and old, Let them burn in the sunshine and freeze in the cold; Let them starve: though a morsel, a drop will impart New vigour and warmth to the limb and the heart: You taste not their anguish, you feet not their pain. Your heads are not bare to the wind and the rain-Must wretches like these of your charity crave "The Sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave ?"

An army goes out in the morn's early light, Ten thousand gay soldiers equipp'd for the fight; An army comes home at the clusing of day; O, where are their bunners, their goodly array? Ye widows and orphans, bewail not so loud---Your greans may imbitter the feast of the proud; To win for their store, did the wild battle rave, "The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

Gold ! gold ! in all ages the curse of mankind, Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind: The links may be free as the wings of a bird, And the mind be the slave of a look and a word. To gain thee, men barter eternity's crown, Yield honour, affection, and lasting renown, And mingle like foam with life's swift-rushing wave "The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

## UPON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF A LADY, PAINTED BY GIOVANNI C. THOMPSON-

THERE is a sweetness in those upturn'd eyes, A tearful lustre—such as fancy lends To the Madonna--and a soft surprise, As if they saw strate brauty in the air; Perchance a bird, whose little piniou bends To the same breeze that lifts that flowing hair. And, O, that lip, and check, and forehead fair, Reposing on the canvass !---that bright smile, Custing a mellow radiance over all ! Sav, didst thou strive, young artist, to beguile The gazer of his reason, and to thrall His every sense in messes of delight----When thou, uncourse ous, mad'st this phantom bright? Sure nothing real lives, which thus can charm the

sight!

# THE STORMY PETREL.

Tais is the bird that sweeps o'er the sca---Fearless and rapid and strong is he; He never forsakes the billowy roar, To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore, Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks Protects her young in the splinter'd rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms; On the top of the wave you may see their forms; They run and dive, and they whirl and fly, Where the glittering foam spray breaks on high; And against the force of the strongest gale, Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

All over the ocean, far from land, When the storm-king rises dark and grand, The mariner sees the petrel meet The fathomless waves with steady feet, And a tireless wing and a damtless breast, Without a home or a hope of rest.

So, mid the contest and toil of life, My soul! when the billows of rage and strifo Are tossing high, and the heavenly blue Is shrouded by vapours of sombre hue— Like the petrel wheeling o'er foam and spray, Onward and upward pursue thy way!

#### THE NAUTILUS.

THE Nautilus over loves to glide Upon the crest of the radiant tide. When the sky is clear and the ware is bright, Look over the sea for a lovely sight! You may watch, and watch for many a mile, And never see Nautilus all the while. Till, just as your patience is nearly lost, Lo! there is a bark in the sunlight toss'd!

"Sail ho! and whither away so fast !" What a curions thing she has rigg'd for a mast! "Ahoy! shoy! don't you hear our hail !" How the breeze is swelling her gossamer sail! The good ship Nautilus--yes, 'tis she! Sailing over the gold of the placid sea; And though she will never deign reply, I could tell her hull with the glance of an eye.

Now, I wonder where Nantilus can be bound; Or does she always sail round and round, With the fairy queen and her court on board, And mariner-spriles, a glittering borde? Does she roam and roam till the evening light? And where does she go in the deep midnight? So crazy a vessel could hardly sail. Or weather the blow of "a fine, stiff gale."

O, the selfsame hand that holds the chain Which the ocean binds to the rocky main----Which guards from the wreck when the tempest raves,

And the stout ship reels on the surging waves— Directs the course of thy little bark, And in the light or the shadow dark, And near the shore or far at sea, Makes safe a billowy path for thee!

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# TO ONE BELOVED.

t. YEARS, years have pass'd, My sweetest, since I heard thy voice's tone, Saying thou wouldst be mine and mine alone; Dark years have cast Their shadows on me, and my brow no more Smiles with the happy light that once it wore. My heart is sere. As a leaf toss'd upon the autumnal gale; The early rose-hues of my life are pale, Its garden drear, Its hower deserted, for my singing bird Among its dim retreats no more is heard. O, trust them not Who say that I have long forgotten thee, Or even now thou art not dear to me ! Though far my lot From thine, and though Time's onward rolling tide May never bear me, dearest, to thy side. I would forget, Alas! I strive in vain-in dreams, in dreams The radiance of thy glance upon me beams:---No star has met My gaze for years whose beauty doth not shine, Whose look of speechless love is not like thine ! The evening air-Soft witness of the floweret's fragrant death-Strays not so sweetly to me as thy breath; The moonlight fair On mowy waste sleeps not with sweeter ray, Than thy clear memory on my heart's decay. I love thee still-And I shall love thee ever, and above All earthly objects with undying love. The mountain-rill Seeks, with no surer flow, the far, bright sea, Than my unchanged affection flows to thee. A year has flown, My heart's best angel, since to thee I strung My frail, poetic lyre-since last I sung, In faltering tone, My love undying: though in all my dreams Thy smiles have linger'd, like the stars in streams. On ruffled wing. Like storm-toss'd bird, that year has sped away Into the shadow'd past, and not a day To me could bring Familiar joys like those I knew of yore, But morn, and noon, and night, a sorrow bore. Alas, for Time ! For me his sickle resps the harvest fair Of hopes that blossom'd in the summer air Of youth's sweat clime ; But leaves to bloom the deeply-rooted tree Which thou hast planted, deathless Memory ! Beneath its shade I muse, and muse alone-while daylight dies, Changing its dolphin haes in western skies, And when they faile.

And when the moon, of fairy stars the queen, Waves her transparent wand o'er all the ocene; I seek the vale, And, while inhaling the moss-rose's breath,-(Less sweet than thine, unmatch'd ELIZABSTH!) A vision, pale As the far robes of scraphs in the night, Rises before me with supernal light. I seek the mount, And there, in closest commune with the blue, Thy spiritual glances meet my view. I seek the fount : And thou art my ECERIA, and the glade Encircling it around is holier made. I seek the brook : And, in the silver shout of waters, hear Thy merry, melting tones salute mine car: And, in the look Of lilies floating from the flowery land, See something soft and stainless as thy hand. All things convey A likeness of my early, only love-All fairest things around, below, above : The foamy spray Over the billow, and the bedded pearls, And the light flag the lighter breeze unfurla. For, in the grace As well as in the beauty of the sca, I find a true similitude to thee: And I can trace Thine image in the loveliness that dwells Mid inland forests and sequester'd dells. I am thine own, My dearest, though thou never mayst be mine; I would not if I could the band untwine Around me thrown-Since first I breathed to thes that word of firs-Re-echo'd now, how feebly ! by my lyre." Love, constant love ! Age cannot quench it-like the primal ray From the vast fountain that supplies the day, Far, far above Our cloud-encircled region, it will flow As pure and as eternal in its glow. O. when I die (If until then thou mayst not drop a tear) Weep then for one to whom thou wert most dear; To whom thy sigh, Denied in life, in death, if fondly given, Will seem the sweetest incense-air of heaven ! Dost thou not turn, Fairest and sweetest, from the flowery way On which thy feet are treading every day, And seek to learn Tidings, sometimes, of him who loved thee well-More than his pen can write or tongue can tell ?

Gaze not thine eyes (O, wild and lustrous eyes, ye were my fate!) Upon the lines he fashion'd not of late, But when the skies

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Distant in N

Of joy were over him, and he was bless'd That he could sing of treasures he possess'd ?

Treasures more dear Than gold in ingots, or barbaric piles Of pearls and diamonds, thy most precious smiles!

Bring, bring me here, O, ruthless Time, some of those treasures now, And print a hundred wrinkles on my brow.

#### Make me grow old

Before my years are many-take away Health, youth, ambition-let my strength decay, My mind be sold

Ah! I implore A hoon that cannot be, a blessing flown Unto a realm so distant from my own, That, could I soar

On engle's wings, it still would be sfar, As if I strove by flight to reach a star!

The future vast Before me lifts majestic steeps on high, Which I must stand upon before I die ! For, in the past

Love buried lies; and nothing lives but fame To speak unto the coming age my race and name.

## THE TIRED HUNTER.

REST thee, old hunter! the evening cool Will sweetly breathe on thy heated brow, Thy dogs will lap of the shady pool;

Thou art very weary-O, rest thee now!

Thou hast wander'd far through mazy woods, Thou hast trodden the bright-plumed birds'retreat,

Thou hast broken in on their solitudes,-O, give some rest to thy tired feet!

There's not a nook in the forest wide Nor a leafy dell unknown to thee ;

Thy step has been where no sounds, beside The rustle of wings in the sheltering tree,

The sharp, clear cry of the startled game, The wind's low murmur, the tempest's roar, The hay that follow'd thy gun's sure sim,

Or thy whistle shrill, were heard before.

Then rest thes !---thy wife in her cottage-door, Shading her eyes from the sun's keen ray,

Peers into the forest beyond the moor, To hail thy coming ere fall of day ;----

But thou art a score of miles from home, And the hues of the kindling autumn leaves

Grow brown in the shadow of evening's dome, And swing to the rush of the freshening breeze.

Thou must even rest! for thou canst not tread Fill yon star in the zenith of midnight glows, And a sapphire light over earth is spread,

The place where thy wife and habes repose. Rest thee a while-and then journey on

Through the wide forest, and over the moor: Then call to thy dogs, and fire thy gun,

And a taper will gleam from thy cottage-door!

## THE DEPARTED.

Tax departed ! the departed ! They visit us in dreams, And they glide above our memories Like shadows over streams; But where the cheerful lights of home In constant lustre burn, The departed, the departed Can never more return ! The good, the brave, the beautiful, How dreamless is their elcep, Where rolls the dirge-like music Of the ever-toming deep ! Or where the hurrying night-winds Pale winter's robes have spread Above their narrow palaces. In the cities of the dead ! I look around and feel the awe Of one who walks alone Among the wrecks of former days. In mournful ruin strown; I start to hear the stirring sounds Among the cypress trees, For the voice of the departed Is borne upon the breeze. That solemn voice ! it mingles with Each free and careless strain ; I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy Will cheer my heart again. The melody of summer waves, The thrilling notes of birds. Can never be so dear to me As their remember'd words. I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles Still on me sweetly fall, Their tones of love I faintly hear My name in sadness call. I know that they are happy, With their angel-plumage on, But my heart is very desolate To think that they are gone. I AM NOT OLD. I AM not old .... though years have cast Their shadows on my way; I am not old--though youth has pass'd On rapid wings away.

For in my heart a fountain flows, And round it pleasant thoughts repose; And sympathics and feelings high, Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old-Time may have set "His signet on my brow,"

Distanting GOOQIC

And some faint furrows there have met, Which care may deepen now :

Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves Of fresh, young buds and verdant leaves; And still in fancy I can twine Thoughts, sweet as flowers, that once were mine.

## THE DOVE'S ERRAND.

Under cover of the night, Feather'd darling, take your flight! Lest some cruel archer fling Arrow at your tender wing, And your white, unspotted side Be with crimson colour died :--For with men who know not love You and I are living, Dove.

Now I bind a perfumed letter Round your neck with silken fetter; Bear it safely, bear it well, Over mountain, lake, and dell. While the darkness is profound You may fly along the ground, But when murning's berald sings, Mount ye on sublimer wings; High in heaven pursue your way Till the fading light of day, From the paluce of the west, Tints with fleckering gold your breast, Shielded from the gaze of men, You may stoop to earth again.

Stay, then, feather'd darling, stay, Pause, and look along your way: Well I know how fast you fly, And the keenness of your eye. By the time the second eve Comes, your journey you'll achieve, And above a gentle vale Will on easy pinion sail. In that vale, with dwellings strown, One is standing all slone : White it rises mid the leaves. Woodbines clamber o'er its caves. And the honeysuckle fails Pendant on its silent walls. "T is a cottage, small and fair As a cloud in summer air.

By a lattice, wreathed with flowers Such as link the dancing hours, Sitting in the twilight shade, Envied dove, hehold a maid ! Locks escaped from sunny band, Cheeks reclined on snowy hand, Looking sadly to the sky, She will meet your searching eye. Fear not, doubt not, timid dove, You have found the home of love! She will fold you to her breast-Serar us have not purer rest ; She your weary plumes will kiss-Beraphs have not sweeter bliss! Tremble not, my dove, nor start, Should you feel her throbbing heart; Joy has made her bright eye dim-Well she knows you came from him, Him she loves. O. luckless star! He from her must dweil afar.

From your neck her fingers fine Will the silken string untwine; Reading then the words I trace, Blushes will suffuse her face; To her lipe the lines she'll press, And again my dove caress. Mine, yes, mine—O, would that I Could on rapid pinions fly! Then I should not send you, dove, On an errand to my love: For I'd brave the sharpest gale, And along the tempest sail; Caring not for danger near. Hurrying heedlesa, void of fear, But to hear one tender word, Breathed for me, my happy bird!

At the early dawn of day, She will send you on your way, Twining with another fetter Round your neck another letter. Speed ye, then, O, swiftly speed, Like a prisoner newly freed : O'er the mountain, o'er the vale, Homeward, homeward, swiftly sail ! Nover, never poise a plume, Though beneath you Edens bloom: Never, never think of rest, Till night's shadow turns your breast From pure white to mottled gray, And the stars are round your way,-Love's bright beacons, they will shine, Dove, to show your home and mine !

#### "HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS!"

How cheery are the mariners--Those lovers of the sea! Their hearts are like its yesty waves, As bounding and as free. They whistle when the storm-bird wheels In circles round the mast; And sing when deep in foam the ship Ploughs onward to the blast. What care the mariners for gales ! There's music in their roar. When wide the berth along the lee, And leagues of room before. Let billows toss to mountain heights, Or sink to chasms low, The vessel stout will ride it out, Nor reel beneath the blow. With streamers down and canvass furl'd, The gallant hull will float Securely, as on inland lake A silken-tassell'd boat ; And sound asleep some mariners, And some with watchful eves, Will fearless be of dangers dark. That roll along the skies. Gon keep those cheery mariners ! And temper all the gales That sweep against the rocky coast To their storm-shatter'd sails ; And men on shore will bless the ship That could so guided be, Safe in the hollow of His hand, To brave the mighty seal  $2 \times 2$ 

## LINES SPOKEN BY A BLIND BOY.

Tax bird, that never tried his wing, Can blithely hop and sweetly sing, Though prison'd in a narrow cage, Till his bright feathers droop with age. So I, while never bless'd with sight, Shut out from heaven's surrounding light, Life's hours, and days, and years enjoy,----Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

That captive hird may never float Through heaven, or pour his thrilling note Mid shady groves, by pleasant streams That sparkle in the soft moonbeams; But he may gayly flutter round Within his prison's scanty bound, And give his soul to song, for he Ne'er longs to taste sweet liberty.

O! may I not as happy dwell Within my uniflumined cell? May I not leap, and sing, and play, And turn my constant night to day 1 I never saw the sky, the sea, The earth was never green to me: Then why, O, why should I repine For blessings that were never mine!

Think not that blindness makes me sad, My thoughts, like yours, are often glad. Parents I have, who love me well, Their different voices I can tell. Though far away from them, Ihear, In dreams, their music meet my ear. Is there a star so dear above As the low voice of one you love !

. I never saw my father's face, Yet on his forchead when I place My hand, and feel the wrinkles there, Loft less by time than anxious care, I fear the world has sights of wo, To knit the brows of manhood so,— I sit upon my father's knee: He'd love me less if I could see.

I never saw my mother smile : Her gentle tones my heart beguile. They fall like distant melody, They are so mild and sweet to me. She murmurs not--my mother dear ! Though sometimes I have kiss'd the tear From her soft cheek, to tell the joy One smiling word would give her boy.

Right merry was I every day ! Fearless to run about and play With sisters, brothers, friends, and all,... To answer to their sudden call, To join the ring, to speed the chase, To find each playmate's hiding-place, And pass my hand across his brow, To tell him I could do it now !

Yet though delightful flew the hours, So pass'd in childhood's peaceful bowers, When all were gone to school but I, I used to sit at home and sigh; And though I never long'd to view The earth so green, the sky so blue, I thought I'd give the world to look Along the pages of a book.

Now, since I've learn'd to read and write, My heart is fill'd with new delight; And music too,---can there be found A sight so beautiful as sound ? Tell me, kind friends, in one short word, Am I not like a captive bird ? I live in song, and peace, and joy,---Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

#### THE ELYSIAN ISLE.

" It arose before them, the most beautiful island in the world."-IRVING'S Columbus.

It was a sweet and pleasant isle-As fair as isle could be; And the wave that kiss'd its sandy shore Was the wave of the Indian sea.

It seem'd an emeraid set by Heaven On the occan's dazzling brow---And where it glow'd long ages past, It glows as greenly now.

I've wander'd oft in its valleys bright, Through the gloom of its leafy bowers, And breathed the breath of its spicy gales And the scent of its countless flowers.

- I've seen its bird with the crimson wing Float under the clear, blue sky;
- I've heard the notes of its mocking-bird On the evening waters die.

In the starry noon of its brilliant night, When the world was hush'd in sleep-

I dream'd of the shipwreck'd gems that lie On the floor of the soundless deep.

And I gather'd the shells that buried were In the beart of its silver sands,

And toss'd them back on the running wave, To be caught by viewless hands.

There are sister-spirits that dwell in the sea, Of the spirits that dwell in the air;

And they never visit our northern clime, Where the coast is bleak and bare :

But around the shores of the Indian isles They revel and sing alone----

Though I saw them not, I heard by night Their low, mysterious tone.

Elysian isle! I may never view. Thy birds and roses more,

Nor meet the kiss of thy loving breeze As it seeks thy jewell'd shore.

Yet thou art treasured in my heart As in thine own drep sea; And, in all my dreams of the spirits' home

Dear isle, I picture thee !

Distanting GOOQIC

# A GREAT NAME.

TTME! thou destroyest the relics of the past, And hidest all the footprints of thy march On shatter'd column and on crumbled arch, By moss and ivy growing green and fust. Hurl'd into fragments by the tempost-blast,

The Rhodian monster lies; the obelisk, That with sharp fine divided the broad disc Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast: And where these stood, no remnant-trophy stands, And even the art is lost by which they rose:

Thus, with the monuments of other lands,

The place that knew them now no longer knows. Yet triumph not, O, Time; strong towers decay, But a great name shall never pass away!

#### INDOLENCE.

THERE is no type of indolence like this :---A ship in harbour, not a signal flying, The wave unstirr'd about her huge sides lying,

No breeze her drooping pennant-flag to kiss, Or move the smallest rope that hangs aloft : Suilors recumbent, listless, stretch'd around

Upon the polish'd deck or canvase-soft

To his tough limbs that scarce have ever found A bed more tender, since his mother's knos

The stripling left to tempt the changeful sea. Some are asleep, some whistle, try to sing, Some gape, and wonder when the ship will sail, Some dumn' the calm and wish it was a gale;

But every lubber there is lazy as a king.

# SPORT.

To see a fellow of a summer's morning, With a large foxhound of a slumberous eye And a slim gun, go slowly lounging by,

About to give the feather'd bipeds warning, That prohably they may be shot hereafter, Excites in me a quiet kind of laughter;

For, though I am no lover of the sport Of harmless murder, yet it is to me Almost the funnicet thing on earth to see

A corpulent person, breathing with a snort, Go on a shooting frolic all alone;

For well I know that when he's out of town, He and his dog and gun will all lie down, And undestructive sleep till game and light are flown.

# M. I.

14. 1.

BORN in the north, and rear'd in tropic lands: Her mind has all the vigour of a tree, Sprung from a rocky soil beside the sea, And all the sweetness of a rose that stands

In the soft sunshine on some shelter'd lea. She seems all life, and light, and love to me ! No winter lingers in her glowing smile,

No coldness in her deep, metodious words, But all the warmth of her dear Indian isle,

And all the music of its tuneful birds. With her conversing of my native bowers,

In the far south, I feel the genial air Of some delicious morn, and taste those flowers, Which, like herself, are bright above compare.

## TO MY SISTER.

Sisters! dear eister, I am getting old: My hair is thinner, and the cheerful light That glisten'd in mine eyes is not as bright, Though while on thee I look, 't is never cold.

My hand is not so steady while I pen

These simple words to tell how warm and clear Flows my heart's fountain toward thee, sister dear!

For years I've lived among my fellow-men. [ joys. Shared their deep passions, known their griefs and And found Pride, Power, and Fame but gilded

And, sailing far upon Ambition's waves, [toys; Beheld brave mariners on a troubled sea, [graves.

Meet, what they fear'd not-shipwreck and their My spirit seeks its haven, dear, with thee!

то -

"T is Winter now--but Spring will blossom soon, And flowers will lean to the embracing sir--And the young buds will vie with them to share

Each zephyr's soft carees; and when the Moon Bends her new silver bow, as if to fing

Her arrowy lustre through some vapour's wing, The streamlets will return the glance of night

From their pure, gliding mirrors, set by Spring Deep in rich frames of clustering chrysolite, Instead of Winter's crumbled sparks of white.

So, dearest! shall our loves, though frozen now By cold unkindness, bloom like buds and flowers,

Like fountain's flash, for Hope with smilling brow Tells of a Spring, whose sweets shall all be ours?

TO \_\_\_\_\_. LADT, farewell ! my heart no more to thee Bends like the Parsee to the dawning sun; No more thy beauty lights the world for me,

Or tints with gold the moments as they run. A cloud is on the landscape, and the beams

That made the valleys so divinely fair. And scatter'd diamonds on the gliding streams.

And crown'd the mountains in their azure air----

Are well'd forever !-- Lady, fare thee well ! Sadly as one who longeth for a sound To break the stillness of a deep profound,

My heart no more shall wake its sorrowing tone.

#### TO A LADY WITH A BOUQUET.

FLOWERS are love's truest language; they betray, Like the divining rods of Magi old,

Where priceless wealth lies buried, not of gold, But love—strong love, that never can decay!

I send thee flowers, O dearest ! and I deem That from their petals they wilt hear sweet words,

Whose music, clearer than the voice of birds, When breathed to these alone, perchance, may seem

All eloquent of feelings unexpress'd.

O, wreathe them in those tresses of dark hair! Let them repose upon thy forehead fair,

And on thy bosom's yielding snow be press'd! Thus shall thy fondness for my flowers reveal

The love that maiden coyness would conceal !

Distanting GOOGIC

#### (Bore about 1910.)

REV. RALPH HOTT was born in the city of New York, of which he is a resident, in the second lustrum of the present century. After passing several years as a teacher, and as a writer for the gazettes, he studied theology, and was ordained a presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal church in 1842. Verse is but an episode, though a natural one, in the life of a clergyman devoted to the active pursuit of good. Mr. Horr may have written much, but he has acknowledged little. He is known chiefly by "The Chaunt of Life and other Poeme," published in 1844, and by the second portion of "The Chaunt of Life," etc., which

appeared in the summer of 1845. The "Chaunt of Life" is chiefly occupied with passages of personal sentiment and reflection. The pieces entitled "Snow" and "The World for Sale," in his first volume, attracted more attention, and the author was led to pursue the vein, in "New" and "Old," which were subsequently written. A simple, natural current of feeling runs through them; the versification grows out of the subject, and the whole clings to us as something written from the heart of the author. A few such pieces have often prolonged a reputation, while writers of greater effort have been forgotten.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old;

#### OLD.

Earthly hope no longer bath a morrow, Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told, Br the wayside, on a mossy stone, Sat a heary pilgrim sadly musing : Then his eye betray'd a pearl of sorrow, Oft I marked him sitting there alone, Down it roll'd ! All the landscape like a page perusing; Poor, unknown-By the wayside, on a mossy stone. Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimm'd hat, Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding, Silver buttons, queue, and crimpt cravat, Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding, There he sat ! Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimm'd hat. Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there, No one sympathising, no one heeding, None to love him for his thin gray hair, And the furrows all so mutely pleading, Age, and care : Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there. It was summer, and we went to school. Dapper country lads, and little maidens, Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool." Its grave import still my fancy ladens, "HERE'S & FOOL !" It was summer, and we went to school. When the stranger seem'd to mark our play, Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted, I remember well,-too well, that day ! Offentimes the tears unbidden started, Would not stay ! When the stranger seemed to mark our play. One sweet spirit broke the silent spell, Ah! to me her name was always heaven! She besought him all his grief to tell, (I was then thirteen, and she eleven.) ICABEL ! One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old ! I have totter'd here to look once more On the pleasant scene where I delighted In the careless, happy days of yore, Ere the garden of my heart was blighted To the core ! I have totter'd here to look once more! All the picture now to me how dear! E'en this grav old rock where I am seated, Is a jewel worth my journey here; Ah, that such a scene must be completed With a tear! All the picture now to me how dear ! Old stone school-house !--- it is still the same ! There's the very step I so oft' mounted ; There's the window creaking in its frame, And the notches that I cut and counted For the game; Old stone school-house !----it is still the same ! In the cottage, yonder, I was born; Long my happy home-that humble dwelling ; There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn, There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling ; Ah, forlorn ! In the cottage, yonder, I was born. Those two gate-way sycamores you see, Then were planted, just so far asunder

That long well-pole from the path to free, And the wagon to pass safely under; Ninely-three 1

Those two gate-way sycamores you see!

There's the orchard where we used to climb When my mates and I were boys together, Thinking nothing of the flight of time, Fearing naught but work and rainy weather ; Past its prime ! There's the orchard where we used to climb! There, the rude, three-corner'd chestnut rails, Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing. Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails In the crops of buckwheat we were raising, Traps and trails,--There, the rule, three-corner'd chestnut rails. There's the mill that ground our vellow grain ; Pond, and river still screnely flowing ; Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane, Where the lily of my heart was blowing, MARY JANE! There's the mill that ground our yellow grain ! There's the gate on which I used to swing, Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable ; But alas! no more the morn shall bring That dear group around my father's table ; Taken wing! There's the gate on which I used to swing ! I am fleeing !---all I loved are fled ! Yon green meadow was our place for playing; That old tree can tell of sweet things said. When around it Jane and I were straying: She is dead ! [ am fleeing !---all I loved are fled ! Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky, Tracing silently life's changeful story, So familiar to my dim old eye, Points me to seven that are now in glory There on high! Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky! Off the sisle of that old church we trod, Guided thither by an angel mother; Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod, Sire and sisters, and my little brother ; Gone to God ! Of the aisle of that old church we trod ! There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways, Bless the holy lesson !---but, ah, never Shall I hear again those songs of praise, Those sweet voices -silent now for ever ! Peaceful days! There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways! There my Mary blest me with her hand, When our coule drank in the nuptial bleming. Ere she hasten'd to the spirit-land; Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing ; Broken band ! There my Mary blest me with her hand ! I have come to see that grave once more,

And the sacred place where we delighted, Where we worshipp'd in the days of yore, 60 Ere the garden of my heart was blighted To the core ! I have come to see that grave once more.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old ? Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow; Now, why I ait here thou hast been told : In his eye another pearl of sorrow, Down it rolled ! Angel, said he saily, I am old ?

By the wayside, on a mossy stone, Sat the heary pilgrim, sadly musing; Still I marked him, sitting there alone, All the landscape, like a page, perusing; Poor, unknown, By the wayside, on a mossy stone!

# NEW.

STILL sighs the world for something new, For something new; Imploring me, imploring you, Some Will-o'-wisp to help pursue; Ah, hapless world, what will it do! Imploring me, imploring you, For something xxw!

Each pleasure, tasted, fades away, It fades away; Nor you, nor I can bid it stay, A dew-drop trembling on a spray; A rainbow at the close of day; Nor you, nor I can bid it stay; It fades away.

Fill up life's chalice to the brim; Up to the brim; "Tis only a capricious whim; A dreamy phantom, flitting dim, Inconstant still for Her, or Him; "Tis only a capricious whim, Up to the brim !

#### 68F.

She, young and fair, expects delight; Expects delight;
Forscoth, because the morn is bright,
She deems it never will be night,
That youth hath not a wing for flight,
Forscoth, because the morn is bright,
Expects delight!

The rose, once gather'd, cannot please, It cannot please; Ah, simple maid, a rose to seize, That only blooms to tempt and tease: With thorns to rob the heart of case; Ah, simple maid, a rose to seize; It cannot please!

"Tis winter, but she pines for spring; She pines for spring; No bliss its frost and follies bring; A bird of passage on the wing;

Distanting GOOGLC

Unhappy, discontented thing; No bliss its frost and follies bring; She pines for spring!

Delicious May, and azure skies; And azure skies; With flowers of paradisial dycs; Now, maiden, happy be and wiscr Ah, Juxz can only charm her eyes With flowers of paradisial dycs, And azure skies !

The glowing, tranquil summertime; The summertime; Too listless in a maiden's prime, Dull, melancholy pantonime; Ob, for a gay autunnal chine: Too listless in a maiden's prime, The summertime !

October! with earth's richest store; Earth's richest store; Alas! insipid as before; Days, months, and seasons, o'er and o'er, Remotest lands their treasures pour; Alas, insipid as before, Earth's richest store!

Love neatles in that gentle breast; That gentle breast; Ah, love will never let it rest; The cruel, sly, ungrateful guest; A viper in s linnet's nest, Ab, love will never let it rest; That gentle breast!

Could she embark on Fashion's tide; On fashion's tide; How gaily might a maiden glide;— Contentment, innocence, and pride, All stranded upon either side;— How gaily might a maiden glide, On fashion's tide!

Ah, maiden, time will make thee smart: Will make thee smart; Some new, and keen, and poison'd dart, Will pierce at last that restless heart; Youth, friends, and beauty will depart; Some new, and keen, and poisoned dart, Will make thee smart!

So pants for change the fickle fair; The fickle fair; A feather, floating in the air, Still wafted here, and wafted there, No charm, no hazard worth her care; A feather floating in the air, The fickle fair!

#### EX.

How ead his lot, the hapless swain; The hapless swain; With care, and toil, in heat and rain, To speed the plough or harvest-wain; Still resping only fields of grain, With care, and toil, in heat and rain; The hapless swain !

Now toiling up ambition's steep; Ambition's steep; The rugged path is hard to keep; 'The spring how far! the well how deep! Ab me! in folly's bower asleep! The rugged path is hard to keep; Ambition's steep!

The dream fulfilled ! renk, fortune, fame; Rank, fortune. fame; Vain fuel for celestial flame ! He wins and wears a glittering name, Yet sighs his longing soul the same; Vain fuel for celestial flame, Rank, fortune, fame !

Sweet heauty aims with Cupid's bow; With Cupid's bow; Can she transfix him now ?---ah, no? Amid the fairest flowers that blow, The torment but alights---to go: Can she transfix him now ?--ah, no, With Cupid's bow !

Indulgent heav'n, O grant but this, O grant but this, The boon shall be enough of blies, A BONS, with true alfection's kiss, To mend whate'er may hap amiss, O grant but this!

The Eden won:----inestiate still; Insatiate still;----A wider, fairer range, he will; Some mountain bigher than his hill; Some prospect fancy's map to fill; A wider, fairer range, he will; Insatiate still !

From maid to matron, son to sire;
From son to sire,
Each bosom burns with quenchless fire,
Where life's vain phantasics expire
In some new phœnix of desire;
Each bosom burns with quenchless fire,
From son to sire !
Still sighs the world for something new;

For something new; Imploring me, imploring you Some Will-ol-wisp to help pursue: Ah hepless world, what will it do; Imploring me, imploring you, For something waw!

Distancing GOOS

# SALE.

THE WORLD FOR SALE !- Hang out the sign ; Call every traveller here to me; Who II buy this brave estate of mine, And set me from earth's bondage free :----Tis going !- Yes, I mean to fling The bauble from my soul away; I'll sell it, whatsoe'r it bring ;-The World at Auction here to-day ! It is a glorious thing to see,-Ah, it has cheated me so sore! It is not what it seems to be : For sale ! It shall be mine no more. Come, turn it o'er and view it well ;---I would not have you purchase dear ; Tie going-going !--- I must sell ! Who bids !--- Who'll buy the Splendid Tear ! Here's WRALTS in glittering heaps of gold .---Who bids ?-But let me tell you fair, A baser lot was never sold ;-Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care ! And here, spread out in broad domain, A goodly landscape all may trace; Hall-cottage-tree-field-hill and plain ; Who'll buy himself a burial place ! Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell That beauty flings around the heart ; I know its power, alas! too well;-'Tis going-Love and I must part ! Must part !---What can I more with Love ! All over the enchanter's reign ; Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,---An hour of bliss,-an age of pain! And FRIENDSRIP,-rareat gem of earth.-(Who e'er hath found the jewel his?) Frail, fickle, false and little worth .-Who bids for Friendship-as it is! Tis going-going !-Hear the call : Once, twice, and thrice !-- 'Tis very low ! Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,-But now the broken staff must go! FANE! hold the brilliant meteor high ; How dazzling every gilded name ! Ye millions, now's the time to buy !-How much for Fame! How much for Fame! Hear how it thunders !--- Would you stand On high Olympus, far renown'd,-Now purchase, and a world command !---And be with a world's curses crown'd ! Sweet star of Hone ! with my to shine In every and foreboding breast, Save this desponding one of mine,→ Who bids for mun's last friend and best 1 Ah, were not mine a bankrupt life, This treasure should my soul sustain ; But Hope and 1 are now at strife, Nor ever may units again. And Sone !- For sale my tuncless lute: Sweet solace, mine no more to hold ;

The chords that charmed my soul are inite, I cannot wake the notes of old ! Or e'en were mine a wizard shell, Could chain a world in raptures high; Yet now a sad forewell !-- farewell !--Must on its last faint echoes die. Ambition, fashion, show, and pride,---I part from all for ever now; Grief, in an overwhelming tide. Has taught my haughty heart to bow, Poor heart! distracted, sh, so long,-And still its aching throb to bear ;---How broken, that was once so strong ; How heavy, once so free from care. No more for me life's fitful dream ;---Bright vision, vanishing away ! My bark requires a deeper stream; My sinking soul a surer stay. By Death, stern sherill? all bereft. I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod. The best of all I still have left,-My Feith, my Bible, and my God.

#### SNOW.

THE blessed morn is come again : The early gray Taps at the slumberer's window-pane, And seems to say " Break, break from the enchanter's chain, Away,---away !" "Tis winter, yet there is no sound Along the air, Of winds upon their battle-ground, But gently there. The snow is falling,-all around How fair-how fair ! The jocund fields would masquerade; Fantastic scene ! Tree, shrnb, and lawn, and lonely glade Have cast their green. And join'd the revel, all array'd So white and clean. E'en the old posts, that hold the bars And the old gate, Forgetful of their wintry wars And age sedate. High-capp'd, and plumed, like white husters, Stand there in state. The drifts are hanging by the sill, The caves, the door; The hav-stack has become a hill ; All cover'd o'er The wagon, loaded for the mill The eve before. Maria brings the water-pail,---But where's the well! Like magic of a fairy tale, Most strange to tell,

All vanish'd,-curb, and crank, and rail;-

Distantin GOOVIC

The wood-pile too is playing hide : The axe-the log-The kennel of that friend so tried-(The old watch-dog,) The grindstone standing by its side, All now incog. The bustling cock looks out aghast From his high shed; No spot to scratch him a repast, Up curves his head, Starts the dull hamlet with a blast, And back to bed. The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime Their morning moan ; Like Memnon's music of old time-That voice of stone ! So marbled they-and so sublime Their solemn tone. Good Ruth has called the younker folk To dress below ; Full welcome was the word she spoke, Down, down they go, The cottage quietude is broke,-The snow !--- the snow ! Now rises from around the fire A plement strain : Ye giddy sons of mirth, retire ! And ye profane !-A hymn to the Eternal Sire Goes up again. The patriarchal Book divine, Upon the knee, Opes where the gems of Judah shine .---(Sweet minstrelsic !) How soars each heart with each fair line, O God! to Thee! Around the altar low they bend, Devout in prayer ; As snows upon the roof descend, So angels there Guard o'er that household, to defend With gentle care. Now sings the kettle o'er the blaze; The buck wheat heave: Rare Mocha, worth an Arab's praise, Sweet Susan steeps; The old round stand her nod obeys, And out it leaps.

Unerring presages declare The banquet near; Soon, busy appetites are there; And disappear The glories of the ample fare, With thanks sincere.

Now let the busy day begin :---Out rolls the churn ; Forth hastes the farm-boy, and brings in The brush to burn ;---Sweep, shovel, scour, sew, knit, and spin, Till night's return.

To delve his threshing John must hie; His sturdy shoe Can all the subtle damp defy: How wades he through! While dainty milkmaids, slow and shy, His track pursue.

Each to the hour's allotted care: To shell the corn; The broken barness to repair; The sleigh t'adorn: Bo cheerial—tranquil—anowy—fair, The Winter Moan.

## EXTRACT FROM THE CHAUNT OF LIFE.

GIVE me to love my fellow, and in love, If with none other grace to chaunt my strain, Sweet key-note of soft cadences above, Sole star of solace in life's night of pain. Chief gem of Eden, fractured in that fall That ruin'd two fond hearts, and tarnish'd all ! Redcemer! be thy kindly spirit mine; That pearl of Paradise to me restore, Pure, fervent, fearless, lasting, love divine, Profound as ocean, broad as see and shore, While Man I sing, free, subject, and supreme, O! for a soul, as ample as the theme! Sad prelude I have sung, by Sorrow led Along the mournful shades that own her sway, Where, by a stream that weeping eyes have shed, Low chaunted I my melancholy lay. In pensive concord with the sootheless wail Of sighing wanderers in that lonely vale. Ah, chide not those whose wo seems hard to bear, The heart must hover where its treasures sleep; I saw the great, the wise, the gifted there, With humbler multitudes compell'd to weep: No penury, no wealth commands relief! No serf, no sovereign in the realms of grief!

Distanting Google

# JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

#### (Born about 1610.)

MR. CLARKE is a native of Boston. He is a grandson of the Reverend JAMES FREEMAN, D. D., for many years minister of King's Chapel, in that city, and was from his childhood designed for the | church. He was educated in the university and in the divinity-school at Cambridge, and on being 📋 fore the Phi Beta Kappa Society

admitted to orders, went to Louisville, Kentucky, where he resided several years, and conducted with much ability a monthly miscellany of religion and letters, entitled "The Western Messenger." In 1846 he published a poem delivered be-

# HYMN AND PRAYER.

INFINITE Spirit ! who art round us ever, In whom we float, as motes in summer-sky, May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever, Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen-yet not unfelt-if any thought Hus raised our mind from earth, or pure desire, A generous act, or noble purpose brought,

It is thy breath, O Long, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling, Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame, Give such a force of holy thought and feeling, That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion. That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,

O'ercome the world's all urement, threat, and fashion, Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thes still.

I am unworthy. Yet, for their dear sake I ask, whose roots planted in me are found; For precious vines are propp'd by rudest stake,

And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded, Young plants are warm'd,-they drink my branches' dew:

Let them not, Lonn, by me be Upas-shaded ; Make me, for their sake, firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake, too, the faithful, wise, and bold, Whose generous love has been my pride and stay, Those who have found in me some trace of gold,

For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted, Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest; Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,

When on his soul the guilt of man was press'd.

Tender and sensitive, he braved the storm, That we might fly a well-deserved fate, Pour'd out his soul in supplication warm, Look'd with his eyes of love on eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen, Let all this mercy on my heart be seal'd ! Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean: O, speak the word---thy servant shall be heal'd.

# THE POET.

Hx touch'd the earth, a soul of flame, His bearing proud, his spirit high ; Fill'd with the beavens from whence he came, He smiled upon man's destiny.

Yet smiled as one who knows no fear, And felt a secret strength within. Who wonder'd at the pitving tear

Shed over human lose and sin.

Lit by an inward, brighter light Than aught that round about him shone, He walk'd erect through shades of night;

Clear was his pathway-but how lone !

Men gaze in wonder and in awa Upon a form so like to theirs, Worship the presence, yet withdraw And carry elsewhere warmer prayers.

Yet when the glorious pilgrim-guest, Forgetting once his strange estate, Unloosed the lyre from off his breast, And strung its chords to human fate;

And, gayly snatching some rude air, Caroll'd by idle, passing tongue, Gave back the notes that linger'd there, And in Heaven's tones earth's low lay sung;

Then warmly grasp'd the hand that sought To thank him with a brother's soul, And when the generous wine was brought, Shared in the feast and quaff'd the bowl;

Men laid their hearts low at his feet, And sunn'd their being in his light. Press'd on his way his steps to greet, And in his love forgot his might.

And when, a wanderer long on earth. On him its shadow also fell, And dimm'd the lustre of a birth Whose day-spring was from Heaven's own well;

They cherish'd e'en the tears he shed, Their woes were hallow'd by his wo, Humanity, half cold and dead, Had been revived in genius' glow. 807 2 L

## JAMES F. CLARKE.

## JACOB'S WELL.\*

HERR, after JACOB parted from his brother, His daughters linger'd round this well, new-made; Here, seventeen centuries after, came another,

And talk'd with JESCS, wondering and afraid. Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother Shelter'd its waters with a temple's shado. Here, mid the fallen fragments, as of old, The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

And Jacob's race grew strong for many an hour, Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay;

The Roman's vest and earth-controlling power Has crumbled like these shafts and stones away;

But still the waters, fed by dew and shower, Come up, as ever, to the light of day.

And still the maid bends downward with her urn, Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face return.

And those few words of truth, first utter'd here, Have sunk into the human soul and heart;

A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear, Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart;

The hour for Goo's true worshippers draws near; Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art; Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay,

Nature moves on unchanged—Truths never pass away.

#### THE VIOLET.+

WREN April's warmth unlocks the clod, Soften'd by gentle showers, The violet pierces through the sod, And blossoms, first of flowers; So may I give my heart to Goo In childhood's early hours.

Some plants, in gardens only found, Are raised with pains and care: Gon scattern vialets all around, They blossom everywhere; Thus may my love to all abound, And all my fragrance share.

Some scentless flowers stand straight and high, With pride and haughtiness: But violets perfume land and sky, Although they promise less. Let me, with all humility, Do more than I profess.

Sweet flower, be thou a type to me Of blamcless joy and mirth, Of widely-scatter'd sympathy, Embracing all Gon's earth-Of early-blooming piety, And unpretending worth.

 Ruggested by a sketch of Jacob's Well, and Mount Gerizim.

† Written for a little girl to speak on May-day, in the character of the Violet.

# TO A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

LITTLE BISILINGS of the year ! Have you come my room to cheer ! You are dry and parch'd, I think ; Stand within this glass and drink ; Stand beside me on the table, 'Mong my books-if I am able, I will find a vacant space For your bashfulness and grace: Learned tasks and serious duty Shall be lighten'd by your beauty. Pure affection's sweetest token, Choicest hint of love unspoken, Friendship in your help rejoices, Uttering her mysterious voices. You are gifts the poor may offer-Wealth can find no better proffer: For you tell of tastes refined, Thoughtful heart and spirit kind. Gift of gold or jewel-dresses Ostentatious thought conferses; Simplest mind this boon may give, Modesty herself receive. For lovely woman you were meant The just and natural ornament, Sleeping on her bosom fair, Hiding in her raven hair, Or, peeping out mid golden curis, You outshine barbaric pearla; Yet you lead no thought astray. Feed not pride nor vain display, Nor disturb her sisters' rest. Waking envy in their breast. Let the rich, with heart elate, Pile their board with costly plate; Richer ornaments are ours, We will dress our homes with flowers, Yet no terror need we feel Lest the thief break through to steal. Ye are playthings for the child, Gifts of love for maiden mild, Comfort for the aged eve, For the poor, cheap luxury. Though your life is but a day, Precious things. dear flowers, you say, Telling that the Being good Who supplies our daily food, Deems it needful to supply Daily fond for heart and eve. So, though your life is but a day, We grieve not at your swift decay; He, who smiles in your bright faces, Sends us more to take your places; 'T is for this ye fude so soon. That He may renew the boon ; That kindness often may repeat These mute messages so sweet: That Love to plainer speech may get, Conning oft his alphabet ; That beauty may be rain'd from heaven, New with every morn and even, With freshest fregrance sunrise greeting: Therefore are ye, flowers, so fleeting.

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# JAMES ALDRICH.

(Born, 1\$10.)

JANES ALDRICH Was born near the Hudson, in the county of Suffolk, on the tenth of July, 1810. Island, and He received his education partly in Orange county, and partly in the city of New York, where, early in life, he because actively engaged in mercanile business. In 1836 he was married to MATILDA, New York.

## MORN AT SEA.

CLEARLY, with mental eye, Where the first slanted ray of sunlight springs, I see the morn with golden-fringed wings Up-pointed to the sky.

In youth's divinest glow, She stands upon a wandering cloud of dew, Whose skirts are sun-illumed with every hue Worn by Gou's covenant bow!

The child of light and air! O'er land or wave, where'er her pinions move, The shapes of earth are clothed in hues of love And truth, divinely fair.

Athwart this wide abyss, On homeward way impatiently I drift; O, might she bear me now where sweet flowers lift Their eyelids to her kiss!

Her smile hath overspread The heaven-reflecting sea, that evermore Is tolling solemn knells from shore to shore For its uncoffin'd deud.

Most like an angel-friend, With noiseless footsteps, which no impress leave, She comes in gentleness to those who grieve, Bidding the long night end.

How joyfully will hail, With reënliven'd hearts, her presence fair, The hapless shipwreck'd, patient in despair, Watching a far-off sail.

Vain all affection's arts To cheer the sick man through the night have been: She to his casement goes, and, looking in, Death's shadow thence departs.

How many, far from home. Wearied, like me, beneath unfriendly skies, And mourning o'er affection's broken ties, Have pray'd for her to come.

Lone voyager on time's ses ! When my dull night of being shall be past, O, may I waken to a morn, at last, Welcome as this to me ! daughter of Mr. JOAN B. LYON, of Newport. Rhode Island, and in the same year relinquished the occupation of a merchant. He has since devoted his attention entirely to literature; and has edited two or three popular periodicals. He resides in New York.

#### A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day, Yet lived she at its close, And breathed the long, long night away, In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state, Illumed the eastern skics, She pass'd through Glory's morning-gate, And walk'd in Peradise!

# MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

In beauty lingers on the hills The death-smile of the dying day; And twilight in my heart instils The softness of its rosy ray. I watch the river's peaceful flow, Here, standing by my mother's grave, And feel my dreams of glory go, Like weeds upon its sluggish wave. Gon gives us ministers of love. Which we regard not, being near; Death takes them from us-then we feel That angels have been with us here ! As mother, sister, friend, or wife, They guide us, cheer us, soothe our pain ; And when the grave has closed between Our hearts and theirs, we love-in vain ! Would, mother ! thou couldst hear me tell How off, amid my brief career, For sins and follies loved too well, Hath fallen the free, repentant tear. And, in the waywardness of youth, How better thoughts have given to me Contempt for error, love for truth, Mid sweet remembrances of thee. The harvest of my youth is done, And manhood, come with all its cares, Finds, garner'd up within my heart, For every flower a thousand tares. Dear mother! couldst thou know my thoughts, Whilst bending o'er this holy shrine,

The depth of feeling in my breast. Thou wouldst not blush to call me thine !

#### JAMES ALDRICH.

#### A SPRING-DAY WALK.

ADIEU, the city's censeless hum. The haunts of sensual life, adieu ! Green Selds, and silent glens ! we come, To spend this bright spring-day with you. Whether the bills and vales shall gleam With beauty, is for us to choose ; For leaf and blossom, rock and stream, Are colour'd with the spirit's hues. Here, to the seeking soul, is brought A nobler view of human fate, And higher feeling, higher thought, And glimpses of a higher state. Through change of time, on sea and shore, Serencly nature smiles sway; Yon infinite blue sky bends o'er Our world, as at the primal day.

The self-renewing earth is moved With youthful life each circling year; And flowers that Canka' daughter loved At Enns, now are blooming here. Glad neture will this truth reveal, That God is ours and we are Hrs; O, friends, my friends! what joy to feel That Hz our loving father is!

TO ONE FAR AWAY.

SwIFTER far than swallow's flight. Homeward o'er the twilight les; Swifter than the morning light, Flashing o'er the pathless sea, Dearest! in the lonely night Memory flies uway to thee ! Stronger far than is desire; Firm as truth itself can be; Deeper than earth's central fire; Boundless as the circling sea : Yet as mute as broken lyre, Is my love, dear wife, for thee ! Sweeter far than miser's gain, Or than note of fame can be Unto one who long in vain Treads the paths of chivalry-Are my dreams, in which again My fond arms encircle thee!

### BEATRICE.

UNTOUCH'D by mortal passion, Thou seem'st of heavenly birth, Pure as the effluence of a star Just reach'd our distant earth ! Gave Fancy's pencil never To an ideal fair Such spiritual expression As thy sweet features wear. An inward light to guide thee Unto thy soul is given, Pure and serene as its divine Original in heaven. Type of the ransom'd Psycan! How gladly, hand in hand, To some new world I'd fly with thee From off this mortal strand.

## LINES.

UNDERVEATE this merble cold. Lies a fair girl turn'd to mould : One whose life was like a star, Without toil or rest to mar Its divinest harmony. Its Gon-given serenity. One, whose form of youthful grace, One, whose eloquence of face Match'd the rerest gem of thought By the antique sculptors wrought : Yet her outward charms were less Than her winning gentleness, Her maiden purity of heart, Which, without the aid of art, Did in coldest hearts inspire Love, that was not all desire. Spirit forms with starry eyes, That seem to come from Paradise. Beings of ethereal birth, Near us glide sometimes on earth, Like glimmering moonbeams dimly seen Glancing down through alleys green ; Of such was she who lies boneath This eilent effigy of grief. Wo is me! when I recall One sweet word by her let fall-One sweet word but half-express'd-Downcast eyes told all the rest. To think beneath this marble cold, Lies that fair girl turn'd to mould.

#### THE DREAMING GIRL.

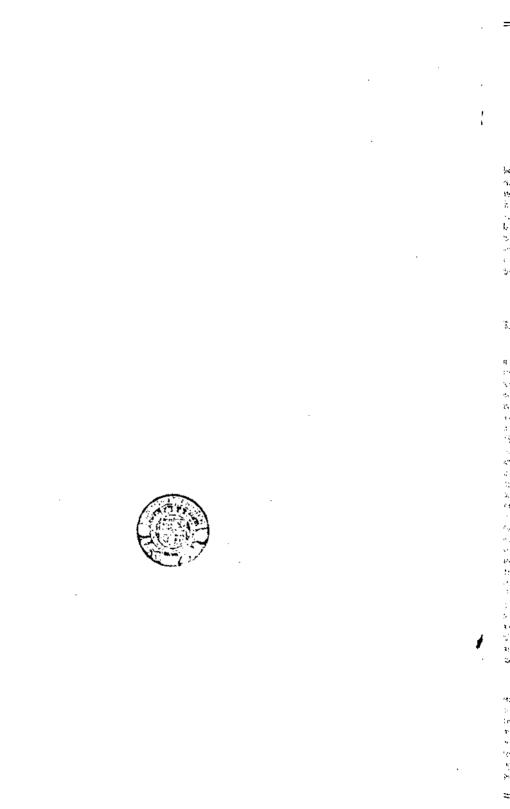
Suz floats upon a sea of mist, In fancy's boat of amethyst! A dreaming girl, with her fair cheek Supported by a snow-white arm, In the calm joy of innocence, Subdued by some unearthly charm. The clusters of her dusky hair Are floating on her bosom fair, Like early darkness stealing o'er The amber tints that devlight gave. Or, like the shadow of a cloud Upon a fainting summer-wave. Is it a spirit of joy or pain Sails on the river of her brain ! For, lo ! the crimson on her cheek Faints and glows like a dving flame; Her heart is beating loud and quick-Is not love that spirit's name? Up-waking from her blissful sleep, She starts with fear too wild to weep; Through the trailing honevsuckle, All night breathing odorous sight, Which her lattice dimity curtains, The morn peeps in with his bright eyes. Perfume loved when it is vanish'd, Pleasure hardly felt ere hanish'd, Is the happy maiden's vision, That doth on her memory gleam,

And her heart leaps up with gladness-That bliss was nothing but a dream I

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# WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

#### (Born about 2810.]

MR. HOSNER is a native of Avon, in Western New York. His maternal ancestors were the first settlers among the Senceas, whose langunge be learned in infancy, and with whose mythology, traditions and costoms he has ever since heren familiar. His principal poetical works are, "Yonnondio, or the Warriors of the Genessee, a Tale of the Sventeenth Century," and "Legends of the Sences," in both of which he has given striking and authentic sketches of Indian life and character, and fresh and natural descriptions of American scenery. Mr. Hosmen's poems are not well constructed; his narrative sounctines moves heavily; and his verse is not always harmonious; but in all be has written there are signs of careful study and genuine enthusiasm. The subjects and the spirit of his song are American, and his works are of the small number that could not have been produced in another country. Mr. Hosmen is a lawyer, and resides in Avon.

#### EXTRACTS FROM "YONNONDIO."

#### A FOREST SCENE.

Tax devious way on which they march'd By braided boughs was overarch'd; And right and left spread for away Fens only lit by fire-fly's ray : Dark with a tangled growth of vine, Black ash, huge water-oak and pine, Mix'd with red cedar, moss'd and old, Set firmly in the watery mould. Here, cover'd with a slime of green, Starmant and turbid pools were seen, Edged round with wild aquatic weeds, Long-bladed flag and clustering reeds, Poud lilies, oily-leaved and pale, Red willow, and the alder frail; There, skeletons of groves gone by-Sad objects to poetic eve !-Like monarchs by the battle-blast Assail'd and overthrown at last, Wasted and worn in bough and stem, Arad robb'd of leaf-wrought diadem, Lay rotting in their barky mail, Inclifferent to sun and gale. Deep hollows in the miry day Mark'd where their roots once spread away, Now mix'd with many a rugged mound, Form'd when their fastenings were unbound, Or wrench'd, like gossamer, in twain, By the wild rushing hurricane.

#### WOODS BY MOONLIGHT.

A sov z, the overbanging banks Were lined by trees in broken ranks, And moonlight falling gently down, Set with rich poarls each emerald crown; There tower'd, majestical and old, The dark-leaved hemlock from the mould; The spruce, unstirr'd by breath of air, Shaped like a parasol, was there, 51 And the huge pine full proudly bore His honours like a regal thing, His trunk, with mossy velvet hear, Fit ermine for so wild a king.

#### MOCK INDIAN FIGHT.

LIKE congar, mad with taste of blood. A warrior darted from the throng, While the dim arches of the wood Rang with their gathering song .---High overhead his batchet raised. While lightning from his eve-balls blazed. Then buried in the solid oak Its glittering blade with rending stroke. Changed was the scene from measure slow. To frantic leap and deafening yell, And on imaginary foe A hundred weapons fell, Till backed and splinter'd to the ground, In fragments lay the post around. Wild and more wild the tunnult grew Amid the crazed, demoniac crew ; Knives flesh'd, and man to man opposed ; Dark forms in mimic combat closed ; Upwhirl'd in clouds the summer dust; With face convulsed the fallen gasp'd, Some from the swathing board cut loose

Quick blows were aim'd, and furjous thrust, And murderous hands the scalo-lock grasp'il; With seeming hate, the swart pappoose, Then raised it, struggling, by the heel, And pointed at its throat the steel; While others on the trampled ground, Limbs of the frantic mother bound, And her shrill cry with laughter drown'd. Feign'd was base flight and bold advance. Poised was the long, bone-headed lance; Stout arms the heavy war-club sway'd; Elastic bows sharp twonging made; And mock'd, with modulated tone, Was victor shout and dying groan. 401 2 L 2

## WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

#### AN INDIAN MARCH.

BEXEXTR tall branches, gray with eld Their laby inthine course they held, While well the hindmost of the line, From view conceal'd betraying sign; Sending keen glances in the rear, Lifting how'd herh and grassy spear, Or, doubling, when the only ground Vielded beneath the slightest foot,

Like hunted foxes when the hound And hunter are in hot pursuit.

The red-breast perch'd in arbour green, Sad minstrel of the quict scene, While hymning, for the dving sun, Strains like a broken-hearted one, Raised not her mottled wing to fly, As swept those silent warriors by; The woodcock, in his moist retreat, Heard not the falling of their feet; On his dark roost the gray ovel slept; Time with his drum the partridge kept; Nor left the deer his watering-place, So bush'd, so noiseless was their pace.

#### A DESERTED HALL.

UNDER the neglected arbour Foxes in the night-time bark, And the bat and spidler harbour In its chambers drear and dark. Words, about the door-stone growing, Whisper of decay and blight— On the hearth no ember clowing Sheds a warm and cheerful light.

Near the ruin is a river, And the waves while flowing on, From their lips of crystal, ever Breathe that word of mourning—Gone *f* Round the place old poplars cluster, And the leaves give out strange tones When the moon fings pulled histre On the roof and basement stones.

#### THE ERRAND OF WAN-NUT-HAY.

TREADING upon the grassy sod As if her fact with mow were shod, Fled on her errand, Wan-nut-hay; Nor paused to list or look behind, While groves of outline undefined Before her darkly lay:

Boldly she plunged their depths within, Though thorns pierced through her moccasin, And the black clouds, auscel'd at last, Discharged their contents, thick and fast, Drenching her locks and vesture slight, And blinding with large drops her sight. The grizzly wolf was on the tramp To gain the covert of his lair :

Fierce eyes glared on her from the swamp, As if they ask'd her errand there;

The feather'd hermit of the dell, Fiew, hooting, to his oaken cell; And grape-vines, tied in leafy coil To gray-arm'd giants of the soil, Swung, like a vesset's lossen'd shrouds, Dritting beneath a bank of clouds. From the pine's huge and quaking cone Came sobhing and uncarthly tone, While tronks decay'd, of measure vast, Fought for the last time with the blast, And near her fell with enshing roar, That shook the cumber'd forest floor.

#### A FLORIDIAN SCENE.

WERER Publo to the broad St. John His dark and briny tribute pays, The wild deer leads her dappled fawn, Of graceful limb and timid gaze; Rich sunshine falls on wave and land, The gull is screaming overhead, And on a beach of whiten'd sand Lie wreathy shells with lips of red. The jessamine hangs golden flowers On ancient oaks in moss array'd, And proudly the painetto towers, While mock-birds warble in the shade ; Mounds, built by mortal hand, are near, Green from the summit to the base, Where, buried with the bow and spear, Rest tribes, forgetful of the chase, Cassado.\* nigh the occan shore. is now a ruin, wild and lone. And on her battlements no more Is banner waved or trumpet blown : Those doughty cavaliers are gone Who hurl'd defiance there to France, While the bright waters of SL John Reflected flash of sword and lance. But when the light of dying day Falls on the crumbling wreeks of time And the wan features of decay Wear soften'd beauty, like the clime. My fancy summons from the shroud The knights of old Castile again, And charging thousands shout sloud-"St. Jago strikes to-day for Spain !" When mystic voices, on the breeze That fans the rolling deep, sweep by, The spirits of the Yemassees, Who ruled the land of yore, seem nigh ; For moundful marks, sround where stood Their palm-roof'd lodges, yet are seen, And in the shadows of the wood Their tall, funereal mounds are green.

• An old Spanish fort.

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# ISAAC McLELLAN, JR.

[Bore about 1810.]

MR. MCLELLAN is a native of the city of Portland. He was educated at Bowdoin College, in Maine, where he was graduated in 1920. He subsequently studied the law, and for a few years practised his profession in Boston. He has recently resided in the country, and devoted his

attention principally to agricultural pursuits. In the spring of 1830 he published "The Fall of the Indian;" in 1832, "The Year, and other Poens;" and in 1814 a third volume, comprising his later miscellaneous pieces in verse. His best compositions are lyrical.

#### NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD. NEW EVOLAND'S DEAD! New England's dead! On every hill they lie; On every field of strife, made red By bloody victory. Each valley, where the battle pour'd Its red and awful tide. Beheld the brave New England sword With slaughter deeply dyed. Their bones are on the northern hill, And on the southern plain, By brook and river, lake and rill, And by the roaring main. The land is holy where they fought, And holy where they fell ; For hy their blood that land was bought, The land they loved so well. Then glory to that valiant band, The honour'd saviours of the land ! O, few and weak their numbers were---A handful of brave men; But to their Gon they gave their prayer, And rush'd to battle then. The Gon of battles heard their cry, And sent to them the victory. They left the plough-here in the mould, Their flocks and herds without a fold, The sickle in the unshorn grain, The corn, half-garner'd, on the plain, And muster'd, in their simple dress, For wrongs to seek a stern redress, To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo, To perish, or o'ercome their foe. And where are ye, O fearloss men ? And where are ye to-day ? I call :--- the hills reply again That ye have pass'd away; That on old Bunker's lonely height, In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground, The grass grows green, the harvest bright Above each soldier's mound. The bugle's wild and warlike blast Shall muster them no more; An army now might thunder past, And they heed not its roar. The starry flag, 'neath which they fought, In many a bloody day,

From their old graves shall rouse them not, For they have pass'd away.

# THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.\*

WILD was the night; yet a wilder night Hung round the soldier's pillow;

In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by, The few that his stern heart cherish'd : They knew, by his glazed and uncarthly eye,

That life had nearly perish'd.

They knew by his awful and kingly look, By the order bastily spoken,

That he dream'd of days when the nations shock, And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dream'd that the Frenchman's sword still slew, And triumph'd the Frenchman's "eagle;"

And the struggling Austrian fied anew, Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian be scourged again, The Prussian's camp was routed, And again, on the hills of haughty Spain, His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows, At the pyramids, at the mountain, Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows, And by the Italian fountain,

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain-streams Dash by the Switzer's dwelling.

He led again, in his dving dreams, His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won, And Jena's bloody battle; Again the world was overrun, Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

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He died at the close of that darksome day, A day that shall live in story: In the rocky land they placed his clay, "And left him alone with his glory."

• "The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. Narotron's passing spirit was delitionaly engaged in a strife more terrible than the elements around. The words 'site d'aronic', (head of the snow,) the last which exceed from his lips, intinuited that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight. About eleven minutes before six is the evening, NaFOLEUN expired." -Scort's Life of Napsicon.

## ISAAC McLELLAN, JR.

## THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

WELL do I love those various harmonies That ring so gayly in spring's budding woods, And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts, And lonely copies of the summer-time, And in red sutum's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pain'd with the world's noisy stir, Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weigh'd down With any of the ills of human life; If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss Of brethren gone to that far distant land To which we all do pass, gentle and poor, The gayest and the gravest, all alike ;— Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear The thrilling music of the forest-birds.

How rich the varied choir ! The unquiet finch Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren Effect ther sweet and mellow plaint at times, And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs Hs crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half-hid Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers, And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree, And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of spring, the robin comes; And in her simple song there seems to gush A strain of sorrow when she visiteth Her last year's wither'd nest. But when the gloom Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch Upon the red-steinm'd hazel's slender twig, That overhangs the brook, and suits her song To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of autumn, when the corn Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field, And the gay company of reapers bind The bearded wheat in sheaves,—then peals abroad The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear, Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree Close at the corn-field edge.

Lone whip-poor-will,

There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn, Heard in the drowsy watches of the night. Offines, when all the village lights are out, And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes His lodging in the wilderness of woods, And lifts his anthem when the world is still: And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man And to the hords, deep slumiers, and sweet dews To the red roses and the berbs, doth find No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls. I hear thee oft at midnight, when the thrush And the green, roving linnet are at rest, Aud the blithe, twittering swallows have long ceased Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines

The forest's blacken'd roots, and whose green marge

Is seldom visited by human foot, The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks The Sabbath-silence of the wilderness : And you may find her by some reedy pool, Or brooding gloomily on the time-stain'd rock, Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom, Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind Do fear the echo of thine angry cry. How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down And seest the shining fishes as they glide; And, poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak Swift as an arrow strikes its rowing prey. Ofitimes I see thee, through the curling mist, Dart, like a spectre of the night, and hear Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, O man, delight the ear With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye With beautiful creations I. Then pass forth, And find them midst those many-colour'd birds That fill the clowing woods. The richest have Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones Are sweeter than the music of the lute, Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush So thrillingly from Heauty's ruby lip.

#### LINES,

SUGGESTED BY & PICTURE BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THE tender Twilight with a crimson check Leans on the breast of Eve. The wayward Wind Hath folded her fleet pinions, and gone down To slumher by the darken'd woods--the herds Have left their pastures, where the sward grows green

And lofty by the river's sedgy brink, And slow are winding home. Hark, from afar Their tinkling bells sound through the dusky glade And forest-openings, with a pleasant sound ; While answering Echo, from the distant hill, Sends back the music of the herdsman's horn. How tenderly the trembling light yet plays O'er the far-waving foliage ! Day's last blush Still lingers on the billowy waste of leaves, With a strange beauty-like the yellow flush That haunts the orean, when the day gors by. Methinks, whene'er earth's wearving troubles pass Like winter shadows o'er the peaceful mind, "I were sweet to turn from life, and pass abroad, With solemn footsteps, into Nature's vast And happy palaces, and lead a life

Of peace in some green paradise like this. The brazon trumpet and the loud war-drum Noise statiled there may make be be

Ne'er startled these green woods:--the ruging sword

Hath never gather'd its red harvest here ! The peaceful summer-day hath never closed Around this quict spot, and caught the gleam Of War's rule pomp:----the humble dweller here Hath never left his sickle in the field, To slay his fellow with unholy hand; The maddening voice of battle, the wild groan, The thrilling murmuring of the dying man, And the shrill shrick of mortal agony, Havo never broke its Sabbath-solitude.

Distanting GOOGIC

# JONES VERY.

#### (Borg about 1810-)

JONNE VERY is a native of the city of Salem. In his youth he accompanied his father, who was a sea-cuptain, on several voyages to Europe; and he wrote his "E-say on Hamlet" with the more interest from having twice seen Elsineur. After his father's death, he prepared himself to enter college, and in 1832 became a student at Cambridge. He was graduated in 1836, and in the same year was appointed Greek tutor in the university. While he held this office, a religious enthustasm took possession of his mind, which gradually produced so great a change in him, that his

friends withdrew him from Cambridge, and he returned to Salem, where he wrote most of the poems in the small collection of his writings published in 1830. His essays entitled "Epic Poetry," "Shakspeare," and "Hamlet," are fine specimens of karned and sympathetic criticism; and his sonnets, and other pieces of verse, are chaste, simple, and poetical, though they have little more of subjects and illustration. They are religious, and some of them are mystical, but they will be recognised by the true poet as the overflowings of a brother's soul.

## TO THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

BREGHT image of the early years When glow'd my cheek as red as thou, And life's dark throng of cares and fears Were swift-wing'd shadows o'er my sunny brow t

Then blushest from the painter's page, Robed in the mimic tints of art; But Nature's hand in youth's green age With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine, The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee; And in thy look, my Columbine! Each fond-remember'd spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head, Where gay thou noddest in the gale; I hear light-bounding footsteps trend The grassy path that winds along the vale.

I hear the voice of woodland song Break from each hush and well-known tree, -And, on light pinions borne along, Comeshack the laugh from childhood's heart of glee.

O'er the dark rock the dashing brook, With look of anger, leaps again, And, hastening to each flowery nook, Its distant voice is heard far down the glen.

Fair child of art! thy charms decay, Touch'd by the wither'd hand of Time; And hush'd the music of that day, When my voice mingled with the streamlet's chime;

But on my heart thy check of bloom Shall live when Nature's smile has fled; And, rich with memory's sweet perfume. Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee That echocol on thy native hill; And when, loved flower! I think of thee, Mv infant feet will seem to seek thee still.

#### LINES TO A WITHERED LEAF SEEN ON A POET'S TABLE.

Poer's hand has placed thee there. Autumn's brown and wither'd scroll! Though to outward eye not fair, Thou hast beauty for the soul;

Though no human pen has traced On that leaf its learned lore, Love divine the page has graced,— What can words discover more?

Not alone dim autumn's blast Echoes from yon tablet scar,— Distant music of the past Steals upon the poet's ear.

Voices sweet of summer-hours, Spring's soft whispers murmur by; Peather'd songs from leafy bowers Draw his listening soul on high.

## THE HEART.

THERE is a cup of sweet or bitter drink. Whose waters ever o'er the brin must well. Whence flow pure thoughts of love as angels think. Or of its demon depths the tongue will tell: That cup can ne'er be cleansed from outward stains.

While from within the tide forever flows; And soon it wearies out the fruitless pains The treacherous hand on such a task bestows; But ever bright its crystal sides appear. While runs the current from its outlet pure; And pilgrims hail its spackling waters near. And stoop to drink the healing fountsin sure. And bless the cup that cheers their fainting som While through this parching waste they seek their heavenly goal.

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#### JONES VERY.

## TO THE CANARY-BIRD.

I CANNOT hear thy voice with others' ears, Who make of thy lost liberty a gain; And in thy tale of blighted hopes and fears Feel not that every note is born with pain. Alas! that with thy music's gentle swell [throng, Past days of joy should through thy memory And each to thee their words of sorrow tell, While ravish'd sense forgets thee in thy song. The heart that on the past and future feeds, And pours in human words its thoughts divine, Though at each birth the spirit inly bleeds. Its song may charm the listening ear like thine, And men with gilded cage and praise will try To make the bard, like thre, forget his native sky.

## THY BEAUTY FADES.

Tur beauty fades, and with it too my love, For 'twas the selfsame stalk that bore its flower; Soft fell the rain, and breaking from above The sun look'd out upon our nuptial hour; And I had thought forever by thy side With bursting buds of hope in youth to dwell; But one by one Time strew'd thy petals wide, And every hope's wan look a grief can tell: For I had thoughtless lived beneath his sway, Who like a tyrant dealeth with us all, Crowning each rose, though rooted on decay, With charms that shall the spirit's love enthrall, And for a season turn the soul's pure eyes [defies. From virtue's changeless bloom, that time and death

#### THE WIND-FLOWER.

Theou lookest up with meek, confiding eye Upon the clouded smile of April's face, Unharm'd though Winter stands uncertain by, Eveing with jealous glance each opening grace. Thou trustest wisely! in thy faith array'd, More glorious thou than Israel's wisest king; Such fuith was His whom men to death betray'd, As thine who hearest the timid voice of Spring, While other flowers still hide them from her call Along the river's brink and meadow bare. Thee will I seek beside the stony wall, And in thy trust with childlike heart would share, O'crjoy'd that in thy early leaves I find A lesson taught by Him who loved all human kind.

#### ENOCH.

I nook'n to find a man who walk'd with Gon, Like the translated patriarch of old ;— Though gladden'd millions on his footstool tred, Yet none with him did such sweet converse hold; I heard the wind in low complaint go by, That none its melodies like him could hear; Day unto day spoke wisdom from on high, Yet none like DAVID turn'd a willing ear; Gon walk'd alone unbonour'd through the earth; For him no heart-built temple open stood, The soul, forgetful of her nobler birth, Had heven him lofty shrines of stone and wood, And left unfinish'd and in ruins still The only temple he delights to fill.

## MORNING.

The light will never open sightless eyes, It comes to those who willingly would see; And every object,—hill, and stream, and skies, Rejoice within the encircling line to be; 'T is day,—the field is fill'd with busy hands, The shop resounds with noisy workmen's din, The traveller with his staff already stands His yet unmeasured journey to begin; The light breaks gently too within the breast,— Yet there no eye awaits the crimson morn, The forge and noisy anvil are at rest, Nor men nor oxen tread the fields of corn, Nor pilgrim lifts his staff.—it is no day To those who find on earth their place to stay.

# NIGHT.

I THANK thee, Fother, that the night is near When J this conscious bring may resign; Whose only task thy words of love to hear, And in thy acts to find each act of mine; A task too great to give a child like me, The myriad-handed labours of the day, Too many for my closing eyes to see, Thy words too frequent for my tongue to say; Yet when thou seest me hurden'd by thy love, Each other gift more lovely then appears, For dark-toked night comes hovering from above, And all thine other gifts to me endears; And while within her darken'd couch I sleep, Thine eyes untired above will constant vigils keep.

## THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand, Nor far removed where feet have soldom stray'd; Around us ever lies the enchanted land, In marvels rich to thine own sons display'd; In finding thee are all things round us found; In losing thee are all things lost beside; Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound, And to our eves the vision is denied; We wander in the country far remote. Mid tombs and ruin'd piles in death to dwell; Or on the records of past greatness doto, And for a buried soul the living sell; While on our path bewilder'd fulls the night That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

## THE TREES OF LIFE.

For those who worship THER there is no death, For all they do is but with THER to dwell; Now, while I take from THER this passing breath, It is but of THER cloridus name to tell; Nor words nor measured sounds have I to find, But in them both my soul doth ever flow; They come as viewless as the unseen wind, And tell thy noiscless steps where'er I go; The trees that grow along thy living stream, And from its springs refreshment ever drink, Forever glutering in thy morning beam, They bend them o'er the tiver's grossy brink; And as more high and wide their branches grow, They look more fair within the depths below.

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#### JONES VERY.

## THE ARK.

TABBE is no change of time and place with TAEE; Where'er I go, with me 't is still the same; Within thy presence I rejoice to be, And always hallow thy most holy name; The world doth ever change; there is no peace Among the shadows of its storm-vex'd breast; With every breath the frothy waves increase, They toss up mire and dirt, they cannot rest; I thank TBEE that within thy strong-built ark My soul across the uncertain sea can sail, And, though the night of douth be long and dark, My hopes in CBEET shall reach within the veil; And to the promised haven steady steer, Whose rest to those who love is ever near.

#### NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by, Because my feet find measure with its call; The birds know when the friend they love is nigh; For I am known to then, both great and small; The flower that on the lovely hill-side grows Expects me there when spring its bloom has given; And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows, And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven; For he who with his Maker walks aright, Shall be their lord as ADAM was before; His ear shall catch each sound with new delight, Each object wear the dress that then it wore; And he, as when erect in soul he stood, Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

#### THE TREE.

I LOVE thee when thy swelling buds appear, And one by one their tender leaves unfold, As if they knew that warmer suns were near, Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold; And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen To veil from view the early robin's nest, I love to lie beneath thy waving screen, With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppress'd; And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare, And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow, When naught is thine that made thee once so fair, I love to watch thy shadowy form below, And through thy leaflers arms to look above On stars that brighter beam when most we need

their love.

#### THE SON.

FATHER, J wait thy word. The sun doth stand Beneath the mingling line of night and day, A listening servant, waiting thy command To toll rejoicing on its silent way; The tongue of time abides the appointed hour, Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall; The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower, Then every drop speeds onward at thy coll; The bird reposes on the yielding bough, With breast unswollen by the tide of song; So does my spirit with thy presence now To pour thy praise in quickening life along. Chiding with voice divine man's lengthen'd sleep, While round the uniter'd word and love their vigils keep.

#### THE ROBIN.

Theor need'st not flutter from thy half-built nest, Whene'er thou heat'st man's hurrying feet go by, Feering his eye for harm may on thee rest, Or he thy young unfinish'd cottage spy; All will not heed thee on that swinging bongh. Nor care that round thy shelter spring the leaves, Nor watch thee on the pool's wet margin now, For clay to plaster straws thy cunning weaves; All will not hear thy sweet out-pouring jey, That with morn's stillness blends the voice of song, For over-anxious cares their souls employ, That else upon thy music horne along And the light wings of heart-ascending prayer Had learn'd that Heaven is pleased thy simple joys

to share.

#### THE RAIL-ROAD.

Theor great proclaimer to the outward eye Of what the spirit too would seek to tell. Onward thou goest, appointed from on high The other warnings of the Lord to swell; Thou at the voice of one that through the world Proclaims in startling tones, "Prepare the way;" The lotty mountain from its seat is hurl'd, The flinty rocks thine onward murch obey; The valleys, lifted from their lowly bed, O'ertop the hills that on them frown'd before, Thou passest where the living seldom tread, Through forcets dark, where tides beneath there roar, And bidd'st man's dwelling from thy track remove, And would with warning voice his crooked paths reprove.

THE LATTER RAIN.

The latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste Upon the sundried fields and branches bare. Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste As if it would each root's lost atrength repair; But not a blade grows green as in the spring, No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves; The robins only mid the harveste sing, Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves: The rain falls still,—the finit all ripen'd drops, It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell. The furrow'd fields disclose the yellow crops, Each bursting pod of talents used can tell, And all that once received the early rain Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

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#### (Bora, 1811.)

MR. STREET was born in Poughkeepsie, one of the most beautiful of the many large towns upon the Hudson, on the eighteenth of December. 1811. General RANDALL S. STREET, his father. was an officer in active service during our second war with England, and subsequently several years a representative in Congress; and his paternal grandfather was a direct and lineal descendant of the Reverend NICHOLAS STREET, who came to this country soon after the landing of JOBN CAR-VER, and was ordained minister of the first church in New Haven, in 1659. His mother's father was Major ANDREW BILLINGS, of the revolutionary army, who was connected by marriage with the influential and wealthy family of the Liv-INGSTONS, which has furnished for some two centuries so many eminent citizens of the State of New York.

When the poet was about fourteen years of age his father removed to Monticello, in the county of Sullivan. Up to this period he had been in an academy at Pourbkeepsie, and had already written verses in which is exhibited some of that peculiar taste, and talent for description, for which his later works are so much distinguished. Sullivan is what is called a "wild county," though it is extremely fortile where well cultivated. Its scenery is magnificent, and its deep forests, streams as clear as dew-drops, gorges of piled rock and black shade, mountains and valleys, could hardly fail to waken into life all the faculties that slumbered in the brain of a youthful poet.

Mr. STREET studied law in the office of his father, and, in the first years after his admission to the bar, attended the courts of Sullivan county; but in the winter of 1839 he removed to Albany, and has since successfully practised his profession in that city.

His "Nature," a poem read before the literary societies of the college at Geneva, appeared in 1840; "The Burning of Scheneetady and other Poems," in 1843, and "Drawings and Tintings," a collection of pieces chiefly descriptive, in 1844. The last and most complete edition of his poems was published by Clark and Austin, of New York, in 1845.

Mr. STREET, as has been intimated above, is a descriptive poet, and in his particular department he has, perhaps, no superior in this country. He has a hearty love of rural sports and pastimes, a quick perception of the grand and beautiful, and he writes with apparent ease and freedom, from the inpulses of his own heart, and from actual observations of life and nature.

The meatest merits of any style of writing are examess, directness and condensation. Duluse-

ness is even more objectionable in verse than in prose, and in either is avoided by men of taste. A needless word is worse than one ill chosen, and scarcely any thing is more offensive than a line. though never was other one so musical, which could be omitted without affecting the transparency or force of the attempted expression. The beauty of Mr. STREET's poems would sometimes be greater but for the use of epithets which serve no other purpose than to fill his lines, and his singular minuteness, though the most extreme particularity is a fault in description only when it lessens the distinctness and fidelity of the general impression. Occasionally his pictures of still nature remind us of the daguerreotype, and quite as often of the masterly landscapes of our Cone and DOUGHTT. Some of his exhibitions of the ordinary phenomena of the seasons have rarely been equalled. What, for example, could be finer than these lines on a rain in June ?-

Wafted up,

The stealing cloud with soft gray blinds the sky, And, in its vapoury manile, onward steps The summer abover; over the shivering grass It merrily dances, rings its tinkling belts Upon the dimpling stream, and moving on, It treads upon the leaves with pattering feet And softly nurmar'd music. Off it zlider, And as its misty robe lifts up, and melts, The sunshine, during, with a sudden burst, Strikes o'er the scene a mogic brilliancy.

His works are full of passages not less picturesque and truthful. The remarkable fidelity of Mr. STREET's description and narrative is best appreciated by persons who are familiar with new settlements in our northern latitudes. To others he may seem always lashing himself into excitement, to be extravagant, and to exaggerate beyond the requirements of art. But within a rifle-shot of the little village where nearly all his life has been passed, are conturial woods, from which the howlings of wolves have disturbed his sleep, and in which he has tracked the hear and the deer, and roused from their nests their winged inhabitants. In the spring time he has looked from his window upon fallow fires, and in the summer upon fields of waving grain, spotted by undecaved stumps of forest giants, and on trees that stand, charred and black, in mournful observation of the settler's invasion. Scenes and incidents which the inhabitant of the city might regard as extraordinary have been to him common and familiar, and his writings am valuable as the truits of a genuine American experience, to which the repose, of which it is complained that they are deficient, does not belong, They are on some accounts among the most peculiarly national works in our literature.

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#### THE GRAY FOREST-EAGLE.

WITH storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye, The gray forest-eagle is king of the sky ! O, little he loves the green valley of flowers, Where sumshine and song cheer the bright summer hours, For he hears in these hours, only music and see

For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees Only rippling of waters and waving of trees;

There the red robin warbles, the honey-bee hums, The timid quail whistles, the sly partridge drums; And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along, There 'aa 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 garge, where down plunges the foam

Of the fierce, rock-lash'd torrent, he claims as his home:

There he blends his keen shrick with the roar of the flood,

And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood;

From the crag-grasping fir-top, where morn hangs its wreath,

He views the mad waters white writhing beneath: On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down, With bright azure mantle and gay mottled crown, The kinglisher watches, where o'er him his foo,

The ficrce 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 shrick, His eve-halls red-bluzing, 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 kinglisher, dart-like on high With his prey soars the eugle, and melts in the sky.

A fitful red glaring, a low, rumbling jar,

Proclaim the storm demon yet raging afar: [red, The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more And the roll of the thunder more drop and more A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air, [dread; And on bounds the blast with a how! from its lair: The lightning durts zig-zag and fork'd through the gloom,

And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom;

The gray forest-cagle, where, where has he sped ! Does he shrink to his evrie, and shiver with dread ! Does the glare blind his eyr? Has the terrible blast On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast ? No, no, the brave cagle ! 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 shrick of the wild blast he echoes his acream, And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray, And a clapping of pinions, he a op and away !

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Away, O, 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 sweeps o'er with its terrible train, And the splendour 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 odour its flower-kiss has won, And full on the form of the demon in flight

The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight !

The gray forest-eagle! O, where is he now,

While the sky wears the smile of its Gou on its brow?

There's a dark, floating spot by you cloud's pearly wreath,

With the speed of the arrow 't is 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 sir,

A proud crest, a florce eye, a broad wing are there; 'T is the cagle—the gray forest-eagle---once more He sweeps to his cyrie : his journey is o'er !

Time which 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 cyc 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 saily 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 blown fragments strewing the place of its birth. The eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight, He has seen it defying the storm in its might, Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting But the gray forest-cagle is still as of yore. [o'er, 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 evric the forest below In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow. The thickets, deep wolf-lairs, the high crug his throne, And the shrick of the panther has answer'd his own. He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades, And the smoke of his wigwams curl thick in the glades:

He has seen the proud forest melt breath-like away, And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day : 2 M

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He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair, And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air; And his shrick 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 off-swept hy 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 acoms 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 shudow 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, Then rustles its pinion, then echoes its shrick;

Its eve flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way, And its talous are bathed in the block of its prey. O, that cagle of Freedom! when cloud upon cloud Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud.

When lightnings gleam'd forcely, and thunderholts rung,

How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung! Though the wild blast of battle swept fierce through the sir

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. O, 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 Till the archangel's fiat is set upon time. [clime,

# FOWLING.

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 sun shines not upon; And those wreathed clouds that melt to the breath of the mouth.

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 yelpings, you'll deafen my brain !

Desist from your rambles, and follow my train.

Here, leave the geone, Carlo, to nibble their grass,

Though they do stretch their long necks, and hiss as we pass ;

And the fierce little bantam, that flies your attack, Then strats, flaps, and crows, with such airs, at your back; And the turkey, too, smoothing his plumes in your face,

Then ruffling so proud, as you bound from the place Ha! ha! that old hen, bristling up mid her brood, Has taught you a lesson, I hope, for your good; By the wink of your cyc, and the droop of your crest, I see your maraudings are now put at rest.

The rail-fence is leap'd, and the wood-bought are round,

And a moss-couch isspread for my foot on the ground: A shadow has dimin'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 burr, [fir; And the cones are full grown on the hemlock and The hopple's red berries are tinging with brown, And the tips of the sumach have darken'd their down;

The white, brittle Indian-pipe lifts up its howl,

And the wild turnip's leaf curls out broad like a scroll;

The cohosh displays its white balls and red stems, And the braid of the mullen is yellow with gens; 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 wes,

And we dash through the brushwood, to note where he trees;

I see him! his brown, speckled breast is display'd On the branch of yon naple, that edges the glade; My fowling-piece rings, Jupe darts forward so fleet, While loading, he drops the dead bird at my feet: J pass by the scautherrice' drops of deep red.

In their green, creeping leaves, where he daintily fed, And his couch near the root, in the warm forestmould.

Where he wallow'd, till sounds his close danger foretold.

On yon spray, the bright oriole dances and sings, With his rich, crimson bosom, and glossy black wings;

And the robin comes warbling, then flutters away, For I harm not Gon's creatures so tiny as they; But the quail, whose quick whistle has lured maslong,

No more will rerall 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—the flutters beneath, His yellow claws curl'd, and fierce eyes glazed in

death :

Lie there, cruci 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 talona to rend and to slay; And, with luck, an example I'll make of that crow, For my green.sprouting wheat knew no hungtier for; But the rasual seems down from his summit to scoff, And as I creep near him, he crosks, and is off.

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The woods shrink away, and wide spreads the morass,	A FOREST WALK.
With junipers cluster'd, and matted with grass; Trees, standing like ghosts, their arms jagged and hare,	A LOTELT sky, a cloudless sun, A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers, O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won,
And hung with gray lichens, like age-whiten'd hair.	To the cool forest's shadowy bowers;
The tamarack here and there rising between, Its boughs clothed with rich, star-like fringes of	One of the paths all round that wind, Traced by the browwing herds, I choose,
green,	And sights and sounds of human kind
And clumps of dense laurels, and brown-headed	In nature's lone recesses lose;
flags, And thick, slimy basins, black dotted with snags:	The beech displays its marbled bark, The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
Tread sofily now, Carlo ! the woodcock is here,	While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
He rises-his long bill thrust out like a spear ;	The maple's scallop'd dome beside :
The gun ranges on him—his journey is sped; Quick scamper, my spaniel! and bring in the dead!	All weave on high a verdant roof, That keeps the very sun aloof,
We plunge in the swamp—the tough laurels are	Making a twilight soft and green,
round;	Within the column'd, vaulted scene.
No matter; our shy prey not lightly is found;	Sweet forest-odours have their birth
Another up-darts, but unharm'd is his flight; Confound it ! the sunshine then dazzled my sight;	From the clothed boughs and teeming earth; Where pine-cones dropp'd, leaves piled and de
But the other my shot overtakes as he flies:	Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
Come, Carlo! come, Carlo! I wait for my prize;	With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
<ul> <li>One more—still another—till, proofs of my sway,</li> <li>From my pouch dangle heads, in a ghastly array.</li> </ul>	A thick, elastic carpet spread; Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
From this scene of exploits, now made birdless, I	Resolving into soil, is sunk ;
pass;	There, wrench'd but lately from its throne,
Pleasant Pond gleams before me, a mirror of glass :	By some fierce whichwind circling past, Its huge roots mass'd with earth and stone,
The boat's by the marge, with green branches supplied,	One of the woodland kings is cast,
From the keen-sighted duck my approaches to	Above, the forest-tops are bright
hide; A flock anote the lakes, now arough Carlo below!	With the broad blaze of sunny light: But now a fitful air-gust parts
A flock spots the lake; now crouch, Carlo, below! And I move with light paddle, on softly and slow,	The screening branches, and a glow
By that wide lily-island, its meshes that weaves	Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Of rich yellow globules, and green oval leaves. I watch them; how bright and superb is the sheen	Down the dark stems, and breaks below; The mingled shadows off are roll'd,
Of their plumage, gold blended with purple and	The sylvan floor is bathed in gold:
green;	Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
How graceful their dipping-how gliding their way!	Display their shades of brown and green: Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Are they not all too lovely to mark as a prey !	Gleams twinkle on the laurch's gloss;
One flutters, enchain'd, in those brown, speckled	The robin, broading in her nest,
stems, His yellow foot striking up bubbles, like gems,	Chirps as the quick my strikes her breast; And, as my shadow prints the ground,
While another, with stretch'd neck, darts swiftly	I see the rabbit upward bound,
across To the grass, whose green points dot the mirror-	With pointed ears an instant look, Then scamper to the darkest nook,
like gloss.	Where, with crouch'd limb, and staring eye,
But I pause in my toil; their wise leader, the drake,	He watches while I saunter by.
Eyes keen the queer thicket affoat on the lake ; Now they group close together—both barrels !—	A narrow vista, carpeted
O. dear!	With rich green grass, invites my tread; Here showers the light in golden dots,
What a diving, and screaming, and splashing are	There sleeps the shade in clon spots,
tere ! The smoke-curls melt off, as the echoes rebound,	So blended, that the very air
Hurrah! five dead victims are floating around !	Seems network as I enter there. The partridge, whose deep-rolling drum
But "cloud-land" is tinged now with sunset, and	Afar has sounded on my ear,
bright On the water's smooth polish stretch long lines	Ceasing his beatings as I come,
of light;	Whirrs to the sheltering branches near; The little milk-snake glides away,
The headlands their masses of shade, too, have	The brindled marmot dives from day:
lain, And I pull with my spoil to the margin again.	And now, between the boughs, a space   Of the blue, laughing sky I trace:
t But offering	A we we work working any a concer-

my steps have won, shadowy bowers; und that wind. ing herds, I choose, of human kind sses lose ; marbled bark, tent stretches wide, ock, grim and dark, d dome beside : rdant roof, n aloof, and green, vaulted scene. ve their birth he and teeming earth; opp'd, leaves piled and dead, d stars of fern, ver's fairy urn, et apread; all, the trunk, sunk ; tely from its throng, lwind circling past, with earth and stone, d kings is cast, are bright of sunny light: st parts hes, and a glow adiance darts s, and breaks below; off are roll'd, hed in gold : , before unscen, f brown and green : velvet moss, laurel's gloss; her nest, strikes her breast; ints the ground, bound, natant look. arkest nook, limb, and staring eye, unter by. d invites my tread; in golden dots, in chon spots, ry air ter there.

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On each side shrinks the bowery shade; Before me spreads an emerald glude; The sunshine steeps its grass and mose, That couch my footsteps as 1 cross; Merrily homs the tawny bee, The glittering humming-bird I see; Floats the bright botterfly 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 idlences; Sun-strenks, and glancing wings, and sky, Spatted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye; While mornoring 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 bours is known.

## WINTER.

A BARLE pall of sky-the billowy hills, Swathed in the anowy robe that winter throws So kindly over nature-ekcleton trees, Fringed with rich silver drapery, and the stream Numb in its frosty chains. Yon rustic bridge Bristles with jeicles; 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 [trunks, Cuts with keen, stinging edge; and those gaunt 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 desolute. Where slopes, by tree and bush, the beaten track, The sleich 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 nhower'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 Gon's blessing o'er; the scented air Echoes with bird-songs, and the emerald grass Is duppled 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 goat-swarms, glancing in the sun, Gray, whitling specks, and darts the dragon-fly, A gold-green arrow; and the wandering flock 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 wrea Lights on the flower-lined paling, and trills through Its noisy gampt; 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 splendour ; morning wakes Light hearts to joyous tasks; and when deep night Breathes o'er the earth a soleinn solitude, With stars for watchers, or the holv 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.

# THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the settler swing Amid the sea-like solitude,

And, rushing, thundering, down were flung The Titans of the wood;

Loud shrick'd the cagle, as he dash'd From out his mossy nest, which crash'd

With its supporting hough,

And the first sunlight, leaping, flash'd On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the traine 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 dislain'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 gargeous trees. The stream whose bright lips kiss'il their flowers,

The winds that swell'd their harmonies

Through those sun-hiding bowers, The temple vast, the green areade,

The nestling vale, the grassy glade, Dark cave, and swampy fair :

These scores and sounds majestic, made His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adom'd a pleasant 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 bleat, the tinkling bell, All made a hundscape stronge,

Which was the living chronicle

Of deeds that wrought the chap ge-The violet sprung at spring's first, tinge,

The rose of summer spread its glow, The maize hung out its autumn fringe,

Rude winter brought his snow + And still the lone one labour'd there.

His shout and whistle broke the mit-As cheerily he plied

His garden-spade, or drove his sin are Along the hillock's side. Sendid the investorals denie and cruciling of Linearchart activity of the Barrie and genetic and formit the repet while has been provided in the the interact that it was interact to the Barrie damage to the E-main barrie damage of the interact provided the state while down the provided state.

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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. His gaunt hound yell'd, his tifle flash'd, The grim bear hush'd his savage growl; In blood and foam the panther gnash'd His fangs, with dying howl; The fleet deer ceased its flying bound, Its snarling wolf-fee 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 ery, Who throug'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 York Town's sun Blaze on a nation's banner spread, A nation's freedom won. AN AMERICAN FOREST IN 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 : "T is changed ! above, black vapours roll : We turn from our expected stroll, And seek the blazing hearth. Hark ! that sweet carol ! with delight We leave the stifling room ! The little blue-bird greets our sight, Spring, glorious Spring, has come ! The south wind's balm is in the air, The molting snow-wreaths everywhere Are leaping off in showers; And Nature, in her brightening looks, Tells that her flowers, and leaves, and brooks, And hirds, 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 uncurls the fern, The violet, nestling low,

Casts back the white hid 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 sleader wand. A sudden roar-a shade is cast-We look up with a start, And, counding like a transient blast, O'erhead the pigeons durt; 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 scautberry's downy spangle sheds its rich, delicious breath. The bee-swarm murmurs by, and now It clusters black on vonder 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 gems of crimson lie Upon the thick, green grass. The dogwood sheds its clusters white, The birch has dropp'd its tassels slight, Cowslips are by the rill; The thresher 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 her soft, sweet moon ; Morn wakes in mist, and twilight gray Weeps its bright dew, and smiling May Melts blooming into June !

#### THE LOST HUNTER.

NUMB'n by the piercing, freezing air, And burden'd by his game, The hunter, struggling with despair,

Dragg'd on his shivering frame; The riffe he had shoulder'd late Was trail'd-ulong, a weary weight;

Was trail it 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. 2 N 2

# ALFRED B. STREET.

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 heinlock's spire was seen. An antier'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 tick'd against each object round With gentle and continuous sound, Like brook o'er pebbled bed. The laurel tuffs, 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 tons, As surging near it pass'd, And, bursting with a roar, and shock That made the groaning forest rock. On rush'd the winter blust. As o'er it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd, Caught by its swooping wings, The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist, Barb'd, as it seem'd, with stings; And now 't was swept with lightning flight Above the lofticst hemlock's height, Like drifting 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 eve grew dim ; As though to whelm him in despair, Rapidly changed the blackening air To murkiest gloom of night, Till naught was seen around, below, But falling fiskes 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, stiffening 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, Rifle 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 murinur'd at his feet. It changed ;-his cabin roof o'erapread, Rafter, 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 bound 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 ! 't is but the streak Of whirling snow-the tempest's shrick-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 hemiock stoop'd, The pine its silvery tassel droop'd, Down bent the burden'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 mow-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, O ! the dead was there. Spring came with wakening breezes bland, Soft suns and melting rains. And, touch'd by her Ithuriel wand, Earth bursts 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.

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# GEORGE W. CUTTER.

### [Born, 18-.]

MR. CUTTER published at Cincinnati, in 1848, a volume entitled "Buena Vista, and other Poems," in the preface of which he area to the "gen-Ce reader," "I desire that you will not for a moment suppose me insensible to their many and great imperiections, or deem me so vain as to expect that you will be startled by any sudden display of genius, or charmed by any sudden display of genius, or charmed by any imposing array of erudition. They were written, for the most part, amid the turmoil and excitement incident to the discharge of the duties of an arduous profession, in hours that were clouded by no ordinary toils, with no other object or end in view but to lighten the burden of existence, to dissipute the gloom of the moment.<sup>19</sup>

In the previous year, Mr CUTTER had joined the army for the invasion of Mexico, as a captain of volunteers, and he participated in the victory of Buena Vista, and wrote upon the field his poem descriptive of that battle. The fineal of his compositions is "The Song of Steam," which is worthy of the praise it has received, of being one of the best lyries of the century. "The Song of Lightning," written more recently, is perhaps next to it in merit.

# THE SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands; Be sure of your curo and rein : For I scorn the power of your puny hands, As the tempest scorns a clisin ! How I laugh'd, as I lay conceat'd from sight, For many a countless hour, At the childish boast of human might, And the pride of human power ! When I saw an army upon the land, A navy upon the seas, Creeping along, a snail-like band, Or waiting the wayward breeze; When I murk d the peasant fairly reel With the toil which he faintly bore. As he feelily turn'd the tardy wheel, Or tugg'd at the weary oar: When I measured the panting courser's speed, The flight of the courier-dove, As they bore the law a king decreed, Or the lines of impatient love----I could not but think how the world would feel, As these were outstripp'd afar, When I should be bound to the rushing keel, Or chain'd to the flying car! Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last; They invited me forth at length. And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast, And laugh'd in my iron strength ! Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change On the earth and ocean wide, Where now my fiery armies range, Nor wait for wind and tide. Hurrah ! hurrah! the water's o'er, The mountains steep decline ; The world-the world is mine !

The rivers the sun hath earliest blest, Or those where his beams decline; The giant streams of the queenly West, And the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep, To hear my strength rejoice, And the monsters of the briny deep Cower, trembling at my voice. I carry the weatth and the lord of earth, The thoughts of his godlike mind ; The wind lags after my flying forth, The lightning is left behind. In the darksome depths of the fathomicss mine My tireless arm doth play, Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline, Or the dawn of the glorious day. I bring earth's glittering jewels up From the hidden cave below, And I make the fountain's granite cup With a crystal gash o'erflow. I blow the bellows, I forge the steel, In all the shops of trade; I hammer the ore and turn the wheel Where my arms of strength are made. I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint-I carry, I spin, I weave ; And all my doings I put into print On every Saturday eve. I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay, No bones to be " hid on the shelf." And soon I intend you may " go and play," While I manage this world myself. But harness me down with your iron bands;

Be sure of your curb and rein : For I scorn the strength of your puny hands, As the tempest scorns a chain !

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# THE SONG OF LIGHTNING.

Awar, away through the sightless air-Stretch forth your iron thread ; For I would not dim my candals fair With the dust ye tamely tread; Ay, rear it up on its million piers-Let it reach the world around, And the journey ye make in a hundred years I'll clear at a single bound ! Though I cannot toil like the groaning slave Ye have fetter'd with iron skill, To ferry you over the boundless wave, Or grind in the noisy mill; Let him sing his giant strength and speed : Why, a single shaft of mine Would give that monster a flight, indeed, To the depths of the ocean brine. No. no ! I'm the spirit of light and love: To my unseen hand 't is given To pencil the ambient clouds above, And polish the stars of heaven. I scatter the golden rays of fire On the horizon far below, And deck the skies where storms expire With my red and dozzling glow. The deepest recesses of earth are mine---I traverse its silent core : Around me the starry diamonds shine, And the sparkling fields of ore; And oft I leap from my throne on high To the depths of the ocean's caves, Where the fadeless forests of coral lie, Far under the world of waves. My being is like a lovely thought That dwells in a sinless breast; A tone of music that ne'er was caught-A word that was no'er expressed. I burn in the bright and burnish'd halls, Where the fountains of sunlight play-Where the curtain of gold and opal falls O'er the scenes of the dying day. With a glance I cleave the sky in twain, I light it with a glare, When full the boding drops of rain Through the darkly-curtain'd air ; The rock-built towers, the turrets gray, The piles of a thousand years, Have not the strength of potters' clay Before my glittering spears. From the Alps' or the highest Andes' crag, From the peaks of eternal snow, The dazzling folds of my fiery flag Gleam o'er the world below; The earthquake heralds my coming power, The avalanche bounds away, And howling storins at midnight hour Proclaim my kingly eway. Ye tremble when my legions come-When my quivering sword leaps out O'er the hills that echo my thunder-drum, And rend with my joyous shout :

Ye quail on the land or upon the seas, Ye stand in your fear aghast, To see me burn the stalwart trees, Or shiver the stately mast. The hieroglyphs on the Persian wall, The letters of high command, Where the prophet read the tyrant's fall, Were traced with my burning hand; And oft in fire have I wrote since then, What angry Heaven decreed-But the scalid eves of sinful men Were all too blind to read. At last the hour of light is here. And kings no more shall blind, Nor the bigots crush with craven fear The forward march of mind; The words of Truth, and Freedom's rays, Are from my pinions hurl'd. And soon the sun of better days Shall rise upon the world. But away, away, through the sightless air---Stretch forth your iron thread; For I would not soil my sandals fair With the dust ye tamely tread, Ay, rear it upon its million piers-Let it circle the world around, And the journey ye make in a hundred years I'll clear at a single bound ! ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WORTH. Now let the soleinn minute gun Arouse the morning ray. And only with the setting sun In echoes die away...... The muffled drum, the wailing fife, Ah ! let them murmur low, O'er him who was their breath of life. The solemn notes of wo ! ..... At Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, On Polaklaba's field, Around him fell the crimson rain, The battle-thunder peal'd; But proudly did the soldier gaze Upon his dating form. When charging o'er the cannon's blaze Amid the sulphur storm. Upon the heights of Monterey Again his flag unroll'd, And when the grape-shot rent away Its latest starry fold, His plum id cap above his head He waved upon the air, And cheer'd the gailant troops he led To glorious victory there. But ah ! the dreadful seal is broke---In darkness walks abroad The pestilence, whose silent stroke Is like the doom of Gop ! And the hero by its fell decree In death is sleeping now, With the laurel wreath of victory

Still green upon his brow !

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# EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[Born, 1811. Died, 1849.]

Tax family of Mr. Pox is one of the oldest and most respectable in Baltimore. DAVID PDE, his paternal grandfother, was a quartermaster-general in the Maryland line during the Revolution, and the intimate friend of LAPATETTE, who, during his last visit to the United States, called personally upon the general's widow, and tendered her his acknowledgments for the services rendered to him by her husband. His great-grandfather, JOHN POR, married, in England, JANE, a daughter of Admiral JAMES MCBRIDE, noted in British naval history, and claiming kindred with some of the most illustrious English families. His father and mother died within a few weeks of each other, of consumption, leaving him an orphan, at two years of age. Mr. JOHN ALLAN, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Virginia, took a fancy to him, and persuaded General Pos, his grandfather, to suffer him to adopt him. He was brought up in Mr. ALLAN's family; and as that gentleman had no other children, he was regarded as his son and heir. In 1816 he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Allast to Great Britain, visited every portion of it, and afterward passed four or five years in a school kept at Stoke Newington, near London, by the Reverend Doctor BRANSHT. He returned to America in 1822, and in 1825 went to the Jefferson University, at Charlottesville, in Virginia, where he led a very dissipated life, the manners of the college being at that time extremely dissolute. He took the first honours, however, and went home greatly in debt. Mr. ALLAN refused to pay some of his debts of honour, and he hastily quitted the country on a Quixotic expedition to join the Greeks, then struggling for liberty. He did not reach his original destination, however, but made his way to St. Petersburg, in Russia, where he became involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by the late Mr. HENRY MIDDLETON, the American minister at that capital. He returned home in 1829, and immediately afterward entered the military academy at West Point. In about eighteen months from that time, Mr. ALLAN, who had lost his first wife while Mr. Pos was in Russia, married again. He was sixty-five years of age, and the lady was young : Por quarrelled with her, and the veteran husband, taking the part of his wife, addressed him an angry letter, which was answered in the same epirit. He died soon after, leaving an infant son the heir to his property, and bequeathed Poz nothing.

The army, in the opinion of the young cadet, was not a place for a poor man; so he left West Point abruptly, and determined to maintain himself by authorship. He had printed, while in the military academy, a small volume of poems, ba most of which were written in early youth. They illustrated the character of his abilities, and justified his anticipations of success. For a considerable time, however, his writings attracted but little attention. At length, in 1831, the proprietor of a weekly literary gazette in Baltimore offered two premiums, one for the best story in prose, and the other for the best poem. In due time our author sent in two articles, both of which were successful with the examining committee, and popular upon their appearance before the public. The late Mr. TROMAN W. WHITE had then recently established "The Southern Literary Messenger," at Richmond, and upon the warm recommendation of Mr. Jonw P. KENNEDT, who was a member of the committee that has been referred to, Mr. Por was engaged by him to be its editor. He continued in this situation about a year and a half, in which he wrote many brilliant articles, and raised the "Messenger" to the first rank of literary periodicals.

He next removed to Philadelphia, to assist Mr. W. E. BCRTON in the editorship of the "Gentleman's Magazine," a miscellany that in 1840 was merged in "Graham's Magazine," of which Mr. Pos became one of the principal writers, particularly in criticism, in which his papers attracted much attention, by their careful and skilful analysis, and generally caustic severity. At this period, however, he appears to have been more ambitious of securing distinction in romantic fiction, and a collection of his compositions in this department, published in 1841, under the fitle of "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," established his reputation for ingenuity, imagination, and extraordinary power in tracical parration. -

Near the end of 1844 Mr. Pox removed to New York, where he conducted for several months a literary miscellany called "The Broadway Journal." In 1845 he published a volume of Tales, in Wi-LET and PUTNAN'S "Library of American Books," and in the same series, a collection of his Poems, including "The Raven," of which Mr. N. P. W11-LIS observes, that in his opinion "it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and is unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift." " Ulatume," " Annabel Lee," and -," quoted in the following pages, have " To been written since the appearance of Mr. Poz's volume. In poetry, as in prose, he is most successful in the metuphysical treatment of the passions. His poems are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art. They illustrate a morbid sensitiveness of feeling, a shadowy and gloomy imagination, and a taste

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pimost faultless in the apprehension of that sort of beauty most agreenble to his temper.

Besides the volumes I have mentioned, Mr. Pox. is the author of "Arthur Gordon Pym," a romance; "A New Theory of English Versification ;" " Eureka," an easey on the material and apiritual universe : a work which he wishes to have " judged as a poem;" and several extended series of papers in the periodiculs, the most noticeable of which are "Marginalia," embracing opinions of books and i seventh of October, 1849.

# THE CITY IN THE SEA.

Lo ! Death has rear'd himself a throne In a strange city lying alone Far down within the dim west, Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best Have gone to their eternal rest. There shrines, and palaces, and towers, "f'l'inte-eaten towers that tremble not !) Resemble nothing that is ours. Around, by lifting winds forgot, Resignedly beneath the sky The melancholy waters lie. No rays from the boly heaven come down

On the long night-time of that town ; But light from out the lurid sea Streams up the turrets silently----Gleams up the pinnacles far and free----Up domes-up spires-up kingly halls-Up fanes-up Babylon-like walls----Up shadowy, long-forgotten bowers Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers-Up many and many a marvellous shrine Whose wreathed friezes intertwine The viol, the violet, and the vine. Resignedly beneath the sky The melsneholy waters lie. So blend the turrets and shadows there That all seem pendulous in air, While from a proud tower in the town Death looks gigantically down.

There open fance and gaping graves Yawn level with the luminous waves : But not the riches there that lio In each idol's diamond eve-Not the gayly-jewell'd dead Tempt the waters from their bed; For no ripples curl, alas! Along that wilderness of glass-No swellings tell that winds may be Upon some far-off happier sca-No heavings hint that winds have been On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air ? The wave-there is a movement there ! As if the towers had thrust aside, In slightly einking, the dull tide-As if their tops had feebly given A void within the filmy heaven. The waves have now a redder glow---The hours are breathing faint and low-

authors; "Secret Writing," "Autography," and " Sketches of the Literati of New York." He is still an industrious magazinist, and is one of the few of this class of writers among us who have any real skill in literary art. A more full account of his contributions to general literature may be found in my "Prose Writers of America."

Mr. Por died suddenly in Baltimore, on the

And when, amid no earthly moans, Down, down that town shall settle hence, Hell, rising from a thousand thrones, Shall do it reverence.

# ANNABEL LEE.

- IT was many and many a year ago, In a kingdom by the sea, That a maiden there lived whom you may know By the name of ANNABEL LES; And this meiden she lived with no other thought Then to love and be loved by me. I was a child and she was a child, In this kingdom by the sea : But we loved with a love that was more than love-I and my ANNABEL LEE-With a love that the winged scraphs of heaven Coveted her and me. And this was the reason that, long ago, In this kingdom by the sea, A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling My beautiful ANNABEL LEE; So that her highborn kinsmen came And hore her away from me, To shut her up in a sepulchre, In this kingdom by the sea. The angels, not half so happy in heaven, Went envying her and me-Yes !-- that was the reason (as all men know, In this kingdom by the sea), That the wind came out of the cloud by night, Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE. But our love it was stronger by far than the love Of those who were older than we---Of many far wiser than we-And neither the angels in heaven above, Nor the demons down under the sea, Can ever dissever my soul from the soul Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE: For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreama Of the beautiful ANNABEL LAR: And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes Of the beautiful ASSABLL LEE: And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side Of my darling-my darling-my life and my bride, In her sepalchie there by the sea-
  - In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Congle

# EDGAR A. POE.

# ULALUME: A BALLAD.

Tax skies they were ashen and sober; The leaves they were crisped and sere-The leaves they were withering and sere; It was night in the lonesome October Of my most immemorial year; It was hard by the dim lake of Auber, In the misty mid region of Weir-It was down by the dank tarn of Auber. In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir. Here once, through an alley Titanic, Of cypress, I roamed with my soul-Of cypress, with Psyche, my soul, These were days when my heart was volcanic As the scoriac rivers that roll-As the lavas that restlessly roll Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek In the ultimate elimes of the pole-That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek In the realms of the boreal pole. Our talk had been serious and sober, But our thoughts they were palsied and sere-Our memories were treacherous and sero-For we knew not the month was October, And we marked not the night of the year-(Ah, night of all nights in the year !) We noted not the dim lake of Auber, (Though once we had journeyed down here)-Remember'd not the dank tarn of Auber, Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir. And now, as the night was senescent, And star-dials pointed to morn-As the star-dials hinted of morn-At the end of our path a liquescent And nebulous lustre was born. Out of which a miraculous crescent Arose with a duplicate horn-Astarte's bediamonded crescent Distinct with its duplicate horn. And I said - " She is warmer than Dian : She rolls through an ether of sighs-She revels in a region of sighs: She has seen that the lears are not dry on These cheeks, where the worm never dies, And has come past the stars of the Lion To point us the path to the skics-To the Lethean peace of the skies-Come up, in despite of the Lion, To shine on us with her bright eyes -Come up through the lair of the Lion, With love in her luminous eyes." But Psyché, uplifting her finger, Said- Saily this star I mistrust-Her pallor I strangely mistrust : Oh, hasten i-oh, let us not linger ! Oh, fly !-- let us fly !-- for we must." In terror she spoke, letting sink her Wings till they trailed in the dust-In agony sobbed letting sink her

Plumes till they trailed in the dust-Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

Let us on by this tremulous light-Let us bathe in this crystalline light! Its sybilic splendor is beaming With hope and in beauty to-night: See, it flickers up the sky through the night ! Ab, we safely may trust to its gleaning, And be sure it will lead us aright---We safely may trust to a gleaming That cannot but guide us aright, Since it flickers up to heaven through the night." Thus I pacified Psyché and kissed her, And tempted her out of her gloom-And conquered her scruples and gloom; And we passed to the end of the vista, But were stopped by the door of a tomb-By the door of a legended tomb; And I said, " What is written, sweet sister, On the door of this legended tomb ?" She replied, " Ulalume-Ulalume-'T is the vault of thy lost Ulaiume !" Then my heart it grow ashen and sober As the leaves that were crisped and sere-As the leaves that were withering and sere, And I cried, "It was surely October On this very night of last year, That I journeyed-I journeyed down here-That I brought a dread burden down here-On this night of all nights in the year Oh, what demon has tempted me here ? Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber, This misty mid region of Weir-Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber. In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir." Said we then-the two, then-" Ah, can it Have been that the woodlandish ghouls-The pitiful, the merciful ghouls-To bar up our way and to ban it From the secret that lies in these wolds-From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds-Have drawn up the spectre of a planet From the limbo of lunary souls-This sinfully scintillant planet From the hell of the planetary souls !"

I replied-" This is nothing but dreaming :

# TO ZANTE.

PAIR isle, that from the fairest of all flowers Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take ! How many menories of what radiant hours At sight of thes and thine at once awake ! How many scence of what departed blies ! How many thoughts of what entombed hopes ! How many visions of a mailen that is No more -- no more upon thy verdant slopes ! No more -- alas, that magical and sound Transforming all ! Thy charms shall please nu nore --Thy memory no more ! Accursed ground

Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shorn, O hyacinthine isle ! O purple Zante !

" Isola d'oro ! Fior di Levante !"

Demony Google

### EDGAR A. POE.

TO \_\_\_\_\_ -\_\_\_

I saw thee once-once only-years ago: I must not say how many-but not many. It was a July midnight; and from out A full-orbed moon that, like thine own soul, soaring, Sought a precipitant pathway up through heaven, There fell a silvery-silken weil of light, With quictude, and sultrinese, and slumber, Upon the upturned faces of a thousand Roses that grew in an enchanted garden, Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe-Fell on the unturned faces of these roses That cave out, in return for the love-light, Their odorous souls in an eestatic death-Fell on the unturned faces of these roses That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank I saw these half recining; while the moon Fell on the upturned faces of the roses, And on thine own, upturned—alas! in sorrow.

Was it not Fate that, on this July midnight-Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow) That hade me pause before that garden-gate To breathe the incense of those alumbering roace ! No footstep stirred : the hated world all slept, Save only thee and me. I paused-I looked-And in an instant all things disappeared. (Ah, hear in mind this garden was enchanted !) The pearly fustre of the moon went out : The mossy hanks and the meandering paths, The happy flowers and the repining trees, Were seen no more: the very roses' odors Died in the arms of the adoring airs. All, all expired save thee-save less than thou: Save only the divine light in thine eyes-Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes. I saw but them-they were the world to me. I saw but them-saw only them for hours-Saw only them until the moon went down. What wild heart-historics seemed to lie enwritten Upon those crystalline, celestial aphores ! How dark a wo, yet how sublime a hope ! How eilently screne a sea of pride ! How during an ambition ! yet how deep--How fathomicas a capacity for love !

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight Into a western couch of thunder-cloud, And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees Didst glide away. Only thing eyes remained. They would not go-they never yet have gone. Lighting my lonely pathway home that night, They have not left me (as my hopes have) since. They follow me, they lead me through the years; They are my nunisters-yet I their slave. Their office is to illumine and enkindle-My duty, to be saved by their bright light, And purified in their electric fire-And sanctified in their elvsion fire. They fill my soul with beauty (which is hope), And are far up in heaven, the stars I kneel to In the sad, elent watches of my night;

While even in the meridian glare of day I see them still—two sweetly scintillant Venuses, unextinguished by the sun !

#### DREAM-LAND.

By a route obscure and lonely, Haunted by ill angels only, Where an Eidolon, named Night, On a black throne reigns upright, I have reached these lands but newly From an ultimate dim Thul?—

From a wild, weird clime that lieth, sublime, Out of space—out of time.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods, And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods, With forms that no man can discover For the dews that drip all over; Mountains toppling evermore Into seas without a shore; Seas that restlessly aspiro. Surging, unto skies of fire; Lakes that endlessly outspread Their ione waters—lone and dead— Their still waters—still and chilly With the enows of the Johing Idy.

By the lakes that thus outsprend Their lone waters, iono and dead---Their sad waters, sad and chilly With the snows of the lotling lily---By the mountains, near the river Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever---By the gray words---by the swamp Where the toad and the newt encamp---By the dismal tarns and pools

For the heart whose woes are legion 'T is a peaceful, soothing region; For the spirit that walks in shadow 'T is—oh, 't is an Eldorado! But the traveller, travelling through it, May not, dare not openly view it; Never its mysterics are exposed To the weak human eye unclosed; So wills its King, who hath forbid The uplifting of the fringed lid; And thus the sad soul that here passes Beholds it but through darken'd glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely, Haunted by ill angels only, Where an Eidolon, named Night, On a black throne reigns upright, I have wander'd home but newly From this ultimate dim Thule.

# LENORE.

As, broken is the golden bowl. The spirit flown forever! Let the bell toll ! A saintly soul Floats on the Stygian river : And, GUY DE VENE. Hast thou no tear ! Weep now or never more ! See, on you drear And rigid bier Low lies thy love, LENGRE! Come, let the burial-rite be read-The functal-song be sung !--An anthem for the queenliest dead That ever died so young-A dirge for her the doubly dead, In that she died so young ! " Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth, And hated her for her pride ; And when she fell in feelile health, Ye bless'd her-that she died ! How shall the ritual, then, be read ! The requiem how be sung By you-by yours, the evil eve-By yours, the slandcrous tongue That did to death the innocence That died, and died so young ?" Peccarimus : But rave not thus ! And let a sablath song Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may feel no wrong ! The sweet LENDER Hath "gone before," With Hope, that flew beside, Leaving thee wild For the dear child That should have been thy bride-For her, the fair And debonair, That now so lowly lies, The life upon her yellow hair But not within her eyes-The life still there. Upon her hair-The death upon her eyes. " Avaunt ! to-night My heart is light. No dirge will I upraise, But waft the angel on her flight With a pagan of old days! Let no bell toll !--Lest her sweet sout Amid its hallow'd mirth, Should catch the note, As it doth float-Up from the domned earth. To friends above, from fiends below, The indignant ghost is riven-From hell unto a high estate Far up within the heavenFrom grief and groan, To a golden throne, Beside the King of Heaven."

### ISRAFEL.\*

In heaven a spirit doth dwell "Whose heart-strings are a lute;" None sing so wildly well As the angel Incayer. And the giddy stars (so lecends tell) Censing their hymns, attend the spell Of his voice, all mute. Tottering above In her highest noon, The enumour'd moon Blushes with love. While, to listen, the red levin (With the rapid Pleiads, even, Which were seven) Pauses in heaven. And they say (the starry choir And the other listening things) That ISRAFELI'S fire Is owing to that lyre By which he sits and sings--The trembling living wire Of those unusual strings. But the skies that angel trod. Where deep thoughts are a duty-Where Love's a grown-up god-Where the Houri glances are Induced with all the beauty Which we worship in a star. Therefore, thou art not wrong, ISBATELI, who despisest An unimpassion'd song; To thee the laurels belong, Best bard, because the wiscat! Merrily live, and long ! The ecstasics above With thy burning measures suit-Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love, With the fervour of thy lute-Well may the stars be mute ! Yes, heaven is thine ; but this Is a world of sweets and sours : Our flowers are merely-flowers, And the shadow of thy perfect bliss Is the sunshine of ours. If I could dwell Where LINASKL Hath dwelt, and he where I, He might not sing so wildly well A mortal melody, While a bolder note than this might swell From my lyre within the sky.

\* "And the angel ISBAFEL, whose heart-strings are a lute and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures." Корди.

2 X

Distanting Google

# EUGAR A. POE.

# FOR ANNIE.

TRANK Heaven ! the crisis-The dauger, is past, And the lingering illness Is over at last-And the fever called "Living" Is conquer'd at last. Sadly, I know I am shorn of my strength, And no muscle I move As I lie at full length; But no matter !--- I feel I am better at length. And I rest so composedly, Now, in my bed, That any beholder Might fancy me dead-Might start at beholding me, Thinking me dead. The moaning and groaning, The sighing and sobbing, Are quieted now, With that horrible throbbing At heart :--- ah that horrible, Horrible throbbing ! The sickness—the nausea— The pitiless pain-Have ceased, with the fever That madden'd my brain-With the fever called " Living" That burn'd in my brain. And oh ! of all tortures. That torture the worst Has abated-the terrible Torture of thirst For the napthaline river Of Passion accuret : I have drank of a water That quenches all thirst :---Of a water that flows. With a tullaby sound, From a spring but a very few Feet under ground-From a cavern not very far Down under ground. And sh ! let it never Be foolishly said That my room it is gloomy And narrow my bed; For man never slept In a different bed-And, to sleep, you must slumber In just such a bod. My tantalized spirit Here blandly reposes, Forgetting, or never Regretting, its roses-Its old agitations Of myrtles and roses : For now, while so quietly Lying, it fancies

A holier odour About it, of pansies-A rosemary odour, Commingled with pansies-With rue and the beautiful Puritan pansies. And so it lies happily, Bathing in many A dream of the truth And the beauty of Annie-Drown'd in a bath Of the tresses of Annie. She tenderly kiss'd me. She fondly caresa'd, And then I fell gently To sleep on her breast-Deeply to sleep From the heaven of her breast, When the light was extinguish'd, She cover'd me warm, And she pray'd to the angels To keep me from harm-To the queen of the angels To shield me from harm. And I lie so composedly, Now, in my bed, (Knowing her love,) That you fancy me dead-And I rest so contentedly, Now, in my bed, (With her love at my breast.) That you fancy me dead-That you shudder to look at me, Thinking me dead :-But my heart it is brighter Than all of the many Stars of the sky, For it sparkles with Annie-It glows with the light Of the love of my Annie-With the thought of the light Of the eyes of my Annie. TO ONE IN PARADISE. Thou wast all that to me, love, For which my soul did pine-A green isle in the sea, love, A fountain and a shrine, All wreath'd with fairy fruits and flowers, And all the flowers were mine. Ah, dream too bright to last ! Ah, storry Hope ! that didst arise But to be overcast ! A voice from out the Future cries, "On ! on !"----but o'er the Past (Dim gulf !) my spirit hovering lies Mute, motion/css, aghast ! For, alss ! alss ! with me The light of life is o'er !

No more-no more-no more-(Such language holds the solemn sea To the sands upon the shore)

Distanting GOOGIC

Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree, Or the stricken eagle soar !

And all my days are trances, And all my nightly dreams Are where thy dark eye glunces, And where thy footstep gleams--In what ethereal dances, By what eternal streams.

# THE RAVEN.

Oxer apon a midnight dreary, While I ponder'd, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious Volume of forgotten lore, While I nodded, nearly napping, Suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, Rapping at my chamber door. "This some visiter," I mutter'd,

"Tapping at my chamber door-Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, It was in the block December, And each separate dying ember Wrought its ghost upon the floor. Eagerly I wish'd the morrow; Vainly I had tried to borrow From my books surcease of sorrow From my books surcease of sorrow For the rare and radiant maiden Whom the angels name Lenore---Namelose here for everyore.

Presently my soul grew stronger; Hesitating then no longer, "Sir," said I, "or Madam. truly Your forgiveness I implore; But the fact is I was napping, And so gently you came tapping, Tapping at my chamber door, That I scarce was sure I heard you,"-Here I open'd wide the door: Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, Long I stood there wondering, fearing, Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal Ever dared to dream before; But the silence was unbroken, And the darkness gave no token, And the only word there spoken Was the whisper'd word, " Lenore !" This I whisper'd, and an echo Murmur'd back the word, " Lenore !" Merely this, and nothing more. Then into the chamber turning, All my soul within me burning, Soon I heard again a topping Somewhat louder than before. " Surely," said I, "surely that is Something at my window lattice ; Let me see, then, what thereat is, And this mystery explore-Let my heart be still a moment, And this mystery explore ;---"Tis the wind, and nothing more !" Open here I flung the shutter, When, with many a flirt and flutter, In there stepp'd a stately raven Of the saintly days of yore; Not the least obeisance made he; Not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he; But, with mien of lord or lady, Perch'd above my chamber door-Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas Just above my chamber door-Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more. Then this ebony bird beguiling My sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum Of the countenance it wore, "Though thy creat be shown and shaven, Thou," I said, "art sure no eraven, Ghastly grim and ancient raven, Wandering from the Nightly shore Tell me what thy lordly name is On the Night's Plutonian shore !" Quoth the raven " Novermore." Much I marvell'd this ungainly Fowl to hear discourse so plainly, Though its answer little meaning-Little relevancy hore ; For we cannot help agreeing That no living human being Ever yet was bless'd with seeing Bird above his chamber door-Bird or beast upon the sculptured Bust above his chamber door, With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven sitting lonely On the placid bust, spoke only That one word, as if his soul in That one word he did outpour. Nothing farther then he utter'd---Not a feather then he flutter'd---Till I scarcely more than nutter'd "Other friends have flown before." On the morrow he will leave me, As my hopes have flown before." Then the bird said "Nevermore." 4:23

# EDGAR A. POE.

Startled at the stillness broken By reply so aptly spoken, "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters Is its only stock and store 'Caught from some unhappy master Whom unmerciful Disaster Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, 'l'ill his songs one burden bore— Till the dirges of his Hope the Mclancholy burden bore Of "Nevermore," of "Nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling All my sad soul into smiling, Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in Front of bird, and bust and door; Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking Fancy unto fancy, thinking What this ominous bird of yore— What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, Gaunt and ominous bird of yore Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, But no syllable expressing To the low whose there ever now Burn'd into my boson's core; This and more I sat divining, With my head at case reclining On the cushion's veivet lining That the lamplight gloated o'er; But whose velvet violet lining With the lamplight gloating o'er,

She shall prose, ah, never more ! Then, methought, the air grew denser, Perfum'd from an unseen censer, Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls Tinkled on the tufted floor,

Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee By these angels he hath sent thee Respite—respite and nepenthe

From thy memories of Lenore ! Quall, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, And forget this lost Lenore !" Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

On this home by Horror haunted-Tell me truly, I implore-

Is there—is there balin in Gilead ? Tell me—tell me, I implore !" Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet !" said I, " thing of evil-Prophet still, if bird or devil ! By that heaven that bends above us-

By that God we both adore— Tell this soul with sorrow laden If, within the distant Aidenn, It shall clasp a sainted maiden

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden Whom the angels name Lenore." Quoth the raven "Nevermore," " Be that word our sign of parting, Bird or fiend !" I shrick'd, upstarting-"Get thee back into the tempest And the Night's Plutonian shore ! Leave no black pluine as a token Of that he thy soul hath spoken ! Leave my loneliness unbroken !---Quit the bust above my door! Take thy leak from out my heart, And take thy form from off my door !" Quoth the raven "Nevermore." And the raven, never flitting, Still is sitting, still is sitting On the pallid bust of Pallas Just above my chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming Of a demon that is dreaming, And the lamplight o'er him streaming

Whom the angels name Lenore-

Throws his shadow on the floor; And my soul from out that shadow That lies floating on the floor Shall be lifted—nevermore !

# THE CONQUEROR WORM.

Lo! 'tis a gala night Within the lonesome latter years! An angel throng, bewing'd, bedight In veils, and drown'd in tears, Sit in a theatre, to see A play of hopes and fears, While the orchestra breathes fitfully The music of the spheres. Mimes, in the form of God on high, Mutter and mumble low, And hither and thither fly-Mere puppets they, who come and go At hidding of vast formless things That shift the scenery to and fro, Flapping from out their Condor wings Invisible Wo ! That moticy drama !---oh, be sure It shall not be forgot! With its Phantom chased for evermore, By a crowd that seize it not. Through a circle that ever returneth in To the self-same spot, And much of Madness, and more of Sin, And Horror the soul of the plot. But see, amid the mimic rout, A crawling shape intrude ! A blood-red thing that writhes from out The scenic solitude! It writhes !--- it writhes !--- with mortal pange, The mimes become its food,

And the angels sob at vermin fange In human gore imbued.

Distanting Google

Out-out are the lights-out all ! And, over each quivering form, The curtain, a funeral pail, Conce down with the rush of a storm, And the angels, all pailid and wan, Uprising, unveiling, affirm That the play is the tragedy, "Man," Ita bero the Conqueror Worm.

# THE HAUNTED PALACE.

Is the greenest of our valleys, By good angels tenanted, Once a fair and stately palace (Snow-white palace) rear'd its head. In the monarch Thought's dominion It stood there ! Never seraph spread a pinion Over fabric half so fair. Banners, yellow, glorious, golden, On its roof did float and flow; (This, all this, was in the olden Time, long ago.) And every gentle air that dallied, In that sweet day, Along the ramparts plumed and pallid, A winged odour went away. Wanderers in that happy valley Through two luminous windows saw Spirits moving musically, To a lute's well-tuned faw ; Round about a throne, where, sitting (Porphyrogene!) In state his glory well-befitting, The ruler of the realm was seen. And all with pearl and ruby glowing Was the fair palace-door, Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing, And sparkling evermore, A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty Was but to sing. In voices of surpassing beauty, The wit and wisdom of their king. But evil things, in robes of sorrow, Assail'd the monarch's high estate; (Ah ! let us mourn, for never morrow Shall dawn upon him, desolate !) And round about his home the glory That blush'd and bloom'd, Is but a dim-remember'd story Of the old time entomb'd. And travellers now within that valley, Through the red-litten windows see Vest forms, that move fantastically To a discordant melody; While, like a rapid, ghastly river, Through the pale door, A hideous throng rush out for ever, And laugh-but smile no more.

# THE SLEEPER.

AT midnight, in the month of June, I stand beneath the mystic moon. An opiate vapour, dewy, dim, Exhales from out her golden rim. And, softly dripping, drop by drop, Upon the quiet mountain-top, Steals drowsily and musically Into the universal valley. The resemary node upon the grave; The fily lotts upon the wave; Wrapping the inist about its breast, The ruin moulders into rest ; Looking like Lethe, see, the lake A conscious slumber seems to take, And would not for the world awake. All beauty sleeps !---and, lo ! where lies, With casement open to the skies, Irene and her destinies !

O, lady bright, can it be right, This lattice open to the night ? The bodiless airs, a wizard rout, Flit through thy chamber, in and out, And wave the curtain-canopy So fitfully, so fearfully, Above the closed and fringed lid 'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid, That o'er the floor and down the wall, Like ghosts, the shadows rise and fall. O, lady dear, hast thou no fear ? Why and what art thou dreaming here ! Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas, A wonder to our garden-trees ! Strange is thy pallor---strange thy dress---Stranger thy glorious length of tress, And this all-solenin silentness !

The lady sleeps. O, may her sleep, Which is enduring, so be deep ! Soft may the worms about her creep! This hed, being changed for one more holy, This room for one more melancholy, I pray to Gon that she may lie Forever with unclosed eye! My love she sleeps. O, may her sleep, As it is lasting, so be deep ! Heaven have her in its sacred keep ! Far in the forest, dim and old, For her may some tall tomb unfold-Some tomb that oft hath flung its black And wing-like pannels, fluttering back, Triumphant o'er the crested palls Of her grand family funerals,----Some sepulchre, remote, alone, Against whose portal she hath thrown, In childhood, many an idle stone .--Some vault from out whose sounding door She ne'er shall force an echo more, Nor thrill to think, poor child of sin, It was the dead who groan'd within.

(Son, 1822)

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGS was born in the town of Woodstock, in Connecticut, on the second day of February, 1812. His paternal ancestors came to this country from Wales; and on both sides he is descended from the stern old Puritan stock, being on the mother's a lineal descendant of Governor BRADFORD, whose name appears conspicuously and honourably in the early annals of Mussachusetts. An intermediate descendant, the grandfather of Mr. BURLEIGS, served with credit under WASRINGTON, in the war of the Revolution. Such ancestral recollections are treasured, with just pride, in many an humble but happy home in New England.

In his infuncy, Mr. BURLEIGS's parents removed to Plainfield, in his native state, where his father was for many years the principal of a popular academy, until the loss of sight induced him to abandon his charge, before his son had attained an age to derive much benefit from his instructions. He retired to a farm, and the boy's time was mainly devoted to its culture, varied by the customary attendance in a district-school through the wintermonths, until he was sixteen, when he proposed to become an apprentice to a neighbouring clothier, but abandoned the idea after two weeks' trial, from an inveterate losthing of the coarseness and brutality of those among whom he was set to labour. Here, however, while engaged in the repulsive cares of his employment, he composed his first sonnet, which was published in a gazette printed in the vicinity. Returning to his father's house, he in the following summer became an apprentice to a

village printer, whom he left after eight months' tedious endurance, leaving in his "stick" a farewell couplet to his master, which is probably remembered unforgivingly to this day. He did not, however, desert the business, of which he had thus obtained some slight knowledge, but continued to labour as half-apprentice, journeyman, sub-editor, etc., through the next seven years, during which he assisted in the conduct of perhaps as many periodicals, deriving thereby little fame and less profit. In December, 1834, while editor of "The Literary Journal," in the city of Schenectady, he married an estimable woman, who has since "divided his sorrows and doubled his joys." In July, 1836, abandoning the printing business for a season, he commenced a new career as a public lecturer, under the anspices of a philenthropic society, and in his new employment he continued for two years. At the close of that period he assumed the editorship of "The Christian Witness," at Pitteburg, Pennsylvania, which he held two years and a half, when he resigned it, to take charge of "The Washington Banner," a gazette published at Allegheny, on the opposite side of the Ohio. Between this duty, and the study of the law, his time is now divided.

His contributions to the periodical literature of the country commenced at an early age, and have been continued at intervals to the present day. "The New Yorker" was for years his favourite medium of communication with the public. A collection of his poems appeared in Philudelphia, early in 1840.

# ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sur, hath gone in the spring-time of life, Ere her sky had been dimm'd by a cloud,

While her heart with the rapture of love was yet rife, And the hopes of her youth were unbow'd-

From the lovely, who loved her too well; From the heart that had grown to her own;

From the sorrow which late o'er her young spirit fell, Like s dream of the night she hath flown;

And the earth hath received to its bosom its trust-Aslies to ashes, and dust unto dust.

The spring, in its lovelinees dress'd,

Will return with its music-wing'd hours, And, kiss'd by the breath of the sweet south-west,

The ouds shall burst out in flowers; And the flowers her grave-sod above,

Though the sleeper beneath recks it not, Shall thickly be strown by the hand of Love,

To cover with beauty the spot-Meet emblems are they of the pure one and bright,

Who fooled and fell with so early a blight.

Ay, the spring will return-but the blossom

That bloom'd in our presence the sweetest, By the spoiler is borne from the cherishing bosom

The lovelicet of all and the fleetest ! The music of stream and of bird

Shall come back when the winter is o'er; But the voice that was dearest to us shall be heard

In our desolate chambers no more!

The sunlight of May on the waters shall quiver-

As the bird to its sheltering nest,

When the storm on the hills is abroad, So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest To repose on the bosom of Gon!

Where the sorrows of earth never more

May fling o'er its brightness a stain; Where, in rapture and love, it shall ever adore,

Congle

With a gladness unmingled with pain;

And its thirst shall be slaked by the waters which spring.

Like a river of light, from the throne of the Kine!

There is weeping on earth for the lost! There is bowing in grief to the ground !

But rejoicing and praise mid the sanctified host, For a spirit in Paradise found !

Though brightness hath pass'd from the earth, Yet a star is new-born in the sky.

And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth, Where are pleasures and fulness of joy ! And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given

To the breezes that float o'er the gardens of heaven!

# "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

NIGRT, stern, eternal, and alone, Girded with solemn silence round, Mujostic on his starless throne, Sat brooding o'er the vast profound— And there unbroken darkness lay, Deeper than that which voils the tomb, While circling ages wheel'd away Unnoted mid the voiccless gloom,

Then moved upon the waveless deep The quickening Spirit of the Loan, And broken was its pulseless sleep Before the Everlasting Word ! " Let there be light !" and listening earth, With tree, and plant, and flowery sod,

"In the beginning" sprang to birth, Obcdient to the voice of Gon.

Then, in his burning track, the sun Trod onward to his joyous noon, And in the heavens, one by one, Cluster'd the stars around the moon— In glory bathed, the radiant day Wore like a king his crown of light— And, girdled by the "Milky Way,"

How queenly look'd the star-gemm'd night !

Bursting from choirs celestial, rang Triumphantly the notes of song; The morning-stars together sang In concert with the heavenly throng; And earth, enraptured, caught the straim That thrill'd along her fields of air, Till every mountain-top and plain Flung back an answering echo there f

Crentor! let thy Spirit shine The darkness of our souls within, And lead us by thy grace divine From the forbidden paths of sin; And may that voice which bade the earth From Chaos and the realms of Night, From doubt and darkness call us forth To Gon's own liberty and light!

Thus, made partakers of Tay love, The baptism of the Spirit ours, Our grateful hearts shall rise above, Renew'd in purposes and powers; And songs of joy again shall ring Thumphant through the arch of heaven----The glorious songs which angels sing, Exulting over couls forgiven!

# JUNE.

JUNE, with its roses-June ! The gladdest month of our capricious year, With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear;

And with the drowsy tune Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass Laughingly on amid the springing grass!

Earth, at her joyous coming. Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on; And Nature greets her with a benison;

While myriad voices, humming Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round, Till seems the air an element of sound.

The overarching sky Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue, As if the light of heaven were melting through Its sapphire home on high; Hiding the sunshine in their vapoury breast, The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody, Pour'd by the birds, as o'er their callow young Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung— Gladsome, vet not of glee— Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing Above their cradled infants slumbering.

On the warm hill-side, where The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass Peepeth the luscious strawberry! As they pass, Young children gambol there, Crushing the gather'd fruit in playful mood, And staining their bright faces with its blood.

A deeper blush is given To the half-ripen'd cherry, as the sun Day after day pours warmth the trees upon, Till the rich pulp is riven; The truant schoolboy looks with longing eyes, And perils limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field, Draws the rich mould around the tender mains; While Hope, bright-pinion'd, points to coming days, When all his toil shall yield An ample harvest, and around his hearth There shall be laughing oyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow-wing. The butterfly, whose life is but an hour, Hovers coquettishly from flower to flower,

A gay and happy thing; Born for the sunshine and the summer-day, Soon passing, like the beautiful, away!

These are thy pictures, June ! [ers! Brightest of summer-months--thou month of flow-First-born of beauty, whose swift-footed hours

Dance to the merry tune Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout Of childhood on the sunny hills peal'd out.

I feel it were not wrong To deem thou art a type of heaven's clime, Only that there the clouds and storms of time Sweep not the sky slong;

The flowers-air-beauty--music--all are thine, But brighter--purer--lovelier--more divine !

Coople Google

# SPRING.

Tax sweet south wind, so long Sieeping in other climes, on sunny seas, Or dailying gayly with the orange-trees In the bright land of song, Wakes unto us, and laughingly sweeps by, Like a glad spirit of the sunlit sky.

The labourer at his toil Feels on his check its dewy kiss, and lifts His open brow to catch its fragrant gifts— The aromatic spoil

The bursting buds look up To greet the sunlight, while it lingers yet On the warm hill-side,—and the violet Opens its azure cup

Meekly, and countless wild flowers wake to fling Their earliest incense on the gales of spring.

The reptile that hath fain Torpid so long within his wintry tomb, Pierces the mould, ascending from its gloom Up to the light again—

And the lithe snake crawls forth from caverns chill, To bask as erst upon the sunny hill.

Continual songs arise From universal nature—birds and streams Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems A second Paradise !

Nor unto earth alone---Thou hast a blessing for the human heart, Balm for its wounds and healing for its smart, Telling of Winter flown, And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,

Type of eternal life-thrice-blessed Spring!

# REQUIEM.

The strife is o'er\_Death's seal is set On ashy lip and marble brow; 'T is o'er, though faindly lingers yet Upon the check a life-like glow: The feeble pulse hath throbb'd its last, The aching head is laid at rest\_\_\_\_\_\_ Another from our ranks hath pass'd, The dearest and the lovelicat !

Fress down the cyclids—for the light, Erewhile so radiant undernesth,

Is gone forever from our sight, And darken'd by the spoiler, Death : Press down the eyelids—who can bear

To look beneath their fringed fold ? And softly part the silken hair Upon the brow so deathly cold.

The strife is o'er! The loved of years, To whom our yearning hearts had grown, Hath left us, with life's gathering fears To struggle darkly and alone; Gons, with the wealth of love which dwelt, Heart-kept, with holy thoughts and high-

Gone, as the clouds of evening melt Beyond the dark and solemn sky.

Yet mourn her not-the voice of wo Befits not this, her triumph-hour; Let Sorrow's tears no longer flow, For life eternal is her dower!

Freed from the earth's corrupt control, The trials of a world like this,

Joy! for her disembodied soul Drinks at the fount of perfect bliss!

# STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON VISITING MY BIRTH-PLACE.

WE are scatter'd-we are scatter'd-Though a jolly band were we! Some sleep beneath the grave-sod, And some are o'er the sea : And Time hath wrought his changes On the few who yet remain ; The joyous band that once we were We cannot be again ! We are scatter'd-we are scatter'd !---Upon the village-green. Where we play'd in boyish recklessness, How few of us are seen ! And the hearts that beat so lightly In the joyousness of youth-Some are crumbled in the sepulchre, And some have lost their truth. The beautiful-the beautiful Are faded from our track ! We miss them and we mourn them, But we cannot lure them back ; For an iron sleep hath bound them In its passionless embrace-We may weep-but cannot win them From their dreary resting-place. How mournfully-how mournfully The memory doth come Of the thousand scenes of happiness Around our childhood's home! A salutary sadness Is brooding o'er the heart, As it dwells upon remembrances From which it will not part.

In memory—in memory— How fondly do we gaze Upon the magic loveliness Of childhood's fleeting days !

The sparkling cye-the thrilling tone-The smile upon its lips:

The happiness—the happiness Of boyhood must depart; Then comes the sense of loneliness Upon the stricken heart!

Distanting GOOQIC

We will not, or we cannot fling Its sadness from our breast, We cling to it instinctively, We pant for its unrest!

We are scatter'd—we are scatter'd t Yet may we meet sgain In a brighter and a purer sphere, Beyond the reach of pain ! Where the shadows of this lower world Can never cloud the eve— When the mortal hath put brightly on Its immortality !

# TO H. A. B.

DREM not, beloved, that the glow Of love with youth will know decay; For, though the wing of Time may throw A shadow o'er our way ; The sunshine of a cloudless faith. The calmness of a holy trust. Shall linger in our hearts till death Consigns our "dust to dust!" The fervid passions of our youth-The fervour of affection's kise-Love, born of purity and truth-All memories of bliss-These still are ours, while looking back Upon the past with dowy eyes; O, dearest ! on life's vanish'd track How much of sunshine lies ! Men call us poor-it may be true Amid the gay and glittering crowd; We feel it, though our wants are few, Yet envy not the proud. The freshness of love's early flowers, Heart-shelter'd through long years of want, Pure hopes and quiet joys are ours, That wealth could never grant. Something of beauty from thy brow, Something of lightness from thy tread, Hath pass'd--yet thou art dearer now Than when our vows were said : A softer beauty round thee gleams, Chasten'd by time, yet calmly bright; And from thine eve of hazel beams A deeper, tenderer light : An emblem of the love which lives Through every change, as time departs; Which binds our souls in one, and gives New gladness to our hearts! Flinging a halo over life Like that which gilds the life beyond I Ah ! well I know thy thoughts, dear wife I To thoughts like these respond. The mother, with her dewy eye,

Is dearer than the blushing bride Who slood, three happy years gone by, In beauty by my side! Our Father, throned in light above, Hath bless'd us with a fairy childA bright link in the chain of love-The pure and undefiled:

Rich in the heart's best treasure, still With a calm trust we'll journey on,

Link'd heart with heart, dear wife ! until Life's pilgrimage be done !

Youth-beauty-passion-these will pass Like every thing of earth away-

The breath-stains on the polish'd glass Less transient are than they.

But love dies not-the child of Gon-The souther of life's many woes-

She scatters fragrance round the sod Where buried hopes repose !

She leads us with her radiant hand Earth's pleasant streams and pasture by, Still pointing to a better land

Of bliss beyond the sky !

**TO** -Horz, strewing with a liberal hand Thy pathway with her choicest flowers, Making the earth an Eden-land, And gilding time's departing hours; Lifting the clouds from life's blue sky, And pointing to that sphere divine Where joy's immortal blossoms lie In the rich light of heaven-be thine ! Love, with its voice of silvery tone, Whose music melts upon the heart Like whispers from the world unknown, When shadows from the soul depart-Love, with its sunlight melting through The mists that over earth are driven, And giving earth itself the hue And brightness of the upper-heaven-Peace, hymning with her scraph-tones Amid the stillness of thy soul, Till every human presion owns Her mighty but her mild control-Devotion, with her lifted eve. All radiant with the tears of bliss, Looking beyond the bending sky To worlds more glorious than this-Duty, untiring in her toil Earth's parch'd and sterile wastes among-Zeal, delving in the rocky soil, With words of cheer upon her tongue-Faith, with a strong and during hand Rending aside the veil of heaven, And claiming as her own the land Whose glories to her view are given-These, with the many lights that shine Brightly life's pilgrim-path upon,-These, with the bliss they bring, be thine, Till purer bliss in heaven be won; Till, gather'd with the loved of time, Whose feet the "narrow way" have trod,

Thy soul shall drink of joys sublime, And linger in the smile of Gon !

Denterin GOOQ

# SONG.

BELIEVE not the slander, my dearest KATHINE! For the ice of the world hath not frozen my beart; In my innermost spirit there still is a shrine

Where thou art remember'd, all pure as thou art: The dark tide of years, as it bears us along,

Though it sweep away hope in its turbulent flow, Cannot drown the low voice of Love's eloquent song.

Nor chill with its waters my faith's early glow.

- True, the world hath its snares, and the soul may grow faint
  - In its strifes with the follies and falsehoods of earth;

And amidst the dark whirl of corruption, a taint May poison the thoughts that are purest at birth. Temptations and trials, without and within,

From the pathway of virtue the spirit may lure; But the soul shall growstrong in its triumphs o'ersin, And the heart shall preserve its integrity pure.

The finger of Love, on my innermost heart,

Wrote thy name, O adored! when my feelings were young;

And the record shall 'bide till my soul shall depart, And the darkness of death o'er my being be flung. Then believe not the slander that says I forget,

In the whirl of excitement, the love that was thine;

Thou wert dear in my boyhood, art dear to me yet: For my sunlight of life is the smile of KATRINE!

# THE BROOK.

LINE thee, O stream ! to glide in solitude Noiselessly on, reflecting sun or star, Unseen by man, and from the great world's jar Kept evermore aluof: methinks 'twere good To live thus lonely through the silent lapse Of my appointed time." Not wisely said, Unthinking Quietist ! The brook hath sped Its course for ages through the narrow gaps Of rifted hills and o'er the reedy plain, Or mid the eternal forests, not in vain; The grass more greenly growth on its brink,

And lovelier flowers and richer fruits are there, And lovelier flowers and richer fruits are there, And of its crystal waters myrisds drink,

That else would faint beneath the torrid air.

# THE TIMES.

INACTION now is crime. The old earth reels Inebriate with guilt; and Vice, grown bold, Laughe Innocence to scorn. The thirst for gold Hath made men demons, till the heart that feels

The impulse of impartial love, nor kneels In worship fout to Mammon, is contemn'd.

He who hath kept his purer faith, and stemm'd Corruption's tide, and from the ruffian heels Of impious tramplers rescued peril'd right, Is call'd fanatic, and with scoffs and jeers Maliciously assail'd. The poor man's tears

Are unregarded; the oppressor's might Revered as law; and he whose righteous way Departs from evil, makes himself a prey.

# SOLITUDE.

Tux ceaseless hum of men, the dusty streets, Crowded with multitudinous life; the din Of toil and traffic, and the wo and sin,

The dweller in the populous city meets: These have I left to seek the cool retreats

Of the untrodden forest, where, in bowers Builded by Nature's hand, inlaid with flowers, And roof'd with ivy, on the mossy scats

Reclining, I can while away the hours In sweetest converse with old books, or give

My thoughts to Gon; or funcies fugitive

Indulge, while over me their radiant showers Of rarest blossoms the old trees shake down, And thanks to HIM my meditations crown !

# RAIN.

DASHING in big drops on the narrow pane, And making mournful music for the mind, While plays his interlude the wizard wind,

I hear the ringing of the frequent rain: How doth its drenmy tone the spirit lull, Bringing a sweet forgetfulness of pain.

While busy thought calls up the past again, And lingers mid the pure and beautiful

Visions of early childhood ! Sunny races Meet us with looks of love, and in the moans Of the faint wind we hear familiar tones, And tread again in old familiar places ! Such is thy power, O Rain ! the heart to bless, Wiling the soul away from its own wretchedness !

# THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Boun men were they, and true, that pilgrim-band, Who plough'd with venturous prow the stormy Seeking a home for hunted Liberty [sea,

Amid the ancient forests of a land

tigramity Google

Wild, gloony, vast. magnificently grand ! Friends, country, hailow'd homes they left, to be

Pilgrims for CHRIST'S sake, to a foreign strand----Beset by peril, worn with toil, yet free !

Tireless in zeal, devotion, lahour, hope; Constant in faith; in justice how severe! Though fools deride and bigot-skeptics sneer.

Praise to their names! If call d like them to cope, In evil times, with dark and evil powers,

O, be their faith, their zeal, their courage ours!

# LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE.

### (Sora, 1819.)

The Reverend Louis LEGRAND NOBLE was born in the valley of the Butternut Creek, in Otsego county, in New York. While he was a youth his father removed to the banks of the Wacamutquiock, now called the Huron, a small river in Michigan, and there, among scenes of remarkable wildness and beauty, he passed most of his time until the commoncement of his college-life. In a letter to me, he says: "I was over under a strong impulse to imbody in language my thoughts, feelings, fancies, as they sprung up in the presence of the rude but | resides in the state of New York.

beautiful things around me : the proiries on fire, the sparkling lakes, the park-like forests, Indians on the hunt, guiding their frail canoca amid the rapids, or standing at night in the red light of their festival fires. I breathed the air of poetry."

Mr. Nonce was admitted to orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, in 1840. His principal poetical work is "Ne-msh-min," an Indian story, in three cantos, in which he has made good use of his experience of forest life. I believe he now

# THE CRIPPLE BOY.

Upon an Indian rush-mat, spread Where burr-oak boughs a coolness shed, Alone he sat, a cripple-child, With eyes so large, so dark and wild, And fingers, thin and paie to see, Locked upon his trembling knee. A-gathering nuts so blithe and gay, The children early tripp'd away; And he his mother had bespught Under the oak to have him brought ;-It was ever his seat when blackbirds sung The wavy, rustling tops among ;-They calm'd his pain,-they cheer'd his lonelines

The gales,-the music of the wilderness.

II.

Upon a prairie wide and wild Look'd off that suffering cripple-child : The hour was breezy, the hour was bright ;---O, 't was a lively, a lovely sight! An eagle sailing to and fro Around a fitting cloud so white-Arross the billowy grass below Darting swift their shadows' light :---And mingled noises sweet and clear, Noises out of the ringing wood, Were pleasing trouble in his ear, A shock how pleasant to his blood : O, happy world !--- Beauty and Blessing slept On everything but him-he felt, and wept,

#### 117.

Humming a lightsome tune of yore, Beside the open log-house door, Tears upon his sickly cheek Saw his mother, and so did speak ;---"What makes his mother's Husar weep? You and I the cottage keep; They hunt the note and clusters blue, Weary lads for me and you;

And yonder see the quiet sheep ;----Why, now-I wonder why you weep !"-"Mother, I wish that I could be A sailor on the breezy sea !" "A sailor on the stormy sea, my son !---What ails the boy!-what have the breezes done!"

17.

"I do !-I wish that I could be A sailor on the rolling ses : In the shadow of the sails I would ride and rock all day. Going whither blow the gales. As I have heard a seaman say: I would, I guess, come back again For my mother now and then; And the curling fire so bright, When the prairie hurns at night; And tell the wonders I had seen Away upon the ocean green;" ----"Hush ! hush ! talk not about the ocean so; Better at home a hunter hale to go."

Between a tear and sigh he smiled ; And thus spake on the cripple-child :-"I would I were a hunter hale. Nimbler than the nimble doe, Bounding lightly down the dale, But that will never be, I know ! Behind the house the woodlands lie; A prairie wide and green hefore; And I have seen them with my eye A thousand times or more: Yet in the woods I never strav'd. Or on the prairie-border play'd ;— O, mother dear, that I could only be A sailor-boy upon the rocking sea !"

You would have turned with a tear, A tear upon your cheek ; She wept aloud, the woman dear, And further could not speak :

theman Google

# LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE.

The boy's it was a bitter lot She always felt, I trow; Yet never till then its bitterness At heart had grieved her so. Nature had waked the eternal wish; —*Liberty*, far and wide !— And now, to win him health, with joy, She would that morn have died. Till noon, she kept the shady door-way chair, But never a measure of that ancient air.

#### ٦ι.

Piped the March-wind; pinch'd and slow The deer were trooping in the snow; He saw them out of the cottage-door, The lame boy sitting upon the floor: "Mother, mother, how long will it be Till the prnirie go like a waving sca? Will the bare woods ever be green, and when? O, will it ever be summer again !"---She look'd in silence on her child: That large eye, ever so dark and wild, O me, how bright !---it may have been That he was grown so pale and thin.

It came, the emerald month, and sweetly shed Beauty for grief, and garlands for the dead.

# TO A SWAN

FLYING AT MIDNIGHT, IN THE VALE OF THE ETRON."

Os, what a still, bright night ! It is the sleep Of beauteous Nature in her bridal hall. See, while the groves shadow the shining lake, How the full-moon does bathe their melting green !--I hear the dew-drop twang upon the pool. Hark, hark, what music! from the rampart hills, How like a far-off bugle, sweet and clear, It searches through the list ning wilderness !--A Swan-I know it by the trumpet-tone : Winging her pathless way in the cool heavens, Piping her midnight melody, she comes.

Beautiful bird ! upon the dusk, still world Thou failest like an unget—like a lone Sweet angel from some sphere of hatmony. Where art thou, where !---no speck upon the blue My vision marks from whence thy music ranges. And why this hour—this voiceless hour—is thine, And thine alone, I cannot tell. Perchance, While all is hush and silent but the heart, E'en them hast human sympathies for heaven, And singest yonder in the holy deep Because thou hast a pinion. If it be, Oh, for a wing, upon the acrial tide To sail with thee a ministrel mariner !

When to a more height those wheelest up, Hast those that awful thrill of an ascension-

• The river Huron rises in the interior of Michigan, and flows into Lake Erre. Its clear waters gave it the name of its more mighty kinsman, Lake Huron. The lone, lost feeling in the vasty vault ! Oh, for thine car, to hear the ascending tones Range the ethereal chambers !--then to feel A harmony, while from the eternal depth Steals nought but the pure star-light evermore ! And then to list the echoes, faint and mellow, Far, far below, breathe from the hollow earth, For thee, soft, sweet petition, to return.

See Gibliens

And hither, haply, thou wilt shape thy neck; And settle, like a silvery cloud, to rest, If thy wild image, flaring in the abyse, Startle thee not aloft. Lone aeronaut, That catchest, on thine airy looking-out, Glassing the hollow darkness, many a lake, Lay, for the night, thy filly boson here. There is the deep unsounded for thy bath, The shallow for the shaking of thy quills, The dreany cove, or codar-wooded isle, With galaxy of water-lilies, where, Like mild Diana 'mong the quiet stars, 'Neath over-bending branches thou wilt move, Till early warblers shake the crystal shower. And whistling binions warn the to thy voyage.

But where art thou ?---lost,---spirited away To bowers of light by thy own dying whispers? Or does some hillow of the occan-sit, In its still roll around from zone to zone, All breakhless to the empyrean heave ther ?---

There is a panting in the zenith--hush !--The Sacan-how strong her great wing times the She passes over high and quietly. [silence !--

Thou bright, swift river of the bark cance, Threading the prairie-ponds of Washtenung, The day of romance wanes. Few summers more, And the long night will pass away unwaked, Save by the house-dog, or the village hell; And she, thy minstrel queen, her ermine dip In longlier waters.

Ah! thou wilt not stoop: Old Huron, haply, glistens on thy sky. The chasing moon-beams, glancing on thy plumes, Reveal thee now, a little beating blot, Into the pale Aurora faJing.

There !----

Sinks gently back upon her flowery couch The startled Night ;--tinkle the damp wood-vaults While slip the dew-pearls from her leafy curtains. That last soft whispering note, how spirit-like! While vainly yet mine car another waits, A sad, sweet longing lingers in my heart.

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# HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

# (Born, 1813.)

THE TECHNERALY family is of German origin. and the name is still common in the states of Germany, where, however, it is spelled with a double n. In a history of the country of Braunschweig and Luneberg, by WILLIAM HAWEWAWN, published in Luncherg in 1827, allusion is made to one of the kindred of the TUCKERMANN in America, PB-TER TUCKERMAN, who is mentioned as the last abbot of the monastery of Riddugshausen. He was chosen by the chapter in 1621, and at the same time held the appointment of superintendent or court preacher at Wolfenbuttill. By the mother's side, Mr. TUCKERMAN is of Irish descent. The name of his mother's family is KEATING. In MACAULAT's recent history he thus speaks of one of her ancestors, as opposing a military deputy of JAMES IL, in his persecution of the Protestant English in Ireland, in 1686 : "On all questions which arose in the privy council, Traconnet showed similar violence and partiality. JOHN KEATING, chief-justice of the common pleas, a man distinguished for ability, integrity, and loyalty, represented with great mildness that perfect equality was all that the general could reasonably ask for his own church." Mr. TUCKERMAN is a nephew of the late Rev. Dr. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN. a memoir of whom has recently appeared in England, and who is generally known and honoured as the originator of the "Ministry at Large," an institution of Christian benevolence and eminent utility. His mother was also related to and partly educated with another distinguished Unitarian clergyman, JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMENSTER, whose memory is yet cherished in Boston by all lovers of genius and character.

Mr. TUCKERMAN was born in Boston, on the twentieth of April, 1813. After preparing for college, the state of his health rendered it necessary for him to relinquish his studies and seek a milder climate. In September, 1833, he sailed from New York for Havre, and after a brief sojourn in Paris, proceeded to Italy, where he remained until the ensuing summer. In the spring after his return he gave the results of his observation to the public, in a volume entitled "The Italian Sketch-Book," of which a third and considerably augmented edition appeared in New York in 1849. Mr. TUCKERMAN resumed and for a time prosecuted his academical studies, but again experiencing the injurious effects of a sedentary life and continued mental application, he embarked in October, 1837. for the Mediterranean ; visited Gibraltar and Malta, made the tour of Sicily, and ofter a winter's residence in Palermo, crossed over to the continent. The winter of 1838 he passed chiefly in Florence, 55

and returned to the United States in the course of the ensuing summer. In 1839 he published "Isabel, or Sicily, a Pilgrimage," in which, under the guise of a romance, he gives many interesting descriptions and reflections incident to a tour in Sicily. This work was reprinted in London, in 1846. In 1845 he finished his " Thoughts on the Poets," in which he has discussed the characteristics of the chief masters of modern song. This work has passed through several editions. In 1848 he gave to the press his " Artist Life, or Sketches of Eminent American Painters;" and, in 1849, "Characteristics of Literature, illustrated by the Genius of Distinguished Men." In the latter production he has evinced the variety of his learning and the catholicity of his literary sympathics in genial criticisms of types of the most diversified intellectual and moral qualities, purposes, and creations.

Mr. TUCKERMAN in these writings has evinced a taste delicately skilled in the niceties of longuage, and in pictorial and plastic art. There are few critics to whom we would submit with more confidence of a just opinion, any work composed with reference to the generally acknowledged canons of taste, in either construction, diction, or feeling. But his restlictic conservatism is such that we would hesitate to consult him upon any new principle or upon any perfectly fresh creation, from a doubt whether his decision would be formed from a comparison with the models which are a law in experiment, or from an innate and perfectly independent sense of harmony in sublimity and beauty.

Mr. TUCKERNAN'S poems are numerous and in a great variety of measures ; they are for the most part expressions of graceful and romantic sentiment, but are often fruits of his reflection and illustrations of his taste. The longest of them, "The Spirit of Poetry," was written in 1813, and enibodies in highly-polished verse some of the finest specimens of his criticism. The little piece called " Mary" is a delightful echo of emotions as common as culture of mind and refinement of feeling; and among his sonnets are some of the most perfect examples of that kind of writing that have been produced in this country.

There is no collection of Mr. TUCRENMAN'S poems, and besides the prose works which I have here noticed there are numerous essays by him scattered through the periodicals of the last ten or twelve years. Of his character as a critic and general essayist, some more particular observations may be found in my " Prose Writers of America."

Mr. TUCKERMAN has resided for several years in the city of New York. 433 20

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# THE HOLY LAND.

Turroven the warm noontide, I have roam'd Where CENAR's palace-ruins lie, And in the Forum's lonely waste Off listen'd to the night-wind's sigh.

I've traced the moss-lines on the walls That Venice conjured from the see. And seen the Colosseum's dust Before the breeze of autumn flee.

Along Pompeii's lava-street. With curious eye, I've wander'd lone, And mark'd Segesta's temple-floor With the rank weeds of ages grown.

I've clamber'd Etna's hoary brow, And sought the wild Campagna's gloom; I've hail'd Geneva's azore tide, And snatch'd a weed from Vinoiz's tomb-

Why all unsated yearns my heart To seek once more a pilgrim shrine? One other land I would explore--The aacred fields of Palestine.

Oh, for a glance at those wild hills That round Jerusalem arise! And one sweet evening by the lake That gleams beneath Judea's skics!

How anthem-like the wind must sound In meadows of the Holy Land-How musical the ripples break Upon the Jordan's moonlit strand !

Behold the dew, like angels' tears, Upon each thorn is gleaning now, Blest embleme of the crown of love There woven for the Sufferer's brow.

Who does not sigh to enter Nain, Or in Caperouum to dwell; Inhale the breeze from Galilee, And rest beside Samaria's well ?

Who would not stand beneath the spot Where Bethlehem's star its vigil kept? List to the plash of Siloa's pool, And kiss the ground where Jasus went?

Getheemane who would not seek, And pluck a lify by the way I Through Bethany devoutly walk, And on the mount of Olives pray ?

How dear were one repentant night Where MART's tears of love were shed ! How blest, beside the Saviour's tomb, One hour's communion with the dead !

What soleinn joy to stand alone On Calvary's celestial height ! Or kneel upon the mountain-slope Once radiant with supernal light!

I cannot throw my staff aside, Nor wholly quell the hope divine That one delight awaits me yet-A pilgrimage to Palestine.

# TO AN ELM.

BRAVELY thy old arms fling Their countless pennons to the fields of sir, And, like a sylvan king, Their panoply of green still proudly wear. As some rude tower of old, Thy massive trunk still rears its rugged form, With limbs of giant mould, To battle sternly with the winter storm In Nature's mighty fane, Thou art the noblest such beneath the sky; How long the pilgrim train That with a benison have pass'd thee by ! Lone patriarch of the wood ! Like a true spirit thou dost freely rise, Of fresh and dountless mood, Spreading thy branches to the open skies. The locust knows thee well, And when the summer-days his notes prolong, Hid in some leafy cell, Pours from thy world of green his drowsy song Of, on a morn in spring, The yellow-bird will seek thy waving spray, And there securely swing, To what his beak, and pour his blithesome lay. How bursts thy monarch wail, When sleeps the pulse of Nature's buoyant life And, hared to meet the gale, Wave thy old branches, eager for the strife! The sunset often weaves Upon thy crest a wreath of splendour rare, While the fresh-murmuring leaves Fill with cool sound the evening's sultry sur-Sacred thy roof of green To rustic dance, and childhood's gambols free : Gay youth and age serens Turn with familiar gladness unto thee. O, hither should we roam, To hear Troth's herald in the lofty shade : Beneath thy emetald dome Might Freedom's champion fitly draw his blade. With blessings at thy feet, Falls the worn peasant to his noontide rest; Thy verdant, calm retreat Inspires the sud and southes the troubled breast. When, at the twilight hour, Plays through thy tressle crown the sun's last gleam, Under thy ancient bower The schoolboy comes to sport, the bard to dream. And when the moonbeams fall Through thy broad canopy upon the grass, Making a fairy hall, As o'er the sward the flitting shadows pass-Then lovers haste to thee, With hearts that tremble like that shifting light: To them, O brave old tree,

Thou art Joy's shrino-a temple of delight!

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# MARY.

WHAT though the name is old and oft repeated, What though a thousand beings bear it now. And true hearts oft the centle word have greeted—

What though 't is hallow'd by a poet's vow ! We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming

le a familiar rapture to the eye;

And yon bright star we hail, although its looming. Age after age has lit the northern sky.

As starry besms o'er troubled billows stealing, As garden odours to the desert blown.

In bosoms faint a gladsome hope revealing," Like patriot music or affection's tone---

Thus, thus, for aye, the name of MART spoken By lips or text, with magic-like control,

The course of present thought has quickly broken, And sturr'd the fountains of my inmost sout.

The sweetest tales of human west and sorrow, The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,

To my fond fancy, MARY, seem to borrow Celestial halos from thy gentle name:

The Grecian artist gloun'd from many faces, And in a perfect whole the parts combined,

So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces To form the MARY of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal-We inly paint as we would have things be-

The fanciful springs ever from the real, As APERDERTE rose from out the sea.

Who smiled upon me kindly day by day, In a far land where I was sad and tone ?

Whose presence now is my delight away ? Both angels must the same bless'd title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying, What fortunes on my future life await,

Like the mysterious hymne the winds are sighing. Are all unknown-in trust I bide my fate;

But if one blessing I might crave from Heaven, "Twould be that MARY should my being cheer,

Hang o'er me when the chord of life is rives, Be my dear household word, and my last accent here.

# "YOU CALL US INCONSTANT."

You call us inconstant—you say that we cause Our homage to pay, at the voice of caprice; That we dolly with hearts till their treasures are ours, As bees drink the sweets from a cluster of flowers; For a moment's refreshment at love's fountain stay, Then turn, with a thankless impatience, away.

And think you, indeed, we so cheerfully part With hopes that give wings to the o'crwcaried heart, And throw round the future a promise so bright That life seems a glory, and time a delight ? From our pathway forlorn can we banish the dove, And yield without pain the enchantments of love ?

You know not how chill and relentless a wave Reflection will cast o'er the soul of the brave-How keen'y the clear rays of duty will heam, And startle the heart from its passionate dream, To tear the fresh rose from the gerland of youth, And lay it with tears on the altar of truth !

We pass from the presence of beauty, to think— As the hunter will pause on the precipice brink— "For xs shall the bloom of the gladsome and fair Be wasted away by the fetters of care ? Shall the old, peaceful nest, for my sake be forgot, And the gentle and free know a wearisome lot ?

"By the tender sppeal of that beauty, beware How you woo her thy desolate fortunes to share! O pluck not a lifty so shelter'd and sweet, And bear it not off from its genial retreat. Enrich'd with the boon thy existence would be, But hapless the fate that unites her to thee!"

Thus, dearest, the spell that thy graces entwined, No fickle heart breaks, but a resolute mind; The pilgrim may turn from the shrine with a smile, Yet, believe me, his hosom is wrung all the while, And one thought slone lends a charm to the post— That his love conquer'd actionness nobly at last.

# GREENOUGH'S WASHINGTON.

OREDROGON S WASHINGTON.
The quarry whence thy form majestic sprung
Has peopled earth with grace,
Heroes and gods that elder bards have sung.
A bright and peerless race;
But from its electing voing ne'er rose before
A slispe of loffier name
Than his, who Glory's wreath with meekness wore,
The publicst son of Fame.
Sheathed is the sword that Passion never stain'd;
His gaze around is cast,
As if the joys of Freedom, newly-gain'd,
Before his vision pass'd;
As if a nation's shout of love and pride
With music fill'd the air,
And his calm soul was lifted on the tide
Of deep and grateful prayer;
As if the crystal mirror of his life
To fancy aweetly came,
With scenes of patient toil and noble strife,
Undimm'd by doubt or shame;
As if the lofty purpose of his soul
Expression would betray-
The high resolve Ambition to control,
And throst her crown away !
Oh, it was well in marble firm and white
To carve our hero's form,
Whose angel guidance was our strength in fight,
Our star ainid the storm !
Whose matchless truth has made his name divine,
And human freedom sure,
His country great, his tomb earth's dearest shrine,
While man and time endure!
And it is well to place his image there,
Benoath the dome he blest ;
Let meaner spirits who its councils share,
Revers that silent guest !
Let us go up with high and sacred love
To look on his pure brow.

And as, with solemn grace, he points above, Renew the patriot's vow!

# ALONE ONCE MORE.

ALONE once more !- but with such deep emotion, Waking to life a thousand hopes and fears, Such wild distrust-such absolute devotion,

My busom seems a dreary lake of tears: Tears that stern manhood long restrain'd from gush-

As mountains keep a river from the sea, [ing, Until Spring's floods, impetuously rushing,

Channel a bed, and set its waters free !

What mockery to all true and earnest feeling, This fatal union of the false and fair !

Eyes, lips, and voice, unmeasured bliss revealing, With hearts whose lightness fills us with despair!

O God! some sorrows of our wondrous being A patient mind can partly clear away; Ambition cools when fortune's gifts are fleeing,

And men grow thoughtful round a brother's clay ;

But to what end this waste of noble passion? This wearing of a truthful heart to dust-

Adaring slaves of humour, praise, or fashion, The vain recipients of a boundless trust ?

Come home, fond heart, cease all instinctive plead-As the dread fever of insane desire, fing,

To some dark gulf thy warm affections leading, When love must long survive, though faith expire!

Though wonted glory from the earth will vanish, And life seem desolate, and hope beguile.

Love's cherish'd dream learn steadfastly to banish, Till death thy spirit's conflict reconcile!

# SONNETS.

I. TO .....

WRAT though our dream is broken ? Yet again Like a familiar angel it shall bear

Consoling treasures for these days of pain, Such as they only who have grieved can share;

As unhived nectar for the bee to sip, [brings, Lucks in each flower-cell which the spring-time

As music rests upon the quict lip,

And power to soar yet lives in folded wings-So let the love on which your spirits glide

Flow deep and strong beneath its bridge of sighs, No shadow resting on the latent title

Whose heavenward current battles human eyes, Until we stand upon the holy shore, And realms it prophesied at length explore !

II. COURAGE AND PATIENCE. COURAGE and patience ! elements whereby My soul shall yet her citudel maintain.

Buffied, perplex'd, and struggling oft to fly, Far, far above this realm of wasting pain-

Come with your still and banded vigour now, Fill my sad breast with energy divine,

Stamp a firm thought upon my aching brow, Make my impulsive visions wholly thine !

Freeze my pent tears, chill all my tender dreams, Brace my weak heart in panophy sublime,

Till dwelling only on thy martyr themes, And turning from the richest fures of time, Love, like an iceherg of the polar deep, In adamantine rest is laid asleep!

#### III. ALL HEARTS ARE NOT DISLOYAL. "

ALL hearts are not disloyal: let thy trust Be deep, and clear, and all-confiding still,

For though Love's fruit turn on the lips to dust, She ne'er betrays her child to lasting ill:

Through leagues of descrt must the pilgrim go Ere on his gaze the boly turrets rise;

Through the long, sultry day the stream must flow Ere it can mirror twilight's purple skies.

Fall back unecathed from contact with the vain, Keep thy robes white, thy spirit bold and free,

And calmly launch Affection's bark again, Hopeful of golden spoils reserved for thee! Though lone the way as that already trod, Cling to thine own integrity and Gou!

# IV. LIRE & FAIR 854.

LINE the fair sea that laves Italia's strand, Affection's flood is tideless in my breast;

No ebb withdraws it from the chosen land, Haven'd too richly for enamour'd quest:

Thus am I faithful to the vanish'd grace Embodied once in thy sweet form and name.

And though love's charm no more illumes thy face, In Memory's realm her olden pledge I claim.

It is not constancy to haunt a shrine

From which devotion's lingering spark has fled; Insensate bounage only wreaths can twine

Around the pulseless temples of the dead: Thou from thy better self hast madly flown, While to that self allegiance still I own.

#### V. FREEDOM.

FRESDOM ! beneath thy banner I was born-Oh let me share thy full and perfect life !

Teach me opinion's slavery to scorn, And to be free from passion's bitter strife;

Free of the world, a self-dependent soul

Nourish'd by lofty aims and genial truth, And made more free by Love's screne control,

The spell of beauty and the hopes of youth. The liberty of Nature let me know,

Caught from her mountains, groves, and crystal streams,

Her starry host, and sunset's purple glow,

That woo the spirit with celestial dreams, On Fancy's wing exultingly to soar,

Till life's harsh fetters clog the heart no more !

#### VI. DESOLATION.

TRINK ye the desolate must live spart, By solemn vows to convent-walls confined !

Ah! no; with mon may dwell the cloister'd heart, And in a crowd the isolated mind:

Tearless behind the prison-bars of fate,

The world sees not how sorrowful they stand, Gazing so fondly through the iron grate,

Upon the promised, yet forbidden land ; Patience, the shrine to which their bleeding feet,

Day after day, in voiceless penance turn; Silence, the holy cell and caim retreat

In which unseen their meck devotions burn; Life is to them a vigit that none share, Their hopes a sacrifice, their love a prayer.

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# LUNA: AN ODE.

Tgg south wind hath its balm, the sea its cheer, And suturn woods their bright and invrised bues : Thine is a joy that love and faith endear, And awe suiduce: The wave-tone'd seamen and the harvest crew, When on their golden sheaves the quivering dew Hangs like pure tears-all fest beguile, In glancing from their task to thy maternal smile! The mist of hilltoos undulating wreathes, At thy enchanting touch, a magic woof, And curling incense fainter odour breathes, And in transparent clouds hange round the vaulted [roof. Huge icebergs, with their crystal spires Slow heaving from the northern main, Like frozen monuments of high desires Destin'd to melt in nothingness again-Float in thy mystic beams, As piles aerial down the tide of dreams! A sacred greeting falls With thy mild presence on the min'd fane, Columns time-stain'd, dim frieze, and ivied walls, As if a food delight thou didst attain To mingle with the Past. And o'er her trophies lone a holy mantle cast ! Along the hillow's snowy crest Thy beams a moment rest. And then in sparkling mirth dissolve away ; Through forest boughs, smid the wither'd leaves, Thy light a tracery weaves, And on the mosey clumps its rays fantastic play. With thee, ethereal guide, What reverent joy to pace the temple floor, And watch thy silver tide O'er statue, tomb, and arch, its solemn tudiance pour! Like a celestial magnet thou dost sway The untamed waters in their ebb and flow, The maniac raves beneath thy pallid ray, And poet's visions glow. Madonna of the stars! through the cold prison-grate Thou stealest, like a nun on mercy bent, To cheer the desolate. [spent! And usher in Grief's tears when her muto pang is I marvel not that once thy altars rose Sacred to human woes, And nations deem'd thee arbitress of Fate, 'To whom enamot'd virgins made their prayer, Or widows in their first despair, And wistful gazed upon thy queenly state, As, with a meck assurance, gliding by, In might and beauty unclate, Into the bridal chambers of the sky ! And less I marvel that Endymion sigh'd To yield his spirit unto thine, And felt thee soul-allied, Making his being thy receptive shrine ! A lofty peace is thine !- the tides of life Flow gently when thy soothing orb appears, And Passion's fever'd strife [spheres! From thy chaste glow imbibes the calmness of the O twilight glory ! that doth ne'er awake Exhausting joy, but evenly and fond Allays the immortal thirst it cannot slake, And heals the chaiing of the work-day bond ;

Give me thy patient spell !---to bear With an unclouded brow the secret pain (That flueds my soul as thy pale beams the sir) Of hopes that Reason quells, for Love to wake again!

# TASSO TO LEONORA.

It to love solitude because my heart May undisturbed upon thy image dwell, And in the world to bear a cheerful part To hide the fond thoughts that its pulses swell ; If to reculi with credulous delight Affection's faintest semblances in thee, To feel thy breath upon my check at night, And stort in anguish that it may not be; If in thy presence ceaselessly to know Deficious peace, a feeling as of wings, Content divine within my bosom glow, A noble scorn of all unworthy things-The quiet bliss that fills one's natal sir, When once again it faus the wanderer's brow, The conscious spirit of the good and fait-The wish to be forever such as now : If in thy absence still to feel thee nigh, Or with impatient longings waste the day, If to be haunted by thy love-lit eve-If for thy good devotedly to pray; And chiefly sorrow that but half reveal'd Can be the tenderness that in me lies. That holicst pleasure must be all conceal'd-Sbrinking from heartless scott or base surmise : If, as my being's crowning grace, to bless The hour we recognised each other's truth, And with calm joy unto my soul confess That thou hast realized the dreams of youth-My spirit's mate, long cherish'd, though unknown, Friend of my heart bestow'd on me by Gon, At whose approach all visions else have flown From the vain path which I so long have trod ; If from thy sweet caress to bear new life As one possess'd by a celestial spell, That armeth me against all outward strife. And ever breathes the watchword-all is well : If with glad firmness, casting doubt aside, To bare my heart to thee without diaguise. And yield it up as to my chosen bride, Feeling that life vouchsafes no deater prize; If thus to blend my very soul with thine By mutual consecration, watching o'er The hallow'd bond with lovalty divine-If this be love,-I love forovermore ! FROM THE SPIRIT OF POETRY. THE LAW OF BEAUTY. READ the great law in Beauty's cheering reign, Blent with all ends through matter's wide domain ; She breathes Hope's language, and with boundless TROPE Ichange, Sublimes all forms, smiles through each subtle And with insensate elements combined Ordains their constant ministry to mind. The breeze awoke to waft the feather'd seed,

The breeze awoke to wall the leather'd seed, And the cloud-fountains with their dew to feed,  $2 \circ 2$ 

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Upon its many errands might have flown, Nor woke one river song or forest moan, Stirr'd not the grass, nor the tall grain have bent, Like shoreless billows tremulously spent; Frost could the bosom of the lake have glass'd, Nor paused to paint the woodlands as it pase'd : The glossy scalind and the brooding dove Might covly peck with twinkling eve of love, Nor catch upon their downy necks the dyes, So like the mottled hues of summer skies : Mists in the west could float, nor glory wear, As if an angel's robes were streaming there ; The moon might sway the tides, nor yet impart A solemn light to tranquillize the heart, And leagues of sand could bar the ocean's swell, Nor yield one crystal gleam or pearly shell. The very sedge lends music to the blast, And the thorn glistens when the storm is past; Wild flowers nestle in the rocky cleft, Moss decks the bough of leaf and life bereft, O'er darkest clouds the moonleans brightly steal, The rainbow's herold is the thunder's peal ; Gay are the weeds that strew the barren shore, And anthem-like the breaker's gloomy roar. As love o'er sorrow spreads her genial wings The ivy round a fallen column clings, While on the sinking walls, where owlets cry, The weather stains in tints of beauty lie. The wasting elements adorn their prey And throw a pensive charm around decay; Thus ancient limners hade their canvas glow. And group'd sweet cherubs o'er a martyr's wo.

# COLUMBUS.

HEROIC guide ! whose wings are never furl'd, By thee Spain's voyager sought another world; What but poctic impulse could sustain That dauntless pilgrim on the dreary main ? Ibay after day his mariners protest, And gaze with dread along the pathless wost; Beyond that reaim of waves, untrack'd before, Thy fairy pencil traced the promised shore. Through weary storms and faction's ficteer rage, The worlds of ingrates and the chills of age. Thy voice renewed his carnestness of sim, And whisper'd pledges of eternal fame; Thy cheering smile atomed for fortune's frown, And made his fetters garlands of renown.

# FLORENCE.

Parxess, when softened in thy sweet embrace, Yearn for no conquest but the realm of grace, And thus redeemed, Lorenzo's fair domain Smithel in the light of Art's propitious reign. Delightful Florence I though the northern gale Will sometimes rave around thy lovely vale, Can I forget how softly Autumn threw Beneath thy skies her robes of ruddy hue, Through what long days of balminess and peace, From wintry bonds spring won thy mild release ! Along the Arno then I loved to pass, And watch the violets peeping from the grass, Mark the gray kine each chestnut grove between, Startle the phensants on the lawny green,

Or down long vistas hail the mountain mow, Like lofty shrines the purple clouds below. Within thy halls, when veil'd the sunny rays, Marvels of art await the ardent gaze, And liquid words from lips of beauty start, With social joy to warm the stranger's heart. How beautiful at moonlight's hallow'd hour, Thy graceful bridges, and celestial tower ! The girdling hills enchanted seem to hang Round the fuir scene whence modern genius sprang O'er the dark ranges of thy palace walls The silver beam on dome and cornice falls; The statues cluster'd in thy ancient square, Like mighty spirits print the solemn air; Silence meets beauty with unbroken reign, Save when invaded by a choral strain, Whose distant cadence falls upon the ear, To fill the bosom with poetic cheer !

#### POETRY IMMORTAL.

For fame life's meaner records vainly strive, While, in fresh beauty, thy high dreams survive. Still Vesta's temple throws its classic shade O'er the bright foam of Tivoli's cascade, And to one Venus still we bow the knee, Divine as if just issued from the sea; In fancy's trance, yet deem on nights serene We hear the revels of the fairy queen, That Dian's smile illumes the mathle fane, And Cores whispers in the rustling grain, That Ariel's music has not died away, And in his shell still floats the Culprit Fay. The sacred beings of poetic birth Immortal live to consecrate the earth-San Marco's pavement boasts no doge's tread, And all its ancient pageantry has fled; Yet, as we muse beneath some dim arcade, The mind's true kindred glide from ruin's shade; In every passing eye that sternly beams We start to neet the Shylock of our dreams; Each maiden form, where virgin grace is seen, Crosses our path with Portia's noble mien ; While Desdemonal beautcous as of yore, Yields us the smile that once entranced the Moor. How Scotland's vales are peopled to the heart By her hold minstrel's necromantic art ! Along this fern moved Jeannie's patient feet, Where hangs yon mist rose Ellangowan's seat, Here the sad bride first gave her love a tongue, And there the chief's lust shout of triumph rung; Beside each stream, down every glen they throug, The cherish'd off-pring of creative song! Long ere brave Nelson shook the Baltic shore, The bard of Avon hallow'd Elsinore: Perchance when moor'd the flert, awaiting day, To fix the battle's terrible array, Some pensive hero, musing o'er the deep, So soon to fold him in its dreamless sleep, Heard the Dane's sad and self-communing tone Blend with the water's melancholy moan, Recall'd, with prayer and awe-suspended breath. His wild and solemn questionings of death, Or caught from land Ophelia's dving song, Swept by the night-breeze plaintively along ! 202

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# HENRY B. HIRST.

Ma. HIRST was born in Philadelphia, on the twenty-third day of Angust, 1517. His father, **TROMAS** HIRST, was a reputable merchant of that city, and held in high respect. When only eight years old he entered the law office of his brother, Wittlam L. HIRST, Esq. and at the age of eighteen he was registered as a student. His professional studies were now interrupted for a long period, and be engaged in mercantile pursuits, but at the age of twenty-five he made his application for admission, and graduated with the highest honors in the early part of 1843, and is now in successful practice at the Philadelphia Bar.

Mr. HIRET'S first stiempts at poetry, he informs me, were in his twenty-first or twenty-second year, about which time he became a contributor to Grahem's Magazine. His poems were very successful and extensively copied. In 1845 he published in Boston his first volume, " The Coming of the Mammoth, the Funeral of Time, and other Poems," a book which certainly received all the praises to which it was entitled. It was not without graceful funcies, but its most striking characteristics were a clumsy extravagance of invention, and a vein of sentiment neither healthful nor poetical. It had the merit, however, of musical though somewhat mechanical versification, and its reception was such as to encourage the author to new and more ambitious efforts.

In the summer of 1848 he published " Endymion, a Tale of Greece," an epic poem, in four cantos. It was a long-meditated and carefully elaborated production, some parts of which had been kept the full Horstian period. It may be regarded, therefore, as an exhibition of his best shilities. He evinced a certain boldness in subjecting himself to a comparison with KEATS, whose fine fancies, woven about it, will share the immortality of the Grecian fable. In the finish and musical flow of his rhythm, and in the distinctness and just proportion with which he has told his story, he has equalled KEATS : but in nothing else. With passages of graphic and beautiful description, and a happy clearness in narrative, the best praise of Mr. HIRST's performance is, that it is a fine piece of poetical rhetoric. There is not much thought in the poem, and where there is any that arrests attention, it whispers of familiar readings.

The fault of the book is the want of a poetical deliency of feeling; it is not classical; it is not beautiful; it is merely sensual; there is none of the diviner adour of poetry about it. Mr. HINST'S "chaste Dians" is a strumpet. The metre, though inappropriate, to such a poem, is unusual, and is managed by Mr. HINST with singular skill. To illustrate his masslery of versification, and at the same time to present one of the most attractive passages of the poem, the following lines are quoted from the first canto:

- Through a deep dell with mossy hemiocka girded-A dell by many a sylvan Dryad prest,-Which Latmos' Joffy creat
- Flung half in shadow-where the red deer herded-While mellow marmurs shock the forests gray-ENDEMION took his way....

Moont Latmos lay before him. Gently gleaming, & rearests halo from the twilight dim Hung round its crown. To him

The rough ascent was light; for, far off, beaming, Orion rose-and Strids, hks a shield, Shone on the azuro field.....

At last he gain'd the top, and, crown'd with splendour, The moon, arleing from the Larmian sea, Stepp'd o'er the heavenly les.

#Unging her miny glances, meek and tender As a young virgin's, o'er his marble brow That glisten'd with their glow.

Beside him gush'd a spring that in a hollow Had made a crystal lake, by which he stood To cool his bested blood—

Bis block yet feverid, for the force Aprillo Throughout the long, the bot, the tropic day, Embraced him with his ray.

Beside the lake whose waves were glassify gleaning, A willow stood in Dian's rising rays, And from the woodland ways

Its Scatter'd, lance-like leaves were gently streaming Along the water, with their lucent taps Kassing its silver lips.

And still the moon arows, servicely hovering, Dove-like, showe the borizon. Like a queen She waik'd in light between

The stars—her levely handmaide—softly covering Valley and wold, and mountain-side and plain. With streams of lucid rain.

ENDYMON WAICH'S her rise, his bosom burning With princely thoughts; for though a shepberd's son. He felt that (anis is woo

By high asprings; and a lofty yearning, From the bright blossoming of his boylsh days, Made his deeds those of praise.

Like here, his track was tranquil; he had gatherd By slow degrees the glorious, golden lors, Hallowing his native shore;

And when at silent evo his flock was tether'd, Ho real the stats, and drank, as from a stream, Great knowledge from their gloom.

And so he grew a dreamer-one who, pauting For shadowy objects, hangaish'd like a bird. That, striving to be heard

Above its follows, fails, the struggle baunting his memory over, for ever the strife pursuing To his own dark undoing.

In the summer of 1849 Mr. HINST published in Boston a third volume, entitled "The Penance of Roland, a Romance of the Peiné Forte et Dure, and other Poems," from which the extracts in the next pages are copied. Its contents are all well versified, and their rhetoric is generally poeticsl. 439

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# HENRY B. HIRST.

# THE LAST TILT.

Ar twifight, through the shadow, fled An ancient, war-worn knight, Army'd in steel, from head to heel, And on a steed of white; And, in the knight's despite, The horse pursued his flight: For the old man's cheek was pale, And his hands strove at the rein, With the clutch of phrensied pain; And his courser's streaming mano Swept, dishevell'd, on the gale. " Dong-dong ?" And the sound of a bell Went wailing away over meadow and mere-" SEVEN ! Counted aloud by the sentinel clock On the turret of Time; and the regular beat Of his echoing feet Fell, like lead, on the car-As he left the dead Hour on its desolate bier. The old knight heard the mystic clock ; And the sound, like a funeral-bell, Rang in his cars till their coverns were full Of the knoll of the desolate knell-And the steed, as aroused by a spell, Sprang away with a withering yell, While the old man strove again, But each time with feebler force, To arrest the spectral horse In its mail, remorseless course, But, alas! he strove in vain. "Dong-dong !" And the sound of a bell Went wailing away over meadow and mere-" EIGHT !" Counted aloud by the sentinel clock On the turret of Time; and the regular beat Of his echoing feet Fell, like lead, on the ear-As he left the dead Hour on its desolute bier. The steed was white, and gaunt, and grim, With lidless, leaden eyes, That burn'd with the lurid, livid glare Of the stars of Stygian skies; And the wind, behind, with eighs, Mimick'd his maniae cries. While through the abony gloom, alone, Wan-visaged Saturn gazed On the warrior-unamazed-On the steed whose cychails blazed With a lustre like his own. "Dong-dong!" And the sound of a bell Went wailing away over meadow and mere-"Ning! Counted aloud by the sentinel clock On the turret of Time; and the regular beat Of his echoing feet Fell, like lend, on the ear-As he left the dead Hour on its desolate bier. Athwart a swart and shadowy moor The struggling knight was borne, And far away, before him, gleam'd A light like the gray of morn ;

While the old man, weak, forlorn, And wan, and travel-worn, Gazed, mad with deathly fear: For he dream'd it was the day, Though the dawn was far away. And he trembled with disinay In the descrit, dark and drear ! "Dong---dong !" And the sound of a bell Went wailing away over meadow and mere- -" TES !" Counted alond by the sentinel clock On the turret of Time; and the regular beat Of his echoing feet Fell, like lead, on the ear-As he left the dead Hour on its desolate bier. In casque and cuirase, white as snow, Came, merrily, over the wold, A maiden knight, with lance and shield, And a form of maniv mould, And a beard of woven gold : When, suddenly, behold !----With a loud, definit cry, And a tone of stern command, The ancient knight, with lance in hand, Rush'd, thundering, over the frozen land, And bade him "Stand, or die !" "Dong-dong !" And the sound of a bell Went wailing away over meadow and mere-" ELEVEN !" Counted aloud by the sentinel clock On the turret of Time; and the regular beat Of his echoing feet Fell, like lead, on the ear-As he left the dead Hour on its desolate bier. With his ashen lance in rest, Career'd the youthful knight, With a haughty heart, and an eagle eye, And a visage burning bright-For he loved the tilted fight----And, under Saturn's light, With a shock that shook the world, The rude old warrior fell-and lay A corpse-along the frozen clay ! As with a crash the gates of day Their brazen valves unfurl'd. "Dong-dong !" And the sound of a bell Went wailing away over meadow and mere-"TWELVE !"

Counted sloud by the sentinel clock On the turret of Time; and the regular beat Of his echoing fect

Fell, like lead, on the ear----

Option in GOO

As he left the dead Year on his desolate bier !

### BERENICE.

I would that I could lay me at thy feet, And with a boson, warm with rapture, greet The rose-like fragrance of thy odorous sighs, Drinking, with duztled eyes, The radiant glory of a face

n L I K I	D. J
Which, even in dreams, adorns the Italian skies Of passionate love—the Asturté of their space!	
This, in some quict, column'd chamber, where	B,
The glare of sunlight dire, yet all is light; With all around us ruddy, rich, and rare-	A:
Books red with gold, and mirrors diamond-bright, And choicest paintings, and tich flowers which bear	C.
Theirbeauly, bloom, and fragrance, day and night, And stately statues, white as gods, between	E
The scatter blossoms and the leaves of green, With all that Art creates, and Fancy rears, And Genius snatches from supernal spheres.	01
Ali day, all day, dear love, would I lie there,	A
With ellow sunk in some soft ottoman, Feeling far more than man,	Sh
Breathing the fragrance of the enchanted air Swimming around thee; while, with book in hand, I would unfold to thee the ancient sages	Ar
Poet's, like Chave ra's, quaint, delicious pages, And wander thoughtfully through the poet's land— Through it by night—a calm, unclouded night,	W
Full of sweet dreams.	N
By murinarous streams, Sparkling with starry gleams,	A
We'd pause, entranced by Dian's amber light, And watch the Nereid rising from the wave,	Ro
Or see the Oread lave Her faultless feet in lucid ripples, white	
As Indian ivory with the mitky ray, Trembling around their forms in liquid play.	ł
Then to some tall old wood, benesth old trees, Which, in the primal hours,	No
Gave birth to flowers Fairer than those which jewell'd Grecian leas	In
What time the Dryads woo'd the summer breeze. We'd seek some mossy bank, and sit, and scan The stars, forgetting earth and mun,	W
And all that is of earth, and watch the spheres,	W He
And dream we heard their music; and, with team Born of our blies, arise, and walk again,	
Languid with passion's epicurean pain.	Εı
Treading the feather'd grasses, Through misty, moonlit passes,	Ar Be
On, on, along some vernal, verdant plain Our steps should faller, while the linnet's strain	
Made music for our feet, and, keeping time, Our hearts replied with gentle chime,	ļ
As our souls throbb'd responsive to the rhyme Of perfect love, which Nature murmur'd round,	ĺ
Making earth holy ground, And sa the gods who ruled all things we saw.	Ho
Then giving way to mad imaginings	[
Born of the time and place— The perfume which perveded space,	W
The natural emotions of our race	H
Mana Cast Constants at the second state the second	1 /10

Henceforth for earth; that even the undest things Should love and bo beloved: while we, The Anaw and Eve, should sit enthroned, and see All earth an Eden, and with thankful eyes Reverence God in our new paradise.

# THE LOST PLEIAD.

BRAUTITUL sisters! tell me, do you ever Dream of the loved and lost one, she who fell And faded in Love's turbid, crimson river!

The sacred secret tell. Calmiy the purple heavens reposed around her,

As, chanting harmonies, she danced along: Ere Eres in his silken meshes bound her,

Her being pauld in song.

Once on a day she lay in dreamy slumber; Beside her stept her golden-tonguéd lyre;

And radiant visions-fancies without number---Fill'd breast and brain with fire.

She dream'd; and in her dreams sow bending o'er her

A form her fervid fancy deified ;

And, waking, view'd the nuble one before her, Who woo'd her as his bride.

What words, what passionate words he breathed, beseeching,

Have long been lost in the descending years; Nevertheless, she listen'd to his teaching,

Smiling between her tears. Ind ever since that hour the happy maiden

Wanders unknown of any one but Jove; Regretting not the tost Olympian Aidenn

In the Elynum-Love !

# NO MORE.

No Morz-no more ! What vague, mysterious, Inexplicable terrors in the sound ! What soul-disturbing secrecies abound

In those and avilables ! and what delirious,

Wild phantasics, what sorrowful and what serious Mystories lie hid in them! No More --- No More ! Where is the sileut and the soleron shore,

Wash'd by what soundless seas, where all imperious He reigns ? And over what his awful reign ?

Who questions, maddens! what is veil'd in shade, Let sleep in shadow. When No More was made, Eternity felt his deity on the wane, And Zeus rose shrieking, Saturn-like and hoar,

Before that dread Prometheus-No Monst!

#### ASTARTE.

Tar lustre, heavenly star! shines ever on me. I, trembting like Endymion over-bent

By dazzling Dian, when with wonderment He saw her crescent light the Letmian lea: And like a Naiad's sailing on the sea.

Floats thy fair form before me: the soure air Is all ambrovial with thy hyscinth hair: While round thy lips the molt in airy glos Hovers, and hums in dim and dizzy dreams,

Drunken with odorous breath: thy argent eyes (Twin planets swituming through Love's lustrous skies)

Are mirror'd in my heart's screnest streams-Such cyces saw SHAKSPERE, flashing bold and bright, When queenly Egypt rode the Nile at night.

Distantin GOOS

# C. P. CRANCH.

#### (Born, 1813.)

THE Reverend C. P. CRANCH is a son of Chief | Justice CRANCE, of Washington, and was born on the eighth of March, 1813, in Alexandria, District of Columbia. He was graduated at the Columbian | poems was published in 1844.

College, Washington, in the summer of 1831, and afterward studied three years in the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mussachusetta. A collection of his

# THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

Awn is the harmony of heaven gone?

Hath it all died away, ere human cars

Caught the faint closing hymn, far-off, and lone,-The music of the spheres?

- Have the stars hush'd that glorious song of old, When the night shrunk to the far Occident,
- And morning gush'd in streaks of burning gold Up the grey firmament ?
- Yon orbs that watch so fixedly above, Yon planets claiming with our own their birth,

Are they all mute as through the abyss they move, Like our dim, eilent earth ?

- And hath the sky, the deep, mysterious sky, No voices from amid yon circling throng ?
- Are there no thundering echoes where the high Procession rolls along ?
- Hath heaven rare changing tints, and doth it glow Full of high eloquence and poetry,

And all that makes the love of beauty grow, And yet no harmony?

No music there, where music's font hath been-No sweet sounds, swelling dreamily and long,

When night and silence listen to drink in The choral stream of song !

Is it a fable all of early time,

That the young sturs, as they leap'd by our earth, Rang sweet and loud a deep and voice-like chime, Ere the first soul had birth !

And was the sage's thought a fiction too, That the crystalline spheres that closed us round,

Murmur'd from all their moving arches blue A never-ceasing sound ?

- Too fine and too sublime for mortal ears In our dull orb of clay-and this is why
- We never hear the music of the spheres Come pealing through the sky ?\*

Were there no revelations from the deep, Unbroken stillness of yon glittering host, Murmining on old Tradition's infant sleep, Like voice of heavenly ghost 7

\* It was the potion of PYTHAGORAS, I think, that the heavens were composed of a series of crystal spheres, transparent and enclosed one within another, and that these moving against each other produced the most divine harmony conceivable, but that the reason it was not heard by mortals was, that it was too hand and sublime to be heard, and the car too small to take cognisance of it.

Did they not come to them who talk'd with Gon, In the cool hush of morning and of evo-

Who fell in Eden-felt the Chastener's rod, And wander'd forth to grieve ?

Did they not fall in choral symphony On the rapt wonder of the Nomad swain,

As, stretch'd beside his flock, he raised his eye At midnight from the plain?

Did all the wise and holy men of old Watch by yon burning stars in vain, to claim That wisdom which to eye nor ear was told,

Till Christ, the teacher, came ?

If, O ye orbs, ye never yet have spoken In language audible-still let me feel

Your silent concord, o'er my heart unbroken, In holy influence steal !

And let me trace in all things beautiful A natural harmony, that soothes, upraises; So it may wake a soul too mute and dull, To everlasting praises [

# THE BLIND SEER.

Fnow morn till night the old man sitteth still; Deep quench'd in darkness he all carthly sights; He hath not known, since childhood sway'd his will,

The outward shows of open-eyed delights.

But in an inner world of thought he liveth,

A pure, deep realm of praise and lowly prayer, Where faith from sight no pension e'er receiveth, But groweth only from the Ali-True and Fair.

That Universal Soul, who is the being, The reason and the heart of men on earth, Shineth so broad o'er him, that, though not seeing, He walketh where the morning hath its birth.

He travelicth where the upper springs flow on, He heareth harmonics from angel-choirs;

He seeth Uriel standing in the sun; He dwelleth up among the heavenly fires.

And yet he loveth, as we all do love, To hear the restless hum of common life ;

Though planted in the spirit-soil above,

His leaves and flowers do hud amid the strife Of all this wears world, and shine more fair

Than sympathies which have no inward root, Which open fast, but shrink in bleaker sir,

And, dropping, leave behind no winter-fruit. 449

But here are winter-fruits and blossoms too : Those silver hairs o'er bended shoulders curl'd, That smile, that thought-fill'd brow, ope to the view Some symbol of the old man's inner world.

- O, who would love this wondrous world of sense. Though steep'd in joy and ruled by beauty's oueen.
- If it were purchased at the dear expense Of losing all which souls like this have seen ?

Nov, if we judged aright, this glorious all, Which fills like thought our never-doubting eyes, Might with its firm-built grandeur sink and fall Before one ray of soul-realities.

# THE HOURS.

THE hours are viewless angels, That still go gliding by, And bear each minute's record up To HIM who sits on high.

And we, who walk among them, As one by one departs, See not that they are hovering Forever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees, that hover Around the idle flowers, They gather every act and thought, Those viewless angel-hours.

The poison or the nectar The heart's deep flower-cups yield, A sample still they gather swift, And leave us in the field.

And some flit by on pinions Of joyous gold and blue, And some flag on with drooping wings Of sorrow's darker hue.

But still they steal the record. And bear it far away; Their mission-flight by day or night No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute That Gon to us hath given. The deeds are known before His throne. The tale is told in heaven.

These bec-like hours we see not, Nor hear their noiseless wings; We only feel, too oft, when flown, That they have left their stings.

So, teach me, Heavenly Father, To meet each flying hour, That as they go they may not show My heart a poison-flower!

So, when death brings its shadows, The hours that linger last Shall bear my hopes on angel-wings, Unfetter'd by the past-

# STANZAS.

THOUSHT is deeper than all speech; Feeling decoer than all thought : Souls to souls can never teach What unto themselves was taught. We are spirits clad in veils: Man by man was never seen : All our deep communing fails To remove the shadowy screen. Heart to heart was never known : Mind with mind did never meet : We are columns left alone, Of a temple once complete. Like the stars that gcm the sky, Far apart, though seeming near. In our light we scatter'd lie; All is thus but starlight here. What is social company But a babbling summer-stream ! What our wise philosophy But the glancing of a dream ? Only when the sun of love Melts the scatter'd stars of thought, Only when we live above What the dim-eyed world hath taught, Only when our souls are fed By the Fount which gave them birth, And by inspiration led Which they never drew from earth; We, like parted drops of rain, Swelling till they meet and run, Shall be all absorb'd again. Melting, flowing into one. MY THOUGHTS. MANY are the thoughts that come to me In my lonely musing ; And they drift so strange and swift,

There's no time for choosing Which to follow, for to leave Any, seems a losing. When they come, they come in flocks, As on glancing feather, Startled birds rise one by one. In autumnal weather, Waking one another up From the sheltering heather. Some so merry that I laugh, Some are grave and serious, Some so trite, their last approach Is enough to weary us: Others flit like midnight ghosts, Shrouded and mysterious. There are thoughts that o'er me steal, Like the day when dawning; Great thoughts wing'd with melody,

Common utterance scorning, Moving in an inward tune,

And an inward morning.

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### C. P. CRANCH.

Some have dark and drooping wings, Children all of sorrow; Some are as gay, as if to-day Could see no cloudy morrow, And yet like light and shade they each Must from the other borrow.

One by one they come to me On their destined mission; One by one I see them fade With no hopeless vision; For they 've led me on a step To their home Elysian.

# BEAUTY.

SAY, where does beauty dwell 1 I gazed upon the dance, where ladies bright Were moving in the light Of mirrors and of lamps. With music and with flowers, Danced on the joyous hours; And fairest bosoms Heaved happily beneath the winter-roses' blossoms: And it is well: Youth hath its time, Merry hearts will merrily chime. The forms were fair to see. The tones were sweet to the ear, But there's beauty more rare to me. That beauty was not here. I stood in the open sir, And gazed on nature there. The beautiful stars were over my head, The crescent moon hung over the west: Beauty o'er river and hill was spread, Wooing the feverish soul to rest: Beauty breathed in the summer-breeze, Beauty rock'd the whispering trees, Was mirror'd in the sleeping billow, Was bending in the swaying willow, Flooding the skies, bathing the earth, Giving all lovely things a birth : All-all was fair to see-Ail was sweet to the ear: But there's beauty more fair to me-That beauty was not here. I sat in my room alone. My heart began a tone: Its soothing strains were such As if a spirit's tourb Were visiting its chords. Soon it gather'd words, Pouring forth its feelings, And its deep revealings :

Thoughts and funcies came With their brightening flame. Truths of deepest worth Sprang imbodied forth---

Then the purposes of life Stood apart from vulgar strife, Labour in the path of duty Gleam'd up like a thing of beauty. Beauty shone in self-denial. In the stornest hour of trial-In a meek obedience To the will of Providence-In the logy sympathies That, torgetting selfish case, Prompted acts that sought the good Of every spirit :--- understood The wants of every human heart, Eager ever to impart Blessings to the weary soul That hath feit the better world's control.

Here is beauty such as ne'er Mot the eye or charm'd the ear. In the soul's high duties then I felt That the loftiest beauty ever dwelt.

# ON HEARING TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

TRAT joyous strain, Wako-wake again I O'er the dead stillness of my soul it lingers. Ring out, ring out The music-shout! I hear the sounding of thy flying fingers, And to my soul the harmony Comes like a freshening sea. Again, again !

Farewell, dull pain ;

Thou heart-sche, rise not while those harp-strings Sad feelings, hence! (quiver; I feel a sense

Of a new life come like a rushing river Preshening the fountains parch'd and dry That in my spirit lie.

That glorious strain !

O! from my brain

I see the shadows flitting like scared ghosts! A light, a light Shines in to-night

Round the good angels trooping to their posts-And the black cloud is rent in twuin Before the ascending strain.

It dies sway---

It will not stay-

So sweet—so fleeting. Yet to me it spake Strange peace of mind I could not find

Before that triumph-strain the silence brake. So let it ever come to me With an undying harmony.

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# WILLIAM JEWETT PABODIE.

#### [Born about 1835.]

Rhode Island. He was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1837, and has since, I believe, practised his profession in his native city. His principal work is "Calidore, a Legendary Poem," published | distinguished for elegance than for vigour.

MR. PARODIE is a native of Providence, in | in 1839. It possesses considerable merit, but is not so carefully finished as some of his minor pieces, nor is there any thing strikingly original in its fable or sentiments. His writings are more

# GO FORTH INTO THE FIELDS.

Go forth into the fields, Ye denizens of the pent city's mart ! Go forth and know the gladness nature vields To the care-wearled heart.

Leave ye the feverish strife, The jostling, cager, self-devoted throng ;-Ten thousand voices, waked anew to life, Call you with sweetest song.

Hark ! from each fresh-clad hough, Or blissful soaring in the golden air, Bright birds with joyous music bid you now To spring's loved haunts repair.

The silvery gleaming rills Lure with soft murmurs from the grassy les, Or gayly dancing down the sunny hills, Call loudly in their glee !

And the young, wanton breeze, With breath all odorous from her blossomy chase. In voice low whispering 'mong th'embowering trees, Woos you to her embrace.

Go-breathe the air of heaven. Where violets meckly smile upon your way; Or on some pine-crown'd summit, tempest riven, Your wandering footsteps stay.

Seek ve the solemn wood. Whose giant trunks a verdant roof uprear, And listen, while the roar of some far flood Thrills the young leaves with fear !

Stand by the tranquil lake, Sleeping mid willowy banks of emerald dye. Save when the wild bird's wing its surface break, Checkering the mirror'd sky---

And if within your breast, Hallow'd to nature's touch, one chord remain ; If aught save worldly honours find you blest, Or hope of cordid gain,-

A stronge delight shall thrill. A quiet joy brood o'er you like a dove; Earth's placid beauty shall your bosom fill, Stirring its depths with love.

O, in the calm, still hours, The holy Sabbath-hours, when sleeps the air, And heaven, and earth deck'd with her beauteous Lie hush'd in breathless prayer,- (flowers,

Pass ye the proud fane by, The vaulted aisies, by flaunting folly trod, And, 'neath the temple of the uplitted sky, Go forth and worship Gon !

# TO THE AUTUMN FOREST.

RESPLENDENT bues are thine ! Triumphant beauty-glorious as brief! Burdening with holy love the heart's pure shrine, Till tears afford relief.

What though thy depths he hush'd! 🎎 😽 More eloquent in breathless silence thou, Than when the music of glad songsters gush'd -From every green-robed bough.

Gone from thy walks the flowers! Thou askest not their forms thy paths to fleck ;----The dazzling radiance of these sunlit bowers Their hues could not bedeck.

I love thee in the spring, Earth-crowning forest ! when amid thy shades The gentle south first waves her odorous wing, And joy fills all thy glades.

In the hot summer-time, With deep delight thy sombre aisles I roam, Or, soothed by some cool brook's melodious chime, Rest on thy verdant loam.

But, O, when autumn's hand Hath mark'd thy beautoous foliage for the grave, How doth thy splendour, as entranced I stand, My willing heart enslave!

I linger then with thee, Like some fond lover o'er his stricken bride; Whose bright, uncarthly beauty tells that she Here may not long abide.

When my last hours are come, Great Goo ! ere vet life's span shall all be fill'd, And these warm lips in death be ever dumb, This beating heart be still'd,-

Bathe thou in hues as blest-Let gleams of Heaven about my spirit play! So shall my soul to its eternal rest In glory pass away! 445 2 P

# WILLIAM JEWETT PABODIE.

# ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Gowz in the flush of youth I Gone ere thy heart had felt earth's withering care; Ere the stern world had soil'd thy spirit's truth, Or sown dark sorrow there.

Fled like a dream away! But yesterday mid life's auroral bloom---To-day, sad winter, desolate and gray, Sighs round thy lonely tomb.

Fond hearts were beating high, Fond eyes were watching for the loved one gone, And gentle voices, deeming thou wert nigh, Talk'd of thy glad return.

They watch'd—not all in vain— Thy form once more the wonted threshold pass'd; But choking sols, and texts like summer-rain, Welcom'd thee home at last.

Friend of my youth, farewell ! To thee, we trust, a happier life is given; One tie to earth for us hath loosed its spell, Another form'd for heaven.

# OUR COUNTRY.

Oun country !--- 't is a glorious land ! , With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore, 'The proud Pacific chafes her strand, She hears the dark Atlantic roar;

And, nurtured on her ample breast, How many a goodly prospect lies

In Nature's wildest grandeur drest, Enamell'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold, Like sunlit occans roll afar;

Broad lakes her azure heavens behold, Reflecting clear each tremhling star,

And mighty rivers, mountain-born, Go sweeping onward, dark and deep, Through forests where the bounding fawn

Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled mid her clustering hills, Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,

Where love the air with music fills; And calm content and peace abide;

For plenty here her fulness pours In rich profusion o'er the land,

And, sent to seize her generous store, There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great Gon ! we thank thee for this home-This bountcons birthland of the free;

- Where wanderers from afar may come, And breathe the air of liberty !----
- Still may her flowers untrampled spring, Her harvests wave, her cities rise;

And yet, till Time shall fold his wing, Remain Earth's loveliest paralise !

# I HEAR THY VOICE, O SPRING!

I HELR thy voice, O Spring ! Its flute-like tones are floating through the air, Winning my soul with their wild ravishing, From earth's heart-wearying care.

Divinely sweet thy song-But yet, methinks, as near the groves I pass, Low sights on viewless wings are borne along, Tears gein the springing grass.

For where are they, the young, The loved, the beautiful, who, when thy voice, A year agone, along these valleys rung, Did hear thee and rejoice !

Thou seek'st for them in vain---No more they'll greet thee in thy joyous round; Calmly they sleep beneath the murnauring main, Or moulder in the ground.

Yet peace, my heart—be still! Look upward to yon azure sky and know, To beavenlier music now their bosons thrill, Where balmier breezes blow.

For them hath bloom'd a spring, Whose flowers perennial deck a holier sod, Whose music is the song that scraphs sing, Whose light, the sinile of Gon !

# I STOOD BESIDE HIS GRAVE.

I stoon beside the grave of him, Whose heart with mine had fondly beat, While memories, from their chambers dim, Throng'd mournful, yet how eadly sweet !

It was a calm September eve, The stars stole trembling into sight, Save where the day, as both to leave, Still flush'd the heavens with rosy light.

The crickets in the grass were heard, The city's murmur softly fell, And scarce the dewy air was stirr'd, As faintly toll'd the evening-bell.

O Death ! had then thy summons come, To hid me from this world away,---

How gludly had I hail'd the doom That stretch'd me by his mouldering clay!

And twilight deepen'd into night, And night itself grew wild and drear,... For clouds rose darkly on the sight, And winds sigh'd mournful on the ear:...

And yet I linger'd mid the fern. Though gleam'd no star the eye to bless----For. O, 't was agony to turn

And leave him to his loncliness !

Congle

# CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

#### (Born, 1815.)

was graduated at Columbia College, in that city, in 1835; was admitted an attorney and counselfor in 1837; and has since devoted his attention chiefly to literature. A notice of his novels and essays may be found in "The Prose Writers of America," pages 543-554. His principal poetical compositions are, "Wakondah, the Master of Life," founded upon an Indian tradition, and " Man in the Republic, a series of Poeins." Each of these works has appeared in several editions. There is a diversity of opinions as to the merits of Mr. MATHEWS. He has been warmly praised, and ridiculed with unsparing severity. The "North American Review," which indeed does not profess any consistency, has spoken of his "Man in the Republic" with both derision and respect, and for

MR. MATREWS was born in New York in 1815; | whatever condemnation others have expressed, his friends can perhaps cite as high authorities in approval. This may doubtless be said, both of his prose and verse, that it illustrates truly, to the extent of the author's abilities, directed by much and honest observation, the present, in our own country ; or perhaps it may be said with more justice, in New York. The poens on "Man in the Republic" are entitled, "The Child," "The Father," " The Teacher," " The Statesman," " The Reformer." " The Masses," &c.

In the last edition, the author, referring to some friendly criticisms, observes : "I have corofully considered whatever has been objected to them, and where I could, in good conscience, and according to the motions of my own taste, have made amendment."

# THE JOURNALIST.

As shakes the canvass of a thousand ships, Struck by a heavy land-breeze far at sea-Ruffle the thousand broad-sheets of the land, Filled with the people's breath of potency.

A thousand images the hour will take, [sings : From him who strikes, who rules, who speaks, who Many within the hour their grave to make-Many to live far in the heart of things.

A dark-eyed spirit, he who coins the time, To virtue's wrong, in base disloyal lies ---

Who makes the morning's breath, the evening's tide, The utterer of his blighting forgeries.

How beautiful who scatters, wide and free, The gold-bright seeds of loved and loving truth ! By whose perpetual hand each day supplied, Leaps to new life the nation's heart of youth.

To know the instant, and to speak it true, Its pasing lights of joy, its dark, and cloud-To fix upon the unnumber'd gazers' view, Is to thy ready hand's broad strength allowed.

There is an inwrought life in every hour, Fit to be chronicled at large and told-'T is thine to pluck to light its secret power,

And on the air its many-coloured heart unfold. The angel that in sand-dropp'd minutes lives,

Demands a message coutious as the ages-Who stuns, with whirling words of hate, his ear. That mighty power to boundless wrath enrages.

Shake not the quiet of a chosen land, Thou grimy man over thine engine bending ; The spirit pent that breathes the life into its limbs, Docile for love is tyrannous in rending.

Obey, thinoceros ! an infant's hand--Levinthan ! obey the fisher mild and young ! Vex'd ocean ! smile, for on thy broad-heat sand The little curlew pipes his shrilly song.

# THE CITIZEN.

WITH plainness in thy daily pathway walk, And disencumber'd of excess: no other Jostling, servile to none, none overstalk, For, right and left, who passes is thy brother.

Let him who in thy upward countenance looks, Find there in meek and soften'd majesty Thy Country writ, thy Brother, and thy God; And be each motion onward, calm, and free.

Feel well with the poised ballot in thy hand, Thine unmatch'd sovereignty of right and wrong, 'T is thing to bless or blast the waiting land. To shorten up its life or make it long.

Who looks on thee, with gladness should behold A self-delivered, self-supported Man-True to his being's mighty purpose-true To this heaven-bless'd and God-imparted plan.

Nowhere within the great globe's skyey round Canst thou escape thy duty, grand and high-A man unbadged, unbonneted, unbound-Walk to the tropic, to the desert fly.

A full-fraught hope upon thy shoulder leans, And beats with thine, the heart of half the world ; Ever behind thee walks the shining past, Before thee burns the star-stripe, far unfurl'd. 447

Distantin GOOGIC

# CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

# THE REFORMER. Max of the future ! on the eager headland standing.

Thing eye, the darkness and the billows rough com-

Gazing far off into the outer sea,

manding. Beholds a shore, bright as the heaven itself may be; Where temples, cities, homes, and haunts of men, Orchards and fields spread out in orderly array, Invite the yearning soul to thither flee, And there to spend in boundless peace its happier day. By passion and the force of earnest thought. Borne up and plutformed at a height, Where,'gainst thy feet the force of carth and heaven are brought. Yet, so into the frame of cumire wrought, Thou, stout man, canst not thence be sever'd. Till ruled and rulers, fiends or men, are taught And feel the truths by thee delivered. Seize by its horns the shaggy Past, Full of uncleanness; heave with mountain-cast Its carcase down the black and wide abyas-That opens day and night its gulfy precipice, By faded corpires, projects old and dead Forever in its noisy hunger fed : But rush not, therefore, with a brutish blindness, Against the 'stablished bulwarks of the world : Kind be thyself, although unkindness Thy race to ruin dark and suffering long has hurl'd. For many days of light, and smooth repose, "Twixt storms and weathery sadness intervene; Thy course is nature's: on thy triumph flows, Assured, like hers, though noiseless and serene. Wake not at midnight and proclaim it day, When lightning only flashes o'er the wey ; Pauses and starts, and strivings towards an end, Are not a birth, although a god's birth they portend. Be patient, therefore, like the old broad earth That hears the guilty up, and through the night Conducts them gently to the dawning light-Thy silent hours shall have as great a birth. THE MASSES. WHEN, wild and high, the uproar swells From crowds that gather at the set of day, When square and market roar in stormy play, And fields of men, like lions, shake their felts Of savage hair; when, quick and deep call out the Through all the lower heaven ringing, Fbella As if an earthquake's shock The city's base should rock, And set its troubled turrets singing : Remember, men ! on massy strength relying, There is a heart of right Not always open to the light, Secret and still, and force-defying. In vast assemblies calm let order rule, And every shout a cadence owning, Make musical the vex'd wind's moaning, And he as little children at singing-school.

But, when thick as night the sky is crusted o'er, Stiffing life's pulse, and making heaven an idle dream.

Arise! and cry, up through the dark, to God's own throne :

Your faces in a furnace-glow,

Your arms uplified for the deathward blow-

Fiery and prompt as angry angels show; Then draw the brand and fire the thunder gun !

Be nothing said and all things done,

Till every cobweb'd corner of the common weal Is shaken free, and, creeping to its scabbard back, the steel.

Lets shine again God's rightful sun.

# THE MECHANIC.

On, when they walkest by the river's side, Thy bulky figure outlined in the wave, Or, on thine adze-staff resting, 'neath the ship Thy strokes have shaped, or hearest loud and brave The clangour of the boastful forge, think not To strength of linb, to sinews large and touch, Are given rights masterless and vantage-proof, Which the pale scholar and his puny hand Writing his thoughts upon the idle sand, May not possess as full: oh, maddened, drink not With greedy ear what selfish Passion pours! His a sway peculiar is, no less than yours.

The inner world is his, the outer thine-(And both are God's)-a world, maiden and new, To shape and finish forth, of rock and wood, Iron and brass, to fashion, mould, and hew-

In countless cunning forms to recreate.

Till the great God of order shall proclaim it "Good !"

Proportioned fair, as in its first estate.

It consecrates whate'er it strikes—each blow, From the small whisper of the tinkling smith, Up to the big-voiced sledge that heaving slow Roars 'gainst the massy bar, and tears Its entrail, glowing, as with angry teeth— Anchors that hold a world should thus-wise grow.

In the First Builder's gracious spirit-work-Through hall, through enginery, and temples meek,

In grandeur towered, or lapsing, beauty-sleek, Let order and creative fitness shine :

Though mountains are no more to rear,

Though woods may rise again no more,

The noble task to reproduce is thine !

The spreading branch, the firm-set peak, may live With thee, and in thy well-sped labours thrive.

The untried forces of the air, the earth, the sea, Wait at thy bidding : oh, compel their powers To uses holy ! Let them ever be

Servants to tend and bless these new-found bowers.

And make them household-workers, free and swift, On daily use—on daily service bent:

Her face again old Eden may uplift,

Diptoring Google

And God look down the open firmament.

# JEDIDIAH HUNTINGTON.

#### [Born, 1814.]

The author of "Alice, or the New Una," is of the eminent families of HUNCHNGTON and TRUM-BULL in Connecticut, and is a broller of Mr. HUN-TINGTON the painter. He was born in 1814, and was educated for the profession of physic, which he practised for several years; but turning his attention to theology, he became in 1839 a candidate for orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and soon alter was appointed one of the professors in St. Paul's College, Long Island. He was subsequently, during a short period, rector of a church in Middlehury, Vermont; but his health failing, he went to Europe, and passed several years in Italy.

In 1843 he published, in New York, a volume of Poems, comprising "The Trysting-Place," a romantic story; "Fragments and Inscriptions from the Greek; ""Inscriptions and Fragments from the

#### SONNETS

SUGGESTED BY THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA. ALGEST 4, 1898

#### I. THE ABBET.

WITHIN the minster's venerable pile What pomps unwonted flash upon our eyes!

What galleries, in gold and crimson, rise Between the antique pillars of the aisle, Crowded with England's gayest life; the while Beneath, her dead, unconscious glory lies:

Above, her ancient faith still seeks the skies; And with apparent life doth well begule Our senses in that ever-growing roof;

Whence on the soul return those recollections. Of her great annals—built to be time-proof,

Which chiefly make this spot the fittest scene Wherein to consecrate those new affections

We plight this day to Britain's virgin queen.

#### II. THE QUEEN.

How strange to see a creature young and fair Assume the aceptre of these widespread lands!---How in her femininely feeble hands

The orb of empire shall she ever bear !--And crowns, they say, not more with gems than care Are weighty : yet with calmest mion she stands ;

The latest blossom on a royal tree Deep in the past extends whose famous root;

And realms from age to age securely free, Gather of social peace its yet unfailing fruit. Female Poets of Greece;" "Sacred Pieces," consisting chiefly of translations from ancient Latin hymna; "The Northern Dawn," "Sketches in the Open Air," and miscellaneous sonnets and other short pieces, all of which are in a style of scholarly elegance.

In 1849 Mr. HENTINGTON published, in London, "Alice, or the New Una," a romance which attracted much attention for its literary and speculative characteristics. Its ingeniously dramatic though frequently improbable incidents, its highlyfinished and poetical diction, and the skill with which the views of the author—those of the extreme "Tractarians"—are maintained and illustrated, secured for it at once the favourable consideration of critics in art, and the applause of a religious party.

# III. THE CROWNING.

How dazzling flash the streams of colour'd light, When on her sacred brow the crown is placed ! And straight her prers and dames with haughty haste

Their coronets assume, as is their right.

With sudden blaze making the temple bright. Does man's enthusiasin run to weste,

By which a queen's investiture is graced

With deafening demonstrations of delight,

- That from the cannon's roar protect the ear? We may not dare to think so, for His sake
- Whose word has link'd king's honour and Gon's fear.

Nor is it servile clamour that we make, Who, horn ourselves to reign, in her revers The kingly nature that ourselves partake.

# ON READING BRYANT'S POEM OF "THE WINDS."

Yr Winds, whose various voices in his lay That bard interpreted-your utterance mild, Nor less your ministration fierce and wild, Of those resistless laws which ye obey In your apparent lawlessness-oh say ! Is not your will-less agency revited When it is liken'd unto what is styled By such unwise the Spirit of the Day? Not all the islands by tornadocs swept, E'er knew such ruin as befalls a state When not the winds of God, but mortal breath. With threatening sweetness of melodious hate Assaults the fabrics reverent ages kept To shelter ancient loysly and faith. 449 2 - 2

Dimminy Google

## JEDIDIAH HUNTINGTON.

# TO EMMELINE: A THRENODIA. I. SISTER! for as such I loved thee, May I not the privilege claim As thy brother to lament thee, Though not indeed thy brother, Yet fraternal is the gricf, That in tears no solace meeting, Now in words would find relief. Who did watch thy final conflict ! Who did watch thy final conflict ! Whose the voice which then consoled One by thee beloved more !

Lips that kiss'd thy cold white forehead, Sure may sing thy requiem;

Hunde that closed thy stiffening eyelide, Should it not be writ by them !

To perform those death-hed honours Soften'd much my deep regret; Hut to celebrate thy virtues Is a task more soothing yet.

O'er thy features death-composed, As the life-like smile that play'd, By its beauty so familiar Tears drew forth which soon it stay'd.

So the memory of thy goodness Calms the grief that from it springs: That which makes our loss the greatest, Sweetest consulation brings.

11.

When the Christian maiden findeth In the grave a moiden's rest, We mourn not as did the heathen Over beauty unpossess'd.

As the tender MELEAGER, In that eweetly mournful strain, Sung the fate of CLEARISTA Borne to nuptial couch in vain:

How her virgin zone unloosed, She in Death's embraces slept; As for vainly-woo'd ANTINIA Pure ANTIX hopeless wept.

For the soul to CREATER united Need regret no human bliss, And there yet remains a marriage Better than the earthly is.

Wedded love is but the symbol Of a holier mystery, Which unto the stateless only Ever shall unfolded be.

Life and Hope, when they embracing Seem like one, are Love on earth; Death and Hope, so reuniting, Are the Love of heavenly birth.

Was it haply this foreknowing That thou so wouldst ever be ?---From pursuing ardours shrinking In thy saintly chastity. 111.

In thy fairy-like propertions Woman's dignity was yet, And in all thy winning actions With the grace of childhood met. With what light and airy motion Wert thou wont to glide or spring ! As if were that shape elastic Lifted by an unseen wing. In what sweet and lively accents Flow'd or gush'd thy talk or song ! What pure thoughts and gentle feelings Did that current bear along ! But affliction prematurely On thy tender graces breathed, And in sweet decay about thes Were the faded flowerets wreathed. Blasts that emite with death the flower. Cull for use the ripen'd fruit; Suns the plant that overpower, Cannot kill the buried root : So the grief that dimm'd thy beauty Shower'd gifts of higher worth, And the germ of both is hidden Safely now within the earth. Nature, eldest, truest evbil, Writes upon her wither'd leaves,

Writes upon her wither'd leaves, Words of joy restored prophetic To the heart her law bereaves,

## IV.

Greenly swell the clustering mountains Whence thy passing spirit went; Clear the waters they enthosom; Biue the skies above them bent.

Pass'd away the spirit wholly From the haunts to us so dear? Or at will their forms assuming, In them doth it reappear?

For there is a new expression Now pervading all the place; Rock and stream do look with meanings Such as wore thy living face.

Nor alone the face of Nature; Human features show it too; Chiefly those by love illumin'd Of the heart-united few.

We upon each other gazing, Mystic shadows come and go, Over each loved visage flitting, Why and whence we do not know.

In the old familiar dances Mingle thy accustom'd feet; Blending with the song familiar Still are heard thy concords sweet.

Hence we know the world of spirits Is not far from each of us; Scarce that veil forbids our entrance Which thou hast half lifted us.

Distantin GOO

# JOHN G. SAXE.

#### [Born, 1816.]

JOBN G. SAXE, of Highgate, Franklin county, Vermont, was born in that town on the second day of June, 1816. His youth was passed in rural occupations, until he was seventeen years of age, when he determined to study one of the liberal professions, and with this view entered the granmar school at St. Albans, and after the usual preliminary course, the college at Middlebury, where he graduated bachelor of arts in the summer of 1839. He subsequently read law, at Lockport in New York and at St. Albans, and was admitted to the har at the latter place, in September, 1843, since which time he has been practising in the courts, with more than the average success of young attorneys.

I remember that when Mr. SAXE was in college he was well known for his manly character, good sense, genial humour, and, for an undergraduate, large acquaintance with literature. He preserves, with fitting increase, his good reputation. "Besides writing with such delightful point and facility," observes a friend of his, "he is one of the best of conversationists, and wastes more wit in a day than would set up a Yankee 'Punch' or a score of 'Yankee Doodles.' He is a good general scholar, well read in the best English authors, and besides his comical compositions, has produced many pieces of grace and tenderness that evince a genuine poetical feeling and ability."

## THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE. A LEGEND OF GOTHAM.

O, TIRRIBLY proud was Miss MACBADY, The very personitication of pride, As she minced along in fashion's tide. Adown Broadway—on the proper side—

When the golden sun was setting; There was pride in the head she carried so high, Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye, And a world of pride in the very sigh That her study bosom was factting:

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet, Sandal'd in satin, should kiss the street— The very same that the vulgar greet In common leather not over "neat"—

For such is the common booting; (And Christian tears may well be shed, That even among our gentlemen-bred, The glorious Day of Morocco is dead, And Day and Martin are migning instead, On a much inferior footing!) Mr. SAXX excels most in fun, hurlesque, and satire, fields upon the confines of the domain of poetry, in which we have many of the finest specimens of lyrical expression, and which have furnished, from the times of JUVEXAL, a fair proportion of the noblest illustrations of creative energy. His verse is nervous, and generally highly finished; and in almost all cases it is admirably calculated for the production of the desired effects. One of the happiest exhibitions of his skill in language is in the piece printed in the Knickerbocker Magazine, commencing—

> Sincing through the forests, Ratifing over ridges, Shoung ander arches, Rambing over budges; Whizzing through the mountains, Buzzing ofer the vale— Bloss med this is pleasant, Rading on a radit

The whole composition is an echo and reflection of the crowded railroad car.

The longest of his productions is "Progress, a Satire," which has passed through two editions, and been largely quoted for its felicitous characterization of popular foibles. His "New Rape of the Lock," written in 1847, and "Proud Miss MacBride," written in 1848, are in the vein of Hoon, but are full of verbal felicities not humour, and are fruits of original observation of manuers.

O, terribly proud was Miss MACBRIDE, Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride, And proud of fifty matters beside—

That would n't have borne dissection; Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk. Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk, Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"

On a very slight inspection !---

Proud abroad, and proud at home, Proud wherever she chanced to come-When she was glad, and when she was glum

Proud as the head of a Saracen Over the door of a tippling-shop !---Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop, "Proud as a boy with a bran-new top," Droud buyen a comparison !

Proud beyond comparison !

It seems a singular thing to say, But her very scores led her astray Respecting all humility; In sooth, her dull, auricular drum Coukt find in *humble* only a "hum." And heard no sound of "gentle" come, In talking about gentility.

Denority GOOgle

#### JOHN G. SAXE.

What *lowly* meant she didn't know, In one conglomeration; For she always avoided "everything low," So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed, With care the most punctilious; No heraldry-HARVET will ever succeed And, observer still, the audible sound In finding the circulation ! Of "super-silly" she never had found Depend upon it, my snobbish friend, In the adjective supercilious! Your family thread you can't ascend, The meaning of meck she never knew, Without good reason to apprehend But imagined the phrase had something to do You may find it wan'd at the farther end, With "Moses," a peddling German Jew, By some plebeian vocation : Who, like all hawkers, the country through, Or, worse than that, your boasted line Was "a person of no position;" May end in a loup of stronger twine, And it seem'd to her exceedingly plain, That plugued some worthy relation ! If the word was really known to pertain But Miss MACBAIDE had something beside To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane Her lofty birth to nourish her pride-To a lady of high condition ! For rich was the old paternal MACBRIDE, Even her graces-not her grace-According to public rumour; For that was in the "vocative case". And he lived "up town," in a splendid square, Chill'd with the touch of her icy face. And kept his daughter on dainty fare. Sat very stilly upon her ! And gave her gems that were rich and rare, She never confess'd a favour aloud, And the finest rings and things to wear, Like one of the simple, common crowd-And feathers enough to plume her. But coldly smiled, and faintly how'd, An honest mechanic was Joun MACBRIDE, As who should say, "You do me proud, As ever an honest calling plied, And do yourself an honour !" Or graced an honest ditty ; And yet the pride of Miss MACBRIDZ, For Joux had work'd in his early day, Although it had fifty hobbies to ride, In "pots and pearls," the legends say --Had really no foundation; And kept a shop with a rich array But like the fabrics that gossips devise-Of things in the soap and candle way, Those single stories that often arise In the lower part of the city ! And grow till they reach a four-story size-No "rara avis" was honest Jons-Was merely a funcy creation ! (That's the Latin for "sable-swan")-T is a curious fact as ever was known Though in one of his funcy flashes. In human nature, but often shown A wicked wag, who meant to deride, Alike in castle and cottage, Cali'd honest JOHN "Old Phoenix MACBRIDE," That pride, like pigs of a certain breed, " Because he rose from his ashes !" Will manage to live and thrive on "feed" Little by little he grew to be rich, As poor as a pauper's pottage! By saving of candle-ends and "sich," That her wit should never have made her vain, Till he reach'd at last an opulent niche--Was-like her face-sufficiently plain; No very uncommon affair : And, as to her musical powers, For history quite confirms the law Although she sang until she was hoarse, Express'd in the ancient Scottish saw-And issued notes with a banker's force, A MICKLE may come to be may'r 16 They were just such notes as we never endorse Alack for many ambitious beaux ! For any acquaintance of ours? She hung their hopes upon her nose-Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high-(The figure is quite Horation !) For Miss MACBUIDE first opened her eye Until, from habit, the member grew Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky; As very a hook as ever eye knew, But pride is a cutious passion--To the commonent observation. And in talking about her wealth and worth, A thriving tailor begg'd her hand, She slways forgot to mention her birth But she gave "the fellow" to understand To people of rank and fashion ! By a violent manual action, Of all the notable things on earth, She perfectly scorn'd the best of his clan, The queerest one is pride of birth, And reckon'd the ninth of any man Among our "fierce democracie !" An exceedingly vulgar fraction ! A bridge across a hundred years. Another, whose sign was a golden boot, Without a prop to save it from sneers-Was mortified with a bootless suit, Not even a couple of rotten peers-In a way that was quite appalling; A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers, For, though a regular sutor by trade, Is American aristocracy ! He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid. English and Irish, French and Spanish, German, Italian, Dutch and Danish, " "Mickle, wi' thrift may chance to be mair."- Scotch

Γτατετό.

Distanting GOOVIC

Crossing their veins until they vanish

#### Who cut him off with a saw-and hade "The cobbler keep to his calling !"

(The muse must let a secret out: There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt That folks who oftenest sneer and flout

At "the dirty, low mechanicals," Are they whose sizes, by pounding their knees, Or coiling their legs, or trades like these— Contrived to win their children ease  $\mathbf{F}$ rom poverty's galling manacles.)

A rich obacconist comes and sues, And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse A man of his wealth and liberal views, Began, at once, with ~ If you chame......

And could you really love him—" But the lady spot'd his speech in a huif, With an answer rough and ready enough, To let him know she was up to shuff,

And altogether above him !

A young attorney, of winning grace, Was scarce allow'd to "open his face," Ere Miss MacBarna had closed his case With true judicial celerity; For the lawyer was poor, and "seedy" to boot, And to say the lady discarded his suit, Is merely a double verity!

The last of those who came to court, Was a lively beau, of the dapper sort, "Without any visible means of support," A crime by no means flagrant

In one who wears an elegant coat, But the very point on which they vote A ranged fellow "a vagrant!"

A courty fellow was dapper Jiw, Sicek and supple, and tall and trim, And smooth of tongue as near of himb; And mangre his meagre pocket, You'd say from the glittering tales he told, That Jiw had slept in a cradle of gold.

With FORTUNATUS to rock it!

Now dapper Jix his courtship plied (I wish the fact could be denied) With an eye to the purse of the old MACBRIDX, And really "nothing shorter!" For he said to himself, in his greedy lust, "Whenever he dica---sa die he must---And yields to Heaven his vital trust, He's very sure to "come down with his dust," In behalf of his only daughter." And the very magnificent Miss MACBRIDZ,

Half in love, and half in pride, Quite graciously relented; And, tossing her head, and turning her back, No token of proper pride to lack— To be a Bride, without the "Mac," With much disdain, consented !

Alas! that people who've got their box (If cash beneath the best of locks, Secure from all financial shocks, Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks, And manily rush upon Wall-street rocks, Without the least apology ! Alas! that people whose money-affairs Are sound, beyond all need of repairs, Should ever tempt the bulls and bears Of Mammon's fierce zoology!

Old JOAX MACBRIDZ, one fatal day, Became the unresisting prey Of Fortune's undertakers; And staking all on a single die, His founder'd bark went high and dry Among the brokers and breakers!

At his trade sugin, in the very shop. Where, years before, he let it drop,

He follows his ancient calling— Cheetily, too, in poverty's spite, And sleeping quite as sound at night, As when, at fortune's guidy height, He used to wake with a dizzy fright From a dismail dream of failing.

But also for the haughty Miss MACBELDE, "T was such a shock to her precious pride! She could all recover, although she tried Her jaded spirits to rally; "T was a dreadful change in human affairs, From a Place "up town," to a nook "up stairs," From an avenue down to an alley !---

"T was little condolence she had. Gon wot-From her "troops of friends." who had n't forgot The size she used to horrow; They had civil phrases enough, but yet "T was plain to see that their "deepest regret" Was a different thing from sorrow!

They own'd it could n't have well been worse To go from a full to an empty purse: To expect a "reversion," and get a reverse, Was truly a dismal feature; But it was n't strange—they whisper'd—at all! That the summer of pride should have its fall Was quite according to Nature !

And one of those chaps who make a pun, As if it were quite legitimate fun To be blazing away at every one With a regular, double-bodded gun— Remark d that moral transgression Always brings retributive stings To candle-makers as well as kings: For "making light of cercaus things" Was a very wick-od profession!

And vulgar people—the abuvy churls— Inquired about "the price of pearls," And mock'd at her aituation : "She wasn't ruin'd—they venuered to hope—

Because she was poor, she need n't more; Few people were better off for soap, And that was a consolution !"

And to make her cup of wo run over, Her elegant, ardent plighted lover Wus the very first to forsike her;

" He quite regretted the step, 't was true-The lady had pride enough · for two,' But that alone would never do To quiet the butcher and baker !" 453

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## JOHN G. SAXE.

And now the unhappy Miss MacBBTDE-The merest ghost of her early pride-Bewails her ionely position: Cramp'd in the very narrowest niche, Above the poor, and below the rich-Was ever a worse condition !

#### MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly alfairs, Don't be baughty, and put on airs,

With insolent pride of station ! Don't be proud, and turn up your nose At poorer people in plainer clu'es, But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose, That wealth's a bubble that comes-and goes ! And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,

Is subject to irritation !

#### EXTRACTS FROM "PROGRESS."

#### FARRION.

WHAT impious mockery, when with soulless art Fushion, intrusive, seeks to rule the heart; Directs how grief may tastefully be borne; Instructs Bereavement just how long to mourn; Shows Sorrow how by nice degrees to fade, And marks its measure in a riband's shade! More impious still, when through her wanton laws She descerates Religion's sucred cause; Shows how " the narrow road" is easiest trol, And how genteelest, worns may worship Gou; How sacred rites may bear a workily grace, And self-abasement wear a hanghty face; How sinners, long in Folly's mazes whirl'd, With pomp and splendour may "renounce the world;"

How "with all saints hereafter to appear," Yet quite escape the vulgar portion here!

#### "THE PRISS."

O MIGHT the muse prolong her flowing rhyme, (Too closely cramp'd by unrelenting Time, Whose dreadful scythe swings heedlessly along, And, missing speeches, clips the thread of song), How would she strive in fitting verse to sing The wondrous progress of the printing king! Bibles and novels, treatises and songs, Lectures on "rights," and strictures upon wrongs; Verse in all metres, travels in all climes, Rhymes without reason, sonnets without rhymes; " Translations from the French," so vilely done, The wheat escaping, leaves the chaff alone ; Memoirs, where dunces sturdily essay To cheat Obilvion of her certain prey; Critiques, where pedants vauntingly expose Unlicensed verses in unlawful prose ; Lampoons, whose authors strive in vain to throw Their headless arrows from a nerveless bow : Poems by youths, who, crossing Nature's will, Harangue the landscape they were born to till; Huge tomes of law, that lead by rugged routes Through ancient dogmas down to modern doubts, Where judges oft, with well-affected ease, Give learned reasons for absurd decrees,

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Or, more ingenious still, contrive to found Some just decision on fallacious ground-Or blink the point, and haply, in its place, Moot and decide some hypothetic case ; Smart epigrams, all sudly out of joint, And pointless, save the "exclamation point," Which stands in state, with vacant wonder fraught, The pompous tombstone of some pauper thought; Ingenious systems based on doubtful facts. "Tracts for the times," and most untimely tracts ; Polemic pamphlets, literary toys, And "easy lessons" for uneasy boys: Hebdomadal gazettes and daily news, Gay magazines and quarterly reviews : Sniall portion these of all the vast array Of darken'd leaves that cloud each passing day, And pour their tide unceasingly along, A gathering, swelling, overwhelming throng !

## " ASSOCIATION."

HATL, social progress ! each new moon is rife With some new theory of social life, Some matchless scheme ingeniously design'd From half their miseries to free mankind ; On human wrongs triumphant war to wage, And bring anew the glorious golden age. "Association" is the magic word From many a social " priest and prophet" heard; " Attractive labour" is the angel given, To render earth a sublunary heaven ! "Attractive labour !" ring the changes round, And labour grows attractive in the sound; And many a youthful mind, where haply lurk Unwelcome fancies at the name of "work," Sees pleasant pastime in its longing view Of "toil made easy" and "attractive" too-And, fancy-rapt, with joyful ardour, turns Delightful grindstones and seductive churns !-Inventive France ! what wonder-working schemes Astound the world whene'er a Frenchman dreams ! What fine-spun theories-ingenious, new, Sublime, stupendous, everything but true ! One little favour, O " imperial France :" Still teach the world to cook, to dress, to dance: Let, if thou wilt, thy boots and barbers roam, But keep thy morals and thy creeds at home !

#### BEREAVEMENT.

NAT, weep not, dearest, though the child be dend, He lives again in heaven's unclouded life, With other angels that have early fled

From these dark scenes of sorrow, sin, and strife ; Nav. weep not, dearest, though thy yearning love

Would fondly keep for earth its fairest flowers, And e'en deny to brighter realine above The few that deck this dreary world of ours:

Though much it seems a wonder and a wo

That one so loved should be so early lost-And hallow'd tears may unforbidden flow, To mourn the blossom that we cherish'd most-Yet all is well: Gun's good design I see,

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That where our treasure is, our licerte may be !

#### [Born 1816. Died 1850.]

MR. COOKE was born in Martinsburg, Berkeley county, Virginia, on the twenty-sixth of October, 1816. His father, JORY R. CHORE, of Richmond, has long been a man of honourable distinction in the Virginia bar. Mr. COORE's first essays in poetry were contributed to the "Knickerbocker" magazine, then edited by CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, while he was a student in the college of Princeton. Before arriving at the age of twenty-one years, Mr. Cooke was married, and settled as a lawyer, in the pleasant village of Millwood, on the banks of

the Shenandonh, where he resided, in the practice of his profession, the study of his favorite authors, and the occasional enjoyment of the sports of the rod and the gun, until his death, which occurred, after a short illness, on the 20th of January, 1850.

Mr. COOKE is known as a poet, chielly by a volume entitled "Froissart Ballada," published in 1847, but the larger portion of his works may be found in the Southern Litemry Messenger, for which he was a frequent writer. His pieces have remarkable grace and refinement.

#### EMILY:

PROEM TO THE "FROISSART BALLADS."

You we Emily has temples fair, Caress'd by locks of dark brown hair. A thousand sweet humanities Speak wisely from her hazel eyes. Her speech is ignorant of command, And yet can lead you like a hand. Her white toeth sparkle, when the eclipse Is laughter-moved, of her red lins. She moves, all grace, with gliding limbs As a white-breasted cygnet swima. In her sweet childhood, Emily Was wild with natural gavety, A little creature, full of laughter, Who cast no thought before or after, And knew not custom or its chains. The dappled fawns upon the plains, The birds that love the upper sky, Lived not in lovelier liberty. But with this natural merriment,

Mind, and the ripening years have blent A thoughtfulness—not melancholy— Which wins her life away from folly; Checking somewhat the natural gladness, But saved, by that it checks, from sadness— Like clouds athwart a May-morn sailing, Which take the golden light they are veiling.

She loves her kind, and shuns no duty, Her virtues sanctify her beauty, And all who know her say that she Was born for man's felicity— I know that she was born for mine. Desrer than any joy of wine, Or pomp, or gold, or man's loud praise, Or purple power, art thou to me— Kind cheerer of my clouded ways— Young vine upon a rugged tree.

Maidens who love are full of hope, And crowils hedge in its golden scope ; Wherefore they love green solitudes And silence for their better moods. I know some wilds, where tulip trees, Full of the singing toil of bees, Depend their loving branches over Great rocks, which honevsuckles cover In rich and liberal overflow. In the dear time of long ago When I had woo'd young Emily, And she had told her love to me, I often found her in these bowers, Quite rapt away in meditation, Or giving earnest contemplation To leaf, or bird, or wild wood flowers; And once I heard the maiden singing, Until the very woods were ringing-Singing an old song to the Hours! I well remember that rare song, It charged the Hours with crucl wrong-Wrong to the verdure of the boughs-Wrong to the justre of fair brows, Its music had a wondrous sound. And made the greenwood haunted ground.

But I delay: one jocund morn-A morn of that blithe time of epring, When milky blossoms load the thorn, And birds so prate, and soar, and sing, That melody is everywhere, On the glad earth, and in the air,---On such a morn I went to seek In our wild haunts for Emily. I found her where a flowering tree Gave oxiours and cool shade. Her check A little rested on her hand; Her rustic skill had made a band Of rare device which garlanded The beauty of her bending head;

Some maiden thoughts most kind and wise Were dimly burning in her eyes, When I beheld her-form and face So lithe, so fair-the spirit race, Of whom the better poets dream'd, Came to my thought, and I half deem'd My earth-born mistress, pure and good, Was some such lady of the wood, As she who work'd at spell, and snare, With Huon of the dusky hair, And fled, in likeness of a doc. Before the fleet youth Angelo. But these infirm imaginings Flew quite away on instant wings. I call'd her name. A swift surprise Came whitely to her face, but soon It fled before some daintier dyes, And, laughing like a brook in June. With sweet accost she welcomed me, And I sat there with Emily. The gods were very good to bless My life with so much happiness. The maiden on that lowly seat-I sitting at her little feet ! Two happier lovers never met, In dear and talk-charm'd privacy. It was a golden day to me, And its great bliss is with me yet, Warming like wine my inmost heart-For memories of happy hours Are like the cordials press'd from flowers, And madden sweetly. I impart Naught of the love-talk I remember, For May's young pleasures are best hid From the cold prudence of December, Which clips and chills all vernal wings; ... And Love's own sanctities forbid, Now as of old, such gossipings In Hall, of what befalls in Bower, But other matters of the hour. Of which it breaks no faith to tell, My homely rhyme shall chronicle.

As silently we sat alone— Our love-talk spent—two mated birds Beenn to prate in loving tone; Quoth Emily, "They sure have words! Didst hear them say 'My suret,' 'My dear'?" And as they chirp'd we laugh'd to be

Soon after this a southern wind Came sobbing like a hunted hind Into the quiet of the glen: The maiden mused awhile, and then Worded lier thought right playfully. "The winds," she said, " of land and sea, My friend, are surely living things That come and go on unseen wings. The teeming air and prodigal, Which droops its azore over all, Is full of immortalities That look on us with unseen eves. This sudden wind that hath come here, With its hard sols of pain or fear, It may be, is a spirit kind, That loves the bruised flowers to bind, Whose task it is to shake the dew

From the sad violet's eye of blue, Or chase the honey-making thieves From off the rose, and shut its leaves Against the cold of April eves. Perhaps its dainty, pink-tipt hands Have plied such tasks in far off lands And now, perchance, some grim foe follows." Such gentle words had Emily For the south wind in the tulip tree.

A runnel, hidden by the trees, Gave out some natural melodies, She said, "The brook, among the stones, Is solemn in its undertones; How like a hymn ! the singing creature Is worshipping the God of nature." But I replied, "My dear-not so ; Thy solemn eyes, thy brow of snow, And, more than these, thy maiden merit Have won Undine, that gentle spirit, To sing her songs of love to thee.' Swift answer'd merry Emily-"Undine is but a girl, you know, And would not pine for love of me; She has been peering from the brook, And glimpsed at you." She said and shook With a rure fit of silvery laughter. I was more circumspect thereafter, And dealt in homelier talk. A man May call a white-brow'd girl " Dian," But likes not to be turn'd upon, And nick-named "Young Endymion."

My Emily loved very well, At times, those ancient lays which tell Rude natural tales; she had no lors Of trouvere, or of troubadour, Nor knew what difference there might be Between the tongues of or and out; But hearing old tales, loved them all If truth but made them natural. In our good talks, we oft went o'er The little horde of my quaint lore, Cull'd out of old melodious fable. She little cared for Arthur's table, For tales of doughty Louncelot, Or Tristram, or of him who smote The giant, Angoulafre hight, And moan'd for love by day and night. She little cared for such as these, But if I cross'd the Pyrences, With the great peers of Charlemagne, Descending toward the Spanish plain, Her eye would lighten at the strain; And it would moisten with a tear The sad end of that tale to hear-How all awcary, worn and white, And urging his failing steed amain, A courier from the south, one night, Reach'd the great city of the Seine; And how at that same time and hour, The bride of Roland by in Bower Wakeful, and quick of car to win Some rumour of her Paladin-And how it came in sudden cries. That shook the earth and rent the skies;

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And how the messenger of fate-That courier who role so late-Was dragg'd on to her palace gate; And how the lady sat in hall, Moaning among her damsels all, At the wild tale of Ronceval. That story sounds like solemn truth, And she would hear it with such ruth As sympathetic hearts will pay To real griefs of yesterday.

Pity look'd lovely in the maiden; Her eves were softer, when so laden With the bright dew of tears unshed. But I was somewhat envious That other bards should move her thus. And oft within myself had said, "Yea-I will strive to touch her heart With some fair songs of mine own art"-And many days before the day Whereof I speak, I made assay At this bold labour. In the wells Of Froissart's life-like chronicles I dipp'd for moving truths of old. A thousand stories, soft and bold, Of stately dames, and gentlemen, Which good Lord Berners, with a pen-Pompous in its simplicity, Yet tipt with charming courtesy, Had put in English words, I learn'd; And some of these I defily turn'd Into the forms of minstrel verse. I know the good takes are the worse-But, sooth to say, it seems to me My verse has sense and melody-Even that its measure sometimes flows With the brave pomp of that old prose.

Beneath our trysting tree, that day, With dubious face, I read one lay; Young Emily quite understood My fears, and gave me guerdon good In well-timed praise, and cheer'd me on, Into full flow of heart and tone. And when, in days of pleasant weather, Thereafter, we were met together, As our strong love oft made us meet, I always took my cosy seat, Just at the damsel's little feet, And read my tales. It was no friend To me-that day that heard their end. It had become a play of love, To watch the swift expression rove Over the bright sky of her face-To steal those upward looks, and trace In every change of cheek and eye, The influence of my possy.

I made my verse for Emily— I give it, reader, now to thee. The tales which I have tuil'd to tell Of Dame in hull and knight in Selle, Of faithful love, and courage high— Sweet flower, strong staff of chivatry— These tales indeed are old of date; But why should time their force abate? Shall we look back with vision duil On the old brave and beautiful, 58

And, for they lived so long ago, Be careless of their mirth or wo? If sympathy knows hut to-day-If time quite wears its nerve away-If deeds majestically bold, In words of ancient music told, Are only food for studious minds And touch no hearts-if man but finds An abstract virtue in the faith, That clung to truth, and courted death,-If he can lift the dusky pall With dainty hand artistical And smile at woos, because some years Have swept between them and his tears-I say, my friend, if this may be, Then burn old books; antiquity Is no more than a skeleton Of painted vein and polish'd bone.

Reader! the minstrel brotherhood, Farnest to southe thy listening mood, Were wont to style thee Gentle, Good, Node or Gracious:—they could bow With loyal knee, yet open brow— They knew to temper thy decision With graces of a proud submission. That wont is changed. Yet I, a man Of this new land republican, Where insolence wins upward better Than courtesy—that old dead letter— And toil claims pay with utterance sharp, Follow the good Lords of the Harp, And dub thee with each courtly phrase, And ask indulgence for my lays.

## LIFE IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.

SUMMER has gone, And fruitful autumn has advanced so far That there is warmth, not heat, in the broad sun, And you may look, with naked eye, upon The ardours of his car; The stealthy frosts, whom his spent looks embolden, Are making the green leaves golden, What a brave splendour Is in the October air ! How rich, and clear, And bracing, and all-joyous! we must render Love to the spring-time, with its sproutings tender, As to a child quite dear; But autumn is a thing of perfect glory, A manhood not yet hoary. I love the woods, In this good season of the liberal year; I love to seek their leafy solitudes, And give myself to melancholy moods, With no intruder near, And find strange lessons, as I sit and ponder, In every natural wonder. But not alone, As Shakspeare's melancholy courtier loved Ardennes. Love I the browning forest; and I own

I would not off have mused, as he, but flown To hunt with Amiens----

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458 And little thought, as up the bold deer bounded, Of the sad creature wounded. A brave and good. But world-worn knight"-soul wearied with his part In this vext life-gave man for solitude, And built a lodge, and lived in Wantley wood, To hear the belling t Hart. It was a gentle taste, but its sweet sadness Yields to the Hunter's madness. What passionate And keen delight is in the proud swift chase! Go out what time the lark at heaven's red gate Soars joyousty singing-quite infuriate With the high pride of his place; What time the unrison sun arrays the morning In its first bright adorning. Hark! the quick horn-As sweet to hear as any clarion-Piercing with ailver call the ear of morn : And mark the steeds, stout Curtal and Topthorne And Greysteil and the Don-Each one of them his fiery mood displaying With pawing and with neighing. Urge your swift horse, After the crying hounds in this fresh hour, Vanouish high hills-stem perilous streams perforce, On the free plain give free wings to your course, And you will know the power Of the brave chase-and how of griefs the screet A cure is in the forest. Or stalk the deer; The same red lip of dawn has kiss'd the hills, The gladdest sounds are crowding on your ear, There is a life in all the atmosphere :--Your very nature fills With the fresh hour, as up the hills aspiring You climb with limbs untiring. It is a fair And goodly sight to see the untler'd stag, With the long sweep of his swift walk repair To join his brothers; or the plethoric Bcar Lying on some high crag, With pinky eyes half closed, but broad head shaking, As gad-flies keep him waking.

And these you see, And seeing them, you travel to their death With a slow stealthy step, from tree to tree, Noting the wind however faint it bo.

The hunter draws a breath

\* SIT THOMAS WORTLEY.

† Belling is an old word for the peculiar cry of the Hart. Rec a letter, written by Geusae ELLAS, in LOCHMART'S Life of SCOTT, giving an account of Sur THOMAS WORT-LEY and him reason for building his lodge. In times like these, which, he will say, repays him. For all care that wayleys him.

A strong joy fills (A joy beyond the tongue's expressive power) My heart in autumn weather—fills and thrills! And I would rather stalk the breezy hills, Descending to my bower Nightly, by the sweet spirit of Peace attended, Than pine where life is splendid.

#### FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly. Florence Vane; My life's bright dream and early Hath come again; I renew, in my fond vision, My heart's dear pain, My hopes, and thy derision, Florence Vane. The ruin, lone and hoary, The ruin old Where thou didst hark my story, At even told .--That spot-the hues Elvsian Of sky and plain-I treasure in my vision, Florence Vane. Thou wast lovelier than the roces In their prime; Thy voice excell'd the closes Of aweetest rhyme : Thy heart was as a river Without a main. Would I had loved thee never. Florence Vane! But, fairest, coldest, wonder ! Thy glorious clay Lieth the green god under-Alas, the day ! And it boots not to remember Thy disdain-To quicken love's pale ember. Florence Vane. The lilies of the valley By young graves weep, The duisies love to dally Where maidens sleep:

- May their bloom, in beauty vying, Never wane
- Where thine earthly part is lying, Florence Vane !

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# EPES SARGENT.

#### (Bors, 1816.)

THE author of "Velasco" is a native of Glou- 1 cester, a town on the sea-coast of Massachusetts, and was born on the twenty-seventh of September, 1816. His father, a respectable merchant, of the same name, is still living, and resides in Boston, The subject of this sketch was educated in the schools of that city and the neighbourhood, where he lived until his removal to New York, in 1837. His earliest metrical compositions were printed in "The Collegian," a monthly miscellany edited by several of the students of Harvard College, of the junior and senior classes of 1830. One of his contributions to that work, entitled "Twilight Sketches," exhibits the grace of style, case of versification, and variety of description, which are characteristic of his more recent effusions. It was a sketch of the Summer Gardens of St. Petersburz, and was written during a visit to that capital in the spring of 1828.

Mr. SARGENT'S reputation rests principally on his dramas, which bear a greater value in the closet than on the stage. His first appearance as a dramatic author was in the winter of 1836, when his "Bride of Genoa" was brought out at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston. This was a five-act play, founded on incidents in the career of ANTONIO MUNTALNO, a plebeian, who at the age of twentytwo, made himself doge of Genoa, in 1693, and who is described in the history of the times as a man of "forgiving temper," but daring and ambitious, with a genius adequate to the accomplishment of vast designs. In the delineation of his hero, the author has followed the historical record, though the other characters and incidents of the drama are entirely fictitious. It was successfully i

RECORDS OF A SUMMER-VOYAGE TO CUBA.

performed in Boston, and since in many of the first theatres of the country. His next production was of a much higher order, and as a specimen of dramatic art, has received warm commendation from the most competent judges. It was the tragedy of "Velasco," first performed at Boston, in November, 1837, Miss ELLEN TREE in the character of IZIDORA, and subsequently at the principal theatres in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and New Orleans. It was published in New York in 1839. "The general action of the piece," says the author in his preface, "is derived from incidents in the career of RODRIDO DIAZ, the Cid, whose achievements constitute so considerable a portion of the historical and romantic literature of Spain." The subject had been variously treated by French and Spanish dramatists, among others, by Con-NEILLE, but Mr. SARGENT was the first to introduce it successfully upon the English stage. It is a chaste and elegant performance, and probably has not been surpassed by any similar work by so youthful an author. It was written before Mr. SANGENT Was twenty-one years of age.

In the beginning of 1847 Mr. SAUGENT published in Boston a volume entitled "Songs of the Sea, and other Poems," and a new edition of his plays. The quatorzains written during a voyage to Cuba, in the spring of 1835, appear to be among the most elaborate of his sea pieces, but some of his nautical lyrics are more spirited.

He has published anonymously several prose works, and in 1846 commenced the publication of the "Modern Acting Drama," of which several volumes have been issued under his editorial supervision.

#### IL .--- THE GALE.

The night came down in terror. Through the air

Mountains of clouds, with lurid summits, roll'd; The lightning kindling with its vivid glare Their outlines, as they rose, heap'd fold on fold, The wind, in fitful sughs, swept o'er the sea; And then a sudden lull, gentle as sleep, Soft as an infant's breathing, second to be Loin, like enchantment, on the throbbing deep. But, false the calm! for soon the strengthen'd gale Burst, in one foud explosion, far and wide, Drowning the thunder's voice ! With every sail Close-reef'd, our groaning ship heel'd on her side; The torn waves comb'd the deck; while o'er the

The meteors of the storm a ghastly radiance cast!

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#### III .--- MORNING AFTER THE GALE.

Bravely our trim ship rode the tempest through; And, when the exhausted gale had ceased to rave, How broke the day-star on the gazer's view! How flush'd the orient every crested wave! The sun threw down his shield of golden light In fierce definite on the ocean's bed; Whereat, the clouds betook themselves to flight, Like routed hosts, with banners soil'd and red. The sky was soon all brilliance, east and west; All traces of the gale had pass'd away-The chining billows, by the breeze carces'd, Toss'd lightly from their heads the feathery spray. Ah! thus may Hope's applicious star again Rise o'er the troubled sont where gloom and grief have been !

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Thou wanderer from green fields and leafy nooks! Where blooms the flower and toils the honry-bee; Where odorous blossoms drift along the brooks, And woods and hills are very fair to see— Why hast thou left thy native bough to roam, With drooping wing, far o'er the briny billow ! Thou canst not, like the osprey, cleave the foam, Nor, like the petrel, make the wave thy pillow. Thou'rt like those fine-toned spirits, gentle bird, Which, from some better land, to this rude life Scenn borne—they struggle, mid the common herd, With powers unfitted for the selfish strife ! Haply, at length, some zephyr walls them buck To their own home of peuce, across the world's dull track.

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I woke from slumber at the dead of night, Shirt'd by a dream which was too sweet to last-A dream of boyhood's season of delight; It flash'd along the dim shapes of the past! And, as I mused upon its strange appeal, 'Thrilling my heart with feelings undefined, Old memorics, bursting from time's icy seal, Rush'd, like sun-stricken fountains, on my mind. Scenes, among which was cust my early home, My favourite haunts, the shores, the ancient woods, Where, with my schoolmates, I was wont to roam, Green, sloping lawns, majestic solitudes-All rose before me, till, by though beguiled, Freely I could have wept, as if once more a child.

#### VI-TROPICAL WEATSER.

We are affoat upon the tropic sen ! Here sommer holdeth a perpetual reign : How flash the waters in their bounding glee ! The sky's soft purple is without a stain ! [blowing, Full in our wake the smooth, warm trade-winds To their unvarying goal still faithful run; And as we steer, with sails before them flowing, Nearer the zenith daily climbs the sun. The startled flying-fish around os skino. Gloss'd like the humningbird, with rainbow dyes; And, as they dip into the water's brim, Swift in pursoit the preying dolphin hies. All, all is fair; and, gazing round, we feel The south's soft languor gently o'er our senses steal.

#### VIL-A CALM.

O! for one draught of cooling northern air! That it might pour its freebness on me now; That it night kiss my check and cleave my hair, And part its currents round my fever'd brow! Ocean, and sky, and earth! a blistering celm Spread over all! how weary wears the day! O, lift the wave, and bend the distant palm. Brecze! wheresoc'er thy lagging pinions strey, Triumphant burst upon the level deep, Rock the fix'd hull and swell the clinging sail! Arouse the opal clouds that o'er us sleep. Sound thy shrift whistle! we will bid thee hail! Though wrapt in all the storm-clouds of the north, Yet from thy home of ice, come forth, O, brecze, come forth !

#### VIII.-A WISH.

That I were in some forest's green retreat, Beneath a towering such of proud old clms; Where a clear streamlet gurgled at my feet— Its wavelets glittering in their tiny helms! Thick clustering vines, in many a rich fostoon, From the high, rustling branches should depend; Weaving a net, through which the sultry noon Might stoop in vain its fiery beams to send. There, prostrate on some rock's gray sloping side, Upon whose tinted moss the dew yet lay. Would I each glimpses of the clouds that ride Athwart the sky—and dream the hours away; While through the alleys of the sunless wood The fanning breeze might stead, with wild-flowers' breath imbued.

#### IX .--- TROPICAL RIGHT.

But, O! the night !---the cool, luxurious night, Which closes round us when the day grows dim, And the sun sinks from his meridian height Behind the ocean's occidental rim ! Clouds, in thin streaks of purple, green, and red, Lattice his parting glory, and alsorb The last bright emanations that are shed In wide profusion, from his fuiling orb. And now the moon, her lids unclosing, deigns To smile screnely on the charmed sea, That shines as if inlaid with lightning-chains, From which it hardly struggled to be free. Swan-like, with motion unperceived, we glide, Touch'd by the downy breeze, and favour'd by the tide.

## X .- TRR PLANET SCRITER.

Ever, at night, have I look'd first for thee, O'er all thy astral sixterhood supreme! Ever, at night, have I look'd up to see The diamond lustre of thy quivering beam; Shiming sometimes through pillowy clouds serene. As they part from thee, like a loosen'd scroll; Sometimes unveil'd, in all thy native sheen, When no pale vapours underneath they roll. Bright planet! that art but a single ray From our Creator's throue, illume my soul! Thy influence shed upon my doubtful way Through life's dark vista to the incontral goal— Gleam but as now upon my dying eyes (shall rise. And hope, from earth to thee, from thee to heaven.

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#### EPES SARGENT.

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Leagues of blue ocean are between us spread; And I cannot behold thee save in dreams! I may not hear thy voice, nor list thy tread, Nor see the light that ever round thee gleans. Fairest and best? mid summer joys, ab, say, Dost thou e'er tlink of one who thinks of thee— The Atlantic-wanderer, who, day by day, Looks for thine image in the deep, deep sea? Long months, and years, perchance, will pass away, Ere he shall gaze into thy face again; He cannot know what rocks and quicksands may Await him, on the future's shipless main; But, thank'd be memory! there are trensures still, Which the triumphant mind holds subject to its will.

#### XIL-CUBA.

What sounds arouse me from my slumbers light? "Land ho? all hands alog?"—I'm on the deck. "T is early dawn. The day-star yet is bright. A few white vapoury hars the zenith fleck. And lo! along the horizon, bold and high, The purple hills of Cuba! hail, all hail! Iste of undying verdure, with thy sky Of purest azure! Welcome, odorous gale! O! scene of life and joy! thou art array'd In hues of unimagined loveliness— Sing louder, brave old mariner! and aid My swelling heart its rapture to express; For from enchanted memory never more [shore! Shall fade this dawn sublime, this bright, celestial

#### THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

Ws will not deplore them, the days that are past; The gloom of misfortune is over them cast; They are lengthen'd by sorrow and sullied by care; Their griefs were too many, their joys were too rare; Yet, now that their shadows are on us no more, Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before !

We have cherish'd fair hopes, we have plotted brave schemes,

We have lived till we find them illusive as dreams; Wealth has melted like snow that is grasp'd in the hand,

And the steps we have climb'd have departed like sand;

Yet shall we despond while of health unbereft, And honour, bright honour, and freedom are left?

O! shall we despond, while the pages of time Yet open before us their records sublime! [gold, While, ennobled by treasures more precious than We can walk with the martyrs and hences of old; While homanity whispers such truths in the car, As it softens the heart like sweet music to hear !

O! shall we despond while, with visions still free, We can gaze on the sky, and the earth, and the sea; While the sunshine can waken a burst of delight, And the stars are a joy and a glory by night:

While each harmony, running through nature, can raise

In our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise?

O ! let us no longer then vainly lamont

Over scenes that are faded and days that are spent :

But, by faith unforsaken, unawed by mischance, On hope's waving banner still fix'd be our glance; And, should fortune prove cruck and false to the last, Let us look to the future and not to the past!

## THE MARTYR OF THE ARENA.

Hovoux'n be the hero evermore, Who at mercy's call has nobly died ! Echeed be his name from shore to shore, With immortal chronicles allied!

Verdant be the turf upon his dust,

Bright the sky above, and soft the air! In the grove set up his marble bust,

And with garlands crown it, fresh and fair. In melodious numbers, that shall live

With the music of the rolling spheres, Let the ministrel's inspiration give

His culogium to the future years! Not the victor in his country's cause,

Not the chief who leaves a people free, Not the framer of a nation's laws

Shall deserve a greater fame than he! Hast thou heard, in Rome's declining day,

How a youth, by Christian zeal impell'd, Swept the sanguinary games away,

Which the Coliseum once beheld ? Fill'd with gazing thousands were the tiers,

With the city's chivalry and pride, When two gladiators, with their spears,

Forward sprang from the arena's side.

Rang the dome with plaudits loud and long. As, with shields advanced, the athletes stood-

Was there no one in that eager throng To denounce the spectacle of blood ?

Aye, TELEWACHUS, with swelling frame, Saw the inhuman sport renew'd once more:

Few among the crowd could tell his name-For a cross was all the hadge he wore! Yet, with brow elate and godlike micn.

Stepp'd he forth upon the circling and; And, while all were wondering at the scene,

Check'd the encounter with a daring hand.

"Romans !" cried he-" Let this reeking sod Never more with human blood be stain'd!

Let no image of the living Gop In unhallow'd combat he profined!

Ah! too long has this colossal dome

Fail'd to sink and hide your brutal shows ! Here I call upon assembled Rome

Now to swear, they shall forever close !" Parted thus, the combatants, with joy,

Mid the tumult, found the means to fly; In the arena stood the undaunted boy,

And, with looks adoring, gazed on high. Peal'd the shout of wrath on every side;

Every hand was enger to assult! "Slav him! slay!" a hundred voices cried,

Wild with fury-but he did not quail ! Hears he, as entranced he looks above,

Strains celestial, that the menace drown ? Sees he angels, with their eves of love,

Beckoning to him, with a martyr's crown? Fiercer swell'd the people's frantic shout!

Diptoret in GOOS

Launch'd against him flow the stones like rain! 2  $q \ge$ 

#### EPES SARGENT.

Death and terror circled him about-But he stood and perish'd—not in vain ! Not in vain the youthful martyr fell! Then and there he crush'd a bloody creed! And his high example shall impel Future heroes to as great a deed! Stony answers yet remain for those Who would question and precede the time ! In their senson, may they meet their fores, Like TELEMACHUS, with front sublime !

## SUMMER IN THE HEART.

Tax cold blast at the casement beats, The window-panes are white, The snow whirls through the empty streets-It is a dreary night! Sit down, old friend ! the wine-cups wait ; Fill to o'erflowing! fill! Though Winter howleth at the gate,' In our hearts 'tis summer still ! For we full many summer joys And greenwood sports have shared, When, free and ever-roving boys, The tocks, the streams we dared I And, as I look upon thy face---Back, back o'er years of ill, My heart flies to that happy place, Where it is summer still ! Yes, though, like sere leaves on the ground, Our early hopes are strown,

Our early hopes are strown, And cherish'd flowers lie dead around,

And singing birds are flown,-The verdure is not fuded quite, Not mute all tones that thrill;

For, seeing, hearing thee to-night, In my heart 't is summer still !

Fill up! the olden times come back! With light and life once more

We scan the future's sunny track, From youth's enchanted shore !

The lost return. Through fields of bloom We wander at our will; Gone is the winter's angry gloom—

In our hearts 't is summer still !

#### THE FUGITIVE FROM LOVE.

Is there but a single theme For the youthful poet's dream ! Is there but a single wire To the youthful poet's lyre ! Barth below and heaven above— Can be sing of naught but love !

Nay! the battle's dust I see! God of war! I follow thee! Aud. in martial numbers, ruise Worthy prans to thy praise. Ah! she meets me on the field— If I fly not, I must yield.

Jolly patron of the grape ! To thy arms I will escape ! Quick, the rosy nectar bring; • Io Baccne" I will sing. Ha! Confusion! every sip But reminds me of her iip.

PALLAS! give me wisdom's page, And awake my lyric rage; Love is fleeting; love is vain; I will try a nobler strain. O, perplexity! my books But reflect her haunting looks!

JUPITEN! on the I cry! Take me and my lyre on high! Lo? the stars beneath me gleam! Here, O, poet! is a theme. Madness! She has come above! Every chord is whispering "Love!"

## THE NIGHT-STORM AT SEA.

'T is a dicary thing to be Tossing on the wide, wide sca, When the sun has set in clouds, And the wind sighs through the sbrouds, With a voice and with a tone Like a living creature's mean !

Look ! how wildly swells the surge Round the black horizon's verge ! See the giant billows rise From the ocean to the skies ! While the see-bird wheels his flight O'er their streaming create of white.

List! the wind is wakening fast! All the sky is overcast! Lurid vapours, hurrying, trail In the pathway of the gale, As it strikes us with a shock That might rend the deep-set rock!

Falls the strain'd and shiver'd mast! Spars are scatter'd by the blast! And the sails are split asonder, As a cloud is rent by thunder; And the struggling vessel shakes, As the wild sea o'er her breaks.

Ah! what sudden light is this, Blazing o'er the dark abyss ? Lo ! the full moon rears her form Mid the cloud-rifts of the storm, Aod, athwart the troubled air. Shines, like hope upon despair !

Every leaping hillow gleams With the lustre of her beans, And fifts high its flery plume Through the midnight's parting gloom : While its scatter'd flukes of gold O'er the sinking deck are roll'd.

Father! low on bended knee, Humbled, weak, we turn to thee! Spare us, mid the fearful fight Of the raging winds to-night! Guide us o'er the threatening wave; Save us!—theu alone canet save!

# THOMAS W. PARSONS.

#### {Bora about [517.]

Dr. PARBONS is a native of Boston. After the completion of his academical and professional education, he went abroad and passed several years of study and observation in Italy and other parts of Europe. He is known as a poet by an admirable translation of DANTS's "Inferio," in the terra rims, of

THE SHADOW OF THE OBELISK.

Rox returning from the music which had so entranced my brain,

- That the road I scarce remember'd to the Pincian Hill again,
- Nay, was willing to forget it underneath a moon so fair,

In a solitude so escred, and so summer-like in air-

Came I to the side of Tiber, hardly conscious where I stood,

Till I mark'd the sullen murmur of the venerable flood.

Rome lay doubly dead around me, sunk in silence calm and deep;

"T was the death of desolation-and the nightly one of sleep.

Dreams alone, and recollections peopled now the solemn hour;

- Such a spot and such a season well might wake the Fancy's power;
- Yet no monumental fragment, storied arch or temple vast,
- Mid the mean, plebeisn buildings loudly whisper'd of the Past.

Fether'd by the shore, some barges hid the wave's august repose;

Petty sheds of merchants merely, nigh the Campus Martius rose;

- Hardly could the dingy Thamis, when his tide is ebbing low,
- Life's dull scene in colder colours to the homewick exile show.

Winding from the vulgar prospect, through a labyrinth of lanes,

- Forth I stepp'd upon the Corso, where its greatness Rome retains.
- Yet it was not ancient glory, though the midnight radiance fell
- Soft on many a princely mansion, many a dome's majestic swell;
- Though, from some hush'd corner gushing, oft a modern fountain gloam'd,
- Where the marble and the waters in their freshness equal seem'd:
- What though open courts unfolded columns of Corinthian mould i

Beautiful it was-but alter'd! nought bespoke the Rome of old. which the first ten estios only have been published; by the "Mail Robber," a series of exceedingly clever poetical epistles printed in the "Knickerbocker," and other contributions to the literary magazines. He has a fine eye for the pictureaque, and a lively fancy; and his poems are nearly all in a very chaste style of art.

- So, regardless of the grandeur, pass'd I tow'rds the Northern Gate ;
- All around were shining gardens -- churches glittering, yet sedute,
- Heavenly bright the broad enclosure! but the o'erwhetming silence brought
- Stillness to mine own heart's beating, with a moment's trace of thought,
- And I started as I found me walking ere I was sware,
- O'er the Obelisk's tall shadow, on the pavement of the square.
- Ghost-like seem'd it to address me, and convey'd me for a while,
- Backward, through a thousand ages, to the borders of the Nile;
- Where for centuries, every morning saw it creeping, long and dun,
- O'er the stones perchance of Memphis, or the City of the Sun.
- Kingly turrets look'd upon it-pyramids and sculptured fanes :
- Towers and pyramid have moulder'd-but the shadow still remains.
- Tired of that lone tomb of Egypt, o'er the seas the trophy flew;
- Here the eternal upparition met the millions' daily view.
- Virgil's foot has touch'd it often-it has kiss'd Octavia's face-
- Royal chariots have rolled o'er it, in the frenzy of the race,
- When the strong, the swift, the valiant, mid the throng'd arena strove,
- In the days of good Augustus, and the dynasty of Jove.
- Herds are feeding in the Forum, as in old Evander's time:
- Tumbled from the steep Tarpeian every pile that sprang sublime.
- Strange ! that what seem'd most inconstant should the most abiding prove ;
- Strange! that what is hourly moving no mutation can remove :
- Ruin'd lies the cirque! the charlots, long ago, have ceased to roll-
- Ev'n the Obelisk is broken—but the shadow still is whole.

Out alas! if mightiest empires leave so little mark behind,

How much less must herees hope for, in the wreck of humankind!

- Less than ev'n this darksome picture, which I tread beneath my feet,
- Copied by a lifeless moonbeam on the pebbles of the street;
- Since if Cæsar's best ambition, living, was to be renown'd,
- What shall Cosar leave behind him, save the shadow of a sound !

## HUDSON RIVER.

REVERS that roll most musical in song Are often lovely to the mind alone;

The wanderer muscs, as he moves along Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

When, to give substance to his boyish dreams, He flies abroad far countries to survey.

Off must he whisper, greeting foreign streams, "Their names alone are heautiful, not they."

And oft, remembering rivulets more fair, Whose praise no poet yet has dared to sound,

He marvels much that deserts dull and bare, Soak'd by scant brooks, should be so wide renown'd.

If chance he mark the shrunken Danube pour A tide more meager than his native Charles;

Or views the Rhone when summer's heat is o'er, Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles;

Or when he sees the slimy Tiber fling His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,

Of to his partial thought must memory bring More noble waves that sleep unhymn'd at home;

Then will be mourn that not in nature dwell The charms which fired him in harmonious verse,

For numbers veil mean objects with a spell Whose mist the reasoning senses must disperse.

But bid him climb the Catskill to behold Thy flood, O Hudson! marching to the deep, And tell what strain of any bard of old

Might paint thy grace and imitate thy sweep.

In distant lands, ambitious walls and towers Declare what robbers once the realm possess'd, But here heaven's handiwork surpasses ours,

And man has hardly more than built his nest. No storied castle overawes thy heights,

Nor antique arches curb thy current's play, Nor crumbling architrave the mind invites To dream of deities long pass'd away.

No Gothic buttress, nor decaying shaft Of marble yellow'd by a thousand years, Rears a proud landmark to the cloudlike craft

That grows in sight, then melts and disappears. But cliffs, unalter'd from their primal form

Since the subsiding of the deluge, rise And lift their savins to the upper storm, To support the savins to the upper storm,

To screen the skiff that underneath it plics.

Farms, rich not more in harvests, than in men Of Saxon mould, and strong for every toil,

Gem the green mead or scatter through the glen Bæotian plenty in a Spartan soil.

Then, where the reign of cultivation ends, Again the beauteous wildernoss begins:

From steep to steep one solemn wild extends, Till some new hamlet's growth the boscage thins.

And there deep groves for ever have remain'd Touch'd by no axe---by no proud owner nursed;

As now they bloom, they bloom'd when Pharaoh Lineal descendants of creation's first. [reign'd,

Thou Scottish Tweed, whose course is holier now, Since thy last minstrel laid him down to die,

Where through the casement of his chamber thou Didst mix thy mean with his departing sigh;

A single one of Hudson's lesser hills Might furnish forests for the whole of thine, Hide in thick shade all Humber's feeding rills

And blacken all the children of the Tyne.

Whatever waters rish from Albion's heart, To float the citadels that crowd her sea,

In nothing save the meaner pomp of Art, Sublimer Hudson! can be named with thee.

Could bloated Thames with all his riches buy To deck the strand which London loads with gold,

Sunshine so fresh—such purity of sky As bless thy suitry season and thy cold ?

No deeds we know, are chronicled of thee In sacred scrolls; no tales of doubtful claim

Have hung a history on every tree, And given each rock its fable and a fame.

But neither here hath any conqueror frod, Nor grim invaders from barbarian chines;

No horrors feign'd of giant or of god Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

Here never yet have happy fields haid waste, And butcher'd flocks and heaps of burning fruit,

The cottage ruin'd-and the shrine defaced, Track'd the foul passage of the feudal brute.

"Alas, Antiquity!" the stranger sight----"Scenes wanting thee soon pall upon the view; The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes,

Where all is fair indeed-but all is new." False thought! is age to musty books confined ?

To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones ! Hath Time no monuments to reise the mind,

More than old fortresses and sculptured stones:

Call not this new which is the only land That wears unchanged the same primeval face Which, when just budding from its Maker's hand,

Gindden'd the first great grandsire of our race. Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth [south,

Glide past green Eden towards the unknown Than Hudson flash'd upon the infant carth,

And kiss'd the ocean with its nameless mouth.

Twin-born with Jordan, Ganges, and the Nile! Thebes and the pyramids to three are young; Oh! had thy fountain burst from Britain's isle, Till now perchance it had not flow'd unsung. THOMAS W. PARSONS.

## ELEGY IN A NEW ENGLAND CHURCH-YARD.

O rise that in the besuliful repose Of the deep waters, down below the storms, Art calmly waiting where the coral grows, With many wonderful and lovely forms.

- If thou wert happy in the life above, Thou art thrice happier bleaching there below, Where no sad pilgrim led by fingering love,
- Can vex thy ghost with his presumptions wo.
- Or if misfortune dogg'd thee from the womb To the last unction, thou art overpaid By the majestic silence of thy tomb
- For all the pangs that life a penance made.
- Such rest kings have not in the mathle caves Before whose doors perjectual tapers burn;
- Nor saints that sleep in consecrated graves, Nor bards whose ashes grace the loftiest urn-

Nor even those humbler tenants of a mound, Under some elin that thrives upon the dead, In quiet corners of neglected ground.

- Scarce twice a year disturb'd by living tread.
- For even there the impious throng may stream, Startling the silent people of the sol;
- Fierce wheels may clash the fiery ensine scream, And mortal clainours drown the voice of Gon.

Such fancies held me as I stray'd at noon By the old churchyard, known to few but me,

Where oft my childhood by the wintry moon Saw the pale spectres glide, or fear'd to see.

Head-stone or mound had never mark'd the spot Within man's memory ; weeds had strewn it o'er;

- Yet had no swain profaned it with his cot, And the plough spared it for the name it bore.
- Out on this busy age! that noonday walk Show'd strange mutations to my dreaming eye;
- No pliantom pass'd me with sepulchral stalk-The rush and thunder of the world went by.
- Men, breathing men, no spirits faint and wan, But proud and noisy children of to-day,
- Flash'd on my sight an instant and were gone, Swift as the shades they seem d to scare away.

Curl'd o'er my head a momentary cloud From the light vapour that they left behind; Then, fitting emblem of that flying crowd,

It sway'd and melted in the April wind.

O thou that slumboreat underneath the sea, Down fathoins deep below all living things, Who seeks for perfect rest must follow thee, And sleep till GABRIEL wake him with his wings.

## "AVE MARIA!"

Ave MARIA! 't is the evening hymn Of many pilgrims on the land and ses; Soon as the day withdraws, and two or three Faint stars are burning, all whose eyes are dim With tears or watching, all of weary limb,

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Or troubled spirit, yield the bended knee, And find, O Virgin ! life's repose in thes. I, too, at nightfull, when the newborn ring

, do, at ingitialit, when the newoon ring Of the young moon is first beheld above, Tune my fond thoughts to their devoutest key, And from all bondage—newe remembrance—free,

Glod of my liberty as Nuxs's dove, Seek the Madonna most adored by me,

And say mine " Ave Mariss" to my love.

## THE BURIAL OF A FRIEND.

Tue bier is ready and the mourners wait, The funeral car stands open at the gate. Bring down our brother; hear him gently, too; So, friends, he sloways bore himself with you. Down the sud staircase, from the darken'd room, For the first time, he comes in silent gloom. Who ever left this hospitable door Without his smile and warm "good-by," hefore ? Now we for him the parting word must say To the must threshold whence we bear his clay !

The slow procession lngs upon the road— 'T is heavy hearts that make the heavy load; And all too brightiy glares the burning noon On the dark pageant—be it ended soon! The qual is piping and the locust sings; Oh grief, thy contrast with these joyous things! What pain to see, amid our task of wo, The laughing river keep its wonted flow! His hawthorns there—his promily waving corn— And all so flourishing and so forlorn! His new-built cottage, loo, so fairly plann'd, Whose chimney ne'er shall smoke at his command.

Two sounds were heard, that on the apirit fell With sternest moral: one the passing bell! The other told the history of the hour, Life's fleeting triumpha, mortal pride and power. Two trains there met—the iron-sinew'd horse And the black hearee—the engine and the corse ! Haste on your track, you liery-winged steed, I hate your presence and approve your speed; Fly with your eager freight of breathing men, And leave these mourners to their march sgain. Swift as my wish they broke their slight delay, And life and death pursued their separate way.

The solemn service in the church was held. Bringing strange comfort as the anthem swell'd, And back we dote him to his long repose. Where his great clus its evening shadow throws— A sacred spot! There often he hath stood, Show'd us his harvests, and pronounced them good ; And we may come, with eves no longer dim, To watch new harvests and remember him.

Peace to thee, STRUART, and to us! th' All-Wise Would ne'er have found thee tradier for the skies. In His large love he kindly waits the best, The fittest mood, to summon every guest; So, in his prime, our dear companion went, When the young soul is easy to repent. No long purgation shall he now require In block remores—in ponitential fire; From what few frailties might have stain'd his morn, Our tears may wash him pure as he was born.

Denorthy GOOVIC

## ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong, Perpetual care and scorn abile;
Small friendship for the lordly throng; Distrust of all the world beside.

Fsithful if this wan image be, No dream his life was—but a fight; Could any Beatrice see A lover in that anchorite ? To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight Who could have guess'd the visions came Of beauty, veil'd with heavenly light, In circles of eternal flame ?

The lips, as Cumac's cavern close, The checks, with fast and sorrow thin, The rigid front, almost morose, But for the patient hope within, Declare a life whose course hath been Unsullied still, though still severe, Which, through the wavering days of sin, Keep itaelf icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look When wandering once, forlorn, he stray'd, With no companion save his book, To Corvo's hush'd monastic shade; Where, as the Benedictine laid His palm upon the pilgrim guest, The single loon for which he pray'd The convent's charity was rest.\*

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face Betrays no spirit of repose; The sullen warrior sole we trace, The marble man of many wocs. Such was his mich when first arose The thought of that strange tale divine, When bell he peopled with his focs, The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all The tyrant canker-worms of earth; Baron and duke, in hold and hall, Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;

It is fold of DARTE that when he was ronning over Italy, he came to a certain monastery, where he was met by one of the friara, who blessed him, and naked what was his desire—to which the weary stranger simply answered "Pace."

He used Rome's harlot for his mirth ; Pluck'd bare hypocrisy and clime ; But valiant souls of knightly worth Transmitted to the rolls of Time. O Time ! whose verdicts mock our own, The only righteous judge art thou; That poor, old exile, sud and lone, Is Latium's other Virgil now : Before his name the nations bow : His words are parcel of mankind, Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow, The marks have sunk of Dante's mind. ON A MAGDALEN, BY GUIDO. MART, when thou wert a virgin, Ere the first, the fatal sin Stole into thy bosom's chamber, Leading six companions in; Ere those eyes had wept an error, What thy beauty must have been! Ere those lips had paled their crimson, Quivering with the soul's despair, Ere with pain they oft had parted In thise agony of prayer, Or, instead of pearls, the tear-drops Glisten'd in thy streaming bair. While in ignorance of sorrow Still thy heart serenely dream'd, And the morning light of girlhood On thy cheek's young garden beam'd, Where th' abundant rose was blushing, Not of earth couldst thou have seem'd. When thy frailty fell upon thee, Lovely wert thou, even then; Shame itself could not disarm thee Of the charms that vanquish'd men; Which of Salem's purest daughters Match'd the suffied Magdalou ! But thy Master's eye beheld thee Foul and all unworthy heaven; Pitied, pardon'd, purged thy spirit Of its black, permicious leaven; Drove the devils from out the temple, All the dark and guilty seven. Oh the beauty of repentance! Mary, tentold fairer now

Art thou with those dewy evelide,

Grow in beauty ev'n as thou ?

Ah, might every sinful sister

Dimenty GOOGLE

And that auguish on thy brow;

# WILLIAM W. LORD.

#### (Bore about 1818.)

MR. LORD is a native of Western New York. and is descended through both his parents from the New England Puritans. His father was a Presbyterian dergyman, and his mother, who now resides with her eldest son, the Rev. Dr. LOND of Buffalo, is a woman of refinement and cultivation. He had therefore the advantages of a good domestic training. He exhibited at a very early age a love of letters, and soon became familiar with SHARSPEARE and the other great writers of the Elizabethan age, and probably few men are now more familiar with English literature in all its departments. During his college life his health failed, and his friends, yielding to a desire for a sea voyage, committed him to the care of the master of a whale ship, owned by a family friend at New London. After being a few weeks at sea he grew weary of the monotony of a cabin passage, and, against the remonstrances of the captain, forced his way into the forecastle, where he soon became a sturdy seaman, and, during four years of service in the Pacific, endured all the hardships, privations and perils of that adventurous life, exhibiting on every occusion the boldest traits of character. On returning home he resolved to devote his time to the study of moral science, and with this view, in 1841, entered the theological school at Auburn ;

## KEATS.\*

On gold Hyperion, love-forn Porphyro, Ill-fated! from thine orbid fire struck back

- Just as the parting clouds began to glow, And stars, like sparks, to bicker in thy track!
- Alus! throw down, throw down, ye mighty dead, The leaves of oak and asphotel
- In the few charmed words the poet sung, To lure him upward in your seats to dwell,---
- As vain your grief! O! why should one so young Sit crown'd midst hoary heads with wreaths divine !
- Though to his lips Hymettus' bees had clung, His lips shall never taste the immortal wine,
- Who sought to drain the glowing cup too soon, For he hath perish'd, and the moon

Hath lost Endymion-but too well

\* From " An Ode to England."

but the death of the Rev. Dr. RICHARNE, president of that institution, occurring in 1843, he joined the senior class of the Princeton Theological Seminary, in which he completed his course of study, with much credit, early in the following year. He is now a fellow of the College of New Jersey, and is engaged in the preparation of a course of Lectures on English Literature.

Mr. LORD has been a laborious and successful student; is familiar with the ancient languages and literatures; has been a diligent reader of the best German writers; and has cultivated an acquaintance with the arts of design. Philosophy is his favourite study, however, and Correntnes and Wornsworth are his most familiar eathers.

Mr. LORD's only published volume of poems appeared in 1845. Its contents were all written during the previous year, and they bear generally marks of haste and carclessness, but such provis of genuine poetical taste and power as to win attention and praise from judicious critics. His mind is imbued with the spirit of his favourite authors, but many passages in his writings are as original, in thought and manner, as they are beautiful. The pervading tone of his poetry is that of reverent meditation, but occasionally it is distinguished by a graceful playfolness.

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## TO MY SISTER.

Ann shall we meet in heaven, and know and love ? Do human feelings in that world abovo Unchanged survive? bleat thought ? but uh, I fear That thou, dear sister, in some other sphere, Distant from mine, will find a brighter home, Where I, unworthy found, may never come;---Or be so high above me glorified, That I, a meaner angel, undescried, Seeking thine cycs, such love alone shall see As angels give to all bestowed on me; And when my voice upon thy car shall full, Hear only such reply as angels give to all.

Forgive me, sister, O forgive the love Whose selfishness would reach the life above, And even in heaven do its object wrong— But should I see thee in the heavenly throng. Bright as the star I love—the night's first star, If, like that star, thou still must shine afar, And in thy glory I must never see A woman's, sister's look of love from thee,— Must never call thee by a sister's name, I could but wish thee loss, if thus, the same, My sister still, dear Sarah! thou might'st be, And I thy brother still, in that blest company.

Distanting Google

## WILLIAM W. LORD.

## THE BROOK.

A LITTLE blind girl wandering, While daylight pales beneath the moon, And with a brook meandering, To hear its gentle tune.

The little blind girl by the brook, It told her something—you might guess, To see her smile, to see her look Of listening eagemess.

Though blind, a never silent guide Flow'd with her timid fect along; And down she wander'd by its side To hear the running song.

And sometimes it was soft and low, A creeping music in the ground ;

And then, if something check'd its flow, A gurgling swell of sound.

And now, upon the other side, She seeks her mother's cot; And still the noise shall be her guide, And lead her to the spot.

But soon she heard a meeting stream, And on the bank she follow'd still, it murmur'd on, nor could she tell

It was another rill.

Ah! whither, whither, my little maid ! And wherefore dost then wander here?

I seek my mother's cot, she said, And surely it is near.

There is no cot upon this brook, In yonder mountains dark and drear, Where sinks the sun, its source it took, Ah, wherefore art thou here ?

Oh! sir, thou art not true nor kind, It is the brook, I know its sound; Ah! why would you deceive the blind! I hear it in the ground.

And on she stepp'd, but grew more sad, And weary were her tender feet,

The brook's small voice seem'd not so glad, Its song was not so sweet.

Ah I whither, whither, my little maid ? And wherefore dost thou wander here ?

I seek my mother's cot she said, And surely it is near.

There is no cot upon this brook; I hear its sound, the maid replied, With dreamlike and hewilder'd look----I have not left its side.

O go with me, the darkness nears, The first pale star begins to gleam; The unid replied with bursting tears, It is the stream! It is the stream!

## A RIME,

WEICH 19 YET REAGIN, AND TEACHETH, IN & LIGHT MANNER, A OKAVE NATTER IN THE LEKE OF LOVE.

As Love sat idling beneath a tree, A Knight role by on his charger free, Stalwart and fair and tall was ho, With his plume and his mantle, a sight to see And proud of his sears, right lottily, He cried, Young boy, will you go with me?

But Love he pouted and shook his head, And along fared the Warrior, ill-bested:

Love is not won by chivalry.

Then came a Minstrel bright of blee, Blue were his eyes as the heavens be, And sweet as a song-bird's threat sung he, Of smiles and tears and ladie's ee, Soft love and glorious chivalry, Then cried, Sweet boy, will you go with me? Love wept and smiled, but shock his head,

And along fated the Minstrel ill-bested: Love is not won by minstrelsy.

Then came a Bookman, wise as three, Darker a scholar you shall not see In Jewrie, Rome, or Araby. But list, fair dames, what I rede to ye, In love's sweet lere untaught was he, For when he cried, Come, love, with me,

Tired of the parle he was nodding his head, And along fared the Scholar ill-bested: Love is not won by pedantry.

Then came a Courtier wearing the key Of council and chambers high privity; He could dispute yet seem to agree, And soft as dew was his flatteric. And with honied voice and low congee Fair youth, he said, will you honour me ! In courteous wise Love shock his head,

And along fared the Courtier ill-bested: Love is not won by courtesy.

Then came a Miser blinking his cé, To view the bricht hoy beneath the tree; His purse, which hung to his cringing knee, The ransom held of a king's countreé; And a haudful of jewels and gold showed he, And cried, Sweet child, will you go with me ! Then loud laugh'd Love as he shook his head, And along fared the Monger ili-bested: Love is not won by merchandry.

O then to young Love beneath the tree, Came one as young and as fair as he, And as like to him as like can be, And elapping his little wings for glee, With nock and smiles and kisses tree, He whisperd, Come, Oh come with me:

Love pouted and flouted and shook his head, But along with that winsome youth he sped. And love wins love, loud shouted he!

Distancing GOOS

# GEORGE W. DEWEY.

[Born, 1818.]

MR. DEWET (whose father was a pointer, from Westfield, in Massachusetts) was born in Baltimore, in 1818, and from an early age has resided in Philadelphia, to the journals and literary miscellunics of which eity he has been a frequent contributor for several years. His numerous poems

## THE RUSTIC SHRINE.

"Their names were found cut upon a rural brach, overgrown with vines, which proved to be at once Love's shrine and cenotaph."-LECENDS OF THE RHINE.

- A snapow of the cypress-bough Lies on my path to-day;
- A metancholy—which in vain I strive to chase away.
- The angel Memory hath flown To old and cherish'd things, To bring the light of early years Around me on her wings:

And where the lovelorn birds complain Within their green abode,

- Between two elms, a rustic seat Invites her from the road.
- There shall she sit, as oft before, And sigh as oft ogain,
- O'er names engraved, which long have braved The sunshine and the rain.
- And one-it is the dearest name On Love's unnumber'd shrines-

So dear, that even envious Time Hath guarded it with vines;

And wreathed it with his choicest flowers, As if the bridal claim. Which Fate denied unto her brow.

Should still adorn her name!

Ab, well do I remember yet The day I carved that name! The rattle of the locuets' drum Thrills o'er me now the same:

Adown the lane the wayward breeze Comes with a stealthy pace, And brings the perfume of the fields To this deserted place.

Unto her blushing check again It comes-the blessed air ! Caressing, like a lover's hand, The treeses of her hair.

The brook runs laughing at her feet, O'erhead the wild-bird sings; The sir iss fill'd with butterfiles, As though the flowers had wings. have a natural grace and tenderness which belong to the most genuine expressions of social feeling.

There is no published collection of Mr. DEWEY's poems, or of his prose writings, which consist of moral essays, reviews, etc.

But this is Fancy's pilgrimage, And lures me back in vain ! The brook, the bench, the flowers, and vines, I ne'er may see again : For this is but an idle dream, That mocks me evermore— And memory only fills the place

The loved one fill'd of yore !

## BLIND LOUISE.

11

SHE knew that she was growing blind .--Foresaw the dreary night That soon would fall, without a star, Upon her fading sight: Yet never did she make complaint, But pray'd each day might bring A beauty to her waning eyes-The loveliness of Spring ! She dreaded that eclipse which might Perpetually enclose Sad memories of a leafless world-A spectral realm of snows. She'd rather that the verdure left An evergreen to shine Within her heart, as summer leaves Its memory on the pine. She had her wish: for when the sun O'erhung his eastern towers. And shed his benediction on A world of May-time flowers-We found her seated, as of old,

In her accustom'd place, A midnight in her sightless eyes, And mom upon her face!

## A MEMORY.

Ir was a bright October day — Ah, well do I remember ! One rose yet bore the bloom of May, Down toward the dark December.

One rose that near the lattice grew, With fragrance floating round it: Incarnardined, it blooms anew

In dreams of her who found it. 2 R 409

Distanting Google

## GEORGE W. DEWEY.

Pale, wither'd rose, bereft and shorn Of all thy primal glory, All leafless now, thy piercing thorn Reveals a sudder story.

It was a dreary winter day; Too well do I remember! They hore her frozen form away, And gave her to December!

There were no perfumes on the air, No bridst blossoms round her, Save one pste lity in her hair

To tell how pure Death found her.

The thistle on the summer air Hath shed its iris glory, And thrice the willows weeping there Have told the seasons' story,

Since she, who bore the blush of May, Down toward the dark December

Pass'd like the thorn-tree's bloom away, A pale, reluctant ember.

#### A BLIGHTED MAY.

CALL not this the month of roses-There are none to bud and bloom; Morning light, slas! discloses But the winter of the tomb.

All that should have dock'd a bridal Rest upon the bior—how idle ! Dying in their own perfume.

Every bower is now forsaken-

There's no bird to charin the sir! From the bough of youth is shaken Every hope that blossom'd there; And my soul doth now enrole her In the leaves of scre October

Under branches swaying bare.

When the midnight falls beside me, Like the gloom which in me lies, To the stars my feelings guide me, Seeking there thy sainted eyes; Stars whose rays seem ever bringing Down the southing air, the singing Of thy soul in paradise.

Oh that I might stand and listen To that music ending never, While those tranquil stars should glisten On my life's o'erfrozen river, Standing thus, forever seeming

Lost in what the world calls dreaming, Dreaming, love, of thee, forever !

## TO AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

On say, does the cottage yet peer from the shadow Of ancestral elms on the side of the hill ?---Its doorway of woodbine, that look'd to the meadow, And welcomed the sun as a guest on the sill; The April-winged martin, with garrulous laughter, Is he there where the mosses were thatching the eave? And the dear little wren that crept under the rafter, The earliest to come, and the latest to leave?

Oh say, is the hawthorn the hedgerow perfuming Adown the old lane? are the willows still there, Where briery thickets in springtime were blooming, And breathing their life on the odorous air?

And runs yet the brook where the violets were weeping,

Where the white lify sat like a swan of the stream, While under the laurel the shepherd-bay sleeping, Saw only the glory of life in his dream!

Hath the reaper been there with his sickle relentless, 'The stern resper Death in the harvest of life! Hath his foot crush'd the blossoms, till wither'd and

scentless

They lay cre the frosts of the autumn were rife ? Ab yes, I can hear the sad villagers hymning A requirem that swells from my heart on my ear,

And a gathering shadow of sorrow is dimming Those scenes that must ever arise with a tear.

## THE SHADY SIDE.

I sar and gazed upon thee, Ross, Across the pebbled way, And thought the very wealth of mirth Was thine that winter day; For, while I saw the truant rays Within thy window glide, Remember'd beams reflected came Uoon the shady side. I sat and gazed upon thee, Rosz, And thought the transient beams Were leaving on thy braided brow The trace of golden dreams; Those dreams, which like the ferry-barge On youth's beguiling tide. Will leave us when we reach old age, Upon the shady side. Ah! yes, methought while thus I gazed Across the noisy way, The stream of life between us flow'd That cheerful winter day : And that the bark whereon I cross'd The river's rapid tide, Had left me in the quietness Upon the shady side. Then somewhat of a sorrow, Rosz, Came crowding on my heart, Revealing how that current sweeps The foudest ones apart ; But while you stood to bless me there, In beauty, like a bride, I felt my own contentedness, Though on the shady side. The crowd and noise divide us, Rosz, But there will come a day When you, with light and timid feet, Must cross the busy way;

And when you sit, as I do now, To bappy thoughts allied,

Dimenty GOOgle

May some bright angel shed her light Upon the shady side!

# ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

(Born, 1818.)

Mn. Coxz is the eldest son of the Reverend SANUEL H. COXE, D. D., of Brooklyn. He was born in Mendham, in New Jersey, on the tenth day of May, 1818. At ten years of age he was sent to a gymnasium at Pittsfield, in Massachusetts, and he completed his studies preparatory to entering the University of New York, under the private charge of Doctor Buss, author of "The Life of Mohammed," etc. While in the university he distinguished himself by his devotion to classic learning, and particularly by his acquaintance with the Greek poets. In his freshinan year he delivered a poem before one of the undergraduates' societies, on "The Progress of Aubition," and in the same period produced many spirited metrical pieces, some of which appeared in the periodicals\* of the time. In the autumn of 1837 he published his first volume, "Advent, a Mystery," a poem in the dramatic form, to which was prefixed the following dedication :

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FATHER, as he of old who reap'd the field, The first young sheaves to Hind did dedicate Whose bounty gave whate'er the globe dol yteld, Whose sould be the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sen

This work was followed in the spring of 1838 by "Athwold, a Romaunt;" and in the summer of the same year were printed the first and second cantos of "Saint Jonathan, the Lay of a Sesid." These were intended as introductory to a novel in the stanza of "Don Juan," and four other cantos were afterward written, but wisely destroyed by the author on his becoming a candidate for holy orders, an event not contemplated in his previous studies. He was graduated in July, and on the occasion delivered an eloquent valedictory oration.

From this period his poems assumed a devotional cast, and were usually published in the periodicals of the church. His "Athanasion" was pronounced before the alumni of Washington College, in Connecticut, in the summer of 1840. It is an irregular ode, and contains passages of considerable merit, but its soctatian character will prevent its receiving general applause. The following allusion to Bishop BERKELLY is from this poem:

On when the evestar, sinking into day, Seems empire's planet on its westward way, Comes, in such light from antique window's groin, Thy pure ideal, mitred saint of Cloyne:

 Among them "The Blues" and "The Hebrew Muse," In "The American Monthly Magazine." Taught, from aweet childhood, to revere in thee Earth's every virtue, writ in poesic, Nigh did Lienp, on CLIO's colluer line, To see thy story with our own entwine, On Yale's full walls, no pictured shape to me Like BERKELEY's seem'd, in priesily dignity, Buch as he stood, fatigning, year by year, In our behoof, dult prince and cavaher; And dountless still, as cost the Genuese ; Buch as he wander'd o'er the Indy seas To yea'd Bernmothes, witless that he went Mid istes that beekon'd to a continent. Such there he seem'd, the pure, the undefiled ! And meet the record! Though, perchance, I smiled That those, in him, themselves will glorify, Who reap his fields, but let his detirine die. Yet, let him stand : the world will note it well, And Time shall thank them for the chronicle By such confersid, COLUMBUS of new homes For song, and Science with her thousand tomes. Yes-pure aportle of our western lore, Spoke the full heart, that now may breathe it more, Built in those halls, where none without a succr Name the dear title of thy ghostly fear. Stand up, bold bishop-in thy priestly vest; Proof that the Church bure letters to the Wert!

In the autumn of the same year appeared Mr. Coxe's "Christian Balluds," a collection of religious poems, of which the greater number had previously been given to the public through the columns of "The Churchman." They are elegant, yet fervent expressions of the author's love for the impressive and venerable customs, ceremonies, and rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

While in the university, Mr. Coxt had, besides acquiring the customary intimacy with ancient literature, learned the Italian language; and he now, under Professor Nonpusiman, devoted two years to the study of the Hebrew and the German. After passing some time in the Divinity School at Chelsea, he was admitted to deacon's orders, by the Bishop of New York, on the twenty-eighth of June, 1841. In the following July, on receiving the degree of Master of Arts from the University, he pronounced the closing oration, by appointment of the faculty; and in August he accepted a call to the rectorship of Saint Anne's church, then recently crected by Mr. GOUVERNEUR MORAIS on his family domain of Morrisiana, near New York. He was matried on the twenty-first of September, by the bishop of the diocese, to his third cousin, CATBARINE CLEVELAND, eldest daughter of Mr. SIMNON HTPE.

Since this time Mr. Cuxs has become Rector of St. Pauls, in Hartford, Connecticut, and has published, besides acveral works in prose, "Saul, a Mystery," and two or three volumes of miscellsneous poems. He is among the most profile, and, but for this, would probably be among the best, of our younger writers.

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## MANHOOD.

Bayaoon hath gone, or ever I was 'ware ; Gone like the birds that have sung out their season, And fly away, but never to return : Gone-like the memory of a fairy vision; Gone-like the stars that have burnt out in heaven : Like flowers that open once a hundred years, And have just folded up their golden petals: Like maidenhood, to one no more a virgin; Like all that's bright, and beautiful, and transient, And yet, in its surpassing loveliness, And quick dispersion into empty nothing, Like its dear self alone, like life, like Boyhood. Now, on the traversed scene I leave for ever, Doth memory cast already her pale look, And through the mellow light of by-gone summers, Gaze, like the bride, that leaveth her home-valley, And like the Patriarch, goes she knows not where, She, with faint heart, upon the bounding hill-top Turns her fair neck, one moment, unbeheld, And through the sun-set, and her tearful eye, Far as her father's dwelling, strains her sight, To bless the roof-tree, and the lawn, and gardens, Where romp her younger sisters, still at home.

I have just waken'd from a darling dream, And fain would aleep once more. I have been roving In a sweet isle, and thither would return. I have just come, methinks, from Fairyland, And yearn to see Mah's kingdom once again, And yearn its landscapes with her! Ah, my soul, Thy holiday is over-play-time gone, And a stern Master bids thee to thy task.

How shall I ever go through this rough world! How find me older every setting sun; How merge my boyish heart in manliness; How take my part upon the tricksy stage, And wear a mask to seem what I am not ! Ah me-but I forgot; the mimicry Will not be long, ere all that I had feign'd, Will be so real, that my mask will fall, And Age act Sell, uncostumed for the play, Now my first step I take, adown the valley, But ere I reach the foot, my pace must change; And I toil on, as man has ever done, Treading the causeway, smooth with endless travel, Since first the giants of old Time descended, And Adam leading down our mother Eve, In ages elder than Antiquity. This voice, so buoyant, must be all unstrung, Like harps, that chord by chord grow musicless; These hands must totter on a smooth-topp'd staff, That late could whirl the ball-club vigorously : This eye grow glassy, that can sparkle now, And on the dear Earth's hues look dostingly : And these brown locks, which tender hands have In loving curls about their taper-fingers, [twined Must silver soon, and hear about such snows, As freeze away all touch of tenderness, And then, the end of every human story

Is ever this, whatever its beginning, To wear the robes of bring—in their rags; To bear, like the old Tuscau's prisoners, A corpse still with us, insupportable; And then to sink in Earth, like dust to dust, And hearse for ever from the gaze of men, (relics! What long they thought—now dare to call—our Glory to him who doth subject the same, In hope of Immortality! I go from strength to strength, from joy to joy; From being unto being ! I will snatch This germ of comfort from departing youth; And when the pictured primer's thrown aside, I'll hoard its early lessons in my heart. I shall go on through all Eternity; Thank Gon! I only am an embryo still; The small beginning of a glorious sonl; An atom that shall fill Immousity :

The bell hath toll'd ! my birth-hour is upon me ! The hour that made me child, has made me man, And bids me put all childish things sway. Keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me ! And grant me, Loan, with this, the Psahniat's prayer, Remember not the follies of my youth, But in thy mercy, think upon me, Lord !

## OLD CHURCHES.

HAST been where the full-blossom'd bay-tree is blow-With odours like Eden's around ? fine Hast seen where the broad-leaved palmetto is grow-And wild vines are fringing the ground ! [ing, Hast sat in the shade of catalpas, at noon, And ate the cool gourds of their clime; Or slept where magnolias were screening the moon, And the mocking-bird sung her sweet rhyme ! And didst mark, in thy journey, at dew-dropping Some ruin peer high o'er thy way, [eve, With rooks wheeling round it, and bushes to weave A mantie for turrets so gray ? Did ye ask if some lord of the cavalier kind Lived there, when the country was young? And burn'd not the blood of a Christian, to find How there the old prayer-bell had rung ? And did ye not glow, when they told ye-the Loap Had dwelt in that thistle-grown pile ; And that bones of old Christians were under its sward. That once had knelt down in its sisle ? And had ye no tear-drops your blushes to steep When ye thought-o'er your country so broad, The bard seeks in vain for a mouldering heap, Save only these churches of Gop ! O ye that shall pass by those ruins agen, Go kneel in their alleys and pray,

And not till their arches have echoed amen, Rise up, and fare on in your way; [more,

Pray (ion that those aisles may be crowded once Those altars surrounded and spread,

While anthems and provers are upsent as of yore, As they take of the wine-cup and bread.

Ay, pray on thy knees, that each old rurnl fane They have left to the bat and the mole.

May sound with the loud-pealing organ sgain, And the full swelling voice of the soul. [by,

Distantin GOOQIC

Peradventure, when next thou shalt journey there-Even-hells shalt ring out on the air,

And the dim-lighted windows reveal to thine eye The snowy-roled pastor at prayer,

# ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

## THE HEART'S SONG.

r,

Ix the silent midnight watches, List—thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh evernore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating; 'T is thy heart of sin:
'T is thy Saviour knocks, and crieth Rise, and let me in !
Death comes down with reckless footatep

To the hall and hut: Think you Death will stand a-knocking Where the door is shut ! Jzsos waiteth-waiteth-waiteth; But thy door is fast ! Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth: Death breaks in at last.

Then 't is thine to stand—entreating Christ to let thee in : At the gate of heaven beating, Wailing for thy sin. Nay, slas! thou foolish virgin, Hast thou then forgot, Jzsus waited long to know thee, But he knows thee not !

THE CIHMES OF ENGLAND.

TRE chimes, the chimes of Motherland, Of England green and old, That out from fane and ivied tower A thousand years have toll'd; How glorious must their music be As breaks the hallow'd day, And calleth with a scraph's voice A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales, Sweet tales of oklen time ! And ring a thousand memories At vesper, and at prime; At bridal and at burial, For cottager and king— Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes, How blessedly they ring ! Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,

Upon a Christmas morn. Outbreaking, as the angels did, For a Redeemer born; How merrily they call afar. To cot and haron's hall, With holly deck'd and mi-tletoe, To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal From tower and gothic pile, Where hymn and swelling aothem fill The dim cathedral aisle; Where windows bothe the holy light On priestly heads that falls, And stain the florid tracery And banner-dighted walls! And then, those Easter bells, in spring ! Those clorious Easter chimes; How loyally they hail thee round, Old queen of holy times! From hill to hill, like sentincle, Responsively they cry, And sing the rising of the Lonn, From vale to mountain high. I love ye-chinics of Motherland, With all this soul of mine, And bless the LORD that I am sprong Of good old English line! And like a son I sing the lav That England's glory tells; For she is lovely to the Long, For you, ye Christian bella ! And heir of her ancestral fame, And happy in my birth, Thee, too. I love, my forest-land, The joy of all the earth; For thine thy mother's voice shall be, And here-where Gon is king, With English chimes, from Christian spires, The wilderness shall ring.

## MARCH.

MARCH-march-march ! Making sounds as they tread, Ho-ho! how they step, Going down to the dead ! Every stride, every tramp, Every footfall is nearer; And dimmer each lamp, As darkness grows drearer; But ho ! how they march, Making sounds as they tread; Ho-ho! how they step. Going down to the dead ! March-march-march ! Making sounds as they tread, Ho-ho, how they laugh. Going down to the dead ! How they whirl-how they trip, How they smile, how they dally, How blithesome they skip, Going down to the valley; Oh-ho, how they march, Making sounds as they tread ; Ho-ho, how they skip, Going down to the dead ! March-march-march ! Earth groans as they tread ! Each carries a skull; Going down to the dead ! Every stride-every stamp, Every footfall is holder; 'T is a skeleton's tramp, With a skull on his shoulder But ho, how he steps With a high-tossing head, That clay-cover'd bone, Going down to the dead ! 2 8 2

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# JAMES T. FIELDS.

#### [Born, 1820.]

Ma. FIELDS is a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, but has long resided in Boston. He is a partner in a well-known publishing and bookselling house in that city. His principal poems are " Commerce," read before the Boston Mercantile Library Association on its anniversary in 1838, when he was associated as poet with EDWARD Ev-REETT, who delivered on the occasion one of his most brilliant orations; and "The Post of Honour," read before the same society in 1848, when DAN-TEL WEBSTER preceded him as orator. For several years he has been an occasional contributor to the magazines, and a few of his poems, as "The Fair Wind," " Yankee Ships," and " Dirge for a Young Girl," have been copied from them into the newspapers of all parts of the Union. The general style of his serious pieces is pure, sweet, thoughtful, and harmonious; and though evidently unlabored, they are characterized by much refinement of taste and an intuitive perception of metrical proprieties. His lyrics are clear, strong, and bright, in expression, and dashing in movement, and have that charm which comes from a " polished want of polish," in which spontaneous sensibility is allied with instinctive taste. The "Sleighing Song" has a clear, cold, merry sparkle, and a rapidity of metrical motion (the very verse secring to go on runners), which bring the quick jingle of bells and the moon making diamonds out of snow-flakes, vivilly home to the fancy. Perhaps his most characteristic poem, in respect to subtlety of sontiment and delicacy of illustration, is "A Bridal Melody." There is a mystical beauty in it which eludes a carcless eye and untuned ear.

Besides his serious poems, he has produced some very original mirthful pieces, in which are adroit touches of wit, filicitous hits at current follics, and instances of quaint humour, laughing through prim and decorous lines, which evince a genius for vers de sociétie.

The poems Mr. FIELDS has given us are evidently the careless products of a singularly sensitive and fertile mind—indications rather than exponents of its powers—furnishing evidence of a capacity which it is to be hoped the engagements of business will not wholly absorb.

In 1847 and the following year Mr. FIELDS visited Europe, and soon after his return a collection of his poems was published by Tickner and Company, of Boston.

## ON A PAIR OF ANTLERS, BROUGHT FROM GERMANY.

When first along the glorious Rhine I heard the huntsman's bugle play, And mark'd the carly star that dwells

Among the cliffs of Drachenfels!

Again the isles of beauty rise; Again the crumbling tower appears,

That stands, defying stormy skies, With memories of a thousand years; And dark old forests wave again, And shadows crowd the dusky plain.

They brought the gift, that I might hear The music of the roaring pine-

- To fill again my charmed ear With echoes of the Rodenstein-
- With echoes of the silver horn, Across the wailing waters borne.

Trophics of spoil! henceforth your place Is in this quiet home of mine;

Fareweil the busy, bloody chase, Mute emblems now of "auld long syne,"

When Youth and Hope went hand in hand To roam the dear old German land.

# BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

Wz were crowded in the cabin, Not a soul would dare to sleep-It was midnight on the waters, And a storm was on the deep.

"T is a fearful thing in winter To be shatter'd in the blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shudder'd there in silence-For the stoutest held his breath,

While the hungry sea was rearing, And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness, Each one busy in his prayers— "We are lost!" the captain should,

As he stagger'd down the stairs.

But his little daughter whisper'd, As she took his icy hand,

"Is n't God upon the ocean, Just the same as on the land ?"

Then we kiss'd the little maiden, And we spoke in better cheer, And we anchor'd safe in harbor

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When the morn was shining clear.

## A VALENTINE.

SAE that is fair, though never vain or proud, More fond of home than fashion's changing crowd; Whose taste refined oven female friends admire, Dress'd not for show, but roled in neat attire; She who has learn'd, with mild, forgiving breast, To pardon fraitlies, hidden or confess'd; True to herself, yet willing to submit, More sway'd by love than ruled by worldly wit; Though young, discreet—though ready, ne'er un-Blest with no pedant's, but a woman's mind: [kind, She wins our hearts, toward her our thoughts in-So at her door go leave my Valentine. [cline,

## ON & BOOK OF SEA-MOSSES, SENT TO AN EMINENT ENGLISH POET.

To him who sang of Venice, and reveal'd How wealth and glory cluster'd in her streets, And poised her marble domes with wondrous skill, We send these tributes, plunder'd from the sea. These many-colour'd, variegated forms, Sail to our rougher shores, and rise and fall To the deep music of the Atlantic wave. Such spoils we capture where the rainbows drop, Melting in ocean. Here are broideries strange, Wrought by the sea-nymphs from their golden hair, And wove by moonlight. Gently turn the leaf : From narrow cells, scoop'd in the rocks, we take These fairy textures, lightly moor'd at morn. Down sunny slopes, outstretching to the deep, We roam at noon, and gather shapes like these. Note now the painted webs from verdurous isles, Festoon'd and spangled in sea-caves, and say What hues of land can rival tints like those. Torn from the scarfs and gonfalons of kings Who dwell beneath the waters! Such our gift, Cull'd from a margin of the western world, And offer'd unto genius in the old.

# FROM "THE POST OF HONOUR."

UNDERNATE Power! thy genius still presides O'er vanquish'd fields, and ocean's purpled tides; Sits like a spectre at the soldier's board, Adds Spartan steps to many a broken sword ; For thee and thino combining squadrons form To sweep the field with Glory's awful storm ; The intrepid warrior shouts thy deathless name, And plucks new valour from thy torch of fame: For him the bell shall wake its loudest song, For him the cannon's thunder echo long, For him a nation weave the unfading crown, And swell the triumph of his sweet renown. So NELSON watch'd, long ere Trafsigar's days, Thy radiant orb, prophetic Glory, bluze-Saw Victory wait, to weep his bleeding scars, And plant his breast with Honour's burning stars. So the young hero, with expiring breath, Bequeaths fresh courage in the hour of death, Bids his brave comrades hear the inspiring blast. And nail their colours dauntless to the mast; Then dies, like LAWRENCE, trembling on his lip That cry of Honour, " Don't give up the ship!"

#### TRUE HONOUR.

The painter's skill life's lineaments may trace. And stamp the impress of a speaking face : The chisel's touch may make that marble warm Which glows with all but breathing munhood's But deeper lines, beyond the sculptor's art, [form---Are those which write their impress on the heart. On TALFOURD's page what bright memorials glow Of all that's noblest, gentlest, best below ! Thou generous brother, guard of griefs conceal'd. Matured by sorrow, deep but unreveal'd, Let me but claim, for all thy vigils here. The noiseless tribute to a heart sincere. Though Dryburgh's walls still hold their sacred dust, And Stratford's chancel shrines its hallow'd trust. To ELIA's grave the pilgrim shall repair, And hang with love perennial garlands there.

And thou, great bard of never-dying name, Thy filial care outshines the poct's fame ; For who, that wanders by the dust of GRAY While memory tolls the knell of parting day, But lingers foudly at the hallow'd tomb, That shrouds a parent in its pensive gloom. To bless the son who pour'd that gushing tear, So warm and earnest, at a mother's bier ! Wreaths for that line which woman's tribute gave, " Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave." Can I forget, a pilgrim o'er the sea, The countless shrines of woman's charity ! In thy gay capital, bewildering France, fdance. Where Pleasure's shuttle weaves the whirling Beneath the shelter of St. Mary's dome, Where pallid Suffering seeks and finds a home. Methinks I see that sainted sister now Wipe Death's cold dewdrops from an infant's brow : Can I forget that mild, seraphic grace, With heaven-eyed Patience meeting in her face ? Ah! sure, if angels leave celestial spheres, We saw an angel dry a mortal's tears.

#### WEBSTER.

Let blooming boys, from stagnant cloisters freed. Sneer at old virtues and the patriot's creed; Forget the lessons taught at Valour's side, And all their country's honest fame deride. All are not such : some glowing blood remains To warm the icy current of our veins-Some from the watch-towers still descry afar The faintest glimmer of an adverse star. When faction storms, when meaner statesmen quail. Full high advanced, our eagle meets the gale ! On some great point where Honour takes her stand. The Ehrenbreitstein of our native land-See, in the front, to strike for Freedom's cause. The mail'd defender of her rights and laws ! On his great arm behold a nation lean, And parcel empire with the island queen; Great in the council, peerless in debate, Who follows WEBSTER takes the field too late. Go track the globe, its changing climes explore, From crippled Europe to the Arab's shore ; See Albion's lion guard her storiny seas, See Gallia's lilies float on every breeze, Roam through the world, but find no brighter names Than those true honour for Columbia claims.

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## JAMES T. FIELDS.

## THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Our vanished years! let Memory's muffled bell Toll but one requiem, and but one farewell, For him whose evelids in a wintry grave Were closed in anguish by the icy wave. Rest, early friend, bemoaned in life's young bloom, Gone, like a shallow, to the voiceless tomb. When last we climbed to yon high, leafy crest, To watch the sunlight fading in the west, Ah, little thought I that this hand would trace These words of grief above thy burist-place. Thou hast our tears; but lo ! the clouds depart, Our brother sleeps with sunshine on his heart; The storm has passed, the scas are silent now, And Heaven's sweet smile has settled on his brow.

## SLEIGHING-SONG.

Os swift we go, o'er the fleecy snow, When moonbeams sparkle round; When hoofs keep time to music's chime. As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light, And health is on the wind, We loose the rein and sweep the plain,

And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song, we glide along Across the fleeting snow ;

With friends beside, how swift we ride On the beautiful track below !

Oh, the raging sea has joy for me, When gale and tempests roar; But give me the speed of a foaming steed, And I'll ask for the waves no more.

FAIR WIND.

On, who can tell, that never sail'd Among the glassy seas. How fresh and welcome breaks the morn That ushers in a breeze ! "Fair wind! fair wind!" alow, sloft, All hands delight to cry, As, leaping through the parted waves, The good ship makes reply. While fore and aft, all staunch and tight, She spreads her canvass wide, The captain walks his realm, the deck, With more than monarch's pride : For well he knows the sea-bird's wings, So swift and sure to-day, Will waft him many a league to-night In triumph on his way. Then welcome to the rushing blast That stirs the waters now-Ye white-plumed heralds of the deep, Make music round her prow ! Good sen-room in the roaring gale,

Let stormy trumpets blow; But chain ten thousand fathoms down

The sluggish calm below !

## DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATE the sod, low lying, Dark and drear,

Sleepeth one who left, in dying, Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er ber, Eyes that weep;

Forms, that to the cold grave bore her, Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining Soft and fair,

Friends she loved in tears are twining Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit, Throned above;

Souls like thine with Gop inherit Life and love !

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## LAST WISHES OF A CHILD.

"ALL the belges are in bloom, And the warm west wind is blowing, Let me leave this stifled room— Let me go where flowers are growing.

"Look! my check is thin and pale, And my pulse is very low; Ere my sight begins to fail, Mother dear, you'll let me go;

"Was not that the robin's song Piping through the casement wide !

I shall not be listening long-Tuke me to the meadow-side!

" Bear me to the willow-brook-Let me hear the merry mill-On the orchard I must look, Ero my beating heart is still.

"Faint and fainter grows my breath-Bear me quickly down the lane;

Mother dear, this chill is death-I shall never speak again !" Still the hedges are in bloom.

And the werm west wind is blowing; Still we sit in silent gloom-

O'er her grave the grass is growing.

## A BRIDAL MELODY.

Sux stood, like an angel just wander'd from heaven, A pligrim benighted away from the skies,

And little we deem'd that to mortals were given Such visions of beauty as came from her eyes.

She look'd up and smiled on the many glad faces. The friends of her chikihood, who stood by her side; But she shone o'er them all, like a queen of the Graces.

When blushing she whisper'd the vow of a bride.

We sang an old song, as with garlands we crown'd her,

And each left a kiss on her delicate brow : [her, And we pray'd that a blessing might ever surround And the future of life be unclouded as now.

Dimenty GOOgle

## [Born, 1819.]

MR. WALLACE, the son of an eminent Presbyterian clergyman, who died during his childbood, was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1919. He received his general education at the Bloomington and South Hanover colleges in Indiana, and afterward studied the law, in his native city. When about twenty-two years of age, having diready acquired considerable reputation in literature, by various contributions to western and southern journals, he came to the Alamic states, and with the exception of a few months passed in Philadelphia, and a year and a half in Europe, he has since resided in New York, occupied in the practice of his profession and in the pursuits of literature.

## REST.

The nation hath gone mad with action now. Oh, many-troubled giant, with a heated brow, And sultry heart, within whose wide And lofty chambers stalketh Pride, And hungry, pale Ambition, scenting power, Will thou not let the wearied river steal Through quiet hills for one short hour, And dream, unvexed by the eager keel. Of that sweet pence he knew in times of old, When only Nature sat near him and roll'd Her simple songs amid her flowery fold ! And let the forest lift some unshorn plumes Amid the ancient glooms: For this it pleads with trembling hands, Appealing to far Henven from all the invading bands! And leave the mountains for a time untrod-And thou shalt see Their dumb, gray lips yet struggling to be free, So that they may shout backward to the sea-"We also know and reverence our Gon." Oh. Titan, of the eagle-eve and growing pain ! Wilt thou not rest on Alabama's plain ? O'er Huron lean and let his mirror show, Unruffled by thy fiery feet, That hermonics of light yet fall below-That Heaven and Earth may meet: Sieep, sleep, thou wide-brow'd power, In Florida's magnolian bower, And where New England's pilgrim-feet were prest, Or by Ohio's softly wandering wave; Or in the dusk halfs of Kentucky's cave, Or on the flowery and broad prairies rest Of Illinois and Indiana,-slumber, in the west !

Your eagles took their lordly case On folded wing, After disporting with the braggart Breeze, And Thunder, watching by his cloudy spring Whose cool stream tunded to the thirsty seas. The birds went all asleep on their high rocks. Nor ruffled a feather in the rude fire-shocks. The poetical compositions of Mr. WALLACE are numerous, and they are for the most part distinguished for a sensuous richness of style, earnestness of temper, and much freedom of speculation. The longest of them is " Alban," a romance of New York, published in 1848, and intended to jllustrate the influence of certain prejudices of society and principles of law upon individual character and destiny. It has passages of fine description and spirited narrative, and some happy touches of satire, but is scarcely successful as a moral poem. The author is more at home in the serious and stately thythm and solemn fancies of such pieces as " To the Hudson," which are the best measures of his powers.

Millions, a lesson ve can learn from these. And see, the great woods slumber, and the lake No longer is awake Beneath the stars, that nod and start with sleep In their white-clouded deep: Fitfully the moon goes nodding through The valleys of the vapory blue, And dreams, forgetting all her queenly ills, Of angels sleeping on Elysian hills: The drowsy lake, So sweet is slumber, would not yet awake : But-like an infant two years old, Before whose closed eyes Dreamily move the boys of paradise, Singing their little psalms Under the stately palms-It stirreth softly lest rough motion might Put out the moon's delicious light, So rest ! and Rest shall slay your many woes. Is motion godlike ? godlike is repose-A mountain-stillness, of majestic might, Whose peaks are glorious with the quiet light Of suns, when Day is at his close, Nor deem that quiet must ignoble be. Jove laboured lustily once in airy fields; And over the cloudy lea He planted many a budding shoot Whose liberal nature daily, nightly, yields A store of starry fruit: His labour done, the weary god went back Up the broad mountain-track To his great house; there he did wile away With lightest thought a well-won holyday; And all the powers croon'd softly an old tune. Wishing their sire might sleep Through all the sultry noon And cold blue night; and very soon They heard the awful thunderer breathing low and deep. And in the hush that dropp'd adown the spheres, And in the quict of the awe-struck space, The worlds learn'd worship at the birth of years -477

They look'd upon their Lord's calm, kingly face, And hade Religion come and kiss each starry place.

Will ye not also lend your souls to Song ? Ye ! of the land where Nature's noblest rhyme, Ningara, sounds the myth of Time; And where the Mississippi darkly goes Amid the trendling woods, Gloomily murmuring legends of the floods That troubled space before the worlds arose.....

Or sleep. Why lose its wondrous world? Look on its valleys, on its mountains look, And cloudy streams;

Behold the arabesque land of dreams! The golden mists are lazily curl'd;

And see in yonder glon,

Beside a little brook

Mid sleeping flocks, some sleeping men : And one, who tries to watch, for danger's sake, Nods and winks,

And vainly hums a tune to keep awake, And now beside his brethren slowly sinks, Ah, sleep like him! why lose its world?

Now when the banners of the day are furl'd And sately put away:

Now when a languid glory binds The long dim chambers of the darkling west, While far below yon azure river winds Like a blue vein on sleeping Beauty's breast.....

Then, millions, rest or dream with me: Let not the struggle thus forever be. Not from the gold that wounded Earth reveals; Not from your iron wheels

That yex the valleys with their thunder-peals; Not from the oceans pallid with your wings; Not from the power that labour brings— The enduring grandeur of a nation springs. The weath may perish as a florting breath— The binner'd armament may find a death Deep in the hungry waters—and the crown Of empire from your tall brows topple down: But that which rains troe glory o'er The low or lofty, and the rich or poor, Shall never die—

Daughter of Truth and Ideality,

Large Virtue towering on the throne of will! The nations drink the heroic from her eye, And march triumphing over every ill. Therefore with Silence sometimes sit apart From rude Turmoil, and diguify the heart: And in that noble hour

Ail hates shall be forgotten, and sweet Love Shall gently win us like a mild-eyed dove That shaines the storm to silence; and a power, Unknown before, shall top us in delight, As troubled waves are so-thed by starry night. Then manhood shall forcet the vengeful thought In action's fierce volcano wrought; The poor old man shall bow his snow-white head To bless the past, forgiving all his wrongs; And feel the breathing of his childhood's songs Once more around hin shed. The wenty slave shall rest upon the chain, And woo to his shut eyes The ardent aspect of his native skies— The ardent aspect of his native skies— The forms of wife and children once again Watching for his return along the psimy plain..... Not in repose a tentless desert fear— The gatdenless wide waste of a blank heart: Foil menus a risk sonig then shall stat.

## WORDSWORTH.

SUBSET is on the dial: and I know My hands are feelde and my head is white With many snows, and in my dim old eyes Light plays the miser with a frugal care, And soon the curtain drops. But still I know, The soul in sceptred inajesty of will Leaves not the toyal dais.

The ancient winds Still chant around me all the solemn themes I learn'd when young; and in the hollow flower I hear the murmur left there by the bee; And jubilant rivers laugh and clap their hands. Amid the leaning hills that nurse them there; And far away I see the mountains lift Their silent tops to heaven, like thoughts Too vast for speech ; and over all, the sun Stands by his flaming altar, and beholds, As he beheld through many centuries gone, The holocausts of light roll up to Heaven; And when the evening calls her starry flock, I know that Mazzaroth will sit and sing Within his azure house; and I shall hear The inmost includy of every star, And know the meaning of the mystic ses : And in the deep delight their presence gives I shall be calm, and nevermore complain That still the play-a venerable play, World-wide-of this humanity goes on, Still dark the plot, the issues unperceived. So, with all things thus filling every sense, The soul in sceptred majesty of will, Sits on her royal dais.

Then why should I My office yield, and let the general hymn Unbeeded harmonize the jangling space ! By action only doth Creation hold Her charter—and, that gone, the worlds are dead :

Distanting GOOGLE

Nor is't in souls which would the noblest find, To rest contentedly upon old wreaths. I will not rest and unmelodious die; But with my full wreath round these thin, white hairs, And rhythmic lips, and vision kindling up, March through the silent halls, and bravely pass Right on into the land that lies beyond, Where he, my brother-bard,\* whose spirit seem'd A mystical bright moon, whose influence wrought The dull earth's ocean of dim sleep to life And spectral motion—that majestic bard, Who went before, choiring bis lofty hymn, Watches my coming on the Aiden hills. But what the burden of that latest song Will be as yet I know pat-marker thythm

Will be, as yet I know not--nor the rhythm That shall go beating with her silver feet The sounding aisles of thought : but this I hope-A listening world will hear that latest lay, And seat it near the fireside of its heart Forevermore, and by the embers' light Look fondly on its face, as men of old Look'd on the faces of the angel guests Who tarried sometimes in their pastoral homes-As this last hymn, belitting well the time And circumstance, shall wear a holiest smile, And show the might, the loveliness of song, For Poetry is enthroned by his own right. I hear his cadences in every breeze ; I see his presence fill the dark-blue lake. Like an old melody; and I know He is a living and immortal unwer. No matter where he lifts his natural voice, All men shall crown him as a gentle god Who, wandering through his heritage of earth, Makes pleasant music in the lowly hots Where poor men ply their rugged toil; who smiles Within the mellow surbeams, when they pain; The swelling upland, where October sits, Holding her hands to catch the dropping fruit; Who stands upon the hazy mountain-top, Beautiful as the light; who, solemn, chants Full many a rune in every sunless hall Down in the deep, deep sea, and swave all things, The angel of the world; who sours at will Into the ample air, and walks the storm; Or waves his wand upon the solemn stars. Orion and the Pleiades, and roles Their people by a gentle law; or stands Imperial in the large red sun, and charms The sky until its glorious passion finds A language in the thunder and the cloud, And in the rainbow, chorusing all hues, And in the splendour of the broad, bright moon That builds her Venice in a sea of air.

Most haply I shall sing some simple words, Rich with the wealth experience gives to Time— An antique tale of beauty and of tears: Or I may wander in my thought after Where men have built their homes in forests vast, And see the Atlantic rest his weary feet And lift his large blue eyes on other stars: Or hear the site of many waters<sup>±</sup> hoarse

· Colgainos.

1 The Mississippl.

With counting centuries, and rolling through The dim magnificence of stately woods, Whose huge trunks sentinel a thousand leagues His deep libration to the waiting sea; Then would I join the choral preludes swelling Between the wondrous acts of that great play Which Time is prompting in another sphere: Or I may wander in my thought after To ruins gray of columns overthrown, And then lift up a song of tender grief Amid the glorious temples crumbling there-The beautiful records of a world which was, Majestic types of what a world must be: Or I may turn to themes that have no touch Of sorrow in them, piloted by Joy, And raise the burial-stone from shrouded years. And hear the laugh of youth clear ringing out, Or feel once more a sweet religious awe, Such as I felt when floated holy chimes In boyhood's ear, and such as stern men feel When, passing by cathedral doors, they hear A dim-remembered psalm roll softly out And fill their eves with tears, they know not why : Then shall I sing of children blooming o'er The desolate wide heath of life, like flowers Which daring men had stolen from peradise, When near its gate the wearied cherub slept And dream'd of heaven. Or to some pastoral vale Shall pass my trembling feet ? There shall I pour To Nature, loved in all her many moods, A chant sublimely cornest. I shall tell To all the tribes with what a stately step She walks the silent wilderness of air, Which always puts its starry foliage on At her serene approach, or in her lap Scatters its harvest-wealth of golden suns : And many a brook shall murmur in my verse; And many an ocean join his cloudy bass; And many a mountain tower aloft, whereon The black storm crouches, with his deep-red eyes Glaring upon the valleys stretch'd below : And many a green wood rock the small, bright birds To musical sleep beneath the large, full moon ; And many a star shall lift on high her cup Of luminous-cold chrysolite--set in gold Chased subtily over by angelic art-To eatch the odorous dews which seraphs drink In their wide wanderings; and many a sun Shall press the pale lips of the timorous morn Couch'd in the bridal east : and over all Will brood the visible presence of the Oxa To whom my life has been a solemn chant.

Then let the sunset fall and flush Life's dial! No matter how the years may smite my frame, And cast a pitcous blank upon my eyes That seek in vain the old accustomed stars Which skies hold over blue Winandermere; Be sure that I, a crowned bard, will sing Until within the normoring bark of verse My spirit bears majestically away. Charming to golden hues the gulf of death— Well knowing that upon my honour'd grave, Beside the widew'd lakes that wail for me, Haply the dust of four great worlds will fall And mingle—thither brought by pilgrims' feet.

Congle

## THE MOUNDS OF AMERICA.

COME to the mounds of death with me. They stretch

From deep to deep, and, venerable, vast, Graves of gone empires—gone without a sigh, Like clouds from heaven. They stretch'd from deep to deep

Before the Roman smote his multid hand On the gold portals of the dreaming East; Before the pleiad, in white trance of song, Beyond her choir of slars went wandering.

The great old trees, rank'd on these hills of death, Have melancholy hymns about all this; And when the moon walks her inheritance With slow, imperial pace, the trees look up And chant in solemn callence. Come and hear,

"O patient Moon ! go not behind a cloud, But listen to our words. We, too, are old, Though not so old as thou. The ancient towns, The cities throned far apart like opens, The shadowy domes, the realing majestical, Slept in thy younger beams. In every leaf We hold their dust, a king in every trank. We, too, are very old : the wind that wails In our broad branches, from swart Ethiop come But now, wail'd in our branches long ago, Then come from darken'd Calvary. The hills Lean'd ghastly at the tale that wan wind told; The streams crept shuddering through the dark ; The forrent of the North, from morn till eve, On his steep ledge hung pausing; and o'er all Such silence fell, we heard the conscious rills Drip slowly in the caves of central earth. So were the continents by His crowned grief And glory bound together, ere the hand Of Albion tonied the far Atlantic : so Have we, whose aspect faced that time, the right Of language unto all, while memory holds.

"O patient Moon I go not behind a cloud, But hear our words. We know that then didst see The whole that we would atter—then that wert A worship unto realms beyond the flood— But we are very lonesome on these mounds, And speech doth make the burden of sad thought Endurable; while these, the people new, That take our land, may haply learn from us What worder went before them; for no word Efer came from thee, so brautiful, so lone, Throned in thy still domain, superbly eatm And silent as a god.

Here empires rose and died; Their very dust, beyond the Atlantic borne In the pale navies of the charter'd wind, Stains the white Alp. Here the proud city ranged Spire after spire, like star ranged after star,

• "The mounds" are scattered over the whole of North America. Some of them are of vast size. They are juil of the brons (crombling at the too h), that evidently were deponded there many cuturiessing. The in space count give no say account of the origin of the mounds, and they must have here a served by a people that tweed in America. at a very mercent period—n people (as the mins of large crites still multy visible in the lorests, naturally suggest) in advanced in civilization. Along the dim empyrean, till the air Went mad with splendour, and the dwellers cried, 'Our walls have married Time!'-Gone are the marts, The insolent citadels, the fearful gates, The glorious domes that rose like summer clouds; Gone are their very names! The royal ghost Cannot discern the old imperial haunts, But goes about perplexed like a mist Between a ruin and the awful stars. Nations are laid beneath our feet. The bard Who stood in Song's prevailing light, as stands

The apocalyptic angel in the son, And rain'd inclodious fire on all the realins; The prophet pale, who shudder'd in his gloom, As the white cataract shudders in its mist; The hero shattering an old kingdom down With one clear trumpet's peal; the boy, the sage, Subject and lord, the benutiful, the wise---Gone, gone to nothingness.

" The years glide on, The pitiless years; and all alike shall fail. State after state rear'd by the solemn sea. Or where the Hudson goes unchallenged past The ancient warder of the Polisades, Or where, rejoicing o'er the enormous cloud, Beam the blue Aileganies-all shall fail : The Ages chant their dirges on the peaks: The palls are ready in the peopled value; And nations fill one common separchre. Nor goes the Earth on her dark way slone. Each star in yonder vault doth hold the dead In its functeal deeps : Arcturus broods Over vast sepulchres that had grown old Before the Earth was made : the universe Is but one mighty cemetery, Rolling around its central, solemn sun.

"Go. Moon ! and tell the stars, and tell the suns, Impatient of the wo, the strength of  $H_{1N}$ Who doth consent to drath; and tell the clines That meet thy mounful eyes, one after one. Through all the lapses of the lonesome night. The pathos of repose, the might of Death !"

The voice is hush'd; the great old wood is still: The moon, like one in meditation, walks Behind a cloud. We, too, have theme for thought, While, as a sun. Gon takes the west of Time And smites the pyramid of Eternity. The shadow lengthens over many worlds Doom'd to the dark mausoleum and mound.

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## GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

HERE are the bouses of the dead. Here youth And age and manhood, stricken in his strength, Hold solernn state and awful silence keep, While Earth goes murmuring in her sociont path, And troubled Ocean tosses to and fro Upon his mountainous bed impatiently, And many stars make worship musical In the dim-aided abyss, and over all The Lord of Life, in meditation sits Changeless, alone, beneath the large white domo Of liminortality.

I pause and think Among these walks lined by the frequent tonibs; For it is very wonderful. Afar The populous city lifts its tall, bright spircs, And snowy sails are glaucing on the bay, As if in meriment—but here all sleep; They sleep, these color, pale people of the past: Spring plants her rosy feet on their dim homes— They sleep?—Sweet Summer comes and calls, and With all her passionate poetry of flowers [calls We to the music of the soft south wind— They sleep !—The lonely Autumn sits and sobs Between the cold white tombs, as if her heart Would break—they sleep !—Wild Winter comes and chants

Majestical the mournful sages learn'd Far in the melancholy North, where God Welks forth alone upon the desolate seas--They slumber still!-Sleep on, O passionless dead! Ye make our world sublime : ye have a power And majesty the living never hold, Here Avarice shall forget his den of gold ! Here Lust his beautiful victim, and hot Hate His crouching foe. Ambition here shall lean Against Death's shaft, veiling the stern, bright eye That, over-bold, would take the height of gods, And know Fame's nothingness. The sire shall come, The matron and the child, through many years, To this fair spot, whether the pluméd hearse Moves slowly through the winding walks, or Death For a brief moment pauses: all shall come To feel the touching cloquence of graves: And therefore it was well for us to clothe The place with beauty. No dark terror here Shall chill the generous tropic of the soul, But Poetry and her starred comrade Art Shall make the sacred country of the dead Magnificent. The fragrant flowers shall smile Over the low, green graves; the trees shall shake Their soul-like cadences upon the tombs; The little lake, set in a paradise Of wood, shall be a mirror to the moon What time she looks from her imperial tent In long delight at all below ; the sea Shall lift some stately dirge he loves to breathe Over dead nations, while calm sculptures stand On every hill, and look like spirits there That drink the harmony. Oh, it is well ! Why should a darkness scowl on any spot Where man grasps immortality ? Light, light, And art, and poetry, and eloquence, And all that we call glorious, are its dower. 61

Oh, ye whose mouldering frames were brought and placed

By pious hands within these flowery slopes And gentle hills, where are ye dwelling now? For man is more than element. The soul Lives in the body as the sunheam lives In trees or flowers that were but clay without. Then where are ye, lost sunbeams of the mind ? Are ye where great Orion towers and holds Eternity on his stupendous front ? Or where pale Neptune in the distant space Shows us how far, in His creative mood, With pomp of silence and concentred brows, Walk'd forth the Almighty ? Haply ye have gone Where other matter roundeth into shapes Of bright beatitude : or do ye know Aught of dull space or time, and its dark load Of aching weariness

They answer not. But Hz whose love created them of old, To cheer his solitary realm and reign, With love will still remember them.

## HYMN TO THE HUDSON RIVER.

Losz not a memory of the glorious scenes, Mountains, and palisades, and leaning rocks, Steep white-wall'd towns and ships that lie beneath, By which, like some screne, heroic soul Revolving noble thoughts, thou calmly cam'st, O mighty river of the North ! Thy lip Meets Ocean here, and in deep joy he lifts His great white brow, and gives his stormy voice A milder tone, and murmurs pleasantly To every shore, and bids the insolent blast To touch thes very gently; for thy banks Held empires broad and populous as the leaves That rustle o'er their grave-republics gone Long, long ago, before the pale men came, Like clouds into the dim and dusty past : But there is dearcr reason ; for the rills That feed thee, rise among the storied rocks Where Freedom built her battle-tower ; and blow Their flutes of silver by the poor man's door; And innocent childhood in the ripple dips Its rosy feet; and from the round blue sky That circles all, smiles out a certain Godhead.

Oh, fordly river ! thou shalt henceforth be A wanderer of the deep; and thou shalt hear The sail, wild voices of the solemn North Utter uncertain words in cloudy rhythm, But full of terrible meaning, to the wave That moans by Labrador ; and thou shalt pause To pay thy worship in the coral temples, The ancient Meccas of the roverent sea ; And thou shalt start again on thy blue path To kiss the southern isles; and thou shalt know What beauty thrones the blue Symplegades, What glory the long Dardanelles; and France Shall liston to thy callo, deep voice, and learn That Freedom must be calm if she would fix Her mountain moveless in a heaving world; And Greece shall hear thee chant by Marathon, 25

Congle

And Italy shall feel thy breathing on her shores, Where Liberty once more takes up her lance; And when then hurriest back, full of high themes, Great Albion shall joy through every cliff, And lordly hall, and peasant-home, and old Cathedral where earth's emperors sleep—whose crowns

1

Were laurel and whose sceptres pen and harp— The mother of our race shall joy to hear Thy low, sweet murmuring: her sonorous tongue Is thine, her glory thine; for thou dost bear On thy rejoicing tide, rejoicing at the task, The monly Saxon sprung from her own loins In far America.

Roll on ! roll on, Thou river of the North ! Tell thou to all The isles, tell thou to all the continents The grandeur of my land. Speak of its vales Where Independence wears a pastoral wreath Amid the holy quiet of his flock ; And of its mountains with their cloudy beards Toss'd by the breath of centuries; and speak Of its tall cataracts that roll their bass Among the choral of its midnight storms, And of its rivers lingering through the plains, So long, that they seem made to measure Time; And of its lakes that mock the haughty sea; And of its caves where banish'd gods might find Night large enough to hide their crownless heads; And of its sunsets, glorious and broad Above the prairies spread like oceans on And on, and on over the far dio lengues, Till vision shudders o'er immensity." Roll on ! roll on, thou river of the North ! Bear on thy wave the music of the crash That tells a forest's full, wide woods that hold Beneath their cloister'd bark a registry Where Time may almost find how old he is t Keep in thy memory the frequent homes, That from the ruin rise, the triumphs these Of real kings whose conquering march shines up luto the wondering Oregon.

#### Oh, tell,

Thou glorious stream ! to Europe's stately song, Whose large white brows are fullest of the god-To Asia's mighty hordes, whose dark eyes gaze With wonder and unchangeable belief On mountains where JEHOVAH sat, when Earth Was fit to hold JERGYAR on her thrones-To Afric, with her huge, rough brain on fire, And Titan energy gone mad-tell thou to all, That Freedom hath a home ; that man arose Even as a mountain rises when its heart Of flame is stirr'd, and its indignant breast Heaves, and hurls off the enormous chain of ice That marr'd its majesty. Say to the tribes, "There is a hope, a love, a home for all; The rivers woo them to their fucent lengths; The woods to their green haunts; the prairies sigh Tbroughout their broad and flowery solitudes

• A reference to American geography will show that there is no extravagence in these Lass. Writes, Nigora, the Westscappi river, Loke Superior, the Manmoth Cave in Kentucky, the Grand Project of Junuis

I The concentric circles of trees designate their sge.

For some companionship. 'Prue, there are chains On certain swarthy limbs. It shall not be Forever. Yes! the fetter'd shall be loosed, And liberty beam ample as the land !"

And, fearless river ! tell to all the tribes The might that lives in every human soul, And what a feeble thing a tyrant is ! So speaking, that their hearts will how Before the beautiful, which holds the true, As heaven in its sweet azure holds the sun; So speaking, that they see the universe Was made for Beauty's sake, and like a robe It undulates around the inner soul, A feeling and a harmony, a thought That shows a decour thought, until the soul Trembles before the vision, and the voice, Made musical by worship, whispers, " Joy !" But utter all most eatmly, with thy voice Low as a scraph's near the eternal through For mighty truths are always very caim.

## CHANT OF A SOUL.

Mr youth has gone — the glorv, the delight That gave new incons unto the night, And put in every wind a tone And presence that was not its own. I can no more create, What time the Autumn blows her solemn tromp, And goes with golden pomp Through our unmeasurable woods: I can no more creato, sitting in youthful state Above the mighty floods, And peopling glen, and wave, and air, With shapes that are immortal. Then The earth and heaven were fair, While only less than gods seem'd all my fellow-men.

Oh! the delight, the gladness, The sense yet love of madness, The glorious choral exultations, The far-off sounding of the banded nations, The wings of angels at melodious sweeps Upon the mountain's hazy steeps — The very dead astir within their coffin'd deeps; The very dead astir within their coffin'd deeps; A swathe of purple, gold, and smethyst; And, luminons behind the billowy mist, Something that look'd to my young eyes like Gop.

Too late I learn I have not lived aright, And hence the loss of that delight Which put a moon into the moonless night. I mingled in the human maze; I sought their harrid shrino; I knelt before the impure blaze; I made their idals mine. I lost mine early love---that land of balms Most musical with solemn padros Sounding beneath the tall and graceful palms.

Who lives aright ! Answer me, all ye pyramids and piles That look like calmest power in your still might. Ye also do I ask, O continents and isles !

Dimenty GOOgle

Blind though with blood ve be, Your tongues, though torn with pain, I know are free. Then speak, all ancient masses ! speak From patient obeliek to idle peak ! There is a heaving of the plains, A trailing of a shroud, A clash of bolts and chains-A low, and voice, that comes upon me like a cloud, " Oh, misery ! oh, misery !"-Thou poor old Earth ! no more, no more Shall I draw speech from thee, Nor dare thy crypts of legendary lore : [shore. Let silence learn no tongue ; let night fold every Yet I have something left-the will, That Mont Blanc of the soul, is towering still. And I can bear the pain, The storm, the old heroic chain; And with a smile Pluck wisdom from my torture, and give back A love to Fate from this my mountain-rack. I do believe the sad alone are wise; I do believe the wrong'd alone can know Why lives the world, why spread the burden'd skies, And so from torture into godship grow. Plainer and plainer beams this truth, the more I hear the slow, dull dripping of my gore; And now, arising from yon deep, "T is plain as a white statue on a tall, dark steep. Oh, suffering bards ! oh, spirits black With storm on many a mountain-rack ! Our early splendour's gone. Like stars into a cloud withdrawn---Like music laid asleep In dried-up fountains-like a stricken dawn Where sudden tempests sweep. I hear the bolts around us failing, And cloud to cloud forever calling: Yet we must nor despair nor weep. Did wx this evil bring ? Or from our fellows did the torture spring ? Titans! forgive, forgive! Oh, know ye not 't is victory but to live ! Therefore I say, rejuice with herp and voice ! We are the prophets of the beautiful. And thou, O Earth ! rejoice With many waters rising like a voice. Thou, too, art full of heauty : thou ! Though thorns are piercing thy pale brow, And thy deep, awful eyes look dull. Wherever beauty is, is hope; And thou for His great sake hadst being : From central deep to starry cope Beauty is the all-sceing. Oh, yet thou shalt be a majestic creature, Redeem'd in form and every feature; New moons on high, thy plains continuous bowers, And in thy snow-white hand another Eden's flowers.

#### VOICES.

" Earth shall rejoice: we do rejoice, Each with his harp and thorny crown; And reverent hear, from dreary year to year, Without a frown amid our patient fold Upon the rocks beside the frozen fountains, The avalanches of Gon's judgments roll'd With stately motion and far thunder down Eternity's old mountains: We hear, and calmly amile Amid the mist on this our rocky pile." Oh, suffering but heroic souls ! Your voices come to me like muffled rolls Of brave but mournful thunders at their goals : And, gaining strength, once more I cry aloud From mine own stormy peak and clinging shroud, "Still, still rejoice, with harp and voice ! I know not what our fate may be: I only know that he who hath a time Must also have eternity : One hillow proves and gives a whole wide sea. On this I build my trust. And not on mountain-dust, Or murinuring woods, or starlit clime, Or ocean with melodious chime, Or sunset glories in the western sky : Enough, I am, and shall not choose to die. No matter what our future fate may be : To live is in itself a mojesty ! Oh ! there we may again create Fair worlds as in our youthful state; Or Wo may build for us a fiery tomb Like FARLVATA's in the nether gloom : Even then we will not lose the name of man By idle monn or coward groan, But say, . It was so written in the mighty plan !""

## THE GODS OF OLD: AN ODE.

Not realmless ait the ancient gods Upon their misty thrones. In that old glorious Grecian heaven Of regai zones A languor on their awful forms may lie, And a deep grief on their large white brows, King-dwellers of the sky ! But still they show the might of god, In rustless penoply. They cannot fade, though other creeds Came burden'd with their curse, And one's spotheosis was A darken'd universe : No tempest heralded the orient light; No fiery portent walk'd the solemn night; No conqueror's blood-red banner was unfurl'd; No volcan shook its warning torch on high; No earthquake tore the pulses of the world; No pale suns wander'd through the swarthy sky; Only the silent Spheres Amid the darkness shed some joyous tears; And then, as rainbows come, ir came With morning's lambent flame. The Stars look'd from their palaces, whose spires And windows caught afar the prophet-glow, And bade their choirs sing to the sweetest lyres, "Peace and good will unto the orb below !" The monarchs shudder'd and turn'd sick at heart; And from their bright hands feil

Gemm'd sceptres with a thunderous sound Before the miracle: Ah ! sick at soul-but they, the hards, Song's calm immortals in the eclipse, Throng'd up and held the nectar-cup To their pale lips; And each, with an eager, fond look, stirr'd Certain melodious strings, While the startled tempest-bearing bird, Poised tremblingly his wings: Then loftier still their harps resounded, And louder yet their voices roll'd Between the arches, and rebounded Dreamily from the roof of gold : "Ye cannot leave your throned spheres, Though faith is o'er. And a mightier Oxx than Jova appears On Earth's expectant shore !" Slowly the daring words went trampling through the bails " Not in the earth, nor hell, nor sky, The INEAL, O ye gode! can ever die, But to the soul of man immortal calls. "Still, Jovz, sublime, shall wrap His awful forchead in Olympian shrouds, Or take along the heavens' dark wilderness His thunder-chase behind the hunted clouds: And mortal eves upturned shall behold Apollo's rustling robe of gold Sweep through the corridors of the ancient sky That kindling speaks its Deity : And HE the ruler of the sunless land Of restless ghosts shall fitfully illume With smouldering fires that stir in cavern'd eyes Hell's house of shuddering gloom : Still the ethereal huntress, as of old, Shall roam amid the sacred Latmos mountains, And lave her virgin limbs in waters cold That earth holds up for her in marble fountains: And in his august dreams along the Italian\* streams, The poor old throncless god, with angry frown, Will feebly grasp the air for his lost crown-Then murinur sadly low of his great overthrow. And wrapp'd in sounding mail shall be appear, War's giant charioteer !-And where the conflict recls. Urge through the swaving lines his crashing wheels; Or pause to list amid the horrent shades. The deep, hoarse cry of battle's thirsty blades, Led by the hungry spear-Till at the weary combat's close, They gave their passionate thanks, Amid the panting ranks of conquer'd foes; Then, drunken with their king's red wine, Go swooning to repose around his purple shrine. " And ME the trident-wielder still shall see The adoring billows kneel around his feet, While, at his call, the winds in ministry

While, at his call, the winds in ministry Before their altar of the tempest meet: Or-leaning gently o'er the Paphian isles, Cheer'd by the music of some Triton's horn-Lift up the shadowy curtains of the night

\* Sature was banished to Italy.

To their hid window-tops above, And bathe thy drowsy eyelids with the light. Voluptuous queen of love! And thou, sh, thou, Born of the white sea-foam That dreams a-troubled still around thy home-Awaking from thy slumbers, thou shalt press Thy passionate lips on his resplendent brow In some sweet, ione recess, Where waters murmur and the dim leaves bow : And young ENDYNIGS At midnight's pailid noon Shall still be charm'd from his dewy sleep By the foolish, lovesick Moon, Who thrills to find him in some lovely vale Before her silver lamp may fail : And PAN shull play his pleasant reed Down in the hush'd arcades, And faune shell prenk the sward amid Thessalia's sunny shades.

"Nor absent SEE whose eyes of azure throw" Truth's sunburst on the world below : Still shall she calmly watch the choral years Circling fast the beamy spheres That tremble as she marches through their plains, While momently rolls out a sullen sound From Error's heary mountains tumbling round-Heard by the Titan, who from his high rock. Fill'd with immortal pains That his immortal spirit still can mock. Exultant sees-despite the oppressor's ire, The frost, the beat, the vulture, and the storm-Earth's aucient vales rejoicing in his fire, The homes, the loves of men-those beings wrought To many a beauteous form† In the grand quiet of his own great thought : And over all, bright, beautiful, serene, And changeless in thy prime, Thou, Parenz, glory-cinctured shalt be seen, Whispering forever that one word sublime. Down through the peopled gallery of Time-"ETERNITT !"- in whose dread cycles stand Men and their deities, alike on common land."

Like far-off stars that glimmer in a cloud, Deathless, O gods ! shall ye illume the past; To ye the poet-voice will cry aloud, Faithful among the faithless to the last-"Ye must not die !" Long as the dim robes of the ages trail O'er Delphi's steep or Tempe's flowery vale-Ye shall not die ! Though time and storm your calmold temples rend, And, rightly, men to our "ONE ONLT" bend-Ye were the things in which the ancient mind Its darkling sense of Deity enshrined. To Sinai still Olympus reverent calls, And Ida leaves to hear Mount Zion's voice : Gods of the past! your shapes are in our halls; Upon our clime your mighty presence falls, And Christian hearts with Greeian souls rejoice.

\* "Thon, Palles, Wisdom's blue-eyed queen t?" I According to the Greek mythology, Prometheus stole for from heaven and crysted men, for which Jove punished him.

Densetin GOOgle

# JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[Born, 1819.]

Mn. Lowers, is a native of Boston, where his father is an eminent Congregational clergyman. He completed his education at Harvard College when about twenty years of age, and subsequently studied the law, but I believe with no intention of entering the courts. His first appearance as an author was in 1839, when he printed a class poem recited at Cambridge. It was a composition in heroic verse, which, though it betrayed marks of heste, contained many strokes of vigorous satire, much sharp wit, and occasional bursts of feeling. Two years afterward he published a volume of miscellaneous poems, under the title of "A Year's Life." This here no relationship to his first production. It illustrated entirely different thoughts, feelings, and habits. It not only evinced a change of heart, but so entire a revolution in his mode of thinking as to seem the production of a different The staple of one forms the satire of the mind. other. Not more unlike are CARLYLE'S " Life of SCRILLER" and his "Sartor Resartus." Though "A Year's Life" was by no means deficient in merit, it had so many weak points as to be easily accessible to estirical criticism. The author's language was not pure. When he would "wreak his thoughts upon expression," in the absence of allowable words, he corrupted such as came nearest his meaning into terms which had an intelligible sound, but would not bear a close scrutiny. With all its faults, however, the book had gleams and flashes of genius, which justified warm praises and sanguine expectations. The new poct, it was evident, had an observing eye, and a suggestive imagination; he had caught the tone and spirit of the new and mystical philosophy; he had a large heart; and he aimed, not altogether unsuccessfully, to make Nature the representative and minister of his feelings and desires. If he failed in attempts to put thin abstractions and ever-fleeting shades of thought and emotion into palpable forms, the signs, in "A Year's Life," of the struggling of a larger nature than appeared in defined. outlines, made for the author a watchful and hopeful audience.

In 1844 Mr. LOWELL published a new volume, evincing very decided advancement in thought, and feeling, and execution. The longest of its contents, "A Legend of Brittany," is without any of the striking fiults of his previous compositions, and in imagination and artistic finish is the best porm he has yet printed. A knight loves and betrays a maiden, and, to conceal his etime, murders her, and places her corpse for temporary concealment behind the alter of his church, whence he is prevented by a mysterious awe from removing it. Meanwhile a festival is held there, and when the

people are all assembled, and the organ sounds, the templar hears the voice of the wronged spirit, complaining that she has no rest in heaven because of the state of the unbaptized infant in her womb, for which she implores the sacrament. Her prayer is granted, and the repentant lover dies of remorse. The illustration of this story gives occasion for the finest of Mr. Low all's exhibitions of love, and the poem is in all respects beautiful and complete. In the same volume appeared the author's " Prometheus," " Rhæcus," and some of bis most admired shorter pieces. He put forth in it his best powers, and though it embraced occasional redundancies, and he was sometimes so illsatisfied with his poem as to give in its conclusion a versified exposition of its meaning in the form of a moral, it secured the general consent to his admission into the company of men of genius.

In 1845 appeared bis "Conversations on some of the Old Poets," consisting of a series of criticisms and relevant discussions which evince careful study, delicate perception, and a generous catholicity of tasts; but the book does not contain the best specimens of his criticism or of his prose diction.

He gave to the public a third collection of his poems in 1848. In this there is no improvement of versification, no finer fancy, or braver imagination, than in the preceding volume; but it illustrates a deeper interest in affairs, and a warm partisanship for the philanthropists and progressists of all classes. Among his subjects are "The Present Crisis," "Anti-Texas," "The Capture of Fugitive Slaves," " Hunger and Cold," " The Landlord," &c. He gives here the first examples of a peculiar humour, which he has since cultivated with success, and many passages of finished declamation and powerful invective. He had been married, in 1844, to Miss MARTA WRITE, whose abilitice are shown in a graceful composition included in this volume, and by others which I have quoted in the "Female Poets of America."

In the same year Mr. LOWIII, published "A Fable for Critics, or a Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies," a rhymed essay, critical and satirical, upon the principal living writers of the country. It abounds in ingenious turns of expression, and felicitous sketches of character; it is witty and humorous, and for the most part in a spirit of genial appreciation; but in a few instances the judgments indicate too narrow a range of sympathics, and the caustic severity of others has been utributed to desires of retaliation.

The "Fable for Critics" was soon followed by "The Biglow Papers," a collection of verses in the dialect of New England, with an introduction and notes, written in the character of a pedantic 202 485

#### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

but sharp-witted and patriotic country parson. The look is a satire upon the defences of our recent war against Mexico, and it exhibits in various forms of indigenous and homely humour the indignation with which the contest was regarded by the best sort of people in the eastern states. The sectional peculiarities of idiom are perhaps exaggerated, but the entire work has an appearance of genuineness.

About the same time appeared Mr. LOWELL'S "Vision of Sir Launfal," a poem founded upon the legend of the search for the Holy Grail, (the cup out of which our Lord drank with his disci-

## TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way, Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May, Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,

High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they An Eldorado in the grass have found,

Which not the rich eatth's emple round May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me 'Then all the prouder summer-bluonis may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow Through the primeval hush of Indian scas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;

"I' is the Spring's largess, which she scatters now To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,

Though most hearts never understand To take it at Gon's value, but pass by The offer'd wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my trophics and mine Italy; To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime; The eyes thou givest me

Are in the heart, and head not space or time; Not in mid June the golden-cuirass'd bee

Feels a more summer-like, warm ravisiment In the white lily's breezy tint, His conquer'd Sybaris, than I, when first

From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass-Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze, Where, as the breezes pass.

The gleaning rushes lean a thousand ways-Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass.

Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue That from the distance sparkle through Some woodland gap—and of a sky above, [move. Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth

My childhood's earliest thoughts are link'd with The sight of thee calls back the robin's song, [thee; Who, from the dark old tree

Beside the door, sang clearly all day long, And I, secure in childish picty,

Listen'd as if I heard an angel sing

With news from heaven, which he did bring Fresh every day to my untainted ears, When birds and flowers and I were happy peers. ples at the last supper.) This is one of his longest and most beautiful poems, but an objection to it is poctically as well as metaphysically just, that the actions of Sir Launfal are induced by convictions of duty rather than by simple love.

Besides these works, Mr. Lowell has written much for the periodicals. He edited several months a monthly miscellany celled "The Pioneer," and he is now an associate editor of the "Anti-Slavery Standard." He is the suthor of some of the best papers in the "North American Review," and under various disguises is a contributor to other magazines and journals.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem, When thou, for all thy gold, so common art! Thou teachest me to deem

More sacredly of every human heart, Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show, Did we but pay the love we owe.

And with a child's undoubting wisdom look. On all these living pages of Gon's book.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD,

AROTHER star 'neath Time's horizon dropp'd, To gleam o'er unknown lands and seas! Another heart that beat for freedom stopp'd: What mournful words are these!

Oh! Love divine, thou claspest our tired earth, And lullest it upon thy heart.

Thou knowest how much a gentle soul is worth, To teach men what thou art.

His was a spirit that to all thy poor Was kind as slumber after pain :

Why ope so soon thy heaven-deep Qniet's door And call him home sgain ?

Freedom needs all her poets: it is they Who give her aspirations wings,

And to the wiser law of music sway Her wild imaginings.

Yet thou hast call'd him, nor art thou unkind, Oh ! Love divine, for 't is thy will

That gracious natures leave their love behind To work for Freedom still.

Let laurell'd marbles weigh on other tombs, Let authems peal for other dead,

Rustling the banner'd depth of minster-glooms With their exulting spread :

His epitaph shall mock the short-lived stone, No lichen shall its lines efface;

He needs these few and simple lines alone To mark his resting-place :--

"Here lies a poet: stranger, if to thes His claim to memory be obscure,

tionarity Google

If thou wouldst learn how truly great was he, Go, ask it of the poor."

#### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

#### SONNETS.

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TABOVAS suffering and sorrow thou hast pass'd To show us what a woman true may be: They have not taken sympathy from thee, Nor made thee any other than thou wast; Save as some tree, which, in a sudden blast, Sheddeth those blossoms, that are weakly grown, Upon the air, but keepeth every one Whose strength gives warrant of good fruit at last; So thou hast shed some blooms of gavety, But never one of steadfust cheerfulness; Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity Robb'd thee of any faith in happiness, But rather clear'd thine inner eyes to see How many simple ways there are to blees,

#### IT. THE FIERY TRIAL.

Tak hungry flame hath never yet been hot To him who won his name and crown of fire; But it doth ask a stronger soul and higher To bear, not longing for a prouder lot, Those martyrdons whereof the world knows not,— Hope sneaped with frosty scorn, the faith of youth Wasted in seeming vain defence of Truth, Greatness o'ertopp'd with baseness, and fame got Too late:—Yet this most bitter task was meant For those right worthy in such cause to plead, And therefore God sent poets, men content To live in humbleness and body's need, If they may tread the path where Jesus went, And sow one grain of Love's eternal seed.

#### ш.

I ASK not for those thoughts, that sudden leap From being's sea, like the isle-scening Kraken, With whose great rise the ocean all is shuken And a heart-tremble quivers through the deep; Give me that growth which some perchance deem Wherewith the steadfast coral-stems uprise, [sleep, Which, by the toil of gathering energies, Their upward way into clear sunshine keep, Unith, by Heaven's sweetest influences, Slowly and slowly spreads a speck of green Into a pleasant island in the seas, Where, mid tall palms, the cane-roof'd home is seen, And wearied men shall sit at sunset's hour, Hearing the leaves and loving God's dear power.

17. TO —, ON HER BIRTH-DAY. MATNEN, when such a soul as thine is born, The morning-stare their ancient music make, And, joyful, once again their song awake, Long silent now with melancholy scorn; And thou, not mindless of so blest a morn, By no least deed its harmony shult break, But shult to that high chime thy footsteps take, Through life's most darksome passes, unforlorn; Therefore from thy pure faith thou shalt not fall, Therefore shalt thou be ever fair and free, And, in thine every motion, musical As summer air, majestic as the sea, A mystery to those who creep and erawl Through Time, and part it from Elernity.

#### V. TO THE SAME.

Mr Love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die; Albeit I ask no fairer life than this, Whose numbering-clock is still thy gentle kiss. While Time and Peace with hands enlocked fly,— Yet care I not where in Elternity We live and love, well knowing that there is No backward step for those who feel the blins Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings high: Love bath so purified my heart's strong core, Messeems I scarcely should be startled, even, To find, some morn, that thou hadst gone before; Since, with thy love, this knowledge too was given, Which each calm day doth strengthen more and more,

That they who love are but one step from Heaven.

#### IV. TO THE SPIRIT OF REATS.

GREAT soul thou sittest with me in my room, Uplifting me with thy vast, quiet eyes, On whose full orbs, with kindly lustre, lies The twilight warmth of ruddy ember-gloom: Thy clear, strong tones will of bring sudden bloom Of hope secure, to him who lonely cries, Wrestling with the young poet's agonies, Neglect and scorn, which seem a certain doom; Yes! the few words which, like great thunder-drops, Thy large heart down to earth shook doultfully, Thyil'd by the inward lightning of its might, Serene and pure, like gushing joy of light, Shall track the eternal chords of Destiny, After the moon-led pulse of occan stops.

#### VII. TO -----

OUR love is not a fading, earthly flower; Its wind'd seed dropp'd down from Paradise, And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower, Doth momently to fresher benuty rise: To us the leafless autumn is not bare, Nor winter's rattling houghs lack lusty green, Our summer hearts make summer's fulness, whero No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen: For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie, Love,—whose forgetfulness is beauty's death, Whose mystic keys these cells of Thou and I Into the infinite freedom openeth, And makes the body's dark and narrow grato The wide-flung leaves of Heaven's palace-gate.

#### VIII. IN ABSENCE.

Tazar nugged, wintry days I scarce could bear, Did I not know, that, in the early spring, When wild March winds upon their errands sing, Thou wouldst return, bursting on this still air, Like those same winds, when, startled from their They hunt up violets, and free swift brooks [lair, From icy carce, even as thy clear looks Bid my heart bloom, and sing, and break all care : When drops with welcome rain the April day, My flowers shall find their April in thine cyes, Save there the rain in dreamy clouds doth stay, As loath to fall out of these happy skies ; Yet sure, my love, thou art most like to May, That comes with steady sun when April dies.

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#### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## THE POET.

In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder, The Poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife; He saw the mysteries which circle under The outward shell and skin of daily life. Nothing to him were fleeting time and fashion, His soul was led by the eternal law : There was in him no hope of fame, no passion, But with calm, godlike eyes, he only saw. He did not sigh o'er heroes dead and buried, Chief mourner at the Golden Age's hearse. Nor deem that souls whom Charon grim had ferried Alone were fitting themes of epic verse: He could believe the promise of to-morrow, And feel the wondrous meaning of to-day; He had a deeper faith in holy sorrow Than the world's seeming loss could take away. To know the heart of all things was his duty, All things did sing to him to make him wise. And, with a sorrowful and conquering beauty, The soul of all looked grandly from his eyes. He gazed on all within him and without him. He watch'd the flowing of Time's steady tide. And shapes of glory floated all about him And whisper'd to him, and he prophesied, Than all men he more fearless was and freer, And all his brethren eried with one accord.-"Behold the holy man ! Behold the Seer ! Him who hath spoken with the unseen Lord !" He to his heart with large embrace had taken The universal sorrow of mankind. And, from that root, a shelter never shaken. The tree of wisdom grew with sturdy rind. He could interpret well the wondrous voices Which to the calm and silent spirit come ; He knew that the One Soul no more rejoices In the star's anthem than the insect's hum, He in his heart was ever meek and humble. And yet with kingly pomp his numbers ran, As he foresaw how all things false should crumble Before the free, uplifted soul of man : And, when he was made full to overflowing With all the loveliness of heaven and earth, Out rush'd his song, like molton iron glowing, To show God sitting by the humblest hearth. With calmest courage he was ever ready To teach that action was the truth of thought, And, with strong arm and purpose firm and steady, The anchor of the drifting world he wrought, So did he make the meanest man partaker Of all his brother-gods unto him gave ; All souls did reverence him and name him Maker, And when he died heaped temples on his grave. And still his deathless words of light are swimming Serene throughout the great, deep infinite Of human coul, unwaning and undimming, To cheer and guide the mariner at night. But now the Poet is an empty rhymer Who lies with idle elbow on the grass, And fits his singing, like a cunning timer, To all men's prides and fancies as they pass. Not his the song, which, in its metre holy, Chimes with the music of the eternal stars,

Humbling the tyrant, lifting up the lowly, And sending sun through the soul's prison-bars. Maker no more,-O, no ! unmaker rather, For he unmakes who doth not all put forth The power given by our loving Father To show the body's dross, the spirit's worth, Awake! great spirit of the ages olden ! Shiver the mists that hide thy starry lyre. And let man's soul be yet again beholden To thee for wings to soar to her desire. O, prophesy no more to-morrow's splendor. Be no more shame-faced to speak out for Truth. Lay on her altar all the gushings tender. The hope, the fire, the loving faith of youth ! O, prophesy no more the Maker's coming, Say not his onward footsteps thou caust hear In the dim void, like to the awful humming Of the great wings of some new-lighted sphere! O, prophesy no more, but be the Poet ! This longing was but granted unto thes That, when all beauty thou couldst feel and know it. That beauty in its highest thou could at be. O, thou who moanest, tost with sealike longings, Who dimly hearest voices call on thee, Whose soul is overfill'd with mighty throngings Of love, and fear, and glorious agony, Thou of the toil-strung hands and iron sincws And soul by Mother Earth with freedom fed. In whom the hero-spirit yet continues, The old free nature is not chain'd or dead, Arouse ! let thy soul break in music-thunder, Lot loose the ocean that is in thee pent, Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy love, thy wonder, And tell the age what all its signs have meant. Where'er thy wilder'd crowd of brethren jostles, Where'er there lingers but a shade of wrong, There still is need of martyrs and spostles, There still are texts for never-dying song : From age to age man's still aspiring spirit Finds wider scope and sees with clearer eyes, And thou in larger measure dost inherit What made thy great forerunners free and wise, Sit thou enthroned where the Poet's mountain Above the thunder lifts its silent peak, And roll thy songs down like a gathering fountain, That all may drink and find the rest they seek. Sing ! there shall silence grow in earth and licaven, A silence of deep awe and wondering; For, listening glodly, bend the angels, even, To hear a mortal like an angel sing. Among the toil-worn poor my soul is seeking For one to bring the Maker's name to light, To be the voice of that almighty speaking Which every age demands to do it right. Proprieties our silken bards environ ; He who would be the tongue of this wide land Must string his harp with chords of sturdy iron And strike it with a toil-embrowned hand : One who hath dwelt with Nature well-attended. Who hath learnt wisdom from her mystic books,

Whose soul with all her countless lives hath blended, So that all beauty awes us in his looks;

Who not with hody's waste his soul hath pamper'd, Who as the clear northwestern wind is free,

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#### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Who walks with Form's observances unhamper'd, And follows the One Will obsciently;	Deeper and de
Whose eyes, like windows on a breezy summit,	As the hug Like thunder
Control a lovely prospect every way;	And with i
Who doth not sound God's sea with earthly plummet, And find a bottom still of worthless clay;	It grew up lik
Who heeds not how the lower gusts are working,	Filling the From the den
Knowing that one sure wind blows on above,	Like lightning
And sees, beneath the foulest faces lurking,	Through gorg
One God-built shrine of reverence and love; Who sees all stars that wheel their shining marches	Brimming t
Around the centre fix'd of Destiny,	Meet atmosph
Where the encircling soul screne o'crarches	Where fifty Their varicolu
The moving globe of being, like a sky ; [nearer	To the deli
Who feels that God and Heaven's great deeps are Him to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh,	In the warm i
Who doth not hold his soul's own freedom dearer	The organ he
Than that of all his brethren, low or high;	As if a lark s
Who to the right can feel himself the truer	While the
For being gently patient with the wrong, Who sees a brother in the evildoer,	So mapped at Struck by a
And finds in Love the heart's block of his song ;-	From heart to
This, this is he for whom the world is waiting	With insta
To sing the beatings of its mighty heart,	So that some
The long hath it been patient with the grating Of scrannel-pipes, and heard it misnamed Art.	A hidrous sha
To him the smiling soul of man shall listen,	As, when a ci Watching
Laying awhile its crown of thorns aside,	From which t
And once again in every eye shall glisten The glory of a nature satisfied.	Will be cas
His verse shall have a great, commanding motion,	An eager drea Until the h
Heaving and swelling with a melody	Starts up, its
Learnt of the sky, the river, and the ocean,	Heaved with
And all the pure, majestic things that be. Awake, then, thou I we pine for thy great presence	So in the face
To make us feel the soul once more sublime,	As hy one
We are of fur too infinite an essence	Which with a
To rest contented with the lies of Time.	All eyes to The air grew
Speak out! and, lo ! a hush of deepest wonder Shall sink o'er all his many-voiced scene,	Whether p
As when a sudden burst of rattling thunder	The dreadful
Shatters the blueness of a sky screne.	To scare the
	The incense t
-+	Its slow, un As 't wore the
EXTRACT FROM A LEGEND OF BRIT-	In all the c
TANY.	It seem'd one
	Give out a The midnight
Tars swell'd the organ : up through choir and nave The music trenshed with an inward thrill	More hush'd
Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on wave	there.
Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until	
The hush'd air shiver'd with the throb it gave,	
Then, poising for a moment, it stood still, And sank and rose again, to burst in spray	
That wander'd into silence far away.	Tez sea is
	The sea is Thou seeks
Like to a mighty heart the music seem'd, That yearns with melodies it cannot speak,	Wandering
Until, in grand despair of what it dream'd,	Our little i
in the agony of effort it doth break,	Come and
Yet triumphs breaking; on it rush'd and stream'd And wanton'd in its might, as when a lake,	Come to the W
Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls	The low w
And in one crowding gush leaps forth and falls.	To be at re
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beccer and deeper shudders shook the air, As the huge bass kept gathering heavily, she thunder when it rouses in its lair,

And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung It grew up like a darkness everywhere, [sky:

Filling the vast cathedral ;---suddenly, From the dense mass a boy's clear treble broke Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant, Brimming the church with gold and purple mist,

Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant, Where fifty voices in one strand did twist

Their varicolour'd tones, and left no want To the delighted soul, which sank shyse'd In the warm music-cloud, while, far below, The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

As if a lark should suddenly drop dead While the blue air yet trembled with its song,

So snapped at once that music's golden thread, Struck by a nameless fear that leapt along

From heart to heart, and like a shadow spread With instantaneous shiver through the throng, So that some glanced behind, as half nware

A hideous shape of dread were standing thers.

As, when a crowd of pale men gather round, Watching an eddy in the leaden deep,

From which they deem'd the body of one drown'd Will be cast forth, from face to face doth creep

An eager dread that holds all tongues fast bound, Until the horror, with a ghastly leap,

Starts up, its dead blue arms stretch'd aimlessly, Heaved with the swinging of the careless sea,-

So in the faces of all these there grew, As by one impulse, a dark, freezing aws, Which with a fearful fascination drew

All eyes toward the altar; damp and raw The air grew suddenly, and no man knew

Whether perchance his silent neighbour saw The dreadful thing, which all were sure would rise To scare the strained lids wider from their eyes.

The incense trembled as it upward sent Its slow, uncertain thread of wandering blue, As 't were the only living element

In all the church, so deep the stillness grew; It seem'd one might have heard it, as it went,

Give out an audible rustle, curling through The midnight silence of that awe-struck air, More hush'd than death, though so much life was

#### THE SYRENS.

Tax sea is lonely, the sea is dreary, The sea is restless and uneasy; Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary, Wandering thou knowest not whither ;---Our little isle is green and breezy, Come and rest thee! O come hither! Come to this preaceful home of ours, Where evermore

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The low west-wind creeps panting up the shore To be at rest among the flowers;

### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Full of rest, the green moss lifts, As the dark waves of the sea Draw in and out of rocky rifts, Calling solemnly to thee With voices deep and hollow,— • To the shore Follow ! O follow ! To be at rest for evermore ! For evermore !

Look how the gray, old Ocean From the depth of his heart rejoices, Heaving with a gentle motion, When he hears our restful voices; List how he sings in an undertone, Chiming with our melody : And all sweet sounds of earth and air Melt into one low voice alone, That murmurs over the weary sea .-And seems to sing from everywhere,-"Here maycet thou harbour peacefully, Here mayout thou rest from the aching oar; Turn thy curved prow ashore, And in our green isle rest for evermore! For evermore !" And Echo half wakes in the wooded hill, And, to her heart so calm and deen, Murmure over in her steep, Doubtfully pausing and mormuring still, " Evernore !" Thus, on Life's weary sea,

Heareth the marinero Voices sweet, from far and near, Ever singing low and clear, Ever singing longingly.

Is it not better here to be, Than to be toiling late and soon? In the dreary night to see Nothing but the blood-red moon Go up and down into the sea; Or, in the loneliness of day,

To see the still seuls only Solemnly lift their faces gray,

Making it yet more lonely ? Is it not better, than to hear Only the sliding of the wave Beneath the plank, and feel so near A cold and lonely grave, A restless grave, where thou shalt lie Even in death unquicity ? Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark, Lean over the side and see The leaden eve of the side-long shark

Upturned patiently, Ever waiting there for thee:

Look down and see those shapeless forms, Which ever keep their dresmiess sleep

Far down within the gloomy deep, And only stir themselves in storms, Rising like islands from beneath, And enoring through the angry spray, As the frail vessel perisheth In the whirls of their unwieldy play;

Look down! Look down! Upon the seaweed, slimy and dark,

That waves its arms so lank and brown. Beckoning for thee! Look down benesth thy wave-worn bark Into the cold depth of the sea! Look down ! Look down ! Thus, on Life's lonely sea, Heareth the mariners Voices sad, from far and near. Ever singing full of fear, Ever singing drearfully. Here all is pleasant as a dream; The wind scarce shaketh down the dew. The green grass floweth like a stream Into the ocean's blue: Listen! O listen! Here is a gush of many streams, A song of many birds, And every wish and longing seems Lull'd to a number'd flow of words,---Listen! O listen! Here ever hum the golden bees Underneath full-blossom'd trees, At once with glowing fruit and flowers crown'd :-The sand is so smooth, the yellow sand, That thy keel will not grate, as it touches the land; All around, with a slumberous sound, The sincing waves slide up the strand, And there, where the smooth, wet pebbles be, The waters gurgle longingly, As if they fain would seek the shore, To be at rest from the ceaseless roor, To be at rest for evermore,-For evermore. Thus, on Life's gloomy ses. Heareth the marinere

Heareth the marinere Voices aweet, from far and near, Ever singing in his ear, "Here is rest and peace for thee!"

## AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

HE spoke of Burns: men rade and rough Press'd round to hear the praise of one Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff, As homespun as their own,

And, when he read, they forward leaned, Drinking, with thirsty hearts and cars, His brock-like songs whom glory never weaned From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe, Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard, As if in him who read they felt and saw Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong

And slavish tyranny to are,

A sight to make our faith more pure and strong In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence Promptings their former life above, And something of a liner reverance For beauty, truth, and love.

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#### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

God ecatters love on every side, Freely among his children all, And always hearts are lying open wide, Wherein some gruine may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds Of a more true and open life, Which burst, unlook'd-for, into high-soul'd deeds With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours Some wild germs of a higher birth, Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all mon lie These promises of wider bliss, Which blossom into hopes that cannot die, In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical In life or death, since time began, Is native in the simple heart of all, The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor, Great deeds and feelings find a home, That cast in shadow all the golden lore Of classic Greece and Rome.

O mighty brother-soul of man, Where'er thou art, in low or high, Thy skyey arches with exulting span O'er-roof infinity !

All thoughts that mould the sge begin Deep down within the primitive soul, And from the many slowly upward win To one who grasps the whole:

In his broad breast the feeling deep That struggled on the many's tongue, Swells to a lide of thought, whose surges leap O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide In the great mass its base is hid, And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified, A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems That every hope, which rises and grows broad In the world's heart, by order'd impulse streams From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in common souls Hope is hut vague and undefined, Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls

A blessing to his kind.

Nover did Poesy appear So full of heaven to me, as when I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write

Thoughts that shall glind the two or three High souls, like those fur sture that come in sight Once in a century ;--- But better far it is to speak One simple word, which now and then Shall waken their free nature in the weak And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line, Which, eccking not the praise of art, Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine In the untutor'd heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose, May be forgotten in his day, But surely shall be crown'd at last with those Who live and speak for aye.

## THE HERITAGE.

Tax rich man's son inherits lands, And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands, And tender flesh that fears the cold, Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
The rich man's son inherits carce;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares, And soft, while hands could hardly earn A living that would serve his turn;

A heritage, it seems to me,

One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants, His stomach craves for dainty fare; With sated heart, he hears the pants

Of toiling hinds with brown srms bare, And wearies in his easy chair; A beniace, it seems to me.

One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ? Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,

- A hardy frame, a hardier spirit; King of two hands, he does his part In every useful toil and art;
- A heritage, it seems to me,
- A king might wish to hold in fee.
- What doth the poor man's son inherit? Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,
- A rank adjudged by toil-won merit, Content that from employment springs, A heart that in his labour sings;
- A heritage, it seems to me,
- A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit I A patience learn'd by being poor,

Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it, A fellow-feeling that is sure

To make the outcast bless his door, A heritage, it seems to me,

A king might wish to hold in fee.

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### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil, That with all others level stands ; Large charity doth never soil, But only whiten, soft, white hands,-This is the best crop from thy lands; A heritage, it seems to me, Worth being rich to hold in fee. O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state; There is worse weariness than thine, In merely being rich and great; Toil only gives the soul to shine. And makes rest fragrant and benign; A heritage, it seems to me, Worth being poor to hold in fee. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod, Are equal in the earth at last : Both, children of the same dear God, Prove title to your heirship vast By record of a well-fill'd past; A beritage, it seems to me, Well worth a life to hold in fee. TO THE FUTURE. O, LAND of Promise ! from what Pisgah's height Can I behold thy stretch of peaceful bowers? Thy golden harvests flowing out of sight, Thy nestled homes and sun-illumined towers ?

Gazing upon the sunset's high-heap'd gold, Its crags of opal and of crysolite,

Its deeps on deeps of glory that unfold Still brightening abysses, And blazing precipices,

Whence but a scanty leap it seems to heaven, Sometimes a glimpse is given,

- Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy more unstinted blisses.
- O, Land of Quiet! to thy shore the surf Of the perturbed Present rolls and sleeps;

Our storms breathe soft as June upon thy turf And lure out blossoms: to thy bosom leaps, As to a mother's, the o'er-wearied heart,

Hearing far off and dim the toiling mart,

The hurrying feet, the curses without number, And, circled with the glow Elysian, Of thine exulting vision,

Out of its very cares woods charms for peace and slumber,

To thee the Earth lifts up her fetter'd hands And cries for vengeance; with a pitying smile Thou blessest her, and she forgets her bands, And her old wo-worn face a little while

Grows young and noble; unto thee the Oppressor Looks, and is dumb with awe; The eternal law

Which makes the crime its own blindfold redressor, Shadows his heart with perilous foreboding,

And he can see the grim-eyed Doom From out the trembling gloom Its silent-footed steeds toward his palace goading. What promises hast thou for Poets' eyes, Aweary of the turmoil and the wrong! To all their hopes what overjoy'd replies ! What undream'd ecstanies for blissful song? Thy happy plains no war-trumps brawling clangor Disturbs, and fools the poor to hate the poor : The humble glares not on the high with anger; Love leaves no grudge at less, no greed for more; In vain strives self the godlike sense to amother ; From the soul's deeps It throbs and leaps; The noble 'neath foul rags beholds his long lost brother. To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires Unlock their fangs and leave his spirit free ; To thee the Poet 'mid his toil aspires, And grief and hunger climb about his knee Welcome as children : thou upholdest The lone Inventor by his demon hounted; The Prophet cries to thee when hearts are coldest, And, gazing o'er the midnight's bleak abyes, Sees the drowsed soul awaken at thy kiss. And stretch its happy arms and leap up disenchanted. Thou bringest vengeance, but so loving-kindly The guilty thinks it pity; taught by thee Fierce tyrants drop the scourges wherewith blindly Their own souls they were scarring; conquerors see With horror in their hands the accursed spear That tore the meek One's side on Calvary, And from their trophies shrink with ghastly fear; Thou. too, art the Forgiver, The beauty of man's soul to man revealing; The arrows from thy quiver Pierce error's guilty heart, but only pierce for healing. O, whither, whither, glory-winged dreams, From out Life's sweat and turmoil would ye bear me? Shut, gates of Fancy, on your golden glearns, This agony of hopeless contrast spare me ! Fade, cheating glow, and leave me to my night ! He is a coward who would borrow A charm against the present sorrow From the vague Future's promise of delight: As life's alarums nearer toll, The ancestral buckler calls, Self-clanging, from the walls In the high temple of the soul; Where are most sorrows, there the poet's sphere is, To feed the soul with patience, To heal its desolutions With words of unshorn truth, with love that nover

wearies.

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## J. M. LEGARE.

#### [Born, 18-.]

MR. LEGARE is of Charleston, South Carolina, and is of the family of the late eminent scholar and orator HUGH S. LEGARE. He published, in Boston, in 1848, "Orta Undis, and other Porms," in Latin and English, and he has since contributed to the literary miscellanies many compositions

of various but progressive excellence. His favourite themes are of love and nature, and his writings are often pervaded by a religious feeling. His tests is elegant, and his tone chivalrous and manly. His verse is occasionally abrupt and harsh—perhaps from attempted condensation.

## THANATOKALLOS.

I TRIXE we faint and weep more than is manly; I think we more mistrust than Christians should. Because the earth we cling to interposes And hides the lower orbit of the sun, We have no faith to know the circle perfect, And that a day will follow on the night: Nay, more, that when the sun we see, is setting, He is but rising on another people. And not his face but ours veil'd in darkness. We are less wise than were the ancient beathen Who temper'd feasting with a grisly moral.

With higher hope, we shrink from thoughts of dying,

And dare not read, while yet of death unbidden, As gipsies in the palm, those seams, and circles, And time-worn lineaments, which kings in purple Have trembled to behold, but holy men, Interpreting aright, like martyr'd STREARS, In singleness of heart have sunk to sleep: Gon's children weary with an evening ramble. Unthinking custom from our very cradle Makes us most cowards where we should be bold. The house is closed and hush'd; a gloom functeal Pervades the rooms once cheerful with the light : Sobs and outcries from those we love infect us With strange disquiet, making play unsought Before they take us on the knee and tell us We must no more be joyful, for a dread And terrible calamity has smitten one.

And then, poor innocents, with frighted hearts Within the awful chamber are we led To look on death; the hard, impassive face. The formal shroud, which the stiff feet erect Into the semblance of a second forchead, Swathed and conceal'd; the tumbler whence he drank

Who ne'er shall drink again; the various adjuncts Of a sick room; the useless vials  $\bullet$ Half emptied only, on the hearth the lamp, Even the fly that buzzes round and settles Upon the dead man's mouth, and walking thence Into his nostril, starts him not from slumber. All portions of the dreary, changeless scene In the last drama, with unwholesome stillness Succeeding to the weepings and complaints Of Heaven's own justice, and loud cries for succour That fill the dying ear not wholly dead, Distract the fluttering spirit, and invest A death-bed with a horror not its own. I thought of these things sadly, and I wonder'd If in this thanatopsis, soul as clay Took part and sorrow'd. While I this debated, I knew my soul was loosing from my hold, And that the pines around, assuming shape Of mournful draperies, shut out the day. Then I lost sight and memory for a moment, Then stood erect beside my usual couch. And saw my longwhile tenement, a pallid And helpless symbol of my former soif. The hands laid heavily across the breast, The evelids down, the mouth with final courage That aim'd a smile for sake of her who watch'd, But lapsed into a pang and so congeal'd, Half sweet, helf suffering : Aria to Caecinna.

Poor sinful clod, crewhile the spirit's master Not less than servant, with desire keen Alloying love, and oft with wants and achings Leading the mind astray from noblest deeds To sell its birthright for an Esap's portion. I all forgave, for I was all forgiven. Phosphor had brought a day too broad for twilight Or mist upon its confines. All the old Sad mysteries that raise gigantic shadows Betwirt our mortal faces and Gon's throne. Had fainted in its splendour; pride and sin, Sorrow and pain, and every mortal ill, In the deserted tenement remain'd, A palace outwardly, a vault within, And so, because she thought it still a palace And not a prison with the prisoner fiel, Weeping, She stood before the gates accustom'd. Laid her moist cheek upon its breast, and cried, "My lord ! my life !" to what had ceased from living, And could no more command with word or eyes. It moved my pity sorely, for these fingers, Now lock'd in agonizing prayer, once turn'd Gently the pages of his life who slumber'd ; And this brave mouth, with words of faith and choor 2 T 493

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#### J. M. LEGARE.

Strew'd flowers in the path he needs must tread ; That as a conqueror and not a captive, Drage'd at the heavy chariot-wheels of Time. And through an arch triumphal, where for others A narrow portal opens in the sod, Silent, and sad, and void of outlet, he The kingdom of his Long might enter in. Thus she made dying sweet and full of beauty As life itself. There was no harsh transition ; He that slept twofold, woke a single nature Beatified and glad. But she who stay'd, Poor little Roman heart, no longer brave Now that the eves were shut forevermore, Which made all virtues sweeter for their praise. Saw not the joy and greatness of the change. And I drew near her, as a spirit may Not to the mortal ear, but that the words Seem'd teachings of her bruised and lowly soul : " Is this the poet of thy summer days, The thoughtful husband of maturer years? Are these the lips whose kindly words could reach The deepness of thy nature ? If they be, Let them resume their own, nor tarry. Nay, Thou knowest all that thou didst ever love Is lifted out, and all that thou didst hate Lived in the flosh, and with the flesh remains. What matters it to thee if this decays, And mingling with the eod, is trampled on Of clownish feet, by gleaming share uptorn'd, Or feeds a rose, or roots a noisome weed ? How canst thou halve thy heart, half to the grave, Half to high Heaven yield ? Thank Gon instead, That he who was so dear to thee, released From sin and care, at length has found great peace." While she thus mused, her silent tears were stay'd, And kneeling down, with her sweet, patient face Lifted toward heaven, itself sufficient prayer-" LORD GOD !" she cried, " thou knowest best how weak

And frail I am, and faithless; give me strength To take the rod thou sendest for a staff. And falter never more in this lone journey!" Then she went forth and gather'd freshest flowers, And strew'd them on the dead: young violets Upon the breast, verbens round the temples, Looke rose-leaves o'er the mouth, to hide the pang, And in his hand a lily newly open'd, In token of her fnith and his transition. And in her eyes there reign'd such quietude, That those who saw her, said, "An angel surely Has spoken with her, or her reason's moved By sufferings prolong'd." But none might say She loved but lightly, or with levity Look'd forward to the common lot of all.

## MAIZE IN TASSEL.

The blades of maize are broad and green, The farm-roof scarcely shows between The long and softly-rustling rows Through which the farmer homeward goes. The blue smoke curling through the trees, The children round their mother's knees, He sees, and thanks Gon while be sees.

He holds one in his sturdy hands Aloft, when at the threshold stands (None noticed whence) a stranger. " Dame," The stranger said, as half with shame He made request; "astray and poor, By hunger guided to your door, I"---" Hush," she answer'd, " say no more !" The farmer set the prattler down-(Soft heart, although his hands were brown !) With words of welcome brought and pour'd Cool water from the spring : the board The wife set out. What mellow light Made the mean hovel's walls as white As snow ! how sweet their bread that night ! Long while their humble lot had been To dwell with poverty : between Them all one pallet and a bed Were shared. But to the latter led, The quest in pesceful alumber lay, While, with what broken sleep they may, The dame and host await the day. So pass'd the night. At length the dawn Arrived, and show'd the stranger gone. To none had e'er been closed their door Who ask'd for alma; yet none before Hed so much lack'd in courtesy. So spoke the wife. Her husband, he Sat musing by most anxiously-Of sterner need. A drought that year Prevail'd, and though the corn in ear Began to swell, must perish all Unless a kindly rain should fall. Gon send it straight !--- or toil from morn To eve, the hoard of buried corn. Ay, food itself, were lost and gone. Such thoughts now bring him to the door : Perchance some cloud sails up before The morning breeze. None-none; in vain His eyes explore the blue again : With sighs to earth returns his gaze. Ha! what is here !--- to Gon be praise ! See, see the glad drops on the maize ! No mist had dimm'd the night, and yet The furrows all lay soft and wet, As if with frequent showers; nay, More-sll bloom that shuns the day. And tassel tall, and ear and blade, With heavy drops were downward weighed, And a swift stream the pathway fray'd.

Long while might I prolong this strain, Relating thence how great his gain; How he who held not from the poor, Now saw his corncribs running o'er; And how his riches grew amain, And on his hill-ide ripen'd grain When parch'd was that within the plain.

But who the guest was of that night Conjecture thou-I dare not write. We know that singels, with the mien Of men, of men the guests have been; That he who giveth to the poor, Lends to the Lord. (I are not sure-) The promise here deep meaning bore.

Congle

(Bora, 1822. )

MR. READ was born in Chester county, Pennevivania, on the twelfth of March, 1822. His family having separated, in consequence of the death of his father, he in 1839 went to Cincinnati, where he was employed in the studio of CLEVENGER the sculptor, and there his attention was first directed to painting, which he chose for his profession, and soon practised with such skill as to arrest the favourable notice of some of the most eminent persons of the city and adjoining country, several of whom, including the late President HARRISON sat to him for portraits, which he carried as epecimens of his abilities to New York, when he settled in that city, in 1841, while he was still under twenty years of age. After a few months he removed to Boston, where he remained until 1846, when he went to Philadelphia, where he has since resided.

Mr. READ's carliest poems were a series of lyries published in the "Boston Courier" in 1843 and 1844. In 1847 his first volume appeared in Boston, under the title of "Poems," and in 1848 he printed in Philadelphia a second collection, under the name of "Lays and Ballads."

Mr. READ's distinguishing characteristic is a delicate and varied play of fancy. His more ambitions productions display its loftier exercise, rather than that of a distinct and creative imagination; he is a lark flickering aloft in the pure air of song, not an eagle, courting its storms and undazzled by its meridian splendour. And, to extend the comparison, his muse most delights in common and humble subjects. The flowers that spring by the Justy wayside, the cheerful murmur of the meadow brook, the village tavern and rustic mill, and all quiet and tender impulses and affections, are his most favourite sources of inspiration. He excels in homely description, marked frequently by a quaintness of epithet and a quiet and natural pathon. Many of his lyrics on simple and common themes have become widely popular.

His verse, though sometimes irregular, is always musical. Indeed, in the easy flow of his stanzas and in the melody of their cadences, he seems to follow some chime of sound within his brain. This is the pervaling expression of his poens, most of which might more properly be called songs. Though he has written in the dramatic form with freedom and unaffected feeling, his province is evidently the fyrical. Some of the brief songs in his last volume, among which "The Nameless." "Bring me the Juice of the Honey Fruit," and "The Light of our Home," may be cited, are fine specimens of the school in which BARBY CORNWALL attained his poetical fame.

Mr. READ'S familiarity with the rural life of this country gives a peculiar freehness to his descrip-

tions of rural scenery and objects. His early recollections are of the country, and of the habits of the princitive Pennsylvania farmers, in many respects the most picturesque and truly pastoral to be found in these active and practical times. A school of American pastoral poetry is yet to be established. The fresh and luxeriant beauty of our inland scenery has been sung in noble verse by BATANT and WHITTIER, and with less power in the sweet and plaintive strains of CARLOS WILcox, and the striking productions of STREET and GALLAGHER; but the life of an American farmer has not yet received a just degree of attention from our poets. Mr. READ has touched on this ground very successfully in his "Stranger on the Sill." "The Deserted Road," and other illustrations of country life. Their graphic truth and healthful sentiment will be recognised by readers familiar with their subjects. Like most of our poets, however, in his earlier poems Mr. READ wrole from the inspiration of foreign song and story, and he seems but lately to have perceived that the most appropriate field for the exercise of his fancy is to be found at home. In one of the finest of his pieces, in which he inscribes his last volume to a friend. he discloses the range of his truest sympathies :

Come thou, my friend !- the cool suturnal eves About the hearth have drawn their magic rings; There, while his song of peace the cricket weaves. The simmering hickory sings ..... The leafless branches chafe the roof all night, And through the house the troubled noises go. While, like a ghoetly presence, thin and white, The frost foretells the snow, The muffled owl within the awaying elm Thrifts all the air with sadness as he awings, Till Sorrow seems to spread her shadowy realm About all outward things. Come, then, my friend, and this shall seem no more-Come when October welks his red domain. Or when November from his windy floor Winnows the snow and rain. And when old Winter through his fingers numb Blows till his breathings on the windows gleam : And when the mill-wheel, spiked with ice, is dumb Within the neighbouring stream. Then come, for nights like these have power to wake The calm delight no others may impart, When round the fire true souls communing make A summer in the heart. And I will wrave athwart the mystic ploom, With hand grown weird in strange romance, for thes Bright webs of tuncy from the golden loom Of charmed Power1 And let no censure in thy looks be shown, That I, with hands adventurous and hold, Should grasp the enchanted shuttle which was thrown

Should grasp the shoushed should which was thrown. Through mightier warps of old f

Mr. READ is never more successful than when his poems reflect his own observation and emotion. 495

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#### THE ALCHEMIST'S DAUGHTER.

GIACOMO, the Alchemitt, IEEESARDO, his son milath, RUSAELA, hu dinighter, and Bernardo's wife. RORENZO, hu servers.

SCENE I.—FERRARA.—The interior of Giacomo'n house. Giacomo and LORRAZO discovered together.—Time, a little before daybreak.

Giacomo. Art sure of this ! Lorenzo. Ay, signor, very sure. 'T is but a moment since I saw the thing ; BERNABDO, who last night was sworn thy son, Hath made a villanous barter of thine honour : Thou mayst rely the duke is where I said. Gia. If so-no matter-give me here the light. [ KER GIACOMO. Lor. (alone). Oh, what a night! It must be all a dream ! For twenty years, since that I wore a beard, I've served my melancholy master here, And never until now saw such a night ! A wedding in this silent house, forsooth---A festival? The very walls in mute Amazement stared through the unnatural light : And poor Rosalla, bless her tender heart, Look'd like her mother's sainted ghost ! Ah me. Her mother died long years ago, and took One half the blessed sumshine from our house The other half was married off last night. My master, solemn soul, he walk'd the halls As if in search of something which was lust; The groom, I liked not him, nor ever did, Spake such perpetual sweetness, till I thought He wore some sugar'd villany within : But then he is my master's ancient friend, And always known the favourite of the duke, And, as I know, our lady's treacherous lord ! Oh, holy Mother, that to villain hawks Our dove should fall a prey ! poor gentle dear ! Now if I had their necks within my grasp, These fingers should be adders at their throats ! No matter-if my master be himself, Nor time nor place shall bind up his revenge. He's not a man to spend his wrath in noise. But when his mind is made, with even pace He walks up to the deed and does his will. In fancy I can see him to the end: The duke perchance already breathes his last, And, for BERWARDO, he will join him soon; And for ROBALTA, she will take the veil, To which she hath been heretofore inclined ; And for my master, he will take again To alchemy-a pastime well enough, For aught I know, and honest Christian work. Still it was strange how my poor mistress died, Found, as she was, within her husband's study. The rumour went she died of sufficiation; Some cursed crucible, which had been left By Gracomo aburning, fill'd the room, And when the lady enter'd, took her breath. He found her there, and from that day the place Has been a home for darkness and for dust ! I hear him coming ! by his hurried step There's something done, or will be very soon. Enter OIACOMO. (He must he light upon the table, and confrong LORENZO with a story took, j

Gia. LORENZO, thou hast served metwenty years, And faithfully. Now answer me, how wast That thou wert in the street at such an hour?

Lor. When that the festival was o'er last night, I went to join some comrades in their wine,

To pass the time in memory of the event. [drink ? Gia. And doubtless thou wert blinded soon with

Lor. Indeed, good signor, the' thewine flow'd free, I could not touch it, though much urged by all; Too great a sndness sat upon my heart; I could do naught but sit and sigh, and think Of our Rosatla in her bridal dress.

Gia. And sober, too! so much the more at fault. But, as I said, thou'st served me long and well, Perchance too long—too long by just a day. Here, take this purse, and find another master.

Lor. Oh, signor, do not drive me thus away ! If I have made mistake-

Gia. No. sirrah, no !

Thou hast not made inistake, but something worse. Lor. Ob. pray you, what is that, then, I have Gig. A lie! [made ? Lor. Judeed, good master, on my knees

I swear that what I said is sainted truth. [not go Gia. Pshaw, pshaw !---no more of this. Did I

Upon the instant to my daughter's room, And find BERNARDO sleeping at her side? Some villain's gold hath bribed thee unto this. Go, go !

Lor. Well, if it must be, then it must: But I would swear that what I said was truth, Though all the devils from the deepest pit Should rise to contradict me!

Gia. Prating still ?

Lor. No, signor-I am going; stay-see hers: (He draws a paper from he becom.)

Oh, blesséd Virgin, grant some proof of this! This paper, as they changed their mantles, dropp'd Between them to the ground, and when they pass'd I pick'd it up and placed it safely here.

Gia. (examining it). Who forged the lie, could fabricate this too.

Get to thy duties, sir, and mark me well, Let no word pass thy lips about the matter---

BERRARDO'S very band indeed is here ! Oh, compact villanous and black ! Conditions, The means, the hour, the signal—everything To rob my honour of its holiest pearl ! LORNEZO, shallow fool—he does not guess The mischief was all done, and that it was The duke he saw departing. Oh, brain—brain I How shall I hold this river of my wrath ! It must not burst—no, rather it shall sweep A noiscless maelstrom, whirling to its centre All thoughts and plans to further my revenge, And rid me of this most accursed blot !

(He new his forehead on his hand a few minute, and arciants)-The past returns to me again — the lore I gladly had forgot, comes like a ghost, And points with shalowy finger to the means Which best shall consummate my just design. The laboratory hath been clused too long; The door smiles welcome to me once again; The dusky latch invites my hand. I come ?

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{ He unlocks the door, and stands upon the threshole 's

O thou, whose life was stolen from me here. Stand not to thwart me in this great revenge; But rather come with large, propilious eyes, Smiling encouragement with bygone looks? Ye suges, whose pale, melancholy orbs Gaze through the darkness of a thousand years, Oh, pierce the solid blackness of to-day, And fire anew this crucible of thought, Until my soul flances up to the result? (In cours, and de der closes.) Scars IL-Another apartment in the Alchemist's housan

Enter Rosalia and BERNARDO. Rosalia. You tell me he has not been seen to-day?

Bernardo. Save by your trusty servent here, who

He saw his master, from without, unclose The shutters of his laboratory while The shutters of his laboratory while This turning to the past pursuits of youth Argues how much the sepect of to-day Hath driven the ancient darkness from his brain. And now, my dear ROSALIA, let thy face. And thoughts, and speech, be dress'd in summer smiller.

And naught shall make a winter in our house. Ros. Ab, sir, I think that I am happy ! Ber. Happy ?

Why so, indeed, dear love, I trust thou art! But thou dost sigh, and look along the floor So vaguely, that thy hoppiness seems rather The constant sense of duty than true joy.

Ros. Nay, chide me not. good sir; the world to me A riddle is at best: my heart has had No tutor. From my childhood until now

My thoughts have been on simple, honest things. Ber. On honest things ! Then let them dwell benefurth

On love, for nothing is more honest than True love.

Ros. I hope so, sir—it must be so! And if to wear thy happiness at heart With constant watchfulness, and if to breathe Thy welfare in my orisons, be love, Thou never shalt have cause to question mine. To-day I feel, and yet I know not why, A sadness which I never knew hefore; A puzzling shadow swims upon my brain, Of something which has been or is to be. My nother coming to me in my dream, My father taking to that room again. Have somehow thrill'd me with mesterious swe-

But is example to the theorem and the main and the second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second second

Emer GIACONO in low come and distributed have. Gia. (not perceiving them). Ha, precious villains, ye are caught at last! Both. Good-morrow, father Gia. Ah, my pretty doves!

Ber. Come, father, we are jealous of the art. Which hath deprived us all the day of thee.

Gia. Are ve indeed ? (Aside.) How smoothly to the siz

Her. That she is heautiful I had no cause to dream: Mine eyes have known the fact for many a day. What villuins didst thou speak of even now !

Gia. Two precious villains, Carbon and Azote: They have perplex'd me heretofore; but now The thing is plain enough. This morning, ero I left my chamber, all the mystery stood Asudden in an awful revelation!

Ber. I'm glad success has crown'd thy task today;

But do not overtoil thy brain. These themes Are daugerous things, and they who master'd most Have fellen at last but victims to their slaves.

Gia. It is a glorious thing to fall and die The victim of a noble cause.

Ber. Ay, true.

The man who battles for his country's right Hath compensation in the world's applause; The victor when returning from the field Is crown'd with laurel, and his shining way Is full of shouts and roses. If he full, His nation builds his monument of glory. But mark the alchemiat who walks the streets: His took is down, his step infirm, his hair And cheeks are burn'd to ashes by his thought; The volumes he consumes, consume in turn; They are but fuel to his fiery brain, Which, being fed, requires the more to feed on. This poople gaze on him with curious looks, And step asile to tet him pass untouch'd, Believing Satan hath bin arm-in-arm.

Gia. Are there no wrongs but what a nation feels !

No heroes but among the martial throng ? Nay, there are patriot souls who never grasp'd A sword, or heard the crowd applaud their names; Who lived and labour'd, died and were forgot. And after whom the world came out and reap'd The field, and never question'd who had sown.

Ber. I did not think of that. Gia. Now mark ye well, I am not one to follow phantom themes. To waste my time in seeking for the stone, Or crystallizing carbon to o'erflood The world with riches which would keep it poor; Nor do I seek the elixir that would make Not life alone, but misery, immortal; But something far more glorious than these. Ber. Pray what is that !

Gia. A cure, sir, for the heart-ache. Come, thou shalt see. The day is on the wane: Mark how the moon, as by some unseen arm, Is thrust toward heaven like a bloody shield! On such an hour the experiment must begin. 2 + 2

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Come, thou shalt be the first to witness this But come, thou'lt weary of this thickening air ; Most marvellous discovery. And thou, Let us depart. My pretty one, betake thee to thy bower, Ber. Not for the wealth of worlds Gia. Nay, but thy bride awaits theo-And I will dream thou 'rt lovelier than ever. Come, follow me. (To BERNARDO.) Ber. Go to her And say I shall be there mun. Ros. Nev, father, stay ; I'm sure Thou art not well; thine eyes are strangely lit; Gia. I will. The task, I fear, has overwork'd thy brain. Aside.) Now while he stands enchained within the I'll to Rosatia's room, and don his cloak Gia. Dearest Rosalia, what were eyes or brain Compared with banishment of sorrow? Come. And cap, and sally forth to meet the duke. Ber. (aside to Rossers). I will indulgo awhile "I is now the hour, and if he come----so be it LEXA GLACONO. this curious humour : Ber. (alone.) These delicate airs seem wafted Adjou! I shall be with thee soon again. from the fields Gin. (overhearing him). When Satan shall re-Of some celestial world. I am alonegain his wings, and sit Then wherefore not inhale that deeper draught, Approved in heaven, perchance, but not till then. That sweet accenthe which these other two, Ber. What, "not till then ?" When burning, shall dispense ? 'T were quickly Gia. Shall he be worthy deem'd done. To walk, as thou hast said the people thought, And I will do it ! Link'd with the mighty-soul'd philosopher : (He places the new criticities on the formace.) And yet the people sumetimes are quite right-Now, Sir Alchemist, The devit's at our cloow oftener than Linger as long as it may suit thy pleasure-We know. 'T is mine to tarry here. Oh, by St. John, (He gives DERSARDO his orm, and they ever the laboratory.) I'll turn philosopher myself, and do Ros. (alone). He never look'd so strange before ; Some good at last in this benighted world ! His cheeks are suddenly grown pale and thin : Now how like demons on the ascending smoke, His very hair seems whiter than it did. Making grimoces, leaps the laughing flame, Oh, surely, 't is a fearful trade that crowds Filling the room with a mysterious haze, The work of years into a single day ! Which rolls and writhes along the shadowy sir, Taking a thousand strange, fantastic forms; It may be that the sadness which I wear And every form is lit with burning eves, Hath clothed him in its own peculiar hue. The very sunshine of this cloudless morn Which pierce me through and through like ficry Seem'd but a world of broad, white desolation ; arrows! While in my ears small melancholy bells The dim walls grow unsteady, and I seem Knoll'd their long, solemn, and prophetic chime. To stand upon a reeling deck. Hold, hold ! But hark ! a louder and a holier toll, A hundred crags are toppling overhead. Shedding its benediction on the air, I faint, I sink-now let me clutch that limb-Proclaims the vesper hour-Ave Maria ! Oh, devil! It breaks to ashes in my grasp! [Exa ROSALIA. What ghost is that which beckons through the mist? SCENE III .- GLACORO GRIL BERNARDO discovered in the The duke! the duke! and blending at the breast ! laboratory. Whose dagger struck the blow ! Gia. What sayst thou now, BERNARDO ! Enter GIACOMO. Ber. Let me live Gia. Mine, villain, mine ! Or die in drawing this delicious breath : What! thou'st set the other two aburning : I ask no more! Impatient dog, thou chest'st ms to the isst! Gia. (aside). Mark, how with wondering even I should have done the deed-and yet 't is well ; He gazes on the burning crucibles. Thou diest by thine own dull hardihood ! As if to drink the rising vapour with Her. Ha! is it so ? Then follow thou ! His every sense. Gia. My time Ber. Is this the balm thou spak at of? Is not quite yet; this antidote shall place Gia. Ay, sir, the same. A har between us for a little while. Ber. Oh, would that now my heart (He reases a wal to bu hpe, druke, and fings is aside.) Were torn with every grief the earth hath known, Ber. (rallying). Come, give it me-Then would this sense be sweeter by tenfold ! Gia. Ha, ha ! I drain'd it all ! Where didst thou learn the secret and from whom ? There is the broken vial. Gin. From GEBBER down to PARACELSUS, Bone Ber. is there no arm Have mention'd the discovery of this: To save me from the abuss ! The need of it was parent to the thought. four ! Gia. No, villain, sink ! Ber. How long will these small crucibles hold And take this cursed record of thy plot, Gia. A little while, but there are two beside, (He shrinks a paper into ISERSARDO'S hand.) That when thy sense is toned up to the point, And it shall gain thee speedy entrance at May then be fired, and when thou breath'st their The infernal gate ! fumes, (BERSARDO read), reds, and fulls.) Nepenthe deeper it shall seem than that

Which HELES gave the guests of MENELLUS.

Gia. (looking on the body). Poor miserable dust! This body now is honest us the best.

Distanting GOOGIC

fapell,

The very best of earth, lie where it may. My mantle must conceal the thing from sight; For soon ROSALTA, as I hade her, shall Be here. O Heaven ! vouchasfe to me the power To do this last stern act of justice. Thou Who call'dat the child of JAIRUS from the dead, Assist a stricken father now to reise His sinless daughter from the bier of shame And may her soul, unconscious of the deed, Forever walk the azure fields of heaven ! Enter ROSALTA, destroins party index from the string a small gather crea-

Ros. Dear father, in obedience, I have come-But where's BERNARDO ?

Gia. Gone to watch the stars; To see old solitary Saturn whirl Like poor Ix10x on his burning wheel— He is our patron orb to-night, my child.

Ros. I do not know what strange experiment Thou'dst have me see, but in my heart I feel That Hs, in whose remembrance this was made, (Leving at the cross.)

Should be chief patron of our thoughts and acts. Since vesper time—I know not how it was— I could do naught but kneel and tell my prayers.

Gia. Ye blessed angels, hymn the word to heav'n. Come, daughter, let me hold thy hand in mine,

And gaze upon the emblem which thou bearest.

(He woke upon the orne. As a while, and presses is to her lips.) Rns. Pray, tell me, father, what is in the air ?

Gia. Seest thou the crucibles, my child ! Now I'll drop a simple essence into each. [mark-

Ros. My sense is flooded with perfume! Gia. Again.

Ros. My soul asudden, thrills with such delight, It seems as it had won a birth of wings!

Gia. Behold, now when I throw these jewels in, The glories of our set !

Ros. A cloud of hues

As beautiful as morning fills the sir; And every breath I draw comes freighted with Elysian sweets! An iris-tinted mist, In perfumed wreaths, is rolling round the room. The very walls are melting from my sight, And surely, father, there's the sky o'erhead! And on that gentle breeze did we not hear The song of birds and silvery waterfalls ! And walk we not on green and flowery ground ? Ferrara, father, hath no ground like this: The ducal gardens are not half so fair! Oh, if this be the golden land of dreams, Let us forever make our dwelling here. Not lovelier in my carliest visions seem'd The paradise of our first parents, fill'd With countless angels whose celestial light Thrill'd the sweet foliage like a gush of song. Look how the long and level landscape gleams, And with a gradual pace goes mellowing up Into the blue ! The very ground we tread Seems flooded with the tender hue of heaven ; An azure lawn is all about our feet, And sprinkled with a thousand gleaming flowers.

And sprinkled with a thousand greating howers Gia. Nay, dear Rusalla, cast thy angel ken Far down the shining pallway we have trod, And see behind us those enormous gates

To which the world has given the name of death; And note the least among yon knot of lights, And recognise your native orh, the earth ! For we are spirits threading fields of space, Whose gleaming flowers are but the countless stars. But now, dear love, adieu!—a flash from heaven, A sudden glory in the silent air— A rustle as of wings, proclaims the approach Of holier guides to take thes into keep. Behold them gliding down the azure hill, Making the blue ambrosial with their light! Our paths are here divided. I must go Through other ways, by other forms attended !

## THE REALM OF DREAMS.

" The baseless fabric of a vision."

Ort have I wander'd through the realm of dreams, By shadowy mountains and clear running streams, Catching at times strange, transitory gleams Of Eden-vistes, glimmering through a haze Of floral splendour, where the birds, ablaze With colour, streak'd the air like flying stars, With momentary bars; And heard low music breathe above, around, As if the air within itself made sound-As if the soul of Melody were pent Within some unseen instrument, Hung in a viewless tower of air, And with enchanted pipes beguiled its own despair. But stranger than all other dreams which led, Asleep or waking, my adventurous tread, Were these which came of late to me Through fields of slumber, and did seem to be Wrapp'd in an awful robe of prophecy. floughs I walk'd the woods of March, and through the The earliest bird was calling to his spouse; And in the shelter'd nooks Lay spots of snow, Or with a noiseless flow Stole down into the brooks; And where the springtime sun had longest shone The violet look'd up and found itself alone. Anon I came unto a noisy river, And feit the bridge beneath me away and quiver; Below, the hungry waters howl'd and hiss'd, And upward blew a blinding cloud of mist; But there the friendly Iris built its arch, And I in safety took my onward march. Now coming to a mighty hill, Along the sheivy pathway of a rill Which danced itself to four and spray, I clomb my steady way. It may be that the music of the brook Gave me new strength-it may be that I took Fresh vigour from the mountain sir Which cool'd my cheek and fann'd my hair; Or was it that adown the breeze Came sounds of wondrous melodics-Strange sounds as of a muiden's voice Making her mountain-home rejoice? Following that sweet strain. I mounted still And gained the highest hemlocks of the hill,

Densetin GOOgle

Old guardians of a little lake, which sent Adown the brook its crystal merriment. Blessing the valley where the planter went [tent. Sowing the furrow'd mould and whistling his con-Through underwood of laurel, and across A little lawn shoe-deep with sweetest moss. I pass'd, and found the lake, which, like a shield Some giant long had ceased to wield, Lay with its edges sunk in sand and stone, With ancient roots and grasses overgrown ; But far more beautiful and rare Than any strange device that e'er Glitter'd upon the azure field Of ancient warrior's polish'd shield, Was the fair vision which did lie Emboss'd upon the humish'd lake. And in its sweet repose did make A second self that sang to the inverted sky. Not she who lay on banks of thornless flowers Ere stole the serpent into Eden's howers; Not she who rose from Neptune's deep abodes The wonder of Olympian gods; Nor all the fabled nymphs of wood or stream Which bless'd the Arcadian's dream, Could with that floating form compare, Lying with her golden harp and hair Bright as a cloud in the sunset air. Her tresses gleam'd with many stars, And on her forehead one, like Mars, A lovely crown of light dispread Around her shining head. And now she touch'd her harp, and sung Strange songs in a forgotten tongue; And as my spirit heard, it seem'd To feel what it had lived or dream'd In other worlds beyond our skies---In ancient spheres of paradise; And as I gazed upon her face. It seem'd that I could dimly trace Dear lineaments long lost of yore Upon some unremember'd shore, Beyond an old and infinite sea, In the realm of an unknown century. For very joy I clapp'd my hands, And leap'd upon the nearer sands !-A moment, and the maiden glanced Upon me where I stood entranced ; Then noiselessly as moonshine falls Adown the ocean's crystal walls, And with no stir or wave attended, Slowly through the lake descended ; Till from her hidden form below The waters took a golden glow, As if the star which made her forehead bright Had burst and fill'd the lake with light ! Long standing there I watch'd in vain--The vision would not rise again.

Again, in sleep, I walk'd by singing streams, And it was May-day in my realm of dreams: The flowering pastures and the trees Were full of noisy birds and bees; And swinging roses, like sweet censers, went The viltage children making merriment, Follow'd by older people; as they pass'd, One beckon'd, and I join'd the tast. We cross'd the meadow, cross'd the brook, And through the scented woodland took Our happy way, until we found An open space of vernal ground; And there around the flowery pole I join'd the joy ous throng and sang with all my soul! But when the little ones had crown'd their queen, And danced their mazes to the wooded scens To hunt the honeysuckles, and carouse Under the spice-wood boughs---I turn'd, and saw with wondering eye A maiden in a bower near by, Wreathed with unknown blossoms, such as bloom In orient isles with wonderful perfume. And she was very beautiful and bright; And in her face was much of that strange light Which on the mountain lake had bless'd my eight; Her speech was like the echo of that song Which on the hillside made me strong. Now with a wreath, now with a coin she play'd, Pursuing a most marvellous trade-Buying the lives of young and old, Some with fame, and some with gold ! And there with trembling steps I came, But ere I ask'd for gold or fame. Before I could announce my name. The wreath fell wither'd from her head, And from her face the mask was shed : Her mantle dropp'd-and lo! the morning sun Look'd on me through a nameless skeleton !

Again I stood within the realm of dreams, At midnight, on a huge and shadowy tower; And from the east the full moon shed her beams, And from the sky a wild meteoric shower Startled the darkness; and the night Was full of ominous voices and strange light, Like to a madman's brain; below Prophetic tongues proclaiming wo Echo'd the sullen roar Of Ocean on the neighboring shore ; And in the west a forest caught the sound And bore it to its utmost bound. And then, for hours, all stood as to behold Some great event by mighty seers forecold; And all the while the moon above the sea Grew strangely large and red-and suddenly, Follow'd by a myriad stars, Swung at one sweep into the western sky. And, widening with a melancholy roar, Broke to a hundred flaming bars, Grating the heavens as with a dungeon door. Then to that burning gate A radiant spirit came, and through the grate Smiled till I knew the angel, Pate ! And in its hand a golden key it boro To open that celestial door. Sure, I beheld that angel thrice ; Twice met on earth, it mock'd me twice; But now behind those bars it beam'd Such love as I had never dream'd. Smiling my prison'd soul to peace With eyes that promised quick release; And looks thus spake to looks, where lips on earth were dumb,

" Behold, behold the hour is come !"

Congle

#### THE BRICKMAKER.

1.

LET the blinded horse go round Till the yellow clay he ground, And no weary arms he folded Till the mass to brick be moulded.

In no stately structures skill'd, What the temple we would build ! Now the measive kiln is risen-Call it palace-cell it prison ; View it weil: from end to end Narrow corridors extend-Long, and dark, and smother'd aisles: Choke its earthy vaults with piles Of the resinous yellow pine; Now thrust in the fetter'd Fire-Hearken! how he stamps with ire. Treading out the pitchy wine; Wrought anon to wilder spells, Hear him shout his loud alarms; See him thrust his glowing arms Through the windows of his cells.

But his chains at last shall sever; Slavery lives not forever; And the thickest prison wall Into ruin yet must fall. Whatsoever falls away Springeth up again, they say; Then, when this shall break asunder, And the fire be freed from under, Tell us what imperial thing From the ruin shall upspring ?

There shall grow a stately building— Airy dome and column'd walls; Mottoes writ in richest gilding Blazing through its pillar'd halls.

In those chambers, storn and dreaded, They, the mighty ones, shall stand; There shall sit the heary-headed Old defenders of the land.

There shall mighty words be spoken, Which shall thrill a wondering world; Then shall ancient bonds be broken, And new banners be unfurl'd.

But anon those glorious uses In these chambers shall lie dead, And the world's antique abuses, Hydra-headed, rise instead.

But this wrong not long shall linger-The old capitol must full; For, behold ! the firry finger Flames along the fated wall.

τι.

Let the blinded horse go round Till the yellow clay be ground, And no weary arms he folded Till the mass to brick be moulded— Till the masy walls be risen, And the fire is in his prison : But when break the walls asunder, And the fire is freed from under, Say again what stately thing From the ruin shall upspring?

There shall grow a church whose steeple To the heavens shall aspire; And shall come the mighty people To the music of the choir.

On the infant, robed in whiteness, Shall baptismal waters fall, While the child's angelic brightness

Sheds a halo over all.

There shall stand enwresched in marriage Forme that tremblo-hearts that thrill-

To the door Death's sable carriage Shall bring forms and hearts grown still !

Deck'd in garments richly glistening, Rustling weatth shall walk the aisle; And the poor without stand listening,

Praying in their hearts the while.

There the veteran shall come weekly With his cane, oppress'd and poor, Mid the horses standing meekly,

Gazing through the open door.

But these wrongs not long shall linger--The presumptuous pile must fall;

For, behold ! the fiery finger Flames along the fated wall.

#### 111.

Let the blinded horse go round Till the yellow clay be ground; And no weary arms be folded Till the mass to brick be moulded: Say again what stately thing From the ruin shall upspring?

Not the hall with column'd chambers, Starr'd with words of liberty,

Where the freedom-canting members Feel no impulse of the free:

Not the pile where souls in error Hear the words, "Go, sin no more !" But a dusky thing of terror,

With its cells und grated door.

To its innutes each to-morrow Shall bring in no tide of joy. Born in darkness and in sorrow,

There shall stand the fated boy. With a grief ton loud-to smother,

With a throbbing, burning head, There shall groan some desperate mother,

Nor deny the stolen bread !

There the veteran, a poor debtor, Mark'd with honourable scars,

Listening to some clanking fetter, Shall gaze idly through the bars:

Shall gaze idly, not demurring,
Though with thick oppression bow'd;
While the many, doubly erring,
Shall walk honour'd through the crowd.

Yet these wrongs not long shall linger-The benighted pile must fall; For, behold ! the tiery finger Flames along the fated wall !

#### IV.

Let the blinded horse go round Till the yellow clay be ground; And no weary arms be falded Till the mass to brick be moulded— Till the heavy walls be risen And the fire is in his prison. Capitol, and church, and jail, Like our kiln at last shall fail; Every shupe of earth shall fail; Every shupe of earth shall fail; But the heavenly temple, made For the sorely tried and pure, With its Builder shall endgro!

#### THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and com Is the lowly home where I was been; The peach-tree leans against the wall, And the woodbine wanders over all; There is the shaded doorway still, But a stranger's fort has cross'd the still.

There is the barn—and, as of yore, I can small the hay from the open door, And see the basy swallow's throng. And hear the poewee's mountful song; But the stranger comes—oh! painful proof— His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard — the very trees Where my childhood knew long hours of ease, And watch'd the shadowy moments run Till my life imbibed more shade than sun; The swing from the hough still sweeps the air, But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring helow, With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow; "T was there I found the calanum-root, And watch'd the minnows poise and shoot, And heard the robin lave his wing, But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill, Step lightly, for I love it still; And wheo you crowd the old barn caves, Then think what countless harvest sheaves Have passid within that scented door To gladden eyes that are no more !

Deal kindly with these orchard trees; And when your children crowd their knees, Their sweetest fruit they shall impart, As if old memories stirr'd their heart: To youthful sport still leave the swing, And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds, The meadows with their lowing herds, The woodbine on the collage wall— My heart still lingers with them all. Ye strangers on my native sill, Step lightly, for I love it still !

### A SONG.

Baiwa me the juice of the honey fruit, The large translucent, amber-hued, Rare grapes of southern isles, to suit The juxury that fills my mood.

And bring mo only such as grew Where rarest maidens tend the bowers, And only fed by rain and dew

Which first had bathed a bank of flowers.

They must have hung on spicy trees In airs of far, enchanted vales, And all night heard the ecstasies Of noble-throated nightingales:

So that the virtues which belong To flowers may therein tasted be,

And that which hath been thrill'd with song May give a thrill of song to me.

For I would wake that string for thee Which hath too long in silence hung, And sweeter than all else should be

The song which in thy praise is sung.

#### THE DESERTED ROAD.

ANCIENT road, that wind'st deserted 'Through the level of the vale, Sweeping toward the crowded market Like a stream without a sail:

Standing by thee, I look backward, And, as in the light of dreams, See the years descend and vanish Like thy whitely-tented teams.

Here I stroll along the village As in youth's departed morn;

But I miss the crowded coaches, And the driver's bugic-horn-

Miss the crowd of jovial tennsters Filling buckets at the wells,

With their wains from Conestoga, And their orchestras of bells.

To the mossy wayside tavern Comes the noisy throng no more; And the faded sign, complaining,

Swings unnoticed at the door; While the old, decrepit tollman,

Woiting for the few who pass, Reads the melancholy story

In the thickly-springing grass.

Ancient highway, thou art vanquish'd; The usurper of the valu Rolls in fiery, iron rattle,

Exultations on the gale.

Thou art vanquish'd and neglected; But the good which thou hast done,

Though by man it he forgotten, Shall be deathless as the sun.

Though neglected, gray, and grassy, Still I pray that my decline

May be through as vernal valleys And as blost a caim as thine.

Distantin GOOS

\* [Born, 1823.]

GEORDE HENNE BOREN was born in Philadelphis in 1823, and was graduated bachelor of arts at Nassau Hall, Princeton, when nineteen years of age. After traveiling some time in Europe, and making himself familiar with contemporaneous literatures among their creators, he settled in his native city, to devote a life of opulent leisure to the cultivation of letters and to the enjoy ment of the liberal arts and of society.

His first appearance as an author was in a small volume published in 1847, under the title of "The Lesson of Life, and other Poems." In this were indications of a maply temper and a cultivated taste, but it had the customary faults of vouthful compositions in occasional feebleness of epithet, indistinctness, diffuseness, and a certain kind of romanticism that betrays a want of experience of the world. Its reception however by judicious critics, who saw amid its fauits the signs of a fine understanding, justified new efforts; and turning his attention to the drama, he produced in the following year " Calaynos, a Tragedy," which gave him large increase of reputation in the best audience of this country. The plot of this play illustrates the hatred of the Moors by the Castilians. Ca-LATNOS, a nobleman of a sincere and generous nature, whose youth has been passed in the study of philosophy and in acts of kindness, and whose Saracen taint of blood is concealed from his wife, Donna ALUA, until made known in the progress of the history, proposes to leave his retirement for a journey to Seville. There is a superstition among the neighbouring peasants that a visit to Seville is dangerous to the race of CALAYNOS, and OLIVER, his secretary, whose practical sagneity alone is necessary to the perfection of the master's character, has also a presentiment of evit on this occasion, and endeavours to dissuade him from his purpose; upon which UALATNOS discloses that the principal object of his journey is to see an early friend, Don-LUIR, who has become involved in difficulties and whose estates will be sacrificed unless he receives by a certain day considerable assistance in money. Arriving in Seville with OLIVER, ULLAYSON discharges the obligations of Don Lens, who so wins upon his affection that he persuades him to become his guest. The party in the next act are at the castle of CALATNOS, where Don LUIS discovers that CALATNOS is of Moorish origin, and having fallen in love with the wife of his benefactor, in a secret interview he informs her of her disgrace. It is difficult to appreciate the intensity of the prejudice which made this revelation so important; and it is an objection to the play for acting purposes, that out of Spain and Portugal few audiences could sympathize with it, though the historical student will perceive that Mr. BOKER has not

at all exaggerated it. Donna ALDA, struggling between love and pride, calls upon her husband, faints, and is borne from the scene in the arms of Don LUIS; and the act closes with CALATNOS'S discovery of his friend's ingratitude and his wife's perfidy. In the month which passes before the opening of the last act, CALATNOS has become old through grief. His secretary, returned from a pursuit of the fugitives, informs him that Donna At na had fled from the residence of her seducer : she is discovered, seeking shelter from a storm pader the walls of the castle, brought in, recognised, and dies, referring to a written exposure of the villany of Don LUIS. CALAYNOS, convinced of her innocence, hastens to Seville, and slays the destroyer of his happiness in the midst of his debaucherics. This simple story is managed with much skill, and so as to produce a cumulative interest to its close. The characters, besides those already referred to, are some half dozen gentlemen. to make side spreches and caro about the details of the plot. They are distinctly drawn, in most cases with finely contrasted idiosyncracies (though the hero and heroine converse somewhat too much in the same style), and they are all excellently sustained. The action is less dramatic than the dialogue, which in some parts evinces great power, and, more frequently, those happy turns of expression which disclose a chief element of the dramatic faculty.

"Calaynos" was first enacted at the Saddlers' Wells Theatre in London, in May, 18-19, with very decided success, and its merits, both as a play and as a poem, were generally recognised by the English critics.

The next production of Mr. BOKER was "Anne Boleyn, a 'Tragedy," which in many respects surpasses " Calaynos," evincing more skil in the use of language, more force in the display of passion, and a finer vein of poetical feeling, with the same admirable contrasts of character, and unity and directness of conduct.

Mr. BOKER has been an occasional writer for the periodical miscellanies, and in "The Song of the Earth" and in " The Spirit of Poetry," which are quoted in the following pages, he has displayed a richness of invention, a copiousness of illustration, and a vigour and finish of style, that amply vindicate his right to be classed among the small number of our writers of verses who are poets. The attraction of these pieces, like that of his more ambitious performances, consists more in their general cast than in the strength or grace of particular ideas, or a fit elegance of phrase. It is a fault indeed, less conspicuous in his minor poems than in his tragedies, that modelling himself after some of the older masters of English verse, there 603

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is an occasional want of ease in the structure of his sentences, and in his selection of words an insensibility to the more delicate charms of longuage: a fault that is not likely to outlast the full development of his genius. It would be easy to point out in "Calaynos" many passages which are spoiled by inversions altogether unnecessary to the perfection of the rhythin, or by other departures from the rule of nature, which are results of no carelessness, but evidently of an erroneous and it is to be hoped very transient funcy in regard to the effect of a colloquial simplicity in poetical writing.

#### THE SONG OF THE EARTH.

#### PRELUDX-CHORUS OF PLANETS.

HARK to our voices. O mother of nations ! Why art thou dim when thy sisters are radiant? Why well'st thy face in a mantle of vapour, Gliding obscure through the depths of the night? Wake from the lethargy. Hear'st thou our music, Harmonious, that reaches the confines of space ? Join in our chorus, join in our jubilee, Make the day pine with thy far-piercing melody-Pine that his kingdom of blue sky and sunshine Never re-cchoes such marvellous tones. No, thou art silent, O mystical sister, Silent and proud that thou bear at on thy bosom The wonderful freight of the God-lighted soul. We hear thee, we hear thee, beneath thy thick mantle, The war of the winds through thy leaf-laden forests,

The war of the winds through thy leaf-laden torests, And round aisles of thy pillar'd and hill-piercing Caverns sonorous; hear the dread avalanche Torn from its quivering mountainous summit, Ribbrd with massy rocks, crested with pine-trees, Thundering enormous upon thy fair valleys; Hear the dull roar of thy mist-spouting cataracts; Hear the faint plash of thy salt, secthing billows, Lifting their heads multitudinous, or shoreward Climbing the chills that overhang them with trembing,

And tossing their spray in exultant defiance Over the weed-bearded guardians of ocean. Sister, we listen; thy strains are enlinking, Melodiously blending to ravishing harmony; Clouds are departing, we see thee, we yearn to thee, Noblest of planets, creation's full glory ! Bending we hearken, thou mother of nations, Hack to the sky-rending voice of humanity.

#### SONG OF THE EARTH.

Oh vex me not, ye ever-burning planets; Nor sister call me, ye who me afflict. I son unlike ye : ye may reveiling sing, Carelese and joyful, roaming sunlit ether, Urged with but one emotion, chanting still Through lapsing time the purpose of your birth, Each with a several passion; but to nie Are mix'd emotions, vast extremes of feeling-Now verdant in the fmitful smile of Heaven, Now waste and blucken'd in the scowl of Hell. Ye know me not, nor can ye sympathize With one like me, for wisdom is not yours Ye sing for joy; but wisdom slowly comes From the close whispers of o'crburden'd pain. I am alone in all the universe! To me is pain; I can distinguish sin; But ye with constant though unweeting glance

Rain good or ill, and smile slike at both, Nor understand the mystery of your natures. To me is wisdom-wisdom bought with wo, Acces on ages past, when first I stray'd, With baughty scorn and self-reliant pride, From purity and God. For once, like you, God spoke me face to face, me soulless led From joy to joy; yet he was mystical-Too obvious for thought-I knew him not : But now, through sin, I understand like him The heart of things-the steep descents of guilt, And the high pinnacles of heaven-lit virtue. Bend down, ye stars, bend from your silver thrones, Ye joyful wanderers of ether bright: For I. soul-hearer of the universe, Would teach your ignorance with the lips of song !

O Mercury, hot planet, burying deep Thy forehead in the sunlight, list to me! I groon beneath thy influence. Thou dost urge The myriad hands of Labour, and with toil Dost mar my features; day by day dost work Thy strady changes on mine ancient face, Till all the host of heaven blank wonder look, Nor know the fresh, primeval-moukled form That like the Aphrodite, rose from chaos, Smiling through dews upon the first morn's sun. The leaf-crown'd mountain's brows thou burlest down

Into the dusty valley, and dost still The free, wild singing of the cleaving streams To murmura dying lazily within The knotted roots of pool-engender'd filies, That sluggish nod above the slimy dama. All day the axe I hear rending through trunks, Moss-grown and reverend, of cluster'd oaks. All duy the circling scythe sweeps off The ruddy bloom of vain-aspiring fields, Clipping to stubbles grim the vernal flowers. Thou portionest my meadows, and dost make Each fruitful slope a spot for sweaty toil. Thou tearest up my bosom; far within My golden veins the grimed miner's pick Starties the babbling echoes. Ancient rocks, My hardy bones, are rent with nitrous fire, To rear thy marts, to bridge the leaping streams, Or to usurp the ocean's olden right, That selfish trade may dry-shod walk to power. The very occan, grim, implacable, Thou loadest with the white-wing'd fleets of commerce,

Crossing, like wheeling birds, each other's tracks; Until the burden'd giant, restless grown, Bounds from his sleep, and in the stooping clouds Nods his white head, while splinter'd navies melt To scatter'd tragments in his sullen frolt! Malignant star, I feel thy wicked power;

Distant in GOOQ

My children's busy thoughts are full of thee: Thou 'st child the loving spirit in their hearts, And on their lips hast placed the selfish finger-They dare not know each other. All that is, All that God bless'd my teening bosom with, Is priced and barter'd; ay, the very worth Of man himself is weigh'd with senseless gold-Therefore I hate thee, bright-brow'd wanderer!

Daughter of the sober twilight, Lustrous planet, ever hanging In the mottled mists that welcome Coming morning, or at evening Peoping through the ruddy banners Of the clouds that wave a parting, From their high aerial summits, To the blazing god of day-T is for thee I raise my prean, Steady-beaming Venus! kindler, In the stubborn hearts of mortals, Of the sole surviving passion That enlights a last existence With the dull and ruthless present. Far adown the brightening future, Prophetess, I see thee glancing-See thee still amid the twilight Of the ages rolling onward, Promising to heart-sick mortals Triumph of thy gracious kingdom; When the hand of power shall weaken, And the wronger right the wronged, And the pure, primeval Eden Shall again o'crepread with blossoms Sunny hill and shady valley. "I is to thee my piny mountains Wave aloft their rustling branches, "T is to thee my opening flowerets Send on high their luscious adours, "I' is to thee my leaping fountains Prattle through their misty breathings, And the bass of solemn ocean Chimes accordant in the chorus. Every fireside is thy altar, Streaming up its holy incense; Every mated pair of mortais, Happily link'd, are priest and priestess, Pouring to thee full librions From their overbrimming spirits. Clash the loud-resounding cymbals, Light the rosy torch of Hymen; Bands of white-robed youths and maidens Whirl aloft the votive myrtle ! Raise the choral hymn to Venus-Young-eyed Venue, over youthful, Ever on true hearts bestowing Pleasures new that never pall ! Brightest link 'tween man and Heaven, Soul of virtue, life of goodness, Cheering light in pain and sorrow, Pole-star to the struggling voyager Wreck'd on life's relentless billows, Fair reward of trampled sainthood, Beaming from the throne Eternal Lonely hope to sinful mankind--Still among the mists of morning, Still among the clouds of evening, 64

While the years drive ever onward, Hang thy crescent lamp of promise, Venue, blazing star of Love! O Mars, wide heaven is shuddering 'neath the stride Of thy mail'd foot, most terrible of planets; I see thee struggling with thy brazen front To look a glory from amid the crust Of guilty blood that dims thy haughty face: The curse of crime is on thee.—Look, behold!

See where thy frenzied votaries murch; Hark to the brazen blare of the bucle. Hark to the rattling clatter of the drums. The measured tread of the steel-clad footmen! Hark to the labouring horses' breath, Painfully tugging the harness'd cannon; The shrill, sharp clank of the warriors' swords, As their chargers bound when the trumpets sound Their alarums through the echoing mountains! See the flashing of pennons and scarfs, Shaming the gorgeous blazon of evening, Rising and falling mid snowy plumes That dance like foam on the crested billows ! Bright is the glitter of burnish'd steel, Stirring the clamour of martial music: The clank of arms has a witchery That wakes the blood in a youthful bosom; And who could tell from this pleasant show, That flaunts in the sun like a May-day festal, For what horrid rites are the silken flags. For what horrid use are the gleaming sabrea What change shall mar, when the battles join, This marshall'd pageant of shallow glory ? For then the gilded flags shall be rent, The sabres rust with the blood of formen. And the courteous knight shall how! like a wolf. When he scents the gory steam of battle.

The orphan's curse is on thee, and the tears Of widow'd matrons plead a fearful cause. Each thing my bosom bears, that thou hast touch'd, Is loud against thee. Flowers and trampled grass, And the long line of waste and barren fields, Erewhile o'erflowing with a sea of sweets. Look up all helpless to the pitving heavens, Showing thy bloody footprints in their wounds, And shricking through their gaunt and leafless trees. That stand with imprecating arms outspread-They fiercely curse thee with their desolution ; Each cheerless hearthstone in the home of man, Where Ruin grins, and rube his bony palme, Demands its lost possessor. Thou hast hurl'd Man's placid reason from its rightful throne, And in its place rear'd savage force, to clip Debate and doubt with murder. Therefore, Mars, I sicken in thy angry glance, and loathe The duil red glitter of thy bloody spear !

I know thy look, majestic Jupiter! I see thee moving mid the stars of heaven, Girt with thy train of ministering satellites. Proud planet, I confess thy influence: My heart grows big with gazing in thy face; Unworted power pervades my eager frame; My bulk aspiring towers above itself, And restless pants to rush on acts sublime, At which the wondering stars might stand agaze, 20

And the whole universe from end to end, Conscious of me, should tremble to its core ! Spirit heroical, imperious passion, That sharply sets the pliant face of youth, That blinds the shrinking eyes of pallid fear, And plants the lion's heart in modest breasts-I know that thou hast led, with regal port, The potent spirits of humanity Before the van of niggard Time, and horne, With strides gigantic, man's advancing race From power to power; till, like a host of gods, They mock my elements, and drag the secrets Of my mysterious forces up to light, Giving them bounds determinate and strait, And of their natures, multiform and huge, Talking to children in familiar way. The hero's sword, the poet's golden string, The tome-illuming taper of the sage, Flash 'neath thy influence; from thee alone, Ambitious planet, comes the marvelious power That in a cheruh's glowing form can veil A heart as cold as Iceland, and exalt To deity the demon Selfishness. O planet, mingle with thy chilling rays, That stream inspiring to the hero's soul, One beam of love for vast humanity, And thou art godlike. Must it ever be, That brightest flowers of action and idea Spring from the same dark soil of selfish lust? Must man receive the calculated gifts Of shrewd Ambition's self-exalting hand, And blindly glorify an act at which The host of heaven grow red with thoughtful shame? Shall Knowledge hasten with her sunny face, And weeping Virtue lag upon the path 1 Shall man exultant boast advance of power, Nor see arise, at every onward stride, New forms of sin to shadow every truth? Roll on, roll on, in self-supported pride, Prodigious influence of the hero's soul; I feel thy strength, and tremble in thy glare !

O many-ringed Saturn, turn away The chilling terrors of thy baleful glance ! Thy gloomy look is piercing to my heart-I wither 'neath thy power ! My springs dry up, And shrink in horror to their rocky beds; The brooks that whisper'd to the filly-bells All day the glory of their mountain homes, And kiss'd the dimples of the wanton rose, At the deed blushing to their pebbly strands, Cease their sweet merriment, and glide afraid Beneath the shelter of the twisted sedge. The opening bud shripks back upon its shell. As if the North and puff'd his frozen breath Full in its face. The billowing grain and grass, Rippling with windy furrows, stand becalm'd; Nor 'mong their roots, nor in their tiny veins, Bestirs the fruitful sap. The very trees, Broad, hardy sons of crags and sterile plains, That road defiance to the Winter's shout, And bottled steenly through his cutting sleet, Droop in their myriad leaves ; while nightly birds, That piped their shrilling treble to the moon, Hang silent from the boughs, and peer around,

Awed by mysterious sympathy. From thee, From thee, dull planet, comes this lethargy That numbs in mid career meck Nature's power, And stills the prattle of her plumed train. O icy Saturn, proud in ignorance, Father of sloth, dark, deadening influence, That dima the eye to all that's beautiful. And twists the haughty lip with killing scora For love and holiness-from thee alone Springs the cold, crushing power that presses down The infinite in man. From thee, dull star, The cautious fear that checks the glowing heart, With sympathetic love world-wide o'erfreighted, And sends it panting back upon itself. To murmur in its narrow hermitage. The boldest here staggers in thy frown, And drops his half-form'd projects all aghast : The noet shrinks before thy phantom glare, Ere the first echo greets his timid song ; The startled sage amid the embers hurls The gather'd wisdom of a fruitful life .-Oh, who may know from what bright pinnscles The mounting soul might look on coming time, Had all the marvellous thoughts of genius-Blasted to nothingness by thy cold sneer--Burst through the hud and blossom'd into fruit ? Benumbing planet, on our system's skirt, Whirl from thy sphere, and round some lonely sun, Within whose light no souts their ordeals pass, Circle and frown amid thy frozen belts: For I am sick of thee, and stately man Shrinks to a pigmy in thy fearful stare !

#### FINALE-CHORUS OF STARS.

Heir of Eternity, mother of souls, Let not thy knowledge betray thee to fully ! Knowledge is proud, self-sufficient, and lone, Trusting, unguided, its steps in the darkness, Thine is the learning that mankind may win, Glean'd in the pathway between joy and sorrow : Ours is the wisdom that hallows the child, Fresh from the touch of his swful Creator, Dropp'd, like a star, on thy shadowy realm, Falling in splendour, but falling to darken. Ours is the simple religion of faith, The wisdom of trust in Gon who o'errules us-Thine is the complex misgivings of thought, Wreated to form by imperious Reason. We are forever pursuing the light-Thou art forever astray in the darkness. Knowledge is restless, imperfect, and sad-Faith is serene, and completed, and joyful. Chide not the planets that rale o'er thy ways; They are Gon's creatures; nor, proud in thy reason, Vaunt that thou knowest his counsels and him : Boaster, though sitting in midst of the glory, Thou couldst not fathom the least of his thoughts. Bow in humility, bow thy proud forchead, Circle thy form in a mantle of clouds, Hide from the glittering cohorts of evening Wheeling in purity, singing in chorus; Howl in the depths of thy lone, barren mountaine, Restlessly moan on the deserts of ocean, Wail o'er thy fall in the desolate forests, Lost star of paradise, straying alone !

Distantin GOOVIC

#### THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

SPIRIT of beauty and barmonious power, Who next th' Eternal's throne, with folded wings, Didst sit while chaos wrapp'd this universe, And muse on things to be ! Thou, at the Word, Didst spring on outspread wings, co-mate of Love, And from thy glittering plumes shookst golden dew Upon the rising forms that woke from slumber, And o'er the globe their wondrous fretwork throw; Thou who didst harmonize and bless our earth, And add a glory to its meanest shape, So that HE smiled who gave thy mission power, And seal'd thy mandates with his awful voice; Thou who above this ever-changing world Still rul'st supreme, with undiminish'd love, Preserving still, by reproductive power, Its forms as fresh as at creation's dawn-Perennial youth, whence shall I summon thee, Whence call thy wings, thou all-pervading spirit ? Each thing is full of thee; thou'rt everywhere. i see thee heralding the morning sun; Thou rid'st in splendour on the thronging mists, That with a royal pomp, strew golden dust Along the pathway of their coming king. I see thee poised upon the lowest flower, Shaking thy beauty from its nodding cup. I hear thy footstep in the faint-voiced brook; And now thou'rt trampling down the cataract, Shouting thy song above the water's roar. Mid songs of birds, and sounds of insects' wings, I hear another tone, and it is thing The thunder booms, the split and riven cak Crumbles to splinters 'neath the burning bolt-Still art thou there. The rent and quivering earth Foams like a billow, and the smoking land Staggers and sobs beneath the earthquake's shock ; Great cities, with their funes and monuments, Their battled walls, and their deep-founded towers, Are ground to powder ; while mad Terror reigns, And with her doubtful words the burghers calls, Now here, now there, where ruin thickest showers, And red-eyed Death their frenzied souls dismays ! Above, in ecstasy, I hear thy wing. Beating the trembling air ; for change thou lov'st, And reproduction is thy endless task. With noiseless night thou com'st : the banded stars, And the great planets, and the peerless moon, But swell thy pageantry and crowd thy train. Bewildering spirit, from the viewless mind, Fill'd with its apprehensions of thy worth, Shall I invoke thee 1 for I feel thee there, Floating serenc amid the God-breathed essence That from destruction saves our intellect. Come I for no deed of mine shall eler distain The pure translucence of thy rainbow wings; I will not use the might which thou bestow st, Save to unfold thy wondrous beauties more ; No earth-horn thought shall mingle with thy voice : Oh ! long ago did 1 forget myself,

And lose distinctive being, gulf'd in thee-In love for thee---in a deep, burning love, Which purifies, like fire, when thou art near.

I feel that thou art present. Thou art she Who, fore the Chian's inward eyes, didst rank The battled lines that leaguered ancient Troy-The Grecian heroes, gods and demigods, Threatening old PRIAM's towers with brazen front. Trojan and Greek thou mingledst in the fray, And shookst the smoky field when HECTOR led His glittering squadrons full upon the foc, While o'er the plain his scythe-arm'd chariots swept, Scattering destruction from their bloody wheels. And thou didst mourn with PRIAN, when afar Ho saw the fiery steeds ACHILLES yoked, Tear up the valley with their blood-wet hoofs, As close behind the car his HECTOR's locks Swept the base dust, and left a gory trail That three times circled wailing Ilium's walls! And thou the royal sage of Ithaca Didst lead undaunted o'er the sterile sea, While his chaste bride her endless web still wove, And stain'd its colours with her joyless tears. Oh, thou art she who over SHARSPERE bent, And laugh'd, and wept, and wonder'd at thyself; Thou, from the misty realm of vague ideas, Didst summon shapes which awed thee when they came.

And gav'st to them an immortality That shames the fabled fire Promethean, Thou, through the inner mysteries of heaven, Nearer to Goo than mortal ever drew, Didst lead great MILTON blindfold ; thou didst fly Close by his side, to guide his dizzy course Through all the printless ways of upper air, When, with thy spirit burning in his breast, His haughty wing easay'd the deep serene. Thou didst in mercy seal his earthly orbs, But fit for earth, whose feeble sense had quail'd, And wither'd into naught, before the glory That from the Throne outleaps like myriad suns. What mortal eye might see the cherubim Clash their eternal arms in angry fight, When, from the corners of tumultuous heaven, The shining hand, with all their glory on, Rush'd 'gainst the swarthy fiend, as Morning hurls Its glittering lances on the shield of Night ! What mortal eye might pierce the black profound, Where fell the routed rehels, host on host, Rolling with batter'd arms and sullied plumes Upon a slough whose fumes benumb'd like death !

Come, nighty spirit! point for me a path: My mind is pausing, like a restless bird, With outspread wings, and eager for the flight, Yet doubtfulhangsmorknows what course to choose. Come, Poesy I I'll woo thee like a lover; I ask not fame; but thee alone I seek; Thou art thy own reward, exceeding price. With thee I'll sit and smile at Envy's sneer----Smile at the galling love of pitying friends, And kiss the wrinkled brow of Jcalousy, So thou with bless me. I have loved these long; My memory holds no niche where thou art not, Crown'd with percanial leared by my hand. I seek thy glory; let me fade and die---

Ay, let me wither like a riven branch, So thou art lifted, thou art magnified, And thy pure beauties valued at their worth. Then, as I hear thy ever-tuneful voice Roll to the future in a gathering surge, Resplendent dancing on the van of time, I'll shout thy praise in loud-tongued jubilee, Nor pay thee half I owe. In thee alone-In thee alone I live, refining spirit ! For thou the drooping soul of dross canst purge, And lift the bard above the common herd That toil and traffic, till their mental eye Grows dull or blind, for want of brighter use. Oh, living triffers! while the roaring waves Of seas eternal thunder in your ears, And shake Time's shifting sands beneath your feet, Rising to gulf ye-pause amid your gains ! Look up to heaven, and dare to tell your souls This is the destiny which Gon ordain'd. Oh, frenzy dire! that man should bow his mind To lick the dust, and conscious pride thence gain. Dare ye, ye petty things, ye solemn fools, Who shine, like glow-worms, when all else is dark, But fade to reptiles when the morn appears-Dare ye the poet scorn, or by him pass, As he were noteless mid your brother worms ? Dare ye unfold his book with listless hands, And triffe o'er the page, to wile an hour? Oh, dare ye dim the links of that bright chain Whose highest term but ends in Gon himself ! And, worse than all, dare ye, the gifted few By nature pure, turn faithless, and drag down Your furled plumes, to trail them in the mire-Debase your calling-more than all conduce To bring reproach upon your mystery ! Ye priests of Time, ye Heaven-anointed bards, Summon'd on earth to lure, to urge, to drive Reluctant man along the narrow path-Oh, can ye mingle with the meaner throng, And waste your glory in neglect ? or, worse, Can ye add lustre to the tempting sine That, like a wanton's arms, engird our race-Gilding the slimy pools of sloth and guilt With brightness for a nobler use bestow'd ! Ye sin in knowledge, and ye know the doom; Ye need no tutor. Hell, with hollow jaws, Gapes wide before you, open-eyed ye plunge-Knowing the better path, ye choose the worst-Bright Poesy ! 't is not alone thy task

To sanctify the forms that deck our earth ; To lend a soul to things all lifelers else; Or to interpret for mankind the signs Symbolic, yet unmeaning but for thee-The God-writ hieroglyphs, that letter earth In every shape which changing Nature takes, And have significance, instructing those On whom thy robe initiatory falls. No, not alone amid the world of sense Shouldst thou voluptuous pick thy dainty way: The winged one, whose birthright is the sky, Must not forever cull the sweets of earth. There is a realm where common eyes ne'er gaze, Circled with sounds which sensual ears ne'er hear, Peopled with forms that shrink from finest touch--

Realm of idea, of mind, of abstract truth, Toward which we ever journey ; mid whose forms, More real than all we see, or hear, or feel Of the mere shows which fill this phantom world, Pre-destin'd man shall dwell eternally. Material life is short, though stretch'd to doom : But the long morn of life spiritual Ends but with Gon. O Spirit! thither bend Thy youthful wings; for to thy purer eyes All mental powers, all plastic thoughts, that mould Mankind and matter to created forms, Are manifest. If 't is permitted, thither Thy votary bear; for I am one whose mind Has cast the dust of earth from off its plumes, Nor in this world have wish to compass aught, Save thee to cherish and exalt for man. Ab no! upon the future rest mine eyes; And shadowy hopes, beyond the mystic grave, Beckon and smile, and lure me gently on; And point to thoughts unrealized on earth-To yearnings dim, but seen by Faith's pure eyes-To vast ideas, the eagle brood of mind, That beat their sensual bars, and fiercely mourn As there existent, with full power and scope To act their parts, unvex'd by stumbling sense, That dull-eved agent of the prison'd soui.

'T is not for naught we suffer what we feel ; "T is not for naught we battle, day by day, With falsehoods whose foul touch disgust the heart; 'T is not for naught that in this empty show, This mummery of life, we feign a part, Or bear the sneers and scoffs of heedless men, O brother bards! This earth is not your sphere; And all the loud acclaims of listening crowds But move the blood, or please the tingling ear, Not satisfy the soul, whose rushing tide, At the first swelling, into nothingness Sweeps the faint vestiges of those who stood Upon the brink, and wonder'd at its voice. The world of spirits is the poet's home : There may his nature first be understood-Yes, by the souls who now no fellowship Claim or confess. Or haply, if the fleah, Like a contagion, cling them e'en in heaven, And dim their eyes; yet are there those-O Gov, Let me not doubt it !---who may circle us, And, with congenial thoughts and sympathies, The thirsting void of love within us fill.

The poet ceased ; and down the clamorous brook I heard his footfall faint and fainter grow. I turn'd me home; yet, all the way, that man And hisstrange song perplex'd my tangled thoughts. I pictured him a home, and rank, and wealth, A gentle, loving wife, and children fair— Fame, and all else which man on earth desires; And over these I spread the curse of song, And wither'd them to naught! What mental pain, What siekness pastall cure, what thirsting thoughts, That come, like beggars pale, relief to ask At the closed portals of eternity, Must he endure who framed that troubled song ! Then thank'd I Heaven, and bless'd the bounteous Oxs

Who, in my keeping, gave not power enough To shield from jeatous Time my humble name.

## WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

(Buni, 1825.)

Ma. BUTLER is a son of BERTANIN F. BUTLER, recently Attorney-General of the United States, and long conspicuous in public affairs. He was born in Albany, in 1825, and was educated at the New York University, where he graduated in 1843. From July, 1846, to December, 1848, he travelled in Europe, and he has since been associated with his father in the practice of the law, in the city of New York. The principal literary compositions of Mr. BUT-LER are a class-poem entitled "The Future," published in 1846; and occasional contributions to the "Democratic Review" and the "Literary World." His abilities are various. He has wit and humour, a lively fancy, and a style natural and fiexible, abounding in felicities of expression. In general he writes hastily, and finishes a piece at a sitting.

### THE NEW ARGONAUTS.

To-nax the good ship sails, Across the sparkling sea-To-day the northern gales Are blowing swift and free; Speed, speed her distant way, To that far land of goid: A richer prize we seek than they, The Argonauts of old !

Who goes with us? who quits the tiresome shore. And sails where Fortune beckons him away; Where in that marvellous land, in virgin ore, The wealth of years is gather'd in a day ? Here, toil and trouble are our portion still, And still with want our weary work is paid; Slowly the shillings drop into the till, Small are the profits of our tedious trade ; There, Nature proffers with unstinted hands, The countless wealth the wide domain confines, Sprinkles the mountain-streams with golden sands, And calls the adventurer to exhaustless mines. Come, then, with us! what are the charms of home, What are the ties of friends or kindred worth ? Thither, oh thither, let our footsteps roam-There is the Eden of our fallen earth ! Well do we hold the fee of those broad lands Wrested from feebler hands, By our own sword and spear; Well may the weeping widow be consoled. And orphan'd hearts their ceaseless grief withhold ; Well have our brothers shed their life-blood here. Say, could we purchase at a price too dear, These boundless acres of uncounted gold ! Come, then ! it is to-day, To-day the good ship sails, And swift upon her way Blow out the northern gales. A twelvemonth more, and we

Our homeward course shall hold, With richer freight within than theirs, The Argonaute of old !

Also! for honest labour from honest ends averted ; Also! for firesides left, and happy homes deserted.

Brightly the bubble glitters ; bright in the distance The land of promise gleams; But ah, the phantom fortunes of existence Live but in dreams! Behold the end afar: Beyond the bright, deceptive cloud, Beneath what Jim, malignant star, Sails on the eager crowd ! Some in mid-ocean lie-Some gain the wish'd-for shore, And grasp the golden ore, fdie ! But sicken as they grasp, and where they sicken, There have they found beside the mountain streams. On desolate crags where the wild eagle screams, In dark ravines where western forests wave-Gold, and a grave ! Some for the spendthrift's eager touch. Some for the miser's hoarded store, Some for the robber's grasp, the murderer's clutch, [wither'd core ! Heap up the precious ore. Dear bought with life's lost strength, and the heart's Oh, cursed love of gold ! Age follows age, And still the world's slow records are unroll'd. Page after page : And the same tale is told--The same unholy deeds, the same sad scenes unfold ! Where the assassin's knife is sharpen'd. In the dark ; Where lies the murder'd man in the midnight, Cold and stark : Where the slave grouns and quivers under The driver's lash ; Where the keen-eyed son of trade is bartering Honour for cash : Where the sons wish the fathers dead, of their wealth To be partakers; Where the maiden of sixtcen weds the old man For his acres: Where the gambler stakes his all on the last throw Of the dice; Where the statesman for his country and its glory Sets a price ! There are thy altars rear'd, thy trophies told, Oh. cursed love of gold !

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## THE INCOGNITA OF RAPHAEL.

Loxo has the summer sunlight shone On the fair form, the quaint costume; Yet nameless still, she sits unknown, A lady in her youthful bloom.

Fairer for this! no shadows cast Their blight upon her perfect lot; Whate'er her future, or her past, In this bright moment matters not.

No record of her high descent There needs, nor memory of her name; Enough that RAPHARL'S colours blent To give her features deathless fame!

'T was his anointing hand that set The crown of heauty on her brow; Still lives its earlier radiance yet, As at the earliest, even now.

'T is not the ecstasy that glows In all the rapt Cactura's grace; Nor yet the holy, calm repose, He painted on the Virgin's face.

Less of the heavens, and more of earth, There lurk within these earnest eyes, The passions that have had their birth, And grown beneath Italian skies.

What mortal thoughts, and cares, and dreams, What hopes, and fears, and longings rest, Where falls the folded yeil, or gleams

The golden necklace on her breast.

What mockery of the painted glow May shade the secret soul within; What griefs from passion's overflow, What shame that follows after sin !

Yet calm as heaven's screnest deeps Ate those pure eyes, those glances pure; And queenly is the state she keeps, In beauty's fofty trust secure.

And who has stray'd, by happy chance, Through all those grand and pictured halls, Nor felt the magic of her glunce, As when a voice of music calls?

Not soon shall I forget the day— Sweet day, in spring's unclouded time, While on the glowing canvass lay The light of that delicious chine—

I mark'd the matchiess colours wreathed On the fair brow, the peerless check, The lips, I fancied, almost breathed The blewsings that they could not speak.

Fair were the cycs with mine that bent Upon the picture their mild gaze, And dear the voice that gave consent To all the utterance of my praise.

 The portrait to which three verses refer is in the Pittl Palace at Fiorence. It is one of the gene of thet admirable collection. Oh, fit companionship of thought; Oh, happy memories, shrined apart; The rapture that the painter wrought, The kindred rapture of the heart!

#### UHLAND.

It is the poet URLAND, from whose wreathings Of rarest harmony I here have drawn, To lower tones and less melodious breathings, Some simple strains, of youth and passion born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression, Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and strong: Where gentlest thoughts and words, in soft procession.

Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies, He sees much beauty where most men see naught, Looking at Nature with familiar glances, And weaving garlands in the groves of thought.

He sings of youth, and hope, and high endeavour, He sings of love—O crown of poesy!— Of fate, and sorrow, and the grave, forever The end of strife, the goal of destiny.

He sings of fatherland, the minstrel's glory, High theme of memory and hope divine, Twining its fame with gems of antique story, In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In hallads breathing many a dim tradition, Nourish'd in long belief or minstrel rhymes. Fruit of the old Romance, whose gentle mission Pass'd from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name among the mountains, And plains, and valleys, of his native land; Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains

Of his clear, thought, with rainbow fancies spann'd.

His simple lays oft sings the mother cheerful Beside the cradle in the dim twilight; His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden tearful With tender murnurs in the ear of night.

The hillside swain, the reaper in the meadows, Carol his ditties through the toilsome day; And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

O precious gift ! O wondrous inspiration ! Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things, To be the oracle, while a whole nation Catches the echo from the sounding strings,

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion Rises the orb of song, serenely bright, As who beholds, across the tracts of ocean, The golden sunrise bursting into light.

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Wide is its magic world—divided neither By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone; Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither, In fancied fortunes to forget his own?

[Born, 1825.]

BAYARD TATION was born on the eleventh of January, 1825, at Kennet Square, near the Brandywine, in Pennsylvania, and in that rural and elassical region he lived until his departure for Europe in the sommer of 1844. Having passed two years in Great Britain, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and France, he returned to the United States, and after publishing an account of his travels, under the title of "Views a-Foot," he wittled in New York, where he has since been occupied as one of the editors of "The Tribune," a journal which has derived much advantage from his fine taste in literature and large knowledge of affairs.

Though not egotistical, there is scarcely an suthor more easily detected in his works. And this is not from any of those tricks of style in which alone consists the individuality of so many ; but his sincere, frank, and enthusiastic spirit, grateful while aspiring, calm while struggling, and humble while attaining; and his life, which moves in order in the crowd and jar of society, in the solitude where Nature is seen with reverence, "up heights of rough ascent," and over streams and chasms, by shapely ways constructed by his will and knowledge. We do not remember any book of travels in which an author appears altogether so amiable and interesting as he in his" Views a-Foot." He always lingers in the background, or steps forward modestly but to solicit more earnestly our admiration for what has kindled his own : but undesignedly, or against his design even, he continually engrosses our interest, as if he were the hero of a novel; and as we pass from scene to scene with him, we think of the truth and poetry of each only to sympathize in his surprise, and joy, and wonder.

BATARD TATION'S first move in literature was a small volume of poems, of which the longest, and the longest he has yet published, was upon an incident in Spanish history. This was written when he was about eighteen years of age, and my acquaintance with him commenced when he arrived in the city with his manuscripts. We read "Ximena" together; and, while negotiations were in progress for its publication, discussed the subject of Americanism in letters. I urged upon his consideration the themes I thought hest adapted to the development and iffustration of his genius.

Here was a young author, born and nurtured in one of the most characteristic and beautiful of our rural districts, so removed from the associations that viriate the national feeling and manner, and altogether of a growth so indigenous, that he was one of the fittest types of our people, selecting the materials for his first production from scenes and actions which are more picturesque, more romantic, or in any way more suitable for the purposes of art, only as they have been made so by art, and

are seen through the media of art, in preference to the fresh valieys and mountains and forests, and lakes and rivers and cataracts, and high resolve, and bold adventure, and brave endurance, which have more distinctly marked, and varied, and ennobled our history than all other histories, in events crowding so fast upon each other, that our annals seem but a rehearsal of all that had been before, with years for centuries-divided by the Declaration of Independence, which is our gospel-beyond which the colonies are ancient nations, and this side of which our states have swept, with steamboats, and milroads, and telegraphs, the whole breadth of Time; and ere the startled empires are aware, are standing before them all, beckoning them to the last and best condition, which is the fulfilment of farthest-reaching prophecy. In such a choice, he had not only to enter into a competition with the greatest geniuses of the countries and ages he invaded, but, worse than this, to be a parasite of their inspiration, or to animate old forms, disciplined to a mere routine, with the new life to which he was born-sacrificing altogether his native strength, or attempting its exhibition in fetters.

Genius creates, but not like the Divine energy, from nothing. Genius creates from knowledge; and the fullness of knowledge necessary to its uses can be acquired, not from any second-hand glimpses through books, or pictures, or discourse, but from experience in the midst of its subjects, the respiration of their atmosphere, a daily contact with their forms, and a constant sympathy with their nature. This pervading intelligence gives no transient tone to the feelings, but enters into the essence of character, and becomes a part of life. He who would set aside the spirit of his age and country, to take upon himself another being, must approach his task with extraordinary powers and an indomitable will, or he will fail utterly. It is undoubtedly true that, to be American, it is not needful in all cases to select subjects which are so geographically ; but this admission does not justify an indiscriminate use of foreign life, or a reckless invasion or assumption of foreign sentiment. There must be some relationship of condition and aspiration. Of all writers who have yet written, MILTON was the most American. All the works of CHANNEND embrace less that is notional to us than a page of the " Defence of the People of England;" and a library larger than that which was at Alexandria, of such books as favine's, would not contain as much Americanism as a paragraph of the "Areopagitica." But the Genius of America was born in England, and his strength was put forth in those conflicts of the commonwealth which ended in the exile of the young Hercules. During the Cromwellian cra, England offers almost as ap-

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## BAYARD TAYLOR

propriate a field for illustration by the American as Massachusetts under HUTCHINSON, except in the accessories of nature, which should enter into the compositions of art. Not so Spain or Russia, at the extremes of Europe, without affinities with each other or with us. There is very little in the life or nature, or past or present or future, of either of these nations, with which the American can have any real sympathy; and for an American author, whose heart keeps time with his country's, to sitempt the illustration of any character from either, while his own domain, far more tich in suggestion and material, lies waste, is a thing scarcely possible to the apprehension of a common understanding. In a remote and shadowy antiquity, like that of Egypt, or in such a darkness as envelops Mexico or Peru, or our own continent before its last discovery, the case is different : we are at liberty, with conditions, to make these the scenes of our conventionalities, because there is scarcely a record to contradict the suggestions of the imagination.

Mr. TATLOR happily went abroad just after the publication of his story of the Sierra Morena, and though he had then travelled but little in his native country, and Europe, "seen with a stuff and knapsuck," opened all her gates before him with circunstances to produce the nost vivid and profound impressions, his love of home grew stronger, and he felt at length the truth which might never have come to him if he had remained here, that for him the holiest land for the intellect, as well as the affections, was that in which he was born. The fables of genius and the records of history may kindle the fancy and give activity to the imagination, but they cannot rouse the passions,

which must best dispose the illustrations of fancy, and can alone give vitality and attractive beauty to the fruits of a creative energy. In all his later writings the influence of the inspirations which belong to his country and his age are more and more apparent, and in his volume entitled " Rhymes of Travel, Ballads, and other Poems," published in New York in 1848, the most spirited, natural, and altogether successful compositions, are those which were suggested by the popular impulses and the peculiar adventure which have distinguished the recent life of the republic. "El Canalo," "The Bison Track," and " The Fight of Paso del Mor," belong entirely to the years in which they were written, but the inspiration of which they are fruits was not more genuine than that from which we have "The Continents," "In Italy," or "The Requiem in the North."

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The finest and most sustained specimens of Mr. TAYLOR's imagination and passion are " Ariel in the Cloven Pine," and the "Ode to Sazzier," both of which have been written since the appearance of his "Rhymes of Travel." The latter is conceived in a spirit and expressed in a sounding rhythm worthy of the sublime intelligence to whom it is addressed. His mastery of the harmonics of the English language is perhaps best exhibited, however, in some of his translations from the German and Italian, particularly in a version of his friend FREILIGRATH's splendid appeal of "The Dead to the Living," a lyric which has been historical from the day on which it first startled the Prussians, and which he reproduced for the columns of "The Tribune" in a manner worthy of the original.

## A REQUIEM IN THE NORTH.

Sparn swifter, Night !- wild northern Night, Whose feet the arctic islands know, When stiffening breakers, sharp and white, Gird the complaining shores of snow. Send all thy winds to sweep the wold And how! in mountain-passes far, And hang thy banners, red and cold, Against the shield of every star! For what have I to do with morn, Or summer's glory in the vales-With the blithe ring of forest-horn. Or beckoning gleam of anowy sails? Art THOU NOT gone, in whose blue eye The fleeting summer dawn'd to me ?---Gone, like the colip of a sigh Beside the loud, resounding sea ! Oh, brief that time of song and flowers, Which blest, through thee, the Northern Land! I pine amid its leafless bowers And on the black and lonely strand. The forest wails the starry bloom Which yet shall pave its shadowy floor, But down my spirit's sisles of gloom

Thy love shall blossom nevermore !

And nevermore shall battling pines Their solemn triumph sound for me; Nor morning fringe the mountain-lines, Nor sunset flush the hoary sea; But Night and Winter fill the eky And load with frost the shivering air, Till every gust that hurries by Chimes wilder with my own despair ! The leaden twilight, cold and long, Is slowly settling o'er the wave ; No wandering blast awakee a song In naked boughs, above thy grave. The frozen air is still and dark ; The numb earth lies in icy rest; And all is dead save this one spark Of burning grief, within my breast.

Life's darken'd orb shall wheel no more To Love's rejoicing summer back; My spirit walks a wintry shore, With not a star to light its track. Speed swifter, Night! thy gloom and frost Are free to spoil and ravege here; This last wild require for the lost,

I pour in thy unheeding ear!

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#### EL CANALO.\*

- Now saddle El Canslo !---the freshening wind of morn
- Down in the flowery vega is stirring through the corn;
- The thin smoke of the ranches grows red with coming day,
- And the steed's impatient stamping is eager for the way !
- My glossy-limb'd Canalo, thy neck is curved in pride,
- Thy slender cars prick'd forward, thy nostril straining wide,
- And as thy quick neigh greets me, and I catch thee by the mane,
- I'm off with the winds of morning-the chieftain of the plain !
- I feel the swift air whirring, and see along our track,
- From the flinty-paved sierra, the sparks go streaming back ;
- And I clutch my rifle closer, as we sweep the dark defile,
- Where the red guerilla watches for many a lonely mile.
- They reach not El Canalo; with the swiftness of a dream
- We've pass'd the bleak Nevada, and Tulc's icy stream;
- But where, on sweeping gallop, my bullet backward sped,
- The keen-eyed mountain vultures will circle o'er the dead !
- On ! on, my brave Canalo ! we've dash'd the sand and snow
- From peaks upholding heaven, from deserts far below--
- We 've thunder'd through the forest, while the crackling branches rang,
- And trooping elks, affrighted, from lair and covert sprang !
- We've swum the swollen torrent, we've distanced in the race
- The baying wolves of Pinos, that panted with the chase;
- And still thy mans streams backward, at every thrilling bound,
- And still thy measured hoof-stroke beats with its morning sound !
- The seaward winds are wailing through Santa Barbara's pince,
- And like a sheathless sabre, the far Pacific shines ;
- Hoid to thy speed, my arrow !-- at nightfall thou shalt lave
- Thy hot and smoking haunches beneath his silver wave !
- My head upon thy shoulder, along the sloping sand
- We'll eleep as trusty brothers, from out the mountain land ;

\* El Canalo, or the cinnamon-coloured, is the name of the choicest breed of the Californian borse. 65

- The pines will sound in answer to the surges on the shore,
- And in out dreams, Canalo, we'll make the journey o'er !

#### THE BISON-TRACK.

- STRIKE the tent! the sun has risen; not a cloud has ribb'd the dawn.
- And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far and wan:
- Prime afresh the trusty rifle---sharpen well the hunting-spear---
- For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of hoofs I hear!
- Fiercely stamp the tether'd horses, as they shuff the morning's fire,
- And their flashing heads are tossing, with a neigh of keen desire;
- Strike the tent-the saddles wait us ! let the bridlereins be slack,
- For the prairie's distant thunder has betray'd the bison's track !
- See ! a dusky line approaches ; bark ! the onwardsurging roar,
- Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of shore !
- Dust and seand behind them whirling, snort the foremost of the van,
- And the stubborn horns are striking, through the crowded caravan.
- Now the storm is down upon us--let the madden'd horses go !
- We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred leagues it blow !
- Though the surgy manes should thicken, and the redreyes' angry glare
- Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and rushing air !
- Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resistless race,
- And a sound, like mighty waters, thunder down the desert space :
- Yet the rein may not be tighten'd, nor the rider's eye look back---
- Death to him whose speed should slacken, on the mudden'd bison's track !
- Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is close and warm
- For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm:
- Hurl your lassoes swift and fearless--swing your rifles as we run !
- Ha! the dust is red behind him : shout, my brothers, he is won !
- Look not on him as he staggers....'t is the last shot he will need;
- More shall fall, smong his fellows, ere we run the bold stampede---
- Ere we stem the swarthy breakers-while the wolves, a hungry pack,
- Howl around each grim-eyed carcase, on the bloody bison-track !

## ODE TO SHELLEY.

Way art thou dead ? Upon the hills once more The golden mist of waning Autumn lies; The slow-pulsed billows wash along the shore, And phantom isles are floating in the skies. They wait for thee; a spirit in the sand Hushes, expectant, for thy lingering tread ; The light wind pants to lift thy trembling hair ; Inward, the ailent land Lies with its mournful woods-why art thou dead, When Earth demands that thou shalt call her fair ! Why art thou dead ? O glorious child of Song, Whose brother spirit ever dwells with mine, Feeling, twin-doom'd, the burning hate of Wrong, And Beauty's worship, deathless and divine ! Thou art afer : wilt thou not soon return, To tell me that which thou hast never told-To grasp my throbbing hand, and by the shore Or dewy mountain-fern Pour out thy heart as to a friend of old. Tearful with twilight sorrow ? Nevermore ! Why art thou dead ! My years are full of pain, The psin sublime of thought that has no word; And Truth and Beauty sing within my brain Diviner songs than men have ever heard. Wert thou but here, thine eye might read the strife, The solemn burthen of immortal song--And hear the music, that can find no lyre : For thou hast known a life Lonely, smid the poets' mountain-throng-Whose cloudy snows conceal'd eternal fire. I could have told thee all the sylvan joy Of trackless woods; the meadows, far spart, Within whose fregrant grass, a lonely boy, I thought of God; the trumpet at my heart, When on bleak mountains roar'd the midnight storm, And I was bothed in lightning, broad and grand : Oh, more than all, with low and escred breath And forehead flushing warm, I would have led thee through the summer land Of my young love, and past my dreams of Death. In thee, immortal brother ! had I found That voice of Earth for which my spirit pines-The awful speech of Rome's sepulchral ground, The dusky hymn of Vallombrosa's pines. From thee, the noise of ocean would have taken A grand defiance round the moveless shores, And vocal grown the mountain's silent head. Canat thou not still awaken. Beneath the funeral cypress ! Earth implores Thy presence for her son-why art thou dead ! I do but rave-for it is better thus: Were once thy starry heart reveal'd to mine, In the twin life which would encircle us My soul would melt, my voice be lost in thing. Better to mask the agony of thought That through weak human lips would make its way, By lone endurance, such as men must learn : The poet's soul is fraught With mightiest speech, when loneliest the day,

And fires are brightest that in midnight burn.

### ARIEL IN THE CLOVEN PINE.

Now the frosty stars are gone; I have watched them, one by one, Fainting on the shores of dawn. Round and full the glorious sun Walks with level step the spray, Through his vestibule of Day; While the wolves that howled anon Slink to dens and coverts foul, Guarded by the demon owl, Who, last night, with mocking croon Wheeled athwart the chilly moon, And, with eyes that blankly glared, On my direful torment stared.

The lark is flickering in the light-Still the nightingale doth sing : All the isle, alive with Spring, Lies, a jewel of delight, On the blue sea's heaving breast; Not a breath from out the west But some balmy smell doth bring From the sprouting myrtle-buds, Or from mendows wide, that lie Each a green and dazzling sky, Paved with yellow cowslip-stars, Cloud-like, crossed by roseate bars Of the bloomy almond woods, And lit, like heaven, with fairest sheen Of the sun that hangs between. All is life that I can spy. To the farthest sea and sky, And my own the only pain Within this ring of Tyrrhene main.

In the gnaried and cloven Pine Where that hell-born hag did chain me. All this orb of cloudless shine-All this youth in Earth's old veins, Tingling with the Spring's sweet wine, With a sharper torment pain ma. Paneles, in soft April rains And April's sun, from Thes's lap Fill their stalks with honeyed sup, But the sluggish blood she brings To the tough Pine's hundred rings. Closer locks their cruel hold, Closer draws the scaly bark Round my prison, lightning-riven ; So when Winter, wild and dark, Vexes wave and writhing wold, And with murk vapour swethes the heaven, I must feel the vile bat creep In my narrow cleft, to sleep. By this course and alien state Is my dainty essence wronged : The fine sense that erst belonged To my nature, chafes at Fate, Till the happier elves I hate, Who in moonlight dances turn Underneath the paimy fern, Or in light and twinkling bands Follow on with linked hands To the ocean's yellow sands.

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The primrose-bells each morning ope In their cool, deep beds of grass; Violets make the airs that pass Tell-tales of their fragrant slope. I can see them where they spring, Never brushed by fairy wing. All those corners I can apy In the island's solitude, Where the dew is never dry, Nor the miser bees intrude. Cups of rarest hue are there, Full of perfumed wine undrained-Mushroom banquets, ne'er profaned, Canopied by maiden-hair. Pearls I see upon the sands, Never touched by other hands, And the rainbow bubbles shine On the ridged and frothy brine, Tenanticss of voyager Till they burst in vacant air. Oh the songs that sung might be And the mazy donces woven, Had that witch ne'er crossed the sea And the Pine been never cloven !

Many years my direst pain Has made the wave-rocked isle complain. Winds, that from the Cyctades Came, to ruffle with foul riot Round its shore's enchanted quiet, Bore my wailings on the seas: Sorrowing birds in autumn went Through the world with my lament. Still the bitter fate is mine All delight unshared to see, Smarting in the cloven Pine While I wait the tardy axe, Which, perchance, shall set me free From the danmed witch, Sycorax.

#### THE CONTINENTS.

- I HAD & vision in that solemn hour, Last of the year sublime, Whose wave sweeps downward, with its dying power Rippling the shores of Time !
- On the bleak margin of that heary sea My spirit stood alone.
- Watching the gleams of phantom History Which through the darkness shone:
- Then when the bell of midnight, ghostly hands Toll'd for the dead year's doorn,
- I saw the spirite of Earth's ancient lands Stand up amid the gloom !
- The crowned deities, whose reign began In the forgetten Past,
- When first the giad world gave to sovereign Man Her empires green and vast.

First queenly Asta, from the fallen thrones Of twice three thousand years,

Came with the wo a grieving goddess owns, Who longs for mortal tears.

The dust of ruin to her mantle clung And dimm'd her crown of gold,

While the majestic sorrows of her tongue From Tyre to Indus roll'd :
"Mourn with me, sisters, in my realm of wo, Whose only glory streams From its lost childhood, like the arctic glow Which sunless Winter dreams!
In the red desert moulders Babylon, And the wild serpent's him Echoes in Petra's palaces of stone And waste Persepolis!
"Gone are the deities who ruled enshrined In Elephanta's caves, And Brahma's wailings fill the odorous wind That stirs Amboyna's waves ! The aucient gods amid their temples fall, And shapes of some near doom Trembling and waving on the Future's wall, More fearful make my gloom !"
Then from her seat, amid the palms embower'd That shade the Lion-land, Swart Africa in dusky aspect tower'd—
The fetters on her hand! Backward she saw, from out her drear eclipse, The mighty Theban years. And the deep anguish of her mournful lips Interpreted her tears:
"Wo for my children, whom your gyves have bound Through centuries of toil; The bitter wailings of whose bondage sound From many a stranger-soil! Leave me but free, though the eternal sand We all you big leaves.
Be all my kingdom now— Though the rude splendours of barbaric land But mock my crownless brow "
There was a sound, like sudden trumpets blown, A ringing, as of arms, When EUROPE rose, a stately Amazon, Stern in her mailed charms. She broaded long beneath the weary bars That chafed her soul of flame, And like a seer, who reads the awful stars, Her words prophetic came :
<ul> <li>"I hear new sounds along the ancient shore, Whose dull old monotone</li> <li>Of tides, that broke on many a system hear, Wail'd through the ages lone !</li> <li>I see a gleaming, like the crimson morn</li> </ul>
Beneath a stormy sky, And warning throes, my bosom long has borne, Proclaim the struggle nigh!"
O radiant-brow'd, the latest born of Time! How waned thy sisters old Before the splendours of thine eye sublime, And mien erect and bold! Pure, as the winds of thine own forests are, Thy brow beam'd lotty cheer,
And day's bright oriflamme, the morning star, Flash'd on thy lifted spear. 'I bear no weight," so rang thy jubilant tones, "Of memories weight and yast

No crushing heritage of iron thrones, Bequesth'd by some dead Past; But mighty hopes that learn'd to tower and soar From my own peaks of snow;

Whose prophecies in wave and woodland roar, When the free tempests blow !

" Like spectral lamps, that hurn before a tomb, The ancient lights expire;

I wave a torch, that floods the lessening gloom With everlasting fire!

Crown'd with my constellated stars, I stand Beside the foaming sea,

And from the future, with a victor's hand, Chaim empire for the free !"

#### THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

GUETT and raw was the morning, A fog hung over the seas, And its gray skirts, rolling inland, Were torn by the mountain trees; No sound was heard, but the dashing Of waves on the sandy bar, When PABLO of San Diego Rode down to the Paso del Mar. The poscadòr, out in his shallop,

Gathering his harvest so wide, Sees the dim bulk of the headland Loom over the waste of the tide:

He sees, like a white thread, the pathway Wind round on the terrible wall,

Where the faint, moving speck of the rider Seems hovering close to its fall!

Stout PARLO of San Diego Rode down from the hills behind ;

With the bells on his gray mule tinkling, He sang through the fog and wind.

Under his thick, misted cycbrows, Twinkled his eye like a star,

And fiercer he song, as the sea-winds Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now BERNAL, the herdsman of Corral, Had travell'd the shore since dawn,

Leaving the ranches behind him— Good reason had he to be gone !

The blood was still red on his dagger, The fury was hot in his brain,

And the chill, driving scud of the breakers Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his blanket wrapp'd gloomily round him, He mounted the dizzying road,

And the chasms and steeps of the headland Were slippery and wet as he trode;

Wild swept the wind of the ocean Rolling the fog from afar,

When near him a mule-bell came tinkling, Midway on the Paso del Mar!

"Back !" shouted BERNAL, full fiereely, And "Back !" shouted PABLO, in wrath; As his mule halted, startled and shrinking, On the perilous line of the path.

The roar of devouring surges Came up from the breakers' hoarse war; And "Back, or you perish !" cried BEBRAL, "I turn not on Paso del Mar !"

The gray mule stood firm as the headland : He clutch'd at the jingling rein,

When PABLO rose up in his saddle And smote till he dropp'd it again.

A wild oath of passion swore BERNAL, And brandish'd his dagger, still red,

While fiercely stout PABLO lean'd forward And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought, till the black wall below them Shone red through the misty blast;

Stout PABLO then struck, leaning farther, The broad breast of BERNAL at last.

And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman Closed round him with terrible close,

And jerk'd him, despite of his struggles, Down from the mule, in his grasp.

They grappled with desperate madness On the slippery edge of the wall;

They sway'd on the brink, and together Reel'd out to the rush of the full!

A cry of the wildest death-anguish Rang faint through the mist afar,

And the riderless mule went homeward From the fight of the Paso del Mar!

#### **KUBLEH:**

#### A STORY OF THE ASSYRIAN DESERT.

Tax black-eved Children of the Desert drove Their flocks together at the set of sun. The tents were pitch'd; the weary camels bent Their suppliant necks, and knelt upon the sand; The hunters quarter'd by the kindled fires The wild boars of the Tigris they had slain, And all the stir and sound of evening ran Throughout the Shammar camp. The dewy air Bore its full burden of confused delight Across the flowery plain, and while, afar, The snows of Koordish mountains in the ray Flash'd roseate amber, Nimroud's ancient mound Rose broad and black against the burning west. The shadows deepen'd and the stars came out, Sparkling through violet ether; one by one Glimmer'd the ruddy camp-fires on the plain, Aud shapes of steed and horseman moved among The dusky tents, with shout and jostling cry, And neigh and restless prancing. Children ran To hold the thongs, while every rider drove His quivering spear in the earth, and by his door Tether'd the horse he loved. In midst of all Stood Shammerivah, whom they dared not touch-The foal of wondrous Kubleh-to the Sheik A dearer wealth than all his Georgian girls.

But when their meal was o'er--when the red fires Blazed brighter, and the dogs no longer bay'd---When Shanmar hunters with the boys sat down To cleanse their bloody knives, came ALIMAR, The poet of the tribe, whose songs of love Are sweeter than Balsora's nightingales---Whose songs of war can fire the Arab blood

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## BAYARD TAYLOR.

Like war itself: who knows not ALINAN? Then ask'd the men: "O poet, sing of Kubleh!" And boys laid down the knives half burnish'd, saying:

"Teil us of Kubleh, whom we never saw-Of wondrous Kubleh !" Closer flock'd the group With eager eyes about the flickering fire, While ALIMAR, benesth the Assyrian stars, Sang to the listening Arabs:

"Gop is great! O Araba, never yet since MARMOUP rode The sands of Yemen, and by Mecca's gato The wing'd steed bestrole, whose mane of fire Blazed up the zenith, when, by ALLAN cell'd, He bore the prophet to the walls of heaven. Was like to Kubich, SOFTR's wondrous mare: Not all the milk-white barba, whose hoofs dash'd flame

In Bagdud's stables, from the marble floor— Who, swath'd in purple housings, pranced in state The gay bazars, by great AL-RASCHID back'd: Not the wild charger of Mongolian breed That went o'er half the world with TANKBLANS: Nor yet those flying coursers, long ago From Ormuz brought by swarthy Indian grooms To Persia's kings—the foals of ascred marcs, Sired by the fiery stallions of the sea '

"Who ever told, in all the Desert Land, The many deeds of Kubleh? Who can tell Whence came she, whence her like shall come again?

O Arshe, like a tale of SCHERREADE Heard in the camp, when javelin shafts are tried. On the hot eve of battle, is her story.

"Far in the Southern sands, the hunters say, Did Borux find her, by a lonely paim. The well had dried; her fierce, impatient eye Glared red and sunken, and her slight young limbs Were lean with thirst. He check'd his comel's pace, And while it knelt, untied the water-skin, And when the wild mare drank, she follow'd him. Thence none but Sorux might the saddle gird Upon her back, or clasp the brazen gear About her shining head, that brook'd no curb From even him; for she, alike, was royal.

"Her form was lighter, in its shifting grace, Than some impossion'd Aimće's, when the dance Unbinds her scarf, and golden anklets gleam Through floating drapery, on the buoyant air. Her light, free head was ever held aloft : Between her slender and transparent ears The silken forelock toss'd; her nostril's arch, Thin-drawn, in proud and pliant beauty spread, Snutting the desert winds. Her glossy neck Curved to the shoulder like an eagle's wing. And all her matchless lines of flank and limb Seem'd fashion'd from the flying shapes of air By hends of lightning. When the war-shouts rang From tent to tent, her keen and restless eye Shone like a blood-red ruby, and her neigh Rang wild and sharp above the clash of spears.

"The tribes of Tigris and the Desert knew har: Sorox before the Shemmar bands she bore To meet the dread Jebours, who waited not To bid her welcome; and the savage Koord, Chased from his bold irruption on the plain, Has seen her hoofprints in his mountain snow. Lithe as the dark-eyed Syrian gazelle, O'er ledge and chasm and barren steep, smid The Sindjar hills, she ran the wild ass down. Through many a battle's thickest brunt she storm'd, Reeking with sweat and dust, and fetlock-sleep In curdling gore. When hot and furid heze Stiffed the crimson sun, she swept before The whitling sand-spout, till her gusty mane Flared in its vortex, while the camels lay Groaning and helpless on the fiery weste.

"The tribes of Taurus and the Caspian knew her: The Georgian chiefs have heard her trumpet-neigh Before the walls of Teflis. Pines that grow On ancient Caucasus, have herbour'd her, Sleeping by Sorux in their spicy gloom. The surf of Trebizond has bathed her fisnks, When from the shore she saw the white-sail'd bark That brought him home from Stamboul. Never yet, O Arabs, never yet was like to Kubleh!

"And Sorvex loved her. She was more to him Than all his enowy-bosom'd odalisques. For many years, beside his tent she stood, The glory of the tribe.

"At last she died : Died, while the fire was yet in all her limbs-Died for the life of Soron, whom she loved. The base Jebours-on whom he ALLAN's curse !---Came on his path, when far from any camp, And would have slein him, but that Kuhleh sprang Against the javelin-points and bore them down, And gain'd the open desert. Wounded sore, She urged her light limbs into maddening speed And made the wind a largard. On and on The red eand slid beneath her, and behind Whirl'd in a swift and cloudy turbulence, As when some star of Eblis, downward hurl'd By ALLAH's bolt, sweeps with its burning hair The weste of darkness. On and on, the lilesk, Bare ridges rose before her, came and pass'd; And every flying lesp with fresher blood Her nostril stain'd, till Sorva's brow and breast Were fleck'd with crimson foam. He would have torn'd

To save his treasure, though himself were lost, But Kubleh fiercely snapp'd the brazen rein. At last, when through her spent and quivering frame. The sharp throas ran, our distant tents arose, And with a neigh, whose shrill excess of joy O'ercame its egony, she stopp'd and fell. The Shammer men came round her as she lay, And SOFUK raised her head and held it close Against his breast. Her dull and glazing eye Met bis, and with a shuddering gasp she died. Then like a child his bursting grief made way In passionate tears, and with him all the tribe Wept for the faithful mare.

"They dug her grave Amid Al-Hather's marbles, where she lies Buried with ancient kings; and since that time Was never seen, and will not be again, O Arabe, though the world be doom'd to live As many moons as count the desert sands, The like of wondrous Kubleh. Gon is great!" 2x

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## CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

[Born, -----.]

MR. EASTMAN was educated at the University of Vermont, and has been for several years engaged as a journalist, at Burlington, Woodsteck, and Montpelier. He now resides in the latter town, where he is editor of "The Vermont Patriot," the leading gazette of the democratic party in the state. In 1848 he published a collection of "Poems," nearly all of which had previously appeared in various literary miscellanies. They are chiefly lyrical, and the author displays in them

a fondness for the French construction, with refrains and choruses, which he introduces naturally and effectively.

Some of his pieces in the manner of PRARD, and other contemporary poets, are successful as imitations, but are scarcely equal in the qualities of poetry to his more independent compositions, in which he has reflected with equal truth and felicity the living features of the rural life of New England.

## THE FARMER SAT IN HIS EASY CHAIR.

Tax farmer sat in his easy chair, Smoking his pipe of clay, While his hale old wife with busy care Was clearing the dinner away; A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes

On her grandfather's knee was catching flies. The old man laid his hand on her head,

With a tear on his wrinkled face; He thought how often her mother, dead, Had sat in the self-same place:

As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye-

"Don't smoke," said the child; "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretch'd out on the floor Where the shade after noon used to steal ;

The busy old wife by the open door Was turning the spinning-wheel;

And the old brass clock on the manteltree Had plodded along to almost three :

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair, While close to his heaving breast The moisten'd brow and the check so fair

Of his sweet grandchild were press'd; His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay— Fast asleep were they both, that summer day.

## MILL MAY.

THE strawberries grow in the mowing, MILL MAY, And the hol-o'-link sings on the tree; On the knolls the red clover is growing, MILL MAY, Then come to the meadow with me !

We'll pick the ripe clusters among the deep grass, On the knells in the mowing, MILL MAT,

And the long afternoon together we'll pass, Where the clover is growing, MILL MAX.

Come! come, ere the season is over, MILL MAY, To the fields where the strawberries grow,

While the thick-growing stems and the clover, MILL Shall meet us wherever we go; [MLT, We'll pick the ripe clusters among the deep grass, On the knolls in the mowing, MILL MAT, And the long afternoon together we'll pass,

Where the clover is growing MILL MAX.

The sun, stealing under your bonnet, MILL MAT, Shall kiss a soft glow to your face,

And your lip the strawberry leave on it, MILL MAR, A tint that the sea-shell would grace;

Then come<sup>1</sup> the ripe clusters among the deep grass We'll pick in the mowing, Mill May,

And the long afternoon together we'll pam, Where the clover is growing, MILL MAX.

## HER GRAVE IS BY HER MOTHER'S.

HER grave is by her mother's, Where the strawberries grow wild, And there they 've slept for many a year, The mother and the child.

She was the frailest of us all, And, from her mother's breast, We hoped, and pray'd, and trembled, more For her, than all the rest.

So frail, alas! she could not bear The gentle breath of Spring,

That scarce the yellow butterfly Felt underneath its wing.

How hard we strove to save her, love Like ours alone can tell;

And only those know what we lost, Who've loved the lost as well.

Some thirteen summers from her birth, When th'reaper cuts the grain,

We laid her in the silent earth, A flower without a stain.

We laid her by her mother, Where the strawberries grow wild, And there they sleep together well, The mother and the child!

## R. H. STODDARD,

#### [Born, about 1826.]

MR. STOPPARD is a young man, who has within a year or two appeared before the public as a poet. The first poem to which his name was attached attracted notice by a purity and quiet grace of ianguage, which, though echoing at times the masters of song whom he studied, would have suggested a greater range of opportunity and experience than he actually possessed. In the autumn of 1848 he collected a number of his effusions, most of which had previously been published in the Knickerbocker and Union Magazine, into a small volume, with the title of "Foot-Prints." This essay was well received; notwithstanding some traces of unconscious initiation, natural to a young writer, it gave evidence of a clear and vigorous fancy and a correct appreciation of the harmonics of sound and rhythin. Perhaps the most individual trait displayed in its pages is a capacity. for finished and picturesque description. His landscapes have a sharp and distinct outline, in which none of the minor features are omitted-a keen

perception of form, in striking contrast to the more glowing coloring and carcless outline of young writers in general.

Mr. STONDARD'S best poems, from which the following selections are taken, have been written since the appearance of his volume. They give evidence of growing power and a capacity of attaining high excellence in a school of poetry of which we have few modern specimens. The poem of "Leonatus," in its daintiness of metre and language, reminds one of the old English songwriters, whose purity of diction Mr. STONDARD evidently endeavours to emulate. Fortunately for him, he has the industry and untiring enthusiasm without which lasting success is impossible, his literary studies being prosecuted entirely in the scanty intervals of severe physical labour.

Mr. STORMARD is a native of Hingham, Massachusetts, but has resided several years in the city of New York. He was about twenty-one years of age when he published his "Foot-Prints."

A LEAF FROM "CYMBELINE." ı. THE orphan LEONATUS, The page of INCORN--His father died when he was small : A general in the wars with Rome. Wounded to death, he totter'd home, And hung his sword upon the wall; He had borno it through the fight, Summer, winter, day and night-He died at last with it in sight, And they laid it on his pall, A legacy unto his son ; Other fortune he had none-What need of more, what could he claim As precious as a soldier's fame ?

LEONATUS.

#### 11

The fair boy LEGRATUS, The page of INGORN-He was now a dainty youth, His brow was smooth, and fair, and high, And in the blueness of his eye Glow'd sincerity and truth. He was soft and low of speech; His cheeks were rounded—upon each Was down, like that upon a peach; And his golden hair, in eooth A shower of treeses rich and bright, Shone down upon his shoulders white, Like the sunny locks of Spring Falling o'er its snowy wing.

111.

The sweet boy LEONATUS, The page of IMDEN-It was his duty evermore To tend on Ladye IMDEN. By peep of day he might be seen, Light-finger'd, tapping at her door, Rousing the sleepy waiting-moid: When she had risen, and array'd The princess, and their prayers were said (On pearls d rosaries counted o'er), They call'd him, pacing to and fro; And cap in hand, and bowing low, He enter'd, and began to feed The singing-birds with fruit and seed. 17.

The brave boy LEONATUS, The page of IMOOTN--He tripp'd slong the kingly hall, From room to room, with messages; He stopp'd the butler, clutch'd his keys, And dragg'd him with his band so small Into the dusty vaults, where wine In bins lay beaded and divine; He pick'd a flask of vintage fine, Came out, and clomb the garden wall, And pluck'd from out the sunny spots Peaches and luncious apricols,

Distanting GOOGIC

And fill'd his golden salver there, And hurried to his ladye fair.

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#### ٧î.

The strange boy LEONATUS, The page of INGORATUS, Sometimes he used to stand for hours Within her room, behind her chair; The soft wind blew his golden hair Across his eyes, and hees from flowers Flew at him, but he did not stir: He fix'd his earnest eyes on her, A pure and reverent worshipper, A dreamer building airy towers. But when she spoke, he gave a start That sent the warm blood from his heart

Into his cheeks; and, blushing sweet, He listen'd, kneeling at her feet.

#### ¥11.

The sad boy LEGRATTS, The page of INGERN-He lost all relish and delight For all things that did please before; By day, he wish'd the day was o'er-And night, he wish'd the same of night. He could not mingle in the crowd, He loved to be alone, and shmud His tender thoughts, and sigh aloud, And cherish in his heart its blight. At last hie health began to fail, His fresh and glowing checks to pale; His eyes grew lustreless and dead, Like violets ere their dews are abed.

#### ¥111.

The timid LEONATUS, The page of INDORN-"What alls the boy ?" said INDORN. Hestammer'd.sigh'd, and answer'd "Naught." She shook her head, and then she thought What all his malady could mean; It might be love: her moid was fair, And LEON' had a loving air. She watch'd them with a jealous care, And play'd tho spy, but naught was seen; And then she was aware at first That sho unwittingly had nursed Passion, till it had grown a part---A heart within her very heart i

## JX.

The dear boy LEONATUS, The page of INCORN-Bhe loved, but own'd it not as yet; When he was absent, she was lone, She felt a void before unknown, And LEON' fill'd it when they met. She call'd him twenty times a day, She knew not why, she could not say; She fretted when he went away, And lived in sorrow and regret; Sometimes she frown'd with stately mien, And then she soothed him, meek and mild, As pettish as a wayward child.

#### x.

The nest scribe LEGRATUS, The page of INCORN--She wonder'd that he did not speak And tell his love, if love indeed It was that made his spirit bleed; And she bethought her of a freak To test the lad: she bade him write A letter that a maiden might--A billet to her heart's delight. He took the pen with fingers weak, Unknowing what he did, and wrote,

And folded up and seal'd the note. She wrote the superscription asge----"For LEONATUS, ladye's page !"

#### xr.

The bappy LEOKATUS, The page of INCORN---The die was cast, and all was o'er; She loved him so, she could not stir But she took LKON' after her, And they were lovers evermore. He used to sit beside her feet, And read the classic poets sweet; And touch her lute, and then repeat

Brave legends of the days of yore. One day he tried to spin: in vain— He tangled up the silken skein; His thoughts were busy in his head, Spinning away a golden thread.

#### X11.

The daring LLONATUR, The page of Incern-They wedded secretly one day, And grew secure and light of wing ; And tidings came unto the king, Who frown'd the messenger away. His child, the glory of his age, In love, and married to a page !-"S'death !" he shouted in a rage, And pluck'd his beard so thin and gray. He would have burn'd him at the stake, But for his honour'd father's sake (Juse, mercy for the dead !)-And so he banish'd him instead, And he went out with curse and ban From Brittany, a ruin'd man-The wretched LEONATUS, The lord of Incourse !

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#### R. H. STODDARD.

# ARCADIAN HYMN TO FLORA.

COME all ye virgins fair in kirdles white, Ye debonair and merry-hearted maids. Who have been out in troops before the light, And gather'd bloasoms in the woodland shades-The footprints of the fiery-sendall'd Day

Are glowing in the sky, like kindling cosls, The clouds are golden-rimm'd, like burning scrolis, Jagg'd and fringed, and darkness melts away; The shrine is wreathed with leaves; the holy urns,

Brimming with morning dew. are laid thereby; The censers swing, the odorous incense burns,

And floats in misty volumes up the sky : Lay down your garlands, and your baskets trim, Heap'd up with floral offerings to the brim, And knit your little hands and trip away

With light and nimble feet,

To music soft and sweet,

And celebrate the joyous break of day, And sing a hymn to Flors, queen of May!

11.

O Flora, sweetest Flora, goddess bright, Impersonation of selectest things— The soul and spirit of a thousand springs,

Bodied in all their loveliness and light-A delicate creation of the mind,

Fashion'd in its divinest, daintiest mould, In the bright age of gold,

Before the world was wholly lost and blind, But saw and entertain'd with thankful heart 'The gods as guests—O Flors, goddess dear,

Immaculate, immortal as thou art,

Thou wert a insiden once, like any here; And thou didst tend thy flowers with proper care, And shield them from the sun and chilly air; Wetting thy little sandals through and through, As all flower-maidens must, in morning dew; Roving among the urns and mossy pots, About the hedges and the garden plots; Straightening and binding up the drooping stalks, That kiss'd thy sweeping garments in the walks; Setting thy dibble deep and sowing seeds. And careful-handed, plucking out the weeds, A simple flower-girl, and lowly born,

Till Zephyrus bore thee to the heavens away : And thus it was—flying one pleasant morn Behind the golden chariot of the Day,

Sighing amid the wing'd, laughing Hours, In love with something bright which haunted him, Sleeping on beds of flowers in arbours dim, Breaking his tender heart with love extreme—

He saw thes on the earth, amid thy flowers, The spirit of his dream !

Entranced with longings deep, he call'd the Air, And melting, bodiless, in the warm, sweet south, Twined his invisible fingers in thy hair,

And stooping, kiss'd thee with his odorous mouth, And chased thee, flying, in thy garden shades; And woord, as men are wont to woo the maids, And won at last; and then flew back to heaven, Pleading with Jove till his consent was given, And thou wert made immortal—happy day!— The goddess of the flowers and queen of May! 111.

Oh what a sweet and pleasant life is thine, On blue Olympus with the gods divine! Thou hast thy gardens and a range of bowers, And beds of asphodel, unfading flowers, And many a leafy ecreen in arbours green, Where thou dost lie and wile the hours away,

Luli'd by the drowsy sound of trees around, And springs that fall in basins full of spray.

Sweet are thy duties and employments there: Sometimes to wreathe imperial Juno's tresses, And Cytherea's with her bosom bare.

Melting to meet the young Adon's caressos When he lies in his death sleep stark and cold:

And oft with Hebe and with Ganymede, (A pious, pleasant task, by Jova decreed) Entwining chaplets round their cups of gold, And round the necks of Dian's spotted fawns, Like strings of bells, and Leda's snowy swans, That floating sing in heaven's serenest streams, Like thoughts of purity in poets' dreams; And when red Mars, victorious from the field, Throws down his shining spear and dinted ahield, And doffs his plumed helmet by his side, And kneeling, bathes his forehead in the tide, Thou dost a-sly with flowery fetters bind him,

And the his arms behind him, And smooth with playful hands his furrow'd cheek, Until, beguiled and meek,

He kisses thee, and laughs with joy aloud !--And when Minerva, lost in wisdom's cloud, Muses abstracted in profoundest nooks, Thou dost unclasp her ponderous tomes and books, And preas the leaves of flowers within their leaves, And thou dost bind them up in Ceres' sheaves, And wreathe Apolto's lyre and Hermes' rod--And venturing near the cloud-compelling god, Sitting with thought-concentred brows alone, Bestrow the starry footstool of his throne !--And sometimes thou dost steal to hades grim, The sheadowy realm of spirits, dark and dim, And drowsing gloomy Pluto, hard and cold, fers,

Withslumb'rouspoppiesplack'd from Lethe'sbow-Givest to Proscrpine a bunch of flowers, Such as she pluck'd in Sicily of old, In Enna's meads, the solemn morn in May, When she was stolen away: Prossing it to her pallid lips in fear, She kisses thee for that remembrance dear, And then ye weep together---(soften'd so,

When Cytheres knelt down and plesd with thee, And Death was drugg'd, she let Adonis go,

And gave pale Orpheus Eurydice); And when the night is waning, thou dost soar, And walk the Olympian palaces once more. When clear-eyed Hesper folds the morning star,

And harnesses the winged steeds of Day, And flush'd Aurora urges on her car, Chasing the shadows of the night away, Thou dost with Zephyrus fly in pomp behind, Shaking thy scarf of rainbows on the wind;

And when the Orient is reach'd at last, Thou dost unbar its gate of golden state, And wait till she has past,

And soar again far up the dappled blue,  $2 \ge 2$ 

Distantin GOOS

#### R. H. STODDARD.

And wet the laughing Earth with freshest dew-As now thou dost, in pomp and triumph gay, This happy, happy day, Thy festival, divinest queen of May !

#### Ψ.

O Flora, aweetest Flora, hear us now, Gather'd to worship thee in shady bowers; Accept the benediction and the vow

We offer thee, that thou hast spared the flowers! The spring has been a cold, belated one---Dark clouds, and showers, and a little sun, And in the nipping mornings heary frost; We hoped, but fear'd the tender seeds were lost: But, thanks to thee, at last they 'gan to grow,

Pushing their slender shoots above the ground, In cultured gardens trim, and some were found Heside the edges of the banks of snow, Like Spring-thoughts in the heart of Winter old, Or children laughing o'er a father's mould; And now the sward is full, and teems with more; Earth never was so bounteous before ! Here are red roses throwing back their hoods, Like willing maids to greet the kissing wind,

And here are violets from sombre woods,

With tears of dew within their lids enshrined; Lities like little maids in bridal white,

Or in their burial-garments, if you will; And here is that bold flower the daffoldi, That peers i' th' front of March; and daisies bright, The vestals of the morning; crocuses, Snowdrops like specks of foam on stormy seas; And yellow buttercups, that gem the fields Like studs of richest gold on massive shields; Anemonies, that sprang in golden years--

(The story goes, they were not seen before) Where young Adonis, tusked by the boar, Bled life sway, and Venus rain'd her tears-(Look! in their hearts a small ensanguined spot!) And here is pansy, and forget-me-not; And trim Narcissus, vain and foolish elf, Enamour'd (would you think it !) of himself, Rooted beside a crystal brook his glass; And drooping Hyacinthus, slain, alas ! By rudget Auster, blowing in the stead

Of Zephyrus, then in Flora's meshes bound; Pitching with bright Apollo in his ground, He blew the discus back and struck him dead I— Pied wind-flowers, oxlips, and the jessamine; The sleepy poppy, and the eglantine; Primruses, Dian's flowers that ope at night;

And here's that little sun, the marigold, And fringéd pinks, and water-lilies, bright As floating Naiads in the river cold; Carnations, gilliflowers, and savoury rue, And rosemary, that loveth tears for dew, And many nameless flowers and pleasant weeds, That grow untended in the marshy meads, Where flags shoot up, and ragged grasses wave Perennial, when Autumn seeks her grave Among the wither'd leaves, and broezes blow A dirge, and Winter weaves a shroud of snow. Flowers! oh, what loveliness there is in flowers !

Jewels and rare mosaics, dotting o'er Creation's tessellated palace floor; Or beauty's dials, marking with their leaves The pomp and flight of golden morns and eves; Illuminate missals, open on the meads, Bending with resaries of dewy beads ; Or characters inscribed on Nature's scrolls, Or sweet-thoughts from the heart of Mother Earth. Or wind-rock'd cradles, where the bees in rolls Of odorous leaves, are wont to lie in mirth, Full-hearted, murmuring the hours away, Like little children busy at their play; Or cups and beakers of the butterflies, Brimming with nectar, or a string of bells, Tolling unheard a requiem for the hours; Or censers swinging incense to the skies: Pavilions, tents, and towers, The little fortresses of insect powers. Winding their horns within ; or magic cells Where smallest fairies dream the time away ; Night-elfins, slumbering all a summer's day-Sweet nurshings thou art wont to feed with dew From out thy urns, replenish'd in the blue. But this is idlesse all-away ! away ! White-handed maids, and scatter buds around, And let the lutes awake, and tabours sound, And every heart its deep devotion pay.

Once more we thank thee, Flora, and once more Perform our rites, as we were used to do; Oh blees us, snile upon us, fair and true, And watch the flowers till Summer's reign is o'er; Preserve the seeds we sow in winter time From burrowing moles, and blight, and icy rime; And in their season cause the shoots to rise, And make the dainty buds unseal their eyes— And we will pluck the finest, and entwine Chaplets, and lay them on thy rural shrine, And sing our choral bymns, melodious, sweet, And dance with nimble feet,

And worship thee, as now, serenely gay, The goddess of the flowers and queen of May? All hail, thou queen of May!

#### THE TWO BRIDES.

I saw two maids at the kirk. And both were fair and sweet : One was in her bridal robe, One in her winding-sheet. The choisters sang the hymn, The sacred rites were read-And one for life to Life, And one to Death, was wed ! They went to their bridal beds In loveliness and bloom : One in a merry castle, One in a solemn tomb. One to the world of sleep. Lock'd in the arms of Love; And one in the arms of Death Pass'd to the heavens above. One to the morrow woke. In a world of sin and pain; But the other was happier far, And never woke again !

Denny GOOGIC

# POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.



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#### EDWARD EVERETT, LL.D.

#### DIRGE OF ALARIC, THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterward buried in the channel of the river Busenius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

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

Ye shall not raise a marble bust Upon the spot where I repose; Ye shall not fawn before my dust, In hollow circumstance of wors;

Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath, Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil, Your monuments upon my breast, Nor yet within the common soil

Lay down the wreck of power to rest; Where man can boast that he has trod On him that was "the scourge of Gon."

But ye the mountain-stream shall turn, And lay its secret channel bare,

And hollow, for your sovereign's urn, A resting-place forever there: Then bid its everlasting springs Flow back upon the king of kings;

And never be the secret said, Until the deep give up his dead.

My cold and silver ye shall fing Back to the clods that gave them birth; The captured crowns of many a king,

The ransom of a conquer'd earth: For, e'en though dead, will I control The trophies of the capitol.

But when beneath the mountain-tide Ye've laid your monarch down to rot, Ye shall not rear upon its side

Pillar or mound to mark the spot; For long enough the world has shook Beneath the terrors of my look; And now that I have run my race, The astonish'd realms shall rest a space. My course was like a river deep, And from the northern hills I burst,

Across the world in wrath to sweep, And where I went the spot was cursed, Nor blade of grass again was seen Where ALLERC and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail Beneath the terrors of the Goth,

Their iron-breasted legions quail Before my ruthless sabaoth,

And low the quern of empires kneels, And grovels at my charlot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend In judgment my triumphal car; "T was Gop alone on high did send

The averging Scythian to the war, To shake abroad, with iron hand, The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I rear'd O'er guilty king and guilty realm; Destruction was the ship I steer'd.

And vengeance as upon the heim, When, launch'd in fury on the flood, I plough'd my ways through seas of blood, And, in the stream their hearts had spilt, Wash'd out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp

I pour'd the torrent of my powers, And feeble Cæsars shriek'd for help

In vain within their seven-bill'd towers; I quench'd in blood the brightest gem That glitter'd in their diadem, And strack a darker, deeper dye In the purple of their majesty; And bade my northern banners shine Upon the conquer'd Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done; I go to Him from whence I came; But never yet shall set the sun

Of glory that adorns my name; And Roman hearts shall long be sick, When men shall think of ALARIC-

My course is run, my errand done----But darker ministers of fate, Impatient, round the eternal throne.

And in the caves of vengence wait; And soon mankind shall blench away Before the name of ATTLA.

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#### JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, LL. D.

#### TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

SURE, to the mansions of the blest When *infunt* innocence ascenda,
Some angel, brighter than the rest, The spotless apirit's flight attends.
On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll;
Till some fair sister of the skies Receives the unpolluted soul.

That inextinguishable beam, With dust united at our birth, Sheds a more dim, discolour'd gleam The more it lingers upon earth. Closed in this dark abode of clay, The stream of glory faintly burns :----Not unobserved, the lucid ray To its own native fount returns.

But when the Long of mortal breath Decrees his bounty to resume, And points the silent shaft of death Which speeds an infant to the tomb— No passion fierce, nor low desire, Has quench'd the radiance of the flame; Back to its Gop the living fire Reverta, unclouded as it came.

Fond mourner! be that solace thine ! Let hope her healing charm impart, And soothe, with melodies divine, The anguish of a mother's heart. O, think ! the darlings of thy love, Divested of this earthly clod, Amid unnumber'd esints above,

Bask in the bosom of their Gon.

Of their short pilgrimage on earth Still tender images remain : Still, still they bless thee for their birth, Still filal gratitude retain.

Each anxious care, each rending sigh, That wrung for them the parent's breast, Dwells on remembrance in the sky, Amid the raptures of the blest.

O'er thee, with looks of love, they bend; For thee the Lond of life implore; And off from sainted bliss descend, Thy wounded quiet to restore. Off. in the stillness of the night, They smooth the pillow of thy bed; Off. till the morn's returning light, Still watchful hover o'er thy head.

Hark! in such strains as saints employ, They whisper to thy bosom peace; Calin the perturbed heart to joy, And bid the streaming sorrow cease. Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear: Their part and thine inverted see:— They wert their guardian angel here, They guardian angels now to thee.

#### HENRY PICKERING.

TO THE FRINGILLA MELODIA.

Jor fills the vale, With joy ecstatic quivers every wing, As floats thy note upon the genial gale, Sweet bird of spring!

The violet Awakens at thy song, and peers from out Its fragrant nook, as if the season yet Remain'd in Joubt.

While, from the rock, The columbine its crimson bell suspends, That cureless vibrates, as its slender stalk The zephyr bends.

Say! when the blast Of winter swept our whiten'd plains, what clime. What sunnier realm thou charm'dst,—and how Thy joyous time! [was past

Did the green isles Detain thee long? or, mid the palmy groves Of the bright south, where liberty now smiles, Didet sing thy loves ?

O, well I know Why thou art here thus soon, and why the bowerr So near the sun have lesser charms than now Our land of flowers.

Thou art return'd On a glad errand,—to rebuild thy nest, And fan anew the gentie fire that burn'd Within thy breast.

And thy wild strain, Pour'd on the gale, is love's transporting voice-That, calling on the plumy choir again, Bids them rejoice.

Nor calls alone To enjoy, but bids improve the flecting hour-Bids all that ever heard love's witching tone, Or felt his power.

The poet, too, It soft invokes to touch the trembling wire; Yet, ah, how few its sounds shall list, how few His song admire!

But thy sweet lay, Thou darling of the spring ! no ear disdains; Thy sage instructress. Nature, says, "Be gay !" And prompts thy strains.

O, if I knew Like thee to sing, like thee the heart to fire,— Youth should enchanted throng, and beauty sue To hear my lyre.

Oft as the year In gloom is wrapp'd, thy exile I shall mourn. Oft as the spring returns shall hall sincers Thy glad return.

• The song-spacrow.

Dimminy GOOGIC

#### JOHN B. VAN SCHAICK.\*

#### JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN AND MOON TO STAND STILL.

THE day rose clear on Gibeon. Her high towers Flash'd the red sunbeams gloriously back, And the wind-driven banners, and the steel Of her ten thousand spears caught dazzlingly The sun, and on the fortresses of rock Play'd a soft glow, that as a mockery scem'd To the stern men who girded by its light. Beth-Horon in the distance slept, and breath Was pleasant in the vale of Ajalon, Where armed heels trod careleasly the sweet, Wild spices, and the trees of gum were shook By the rude armour on their branches hung. Suddenly in the camp, without the walls, Rose a deep murmur, and the men of war Gather'd around their kings, and "Jossua! From Gilgal, Jossica !" was whisper'd low, As with a secret fear, and then, at once, With the abruotness of a dream, he stood Upon the rock before them. Calmly then Raised he his helm, and with his temples bare, And hands uplifted to the sky, he pray'd : "God of this people hear! and let the sun Stand upon Gibeon, still; and let the moon Rest in the vale of Ajalon !" He ceased : And, lo ! the moon sits motionless, and earth Stands on her axis indolent. The sun Pours the unmoving column of his rays In undiminish'd heat ; the hours stand still ; The shade hath stopp'd upon the disi's face; The clouds and vapours, that at night are wont To gather and enshroud the lower earth, Are struggling with strange rays, breaking them Scattering the misty phalanx like a wand, fup. Glancing o'er mountain-tops, and shining down In broken masses on the astonish'd plains. 'The fever'd cattle group in wondering herds; The weary birds go to their leafy nests, But find no darkness there, and wander forth On feeble, fluttering wing, to find a rest; The parch'd, baked carth, undamp'd by usual dews, Has gaped and crack'd, and heat, dry, midday heat, Comes like a drunkard's breath upon the heart, On with thy armies, JOSHUA! The LORD Gon of Sabaoth is the avenger now ! His voice is in the thunder, and his wrath Poureth the beams of the retarded sun. With the keen strength of arrows, on their sight, The unwearied sun rides in the zenith sky; Nature, obedient to her Maker's voice, Stops in full course all her mysterious wheels. On ! till avenging swords have drunk the blood Of all JEROVAN's enemics, and till Thy banners in returning triumph wave; Then yonder orb shall set mid golden clouds, And, while a dewy rain falls soft on earth, Show in the heavens the glorious bow of Gon, Shining, the rainbow-banner of the skies.

• For many years editor of "The Daily Advertiser," of Albany, New York. He died in 1839, at the age of thirty-six years.

#### WILLIAM O. BUTLER.

#### THE ROAT HORN.

On boatman ! wind that horn again ! For never did the joyous air Upon its lambent bosom bear So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain. What though thy notes are sad and lone, By every simple boatman blown; Yet could I list from eve to morn, Delighted, to the simple horn. How oft, in boyhood's cloudless day, I've stroll'd by wild Ohio's stream, Marking his silvery billows play, Bright with the sun's declining beam, While some lone bootman from the deck. Musing on coming storms and wreck. Pour'd his soft numbers to that tide Where all his hopes, his fortunes ride, As if to woo the fickle wave From wreck and storm his bost to save. Delighted nature drank the sound. Enchanted echo bore it round In whispers soft, and softer still, From hill to plain, from plain to hill; And even the reckless, frolic boy, Elate with hope, and wild with joy, Who gamboll'd by the river's side, And sported with the fretting tide. Feels something now pervade his breast, Chain his light step, cut short his jest, Bends o'er the flood his eager ear, To catch the sounds far off and dear; Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not why The tear of rapture fills the eye. And can he, now to manhood grown, Tell why those notes, simple and ione, As on the ravish'd car they fell, Bound every sense in magic spell 1 There is a tide of feeling given To all on earth-its fountain, heaven ! Beginning with the downy flower, Just oped in Flora's vernal bower, Rising creation's orders through. With bolder nurmur, brighter hue. That tide is sympathy ! Its ebb and flow Give life its gleam of joy, its shades of woe. Music, the master-spirit that can move, Can charm from beauty's eve the bitter tear, And lift from sorrow's heart its load of care; Can cheer the sinking sailor on the wave, And bid the soldier on, nor heed the grave; Inspire the fainting pilgrim on his road, And elevate his heart and soul to God. Then, boatman, wind that horn again ! Though much of sorrow mark its strain, Yet are its notes to sorrow dear. What though they wake fond memory's tear ! Tears are memory's sacred feast, And rapture of her chosen guest.

 Major-General WILLIAM O. BUTLER, of Kentucky, is the author of many graceful rest de existé. The piece here quoted is one of his most popular effusions.

Distanting GOOGIC

#### JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.\*

#### TO A SHOWER.

The pleasant rain !--- the pleasant rain ! By fits it plashing falls On twangling leaf and dimpling pool-How sweet its warning calls! They know it-all the bosomy vales, High slopes, and verdant meads; The queenly eims and princely caks Bow down their grateful heads. The withering grass, and fading flowers, And drooping shruhs look gay; The bubbly brook, with gladlier song, Hics on its endless way; All things of earth-the grateful things! Put on their robes of cheer, They hear the sound of the warning burst, And know the rain is near. It comes! it comes! the pleasant rain ! I drink its cooler breath; It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers, And roses' fragrant death; It hath kiss'd the tomb of the lily pale, The beds where violets die, And it hears their life on its living wings-I feel it wandering by. And yet it comes! the lightning's flash Hath torn the lowering cloud, With a distant roar, and a nearer crash, Out bursts the thunder loud. It comes with the rush of a god's descent On the hush'd and trembling earth, To visit the shrines of the hallow'd groves Where a poet's soul had birth. With a rush, as of a thousand steeds, Is the mighty god's descent; Beneath the weight of his passing tread, The conscious groves are bent. His heavy tread-it is lighter now-And yet it passeth on; And now it is up, with a sudden lift-The pleusant rain hath gone. The pleasant rain !- the pleasant rain ! It hath passed above the earth, I see the smile of the opening cloud, Like the parted lips of mirth. The golden joy is spreading wide Along the blushing west, And the happy earth gives back her smiles, Like the glow of a grateful breast. As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart, That knoweth all its need, So came the good of the pleasant rain, O'er hill and verdant mead. It shall breathe this truth on the human cal, In hall and cotter's home, That to bring the gift of a bountcous Heaven, The pleasant rain hath come. . J. W. MILLER was a native of Huston, and at one period connected with JOHN NEAL in the editorship of

"The Yankee." I believe he died in 1626.

#### WILLIAM B. WALTER.\*

#### TO AN INFANT.

And art thou here, sweet boy, among The crowds that come this world to throng i The loveliest dream of waking life! Hope of the bosom's secret strife! Emblem of all the heart can love! Vision of all that's bright above! Pledge, promise of remember'd years! Seal of pure souls, yet bought with tears!

Hail! child of love !--- I linger yet Around thy couch, where slumber sweet Hangs on thine eyelids' living shroud; And thoughts and dreamings thickly crowd Upon the mind like gleams of light Which sweep along the darksome night, Lurid and strange, all fearful sent In flashings o'er the firmament!

O! wake not from that tranquil sleep! Too soon 'twill break, and thou shalt weep; Such is thy destiny and doom, O'er this long past and long to come; Earth's mockery, guilt, and nameless woe; The pangs which thou canst only know; All crowded in a little span, The being of the creature Man!

Ab! little deemest thou, my child, The way of life is dark and wild; Its sunshine, but a light whose play Serves but to dazzle and betray; Weary and long-wits end, the tomb, Where darkness spreads her wings of gloom! That resting-place of things which live, The goal of all that earth can give!

It may be that the dreams of fame, Proud Glory's plume, the warrior's name, Shall lure thee to the field of blood; There, like a god, war's fiery flood May bear thee on! while far above, Thy crimson hanners proudly move, Like the red clouds which skirt the sun, When the fierce tempest-day is done!

Ot lead thee to a cloister'd cell, Where Learning's votaties lonely dwell; The midnight lamp and brow of enre; The frozen heart that mocks despnir; Consumption's fires to burn thy check; The brain that throbs, but will not break; The travail of the soul, to gain A name, and die-alas! in vain!

Thou reckest not, sweet slumberer, there, Of this world's crimes; of many a snare To catch the soul; of pleasures wild, Friends false—fues dark—and hearts beguiled; Of Passion's ministers who sway, With iron sceptre, all who stray;

\* WILLIAM B. WALTER was born in Boston, in IS-, and was educated at Bowdoin College. He wrote "Sukey, a poem," in the style of "Don Juan," "Visions of Romance," and some other metrical compositions, which were popular in their time. He died in IS-.

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Of broken hearts—still loving on, When all is lost, and changed, and gone!

Thy tears shalt flow, and thou shalt weep As he has wept who eyes thy sleep, But weeps no more—his heart is cold, Warp'd, sicken'd, sear'd, with woes untold. And be it so! the clouds which roll Dark, heavy o'er my troubled soul, Bring with them lightnings which illume, To shroud the mind in deeper gloom!

But no! dear boy, my earnest prayer Shall call on Heaven to bless thee here! Long mayet theu live to love thy kind---Brave, generous, of a lofty miud! Thy father live again in thee, Thy mother long her virtues see Brightly reflected forth in thine---Her solace in life's sail decline.

'Tis past! farewell! I little thought The mockeries which my fancy wrought, From fate's dark book were rudely torn!----That clouds would darken o'er thy morn! That death's stern hand would sweep away The flower just springing to the day! But wounded hearts must still bleed on! Enough, enough---Gon's will as DONT!

#### JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

#### TO PNEUMA.

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

The howling wilderness may spread Its pathless deserts, parch'd and dread, Where not a blade of herbage blooms, Nor yields the breeze its soft perfumes;

\* Mr. EASTBURN was associated with ROBERT C. SANDS in writhing "Yamoyden." See page 243. 67 Where silence, death, and horror reign, Uncheck'd, across the wide domain;— There is a desert of the mind More hopeless, dreary, undefined !

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

The wildest ills that darken lifs Are rapture to the boson's strife; The tempest, in its blackest form, Is beauty to the bosom's storm; The ocean, lash'd to fury loud, Its high wave mingling with the cloud, Is peaceful, sweet screnity To passion's dark and boundless sea.

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

#### JAMES N. BARKER.\*

#### LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

SAR was, indeed, a pretty little creature, So meek, so modest; what a pity, madam. That one so young and innocent should fall A prey to the rayenous wolf.

- The wolf, indeed ! You've left the nursery to but little purpose, If you believe a wolf could ever speak, Though in the time of Æsop, or before. -Was't not a wolf, then? I have read the story A hundred times; and heard it told: nay, told it Myself, to my younger sisters, when we've shrank Together in the sheets, from very terror, And, with protecting arms, each round the other, E'en sobb'd ourselves to sleep. But I remember, I saw the story acted on the stage, Last winter in the city, I and my school-mates, With our most kind preceptress, Mrs. Bazely, And so it was a robber, not a wolf, That met poor little Riding Hood i' the wood ? -Nor wolf nor robber, child: this nursery tale Contains a hidden moral.

------ Hidden: nay, I'm not so young but I can spell it out, And thus it is: children, when sent on errands, Must never stop by the way to talk with wolves.

• Mr. BARKER is a native of Philadelphia, and is now in one of the bureaus of the Treasury Department, at Washington. He is the author of "Tears and Builes," "How to try a Lover," and several other dramatic compositions.

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-Tut! wolves again: wilt listen to ma, child? -Say on, dear grandina.	Girt by a pretty precipice, whose top Was crown'd with rose-bay. Halfway down there
Thus, then, dear, my daughter:	stood,
In this young person culling idle flowers,	Sylph-like, the light fantastic columbine
You see the peril that attends the maiden	As ready to leap down unto her lover
Who, in her walk through life, yields to temptation,	Harlequin Bartsia, in his painted vest
And quits the onward path to stray aside,	Of green and crimson.
Allured by gaudy weeds.	Tut! enough, enough,
Nay, none but children	Your madeap fancy runs too riot, girl,
Could gather hutter-cups and May-weed, mother;	We must shut up your books of botany,
But violets, dear violets-methinks	And give you graver studies.
I could live ever on a bank of violeta,	
Or die most happy there.	The book of nature, too !for it is that
You die, indeed,	I love and study. Do not take me back
At your years die!	To the cold, heartless city, with its forms
Then slcep, ma'am, if you please,	And dull rontine; its artificial manners
As you did yesterday in that sweet spot	And arbitrary rules; its cheerless pleasures
Down by the fountain; where you seated you	And mirthless masquing. Yet a little longer
To read the last new novelwhat d'yé call't	O let me hold communion here with nature.
The Prairie, was it not?	Well, well, we'll see. But we neglect our lecture
It was, my love,	Upon this picture
And there, as I remember, your kind arm	Poor Red Riding Hood!
Pillow'd my aged head: 'twas irksome, sure,	We had forgotten her; yet mark, dear madam,
To your young limbs and spirit.	How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure.
No, believe me,	And now the hidden moral.
To keep the insects from disturbing you	Thus it is:
Was sweet employment, or to fan your cheek	Mere children read such stories literally,
When the breeze lull'd.	But the more elderly and wise deduce
You're B dear child !	A moral from the fiction. In a word,
And, then,	The wolf that you must guard against is-love.
To gaze on such a scene! the grassy bank,	-I thought love was an infant; "tonjours enfant,"
So gently sloping to the rivulct,	-The world and love were young together, child
All purple with my own dear violet,	And innocent-alas! time changes all things.
And sprinkled o'er with spring flowers of each	True, I remember, love is now a man.
The There are that and any his black blacks	And, the song says, "B very sauey one,"-
There was that pale and humble little blossom,	But how a wolf?
Looking so like its namesake, Innocence;	In ravenous appetite,
The fairy-form'd, flesh-hued anemone,	Unpitying and unsparing, passion is oft
With its fair sisters, called by country people	A beast of prev. As the wolf to the lamb,
Fair maids o' the spring. The lowly cinquefoil too,	Is he to innocence.
And statelier marigold. The violet sorrel	I shall remember,
Blushing so rosy red in bashfulness,	For now I see the moral. Trust me. madam,
And her companion of the season, dress'd	Should I e'er meet this wolf-love in my way,
In varied pink. The partridge ever-green,	Be he a boy or man, I'll take good heed,
Hanging its fragrant wax-work on each stem,	And hold no converse with him,
And studding the green sod with scarlet berrics-	
-Did you see all those flowers ! I mark'd them	-Nor c'er in field or forest, plain or pathway,
not	Shall he from me know whither 1 am going,
O many more, whose names I have not learn'd.	Or whisper that he'll meet me.
And then to see the light blue butterfly	That's my child.
Roaming about, like an enchanted thing,	-Nor, in my grandam's cottage, nor elsewhere,
From flower to flower, and the bright honey-bee;	Will 1 e'er lift the lotch for him myself,
And there, too, was the fountain, overhung	Or bid him pull the bobbin.
With bush and tree, draped by the graceful vine,	Well, my dear,
Where the white blossoms of the dogwood met	You've learned your lesson.
The crimson red-bud, and the sweet birds sang	—— Yet one thing, my mother,
Their madrigals; while the fresh springing waters,	Somewhat perplexes me.
Just stirring the green fern that hathed within them,	Say what, my love,
Leap'd joyful o'er their fairy mound of rock,	I will explain.
And fell in music-then pass'd prattling on,	
Between the flowery banks that bent to kiss them.	Deceived poor grandam first, and ate her up:
	What is the moral here? Have all our grandam
Then just	Been first devour'd by love ?
	Let us go in;
Beyond the brook there lay a narrow strip,	Intrasko Inti
Line a make manual of an ansatelli	The air means and, you are a farment chart
Lake a rich riband, of enamell'd meadow,	The air grows cool; you are a forward chit.

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#### J. K. MITCHELL.\*

#### THE SONG OF THE PRAIRIE.

O! FLT to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me, "T is as green and as wide and as wild as the sea: O'er its soft silken bosom the summer winds glide, And wave the wild grass in its hillowy pride.

The city's a prison too narrow for thee— Then away to the prairies so boundless and free : Where the sight is not check'd till the prairie and skies,

In harmony blending, commingle their dyes.

The favors in the meadow-fields fearlessly play— Away to the chase, lovely maiden, away! Bound, bound to thy courser, the bison is near, And list to the transp of the light-footed deer.

But, softly as thine on the carpeted hall. Is heard the light foot of the courser to fall; And close-matted grass no impression receives, As ironless hoofs bound aloft from the leaves.

O, fly to the prairie! the eagle is there: He gracefully wheels in the cloud-speckled air; And, timidly hiding her delicate young, The prairie-hen hushes her beautiful song.

O, fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me! The vine and the prairie-rose blossom for thee; And, hailing the moon in the prairie-propp'd sky, The mocking-bird echoes the katydid's cry.

Let Mexicans boast of their hords and their steeds, The free prairie-hunter no shepherd-boy needs; The bison, like clouds, overshadow the place, And the wild, spotted coursers invite to the chase.

The farmer may boast of his grass and his grain— He sows them in labour, and reaps them in pain; But here the deep soil no exertion requires, Enrich'd by the ashes, and clear'd by the fires.

The woodman delights in his trees and his shade; But see! there's no sun on the check of his maid; His flowers are faded, his blossoms are pate, And mildew is riding his vapourous gale.

Then fly to the prairie! in wonder there gaze, As sweeps o'er the grass the magnificent blaze, The land is o'erwhelm'd in an ocean of light, Whose flame-surges break in the breeze of the night.

Sublime from the north comes the wind in his wrath, And scatters the reeds in his desolate path; Or, loaded with incense, steals in from the west, As bees from the prairie-rose fly to their nest.

O, fly to the prairie! for freedom is there! Love lights not that home with the torch of despair!

\* DOCTOR MITCHELL, Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Joiterson Medical College, at Philadelphia, is a native of Shepherdstown, In Virginia. He was educated at one of the universities of Scotland, and studied his profession in Philad-lphia. In 1839, he published a volume, entitled "Indecision, and other Poeme." No wretch to entrest, and no lord to deny, No gossips to slander, no neighbour to pry.

But, struggling not there the heart's impulse to hide, Love leaps like the fount from the crystal-rock side, And strong as its adamant, pure as its spring, Waves wildly in sunbeams his rose-colour'd wing.

#### HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT.\*

#### GEEHALE. AN INDIAN LAMENT.

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore As sweetly and gayly as ever before; For he knows to his mate he, at pleasure, can hie, And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly. The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright, And reflects o'er the mountains as beamy a light As it ever reflected, or ever express'd, [the best, When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night, Refire to their dens on the gleaning of light, And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track, For they know that their mates are expecting them back.

Each bird, and each beast, it is bless'd in degree : All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

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

This snake-skin, that once I so sheredly word. I will toss, with disdain, to the storm-heaten shore: Its charms I no longer obey or invoke. Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke. I will raise up my voice to the source of the light; I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at night; I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves, And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves; And will take a new Manito-such as shall seem To be kind and propitious in every dream.

O, then I shall banish these cankering sighs, And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes; Ishall wash from my face every cloud-colour d stain; Red—red shall, alone, on my visage remain ! I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow; By night and by day I will follow the foe:

Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows;

His blood can, alone, give my spirit repose. They came to my cabin when heaven was

black : I heard not their coming, I knew not their track ; But I saw, by the light of their blazing fusces, They were people engender'd beyond the big scas: My wife and my children.—O. spare me the tale !— For who is there left that is kin to GERHALE ?

\* Author of " Algic Rewarches," "Expedition to Itasca Lake," " Alhalla, or the Lord of Tailadega," etc. See notice of his works in "Prose Writers of America."

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#### REVEREND WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.\*

THE TWENTY THOUSAND CHILDREN OF THE SABDATH SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK, CELE-BRATING TOGETHER THE 4TH OF JULY, 1839.

O, SIGHT Sublime! O, sight of fear! The shadowing of infinity! Numbers, whose murinur rises here

Like whisperings of the mighty sea!

Ye bring strange visions to my gaze; Earth's dreamer, houven before me swims; The sca of glass, the throne of days, Crowne, harpe, and the melodious hymns.

Ye rend the air with grateful songs For freedom by old warriors won: O, for the battle which your throngs May wage and win through David's son!

Wealth of young beauty! that now blooms Before me like a world of flowers; High expectation! that assumes The hue of life's screnest hours;

Are ye decaying? Must these forms, So agile, fair, and brightly goy, Hidden in dust, be given to worms And everlasting night, the prey?

Are ye immortal ? Will this mass Of life, be life, undying still, When all these sentient thousands pass To where corruption works its will ?

Thought! that takes hold of heaven and hell, Be in each teacher's heart to-day! So shall eternity be well With these, when time has fled away.

#### TO THE SHIP OF THE LINE PENNSYLVANIA.

"LEAP forth to the careering seas," O, ship of lofty name! And toss upon thy native breeze The stars and stripes of fame ! And bear thy thunders ofer the deep Where vaunting navies ride ! Thou hast a nation's geme to keep-Her honour and her pride! O! holy is the covenant made With thee and us to-day; None from the compact shrinks afraid, No traitor utters nay! We pledge our fervent love, and thou Thy glorious ribs of oak, Alive with men who cannot bow To kings, nor kiss the yoke !

Speed lightnings o'er the Carib sea, Which deeds of hell deform; And look! her hands are spread to thes Where Afric's robbers swarm.

\* The Rev. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN was born in Beverly, Massachusetta, on the 20th of Octuber, 1704, and he died near Boston, in June, 1849. He was a voluminous writer of relicious puerty. His later works are 'Dreitry of the Heart,' 'Poetry of Lafe,' 'Sacred and Miscellancous Poeins,' &c. Go! lie upon the Ægean's breast, Where sparkle emerald isles-

Go! seek the lawless Suliou's nest, And spoil his cruel wiles.

And keep, where sail the merchant ships, Stern watch on their highway,

And promptly, through thing iron lips, When urged, our tribute pay;

Yea, show thy bristling teeth of power, Wherever tyrants bind,

In pride of their own little hour, A freeborn, noble mind.

"T is fit such bulwark of the brine Should leave the shores of PENN;

For hid within thy giant strength Are germs of welcome peace,

And such as thou, shall cause at length Man's feverish strife to cease.

From every vale, from every erag, Word of thy heauty's past,

And joy we that our country's flag Streams from thy towering mast-

Assured that in thy prowess, thou For her wilt win renown,

Whose sons can die, but know not how To strike that pennon down.

#### JAMES NACK.

#### SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming, spring is coming, Birds are chirping, insects humming; Flowers are preping from their sleeping, Streams escaped from winter's keeping. In delighted freedom rushing, Dance along in music gushing, Scenes of late in deadness sadden'd, Smile in animation gladden'd; All is beauty, all is mirth, All is glory upon earth. Shout we then with Nature's voice, Welcome Spring ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Spring is coming, come, my brother, Let us rove with one snother, To our well-remember'd wild-wood, Flourishing in nature's childhood; Where a thousand flowers are springing, And a thousand birds are singing; Where the golden sunheans quiver On the verdure-ginlied river; Let our youth of feeling out, To the youth of feeling out, While the waves repeat our voice, Welcome Spring! rejoice! rejoice!

• Mr. NACE is deaf and duoid, and has been so from his childhood; yet his poetleal writings, in almost every variety of begaure, are distinguished for more than common melody of versification. A volume of his poetle, with a memoir by Prosecz M. Wermone, was published in New York, In 1536.

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## REVEREND BENJAMIN D. WINSLOW."

#### THE LOVER BTUDENT.

Wire a burning brow and weary limb, From the parting glance of day, The student sits in his study dim, Till the east with dawn is gray; But what are those musty tonnes to him ? His spirit is far away.

He seeks, in fancy, the hall of light Where his lady leads the dance,

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Where the festal bowers are gleaming bright, Lit up by her sunny glance; And he thinks of her the livelong night-

She thinketh of him-perchance!

Yet many a gallant knight is hy. To dwell on each gushing tone, To drink the smile of that love-lit eye.

Which should beam on him alone; To woo with the vow, the glunce and sigh, The heart that he claims his own.

The student bends o'er the snowy page, And he grasps his well-worn pen,

That he may write him a lesson sage, To read to the sons of men;

But softer lessons his thoughts engage, And he flings it down again.

The student's orisons must arise At the vesper's solemn peal,

So he gazeth up to the tranquil skies, Which no angel forms reveal,

But an earthly seraph's laughing eyes Mid his whisper'd prayers will steal.

In vain his spirit would now recur To his little study dim,

In vain the notes of the vesper stir In the cloister cold and grim:

Through the livelong night he thinks of her-Doth his lady think of him !

Then up he looks to the clear, cold moon, But no calm to him she brings; His troubled spirit is out of tune, Aud loosen'd its countless strings; Yet, in the quiet of night's still noon,

To his lady-love he sings :

"Thou in thy bower, And I in my cell. Through each festal hour Divided must dwell; Yet we're united, Though forms are spart, Since love's yows plighted Have bound us in heart.

"Proud sons of fashion Now murmur to theo Accents of passion, All treason to me;

\*The "Sermons and Pactical Remains of the Reverend B. D. WINSLOW," edited by Bishop DOANS, were published in 1811. The died in 1810, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Others are gazing On that glance divine, Others are praising----Are their words like mine?

"Heed not the wooer With soft vowe express'd, One heart heats truer— 'Thou know'st in uchose breast. To him thou hast spoken Words not lightly told; His heart would be broken If thing should grow cold!

"The stare faintly glimmer And fade into day, This taper burns dimmer With vanishing ray;

O, never thus fading. May fortune grow pale, With sorrow-clouds shading, Or plighted faith fail!

#### ALEXANDER H. BOGART.\*

# ANACREONTIC.

Tax flying joy through life we seek For once is ours—the wine we sip Blushes like beauty's glowing check, To meet our enger lip.

Round with the ringing glass once more ! Friends of my youth and of my heart; No magic can this hour restore---Then crown it ore we part.

Ye are my friends, my chosen ones----Whose blood would flow with fervour true For me----and free as this wine runs Would mine, by heaven! for you.

Yet, mark me ! When a few short years Have horried on their journey fleet, Not one that now my accents hears Will know me when we meet.

Though now, perhaps, with proud disdain, The startling thought ye scarce will brook, Yet, trust me, we'll be strangers then In heart as well as look.

Fame's luring voice, and woman's wile, Will soon break youthful friendship's chain---But shall that cloud to-night's bright sincle? No---pour the wine again!

\*ALEXANDER H. BOGART, a map of wit and gening, was born in 1804, and died in Albany, at the early age of twentytwo.

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#### HUGH PETERS.\*

#### A GOOD-NIGHT TO CONNECTICUT.

Tax boat swings from the publied shore, And proudly drives her prow; The crested waves roll up before : Yon dark-gray land, I see no more, How sweet it seemsth now ! Thou dark-gray land, my native land, Thou land of rock and pine, I'm speeding from thy golden sand; But can I wave a farewell hand To such a shore as thine I I've gazed upon the golden cloud Which shades thine emerald sod : Thy hills, which Freedom's share both plough'd, Which norse a race that have not bow'd Their knee to aught but Gos; Thy mountain floods which proudly fling Their waters to the fall-Thy birds, which cut with rushing wing The sky that greets thy coming spring, And thought thy glories small. But now ye've shrunk to yon blue line Between the sky and sea, feel, eweet home, that thou art mine, I feel my bosom cling to thine-That I am part of thee. I see thee blended with the wave, As children see the earth Close up a sainted mother's grave : They weep for her they cannot save, And feel her holy worth. Thou mountain land-thou land of rock, I'm proud to call thee free; Thy sons are of the pilgrim stock, And nerved like those who stood the shock At old Thermopyle. The laurel wreaths their fathers won. The children wear them still-Proud deeds those iron men have done, They fought and won at Bennington, And bled at Bunker Hill. There's grandeur in the lightning stroke That rives thy mountain ash; There's glory in thy giant oak, And rainbow beauty in the smoke Where crystal waters dash : There's music in thy winter blast That sweeps the hollow glen; Less sturdy sons would shrink aghast From piercing winds like those thou hast To nurse thine iron men. And thou hast gems; ay, living pearls; And flowers of Eden huc : Thy loveliest are thy bright-eyed girls, Of fairy forms and elfin curls, And smiles like Hermon's dew: They 've hearts like those they 're born to wed, Too proud to nurse a slave;

\* HUGH PETERNWAR a native of Connecticut. He was drowned, near Cincinnati, in 1832, aged about thirty years.

And sooner lay their angel head Deep in their humble grave. And I have left thee, home, alone, A pilgrim from thy shore; The wind goes by with hollow moan. I hear it sigh a warning tone, "You see your home no more." I'm cast upon the world's wide sea, Torn like an ocean weed; I'm cast away, far, far from thee, I feel a thing I cannot be, A braised and broken reed. Farcwell, my native land, farewell ! That wave has hid thee now-My heart is bow'd as with a spell. This rending pang !---would I could tell What ails my throbbing brow! One look upon that fading streak Which bounds yon eastern sky; One tear to cool my burning check; And then a word I cannot speak-"My native land-Good-bye."

They'd scorn to share a monarch's bed,

# FREDERICK W. THOMAS.\*

#### TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE

T is said that absence conquers love ! But, O ! believe it not ; I've tried, alas! its power to prove, But thou art not forgot. Lady, though fate has bid us part, Yet still thou art as dear. As fix'd in this devoted heart As when I clasp'd thee here. I plunge into the busy crowd, And smile to hear thy name; And yet, as if I thought aloud, They know me still the same. And when the wine-cup passes round, I toast some other fuir.-But when I ask my heart the sound, Thy name is echo'd there. And when some other name I learn, And try to whisper love. Still will my heart to thee return, Like the returning dove. In vain ! I never can forget, And would not be forgot; For I must hear the same regret, Whate'er may be my lot. E'en as the wounded bird will seek Its favourite hower to die, So, lady, I would hear thee speak, And yield my parting sigh-T is said that absence conquers love! But, O, believe it not;

I've tried, alas! its power to prove, But thou art not forgot.

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Author of "East and West," "Clinion Braisbaw,"
 "The Beecken Tree, a Tale told in Rhyme," etc.

## FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D.\* THE BLIND BOY.

Ir was a blessed summer day, The flowers bloom'd-the air was mild-The little birds pour'd forth their lay, And everything in nature smiled. In pleasant thought I wander'd on Beneath the deep wood's ample shade, Till suddenly I came upon Two children who had thither stray'd. Just at an aged birch-tree's foot A little boy and girl reclined; His hand in hers she kindly put, And then I saw the boy was blind. The children knew not I was near, The tree conceal'd me from their view; But all they said I well could hear, And I could see all they might do. " Dear MARY," said the poor blind boy, " That little bird sings very long ; Say, do you see him in his joy. And is he protty as his song ?" "Yes, Enwann, yes," replied the maid, "I see the bird on yonder tree." The poor hoy sigh'd, and gently said, " Sister, I wish that I could see. " The flowers, you say, are very fair, And bright green leaves are on the trees, And pretty birds are singing there-How brautiful for one who sees ! "Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell, And I can feel the green leaf's shade, And I can hear the notes that swell From those dear birds that Gop has made. "So, sister, Gop to me is kind, Though sight, alas! he has not given : But tell me, are there any blind Among the children up in heaven?" "No, dearest EDWARD, there all see-But why ask me a thing so odd !" "Oh, MART, He's so good to me, I thought I'd like to look at Gon." Ere long Disense his hand had laid On that dear boy, so meek and mild; His widow'd mother wept and pray'd That Gan would spare her sightless child. He felt her warm tears on his face, And said --- " Oh, never weep for me; I'm going to a bright, bright place, Where MARY says I God shall see. "And you'll be there, dear MARY, too: But, mother, when you get up there, Tell EDWARD, mother, that 'tis you-You know I never saw you here." He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled, Until the final blow was given-

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1 II.

When Gop took up the poor biind child, And open'd first his eyes in heaven !

\* This brilliant orator and very able writer is a native of North Carolina, in which state he practized inw before he entered into holy orders. His heat prose writings are historical criticisms in "The New-York Review."

#### JOHN SHAW, M.D. SUNG.

Who has robb'd the ocean cave. To tinge thy lips with coral hue ? Who, from India's distant wave, For thee those pearly treasures drew ! Who, from youder orient sky, Stole the morning of thine eye ! Thousand charins, thy form to deck, From ses, and earth, and air, are torn ; Roses bloom upon thy check, On thy breath their fragrance borne. Guard thy bosom from the day, Lest thy snows should melt away. But one charm remains behind. Which mute earth can ne'er impart: Nor in ocean wilt thou find, Nor in the circling air, a heart: Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be, Take, oh take, that heart from me. RICHARD COE, JR.† EMBLEMS. FALLETR now from off a tree,

A wither'd leaf: This the lesson taught to me-Life is brief! Hear it say, " Mortal, soon thou'lt follow me To decay !" Droppeth now from off my head, A silver hair : Plainer preacher never said, " For death prepare !" Fill'd with gloom, We follow Time with solemn tread, To the tomb. Mounteth now on wings of air, To the sky, A little dewdrop, pure and clear : Far up on high Hear it say-"All above the earth is fair; Watch and pray ! Night or sorrow come not here-"T is perfect day !" LIFE.

An infant on its mother's breast-A bouncing boy at play---A youth by maiden fuir carees'd---An old man silver gray---Is all of life we know: A joy-wa fear-A smile-a tear-And all is o'er below !

\* Doctor Silaw yeas born in Maryland, in 1778, and died at ses, near the West India islands, in 1809. He was secretary to General Exton, at Tunis, in 1869; and in 1860, accompanied Lord SELKIRE on his expedition to form a settlement on St. John's Island, in Upper Canada. A collection of his poems was published in Philadelphin the year offer his dealt. A merchant of Philadelphia. He writes occasionally in the best meaner of PRANCES QUARLES.

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#### **ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD.\***

#### THE WHIPPOORWILL.

SLEEP, sleep ! be thine the sleep that throws Elvsium o'er the soul's repose, Without a dream, save such as wind, Like midnight angels, through the mind; While I am watching on the hill, I, and the wailing whippoorwill. O whippoorwill, O whippoorwill.

Sleep, sleep! and once again I'll tell The oft-pronounced, yet vain, farewell: Such should his word, O maiden, bø, Who lifts the fated eye to thee; Such should it be, before the chain That wraps his spirit, binds his brain. O whippoorwill, O whippoorwill.

Sleep, sleep ! the ship has left the shore, The steed awaits his lord no more; His lord still madly lingers by The fatal maid he cannot fly, And thrids the wood, and climbs the hill, He and the waiting whippoorwill. O whippoorwill, O whippoorwill.

Sleep, sleep ! the morrow hastens on ; Then shall the wailing slave be gone, Flitting the hill-top far, for fear The sounds of joy may reach his ear ; The sounds of joy! $\rightarrow$ the hollow knell Peal'd from the mocking chapel-bell. O whippoorwill. O whippoorwill.

#### SEBA SMITH.+

THE MOTHER PERISHING IN A SNOW-STORM #

Tun cold winds swept the mountain's height, And pathless was the dreary wild,

And mid the cheerless hours of night A mother wander'd with her child :

As through the drifting snow she press'd, The babe was sleeping on her breast,

And colder still the winds did blow, And darker hours of night came on, And deeper grew the drifting snow:

Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone; "O, Gan !" she cried, in accents wild, "If I must perish, save my child !"

She stripp'd her manife from her breast, And bared her bosom to the storm, And round the child she wrapp'd the vest, And smiled to tlunk her babe was warm.

\* Dr. Bird is author of "Calavar, a Romance of Mexlco," " The Infidel," "Hawks of Hawk-Rollow," "Nick of the Woods," " Boltin Day," " Peter Pilgrim," " Bhep-† Author of "Powhattan, a Metrical Romance," &c. He residue in New York.

1 in the year 1-21, a Mrs. BLAKE perished in a snowstorm in the high-thus, while travelling over a spur of the Green Monntaues, in Vermont. She had an infant with her, which was found alive and well in the morning, being carefully wrapped in the norther's clothing. With one cold kiss, one tear she shed, And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At down a traveller passed by, And saw her 'neath a snowy veil; The frost of death was in her eye, Her check was cold, and hard, and pale; He moved the robe from off the child, The babe look'd up and sweetly smiled!

#### JAMES HALL.\*

#### WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

"T was far beyond yon mountains, dear, We plighted vows of love; The ocean-wave was at our feet, The autumn sky above; The pebbly shore was cover'd o'er With many a varied shell, And on the billow's curling spray The sunbeams glittering fell. The storm has vex'd that billow oft, And oft that sun has set. But plighted love remains with us, In peace and lustre yet. I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, That bashful love might speak Where none could hear what love reveal'd. Or see the crimson check ; The shore was all deserted, And we wander'd there alone, And not a human step impress'd The sand-beach but our own. Thy footsteps all have vanish'd From the willow-beaten strand-The vows we breathed remain with us-They were not traced in sand. Far, far we left the sea-girt shore, Endear'd by childhood's dream, To seek the humble cot, that smiled By fair Obio's stream; In vain the mountain cliff opposed, The mountain torrent roar'd, For love unfurl'd her silken wing, And o'er each barrier soar'd; And many a wide domain we pased And many an ample dome, But none so bless'd, so dear to us, As wedded love's first home. Beyond those mountains now are all That e'er we loved or knew, The long-remember'd many, And the dearly-cherish'd few : The home of her we value, And the grave of him we mourn, Are there;---and there is all the past To which the heart can turn ; But dearer scenes surround us here, And lovelier joys we trace, For here is wedded love's first home,

Its hallow'd resting-place.

Dimming GOOgle

\* Judge Hats, resides in Continenti, and is author of "Legende of the West;" and several other volumes of prose flotion.

#### ALFRED B. MEEK..

THE MOCKING BIRD.

Bign of the wild and wondrous song. I hear thy rich and varied voice Swelling the greenwood depths among, Till hill and vale the while rejoice. Spell-bound, entranced, in rapture's chain, I list to that inspiring strein; I thread the forest's tangled maze The thousand churisters to see, Who mingled thus their voices raise In that delicious minstrelsy; I search in sain each pause between— The choral band is still unseen.

"I is but the music of a dream-An siry sound that moves the ear;

But hark again ! the eagle's scream, It rose and fell distinct and clear ! And list—in yonder hawthorn bush, The red-bird, rolin, and the thrush ! Lost in amaze I look around,

Nor thrush nor eagle there behold : But still that rich, aerial sound,

Like some forgotten song of old That o'er the heart has held control, Falls sweetly on the ravish'd soul.

And yet, the woods are vocal still, The sir is musical with song ;

O'er the near stream, above the hill, The wildering notes are borne along. But whence that gush of rare delight ? And what art thou, or bird or sprite ? Perch'ed on yon maple's topmost bough,

With glancing wings and restless feet, Bird of untiring throat art thou,

Sole songster in this concert sweet! So perfect, full, and rich, each part, It mocks the highest reach of art.

Once more, once more, that thrilling strain ! Il!-omen'd owl, he mute, be mute I Thy native tones I hear again,

More sweet than harp or lover's lute; Compared with thy impassioned tale, How cold, how tame, the hightingale. Alas ! capricious in thy power,

Thy "wood-note wild" again is fied : The mimic rules the changeful hour,

And all the "soul of song" is dead ! But no---to every borrow'd tone He lends a sweetness all his own !

On glittering wing, erect and bright, With arrowy speed he darts sloft,

As though his soul had to'en its flight, In that last strain so ead and soit, And he would call it back to life, To mingle in the mimic strife ! And ever, to each fitful lay, His frame in restless motion wheels,

• This power I find in a hierary journal attributed to Mr. ALERED B. MEEN, of Alabama. That gentleman is distigguished in offairs, and as a showing proce writer. His lugisive poems frequently adors the southorn miscellanies. 63 As though he would indeed easay To act the ecstacy he feels— As though his very feet kept time

To that inimitable chime !

And ever, as the rising moon Climbs with full orb the trees above, He sings his most enchanting tune,

While ccho wakes through all the grove; His descant soothes, in care's despite, The weary watches of the night; The sleeper from his couch starts up, To listen to that lay forlorn;

And he who qualls the midnight cup Looks out to see the purpling morn ! Oh, ever in the merry spring, Sweet minuic, let me bear these sing !

HENRY R. JACKSON.

#### THE FATHER'S DEATH

As die the embers on the hearth, And o'er the floor the shadows fall, And creeps the chirping cricket forth,

And ticks the deathwatch in the wall, I see a form in yonder chair.

That grows benesth the waning light;

There are the wan, and features-there The pallid brow, and locks of white !

My father ! when they laid thee down, And heap'd the clay upon thy breast, And left thee sleeping all slone

Upon thy narrow couch of rest-I know not why, I could not weep,

The soothing drops refused to roll-

Which settles tearless on the soul! But when I saw thy vacant cheir-

Thine idle hat upon the well-Thy book-the pencil'd passage where

Thine eye had rested last of all----The tree beneath whose friendly shade

Thy trembling feet had wander'd forth-The very prints those feet had made,

When last they feebly trod the earth---

And thought, while countless ages fied, Thy vacant seat would vacant stand,

Unworn thy hat, thy book unread, Etlaced thy foutsteps from the sand-

And widow'd in this cheerless world,

Oh, futher ! then for her and thes

Gush'd madly forth the scorching tears, And oft, and long, and hitterly,

Those tears have gush'd in later years; For as the world grows cold around,

And things take on their real hue, 'T is sad to learn that love is found

Alone above the stars, with you !

Distancing GOOGIC

\* H. R. JACKSON, of Georgia, a captain of volunteers in the Moxicau war, has written for the southern literary journals occasional short pooms marked by tandemess and grace

#### CHARLES WEST THOMPSON."

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF WHIST.

Tux road of life is but a game, Where some a thirst for power and fame, And some for pleasure feel-But every player does not win, Although he fairly may begin, And make a proper deal. Some men assume the part of trade, Some turn the soil with active spade, While some to wealth incline, And making into earth their way, Bring up, before the light of day, The diamond of the mine. In clubs some take an active part-While some the dictates of the heart With eager zeal pursue; And, given to wine, their ruin prove, Or, trusting else in faithless love, Their disappointment rue. All have their different parts assign'd, And ranks throughout the world we find, Mid people red and black, Each on the one below him leans-Some rise aloft to kings and queens, Some eink to humble Jack. But, whether station'd high or low, He who his honest heart can know Free from reproving thumps, E'en though he own nor house, nor lands, That man in native glory stands The very ace of trumps. Some men will shuffle through their day, Unmindful how their partners play; Unmoved they seem to stand, And throw their cards with a most bold And tranquil face, although they hold A miserable hand. The daring spirits take the lead, While those that in the game succeed Seem bound to follow suit; Such play the very deuse at last, Their fortune, character they blast, And reap the bitter fruit. How oft, alas! it is the fate Of jarring comrades, wise too late, To play a luckless club, And sadly finding out at last The time for meditation past, A heart had gain'd the rub. By honour some their fortunes win, And some by trick, nor deem it sin To profit as they may,--But time will oft the wretch expose To merited contempt, who chose Dishonourable play. "I is only he, who, void of guile, Knows that he has a right to smile, And tells his heart the same--

\* Author of "The Sylph, and Other Pocus," Philsdelphia. 'T is only he, when fate shall close His pack of chequer'd joys and woes, Has fairly won the game.

#### ROBERT M. CHARLTON."

#### TO THE RIVER OGERCHEE.

O WAYE that glideet swiftly On thy bright and happy way, From the morning until evening, And from twilight until day,-Why leapest thou so joyously, While coldly on thy shore Sleeps the noble and the gallant heart, For aye and evermore ! Or dost thou weep, O river, And is this bounding wave But the tear thy bosom sheddeth As a tribute o'er his grave ? And when, in midnight's darkness, The winds above thes mosn. Are they mourning for our sorrows, Do they sigh for him that's goue 1 Keep back thy team, then, river, Or, if they must be shed, Let them flow but for the living, They're needless for the dead. His soul shall dwell in glory. Where bounds a brighter wave, But our pleasures, with his troubles, Are buried in the grave.

#### HORATIO HALE.

#### THE BURIAL OF THE WITHLACOCHEE.

HOLLOW ye the lonely grave, Make its caverna deep and wide; In the soil they died to save Lay the brave men side by side. Side by side they fought and fell, Hand to hand they met the foe; Who has heard his grandeire tell Braver strife or deadlier blow ? Wake no mournful harmonies, Shed no earthly tear for them; Summer dew and sighing breeze Shall be wail and requiem. Pile the grave-mound broad and high. Where the martyr'd brethren sloep; It shall point the pilgrim's eye Here to bend-but not to weep. Not to weep! O, no ! the grief Springing from a blow like this, May not seek a fond relief In the drops that mothers kiss. But the kindling heart shall bear Hence the lesson stern and high With as proud a flame to dare-With as calm a throb to die.

 Judge Curathray, of Georgia. A volume of his poems was published in Boston, in 1858.

Distantin GOOS

#### **REVEREND CHARLES W. EVEREST.**\*

#### AGRICULTURE.

How blest the farmer's simple life !---How pure the joy it yields! Far from the world's tempestuous strife. Free, mid the scented fields ! When morning woos, with roseate hue, O'er the far hills away. His footsteps brush the silvery dew, To greet the welcoming day. When Sol's first beam in glory glows, And blithe the skylark's song, Pleased, to his toil the farmer goes, With cheerful steps along. While noon broods o'er the sultry sky, And sunbeams fierce are cast. Where the cool streamlet wanders by, He shares his sweet repast. When twilight's gentlest shadows fall Along the darkening plain, He lists his faithful watch-dog's call To warn the listening train. Down the green lane young hurrying feet Their eager pathway press; His loved ones come in joy to greet, And claim their sire's caress. Then, when the evening prover is said. And Heaven with praise is blest, How sweet reclines his weary head On slumber's couch of rest! Nor deem that fears his dreams alarm. Nor cares, with carking din: Without, his dogs will guard from harm, And all is peace within. O ye, who run in folly's race, To win a worthless prize, Learn, from the simple tale we trace, Where true contentment lies ! Ho! monarch! flush'd with glory's pride! Thou painted, gilded thing! His to the free-born farmer's side, And learn to be a king! MINSTREL, SING THAT SONG AGAIN. MINSTREL, sing that song again, Plaintive in its soleran flow; Memory owns its magic strain, Loved and cherish'd long ago : Lo! the past, the invitic past, Rises through the vista dim-Just as twilight's shades are cast At the day's departing hymn! Minstrel, 't was an eve like this: Stars were spangling all the sky: Every zephyr spoke of bliss, Floating in its fragrance by;

Then, within our moon-lit bower, One, with voice like music's own, Sweetly charm'd the lingering hour, To the soft lute's silvery tone.

. Of Meriden, Connecticut. Author of "Babylon," &c.

As the witching cadence fell Wild within our bower of love,

Angel bands might prove the spell, Bending from the courts above?

Minstrel, chant once more the air, Soft as spring's departing breath: She who sang its numbers there

Slumbers as the bride of Death !

Minstrel, chide thou not my tears-Thou hast waked a mournful theme; Memory roves the slumbering years,

Like some dear, forgotten dream: Day will come, with joy and gladness-

Cares once more will fling their blight; Chide not, then, my spirit's sadness-

Minetrel, let me weep to-night!

#### GEORGE W. PATTEN.\*

#### TO 8. T. P.

SHADOWS and clouds are o'er mo; Thou art not here, my bride ! The billows dash before me Which bear me from thy side ; On lowering waves benighted, Dim sets the weary day; Thou art not here, my plighted, To smile the storm away. Where nymphs of occan slumber, I strike the measured stave, With wild and mournful number. To charm the wandering wave-Hark to the words of sorrow Along the failing main ! "T is night-but will the morrow Restore that smile again ?' Mid curtain'd dreams descending, Thy gentle form I trace; Dimly with shadows blending, I gaze upon thy face; Thy voice comes o'er me gladly, Thy hand is on my brow; I wake-the wave rolls madly Beneath the ploughing prow! Speed on, thou surging billow! O'er ocean speed away! And bear unto her pillow The burden of my lay: Invest her visions brightly With passion's murmur'd word, And bid her bless him nightly-Him of the lute and sword? And her, of dreams unclouded, With tongue of lisping tale, Whose eye I left soft shrouded 'Neath slumber's misty veil,---When morn at length discloses The smile I may not see, Bear to her check of roses A father's kiss for me.

\* A lieutenant in the lluited States army, formerly of Rhede Island. He is the author of numerous metrical pieces in the periodicals.

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# MICAH P. FLINT.\*

#### LINES ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

Ox yonder shore, on yonder shore, Now verdant with the depths of shade, Bencath the white-arm'd sycamore, 'There is a little infant laid. Forgive this tean.--A brother weeps.---"T is there the faded floweret eleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone, And summer's forests o'er her wave; And sighing winds at autumn moan Around the little stranger's grave, As though they murmur'd at the fats Of one so lone and desolate,

In sounds that seem like sorrow's own, Their funeral dirges faintly ereep;

Then deepening to an organ tone, In all their solemn cadence sweep, And pour, unheard, along the wild,

Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and pass'd. Can I forget, How we whose hearts had hail'd her birth, Ere three autumnal suns had set.

Consign'd her to her mother earth ! Joys and their memories pass away; But griefs are deeper plough'd than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell, We heap'd the soft mould on her breast;

And parting teans, like rain-drops, fell Upon her lonely place of rest. May angels guard it; may they bless Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone; For, all unheard, on yonder shore,

The sweeping flood, with torrent moan, At evening lifts its solemn roar,

As, in one broad, eternal tide, The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument, There is no stone, with graven lie, To tell of love and virtue blent In one almost too good to die. We needed no such useless trace

To point us to her resting-place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone; But, midst the tears of April showers,

The genius of the wild hath strown His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers, And east his robes of vernal bloom In guardian fondness o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone; Yet yearly is her grave-turf dress'd,

And still the summer vines are thrown, In annual wreaths, across her breast, And still the sighing autumn grieves, And strews the hallow'd spot with leaves.

• MIGAR P. FLINT WAS a sum of the late Reversed TINGTHY FLINT. He was the author of a volume entitled "The Hunter, and other Poens," and of many belef pieces in the magazines.

#### WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.\*

#### THE FREE MIND.

HIGH walls and huge the body may confine, And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze, And massive bolts may baffle his design, And vigilant keepers watch his devicus ways: Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control! No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose: Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole. And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes! It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale It wanders, plucking honey'd fruits and flowers; It visits home, to hear the fireside tale, Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours. 'T is up before the sun, roaming afur, And, in its watches, wearies every star!

#### **OTWAY CURRY.†**

#### THE ARMIES OF THE EVE.

Nor in the golden morning Shall faded forms return, For languidly and dimly then . The lights of memory burn :

Nor when the noon unfoldeth Its sunny light and smile, For these unto their bright repose

The wondering spirit wile :

But when the stars are wonding Their radiant way on high,

And gentle winds are whispering back The music of the sky;

O, then those starry millions Their streaming banners weave, To marshal on their wildering way

The Armies of the Eve:

The dim and shadowy armies Of our unquiet dreams, Whose footsteps brush the feathery ferm And print the sleeping streams.

We meet them in the calmness Of high and holier climes;

We greet them with the blessed names Of old and happier times.

And, merching in the starlight Above the sleeping dust,

They freshen all the fountain-springs Of our undying trust.

Around our every pathway, In beauteous ranks they roam, To guide us to the dreamy rest Of our eternal home.

• WILLIAM LLOTD GARRINON, Buthor of a volume of "Poems," published in 1815, at Boston. The surger quoted shows was written during his despotic imprisonment for the expression of opinoons.

† Mr. CURRY was formerly associated with Mr. Gyt-LAGHER in the editorship of "The Hesperisn," at Cincinnati.

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#### THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH..

#### BEN ROLT.

Do n'r you remember sweet Alice. Ben Bolt ? Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown, Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown ? In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner obscure and alone. They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray, And Alice lies under the stone. Under the hickory tree. Ben Bolt. Which stand at the fuot of the hill, Together we've lain in the noonday shade, And listened to Appleton's mill: The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt, The rafters have tumbled in, [gaze, And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you Has followed the olden din. Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt, At the edge of the pathless woul, And the button-ball tree with its moticy limbs, Which nigh by the door-step stood ! The cabin to rain has gone, Ben Bolt, The tree you would seek in vain ; And where once the lords of the forest waved, Grow grass and the golden grain. And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, With the master so cruel and grim, And the shaded nook in the running brook, Where the children went to swim ! Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is dry, And of all the boys that were schoolmates then, There are only you and L There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have changed from the old to the new : But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth, There never was change in you. Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends-yet I hail Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt, of the sait-sea gale. MATTHEW C. FIELD.+ POOR TOM. TREAS's a new stone now in the old churchyard, And a few withered flowers enwreath it; Alas ! for the youth, by the fates ill-starr'd, Who sleeps in his shroud beneath it : Poor Tum ! poor Tom ! In his early day to be pluck'd sway, While the sunshine of life was o'er him, And mught but the light of a gladdening ray Beam'd out on the road before him. Poor Tom ! All the joy that love and affection sheds. Seem'd to fling golden hope sround him, \* Mr. ENGLISH, of Philadelphia, is best known as an origiasi, forcible, and sometimes humorous, writer of proce, † The late M. C. FIELD, of New Orleans, was a frequent

† The late M. C. FIELD, of New Orienne, was a frequent contributor to the southern journals under the signature of "PHAZMA." He deed at sea, on a voyager to Boston, for the benetic of his bealth, November 15, 1844, aged thirty-rwo years. And the warmest hearts and the wisest heads Alike to their wishes found him. Poor Tom ! poor Tom ! He is sleeping now 'neath the willow bough. Where the low-toned winds are creeping, As if to bewail so sad a tale, While the eves of the night are weeping. Poor Tom ! Oh, the old churchyard, with its new white stone, Now I love, though I used to fear it : And I linger oft mid its torobs alone, For a strange charm draws me near it. Poor Tom ! poor Tom ! We were early friends---oh, time still tends All the links of our love to sever ! And slas ! time breaks, but never mends, The chain that it snaps forever. Poor Tom ! poor Tom ! In the old churchyard we have wandered oft. Lost in gentle and friendly musing; And his eye was light, and his words were soft, Soul with soul, as we roved, infusing. Poor Tom ! poor Tom ! And we wonder'd then, if, when we were men, Aught in life could our fond thoughts smother : But alas ! again-we dream'd not when Death should tear us from each other. Poor Tom ! On the very epot where the stone now stands, We have set in the shade of the willow. With a life-warm clasp of each other's hands, And this breast has been his pillow. Poor Tom ! poor Tom ! Now poor Tom lies cold in the churchyard old, And his place may be filled by others; But he still lives here with a firmer hold, For our souls were twined like brothers. Poor Tom ! There's a new stone now in the old churchyard, And a few withered flowers enwreath it : Alas ! for the youth by the fates ill-starr'd. Who sleeps in his shroud benesth it : Poor Tom ! pour Tom ! In his early day to be pluck'd away, While the sunshine of fife was o'er him, And nsught but the light of a gladdening ray Beam'd out on the road before him. Poor Tom ! TO MY SHADOW.

SRADOW, just like the thin regard of men, Constant and close to friends, while fortune's bright, You leave me in the dark, but come again And stick to me as long as there is light ! Yet, Shadow, as goed friends have often done, You've never stopped between me and the sun; But ready still to back me I have found you. Although, indeed, you 're fond of changing sides; And, while I never yet could get around you. Where'er I walk, my Shadow with me glides ! That you should leave me in the dark, is meet Enough, there being one thing to remark— Light calls you forth, yet, lying at my feet, I'm keeping you forever in the dark !

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#### EPHRAIM PEABODY.\*

#### LAKE ERIE.

Turner lovely shores! how lone and still A hundred years ago, The unbroken forest stool above, The waters dash'd below: The waters of a lonely sea, Where never sail was furl'd, Embosom'd in a wilderness, Which was itself a world.

A hundred years! go baek; and lo! Where, closing in the view, Juts out the shore, with rapid oar Darts round a frail cance.— 'T is a white voyager, and see, H is prow is westward set O'er the calm wave: hail to thy bold, World-seeking bark, MARQUETTE!

The lonely bird, that pieks his food Where rise the waves, and sink, At their strange coming, with shrill scream, Starts from the sandy brink; The fishhawk, hanging in mid sky, Floats o'er on level wing, And the savage from his covert looks, With arrow on the string.

A hundred years are past and gone, And all the rocky coast
Is turreted with shining towns, An empire's noble boast.
And the old wilderness is changed To cultured vale and hill;
And the circuit of its mountains An empire's numbers fill.

#### THE BACKWOODSMAN.

Two silent wilderness for me! Where never sound is heard, Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot, And the flitting wing of bird, Or its low and interrupted note, And the deer's quick, crackling tread, And the swaying of the forest boughs, As the wind moves overhead.

Alone, (how glorious to be free !) My good dog at my side, My rifle hanging in my arm, I range the forests wide. And now the regal buffalo Across the plains I chase ; Now track the mountain stream, to find The beaver's lurking place.

I stand upon the mountain's top, And (solitude profound!) Not even a woodman's smoke curls up Within the horizon's bound.

\*Mr. PEABODY is an Unitarian clergyman. He is a native of New Hampshire, and has resided several years in the western states.

Below, as o'er its ocean breadth The air's light currents run, The wilderness of moving leaves Is glancing in the sun. I look around to where the sky Meets the far forest line, And this imperial domain-This kingdom-all is mine. This bending heaven, these floating clouds, Waters that ever roll, And wilderness of glory, bring Their offerings to my soul. My palace, built by Gon's own hand, The world's fresh prime hath seen; Wide stretch its living halls away, Pillar'd and roof'd with green, My music is the wind that now Pours loud its swelling bars, Now Julis in dying cadences, My festal lamps are stars. Though when in this, my lonely home, My star-wotch'd couch I press, I hear no fond "good-night"-think not I am companionless. O, no ! I see my father's house, The hill, the tree, the stream, And the looks and voices of my home Come gently to my dream. And in these solitary hounts,

And in these solitary hounts, While slumbers every tree In night and silence. Gon hinself Seems nearer unto me. I feel Hrs presence in these shades, Like the embracing air; And as my eyelids close in aleep, My heart is hush'd in prayer.

JOHN M. HARNEY, M.D.\*

# ON & FRIEND.

Devour, yet cheerful; pieus, not austere; To others lenient, to himself severe; Though honour'd, modest; diffident, though praised; The proud he hombled, and the humble raised; Studious, yet social; though polite, yet plain; No man more learned, yet no man less vain. His fame would universal envy move, But envy's lost in universal love. That he has faults, it may be hold to doubt, Yet certain 'tis we ne'er have found them out. If faults he has, (as man. 'tis snid, must have.) They are the only faults he ne'er forguee. I fatter not: absurd to flatter where Just praise is fullsome, and offends the ear.

\* Doctor HARNEY, I believe, was a native of Kentucky. His principal poetical work, "Crystalina, a Fairy Tale," was published in New York in 1816. He was the author of several other poems, the best known of which is "The Fever Dream."

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# B. B. THATCHER.\*

THE BIRD OF THE BASTILE.

Come to my breast, thou long And weary bird !one tone Of the rate music of my childhood !dear Is that strange sound to me; Dear is the memory It brings my soul of many a parted year.
Again, yet once again, O minstrel of the main ! Lo! festal face and form familiar throng Unto my waking eye; And voices of the sky Sing from these walls of death unwonted song.
Nay, cease not - I would call, Thus, from the eilent hall Of the unlighted grave, the joys of old : Beam on me yet once more, Ye blessed eyes of yore, Startling life-blood through all my being cold.
Ah! cease not-phantoms fair Fill thick the dungcon's air; They wave me from its gloom-I fly-I stand Aquin upon that spot, Which ne'er hath been forgot In all time's tears, my own green, glorious land!
There, on each noon-bright hill, By fount and flushing rill, Slowly the faint flocks sought the breezy shade; There gleam'd the sunset's fire, On the tall taper spire, And windows low, along the upland glade.
Sing, sing !—I do not dream— It is my own blue atream. Far, far briow, amid the balmy vale;— I know it by the hedge Of rose-trees at its edge, Vaunting their crimson beauty to the gale:
There, there, mid clustering leaves, Glimmer my father's caves, And the worn threshold of my youth beneath;- I know them by the moss, And the old cluss that loss {wreath Cheir lithe arms up where winds the smoke's gray
Sing, sing ! I am not mad

• BRYLAWIN B. THATCHER, author of "Indian Biography," "Indian Traits," and annuerous contributions to our periodical literature, died in Boston on the 14th of July, 1840, in the thirty-second year of his age. He was a native of Maine, and was educated at Bowdoin College, in that state.

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 $\dagger$  One prisoner I saw there, who had been imprisoned from his youth, and was said to be occasionally insane in consequence. He enjoyed no companiouship (the keeper told me) but that of a beautiful tanued bird. Of what name or cline it was, I know not—only that he called it fondly, his dees, and seemed never housy but when it each of him.—MS. of a Tour through France.

## WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.\*

#### THE ARCHED STREAM.

It went within my inmost heart, The overhanging Arch to see, The liquid stream became a part Of my internal hormony.

So gladly rush'd the full stream through, Pleased with the measure of its flow, So burst the gladness on the view, It made a song of mirth below.

Yet gray were those o'erarching stones, And scor and dry the fringing grass, And mountful with remember'd tones That out of Autumn's boson pass.

And over it the beavy road, Where creaks the wain with burden'd cheer, But gaily from this low abode Leapt out the merry brook so clear.

Then Nature said: My child, to thee, From the gray arch shall beauty flow, Thou art a pleasant thing to me, And freely in my mendows go.

Thy verse shall gush thus freely on, Some poet yet may sit thereby, And cheer himself within the sun My life has knalled in thine eye.

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• Mr. CHANNING is a Lephew of the late Dr. W. E. ORANNING. He published a volume of Poens in 1613, and another in 1917.

#### W. J. SNELLING.\*

#### THE BIRTH OF THUNDER.

LOOK, white man, well on all around, These hoary oaks, those boundless plains; Tread lightly; this is holy ground : Here Thunder, awful spirit ! reigns. Look on those waters far below, So deep beneath the prairie sleeping, The summer sun's meridian glow Scarce warms the sands their waves are heaping : And scarce the bitter blast can blow In winter on their key cover; The Wind Sprite may not stoop so low, But hows his head and passes over. Perch'd on the top of yonder pine, The heron's billow-scarching eye Can scarce his finny prey descry, Glad leaping where their colours shine. Those lakes, whose shores but now we trod, Scars deeply on earth's bosom dinted, Are the strong impress of a god, By Thunder's giant foot imprinted. Nay, stranger, as I live, 'tis truth ! The lips of those who never lied, Repeat it daily to our youth. Famed heroes, erst my nation's pride, Beheld the wonder; and our sages Gave down the tale to after ages. Dost not believe ? though blooming fair The flowerets court the breezes coy, Though now the sweet-grass scents the air, And sunny nature basks in joy, It is not ever so. Come when the lightning flashes, Come when the forest crashes, When shricks of pain and wo Break on thine ear-drum thick and fast, From ghosts that shiver in the blast; Then shalt thou know and bend the knee Before the angry deity. But now attend, while I unfold The lore my brave forefathers taught: As yet the storm, the heat, the cold, The changing seasons had not brought, Famine was not; each tree and grot Grew greener for the min : The wanton doe, the buffalo, Blithe bounded on the plain. \* WILLIAM J. SNELLING, author of "Truth," a satire, and for many years a writer for the journals, died in Boston, in 1849. \*Twenty-eight miles from the Big Stone Lake, near the sources of the St. Peter's River, is a cluster of small lakes or pouds, lying much below the level of the surrounding prairie, and ornamented with an oak wood. The Dahcotabs col. this place The Nest of Thunder, and say that here Thumler was born. As seen as the infant spirit could go sione, he set out to see the world, and, at the first step, placed his foot upon a hill twenty five miles distant; a rock on the top of which actually seems to bear

the print of a cigantic homan foot. The Indians call the hill Thunder's Tracks. The Nest of Thunder is, to this

day, visited by the being whose birth it witnessed. He

comes clod in a mantle of storms, and lightnings play

round his head.

In mirth did man the hours employ Of that eternal spring; With song and dance, and shouts of joy, Did hill and valley ring.

No death-shot peal'd upon the ear, No painted warior poised the spear, No atake-doom'd captive shook for fear; No arrow left the string,

Save when the wolf to earth was borne; From focman's head no scalp was torn; Nor did the pangs of hate and scorn The red man's bosom wring.

Then waving fields of yellow corn Did our bless'd villages adorn.

Alas! that man will never learn His good from evil to discern. At length, by furious passions driven,

The Indian left his babes and wife, And every blessing Gou has given,

To mingle in the deadly strife. Fierce Wrath and haggard Envy soon Achieved the work that War begun; He left, unsought, the heast of chase, And prey'd upon his kindred race. But Hs who rules the earth and skies, Who watches every boit that flice; From whom all gifts, all blessings flow, With grief beheld the scene below. He wept; and, as the baimy shower

Refreshing to the ground descended, Each drop gave being to a flower, And all the hills in homage bended.

"Alas!" the good Great Spirit said, "Man merits not the climes I gave;

Where'er a hillock rears its head, He digs his brother's timeless grave:

To every crystal rill of water, He gives the crimson stain of slaughter. No more for him my brow shall wear

A constant, glad, approving smile; Ab, no! my eyes must withering glare

On bloody hands and deeds of guile. Henceforth shall my lost children know The piercing wind, the blinding snow; The storm shall drench, the sun shall burn, The winter freeze them, each in turn. Henceforth their fueble frames shall feel A climate like their hearts of steel."

The moon that night withheld her light. By fits, instead, a lurid glare Illuned the skirs; while mortal eyes Were closed, and voices rose in prayer. While the revolving sun Three times his course might run,

The dreadful darkness lasted. And all that time the red man's eye

A sleeping spirit might espy,

Upon a tree-top cradled high,

Whose trunk his breath had blasted. So long he slept, he grew so fast,

Beneath his weight the gnarled oak Snapp'd, as the tempest snaps the mast.

It fell, and Thunder woke!

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The world to its foundation shock, The gristly bear his prey forsook, The scowling heaven an aspect hore That man had never seen hefore; The wolf in terror fled away, And shone at last the light of day.

'T was here he stood ; these lakes attest Where first WAW-KKE-AN's footsteps press'd. About his burning brow a cloud,

Black as the raven's wing, he wore; Thick tempests wrapt him like a shroud,

Red lightnings in his hand he bore; Like two bright sums his eyeballs shone, His voice was like the cannon's tone; And, where he breathed, the land became, Prairie and wood, one sheet of flame.

Not long upon this mountain height The first and worst of storms abode,

For, moving in his fearful might, Abroad the Gon-begotten strode,

Afar, on yonder faint blue mound, In the horizon's utmost bound, At the first stride his foot he set ;

The jarring world confess'd the shock. Stranger ! the track of Thunder yet

Remains upon the living rock.

The second step, he gain'd the sand On far Superior's storm-beat strand: Then with his shout the concave rung, As up to heaven the giant sprung

On high, beside his sire to dwell; But still, of sil the spots on earth, He loves the woods that gave him birth.— Such is the tale our fathers tell.

#### LINDLEY MURRAY.

#### TO MY WIFE.

WHEN on thy bosom I recline, Enraptured still to call thre mine, To call thee mine for life, I glory in the sacred ties,

Which modern wits and fools despise, Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss; The tender look, the melting kiss, Even years have not destroyed; Some sweet sensation, ever new, Springs up and proves the maxim true, That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish !---'tis all for thee. Hast thou a wish !---'tis all for me. So soft our moments move, That angels look with arlent gaze, Well pleased to see our happy days, And bid us live----and love.

\* LINDLEY MURRAY, suthor of the "English Grammar," And other works, was a native of New York, though the greater portion of his life was passed in England. 89 Thy bosom is my softest home, I'll full me there to rest; And is there aught distorts my fair ? I'll bid her sigh out every care, And lose it in my breast. Have 1 a wish !---'tis all her own; All here and mine are roll'd in one,---Our hearts are so entwined, That, like the ivy round the tree, Bound up in closest anity,

If cares arise-and cares will come-

JOHN RUDOLPH SUTERMEISTER.\*

"I is death to be disjoin'd.

#### FADED HOURS,

O ! ron my bright and faded hours When life was like a summer stream, On whose gay banks the virgin flowers Blush'd in the morning's rosy beam; Or danced upon the breeze that bars Its store of rich perfume along, While the wood-robin pour'd on air The ravishing delights of song. The sun look'd from his lofty cloud, While flow'd its sparkling waters fair, And went upon his pathway proud, And threw a brighter lustre there; And smiled upon the golden heaven, And on the earth's sweet loveliness, Where light, and joy, and song were given, The glad and fairy scene to bless! Ah! these were bright and joyous hours, When youth awoke from boyhood's dream, To see life's Eden dress'd in flowers, While young hope bask'd in morning's beam! And proffer'd thanks to Heaven above, While glow'd his fond and grateful breast, Who spread for him that scene of love, And made him so supremely blest! That scene of love !---where hath it gone ? Where have its charms and beauty sped ? My hours of youth, that o'er me shone, Where have their light and splendour fied? Into the silent lapse of years, And I am left on earth to mourn; And I am left to drop my tears O'er memory's lone and icy urn! Yet why pour forth the voice of wail O'er feeling's blighted soronal ? Ere many gorgeous suns shall fail, I shall be gather'd in my pall; O, my dark hours on earth are few-

My hopes are crush'd, my heart is riven; And I shall soon bid life adieu,

To seek enduring joys in heaven!

\* Mr. SUTERMEATER WAS horn in Curaçon, in the West Indies, and came to New York with his parents, when about four years old. He wrote many hief poems while a law student, but no collection of his writings has been published. He died in 1826, in the twenty-third year of bis age.

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#### ANONYMOUS.

#### "GIVE ME THE OLD."

#### OLD WINE TO DRIVE, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

Oin wine to drink ! Ay, give the slippery jaice, That drippeth from the grape thrown loose, Within the tun : Pluck'd from beneath the cliff Of sunny-sided Teneriffe, And ripen'd 'neath the blink Of India's sun ! Peat whiskey hot. l'emper'd with well-boiled water ! These make the long night shorter,-Forgetting not Good stout old English porter ! Old wood to burn ! Av, bring the hill-side beech From where the owlets meet and screech, And ravens croak ; The crackling pine, and cedar sweet; Bring too a clump of fragrant peat, Dug 'neath the fern : The knotted oak, A faggot too, perhap, Whose bright flame dawning, winking, Shall light us at our drinking ! While the oozing sap Shall make sweet music to our thinking. Old books to read ! Av. bring those nodes of wit, The brazen-clasp'd, the vellum writ, Time-honour'd tomes! The same my size scanned before, The same my grandsire thumbed o'er, The same his size from college bore. The well-earn'd meed Of Oxford's domes; Old HOMER blind, Old HORACE, rake ANACREON, by Old TULLY, PLAUTUS, TERENCE lie; Mort Antaun's olden minstrelsie. Quaint BURTON, quainter SPENSER, ay, And GERVASE MARKHAM'S venetie-Nor leave behind The Holye Book by which we live and die. Old friends to talk ! Ay, bring those chosen few, The wise, the courtly and the true, So rarely found ! Him for my wine, him for my stud, Him for my easel, distich, bud In mountain walk ! Bring WILTER good : With soulful Faxo; and learned WILL, And thee, my alter ego, (dearer still For every mood.)

In earlier editions, the above priem has been attributed to HENEY CAREY, the elegant essayist, whose writings are published under the signature of "John Waters?" but Hearn that he is not the soulior of it. These add a bouquet to my wine ! These add a sparkle to my pine ! If these I time, Can books, or fire, or wine be good ?

THOMAS MACKELLAR.\*

#### THE SLEEPING WIFE.

Mr wife! how calmly sleepest thou! A perfect prace is on thy brow: Thine eyes beneath their fringed lid, Like stars behind a cloud, are hid; Thy voice is mute, and not a sound Disturbs the tranquil air sround: I'll watch, and mark each line of grace That Gon hath drawn upon thy face,

My wife! thy breath is low and soft; To catch its sound I listen oft; The lightest leaf of Persian ross Upon thy lips might find repose;— So deep thy slumber, that I press'd My trembling hand upon thy breast, In sudden fear that envious death Had robb'd thee, sleeping, of thy breath.

Sleep on ! sleep on ! my dreaming wife ! Thou livest now another life, With beings till'd, of fancy's birth ;— I will not call thee back to earth ; Sleep on, until the car of morn Above the castern hills is borne; Then thou wilt wake again, and bless My sight with living loveliness.

#### THE HYMNS MY MOTHER SUNG.

TREAL Bre to me no hymns more sweet Than those my mother sung, When joyously around her feet Her little children clung. The babe upon his pillow slept-My mother sang the while ;---What wonder if there softly crept Across his lips a smile ? And I, a sick and pensive boy,-Oppressed with many pains,-OR felt my bosom thrill with joy Beneath her soothing strains. The stealing tear mine eye bedims, My heart is running o'er,-The music of a mother's hymna Shall comfort me no more !

<sup>9</sup>Mr. MACKELLAR was born in New York in 1812, and is now a partner in the extensive stereotyping house of L. JOINSSON and Co., of l'inlad-ipina. He is the author of "Droppings from the Heart," a collection of poems, pervaded by a spirit of piety and hop-fulness, published in 1844, and "Tam's Portnight Ramble," in 1848.

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#### GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.\*

#### THE LOVE THAT LASTS.

'T is not a flower of instant growth, But from an unsuspected germ That lay within the hearts of both, Assumes its everlasting form.

As daisy-buds among the grass With the same green do silent grow, Nor maids nor hoys that laughing pass Can tell if they be flowers or no---

Till on some genial morn in May Their timid, modest leaflets rise, Disclosing beautics to the day That strike the gazer with surprise:

So soft, so sweet, so mild, so holy, So cheerful in obscurest shade, So unpretending, meek, and lowly,

And yet the pride of each green glade : So love doth spring, so love doth grow, If it be such as never dics :

The bud just opens here below— The flower blooms on in paradise.

#### DAVID BATES.<sup>†</sup>

#### SPEAK GENTLY.

SFRAK gently ; it is better far To rule by love than fear— Speak gently : let not harsh words mar

The good we might do here.

Speak gently: Love doth whisper low The vows that true hearts bind; And gently Friendship's accents flow; Atfection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child : Its love be sure to gain ;

 Teach it in accents soft and mild— It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young : for they Will have enough to bear; Pass through life as best they may, "Tie full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one: Grieve not the careworn heart; The sands of life are nearly run-Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor: Let no harsh tone be heard; They have enough they must endure, Without an unkind word.

 See "Proce Writers of America" for a reviewal of Dr. CHEEVER'S proce Writings. His poons are, for the most part, graceful expressions of elevated religious and social feeling.

† Mr. Barns passed his carlier life at Indianapolis, in Indiana, but he has resided acveral years in Philadelphis, in the occupation of a broker. He published in that city, in 1843, a volume of poems estilled "The Acilan."

Speak gently to the erring : know. They may have toil'd in vain : Perchance unkindness made them so: Oh, win them back again ! Speak gently : Hr who gave his life To bend man's stubborn will, When elements were fierce with strife, Said to them, " Peace ! be still !" Gentleness is a little thing Dropp'd in the heart's deep well : The good, the joy which it may bring, Eternity shall tell. SAMUEL GILMAN, D. D.\* THE SILENT GIRL. SHE seldom spake ; yet she imparted Far more than language could-So birdlike, bright, and tender hearted, So natural and good ! Her air, her look, her rest, her actions, Were voice enough for her: Why need a tongue, when those attractions Our immost hearts could stir ? She seldom talked ; but, uninvited, Would cheer us with a song ; And oft her hands our cars delighted, Sweeping the keys along. And oft, when converse round would languish, Ask'd or unask'd, she read Some tale of gladness or of anguish, And so our evenings sped. She seldom spake ; but she would listen With all the signs of soul; Her cheek would change, her eye would glisten; The sigh---the smile---upstole. Who did not understand and love her, With meaning thus o'erfraught ? Though silent as the sky above her, Like that, she kindled thought. Little she spake ; but dear attentions From her would ceaseless rise; She check'd our wants by kind preventions, She hush'd the children's cries; And, twining, she would give her mother A long and loving kiss-The same to father, sister, brother, All round-nor would one miss. She seldom spake-she speaks no longer; She sleeps beneath you ruse; T is well for us that ties no stronger Awaken memory's woes: For oh, our hearts would sure be broken. Aiready drain'd of tears,

If frequent tones, by her outspoken, Still linger'd in our cars !

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\* The Rev. SAMCEL GILMAN, D. D., a writer for the earlier volumes of the "North American Review." and the author of "Memoirs of a New England Villace Choir," has result d many years in Charleston. The "History of a Ray of Light." "The Stient Girl," and a few other pieces, show that he might have been distinguished as a poet.

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#### THEODORE S. FAY.\*

#### MY NATIVE LAND.

COLUMBIA, was thy continent stretch'd wild, In later ages, the huge seas above? And art thou Nature's youngest, fairest child, Most favour'd by thy gentle mother's love? Where now we stand, did ocean monsters rove, Tumbling uncouth, in those dim, vanish'd years, When through the Red Sca PRABAOS's thousands drove,

When struggling JOSEPR dropp'd fraternal tears, When Gob came down from heaven, and mortal men were seers !

Or, have the forests waved, the rivers run. Elysian solitudes, untrod by man, Silent and lonely, since, around the sun, Her ever-wheeling circle earth began ! Thy unseen flowers did here the breezes fan. With wasted perfume ever on them flung ! And o'er thy showers neglected rainbows span, When ALEXANDER fought, when HOMER sung. And the old populous world with thundering battle rung !

Yet, what to me, or when, or how thy birth.--No musty tomes are here to tell of thee; None know, if cast when nature first the earth Shaped round, and clothed with grass, and flower, and tree,

Or whether since, by changes, silently, Of eand, and shell, and wave, thy wonders grew; Or if, before man's little memory, Some shock stupendous rent the globe in two, And thee, a fragment, far in western oceans threw.

I know but that I love thee. On my heart, Like a dear friend's, are stamp'd thy features now; Though there the Roman or the Greeian art Hath lent, to deck thy plain and mountain brow, No broken temples, fain at length to bow, [time. Moss-grown and crunbling with the weight of Not these o'er thee their mystic splendours throw, Themes eloquent for penell or for thyme, when the word the two thet mount its thoughts

As many a soul can tell that pours its thoughts sublime.

But thou art sternly artless, wildly free: We worship thee for beauties all thine own: Like dansel, young and sweet, and sure to bo Admired, but only for herself alone. With richer foliago ne'er was land o'ergrown, No mightier rivers run, nor mountains rise, Nor ever lakes with lovelier graces shone. Nor wealthier harvests waved in human eves, Nor lay more liquid stars along more heavenly skies.

I dream of thee, fairest of fairy streams, Sweet Hudson! Ploat we on thy summer breast, Who views thy enchanted windings over decms Thy banks, of mortal shores, the loveliest! Hail to thy shelving slopes, with verdure dress'd,

\* Author of "Norman Leslie," "The Counters Ida," etc., and now Secretary of Legation at Berlin. He is a pative of New York. Bright break thy waves the varied beach upon; Soft rise thy hills, by amorous clouds caress'd; Clear flow thy waters, haughing in the sun---Would through such peaceful scenes my life might gently run !

And, lot the Catskills print the distant eky, And o'er their airy tops the faint clouds driven, So softly blending, that the cheated eye Forgets or which is earth or which is heaven,---Sometimes, like thunder-clouds, they shade the even.

Till, as you nearer draw, each wooded height Puts off the azure hues by distance given; And slowly break upon the enumour'd sight Ravine, erag, field, and wood, in colours true and bright.

Mount to the cloud-kiss'd summit. Far below Spreads the vast champaign like a shoreless sen. Mark yonder narrow streamlet feebly flow, Like idle brook that creeps inglorionsly; Can that the lovely, lordly Hudson be, Stealing by town and mountain! Who beholds, At break of day this scene, when, silently, Its map of field, wood, hamlet, is unroll'd. While, in the cast, the sun uprears his locks of gold,

Till earth receive him never can forget ! Even when return'd amid the eity's roar, The fairy vision haunts his memory yet, As in the sailor's fancy shines the shore. Imagination cons the moment o'er, When first-discover'd, awe-struck and amazed, Scarce loftier Jovk—whom men and gods adore---On the extended earth beneath him gazed, Temple, and tower, and town, by human insect raised.

Blow, scented gale, the snowy canvass swell, And flow, thou silver, eddying current on. Grieve we to bid each lovely point farewell, That, ere its graces half are seen, is gone. By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn, By palace, village, cot, a sweet surprise, At every turn the vision breaks upon; Till to our wondering and uplifted eves [rise. The Highland rocks and hills in solemn grandeur

Not clouds in heaven, nor hillows in the deep, More graceful shapes did ever heave or roll, Nor came such pictures to a painter's skeep, Nor beam'd such visions on a poet's soul! The pent-up flood, impatient of control, In ages past here broke its granite bound, Then to the sea in broad meanders stole, While ponderous ruins strew'd the broken ground, And these gigantic hills forever closed around.

And ever-wakeful echo here doth dwell, The nymph of aportive mockery, that still Hidea behind every rock, in every dell, And softly glides, unseen, from hill to hill, No sound doth rise but mimic it she will.... The sturgeon's splash repeating from the shore, Aping the boy's voice with a voice as shrill. The bird's low wardle, and the thunder's roar, Always she watches there, each murnour telling o'er.

Distantin GOOGIC

Awake, my lyre, with other themes inspired. Where yon hold point repels the crystal tide, The Briton youth, lamented and admired, His country's hope, her ornament and pride, A traitor's denth ingloriously died, On freedom's altar offer'd; in the sight Of Gon, by men who will their act alside, On the great day, and hold their deed aright. To stop the breath would quench young freedom's holy light.

But see ! the broadening river deeper flows, Its tribute floods intent to reach the sea, While, from the west, the fading sunlight throws Its softening hues on stream, and field, and tree; All silent nature bathing, wondrously, In charms that soothe the heart with sweet desires, And thoughts of friends we ne'er again may see, Till, lo ! shead Manhatta's bristling spires, Above her thousand roofs red with day's dying fires.

May greet the wandcrer of Columbia's shore, Proud Venice of the west! no lovelier acene. Of thy vast throngs now faintly comes the roar, Though late like beating occan surf I ween,— And everywhere thy various barks are seen, Cleaving the limpid floods that round thee flow, Encircled by thy banks of sunny green,— The panting steamer plying to and fro, Or the tall sea-bound ship abroad on wings of snow.

And radiantly upon the glittering mass The god of day his parting glances sends, As some warm soul, from earth about to pass, Back on its fuding scenes and mourning friends Deep words of love and looks of rapture bends, More bright and bright, as near their end they be. On, on, great orb! to earth's remotest ends, Each land irradiate, and every sea—

But O, my native land, not one, not one like thee!

#### C. C. MOORE.\*

FROM & FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN, AFTER HAVING HAD HIS FORTRAIT TAKEN FOR THEM.

This semblance of your parent's time-worn face Is but a sad bequest, my children dear:

Its youth and freshness gone, and in their place The lines of care, the tracks of many a tear!

Amid life's wreck, we struggle to secure Some floating fragment from oblivion's wave:

We pant for something that may still endure, And snatch at least a shadow from the grave.

Poor, weak, and transient mortals! why so vain Of manly vigour, or of beauty's bloom !

An empty shade for ages may remain When we have moulder'd in the silent tomb.

But no! it is not us who moulder there,

We, of essential light that ever hurns; We take our way through untried fields of sir,

When to the earth this earth-horn frame returns.

\* CLEMENT C. MOORE, formerly one of the professors in Columbia College, resides in New York. A collection of his " Poenis," in one volume, was published in 1845. And 't is the glory of the master's art Some radiance of this inward light to find, Some touch that to his canvass may impart A breath, a sparkle of the immortal mind.

Alas! the pencil's noblest power can show But some faint shadow of a transient thought, Some waken'd feeling's momentary glow, Some swift impression in its passage caught.

O that the artist's pencil could portray A father's inward bosom to your eyes, What hopes, and fears, and doubts perplex his way,

What aspirations for your welfare rise.

Then might this unsubstantial image prove, When I am gone, a guardian of your youth,

A friend for ever urging you to move In paths of honour, holiness, and truth.

Let fond imagination's power supply The void that baffles all the painter's art; And when those mimic features meet your eye, Then fancy that they speak a parent's heart.

Think that you still can trace within those eyes. The kindling of affection's fervid beam,

The searching glance that every fault capics, The fond anticipation's pleasing dream.

Fancy those lips still utter sounds of praise, Or kind reproof that checks each wayward will,

The warning voice, or precepts that may raise Your thoughts above this treacherous world of ill.

And thus shall Art attain her loftiest power; To noblest purpose shall her efforts tend:

Not the companion of an idle hour, But Virtue's handmaid and Religion's friend

#### F. S. KEY.\*

#### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! SAT, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming ;

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

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming ?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our fing was still there ;

- O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
- O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

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

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-discloses I Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam; Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream; 'I is the star-spangled banner, O' long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The late Mr. Key was a native of Builtmore. This song is supposed to have been written by a prisoner on board the British fleet, on the morning after the upsuccessful bombardment of Fort Mellenty.

tipmenty Google

And where is the hand who so vauntingly swore, Mid the havec of war and the buttle's confusion,

A home and a country they'd leave us no more? Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;

No refoge could save the hiteling and slave From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave, And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

- O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
- Bless'd with victory and peace, may the beavenrescord land
  - Preise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

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

#### JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

#### HAIL, COLUMBIA.

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye herces! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the eform of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prizo,
Let its alter reach the skies.
Firm-united--let us be,
Railying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

\*With the popular ontional songs, "The Star-spangled Banner" and "Hail, Columbia," I bring to a close this volume of specimens of American poetry. These lyrics have not much poetic morit, but they are as well known throughout the United States as the Raine Song is in Germany, or the Marseilles Hynn in France. The late excellent Judge Horktmaon, ta few months before his death, addressed to me a letter from which I quote the following arcount of the circumstances strending the composition of "Hail, Columbia :"

"It was written in the summer of 1798, when was with France was thought to be newitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia.deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostbilly had actually inken place. The contest between Encland and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to esponse the cause of republican France, as she was called; while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and anfe government. The viel dion of our rights by both bell-gerennets was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President WASHINOTON, which was to do equal justice

13% Honorphie Joseph Hopkness, LL, D. Vice-Periofect of the Americus Philosophical Society, and Honolent of the Principlanum Arafemy of Fin. Arts et al. dog in Thitlefeight a critic formatic of January, bill, to the meanter encoder sees of him see. He was a sense of France Hopkieson, one of the mast domagnitude patrices of the Hereinston.

Seconsed by L. Interes, Philadelphia.

Immortal patriota! rise once more ;

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Defend your rights, defend your shore ; Let no rude loc, with impious hand,

 Let no rude foe, with impious hand, Invade the shrine where sucred lies Of toil and blood the well-carn'd prize.

While offering peace sincere and just, In Heaven we place a manly trust, That truth and justice will prevail, And every scheme of bondage fail. Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame! Let WASBINGTON'S great name

Ring through the world with loud applause, Ring through the world with loud applause: Let every clime to Freedom dear

Listen with a joyful car.

With equal skill, and godlike power, He governs in the fearful hour Of hortid war; or guides, with ease, The happier times of honest peace.

Firm-united, dec.

Behold the chief who now commands. Once more to serve his country, stands— The rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat : But, arm'd in virtue firm and true.

His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you. When Hope was sinking in dismay, And glooms obscured Columbia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or liberty. Firm-united, &c.

to both, to take once with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who esponsed her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, in our country, as it did at that time, upon that question. The theatre was theo open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known bits when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on ma one Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriolic song adapted to the tune of the "President's Vorch," he did not doubt of a full house; that the posts of the theatrical come had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon ; and the sour, such as it 14, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of. and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents; and look and feel exclusively for our own honour and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them : or to the question, which was most in fullt in their treatment of us : of course the song found favour with both partics, for both were Americans; at least number could disavow the renuments and the logs it inculeated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the CKpectation of the author, as it is beyond any ment it Can boast of, except that of being troly and exclusively patraone in ite sentiments and stort.

"Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,



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