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The poetical and prose writings of James



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THE  
POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS

OF

JAMES LINEN.



NEW YORK:  
W. J. WIDDLETON, PUBLISHER.,  
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A. ROMAN & COMPANY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864,

By W. J. WIDDLETON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern  
District of New York.

TO

William Cullen Bryant, Esq.,

THE POET WHO WAS THE DELIGHT OF MY YOUTH,

AND THE MAN WHO HAS

BEEN THE FRIEND OF MY RIPE YEARS,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS ADOPTED COUNTRYMAN,

JAMES LINEN.



# P R E F A C E

TO THE

FIRST EDITION OF THE POEMS.

---

**B**EING an occasional contributor to some of the most respectable magazines of the day, I hope that the appearance of a selection from my poetical effusions will not be deemed an impertinent intrusion upon public attention. . The smaller poems have been so extensively copied into the newspapers throughout the United States, some having even found their way into British periodicals, that, from their apparent popularity, I have been flattered into the belief that they possess some degree of merit.

With the critic I have nothing to do. I neither invite his criticism nor defy it. The poems are simple and unpretending. My Muse, however, is somewhat capricious. She is sometimes grave and sometimes gay, and occasionally inclined to be satirical. The present volume exhibits specimens of my moody but delightful companion. She is ever to me a source of ineffable pleasure. She is too independent to court the favors of the great, and shrinks from seeking the applause of the vulgar. Her joys are in the sanctuary of the domestic circle. My task is simply to give to the world the promptings of her inspiration. Should they be received with the smiles of favor, she may be encouraged to future exertion; but should the tribunal of the public, before

which she is about to appear, doom her in justice to eternal oblivion, let her go unlamented. Whatever the decision may be, there is no danger of my pining away under a feeling of withering neglect, the common result of poetic aspirations.

NEW YORK, *December*, 1852.

---

This volume includes nearly all the poems that were published in New York some twelve years ago, besides about thirty more which I have written in California since that time. From my prose writings I have selected such productions as have been most popular, and, as I thought, would be most interesting to my friends and the public. Some of them are humorous, and some of them are serious. Having no particular object in view, they are consequently desultorious in character. The reader may find something in these pages to amuse, and possibly something to instruct. By their perusal, the spirit of inquiry may be kindled. As people honestly differ in opinion and arrive at opposite conclusions, so, if in any case my own deductions are deemed questionable by the intelligent reader, he will at least discover that I have endeavored to be truthful in all my historical statements. Having found some intellectual enjoyment in *writing* them, I trust that my friends will not find it a profitless sacrifice of time in *reading* them.

SAN FRANCISCO, *June*, 1864.



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# P O E M S.

—◆—  
Eugenia:

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

“OH, would that I were dead!” said Eugenia, with a sigh.  
“Why wish that you were dead?” asked a stranger passing  
by;

“Such longings are more fitting for an old man such as I.”  
But she deigned him no reply, save, “I only wish to die.”

Have the gnawings of remorse or the pangs of self-disgrace  
Rudely torn and all untimely the two roses from her face?  
Can it be that on her name there's a little moral speck,  
Or before a heartless world does she stand a human wreck?

Basely has she been dishonored by some vile seducer's art,  
And within her bosom beats there still a warm but broken heart?  
Is it that the light of reason, like some fugitive, has fled,  
And has left her all bewildered, that she wishes she were dead?

Is it thus the sad and weary would so freely part with breath?  
 Is it thus the wretched maniac seeks to find relief in death?  
 No, 'tis not that shattered reason from her empire has been  
     driven,  
 For she seems like one whose golden hopes are anchored fast in  
     heaven. ♣

Why, O hypocrite self-righteous! thus away from suffering start?  
 Is not conscience seared and torpid in the chamber of your heart?  
 Let the even hand of justice pluck' out all that's foul within,  
 Ere you dare to judge and sentence a poor erring child of sin.

Where is Pity—melting Pity—is her fountain frozen up?  
 And has Mercy left Despair to give dark Guilt her bitter cup?  
 Go! thou whining casuist, go! mock not poor misfortune's tale,  
 But let Charity—Love's sister—cover frailty with her veil.

“Oh, would that I were dead!” said Eugenia, young and fair,  
 While she wildly clasped her hands amid her rich and golden  
     hair;

“Oh, would that I were dead!” said she o'er and o'er again,  
 As if conscience stung her soul, and a fever fired her brain.

She had passed the porter's lodge, by the massive iron gate,  
 Which a proud escutcheon bore of a race renowned and great;  
 Up the avenue she'd wandered, up the old oak-shaded road,  
 Which through fragrant groves went winding to her ancestral  
     abode.

'Neath a gnarled umbrageous tree, upon a rude-framed rustic seat,  
There Eugenia, pale and wayworn, sat to rest her wearied feet;  
All around the lambs were frisking, while the woodland sweetly  
    rang  
With the songs the feathered minstrels in joyous chorus sang.

On the spot where she was sitting she had often sat before,  
When her young heart beat with gladness, in the sunny days of  
    yore:  
*Then* the future was all cloudless, and her bosom free from pain;  
*Now* a thousand recollections rushed across her reeling brain.

She was very near her birth-place, for, through intervening  
    bowers,  
One could see the stately mansion, with its turrets and its  
    towers:  
On the windows played the sunbeams, all so beautifully bright,  
Like the glory of enchantment flashing back its dazzling light:

Through the foliage gleamed the lattice, where the honey-suckle  
    grew,  
And around the old green ivy its embracing tendrils threw;  
And in shadow through the casement, where in innocence she  
    slept,  
Where she knelt at her devotions, and her holy vigils kept.

On the lawn begemmed with daisies, by a fountain gushing clear,  
Where chestnuts wave their leafy plumes, browsed a herd of  
    timid deer;

And away among the clover, where the hares securely feed,  
And where skylarks mount to heaven, grazed her gallant sable  
steed.

There was Nero from St. Bernard, strolling o'er the flowery  
sward,  
Who was stately, mild, and faithful, yet courageous as a pard;  
And she sighed as she remembered with what pleasure and what  
pride,  
In joyous bygone days, he walked a favorite by her side.

And all noisy on the tree-tops cawed the rooks—that ancient  
race,  
Which, for generations gone, had built their nests about the  
place;  
All around seemed gay and cheerful, save the two hearts, young  
'and old,  
That were beating with an anguish which no language can un-  
fold.

“Far away from town or hamlet, with a sorrow so sincere,  
Wilt thou tell me, gentle lady, what doth bring thee weeping  
here?  
For the grief you seem to suffer surely some one is to blame,  
Wilt thou tell thy touching story, thy lineage, and thy name?”

“Oh! ask me not, kind sir, my name; though I'm weary now of  
life,  
I am not a wretch abandoned—but a poor heart-broken wife;

Support me—I feel very faint; death's chilling frosts fall o'er me;  
I see naught but reproach behind—an opening grave before me."

While she, seemingly unconscious, lay within his circling arms,  
He thought of his Eugenia, and of all her blooming charms.

"Sweet drooping flower," he kindly said, and pressed her to his  
bosom,

"What villain lives could ever dare to blight so fair a blossom?"

"May an old man crushed with sorrow, and accustomed long to  
pain,

Invite thee to his mansion, till thy strength thou dost regain?  
Come, lady, for my daughter's sake, oh, come away with me,  
And she who nursed her when a child shall be a nurse to thee."

Long tresses of luxuriant hair concealed the beauteous face  
Of her, the cherished hope and pride of an illustrious race;  
Bending o'er her, every gentle art to comfort her he tries,  
While a crowd of strange emotions in his stricken heart arise.

Sweetly fell his tender accents, as upon his breast she lay—

"Can so base a wretch be found that could thy innocence be-  
tray?"

On thy fragile form while gazing, my thoughts are of another—  
Of my child—the perfect image of her dear departed mother.

"Ah! her young confiding heart, perhaps, hath with misfortune  
striven,

Until, like thine, all crushed, it may by mad despair be riven;

Perhaps she pines in solitude, too proud to brook reproof,  
Or wandering, like some outcast, from her own paternal roof.

“She was my joy, my light and life, in whom my hopes were  
centred,  
And yonder was her happy home, where slaves of vice ne'er  
entered;  
From out the depths of her blue eyes she fondly called me  
father,  
And round her brow I never saw the storms of passion gather.

“Oh! unclouded days thrice blessed, when, with arms around  
me flung,  
I have listened to the music of her little prattling tongue,  
And have gazed on her with rapture, while upon her bended knee  
She offered up her orisons, Almighty God, to Thee!

“With a love all undivided, to her imperfections blind,  
There I watched the bent and progress of her young expanding  
mind;  
With a face of matchless beauty, and a form of perfect mould,  
She treasured up the gems of lore, as misers do their gold.

“But a change came o'er Eugenia, which I could not under-  
stand,  
And she proudly spurned rich offers from the titled of the land;  
More retiring in her manner, in her air more pensive grown,  
With her music and her books she ever sought to be alone.



“When I questioned her she often vowed, by all her hopes  
above,  
That she'd rather cloistered be than wed with one she could not  
love;  
Reserved, but ever dutiful, those tender years passed by,  
When fiercely hopes and fears contend the human heart to try.

“Like a frost-nipped flower she languished—nursed a passion  
unrevealed,  
Till her sighs and growing paleness showed the pangs her heart  
concealed;  
And when urged to tell the hidden cause, her brief reply was,  
*Never!*  
Yet she told me that her happiness and peace had fled forever.

“Well she knew how stern my will, and with what a lofty scorn  
I looked down upon my brother-man not rich and nobly born;  
That she loved, I half suspected, one unworthy of her race,  
And I feared that her heart-longings would soon end in my dis-  
grace.

“Onward swept the current of her thoughts, by passion borne  
along,  
And, like some fast-swelling stream, became impetuous, wild, and  
strong;  
A dark cloud hung o'er the future, and strange feelings o'er me  
stole,  
Till I felt a nameless anguish that wrung deep my haughty soul.

“Tho’ I watched her as my only child, the jewel I most prized,  
And I prayed my dark forebodings would be never realized,  
Still my watchings, and my prayers for her, alas! were all in  
vain,  
For no skill of art can ever melt love’s strong mysterious chain.

“The season came when melting snows swell the rivers and the  
rills,  
When foaming floods come roaring down, rushing seaward from  
the hills;  
Yes; the gloom of Winter passed away, and the sunshine and  
the rain  
Robed the trees with vernal blossoms and the fields in green  
again.

“Three long and dreary years ago, among other guests there  
came  
A sprightly youth, of good report, with a foreign titled name;  
He spoke of lands and large estates that lay somewhere by the  
Rhine,  
And his parks and woods he oft compared in glowing terms to  
mine.

“He had an easy, gallant air, and would talents rare evince,  
Which added to a charming grace, that might well become a  
prince;  
He would tell his strange adventures in the lands where he had  
been,  
And, with a joyous rapture, dwelt on the wonders he had seen.

“In my antique-pictured parlor, ever pleased to entertain,  
He sung the songs of Italy, and grand ballads of old Spain,  
While Eugenia mutely listened: with a calm, reserved surprise,  
The gay stranger soon discovered he found favor in her eyes.

“How many young and beautiful, and e’en wise beyond their  
years,  
Deep sow the seeds of future woe that are watered oft with tears;  
The flame, once kindled in the heart, so intensely fierce may  
burn,  
Till, self-consumed, all hopes have fled, that may never more re-  
turn.

“Some may think love’s first impressions, as a dream, may pass  
away,  
But, like noxious weeds, they strengthen, taking deeper root each  
day.  
Lady, little did I reckon of the havoc he had made,—  
That my future he’d embittered, and my heart in ruins laid.

“One morning, when the gentle dew on the face of nature fell,  
And all was wrapt in deep repose, loudly rang the gateway bell;  
The porter answered to the call, and the bolts were soon with-  
drawn,  
While Eugenia could be seen coming tripping o’er the lawn.

“Mettled horses were in waiting, and away the carriage sped;  
As dark guilt will flee from vengeance, so the guilty couple fled:

Busy scandal, ever meddling, gave it out that they were seen,  
Driven by some hired postilion, on their way to Gretna Green.

“Some said,—more truthfully, methinks,—she and her worthless  
lover,  
In their clandestine, anxious flight, passed o’er the Straits of  
Dover;  
But whether they left England’s shores, and now live across the  
sea,  
From that day to the present time is a mystery to me.

“While pointing to the glorious scroll of a long time-honored  
line,  
Debased I feel that meaner blood should so mingled be with  
mine;  
There’s a stain on my escutcheon, a foul blot upon my name;  
My family pride is humbled, and I bow my head in shame.

“Oh! mankind are cold and cynic, and are deaf to Pity’s call;  
Gilded knaves will Virtue ruin, and loud chuckle at her fall;  
At my feet bright hopes lay withered, and I felt my honor stung,  
While I listened to the rumors widely spread by Slander’s  
tongue.

“Of all I loved on earth bereft, to my destiny I bow,  
And wander through life’s wilderness a poor, wretched mortal  
now;  
Amid all my boasted riches, with a bosom racked and torn,  
How often have I even wished that I never had been born.

“No joys to me the world presents, and its giddy ways I shun;  
The sun of life is sinking down, and my race is nearly run.  
Could I but see Eugenia, as alone for her I live,  
And as I hope to be forgiven, all the past I would forgive.

“If my darling child be living, though her face I ne’er may see,  
Yet to know that she were happy, would be happiness to me;  
Whatever be the present lot that God may have assigned her,  
Oh! were I worth a thousand worlds, I’d give them all to find  
her.”

“Behold her now!” she simply said, while her azure eyes were  
raised,  
And, with a wild and awful look, on her good old sire she gazed;  
Her golden tresses back were flung, some accents strange were  
muttered,  
Then, with her arms around his neck, these dying words she  
uttered:

“Oh, my dear, my injured father! say, oh, say that I’m forgiven!  
And bestow a father’s blessing ere my spirit leave for heaven.”  
“Eugenia! oh, my daughter! for all thou art forgiven?”  
And while the father blessed his child, her spirit passed to  
heaven.

## BALLADS OF MEXICO.

---

### The Departure.

CORTEZ, suspecting that Velaequez, the Governor, would deprive him of his commission as Captain-General of the expedition, leaves St. Jago clandestinely, at midnight, November 18th, 1518. He lands at Trinidad, and erects his standard of "black velvet, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a red cross, amidst flames of blue and white, with this motto in Latin beneath: '*Friends, let us follow the Cross; and under this sign, if we have faith, we shall conquer.*'" He receives re-enforcements at Trioidad and Havana. At Cape St. Antonio, the appointed place of rendezvous, he harangues his soldiers upon the greatness and importance of the enterprise. Celebration of Mass: dancing of the Indian allies: final departure for the coast of Yucatan, February 18th, 1519.

IT was midnight in the tropics; the islands were asleep,  
 And bright the starry welkin was mirrored in the deep:  
 It was midnight in the tropics, when Cortez and his crew  
 To friends in St. Jago bade a quick and last adieu.

Ho! the anchors they are weighed, the sails spread to the breeze;  
 Now soon the little squadron will plough the Indian seas:  
 "Brave cavaliers and comrades!" the chief was heard to say,  
 "Valiant will Velasquez be if he our course can stay!"

At gray break of early dawn, that streaks the eastern sky,  
 And awakes to busy life all that hushed in slumber lie,  
 Soon spread in St. Jago the spirit-stirring tale,  
 That Cortez and his faithful band already had set sail.

There was bustling in the streets, there was running to the shore ;  
On wings of wind the tidings flew all sunny Cuba o'er ;  
Since pious benedictions were showered on every head,  
Could glory fail to follow where Spanish valor led ?

Amid strains of martial airs and the sounds of merry song,  
The little navy speeds its way the island-coast along :  
What heed the fearless mariners, though winds and billows rave ?  
The good San Pedro will protect the gallant and the brave.

The manly Cortez walks the deck ; he dreams of conquests vast,  
And o'er him streams his pennon from the gently-bending mast :  
His thoughts are of the future, not of those he leaves behind ;  
Ambition's airy visions flit across his ardent mind.

The motley troops soon land again ; no braver e'er were seen ;  
And soon a tented camp appears upon the flowery green :  
Banners now are flaunting gayly, while loud from shore to shore  
The cannon and the falconets their deafening thunders roar.

With blooming flowers deck beauty, ring the bells of Trinidad ;  
Drink the wines of Andalusia, let each saddened heart be glad !  
From Havana and Matanzas, all ye daring spirits, come !  
Oh ! hear ye not the bugle and the rolling of the drum ?

There are marches and parades, and reviews and active drills ;  
There is music in the valleys, there are echoes on the hills ;  
The peasants leave the plough for the buckler and the spear,  
And rally round the standard of the gallant cavalier.

From fountains warm and tender there gushed the crystal tide ;  
The husband left his spouse, and the bridegroom left his bride :  
Proud hearts were bounding high, and fair bosoms heaved with  
    pain,  
And fond lips met that parting day that never met again.

Before his soldiers stood the chief who knew no slavish fear ;  
Before their chief the soldiers stood, devoted and sincere ;  
With helmets bright and waving plumes they round him closely  
    pressed,  
When Cortez to his volunteers these stirring words addressed :

“Ye gentlemen of Arragon, of Leon and Castile !  
I trust in this great enterprise ye bear unblemished steel :  
Grand ends can only be secured by long, incessant toils,  
And only to the brave belong the victor's golden spoils.

“Be loyal to your sovereign and to the Spanish crown,  
And win the hero's fadeless wreath of honor and renown !  
Then all the proud distinctions and treasures may be yours,  
And all the dearest guerdons bright that chivalry secures.

“While loyal to your sovereign, be to your chieftain true,  
As, friends and brave hidalgos ! he'll ever be to you :  
And by that gold-broidered banner and the red cross that ye see,  
And this Toledo blade he wears, he'll with the boldest be.

“Oh ! where is fair Granada, that Castilian arms defied ?  
And where is the Alhambra, in all her ancient pride ?



Did not your valiant fathers subdue the Moorish braves ?  
And where paled the Crescent moon, the Cross in triumph waves.

“The blood that ye inherit from your chivalrous sires,  
To deeds of splendid daring and manly valor fires ;  
Ye go to conquer kingdoms more fair than Europe claims ;  
Ye go to make each name ye bear a heritage of Fame’s.

“Though your numbers are but few, your cause is great and just,  
And who can say we may not lay proud empires in the dust ?  
With arms so strong and hearts so bold, and aspirations pure,  
My friends and fellow-countrymen, our victory is sure !

“On, then, ye soldiers of the Cross ! we leave this island-shore ;  
Our well-manned fleet will nobly ride the waste of waters o’er :  
We leave our homes, we risk our all, high honors to attain,  
When we return our days to spend in our beloved Spain.”

Ho ! sounds of loud rejoicing now rent the tropic air,  
And some the priest Olmedo joined in fervent chanting prayer ;  
In the sunbeams lances gleamed, and war-steeds gayly pranced,  
And platoons of dusky Indians to music wildly danced.

The fleet has left its moorings, and ere the day is done,  
Far on the dim horizon’s verge, toward the setting sun,  
The brigantines and caravels, with their white canvas wings,  
Are faintly seen by anxious eyes, like dim departing things.

## The Great Battle on the Plain of Centla.

CORTÉZ, hearing that "the country was everywhere in arms," and being cooped up in the city of Tabasco, which he had taken possession of for the crown of Castile, prepares to leave it, and march against the Indians, who are encamped on the Plain of Centla. He reviews his army, and appoints his officers to their respective commands. Prescott says: "The General commanded that Ordaz should march with the foot, including the artillery, directly across the country, and attack them in front; while he himself would fetch a circuit with the horse, and turn their flank, when thus engaged, or fall upon their rear." The Spaniards leave Tabasco: the sunrise of the misty morning: the appearance of the Tabascans, and their hideous battle-cries: the thunders of the cannon during the battle: the arrival of Cortez with his small troop of cavalry: St. James, the patron Saint of Spain, is seen heading the rescue, mounted on his gray war-horse: the Indians, panic-stricken, "supposing the rider and the horse, which they had never before seen, to be one and the same," fling away their arms, and fly off in confusion.

WITHIN Tabasco's wooden walls  
 The streets with music ring;  
 Within Tabasco's Pagan halls  
 The Christians matins sing:

'Tis early morn of Lady Day, the flowers still drink the dews,  
 While gallantly the cavalier his faithful band reviews.

The chief's Castilian prancing steed  
 His rider proudly bears;  
 The offspring of a noble breed,  
 A noble look he wears.

He seems the Babieca, on which rode the Cid of Spain,  
 That, neighing, longs to trample down the Infidels again.

See, Cortez heads the cavalry,  
A small but valiant band ;  
And Ordaz of the infantry  
Now bravely takes command.

Come, Olid, Leon, Avila ; come, gallant Alvarado,  
Fight like your sires who crushed the Moors, the brave Moors of  
Granada !

The pennons stream, the banners wave,  
The trumpets loudly blow ;  
While from Tabasco march the brave,  
To fight the Indian foe.

No fears have they who draw the sword, so burning is the zeal  
Of those who battle for the Cross, and the glory of Castile.

O'er fields of maize and dripping grass,  
O'er marshes rank and wide,  
The glittering troops of Christians pass,  
With steps of martial pride,  
Till sounds of barbarous minstrelsy break on each startled ear,  
And dimly seeming legions of the dusky foes appear.

Round as Minerva's gilded shield

That on her temple stood,

The sun springs up o'er Ceutla's field,

Red as a globe of blood,

And melts the misty covering where, marshalled, are concealed  
Full forty thousand armed men, who savage weapons wield.

Now loudly wild Tabascans yell,  
 And curse the Spanish name ;  
 So, Mesa, charge the cannon well,  
 And fire with deadly aim ;  
 To hostile ranks confusion send, and soon the fierce array  
 Of feather-crested warriors shall vanquished flee away.

The Indians, stretching far and wide,  
 With lightning in their glance,  
 Now, quick as flows the surging tide,  
 Mid savage cries advance :  
 On helmet, buckler, escaupil, in showers their arrows fall,  
 But fail to kill, while on their gods they frantic loudly call.

The heavy guns their thunders roar ;  
 The marshy meadows shake ;  
 And echoes, never heard before,  
 From slumber startled wake.  
 The horrid scene of smoking blood the boldest heart appals,  
 And priests and gods alike are dumb to patriotic calls.

The death-storm rages on the plain  
 Where slaughtered thousands lie ;  
 And files that open close again  
 Where balls and arrows fly :  
 The weary Christians, closely pressed by a brave and stubborn foe  
 With spear in hand, deal right and left full many a deadly blow.

But see ! yon Indian columns heave  
With panic-struck dimay ;  
'Tis Cortez and his horsemen cleave  
Through maddened ranks their way !  
"San Jago and San Pedro !" the soldiers bravely cry,  
And dash through fierce battalions, that now affrighted fly.

The eye of Faith without a stain,  
Undimmed by guilt or doubt,  
Could clearly see the Saint of Spain  
The Unbelievers rout,  
Well mounted on his gray war-horse, like some chivalrous knight,  
Who proudly throws the gauntlet down, for lady fair to fight.

The combat's o'er ; this awful morn,  
So pregnant with dark fears,  
Shows squadrons slain and banners torn,  
And bloody swords and spears :  
But now the sun propitious shines where all was sullen gloom ;  
The Christains march to victory,—the Pagans to their doom !

## The Christian Camp in the Grove of Palms,

### AND THE PROCESSION ON PALM-SUNDAY.

THE Spaniards leave the battle-field and retire to a palm-tree grove, where they offer up thanksgiving to the Almighty for their victory over the Tabascans. Cortez sends away his captive warriors with a message to their countrymen. A deputation of inferior chiefs comes and craves leave to bury their dead. The granting of the request: arrival of the nobles and a numerous train of vassals at the Christian camp; their splendid reception: Olmedo and Diaz enlighten their minds respecting the mysteries of the Faith: the solemn procession on Palm-Sunday: the image of the Indian deity deposed, to make room for that of the Virgin: the celebration of Mass: the Indians moved to tears: departure of the Spaniards for the coast of Mexico.

SOME have an air of triumph, and some dejected look;  
 Some hasten to the gushing stream that feeds the little brook;  
 While, leaning on their comrades, with measured step and slow,  
 The wounded and the weary across the moorland go.

In the flower-enamelled grove where tower the stately palms,  
 The Spanish troops victorious peal forth thanksgiving psalms;  
 While some are counting o'er their beads, and round their stand-  
 ard cling,  
 With *Te Deum Laudamus* fen and woodland sweetly ring.

Hurrah! hurrah for Chivalry!—hurrah for gallant Spain!  
 Hurrah! hurrah! long live the King, and glorious be his reign!  
 One loud hurrah for Cortez now, whose flag triumphant waves!  
 He comes to scatter seeds of Peace, and break the chains of  
 slaves.

“Stand forth, ye captive warriors!” says Cortez, loud and stern;  
“I hope ye may from this sad day a lasting lesson learn.  
Back to your homes unharmed return, but tell your friends from  
me,  
That some of your Caciques and Chiefs I soon expect to see.

“And, gentlemen, pray tell them too,” he adds, with haughty air,  
“That they to my liege lord the King must quick their fealty  
swear;  
Or, by the great San Pedro and the honor of my word,  
All, all that in Tabasco live shall perish by the sword!”

Away they with the tidings speed; and early on next morn  
A band of wretched men appear, in garments spare and torn:  
“Great Chief! we come with heavy heart, and your permission  
crave  
To carry off our slaughtered friends, and lay them in the grave.”

“The leave you ask, Tabascans! at once I freely give,  
And none shall e'er be harmed by me who wish in peace to live;  
But quickly your Caciques must come, for, troth, it is not meet  
That I who represent a King should with inferiors treat.”

Soon a long and motley train through the stately maize is seen;  
Now they skirt an hacienda, now cross savannas green;  
And now they tread the meadow where the tall grass gently  
waves:  
’Tis the nobles and their vassals, with a score of female slaves.

Straight as palm-trees walk the men, with a firm and noble air,  
But some looked gaunt and savage, with their black and flowing  
    hair;  
The slaves—oh! what can be their hopes and what can be their  
    fears?  
For some skip lightly o'er the sward, and some are shedding  
    tears.

Now they leap a little stream, and they pass a flowery swamp,  
And mid music sweetly pealing, they reach the Spanish camp,  
Where Cortez and his gallant staff assume an air of state,  
And, like true gentlemen of Spain, upon the nobles wait.

Mid greetings and rejoicings, and many nameless queries,  
The Christians with the Pagans quaff the good old wines of  
    Xeres:

Oh, soon forget the soldiers all their sorrow and their pain,  
And sing to the Indian damsels the witching airs of Spain.

Now Diaz and Olmedo, whom faith and love inspire,  
The heathen hearts soon melt with sparks of sacred fire:  
Can it be the work of grace, or the logic of the sword,  
That so rapidly extends the kingdom of the Lord?

The merry night is past, and the bugle and the horn  
Awake the camp, and usher in a sunny Sabbath morn:  
The wild birds from the meadow in countless numbers spring,  
And lovely flowers that gem the grove around their fragrance  
    fling.



Before they leave in gladness this fair but godless land,  
The Christians in procession, with a palm-branch each in hand,  
Through sheeny dew in gay review before their chieftain pass,  
Then march in pomp to celebrate the sacrifice of Mass.

See, the amice round the neck is negligently flung,  
The chasuble of purple o'er the alb of white is hung;  
The girdle and the maniple, and richly broidered stole,  
Adorn the holy fathers who gravely head the whole.

Behind them walk the pages who sacred symbols hold,  
The censor, and the chalice, and crucifix of gold;  
One bears the cross in front, with a cassock long and dun,  
And one a golden Virgin with her ever-blessed Son.

With curved necks like a crescent next come the mettled steeds,  
And Cortez on his charger like some knight-errant leads;  
Caparisoned so richly, and decked with garlands fair,  
Oh, well may the Tabascans in wonder mutely stare.

Now, with a gallant bearing, the infantry advance,  
And flashing in the sunbeams are musket, spear, and lance;  
The banners are unfurled and flaunt gayly in the train:  
Ah, 'tis a pageant worthy of the chivalry of Spain.

Ere long they reach the temple; and within its gloomy walls  
The hideous god is quick deposed, and headlong down it falls;  
A sweetly-sculptured Mary, with a radiant face divine,  
Soon fills its place, and smiles on all who worship at the shrine.

Some say the Pater Noster, and some an Ave utter,  
Some *Angelus Domini* in hurried accents mutter ;  
While others join the chant and devoutly bend the knee,  
Like true Christian cavaliers, Almighty God! to Thee.

The dark, sun-bronzed Tabascans, illumined in the faith  
That points to bliss eternal beyond the shades of death,  
Who have nobly dangers braved, and have no coward fears,  
Stand, a spectacle to move the heart, with eyes suffused in tears.

Hark! now the clarion peals, and deeply rolls the drum,  
And see, in glittering splendor, away the Spaniards come ;  
They still bear their incensed palms as they had done before,  
And as they to the temple marched, so march they to the shore.

Freshly blow the tropic winds, and on a surging tide  
Once more the Spanish caravels the rolling billows ride :  
Hurrah! hurrah! they bravely leave Tabasco's burning strand ;  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Mexico, the glorious golden land!

## The Dream of Montezuma.

THE Emperor Montezuma retires to his bower in the garden when he hears of the massacre of Cholula, and the determination of the Spaniards to visit him in his own city, and broods over his inevitable destiny. He falls asleep, and Quetzalcoatl appears to him in a dream, the benevolent deity who had long abandoned the country, and of whom it is said, "When he reached the shore of the Mexican Gulf, he took leave of his followers, promising that he and his descendants would revisit them hereafter; and then entering his wizard skiff, made of serpents' skins, embarked on the great ocean for the fabled land of Tlapallan." Tradition and mythology say that "under him the earth teemed with fruits and flowers," and that "the air was filled with intoxicating perfumes, and the sweet melody of birds." The awful predictions of the vision, and the dismal apprehensions of Montezuma.

IN the vale of Anahuac, like glory's golden crown,  
 Behind the porphyry mountains the sun is going down;  
 While the Aztec Montezuma to his garden bower repairs,  
 But his eyes are downward cast, and a troubled look he wears.

On his feet are burnished sandals, on his head a plume of green,  
 And his feathered *tilmatli* is gemmed with stones of sparkling  
 sheen.

Cascades are leaping by his path, and woodland minstrels sing,  
 While shrubs and brilliant flowers around delightful odors fling.

What to him are battle trophies and bannered palace walls,  
 Where feast his nobles and his priests in palm-leaf matted halls?  
 What to him his jewelled crown and the pageantry of state,  
 When his mighty heart is crushed, and he bends beneath the  
 weight?

Pavilioned in his fragrant bower, he seeks a brief repose  
From his court-harassing cares and the fear of coming woes;  
The passing zephyrs gently fan the swarthy monarch's brow,  
And dreams of dark forebodings disturb his slumber now.

A vision stands before him with a lofty, god-like air,  
And a dark and flowing beard such as mortals never wear;  
He seems like some good aged seer whose race is nearly run:  
Oh! comes he from Tlapallan or the region of the Sun?

"Submission to the laws of Fate a monarch well beseems;  
I am the long-departed god who haunts you in your dreams;  
I come my mountain land to claim, far from an eastern shore,  
To scatter blessings o'er the realm, as in the days of yore.

"What though the sanguine Tlaloc showered no reviving rain,  
I ever plenty sent to all throughout this wide domain;  
In Anahuac's halcyon days no desert spots were seen,  
And clothed were hills, that now are bare, in rich perennial green.

"The air was filled with sweet perfumes, birds ever joyous sang  
With music wild and ravishing the rocks and Valley rang.  
Now, a mildew blights the flowers, and a gloom pervades the land,  
O'er which I waved in glory enchantment's golden wand.

"You tremble, Montezuma! Why starts the coward tear?  
Be worthy of your princely race: the brave ne'er shake with fear.  
Your very days are numbered now; from Fate you cannot fly;  
And, as an Aztec you have lived, so like an Aztec die.

“The pale mysterious strangers in pomp and triumph come,  
And yet, unhappy monarch, your oracles are dumb ;  
They climb the steep sierra, they march o'er wastes of snow,  
And fierce Tlascalans swell their ranks, your most abhorrent foe.

“Showers of arrows harmless fall, and Caciques in anger frown,  
Yet the temples they despoil and the idols tumble down ;  
Lighnings flash and thunders roar in their victorious path ;  
They surely are the ministers of Heaven's avenging wrath.

“Impervious is the armor of the Children of the Sun,  
Who bring a purer faith than yours, and have no gods but one ;  
They speak of men's redemption and universal love,  
And tell of glorious mansions in a happy world above.

“They soon shall reach your city gates, soon all your treasures  
claim,  
For to those bold invaders no terror has your name :  
You cannot stay their onward course, so for the worst prepare ;  
Where your tasselled thongs are hanging, you soon shall fetters  
wear.

“All your gods shall quickly vanish, and never more return,  
And palace and *teocalli* in flames terrific burn ;  
Ascending smoke shall blacken yon blue and cloudless sky,  
And your boasted Tenochtitlan in wide-spread ashes lie.

“The waters of Tezcucó shall be crimsoned with the blood  
Of valiant Aztec soldiers, who the brunt of wars have stood ;

Your subjects that are spared, with a sad and broken heart,  
Shall from fair Anahuac in wretchedness depart.

“In vain you trust your bloody priests, and on your gods rely,  
Whose altars smoke with hecatombs that loud for vengeance cry:  
The tribes who loathe your very name, yet fear your dreadful  
    sway,  
Shall with a hellish laugh behold your empire pass away.”

As gathering mists the mountain hide, the phantom disappears;  
The sweat falls from the monarch's brow, whose eyes are dim  
    with tears;  
He weeps, whose royal will is law, who never brooked control;  
The vision and his dismal dream sink deep into his soul.

## SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

## The Peasant's Song of Spring.

A FAR from the city's din and strife,  
Let me lead a peasant's happy life,  
Where the mind from racking care is free  
As the April clouds that o'er me flee.

The Spring is come with its buds and flowers,  
With its rainbows bright and sunny showers ;  
As fond suitors on their lovers wait,  
So each feathered minstrel finds his mate.

The streams, from their strong ice-fetters free,  
Dash on with their waters to the sea ;  
The angler, bent on his finny prize,  
Heeds little the tears of weeping skies.

Now the lilacs wear their purple plumes,  
And the hawthorn hedge is white with blooms ;  
And the willows wave their tassels green,  
Where the burnie steals along unseen.

The daisy, tipped with a fringe of red,  
On the lea shoots up its modest head;  
The bells and the bonnie cups of gold  
Their sparkling treasures of dew-drops hold.

On echoing hills the lambies bleat,  
Where the heather-linties sing so sweet;  
And the woodland glen and shady grove  
Now choral ring with their lays of love.

Oh! the laverocks build their nests and woo  
In the fields of clover bright with dew;  
And far above, on fluttering wing,  
They warble their joyous songs of Spring.

Mingled sounds of gladness fill the air,  
And the broidered sward is fresh and fair;  
The bursting bud and the leafy tree  
Have a thousand nameless charms to me.

The fields I plough and the seeds I sow,  
And nursed by the sun the harvests grow;  
My roses of health, above all price,  
Can never bloom in the haunts of vice.

Let others boast of their wit and lore,  
My learning is drawn from Nature's store;  
The skylarks up from the meadows spring,  
And sweetly teach me the way to sing.



Let Fashion's slaves in the town rejoice,  
The peasant's life is my blissful choice,  
Where Mind is led from the flowery sod,  
Through Nature away to Nature's God.

---

### The Peasant's Song of Summer.

NOW tripping along through morning dew,  
Blithe Summer comes with a rosy hue;  
To greet her, the hills their voices raise,  
And the woodland songsters hymn her praise.

Like her sister Spring, when lately seen,  
She's dressed in a vernal robe of green;  
And her flowing skirt that Nature weaves  
Is brodered o'er with flowers and leaves.

On her head a fragrant wreath she wears,  
And her hand a golden sceptre bears;  
Like some beauteous queen, with regal pride  
She scatters her blessings far and wide.

She passes on with an air of grace,  
And roses blush on her bonnie face;  
She smiles on fields, and they greener grow;  
She breathes on flowers, and they brighter glow.

Her reign is sweet, yet anon so wild,  
She is wanton as a playful child;  
She unbinds the winds that howling sweep,  
And lash the waves of the surging deep.

Oh! she tears the misty veil away  
From the mountain's brow where lambkins play.  
And the tainted air she purifies  
With her flashing lightning from the skies.

She gives her scents to the passing breeze,  
And ripens the fruit on bending trees;  
She points to the fields of golden grain;  
Which tell that labor is not in vain.

Where the humming bees in blooming dells  
Sweet honey sip for their waxen cells,  
The sun may scorch, but she nightly showers  
Her gentle dews on the drooping flowers.

Where the peasants mow on yonder lea,  
There are mingled sounds of social glee;  
They laugh and sing, and they toil away,  
And of withered grass make russet hay.

While sets the sun in an opal sky,  
Away to their cottage homes they hie,  
And the smiles of Peace aye meet them there,  
And the day is closed with grateful prayer.

I love the fields, and to Nature's shrine  
My heart still clings like a clasping vine ;  
With bliss so pure, and with joys so rife,  
Oh! give me the peasant's happy life !

---

The Peasant's Song of Autumn.

THE winds sweep by with a mournful tone,  
Telling that Summer is past and gone ;  
The leaves are sere, and genial showers  
No vigor give to the fading flowers.

There's a withered look in Nature's face,  
And her steps have lost their vernal grace ;  
But what though she seems so pale and wan,  
She's rich with stores for the wants of man.

Though heaving woods toss their russet plumes,  
And the fragrant dells are strewn with blooms,  
To the peasant bounteous Autumn yields  
The treasures of all her golden fields.

Though no more the groves and forests ring  
With the notes of rapture wild birds sing,  
Afar on the moorland breeze are borne  
The stirring sounds of the hunter's horn.

By the crystal brook and mountain lake,  
In the ferny dell and marshy brake,  
Away, where the lapwing lonely flies,  
The keen fowler seeks his feathered prize.

The peasant is up at break of day,  
And off to his harvest fields away;  
With a joyous heart unknown to care,  
He whistles some love-inspiring air.

And see yonder band, so blithe and free;  
How they leap and sing in rustic glee;  
In the sunbeams flash the whetted blades,  
Swept by hardy hinds and buxom maids.

And behold the gleaner, young and fair,  
With her rosy cheeks and yellow hair;  
Content with her poor but happy lot,  
She bears her sheaf to her mother's cot.

Away from the noise of city strife,  
Give me rural scenes and rural life;  
Let me trip o'er hills and valleys green,  
Where slaves of Fashion are never seen.

Oh! let me live where no cares annoy,  
To taste the sweets of unmingled joy;  
And abroad with Nature let me roam,  
Till called away to a better home.

When life's Autumn comes, as come it will,  
And my beating heart is cold and still,  
Where pale Sorrow ne'er may vigils keep,  
In some lone spot let me quietly sleep.



### The Peasant's Song of Winter.

AUTUMN has fled, and Winter is come;  
The groves are mute, and the birds are dumb;  
The winds are cold, and the skies are gray,  
And the weary sun makes short the day.

And the gushing streams and tiny rills,  
That danced and leaped down the rugged hills,  
And meandered through the withered plains,  
Are bound in fetters of icy chains.

Like fragments of robes that seraphs wear,  
Now the fleecy snow-flakes fill the air;  
And the crispy earth is wrapt in white,  
And moon nor stars lend now their light.

But snows may drift and the clouds may scowl;  
The hail may beat and the tempest howl;  
They bring not want to the peasant's door,  
Whose thrift has garnered his winter store.

All the joy he feels no tongue may tell,  
For love and peace in his cottage dwell;  
And he scorns the slave of base desires,  
While he lives as lived his honest sires.

Though trees are stripped of their leafy plumes,  
And the gardens glow no more with blooms,  
Oh, the little snow-drop, sweetly chaste,  
Will blossom soon on the hoary waste!

Warm suns will shine, and the soft winds blow,  
And rivers swell with the melting snow,  
And the daisies soon again be seen,  
And the teeming fields be clothed in green.

Torpid Nature into life will spring,  
The orchard bloom and the skylark sing;  
While the swallows back again will come,  
And the woodlands be no longer dumb.

The bees will steal from their cloistered cells,  
To gather sweets from the cups and bells,  
And the dreary mountains joyful be  
When Nature is set from Winter free.

So the changing seasons come and go,  
While the springs of life still onward flow;  
And faith and hope cheer the peasant's end,  
When the chilling dews of death descend.

He knows, when his earthly race is run,  
That the golden prize of life is won ;  
He goes to a better land than this,  
To traverse fields of eternal bliss !

Truth.

---

**E**TERNAL Truth! rear high thy crest,  
 In all thy splendor shine,  
 Where countless millions, long oppressed,  
 In mental darkness pine.

Subvert all false and hollow creeds,  
 And blood-stained shrines o'erthrow;  
 Uproot all rank and deadly weeds  
 That in Mind's empire grow.

Lead Knowledge to benighted climes;  
 The human will direct;  
 Change sounds of chains to church-bell chimes;  
 Thy sceptre, Faith, protect.

Thy temples build on every height;  
 Dash idols to the ground;  
 That mankind, basking in thy light,  
 May worshippers be found.



Imperial tyrants curse thy name,  
And tremble at thy glance;  
And turbaned slaves of vice and shame  
Reel back at thy advance.

The fetters that the mind enslave  
Melt at thy touch divine;  
Thy radiant glory gilds the grave,  
And marks its moral thine.

No earth-born, crawling thing art thou,  
No breathing form of clay;  
Death's pallid seal ne'er stamped thy brow  
To mark thee for decay.

Thy name is blazoned on God's throne;  
Thy banner is the sky,  
On which for ages stars have shone,  
And hymned thy praise on high.

Celestial Truth! dispel all gloom,  
And in thy glory reign,  
That guilty earth may smile and bloom  
A Paradise again.

*Mercy.*

---

**L**O! Mercy, in her chariot bright,  
Rides o'er the earth to save,  
And lead from moral gloom to light  
The poor benighted slave.

Love smiles on her celestial crest;  
Love is her charioteer;  
Love reigns and triumphs in her breast,  
Inspired with holy fear.

The Olive decks her radiant brow,  
Faith consecrates her shrine,  
Where all the angel virtues bow  
To bless her name divine.

In melting accents mild she speaks,  
And pleads in strains sublime;  
But wears no weapon foul, that reeks  
With deeds of scarlet crime.

On may she ride, from shore to shore,  
Till she in triumph wave  
Her fair, unsullied banner o'er  
The bleeding, fettered slave.

And may her kingdom still extend,  
Till tyrant flags are furled,  
And Freedom chains asunder rend  
That bind the suppliant world.

## Faith.

---

THERE is a cure for every wound,  
A balm for every sorrow;  
And clouds that gather thick to-day  
May pass away to-morrow.  
The heart is often desolate,  
Deep wrung and very dreary;  
Yet Faith cheers to their journey's end  
The wretched and the weary.

Man's mind, like some frail bark at sea,  
May wildly drift storm-shattered,  
And cherished hopes, like autumn leaves,  
Lie withered and wide scattered.  
But Faith amid Life's howling blasts  
Stands firm, like rocks unshaken,  
And guides to realms where all is peace  
The lonely and forsaken.

On Death's cold, bleak, and dreary coast,  
Faith's golden lamps are lighted;  
They brightly burn and never dim  
Where mortals are benighted.  
O, ye care-worn, and ye weary,  
By Fortune tempest-driven,  
The only peaceful anchorage  
Is in the Bay of Heaven.

*F r e e d o m .*

---

WHO dare reverse the glorious plan  
Of Him who Freedom gave,  
Who never made his creature man  
To be a crouching slave?  
As waves majestic chainless roll  
When tempests sweep the sea;  
So, with his mind and deathless soul,  
Man is created free.

But yet cloud-cradled lightnings sleep,  
And thunderbolts repose,  
While millions slaughtered kindred weep  
In agonizing woes.  
And tyrants laugh where Freedom dies,  
And songs exulting sing;  
While widows' wails and orphans' cries  
Make vale and mountain ring.

Shall stern Oppression, wrapt in gloom,  
Its purple course still run,  
And make Earth but a hopeless tomb  
Revolving round the sun?  
Forbid, Great God of Truth and Grace!  
Thine awful vengeance spare;  
But speed the time when all our race  
True happiness may share.

Immortal Freedom! stand thou forth,  
Thy potent sceptre wield,  
That it may be to moral worth  
A buckler and a shield.  
Let Virtue on thy standard shine,  
And Truth, the fairest gem  
That e'er was formed by Power divine,  
Adorn thy diadem.

Let Justice mark thy grand career,  
Man's welfare be thine end,  
That in his breast love, hope, and fear,  
Like rainbow hues, may blend.  
No more let ruffian hands profane  
The temples thou hast built,  
Nor yet thy sacred altars stain  
With marks of scarlet guilt.

Thy blessings rich diffuse to all;  
Let War's dread trumpet cease,

And freemen gather at thy call  
To welcome smiling Peace.  
But while thy sons their fealty swear,  
And round thy banner cling,  
Let not Ambition discord e'er  
Into thy councils fling.

Lands of the earth! in love unite.  
And bow to Reason's sway;  
Then systems false, upheld by might,  
Shall swiftly pass away.  
No more shall rage the fearful storm  
That steepes the world in blood,  
For mankind will sublimely form  
One glorious brotherhood.



## Poland.

AS the sun-light expires at the parting of day,  
So the light of thy beauty hath faded away ;  
The harps of thy minstrels are still as the grave,  
No more may they ring to the call of the brave ;  
For Freedom and Mercy have fled from thy plains,  
And naught save the wreck of thy splendor remains.

Thy vales, that have pealed to the conflict aloud,  
And thy mountains and streams, have been crimsoned with  
blood.

Mid the turmoil and tempest of carnage and woe,  
Thy proud eagle soared, and long baffled the foe,  
Till Oppression's black banner hung dismally o'er thee  
And Hope on the field lay expiring before thee !

The mother hath kneeled for the life of her child,  
And the cry of the maiden been frantic and wild ;  
But the merciless vulture hath pounced on his prey,  
And the breeze swept their soul-piercing wailings away.

The hearts of the slaughtered have bled to the core,  
And that which was Poland is Poland no more!

Shall thy children forever be wedded to pain?  
Shall thy exiles ne'er look on their country again?  
And wilt thou forever be deluged with blood,  
Nor the cry of thy vanquished ascend unto God?  
Oh! would that the clouds of his thunder might rend,  
And wrath in a chariot of lightning descend!

The voice of her anguish hath rung to the sky—  
Oh! yet let the tide of roused feeling roll high,  
As wave follows wave on the wide-heaving main,  
Till that which was Poland be Poland again;  
Till Heaven's bright sceptre shall scatter the gloom,  
And Freedom, triumphant, arise from her tomb!

## Scotland.

---

**M**Y country! my country! I'll love thee forever!  
Fair land of my birth; I forget thee will never:  
Though severed from thee by the deep-heaving main,  
Hope's whispers still tell me I'll see thee again—  
Truth reigning triumphant, thy shores uninvaded,  
Thy beauty unshorn, and thy thistle unfaded.

When Summer makes Nature her glories disclose,  
When Winter is robed in her mantle of snows,  
And withers the flowerets that deck the gay scene,  
Thy THISTLE stands forth in its garment of green.  
Proud emblem of Freedom! disdaining to crouch,  
The tyrant reels back at its deep-piercing touch;  
He cannot, he dare not, its beauty deform,  
For boldly it stands mid the tempest and storm.  
Oh! long may it wave on the green mountain side,  
Unfading as Truth in the strength of its pride:  
Then spare it, O Time, from the wrecks of decay,  
Till Nature expires and the hills melt away.

## The Emigrant's Return.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, 1839.

---

O H! with a thrilling joy have I crossed the main,  
The land of my birth to revisit again;  
The ocean's rude Alps I have journeyed o'er,  
To kneel once again on old Scotia's shore.

While sleepless I mused on my rocking pillow,  
The ship dashing on o'er the crested billow,  
My heart, beating high, like the heaving sea,  
Still clung with devotion, my country, to thee!

I've stood in the hall Wisdom claims as her own,  
Where erst valor and worth reared a kingless throne,  
And patriots vowed that no tyrant on earth  
Should ever enslave the dear land of their birth.

I have wandered o'er fields, 'neath a burning sun,  
Where the battles of Freedom were fought and won;  
And with rapturous awe have I speechless stood  
Where Niagara rolls its eternal flood.

I have trod o'er the plains where war's thunders pealed,  
And his dread lightnings flashed o'er a purple field;  
And with feelings by sad recollection fired,  
Have I sat on the spot where brave Wolfe expired.

I have rode on the glorious waters blue,  
Where lightly of yore skimmed the bark canoe,  
Where the stars and the stripes now proudly wave  
O'er the Indian's hut and the bleeding slave.

But give me the land where the heather and broom  
Scent the mountain and glen with a sweet perfume;  
Let me wander again by my native streams,  
Which have murmured so oft in my midnight dreams.

Oh! to hear once again on the hawthorn bush  
The ravishing notes of the black-bird and thrush,  
And the lays of the lark warbling sweetly on high,  
And the voice of the stream wimpling cheerily by.

Then give me, oh, give me the land of my birth—  
The sweetest, the fairest, the dearest on earth.  
O Scotland! brave Scotland! the home of the free,  
May thy sons never feel less devoted to thee!

## The Covenanters.

"They lived unknown  
Till Persecution dragged them into fame,  
And chased them up to heaven."

COWPER.

ALL hail, Caledonia! and hail to thy towers,  
Thy landscapes so lovely, and wild shaded bowers;  
To thy mountains, that once in sweet melody rung,  
And re-echoed the songs that our forefathers sung.

At Pentland and Bothwell, the blood of the slain  
Gushed forth in red torrents and dewed the green plain;  
At Aird's Moss the faithful assembled together,  
And sung their last song mid the wild blooming heather.

O Fancy! go back to those dark stirring times,  
When Bigotry revelled in carnage and crimes,  
And visit the heath where the remnant were scattered,  
And their pale wasted forms lay bloody and shattered.

Though stern Persecution stands circled in gloom,  
Pointing out with his sabre the path to the tomb,  
They, true to their Master, in faith yet unshaken,  
With sweet songs of Zion the wild waste awaken.

Hark! a trumpet sounds loudly; the foe is advancing;  
The horsemen look fierce, and the war-steeds are prancing:  
In the breeze blowing softly their banners are streaming,  
And bright in the sunbeams their helmets are gleaming.

Frowns shadow their brows as they shout, as they yell,  
Like demons let loose from the fetters of hell;  
And with lances still reeking with blood they have spilt,  
Heaven-daring and reckless, plunge deeper in guilt.

The war-tempest rages; the lightnings are flashing;  
Through the smoke-shrouded ranks the coursers are dashing;  
The brands of destruction are fearfully flying,  
And deep are the groans of the wounded and dying.

Brave Cameron's band, to their Covenant true,  
Whom gold could not tempt nor Oppression subdue,  
Round their standard, all tattered, still spurning to yield,  
With their leader unbending, expire on the field.

Humanity shudders at horrors so strange,  
And deep are the breathings of burning Revenge:  
Bold Courage still lingers, mild Mercy hath fled,  
And Freedom weeps mournfully over the dead.

O Scotland! though dark be the page of thy story,  
Names stainless cast o'er thee a halo of glory;  
Ay, names that posterity proudly shall cherish,  
And shrine in affection that never can perish.

Thy daisy-decked valleys and heath-covered hills,  
Thy sweet-flowing streams and thy wild-gushing rills,  
Still tell how thy verdure and waters were stained  
With our forefathers' blood ere thy freedom was gained.

The merciless bigot, in fury and wrath,  
May spread desolation and crimson his path,—  
For a season the murmurs of Freedom be hushed,  
But its spirit by mortals can never be crushed.

It lives and will live ! nor can it be driven  
By despots away to its birth-place in Heaven.  
It lives and will live ! till Time's knell shall be rung,  
And the funeral dirge of Oppression be sung.



## The Song of the Mariner.

---

THE home of my heart is afar on the sea,  
Where wildly the winds whistle music to me ;  
Where, free as the waves on old Neptune's domain,  
The cares of the world never fever my brain.

Away with the laurels and wreaths of renown ;  
The king on his throne feels the weight of a crown,  
And statesmen that steer the grand vessel of state,  
Are tossed full of fears on the billows of fate.

The coxcomb of airs, and the titled buffoon,  
May relish the joys of the gilded saloon ;  
The court and the camp may ring loudly with glee ;  
But the Mariner's life is the life for me.

Fairs, soirées, and balls are but Fashion's gay marts,  
Where folly and pride sell and barter their hearts ;  
But nothing with rapture my feelings can fire,  
Like my bark fully rigged in canvas attire.

Secure in my craft, let the tempest prevail,  
And screams of the sea-bird be heard in the gale;  
Though waves o'er her bow in wild fury may break,  
My bosom is calm as a mountain-girt lake.

Careering at will and yet leaving no track,  
I oft dream of friends that would welcome me back;  
The compass that steers me wherever I roam,  
May lead me once more to my dear native home.

When life's voyage is o'er, O then let me sleep,  
Unmourned and unwept, in the fathomless deep,  
Far down in some cave undisturbed and unsecn,  
Where no plummet can reach, nor mortal has been.

## The Homeward Trip.

---

**H**URRAH! for a trip on the home-bound ship,  
That bears the flag of the stripes and stars!  
She is manned by a brave and gallant crew,  
And strong are her oaken beams and spars.

Come, ye mighty men of the sword and pen,  
Ye statesmen too that are bought and sold,  
On the dead-head list ye will find your names,  
For the owners spurn to take your gold.

Come, share of the wine that is old and fine,  
And laugh at crime and the broken laws;  
Toast the grasping power and the purse-proud line,  
And drink to the press-enslaving cause.

Come, your birthright sell, for it suits you well,  
And merrily join the dead-head's song:  
It will cost you naught but a silent tongue,  
With blinded eyes to a flagrant wrong.

Oh! ye sons of toil, that dig deep the soil,  
If homeward bound on the ocean blue;  
Near the grunting swine and where vermin swarm,  
There are reeking pens reserved for you.

Never long for food to fire up your blood,  
Oh! ye sun-bronzed freemen brave and true;  
And know ye not 'tis an axiom old,  
That labor pays for the favored few?

With your hard-earned sum, from the mountains come,  
Ye hardy miners with hearts of oak;  
Forget ye are men in the image of God,  
And bend your heads to the galling yoke.

Hurrah! for a trip on the home-bound ship,  
Where men crawl around like spectres gaunt;  
Bring all your gold from the glittering hills,  
And let manly pride shake hands with want.

If it cost their lives, bring your tender wives,  
Your daughters too with a spotless name;  
They shall huddled sleep in allotted stalls,  
Where blushing virtue must wink at shame.

Ye frail and weary, in styes so dreary,  
If nauseous fumes ye may not choose,  
Seek for health and strength on the cold damp deck,  
Where fall the drenching rains and dews.

What have you to fear should grim death appear?

When life is fled, and all cold and stark,  
Plump down ye will go in a canvas shroud,  
The prize and prey of some hungry shark.

Hurrah! for a trip on the home-bound ship,

That bears to the East rich golden bars!  
A load hurrah! for her human freight,—  
One louder still for the Stripes and Stars?

## The Coquette.

---

I'VE been such a fool all the days of my life,  
I never can be any decent man's wife ;  
Folk said I was pretty, but heartless and cold,  
And now the glass tells me that I'm looking old.

The beaux that in rapture would kneel at my feet,  
Pretend not to know me when seen on the street ;  
Old fogies that loved me, and boast of their purse,  
Ne'er think of my name but they mutter a curse.

In dimples, that once were so rosy and fair,  
Sly Cupid would lurk with his witching art there ;  
His bow he would pull, off his arrows would flee,  
That soon brought some heart-wounded lovers to me.

When asked if I'd wed them, I laughed, and said Yes,  
And sealed the fond pledge with a good hearty kiss ;  
They nightly would come, and were slow to depart,  
And thought they had won both my hand and my heart.

I was so haughty they could not subdue me,  
And *they* were so blind they could not see through me.  
They thought I was artless and free from all guile :  
Poor dupes ! they were pleased with a glance and a smile.

Great havoc I've made in the heart-breaking line,  
But none have succeeded in yet breaking mine :  
I suppose 'tis so hardened, or so very small,  
I wonder sometimes if I've got one at all.

When combing my long raven tresses to-day,  
O horror ! I found they are changing to gray ;  
And my wild flashing eyes, where latent power lies,  
Are circled with wrinkles art cannot disguise.

Oh, had I but dreamed that my charms soon would fade,  
I ne'er would have been such a wretched old maid.  
The star of my beauty forever is set,  
And what am I now but a withered coquette ?

Though haggard my cheeks and deep furrowed my brow,  
I'll marry no bachelor dotard, I vow ;  
And how can I be any man's second wife,  
With-ready-made children to taunt me through life ?

The doctor, so smirking, so proud, and so trim,  
Had he ingots of gold I ne'er could wed him :  
He looks for perfection, and is so precise,  
An angel above would have faults in his eyes.

The lawyer, that fop too, so starched and so staid,  
I'd rather than have him remain an old maid :  
He boasts of high breeding, and feels mighty big ;  
The fool, he's bald-headed, and wears a brown wig !

And there is the broker, that overgrown calf,  
Who makes the room ring with his loud empty laugh :  
To please such a fellow I ne'er could take pains ;  
No woman can e'er love a man without brains.

And there is the merchant, with rich jewelled rings,  
He struts and he dances, he plays and he sings :  
With some folk he may for a gentleman pass,  
I never could wed such a swaggering ass.

The minister body, that hater of sin,  
Though dwarfish in stature and so very thin,  
He says if I wed him he'll do what he can,  
But, Lord ! I want something that looks like a man.

I hate all the dealers in two-penny wares,  
Who come with their bowing and dancing-school airs ;  
And opera-singers I never could bear,  
Whose faces, like monkeys', are covered with hair.

The mean album rhymers I truly despise,  
Whose themes are for ever red lips and bright eyes ;  
I look with disgust on the parlor buffoon,  
Whose head, like the tide, can be swayed by the moon.



The would-be wise critic in music and lore,  
I ever have deemed him a terrible bore :  
Than wed one so wordy, conceited, and proud,  
I'd rather at once be wrapt up in my shroud.

Let old lovers sneer, and vain braggarts deride,  
Who never succeeded in taming my pride ;  
I've played well the part of the flirt and the jilt,  
And still dream of conquests and castles air-built.

I know 'tis all folly, and why should I fret ?  
One chance, though a poor one, is left to me yet ;  
It may be a step that through life I may rue,  
But what can a wrinkled old maid like me do ?

The man who still loves me with heart and with soul,  
Is true as the needle that points to the pole ;  
No stories of slander he e'er would believe,  
Who thinks me the fairest descendant of Eve.

Whiles brightened with hopes, and whiles darkened with fears  
He has kept at his suit for some twenty-odd years.  
With rapture, at last, he will bear off his prize,  
And bask to his end in the light of my eyes.

The next time he calls, o'er his feelings I'll steal,  
And feign what for no man I ever could feel ;  
I'll witchingly coax him, and while his love warms,  
My mind is made up to rush into his arms.

## The Bankrupt Merchant.

---

**B**ORROW, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
 Still sadly musing, the bankrupt says;  
 Which, which is the wiser thing to do:  
 Borrow, and ruin a friend or two?  
 Or burst, and offer a small per cent.  
 On the business debts and money lent?

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
 Are burning words in the bankrupt's brain;  
 Cast down like one awaiting his doom,  
 He frets all day in his counting-room,  
 With nerves unstrung and with anxious eye,  
 He stares at figures that never lie.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
 Are ever uppermost in his thoughts;  
 His waking hours and his midnight dreams,  
 To pay his debts hatch a thousand schemes;  
 His pride is stung and his credit lost,  
 With an honored name he prizes most.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Ring like a knell in his startled ear;  
O'er ruins the hapless merchant grieves,  
While hopes lie withered like autumn leaves;  
With weary head and a heavy heart,  
He sees his visions of wealth depart.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Still musing, the honest merchant says;  
His losses are such that he cannot pay,  
And he lives on a rack, day after day;  
With motives pure that the just will commend,  
'Tis better to burst than ruin a friend.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
What course shall the worthy bankrupt choose?  
Retrench at home, and eschew the law,  
Maintain a name that's without a flaw;  
Burst, and, if right, do the best you can—  
Your books should prove you an honest man.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Hums the proud knave with a careless air;  
Pink of a fop, he snells of perfume,  
And struts around in his counting-room;  
To hear him brag of his matchless stock,  
One might suppose him firm as a rock.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Oh! what has honor to do with him?  
No one would think him a dirty scrub,  
Who dines and plays at the flashy club,  
Where witalings, fools, and bankrupts shine  
Mid sparkling jewels and sparkling wine.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Never troubles his brainless noddle;  
Proud as a monarch that wears a crown,  
He laughs at virtue and sneers it down;  
Mid curling smoke of the fragrant weed,  
He'll sign a note or a worthless deed.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
He whistles oft to a nameless tune;  
He curses the duns that on him call,  
And boasts of wealth while his purse is small—  
Yet smaller still than his purse or brains  
Is the rotten heart that his breast contains.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
In for the desperate game of chance;  
Shuffle the cards and rattle the dice—  
A fig for honor; it has its price;  
On, on with the game, thou braggart brave,  
The cut may be what thou art—a knave.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Money is king, and gold is a god;  
With conscience seared and an iron will,  
No matter the means, your coffers fill;  
Let cynics sneer, and let blockheads laugh,  
The millions kneel to the golden calf.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
A fool will indorse or lend his note;  
Let him be rich with a blameless name,  
Let him just think that you are the same,  
So long as he has not found you out,  
You'll get what you want, beyond a doubt.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Why ever burst if you can borrow?  
Think of some friend with a kindly heart,  
Who blindly deems you honest and smart;  
He may have toiled till his eyes are dim—  
Where is the harm if you ruin him?

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Never burst up for a paltry sum,  
Else, every time you look in the glass,  
You'll see the counterpart of an ass;  
Save all your shot for a nobler aim  
Than killing yourself without a name.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Consignments are big, yet trade is dull;  
Go, and do what your neighbors have done,  
And the prize is gained, the goal is won;  
While cash is scarce and ambition burns,  
Sell off the goods and make no returns.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Perhaps to the church you may belong;  
While preachers point to a blest abode,  
Your mind is fixed on the hellward road;  
A saintly face and a cushioned pew  
May pave the way of success for you.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
Thou parlor fop and yet bankrupt knave;  
Put off the day and new schemes devise,  
No matter the cost or sacrifice;  
Let Shylocks curse, and your victims frown,  
When your air-built castles tumble down.

Borrow, or burst—burst, or borrow?  
You've no iron bolts or bars to fear;  
The laws are good and the lawyers kind,  
The Courts are pure and old Justice blind;  
The Judge will issue a sure decree  
To pay thy debts and set thee free.

## The Golden Calf.

(AN IMITATION OF THE OLD STYLE.)

“Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.”

LACON.

THE fool may build a brick and mortar name,  
 The wise man soon the bricks and mortar claim;  
 The man who builds with cash he has to borrow,  
 Saps the foundation with the tears of sorrow;  
 He rears a structure, on it carves his name,  
 Confounding vanity with deathless fame;  
 He struts, talks big, and with an empty air,  
 He seems to think it dignified to swear;  
 Forgetting whence he sprung, he scorns the poor,  
 And drives the beggar almsless from his door;  
 He brags like one who thinks that piles immense  
 Form the embodiment of common sense;  
 Despising men of genius and of brains,  
 The height of folly by degrees attains,  
 Till starchèd Ignorance, like some jewelled clown,  
 Presumes to lead the fashion of the town.

“All is not gold that glitters,” wise men say,  
And fools are sometimes monarchs for a day;  
In life’s strange drama, each one acts his part,  
The worthless scoundrel and the man of heart;  
With borrowed plumes ambition proudly soars,  
And plays such pranks that honesty abhors;  
Let vulgar millions place a knave in power,  
He’ll show the cloven foot in one brief hour;  
The paltry creature whose sole aim is self,  
Thrives in the little sordid world of self;  
The blooming beauty weds an aged fool,  
And dotage yields submissive to her rule;  
The monkey trained will do the best he can,  
To ape the manners of the gentleman;  
And, in some cases, apes will beat the clown  
Who deems himself the nabob of the town.

Alas! though mental wants he may not feel,  
The tongue betrays what art cannot conceal;  
E’en wealth, nor all the arrogance of pride,  
Can find a cloak his ignorance to hide;  
The golden calf who scarce can write his name,  
Swelled up with self, feels no nice sense of shame;  
Still gazing at his piles so huge and grand,  
That may the heaving shocks of earthquakes stand;  
The vulgar crowd remark off as they pass,  
“There stands a brainless, self-conceited ass;”  
While the shrewd money-lender, flushed with wine,  
Says, like the greedy grave, “All shall be mine.”



## The Mystic Tie.

---

OH! ye craftsmen that proudly the Mason's badge wear,  
 Who still meet on the Level and part on the Square;  
 While ye act by the Plumb, ever upright and just,  
 Be ye strong in your Faith and in God put your trust.

With the Square and the Compass, to counsel and guide,  
 Ye may traverse the earth with a feeling of pride;  
 And with smiles on the face that a clear conscience brings,  
 Ye may shake hands with princes and sit down with kings.

Be the landmarks unharmed that for ages have stood,  
 When fire and the sword swept the earth like a flood;  
 Protected and watched by the All-Seeing Eye,  
 Heart-rooted they stand, and Time's changes defy.

At the altar ye kneel where your fathers have knelt,  
 Where the proud and the strong into tenderness melt;  
 So firm and enduring that man cannot sever,  
 Is the Mystical Tie that binds you forever.

Though your lives may be echeekered and dark be the way  
Where the sunbeams of Hope on the heart cease to play,  
The great Light of the craft, with its lessons sublime,  
Will illumine your path in the journey of Time.

Should some poor erring brother his claims on you press,  
Oh! regard not his faults, but relieve his distress;  
Over failings be taught to throw Charity's veil,  
For the best are but mortal, and mortals are frail.

As ye stand by the grave of a Mason, and weep,  
With emotions of anguish all silent and deep,  
Oh! forget not the needs of his desolate hearth,  
And the dear tender ties that long bound him to earth.

Go, kind Sympathy, visit the fireside of grief,  
And should want be found there, carry speedy Relief;  
Do not give as you would to the mendicant poor  
That may shivering stand and beg alms at your door.

Should the spirit of evil your wild passions fire,  
Still let moral Strength triumph and Wisdom inspire;  
Charming Beauty and Virtue adorn the sure Line  
That will lead you to bliss and to glory divine.

In the search of more Light, by Degrees may you climb,  
Till ye pass from the earth and the trials of Time,  
Wearing diadems bright, and with failings forgiven,  
May all meet at last in the Grand Lodge of Heaven.

## The Call of Freedom.

---

**H**O! arouse, ye brave freemen, and grasp the sword hilt,  
For the blade of the traitor is smoking with guilt;  
In the tempest of war there's a heart-piercing wail,  
And wild screams of the eagle are heard in the gale.

Hark! fierce hell-hounds are loose, and the worst passions rage,  
In the war fratricidal that miscreants wage;  
Marching on to the Music of shrill fife and drum,  
Breathing rapine and blood, like hyenas they come.

Leave your altars and homes, valiant Sons of the North,  
For the bugles are sounding that summon you forth;  
Should you truckle to tyrants who traffic in slaves,  
May the ghosts of your sires haunt you down to your graves.

Be ye gallant in war, and with sword by the side,  
Let the spouse leave his wife and the bridegroom his bride;  
For the dark arm of Treason is raised to strike down  
Freedom's flag, that has waved over fields of renown.

With the blessings of home and the smiles of your God,  
Nobly tread the red paths which your fathers have trod ;  
Undismayed and unblanched to the battle-field go,  
Where the loud thunders peal and the purple streams flow.

Let degenerate knaves, with mean blood in their veins,  
Bend their necks to the yoke of the forgers of chains ;  
They shall find that the tyrants are weak in their strength,  
And that Freedom and Right will sure triumph at length.

Ah ! remember, ye traitors, throughout the wide land,  
That the terrible day of revenge is at hand ;  
Swift as fires on the prairies the tall grass consume,  
So your marshalled battalions shall meet their just doom.

Ye may sneer at the North with a proud look of scorn,  
But your guns shall be hushed and your banners be torn,  
And what glory ye deem shall be turned into shame ;  
With the brand of black infamy fixed to your name.

*THE GATHERING.*

The Gathering.

---

**H**EAR, O hear ye the sounds of a heart-piercing wail,  
Sweeping over the land on the wings of the gale?  
Why the wringing of hands and wild looks of despair?  
E'en the heavens are black, and a scowling look wear.

While the tempest howls on and its doleful tune sings,  
Over mountain and glen loud the battle-cry rings;  
Startled men grasp their swords, see the lightnings afar,  
Hear the rolling of drums and the thunders of war.

In the snow-mantled hills, in the sweet sylvan glen,  
There is prancing of steeds, there is mounting of men;  
There is bounding of hearts, there is parting of friends,  
And a blessing on each that his country defends.

See the waving of flags, and brave troops rushing past,  
Like the swift flying clouds that are borne on the blast;  
As the floods downward roll in their might to the main,  
So the valiant dash on to the blood-covered plain.

God of mercy and love! on the red battle-field  
Nerve the brave and the just, that to man never yield;  
Cheer the hearts wrung with grief and the firesides of woe;  
Spare, O spare our fair land, and lay dark Treason low.

## The Dying Advice of the Puritan Mother

TO HER ONLY SON.

---

**D**RAW nearer to the couch, my boy, and clasp my hand in  
thine,  
That I may bless thee ere I die, and pray for aid Divine  
To shield thee and to nerve thy arm, wherever thou may'st go,  
To fight as fought your noble sires, and crush the haughty foe.

Remember, while these withered arms now buckle on your  
sword,  
That freedom's battles bravely fought are battles of the Lord ;  
Your father wore the sword you wear ; and by his gallant name,  
And by our country's cause, my son, oh ! sheathe it not in  
shame.

These wrinkled cheeks have watered been by many a bitter tear,  
Now, I must part as mothers part, with all they hold most dear ;  
But while my lips can utter words, my earnest prayer shall be,  
That God may shower his blessings down, my only son, on thee.

We cannot lift the veil that hides the future from our view,  
Yet guerdons bright await the brave who honor's path pursue ;  
So, to your duty go, my son ; we never more can meet,  
For chilling frosts of death, I feel, are freezing at my feet.

Dry up these manly tears you shed, your dying mother kiss ;  
You leave for scenes of strife and blood, and I for endless bliss ;  
One more embrace before we part—a last and long adieu—  
Whatever be thy fate, my son, be to thy country true.



## The Departed.

ON THE DEATH OF ANNIE J. THOMAS, A NEAR AND DEAR FRIEND OF THE  
AUTHOR.

---

YOUNG bud of fair promise,  
Hope's beautiful child!  
How dreary the home is  
Where lately thou smiled.  
The fireside of gladness,  
And mirth in its glee,  
Are wrapt in deep sadness,  
And weeping for thee.

Afflictions are sent us,  
Patience must bear them;  
And blessings are lent us  
Freely to share them.  
In faith thou may'st falter,  
O frail, erring man!  
But thou canst not alter  
God's mystical plan.

The fond hopes we cherish,  
The things we most prize,  
Seem first doomed to perish  
And pass from our eyes.  
Ties strongest and nearest,  
Entwined round the heart,  
Loves warmest and dearest,  
Forever must part.

The widow lone-hearted,  
Desolate mother!  
She weeps the departed,  
But feels like no other.  
Sad mourning believer!  
Her spirit is gone;  
Yet bless the Life-giver,  
He takes but his own.

But why all this weeping  
A form without breath  
'Tis Loveliness sleeping  
The calm sleep of death.  
Since the law is fulfilled,  
And sin is forgiven,  
Let her go undefiled,  
Young heiress of heaven.

## The Slaves of Ambition.

---

THE lofty peaks that cleave the sky  
The eagle bold may wing to ;  
But reptiles mean can crawl as high  
When they have aught to cling to.  
So 'tis with man : the towering mind,  
Plumed with wisdom's precious lore,  
Will leave the vulgar crowd behind,  
And proudly heavenward soar.

Ambition's creatures creeping rise,  
Up to power may slowly climb,  
Intent upon the golden prize  
Placed on glory's height sublime.  
Designing knaves and hireling tools  
Conquests base may oft achieve,  
And spider-like catch brainless fools  
In the filmy nets they weave.

O slaves of narrow party creeds,  
Who your hopes in error ground,

Ye shout for Freedom while she bleeds  
From your own assassin wound.  
Ye blindly men for measures take,  
Self for love of country show ;  
And laws of truth and justice break  
Whence the streams of blessings flow.

As rocks the ocean's rage defy,  
Mock the force of rabid waves,  
So, firmly on yourselves rely,  
Spurn the iron yoke of slaves.  
Be men! and bear your head erect!  
Never fear Oppression's frown ;  
God will Freedom's cause protect,  
And success her struggles crown.

The Famine; or, the Virtues of Want.

---

**B**EHOLD! the squalid sons of Want  
In thousands pace the street,  
And Sorrow's cloud hangs dark upon  
The brows of all you meet.

In wretched hovels mothers pine,  
And children cry for bread;  
While the anguish of a father's heart  
In heavings may be read.

The depths of grief are fathomless  
That whelm the human mind,  
When mute Despair to Nature's call  
No utterance can find.

See parents with their little ones  
Their last sad morsel share,  
And strangely gaze around their cot,  
All desolate and bare.

Their household things have one by one  
For food been pledged or sold;  
But all their nameless pangs remain,  
Unwritten and untold.

Some bid their wretched home adieu,  
Sad spectacle of woe!  
They bundle up their little all,  
And forth as wanderers go.

The storm is drifting on the hills,  
The moors look cold and bleak;  
While Famine's wan and starving band  
A place of shelter seek.

Night, wrapped in fearful gloom, draws near;  
'Tis now the close of day;  
And to yon lordly hall of pride  
Behold them wend their way.

Anon they stand; at last they reach  
The massive sculptured gate;  
The husband, sad, proceeds alone,  
His wife and children wait.

Now fast and thick the snow-flakes fall,  
While little offspring numb  
Cling close around maternal Love,  
All shivering and dumb.

The mother hugs her dying babe,  
Weeps o'er her tender trust,  
Yet wonders why she suffers so,  
Since God is great and just.

How many hearts are crushed by Want,  
And in despondence sink!  
Some from the cradle to the grave  
The gall of anguish drink.

But hush! the watch-dog's bark, aloud,  
Sounds fiercely through the trees,  
And faintly music's strains are borne  
Upon the stormy breeze.

The bell is rung; a menial comes—  
A haughty liv'ried knave,  
Who struts and apes the great, and yet  
His master's fawning slave.

“What brings you here,” he rudely says,  
“Where mirth goes bravely on?  
I'll set old Nero at your heels:  
Be off! away! begone!”

Repulsed unheard, he meckly leaves,  
But oh! his bosom burns  
With quenchless love for those to whom,  
Heart-broken, he returns.

“God’s will be done!” his wife exclaims,  
“We can no farther go;  
The heath must be our place of rest,  
Our winding-sheet the snow!”

“Dear wife, behold! the star of hope  
Gleams from yon shepherd’s hut;  
’Tis rare the dwellings of the poor  
Against the poor are shut.

“Despair not! we may live to see  
A smiling home once more;  
These little ones all nicely clad,  
As they have been before.”

Wayworn, they reach the humble door  
Of unassuming Worth;  
And soon are snugly placed around  
The welcome blazing hearth.

Retired, upon a bed of straw,  
No cover o’er them spread,  
The morrow comes—the mother wakes,  
And, lo! her babe is dead.

This is no fancied, idle tale;  
’Tis truth that gravely speaks,  
And calls aloud in melting tones  
That Want assistance seeks.



Poor orphans wander shelterless,  
A paltry pittance crave ;  
And some, alas ! soon pine away,  
To fill an early grave.

The widow's face is bathed in tears,  
And furrowed deep by care ;  
In sombre weeds she mutely stands ;  
The image of Despair.

A little boy, her darling child,  
Her only pledge of love,  
A fond attachment manifests  
That would a stoic move.

Oh ! spurn thou not the trembling maid  
Whose tears thine aid implore ;  
'Tis *Virtue* clothed in rags, that stands  
A beggar at thy door.

Back to your dens, ye hungry wolves,  
That pant for spotless prey :  
The child of Penury hath charms  
Gold cannot lure away.

Nursed in the lap of Poverty,  
And fed by Christian hands,  
Crouch, Vice ! before her wasted form,  
She thy superior stands.

*THE FAMINE.*

And see, Old Age, a mendicant  
On life's lone verge, appears ;  
He craves, receives, a blessing gives,  
And thanks the God he fears.

O meek-eyed Charity ! go forth,  
And with thee take Relief,  
To cheer Despondency, and stem  
The gushing tide of grief.

The drooping and the helpless raise ;  
Keen, anguished feelings calm ;  
And into riven hearts infuse  
A soothing, healing balm.

While wretched Suffering eats the bread  
By Pity freely given,  
Lo ! kneeling Gratitude implores  
The richest gifts of Heaven,

### The Auctioneer.

---

WHO lives in old Gotham, in comfort and ease,  
And knows not the wit and wag, Auctioneer Kcese?  
His head, like his person, though small, yet contains  
An extra supply of industrious brains;  
And bumps like mole-hills, on the map of his skull,  
Show passions the reins of his government pull.  
His eyes from beneath sable curtains appear;  
His ears are aye ready the last bid to hear;  
His nose it is long, and his cheeks pale and thin,  
And shaggy black wool wildly grows on his chin.  
Strict search among Christians could find very few  
That so much resemble keen Shylock the Jew;  
But 'tis only in looks: and pray do not start,  
He's blessed with a good and a generous heart;  
And would that the Auctioneer only could stray  
Where Mammon's bright ingots might fall in his way;  
Then friends, by the score, to his table would run,  
Thick as insects that dance in the rays of the sun,

And feast with a rapture not hitherto felt,  
While eagles, like snow-flakes, would rapidly melt ;  
But labor does not always fortunes insure,  
And fools may have riches, and wise men be poor.  
Shrewd Prince of the Hammer ! his tough wiry frame,  
For enduring fatigue, puts the giants to shame ;  
His shoulders, though narrow, let no one deplore,  
Might well challenge Atlas, the Titan of yore ;  
His voice is not thunder, yet rich, deep, and clear ;  
His throat never rusts for the want of good cheer ;  
His tongue onward wags, oh ! the queer joking rogue,  
While tireless he wades through a long catalogue.  
In humor and wit there's no want of supply,  
For thick as the sparks from an anvil they fly ;  
Deep read in the lore of Book title-pages,  
He well knows by name the great of all ages :  
All authors, from Moses and Homer of old,  
Like the Phrygian Midas, he turns into gold ;  
That stupid king said, whose heart was so hollow,  
Pan could sing better than matchless Apollo,—  
An insult so foul the god could not let pass,  
So his royal head decked with huge ears of an ass.  
'Tis not so with John, for a whisper and nod  
Show he's got the eyes and the ears of a god ;  
And though strange, 'tis not the less true, that he's blest  
With gifts that the heathen king never possessed.  
While at his droll wit and his humor you laugh,  
Lo ! sheep-skins are suddenly changed into calf ;  
And leather, well dressed, that once covered some ewes,

He turns to morocco you cannot refuse.  
By some trick uncommon of legerdmain,  
Quick, cider is found to be Heidsick champagne ;  
Ale brewed up the Hudson by some pompous botch,  
One rap of his hammer will turn to good Scotch.  
'Tis the same with the Arts : If pictures you buy,  
On the taste of the connoisseur seller rely ;  
If Raphael or Rembrandt you may not well like  
He'll sell you a Titian, perhaps a Vandyck ;  
Or, should you prefer it, just by the same rule,  
A Teniers may get, of the true Flemish school ;  
A Correggio, more than three hundred years old,  
For the price of some blockhead's production is sold ;  
A Guido and Rubens, of beauty and grace,  
So seldom seen now in an auctioneer's place—  
A Murillo, and eke a true Claude Lorraine,  
Are found in the list of the Great Master train ;  
There Salvator Rosa's grand pictures of gloom,  
And Hogarth and Wilkie, all share the same doom.  
Should you wish sheep or cattle—pray do not sneer,  
You'll instantly get an undoubted Landseer ;  
And if hogs you prefer, that look like living swine,  
Keep easy, a Morland will doubtless be thine ;  
Or if native talent you may deem the best,  
Bear home to your parlor a Benjamin West.  
Should you wish canvas angels taken from life,  
You may get a nice batch to present to your wife ;  
And statues from Phidias down to our time,  
Or frescoes long plundered from temples sublime ;

Old relics of saints, vellum missals of priests,  
Stuffed birds of rare plumage and beautiful beasts—  
All are *knocked down* by great Auctioneer Johnnie,  
So, one and all, purchase *sans cérémonie*.

## The Album.

---

BOOK of intellectual flowers,  
Reared and culled in leisure hours,  
Be thou a garden chaste and meet,  
Thy fruit forever pure and sweet,  
That maidens fair and hoary sages  
May gaze with rapture on thy pages.

Here let me plant a daisy then,  
The meekest flower that decks the glen,  
Which, though a wild and common weed,  
All may from it a lesson read:  
It buds and blooms, then fades away,  
By Winter doomed to short decay,  
Like man, to live some brighter day.

### The Stars.

---

SEE! the fair sparkling Stars, like diamonds bright,  
O Gem the glorious robe of silent Night;  
Dazzling worlds, that in undimmed lustre shine,  
As if fresh from their Maker's hand divine;  
Glowing realms, that mock the Atheist's name,  
Who for Chance their celestial birth would claim;  
Brilliant gems of Creation's changeless crown,  
To which the Pagan world knelt blindly down.  
O ye jewels bright of Jehovah's throne,  
That in matchless, glittering glory shone,  
That were mirrored far in the depths below,  
Where the tides ever restless ebb and flow,  
Before Sin and Death in their wild career  
Blasted all that was fair and lovely here,  
And ere Science young, with inquiring eye,  
Scanned the rolling spheres of yonder sky,  
Ye were whirling round in your orbits grand,  
Which by nature's God were framed and planned.  
Ye glorious orbs! we may note the time  
That ye take to travel your rounds sublime;  
May compute your distance from the sun,  
And boast of celestial triumphs won.



Science yet may scale your starry height,  
And on Learning pour a flood of light ;  
But there are things above she may not scan,  
There are limits set to the powers of man ;  
There's a veil that hides from all searching ken  
Worlds yet unrevealed to the sons of men.  
Yet in Fancy's flight may the human mind  
In Creation's space new splendors find,  
And through powerful convex lenses gaze  
On the regions where far systems blaze ;  
Where the suns and revolving planets glow  
Yet unseen from this mundane sphere below ;  
Where millions of worlds that we cannot sum  
Strike wildered Reason amazed and dumb ;  
And where Science, with all her boasted lore,  
Kneels at the threshold of Wisdom's door.

What know we of Comets, that volant race  
That sweep through the desert fields of space ?  
They fearfully come, and they flaming go,  
And the paths of some we may never know.  
We see them anon in our starry sky,  
With their flashing trains, like lightning fly :  
By the mystic power of the Great First Cause,  
They are subject all to unerring laws.

Can it be that those golden lamps on high,  
That radiant spangle the azure sky,  
Were but hung to impart a feeble light

That mere clouds may blot from human sight?  
Or that Man might in wondrous rapture stare  
On the bright nocturnal glories there,  
Till Mind, like the mariner tempest-tossed,  
Is on a rolling sea of wonders lost?  
Forever away with such thoughts profane!  
The Creator ne'er made worlds in vain.  
Though Philosophy may not understand,  
Yet in all we see there's a purpose grand;  
And throughout His countless, vast domains  
A pervading God-like order reigns.  
And oh! who can prove, or who gainsay,  
Whether mortals there hold social sway?  
Stars may peopled be, and, for aught we know,  
As with us, the Seasons come and go;  
And fair flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
And birds celestial strains may sing;  
Mountains may be capped with eternal snow,  
And volcanoes through all ages glow;  
Mighty rivers on to oceans roll,  
That Nature's glorious laws control.  
As e'en a drop of water teems with life,  
So, with nameless forms of existence rife,  
There may dwell sweet Peace and busy Strife.

Oh! ye just and good, when ye leave this sphere  
With an upright heart, and a faith sincere,  
Yon richly jewelled sapphire dome  
Is the path to your eternal home.

## The World of Fashion.

---

YE flaunting dames who proudly follow  
Gay Fashion's life, so false and hollow,  
Lay sex aside, on the breeches draw,  
And to hen-pecked man lay down the law.

What are morals in this wondrous age,  
That would dare with Fashion war to wage?  
Teach your daughters fair to fancy men  
Who are classed among the *upper ten*.

Nature's laws are wrong, as ye may see,  
And by Fashion they should righted be;  
Wives of pride and sense can clearly prove  
None but silly fools' in blindness love.

As your precepts and example show,  
'Tis a vulgar thing to spin and sew;  
None but low-bred "trash and common dirt"  
Ever mend *auld breeks* or make a shirt.

Though your mothers at the wash-tub stood,  
Fortune's favors soon ennoble blood,  
And beggars sans a decent shift  
From a shanty to a palace lift.

Fashion builds her churches, has her priests,  
Who will dance attendance at her feasts;  
While the poor from cushioned pews are driven,  
To seek elsewhere a road to Heaven.

If ye wish esteem, *still* hold in scorn  
That aspiring class ignobly born;  
While *they* meanly ape, and fume, and rail,  
Oh, ye *heads* of Fashion, cut the *tail*!

And to make your daughters empty fools,  
Send them off to Fashion's boarding-schools:  
They will soon forget their mother tongue,  
And the mother too from whom they sprung.

With dresses made in Parisian *ton*,  
Ye may find them at the Springs anon,  
With their painted cheeks *couleur de rose*,  
Coquetting round with their brainless beaux.

To be noted, they must cut a dash  
With some Count who wears a big mustache;  
Who sees, each time he looks in the glass,  
The counterpart of a perfect ass.

They may idols be in gay saloons,  
Flirt with fops who look like starched baboons;  
Join the giddy waltz or masquerade,  
Where silly heads play a heartless trade.

Soon home they come with their noddles turned,  
Talk of splendid offers proudly spurned:  
'Tis the boast of fools, and of not a few  
Versed in morals taught by Eugene Sue.

They'll order round with a haughty air,  
And naught but silks and satins wear;  
With their tricks, of art and cunning wiles,  
They blockheads catch in a net of smiles.

A class there is who with wit evince  
A warm regard for some merchant prince,  
Who has raised himself from tapes and thread  
Among Fashion's slaves to take the lead.

Can ye wonder, *thinking* parents, then,  
That your *thoughtless* girls wed *roué* men,  
Since Peace and Hope and Joy are sold  
For bricks and mortar, lands and gold?

Ye may count your thousands o'er and o'er,  
And Common Sense drive from your door;  
But Remorse will force an entrance there,  
And cloud the brow with dark despair.

This world is a scene of ups and downs,  
It smiles to-day and to-morrow frowns;  
And in Fashion's sphere, where move upstarts,  
Empty pockets soon make bankrupt hearts.

Go! hew for pearls in a granite rock,  
Or seek for brains in a barber's block;  
And your search will prove no less in vain,  
Than to find true worth in Fashion's train.

## The Poet's Fireside.

---

YES! there is one above all others  
Fondly still who clings to me,  
With love more strong than e'en a mother's—  
Dearest wife! 'tis thee, 'tis thee!

Thee have I found each waking morrow  
In my heart a reigning queen;  
Partaker of my joy and sorrow,  
All I've felt and all I've been.

Ah! could such love be ever riven?  
Could such love be felt again?  
Sealed by the holy stamp of Heaven,  
Could our hearts be torn in twain?

No! years love's fetters only strengthen,  
Draw them close and closer still,  
And as they tighten, pure joys lengthen—  
Slaves obedient to the will.

Sweet Peace and Love reign in my dwelling,  
Constant inmates, scorning show :  
Blest wedded pair ! forever smiling,  
Hand in hand, through life they go.

Fools may seek tainted springs of pleasure,  
Wealth its transient joys may find ;  
But Heaven grant me the lasting treasure  
Of a calm, contented mind.

The way to bliss, I see it clearly ;  
Would mankind could only see !  
The little sphere I love so dearly  
Is a world of bliss to me.

My children ! rose-buds young and tender,  
Snow-flakes yet without a stain,  
With rapture, all they have to render,  
Kiss me o'er and o'er again.

Then why kneel at the shrine of folly ?  
Why desert the social hearth ?  
Domestic life, so pure and holy,  
Is but heaven brought down to earth.



## Israel Restored.

---

LONG thy harps have been mute and thy war-banner furl'd,  
Hoary nation, in fragments spread over the world !  
But light dawns on thy darkness, hope gleams on thy path,  
And sweet mercy is mixed in the cup of God's wrath.

Thou hast oft been, O Israel, in sunshine and shade,  
Since the Lord with thy Chief the new Covenant made ;  
While the summits of Sinai were wrapp'd in a cloud,  
And its bleak shattered sides echoed thunders aloud.

For thy crimes red as scarlet, the Prophets of old,  
Deeply read in the future, thine exile foretold ;  
And all changes the God of thy fathers hath willed  
Are recorded on high, and will yet be fulfilled.

Wolves have entered the fold, breathing rapine and blood ;  
Crime, exulting, hath rode on fierce slaughter's red flood ;  
And, as if to work out some inscrutable plan,  
Against thee were let loose the worst passions of man.

All thy cities, O Judah, are desolate now,  
And no diadem jewelled shines bright on thy brow ;  
Zion, widowed and sad, bows her head in despair,  
For the Infidel's banner in triumph floats there.

Since the eagles of war scattered horrors around,  
And the walls of thy Salem were razed to the ground,  
Over thee and thy children dark ages have rolled,  
But the depths of thy grief and thy wrongs are untold.

Thou hast silently worn the vile badge of disgrace  
Which proud custom hath fixed on thy name and thy race,  
And as pilgrims, all homeless, have wandered abroad,  
Unenfranchised by man and abandoned by God.

What though empires have fallen and states passed away,  
And the earth groans with ruins, the spoils of decay ;  
Though bent to the dust 'neath the sceptre of terror,  
Like truth, thou hast lived through the midnight of error.

Living proofs of predictions ! for thousands of years  
Distant climes have been dewed with thy blood and thy tears ;  
But the home of thy fathers, the land of Canaan,  
Shall resound with the music of Israel again.

Turbaned tyranny reels, and the Koran is riven,  
As truth onward speeds with the Gospel of Heaven ;  
Systems totter and heave, the Cross heralds thy way,  
And the Crescent already grows pale with dismay.

Yes! 'tis written with lightning, and heard in the gale,  
That Jehovah shall triumph and Israel prevail;  
That oppression, all ghastly with fire and with sword,  
Must expire at the withering frown of the Lord.

Heaven thunders it forth, and Earth loudly replies,  
That Jerusalem yet from her ashes will rise;  
Moslem hordes from her bosom she proudly will spurn,  
But enraptured, O Israel, will hail thy return.

Hark! the strains which the Remnant in ecstasy sing  
Make the mountain-girt vales of Assyria ring;  
While the hills of Libanus take up the glad song,  
And Judea the sounds of salvation prolong.

Lo! the tribes the grand plan of Redemption proclaim,  
In Messiah believe, and rejoice in his name;  
And, emboldened by soul-cheering smiles from above,  
Like apostles go forth on the mission of Love.

Blow the trumpet aloud, for the glad day is near  
When thou wilt in Decision's deep valley appear;  
Now light dawns on thy darkness, hope gleams on thy path,  
And sweet Mercy is mixed in the cup of God's wrath.

### Apollyon; or, the Destroyer.

---

**L**O! Man shuddered and trembled when Sin gave me birth,  
And Omnipotence crowned me dark lord of the earth:  
In my right hand he placed a dread sceptre, to wave  
O'er his creatures, all guilty, and doomed to the grave.

Unseen as the whirlwinds that fiercely pass over  
Wild regions that wisdom hath yet to discover,  
I sweep through the bounds of all peopled creation,  
Jehovah's grand agent of dire Desolation.

I career through the world on a mystical steed,  
That is swifter by far than a thunderbolt's speed,  
Join the wild howling tempest, mid thunder and gloom,  
And the life-blasting march of the desert Simoom.

Brooding Murder I saw stain the pure virgin sod,  
Till it blushed, and cried out in loud accents to God,  
Who in wrath, with a curse and a withering vow,  
Set a mark of red guilt on the homicide's brow.

Dark dominion I held when fair Virtue was spurned  
 From the bosom of man, where foul wickedness burned ;  
 And Vice reared her vile altars in every clime,  
 Till e'en hell rung with joy at the triumph of Crime.

When the elements raged, and the red lightnings flashed,  
 And the loftiest hills by the billows were lashed,  
 And the mountain-tops rung with the shrieks of despair,  
 In the deluge I plunged—the last wretch that was there

When sulphur and fire rained in torrents from heaven,  
 Till thousands expired, with their crimes unforgiven,  
 Mid the crashing of cities, and horror, and pain,  
 I triumphantly swept all the dark smoking plain.

All the empires of old, that were rivals in guilt,  
 And cemented their walls with the blood they had spilt,  
 From existence have passed ; and the vile and the just,  
 With their temples and idols, lie mingled in dust.

Ere dark priestly creeds every land had enslaved,  
 Or the sceptre of power by a monarch been waved—  
 Ere a sword had been forged, or a diadem worn,  
 Sad bereavements taught Pity to weep and to mourn.

Ere the lamp-burning Magi had darkly begun,  
 Like the priests of Osiris, to worship the sun—  
 Ere the fable-sprung Brahma's dread name had been feared,  
 Shapeless structures, to mark out my triumphs, were reared.

Ere India could boast of her rock-sculptured isle,  
Or young Science had built her huge fanes on the Nile—  
Ay, long, long ere the East with her light had been blessed,  
Human frailty succumbed at my awful behest.

Ere the Druids, white-robed, paid grave honors divine  
To Albion's green oaks and the sweet-flowing Rhine,  
Wildly chanting their hymns where fire-shrines were lighted,  
To me bowed a world in dark error benighted.

Long I reigned in the world ere the goat-bearded Pan  
His grim empire maintained o'er the worship of man,  
And ere Virtue and Truth ever dared to assail  
The altars, blood-stained, of Astarte and Baal.

Though old Time, like myself, has grown hoary in crime,  
And complacently views all his trophies sublime,  
Ere his ruins, wide spread by my subjects, were built,  
Nature's debt had been paid, and man's blood had been spilt.

When Egypt's proud king, with his satraps and slaves,  
Shrieked in terror, the sport of infuriate waves,  
Lo! I stood and threw o'er them my mystical pall,  
And the billows obedient passed over them all.

When Sennacherib's host of darkness and error,  
Of carnage and conquest, destruction and terror,  
Was at midnight asleep on the tent-covered plain,  
On it lightning I breathed, and it ne'er woke again.

The rude land of vast wastes and of primitive rule,  
Where the Hadjis encamp by streams grateful and cool,  
With its wandering tribes still unconquered and free,  
Has for thousands of years paid large tribute to me.

Grave Antiquity proudly oft points to the land  
Where its pyramids lofty still sullenly stand ;  
But its kingdom, and crimes, and wisdom, and glory,  
Alike with its annals, live darkly in story.

Fierce avengers besieged the proud city of old,  
And its walls tumbled down, as the prophets foretold ;  
And now vampires and owls feed their ravenous brood,  
And beasts dismally howl, where great Babylon stood.

Where is Nineveh now? 'Tis a desolate scene,  
Swept away from the earth, as it never had been ;  
And famed Sidon and Tyre, that once stood by the sea,  
Gave their walls to Decay, and their people to me.

Sounds of gladness and mirth are unheard, as of yore,  
And the wilderness rings with sweet music no more ;  
For Palmyra's lone columns sublimely declare  
That the last of its people sleep motionless there.

Where hoar Winter sits throned on his high peaks of snow,  
Viewing Summer, all smiling in valleys below,  
Stern Invasion I've seen, with his hosts from afar,  
Cover Syria's plains with the horrors of war.

From the Persian, and Mede, and star-gazing Chaldee,  
Recollection reverts, old Damascus, to thee :  
Where in fresh beauty grow the palm, cypress, and rose,  
Lie the ashes of armies in dreamless repose.

What rich harvests I've reaped on thy beautiful plain ;  
And the changes I've seen I may ne'er see again :  
Side by side, friend and foe, and heap piled upon heap,  
The Jew, Moslem, Crusader, and fierce Tartar sleep.

Mid thy desolate ruins sits rampant Decay,  
O Baal-bec ! sun-worshipper passing away !  
Where once teemed busy life reigns a silence profound,  
And thy glory and pride topple fast to the ground.

Thy columns Corinthian still splendidly stand,  
Disputing the power of Time's levelling hand ;  
Though dismantled and sacked by rude Caliphs' dread arms,  
Yet, still lovely thou art mid thy perishing charms.

Salem ! where are thy priests and thy mighty kings now,  
And the glittering crown that graced Solomon's brow ?  
The sage words are fulfilled of thy prophets at last,  
And the sceptre from Judah forever hath passed.

I still lurk in thy streets, narrow, close, and unclean,  
Where Destruction and Slaughter triumphant have been ;  
But no sounds are e'er heard of deep sorrow, to wail  
The mute millions that sleep in Jehoshaphat's vale.



I have seen gallant troops thy grand temples defend,  
And seen creed after creed thy possession contend:  
Now the Crescent surmounts mosque and tall minaret,  
Where the royal bard sung, and the Sanhedrim met.

The sky deepened in gloom, earth trembled in wonder,  
Heaven's armory flashed, and rocks rent asunder;  
I myself stood appalled, when HE, to save mortals,  
Passed through my dim shadows and entered my portals.

Unrestrained 'mong the hills of Libanus I rove,  
And still linger, unseen, by stream, fountain, and grove,  
And where mountains Armenian sublimely arise,  
Till their snow-covered summits are lost in the skies.

Greece! thy sun sadly set o'er thy valleys and plains,  
And where plenty once smiled desolation now reigns;  
Hordes unsparing kept Carnage and Ruin at work—  
Noble prey for fell Roman, Goth, Vandal, and Turk!

Classic land! thy lore is the Present pervading,  
Encircling thy name in a glory unfading;  
Beacon-light of the Past! thy poets and sages,  
Enshrined in their splendor, shall live through all ages.

On thy rock-rugged shore, since I first o'er thee ranged,  
All—all, save the face of rough Nature, is changed;  
To thy herbage she still imparts dews and fresh showers,  
And the bees gather sweets from Hymettus' fair flowers.

All thine altars and fanes now in wide ruin lie,  
Haughty Carthage, who dared with Earth's mistress to vie!  
Like Phœnicia, thy mother, thou liv'st but in name,  
And the world little knows of thy glory or shame.

Where are they who marched forth at thy war-trumpet's call,  
In barbarian pomp, from Numidia and Gaul?  
Where are Hannibal's troops, renowned only to yield  
To my terrible sword on the fierce battle-field?

When thine armies were slain, and thy fleets were destroyed,  
Revenge, reeking with blood, in wild ecstacy joyed;  
When Rome's merciless victors thy walls were around,  
Amid curses and flames thou wert razed to the ground.

Where, oh where, Syracuse, all thy splendor of yore,  
In the sunbeams that gleamed and flashed bright on thy shore,  
When thy prowess so bold, near thy perilous coast,  
Crushed the proudest armada that Athens could boast?

Since Rome's greedy eagles first perched on thy rocks,  
War's hell-hounds of Carnage and Earthquake's dire shocks  
Have conspired as one foe, until, weary at length,  
Flushed Success prostrate laid all thy beauty and strength.

Rome, stupendous and grand, from obscurity rose,  
Built its splendor on ruins, and plunder, and woes;  
To the dust thrones and states were successively hurled,  
Till the wings of its eagle o'ershadowed the world.

Where is mighty Rome now, and the gods it adored,  
And its empire, marked out with a blood-reeking sword?  
The sad tales of a fierce, lawless anarchy tell  
How, crime-bloated and gorged, self-subverted, it fell.

Oh, ye nations that live, ye shall too pass away;  
Even now ye show symptoms of certain decay:  
And if Reason, and Truth, and fair Virtue but lead,  
Old Corruption will die, and new systems succeed.

Sceptred princes and lordlings must bow at my throne,  
Where rank and distinction alike are unknown;  
For the monarch and peasant, the master and slave,  
Are but food for the worms that inhabit the grave.

Yes! the mother in fondness may dote on her child,  
And her bosom with hopes all delusive be filled;  
But in mercy I breathe—and, all sinless, it dies,  
Like the snowflake, unstained as it falls from the skies.

And the maiden all sprightly may dance at the ball—  
Like a goddess of beauty, be worshipped by all—  
And her looks and her air length of days may bespeak;  
But I lurk 'neath the rose that blooms fair on her cheek.

Lovers, tender, and young, and devoted, and warm,  
With no doubts to perplex, nor dark fears to alarm,  
Resign life at my will; and vows that are plighted,  
With Hope's fairest blossoms, lie prostrate and blighted.

Virtue, Peace, and Contentment, all smiling and sweet,  
Throw their charms round the hearth where its glad members meet;  
But how altered their looks, and how mournful the scene,  
When pale Sorrow tells, weeping, where late I have been!

Sweet minstrels may sing of deeds deathless in story,  
And bards tell of Carnage—so falsely called Glory;  
But I come—and the soul-stirring notes of their lyre  
Are unheard in the halls they were wont to inspire.

The wau, shivering wreck of God's image may quaff,  
In mean circles, where loudly profane scoffers laugh;  
But I nod—and the clamorous drunkard is mute,  
And Derision expires in the hope of the brute.

The vile miser may worship his coffers of gold,  
Till old age bleach his locks, and his last knell is tolled;  
And when, as a captive unwilling, I bind him,  
May cling to his idol—but leaves it behind him.

The dissembler, smooth-faced, puts his trust in a name,  
And oft climbs up the Cross to high honors and fame;  
But I seize him at last, with his world-cankered heart,  
And a conscience more keen than a death-dealing dart.

Heroes, haughty and proud, at my withering frown,  
All their blood-crimsoned wreaths and their trophies lay down;  
And the insolent haud of Oppression is crushed,  
And the voice of the babbler and demagogue hushed.

Turbaned ruffian the dazzling tiara may wear,  
And fell wretches the will of the tyrant declare;  
But they shiver and reel, coward-like, when I come—  
Give a shudder and groan, and forever are dumb.

Yea, bold, daring aspirants may pant for renown,  
And e'en lofty Ambition may grasp at a crown:  
Poor impotent fools! I but flap my dark pinions,  
And lo! they are dashed to my breathless dominions.

Oh, had dungeons but tongues, to tell mortals below  
Crime's unregistered deeds, which they never can know!  
For Oblivion's black wings still securely conceal  
The foul guilt and the murders of bigoted Zeal.

Victorious I ride o'er the red battle-ground,  
Where I marshal my shadows and compass it round;  
And where Pestilence dire, as my herald of wrath,  
With its victims all writhing, strews thickly my path.

When winds lash the waves into fury and madness,  
And mariners' songs change to wailing and sadness,  
Undismayed, robed in lightnings, the world I defy,  
Throned on billows that toss their proud crests to the sky.

When earth's fiery depths in hot fury I enter,  
The planet convulses and heaves to its centre;  
More fierce glow volcanoes, while the lava moves on,  
Till tower, temple, and city are all overthrown.

My trophies are millions of millions, that slumber  
All speechless and still as the dust they encumber:  
The *Future* mysterious must share the same doom—  
Tread the path of the *Past*, and be laid in the tomb.

Ever onward in triumph my course shall I speed,  
Through the mazes of time, on my lightning-winged steed,  
And when systems and suns from their spheres shall be hurled,  
I'll expire in the flames of a perishing world.

Lines to Ella.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

---

**B**LITHE as the soaring lark, Ella,  
With sunshine on our way,  
We launched our little bark, Ella,  
In love's enchanting bay.

The spring-time of our life, Ella,  
Is now forever gone,  
But yet, O dearest wife! Ella,  
Our hearts beat still as one.

Age has not bleached our locks as yet,  
Nor furrowed deep the brow;  
We leave the Past with no regret,  
With us 'tis Summer now.

The buds and blossoms of our love,  
So rosy, young, and fair,  
Preserved to us by Him above,  
Our blended features wear.

Domestic joys with years increase,  
And weary hours beguile ;  
Contentment and connubial Peace  
Forever sweetly smile.

Our offspring twine around the heart  
As vines cling to the tree :  
O God! may *they*, when *we* depart,  
A Parent find in thee.



## Lines to Mary.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

---

BETTER we ne'er had met, Mary,  
Than parted thus to be ;  
How oft my cheeks are wet, Mary,  
With sorrow's tears for thee.

Thou wert my pride and joy, Mary,  
Ere passion warmer grew ;  
When but a very boy, Mary,  
My hopes were fixed on you.

The vows so often made, Mary,  
In whispers soft and kind,  
When looks thy love betrayed, Mary,  
Are graven on my mind.

Yes! while alone you sit, Mary,  
And thoughts upon me cast,  
Across thy mind may flit, Mary,  
Sweet visions of the past.

Those golden hours of bliss, Mary,  
May ne'er again be found ;  
But since 'tis come to this, Mary,  
I'll not inflict a wound.

Though wealth thy charms may win, Mary,  
It cannot banish pain ;  
The peace that reigned within, Mary,  
You may not know again.

Your hand you may bestow, Mary,  
And strong emotions curb,  
But cannot soothe the woe, Mary,  
When nestling pangs disturb.

You now are sad in speech, Mary,  
And cares thy smiles displace ;  
While tears begin to bleach, Mary,  
The roses on your face.

Oh ! bitterly you find, Mary,  
Though friends approve your part,  
That love alone can bind, Mary,  
Affection's changeless heart.

Such thoughts you may not breathe, Mary,  
Yet sighs a language speak ;  
A current rolls beneath, Mary,  
Which your young heart may break.

Through foreign climes I'll range, Mary,  
And may not see you more ;  
I'll pleasures seek in change, Mary,  
On some far distant shore.

Farewell! Adieu for aye, Mary,  
An angel's peace be thine ;  
For but one wish I pray, Mary—  
In sympathy be mine.

*Lines on the Death of William Henry Harrison.*

---

**B**UT yesterday—and every tongue,  
In accents sweet, his virtues sung;  
And loud the azure welkin rung  
    With cordial shouts of gladness.  
Let harps be tuned to strains of woe,  
And melting music softly' flow,  
For death has laid the hero low,  
    And wrapt the land in sadness.

But yesterday—in happy mood  
His warm heart beat with gratitude,  
And statesman-like mid thousands stood,  
    And graced the scene sublimely.  
Fame, trumpet-tongued, proclaims his worth,  
And West, and East, and South and North,  
In weeds of grief, come pensive forth,  
    To weep his loss untimely.

See ! Honor, Valor, Worth appear,  
And bend with Freedom o'er his bier,  
To shed the sympathizing tear—

    His firmest friends in danger !  
Stand back, Ambition ! come not thou,  
With crimsoned laurel round thy brow,  
A haughty mourner low to bow ;  
    Thou wert to him a stranger.

Ye martial chieftains ! sadly come,  
With waving plumes and muffled drum,  
For war-tried soldiers proudly sum

    His deeds renowned in story.  
Let Beauty come ! and Peace attend,  
To view the last rites of a friend ;  
And Youth and Age—behold the end,  
    The close of human glory !

*Lines on the Death of General Zachary Taylor.*

---

**M**OURN deeply, ye States, he has left us forever ;  
His spirit has fled to the mighty Life-giver ;  
Be wrapt for a season in sorrow and tears,  
Your hero has gone, full of honors and years.

While carving a niche of renown with the great,  
And guiding the helm of the grand ship of State,  
The angel of Death, breathing mercy and love,  
Brought an escort of seraphs to bear him above.

A halo of glory encircles the name  
Of him who expired in the full blaze of fame ;  
And shrined in the hearts of the brave and the free,  
It only can perish, O Freedom ! with thee.

For Freedom's great cause and the land he adored,  
He drew from its scabbard his patriot sword :  
It flashed in the field till War's thunders did cease,  
And its point was bedecked with the Olive of Peace.

Let drums be black muffled, processions move slow,  
While music sends forth melting dirges of woe ;  
Let the stars and the stripes wrap the bier of the Chief,  
And sword-hilts be mounted with symbols of grief.

Columbia ! let flowers of his native land bloom  
In freshness and beauty around the Chief's tomb ;  
While pilgrims repair, even generous foes,  
To bless the green turf where his ashes repose.

## A Tribute to the Memory of the late James Donahue.

---

A WARM friend and a brother now sleeps in the dust,  
 Tired of earth with its honors, and burden of care;  
 If the Author of Being gives crowns to the just,  
 Then, one of the brightest in Heaven he'll wear.

Poor orphans shall water his grave with their tears,  
 And bless the green turf that now wraps his cold clay,  
 And widows shall cherish his loved name for years—  
 A name that rude Time will preserve from decay.

The Chieftain may lead where the brave never yield,  
 And grand deeds, trumpet-tongued, may be sounded afar;  
 But his fame was not won on the red battle-field,  
 Amid clashing of swords and loud thunders of war.

Where Charity dwells, in the sweet shades of peace,  
 As her favorite almoner there was he found,  
 Ever ready to aid with a smile of sweet grace,  
 Dispensing her gifts to the needy around.



Caring more for his soul than the riches he gained,  
Like the way-worn and weary that seek gentle rest,  
With a heart that was pure, and with honor unstained,  
He passed from our midst to the realm of the blest.

Lines on the Death of Eloise Cook, aged two Years.

---

NO purer are the snow-flakes  
That wrap the hills in white,  
No fairer are the roses  
That winds of Autumn blight,  
Than was our little darling,  
The smiling gift of love,  
Who left us in her childhood,  
For endless bliss above.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON.

---

HERE sleeps in peace a mother's joy,  
A mother's pride and only boy;  
The living keenly feels the blow,  
That so untimely laid him low.  
God! when my earthly race is run,  
Restore to me my darling son!

## A Glimpse of the World.

---

WHILE gliding down life's rapid river,  
Eddies strong impede our course,  
And, baffling oft our best endeavor,  
Whelm us with terrific force.

Here passions swell, and flashing bubbles  
Burst their empty forms in air;  
And on this busy stream of troubles  
Float the barks of Hope and Care.

Here friends with honeyed accents cluster,  
Thick as bees within their hive,  
And at the social banquet muster,  
Court and fawn, while all things thrive.

But let the sun that shines in gladness  
Sink in gloom above our head,  
And Want wear looks and weeds of sadness,  
Where has boasted Friendship fled?

As unsubstantial shadows follow  
Moving forms in sunny days,  
Side by side, smooth flatterers hollow  
Wait on knaves and sing their praise.

Men for different spheres are fitted,  
Some to serve and some to rule,  
And Merit oft may be outwitted,  
Worth, a lackey, serve a fool.

Ambition's slaves ape ways of Fashion,  
Gild the halls of empty Pride;  
Or gayly with the spurs of Passion  
Proudly on to ruin ride.

Ignoble minds presume that pleasures  
Unalloyed with wealth are found,  
And, dazzled by earth's glittering treasures,  
Thirst for gold the world around.

Who can depend on Fortune fickle,  
Or avert the fatal blow  
When Death comes, with unsparing sickle,  
All our cherished hopes to mow?

There are no fragrant paths of roses  
Free from pricking thorns of care,  
And oft the grave untimely closes  
Over Youth and Beauty fair.

From the palace to the cottage,  
From the hovel to the throne,  
From the cradle to life's dotage,  
Where are Sorrow's tears unknown?

When the heart is sad and dreary,  
And the Present seems to frown,  
Oh! how many, of life weary,  
Wish to lay its burden down!

What though the mind be stored with learning,  
And life's prospect fair to see,  
We ever feel our spirit yearning,  
Like some caged bird, to be free.

The gaudy phantoms of the Present,  
That we covet so, and chase,  
Are like the rainbow evanescent,  
Leaving no enduring trace.

So the world goes on revolving  
In its orbit, as of yore,  
While creeds and fetters are dissolving  
Upon every tyrant shore.

Progression's god-like spirit ranges  
Through all systems, young and old,  
That keenly feel approaching changes,  
Yet unwritten and untold.

## When Freedom an Exile from Foreign Lands Came.

---

WHEN Freedom an exile from foreign lands came,  
Soon hill, grove, and valley rang loud with her name ;  
War's shrill-sounding bugles forth summoned our sires  
To fight for their country, their altars, and fires.

Hope's star, that gleamed dimly, shines constant and clear,  
No foes on our borders now hostile appear ;  
No war-worn and weary their slain comrades weep,  
The sword's in its scabbard, and there let it sleep.

Our commerce thrives briskly, our sails stud the sea,  
Our flag it waves proudly, to shelter the free ;  
With hearts beating grateful, and plenty in store,  
We welcome the stranger that comes to our shore.

As falls the dew gently on mountain and lea,  
So fall Heaven's blessings, Columbia! on thee :  
Thy sons, like thy eagles, no foe can enslave ;  
Thy daughters weave garlands to honor the brave.

The arm be quick blasted, and withered the hand,  
That treason would scatter throughout our wide land !  
The tree that bears blossoms so rich and so fair,  
Oh! who would e'er rudely its branches impair !



## Kossuth, the Hungarian.

---

GIVE the Magyar a welcome, ye sons of the free,  
Since his life is devoted, O Freedom! to thee;  
Bless the hero that comes to her blood-purchased soil,  
Where no king can enslave and no tyrant despoil.

Give the Magyar a welcome with heart and with hand,  
Where each man is a monarch who lives in the land;  
Let him feel that the flag which floats o'er him in pride  
Wraps the brave in its starry folds graceful and wide.

Though he comes not in pomp, though he comes not in power,  
To be gazed at by crowds for a brief passing hour,  
There's a halo around him, a spell in his name,  
That may yet the down-trodden of Europe inflame.

Though he hears not the drum and the bugle of war,  
Let the winds waft the shouts of his welcome afar:  
They may wake the hushed spirit of Freedom again,  
And her songs be re-echoed on mountain and plain.

Hard on Hungary's neck rests the Autocrat's heel ;  
Deep in Hungary's heart reeks the Austrian's steel :  
Her people are crushed and her banners are riven—  
Oh ! why sleep the bolts of the vengeance of Heaven ?

Perjured monarchs may prate, and their minions deride  
The soul-strivings of millions with Right on their side ;  
They may stagger with blood, like the drunkard with wine,  
But where, where shall their thrones be when freemen combine ?

Sooner waves of the ocean their murmurs may cease,  
Or the tiger in mercy his victim release,  
Than the despots of Europe would slacken the yoke  
Till shivered to atoms by Freedom's bold stroke.

Then, oh ! welcome brave Kossuth, ye favored of earth,  
For he fought, like your sires, for the land of his birth :  
May the flame that he kindled unquenchably burn,  
Until Honor and Glory shall hail his return.

### My Bachelor Heart.

---

**M**Y dearest Louise, oh! I cannot upbraid,  
Although with my heart you have sad havoc made :  
With a form of such grace, and a face so divine,  
I fear, my dear loved one, you ne'er will be mine.

Like the raven, your hair is so black and so bright,  
And your eyes are as dark as the darkness of night,  
Yet so lovely and beaming, they quickly impart  
A love-speaking thrill to my bachelor heart.

And, charming Louise, oh! your rich coral lips  
Are sweet as the honey the mountain-bee sips;  
Your cheeks are more fair than the roses that bloom,  
And shéd in Love's garden their matchless perfume.

Words fail to express all the joy and the bliss  
I feel in the warmth of your rapturous kiss:  
When first your fair form to my bosom I pressed,  
Love kindled its flame in my bachelor breast.

Oh! give me but hope, sweet Louise, and I vow  
I shall love you through life full as warmly as now:  
In joys and in sorrows, in weal and in woe,  
Our young hearts were made for each other, I know.

## First Love.

THO' the false world may hide, and sly art may conceal,  
There is no love so pure as the first love we feel;  
While we try to supplant it or tear it apart,  
Like a sweet, clasping vine it clings close to the heart.

On the ruins of some broken heart it may lean,  
And grow like wild weeds in the ocean unseen;  
While roses of beauty may languish and fade,  
Like some tender exotic, that's kept in the shade.

The sweet smiles of a face and bright love-speaking eyes  
For a season the passion may partly disguise;  
And the heart may be sad while the tongue may be still,  
Yet it lives warmly nursed, let us do what we will.

To remembrance it clings, and it clings to the soul,  
And to banish it thence baffles human control;  
It is true to its object of love and of worth,  
As the mariner's needle that points to the north.

Just as well strive to flee from the presence of God,  
As to pluck out the passion, at home or abroad ;  
It is nourished with sighs, it is watered with tears,  
And how bitter and dark is the fruit that it bears.

Like some flower of rare beauty whose delicate form  
Is too fragile to brave the rude blasts of life's storm ;  
Oh ! for pity's sake spare it from slander's foul breath,  
Till its beatings are hushed in the stillness of death.

## Have You felt at Your Heart?

---

**H**AVE you felt at your heart  
The strong tuggings of sin,  
When the flame of pure love  
Was first kindled within?  
Have you sworn to be true,  
In soft whispers sincere,  
When heart beat against heart,  
And when no one is near?

Have you knelt to blue eyes  
As you would at a shrine,  
Without feeling the wish  
That the fair one was thine?  
Have you tasted the sweets  
Of a maiden's first kiss,  
Without thinking you breathed  
In a region of bliss?

If you have, then away  
With your cold heart of stone,  
And in some desert dwell,  
Like a hermit, alone.  
Let me bask in the smiles  
Of the fond one I love,  
Till my soul, tired of earth,  
Seeks a blest home above.



I feel I'm Growing Auld, Gude-wife.

---

I FEEL I'm growing auld, gude-wife—  
I feel I'm growing auld;  
My steps are frail, my een are bleared,  
My pow is unco bauld.  
I've seen the snaws o' fourscore years  
O'er hill and meadow fa',  
And, hinnie! were it no for you,  
I'd gladly slip awa'.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife—  
I feel I'm growing auld;  
Frae youth to age I've keepit warm  
The love that ne'er turned cauld.  
I canna bear the dreary thocht  
That we maun sindered be;  
There's naething binds my poor auld heart  
To earth, gude-wife, but thee,

I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife—

I feel I'm growing auld;

Life seems to me a wintry waste,

The very sun feels cauld.

Of worldly friens ye've been to me,

Amang them a' the best;

Now, I'll lay down my weary head,

Gude-wife, and be at rest.

By the Warm Purple Stream that Plays in the Heart.

---

BY the warm purple stream that plays in the heart,  
 There's a cosie wee nook for friens set apart;  
 Tho' far I may wander in some foreign clime,  
 It ne'er can be frozen by distance or time.

Tho' dim be my een, an' my pow unco bauld,  
 In findin' new friens I forget na the auld;  
 I think o' them kindly, an' wish them a' weel,  
 I've tried them and fand them lang trusty an' leal.

The true friens are proved in the hour o' distress,  
 And not in the sunshine o' golden success;  
 The noble may give an' the beggar may crave,  
 But time-serving louns are despised by the brave.

The tears aften start when I think o' langsyne,  
 An' friens that still live in this auld heart o' mine;  
 Till I bow to the call frae which nae man can flee,  
 My thochts will aft turn, my ain Scotland, to thee.

Oh! My Fair, My Darling Maggie.

---

O H! my fair, my darling Maggie,  
 Angel, whom I love so dearly;  
 Language fails to speak the feeling  
 Of my heart, that beats sincerely.

*Chorus*—Let us live to love each other,  
 Bound by ties that none can sever  
 Now, my fair, my darling Maggie,  
 Say, thou wilt be mine forever.

Love from life's warm fountain gushes;  
 Kisses tell what ne'er was spoken;  
 Words are but poor empty pledges,  
 Warmly made and coldly broken.

*Chorus*—Let us live to love each other, &c.

Gliding down life's rapid river,  
 We can hear the wild birds singing;  
 They may teach us to be happy—  
 Fondly to their spring mates clinging.

*Chorus*—Let us live to love each other, &c.

*Lines to a Distant Daughter.*

**M**Y little, hopeful, darling child, the solace of my heart,  
No tongue can speak, no language tell, how dear to me  
thou art ;

To distant scenes and by-gone times my warm affections cling,  
Yet thoughts on this, thy natal day, sad recollections bring.

Since then I've wandered far and wide, and still am far from thee,  
Yet, Flora, homeward oft my thoughts on wings of fancy flee ;  
O how my heart would thrill with joy to see thy smiling face,  
And with' paternal rapture clasp thee in my fond embrace.

It seems but yesterday since thou, in gushing, childish glee,  
Wouldst make me oft forget the world, and all things else but thee ;  
So, till we meet again, my child, thy father's blessing take,  
And all the counsels that I give, remember for my sake.

Be modest, cheerful, and sincere, yet free from empty pride ;  
Grow up to womanhood, my child, with Virtue for thy guide ;  
Adorn thy young expanding mind with priceless gems of lore—  
Reflection will find mental wealth in Nature's ample store.

At learning's unpolluted springs, deep draughts of knowledge  
drink;

When Right and Conscience are with thee, from Duty never  
shrink;

Trust then in God! be kind to all, and often think of me—  
Affection's chain will ever bind thy father's heart to thee.

## I canna Leave My Minnie.

---

**T**AK' back the ring, dear Jamie,  
The ring ye gae to me,  
An' a' the vows ye made yestreen  
Beneath the birken tree.  
But gie me back my heart again,  
It's a' I hae to gie;  
Sin' ye'll no wait a fittin' time,  
Ye canna marry me.

I promised to my daddie,  
Afore he slipp'd awa,  
I ne'er wad leave my minnie,  
Whate'er sud her befa'.  
I'll faithfu' keep my promise,  
For a' that ye can gie:  
Sae, Jamie, gif ye winna wait,  
Ye ne'er can marry me.

I canna leave my minnie,  
She's been sae kind to me  
Sin' e'er I was a bairnie,  
A wee thing on her knee.  
Nae mair she'll caim my gowden hair,  
Nor busk me snod an' braw;  
She's auld an' frail, her een are dim,  
An' sune will close on a'.

I maunna leave my minnie,  
Her journey is na lang;  
Her heid is bendin' to the mools  
Where it maun shortly gang.  
Were I an heiress o' a crown,  
I'd a' its honors tane,  
To watch her steps in helpless age,  
As she in youth watched mine.



## Lizzie Laird.

THE plague on Lizzie Laird, for my heid has ne'er been soun'  
 Since her twa pawkie een gae my púir heart sic a stoun' ;  
 Oh ! I canna see her face, nor pass her cottage door,  
 But feelin's strange come ower me I never felt afore.

The little coaxin' smatchet ! I wish I ne'er had seen  
 The roses on her dimpled cheeks, the glances o' her een ;  
 They've tint my very heart, an' thrown ower me sic a spell,  
 I feel like ane bewitched, for I dinna feel mysel'.

Gif it's no a stoun' o' love, what else then can it be ?  
 An' why should I lo'e Lizzie, if Lizzie lo'es na me ?  
 The wee bit teasin' cuttie, sae winsome an' sae kind,  
 Why should I allow a doot to harbor in my mind ?

I ken her heart is warm, an' I ken her love is true ;  
 It shines oot clear as truth in her bonnie een o' blue :  
 Through the journey o' my life how happy shall I be,  
 When wedded to my hinnie, O Lizzie Laird, to thee !

On the same bink at the schule our lessons we wad learn ;  
 I then was but a callant, an' she was but a bairn :  
 Cauld will be this heart o' mine ere I forget the days  
 When youngsters we wad wander about our native braes.

I think I see the laverock up frae the clover spring ;  
 I think I hear the mavis an' linties sweetly sing ;  
 When my Lizzie, little doo ! without a thocht o' sin,  
 Cam' skippin' ower the green fields to spier if I was in.

Aft in youthfu' rapture, when wild flowers were in bloom,  
 The wee birds' nests we'd herry amang the gowden broom ;  
 Or wad aiblins howk for bikes in laughin' simmer glee,  
 An' a' the treasures steal o' the honey bumble bee.

Oh ! fu' weel I mind the time, awa down by the schaws,  
 Bare fitted we wad toddle to pu' the slaes an' haws ;  
 An' for berries aften dander oot-ower the mossy fells,  
 Where hums the muirland bee, and where bloom the heather-bells.

Since I'm nae mair a callant, nor Lizzie mair a bairn,  
 I fain wad oot o' Nature's buik a manly lesson learn :  
 But what gars me be sae blate, an' feel sae muckle shame  
 To ask my ain sweet Lizzie to change her maiden name ?

Noo, what to say to Lizzie I coof-like downa ken ;  
 I've got a snug wee cot, wi' a cozie but an' ben ;  
 I hae but little haudin', yet what I hae I'll share  
 Wi' my bonnie Lizzie Laird, the fairest o' the fair !

Jessie Paterson.

---

WHERE green hills gently rise, and the Tweed is but a burn,  
 In pleasing dreams of fancy my footsteps oft return;  
 But sic happy days again I never mair may see;  
 Oh! then Jessie Paterson was a' the world to me.

Red rowans an' blae-berries in simmer we wad pu',  
 An' wi' licht hearts, free o' care, we promised to be true;  
 But how little do we ken what we're born to dree and tine,  
 Then a' her hopes an' prospects were bundled up wi' mine.

Oh! Blink-Bonny's buddin' rose was fairest o' the fair,  
 An' gracefully in ringlets hung down her gowden hair;  
 We never thocht o' changes the future had in store,  
 Or the pangs that it wad bring we dreamt-na o' before.

When her wee cozie biggin, weel theekit ower wi' straw,  
 Wi' Winter's robe was happit, afore March brocht a thaw;  
 Or when flowers wad bud in Spring, and braird was on the lea,  
 Oh! then Jessie Paterson was a' the world to me.

When the sun in mornin' mist was blinkin' redly through,  
An' the gowan an' the broom were bricht wi' pearly dew,  
We've listen'd to the lark in some fleecy-flittin' cloud,  
Where sweet the little warbler sung matin lays aloud.

In the merry harvest time, when reapers cam' to shear,  
We thocht-na in our daffin, our partin' was so near :  
I think I see her now, fu' o' rosy rustic glee ;  
Oh ! then Jessie Paterson was a' the world to me.

But why should I be dowie ? thae days are gane an' past,  
An' I hae learn'd the lesson, that pleasures canna last ;  
Her minnie was-na pleas'd, an' anger steek'd the door ;  
The truth then stood reveal'd, that I was unco poor.

Bonnie Jessie Paterson ! sae winsome an' sae kind,  
Keep a wee neuk in your heart for honest Tam the hind :  
Though Willie ye hae wed, an' crossed the heavin' sea,  
My blessin' on ye baith—lang happy may ye be !

## My Bonnie Wee Lizzie.

---

MY bonnie wee Lizzie,  
So gentle and fair,  
There's love in thy glances,  
And grace in thine air.  
My heart, like the ivy  
That twines round the tree,  
Clings fondly with rapture,  
My Lizzie, to thee.

Sweet flower of rare beauty,  
My hope and my pride!  
I never feel happy  
Away from thy side.  
May no clouds of sorrow  
E'er shade thy young brow,  
Nor tears bleach the roses  
That sweetly bloom now.

Thine eyes beam so brightly

And softly on me,

No wonder that nightly

My dreams are of thee.

I'll go to the altar

With joy and with pride,

And there, my sweet Lizzie,

Confess thee my bride.

## My Sweet Little Hinnie.

---

“MY sweet little Hinnie,  
My bonnie wee doo!  
What sets me a dreaming,  
An’ thinking o’ you?  
The sly pawkie archer  
Has wounded my heart,  
And none but you, Mary,  
Can pluck out the dart.”

“Gif that be sae, Willy,  
I’ll pluck out the dart,  
And I’ll gie you`mysel’  
To heal your bit heart;—  
I’ll be your leal wife  
E’en snd I repent;  
So aff to my minnie,  
And spier her consent.”

“I’ll aff, my wee dantee,—  
    Ae kiss ere I gang,  
The lift it is starry,  
    The road is na lang.  
I’ll sune be back, lassie,  
    Love’s wings quickly flee;  
Then, then shall I never  
    Part, Mary, frae thee.



## My ain Sweet Jean.

---

I WAD na gi'e my ain sweet Jean  
For a' the wives I yet hae seen;  
It's no her looks, it's no her air,  
That mak's her seem to me sae fair;  
It's no her form o' modest grace,  
Nor is't her winsome bonnie face;  
But 'tis her heart, sae pure and free,  
That mak's her a' the warld to me.

Let ithers fret; 'tis mine to sing  
The joys that riches canna bring;  
Let me the bliss o' rapture share,  
Where smiles dispel the clouds o' care:  
Gie me my cozie, happy hame,  
*That's* a' the gear on earth I claim;  
My wife and my bairnies three  
Are mair than a' the warld to me.

Lucy Lee.

---

SHE'S budding in her early teens,  
 Sae young and sweetly fair;  
 What hand wad in her bosom plant  
 The thorns o' grief an' care?  
 The mother on her bairnie doats  
 That smiles upon her knee;  
 But wi' a warmer gush o' joy  
 My heart lo'es Lucy Lee.

There's love in a' her witching smiles,  
 There's rapture in her een;  
 I need no aid o' mystic lore  
 To tell me what they mean.  
 The world and a' that in it blooms  
 Wad be a waste to me,  
 Did frosts untimely nip the flower,  
 My winsome Lucy Lee.

## Little Nelly Gordon.

---

SWEET little Nelly Gordon,  
So witching and so airy,  
Thy step is like the gentle fawn,  
Or some wee mountain fairy.

Young rosebud of Life's joyous Spring,  
Where pride and hope are centred;  
Thine eyes are love, thy heart a shrine  
Where sin has never entered.

Sweet little Nelly Gordon!  
Fair bud that soon will blossom;  
May sorrow never plant her thorns  
Within thy tender bosom.

If on this orbit, beauteous thing,  
Thou art designed to tarry,  
Seek till thou find the jewel, worth,  
And not till then e'er marry.

## Bonnie Fanny Dean.

---

I N rambling thro' this weary warld  
I've flowers o' beauty seen;  
But nane were half sae fair to me  
As bonnie FANNY DEAN.

I've never seen sic twa blue een,  
Nor sic a sweet wee mou;  
And oh! her heart is soft and pure  
As drops o' morning dew.

The glossy vine wi' grace may twine  
In nature's wilds amang;  
More gracefu' still ower FANNY'S brow  
Her gowden tresses hang.

I've kent her sin' she was a bairn,  
A wee bit gentle thing;  
But never thocht her budding charms  
A spell wad ower me fling.

I'll never break the sacred vow,  
The promise made yestreen;  
Come weal or woe I'll wedded be  
To bonnie FANNY DEAN.

## Song of the Firemen.

DEDICATED TO THE FIREMEN OF SAN FRANCISCO.

---

**H**ARK! hear ye the sound of the tolling bell,  
 That breaks on the ear like a dismal knell?  
 'Tis the startling ring that aloud proclaims,  
 We must onward rush to the sweeping flames.

*Chorus.*—Hurrah! for our homes, and our gallant band,  
 The flower and the pride of the golden land;  
 We have hearts that feel, we have arms that save,  
 And our names shall live with the free and brave!

Smoke in black volumes may veil the blue sky,  
 Wild the gale whistle, and red meteors fly;  
 The doomed pile may blaze, and rafters may fall;  
 No fiery tempest our hearts can appal.

*Chorus.*—Hurrah! for our homes, &c.

Flames may be raging like demons of wrath;  
 Death may be lurking in Ruin's red path;

But we never shrink from braving the foe,  
And danger defy wherever we go.

*Chorus.*—Hurrah! for our homes, &c.

Bold and undaunted, with hearts beating free,  
Swift as our eagles, to Duty we flee;—  
While others toil on for gold or for fame,  
Let Honor preserve unblemished our name.

*Chorus.*—Hurrah! for our homes, &c.

## Far Aloft our Eagles Soar.



**F**AR aloft our eagles soar ;  
 Loud our battle-thunders roar,  
 As in stirring times of yore,  
     When our sires fought gallantly.  
 Trumpet-tongued immortal Fame  
 Shields our Chieftain's spotless name,  
 And our hearts are still the same,  
     Bold and beating valiantly.

By our Stripes and by our Stars ;  
 By the glory of our wars ;  
 By our heroes' honored scars,  
     Fair Columbia shall be free.  
 Daring fleets have crossed the main,  
 Proud dominion to maintain ;  
 But we drove them back again  
     From her shores of Liberty.



One united filial band,  
Let us by each other stand,  
To defend our native land  
    From dark deeds of knavery.  
By our plains that once were red;  
By the blood our fathers shed;  
We shall ne'er be captive led,  
    By the chains of slavery.

## Donald and Lucy.

---

“**A** WA wi’ sic havers, blithe Donald, awa,  
 An’ talk na to me o’ your haudin sae braw;  
 For what gars ye think o’ a lassie like me,  
 Wha has naething, ye ken, but a leal heart to gie?  
 Ye praise the red roses that bloom on my face,  
 An’ tell me I look like an angel o’ grace;  
 But a heart that is pure is better than a’,  
 For beauty’s a flower that sune withers awa,”

“Come, geck na me, Lucy, ye ken unco weel  
 Nae havers I tell ye, but speak as I feel;  
 I care na for tocher, I’ve gat rowth o’ gear,  
 What mair need we want, then, sweet Lucy, my dear!  
 Oh! think na the beauty that blooms on the skin  
 Could e’er blin’ my een to the jewel within:  
 So, noo, winsome Lucy, come, come, ere we part,  
 An’ say that ye’ll gie me your hand an’ your heart.”

She spak' na a word, but looked dowie an' wae;  
Her heart it was fu', she had naething to say:  
The gallant young Donald, a clansman o' pride,  
Bore aff on his fleet steed his beautiful bride.  
The saft simmer gloamin' was just setting in,  
An' mantlin' wi' shadows the bleak Highland bin,  
When Murray, the flower o' the Clan o' that name,  
Reached safely wi' Lucy his braw mountain' hame.

## Jamie McGinn.

---

**H**AVE you never yet heard of odd Jamie McGinn,  
With a fine honest face and a warm heart within?  
He looks on the street like some jolly good brick,  
With one eye on the Church, and one on Old Nick.

It is said he was knighted, and guess ye for what?  
A blue coat with brass buttons and fancy white hat;  
Just as soon will you find one untainted by sin,  
As to find such another as Jamie McGinn.

With the smiles of good-humor that beam on his face,  
There's no son of St. Patrick can dance with such grace;  
As none but strict saints would small failings condemn,  
The women all love him, and Jamie loves them.

Counting beads for his soul and cash for his till,  
He forgets not good things which the inner man fill;  
He cheers up his spirits with drops of pure gin,  
Like a sensible man,—droll Jamie McGinn.

With a heart big and warm, he is kind to the poor,  
And ne'er drives the needy away from his door;  
May his life be as long as hair grows on his chin,  
The queer wag and witty knight, Jamie McGinn.

### The Scenes that never Wearie.

HOW the heart to the Past wi' rapture clings  
 When the spirit Memory bears nae stings,  
 But ower it a glorious halo flings,

That maks it seem sae cheerie.

There's a bonnie wee spot ayont the sea  
 That's sweeter than a' ither spots to me,  
 Where the mornin' o' life I spent sae free,

'Mang scenes that never wearie.

There the Spring first comes wi' its leaves and buds;  
 There the cuckoo is heard in the circlin' wuds;  
 An' far up in the lift among the cluds

The laverock sings sae cheerie.

The swallow its wings in the burnie dips;

The bee frae the Thistle its honey sips;

Where sae fondly first I pried the lips

O' Jean, my bonnie dearie.

Oh! my heart yet clings, Craigieburn, to thee!  
Where the langest day was aye short to me;  
An' where aften I still in fancy flee  
    To scenes that never wearie.

I dream o' the trees wi' their plumes o' green,  
An' I gaze on the flowers wi' ravished een,  
Where first I met wi' my bonnie Jean,  
    My eary, only dearie.

## The Wells o' Wearie.

---

**W**HEN gloamin' coost its shades aroun',  
 A wee afore the mirk closed in,  
 Young Jamie wi' his Lucy strayed,  
 Frae out Dun Edin's smeeck and din.  
 The tow'ring craigs aboon their head  
 Wi' loud souns o' the pibroch rung,  
 An' far out-ower the bubbling springs  
 Their shadows big were dark'ning flung.  
 While doun upon a stane they sat,  
 Their hearts beat warm an' cheerie,  
 An' wi' a nameless rapture thrilled,  
 Amang the Wells o' Wearie.

The moon threw off her robe o' clouds,  
 An' shone bricht on the lanely schaw;  
 She like a gleamin' falchion hung,  
 Ahint Craigmillar's toppling wa'.  
 The starnies shimmer'd in the lift,  
 As thick as gowans on the lea;



And Nature had retired to rest,  
 Wi' a' her woodland minstrelsy.  
 Loof lock'd in loof, the lovers sat,—  
 Tho' lone they were na drearie;  
 A warld o' bliss they drank that night  
 Among the Wells o' Wearie.

“O Lucy! I hae lo'ed ye lang,  
 As nae dout ye've jelous'd ere noo;  
 My passion I daur ne'er reveal,  
 For fear a frown wad shade your broo.  
 An', lassie, gif I now offend,  
 Forgie the heart that's wholly thine,  
 An' let me still remain a friend,  
 Tho' frae my soul I wish thee mine.”  
 The tears ran down sweet Lucy's cheeks,  
 She gently hung her modest head;  
 A saft rebuke escaped her lips,  
 Frae which he could deep meaning read.  
 “An' is it so,” he then replied,  
 “My young an' guileless dearie?  
 This night we'll pledge our bridal vows  
 Among the Wells o' Wearie.”

“Ye hae my hand, here is my heart,  
 Accept them baith, my marrow true;  
 Tho' gowd tak' wing and flee awa,  
 Your Lucy will prove leal to you.  
 My minnie aft wad say hersel'

She thocht ye was ower fond o' me:  
 Yet still at hame ye've welcome been,  
 When Lucy ye wad come to see.  
 Your winsome smiles an' bonnie een  
 Maist tauld me a' that ye've confessed;  
 Slee kisses ye wad steal sometimes,  
 An' left me aye to guess the rest.  
 Noo by yon moon, and by those stars,  
 That licht this spot sae eerie,  
 I'll keep till death the vows I've made  
 Among the Wells o' Wearie."

Their vows were kept, an' faithfu' kept,  
 As a' should aye keep wi' their marrow;  
 And wha' wad dare sic bliss disturb?  
 Wha' wad dare love's circle narrow?  
 Twice twenty years hae flown sin syne,  
 To join their forbears o' the past,  
 Still Jamie and his Lucy live,  
 Tho' bent wi' years an' sinking fast.  
 The bairnies o' their bairns they've seen,  
 Wi' muckle pride, grow up to men;  
 Their precepts and example guid  
 Shaw'd sure the way to mak' a fen.  
 The unco changes o' the age  
 May weel I trow confound them;  
 While the curtain o' the warld's stage  
 Seems closing fast around them.  
 Sometimes the twa will toddle out,

Forfouchten sair may dander,  
Out ower the very clover fields  
Where they were wont to wander.  
They still may hear the black-bird's notes,  
The laverock's sangs sae cheerie;  
But Time's rude hand hath swept awa  
The bonnie Wells o' Wearie.

## The Winter Song of the Shepherd.

FAR out-ower the cauld muir, an' laigh in a howe,  
 By a deep sheugh thro' whilk a burnie rins down,  
 Weel shielded frae storms by a heather-croun'd knowe,  
 My sma' biggin stan's, wi' a fale-dyke aroun'.

What tho' down the lum-heid the flauchters fa' in,  
 An' fizz for a jiffie where het the peats lowe,  
 Snaw may drift, an' winds sough aroun' the bleak bin,  
 The plooman o' care never furrows my brow.

The trees are a' leafless, the forests a' bare,  
 The flowers are a' withered, an' Winter is here;  
 The bonnie wee robins my hamely meals share,  
 That hap to my shielin an' think-na o' fear.

I hae peats in the yard, an' hay in the mow,  
 An' dizzens o' eggs that the chuckies hae laid;  
 A guid thumpin' kebbuck, a' soun' yet I trow,  
 Save holes that some wee thievin' mousie has made.

The sheep in the fauld fin' eneuch for their mon',  
 Ne'er toom is the draff-pock for Bessie the yad;  
 My ambry's weel stockit, my meal-buist is fu'—  
 What mair needs a body to mak' the heart glad?

When at ora times thochtfu', I'm dowie an' wae  
 Wi' thinkin' o' things that I canna weel name,  
 A wee drap o' barley-bree cheers me up sae,  
 I feel like a laird in my strae-theekit hame.

There's Davoc the herd, the pluffy bit callant,  
 Wi' no a bane doxie about him ava,—  
 He'll blaw on the pipes, or croon an auld ballant,  
 The lang nichts o' winter slip blithely awa.

Fornent the peat-nuik, on a clean bed o' strae,  
 The puir thing contented as onie lies down;  
 He's up in the mornin' afore screich o' day,  
 The image o' health—for his sleep has been soum'.

There's the collie foreby, my best frien' o' frien's,  
 There's nae dog that wouffs half sae tentie as he;  
 Like mysel', for nae pampered bicker he griens,  
 An' mornin' and nicht taks his crowdie wi' me.

When sheep loup the dikes, or rin aff frae the lave,  
 Quick as stoure in a blast he's at their bit fuds;  
 When cauldly snaw-wreaths wad sune gie them a grave,  
 To spare them out-owre the moss-muirland he scuds.

The whaup braves the storm, the peesweip cries its name,  
An' aff to its covert the pairtraik may flee—  
Sac, true to my nature, I naething mair claim  
Than Providence kindly has ettled for me.

About brows an' siller I ne'er fash my thum'—  
They breed yed an' cares that I downa weel ken;  
It's clear as the peat-reik that gaes up the lum,—  
If thriftie, the maist o' folk aye mak' a fen.

The Spring-time will come, an' warm sunshine will bring,  
The ice-lockit burnies flow gushin' an' free;  
The heather will bloom, an' the sweet linties sing,  
An' aff to the schaws a' the robins will flee.

Syne Simmer will come, clad in raiment o' green,  
The ewes an' their lammies will bleat on the lea;  
The woods choral ring where noo Winter is seen,  
An' gladness smile sweet on my wee hut an' me.

## Auld Davie.

AULD Davie, time-honert, maist doited an' donnert,  
 Has seen the cauld winters o' fourscore an' twa;  
 He danders fu' glegly about his bit mailin,  
 An' aye gies a welcome to frien's that may ca'.

Gif ye tak' but a turn doon the brae by the burn,  
 Where schule weans gang soukies an' sourocks to pu',  
 Ye'll see his laigh haddin wi' divots weel theikit,  
 The hame o' contentment where wants are but few.

Davie had but ae wife i' the course o' his life,  
 An' wae was the day when she slippit awa:  
 His ingle's been drearie sin' he lost his dearie,  
 The greatest mishap that e'er could him befa'.

Till o' late he could ploo, but he canna do't noo,  
 An' Time, the hair bleacher, has whitened his croun  
 On the rigs at the hairst he was mair than a match  
 For ony swack birkie the hale kintrie roun'.

The eonthy auld body may tak' his drap toddy,  
 Has a' the bit comforts his sma' needs require;  
 His rauchan hamespun keeps him cozie an' warm,  
 An' blithely he looks by his peat-lowin' fire.

By neebors respeckit, he'll ne'er dee negleckit,  
 Altho' he be puir, an' his back at the wa';  
 Oh! rare virtues gild the last days o' auld Davie,  
 Wha aince was the laird o' yon proud-looking ha'.

It's but seldom he speaks o' his ain youthfu' freaks,  
 For auld folk, ye ken, their fau'ts ne'er will alloo;  
 Yet his heart seems to warm, an' his bleared e'en look bricht,  
 When he cracks o' the days when he first gaed to-woe.

His stories auld farrant, that age will aye warrant,  
 The youngsters will mind when he's low in the mools;  
 Ere by years he was bent a' their gutchers he kent,  
 Wi' maist o' them Davie had gane to the schules.

The carl's cantie an' crouse, but at times unco douse,  
 He feels himsel' day by day wearin' awa':  
 The saut tears rin doun ower his time-furrowed cheeks  
 When thochts seem to rest where his hopes are hang a'.

In the gloamin' o' life, far awa frae a' strife,  
 May *we* bide the fate that awaits us a' soon,  
 As the sun at the gowden-cloud gates o' the West  
 Seems to linger awee afore it gangs doon!



## Auld Snuffie.

HAE ye seen on the road the pawkie auld tod,  
 Slow drivin' his nag to some puir body's hame?

The wee snuffie foutre looks mair like a souter  
 Than ane wha feels big wi' M. D. at his name,

This odd thing o' nature, sae scrimpit in stature,  
 Has eidently keepit but ae end in view;  
 By sair wames an' stitches he's made a' his riches,  
 An' fast frae mere naething to somebody grew.

This wonderfu' Buchan has got a big splenchan,  
 In which he rows up a' his doses an' bills:  
 There's disease in the touch o' its auld creeshie pouch.  
 An' death is aft found in his nostrums and pills.

Wi' pechan an' puffin', an' hostin' an' snuffin',  
 Ye'll a' ken fu' weel when he's at your room door:  
 It's aye, "How's a' wi' ye? I'm sae glad to see ye;  
 Ye ne'er a' your days lookit better afore."

Strong hopes he'll hand oot, e'en when death's past a' doot,  
 An' words o' sweet comfort the body will gie;  
 Your pulse he will feel, say you're doin' fu' weel,  
 Altho' gaspin' your last, as ilk ane may see.

Sae wheedlin' an' fleichin' lang blethers aye preachin',  
 Fu' loud his ain trumpet o' skill does he blaw;  
 For the little he kens, some guid deeds mak' amens,—  
 Glib-gabbet the body's weel likit by a'.

The rompin' young queans, in their sweet buddin' tecus.  
 He'll flatter an' ca' them a' bonnie an' brow:  
 When they get to be wives, a' the rest o' their lives  
 Nae ither man-howdie will they hae ava.

An' if wi' the married a young ane's miscarried,  
 Or some slight departure frae Nature's great laws,  
 This marvellous body, wha rides in a noddy,  
 Will wisdom affect to assign the true cause.

But if wi' some hizzie you've been rather busy,  
 An' dune the bit job that ye like na to name,  
 Let that thing no tease ye, but feel unco easy,  
 He'll sune fin' a cover to hide a' the shame.

An' if wi' high feedin' ye stan' need o' bleedin',  
 Look out that the fountain itsel' rins na dry:  
 So first mak' your will, gif ye feel rather ill,  
 You'll sune be laid snug where your forefathers lie.

He'll sigh deep an' pray wi' young widows, they say,  
 When loved anes are cauld in their lang dreamless rest;  
 He'll e'en shed a tear ower a dead husband's bier,  
 An' tell greetin' frien's that it's a' for the best.

Should bairnies be bokin', wi' hoopin'-cough chokin',  
 An' stranglin', puir wee things! in death's iron grip,  
 This medical body, this shauchlin auld cuddy,  
 Will look on sae doitit, an' see them aff slip.

This grannie in breeches, wha blisters an' leeches,  
 An' calomel doses deals oot by the pun',  
 Will roar in a chorus, an' drink *deoch an' dorius*,  
 An' join cantie birkies in a' kinds o' fun.

Wi' chiels i' the clachan, ye'll hear him loud laughin'  
 In fine simmer nichts as the gloamin' sets in,  
 When the hairst's dune at kirns, or at kirsnin o' bairns,  
 He's sure to get fou, and ne'er thinks it a sin.

Wi' the sleek parish priest he will fuddle and feast,  
 Till stech'd his bit kyte is as stent as a drum:  
 Aft the twa cronies grit by the ingle-cheek sit,  
 An' smoke their lang pipes wi' their heads up the lum.

Noo, ye college-bred louns, wi' Latin-pang'd crouns,  
 Wha aiblins the Iliad o' Homer may read,  
 Gif ye've gumption to learn, then *imprimis* discern,  
 It's no by proud airs that true merits succeed.

Should ye bravely engage wi' Death warfare to wage,  
Ye only can warsell the carl for a time ;  
Ye'll gain mair by coaxin' than even-doun boxin',  
An' gather mair blessings than poets can rhyme.

But should feelins be sere, an' your object be gear,  
Be a' body's body that spiars your advice,  
Ne'er sancie or huffie, but learn frae Auld Snuffie  
To wheedle, an' humbug, and get your ain price.

## Lang Moll o' Montrose.

HAE ye heard o' that kimmer lang Moll o' Montrose?  
 Hae ye heard o' that kimmer lang Moll o' Montrose?  
 Frae a midden she sprung, to a barber's wife rose,  
 Sic guid luck in this warl had lang Moll o' Montrose.

The barber, puir cuckold, an angel he thocht her,  
 An angel she might be if ane there be lievin,  
 But Mercy in kindness to Saunts never sought her,  
 For fear she wud deave a' the guid folks in heaven.

Moll's tongue was as long as her ill-shapen shanks,  
 An' sae foul that pure truth frae its end flew awa;  
 E'en Cloutie, wha aince preed her mou in his pranks,  
 Sware sic lips e'en the taste o' a grumphie wud sta.

Brocht up i' the hielans on soor dook and parritch,  
 An' buik read to boot, she wud puzzle divines,  
 Sae versed was lang Moll in the Scriptures an' carritch,  
 An' a' science frae earth to the Zodiac signs.

She bored a' her friens wi' the creed she had faith in,  
 Tired patience itsel' wi' her lang elishmaclavers;  
 She just kent enough to tell a' she kent naething,  
 Save the lees she wud hatch an' bletherskyte havers.

In satins an' velvets she busk'd hersel' finely,  
 To seem what dame Nature ne'er meant her to be,  
 For braws can ne'er mak gawkie fools look divinely,  
 Wha their betters wud ape o' a guid pedigree.

Were it no she got bairns ye nicht doubt her gender,  
 But sure in that ae thing lang Moll was a woman,  
 Yet she was a stranger to love, warm and tender,  
 An' wi' her hale sex had nae feelins in common.

A' her neebors' wee fants she was sure to fin oot,  
 An' like mony ithers ever blin' to her ain;  
 She wud strongly confirm whar there nicht be a doot,  
 An' whar a' thing was pure she wud sure leave a stain.

Friens' doors were soon steekit an' Moll grew unhappy,  
 For scandal was food to her ill-scrapit mow;  
 Busy rumor aft said that she took a wee drappy,  
 An' sleely wud whisper she gat unco fou.

By ilk ane outlawed, Moll gat lazy an' blacket,  
 An' wrunkled an' auld wi' despair on her brow;  
 Her bumps were aye youky, an' losh how she craeket  
 Nameless cattle that grazed, and waxed fat on her pow.

There are some wha think they hac much in their noddle,  
Leave their ain ing̃le cheek unasked counsel to gie,  
For cozie hame comforts they care na a bodle,  
Sae avoid a' sic folks till the day that ye dee.

## Robby, the Hypocrite of Dunse.

THE kirk is the hobby o' God-fearin' Robby,  
 Let orthodox Presbyters beat him wha can;  
 He rides on the tap o't, and thrives in the lap o't,  
 And hugs the fat nurse o' the best friend o' man.

She fand him a callant, red-heided wi' talent,  
 (Oh wha ever heard o' a red-heided sannt?)  
 A lamb she has led him, in rich pastures fed him,  
 His wame has ne'er felt since the gripings o' want.

In hame-spun hodden-gray he first essayed to pray,  
 The folks glowered about wi' queer looks o' surprise,  
 While the wild-looking loun fra a sma' kintra toun  
 Pointed oot the straught gate to their hame in the skies.

The niest time he was seen where but aince he had been,  
 The lads and the lasses scarce kent him ava;  
 Wi' new claes on his back like a mouidiwort black,  
 He was shining and sleek as the best o' them a'.



Robby on the richt road, ever sly as a tod,  
 Gat grit wi' the dominie, elders and a' ;  
 Wi' face red and sencie he lookit sae donsie,  
 And gleyly the creature wad rin at their ca'.

Tho' a time-serving tool he was nae glakit fool,  
 He'd seen that Success had aft meanly to boo ;  
 Weel received at the manse wi' a steady advance,  
 Robby sune gat the minister's dochter to woo.

He was buckled wi' pride to young Bessie, his bride,  
 A lassie well-faured and just oot o' her teens ;  
 Blest wi' Heaven's best gift to poor man 'neath the lift,  
 He sune fand enough o' new sanctified friens.

As prospects were brightened, his purse-strings were tightened,  
 And cauld his heart grew to the famishing poor,  
 For sud honest leal folk but carry the meal pock,  
 They needna for aumos e'er ca' at his door.

The douce kind o' birkie stack close by the kirk aye,  
 He boo'd and he scrapit to young and to auld ;  
 A kind o' a colly amang the flock holy,  
 He eidently watched a' the sheep in the fauld.

Wi' a smooth-shaven face the chield waxed strong in grace,  
 Feint a sprout o' a hair could be seen on his chin,  
 Wi' but gear in his view, Robby temperate grew ;  
 And Abstinence bleached the red oot o' his skin.

Sic strict self-denial is nae common trial,  
To ane wi' strong passions curst wi' a red heid;  
He grew rich and siccar, yet stack to his bicker,  
O, parritch, the same as in auld times o' need.

Ilk Sunday sleek Robby stood in the kirk-lobby,  
Wi' a sinister smile that aye lurk'd boot his mou;  
When the folks were a' in the stanch hater o' Sin,  
On his tip-tae, wad saftly snoove aff to his pew.

When the reverend Mac wad come doun wi' a whack  
On the Bible that lay on the poopit afore him,  
All deaf to Mac's roaring, meek Robby sat snoring,  
No caring a bodle what fâte micht hang o'er him.

When he woke frae some dream, unco wise he wad seem,  
And doun his pale cheeks pious tears wad aft flow;  
He liked sermons long, and that smelt very strong  
O' the brimstone that's found in the region below.

The bawbees he gathered, and thumping bairns fathered,  
And under the smiles o' a rich thriving church  
He was firm as a rock—and wi' fleecing the floek  
Maist ilka thing turned into gowd at his touch.

Fastened, body and soul, under Mammon's control,  
He piled up his ingots disguised as a saunt;  
At the meetings for prayer he was sure to be there,  
And his tongue was the loudest in hypocrite cant.

A lie-hatcher frae youth, and a stranger to truth,  
He cheated the simple, and laughed at the wise;  
No one was mair civil that e'er served the devil,  
Wrapped up in a black cloak o' holy disguise.

If you want to succeed, O ye poor sons o' need,  
Let conscience be seared and the heart ever cold;  
Care for nothing but self; let your idol be pelf,  
And the object of life be the hoarding of gold.

## The Young Bride o' Mavis-Bank Ha'.

“**O**H! whaur hae ye been to, my ain bonnie bairn,  
Oh! whaur hae ye been to, my hinnie?”

“Doun by the green haugh, a new lesson to learn,  
An’ pu’d ye these wild flowers, my minnie—  
An’ pu’d ye these wild flowers, my minnie.”

“What gars ye look dowie, what gars ye no speak;  
Oh! what dool does my dear lassie dree?  
Ye’ve brócht hame a blush like a rose on your cheek,  
An’ a tear-drap shines bricht in your ee—  
An’ a tear-drap shines bricht in your ee.

“Ye’ve aye been my comfort: it’s lang been my pride  
To hear a’ speak well o’ my Nannie:  
’Twad break my puir heart should ye skaith e’er betide,  
Or something come ower ye no cannie—  
Or something come ower ye no cannie.”

"I'll aye be your comfort, an' aye be your pride,  
Sae think na o' things that's no caunie;  
The blush that ye see is the blush o' the bride,  
Yet fear na ye'll no tine your Nannie—  
Yet fear na ye'll no tine your Nannie.

"While plettin' green rashes aboon the mill-dam,  
Far up the lift sang the lark cheerie;  
Wi' licht heart and winsome smiles young Willie cam',  
An' fondly he ca'd me his dearie—  
An' fondly he ca'd me his dearie."

"Ye puir silly thing, ye'll this day sairly rue;  
The laird's son wad ne'er enter my door:  
Oh! ae thing tak' tent, there's nae guid end in view  
When the rich folk get grit wi' the poor—  
When the rich folk get grit wi' the poor."

"Oh! trust your leal lassie, this day I'll ne'er rue,  
The laird's son will sune enter your door;  
For he's comin' at gloamin', wi' guid ends in view,  
To wed me, an' mak' rich o' the poor—  
To wed me, an' mak' rich o' the poor.

"He ca'd me his dautie, he ca'd me his doo,  
Stole a bit kiss at our partin' embrace:  
I spak' na a word, for my heart it was fu',  
But my answer he read in my face—  
But my answer he read in my face."

"I raither wad live in my cot than his ha'—

The puir cot, lassie, whaur ye was born.

Ye canna frae care flee, although ye be braw,

For the bonnie moss-rose has its thorn—

For the bonnie moss-rose has its thorn."

The gloamin' sune cam', an' wi't Willie, busked fine,

His young cottage-bride, Nannie, to claim:

There's nae face that's human e'er looked mair divine

Than it did when she took his proud name—

Than it did when she took his proud name.

There were music an' mirth in Mavis-Bank Ha',

An' ilka ane pledged a fu' tassie

To the bride young an' bonnie, the fairest o' a',

The cottager widow's ae lassie—

The cottager widow's ae lassie.

## San Francisco.

IN IMITATION OF HIAWATHA.

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A NENT oak-wooded Contra Costa,  
Built on hills, stands San Francisco;  
Built on tall piles Oregonian,  
Deeply sunk in mud terraqueous,  
Where the crabs, fat and stupendous,  
Once in all their glory revelled;  
And where other tribes testaceous  
Felt secure in Neptune's kingdom;  
Where sea-sharks, with jaws terrific,  
Fled from land-sharks of the Orient;  
Not far from the great Pacific,  
Snug within the Gate called Golden,  
By the Hill called Telegraph,  
Near the Mission of Dolores,  
Close by the Valley of St. Ann's,  
San Francisco rears its mansions,  
Rears its palaces and churches;  
Built of timber, bricks, and mortar,  
Built on hills and built in valleys,

Built in Beelzebubbian splendor,  
Stands the city San Francisco.  
Right between the point called Rincon,  
And the Wharf named after Harry—  
Harry Meiggs, the good and honest,  
Good and honest as he could be;  
Harry Meiggs, the pure and upright,  
Pure as snow on the Nevada,  
Upright as the forest pine-tree,  
Till one morning, dark and cloudy,  
Borne away on wings of canvas,  
Like a thunderbolt he bolted,  
Bolted far away to Chile.

Far up in her golden mountains,  
There he dreams of future glory,  
Of the Past and tarnished Honor;  
Dreams of fools in San Francisco;  
Dreams of knaves he left behind him;  
Dreams of scrip and public swindlers;  
Dreams of rotten banks and failures;  
Dreams of prisons and the gallows;  
Dreams of Law and baffled Justice;  
Dreams of Old Nick strangling Conscience;  
Dreams of ghosts and horrid nightmares,  
That so fiendish murder slumber;  
Dreams of the sword of Damocles  
Hanging by a very horse-hair,  
O'er the tyrant Syracusan;



Dreams of honors that await him,  
And of laurel on his forehead,  
Like some grand returning hero,  
With the spoils of deathless conquests,  
Hailed and welcomed by the people;  
Dreams of thunder of the cannon,  
Of the noise of drums and trumpets,  
Of the waving flags and banners,  
While the city bells are ringing,  
And the citizens are shouting  
In and all around the Plaza;  
While great Harry on a charger,  
On a charger black and haughty,  
Condescendingly is bowing  
To the gaping crowd sequacious,  
To the patriotic people,  
To the peace-abiding people,  
Who once covered him with honors,  
Even with honors aldermanic;  
Who had raised him to Fame's summit,  
Where he felt his virtue reeling,  
Like a drunkard when he staggers,  
Ere his foul lips kiss the gutter;  
Where his conscience felt misgivings,  
And his weak head felt so giddy,  
That great Harry lost his balance,  
And so headlong down he tumbled,  
Down he tumbled, down he tumbled,  
Down he tumbled in his glory.

Such a crashing and a hubbub,  
Such a breathless haste and running;  
Arrant fools at fools are staring,  
Purse-proud knaves with fear are trembling.  
Some seek comfort in a cock-tail,  
Others find it best in bolting;  
Such a wailing in the city,  
Such an outcry in the country;  
Some their locks are wildly tearing,  
Some their teeth are loudly gnashing;  
Sturdy women at their wash-tubs  
Startled, hear the common rumor,  
And, forgetting their soft gender,  
Mutter curses on poor Harry,  
On the sleek and gentle Harry,  
Who stood high in their good graces,  
Who was deep into their pockets,  
Very deep into their purses,  
As his shirts had been in soap-suds.

The sad news flies up the seacoast,  
And flies up the mighty rivers;  
Walla-Wallas and Palouses,  
The Cayuses and Shoshones,  
The Klamaths and the Clickatats,  
Shoqualmies and Skookomies,  
Leave their squaws and squalid wigwams,  
And set up a horrid yelling.  
Waving forests ring with echoes,

Shake their leafy plumes in sadness,  
And the grizzlies, grave and shaggy,  
Scamper off into the mountains,  
And the fierce and stealthy cougar,  
Seeks a covert in the thickets;  
The wild deer lifts up his antlers,  
Looks around to see the danger,  
With his ears pricked up to listen,  
Then away he bounds like lightning,  
To some verdant pastures distant.

And the howling of cayotes,  
And of hungry wolves on prairies,  
Makes all Oregon seem dismal.  
Mingling wildly in the medley  
Is the screaming of the eagle  
As he leaves his mountain eyry,  
And soars away up heavenward.

Staring gravely starts the owlet—  
Starts the owlet from his moping,  
And, forgetting all his wisdom,  
Flies off frightened at the tumult;  
And with feeling sympathetic,  
Scream the sea-gulls for the land-gulls,  
Land-gulls from the Isle Vancouver,  
Far away down to Sonora.  
Earthquakes may big cities swallow,  
Cities swallow and their people;

No subterranean earthquake  
E'er shook cities and the country  
Like the fall of god-like Harry.

Up the coast at Mendocino,  
Down the coast at San Diego,  
All the sawmills cease their sawing,  
And steam-engines cease their playing,  
And the anvil stops its ringing;  
Hardy Labor is dumfounded,  
Stands aghast in silent wonder  
At the fall of god-like Harry.

When by the river Euphrates  
Down fell the tower of Belus,  
There was such a wild commotion  
In the city of Belshazzar,  
That the people were confounded,  
Their tongues were so confounded,  
Each one spoke in such a language,  
In a language strange and foreign,  
Unknown to etymology.

So in California Upper,  
And in Oregonian regions,  
Harry's fall, like that of Babel,  
Brings confusion to the people;  
Brings sad ruin to the people;  
Each one finds himself a bankrupt,

A poor, ruined, diddled bankrupt,  
By the fall of god-like Harry.

Thus the Yankee poet pondered,  
Who once sang of Hiawatha,  
Of the valley of Tawasentha;  
Deeply versed in hoary legends,  
Hoary legends Scandinavian,  
Hoary legends purely Indian,  
Deeply versed in learning mystic,  
Sang of Alpha, Beta, Gamma,  
Of Charon, Styx, and Erebus,  
Of Acantha and Narcissus,  
Of Niobe and of Venus,  
Of great Hoky-Poky-Wankum,  
Of rare beauties and of humbugs,  
Whose names shine not in the Classics.

Thus the Yankee poet pondered,  
Who once sang of Hiawatha;  
But a change came o'er his musings  
While he mused on fabled Clio,  
Lo! he found *another* hero;  
Near the road to Santa Clara,  
On the Wood-ed ranch called Pulgas,  
That once rang with music thrilling,  
Loudly rang with sounds of feasting,  
Loudly rang with songs and drinking,  
Loudly rang with fun and frolic,

While the people paid the piper;  
But the story of the Banker,  
The great San Francisco Banker,  
And the musings of the poet,  
By the poet shall be written,  
And shall form the second Canto.

# PROSE WRITINGS





# DESULTORIOUS CHRONICLES:

Translation of a Chaldean MS. lately discovered in the Archives  
of the Great Ducal Library of Wolfenbittel.

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## Chapter First.

JAMES THE APOSTATE AND STONEWALL JACKSON.

**I**N the days of James the Apostate, the people cried aloud for a change of government, and a great change came to pass.

It was said that James was a degenerate descendant of Judas Iscariot; but the cobwebs of ages had so obscured the line of genealogy that philosophers, in their antiquarian researches, were lost in doubt, and many of them believed that he did not spring from a source so respectable.

Be that as it may, while the flags of rebellion were waving in the South, and the lightnings of war playing around the gray walls of the citadel called Sumter, the hoary-headed traitor was hurled from his throne amid the loud imprecations of millions.

Judas, who betrayed his master, feeling the weight of his guilt, hanged himself; but James, the betrayer of his country, was permitted to live for a time, to behold the land deluged with the blood of the innocent, and laid waste by robbers, who were cruel without mercy.

Thus, James the Apostate, who had ruled for four years, passed away, and Abraham reigned in his stead.

The land over which he held sway was wide in its limits. Though its boundaries were not accurately known, they were allowed to extend from the bleak and granite mountains of New Hampshire to the warm and golden shores of the Pacific.

There were the Lincolmites, the Yankeeites, the Douglasites, and the Davisites.

The Davisites were haughty and proud, and held millions of the descendants of Ham in bondage. They occupied the land of the South.

One of their great captains was a holy man, and prayed fervently unto the Lord to direct his ways. He was found morning and evening at his devotions, and frequently at noonday he was seen on his bended knees.

The prayers of the oppressor are not acceptable offerings to the Lord.

As Jacob of old wrestled with the angel at Peniel, and got his thigh bone dislocated in the struggle, so Stonewall, who was surnamed Jackson, wrestled with the Prince of Darkness, who was too powerful for the warrior of the South. It was the triumph of strength over weakness.

So Stonewall entered the service of his new master, and did his duty as he was commanded.

## Chapter Second.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

NOW it came to pass in the first year of the reign of Abraham, that the wicked and rebellious Davisites waged a terrible war against the Yankeeites, the Douglasites, and the Lincolnites.

Abraham was a good man, and much beloved by the people.

He feared God, like the ancient patriarch of the same name, but, unlike the son of Terah, who was born in the Chaldean city of Ur, he was satisfied with one wife, and no Hagar or Keturah ever disturbed his domestic peace.

He married a damsel who was surnamed Tod, which signifies fox, in the living language of Caledonia. She was fair and comely, and bare children unto him.

He inherited the virtues of his father Thomas, and was brave like his grandsire, who was slain by the red savages of the West.

His ancestors were Quakers, and for generations had dwelt in the land of Penn.

However, it happened that Abraham was born in Kentucky, a region abounding in great caves, where strange fishes swim in the dark waters, without eyes.

He was early inured to toil, and his brawny arm felled the mighty trees of the forest. Few men in his day could wield the axe with such power.

Besides, being a contented husbandman for some time, he had also acquired some rude knowledge of the carpenter trade, for, while yet a young man, he built a log cabin, and split rails sufficient to fence in ten acres of land.

He had talent to fill various pursuits in life, and his industry and integrity commanded the respect of the people in Illinois.

He had not only been the captain of a flat-boat on the turbid waters of the Mississippi, but for ninety days he was the gallant captain of a company of volunteers who fought in the terrible war known as the Black Hawk.

He studied the science of the law, and was more remarkable for his good sense and honesty than the depth of his knowledge.

After sitting for some years in the high councils of his country, covered with honors and blessings, the clamorous people called upon him to reign over them.

Thus Abraham rose by degrees from obscurity to renown.

### Chapter Third.

QUEEN ELIZABETH—THE NEGROES OF VIRGINIA—THE DIFFERENT RACES OF VIRGINIA.

AND it came to pass in those days that the tribes of the South gathered together in the land which at one time was under the dominion of the Queen of Britannia.

Following the wicked ways of her father Henry, who beheaded his wives, she also sent to the block her sister queen, who was called Mary, and many others were cut off in like manner at her pleasure.

Elizabeth was red-haired and cruel, and the people said that she was a virgin. Be that as it may, she preferred time-serving flatterers to a royal consort, and the titled and gallant cavaliers, out of compliment to her virtue, called the distant colony *Virginia*, and it has been known ever since by that appellation.

That State has produced many great and good men, but the people of the present day, notwithstanding their boasted chivalry and pride, do not inherit the virtues of the respectable part of their ancestors.

The sacred ashes of Washington repose by the waters of the Potomac. While living, he was beloved by all over whom he ruled. The times are changed since his day, and a degenerate race people the land of his birth.

It came to pass during the reign of King James, who was the son of the Queen of Scotland, that a Dutch vessel brought a

cargo of negroes from Africa, and landed them on the shore of Virginia.

From that time to the present, the descendants of the British colonists have bowed down and worshipped the black idols of Ethiopia.

The negroes were found to be useful and profitable, and were bought and sold like the brutes that perish. They rapidly increased in number, and neighboring States adopted slave labor as a system.

They not only toiled on the plantations of cotton, rice, and tobacco, but they were found serviceable in household economy.

Not only were they employed in cooking and washing, but they became the nurses of their masters' children. Many Virginians who felt proud of their blood and race, were suckled by the ebony daughters of Ham, and waxed fat like Jeshurun.

The rich nourishment of their infancy made them strong and brave in their manhood.

Milk filleth up the channels of blood, and blood produceth blood; so, in that manner, different races spring up and inhabit the earth.

It was thus that the tribes of the South had no feeling in common with those of the North, consequently, they took up arms to break the yoke that had bound them together.

In Virginia, when the wild aborigines were subdued, the colonists soon became a mixed race, and they have remained so to this day.

The *white* men came from the island on the west of Europe, some from choice, and others, for manifold crimes, had been banished to that colony.

The *black* men came from regions that lie near to the line which divides the globe into two equal parts.

The red men were natives of the mountains and swamps of the country, and were governed by a grim and cruel monarch who was called Powhattan. They could give no account of their forefathers whatever. \*

So there were *white* men, and *black* men, and *red* men. The women, naturally belonging to the different races, were of the same color as the men.

In course of time the white, the black, and the red, by inter-marriage, like different amalgamated metals, changed the hue of the skin.

It became a difficult matter at last for the proud and the haughty to tell whether they descended from the sturdy cavaliers of Albion, or from the sun-bronzed lords of the forest.

Some of them, in their exceeding vanity, boasted that on their mother's side they were descended from the princess Pocahontas, the renowned daughter of Powhattan.

Generation succeeded generation, until at last it became proverbial throughout the world, that the different races were so refined in sentiment and honor, that they were all known as members of the *first* families. The pure negroes, who had undergone no physical change, were known as the *second* families. Those only whose skins had been bleached fair by circumstances were respected.

So there were only the first families and the second families known in Virginia. Pride and slavery ruined the land.

There was a man who ruled over the two families for a time, whose name was Wise, and yet he was a fool without wisdom.

The only memorable thing he did during his short reign was to hang a poor, miserable old man, whose name will live when the utter worthlessness of his own is forgotten.

Old John, surnamed Brown, was dragged to the gallows for the crime of treason, and was hanged. Wise, in a few years afterwards, was guilty of the same offence, but was lucky enough to escape the halter which he deserved.



## Chapter Fourth.

## WEST POINT—THE CHIEF OF THE DAVISITES.

NOW the chief of the Davisites had been educated in early life at the expense of the government which he afterwards sought to destroy.

The school of military science was built amongst the Highlands, through which flowed the waters of the Hudson, that was named after its discoverer.

It produced many illustrious men who loved their country, and were at all times prepared to defend it.

However, it produced also many dangerous knaves, who used their talents in destroying the moral framework of society.

Moreover, it produced a great many blockheads, who were powerless for much good or evil, and who were remarkable only for their great desire to live without labor, and being fed and clothed at the public expense.

Rascality thrives under the fostering care of a corrupt government.

Sometimes the most accomplished knaves get offices of trust, and they appoint petty thieves to do their dirty work.

The most exalted and virtuous, the most debased and wicked, from the North and the South, from the East and the West, were ever proud of their great *Alma Mater*, which is known as West Point to this day.

While Davis attended to his lessons of instruction, and to his

duties as a cadet, he frequently wandered alone by the river-side where Arnold hatched his hellish plan for the betrayal of his country.

Whether at that time he was inspired by the same feeling as the arch-traitor of the revolutionary epoch, is unknown, as the *Chronicles* are silent on the subject.

Let not the foolish sneer in derision at the great academy on the Hudson, for, while the beautiful and romantic paths around it were at one time polluted by the pestilential breath of an Arnold, they were also hallowed by the footsteps of a Washington.

Verily, good men and bad men mingle together for a time, and with equal acquirements go forth in the world, some to slaughter and destroy, and others to promote the happiness of mankind.

## Chapter Fifth.

THE AMBITION OF DAVIS—THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES—THE MUTABILITY OF HUMAN INSTITUTIONS.

WHEN the people of the South elected the chief of the Davisites to rule over them, he was twoscore and ten years old. He was born in the region remarkable for its sharpshooters and riflemen. It is known even to this day as Kentucky.

In early life, he was a student at Transylvania College, and afterwards graduated at West Point.

Fired by military ardor, and panting for renown, he fought against the hostile tribes known as the Black Hawks, the Camanches, and the Pawnees.

The Chronicles do not mention how many of the savages were slain by his own valor.

Still later in his life, he went with the redoubtable old warrior, Zachary, who was surnamed Taylor, to the land of Montezuma. His sword was seen flashing in the sunbeams at Monterey and Buena Vista.

When the war was ended, the people looked upon him as a hero, and he was conscious of his own greatness.

From the sound of the drum and the fife, and the stirring airs that accompany armies to the field of battle, he turned his attention to the science of government, feeling assured that he was a great man and born to command.

Verily, the avenues of ambition that lead to power are manifold in a Republic.

Words sweetened with honey please the vulgar, and false pledges please the multitude that bend the neck obsequiously to receive the yoke.

The simple people firmly hold the ladder, while the ambitious, that despise them, climb to honors and distinction.

Jefferson, surnamed Davis, sheathed his sword for a time, and represented the people of Mississippi in the Congress of his country.

He longed to be a Governor, but was defeated; he aspired to be a Senator, and was successful.

Verily, steadfastness of purpose will remove the obstacles that obstruct the path of renown.

Desperate men sow the seed of treason, and tens of thousands go when it ripens to reap the harvest of death.

Calhoun was the prototype of Davis, and the idol of his political adoration.

Andrew, surnamed Jackson, who for eight years ruled over all the tribes of the nation, deplored, on his death-bed, that he did not hang the pale-faced traitor of the South, when he was clothed with Executive authority.

Davis followed in the dangerous footsteps of the man whose life had been spared, and was zealous in his advocacy of State Rights.

The law clearly pointed out the way in which Territories, when sufficiently populated, were admitted into the Union of States.

The door of admission, however, when once closed, had no constitutional key to open it.

Verily, there was a way to get in, but no way left to get out.

Each State formed a unit of the whole, and the Federal arm of protection was thrown over it forever.

Despising the majesty of the law, hundreds of thousands gathered around the standard of rebellion, and swore allegiance to the bold abettors of treason.

The government, which for generations had shielded them, they detested.

When in a torpid state, the rattlesnake is harmless, but when warmed into active life by genial heat, it strikes its victims with its deadly fangs. However, its rattles proclaim its presence, and give due notice of danger.

It is not so with the assassin or the midnight thief, nor is it so with the betrayers of their country, whose plans are conceived and hatched in the darkness of hell.

The South had long basked in the sunshine of Federal blessing, and waited only until it was strong enough to strike its deadly blow against the unexampled prosperity of the Union.

The time soon came to pass when evil passions were unrestrained, and the wicked sought to destroy the institutions of freedom.

The people of the North were satisfied with the Constitution which had been wisely framed by their fathers, and were determined to maintain it.

The people of the South, hating those of the North, and having no regard for the glory and traditions of the past, buckled on the sword, under the banners of their new Confederacy.

Jefferson, surnamed Davis, ruled over the South, and Abraham, surnamed Lincoln, ruled over the North.

So the mountains and the valleys, the great cities and the peaceful hamlets, rang with the stirring sounds of the bugles of war.

Verily, the young moon giveth feeble light to the world; but gradually as the orb expandeth in her nocturnal rounds, so her glory increaseth, until her form is round as the shield of Minerva, and the earth is illuminated by her presence.

The queen of night waneth, however, until her light is wholly withdrawn.

So it is with nations; they wax and wane until their glory is dimmed and lost in the darkness of night.

All the empires and kingdoms of old passed away.

The Goths and Vandals, of antiquity were victorious for a time, and in their fury dismantled the magnificent structures of ancient civilization.

People refuse to loarn wisdom from the history of by-gone nations.

The spirit of evil is abroad, and the sword is drawn from the scabbard.

The black wings of desolation throw their dark shadows over the land.

It requires no prophet to behold the mutability of all human institutions.

## Chapter Sixth.

JAMES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND—HIS ANXIETY ABOUT HIS MOTHER'S SOUL—HIS HYPOCRISY AND INCONSISTENCY.

ST. PAUL, who was a Roman citizen, was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and was learned in the law.

In like manner, King James, who was the son of Mary, queen of the Scots, was brought up at the feet of George, surnamed Buchanan, who was one of the most learned men of his time.

The Scot had none of the noble qualities of the Roman; the one was true to his Master and suffered martyrdom on his account, while the other was false even to his own mother, whom he allowed to be imprisoned for the long period of nineteen years, and then beheaded.

Mary fled to England and craved protection from a sister queen, who was ever jealous of her beauty and accomplishments.

She found the protection of a she-hyena, and suffered the ignominious death of a felon.

Her only son, James, was king of Scotland at the time, and was in friendly correspondence with his red-haired cousin, Elizabeth, who had been the implacable foe of his mother until her death.

The glittering bawble of the English crown, which he expected to wear, blinded him to the cruelty and enormity of the offence.

It is written, however, that he issued orders for the bishops

and the inferior clergy to pray to God Almighty for his unfortunate mother, which they refused to do.

So earnest was he about the salvation of his mother's soul, that on a Sabbath day, he entered into a Presbyterian sanctuary, and cried aloud to the minister to stop his preaching unless he would agree to pray for his mother; and as the preacher was a young man and afraid, he consented.

Whatever the prayers may have done for her soul, they did not save her head from the block.

And it came to pass that in sixteen years after the death of Mary, on the twenty-fourth day of the third month, it pleased the Lord to send the angel of death to remove the last of the Tudors from the cares of a throne.

She was threescore and ten years old when she died.

James, who was the sixth king of his name in Scotland, was proclaimed her successor. He was afterwards known as James the First of England.

He had pleased Elizabeth in all things while she was living, and treated her ambassadors at the Scottish Court with uncommon respect. She, therefore, thought that he would wear the crown which she had worn with such dignity as to command the respect of the world.

So James left the ancient palace of Holyrood, and the kingdom where his ancestors had reigned for ages, and ascended the British throne.

In this way the Thistle was planted by the side of the Rose, and forever afterwards flourished together in the sunshine of Royal favor.

The coronation oath bound him to support the Church of



England, the corner-stone of which was laid by John, surnamed Wickliffe, and cemented with the blood of Cranmer and Latimer, and other martyrs, whose names throw a lustre over the history of the dark times in which they lived.

Bigotry and superstition had so benighted the world, that the dawn of the Reformation brought to light the accumulated wrongs of ages.

Thrones and pulpits had been filled with knaves and tyrants for centuries, who wore the regalia of hell instead of the robes of righteousness.

Instead of proclaiming good-will and peace to all men, cruel laws were enacted that were worthy of Draco, the Athenian archon, who is said to have written his code of laws in red characters of blood.

Verily, there have been many Neros and Diocletians in the world.

While blazing fagots were consuming the bodies of Reformers when tied to the stake, or when enduring the nameless tortures of martyrdom in another form, their heartless murderers looked on and laughed at their sufferings.

As the tongue cannot tell, neither can the pen write, what horrible crimes have been committed under the sacred name of religion.

The founder of Christianity was crucified by the Jews, and the history of his Church can be traced by blood-marks through the darkness of fifteen hundred years.

While his spiritual kingdom was heaving with revolutions, the light of science was bursting upon the world, revealing to inquiring minds the rapid decay of the altars of superstition.

Verily, Spain could boast of her inquisitor Torquemada, and her Inquisition, and France could glory in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

England was not far behind her Continental rivals in cruelty.

The spirit of persecution pervaded her colleges of learning, and was triumphant in her Church.

John, surnamed Knox, roughly paved the way for the establishment of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland.

So furious was he in his preachings, that the excited multitude pulled down the beautiful structures of monastic institutions, and covered the land with ruins.

In like manner the people of Germany, under Luther, threw off all allegiance to the Papal throne.

The severe ministers of Geneva, under Calvin, earnestly promoted the liberal cause, until some of the down-trodden nations of Europe basked in the broad light of the Reformation.

So, verily, out of darkness sprung the beauty of light; out of chaos came forth order; out of corruption arose purity; and amid the troubles and persecutions of a bigoted age, the Nonconformists had their origin, and were known as the Puritans, some of whom, in after days, founded the colony of New Plymouth, on a distant shore.

The Puritan fathers, who fled from oppression, and who sought the blessings of a home in a foreign wilderness, and their posterity, for many generations after them, were called Yankeeites, and are known as such even to this day.

## Chapter Seventh.

THE PRESBYTERIAN KING—HIS SUDDEN CONVERSION—HIS PEDANTRY AND BIGOTRY—THE HAMPTON COURT CONFERENCE.

**J**AMES was the first and the last Presbyterian king of the Scots.

He declared that the kirk of Scotland was the purest in the world, and the English Liturgy was nothing but a mass badly mumbled.

It came to pass, however, that the king, who had written poetry without inspiration, and essays on witchcraft and apparitions, suddenly became a convert to the Episcopal Church.

It was only through her portals he presumed that miserable sinners could ever enter the kingdom of heaven.

To him there was nothing on earth so sublime as her Liturgy, and nothing so beautifully consistent as the Articles known as the Thirty-Nine.

The Book of Common Prayer with its forms, which he viewed in Scotland with abhorrence, became his delight when crowned monarch of England.

Interest would have cased his conscience, had he been called upon to fill the throne of St. Peter.

Flattering sycophants swarm around a throne, as thick as bees that buzz around their hive.

Self-conceit inspired him with the belief that he was equal to Solon as a lawgiver, and in wisdom superior to Solomon.

Pedantic and polemical, he could not brook opposition.

Educated a Presbyterian, the Puritans supposed that he would favor their views ; however, he thought they were powerless, and by stringent laws he attempted to crush them.

Systems of persecution produce heroes, and pave the way to independence.

Example is better than precept, and divine truths more acceptable to intelligence than the dogmas of priestcraft.

Kings and corrupt priests may enslave the body, but they cannot fetter the mind, or chain the onward current of opinion.

Doors of iron and heavy bolts may exclude the rays of the sun from penetrating into the gloomy cells of a dungeon, but they cannot shut out the divine light from cheering the soul of the prisoner who puts his trust in Jehovah.

Virtue hath more power than Goliath of Gath, and vice quailleth in her presence.

In the mean time, the king challenged controversy, and Hampton Court was converted into a hall of debate.

The use of the surplice, which was first used by the Pagans of old, and adopted by the Christians in the early part of the fourth century, was one subject of dispute, and the bowing at the name of Jesus was another.

The cross, as the emblem of faith in baptism, and the custom of the ring in marriage, were also questions of discussion.

The Conference was more like a bedlam than a meeting of learned men in sound mind. Reason was silenced by the arrogance of imperial authority.

The king was ill-tempered; the prelates, in their abuse, forgot their sacred calling; and the sturdy Puritans, who were grossly insulted, refused to accept all propositions which conscience would not sanction.

Verily, the royal bigot little dreamed that there was a boy living in his kingdom at the time, who was called Oliver and surnamed Cromwell, who, in course of time, would arise amongst the Puritans whom he persecuted, and, as Protector, dignify the lofty position which he disgraced as king.

A mighty river, when traced to its source, is generally found to be an obscure fountain among the distant hills.

Other tributaries, fed by gushing springs, join it in its seaward course, until its channels are so deepened and widened that great ships can sail with safety on its waters.

So it is with States and creeds. Their origin may be as obscure as the source of a stream, but in course of time they wax strong, and sweep every barrier before them like a rolling flood.

It was so with the Puritans.

They gradually gathered strength, until they plucked the diadem from the haughty brow of their monarch at home, and securely laid the foundation of a mighty empire of freedom abroad.

## Chapter Eighth.

MORAL REFLECTIONS—THE PAGAN WORLD—ST. PAUL—THE JEWS  
 —SIMON MAGUS—JOANNA SOUTHCOTE—THE AQUARIANS—  
 ADAMITES—ARIANS—ANCHORITES—NESTORIANS—CARTHUSIANS  
 AND CISTERCIANS.

VERILY, this is a world of tears and sorrow.

The cup of life is bitter as the waters of Marah.

Man comes weeping into the world, and weeping mourners watch his departing breath.

Cherished hopes are seldom realized, and often wither in a day, like the gourd of Jonah.

Happy are they who die early, having no stain but that of original sin.

Miserable are they who live to brave the battle of life.

An acorn taketh firm root in the earth, and groweth up until it becomes the pride of the forest, tossing its leafy plumes to the winds, and bidding defiance to the howling tempest.

So it is with great men and heroes, who often spring up from the shades of obscurity, and proudly wear the laurel of renown.

People antiquated in their notions, frown upon the innovations of reform.

The Pagan world consulted the oracles of Dodona and Delphi, and Socrates, who sought the truth, was poisoned by the Athenians.

In the midst of a debasing idolatry, there was an altar erected and dedicated to the *Unknown God*.

In course of time the Star of Bethlehem appeared, which guided the Wise Men of the East to the humble birthplace of the Redeemer.

A more exalted and purer system of faith was established, the founder of which was Jesus of Nazareth.

Crowned heads and Pagan priests beheld its progress with dismay, until the heathen world shook to its centre.

The seed of the Church was sown by good men, and watered with their blood.

The simple doctrines that were first taught in the city of Melchisedec, soon spread to Antioch, and all the other cities of Syria.

The great Apostle of the Gentiles, who made Felix tremble in his presence, and who almost persuaded king Agrippa to be a Christian, bore the glad tidings of salvation through Macedonia.

He afterwards appeared before the Areopagites in Athens, and converted Dionysius, who was one of his judges.

Educated in the severe dogmas of the Pharisees, he became a persecutor; but after his miraculous conversion, while on the way to Damascus, he was the boldest propagator of the truth in his time.

The Jews were as bitter as the Romans in their persecutions.

They did not believe that Jesus was the promised Messiah, and in mockery they placed a crown of thorns upon his head, which he meekly wore, while they derided him as King of the Jews.

For more than eighteen hundred years they have remained

a scattered race, and still continue to cherish the hopes of their ancestors.

Some of the descendants of Abraham still linger about the streets of the city of David, and are remarkable only for their wretchedness.

Jerusalem was laid in ashes by Titus, and nearly all of the prophecies were fulfilled.

The Crescent of the Arabian Prophet gleams in the sunshine where the Sanhedrim met, and where once stood the magnificent temple of Solomon, the great mosque of Omar can be seen.

Coexistent with the Apostles lived Simon Magus, who was baptized by Philip, and acquainted with Peter and John.

He not only practised magic, but was a blasphemous impostor.

He proclaimed himself to be the Word of God, the Comforter, the Almighty, and the whole Essence of God, and looked upon Christ as a rival.

Tens of thousands believed that his enchantments were miracles, and he was signally honored by the Emperor Claudius and the Roman people.

Impostors of all ages, from the days of Simon Magus, have had their followers.

Even in the present century, Joanna Southcote proclaimed that she would give birth to the Messiah, and a multitude of fools believed in the announcement.

In the second century, the Aquarians forbore the use of wine in the Sacrament, and used nothing but water.

The Adamites flourished at that time, and for shameless indecency were suppressed.



About the same time Theodotus of Byzantium, who had many followers, denied the divinity of Jesus.

Early in the fourth century the Arians favored the same doctrine, which for a time was the prevailing religion of the East.

Shortly afterwards, the bishop of Laodicea taught his strange and stupid doctrine, and was deposed for his opinions. His followers were called Apollinarians.

In the mean time, the Anchorites worshipped God in the dark and dismal caves of the mountains, and in unfrequented wastes. By nameless modes of self-torture they made atonement for all their iniquities.

Verily, in the beginning of the fifth century, the followers of Nestorius sprang into existence, and many believe as they did, even to this day.

In after ages the Carthusians built their monastic institutions, amid the solitudes of the mountains. Their monks were so austere that they could not leave their gloomy cells, nor even speak without permission.

The Cistercians, like wretched mendicants, were shoeless and shirtless. Refusing the comforts of life, they abstained from eating flesh, and slept on beds of straw.

Around Mount Carmel sprang up another order, who claimed their descent from Elijah, and were rigid in the exercise of fearing God, and strong in the virtue of self-denial.

Verily, some good men in all ages have worshipped the Almighty in their own peculiar way.

Some holy men suppose that they must live like Lazarus, if they expect to be carried by angels into Abraham's bosom.

It is not necessary to be clothed in rags to be taught humility, nor is it necessary to put on purple robes and fine linen to knock at the gate of glory for admission.

It is not costly garments, but the honest heart, that makes the good man.

There can be no pure religion without charity, and the spirit of persecution is in no way connected with the spirit of Christianity.

Bigotry begets intolerance, and corruption hath crept into all systems of government, political and religious.

That which was pure hath become so covered up with cobweb drapery, and truth so mingled with error, that microscopic observation can scarcely discover even the remains of original purity.

For three hundred years after the reign of the wicked Tiberius, the sword of persecution was unsheathed, and the sweeping fires of desolation raged.

In the midst of toppling empires, and the tumbling down of heathen deities, the altars of Christianity arose.

At last a Christian monarch appeared, whose name was Constantine.

He ordered the Pagan temples to be destroyed, and the whole gigantic system was completely overthrown by Theodosius.

In this way the nations of old passed away.

Egypt is a land of stupendous ruins, and sculptors and architects, even to this day, get their ideas of the beautiful from the desolate shrines of Greece and Rome.

## Chapter Ninth.

ISLAMISM—THE SUCCESSORS OF ST. PETER—THE POWER OF THE CHURCH—OBSEQUIOUS MONARCHS—THE WAY TO HEAVEN—THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT—RELECTIONS.

IT came to pass, about the time that Mahomet pretended to receive the Koran from the angel Gabriel, in a solitary cave, the Church of Rome assumed temporal sway over Europe.

Islamism was better suited to the lascivious taste of the Arabians than the gloomy creed of the Christian, as taught in that age.

Its doctrines were established by the sword, and for twelve hundred years it has battled for supremacy in the world.

Following the example of the Prophet of Mecca, the Cross and the sword were united, and a long and dreary reign of oppression commenced.

The heads of the Church were recognized as the successors of St. Peter, the humble fisherman of Genesareth.

They strongly believed in the divine assurance that the gates of hell would not prevail against it.

It was a terrible power; and the kings and princes of the world submitted to its decrees and bowed to its awful authority.

Its dogmas were gloomy, and not based upon the beautifully simple doctrines of Him whose kingdom is not of this world.

It vaunted of its infallibility, as much as the ancient Medes and Persians boasted of their unalterable laws.

The golden rule was supplanted by one of iron.

The crowned heads of Europe became its obsequious vassals.

Verily, what a humiliating spectacle to behold Henry the Fourth of Germany standing barefooted for three days, in the depth of winter, at the castle-gate of Gregory the Seventh, to implore his pontifical pardon!

Behold also the hanghty Celestine, the head of the Church, kicking the crown from the brow of the Emperor Henry, while he was humbly kneeling at his feet.

Why, O insignificant man, wilt thou bend the knee to a fellow-worm and refuse to pay proper homage to thy Creator?

God hath not delegated crowned heads or mitred powers to forgive transgressions against his holy laws. Forgiveness is an attribute of divinity alone.

There have been few good kings in the world since the primitive princes reigned in the land of Shinar.

Some of the best and most renowned among them were remarkable for concupiscence.

Verily, even King David slew his tens of thousands, and caused Uriah the Hittite to be slain, that he might marry his frail but beautiful wife, Bathsheba. Domestic infidelity is not of yesterday.

Solomon, renowned for his surpassing wisdom, and the magnificence of his temple and throne, married an Egyptian princess, the daughter of Pharaoh.

From amongst the idol-worshipping Moabites, Ammonites, Hittites, Idumeans, and Sidonians, the monarch selected wives and concubines, to the amazing number of one thousand, and to

please them he built three temples of idolatry on the Mount of Olives.

The Mormons in modern times have imitated the wonderful example of the illustrious king of Israel.

Priests have been clothed with unlimited power, and many of them have abused it.

Have not millions of the human race been held in the darkness of bondage for ages, while the strong arm of religion was not raised to break the fetters which bound them ?

The governed were not allowed to give utterance to their thoughts.

Conscience was a silent monitor that dare not speak.

There was only one faith and one baptism. The flames of hell were reserved for all unbelievers.

The road to heaven was narrow as the paths over unfrequented mountains.

The palace of the sky could be reached only by faithful guides and an abiding faith.

On all sides the cruciferous pilgrims were beset by the spirits of evil that dazzle to blind.

Faith pointeth upwards and onwards, to realms beyond the planets of human knowledge, while her handmaid Reason, bewildered and in doubt, followeth behind.

Faith clearly sees, but the eyes of Reason are bedimmed.

Hope and Charity are also handmaids in the heavenly train.

On the face of Hope there is a perpetual smile, and Charity, irrespective of creed, scattereth her blessings upon all.

Why do men wrangle about cold creeds and outward forms, and refuse to listen to the soft persuasion of scrutinizing Reason ?

What matters it, whether kneeling supplicants seek favors from God in a cottage or a palace?

Sculptured turrets and lofty domes; pompous pulpits and Gothic arches; fresco paintings and gorgeous windows; burning lights in golden candle-sticks, and velvet cushions embroidered, are all beautiful to behold, and calculated to inspire the mocking cynic with feelings of solemnity.

The poor, however, are not invited to sit down in holy communion with the rich.

Some are satisfied to kneel on the granite steps that lead to the vestibule of the sanctuary.

Wealth will not shake hands with poverty.

In this way, Christianity is made a money-making, and not a soul-saving institution.

Seats in a church are a marketable commodity, and, like merchandise, sold to the highest bidder.

The famous sermon, as preached in the mount, is worth more than all the priestly homilies in the world.

Did ministers only preach and practise the doctrines contained therein, their example and influence would convert this world of sorrow and tears into a paradise of joy.

Pride and arrogance crept into the Church in its early history, and there have they remained even to this day.

Crime found a convenient lurking-place in the sanctuary; notwithstanding that fact, Becket was murdered at the altar.

A dark and sullen gloom hung over the nations of Europe for ages.

The Councils of prelates and bishops determined all things relative to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Church.

From the supposed writings of the prophets and apostles, they gave to the world the Bible, which is known as the book of divine inspiration.

That remarkable volume, so liable to manifold interpretations, led the way to all the heresies of the Church.

Numerous sects, rejoicing in the name of Christian, found passages in its pages to justify their belief.

So, conscience would not be curbed, and thinking men would not be enslaved.

The infirmities of age creep over the strong man, until he passeth into a tottering state of senility and is bowed down by the weight of years.

So it is with human institutions, notwithstanding their great proportions.

They flourish for a time and wax strong, but they contain the seeds of decay and are doomed to perish.

Verily, matter is indestructible, and truth is immortal.

## Chapter Tenth.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD—THE CHRISTIAN FORMS OF WORSHIP  
BORROWED FROM THE PAGAN RITES OF GREECE AND ROME—  
THE PONTIFICES—THE VESTAL VIRGINS—STATUE OF JUPITER  
BAPTIZED AS ST. PETER.

**T**HE worst kind of tyranny is that which interferes with liberty  
of conscience.

Oppression worketh out its own destruction.

Enlightened people can never be enslaved.

The proud may forge fetters, and the unlettered million may  
wear them.

As iron melteth in a glowing furnace, so the enlightened mind  
dissolveth the shackles that bind ignorance to the gloomy  
shrines of superstition.

Can man believe what is false, or reverence what is contemptible?

When repulsive dogmas are urged; when the ritual supersedeth the creed, and the forms absorb the doctrines, how difficult it becometh to discover the truth amid such a mass of mouldy confusion. •

Falsehood putteth on the livery of truth, and proudly pointeth to her millions of votaries.

Truth is of divine origin, and error is debasing and worldly.

Doubt is an accompaniment of research, and when it faileth



to find a satisfactory solution, it will assuredly reject the whole system as a fraud.

Is it not more desirable to have a religion of love than a religious system of fear ?

An inert and dead opinion is one thing, and a living doctrine is another.

Science misapplied, and religion perverted, destroy the best interests of mankind.

The Christians adopted the ceremonial part of their religion from the Romans, and the Romans derived it from the Etruscans. Some of the Pagan rites of Greece were also preserved, and are practised even to this day in the Christian Church.

In Greece, those that were admitted to the sacrifices were besprinkled with holy water, which was kept in vessels of stone or brass, at the entrance of the temples.

The officiating priest, bearing a censer in his hand, threw incense on the sacrifice, and its smoke curled around the altar.

*Let us pray*, said the heathen minister, in solemn tones, and the people, kneeling, joined in earnest prayer.

While supplicating favors from the celestial gods, they lifted their hands toward heaven.

Sacred hymns were also sung, and wine was used by the priests and worshippers, in the same way as in the Church of modern times.

The priests of the Gentiles were richly attired, and their sacerdotal robes were remarkable for their purity, as if emblematic of their own character.

Crowns and garlands were also commonly worn, and on some occasions the mitre graced the priestly head.

The Spartans thought, if their minds were only pure, it mattered little about the grandeur of ritual ceremonies.

To a large extent, the Greeks borrowed their form of worship from the Hebrews.

When Grecian virtue declined, the glory of the nation departed.

Polytheism is more ancient than the prophetic oracles, known as the Sibylline books, which contained in their pages the destiny of Rome.

The Pontifex Maximus was the great head of the Roman system, and was elected for life. All the inferior priests were subject to him.

The hierarchy of the Church of Rome was modelled after the old heathen mode.

Like the Pope and his cardinals, the Pontifex Maximus and the college of pontifices regulated all matters connected with the gigantic system of Pagan idolatry.

The pontifices wore a robe bordered with purple, and a tasselled cap in the shape of a cone.

The augurs, who foretold future events, were also splendidly attired.

Their robes were of scarlet and purple, and they carried in their right hand a crooked staff, to point out the geography of the heavens.

There were different orders of priests, and each order had its own special duty to perform.

Boys and girls were also employed in the performance of the sacred rites.

The white-robed vestal virgins decorated their heads with

fillets and ribbons. Their office was to keep the sacred fire always burning.

They were supposed from their youth, their beauty, and their chastity, to have great influence with the gods.

They rode in chariots of splendor and had lictors to attend them.

The Roman rites chiefly consisted in worshipping the gods, which was done with imposing solemnity.

Their vows, their prayers, their sacrifices, and their thanksgivings were earnest and sublime.

The forms and institutions of the Roman empire were invested with invisible and mysterious sanctity.

The people entertained some indefinite ideas of a future state of existence, and of rewards and punishments.

Three times a year a festival was celebrated to the gloomy gods that presided over the souls of the departed.

A mystic pit was deeply dug, the *Mundus*, which was regarded as the door of the invisible world, and while it lasted, the business of life stood still in the presence of death.

The whole religious system was deeply rooted in the hearts of the people.

Its pervading influence was felt from the Euphrates, in Asia, to the islands of the West, that are laved by the waters of the Atlantic.

Rome, proudly sitting on her seven hills, surrounded by her temples of magnificence, beheld the world subjugated at her feet.

The Pantheon, which was built by Agrippa, and dedicated to all the gods, was, in after ages, consecrated to the Virgin Mary, and All Saints.

A bronzed statue of Jupiter, baptized with holy water, suddenly became changed into an admirable likeness of St. Peter.

Verily, the Christian church grafted into her mode of worship, the ceremonial rites of Greece and Rome.

The ancient forms are revered but the creed is changed.

There are now more glorified saints than the heathen deities numbered in the world.

In some measure they take the place of the old symbols, and Christianity presents for worship, the only living and true God.

## Chapter Eleventh.

REFLECTIONS—HUMAN REASON AND THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE—  
THE REVELATION, AND THE VISIONS OF EMANUEL SWEDEN-  
BORG.

SIT down, O ye earnest inquirers after truth, and learn lessons of wisdom from the Past.

Take sage Experience as your preceptor, and let the mind dwell for a season upon the wrecks and ruins of antiquity.

While ye gaze in silent wonder, amid the gray monuments of Art, that still retain part of their ancient beauty, think of your own insignificance and the mutability of all terrestrial things.

Trace effects to their causes, and be sure that your institutions are based upon truth, and supported by immovable pillars of virtue.

Old systems have passed away, and man boweth not down to Astarte and Baal.

The Ephesians worship no more in the temple of Diana, nor do the sun-worshippers perform their sacred rites in the city of Heliopolis.

Millions, however, yet cling to the altars of idolatry.

Tyrants still wage war against freedom; truth still struggleth with error, and light and darkness battle for supremacy.

When will the rays of divine light penetrate into the dark chambers of the human heart?

When will Reason shed the light of her beams upon the pathway of life which leadeth to life eternal?

Man is a progressive being, and has no abiding home.

He runneth his appointed race, and when weary with the burden of life, he lays it down, and death kindly ushers him into a new state of existence.

Reason intimates that progression only beginneth to unfold unspeakable glories to the soul when it leaveth its perishable and worthless tenement behind it.

The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and the mystery of the Trinity is incomprehensible.

God hath set limits to the knowledge of man, beyond which all is impenetrable darkness.

Science may scan the starry heavens with mathematical accuracy, and understand the character of revolving planets in their respective orbits, but she cannot draw aside the impervious curtain which hides the mysterious future from human knowledge.

There is a barrier which science cannot scale; there are glorious yet hidden wonders which man comprehendeth not.

Learning kneeleth at the throne of grace with becoming humility, and brazen ignorance presumeth to be familiar with the councils of the Eternal.

Blasphemies, when proclaimed from the pulpit, are received as truths by gaping credulity.

What knowest thou, O man, of the invisible world?

Hast thou discovered by the dim twilight of revealed religion the world beyond the grave?

Canst thou understand the book of destiny, sealed with seven seals, and all the other poetry of the Apocalypse?

Verily, fools have appointed the time for the day of judgment, and prepared their white robes for the morning of their resurrection.

Some zealots have also set the time when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and Satan shall be chained for a thousand years.

Verily, the Revelation that was written on the Isle of Patmos has puzzled learned divines to interpret, and the mind gets bewildered amongst the spiritual visions of Emanuel Swedenborg!

## Chapter Twelfth.

WHAT IS THE SOUL?—THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE AZTECS, AND THEIR HEAVEN AND HELL.

THE chief feature of religion is the salvation of the soul.  
What is the soul? asketh the Spirit of Inquiry.

The Gentiles give no enlightened opinion on the subject.

The Sadducees did not believe in its immortality, and the other sects of the Hebrews gave a very equivocal explanation of it.

Pythagoras taught the doctrine of transmigration of the soul from one body to another, about the time that Babylon was taken by Cyrus.

It was more than two thousand years after the Persian empire was founded, when Cortez, who subjugated the Aztec race, discovered that the polished nations of Anahuac, believed in the immortality of the soul, and in a similar system to the Pythagorean philosophy.

The Aztecs were utterly ignorant of the history of mankind, and of their own origin.

They never heard of Christianity, until it was preached to them by Diaz and Olmedo, nor of any other religious system differing much from their own.

They believed in a Supreme Being, and in the existence of an evil spirit, the enemy of mankind.



There were three places for the soul to inhabit after death, according to merit and circumstances.

The Sun was looked upon as the Prince of Glory, and his celestial mansion as the place where the worthy led a life of endless delight.

His rising was hailed every morning with songs of rejoicings, and with music and dancing the blessed spirits accompanied him to his meridian, where they met the souls of others that were on their onward way to Tlapallan. The joyful band at that point attended the lord of day to his setting.

Verily, at the end of four years, the happy spirits returned to earth, and went to animate birds of beautiful plumage and matchless melody.

They could leave again at their pleasure, to sing their songs in the sacred bowers of celestial bliss.

The souls of a class who died of certain diseases, went to a cool and delightful place called Tlallocan, the residence of the god of water.

They lived forever in peace and happiness.

There was a place of utter darkness for the souls of the wicked, which was the Mictlan or hell of the Aztecs. Unlike the Christian's place of punishment, there were no burning flames to illuminate the dreary abode.

A god and goddess reigned in the Mexican's hell, corresponding in character and power with the Pluto and Proserpine of the ancient mythology.

It was reserved for an ingenious Christianity to discover a convenient place for the purification of departed souls before they could enter the kingdom of God.

Verily, it is called Purgatory even to this day, and is supposed to be located in some intermediate place between Heaven and Hell.

The fires of purification still burn, and the miserable souls are set free by the efficacy of priestly prayers.

Surely it must be a pleasant thing to believe in the glorious faith that provideth a sure means of enjoying bliss everlasting beyond a doubt.

If the celebration of solemn Masses for the souls of the dead can insure eternal salvation to the bad men of the world, who would not wish to live and die in such a consolatory belief?

What is the soul? repeateth the Spirit of Inquiry.

The Talmuds of Jernsalem and Babylon, the Alcoran of Mahomet, and the canonical books that are known as the Bible, give no satisfactory solution of the problem.

It is stated when God formed man out of the dust, that he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul.

The spirit of animal life is common to man and brutes.

The soul is the origin of all thoughts, desires, and reasoning; and when the fountain of life ceaseth to play, it returneth to God who gave it.

What, then, is the soul, that is of so much consequence, and what its duty in the economy of human life?

Is it something superior to the Mind, sitting enthroned, as it were, in the temple of thought, ever reminding man of the presence of divinity?

As air is felt, yet cannot be seen, so the soul that electrifies the mind is invisible and immortal.

Man feeleth there is a living principle within him which is not Conscience, neither is it Reason, and yet it presideth over both. What is it, then ?

As sunbeams are brilliant and inseparable emanations of the sun, so is the soul divinely emanative, and distinguisheth man from the brutes that perish.

If man be governed by the mind, then the soul would be at its disposal, and, consequently, its inferior.

If the soul be subject to the mind, then well may it shudder in the contemplation of its eternal destiny.

If it be something entirely separate and independent of the mind, then the Spirit of Inquiry still asketh the question—What is it ?

It is said that the soul is ever active, and never sleepeth. What is it when the mind is wrapt in deep unconscious repose ?

Man cannot think, nor can he be joyful or miserable, in the utter absence of consciousness.

A sleeping beggar is just as happy as a sleeping king.

## Chapter Thirteenth.

KNOWLEDGE—REASON—TRUTH—THE UNALTERABLE LAWS OF NATURE—THE DEGENERACY OF THE ROMAN RACE.

**K**NOWLEDGE teacheth man his own ignorance. As his mind expandeth, his insignificance becometh more apparent to himself.

By the light of science, the searcher after knowledge discovereth that there is an inner temple of mystery which man cannot enter.

Reason standeth at the threshold and vainly knocketh for admission.

A perpetual silence reigneth within, and the ingenuity of metaphysics cannot open the door to disturb it.

Man guesseth at what he cannot behold, and arriveth at conclusions which philosophy refuseth to justify.

Probability is one thing and demonstration is another.

Angels no more visit the earth, and the days of prophecy are gone.

The heathen oracles are dumb, and marvellous miracles no more astonish the multitude.

By the changes that revolutions produce, races of men get swallowed up, and customs and creeds pass away.

Truth is a pillar erected by God, and upholdeth the universe.

It is just as immovable and eternal as the throne of the Almighty.

It is now as it always has been, and is not subject to decay.

However, what some nations receive as truth, other nations reject as falsehood.

Cunning priestcraft hath so covered it up with the mouldy rubbish of sophistry and error, that millions, refusing to be guided by Reason, are utterly blind to its beauty and importance.

When, O when will truth be in the ascendancy, and when will it be worshipped by mankind?

It is sure to triumph at last, and receive due homage by a kneeling and suppliant world.

All systems that are false must yield to its onward march.

It inviteth inquiry, and maketh no compromise with error.

Man may as well attempt to storm the battlements of heaven as endeavor to banish truth from the world.

Search it out, then, O ye earnest inquirers, and after finding it, bask forever in the sunshine of its light.

As cogitative beings, think for yourselves, and respect not opinions on account of their age.

Unless ye find them to be truthful, look at them as ye would examine fossils of antiquity.

Truth is simple yet sublime, and never changeth.

As Socrates said to Xenophon, *Follow me and learn*, so, ye studious thinkers, follow Reason, and she will conduct you to a shrine that is undefiled by the presence of Superstition.

The laws of man may change; but the laws of nature are the same now as they have always been.

The same sun that warmeth vegetable matter into life, and

robeth the face of nature with beauty, shineth as brightly as it did before the footprints of man could be seen in the garden of Eden.

The queen of heaven, which the Syrians adored as Urania, is undimmed in her glory, and still waxeth and waneth in the same way as when her nocturnal beams first played around the mountain-summits of the world.

The darkness of night still revealeth the stars as brilliantly as when they were celestial objects of Persian adoration.

The Pyramids still stand in their gloomy grandeur, as they were seen by the departing Israelites thousands of years ago, and the mighty floods of the fertilizing Nile roll down as of yore from the mountains of Abyssinia.

Desolation, however, reigneth where once stood the cities and temples of the Pharaohs.

The Tiber riseth in the Tuscan Apennines as of old, and its turbid waters in their ancient channels still sweep past the Eternal City, the same as in the barbarous days of Romulus.

The Coliseum, that was built by Vespasian, is a grand old ruin, and pointeth to the grave of Roman civilization.

Where now is the terrible power which could once boast of having a subjugated world for an empire?

She who was once Mistress of the world is now so enfeebled with age and infirmity that her very existence dependeth upon the soldiers and bayonets of a foreign power.

The Roman race have degenerated into priests and opera-singers, and the language of Cicero is no more spoken in the halls of debate.

Verily, some of the descendants of the great Cæsars, and the

illustrious men of ancient Rome, beg their way through the world by amusing vulgar crowds with the music of organs, and the ridiculous dancing of monkeys.

How are the mighty fallen !

## Chapter Fourteenth.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR — BELSHAZZAR — BABYLON — NINEVEH — ALEXANDER OF MACEDONIA — PERSEUS — ZEDEKIAH — APHORISMS.

WELL might Hezekiah look with astonishment at the returning shadow on the sun-dial of Ahaz.

While Nebuchadnezzar was musing in his palace upon the glory of Babylon and the greatness of his power, his imagination became so perverted that he thought himself metamorphosed into an ox, and he lived like a brute, eating grass, till his hairs were grown like the feathers of eagles, and his nails like the claws of birds.

Feeling no shame of degradation when his reason was restored, the haughty monarch erected a golden statue in the plain of Dura, and ordered that his subjects and captives should adore it, under the awful penalty of being cast into a fiery furnace.

When he beheld the Hebrew captives who refused to obey his imperial order, walking in the midst of the flames unconsumed and unhurt, he called them forth, and, in the presence of his nobles, gave glory to the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Well might Belshazzar gaze in trembling wonder, when at the royal feast he beheld the mysterious fingers writing mystical characters on the wall.

He had seen his grandsire, the illustrious Chaldean, driven



from his throne and feeding with the wild asses and oxen in the suburbs of Babylon, and yet his heart was not humbled.

At the great banquet a thousand princes and nobles, and wives and concubines, surrounded the profligate monarch, and merrily drank wine out of the silver and golden vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had brought with him when he plundered the temple at Jerusalem.

The palace rung with the joyous sounds of mirth and music, when the king and his guests were suddenly seized with a feeling of terrible fear.

The writing on the wall baffled the magicians, the soothsayers, the astrologers, and the wise Chaldeans to decipher.

It was reserved for Daniel, who was known at court as Belshazzar, the dream-interpreter and prophet, to acquaint the affrighted king of Babylon that the strange characters signified that God had numbered his kingdom and finished it, and that he had been found wanting when weighed in the balances.

The renowned king of the Chaldeans perished on that eventful night, and Darius the Mede ascended the throne.

Where is the great Babylon now ?

Cyrus and Xerxes were the fierce avengers of their country's wrongs.

Her awful doom corresponded with the magnitude of her crimes.

Her splendid palaces and magnificent temples are covered with the dust of ages, in which repose the ashes of her once busy and benighted population.

All is solitude now where Babylon stood, save the dismal howlings of wild beasts in the stillness of night, and the screeching of owls amid her desolate ruins.

Where is Nineveh, the famous capital of Assyria?

Under a protracted doom she lingered in existence, and for manifold outrages suffered the penalty of a dreadful retribution.

What had been rebuilt in after ages the Saracens did not spare.

By the river Tigris, which peacefully floweth as of old, some sculptured fragments of antiquity doubtfully point out the spot where once stood the celebrated city of Sennacherib.

Like Babylon, she is buried in the dust with her people.

In vain man invoceth the great spirits of the past to throw some light upon the darkness of her history:

They are dumb as her idols and silent as the grave.

Her fate of annihilation is known, but her story is shrouded in the pall of oblivion, and her great name liveth only in remembrance.

The haughty Medes and Persians were in their turn reduced to subjection by Alexander, the dashing young hero of Macedonia.

He was adored as a god while he was living, and his funeral, for pomp and extravagance, was such as the world had not previously witnessed.

Verily, it came to pass, in one hundred and fifty years after his death, the kingdom of his fathers was degraded to a Roman province, and the boundary-lines of his empire disappeared.

Perseus, the last king of Macedonia, walked with his sons in chains before the triumphal chariot of Æmilius.

In like manner, Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, while endeavoring to escape from his kingdom in the darkness of night, was overtaken in the plain of Jericho by the Assyrian army.

As he had broken his oath as a prince, and disgraced the throne which he had been suffered to fill, he was carried to Riblah, where his children were slain in his presence.

By the order of Nebuchadnezzar, his eyes were taken out, and then, loading him with chains of brass, he was sent a wretched captive to Babylon.

So the kingdom of Judah was overthrown, and the Jews, with heavy hearts, left the holy city, which they could not defend, to weep and pine in captivity beyond the Euphrates.

As it is with individuals, so is it with nations.

When vice filleth a throne, and virtue is banished from the palace, will not social ruin, like a sweeping pestilence, soon cover the land?

Vice enfeebleth the strength of a nation, and sappeth the foundations of her prosperity.

Virtue wraps a nation in moral grandeur which no despotism can overthrow.

In ancient times, kingdoms were weighed in the balance of Justice.

In modern times, kingdoms jealous of each other contend about the regulation of the balance of power.

Weep not over systems and dynasties that sink into oblivion smoking with the blood of their guilt.

Let them pass away into forgetfulness, unlamented.

## Chapter Fifteenth.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES — MOSES — THE PASSOVER — THE THUNDERS AND LIGHTNINGS OF SINAI, AND THE MURMURINGS OF THE HEBREWS.

THE ancient Hebrews at the Feast of Tabernacles carried branches of the willow-tree in their hands, as a token of rejoicing.

While in captivity, they sung the plaintive songs of their native land, and when weary they hung their harps upon the willows of Babylon.

Since about the time that Joseph was sold as a slave to Potiphar, the Hebrews have been a distinct and peculiar people, and remain so even to this day.

For ages they were the favored people of God, and beheld manifestations of his divine sovereignty in a way which no other race ever experienced.

No other nation ever enjoyed the blessings of a theocratical system of government but the Hebrews.

Notwithstanding their being conducted under the immediate presence of the Almighty, they were so utterly debased by Egyptian idolatry that they bowed down to hideous idols and merrily danced around a golden calf.

No wonder that Moses, so renowned for his meekness, became enraged when he descended the mountain and beheld the worship of Apis, as he had witnessed it in the temple of Osiris.

After rebuking his own brother, the great law-giver ground the calf into dust, and then, mixing it with water, he made the children of Israel drink it, and in that way they swallowed up the indigestible god of their idolatry.

It is true, they had been oppressed in Egypt for ages, and treated as foreigners, yet the God of their ancestors threw his shield of protection around them.

The Lord appearing to Moses in a burning bush, gave him his commission to lead them forth from the land of bondage, and he bravely executed his trust.

Previous to the exodus, when all the first-born in Egypt were smote by the destroying angel, the descendants of Abraham were spared.

Agreeably to order, the destroyer did not enter any dwelling where the door-posts and lintel were sprinkled with the blood of the Paschal lamb.

Ever since that remarkable epoch, the festival of the Passover has been commemorated by the scattered race whose ancestors dwelt in the land of Egypt during the long period of four hundred and thirty years.

The twelve tribes, who were the descendants of the twelve sons of Jacob, were discontented and insubordinate.

Moses had given them a wise constitution which they did not respect; he had also given them commandments which they did not obey.

The Lord conducted them in a pillar of cloud by day, and in a flaming pillar by night, to insure their escape from the Egyptians.

He caused the east wind to blow such a gale that the waters

of the Red Sea divided, until they passed in safety to the Arabian shore.

They had seen the Egyptian monarch with his host overwhelmed and buried in the deep.

To regale their thirst, they had seen their God-commissioned leader sweeten the bitter waters of Marah.

To satisfy the cravings of hunger, the camping-ground and tents were covered with quails, and they did eat abundantly.

With the dews of the morning fell the nutritive manna, while they were sojourning in the Wilderness of Sin.

When the rock in Horeb was smitten by the rod of Moses, water cool and grateful burst forth in exuberance.

Tremblingly the Israelites heard the loud sound of the trumpet and the mountain-shaking thunders, and beheld with fear and wonder the awful lightnings that played around the bleak and shattered sides of Sinai, while the impenetrable cloud hung over the summit, in which was mysteriously shrouded the Almighty.

In the midst of plenty they were dissatisfied, and in the presence of God they were idolatrous.

While they were drinking the waters of limpid springs, and eating quails and manna in abundance, they bitterly reproached their chieftain for removing them from the *flesh-pots* of Egypt.

Murmurings, loud and deep, pervaded the camp of Israel.

Some of the rebels proposed the selection of a new leader, to conduct them back to the land of Sesostris.

They had witnessed miracles that would baffle the ingenuity of man to perform.

Faith did not call upon them to believe blindly in things which they could not behold and understand.

They clearly saw and did not believe.

No people were ever so highly favored; no race of men were ever so signally punished.

As a shadow followeth a moving substance, so shall the Spirit of Inquiry follow the tribes of Israel, throughout their wanderings in the desert, from the days of the golden calf, down to the time when some of their descendants crucified the Redeemer, and cast lots for his garments.

## Chapter Sixteenth.

THEOCRACY OF THE HEBREWS—THE LEVITES—THE SACRED ARK OF THE COVENANT; THE FATE OF THE HIDEOUS DAGON—THE TRESPASS OFFERING OF THE PHILISTINES—THE MYSTERIOUS DESTINY OF THE ARK.

SOME systems of government are grand in theory and contemptible in practice.

The republics of Greece and Rome flourished for a time and perished in rivers of blood.

Barbarous hordes overran their dominions and laid waste their beautiful cities.

At a time when the world was wrapped in Pagan darkness, a new system of temporal and spiritual rule was established under the immediate superintendence of the King of kings.

At first, laws were wisely framed and administered with equity and justice.

Judicial robes were not tainted with the slime of corruption.

Murderers were not allowed to escape the penalty of their guilt.

Death was the punishment of rebellion in those days.

Ministers of religion were elevated to the hierarchy and priesthood, on account of their ability and purity of character.

The prophets felt the dignity and importance of their calling.

Virtue would not smile upon vice, nor would the faithful countenance idolatry



Domestic infidelity was frowned upon by the good and punished by the laws.

The Levites were chosen by God for his holy service.

They were divided into different classes, some carrying in their marches the ark and sacred vessels, and others the veils and curtains of the tabernacle.

The Ark of the Covenant, which was covered with golden plates elegantly designed, was also adorned with a crown and two cherubs covering the mercy-seat with their wings.

It was made of Shittim-wood, and contained the tables of the law, the blossoming rod of Aaron, and the omer of manna.

Profane hands were not allowed to touch the sacred Ark.

While Uzzah stretched out his hand to support it, when he thought it in danger of falling, the wrath of the Lord was kindled, and the son of Abinadab fell dead on the threshing-floor of Nachon.

When Eli, who had judged Israel for forty years, and was old and blind, heard that the Ark was taken by the enemy, he fell backward from his seat and his neck was broken.

When the triumphant Philistines bore it away to the city of Ashdod, and placed it by the side of Dagon in his temple, the hideous deity was found in the morning prostrate upon his face before the holy Ark.

During the day the heathen priests elevated their god to his former position.

Verily, by some mysterious agency, the idol tumbled down again, and on the following morning he was discovered headless and handless, nothing being left of Dagon but a shapeless stump.

The Philistines carried around the ark of the God of Israel, and bore it to Gath, the birthplace of Goliath.

They were severely punished, however, for their sacrilegious profanation, by destruction and disease.

Having heard of the plagues of Egypt, they were afraid that their land would be smitten, so the priests and nobles and soothsayers concluded to return the Ark to the Israelites.

Verily a new cart was made, upon which was placed the Ark, and two milch kine were tied to the cart, and went roaring and bellowing along the road to Beth-shemesh, turning not aside to the right hand or to the left.

By way of a trespass offering unto the Lord, the Philistines sent to the bewailing Israelites five golden emerods and five golden rats.

After fifty thousand people being slaughtered for presuming to look into the ark, it was removed from Beth-shemesh to Kirjath-jearim.

It remained in the latter place until it was taken to the house of Obed-edom, where it was kept for three months, previous to its being conveyed to Jerusalem.

The ark was proudly carried amid shoutings of rejoicings, and the clashing sounds of cymbals and timbrels and psalteries and cornets and harps.

David was so delighted that in a fit of ecstasy, girded with a linen ephod, he danced with all his might before the Lord.

It was placed in the royal palace, which stood upon the holy hill of Zion.

In the days of Solomon, it was removed into his temple, where it remained until the kings of Judah became so corrupted with

idolatry that they placed their very gods in the sanctuary where it stood.

To preserve it from such daring profanation, the priests carried it from place to place.

By the order of Josiah, the Ark was returned to the temple, where the Rabbins suppose it was kept until the destruction of Jerusalem.

Ancient chronicles do not positively state whether the Chaldeans took the sacred coffer, when they plundered the temple, and sent the proud trophies of their conquest to Babylon.

It was lost, and forever, and the learned Rabbins and Christian fathers have been unable to throw any light upon its mysterious fate.

The golden angels that adorned the Ark of the covenant may have been converted into golden idols of heathen idolatry.

So far as the Hebrews are concerned, they know as little about the renowned Ark of their ancestors, as they do about the remains of Moses.

The Spirit of Inquiry is indifferent on the subject, and will consequently leave it to the investigation of antiquarian research.

## Chapter Seventeenth.

REFLECTIONS—THE ANGER OF THE LORD AND THE SPIRIT OF REBELLION—ABRAHAM, SARAH, AND HAGAR—THE FATE OF KORAH, DATHAN, AND ABIRAM.

**W**ELL mayest thou wonder, O reasoning man, when thou beholdest Superstition reigning still, with a crown of iron on her head, and the children of credulity kneeling worshippers at her altars.

Some ancient kingdoms had more gods than men in their dominions.

Olympus still standeth in its lonely glory, but its lofty summit is no longer consecrated ground.

With the downfall of Greece and Rome, Jupiter reluctantly bowed his head, and the terrible thunders of a mighty change shook from his haughty brow a coronet of gods.

It is easier to lay cities in ashes, and to cover the earth with the ruins of empires, than to melt the chains that bind superstition to the mind of man.

Truth will prevail in the end, however, as its march is onward, and the light of science illumines the way.

Intelligence boweth to one God; ignorance kneeleth to many.

All systems of government must perish whose foundations are not based on the rock of truth, and maintained by an enlightened people.

If divine wisdom failed in governing the depraved and ignorant rabble that Moses led out of Egypt, what can human legislation or military genius expect to accomplish?

Ignorance will fall down and worship idols, and bend the neck to receive the yoke of oppression.

While the kingdoms of the world were shrouded in the dark pall of idolatry, lo! the summit of Mount Sinai smoked like a volcano, and the Lord himself conversed with Moses, and gave him a code of laws to govern the ungovernable Israelites.

Verily, the laws that were framed by divine wisdom were daily broken by human frailty.

The governed were satisfied that Jehovah was their king, and Moses, their leader, his vicegerent.

Humanity was never so honored; divinity never so despised.

The Lord was angry, and his wrath was kindled, and while the hungry Israelites were tearing apart and devouring the quails between their teeth, they were smitten with a plague and perished by thousands in the desert.

Moses was displeased, and complained to the Lord that his burden of care was more than he could carry.

Throughout the camp of Israel the spirit of rebellion prevailed.

The great chieftain was upbraided by the multitude for removing them from the fertile valley of the Nile.

When they remembered the fish and the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic of Egypt, they bitterly wept.

As Rachel wept for her children and refused to be comforted, so the children of Israel bedewed the wilderness with their tears, and sighed for the *land of bondage* with its nourishing vegetables,

feeling little or no interest in the *land of promise* overflowing with milk and honey.

Tradition may have informed them that Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, their own illustrious ancestor, at the urgent request of Sarah and the consent of the Lord, banished poor Hagar with her son from his domestic roof.

The mother of Ishmael was provided, by the father of her son, with a little bread and a bottle of water to support her on the way back to her native land.

Lamenting over her fate and losing her way, she wandered and wept in the wilderness of Beer-sheba, until a sympathizing angel came to comfort her, and conduct her to a well of water.

So, in the stirring camp of Israel, there were many Rachels and Hagers weeping in the Wilderness of Sin.

The lamentations of the men were as mournful as the touching strains of Jeremiah, who in after ages so bitterly bewailed the captivity of Judah.

They beheld with dismay their kinsmen perishing by tens of thousands, and the sword of destruction hanging over the living.

They had seen the earth open and swallow up two hundred and fifty of the principal Levites, who daringly rebelled against the authority of Moses and Aaron.

Though the days of miracles are gone, let rebels who seek the overthrow of a wise and good government, remember the fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.

Rebellion is justifiable only when laws are oppressive and the wicked reign.

Rest, now, Spirit of Inquiry, from thy labors, until a more convenient season.

## Chapter Eighteenth.

THE MISSION OF MOSES, AND THE REMARKABLE DEATH OF AARON.

THE Spirit of Inquiry findeth that great men are seldom born in a palace.

Moses was discovered by a princess in a little ark of bulrushes on the banks of the Nile, and the infant Jesus was born in a stable and cradled in a manger.

The mother of Moses, desirous of sparing her infant boy, hid him away from the cruelty of Pharaoh, who ordered that every male child of the Hebrews should be cast into the river.

In after ages Joseph and Mary fled into Egypt with their infant, to escape from the wrath of the child-slaying Herod.

The son of Amram and Jochebed was a great and good man, and established a system of religion which the scattered descendants of Israel practise and reverence to some extent even to this day.

The son of Joseph and Mary was announced as the promised Messiah, and millions of the human race believe him to be so, and glory in his name.

It was the mission of Moses to redeem the Israelites from bondage, and to bring them back to the worship of the God of their ancestors.

It was the mission of the Messiah, in a grander and more comprehensive way, to redeem the whole world from Paganism, and

establish the worship of Divinity throughout the kingdoms of the earth.

Partial light was only revealed by Moses; the obscuring cloud was removed by the Messiah.

It was the mission of the one to do as he was commanded by his God, while that of the other was to fulfil the promise, that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent.

The Mosaic dispensation was only an enlargement of the patriarchal creed, in which Divine power is more prominently manifested than Divine love.

The salvation of the soul formed no part of the moral government of Moses.

His teachings and laws were purely material and temporal, while the doctrines of the illustrious Nazarene were spiritual and eternal.

Institutions that were established by the Father in the wilderness were abrogated by the Son.

Judaism was the first religious system that was overthrown under the new dispensation, and the Paganism of Greece and Rome speedily followed.

Moses was a perfect model of a great man in his day.

For forty years he conducted the Israelites in the deserts of Arabia, and during that long period his patience and meekness were bitterly tried.

He not only endured the perpetual murmurings of the camp, but his domestic peace was disturbed by his brother and sister.

When Zipporah with her two sons joined her husband in the desert, she was disparaged, and Moses was taunted and ridiculed by Aaron and Miriam, because he had married a Midian.



Miriam was smitten with a leprosy white as snow as a punishment, that silenced her abusive tongue. Her forgiving brother cried unto the Lord to heal her, and she was healed.

Jealousy has existed in all ages, and the camp of Israel was not free from its baneful influence.

Moses bore his trials with heroic humility, and was frequently a kind mediator between the people and his God.

Such a state of things never existed before, and since that time to the present there is no parallel case in history.

Tens of thousands perished, and their bones lay bleaching on the arid wastes of Arabia.

Since Israel was rebellious, and the wrath of the Lord so frequently kindled, could Moses, with his manifold virtues, be expected to remain cool and indifferent?

After being provoked no less than ten times and forgiving the Israelites, the Lord declared unto Moses that as sure as He lived the earth should be filled with His glory.

He told his faithful servant also, that none should enter the promised land, from twenty years old and upwards, save Joshua the son of Nun, and Caleb the son of Jephunneh.

Fearful threatenings had been sometimes withdrawn through the urgent intercession of the Hebrew chieftain, but the awful denunciation was kept with undeviating adherence.

Forty years had passed away, and the Israelites pitched their tents around Mount Hor, on the confines of Idumea.

The eventful career of Aaron was drawing to a close.

During all these weary wanderings in the wilderness he had acted in concert with his brother, save upon a few occasions, when he was freely forgiven.

He was now one hundred and twenty-three years old.

In earlier days he had been anointed by Moses, and clothed with the holy garments of his office.

His robes were of blue and purple and scarlet, and richly ornamented with precious stones.

On his head he wore the mitre of high-priest, and his habit shone with the renowned *Urim and Thummim*, which remains unexplained even to this day.

Some Rabbins say that it signifies *light and perfection, or doctrine and judgment*, or an oracle that was frequently consulted; while others maintain that it was the glittering gems in his breastplate, which made known the divine will by casting around an extraordinary lustre.

The Spirit of Inquiry is indifferent on the subject.

Knowing that he was about to die, and bowed down with the weight of years, he left the camp and slowly ascended the mountain.

On the way he was divested of his pontifical robes, and meekly resigned to his fate, he transferred the insignia of his office to Eleazar, his gifted son.

Moses, who had installed him into his high position in the wilderness, and frequently listened to his eloquence, beheld on the mountain-top the closing and impressive scene of his eventful life.

So good men, full of honors and years, pass away, and their great names shine with a lustre ineffaceable on the pages of history.

Lie calmly down, with a placid face and a clear conscience, and give a smiling welcome to the angel of death.

## Chapter Nineteenth.

THE DEATH OF MIRIAM—THE INCESSANT COMPLAINTS OF THE HEBREWS—THE FIERY SERPENTS—BALAAM, MOUNTED ON AN ASS, COMES TO CURSE ISRAEL—THE DEATH OF THE GREAT LAW-GIVER.

SO Aaron passed away into the land of forgetfulness, and all the house of Israel mourned for thirty days.

Miriam was gathered to her fathers at Kadesh, a few months previous to the death of the high-priest.

It is said that she was a prophetess, but her prophecies are unknown.

She had a musical taste, and led the choir and dances of the Hebrew women.

The beautiful Canticles of Moses were sweetly sung by Miriam.

Josephus says that she was married to Hur, son of Caleb ; but there is no Biblical authority to establish the fact, nor does it appear that she had any children by him.

She had followed the fortunes of her two brothers for the long period of thirty-nine years after the Exodus.

For hundreds of years her sepulchre was known, and it could be seen in the days of Eusebius.

Moses had seen Miriam and Aaron, his only sister and brother, laid in the dust, and his own days were already numbered.

To the last he attended to all the duties of his high position.

He had seen the mighty host of Israel pass away, and the wilderness covered with the bones of his followers.

In his old age the Hebrews continued to murmur about the quality of their bread and the scarcity of water, ever thinking of the land of the Pyramids.

They were punished by fiery serpents appearing among them, that bit them and annoyed them exceedingly.

Repentant, as they had frequently been under chastisement, they confessed their sins, and Moses prayed to the Lord to remove the cause of their affliction.

So it came to pass that Moses made a brazen serpent and placed it upon the top of a pole, and all the Israelites that had been bitten lived when they beheld it.

There never existed a chieftain like Moses; there never marched an army like Israel.

All was kindness and forbearance on the one hand; all was disobedience and ingratitude on the other.

After conquering Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan, the renowned giant of the race of Rephaim, the Israelites encamped in the plains of Moab.

While sojourning in that memorable place, Balak, the king, sent for Balaam, to curse Israel and devote the people to destruction.

Attended by a princely retinue, the renowned prophet mounted an ass, and on his way to the palace an angel appeared with a drawn sword, which so frightened the animal that she turned out of the road into a field.

The diviner who practised enchantments, and believed in

the transmigration of souls, was so earnestly bent on his mission that three times he smote his poor ass, until she turned round and rebuked her haughty rider for his cruelty.

He conversed with his ass as he would with a man, and the reasoning of the brute was superior to the logic of the prophet.

.. Surely Reason must have been confounded in such an age of wonders.

Let wordy fools bridle the tongue and learn wisdom from the ass of Balaam.

To the mortification of Balak, king of Moab, the prophet of Pethor uttered an oracular blessing instead of a curse on the house of Israel.

By the depravity of his own people, the son of Zippor succeeded in corrupting the Hebrews, and seducing them into the shameless worship of Baal-Peor, the god of impurity.

The fearful punishments of Jehovah, and the solemn warnings of the Law-giver, were alike futile in restraining the infatuated multitude from bowing down to the idols of the heathen, whenever favored by circumstances.

Moses was ordered to take the heads of the guilty, and hang them up before the Lord against the sun.

No less than twenty-four thousand perished by the plague.

When the sum of all Israel was taken in the plains of Moab, it was discovered that none were left of them which were numbered at Sinai, save Joshua and Caleb.

Moses himself was only allowed to behold the promised land from the summit of Pisgah.

He was now one hundred and twenty years old.

He was remarkably free from the common infirmities of age,

inasmuch as it is said that his eyes were not dim nor his natural force abated.

After renewing the Covenant with his God, and blessing the tribes of Israel, he laid his hands on Joshua, to communicate to his successor part of his spirit and his glory.

So Moses the foundling, the chieftain, the law-giver, the deeply-trying, the Hebrew prophet and the favorite of Jehovah, bade an affectionate farewell to the wandering children of Israel.

Weary of the world and seeking rest, he laid down the burden of life with all its bitter cares on the summit of Nebo, one of the mountains of Abarim.

## Chapter Twentieth.

STATUES OF BRASS AND MONUMENTS OF MIND—WOMAN'S LOVE—  
 EVADNE — ARTEMISIA — THE WAR-HORSE OF ALEXANDER AND  
 THE FAMOUS BABIECA OF THE CID OF SPAIN—THE BURIAL-PLACES  
 OF ALARIC THE GOTH AND ATTLA THE HUN—THE PENTATEUCH  
 AND THE APOCALYPSE.

WHAT matters it where the ashes of great men repose ?  
 Good men require no marble monuments to give them  
 immortality.

Statues of brass may be lost amid the storms of changes, and  
 mighty structures of granite disappear among the ruins of cities  
 that are doomed to destruction.

The great monuments of mind, erected by genius, are free  
 from the principle of decay, and will endure forever.

Even the social virtues of good men, though unrecorded, will  
 be transmitted by the tongue of tradition from one generation to  
 another.

Living Ignorance buildeth marble obelisks in suburban  
 Golgothas, as if in mockery of illustrious men who go down to  
 their graves covered with glory and renown.

Only brainless and purse-proud fools covet the burial-ground  
 fame, which the paid sculptor can place over their worthless  
 remains.

Verily, men of brilliant genius may shake hands with want,  
 and be allowed to starve while living, by a cold and selfish world,

and when dead, smooth-faced hypocrisy will go and howl over their graves.

Let human pride and vanity keep away from the sacred dominions of death, unless it be to learn a lesson of humility.

Man may admire a gracefully sculptured monument for its elegance and fair proportions; but there is nothing about it to impress the mind with feelings of solemnity.

How beautiful it is to behold devotional Love planting sweet flowers over the lonely grave of the departed, and watering them with the tears of affection.

Woman's love is sometimes strongest when her heart is wrung by affliction.

Evadne threw herself on the funeral pile of her husband Cataneus.

The love of Artemisia was not only unnatural, but extravagant.

She married her own brother, Mausolus, the monarch of Caria, and after his death she erected the famous cenotaph in Halicarnassus, which formed one of the seven wonders of the world.

As she adored him while living, she caused his bones to be beaten in a mortar, and, gathering his ashes, she daily mingled some of the powder in her drink until she had swallowed it up, thus making her own body the sepulchre of her husband.

On the score of moral worth he was not entitled to such an extraordinary honor, for he was a tyrant at home, and enslaved the people of Rhodes.

Alexander of Macedonia bewailed so much the death of his war-horse, Bucephalus, that he built a city near the river Hy



daspes, where he died, and called it Bucephalia, in honor of his Thessalian favorite.

The famous Babieca, that carried no less a person than the Cid of Spain on his back for the long period of forty-two years, was buried with great honors before the gate of the convent of San Pedro.

Some renowned men have been buried purposely where no monument ever pointed out the spot of their last resting-place.

In Calabria, the river Vamento was turned aside for a time, and a grave was dug in the rapids of its bed, to receive the remains of Alaric the Goth.

That the world might forever remain in ignorance of his burial-place, the river was turned again into its natural channel, and all the men were slain who assisted at the funeral of the barbarian king.

Attila, who was called the Scourge of God, married Ildico, a beautiful damsel, and died on the night of his nuptials.

He was placed in a coffin which was enclosed in three others, one of gold, one of silver, and one of iron.

In the midst of a vast champaign, an immense grave was prepared, in which was deposited the terrible king of the Huns, with all the treasures of gold and silver and priceless jewels, which he had plundered from the palaces and temples of Europe.

As in the case of Alaric, the men who buried him were put to death, so that no one could ever point out the spot where Attila was laid, and even to this day it remains an undiscovered secret.

What reck the dead where they sleep the sleep which no sound can awaken?

Napoleon slept as soundly in his lonely grave at St. Helena as

he does now in a populous city, under the roof of a gorgeous mausoleum.

The cupidity of man seeketh advantage from the silent presence of the dead, and would bless the turf that wraps a Nero to accomplish an end.

Moses had nothing but the enduring monument of his great name to give him immortality.

If Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible, which are known as the Pentateuch, then he wrote the only account of his own death that has ever been given to the world.

It may as well be said that he buried himself also, and kept the matter a profound secret from the Spirit of Inquiry.

Shrink back into insignificance, ye modern spiritualists, who prate about your mysterious communications from the land of spirits.

The revelations of modern times fall immeasurably short of the incomprehensible wonders that happened more than three thousand years ago.

Produce something more reasonable than the Pentateuch, more poetical than the Apocalypse; and more wonderful than the spiritual visions of Emanuel Swedenborg!

Sensation is the name of the great drama of human life.

## Chapter Twenty-First.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF MOSES—JOSHUA—THE SPIES IN THE HOUSE OF RAHAB—PREPARATIONS IN THE CAMP OF ISRAEL.

SINCE the time that Eve was so gracefully made out of the rib of Adam, only two men are said to have passed from the world without entering the gloomy portals of death.

Enoch was translated into Heaven without meeting the grim destroyer by the way, and the raven-fed Elijah disappeared in a chariot of fire, and was carried upward in a whirlwind.

Some Orientals and Rabbins suppose that the Lord took away the soul of Moses by a kiss, while others maintain that, like the prophet of Tishbe, he was removed body and soul into another and better world.

No man toiled so long and earnestly for a crown of glory as the Hebrew law-giver.

His institutes still govern mankind to a great extent, and time seemingly refuseth to disturb the principle of their perpetuity.

As clasping vines twine around the trees of the forest, so the Ten Commandments cling to the memory of man from early childhood to the decrepit days of senility.

In like manner as Elisha received the prophetic mantle of Elijah, so Moses left to Joshua, his successor, all the wonderful gifts of his inspiration.

Joshua was a remarkable man, and with the Lord on his side, his conquests were made easy.

Haughty kings trembled on their thrones when they heard of his approach.

They felt like the Aztec monarch, who was a fatalist, when his ambassadors assured him of the victorious march of the Spaniards toward his capital.

His name had long been a terror throughout the regions of Anahuac, and he beheld with tremulous amazement the sun of her glory go down.

As it was with Montezuma, so it was in ancient times with the arrogant and profligate princes of Canaan.

As they had been told of the fate of Pharaoh and his army; of the defeat of the Amalekites in the desert of Rephidim; of the subjugation of the Midianites, when five of their kings were slain and their cities given to the flames; of the miraculous manner in which hundreds of thousands had been fed in the wilderness during the long period of forty years; so they heard with alarm that the victorious banners of Joshua were advancing toward their borders.

The spies that were sent to view the land beyond the Jordan, forgetting, perhaps, the importance of their errand, were captivated by the dark eyes of a smiling beauty named Rahab.

She was one of the kind-hearted but frail daughters of Jericho.

The two men were hid away amongst flax, on the terrace of her house, and when the searching officers of the king had retired, she let them down by strong cords, and in that way they made their escape to the mountains, and from thence back to the camp of Israel.

If the ancient chronicles be true, that she afterwards married Salmon, a prince of Judah, by whom she had Boaz, and from

whom descended Obed, Jesse, and David, then, consequently, she was one of the ancestors of Jesus of Nazareth.

As the waters of the Red Sea had been divided, so in like manner the rolling waters of the Jordan were separated, and allowed the Israelites to pass over into the land of their promised inheritance.

The little surgical operation which had been done to Abraham, when he was ninety-nine years old, as a sign of his covenant with the Lord, and which had been neglected in the wilderness, was only performed at Gilgal, on all the male descendants of the illustrious patriarch.

Quails no more perched upon their tents, nor did manna fall as usual with the morning dews,

As invaders, they had to plunder from their enemies for their daily wants, and the unsparing sword of war was sharpened and made terrible to smite.

Their way to national glory lay through cities smoking in ruins, and through fields of carnage reeking with the blood of the slain.

There were drills and parades, and strains of pealing music were heard in the plains of Gilgal.

The sun shone brightly on burnished helmets and gleaming swords and glittering javelins and spears.

Behold, now, the busy preparations of departure!

The slingers have a gallant air, and how proudly the archers look with their primitive bows and arrows!

The brave chieftain enjoys the unshaken confidence of his army.

There are no base traitors in command, or in the ranks, who would barter their country for gold and reduce it to slavery.

There are no civil offices to bestow for military merit.

There is no winking at wrong while aiming at power.

Ambition has no vulgar multitude to please.

Officers do not issue their orders by telegrams, but are found in the very front of danger.

Knaves do not fill high positions of trust to disgrace.

Guilt swiftly receiveth its commensurate penalty, and merit hath the reward of an approving conscience.

Joshua gallantly leadeth his army to victory and renown.

Under your respective banners, O ye tribes of Israel, march on to yonder city that is doomed to destruction.

Princes and lords await your coming with trembling apprehensions.

Let the rolling of the drum be heard in the valleys, and the sounds of swelling music proclaim your arrival at her gates.

O ye Levites, blow aloud the trumpets of Israel, and ye echoes awaken that slumber in the rugged mountains of Jericho.

## Chapter Twenty-Second.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERICO AND THE AWFUL SLAUGHTER OF THE INHABITANTS—THE PEDIGREE OF MEN AND HORSES—THE CHARACTER OF JOSHUA LIKE THAT OF CORTEZ—THE SUN STANDING STILL UPON GIBEON—CANUTE COMMANDING THE SURGING SEA TO ROLL BACK.

**M**ARCH on! ye proud battalions of Israel, for Jehovah is your king, and his minister is the gallant Joshua.

Fear ye not what your enemies can do, for they shall fall like wheat before the sickle.

There shall be no way left for their escape, and their cities and temples and gods shall be wrapt in the flames of a terrible conflagration.

March ye on, therefore, under the banners of your respective tribes, and be not dismayed, for the God of battles will lead you on to victory and renown.

Bear ye the sacred Ark around the city over which hovers the angel of destruction.

Pass on and compass the beleaguered capital; blow the seven trumpets of rams' horns, and shout aloud, ye mighty men of Israel.

So the city was compassed, the trumpets were blown, the army shouted aloud, the earth trembled as if by an earthquake, and the strong walls of Jericho tumbled down.

While the gold and the silver, and the costly vessels and

jewels were collected and put into the treasury of the Lord's house, every man and woman, young and old, and every ox and ass perished in the flames.

Agreeably, however, to the covenant which the spies of Joshua made with Rahab, she and the household of her father were spared from the awful fires of death and desolation.

That remarkable woman, joining the fortunes of Israel, and afterwards marrying Salmon, son of Nahshon, became the great-grandmother of King David, from whom descended, through a long genealogical line, Mary and her husband Joseph, the mother and foster-father of the Messiah.

It is strange that the Hebrews who lost the sacred Ark, which they prized above all things else, should have preserved the traditions of their race with such pride, and the annals of their lineage with such unexampled perspicuity.

Verily, in modern times the Spirit of Inquiry would be signally baffled, in attempting to trace the lineage of any living man through the dusky shades of fifteen hundred years, unless under the guidance of divine light.

How many men who boast of their riches, discover in their investigations that their ancestral origin springs from a den of thieves, beyond which the lamps of knowledge are extinguished.

Gigantic criminals are ennobled, and petty ones swing on the gallows.

Some wicked men, having no merit of their own, lay claim to moral worth on account of family respectability, which they disgrace.

Some men, too, take more interest in the lineage of brutes than they do in the history of their ancestors.



They can trace back the pedigree of a horse to some Arabian Godolphin, or to some Thessalian Bucephalus, while at the same time they are utterly ignorant of the moral and physical character of their own grandfather.

Such people care as little about the magnificence of King Solomon as they do about his humble descendant, Joseph the carpenter.

They take as little interest in David, who slew Goliath of Gath, and proudly wore the golden crown of Israel, as they do in the last of his race, who meekly wore the crown of thorns, which the Jews in mockery placed upon his head as their King.

Philosophy regardeth not pedigree, but rather seeketh to elevate genius to a loftier position than a throne.

Joshua wore no diadem as a prince, and yet his name was more illustrious in his day than all the monarchs of the world.

While Jericho lay a heap of smoking ruins, the flames were consuming the city of Ai.

The king of that city was hanged like a common malefactor, and by its gate a cairn of stones was raised over his carcass.

Joshua had no regard for the divine right of kings if they stood in the way of his conquests.

One day, no less than five crowned heads could be seen dangling from the branches of trees until the going down of the sun.

In like manner Cortez, following the example of the Hebrew hero, while on his march to Honduras, hung Guatimozin, the brave monarch of Tenochtitlan, on the branch of a huge *ceiba* that overshadowed the road.

Joshua not only received encouragement but strong aid from the Lord.

When the fierce Amorites from the mountains were fleeing from the royal city of Gibeon, which they had besieged, the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them, and the holy records say that he killed more in that astonishing manner than the army of Israel slew with the sword.

Verily, Joshua was a wonderful man, and gifted with inscrutable power.

Part of the solar system ceased to move at his command.

It is said that the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon tarried in her orbit, to shed broad and bright her silvery beams in the valley of Ajalon.

It may well be said there was no day like that, before it or since that marvellous time.

The royal Canute, in after ages, as if in imitation of Joshua, and to gratify the cupidity of fools, sat down by the flowing tide, and commanded the surging waves to roll back.

However, the laws of nature were not suspended, and had the king, with his flattering courtiers, not withdrawn from their position, old Neptune would have swallowed them up and given them a watery grave.

Man may as vainly invoke the spirit of Joshua to roll back the rapids of Niagara, as believe that human ingenuity can thwart the designs of Omnipotence.

Human credulity believeth in things that are as distant from truth as the planet Neptune is from the sun.

Verily, Hercules strangled the Nemean lion, and dragged up alive the triple-headed Cerberus from the gates of Hell.

## Chapter Twenty-Third.

THE STATE OF EUROPE AND ASIA BEFORE THE EXODUS, AND THE DEITIES OF EGYPT.

NO matter how wisely human systems may be framed, they contain the seeds of decay and will assuredly perish.

Truth is the only basis upon which the science of government may safely rear structures of durability.

In like manner, as truth can make no compromise with error, so freedom refuseth to march under the same banner with slavery.

Mitres have been worn by tyrants, and crowns are bawbles that often glitter on the heads of profligate fools.

Governments based upon the loyalty and affections of the governed may endure for ages.

Errors creep into systems, political and religious, and are nursed and pampered by cunning knaves, until they so increase in magnitude that they cannot crawl out of the door by which they entered.

They become bloated masses of living corruption, beyond the skill of human ingenuity to cure.

As lightning purifieth the air which man inhalet, and imparteth a healthy tone to his physical system, so it is necessary sometimes to apply the torch of destruction to blow up the gigantic proportions of fraud, superstition, and crime.

Hundreds of years before the time of the Isrealites, the five

cities in the vale of Siddim were destroyed by fire, in consequence of the crimes of their kings and people.

The ruins of those guilty cities lie ingulfed in what is known even to this day as *Mare Mortuum*, or the Dead Sea.

Europe lay slumbering in darkness and ignorance.

The vast regions known as *Germania*, and embracing the cold and inhospitable countries of *Scandinavia*, were covered with vast marshes and dark forests, where for centuries the sound of the axe was unheard in the depths of their solitudes.

The *Galli* and the *Cymri* were in a savage and nomadic state.

*Mercury* was the chief deity of their adoration, while *Apollo*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Minerva* were in the list of their mythological divinities.

The Celtic hordes, so often confounded with the Gauls, had penetrated into the Western isles of Europe, and the Druids, in their circular temples, with their linen tiaras and tunics, and magic rods, performed their mysterious rites and immolated human victims to their gods.

The priests of *Cybele* celebrated their horrid festivals in *Phrygia*, and the hills and valleys rang with the frantic shrieks and howlings of the mutilated *Corybantes*.

The Phœnician city of *Tyre* was not yet built by the *Sidonians*.

The *Tyrians*, renowned for commercial enterprise, had not yet founded *Carthage*, on the coast of *Africa*—the great city whose early history is associated with the name of the beautiful *Dido*.

The seven hills of ancient *Rome* were unpeopled and barren, and wild beasts slaked their thirst in the waters of the *Tiber*.

Some threescore years before the *Exodus* of the *Israelites*,

Athens, the renowned capital of ancient Attica, was founded by Cecrops.

Sparta had sprung into obscure existence, and so had the kingdom of Laconia.

The Hindoo religion had not yet emerged from the mist of fable, nor was the golden egg produced by the power of motion, blazing like a thousand suns, in which the self-existing Brahma was born.

Little was known of the Pantheism of India, where the mystical *O'm* was held in as much unuttered veneration as the name Jehovah used to be by the ancient Hebrews.

The land of Confucius was sunk in the darkness of idolatry. The great Chinese philosopher taught his system of morals and wisdom to his benighted countrymen nearly a thousand years after the promulgation of the Decalogue in the wilderness of Arabia.

The white-robed Magi of Persia built no altars nor temples, but kept their sacred fires burning in the open air, which they worshipped as the emblem of the purity and power of the invisible and incomprehensible God.

Zoroaster and his followers had not yet appeared in the world, to bask in the glimmering light of astronomical science.

However, the Chaldean Registers of celestial observations were commenced long before Abraham was born, consequently hundreds of years before the Jews were known as a race.

In after ages, those ancient documents were sent by the learned Callisthenes to Aristotle, the philosopher of Stagira.

The great festival Eleusinia, which was remarkable for its mysteries, had not been celebrated, nor even introduced by Eumolpus, in the time of Moses.

Babylon, however, had grown into importance on the Euphrates, and so had Nineveh on the Tigris.

Egypt had reached the plenitude of her power, and other nations drank copiously from the streams of her knowledge.

As the Ganges in India was supposed to flow down from the head of Siva, so, in like manner, the Nile was called an emanation of Osiris.

The hundred-gated Thebes, one of the oldest cities in the world, could boast of its avenues of sphinxes, its pyramids, its temples, its grand colonnades and colossal figures, long before Melchisedec, as priest of the Most High God, blessed Abraham, and gave him bread and wine in the valley of Shaveh.

Osiris and Isis were deified objects in Hecatompylos, long before the adoration of Apis was known in Memphis, or the worship of Mnevis, the sacred *ox of light*, at Heliopolis, the city of the sun.

The ancient Egyptians, not satisfied with the worship of the sun and the moon, and their horned gods, which they kept in pampered luxury, also numbered snakes, crocodiles, cats, and dogs, among their divinities.

The hawk, the ibis, and the beetle were also held sacred.

Even the vegetable kingdom supplied them with gods.

The leeks and onions which the Hebrews devoured with a gusto, the Egyptians regarded as divine.

Harpocrates, the divinity of Silence, is represented as reposing on the blossom of the lotus, and the heliotrope and acacia were consecrated to the sun.

Never, in the history of man, was there such a debasing system of idolatry as we find in ancient Egypt.

Irrational brutes were gods while living, and honored when dead with extravagant funerals and loud-lamentations.

Mothers rejoiced exceedingly when their children were devoured by crocodiles.

Such was Egypt, the cradle of science, and the benighted state of the world, when the Hebrew law-giver received his commission from his God to conduct the Israelites from the land of bondage.

The places of renown, where now stand great cities of palaces and power, were unknown in the days of Sesostris.

## Chapter Twenty-Fourth.

THE SEVERITY OF THE JEWISH LAWS—THE IDOLATRY OF ISRAEL  
—SAUL ANOINTED KING—HIS GLOOMY CHARACTER—THE  
YOUTHFUL DAVID—THE WITCH OF ENDOR—THE FIELD OF  
GILBOA—THE CHARACTER OF DAVID, AND HIS DEATH.

**A** GREEABLY to an ancient promise, the descendants of Abraham entered into the land of their inheritance.

Moses and Joshua were their leaders, and Jehovah was their king.

The moral Decalogue of their God, and the judicial, civil, and ceremonial laws of their great chieftain, were strictly enforced for a time.

In the days of Moses, a poor Jew was stoned to death for simply gathering sticks on the Sabbath.

At the destruction of Jericho, one of the tribe of Judah stole a Babylonish garment, with some gold and silver, and suffered the same ignominious penalty in the valley of Achor.

As time rolled on the Hebrews became corrupt, and consequently ungovernable.

As their fathers, by living for ages in Egypt, were inclined to idolatry, so in like manner some of the children, by mingling with the conquered tribes of Canaan, bowed down to the Philistinian gods, and joined in the obscene and disgusting worship of Astarte and Bel.



The Delilahs of that age, and for hundreds of years afterward, so shook the moral frame-work of the Mosiac law that it ultimately gave way altogether.

The Israelites of the ten tribes, in imitation of Judah, carried their golden calves with them in their tents, as the Philistines did their idols.

The patience of the Lord himself, who had fed them for forty years, and assisted them in their battles, was so tried that to a great extent he withdrew his presence.

“They have rejected me that I should not reign over them,” said the Lord to the aged Samuel, whose sons, as judges of Israel, were as dishonest and corrupt as the men who disgrace the bench in modern times.

They received bribes and winked at justice.

Gold so blinded their mental vision that they could not perceive the guilt of criminals.

As some acids remove stains from garments, so gold possesseth a wonderful efficacy in making a black character appear fair before a grave tribunal.

In a corrupt Court, crime putteth on the garb of virtue, and the boasted trial by jury is consequently rendered a perfect farce.

Saul was a powerful man, and towering in stature above the multitude, he accepted the first crown of Israel from Samuel, and the people joyfully shouted, *God save the king.*

In the course of time, for his disobedience, he was rejected by the Lord, who made him a monarch, and reproved by the irreproachable judge that anointed him.

In character he was gloomy, apprehensive, and revengeful.

David, the youthful Bethlehemite, soothed him in his melancholy, by playing touching strains upon his harp.

In his old days he beheld with envy, and eagerly sought the life of, the shepherd stripling who proudly smote the braggart giant of Gath.

Saul was twice in the power of his gallant son-in-law, who magnanimously spared his life.

The Lord had abandoned him, and the venerable Samuel slept with his fathers.

Afraid of the Philistines and sorely troubled, he disguised himself and sought counsel from the witch of Endor.

He requested the witch of renown to call up the spirit of Samuel, who appeared as an old man, covered with a mantle.

The resurrected prophet, instead of infusing the soothing balm of consolation into his afflicted soul, reproved him for his conduct, and assured him that on the morrow he and his sons would perish, and the host of Israel be delivered into the hands of their implacable foes.

He sat down with the witch and partook of her hospitality.

With a heavy heart, he withdrew from the abode of the enchantress.

Soon after, the mountains of Gilboa rang with the echoes of martial music.

The armies of the Philistines were marshalled under the banners of their princes and chieftains.

The tribes of Israel followed their trembling king to the field of battle.

The carnage was terrible, and the Dagon-worshippers were victorious.

Jonathan was slain, and his royal father, pierced by the archers' arrows, retired wounded and bleeding, and in a fit of despondency committed suicide by falling on his sword.

So closed the eventful life of illustrious Saul.

The Philistines cut off his head and fastened his body to the wall of Bethshan, and his armor was hung up in the temple of Astaroth.

The crown which he wore on the field of Gilboa was carried to David by an Amalekite, who was instantly slain.

No one lamented his death in such touching language as the brave son of Jesse, who was appointed king of Judah, and afterwards reigned over all Israel for the long period of thirty-three years.

David was a man of genius, of elegance and taste, and loved beautiful women.

Several damsels were honored with his hand and heart in wedlock.

Nabal, the Carmelite, was removed into the next world, and Abigail, his charming widow, became the wife of the royal bard.

In like manner Uriah was slain, that the frail Bathsheba, his widow, might share with the king the honor and glory of the throne of Israel.

Notwithstanding his manifold wives and concubines, he basked under the smiling favors of heaven, so that his arm was strengthened, and made terrible to smite.

He bravely accomplished what Saul was unable to perform.

He expelled the Jebusites from Jerusalem, defeated the Philistines, crushed the Moabites, subdued all Syria, and conquered the Edomites in the Valley of Salt.

Upon his fame there are stains of innocent blood, and a strange mixture of good and evil in his character, yet, with all his faults and failings, he was a great man, and his sublime effusions have an air of divine inspiration, and will live forever.

On his death-bed he solemnly charged his son and successor to walk in the paths of truth and righteousness, and to slay the hoary-headed Joab and Shimei, which earnest request Solomon did not forget to perform.

So, the youthful shepherd of Bethlehem,—the gallant slayer of Goliath of Gath,—the armor-bearer of Saul,—the fearless warrior,—the distinguished statesman,—the accomplished poet,—the favored of Jehovah,—the king of Judah and the illustrious monarch of all Israel, passed away from the world and slept with his fathers.

Death visits the palace of the great as well as the hovel of the poor.

## Chapter Twenty-Fifth.

DREAMS—SOLOMON, HIRAM OF TYRE, AND THE WIDOW'S SON—  
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON AND ITS DEDICATION—THE QUEEN  
OF SHEBA AND HER SON MENILEK—THE PEOPLE OF ABYSSINIA  
CONVERTED FROM SABAISM.

**M**ANY learned disquisitions have been written on the theory and philosophy of dreams.

The conclusions that some thinking men have arrived at, are as absurd as they are chimerical.

Lucretius and Democritus whimsically account for dreams by supposing that spectres and simulacra of corporeal things, constantly floating in the air, assault the soul in sleep.

The Cartesians thought, like many others, that the mind is ever active and a stranger to repose.

Phrenologists account for the peculiarity of dreams by the activity of some organs and the quiescence of others, while physiologists explain the whole matter by the laws of natural philosophy.

While the digestive organs refuse to perform their peculiar functions, or when the stomach and liver are deranged, can a man expect to enjoy the luxury of sweet repose?

The man with a thoughtful and active brain, will be more apt to dream than a sleeping ignoramus.

Dreams, like hopes, are frequently realized by the dreamer.

The innocent dream of angels and happiness, while monsters and fiends appear in dreams to disturb the sleep of the guilty.

Hypochondriacs are troubled with phantoms of horror in their dreams, and awake with nerves unstrung, in a state of trembling fear.

Drunken wretches, who beggar their wives and children, swagger around the streets for a time, and in their nocturnal dreams behold all the horrors of an imaginative hell, and while heaving with the convulsions of delirium tremens, death steps in and terminates all their sufferings.

In ancient times there were dream-interpreters, and they were consulted like the Oracles of old.

Joseph, while in Egypt, explained the dreams of Pharaoh and his baker and butler; and in like manner Daniel, in after ages, while in Babylon, interpreted the remarkable dream of Nebuchadnezzar.

God himself sometimes manifested his desires by dreams, and sometimes by visions.

He spoke to Abimelech in a dream, and in like manner instructed Laban not to injure the patriarch Jacob, but by vision he addressed the venerable Abraham.

Solomon, while reposing on his royal couch at Gibeon, beheld his God in a dream.

“Ask what shall I give thee,” said the Lord to the dreaming monarch. Solomon simply desired an understanding heart to discern judgment, but riches, honor, and splendor, were added to his modest request.

Although he killed Joab and Shimei, in compliance with the dying injunction of his father, and slew his own brother Adonijah

because he aspired to the throne, yet Solomon was not blood-thirsty in character, but rather sought a reign of uninterrupted tranquillity.

Solomon being firmly seated on his throne, the work of the great temple commenced, which bears his name even to this day.

Broad and deep its foundations were laid in Mount Moriah.

Hiram, the king of Tyre, magnanimously aided the king of Israel, and sent a cunning man to oversee the grand undertaking. His name was also Hiram.

He was a widow's son, of the tribe of Naphtali, and was skilful to work in gold, in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, in timber, in purple, in blue, in fine linen, and in crimson.

He was remarkable for his mechanical knowledge, and for the ingenuity of his devices.

Wisdom, strength, and beauty, characterized the plans and execution of his workmanship.

The two brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz, that were erected in the porch of the temple, one on the right hand, and the other on the left, with all their magnificent ornaments of checker-work, and pomegranates, and surmounting chapiters, are so associated with the illustrious name of Hiram, that they will live in remembrance forever.

Let the curious inquirer study the ancient records, and in fancy wander through the various apartments of Solomon's Temple, and he will behold a gorgeous building, admirable in all its designs, and perfect in all its parts, and in every way suited for all its intended objects.

Let him gaze in wonder at the golden doors, the golden altar, the golden candlesticks, the golden vessels, the golden cherubims

that spread their golden wings over the sacred Ark of the Covenant, and the Spirit of Inquiry will be abundantly rewarded.

It took seven years to build the Temple of Solomon, and during that time, gold and silver were as common as stones in the streets of Jerusalem.

The dedication was on a scale of imposing grandeur, such as the world had never seen before, nor since that remarkable time.

When the Ark was placed in the sanctuary, which contained the two tables that Moses placed therein at Horeb, and while the Priests and Levites, arrayed in white linen, stood around the altar, some singing, and some with cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, and trumpets, keeping time to some grand old Hebrew melody, lo! fire came down from heaven and consumed the sacrifices, and the glory of the Lord filled the holy temple.

Solomon, kneeling down on a brazen scaffold, with his hands uplifted toward heaven, expressed in prayer his adoration of Divinity in sentiments of lofty sublimity, and pleaded forgiveness for himself and his people, in such earnest and tender tones of supplication, that they have found a responsive echo in the heart of every Jew and Christian that bendeth the knee at the throne of Grace.

The prayer of the monarch of Israel, on that august and solemn occasion, has never been equalled in touching simplicity, except by his own illustrious descendant, Jesus of Nazareth.

The Lord's prayer, though short, is divinely comprehensive, and transcendently superior to all the long-winded prayers of a whining and canting priestcraft.

Shortly after the dedication, the Queen of Sheba left her coun-



try to behold the man who had by that time filled the world with the glory of his name.

Accompanied by a princely retinue of attendants and servants worthy of her exalted position, she reached Jerusalem in safety with her camels, that were laden with treasures of gold, and costly spices, and precious stones.

She lived in oriental splendor at the court for a time, and frequently listened with rapture to the words of wisdom, as they fell like sweet honey from the lips of Solomon.

She also gave an attentive ear to the outpourings of his love, and his matchless tongue of flattery triumphed over her virtue.

For the magnificence of her regal presents, Solomon gave her all that she desired in return.

Before she left the holy city, she graciously presented him with a son, a gift which she did not bring with her from Ethiopia.

According to the annals of Abyssinia, she returned to Saba or Azab with her boy, whom she called Menilek.

In a few years afterwards he was sent back to his father to be instructed, and he was instructed.

In the great Temple, which was the admiration of his mother, he was anointed and crowned King of Ethiopia, and took the name of David at his coronation.

His mother had been converted from Sabaism to Judaism, and the young prince was taught to believe in the ancient faith of the Hebrews.

A great many learned Jews accompanied the youthful prince to his kingdom, among whom were many doctors of the law of Moses.

Azarias, the high-priest, took with him a Hebrew transcript of

the law, which was afterward burnt with the church at Axum, in the Moorish war of Adel.

The learned Jews were appointed judges, and all the people of Abyssinia were converted.

The Church and State were modelled according to the government at Jerusalem.

For sixteen hundred years the people continued in the faith of David, at the end of which time, the Crescent of the Prophet appeared on their banners, and they became Mahometans.

Rest again, O Spirit of Inquiry, from thy labors, and in due season return to the Temple of Solomon.

## Chapter Twenty-Sixth.

SOLOMON'S VIRTUES AND FAILINGS—HIS IDOLATRY AND LOVE OF WOMEN—HIS GREAT WISDOM AND HIS GREAT FOLLY—HIS CHARACTER AND DEATH.

SOLOMON, the wise, was the son of the lovely Bath-sheba. Like David, he had many virtues, and, like David, he had many failings.

It is hard to reconcile so much piety and wisdom with such flagrant vices.

While he glorified the living God in strains of touching eloquence, and composed Canticles of immortal renown, the beautiful women of Palestine, with their seductive charms, besieged his generous heart until it capitulated, and with all his wisdom and glory, he was found a kneeling worshipper at the shrines of Pagan idolatry.

He married one of the daughters of Pharaoh, a descendant of the Egyptian kings who had cruelly persecuted his ancestors.

Never breathed there a man with his affections so extensively divided.

His great wisdom towered above the vulgar prejudice against the hue of the skin.

It mattered little to Solomon, whether a woman was a Hebrew or a Pagan; a fair Caucasian or a sable Ethiopian.

He had no less than seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines.

Some men fail in managing one woman, but Solomon in his wisdom managed a thousand.

They perverted his heart, however, and to please them he built Pagan temples on the mount of Olives, and worshipped Chemosh of the Moabites, Moloch of the Ammonites, and Astoreth of the Sidonians.

He forsook the fountain of living water, and quenched his thirst at broken cisterns.

According to his own account, he turned himself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly, and arrived at the wise conclusion that all the pleasures of the world are vanity and vexation of spirit.

His amorous songs of incomparable beauty have been spiritualized by the ingenuity of Christian divines, and the charms of women are compared to the graces of the Church.

Poets, ancient and modern, have drawn largely from the fruits of his genius to adorn their effusions.

His Proverbs, whether collected or original, are proverbial throughout the world.

Independent of his writings, he was a statesman of the first order, and commanded the admiration of all nations.

He built a magnificent palace for himself, and another for his queen.

He also built the walls of Jerusalem, and all the cities of his kingdom were fortified where his stores, and chariots, and horses were kept.

During his reign he founded the city of Palmyra, which speed-

ly grew into a place of importance, and its grand old Corinthian columns stand even to this day, like huge ghosts of departed greatness, in the wilderness of Syria.

He fitted out fleets at Elath and Ezion-geber on the Red Sea, and his royal friend Hiram of Tyre supplied him with mariners.

Ships could be seen with their canvas wings bearing to his kingdom the gold of Ophir, fine ivory and ebony, spices, and other articles of merchandise, that are only found in tropical climes.

Verily, even monkeys were brought from afar, for the amusement of Solomon and his court.

The Spirit of Inquiry faileth to discover the land of Ophir on the map of the world, and it will remain forever a geographical mystery, as much as the true location of the garden of Eden.

No king was ever so popular as Solomon with his people. He sought their elevation, and secured to them freedom, happiness, and peace.

Jerusalem during his reign was a city of magnificence, and the governed basked in the sunshine of a civilization such as the world had not previously witnessed.

He commanded respect, and felt secure in the affections of his race.

Knowing the rights and prerogatives of a king, he maintained them.

He brought the refractory and stubborn tribes that remained in his kingdom under subjection, and made them tributaries and laborers.

Cruelty had no lurking-place in the chambers of his heart.

His great name is not tarnished by bloody conquests and

oppression, like the ancient monarchs and warlike heroes of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, and Macedonia.

It is to be regretted, however, that as he advanced in years, his inordinate love of women seduced him to swerve from his allegiance to the God who had gifted him with such unexampled wisdom.

The strength of his wisdom was insufficient to sustain the weakness of his morality.

In earlier days his God appeared to him in a dream, and granted more favors than all his desires.

He beheld the same Divine presence in a similar way when his eventful life was drawing to a close.

In consequence of his impiety and disregard of solemn obligations, he was told that the kingdom of Israel would be rent asunder.

Before his death the spirit of rebellion, encouraged by his weak-minded son Rehoboam, and Hadad the Idumean, succeeded in producing the revolt of the ten tribes.

So Solomon, the favored of the Almighty—the wonderfully gifted—the pride of his race—the admiration of the world—the great temple-builder—the grand embodiment of wisdom—the poet—the accomplished scholar—the gallant prince and illustrious monarch, passed away from the cares of his crown and slept with his fathers, in the fifty-eighth year of his age and fortieth of his reign.

Death levels all ranks and distinctions, and is the usher of God, standing on the threshold of eternity, to introduce man into the world of mystery.

## Chapter Twenty-Seventh.

STRANGE COINCIDENCES—THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON—THE TEMPLE OF ZERUBBABEL—THE TEMPLE OF HEROD, AND HIS CHARACTER.

**T**HE Spirit of Inquiry discovereth many strange coincidences in its investigations.

During forty days, the rain which deluged the earth poured down in torrents.

Forty days after the tops of the mountains could be seen, the patriarch Noah sent forth a raven from the Ark.

The Hebrews were forty years in the wilderness.

Moses was forty days on Mount Sinai; fasted forty days on Mount Horeb; and was the great leader of the Jews forty years.

Aaron was high-priest forty years. Othniel, who delivered the Israelites from the King of Mesopotamia, judged the tribes forty years.

Eli, of the race of Ithamar, was forty years a judge of Israel, and the venerable Samuel filled the same judicial position forty years.

The seventh service under the Philistines lasted forty years.

Saul reigned forty years; David reigned forty years; Solomon reigned forty years; and Joash reigned forty years.

It is singular, also, that the Queen of Sheba reigned forty years.

The Messiah fasted forty days in the desert, and on the fortieth

day after his resurrection, he ascended the Mount of Olives, and parted with his disciples.

Return again, O Spirit of Inquiry, to the temple of beauty, where *there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building.*

The splendid edifice which Solomon built was plundered by Shishak, King of Egypt, thirty-three years after its completion.

It was frequently profaned and pillaged, and after having stood for more than four hundred years, it was completely destroyed by the merciless Nebuchadnezzar.

The Assyrian tyrant found it full of golden treasures and sacred vessels, which he carried off, and left the walls of the house a heap of ruins.

It remained in that condition for fifty-two years, when the foundations of the *second* temple were laid by Zerubbabel, the illustrious son of Salathiel.

Being finished and dedicated twenty-one years after it was begun, the worship of Jehovah was again restored in the kingdom of Judah.

Among the people, the priests and the Levites, there was great joy at its dedication, and bullocks, rams and lambs, and twelve he-goats, as emblematical of the twelve sons of Jacob (whose descendants formed the twelve tribes of Israel), were freely offered up as a sin offering.

It wanted the sacred character with which the first temple was invested.

The Ark of the Covenant, and the Cherubim of Glory that overshadowed it, were gone; the Shekinah or divine presence was unfelt; the holy fire did not burn upon the altar; the Urim



and Thummin were unseen, and the spirit of prophecy did not linger there, as in the glorious days of Solomon.

The temple of Zerubbabel was twice as large as the one built by the son of David.

It was despoiled by Antiochus Epiphanes, who was unsparing in his slaughter of the Jews and destruction of their cities.

He added insult to wrong, by offering up swine's flesh upon their holy altar, knowing the Jewish aversion to that peculiar kind of food.

Menelaus, an unprincipled high-priest, conducted the desolating monarch into the Holy of Holies, which he sacrilegiously profaned, and placed a statue of Jupiter Olympus in the sanctuary.

In a few years afterwards Judas Maccabeus repaired it, and for a time restored the ancient worship of the Hebrews.

However, by plundering armies and the ravages of time, the magnificent Temple of Zerubbabel fell into a state of decay and was neglected.

In after ages, by way of atonement for his brutal cruelty, and to gratify his own vanity, the wicked Herod removed the walls of the dilapidated temple, and erected another in its stead.

The Temple of Herod was considerably larger than that of Zerubbabel, and elegantly built of fine white marble beautifully sculptured.

Historians dwell with rapture on its beauty and magnitude, and state that its sides were covered with plates of burnished gold, and the fame of its magnificence and opulence speedily spread over the nations of the earth.

The building was unfinished when the founder of Christianity began to teach his new doctrines of faith and salvation, which

the incredulous Jews looked upon as blasphemous, and upon himself as an impious impostor.

Jesus of Nazareth, the living embodiment of all divine virtues and graces, could have no feeling in common with the imperial murderer that sat upon the blood-stained throne of Judea.

His whole life was one of blood and crime.

He disregarded sacred obligations, domestic and public; slaughtered the august members of the Sanhedrim; slew the infants at Bethlehem, and trampled under foot every principle of justice.

Before his death, while the very grave was opening to receive his bloated remains, he gave orders to burn Matthias alive, who had with others been accused of throwing down the golden eagle of Rome, which he had placed over the temple.

He also ordered Salome to shut up the leading men of the Hebrew race in the Hippodrome at Jericho, and to slay them all after his death, lest, in the national expression of joy at his decease, mourners should be wanted for his funeral.

Before the wretch expired in his palace, and while writhing with bodily pains, he ordered that his own son, Antipater, should be slain and ignominiously buried at Hyrcanium.

The cities were glad, and the hills and valleys of Judea rang with joyous shouts, at the death of the oppressor.

During his long and cruel reign he endeavored to Romanize the Hebrews, and model their religion like that of the Romans.

The great Temple of Herod, like its builder, passed away.

The prediction that *there should not be left one stone upon another*, came to pass under the victorious army of Titus.

It was completely demolished by the Roman conqueror, in the

same month, and same day of the month, on which the famous Temple of Solomon was destroyed by the Babylonians.

So, the three great temples of Judaism were levelled to the dust, and the respective splendor of each lives only in history and doubtful tradition.

Rest once more, O Spirit of Inquiry, and when thou returnest in meditative mood to the studies of the Past, sojourn in fancy for a time with the giants, and sages, and prophets of antiquity.

## Chapter Twenty-Eighth.

THE EMIM—THE ANAKIM—GOLIAH—SAMSON—THE JUDGES AND  
PROPHETS.

IT is said there were antediluvian giants, who in their day were men of renown, but their virtues, if they had any, perished with them in the Flood.

The Emim, or the ancient inhabitants of Moab, were a people remarkable for gigantic stature and warlike nature. They were defeated by the king of the Elamites.

The Anakim, or the sons of Anak, were so monstrous in size that the Hebrews compared themselves as grasshoppers to those fierce and terrible men. Caleb, by the assistance of the tribe of Judah, took their city, Kirjath-Arba, and slew those giants of Palestine.

By the common calculation of the Jewish cubit, Goliah must have been ten feet seven inches high.

He appeared before the youthful Bethlehemite with a heavy coat of mail, greaves of brass upon his gigantic legs, a target of brass between his broad shoulders, and a shining helmet of brass upon his head, while he flourished a ponderous spear in his hand, which none but a monstrous giant could wield.

The son of Jesse, who had by this time killed a lion and a bear for stealing a lamb, had no fear of the haughty Philistine, who laughed at his temerity, and threatened to give his flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.

Goliath cursed David in the name of his gods, while the gallant stripling, without a sword by his side, or a coat of mail to protect his person, coolly put a pebble in his sling which he had taken from a brook, and with unerring aim sent it whizzing through the brain of the braggart giant, and afterwards cut off his head with his own sword.

Shangar was a judge, and terrible to smite, inasmuch as he killed six hundred Philistines with an ox-goad.

Samson, of the tribe of Dan, was remarkable for his feats of strength and hatred of the Dagon-worshippers.

His mother was instructed by an angel to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and to bring up her wonderful son in a similar way as a Nazarite. It would be well for mankind if such maternal injunctions were generally obeyed.

The son of Manoah grew up unshaved and unshorn of his locks, and his strength increased with his years.

While on his way to Timnath, he seized a young lion and tore it in pieces.

He caught three hundred foxes, and after binding their tails together, and putting a fire-brand between each pair, he turned them into the fields, where the flames consumed the corn, the olive-trees, and the vines of the Philistines.

When brought before the presence of his foes, he broke the strong cords asunder that bound him as if they had been threads, and with the jawbone of an ass slew a thousand men.

With as little effort as an Indian mother carries her pappoose on her back, Samson bore off the two ponderous gates of Gaza, with their posts and heavy chains, and carried them up the hill towards Hebron.

With all his superhuman strength, he was not free from the moral weakness of humanity.

While his head lay reclining in the lap of the voluptuous Delilah, she cut off his hair, wherein lay his amazing power, and he became weak as any other man.

He was immediately bound in chains of brass; his eyes were put out, and he remained in prison about a year, at the end of which time, the princes and lords and priests of the land assembled in the temple of Dagon, to return thanks to that hideous god for delivering into their hands such a formidable foe.

During his confinement and hard labor, Samson's hair had grown and his strength returned.

He was brought forth blind, to be the laughing-stock of the crowd, and was ignominiously insulted by the haughty Philistines.

He bore their insults and jeers with a calm and dignified equanimity of temper worthy of a great man and fallen hero.

Calling on the sacred name of the God of Israel, who animated Samson with more than mortal strength, he took hold of the two pillars that supported the Pagan temple, the one in his right hand and the other in his left, and shook the building as if by an earthquake, the walls of which tumbled down, and buried in its ruins the giant Nazarite and three thousand of his cruel oppressors.

After the death of Joshua, the tribes were ruled by judges for three hundred and ninety-nine years, during which time there were long intervals of servitude and oppression.

They were defenders of the law of Moses, and the avengers of crimes.

Though they ruled with absolute authority, they were not clothed with power to make new laws, or impose new burdens on the people.

The office of judge was for life, but it was not hereditary.

They were supported chiefly by presents, and lived without guards, train, or equipage.

With the exception of Daniel, who spent his time amid the pomp and splendor of the court at Babylon, the Prophets were poor, and lived in peace and retirement.

They frequently dwelt in caves, and lived on bread and water, and fruit and honey.

They taught the Hebrews lessons of humility, virtue, and piety, and foretold the calamities that befell them.

The wonderful prophet of Tishbe, who threw his inspiring mantle over Elisha, while ploughing in a field, was clothed with skins, and girded with a girdle of leather; and Isaiah wore sackcloth, of a dark brown color, which was the common clothing of the prophets.

Gifted with the spirit of prophecy, they shrunk not from their duty in the presence of monarchs, whose idolatry and vices they boldly reprov'd.

Samuel denounced Saul, the king of Israel, for sparing Agag, and immediately sent for the cruel king of the Amalekites, and ordered him to be hewn in pieces.

Nathan rebuked David for his wrong-doings, and Elisha was unsparing in his denunciation of the wicked Ahab, for introducing the worship of Baal, and other Phœnician deities, into the kingdom of Samaria.

The fearless prophet not only predicted the sure destruction

of the king himself, but told him, face to face, that Jezebel, his infamous wife, should be devoured by hungry dogs, which came to pass by the outward wall of Jezreel.

The prophets foretold the manifold tribulations of the descendants of Jacob, and earnestly besought them to abandon the worship of idols, and to cling to the God of their fathers.

They predicted the destruction of Jerusalem, their captivity, and ultimate dispersion over the world.

In course of time, the prophetic character disappeared, and, as if tired of the stubborn and perverse race, the God of Israel abandoned them forever, and since that time they have consequently been objects of bitter persecution in almost every country and in every clime.

Clothed in rags, and filthy in appearance, there are still to be seen some descendants of the ancient Hebrews lingering about the narrow streets of Jerusalem, who eke out a miserable livelihood in that city of renown, so pregnant with historic and thrilling associations.

The Jews are a marked people ; and scattered as they are over the nations of the earth, their very features have been preserved, and they remain a distinct race even to this day.

They worship as their ancestors worshipped, and they continue to cherish the hope that the promised Messiah has yet to come, and the time, also, when they shall return to the Holy Land, and be welcomed back with strains of music and shouts of great rejoicings.

Ye who know the Hebrews, from the Exodus to their complete subjugation as a nation, and are inclined to be acquainted with the character of their chieftains, their judges, their kings, their



prophets, and their bards, study well their eventful history, and rich treasures of knowledge will reward the labors of your investigations.

The Spirit of Inquiry, after lingering with rapture amid the grand associations of Palestine, must now reluctantly leave that interesting land, and renew its meditations in more Western climes.

Adieu, O Israel, and farewell forever to all thy monuments of glory and shame.

## Chapter Twenty-Ninth.

THE SPIRIT OF INQUIRY—THE NILOTIC VALLEY—THE MAGNIFICENCE OF EGYPTIAN RUINS—SARCOPHAGI—OBELISKS—STATUES—MONUMENTS—MUMMIES—PYRAMIDS, TEMPLES, AND PLUNDERING ADVENTURERS.

THERE is a charity in the Spirit of Inquiry that despiseth bigotry.

It is not blinded by prejudice, nor governed by priestly opinions.

It hath an honest reverence for truth, and a perfect contempt for all that is false.

It findeth no fault with creeds, unless they interfere with the liberties of mankind.

It seeketh not to meddle with matters of conscience, but would joyfully conduct the blind from darkness into light.

Free from sectarianism, it would tear the mask from hypocrisy, and expose knaves that commit crimes under the cloak of religion.

When Reason faileth to establish, it doubteth, and it vieweth tradition as the unreliable romance of history.

It believeth not in the efficacy of senseless forms and ceremonies, but it boweth with becoming reverence and humility to the living and true God.

It would rather be cheered by the lamp of hope, burning on

the confines of another world, than behold nothing in the future but a dreary annihilation.

It would rather purify old systems that are based on truth, and do some good in the world, than pull them down to erect on their ruins schools wherein doctrines of intolerance and superstition are taught.

It would convert every domestic circle into a sanctuary of love, where peace and happiness preside.

It seeketh the elevation of the human race, and earnestly toileth to banish ignorance from the world.

Unless by leading a pure and blameless life, with an abiding faith and hope, and scattering blessings of charity by the way, it knoweth no exclusive road that leadeth to the kingdom of glory.

It delighteth in tracing effects to their causes, and in learning lessons of wisdom among the gray and silent ruins of the Past.

It hath sojourned in the ruin-covered valley of the Nile, which was the cradle of science, where Strabo and Herodotus, Pythagoras and Plato, Solon and Lycurgus, and other illustrious philosophers, historians, and poets of Greece and Rome, regaled their mental thirst at the ancient fountains of Egyptian knowledge.

Conducted by fancy, it hath wandered, in deep contemplation, by the banks of that classic river, from the Delta away up into desert regions, beyond the boundaries of Nubia and the kingdom of Sennaar, where the rude ruins of temples, pyramids, and dilapidated palaces, excite astonishment and command admiration.

It hath traversed in Ethiopia, over the mouldering fanes of

Meroë, the origin of which is lost in the primeval gloom of antiquity; and it hath sat amid the pyramids and desolate ruins of Noori and Gebel-Berkel.

Amazed and bewildered, it hath rambled amidst the widespread ruins of the great palace of Karnac, and the magnificent temple of Jupiter Ammon.

It hath entered into the rock-sculptured temple of Ipsamboul, where the great name of Psammeticus can be seen sculptured on its venerable walls.

It hath examined the famous grottoes of Elethya, and the huge temple at Esna, the ancient Latopolis, with all its wonderful bass-reliefs, zodiacs, and hieroglyphics.

In astonishment it hath lingered among the grand old ruins that adorn the islands of Philæ and Elephantine, where the crumbling walls of temples dedicated to Isis and to Venus, the Aphrodite of Egypt, so richly wrought and ornamented, are still beautiful in their decay.

It hath stood by the rushing rapids of Syene, the reputed burial-place of Osiris, where for thousands of years, headlong and foaming, the waters of the Nile have dashed against the everlasting granite rocks of that rugged and desolate region.

It hath witnessed the majestic ruins of Thebes, and gazed in silent wonder at the magnitude of its temples, its sphinxes, its colonnades, and subterranean tombs, which the sacrilegious fury of Cambyses did not spare.

It hath mused amidst the magnificent ruins of the Memnonium, and beheld the renowned statue of Osymandias, so admirably sculptured, and adorned with hieroglyphical tablets, now prostrate on the ground and shattered into fragments.

Vainly endeavoring to trace the obliterated footsteps of Egyptian civilization, it hath descended the Nile, and sat pondering on the scenes of ruin and desolation, where once stood, in all its pride and grandeur, the ancient city of Memphis.

It hath gazed on the great Sphinx, and lingered by the Pyramids, under whose dark shadows military chieftains have marshalled their armies for battle.

It hath also seen the solitary obelisk that points out the spot where once stood the renowned Heliopolis, or city of the sun, and Pompey's Pillar, divested of its equestrian statue, and Cleopatra's Needle, being all that remain of Alexandria, so called after its Macedonian founder.

It hath gone back, in mournful retrospection, into remote ages, when all Europe lay slumbering in mental darkness, and long before the great cities of Babylon and Nineveh were built, and seen a busy and intelligent population rearing majestic structures that stood for ages, until dismantled and despoiled of their beauty by the unsparing Hykshos, Persians, Assyrians, Macedonians, Romans, Saracens, and Turks.

The Pyramids ante-date the writings of Moses and Sanchoniathon a thousand years.

The storms of four thousand years and upwards have howled over their lofty summits.

The hieroglyphics of Egypt, so admirably explained by the untiring efforts of Champollion, were undecipherable and incomprehensible mysteries to the great philosophers of Greece and Rome.

They beheld the rich treasury of Egyptian knowledge, but they had no key to open it.

Had the great library of the Ptolemies been unconsumed when Alexandria was given to the flames by Julius Cæsar, what an invaluable flood of light would have been cast upon the darkness of the mysterious Past!

What the Romans did not wholly destroy, was successfully accomplished by the Saracens, under the caliph Omar, who heated the water of their baths by burning books instead of wood.

By the cupidity of modern adventurers, and speculators in human remains, the Nilotic valley has been plundered of some of its rarest and fairest monuments of art.

The sacred halls of death have been pillaged, and the mouldering tenants of a primitive age have been sold as marketable commodities.

Fortunes have been made out of the archæological spoils of Egypt.

The Pamphylian obelisk can now be seen in the Piazza Navona at Rome, and there is a statue of a priest of Sais in the Vatican.

The celebrated Rosetta Stone, and the Sarcophagus of queen Onknas, adorn the British Museum.

The magnificent Sarcophagus, which once contained the ashes of Ramses IV., can now be found in the museum of the Louvre; and the colossal statue of Thoatmosis, with many other precious sculptures, can be seen among the royal collections at Turin.

The statue of the Mendesian Nephertites is now in the Institute of Bologna, and an obelisk sculptured by an Egyptian king can now be seen in the Hippodrome at Constantinople.

Almost every museum of distinction in the world can boast of its Egyptian antiquities.

The turbaned inhabitants of the present day have no respect for the primeval monuments of ancient Egypt, and take no interest in the faded glory of the land whose antiquity and civilization are so proudly attested by the hieroglyphics sculptured and painted upon her temples, her palaces, her obelisks, and her eternal Pyramids.

The *living* plunder the Catacombs of their sacred trust, and traffic in the ashes of the illustrious *dead*; and had they found the mummies petrified instead of embalmed, they would have been used as stones, like the venerable ruins of Memphis, to build the Turkish city of Cairo.

Let the studious inquirer acquaint himself with the history of Egypt, from the days of Menes, under all its dynasties, to the death of Cleopatra, and from the time that it became a Roman province until the present Mahometan rule, and he will find an abundance of material for reflection, and behold, in a strong and striking light, the awful truth of the mutability of human institutions.

Rest again, O Spirit of Inquiry, and farewell forever, O mysterious land of the Pharaohs, with all thy grand and monumental associations!

# THE POLLYWOG PAPERS.



## I

MRS. POLLYWOG'S INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY AND IMPECCABILITY—  
MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE SHORTCOMINGS OF HER OWN  
SEX—THE PASSION OF LOVE RINGING IN HER HEAD AND  
TINGLING IN HER TOES.

SOLILOQUIZING the other night, says I to myself, Mrs. Pollywog, you have now made a hit; you have ransacked and turned topsy-turvy every invisible chamber of the human heart, and laid bare all the feelings and failings appertaining to frail humanity, that ought to be clothed with beauties that are unseen to vulgar eyes, and with sentiments that are only understood by the initiated; you have travelled in fancy where human feet have never trod, and descended on the rim of a rainbow from mansions that are illuminated daily by a hundred suns, and nightly by a thousand moons. Yes, Mrs. Pollywog, says I, you have been wonderfully blessed by nature—ample in circumference, requiring no artificial trimmings to set forth your incomparable charms, and no upholstery-stuffing to supply the deficiency of a magnificent form: the wealth of your hair hangs so luxuriantly over your shoulders of alabaster, and sometimes at your toilet over your bosom, which is as warm as the caverns of



Mount *Ætna*, and pure as the snow on the summit of *Mont Blanc*. Can it be wondered at, then, *Mrs. Pollywog*, says I, furthermore, that your transcendent qualities as a woman, your intellectual acquirements as a scholar, your deathless productions as an authoress, and your brilliant achievements in the battle-field of *Cupid*, have brought heroes, hoary with age and honors; statesmen, smoking with political corruption; governors, who have disgraced the lofty position which they were called upon to fill; aldermen, who go in for metropolitan spoils; lawyers, whose business it is to cheat the law and their clients in particular; doctors, who kill more than they cure, and humbugs of all kinds, musical and literary, by the hundred, as kneeling worshippers at the shrine of your beauty, which is not of earth? Such was the language which I addressed to myself a few evenings ago, while musing on the mutability of all terrestrial things, and on the evanescence of all mundane felicity.

Why should I suffer and perish in consequence of *Eve*, my illustrious maternal ancestor, partaking of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil? I think it would require more than the subtlety of a serpent to beguile me. For such a small offence the punishment was terrible. Poor *Adam* suffered the penalty of his disobedience, and was driven with his charming spouse from the garden of *Eden*. In consequence of the fall of *Adam* and his wife, the human race have been tainted with the stain of original sin.

Physically I have no stains, and impure thoughts find no abiding-place in my bosom. I think that I am wholly free from all defects, whether original or accidental. Some people may think otherwise, and if so, they are welcome to enjoy their opinion. I

can clearly see the faults of others, but, by some inexplicable principle of the laws of optics, I am entirely blind to my own. The fall of virtue is surely more to be deplored than the simple crime of eating a forbidden apple. The fall of a mother from her sacred position not only injures society at large, but entails disgrace upon her unoffending and guiltless children. Some women, by folly and indiscretion, ruin their husbands and open the door for poverty to enter. They seek for pleasures away from the domestic roof, and find congenial fools in the fashionable haunts of vice.

I mourn in the depths of my soul over the frailty of my own sex. They sweep the sidewalks with their flowing skirts of silks and satins, and put their jewelled fingers into the pockets of the golden calves that dance after them. They disregard the marriage knot, which ought to bind man and wife as firmly and closely as the foxes were, when Samson tied their tails together. I, Mrs. Pollywog, have set them a noble example, and shown them that an angel in human form can be as virtuous as she is beautiful. The frown of a good woman will always keep a peace-destroyer at a proper distance. The smiles of encouragement lead to ruin and disgrace. Appointments clandestinely kept sap the foundations of domestic peace, and shake the moral frame-work of society. Let my sex do as I have done, and kill their husbands with love. A fine rosy face looks well in the sombre weeds of widowhood, and will not remain long a marketable commodity. I am all love myself. I feel the passion ringing in my head and I feel it tingling in my toes. It is glowing and brimming over at my heart, and I feel the grand sensation coursing through all the channels and arteries of my body.

Eternal thanks to the great Harvey, who, more than two hundred years ago, discovered the circulation of the blood in the human system. I have given the subject great attention, and recommend it as a study to the refined. I believe in the quality of blood, and, to some extent, in its transfusion. I have also studied deeply the peripatetic philosophy as taught by Aristotle, and stored my mind with the ethics of Socrates and Grotius. I believe, too, in the mental and physical superiority of some races over others, as much as I believe that a lion is braver than a monkey, and a race-horse swifter than a jackass.

## II.

MRS. POLLYWOG'S EARLY EDUCATION—THE SEVERITY OF HER EARTHLY TRIALS—HER BURNING LOVE IN A FREEZING CLIMATE—HER LITTLE EGOTISM AND HER GREAT AMBITION.

I WAS was educated in the school of obedience, and graduated in the college of design. The reminiscences of my *alma mater* cling like evergreens to my recollection. There I was taught the elements of my mother tongue and the Elements of Euclid. I disliked my teacher, however, as much as I did Lindley Murray. The one laid down rules for the government of my actions, and the other for the grammatical expression of ideas. My head, in course of time, became a Babel of languages. I could read the glorious Philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero, and how often have I wept over the tragic writing of Sophocles, and laughed at the wit of Aristophanes. I took no pains to learn the language of Confucius, nor did I rack my brains in translating the hieroglyphics of Egypt. The knowledge of the one, I admit, however, would have been as useful to me as the other. While storing my mind with the useful branches of mathematics, curiosity induced me to dive into the mysteries of alchemy. Notwithstanding all my scientific investigations, the Philosopher's Stone remains undiscovered. I have studied Galileo, and firmly believe in the Pythagorean system, as revived by Copernicus. Physiology claimed also a part of my attention, and to its knowledge am I largely indebted for being the personification of sound

health. It ought to be introduced as a necessary branch of education in the common schools, and the consequence would be, a race of strong-minded women and mothers would spring up, who could cure themselves and their children of all the common diseases of humanity. What a blessing to society to get rid of all pains and fevers—and the disciples of Esculapius! Doctors' bills keep sickly people always sick, and miserably poor. My ills are all of a mental character, which physicians cannot heal. I have been severely tried by disappointment, deep, bitter, and soul-harrowing. My heart throbs with emotions so violent, sometimes, that I cannot smother them. I feel the truth of the adage, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." It has completely upset me. I often dream that I am standing on my head, and my feet pointing like tapering minarets to "the starry firmament on high." No wonder, then, that my mind is absorbed by the nightmare of superstition, and that shadows, huge as Mount Diablo, are ever on my path. My *first* marriage was one of pure love, and my *second* was one of convenience. My heart was given in the one case, my hand only in the other. I was happy once; now, I am a poor, discarded thing, pitied by the few and laughed at by the many. For manifest kindness I return a seeming respect. Love for my first husband remains unextinguished in my breast. The twinkling stars, in the cerulean canopy of heaven, cast their silvery rays, like sparkling diamonds, into the subterranean passages and chambers of the temple of my bosom. My heart is like the centre of Neptune's emerald kingdom, which is unfathomable, where no plummet can reach the cavities of its bottom. Oh! saddle me on an iceberg, and let me be drawn by a thousand harnessed whales in

majestic grandeur through the Polar seas, accompanied by a battalion of mermaids, mounted on gayly caparisoned steeds of the walrus breed, and let the Aurora Borealis wave over my head, still, affection for my first love and my first husband would remain unchilled and unabated, burning as truly and warmly as it did when the flame of passion was first kindled at the vestal shrine of Venus, where I learned to perfection the womanly and magnificent science of darniñg stockings, and mending dilapidated pantaloons.

In those halcyon days of sunny youth, my pathway was strewn with the gorgeous fragments of rainbows that had been shattered by the lightnings and thunderbolts of Jupiter, and my couch was richly embroidered with gold and bedecked with the wild roses of Hymettus—so celebrated in ancient times for the superiority of its honey. Love glowed in my heart like the furnace of Archimedes, and I felt its warmth in every fibre of my body. My face was round as Minerva's shield, and as rosy as Sol appears when breaking through the misty veil of the morning, and my person was tall and handsome, like the great trees in Calaveras. My feet were small, and my brains in admirable proportion. With such bewitching charms I was surrounded by temptations. Men knelt to my beauty with a devotion more ardent than prudence would dictate. Vice shrank from my presence. I was too pure to be tainted by her polluting touch. I rapidly conceived ideas, and gave them as a gift to the heartless world. So, you see, that, in my day and generation, I have done some good, and intend to do a great deal more before I "shuffle off this mortal coil." I hate my own sex, however. They will not allow that I am beautiful and intellectual, and they

are too ignorant to appreciate my metaphysical productions. Let them wither and rot. I shall flourish like a solitary flower in the great moral Sahara of human life, and continue to break hearts, and apprise the world of my conquests. I have taken up the mallet and the chisel, and will carve out for myself a name of imperishable renown.

## III.

MRS. POLLYWOG LONGS FOR A GALLOP ON PEGASUS—HER MENTION OF BUCEPHALUS AND THE ASS OF SILENUS—HER ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS—HER RETURN TO THE RED SEA—MIRIAM AND ZIPPORAH—UNHAPPY MARRIAGES—JACOB AND THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF LABAN—VERTICORDA—THE RIVER LETHE AND OTHER STREAMS OF OBLIVION.

OH, for a gallop on the winged horse Pegasus, that sprang from the blood that gushed forth from the head of Medusa! Unlike Bellerophon, who wished by the means of that steed to ascend up into the heavens, I, Mrs. Pollywog, would be satisfied to confine my equestrian journeys to the ancient places of earthly renown. The celebrated Bucephalus, that proudly bore his royal master, Alexander of Macedonia, to the field of battle, lived to a good old age, and died the common death of other brutes; but the flying favorite of the Muses was placed among the constellations, and given by Jupiter to Aurora, the light-giving harbinger of Sol, and daughter of Hyperion. The ass of Silenus, by the terrific loudness of his braying, so frightened the monstrous giants of old that they fled in terror from his presence. He was rewarded for his service by being placed among the stars. Galileo discovered the four moons of Jupiter and the phases of Venus. Huygens, in the seventeenth century, discovered *five* of the moons of Saturn, and in 1789 Dr. Herschel discovered the other two, very soon after his forty feet reflecting telescope was constructed. On the first day of the present



century Ceres was discovered by M. Piazza, at Palermo, and in the following year Pallas was discovered by Dr. Olbers, of Bremen. In 1804 the planet Juno was first revealed, and in 1807 Vesta was added to the list of astronomical discoveries. Astronomers, ancient and modern, may prate of their learning and starry knowledge; they may tell of the *sword* and *belt* of Orion; of the Rings of Saturn; of the dark spots on the disk of the sun, and of mountains and smoking volcanoes in the moon; they may tell us, too, of the Georgium Sidus, and its inconceivable distance from the great luminary of day; of its immense diameter and circumference, and of all known planets and nebulous matter; they may state with mathematical accuracy the rate at which the heavenly bodies travel in their respective orbits; they may also explain to an astonished world the nature of a comet, from its nebulous head to the tip of its sweeping tail; but all the illustrious philosophers and astronomers since the remote days of Sanchoniathon down to the present time have been signally baffled in all their attempts to discover the celestial jackass of Silenus. The honor of such an important astronomical discovery seems to be reserved for the wisdom and superior science of some future generation.

As the eagle that soars heavenward returns again to earth, so I, Mrs. Pollywog, must return from my lofty flight of imagination to the borders of the Red Sea, where Moses wrote his beautiful canticle or song of thanksgiving, and where Miriam, the sister of the God-commissioned lawgiver, led the choir and merry dances of the Hebrew women. Females seldom agree when living closely together in social communion. Relations in particular should always live apart, if they desire peace and con

tentment to preside in the domestic circle. Distinctions in society are indispensably necessary. The poor sneer at the rich, and the rich despise the poor. As ability has little sympathy with ignorance, so wealth has no feeling in common with poverty. Beauty and virtue and talent are not peculiar to any country or to any age. Time produces great social changes, but human nature, with all its appertaining frailties and follies, remains the same as it was in the eventful time of the Exodus. Miriam disliked and traduced her sister-in-law, Zipporah, the daughter of Jethro and wife of Moses. Jealousy or family interference may have been the cause, as domestic meddling is ever dangerous to the welfare of society. However, we are led to infer that the spouse of her brother was not to blame, inasmuch as Miriam was smitten with leprosy as a punishment.

If wretches now-a-days, who destroy the peace of others, were only punished as they deserve, there would be less conjugal infidelity and fewer divorces, such as disgrace the public records of our courts. If an old man marry a young woman glowing with the fire of youth, he must be a hoary-headed fool, indeed, to expect a faithful adherence to the nuptial vows. He must be satisfied to pay her extravagant bills, and be delighted to behold others bask in the sunny smiles of her favors. So is it, also, when a thoughtless, giddy girl, with a pretty face and a faultless form, trusts her happiness to the keeping of some dashing black-guard, who has no other merit but the length of his purse to recommend him. She discovers, when too late, that she is wedded to misery. It is thus that the world is full of broken hearts and promises unredeemed. How often have I, Mrs. Pollywog, sat with all the becoming gravity of a father-confessor, and

listened to the touching recital of private wrongs and scandal from the lips of beauty, while the eyes were bedewed with tears.

There is no heart among the worshippers of Mammon. Marriages with some people are no sooner consummated than the parties begin to consider the speediest way of untying the Hymeneal knot. The courtships of old were honest and natural, now they are heartless and artificial. Vice has only to be covered with gold, or sparkling with jewels, to command more respect than all the charms of virtue. Jacob served Laban seven years for his daughter Rachel, but Leah was substituted in her stead. He served seven additional years to secure the first object of his love; so he married both sisters, and, so far as I know, made them happy.

In the early days of Rome, there was a temple by the name of Verticorda, denoting the power of Love to change the hearts of women, and ease the minds of men from all annoying care. When husband and wife could not agree, they appeared before the goddess, and she never failed in bringing about a perfect reconciliation. There are no such institutions now. The river Lethe, too, is dried up, whose waters had a care-forgetting virtue. Rivers of brandy and other delicious streams, whose waters when freely drunk have an equally efficacious virtue. They produce the slumbers of oblivion, and lead to the land of forgetfulness. They people the world with widows and orphans, and fill the benevolent institutions of the land. They are powerful enough to hurl Reason from her throne, and those who freely partake of the tempting draught become miserable wrecks of humanity, and too frequently close the drama of life within the

gloomy walls of a lunatic asylum. I cannot dwell on the subject at present. So far as I am personally concerned, when tired of the world and all its cares, I shall lie down quietly to sleep "the sleep that knows no waking," and my earnest prayer will be, that my weary head may recline forever on the bosom of Abraham.

## IV.

MRS. POLLYWOG'S INDIFFERENCE ABOUT THE ARK—HER VISIT, IN FANCY, TO EGYPT, AND HER DESIRE TO SECURE A MUMMY—COMPARISON BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN HEROES, WITH SOME DESULTORY REFLECTIONS.

WHAT matters it to me, or to mankind, whether Noah's Ark, after the universal deluge, rested on the cold and barren summit of Mount Ararat, as the Armenians and others verily believe, or upon Apamea, three hundred miles westward, as the Phrygians stoutly maintain? I have always felt a greater interest in the raven that flew away and never returned, than for the whole ornithological department of the patriarch's floating home. Finding a perching-place and afterwards a mate, that same bird became the illustrious feathered progenitor of the ravens that fed the prophet Elijah when he fled from the wrath of the idolatrous Jezebel. I like the dove, too, that returned with the olive-branch, that beautiful symbol of peace. I get bewildered in the mist of antiquity, and all my logic fails, in attempting to remove the cobwebs that have been accumulating for ages around the pagan shrines of the mysterious Past. How frequently has fancy conducted me up the Nile, from the Delta to the mountains of Abyssinia! What care I, however, for the sphinxes, the obelisks, the colossal statues, and the pyramids, the most illustrious monuments of art? Were it possible, I would rather see the lovely Cleopatra, dressed as the goddess Isis, or as she

appeared to Mark Antony, in all her captivating and glittering splendor. Yes! I care as little for the gloomy ruins in the land of the renowned Sesostris as the voluptuous queen cared for the wounded feelings of the chaste and charming Octavia. Away with the Egyptians! Their ancestors worshipped some of the birds and beasts of the "land of bondage," and slept for centuries undisturbed in the sepulchral grottoes and subterranean chambers of the Pyramids. The Arabs and present race plunder the catacombs and traffic in the dust of their forefathers. A museum is incomplete without an Egyptian mummy, or some sculptured sarcophagus from the great temple of Psammetichus. Should I ever travel up the Nile, I will endeavor to purchase an indubitable Pharaoh or Ptolemy, who flourished thousands of years ago. Perhaps I may be lucky enough to get Cleopatra herself, whose unbridled passion for the Roman general was as strong and ungovernable as the love of Evadne, who devotedly threw herself on the funeral pile of her husband Cataneus. Should I not succeed in obtaining an embalmed monarch, perhaps I may be able to purchase at a cheap rate one of the hereditary priests of Osiris. In like manner as Samson carried off the gates of Gaza, so would Mrs. Pollywog glory in bearing away one of the celebrated hundred gates of the ancient Hecatompylos. Thebes was sacked and ruined by Cambyses. The Persian conqueror showed as little respect for the consecrated temples of the Egyptian gods, and for their cats and dogs that were worshipped as divinities, as the desolating Gothic spoilers under Alaric cared for the magnificent structures of the Romans. Heroes and reformers of modern times, in exulting imitation of the ancients, seem to think that it is necessary to

deluge countries with human blood before the tree of liberty can be planted. Saracen-like did Cortez fire the great *teocallis* of the Aztecs. With a kindred spirit the redoubtable John Knox applied the battering-ram of Protestantism to the beautiful abbeys and other monastic institutions of Caledonia. He triumphed, notwithstanding the bulls and pious anathemas that were thundered against him from the holy throne of St. Peter. The motto of the bearded John was, "Pull down the nests, and the rooks will fly away." What the adage of the Persian was in subjugating the Egyptians we are not informed, nor would the knowledge of it be material to the welfare of the present generation. Livy and all other historians are silent on the subject, and I, Mrs. Pollywog, will not investigate the matter. As fled the Israelites of old, so shall I now flee from the down-trodden land of Egypt. I shall never visit Africa again unless it be to sit like Marius on the ruins of Carthage. I like changes, but the moderns are immeasurably behind the ancients in the rapidity of action. The winds and the weather change as they did in the olden time. Fashions change, too, and frequently, and so do the systems of government. Men change their wives and wives their husbands in a manner that was unknown to the Pagan world. The oracles of Dodona and Delphi are dumb, and the days of miracles are gone forever. People differ in opinions as widely as authors and poets disagree about the number of Juno's children. That celestial goddess, out of pity to Argus, turned him into a peacock, scattering his hundred eyes upon the tail of that bird. The haughty Niobe was as suddenly changed into a stone as Lot's wife was changed into a pillar of salt. What a pity it is that the venerable Lot did not break off the

nose of his metamorphosed wife, not to keep as an interesting relic of his devoted spouse so much as to preserve his tottering morality, which speedily gave way altogether. Before long I shall visit the Holy Land, the Isles of Greece and Athens, and will endeavor to find my way to the Eternal City, the ancient Mistress of the World.



## V.

MRS. POLLYWOG LINGERS A LITTLE LONGER AMID THE RUINS OF EGYPT—THE PROFOUND LEARNING OF THE ANCIENTS—JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR'S WIFE—POMPEY'S PILLAR AND CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE—MRS. POLLYWOG OF THE TOP OF THE HIGHEST PYRAMID—THE ASSES ON ANCIENT TIMES COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE PRESENT TIME—HER BATH AT CAIRO AND DEPARTURE FOR THE RED SEA.

THE Governor whose name betrayed his Celtic origin, of which he was peculiarly vain, invariably commenced his *pronunciamientos* with the memorable, *I, Governor John*; so, in modest imitation of the great executive, I, Mrs. John Sea Pollywog, feeling the awful weight of my responsibility, and keeping the grand object of my earthly mission steadily in view, now and forever bid a proud farewell to the land of Apis, with all its soul-debasing associations. I must, however, take "one longing, lingering look behind" before I go. Egypt has been a place of sanguinary contention since the days of Mizraim. It has been invaded by the Phœnicians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Saracens, the Tartars, and the Turks. The temples were destroyed, and even the City of the Dead was sacrilegiously violated. The Pyramids still stand, and bid a haughty defiance to Time. The magnificent Egyptian ruins of the present day are peculiarly national in their character, and proudly attest the former greatness of the land. It was the cradle of civilization and the nursery of science. In an agricul-

tural sense, it was once the granary of the world. It was remarkable for many things, and especially for its learning. Diodorus called literature *the medicine of the mind*, and the learned Egyptians termed it *the nourishment of the soul*. The poets, philosophers, historians, and lawgivers of old, travelled into Egypt to complete their studies, and to draw largely from the fountain of knowledge. It is also said in the Holy Bible that *Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians*. One of the Ptolemies positively refused to supply the famished Athenians with wheat, until they presented him with the original manuscripts of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. So much for the taste of the ancients. How often have I thought it peculiarly strange that the Hebrews fled *from* "the land of bondage," and that in sixteen hundred and forty-eight years afterward, Mary and Joseph, with the infant Redeemer, should flee into it for safety.

The beautiful story of Joseph and his brethren, will ever be inseparably associated with the history of the Pharaohs. By unprincipled scoundrels of the present day, who dare to invade the sanctuary of domestic peace, Joseph is looked upon as a fool. Notwithstanding the spotless purity and integrity of his character in resisting the temptations of Potiphar's wife, his cloak was produced as evidence of his guilt; so, in like manner, Iago, in the play of Othello, is made to exhibit the handkerchief as irrefragable proof against the virtuous Desdemona. In the one case, however, after a short confinement, Joseph, the dream-interpreter, was raised to a lofty position by his monarch, while the other was laid low by the dagger of her jealous lord.

A mixed race, from the white Circassian to the Ethiopian black, now inhabit the cities, and wander by the banks of the Nile. All

the ancient places of renown are in ruins, and some of them half buried in sand. Some dikes and mounds, and one obelisk standing erect, covered on its four sides with hieroglyphics, are all that point out the spot where once stood the splendid Heliopolis, or city of the sun. Pompey's Pillar still stands, and Cleopatra's Needle, that beautiful monument of Egyptian sculpture; these are all that are left of the renowned Alexandria, which was founded by and named after *the madman of Macedonia*. The old disgusting objects of idolatry are no longer worshipped. The more congenial doctrines of the Koran are firmly believed in by the people. For twelve hundred years the Crescent has been a steady and unconquerable competitor with the Cross, for supremacy in the world. It is not for me to determine which shall ultimately triumph. In my humble opinion, however, the Crescent is a waning moon, and as stars are unseen when the sun is blazing in its meridian glory, so shall the time come when it will be invisible in the broad and spreading light of Christianity. I shall not dwell upon the physical geography or the geological structure of Egypt. There is so much that is mythological, and purely traditional and doubtful, that I get bewildered in shadowy speculation, as much as I did when visiting the celebrated Labyrinth.

Having travelled from the shores of the Mediterranean to the hills of Syene, and visited the adjacent countries, I have seen the spot in the Lybian Desert, where once stood the great temple of Jupiter Ammon, that was consecrated to the worship of that powerful god, who was educated in a cave on Mount Ida, and fed upon goat's milk by Amalthæa, the daughter of Melissus. What are the paltry feats of the Roman-hating Hannibal of Carthage, and the first Napoleon of France, crossing the Alps with their

respective armies, compared with the daring exploit of my ascending to the summit of the loftiest pyramid, and there, under a blue and cloudless sky, singing with a cordial rapture Auld Lang Syne and Yankee Doodle?

The asses of Egypt, like the people, are miserably poor. They look as stupid and antiquated as they did in the days of Abraham. Ancient history presents only the solitary ass of Balaam that ever spoke; modern history presents a legion. They are found in colleges, where "*they go in fools and come out asses.*" They are seen swaggering in the streets; they are heard braying in the pulpit and at the bar, and their loquacious tongues are never silent in the saloons. They have no character to lose, and, having little respect for themselves, they have less for morality and virtue. In the animal scale of respectability, an ass can only be elevated to the dignity of a mule. In the olden time asses were merely beasts of burden, with *four* legs; now they walk the earth with *two*, panting, like the Israelites of old in the *Wilderness of Sin, for the flesh-pots of Egypt*—which means, in modern phraseology, the golden spoils of office.

\*As in ancient times, Egypt is still swarming with insects and reptiles. The people are all changed, but there is no degeneracy in the size of the crocodiles, lizards, scorpions, and spiders. The rats are impudently familiar and annoying, like some of the dandies of San Francisco. There were certain nameless parasites that clung to me with an affection that was not reciprocated: I made a glorious plunge into one of the marble baths at Cairo, and drowned them all. I now leave for the Red Sea, on my circuitous way to Palestine. As Socrates, the illustrious Athenian philosopher, said to his disciple, Xenophon, *Follow me, and learn.*

## VI.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF PHARAOH AND DAGON, SAMSON AND DELILAH, ELIJAH AND ENOCH—REMARKS UPON IGNORANT PHYSICIANS—SAPOR, THE PERSIAN KING, AND MANES—ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION, AND THE IRREPRESSIBLE CHARACTER OF FREEDOM.

ACCORDING to Josephus in his Jewish Antiquities, the word Pharaoh signifies a king, and was applied to the Egyptian monarchs from the reign of Menes to the time of the illustrious Solomon. Some modern writers think, however, that the term is compounded of *Phi* and *ourah*, implying the *voice of Orus*, as it was common among the ancients to call the words of a king the *voice of God*. Bochart supposes that Pharaoh means a crocodile, and Champollion maintains that it signifies a serpent or dragon. In my biblical investigations I discovered in Ezek. xxix. 3: *Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his waters*, which is strongly corroborative of Champollion's enlightened opinion. A similar difficulty is to be met in the etymology of the word Dagon. Salmasius says that it means the same as *ceto*, a large fish, and other antiquarian authors with great confidence assert that it is derived from *dag*, signifying the same thing. Dagon means *wheat* in the Hebrew; but there are no feminine names in that language to indicate goddesses. Ceres has always been entitled to the honor of being the protectress of agriculture and fertility. Berosus says, that Dagon had the body and head of a fish, and

above the head of the fish he had a human head, and below the tail he had human feet. Such was the monstrous God of the Philistines. Shamgar showed his dislike for the Dagon-worshipping race, by killing six hundred of them with an ox-goad. Samson, their determined enemy, manifested his hatred in a still more *striking* manner, by slaying a thousand of them with the jaw-bone of an ass. The Philistines put his eyes out and imprisoned him. Notwithstanding his blindness, his strength miraculously returned to him, and his last act on the stage of human life was to pull down the Temple of Dagon, by which three thousand of his bitter foes were buried in the ruins. Poor Samson! His story has been familiar to me since childhood. Like many other heroes, he showed his *strength* among men and his *weakness* among women. The charms of Delilah, and the music of her tongue, so captivated the Nazarite, whose birth had been foretold by an angel, that, while he reclined in the lap of his mistress, with his eyes closed in gentle slumber, she cut off his hair, in which lay the virtue of his amazing power. How many evils in the world can be traced to the influence of woman over man! It began in the garden of Eden—it will end with “the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.” Eve ruined her uxorious lord, and had the guilty parties themselves only suffered the severe penalty of disobedience, then I, Mrs. Pollywog, like Elijah of old, who was carried “by a whirlwind into heaven,” might have followed his example, or that of Enoch, without being obliged to shake hands with the common Destroyer of the human race, and lie down in a state of unconsciousness in his dreary dominions. Some people look upon Death as a friend. He has no terrors for those who cherish the hope of a glorious immortality.

Authors of antiquity and modern writers differ in matters of etymology, as much as blundering blockheads disagree about the character of diseases. Physicians look wisely, act stupidly, and charge extravagantly. Some of them drive around in dashing style. Fine horses and flunkeys in attendance give professional visits an air of importance, which with fools produces the desired effect. Some people think that there must be great skill and talent when blood-steeds bear the doctor in haste to the door of the patient. This is the reason why brainless quacks frequently make fortunes, while the educated gentleman, with all his scientific knowledge and experience, can barely make a living. Quacks ought not to be allowed to practise medicine. They are merely the aiders and abettors of death. Sapor, the Persian king, put Manes to death in consequence of his having dismissed the court physicians, pretending that he could cure one of the royal family by his prayers. As there was no efficacy or healing virtue in his prayers, the patient died. The devotional outpourings of the ancient Manichean were as much to be depended upon in saving life as the nostrums of modern humbugs. While some men are distinguished for the various modes of physical and surgical treatment in *saving* life, others are equally eminent and honored for their mechanical ingenuity in constructing terrible engines for *destroying* it.

The gracious smiles of royalty countenance the public exhibition of their usefulness, and glowing expressions of admiration fall from the lips of princes, while they witness the *modus operandi* of speedy destruction. Government pensions and exclusive privileges reward the honored inventors. Science has been so improved that nations panting for freedom may be repressed,

armies and navies effectually destroyed, and magnificent cities levelled to the dust. Such is enlightened civilization.

There is about as little of the true and gentle spirit of practical Christianity, in this our boasted age of learning and refinement, as there was in the gallant and stirring times of Ferdinand and Isabella, when the gloomy monster Torquemada conducted his hellish engines of torture, in the Spanish Inquisition. Tyrants still rule in foreign lands, and the scaffold smokes with the blood of patriots. Brave men are banished, or immured in loathsome dungeons, because they are dangerous to the dominant sway of haughty kings and cunning priests. Thrones now, however, rest on pointed swords, and the spirit of freedom is irrepressible. Freedom conducted the Israelites from "the land of bondage;" she accompanied Miltiades to the plain of Marathon; she wept over the fall of Leonidas at the straits of Thermopylæ; in after ages the rugged mountains of Switzerland rang with the shouts of her hardy mountaineers, while fighting under the banner of the gallant Tell; she wrung the Magna Charta from the royal tyrant at Runnymede; she nerved the arm of the patriot Bruce against the English oppressor at Bannockburn, and in later times she proudly points to her victories under the standard of Washington. It is just as impossible to crush the spirit of freedom, as it is to chain the howling tempest and the sweeping tornado.



## VII.

GIBBON Musing among the Roman Ruins, and Mrs. Pollywog musing on a rock—instances of accidental philosophers and poets—Newton, Galileo, and Vaucanson—Molière, Rousseau, and Malebranche—Byron and Burns.

GIBBON says: "It was at Rome, the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing Vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the City first started to my mind." In like manner I, Mrs. Pollywog, ninety-six years afterwards, as I sat musing on a rock by the Golden Gate, while a joyous picnic party in the neighborhood were singing "Hail Columbia, Happy Land!" and regaling themselves with lager beer, first conceived the grand idea of writing the Pollywog Papers and giving them to the world. It took the great historian twenty-one years to write "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" it has taken exactly twice that number of years to cram into my head all the mental material that I wish now to get out of it. Streams of knowledge, while passing through my brain, have left deposits that have settled down in a somewhat chaotic state, and all the laws of order and logic that I can call into requisition, signally fail in removing or disturbing them, in any other shape than that of a heterogeneous medley of history, mythology, philosophy, and poetry.

We are all creatures of, and governed by, circumstances. Illus-

trious men are sometimes made by accident, and genius is too frequently crushed in the beauty of its bud. Poets often languish under a feeling of withering neglect. Some men have become famous in consequence of accidental discovery.

The great Newton, when a student at Cambridge, discovered the law of gravity and the accelerating motion and force of falling bodies, simply from the fact that while he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell and struck him on the head. The severity of the blow from an object so small led his deducing mind to serious reflection, and became, as it were, the foundation stone of his whole structure of philosophy.

Benjamin Franklin says: "I found a work of De Foe's, entitled an 'Essay on Projects,' from which, perhaps, I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life."

It was the vibrations of a lamp, swinging from the roof of a cathedral in Pisa, that first suggested the idea of a pendulum to the inquiring mind of Galileo, the great Florentine philosopher.

It is said of Vaucanson, that when a boy he frequently accompanied his mother to the house of her spiritual confessor. Whilst she bitterly wept the tears of penitential repentance for her sins of omission and commission, he wept the tears of weariness. Feeling no interest in the repentance of his mother, he was struck one day by the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock that stood in the hall. His boyish curiosity was excited, and he studied its mechanical construction. He shortly afterwards produced a clock himself, and by the exercise of his ingenuity he formed a fluting automaton.

The literature of France informs us that it was by accident that the celebrated Molière became a comic writer, and Corneille a poetical ornament to his country.

The great ability of the eccentric Rousseau was first brought to light by an accidental circumstance, and we are told that La Fontaine was so delighted when he heard some of the verses of Malherbe, that he felt a sudden impulse which directed his whole future life and led to immortal renown.

As it was from carefully reading *L'Homme de Descartes* that the illustrious Malebranche was first led to the contemplative study of science, so was it from a profound admiration of Spenser's "Fairy Queen" that Cowley became so enamored of the Muse that "she threw her inspiring mantle over him."

In consequence of the taunting and cutting remarks of Henry Brougham, in his review of Byron's "Hours of Idleness," the noble poet wrote his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the greatest and severest satire of the age.

Had it not been for a simple accident in the life of Burns, in all probability he never would have written some of his most brilliant poems and lyrics, that have since made the world ring with the glory of his name. A situation had been provided for him as an assistant overseer on a negro plantation in the West Indies. He was prepared to leave the land he loved so well, and thus describes his condition and feelings at that time: "I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-natured people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had just taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Cal-

edonia, 'The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast,' when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening up new prospects to my poetic ambition." Neglected as he was when living, it was more respectable to fill the humiliating position of a British gauger than it would have been to serve as a subordinate negro-driver on the Island of Jamaica.

I could write a volume on the neglect of genius, and may recur to the subject again. Self-made men and accidental authors may claim my attention at some future day. In the mean time, an aching head and weary eyes suggest the propriety of repose to

MRS. JOHN SEA POLLYWOG.

## VIII.

THE CHARMS OF HOME—EARLY REMINISCENCES OF MRS. POLLYWOG—CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE—ROSLYN CASTLE AND HAWTHORN-DEN—MELROSE ABBEY AND ABBOTSFORD—ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL AND CHARLES X.—RETURN TO THE BORDERS OF THE RED SEA.

WHEN recollection bears no bitter stings, how delightful it is to meditate on the thrice-hallowed reminiscences of the past! How sweet it is to revisit the scenes of our childhood, and to linger in the honeyed bowers where our youthful feet were wont to wander! How pleasant, too, after a long absence, to be greeted by the smiles of a cordial welcome, and find the "old folks at home" basking in the sunshine of prosperity! It is gratifying, also, to find the old neighbors unchanged, and mingle again in social life with the companions of our juvenile years. But, oh! how saddening to feeling hearts, when we return and find that the household fires are quenched, and the domestic altar unseen, around which we were taught to kneel and offer up our youthful orisons—when strangers live where we lived, and coldly point to the spot where sleep the ashes of our parents.

"Roofless, untenanted may be the dome  
That gave us birth, still, still its name is home;  
Though bleak and barren be the lonely spot,  
Its charms can never, never be forgot;  
The wandering burn that bore the paper bark,  
The lilled spring that bubbled in the park,

And all our gambols in the afternoon,  
Beneath the thorn that blossomed white in June,  
And every bush that graced our native stream,  
Are fresh and fair in Recollection's dream."

My own taste was first kindled for the studies of antiquity by frequently visiting and musing amid the dilapidated walls of Craigmillar Castle. I have sat upon its loftiest tower and crept into its dreary dungeons. Contemplation has led me back to the dawn of the Reformation, when that picturesque fortress was the favorite retreat of James V., and afterward of his lovely daughter, the unfortunate Queen Mary. How often, too, have I visited, in my early years, the old ruin of Roslyn, and wandered by the precipitous bank of the river Esk, that sweeps by the little romantic peninsula on which the castle stands. I have frequently rambled through the classic groves of Hawthornden, and stood in the room cut out of the solid rock, wherein it is said the poet Drummond wrote his beautiful poetry. I have sojourned for months in Melrose, and day after day have I lingered for hours amid the splendid ruins of the Abbey. In strolling up the sacred aisles, I have gazed in mute and untiring admiration at the gorgeous Gothic arches that for hundreds of years so often rang with *Te Deum Laudamus*. I have mounted the time-worn stairs leading to the lofty turrets, from the windows of which I have looked up to the Eildon Hills and down upon the sweet valley of the Tweed. That magnificent fane is beautiful in its decay. Green ivy clings with an apparent fondness to that ancient shrine, and the swallows build their nests in the crevices of its venerable walls. Its richly carved and fretted buttresses exhibit niches for statues. A few sculptured saints that

were spared still stand in a dilapidated condition. Early in the 12th century the Abbey was founded by King David and dedicated to God. It was long the residence of a community of Cistercian monks who came from Rievale. Monastic tradition informs us that the masterly sculpture of the sacred edifice was executed by the hands of the holy brotherhood who preached the "glad tidings of salvation," and practised virtues which are abundantly testified by the many existing monuments of their industrious and self-denying order. It was partly demolished during the border wars in feudal times, and the sacrilegious hands of zealous bigotry afterward reduced it to its present condition. As a ruin, it is one of the grandest in the world.

Like Old Mortality, I have reverently lingered in the burial ground, and deciphered the antiquated inscriptions on the tombstones. I shall ever remember the beauty of Melrose Abbey. Twenty-two years ago I left the Eastern States, and while abroad I visited Abbotsford. A profound silence reigned around the house and within it, which immediately inspired me with a feeling of solemnity. I entered the hall which had so often rung with the lively music of other days, and was conducted by an English lady to the different apartments of the deserted and silent home of the author of *Waverley*. I sat down in the chair where Sir Walter Scott penned so many of his deathless productions; and saw his valuable library, and his fine collection of curious and ancient relics. In earlier life I had often seen that illustrious man when living, and I have stood by the grave where the minstrel sleeps in Dryburgh Abbey.

In one of my morning rambles, some thirty-five years ago, I witnessed a scene that is still green in my recollection. Amidst

the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, sat an old man whose race was nearly run. His complexion was florid, and his thin hair was silvery white. His aspect was calm and dignified. The passing zephyrs fanned the furrowed brow, which had but lately worn the diadem of France. He was quietly meditating, with his eyes directed to Holyrood, the ancient palace of the Stuarts. That venerable old man was the dethroned and exiled Charles X.

"Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,  
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth."

It was thus, amid the crumbling battlements, towers, and turrets of ancient castles, and the gray and desolate shrines of Gothic grandeur, that my youthful mind received so many lasting and ineffaceable impressions. Yes! it was amid the suburban ruins of the Scottish Metropolis that I first became enamored of the Muse, and learned the rudiments of the art of writing rhymes. I have lingered amongst them in my youth, until the deepening shades of evening gradually unfolded the glittering glories of the sky that illumined my homeward path—

"those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright."

I must leave, for the present, those hallowed scenes, and return to the borders of the Red Sea, where I left the Israelites dancing and singing songs of rejoicing. I shall accompany them in their wanderings to the foot of Sinai, where they danced around the golden calf, and sojourn with them for a time in *the wilderness of sin.*



## Impressions of Jamaica,

### AND OF KINGSTON IN PARTICULAR.

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I WAS up with the sun this morning. Last night the full moon shone beautifully in the starry heavens. We had music, and dancing, and singing on board. All were merry and full of glee. Now, all is changed. The sun has mounted his beamy throne, and his golden rays are dancing on the blue mountains of Jamaica. Fleecy clouds are rolling around the dark tops of the highest peaks, while I am gliding along the coast of the land so celebrated for piratical depredations and negro insurrections.

The island is one hundred and fifty miles long, and about fifty miles in breadth. The range of mountains, extending nearly the whole length of the colony, is truly grand and picturesque. The loftiest summit is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is worth a journey from New York to behold such a scene. Shortly after sunrise, we took a black pilot on board, and after passing the point where once stood the beautiful city of Port Royal, which was swallowed up by an earthquake in 1692, we reached Kingston, this world-renowned city of moral and commercial decay, about ten o'clock A. M. While at the wharf, negro boys came swimming about the vessel, crying piteously for dimes. The passengers would throw small silver coins into the water, and with the alacrity of pelicans, down went these

black fellows after the prize. Nearly naked, and all barefooted, some eighty or ninety women, black, dirty, and shining with grease, stood ready to carry in the coal for the steamer. Rank and file, and singing, or rather *yelling*, yet keeping time as they go (each one bearing a round bucket of coal upon her head), they march up one gangway with a stately strut, and delivering their load into the hold as they pass, they march down another in the most perfect order. Such an exhibition of tatterdemalion wretchedness and human degradation I was unprepared to witness. Leaving this sickening scene, I left the steamer "to see what I could see." On every hand were importunate beggars, that beggar description in all that is revolting and disgusting to humanity.

Jamaica is called the Island of Springs. By others she is designated the Queen of the Antilles, and as being the brightest jewel in the crown of England. Respecting her mineral springs, there are four, somewhat noted for their healing virtues in cases of bronchitis, rheumatic, pulmonary, and cutaneous affections, viz.: Bath, St. Faith's, Silver-Hill, and Milk-River Bath. There are marvellous stories told of people living to a great age in those districts. I presume Methuselah would have been living still had he been a partaker of their waters of life. Were Jamaica called the *blackest* instead of the *brightest* jewel in the British crown, I could perfectly appreciate the truth of the poetical appellation. Can it be that prostrate commerce, ruined plantations, ignorance, sloth, vice, and prostitution form the boasted jewel of the crown of England? The glory of Jamaica has departed. The sun of her prosperity has gone down. Religion itself is on the wing, and a general gloom pervades this interesting land. Education

is neglected, and the school-houses are melancholy ruins. The planters are leaving the country with disgust, and the settlers generally are sunk in apathy and sloth. The blacks crowd into the towns, and are too lazy to work. Every house seems to be crumbling away. Not a new habitation can be seen. Was it to produce this state of things, that the British people, through a mistaken philanthropy, paid twenty millions of pounds sterling? I will not stop here to inquire into the cause of this general ruin. However, the Emancipation Bill of 1833 commenced the work of destruction, and the Sugar Duties Bill of 1846 successfully accomplished what the other had left incomplete.

Jamaica has been in the possession of the British since 1665. It is divided into three counties, viz.: Middlesex, Surry, and Cornwall, and these are subdivided into twenty-two parishes. The legislature consists of the Governor and a council of eleven members appointed by the British Government, and a House of Assembly of forty-seven representatives, who are chosen by the people. The population, ten years ago, amounted to three hundred and seventy-seven thousand four hundred and thirty-three, and out of that number, there were only nine thousand two hundred and eighty-nine white males, and six thousand four hundred and eighty-seven white females. There are about forty thousand in Kingston, about three thousand of whom are white. The houses generally have a mean look. They are not more than two stories high, and have no chimney-tops. The streets are narrow and dirty, and abound with a dwarfish race of hogs. I should judge, from their starved appearance, that they would leave but little for the poor buzzards, that hover over this tropical city, to pick up. The asses and the mules have the same fam-

ished air, and the horses are lucky whose skins perfectly cover their bony protuberances. The chickens have a similar aspect of want, and their feathers fail to conceal their nakedness. The rats, however, seem to be of a superior breed, and are large and fat. The dilapidated state of the buildings gives them easy access to the pantries; and, like their unscrupulous race everywhere, they indulge in their thieving propensities, and help themselves "before their betters." They seem to enjoy the blessings of the Emancipation Act as well as the negroes, and are bold in their independence. In point of intelligence the one is but a little elevated above the other. There is one striking difference between the races, and even it may be attributable to the imperfect gift of speech which the black enjoys over the rat. The rat, professionally a thief, can only *steal*, having no loftier pretensions; and is subject to no moral or criminal law, and feels perfectly safe in his depredations, unless caught in the act of stealing, or in a trap (which the knowing ones studiously avoid); while the negro will not only *steal* when opportunity offers, but meanly *beg*, instead of working for an honorable living, in a land where labor is so much in demand.

I saw the horses of the island that were booked for the race that was to come off on the following day. Being the property of gentlemen, they looked as if they had "life and mettle in their heels," and not like the harnessed skeletons that belong to the city, whose owners modestly charge two dollars and a half per hour for the use of one of them. The negroes who come into Kingston from the country, in their own conveyances, have a respectable air, and look fat and contented. They are polite and courteous in their manner, and much respected by the white

population. The policemen are black, some of the judges and legislators are black, and the city barracks are filled with black soldiers, who wear red coats. The *white* soldiers of Queen Victoria occupy a more salubrious position, on the brow of a mountain, distinctly seen from the city. Some of the negroes of the city follow the stranger, and beg of him to relieve their wants, while others, with shirts, handkerchiefs, straw hats, and other commodities for sale, annoy one at every step he takes. Another class sell the fruits of the island. All seem to be dealers, but the beggars. There are only a few good stores, and one or two decent-looking hotels, in the place. So heavily do the rains fall occasionally, that the streets leading down to the docks are not only unpaved, but so scooped out, that they seem like so many channels of dried-up rivers. During the rains, the waters rush down them with an impetuous velocity. Hogs, rats, and chickens are frequently swept away in the rushing currents. It is with difficulty the mule, or his half-brother, the jackass, can ford the street-rapids of Kingston. Some of the flounder-footed negroes carry people across for a small compensation.

I visited the suburbs of Kingston, where some of the gentry reside. I entered some of the gardens, and was politely shown around. Here are to be seen growing all the choicest fruits of the tropics. Here all is beauty and luxuriant magnificence. The trees and the flowers are in bloom, and the highways are redolent of perfumes. Here are impenetrable hedges of the cactus tribe, from twelve to sixteen feet high, extending for miles on each side of the road. If the Paradise of our first parents was more inviting and enchanting than the gardens of Jamaica, I do not wonder at our ancient mother partaking of "the forbidden

fruit, which brought death into the world and all our woe." Flowers of every hue greet the eye, and trees are hung with tropical fruits in tempting profusion. Here hang in clusters the bananas, cocoa-nuts, oranges, pine-apples, plantains, custards, granadillas, pomegranates, and figs. Here grow, in all their beauty and perfection, the exotics of our northern conservatories. Some of them are daily watered by artificial means, but, with that little attention from man, they have no other nurse but the genial sun, and no other covering than the skies. A few of the gardens have marble fountains, that still mix their waters with the odors around. Nymphs and Venuses, with a few dismembered saints, adorn the flowery walks. One may see a saint without a head, and a Venus without a leg. In a shell-encircled basin stands a figure of old Neptune, with a broken trident in his hand. Those statues may not have been sculptured by a Phidias or a Powers, but they show evidence of a taste and refinement of by-gone times. Oh! it is deplorable to behold Neglect aiding in the triumph of Decay. The marble fountains will soon cease to play, and the sculptured symbols of luxury point to the grave of civilization. Some may think, as the Spaniards would say, "*Palabras que se lava el viento.*"

Can nothing be done for Jamaica, where Nature does so much and man so little? Its streams and surrounding waters abound with fishes of great variety. The hills and the valleys teem with teal, wild ducks, plovers, snipes, pigeons, and flamingoes. Its timbers are of the choicest kinds, and its spices and balsams are celebrated for their superiority. Its past history proves what its deserted plantations are capable of producing. It is one of the most productive islands in the world, and certainly one of the

most beautiful. Notwithstanding all the charming beauty of Jamaica, she is abandoned by England, her natural protector. England broke the chains of slavery which despotism had forged, it is true; but she left her wrapped in darkness and in ignorance. Before the civilized world, she presents the most humiliating spectacle of wretchedness and ruin. Have the long parliamentary efforts of a Wilberforce, and the untiring exertions of a Clarkson, resulted only in this deplorable exhibition of human degradation, and in casting a withering mildew over the social prosperity of this tropical garden of loveliness? Almost irredeemably sunk in the depths of sloth, ignorance, and depravity, she appeals to the philanthropists of the world to have pity upon her fallen condition. She implores of them, with outstretched arms, to educate her benighted population, who take no pride in her beauty, and feel no interest in her welfare. "She looks, and there is none to help; and she wonders that there is none to uphold." The humble efforts of a few sectarian preachers, and a few Sisters of Charity, avail but little. Unless something be speedily done for Jamaica, the great DISPOSER of human events can only foresee her mysterious destiny. As for myself, I shrink from the contemplation of the future.

# The First Masonic Funeral

IN SAN FRANCISCO.

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IN the contemplative hour of retirement, how many thrilling reminiscences of the past crowd upon the memory! Some of them are of a pleasing and others of a peculiarly painful character. The year 1849 will ever be a memorable epoch in the history of California. The commercial and gold-seeking adventurers "met on the level" in those days. There were no granite buildings to trade in, nor were there splendid palaces to live in, such as now adorn the surrounding hills of San Francisco. Thousands of people, who had been long accustomed to all the refinement and luxuries of Eastern life, had to doff their fine linen and put on the red shirt of the hardy miner. Pride was unknown for a time. Gentlemen had to stoop from their dignity and awkwardly wash their own clothes. They had to kindle their own fires and do the menial work of a *cuisinier*. Some reposed at night in a canvas tent, while others closed their eyes in sleep among the sand hills, with no covering but the canopy of heaven—

"Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright."

Exposure and disease rapidly peopled the kingdom of death. The *Ayuntamiento* had not yet set apart any ground for burial purposes. The consequence was that many were rudely buried in the suburbs, and were afterwards removed to Yerba Buena Cemetery, where the remains of eight hundred lie huddled to-



gether in one immense, dismal grave. There is not even a common board to mark out the remarkable pit in which sleep so many unfortunate pioneers of Upper California. In those eventful times men were found dead, and no one could tell whence they came. They passed away to their graves unhonored and unknown. Distant friends and relations were never informed of their fate. Anxious parents in foreign climes still cherish the hope that their sons are yet in the land of the living, and may return to the domestic roof. Vain hope! Their eyes are sealed in death, and the grave has closed over them forever!

The Fraternity of "the mystic tie" had not yet organized. There was not a lodge in the State. They only knew each other by the *legal information*, which craftsmen only know and properly understand. A wonderful instance of Masonic identity occurred in the month of August, 1849. A much respected citizen and Mason was quietly wending his way up Happy Valley, very early in the morning, when he beheld the corpse of a man stretched upon the pebbly beach. All was soft and still. The strangely mingled population of the tented city was wrapped in deep repose. The mists still lingered on the suburban hills, and the morning star shone clear in the sky. The waters of the bay were smooth and calm, and gently laved the feet of the stranger who "slept the sleep that knows no waking." The great Disposer of human events, in His inscrutable providence, seemingly had determined that the tide should bear his lifeless body to the shore, where, discovered by a passing brother, it would assuredly be carried to the grave in becoming solemnity, and deposited therein with all the honors and ceremonial rites of the Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

“There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them as we may.”

Some of the inmates of the neighboring tents were roused from their slumbers and speedily repaired to the spot. The Alcalde was immediately sent for. He promptly attended, and acted as coroner. The body was removed to a tent, where it was carefully scrutinized. No indications of violence were visible. The man had evidently been drowned. His face was manly and intellectual. His hair was long and curly, and of a dark auburn hue. He was neatly dressed, and had a superior air of respectability. The jacket and pants on his person were blue pilot cloth, and a black silk handkerchief was tied in a sailor’s knot around his neck. There was nothing found in his pockets that could possibly lead to his identity. However, in removing the flannel from his bosom, a silver mark of a Mark Master was discovered, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholders the most *outré* exhibition of Masonic emblems that were ever drawn by the ingenuity of man on the human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of Free Masonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm with red and blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the Entered Apprentice. There was the Holy Bible, the Square and Compass, the twenty-four inch Gauge, and the common Gavel. There were also the Mosaic pavement representing the ground floor of King Solomon’s Temple, the indented Tressel which surrounds it, and the Blazing Star in the centre. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquids, were the emblems appertaining to the Fellow Craft degree, viz.: the Plumb, the Square, and the Level.

There were also five columns, representing the five orders of architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the Trowel presented itself, with all the other working tools of operative Masonry, besides all the emblems peculiar to the degree of Master Mason. Conspicuously on his breast were the Great Lights of Masonry. Over his heart was the Pot of Incense. On other parts of his person were the Bee-Hive; the Book of Constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's Sword, the Sword pointing to a naked Heart; the All-Seeing Eye; the Anchor and Ark; the Hour-Glass; the Scythe; the forty-seventh problem of Euclid; the Sun, Moon, Stars, and a Comet; the Three Steps, Emblematical of Youth, Manhood, and Age. Admirably executed was the weeping Virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the Book of Constitutions. In her left hand she held the Pot of Incense, the Masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her uplifted right hand a sprig of acacia, the beautiful emblem of the immortality of the soul. Immediately behind her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, "which cuts the brittle thread of life," and the Hour-Glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that "our lives are drawing to a close." The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were delicately placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality and immortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and, in all probability, such as the Fraternity may never witness again.

In the mean time the sun was rising in the East. The smoke of a thousand tents was now ascending from the surrounding hills

and valleys, which plainly told that the hardy pioneers were busy preparing their morning repast. The flags of different nations were waving from the masts of the immigrant ships that were anchored in the bay, and sounds of sweet music in the distance fell faintly on the ear. There was a solemnity and tranquillity all around peculiarly befitting the occasion. The news soon spread from tent to tent, and crowds hurried to the spot where the body was exposed. No one, however, could indentify him. A perfect mystery hung over the stranger, and still hangs over his memory. His history may never be known. It mattered very little to the M<sup>a</sup>sons who were present from what country or clime he came, or in what language he spoke while living. It was enough for them to know that he was a man and a Mason to secure him a decent interment. The body was laid in a rude but substantial coffin, and borne in silence to the brow of a neighboring hill where it was buried with becoming honors. The mourners stood around his grave, each one wearing a white apron, which from time immemorial has been "the emblem of innocence and the badge of a Mason." There were eyes bedewed with tears that were unused to weep. The occasion was as solemn as it was extraordinary. In the entire absence of all empty pomp and ostentation, there were the manly and undisguised feelings of M<sup>a</sup>sons, moved to a touching extent over the humble grave of an unfortunate brother. The funeral service was impressively read by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Noah. The brethren severally dropped a sprig of evergreen upon the coffin, and, after an appropriate prayer, the dust of Happy Valley forever covered the mortal remains of the mysterious stranger whose body was so beautifully embellished with Masonic emblems.

## The Falls of Niagara.

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“OH! what are all the notes that ever rang  
From War's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!  
Yea, what is all the riot man can make  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!  
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,  
That breaks the whispers of its Maker's might.”

AS might be expected, when approaching the greatest wonder of its kind, curiosity increased every moment and longed with impatience to be satisfied. I hastened to the bridge that leads across the Rapids to Bath and Goat Islands, and gazed for a few minutes upon the white-crested waters of Niagara, that were dashing over rocks in their headlong journey to the precipice. Having proceeded to the toll-house, paid twenty-five cents, and recorded my name in the Register, I kept on the gravel walk leading me to a narrow bridge, which I crossed, to Luna Island, when the most extensive view of the Falls from the American side immediately presented itself. Instead of being disappointed I was confounded. Retracing my steps to Goat Island, and descending the spiral staircase, erected at the expense of Nicholas Biddle, from whom it takes its name, I was conducted to the Cave of the Winds, behind the Centre Fall on the right, and the

great Crescent Fall on the left. The whole descent, from the top of the island, is one hundred and eighty-five feet. The bottom of the staircase is eighty feet above the water, and the paths leading to the different Falls are rugged and slippery. Ladies in particular, when viewing the Falls from the best positions, must be contented to experience considerable inconvenience. In retracing my steps, and drenched with spray, I proceeded to Terrapin Bridge and Tower, all the while feeling the ground tremble beneath me, as if shaken by an earthquake. The bridge projects about ten feet over the Fall, and the tower is forty feet high, with winding steps to the top, built on the verge of the precipice, over which the impetuous waters leap one hundred and sixty-four feet. The Niagara here is about three-fourths of a mile in width, and the bridge has been erected as near to the Crescent, or Horse-Shoe Fall, as the dangerous circumstances of the case would admit. The faint-hearted may shrink at the apparent danger of the Terrapin Bridge; but, though erected with peculiar difficulty, it stands firmly secure upon solid rocks that bid defiance to the dashing current. Whether the traveller ascends to the top of the tower, or remains on the wooden bridge, he must behold with speechless wonder the grandest scene in the world—a scene which at once baffles the genius and the highest elevation of human intellect to depict. Wherever I turned my eyes, objects presented themselves ready to overwhelm the soul in dreadful amazement. If I looked above me, I beheld the cloud of mist that hangs forever over the Falls, and is visible far in the distance. If I turned to the left, I saw the waters which had lately left their peaceful abodes in the upper lakes, rushing with inconceivable fury, breaking and foaming, and dashing and

trembling in their headlong and unbridled career. If I turned to the right, I beheld the translucent current plunging over the awful precipice into the fathomless abyss beneath, with a deep, deadening, and unutterable sound. The waters, as if stunned by the fall, become comparatively powerless, and wend their way beneath a milky foam, that appears like a troubled sea of living snow, till they gradually assume their own azure hue, when they can be seen gliding lazily and languidly along, as if outworn with the fatigue of their journey. However, as they approach the celebrated Whirlpool, they have another fresh and furious onset.

Table Rock, on the Canadian side of the river, commands the most extensive view of the Falls that can be had ; still, they have not that terrific sublimity, that awe-commanding influence, and entire dominion over the mind of the stranger which they have from the Terrapin Bridge. From Table Rock, they are wide, grand, and magnificent. From the bridge, there is nothing to equal them in matchless grandeur, with a terrible abyss, like an eternity of terror, forever writhing and foaming in humble prostration at their base. The Cascade is an imposing world of poetry, the creation and discovery of which are equally unaccountable. Whether it be of antediluvian origin, or formed by the waters of the Flood, or by some tremendous earthquake ; or whether the lakes, cherished by their springs, waxed strong in their might and burst the fetters of their boundaries, sweeping soil and riven rocks and foaming rapids and cataracts and ravines and islands in their proud and infuriated journey to their wedded connection with the Atlantic, is an insolvable problem, and, till the dawn of eternity, must puzzle philosophers as much as its description mocks the most brilliant poetic genius.

Let the traveller go to the Falls of Niagara, and below them he will behold a broad, deep ravine, walled by lofty, perpendicular rocks, the strongest barrier of nature, forming a porch of magnificent sublimity, at the head of which stands the unique cascade, like a ponderous rocky altar, erected by the great Architect of the universe, over which He pours the element that has thundered for untold ages, and still proclaims, in tones of thunder, His infinite power and the grandeur of His works, compared with the insignificant productions which the ingenuity of man can frame.

It is worth a long journey to behold the Falls in the clear sunshine, crowned with an ever-changing cloud of vapor, through which thin, misty veil can be seen rainbows of matchless beauty spanning the whole width of the grand cascade.

At Table Rock there is a spiral staircase that leads to a large sheet of water, behind which the visitor can pass one hundred and fifty-three feet to Termination Rock. It cannot be accomplished very comfortably, however, without a requisite dress, which, for a small fee, is supplied by the keeper of the staircase. About half a mile above the Falls the best view of the Rapids can be had, although some persons prefer the view above Moss Island. The whole surrounding country is replete with picturesque and historic interest.

The place is pointed out where Sam Patch jumped twice from the top of a ladder, ninety-seven feet high, into an eddy below the Falls, in 1829; where Francis Abbot, the eccentric and mysterious hermit, lived for two years, and was drowned in 1831; where the company of British soldiers, in 1759, pursued by the French and Indians, were driven over a perpendicular rock, now



known by the name of the Devil's Hole ; and, within a few miles of the Falls, where some memorable battles were fought during the last war between the United States and Great Britain, especially those at Fort Erie, Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane. Within ten miles of the Falls is the Reservation of the Tuscarora Indians, who came from North Carolina in the year 1812, and joined the Confederacy of the Five Nations. The famous Whirlpool is about three miles below the Falls. After following a path through some fields, I arrived at a place where visitors descend a perpendicular rock by means of a tree, with its branches cut short, forming a somewhat dangerous rustic ladder, at the foot of which is a rude path that leads to the Whirlpool. The beauty of the Rapids, and the terrific sublimity of the ravine, could alone tempt me again to travel the same route. It is said that ladies visit that place, but those who can go by the road on the Canadian side must have an extraordinary share of feminine courage. The Whirlpool is a deep, singular phenomenon, and the scenery around it is of such a wild and beautiful character, yet so confined and almost inaccessible, that Nature, with her haughty cliffs and ever-rushing waters, seems to forbid the daring intrusion of man into her terrible sanctuary of rugged grandeur, and mocks, in the pride of her sovereignty, the loftiest attempt of art to paint her in her own unrivalled magnificence.

The Rapids above the Falls descend fifty-two feet from Schlosser ; the average descent of the Falls is one hundred and sixty-five ; and from the Falls to Lewiston, one hundred and four feet. Thus, by deducting the perpendicular plunge that forms the great cascade, there are left one hundred and fifty-six feet of a descent in less than nine miles, which accounts for the ama-

zing velocity of the Rapids and the swift current of the whole river.

It was in the month of July when I last visited Niagara. All was calm and still around; the very leaves of the trees were unmoved; a perfect silence seemed to reign over the face of Nature. The sun shone forth in meridian glory, and its burning rays were almost insupportable, while I strolled over Queenston Heights, six miles and a half from the Falls. I could distinctly see the vapory cloud that crowns the cataract, and sometimes rises in pyramidal beauty; yet no distant sound, loud and deep, disturbed the tranquillity of the breathless atmosphere. I have read and been told remarkable stories about the wind bearing the sound of the Falls across Ontario to the city of Toronto, a distance of fifty miles. It is not for me to determine whether such statements be true, and attributable to some inexplicable atmospheric peculiarity, or whether human imagination can make such impressions on the minds of men who are credulous, and, consequently, inclined to believe in the wonderful. In the entire absence of a passing zephyr, I could not hear the sound at a greater distance than half a mile from the spot.

Farewell, Niagara! Early impressions may be effaced; the scenes of my youth, still green in remembrance, may be buried in forgetfulness, and all my fondly cherished recollections may wither and expire in my bosom; but thy Falls, O Niagara! while Reason holds her empire, will ever be a grand and fadeless panorama in my memory, affording a retrospective delight, in the meditative hours of retirement, which no other terrestrial landscape can possibly impart!

## Cortez and the Gulf of California.

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**E**TYMOLOGISTS differ about the derivation of the name "California." Whether it be from the two Latin words, *calida fornax*, or from *caliente fornalla*, in the Spanish language, or whether it owes its origin "to some words spoken by the Indians, and misunderstood by the Spaniards," as Michael Venegas verily believes, is a matter so very unimportant, that I shall leave it for the curious to investigate at their leisure.

Lower California was discovered in 1534, by Zimenes, a native of Biscay. He was pilot of the expedition which left Tehuantepec, under the command of Grixalva and Mendoza. After sailing about three hundred leagues northward, the former returned to New Spain, and the latter, in consequence of the severity of his discipline, was murdered by his mutinous crew. Commanded by Zimenes, the voyage of discovery was continued until he moored his vessel in the Bay of Santa Cruz, as it was called at that time. It is now known as *La Paz*, and is located on the western side of the Gulf of California. Its name would indicate a place of peace. The Indians, through some cause of provocation, killed Zimenes and twenty of his followers. Terrified, and without a leader, the rest of the Spaniards speedily weighed anchor and returned to their homes.

The restless and ambitious Cortez, panting for new kingdoms to conquer, and dissatisfied with the result of the expedition, in

the following year fitted out three ships at Tehuantepec, and personally joined the daring spirits that were enlisted in his service, when they reached the port of Chiametla. The presence of the great chief, who, during the previous fifteen years, had made the world ring with the glory of his name, inspired his followers with unqualified confidence in their success. The vessels were amply provided with every thing necessary for colonizing purposes. In his retinne he had four hundred Spaniards, and three hundred negro slaves. There were soldiers to fight, if required, and hardy emigrants to settle and cultivate the soil. There were also holy fathers, to administer consolation to the wretched, and to pray for and enlighten the benighted savages of California in the mysteries of the Gospel. He circumnavigated the Gulf, and imperfectly explored it. For a long time afterwards, it was known as the *Sea of Cortez*. It was also called the Red Sea (*Mar Roxo*), either on account of its shape resembling so much the one that separates Asia from Africa, or because the Rio Colorado, or Red River, flowing into it at the northern point, discolors its waters. Cortez discovered that the barren land, where his countrymen were slain, was a peninsula, and not an island, as it was hitherto supposed to be. He was tossed about the Gulf in a fearful tempest, and his frail and shattered bark was dashed against the rocks. Destruction and a watery grave seemed inevitable. Famine had thinned his ranks, disappointment had withered the hopes of his devoted followers. In the midst of appalling danger, however, the Conqueror of Mexico stood undismayed. In other days he had baffled the wily and jealous Velasquez in Cuba; he had tumbled down the hideous image in the temple of Tabasco, and placed a statue of

the Holy Virgin in its stead; he had traversed deserts and mountains with his army; he had desolated provinces, and marched in triumph through hostile lands; he had removed obstacles that seemed insurmountable, and braved perils and sufferings such as rarely fall to the lot of man; he had miraculously escaped amid the yells and curses and fury of a barbarous population; he had disregarded constituted authority and the claims of a generous hospitality; he had subjugated a mighty empire, and the monarch, Montezuma, was fettered by his command; with very fear the lords of Tezcuco and the princes of Tenochtitlan had trembled in his presence; he had ignominiously executed the youthful emperor Guatemozin, whose noble spirit he could not subdue; he had deluged the Aztec capital with the blood of its inhabitants, and planted the Cross upon the tops of their gloomy *teocallis*; he had plundered the palaces of the rich, and profaned the sacred temples of the gods; he had filled the regions of Anahuac with the wailings of woe, and fired the great city of the valley, so that the sky was black with the smoke of a terrible conflagration; he had overthrown the altars of a horrid superstition, and upon their ruins he had established the church of the Prince of Peace; he had been looked upon as a god amongst the Indians, and as a great chief by the Spaniards, whose orders they implicitly obeyed; but here he was in the Gulf of California, the mere sport of the elements; at the mercy of a howling tempest which he could not abate, and foaming billows which he could not command. Providence spared his life. By his indomitable energy the leaky and dismantled craft was brought back to Santa Cruz, the point from which he had started in the gulf. No good end was accomplished by this fruitless expedition.

He won no fresh laurels for himself, nor did he make any new contributions to science. Disappointed in this maritime enterprise, he set sail, and landing at Acapulco, he returned to Mexico, where his wife and friends had been for some months apprehensive of his safety. Two vessels in the mean time had been sent in search of him by Don Antonio de Mendoza, the lately appointed viceroy. Notwithstanding the disasters which befell his little squadron on the Pacific coast, and though now superseded in his authority as Captain-General of New Spain, he lost no time after his return to the scenes of his former achievements in furnishing the necessary means to fit out three more ships, which he intrusted to the command of Ulloa.

This gallant navigator sailed in 1537, and spent two years in exploring the gulf. He found the peninsula wild and barren, and its natives wretched and naked. Subsequent attempts were made by the viceroys of New Spain to settle the inhospitable country, but without marked success, until a half century afterwards.

The Indians were just as little elevated above the brute creation, as the intellectual and refined of modern times flatter themselves to be "only a little lower than the angels." Ignorant and barbarous as they were, they soon felt their inferiority. An unwavering and untiring perseverance gradually paved the way for a respectable state of civilization. The ideas associated with a debasing idolatry gave way to a more enlightened state of society. A garrison was ultimately established at La Paz, in 1596. Missionaries in the mean time were indefatigable in their labors. In less than ten years afterwards, the first Mission was founded, and others speedily followed. Amid arid wastes and barren mountains the doctrine of eternal salvation was preached to the

benighted heathen. The consequence was, that the savages of Lower California, in course of time, were found kneeling catechumens at the altars of Christianity. The followers of the Cross have since held undisputed sway over the sterile hills and sandy plains of the peninsula. Though Cortez failed in establishing garrisons and founding missions along the shores of the gulf, the world is largely indebted to him for the zeal which he manifested in extending the blessings of civilization. He had risked his life; he had spent a princely fortune; he had pledged the costly jewels of his beautiful wife; he had reduced his magnificent establishment and involved himself in bankruptcy, and all, too, for the accomplishment of the darling object of his ambition. His name will go down to the latest posterity as the greatest hero and the most remarkable man of the age in which he lived.

## The Missions of Upper California.

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NINE years before the Mission Dolores was founded, the Jesuits, those intriguing followers of Ignatius Loyola, had been expelled from Spain and her dominions by Charles III, in 1767, and were suppressed by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773. Those times form a remarkable epoch in the history of nations. India was gradually yielding to the superiority of British arms; Russia was at war with Turkey; Poland had been partitioned by Prussia and the unscrupulous Catherine II.; France was heaving with revolutionary principles, and the throne of Louis XVI. was tottering to its base; blood had been spilt at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and the foundations of a mighty empire of freedom had been laid, and cemented by the blood of the gallant Warren and his brave associates, when the Franciscan Fathers were busily engaged in extending the spiritual kingdom of their Heavenly Master in the benighted region of Upper California. Feeling no interest in the wars of Europe and Asia, and utterly ignorant of the current events of the outer world, they left their cloisters and their convents in Lower California and in Mexico, and, inspired with a glowing zeal to bring "from darkness into light" the savage tribes of this country, they unfurled the banner of the Cross, and devoted their lives to "the glory of God and the salvation of souls." When, in the latter part of the eleventh century, the enthusiast, Peter the Hermit, with a Christian army



of 300,000 men under his direction, marched towards the East, for the purpose of driving the Infidels from Jerusalem and the Holy Land, his bravery was not greater, nor were his motives and untiring devotion to the holy cause more honest and sincere, than were those of the God-fearing Friars who founded the Missions, and first promulgated the evangelical truths of the Gospel to the miserable aborigines of Upper California. Encouraged and aided by the princes and potentates of Christendom (some of whom were found among their chieftains), the crusaders marched forth with *Volonté de Dieu* inscribed upon their red-crossed banners, to conquer by the sword and establish the Bible for the Koran, and plant upon the towers and ramparts of the Holy City the cross instead of the crescent.

The military display of the warriors was as grand and imposing, as the result of the crusades was iniquitous and disastrous. They left their homes with bounding hearts, and waving plumes, and shining helmets, and glittering spears, and costly armor, while their prancing steeds were gayly caparisoned, and the mountains and the valleys rang with the spirit-stirring strains of martial music. The Fathers, on the other hand, clad in the humble gray habiliments of their order, simply buckled on the sword of truth, and carried with them "the glad tidings of salvation" and the blessings of civilization; and devoutly trusting in Divine Providence to crown their efforts with success, they speedily vanquished their great arch-enemy, the Devil. They carried with them the royal standard of Spain, and took possession of the country in the name of their sovereign. Some of them bore banners, upon which were rudely painted pictures. Painted representations appeal to the senses, and in some measure supply

the place of language, particularly among savages, unenlightened in the mysteries of religion. Father Garzes, in 1775, seems to have known the importance of pictorial symbols in converting the untutored savages of California. He travelled with a standard, upon which the Holy Virgin Mary was painted on one side, and a grotesque representation of his Satanic Majesty in the flames of hell on the other. The Fathers believed that they held their commission as ambassadors of Heaven, and, as such, they were only fulfilling the divine order: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Those faithful shepherds soon brought in thousands of swarthy Indians into their spiritual folds, and by their industry and husbandry the wilderness was made "to bud and blossom as the rose."

Religion, or rather, "the faith that is in us," is the result of education, as much as the knowledge of mathematics. Men are Christians, because they happen to be born and educated in a Christian land, and consequently believe in the faith of their fathers; so it is with the Turks, who are obstinately unconvertible, and bigoted in the belief that Islamism is the true religion, and the Koran a heavenly production, received by their Prophet from the angel Gabriel; so is it also with the ancient and scattered race, the descendants of Abraham, who still cherish the hope, as their ancestors have done for ages, that the Messiah has yet to come. To convert the heathen savages of the world is a stupendous undertaking. Before they can be reasoned with, a knowledge of their language is indispensably necessary. They are at all times, and under all circumstances, slow to believe that their idolatrous rites are not holy, and their sacrifices unaccep-

table to the Great Spirit, and that all their glorious traditions of the past are fabulous and false. Superstition, in this enlightened age, can still boast of having far more votaries under her grinding influence, clinging to her bloody shrines, than the indefatigable workings of 1800 years have been able to accomplish for the enlightened and salutary system of Christianity.

Since the Moravian Brethren, in 1732, led the way to Christianize the Gentiles, millions of dollars have been generously spent and good men have sacrificed their lives in the cause, and in few cases only can we discover that the results of Missionary labor have been commensurate with the accompanying dangers and the expence. Thousands annually contribute, and liberally too, for the purpose of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and enlightening the benighted in foreign lands, while they seem to be entirely blind to the wretchedness, and physical and spiritual wants that immediately surround them. However, let Bible and Tract Societies continue to flourish. They give employment to mechanics at home in their paper-making, printing, and binding establishments, and, doubtless, have accomplished a vast amount of good in less favored regions. It is true that blood-stained idols have been hurled from their pedestals, and the Cross, the symbol of Christianity, been erected in their stead; but Pagan races have degenerated, and their population rapidly decreased, and in many cases wholly disappeared, where Missions have been established. Where are the tribes that Cortez conquered, and his two travelling fathers, Diaz and Olmedo, baptized in the Christian's faith? There was no appeal to reason in their boasted conversions. Their logic was the logic of the sword. Where is there an Aztec living to speak of the beautiful mythol-

ogy of his race, which was far more enlightened than that of the Egyptians, and little inferior to the mythological systems of Greece and Rome? Where are now the Indians, those barbarous catechumens who were kneeling worshippers at the altars of Christianity, erected by the holy Fathers of Upper California? A few of their descendants still attend divine worship in some of the old Mission churches; but they are rapidly passing away. Not one can be seen lingering about the door of the Mission Dolores. A superior race live where they lived and kneel where they knelt. So pass away all human systems that are not in keeping with the onward spirit of progression.

## A Voice from California.

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WITH a little band of faithful followers, we find Freedom tempest-tossed upon the Atlantic in 1620. After a long perilous voyage, the May-Flower is safely moored. Consecrated to her holy cause, the banner of Liberty is planted on the barren rock of Plymouth. The Pilgrim Fathers kneel in gratitude to the God of their sires, and the welkin rings with their psalms of thanksgiving.

“Though years  
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and swelling thoughts  
Which overspread all others, and conduct  
The world at last to freedom.”

Free from institutions that were repugnant to their feelings; far separated from the corrupting influence of a court remarkable only for its debauchery, with a profligate monarch at its head, the Puritans, with a rigid faith and a firm reliance upon Providence, laid the foundations of a mighty empire of freedom, that was destined to command the respect and admiration of the world. The plough soon furrowed the virgin soil, and the ring of the axe was heard in the forest. School-houses were erected, colleges were founded and endowed, and the spires of their churches pointed to their eternal home. The rocks and the glens of New England, that once echoed with the horrid war whoop of the Indian, soon rang choral with the stirring songs

of freedom. Industry was encouraged, and labor was rewarded. Colonies sprang up rapidly, and flourished in different parts of America. Virginia and the Carolinas were settled by the English, and New York City was founded by the Dutch in 1612. States were formed, and entered into a bond of union, adopting the title of United States, September ninth, 1776. The blood that had been shed at Lexington and at Bunker Hill, quickly aroused the whole people to a sense of their danger. The Declaration of Independence was the consequence. That immortal instrument, emanating from the collective wisdom of the country, and boldly subscribed to by the great and good men of the times, immediately inspired the people of every State and territory with perfect confidence in the ultimate triumph of freedom, and in the honesty and unbending resolution of those who pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," to maintain the liberty of their native land, or perish in the attempt.

"Easier were it  
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,  
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men  
Determined to be free."

The press, in the trying times of the revolutionary struggle, contributed in no small measure to the achievement of national independence. The first newspaper that was started in the United States was in 1704. It was styled the *Boston News Letter*, and lasted for seventy years. Simultaneously with the first number of the *Boston Gazette*, in 1719, commenced the *American Weekly Mercury* at Philadelphia. Six years afterward the *New York Gazette* made its appearance. Shortly after that period, every State could boast of its printing-presses . . .

and its newspapers. Liberal principles were diffused throughout the land. The entire freedom of the press was secured by the Constitution of the United States. What has been the consequence? Every religious denomination and every political party has its daily and hebdomadal organs. Apart from newspapers, the number of original works now published, the reprints of the works of foreign authors, the sectarian, political, scientific, and literary periodicals, is wholly inconceivable and unparalleled in the history of literature. By the liberty of the press, freedom is secured and perpetuated. Tyrants dread its influence. Honest men can face the truth with a clear conscience, and court investigation into their actions. Bad men hate the means that give publicity to their rascality. A free press will speedily tear a crown from a despot's brow, and overthrow the institutions that are oppressive to mankind. Give continental Europe the liberty of the press, and every blood-stained throne will tumble down. Paper bullets, when freely levelled against tyranny and corruption, do more havoc than the leaden messengers of musketry. Experience tells us that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Isolated as we are in California, with no youthful associations to attach us to the State, at the same time feeling a cordial interest in its growing prosperity, there is nothing so conducive to its welfare, and the happiness of its people, as the cultivation of social virtues; the education of the rising generation; the elevation of good men to offices of trust and responsibility; the purity of our legislative halls and courts of justice; the fearless administration of our laws, and the encouragement of a high-toned and incorruptible press. The press, when unfettered, is

an omnipotent engine of power, and, when directed against oppression, must inevitably prostrate the haughtiest system of despotism that the ingenuity of man can frame. As lightning purifies the air, so an independent press will impart a salutary tone to the moral atmosphere around us. It protects the sanctuary of the fireside, and places on the pedestal of scorn the sacrilegious scoundrel who would dare to blast its happiness and peace. It is a shield to the ballot-box; it is "a terror to evil-doers." It exposes state and municipal abuses. It tears the mask from hypocrisy, and seeks to send the criminal to the bar of justice. Trumpet-tongued, it demands the penalty of the law to be unequivocally carried out to the assassin and the robber. It breathes not vengeance, but insists upon justice being done. If the necessity of a gibbet be suggested by a free press, it is not that the innocent may suffer, but that guilty wretches, reeking with crime, may die the ignominious death which they deserve.

There never was a State where the influence of a free press was more needed than in California. Unprincipled adventurers have come in swarms to these shores, with no loftier object in view than the perpetration of crime. They find their advocates in our courts; they find corruption presiding on the bench. The consequence is, that we see murderers swaggering in our streets, smoking with the blood of their victims, bidding defiance to the laws, and laughing at the futile attempts of baffled justice to send them to prison or the scaffold. We see men, occupying high official positions, cordially taking them by the hand, and congratulating them upon their escape. The heart sickens at the contemplation of such a state of things. Can we wonder



that our population does not increase? Can we be surprised that so many respectable families leave California with no intention of returning? Shall we invite people to the State, and welcome them with bowie-knives and revolvers? Old, worn-out political demagogues from the East, with no respectable antecedents, and notorious bullies, swindlers, and gamblers, have been appointed to office, and in many cases been blindly elected to frame State and municipal laws for the government of the people. No man whose private character is associated with vice and dishonesty, ought to be trusted for his public virtue. The man who is *morally* bad cannot be *politically* good. He who would wrong his neighbor would swindle the public. The man who would hazard the means upon which a family may be depending for support at the desperate game of chance, would not scruple, if in power, to gamble away the liberties of the people. Are such men fit to be legislators? Ought such men to fill our public offices? Heaven and earth unite in saying, God forbid! Through fear or interest, the newspapers generally have been dumb on this subject. Stock-jobbing, banking, speculating, office-holding, and advertising influence muzzle their independence. The *Bulletin* was a splendid exception. All honor to the man of irreproachable character, who, with clean hands and uprightness of motive, buckles on the armor of moral courage, and, from the citadel of freedom, hangs out "his banner on the outer wall," and hurls defiance to the besieging foe. The sword of truth was a terrible weapon in the hands of James King of William. Cowards and ruffians trembled at its glance. Corruption staggered at its touch. He did not court respect, but commanded it. He boldly faced threatened danger, and treated

with dignified contempt his paltry traducers. He was a public benefactor, and felt perfectly secure in his editorial career, sustained as he was by the whole moral strength of the community. In the full vigor of manhood, he was shot down by an infamous felon from the prison of Sing-Sing. Tens of thousands weep his loss in California, and millions will yet live to bless his honored name. Had the murderer of the lamented King not been hung by the citizens, the scaffold never would have been erected for him by the constituted authorities. They were his friends and his boon companions. No doubt future honors were in store for the assassin. Little did his abettors dream that Casey, the chosen instrument of their infamy, when he aimed the fatal bullet at the breast of King, was giving the death-blow to all the schemes and intrigues of his corrupt associates; that he was securing the gallows for himself, and banishment for his friends; that he was invoking a terrible power, which, when organized, would sweep, irrespective of position, every villain from the State.

Impudent and unprincipled lawyers prostitute their talents in the advocacy of vice, and in eloquent metaphors attempt to justify the deeds of atrocious criminals at the bar of justice, and to gild the dens of infamy in our midst with the charms of virtue. They glory in their triumphs, and proudly receive the wages of iniquity. Such a deplorable state of morals, so unblushingly promulgated by perverted genius, is dangerous to our institutions, and utterly subversive of all that is good in society. The grand and leading objects of a free press ought to be, to elevate the standard of social morals in the State; to stem the tide of political corruption; to increase the means of

education; to support Christianity undefiled by sectarianism, and to pull from her altars the cobwebs of an antiquated superstition; to attack and expose abuses wherever they exist; to drag crime from darkness into light; to illuminate ignorance; to banish ruffians from our boundaries; to support candidates of good character for public offices; to reduce the burden of taxation under which we groan by a system of wholesome retrenchment; to break up oppressive monopolies and corporations; to purify our Legislature and our courts; to protect private rights, and to hold sacred the domestic roof; to shield from danger the innocent, and to inflict the penalty of the law upon the guilty; to encourage every project that aims at the glory of our common country and the prosperity of the people; to make California the home of an enlightened freedom, where industry is rewarded and contentment and peace reign in every dwelling, and to earnestly labor in the cause of transmitting unimpaired to posterity the blessings of liberty.

# Speech of the President of the Centenary Celebration

OF THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS,

DELIVERED AT SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 25, 1859.

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NATURE made the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" a poet, and, as it were out of compliment, she allowed him to live to a green old age in the full enjoyment of his fame and riches. The grass of the old Gray Friars' churchyard had only waved over the grave of Allan Ramsay one summer, before the great national poet was born. On the 25th of January, 1759, this very day one hundred years ago, Burns came weeping into the world to fulfil his high and glorious destiny. He was born in a clay-built, straw-thatched cottage, on the banks of the Doon, and was nursed in the lap of poverty. His journey of life was one of bitterness and neglect. He nobly struggled like a man, however, and towered above the circumstances of his birth. Though not born to titles, or to an inheritance from a long line of distinguished ancestors, he was illustrious by nature, and received the high credentials of nobility from his God—an imperishable honor, and a gift which monarchs cannot confer or take away.

"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 God."

Wherever the drum of freedom beats; wherever the flag of freedom waves; wherever the light of science shines; wherever the march of human improvement can be traced; wherever the English language is spoken, and wherever Scotchmen wander, you will find those who are familiar with his writings, who sing his spirit-stirring lyrics, and glory in his name. While we are enjoying ourselves around this festive board, there are thousands throughout the world, at this very hour, gathered together to commemorate the day of the year which gave birth to our great national poet one century ago. Never was there such a compliment paid to human genius. The titled lord and the humble peasant, the rich and the poor, men who are illustrious in science, in literature, in history, and in poesy, cordially unite, on this great occasion, to celebrate in a becoming manner the centenary anniversary of the poet Burns. Surely, there is something extraordinary about the genius of our bard, to command such universal honors and admiration.

Some of the most distinguished men of our own time have nobly vindicated his character from the vile aspersions that canting hypocrisy and calumny endeavored to heap upon his memory. Mean minds slander the nobly gifted, and try to pull down the eminent to the platform of their own vulgar level. Some fools have disgraced the pulpit by their unsparing denunciations of the poet. Those reverend calumniators may with cowardly impunity assail the dead, and drag up all his shortcomings from the grave, but they would have quailed in his presence when living, they would have shrunk from the flashing lightning of his eyes. Tyranny found in him an implacable foe. Hypocrisy writhed under his bitter sarcasm. Freedom looked upon him as her brave defender,

and smiled at his triumphs. Modesty may have blushed sometimes at his wayward Muse, but his many estimable qualities made ample atonement for all his transgressions. Virtue forgave him for all the little wrongs he inflicted upon her purity, and Charity, the handmaid of Love, draws a veil of forgetfulness over all his failings. His niche in the temple of fame is too lofty and sacred for the petty shafts of calumny to reach.

Burns was emphatically the poet of nature. A warmer heart never beat within a bosom. He was intensely Scottish in his feelings, and his soul burned with a devotion to his country which adversity could not chill. He sympathized with all suffering: that "wee sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie," the mouse, he called his

"Poor earth-born companion

• And fellow-mortal."

He mourned the daisy of the field which he turned up with his plough, but while he crushed it the magic touch of his Muse gave the "Wee modest crimson-tippit flower" a glorious immortality. The *Cotter's Saturday Night* is beautifully faithful in description, and for true pathos and touching simplicity we have nothing in our language to equal it.

His poems have supplied the sculptor with characters for the ingenuity of his chisel, and the artist with subjects for the exercise of his pencil. *Tam O'Shanter*, the most wildly imaginative of all his works, is the master-piece of his creative fancy. In it we discover the ludicrous, the sentimental, the moral, and the horrible, so exquisitely combined as to form a magnificent whole. No picture of pandemonium that ever was conceived by man can compete in horrible and appalling grandeur with the witches'

dance in the old ghost-haunted Kirk Alloway. I will not dwell upon his writings.

Scotland is taunted with first starving her bard, and afterwards erecting splendid monuments in honor of his memory. It is true that he died neglected by the very men who knew his wants and had it in their power to alleviate them. He had dedicated his poems "to the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonia Hunt;" but beyond subscribing for a copy each, at the request of the Earl of Glencairn, I should like to know what that titled band ever did for Burns while living, except cruelly degrading him by a disreputable appointment, with a salary not sufficient to bind decently body and soul together. His income, when he fell sick, was reduced to £35 a year. Lord Hawkesbury declined a personal introduction to the poet, when quartered at Dumfries; and yet, strange to say, he officiated as one of the chief mourners at his funeral. It is difficult to reconcile such inconsistency of character. We see a vast amount of very small feeling exemplified in our own day, even in our very midst. Gold, and not intellect, is taken as the standard of the man. Burns was shamefully neglected while living, it is true; but it does not follow that neglect of genius is peculiar to Scotland. No country stands entirely free from the imputation. Homer strolled as a ballad-singer, reciting his immortal verses, and seven cities claimed him when dead. Socrates was poisoned by the Athenians. Cervantes, the great genius of Spain, had not bread to eat at one period; and Camoens, the solitary pride of Portugal, perished from want of the necessaries of life. Vondel died in wretchedness and penury; Tasso and Ariosto were miserably poor. When Racine was asked by Louis XIV. what there was new in the literary world, he told

the French monarch that he had seen a melancholy spectacle in the house of Corneille the poet, whom he found in a dying state, without bread to eat. Can our sister country, England, boast of what she has done for some of her poets? Did not Spenser languish in poverty? Did not Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, owe the decency of interment to the charity of a friend? Did not Dryden die neglected and in want, and, like Burns, was honored with a public funeral? Was not Savage buried at the expense of his benevolent jailer? Were not Collins and Goldsmith wretchedly poor? As for Otway and Chatterton, they were starved to death. I could dwell upon this melancholy subject for hours. All that I can say in regard to Burns is this, that the present generation is not accountable for the neglect and blunders of the last. The adoption of any other principle would be carrying out to the letter the old Mosaic law, by "visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." We do well if we can give a good account of our own omissions and commissions, without being saddled with the transgressions of our ancestors.

For love of country, I believe, the Scotch will yield to no other nation under the sun. Like Arabia, Scotland has been frequently invaded, and like that remarkable country she lives unconquered. The Hadjis travel over arid wastes and burning sands to visit the tomb of their Prophet, and, with feelings more enlightened and exalted, do we find thousands annually wending their way on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Burns. This is a grand national festival, my friends, and we are not assembled exclusively as Scotsmen to honor the memory of the poet. I care not from what nation you come. If from Scotland, I congratulate you, my countrymen, on this great occasion. Bring all your national



enthusiasm with you, and tell us of the land of which you feel so proud. If from England, ingraft your lovely Rose on the stately symbol of my country's freedom—the Thistle. Come to the North with me, and leave behind you all the illustrious names of which you may well feel proud. Should you meet to commemorate the birthday of a distinguished Englishman, I will be with you heart and soul, and will sit down with Shakspeare and Ben Johnson, with Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Ford, with Wycherly and Otway, and all your other great dramatic writers; Chaucer and Spenser, Milton and Dryden, Pope and Addison, and all your other poets, from the beginning of the 15th century down to the times of Lord Byron, who was, according to his own account, “half bred a Scot, in heart a whole one,” will I toast to your heart's content; but you must cross the classic Tweed, and pass to-night with me in the land of Burns. Gentlemen of Ireland, bid a short adieu to the Emerald Isle. Bring with you “your shamrock so green;” and, as ivy wraps itself around the oak of the forest, let it be gracefully twined around the sturdy stem of the bearded Thistle. Forget, for awhile, your Curran and your Burke, your Sheridan and your Goldsmith, your Knowles and your Moore, and all your other distinguished *literati* who have thrown a halo of intellectual renown over the “Island of Saints.” Leave all the genius of Ireland behind you, and come with me to the “Land of Cakes.”

Gentlemen of the United States, when you meet to honor the memory of that great and good man, George Washington, or upon any social occasion of a national character, I will not forget to pledge the names of your countrymen who have distinguished themselves in the field, in the arts and sciences, and in poesy. I

will sit down with your Franklin and your Jefferson, with your Hancock and your Jay, your Patrick Henry and your venerable Carroll, of revolutionary times ; with your historians Hinton and Sparks, Story and Bancroft, Prescott, and “the noblest Roman of them all,” your world-renowned and much beloved Washington Irving. I will toast your poets, Bryant and Halleck, Longfellow and Whittier, and all your other hardy, from Philip Freneau and John Trumbull down to the present time, who have worn and still wear the wreath of poetic renown. But, gentlemen, you must leave them under the protection of the Star-spangled Banner for a brief season, and come with me on the wings of fancy to my native land, where every mountain has been an altar, and every valley rung choral with the strains of freedom, long before she came to the shores of America. I will show you the plains of Bannockburn—Caledonia’s Marathon ; I will show you the scenes of which you have read, and of which poets have so sweetly sung : I will introduce you to warm hearts and Scottish hospitality ; I will show you smiling fields and happy homes ; I will show you a thrifty and intelligent population ; I will show you where agricultural science has triumphed over nature, and made the desert to “bud and blossom as the rose.” And, gentlemen, one and all, visit our colleges, and seminaries, and parish schools, and make yourselves acquainted with the general diffusion of knowledge, and I feel assured that you will leave this festival and return to your homes with the full conviction that learning has banished ignorance from the land.

Enter with me now into the Temple of Fame. I wish you to become acquainted with the Past as well as with the Present—with the dead as well as with the living. Behold Wallace and

Bruce, the brave defenders of their country's independence, who struggled with tyranny until freedom sat victorious on the grave of despotism. Their names are embalmed in every Scottish heart. At your leisure you may examine Caledonia's imperishable monument of mind. In the mean time I will introduce you to Robert Ferguson, the author of the *Farmer's Ingle*; to the pastoral poet Allan Ramsay; to the weaver poet Tannahill; to the shepherd poet James Hogg; and to the ploughman bard, our own immortal Burns, who, as Wordsworth beautifully says:

"Walked in glory and in pride,  
Behind the plough upon the mountain side."

Bow reverently again! Here is Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North, surrounded by all the deathless creations of his genius; the poet and the novelist, who, when in Italy, feeling as if his days were numbered, hastened home with all the heartfelt anxiety of a patriot, that he might yield up his mighty spirit in his own beloved land. Allow me to introduce you to Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*; to Beattie, the author of *The Minstrel*; to Tennant, the author of *Anster Fair*; to Campbell, the poet of *Hope*; to Motherwell and Roger; to the Delta and Achæus of Blackwood, Dr. Moir and Sterling; and last, not least, to the renowned Christopher North himself. If you are not satisfied with such a goodly company, I will introduce you to all the distinguished scholars of the land, from George Buchanan to the present day, and to all the other poets, from the days of the classic Drummond to Gilfillan and Ballantine of our own time. I will now leave you to spend a few social hours in this eminent company.

It is delightful, my friends, to meet as brothers, to speak of and to sing the songs of Caledonia. It is sweet to let memory dwell on the Past, and rational to linger in the honeyed bowers of *Auld Lang Syne*. I know, my friends, that the deadening apathy of age, and the blighting influence of time, have failed to sear the hallowed reminiscences of youth, which cling like evergreens around the sacred temple of the heart.

“Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

Come then, my countrymen, come one, come all; and let this night be dedicated to social conviviality, for the sake of Burns. I hope, however, that we have met for a nobler purpose than merely to feast our appetites. Let our social meeting be also an intellectual banquet. Let the glorious spirit of Burns himself be present. He is now ranked with the author of the *Iliad* and the bard of Avon, and his name will go down to the latest posterity as a benefactor of the human race. When the splendid monuments that have been erected in honor of the poet shall have crumbled into dust, his memory will live embalmed and undecayed in the affections of his countrymen.

## The Poet's Mission.

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**B**ENEATH the poet's wandering feet fair flowers forever spring,  
 And o'er the poet's thoughtful head sweet birds forever sing:  
 He tunes his harp to stirring strains, in all things beauty sees,  
 And music weird and wild he hears in every whistling breeze.

Though wrestling with his passions strong, his thoughts soar upward still,

To spheres beyond all human ken, where fancy roams at will;  
 His keen eye scans creation o'er, and finds a peaceful home  
 In every star that glitters bright in yonder sapphire dome.

With flowers he decks the arid waste, and drinks from desert springs,

And o'er the face of nature rude a robe of beauty flings;  
 He worships on the mountain-tops, and kneeling on the sod,  
 With hands upraised, all prophet-like, he communes with his God.

He frowns on kings and hireling tools who smile at guilty Wrong;  
 He holds up high to public scorn proud knaves in deathless song;  
 And while he pleads in earnest tones for honors to the brave,  
 His burning words strong fetters melt that bind the bleeding slave.

Dark clouds, with living lightning charged, across the sky may roll,  
 And thunders shake with trembling fears, the world from Pole to Pole;

But he who thrills the human heart, the gifted son of Time,  
 Stands forth amid the tempest wild and paints the scene sublime.  
 From Truth the poet never swerves, and firm by Freedom stands,  
 And scorns the shield of tyrant flags in dark down-trodden lands;  
 But while he humbly worships God, and bows to laws divine,  
 He tears the mask from canting priests who kneel at Error's shrine,  
 While reason stands in boundless wastes, bewildered, lost, and  
 dumb;  
 Swift to the bard's conceptive mind bright visions trooping come;  
 The orbs of space he wanders through, sees worlds on worlds arise,  
 Where dimly Faith in silence points to realms that Doubt denies;  
 His kingdom is the human heart, in which he rears his throne;  
 His subjects are the passions wild that due allegiance own;  
 No monarch that holds regal sway, and wears a jewelled crown,  
 Can ever crush the poet's rule, or drag his empire down.

### The Neglected Poet.

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**S**TARVE him while living, revere him when dead;  
 SPOURN his poor children who beg for their bread;  
 See him in tatters, his fond wife in tears;  
 Shut Mercy's fountain, be deaf Pity's ears.

Speak of him lightly ; his fresh laurels blast ;  
Darken his pathway with fears to the last ;  
Tear from his forehead the wreath of renown ;  
Low to *your* level the poet bring down.

Be to his virtues all heedless and blind ;  
Wring the heart deeply that beats for mankind ;  
Treat Merit coldly, no kind succor bring,—  
Who cares how sweetly the minstrel may sing ?

Proud sons of fortune, and titled of earth !  
Mock his mean calling, and sneer at his birth ;  
Press on him roughly affliction's dark rod ;  
Crush him with sorrows,—the gifted of God.

Go now, ye mourners, and silently weep ;  
Wrapped in death's trappings he sleeps the last sleep ;  
O'er his tomb bending as if at a shrine,  
See tardy Neglect pay honors divine.

What though he slumbers, his sweet harp be still,  
Yet his grand lyrics the human heart thrill ;  
Sure will their music and pathos sublime  
Stir future ages and ring through all time.

What though the haughty no homage may yield ;  
He sways a sceptre no monarch can wield ;  
Keen shafts of malice can never reach him,  
Shrined in a glory no slander can dim.

Round the board festive, where worth and wit shine,  
 Fill up your goblets with heart-cheering wine;  
 Boast of his genius in high-sounding tone,  
 Toast at your banquets the bard that is gone.

### John Brodie.

---

**O** KEN ye John Brodie, the wale o' guid men,  
 Wha wons in a cottage at New Almaden?  
 Sae cantie an' cannie, frae cares unco free,  
 The carl's just as happy as happy can be.

When friens ca' and see him to hae a bit crack,  
 The weight o' life's burden sits light on his back;  
 He croons owre old ballads wi' sic hearty glee,  
 While baudrons sits purring asleep on his knee.

Tho' he drinks na the dregs o' life's bitter cup,  
 He takes his drap toddy to cheer himsel' up;  
 His heart is aye warm, his hand ready to gie,—  
 What mair do ye want neebor Brodie to be?

He bores na his friens wi' lang clavers an' creeds,  
 Nor boasts na like monie o' sma couthie deeds;  
 While ithers fu' loud their ain self-trumpet blaw,  
 His tongue never tells what his heart does ava.



Gae see him at hame by his ain ingle side,  
 He looks like a laird in his glory an' pride;  
 His auld farrant cracks an' his airs o' sic grace,  
 Matched only can be by the smiles o' his face.

When passions wax warm he knits his braid brow,  
 An' lifts up his specs frae his nose to his pow;  
 He lays down the law while his een shine sae bright,—  
 The carl's hard to ding when he thinks he is richt.

He hates what is mean, an' despises the loun  
 Wha Virtue would dare in her beauty bring down;  
 While gowks honors seek in the halls o' loud strife,  
 His wife an' bairns are the pride o' his life.

Gif coofs wad be happy an' dool never dree,  
 Let them fen' in the warld, John Brodie, like thee!  
 Then lassies will like them, an' sae will the men  
 Like the hero that wons in New Almaden.

ZELDA.

---

**F**ROM the fields of sweet clover  
 The joyous lark springs,  
 And he shakes, while up-soaring,  
 The dew from his wings.

His songs wake sleeping nature,  
Till meadow and grove  
Ring with choristers singing  
The music of love.

But far better fair Zelda ;  
O sweet, child of song,  
Are thy strains that come gushing  
And warbling along !  
On thy fair cheeks are blooming  
The lily and rose ;  
And thy lips are the channel  
Through which music flows.

Oh why should a poor mortal  
A sweet minstrel love,  
Who might grace with her beauty  
The pure realms above !  
Since no songs of the wild birds  
Can ever match thine,  
Is't a crime, peerless Zelda,  
To wish thou wert mine ?











