



WHITTIER'S  
POEMS

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H. E. BARKER  
*Lincolniana*

1922 SOUTH HOBART BOULEVARD  
 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



JOHN G. WHITTIER'S POEMS.

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For several years previous to Lincoln's election to the Presidency, Henry B. Rankin was a student in the office of Lincoln and Herndon, having abundant opportunity to observe Lincoln's reading. In his "Personal Recollections of Lincoln" Mr. Rankin gives a list of authors whose writings Mr. Lincoln particularly enjoyed, and included Whittier in the list.

*H. E. Barker*

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# P O E M S,

BY

J O H N G. W H I T T I E R.

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“ ‘ There is a time to keep silence,’ saith Solomon ; but when I proceeded to the first verse of the fourth chapter of the Ecclesiastes, ‘ and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter ; and on the side of the oppressors there was power ;’ I concluded this was *not* the time to keep silence ; for Truth should be spoken at all times, but more especially at those times when to speak Truth is dangerous.”

*S. T. Coleridge.*

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TO

HENRY B. STANTON,

THIS

VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

AS A TOKEN OF

THE AUTHOR'S PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP,

AND OF HIS

RESPECT FOR THE UNRESERVED DEVOTION

OF

EXALTED TALENTS TO THE CAUSE

OF

HUMANITY AND FREEDOM.

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## STANZAS.

“The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?”—*Dr. Follen's Address.*

“Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions!—where art thou? How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming! The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?”—*Speech of Samuel J. May.*

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!

Slaves—in a land of light and law!

Slaves—crouching on the very plains

Where roll'd the storm of Freedom's war!

A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—

A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—

By every shrine of patriot blood,

From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallow'd grot,

By mossy wood and marshy glen,

Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,

And hurrying shout of Marion's men!

The groan of breaking hearts is there—  
 The falling lash—the fetter's clank!  
*Slaves*—*SLAVES* are breathing in that air,  
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!  
 The whip on *WOMAN'S* shrinking flesh!  
*Our* soil yet reddening with the stains,  
 Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!  
 What! mothers from their children riven!  
 What! God's own image bought and sold!  
*AMERICANS* to market driven,  
 And barter'd as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer  
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?  
 To us, whose fathers scorn'd to bear  
 The paltry *menace* of a chain;  
 To us, whose boast is loud and long  
 Of holy Liberty and Light—  
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,  
 Plead vainly for their plunder'd Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,  
 Our sympathies across the wave,  
 Where Manhood, on the field of death,  
 Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?  
 Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung  
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,  
 And millions hail with pen and tongue  
*Our* light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,  
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,  
And Poland, gasping on her lance,  
The impulse of our cheering call?  
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,  
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?  
And toss his fetter'd arms on high,  
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be  
A refuge for the stricken slave?  
And shall the Russian serf go free  
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?  
And shall the wintry-bosom'd Dane  
Relax the iron hand of pride,  
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,  
From fetter'd soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
Proclaim that all around are free,  
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag  
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?  
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,  
And round our country's altar clings  
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine  
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;  
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line  
To spare the struggling Suliote—

Will not the scorching answer come  
 From turban'd Turk, and fiery Russ:  
 "Go, loose your fetter'd slaves at home,  
 Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,  
 The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's mirth—  
 Content to live the lingering jest  
 And by-word of a mocking Earth?  
 Shall our own glorious land retain  
 That curse which Europe scorns to bear?  
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain  
 Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,  
 From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,  
 And on the nation's naked heart  
 Scatter the living coals of Truth!  
 Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet  
 The shadow of our fame is growing!  
 Up—while ye pause, our sun may set  
 In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—  
 The gather'd wrath of God and man—  
 Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
 When hail and fire above it ran.  
 Hear ye no warnings in the air?  
 Feel ye no éarthquake underneath?  
 Up—up—why will ye slumber where  
 The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up *now* for Freedom!—not in strife  
Like that your sterner fathers saw—  
The awful waste of human life—  
The glory and the guilt of war :  
But break the chain—the yoke remove,  
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,  
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,  
Made mighty through the living God !

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,  
And leave no traces where it stood ;  
Nor longer let its idol drink  
His daily cup of human blood :  
But rear another altar there,  
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,  
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,  
Shall call an answer down from Heaven !

## TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. Bayou. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, Toussaint refused to join them, until he had aided M. Bayou and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education ; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland, for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Le Clerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke d'Enghein. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

THE moon was up. One general smile  
Was resting on the Indian isle—  
Mild, pure, ethereal ; rock and wood,  
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,  
Rose, mellow'd through the silver gleam,  
Soft as the landscape of a dream.  
All motionless and dewy wet,  
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met :  
The myrtle with its snowy bloom,  
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom—



The white crecopia's silver rind  
 Relieved by deeper green behind,—  
 The orange with its fruit of gold,—  
 The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—  
 The passion-flower, with symbol holy,  
 Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—  
 The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,  
 And, proudly rising over all,  
 The kingly palm's imperial stem,  
 Crown'd with its leafy diadem,—  
 Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,  
 The fiery-wing'd cucullo play'd !

Yes—lovely was thine aspect, then,  
     Fair island of the Western Sea !  
 Lavish of beauty, even when  
 Thy brutes were happier than thy men,  
     For *they*, at least, were *free* !  
 Regardless of thy glorious clime,  
     Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,  
 The toiling negro sigh'd, that Time  
     No faster sped his hours.  
 For, by the dewy moonlight still,  
 He fed the weary-turning mill,  
 Or bent him in the chill morass,  
 To pluck the long and tangled grass,  
 And hear above his scar-worn back  
 The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack ;  
 While in his heart one evil thought  
 In solitary madness wrought,—

One baleful fire surviving still  
The quenching of th' immortal mind—  
One sterner passion of his kind,  
Which even fetters could not kill,—  
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,  
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong!

Hark to that cry!—long, loud and shrill,  
From field and forest, rock and hill,  
Thrilling and horrible it rang,  
Around, beneath, above;—  
The wild beast from his cavern sprang—  
The wild bird from her grove!  
Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony  
Were mingled in that midnight cry;  
But, like the lion's growl of wrath,  
When falls that hunter in his path,  
Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,  
Is rankling in his bosom yet,  
It told of hate, full, deep and strong,—  
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong;  
It was as if the crimes of years—  
The unrequited toil—the tears—  
The shame and hate, which liken well  
Earth's garden to the nether Hell,  
Had found in Nature's self a tongue,  
On which the gather'd horror hung;  
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen,  
Burst, on the startled ears of men,  
That voice which rises unto God,  
Solemn and stern—the cry of blood!

It ceased—and all was still once more,  
Save ocean chafing on his shore,  
The sighing of the wind between  
The broad banana's leaves of green,  
Or bough by restless plumage shook,  
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again  
Peal'd to the skies that frantic yell—  
Glow'd on the heavens a fiery stain,  
And flashes rose and fell;  
And, painted on the blood-red sky,  
Dark, naked arms were toss'd on high;  
And, round the white man's lordly hall,  
Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made*;  
And those who crept along the wall,  
And answer'd to his lightest call  
With more than spaniel dread—  
The creatures of his lawless beck—  
Were trampling on his very neck!  
And, on the night-air, wild and clear,  
Rose woman's shriek of more than fear;  
For bloodied arms were round her thrown,  
And dark cheeks press'd against her own!

Then, injured Afric!—for the shame  
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came  
Full on the scornful hearts of those,  
Who mock'd thee in thy nameless woes,  
And to thy hapless children gave  
One choice—pollution, or the grave!

Dark-brow'd Toussaint!—The storm had risen  
Obedient to his master-call—  
The Negro's mind had burst its prison—  
His hand its iron thrall!  
Yet where was he, whose fiery zeal  
First taught the trampled heart to feel,  
Until Despair itself grew strong,  
And Vengeance fed its torch from wrong?  
Now—when the thunder-bolt is speeding;  
Now—when oppression's heart is bleeding;  
Now—when the latent curse of Time  
Is raining down, in fire and blood—  
That curse which, through long years of crime,  
Has gather'd, drop by drop, its flood—  
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,  
Where Murder's sternest deeds are done?

He stood the aged palms beneath,  
That shadow'd o'er his humble door,  
Listening, with half-suspended breath,  
To the wild sounds of fear and death—  
Toussaint l'Ouverture!  
What marvel that his heart beat high!  
The blow for freedom had been given;  
And blood had answer'd to the cry  
Which earth sent up to Heaven!  
What marvel, that a fierce delight  
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,  
As groan, and shout, and bursting flame,  
Told where the midnight tempest came,  
With blood and fire along its van,  
And death behind!--he was a MAN!

Yes, dark-soul'd chieftain!—if the light  
 Of mild Religion's heavenly ray  
 Unveil'd not to thy mental sight  
 The lowlier and the purer way,  
 In which the Holy Sufferer trod,  
 Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—  
 That calm reliance upon God  
 For justice, in His own good time,—  
 That gentleness, to which belongs  
 Forgiveness for its many wrongs,  
 Even as the primal martyr, kneeling  
 For mercy on the evil-dealing,—  
 Let not the favor'd white man name  
 Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.  
 Has *he* not, with the light of Heaven  
 Broadly around him, made the same?  
 Yea, on a thousand war-fields striven,  
 And gloried in his open shame?—  
 Kneeling amidst his brothers' blood,  
 To offer mockery unto God,  
 As if the High and Holy One  
 Could smile on deeds of murder done!—  
 As if a human sacrifice  
 Were purer in His holy eyes,  
 Though offer'd up by Christian hands,  
 Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

Sternly, amidst his household band,  
 His carbine grasp'd within his hand,  
 The white man stood, prepared and still,

Waiting the shock of madden'd men,  
 Unchain'd, and fierce as tigers, when  
     'The horn winds through their cavern'd hill,  
 And one was weeping in his sight,—  
     The fairest flower of all the isle,—  
 The bride who seem'd but yesternight  
     The image of a smile.  
 And, clinging to her trembling knee,  
 Look'd up the form of infancy,  
 With tearful glance in either face,  
 The secret of its fear to trace.

“Ha—stand, or die!” The white man's eye  
     His steady musket gleam'd along,  
 As a tall Negro hasten'd nigh,  
     With fearless step and strong.  
 “What, ho, Toussaint!” A moment more,  
 His shadow cross'd the lighted floor.  
 “Away,” he shouted; “fly with me,—  
 The white man's bark is on the sea;—  
 Her sails must catch the seaward wind,  
 For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.  
 Our brethren from their graves have spoken,  
 The yoke is spurn'd—the chain is broken;  
 On all the hills our fires are glowing—  
 Through all the vales red blood is flowing!  
 No more the mocking White shall rest  
 His foot upon the Negro's breast;  
 No more, at morn or eve, shall drip  
 The warm blood from the driver's whip:—  
 Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn  
 For all the wrongs his race have borne,—

Though for each drop of Negro blood,  
 The white man's veins shall pour a flood;  
 Not all alone the sense of ill  
 Around his heart is lingering still,  
 Nor deeper can the white man feel  
 The generous warmth of grateful zeal.  
 Friends of the Negro! fly with me—  
 The path is open to the sea:  
 Away, for life!"—He spoke, and press'd  
 The young child to his manly breast,  
 As, headlong, through the cracking cane,  
 Down swept the dark insurgent train—  
 Drunken and grim—with shout and yell  
 Howl'd through the dark, like sounds from hell!

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail  
 Sway'd free before the sunrise gale,  
 Cloud-like that island hung afar,  
     Along the bright horizon's verge,  
 O'er which the curse of servile war  
     Roll'd its red torrent, surge on surge.  
 And he—the Negro champion—where  
     In the fierce tumult, struggled he?  
 Go trace him by the fiery glare  
 Of dwellings in the midnight air—  
 The yells of triumph and despair—  
     The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,  
     Beneath Besançon's alien sky,  
 Dark Haytien!—for the time shall come,—  
     Yea, even now is nigh—

When, every where, thy name shall be  
 Redeem'd from *color's infamy* ;  
 And men shall learn to speak of thee,  
 As one of earth's great spirits, born  
 In servitude, and nursed in scorn,  
 Casting aside the weary weight  
 And fetters of its low estate,  
 In that strong majesty of soul,  
     Which knows no color, tongue or clime—  
 Which still hath spurn'd the base control  
     Of tyrants through all time !  
 Far other hands than mine may wreath  
 The laurel round thy brow of death,  
 And speak thy praise, as one whose word  
 A thousand fiery spirits stir'd,—  
 Who crush'd his foeman as a worm—  
 Whose step on human hearts fell firm :—\*

\* The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint l'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

" Toussaint !—thou most unhappy man of men !  
     Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough  
     Within thy hearing, or thou liest now  
 Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den ;  
 Oh, miserable chieftain !—where and when  
     Wilt thou find patience ?—Yet, die not ; do thou  
     Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
     Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies,—  
 There's not a breathing of the common wind  
     That will forget thee : thou hast great allies.  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
     And love, and man's unconquerable mind."



Be mine the better task to find  
A tribute for thy lofty mind,  
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone  
Some milder virtues all thine own,—  
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,  
Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—  
Proofs that the Negro's heart retains  
Some nobleness amidst its chains,—  
That kindness to the wrong'd is never  
    Without its excellent reward,—  
Holy to human-kind, and ever  
    Acceptable to God.

## THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel, at that low cottage-door,  
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,  
With a music as sweet as the music which seems  
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!  
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play  
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door—  
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?  
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves  
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

“Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,  
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;  
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—  
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,  
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,  
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,  
Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home,  
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all  
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;  
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,  
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—  
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,  
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,  
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold  
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;  
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear  
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,  
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;  
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,  
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be  
In *fetters* with *them*, than in freedom with *thee*!"

## TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath  
Oppression's iron hand :  
In view of penury, hate and death,  
I see thee fearless stand,  
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,  
In the steadfast strength of truth,  
In manhood sealing well the vow  
And promise of thy youth.

Go on!—for thou hast chosen well ;  
On, in the strength of God !  
Long as one human heart shall swell  
Beneath the tyrant's rod,  
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,  
As thou hast ever spoken,  
Until the dead in sin shall hear—  
The fetter's link be broken !

I love thee with a brother's love,  
I feel my pulses thrill,  
To mark thy spirit soar above  
The cloud of human ill.  
My heart hath leap'd to answer thine,  
And echo back thy words,  
As leaps the warrior's at the shine  
And flash of kindred swords !

They tell me thou art rash and vain—  
A searcher after fame—  
That thou art striving but to gain  
A long enduring name—  
That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand,  
And steel'd the Afric's heart,  
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,  
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read  
Thy mighty purpose long!  
And watch'd the trials which have made  
Thy human spirit strong?  
And shall the slanderer's demon breath  
Avail with one like me,  
To dim the sunshine of my faith  
And earnest trust in thee?

Go on—the dagger's point may glare  
Amid thy pathway's gloom—  
The fate which sternly threatens there  
*Is glorious martyrdom!*  
Then onward with a martyr's zeal—  
Press on to thy reward—  
The hour when man shall only kneel  
Before his Father—God.

## TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

“He fell a martyr to the interests of his *colored brethren*. For many months did that mighty man of God apply his discriminating and gigantic mind to the subject of Slavery and its remedy: and, when his soul could no longer contain his holy indignation against the upholders and apologists of this unrighteous system, he gave vent to his aching heart, and poured forth his clear thoughts and holy feelings in such deep and soul-entrancing eloquence, that other men, whom he would fain in his humble modesty acknowledge his superiors, sat at his feet and looked up as children to a parent.”—*Correspondent of the “Liberator,”* 16th of 11th mo. 1833.

THOU hast fallen in thine armor,  
Thou martyr of the Lord!  
With thy last breath crying—“Onward!”  
And thy hand upon the sword.  
The haughty heart derideth,  
And the sinful lip reviles,  
But the blessing of the perishing  
Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling  
The added drop is given,  
And the long suspended thunder  
Falls terribly from Heaven,—  
When a new and fearful freedom  
Is proffer'd of the Lord  
To the slow consuming Famine—  
The Pestilence and Sword!—

When the refuges of Falsehood  
Shall be swept away in wrath,  
And the temple shall be shaken,  
With its idol, to the earth,—  
Shall not thy words of warning  
Be all remember'd then ?  
And thy now unheeded message  
Burn in the hearts of men ?

Oppression's hand may scatter  
Its nettles on thy tomb,  
And even Christian bosoms  
Deny thy memory room ;  
For lying lips shall torture  
Thy mercy into crime,  
And the slanderer shall flourish  
As the bay-tree for a time.

But, where the South-wind lingers  
On Carolina's pines,  
Or, falls the careless sunbeam  
Down Georgia's golden mines,—  
Where now beneath his burthen  
The toiling slave is driven,—  
Where now a tyrant's mockery  
Is offer'd unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars  
Wet o'er with human blood,  
And Pride and Lust debases  
The workmanship of God—

There shall thy praise be spoken,  
 Redeem'd from Falsehood's ban,  
 When the fetters shall be broken,  
 And the *slave* shall be a *man*!

Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
 A thousand hearts are warm—  
 A thousand kindred bosoms  
 Are baring to the storm.  
 What though red-handed Violence  
 With secret Fraud combine,  
 The wall of fire is round us—  
 Our Present Help was thine!

Lo—the waking up of nations,  
 From Slavery's fatal sleep—  
 The murmur of a Universe—  
 Deep calling unto Deep!  
 Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
 On every wind of Heaven  
 The onward cheer and summons  
 Of FREEDOM'S SOUL is given!

Glory to God for ever!  
 Beyond the despot's will  
 The soul of Freedom liveth  
 Imperishable still.  
 The words which thou hast utter'd  
 Are of that soul a part,  
 And the good seed thou hast scatter'd  
 Is springing from the heart.



In the evil days before us,  
    And the trials yet to come—  
In the shadow of the prison,  
    Or the cruel martyrdom—  
We will think of thee, O brother!  
    And thy sainted name shall be  
In the blessing of the captive,  
    And the anthem of the free.

## SONG OF THE FREE.

“Living, I shall assert the right of FREE DISCUSSION; dying, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of FREE PRINCIPLES, and the example of a manly and independent defence of them.”—*Daniel Webster.*

PRIDE of New England!  
Soul of our fathers!  
Shrink we all craven-like,  
When the storm gathers?  
What though the tempest be  
Over us lowering,  
Where's the New Englander  
Shamefully cowering?  
Graves green and holy  
Around us are lying,—  
Free were the sleepers all,  
Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's  
Padlocks and scourges!  
Go—let him fetter down  
Ocean's free surges!  
Go—let him silence  
Winds, clouds, and waters—  
Never New England's own  
Free sons and daughters!

Free as our rivers are  
Ocean-ward going—  
Free as the breezes are  
Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,  
Haste we, and summon  
Courage and loveliness,  
Manhood and woman!  
Deep let our pledges be:  
Freedom for ever!  
Truce with Oppression,  
Never, oh! never!  
By our own birthright-gift,  
Granted of Heaven—  
Freedom for heart and lip,  
Be the pledge given!

If we have whisper'd truth,  
Whisper no longer;  
Speak as the tempest does,  
Stern and stronger;  
Still be the tones of truth  
Louder and firmer,  
Startling the haughty South  
With the deep murmur:  
God and our Charter's right,  
Freedom for ever!  
Truce with Oppression,  
Never, oh! never!

## THE HUNTERS OF MEN.\*

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men?  
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,  
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn:  
Hark!—the cheer and the hallo!—the crack of the whip,  
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!  
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match—  
Though *hundreds* are caught, there are *millions* to catch:  
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men!

Gay luck to our hunters!—how nobly they ride  
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their pride!—  
The Priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,  
Just screening the politic Statesman behind—  
The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer—  
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.  
And woman—kind woman—wife, widow and maid—  
For *the good of the hunted*, is lending her aid:  
Her foot's in the stirrup—her hand on the rein—  
How blithely she rides to the hunting of men!

Oh! goodly and grand is our hunting to see,  
In this “land of the brave and this home of the free.”

\* Written on reading the report of the proceedings of the American Colonization Society, at its annual meeting in 1834.

Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to Maine,  
 All mounting the saddle—all grasping the rein—  
 Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin  
 Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin!  
 Wo, now, to the hunted who turns him at bay!  
 Will our hunters be turn'd from their purpose and prey?  
 Will their hearts fail within them?—their nerves tremble,  
     when  
 All roughly they ride to the hunting of men?

HO!—ALMS for our hunters! all weary and faint  
 Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint.  
 The horn is wound faintly—the echoes are still  
 Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.  
 Haste—alms for our hunters! the hunted once more  
 Have turn'd from their flight with their backs to the shore:  
 What right have *they* here in the home of the white,  
 Shadow'd o'er by *our* banner of Freedom and Right?  
 Ho!—alms for the hunters! or never again  
 Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of men!

ALMS—ALMS for our hunters! why *will* ye delay,  
 When their pride and their glory are melting away?  
 The parson has turn'd; for, on charge of his own,  
 Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone?  
 The politic statesman looks back with a sigh—  
 There is doubt in his heart—there is fear in his eye.  
 Oh! haste, lest that doubting and fear shall prevail,  
 And the head of his steed take the place of the tail.  
 Oh! haste, ere he leave us! for who will ride then,  
 For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men?

## TO GOV. M'DUFFIE.

"The patriarchal institution of slavery,"—"the corner-stone of our republican edifice."—*Gov. M'Duffie.*

KING of Carolina—hail!

Last champion of Oppression's battle!  
Lord of rice-tierce and cotton-bale!  
Of sugar-box and human cattle!  
Around thy temples, green and dark,  
Thy own tobacco-wreath reposes;  
Thyself, a brother Patriarch  
Of Isaac, Abraham, and Moses!

Why not?—Their household rule is thine;  
Like theirs, thy bondmen feel its rigor;  
And thine, perchance, as concubine,  
Some swarthy counterpart of Hagar.  
Why not?—Like patriarchs of old,  
The priesthood is thy chosen station;  
Like them thou payest thy rites to gold—  
An Aaron's calf of Nullification.

All fair and softly!—Must we, then,  
From Ruin's open jaws to save us,  
Upon our own free working men  
Confer a master's special favors?  
Whips for the back—chains for the heels—  
Hooks for the nostrils of Democracy,

Before it spurns as well as feels  
The riding of the Aristocracy!

Ho!—fishermen of Marblehead!

Ho!—Lynn cordwainers, leave your leather.  
And wear the yoke in kindness made,  
And clank your needful chains together!  
Let Lowell mills their thousands yield,  
Down let the rough Vermonter hasten,  
Down from the workshop and the field,  
And thank us for each chain we fasten.

SLAVES in the rugged Yankee land!

I tell thee, Carolinian, never!  
Our rocky hills and iron strand  
Are free, and shall be free for ever.  
The surf shall wear that strand away,  
Our granite hills in dust shall moulder,  
Ere Slavery's hateful yoke shall lay,  
Unbroken, on a Yankee's shoulder!

No, George M'Duffie!—keep thy words  
For the mail plunderers of thy city,  
Whose robber-right is in their swords;  
For recreant Priest and Lynch-Committee!  
Go, point thee to thy cannon's mouth,  
And swear its brazen lips are better,  
To guard "the interests of the South,"  
Than parchment scroll, or Charter's letter.\*

\* See Speech of Gov. M'D. to an artillery company in Charleston, S. C.

We fear not. Streams which brawl most loud  
 Along their course, are oftenest shallow;  
 And loudest to a doubting crowd  
 The coward publishes his valor.  
*Thy* courage has at least been shown  
 In many a bloodless Southern quarrel,  
 Facing, with hartshorn and cologne,  
 The Georgian's harmless pistol-barrel.\*

No, Southron! not in Yankee land  
 Will threats, like thine, a fear awaken;  
 The men, who on their charter stand  
 For truth and right, may not be shaken.  
 Still shall that truth assail thine ear;  
 Each breeze, from Northern mountains blowing.  
 The tones of Liberty shall bear—  
 God's "free incendiaries" going!

We give thee joy!—thy name is heard  
 With reverence on the Neva's borders;  
 And "turban'd Turk," and Poland's lord,  
 And Metternich, are thy applauders.  
 Go—if thou lov'st *such* fame, and share  
 The mad Ephesian's base example—  
 The holy bonds of UNION tear,  
 And clap the torch to FREEDOM's temple!

\* Most of our readers will recollect the "chivalrous" affair between M'Duffie and Col. Cummings, of Georgia, some years ago, in which the parties fortified themselves with spirits of hartshorn and *eau de Cologne*.



Do this—Heaven's frown, thy country's curse,  
Guilt's fiery torture ever burning—  
The quenchless thirst of Tantalus,  
And Ixion's wheel for ever turning—  
A name, for which "the pain'dest fiend  
Below" his own would barter never,—  
These shall be thine unto the end—  
Thy damning heritage for ever !

## LINES

Written on reading "WRIGHT AND WRONG IN BOSTON:" containing an account of the meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, and the MOB which followed, on the 21st of the 10th month, 1835.

UNSHRINKING from the storm,  
Well have ye borne your part,  
With WOMAN'S fragile form,  
But more than manhood's heart!  
Faithful to Freedom, when  
Its name was held accursed—  
Faithful, midst ruffian men,  
Unto your holy trust.

Oh—steadfast in the Truth!  
Not for yourselves alone,  
Matron and gentle youth,  
Your lofty zeal was shown:  
For the bondman of all climes—  
For Freedom's last abode—  
For the hope of future times—  
For the birthright gift of God—

For scorn'd and broken laws—  
For honor and the right—  
For the staked and peril'd cause  
Of liberty and light—

For the holy eyes above  
On a world of evil cast—  
For the CHILDREN of your love—  
For the MOTHERS of the past !

Worthy of THEM are ye—  
The Pilgrim wives who dared  
The waste and unknown sea,  
And the hunter's perils shared.  
Worthy of her\* whose mind,  
Triumphant over all,  
Ruler nor priest could bind,  
Nor banishment appal.

Worthy of her† who died  
Martyr of Freedom, where  
Your " Commons' " verdant pride  
Opens to sun and air :  
Upheld at that dread hour  
By strength which could not fail ;  
Before whose holy power  
Bigot and priest turn'd pale.

God give ye strength to run,  
Unawed by Earth or Hell,  
The race ye have begun  
So gloriously and well,

\* Mrs. Hutchinson, who was banished from the Massachusetts Colony, as the easiest method of confuting her doctrines.

† Mary Dyer, the Quaker Martyr, who was hanged in Boston, in 1659, for worshipping God according to the dictates of her conscience.

Until the trumpet-call  
Of Freedom has gone forth,  
With joy and life to all  
The bondmen of the earth!

Until IMMORTAL MIND  
Unshackled walks abroad,  
And chains no longer bind  
*The image of our God.*  
Until no captive one  
Murmurs on land or wave;  
And, in his course, the sun  
Looks down upon no SLAVE!

TO G. B. Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE WORCESTER DEMOCRATIC ADDRESS.

FRIEND of the poor!—go on—  
Speak for the Truth and Right!  
Onward—though hate and scorn  
Gloom round thee as the night.  
Speak—at each word of thine,  
Some ancient Fraud is riven,  
And through its rents of ruin shine  
The sunbeams and the heaven!

Speak—for thy voice will be  
Welcome in each abode  
Where manhood's heart and knee  
Are bended but to God;  
Where honest bosoms hold  
Their holy birthright well;  
Where Freedom spurns at Mammon's gold;  
Where *Man is not to sell!*

Speak—for the poor man's cause—  
For Labor's just reward—  
For violated law  
Of nature and of God!

Speak—let the *Debtor* hear  
 Within his living grave!  
 Speak—THUNDER in Oppression's ear,  
 Deliverance to the *slave!*

Ay, speak—while there is time,  
 For *all* a freeman's claim,—  
 Ere thought becomes a crime,  
 And Freedom but a name!  
 While yet the Tongue and Pen  
 And Press are unforbid,  
 And we dare to feel and act as men—  
 Speak—as our fathers did!

The land we love ere long  
 Shall kindle at thy call;  
 Falsehood and *charter'd* Wrong,  
 And *legal* Robbery, fall:  
 The proud shall not combine—  
 The *secret* council cease—  
 And underneath his sheltering vine  
 Shall Labor dwell in peace!

Old Massachusetts yet  
 Retains her earliest fires;  
 Still on her hills are set  
 The altars of her sires;  
 Her "fierce Democracie"  
 Has yet its strength unshorn,  
 And pamper'd Power ere long shall see  
 Its Gaza-gates uptorn.

Perish shall all which takes  
From Labor's board and can!  
Perish shall all which makes  
*A Spuniel of the Man!*  
With freshen'd courage, then,  
On to the glorious end—  
Ever the same as thou has been—  
The poor man's fastest friend!

O loved of thousands! to thy grave,  
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee!  
The poor man and the rescued slave  
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee—  
And grateful tears, like summer rain,  
Quicken'd its dying grass again!  
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,  
Shall come the outcast and the lowly,  
Of gentle deeds and words of thine  
Recalling memories sweet and holy!

Oh! for the death the righteous die!  
An end, like Autumn's day declining,  
On human hearts, as on the sky,  
With holier, tenderer beauty shining;  
As to the parting soul were given  
The radiance of an opening Heaven!  
As if that pure and blessed light,  
From off th' Eternal altar flowing,  
Were bathing, in its upward flight,  
The spirit to its worship going!



## THE SLAVE SHIPS.

“—————That fatal, that perfidious bark,  
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.”

*Milton's Lycidas.*

The French ship *Le Rodeur*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves, (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual,) and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, *Leon*. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The *Rodeur* reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

“ALL ready?” cried the captain;

“Ay, ay!” the seamen said;

“Heave up the worthless lubbers—

The dying and the dead.”

Up from the slave-ship's prison  
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—  
“Now let the sharks look to it—  
Toss up the dead ones first!”

Corpse after corpse came up,—  
Death had been busy there ;  
Where every blow is mercy,  
Why should the Spoiler spare ?  
Corpse after corpse they cast  
Sullenly from the ship,  
Yet bloody with the traces  
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,  
With his arms upon his breast,  
With his cold brow sternly knotted,  
And his iron lip compress'd.  
“Are all the dead dogs over ?”  
Growl'd through that matted lip—  
“The blind ones are no better,  
Let's lighten the good ship.”

Hark ! from the ship's dark bosom,  
The very sounds of Hell !  
The ringing clank of iron—  
The maniac's short, sharp yell !—  
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled—  
The starving infant's moan—  
The horror of a breaking heart  
Pour'd through a mother's groan !

Up from that loathsome prison  
 The stricken blind ones came :  
 Below, had all been darkness—  
 Above, was still the same.  
 Yet the holy breath of Heaven  
 Was sweetly breathing there,  
 And the heated brow of fever  
 Cool'd in the soft sea air.

“ Overboard with them, shipmates ! ”  
 Cutlass and dirk were plied ;  
 Fetter'd and blind, one after one,  
 Plunged down the vessel's side.  
 The sabre smote above—  
 Beneath, the lean shark lay,  
 Waiting with wide and bloody jaw  
 His quick and human prey.

God of the Earth ! what cries  
 Rang upward unto Thee ?  
 Voices of agony and blood,  
 From ship-deck and from sea.  
 The last dull plunge was heard—  
 The last wave caught its stain—  
 And the unsated shark look'd up  
 For human hearts in vain.

\* \* \* \*

Red glow'd the Western waters—  
 The setting sun was there,  
 Scattering alike on wave and cloud  
 His fiery mesh of hair.

Up from the slave-ship's prison  
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—  
“Now let the sharks look to it—  
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 And the unsated shark look'd up  
 For human hearts in vain.

\* \* \* \*

Red glow'd the Western waters—  
 The setting sun was there,  
 Scattering alike on wave and cloud  
 His fiery mesh of hair.

Amidst a group in blindness,  
A solitary eye  
Gazed, from the burden'd slaver's deck,  
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,  
"Is gathering and at hand—  
Curse on 't—I'd give my other eye  
For one firm rood of land."  
And then he laugh'd—but only  
His echo'd laugh replied—  
For the blinded and the suffering  
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,  
And on a stormy heaven,  
While fiercely on that lone ship's track  
The thunder-gust was driven.  
"A sail!—thank God, a sail!"  
And, as the helmsman spoke,  
Up through the stormy murmur,  
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel  
Unheeding on her way,  
So near, that on the slaver's deck  
Fell off her driven spray.  
"Ho! for the love of mercy—  
We're perishing and blind!"  
A wail of utter agony  
Came back upon the wind:

" Help us! for we are stricken  
 With blindness every one;  
 Ten days we 've floated fearfully,  
 Unnoting star or sun.  
 Our ship 's the slaver Leon—  
 We 've but a score on board—  
 Our slaves are all gone over—  
 Help—for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony  
 The broad red lightning shone—  
 But the roar of wind and thunder  
 Stifled the answering groan.  
 Wail'd from the broken waters  
 A last despairing cry,  
 As, kindling in the stormy light,  
 The stranger ship went by.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the sunny Gaudaloupe  
 A dark hull'd vessel lay—  
 With a crew who noted never  
 The night-fall or the day.  
 The blossom of the orange  
 Was white by every stream,  
 And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird  
 Were in the warm sun-beam.

And the sky was bright as ever  
 And the moonlight slept as well,  
 On the palm-trees by the hill-side,  
 And the streamlet of the dell;

And the glances of the Creole  
Were still as archly deep,  
And her smiles as full as ever  
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,  
The green earth and the sky,  
And the smile of human faces,  
To the ever darken'd eye;  
For, amidst a world of beauty,  
The slaver went abroad,  
With his ghastly visage written  
By the awful curse of God!



## STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.\*

Is this the land our fathers loved,  
The freedom which they toil'd to win?  
Is this the soil whereon they moved?  
Are these the graves they slumber in?  
Are *we* the sons by whom are borne  
The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,  
With craven soul and fetter'd lip?  
Yoke in with mark'd and branded SLAVES,  
And tremble at the driver's whip?  
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,  
And speak—but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?  
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?  
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—  
The dungeon's gloom—th' assassin's blow,  
Turn back the spirit roused to save  
The Truth—our Country—and the *Slave*?

\* The "Times" alluded to, were those evil times of the pro-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall for the suppression of Freedom of Speech, lest it should endanger the foundations of commercial society. In view of the outrages which a careful observation of the times had enabled him to foresee must spring from the false witness borne against the abolitionists by the speakers at that meeting, well might Garrison say of them, "Sir, I consider the man who fires a city, guiltless in comparison."

Of human skulls that shrine was made,  
 Round which the priests of Mexico  
 Before their loathsome idol pray'd—  
 Is Freedom's altar fashion'd so?  
 And must we yield to Freedom's God,  
 As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought  
 Which well might shame extremest Hell?  
 Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought?  
 Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell?  
 Shall Honor bleed?—Shall Truth succumb?  
 Shall pen, and press, and *soul* be dumb?

No—by each spot of haunted ground,  
 Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—  
 By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—  
 By Griswold's stain'd and shatter'd wall—  
 By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—  
 By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst  
 The bands and fetters round them set—  
 By the FREE PILGRIM SPIRIT nursed  
 Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—  
 By all above—around—below—  
 Be ours th' indignant answer—NO!

No—guided by our country's laws,  
 For truth, and right, and suffering man,

Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,  
As Christians *may*—as freemen *can*!  
Still pouring on unwilling ears  
That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor still,  
While *woman* shrieks beneath his rod,  
And while he tramples down at will  
The image of a common God!  
Shall watch and ward be round him set,  
Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him  
The danger and the open shame?  
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,  
Which should have fill'd the world with flame?  
And, writhing, feel where'er we turn,  
A world's reproach around us burn?

Is't not enough that this is borne?  
And asks our haughty neighbor more?  
Must fetters which his slaves have worn,  
Clank round the Yankee farmer's door?  
Must *he* be told, beside his plough,  
*What* he must speak, and *when*, and *how*?

Must *he* be told his freedom stands  
On Slavery's dark foundations strong—  
On breaking hearts and fetter'd hands,  
On robbery, and crime, and wrong?  
That all his fathers taught is vain—  
That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life—its soul, from *slavery* drawn ?

False—foul—profane! Go—teach as well  
Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!

Of Heaven refresh'd by airs from Hell!  
Of Virtue nursed by open Vice!  
Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, “brethren of the South”—

Ye shall not hear the truth the less—  
No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,

No fetter on the Yankee's press!  
From our Green Mountains to the Sea,  
One voice shall thunder—WE ARE FREE!

## LINES,

Written on reading the spirited and manly remarks of Governor RITNER,\* of Pennsylvania, in his Message of 1836, on the subject of Slavery.

THANK God for the token!—one lip is still free—  
One spirit untrammel'd—unbending one knee!  
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,  
Erect, when the multitude bends to the storm;  
When traitors to Freedom, and Honor, and God,  
Are bow'd at an Idol polluted with blood;  
When the recreant North has forgotten her trust,  
And the lip of her honor is low in the dust,—  
Thank God, that one arm from the shackle has broken!  
Thank God, that one man, as a *freeman*, has spoken!

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been blown!  
Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur has gone!  
To the land of the South—of the Charter and Chain—  
Of Liberty sweeten'd with Slavery's pain;  
Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the lips  
Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of whips!  
Where “chivalric” honor means really no more  
Than scourging of women, and robbing the poor!

\* The fact greatly redounds to the credit, and will serve to perpetuate the memory, of this independent farmer and high-minded statesman, that he alone, of all the Governors in the Union, has met the insulting demands and scare-crow menaces of the South, in a manner becoming a freeman and a hater of slavery, in his Message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on high,  
And the words which he utters are—**WORSHIP, OR DIE!**

Right onward, oh, speed it! Wherever the blood  
Of the wrong'd and the guiltless is crying to God;  
Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining;  
Wherever the lash of the driver is twining;  
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,  
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart;  
Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,  
In silence and darkness, the God-given mind;  
There, God speed it onward!—its truth will be felt—  
The bonds shall be loosen'd—the iron shall melt!

And oh, will the land where the free soul of PENN  
Still lingers and breathes over mountain and glen—  
Will the land where a BENEZET'S spirit went forth  
To the peel'd, and the meted, and outcast of earth—  
Where the words of the Charter of Liberty first  
From the soul of the sage and the patriot burst—  
Where first, for the wrong'd and the weak of their kind,  
The Christian and Statesman their efforts combin'd—  
Will that land of the free and the good wear a chain?  
Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be vain?

No, RITNER!—her “Friends,” at thy warning shall stand  
Erect for the truth, like their ancestral band;  
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time,  
Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime;  
Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to unite  
Once again for the poor in defence of the Right;

Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide of Wrong,  
 Overwhelm'd, but not borne on its surges along ;  
 Unappal'd by the danger, the shame, and the pain,  
 And counting each trial for Truth as their gain !

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true,  
 Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due ;  
 Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert with thine,  
 On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the Rhine—  
 The pure German pilgrims, who first dared to brave  
 The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave :\*—  
 Will the sons of such men yield the lords of the South  
 One brow for the brand—for the padlock one mouth ?  
*They* cater to tyrants ?—*They* rivet the chain,  
 Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again ?

No, NEVER!—one voice, like the sound in the cloud,  
 When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud,  
 Wherever the foot of the freeman hath press'd  
 From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the West,  
 On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow  
 Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below !  
 The voice of a PEOPLE—uprisen—awake—  
 Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,  
 Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each height,  
 "OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY!—GOD FOR THE RIGHT!"

It is a remarkable fact, that the first testimony of a religious body against negro slavery, was that of a Society of German "Friends" in Pennsylvania.

## HYMN,

Written for the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, at Chatham Street Chapel, N. Y., held on the 4th of the 7th month, 1834.

O THOU, whose presence went before  
Our fathers in their weary way,  
As with Thy chosen moved of yore  
The fire by night—the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,  
A nation's song ascends to Heaven,  
Most Holy Father! unto Thee  
May not our humble prayer be given?

Thy children all—though hue and form  
Are varied in Thine own good will—  
With Thy own holy breathings warm,  
And fashion'd in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father!—hill and plain  
Around us wave their fruits once more,  
And cluster'd vine, and blossom'd grain,  
Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here; and hope and love  
Are round us as a mantle thrown,  
And unto Thee, supreme above,  
The knee of prayer is bow'd alone.



But oh, for those this day can bring,  
As unto us, no joyful thrill—  
For those who, under FREEDOM'S wing,  
Are bound in SLAVERY'S fetters still:

For those to whom Thy living word  
Of light and love is never given—  
For those whose ears have never heard  
The promise and the hope of Heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,  
Whereon no human mercies fall—  
Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined,  
Who, as a father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time  
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,  
When every land, and tongue, and clime,  
The message of Thy love shall hear—

When, smitten as with fire from Heaven,  
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,  
And to his fetter'd soul be given  
THE GLORIOUS FREEDOM OF THE JUST!

## HYMN,

Written for the celebration of the Third Anniversary of British Emancipation, at the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., "First of August," 1837.

O HOLY Father!—just and true  
Are all Thy works and words and ways,  
And unto Thee alone are due  
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!  
As children of Thy gracious care,  
We veil the eye—we bend the knee,  
With broken words of praise and prayer,  
Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of right,  
The sighing of the Island slave;  
And stretched for him the arm of might,  
Not shortened that it could not save.  
The laborer sits beneath his vine,  
The shackled soul and hand are free—  
Thanksgiving!—for the work is Thine!  
Praise!—for the blessing is of Thee!

And oh, we feel Thy presence here—  
Thy awful arm in judgment bare!  
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear—  
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's prayer!

Praise!—for the pride of man is low,  
The counsels of the wise are nought,  
The fountains of repentance flow;  
What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on thy work, Lord God of Hosts!  
And when the bondman's chain is riven,  
And swells from all our guilty coasts  
The anthem of the free to Heaven,  
Oh, not to those, whom Thou hast led,  
As with Thy cloud and fire before,  
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,  
Be praise and glory ever more!

## CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

In the Report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the 9th month, 1835, published in the Courier of that city, it is stated, "*The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene!*"

JUST God!—and these are they  
Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!  
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach and kidnap men?  
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?  
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then  
Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of Thy own  
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save  
The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down  
The task'd and plunder'd slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!  
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!  
Just God and holy! is that church which lends  
Strength to the spoiler, Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn  
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
Of those high words of truth which search and burn  
In warning and rebuke.

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!  
And, in your tassel'd pulpits, thank the Lord  
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,  
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long  
Shall such a Priesthood barter truth away,  
And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong  
At Thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretch'd forth  
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?  
Shall not the living God of all the earth,  
And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind  
Their brethren of a Common Father down!  
To all who plunder from th' immortal mind  
Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the Priesthood! woe  
To those whose hire is with the price of blood—  
Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,  
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might  
Shall perish; and their very names shall be

Vile before all the people, in the light  
Of a WORLD'S LIBERTY.

Oh! speed the moment on  
When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty, and Love,  
And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be known  
As in their home above.

## LINES,

Written on the adoption of Pinckney's Resolutions, in the House of Representatives, and the passage of Calhoun's "Bill of Abominations" to a second reading, in the Senate of the United States.

Now, by our fathers' ashes! where 's the spirit  
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?  
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit  
Their *names* alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quench'd within us?  
Stoops the proud manhood of our souls so low,  
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us  
To silence now?

No. When our land to ruin's brink is verging,  
In God's name, let us speak while there is time!  
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,  
SILENCE IS CRIME!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors  
Rights all our own? In madness shall we barter,  
For treacherous peace, the FREEDOM Nature gave us,  
God and our charter?

*Here* shall the statesman seek the free to fetter?  
Here Lynch law light its horrid fires on high?  
And, in the church, their proud and skill'd abettor,  
Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallow'd Bible,  
To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood?  
And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel  
Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,  
But stoop in chains upon her downward way,  
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger  
Day after day?

Oh, no; methinks from all her wild, green mountains—  
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—  
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,  
And clear, cold sky—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean  
Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,  
With white sail swaying to the billows' motion  
Round rock and cliff—

From the free fire-side of her unbought farmer—  
From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—  
From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the hammer,  
Rings the red steel—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken  
Our land, and left us to an evil choice,  
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken  
A PEOPLE'S VOICE!



Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall bear it  
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;  
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it  
Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth! The bondman sighing  
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,  
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,  
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing  
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,  
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,  
Bless us the while.

Oh, for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,  
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,  
For the wrong'd captive, bleeding, crush'd, and lowly,  
Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter  
With all they left ye peril'd and at stake?  
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar  
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthen'd for the trial, come together,  
Put on the harness for the moral fight,  
And, with the blessing of your heavenly Father,  
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

## LINES,

On the death of S. OLIVER TORREY, Secretary of the Boston Young Men's  
Anti-Slavery Society.

GONE before us, O our brother,  
To the spirit-land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Who shall offer youth and beauty  
On the wasting shrine  
Of a stern and lofty duty,  
With a faith like thine?

Oh! thy gentle smile of greeting  
Who again shall see?  
Who, amidst the solemn meeting,  
Gaze again on thee?—  
Who, when peril gathers o'er us,  
Wear so calm a brow?  
Who, with evil men before us,  
So serene as thou?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,  
Brother of our love!  
Autumn's faded earth around thee,  
And its storms above!

Evermore that turf lie lightly,  
And, with future showers,  
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly  
Blow the summer flowers!

In the locks thy forehead gracing,  
Not a silvery streak ;  
Nor a line of sorrow's tracing  
On thy fair young cheek ;  
Eyes of light and lips of roses,  
Such as Hylas wore—  
Over all that curtain closes,  
Which shall rise no more !

Will the vigil Love is keeping  
Round that grave of thine,  
Mournfully, like Jazer weeping  
Over Sibmah's vine\*—  
Will the pleasant memories, swelling  
Gentle hearts, of thee,  
In the spirit's distant dwelling  
All unheeded be ?

If the spirit ever gazes,  
From its journeyings, back ;  
If the immortal ever traces  
O'er its mortal track ;

\* O vine of Sibmah ! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer !"—  
*Jeremiah* xlviii. 32.

Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us  
Sometimes on our way,  
And, in hours of sadness, greet us  
As a spirit may ?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,  
In the spirit-land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Unto Truth and Freedom giving  
All thy early powers,  
Be thy virtues with the living,  
And thy spirit ours !

## LINES,

Written on reading the famous "PASTORAL LETTER" of the Massachusetts General Association, 1837.

So, this is all—the utmost reach  
Of priestly power the mind to fetter!  
When laymen *think*—when women *preach*—  
A war of words—a "Pastoral Letter!"  
Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes!  
Was't thus with those, your predecessors,  
Who seal'd with racks and fire and ropes  
Their loving kindness to transgressors?

A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull—  
Alas! in hoof and horns and features,  
How different is your Brookfield bull,  
From him who thunders from St. Peters!  
Your pastoral rights and powers from harm,  
Think ye, can *words* alone preserve them?  
Your wiser fathers taught the arm  
And sword of temporal power to serve them.

Oh, glorious days—when Church and State  
Were wedded by your spiritual fathers!  
And on submissive shoulders sat  
Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers.

No vile "itinerant" then could mar  
The beauty of your tranquil Zion,  
But at his peril of the scar  
Of hangman's whip and branding-iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the Church  
Of heretic and mischief-maker,  
And priest and bailiff joined in search,  
By turns, of Papist, Witch, and Quaker!  
The stocks were at each Church's door,  
The gallows stood on Boston Common,  
A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—  
The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman!

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal  
With "non-professing" frantic teachers;  
They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,  
And flayed the backs of "female preachers."  
Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,  
And Salem's streets could tell their story,  
Of fainting woman dragged along,  
Gashed by the whip, accursed and gory!

And will ye ask me, why this taunt  
Of memories sacred from the scorner?  
And why with reckless hand I plant  
A nettle on the graves ye honor?  
Not to reproach New-England's dead  
This record from the past I summon,  
Of manhood to the scaffold led,  
And suffering and heroic woman.

No—for *yourselves* alone, I turn  
The pages of intolerance over,  
That, in their spirit, dark and stern,  
Ye haply may your own discover !  
For, if ye claim the "pastoral right"  
To silence Freedom's voice of warning,  
And from your precincts shut the light  
Of Freedom's day around ye dawning ;

If when an earthquake voice of power,  
And signs in earth and heaven are showing  
That, forth, in its appointed hour,  
The Spirit of the Lord is going !  
And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light  
On kindred, tongue, and people breaking,  
Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,  
In glory and in strength are waking !

When, for the sighing of the poor,  
And for the needy, God hath risen,  
And chains are breaking, and a door  
Is opening for the souls in prison !  
If then ye would, with puny hands,  
Arrest the very work of Heaven,  
And bind anew the evil bands  
Which God's right arm of power hath riven—

What marvel that, in many a mind,  
Those darker deeds of bigot madness  
Are closely with your own combined,  
Yet "less in anger than in sadness ?"

What marvel, if the people learn  
To claim the right of free opinion?  
What marvel, if at times they spurn  
The ancient yoke of your dominion?

Oh, how contrast, with such as ye,  
A LEAVITT'S free and generous bearing!  
A PERRY'S calm integrity,  
A PHELPS' zeal and Christian daring!  
A FOLLEN'S soul of sacrifice,  
And MAY'S with kindness overflowing!  
How green and lovely in the eyes  
Of freemen are their graces growing!

Ay, there 's a glorious remnant yet,  
Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountains,  
The coming of whose welcome feet  
Is beautiful upon our mountains!  
Men, who the gospel tidings bring  
Of Liberty and Love for ever,  
Whose joy is one abiding spring,  
Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale  
Of Carolina's high-soul'd daughters,  
Which echoes here the mournful wail  
Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,  
Close while ye may the public ear—  
With malice vex, with slander wound them—  
The pure and good shall throng to hear,  
And tried and manly hearts surround them.



Oh, ever may the Power which led  
Their way to such a fiery trial,  
And strengthen'd womanhood to tread  
The wine-press of such self-denial,  
Be round them in an evil land,  
With wisdom and with strength from Heaven,  
With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,  
And Deborah's song for triumph given!

And what are ye who strive with God,  
Against the ark of His salvation,  
Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,  
With blessings for a dying nation?  
What, but the stubble and the hay  
To perish, even as flax consuming,  
With all that bars His glorious way,  
Before the brightness of His coming?

And thou, sad Angel, who so long  
Hast waited for the glorious token,  
That Earth from all her bonds of wrong  
To liberty and light has broken—  
Angel of Freedom! soon to thee  
The sounding trumpet shall be given,  
And over Earth's full Jubilee  
Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

## THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,  
Within her war-rock'd cradle lay,  
An iron race around her stood,  
Baptized her infant brow in blood,  
And, through the storm which round her swept,  
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where quiet herds repose,  
The roar of baleful battle rose,  
And brethren of a common tongue  
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,  
And every gift on Freedom's shrine  
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;  
Their strife is past—their triumph won;  
But sterner trials wait the race  
Which rises in their honor'd place—  
A MORAL WARFARE with the crime  
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might  
We gird us for the coming fight,  
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours  
In conflict with unholy powers,  
We grasp the weapons He has given,—  
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven!

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Written on hearing that the Resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the subject of Slavery, presented by Hon. C. CUSHING to the House of Representatives of the United States, have been laid on the table unread and unREFERRED, under the infamous rule of "PATTON'S RESOLUTION."

AND have they spurn'd *thy* word,  
    Thou of the old THIRTEEN!  
Whose soil, where Freedom's blood first pour'd,  
    Hath yet a darker green?  
Tread the weak Southron's pride and lust  
Thy name and councils in the dust?

And have they closed thy mouth,  
    And fix'd the padlock fast?  
Slave of the mean and tyrant South!  
    Is this thy fate at last?  
Old Massachusetts! can it be  
That thus thy sons must speak of thee?

Call from the Capitol  
    Thy chosen ones again—  
Unmeet for them the base control  
    Of Slavery's curbing reign!  
Unmeet for necks like theirs to feel  
The chafing of the despot's heel!

Call back to Quincy's shade  
That steadfast son of thine ;  
Go—if thy homage must be paid  
To Slavery's pagod-shrine,  
Seek out some meaner offering than  
The free-born soul of that old man.

Call that true spirit back,  
So eloquent and young ;  
In his own vale of Merrimack  
No chains are on his tongue !  
Better to breathe its cold, keen air,  
Than wear the Southron's shackle there.

Ay, let them hasten home,  
And render up their trust ;  
Through them the Pilgrim-state is dumb—  
Her proud lip in the dust !  
Her counsels and her gentlest word  
Of warning spurn'd aside, unheard !

Let them come back, and shake  
The base dust from their feet ;  
And with their tale of outrage wake  
The free hearts whom they meet ;  
And show before indignant men  
The scars where Slavery's chain has been.

Back from the Capitol—  
It is no place for thee !  
Beneath the arch of Heaven's blue wall  
Thy voice may still be free !

What power shall chain thy spirit there,  
In God's free sun and freer air ?

A voice is calling thee,  
From all the martyr-graves  
Of those stern men, in death made free,  
Who could not live as slaves.  
The slumberings of thy honor'd dead  
Are for thy sake disquieted !

The curse of Slavery comes  
Still nearer, day by day ;  
Shall thy pure altars and thy homes  
Become the Spoiler's prey ?  
Shall the dull tread of fetter'd slaves  
Sound o'er thy old and holy graves ?

Pride of the old THIRTEEN !  
That curse may yet be stay'd—  
Stand thou, in Freedom's strength, between  
The living and the dead ;  
Stand forth, for God and Liberty  
In one strong effort worthy thee !

Once more let Faneuil Hall  
By freemen's feet be trod,  
And give the echoes of its wall  
Once more to Freedom's God !  
And in the midst, unseen, shall stand  
The mighty fathers of thy land.

Thy gather'd sons shall feel  
    The soul of Adams near,  
And Otis with his fiery zeal,  
    And Warren's onward cheer ;  
And heart to heart shall thrill as when  
They moved and spake as living men.

Fling, from thy Capitol,  
    Thy banner to the light,  
And, o'er thy Charter's sacred scroll,  
    For Freedom and the Right,  
Breathe once again thy vows, unbroken—  
Speak once again as thou hast spoken.

On thy bleak hills, speak out !  
    A WORLD thy words shall hear ;  
And they who listen round about,  
    In friendship, or in fear,  
Shall know thee still, when sorest tried,  
“ Unshaken and unterrified ! ” \*

\* “ Massachusetts has held her way right onward, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.”—*Speech of C. Cushing in the House of Representatives of the U. S., 1836.*

## THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS, SOLD INTO  
SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
Where the noisome insect stings,  
Where the Fever Demon strews  
Poison with the falling dews,  
Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
Through the hot and misty air,—

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
There no mother's eye is near them,  
There no mother's ear can hear them;  
Never, when the torturing lash  
Seams their back with many a gash,  
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,  
From the fields at night they go,  
Faint with toil, and rack'd with pain,  
'To their cheerless homes again—  
There no brother's voice shall greet them—  
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
'To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From the tree whose shadow lay  
On their childhood's place of play—  
From the cool spring where they drank—  
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—  
From the solemn house of prayer,  
And the holy counsels there—

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone—  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the Spoiler's prey.



Oh, that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth—  
By the bruised reed He spareth—  
Oh, may He, to whom alone  
All their cruel wrongs are known,  
Still their hope and refuge prove,  
With a more than mother's love.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

## ADDRESS,

Written for the opening of "PENNSYLVANIA HALL," dedicated to Free Discussion, Virtue, Liberty, and Independence, on the 15th of the 5th month, 1838.

Nor with the splendors of the days of old,  
The spoil of nations, and "barbaric gold"—  
No weapons wrested from the fields of blood,  
Where dark and stern th' unyielding Roman stood,  
And the proud Eagles of his cohorts saw  
A world, war-wasted, crouching to his law—  
Nor blazon'd car—nor banners floating gay,  
Like those which swept along the Appian way,  
When, to the welcome of imperial Rome,  
The victor warrior came in triumph home,  
And trumpet-peal, and shoutings wild and high,  
Stir'd the blue quiet of th' Italian sky;  
But calm, and grateful, prayerful, and sincere,  
As Christian freemen, only, gathering here,  
We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall,  
Pillar and arch, entablature and wall,  
As Virtue's shrine—as Liberty's abode—  
Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's God!

Oh! loftier Halls, 'neath brighter skies than these,  
Stood darkly mirror'd in the Ægean seas,  
Pillar and shrine—and life-like statues seen,  
Graceful and pure, the marble shafts between,

Where glorious Athens from her rocky hill  
Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will—  
And the chaste temple, and the classic grove—  
The hall of sages—and the bowers of love,  
Arch, fane, and column, graced the shores, and gave  
Their shadows to the blue Saronic wave ;  
And statelier rose, on Tiber's winding side,  
The Pantheon's dome—the Coliseum's pride—  
The Capitol, whose arches backward flung  
The deep, clear cadence of the Roman tongue,  
Whence stern decrees, like words of fate, went forth  
To the awed nations of a conquer'd earth,  
Where the proud Cæsars in their glory came,  
And Brutus lighten'd from his lips of flame !

Yet in the porches of Athena's halls,  
And in the shadows of her stately walls,  
Lurk'd the sad bondman, and his tears of woe  
Wet the cold marble with unheeded flow ;  
And fetters clank'd beneath the silver dome  
Of the proud Pantheon of imperious Rome.  
Oh ! not for him—the chain'd and stricken slave—  
By Tiber's shore, or blue Ægina's wave,  
In the throng'd forum, or the sages' seat,  
The bold lip pleaded, and the warm heart beat ;  
No soul of sorrow melted at his pain,  
No tear of pity rusted on his chain !

But this fair Hall, to Truth and Freedom given,  
Pledged to the Right before all earth and Heaven,

A free arena for the strife of mind,  
To caste, or sect, or color unconfined,  
Shall thrill with echoes, such as ne'er of old  
From Roman Hall, or Grecian Temple roll'd;  
Thoughts shall find utterance, such as never yet  
The Propylea or the Forum met.  
Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife  
Shall win applauses with the waste of life;  
No lordly licitor urge the barbarous game—  
No wanton Lais glory in her shame.  
But here the tear of sympathy shall flow,  
As the ear listens to the tale of woe;  
Here, in stern judgment of the oppressor's wrong,  
Shall strong rebukings thrill on Freedom's tongue—  
No partial justice hold th' unequal scale—  
No pride of caste a brother's rights assail—  
No tyrant's mandates echo from this wall,  
Holy to Freedom and the Rights of All!  
But a fair field, where mind may close with mind,  
Free as the sunshine and the chainless wind;  
Where the high trust is fix'd on Truth alone,  
And bonds and fetters from the soul are thrown;  
Where wealth, and rank, and worldly pomp, and might,  
Yield to the presence of the True and Right.

And fitting is it that this Hall should stand  
Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his band,  
From thy blue waters, Delaware!—to press  
The virgin verdure of the wilderness.  
Here, where all Europe with amazement saw  
The soul's high freedom trammel'd by no law;

Here, where the fierce and warlike forest-men  
 Gather'd in peace, around the home of PENN,  
 Awed by the weapons Love alone had given,  
 Drawn from the holy armory of Heaven;  
 Where Nature's voice against the bondman's wrong  
 First found an earnest and indignant tongue;  
 Where LAY's bold message to the proud was borne,  
 And KEITH's rebuke, and FRANKLIN's manly scorn—  
 Fitting it is that here, where Freedom first  
 From her fair feet shook off the old world's dust,  
 Spread her white pinions to our Western blast,  
 And her free tresses to our sunshine cast,  
 One Hall should rise redeem'd from Slavery's ban—  
 One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man!

Oh! if the spirits of the parted come,  
 Visiting angels, to their olden home;  
 If the dead fathers of the land look forth  
 From their far dwellings, to the things of earth—  
 Is it a dream, that with their eyes of love,  
 They gaze now on us from the bowers above?  
 LAY's ardent soul—and BENEZET the mild,  
 Steadfast in faith, yet gentle as a child—  
 Meek-hearted WOOLMAN,—and that brother-band,  
 The sorrowing exiles from their "FATHER LAND,"  
 Leaving their homes in Krieshiem's bowers of vine,  
 And the blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,  
 To seek amidst our solemn depths of wood  
 Freedom from man and holy peace with God;  
 Who first of all their testimonial gave  
 Against th' oppressor,—for the outcast slave,—

Is it a dream that such as these look down,  
And with their blessing our rejoicings crown ?

Let us rejoice, that, while the Pulpit's door  
Is bar'd against the pleaders for the poor ;  
While the Church, wrangling upon points of faith,  
Forgets her bondmen suffering unto death  
While crafty Traffic and the lust of Gain  
Unite to forge Oppression's triple chain,  
One door is open, and one Temple free—  
A resting-place for hunted Liberty !

Where men may speak, unshackled and unawed,  
High words of Truth, for Freedom and for God.

And when that Truth its perfect work hath done,  
And rich with blessings o'er our land hath gone ;  
When not a slave beneath his yoke shall pine,  
From broad Potomac to the far Sabine ;  
When unto angel-lips at last is given  
The silver trump of Jubilee in Heaven ;  
And from Virginia's plains—Kentucky's shades,  
And through the dim Floridian everglades,  
Rises, to meet that angel-trumpet's sound,  
The voice of millions from their chains unbound—  
Then, though this Hall be crumbling in decay,  
Its strong walls blending with the common clay,  
Yet, round the ruins of its strength shall stand  
The best and noblest of a ransom'd land—  
Pilgrims, like those who throng around the shrine  
Of Mecca, or of holy Palestine !—  
A prouder glory shall that ruin own  
Than that which lingers round the Parthenon.

Here shall the child of after years be taught  
The work of Freedom which his fathers wrought—  
'Told of the trials of the present hour,  
Our weary strife with prejudice and power,—  
How the high errand quicken'd woman's soul,  
And touch'd her lip as with the living coal—  
How Freedom's martyrs kept their lofty faith,  
True and unwavering, unto bonds and death.—  
The pencil's art shall sketch the ruin'd Hall,  
The Muses' garland crown its aged wall,  
And History's pen for after times record  
Its consecration unto FREEDOM'S GOD!





## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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THE Poems which follow are not devoted to the cause of Emancipation, but have been included in this collection at the request of some of the author's friends. Many of them, in their passage from one newspaper or scrap-book to another, had become mutilated and imperfect; and, in some instances, changed from their original rhythm and sentiment, as entirely as the Palmer of Marmion :

“ The very mother that him bare  
Would not have known her child.”

and their publication in this form seemed necessary as a matter of self-defence.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

## REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST  
BY  
JOHN BURNET  
BISHOP OF SALISBURY  
AND  
OF THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF  
CHARLES THE SECOND  
BY  
JOHN BURNET  
BISHOP OF SALISBURY  
AND  
OF THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF  
JAMES THE SECOND  
BY  
JOHN BURNET  
BISHOP OF SALISBURY

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, in the Strand, near the Temple Church, 1704.

## PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judea ! thrice hallow'd of song  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng ;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,  
Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before ;  
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills !—in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear ;  
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,  
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene ;  
And I pause on the goat-craggs of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee !

Hark, a sound in the valley ! where, swollen and strong,  
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along ;  
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,  
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin roll'd harmlessly on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang  
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,  
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,  
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;  
But where are the sisters who hasten'd to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring trod;  
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF GOD—  
Where His blessing was heard and His lessons were taught,  
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—  
These hills He toiled over in grief, are the same—  
The founts where He drank by the way-side still flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;

For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,  
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God ?  
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,  
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him !

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,  
In love and in meekness, He moved among men ;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me !

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bow'd him to bear,  
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near  
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here ;  
And the voice of Thy love is the same, even now,  
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone !—but, in glory and power,  
The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour ;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same !

## CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

STORM on the heaving waters!—The vast sky  
Is stooping with its thunder, Cloud on cloud  
Rolls heavily in the darkness, like a shroud  
Shaken by midnight's Angel from on high.  
Through the thick sea-mist, faintly and afar,  
Chorazin's watch-light glimmers like a star,  
And, momentarily, the ghastly cloud-fires play  
On the dark sea-wall of Capernaum's bay,  
And tower and turret into light spring forth  
Like spectres starting from the storm-swept earth;  
And, vast and awful, Tabor's mountain form,  
Its Titan forehead naked to the storm,  
Towers for one instant, full and clear, and then  
Blends with the blackness and the cloud again.

And it is very terrible!—The roar  
Ascendeth unto heaven, and thunders back,  
Like the response of demons, from the black  
Rifts of the hanging tempest—yawning o'er  
The wild waves in their torment. Hark!—the cry  
Of strong man in peril, piercing through  
The uproar of the waters and the sky,  
As the rent bark one moment rides to view,  
On the tall billows, with the thunder cloud  
Closing around, above her, like a shroud!

He stood upon the reeling deck—His form  
Made visible by the lightning, and His brow  
Pale, and uncover'd to the rushing storm,

Told of a triumph man may never know—  
Power underived and mighty—"PEACE—BE STILL!"

The great waves heard Him, and the storm's loud tone  
Went moaning into silence at His will:

And the thick clouds, where yet the lightning shone,  
And slept the latent thunder, roll'd away,  
Until no trace of tempest lurk'd behind,  
Changing, upon the pinions of the wind,  
To stormless wanderers, beautiful and gay.

Dread Ruler of the tempest! Thou before

Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm—  
To whom the waves do homage round the shore

Of many an Island empire!—if the form  
Of the frail dust beneath Thyne eye, may claim  
Thy infinite regard—oh, breathe upon

The storm and darkness of man's soul the same  
Quiet, and peace, and humbleness which came

O'er the roused waters, where Thy voice had gone  
A minister of power—to conquer in Thy name!

## THE FEMALE MARTYR.

MARY G—, aged 18, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian Cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.

"BRING out your dead!" the midnight street  
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;  
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet—  
Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet—  
Her coffin and her pall.  
"What—only one!" The brutal hackman said,  
As, with an oath, he spurn'd away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,  
As roll'd that dead-cart slowly by,  
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!  
The dying turn'd him to the wall,  
To hear it and to die!—  
Onward it roll'd; while oft its driver stay'd,  
And hoarsely clamor'd, "Ho!—bring out your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place;  
"Toss in your load!"—and it was done.—  
With quick hand and averted face,  
Hastily to the grave's embrace  
They cast them, one by one—  
Stranger and friend—the evil and the just,  
Together trodden in the church-yard dust!



And thou, young martyr!—thou wast there—  
No white-robed sisters round thee trod—  
Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer  
Rose through the damp and noisome air,  
Giving thee to thy God;  
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallow'd taper gave  
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer!—there shall be,  
In every heart of kindly feeling,  
A rite as holy paid to thee  
As if beneath the convent-tree  
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,  
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping  
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light  
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well,  
Enduring with a martyr's might,  
Through weary day and wakeful night,  
Far more than words may tell:  
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown—  
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing,—where  
The throngful street grew foul with death,  
O high soul'd martyr!—thou wast there,  
Inhaling from the loathsome air,  
Poison with every breath.  
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread  
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed  
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,  
Hush'd as a seraph's fell thy tread—  
A new Electra by the bed  
Of suffering human-kind!  
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,  
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high  
And holy mysteries of Heaven!  
How turn'd to thee each glazing eye,  
In mute and awful sympathy,  
As thy low prayers were given;  
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the while,  
An angel's features—a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task!—and worthy one  
Who, turning from the world, as thou,  
Ere being's pathway had begun  
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,  
Had seal'd her early vow—  
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,  
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here  
Could be for thee a meet reward;  
Thine is a treasure far more dear—  
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear  
Of living mortal heard,—  
The joys prepared—the promised bliss above—  
The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not  
A nobler name than thine shall be.  
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,  
The lofty energies of thought,  
The fire of poesy—  
These have but frail and fading honors ;—thine  
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea—and, when thrones shall crumble down,  
And human pride and grandeur fall,—  
The herald's line of long renown—  
The mitre and the kingly crown—  
Perishing glories all !  
The pure devotion of thy generous heart  
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part !

“KNOWEST THOU THE ORDINANCES OF HEAVEN?”—*Job xxxviii. 33.*

Look unto heaven!

The still and solemn stars are burning there,  
Like altars lighted in the upper air,  
And to the worship of the great God given,  
Where the pure spirits of the unsinning dead,  
Redeem'd and sanctified from Earth, might shed  
The holiness of prayer,

Look ye above!

The Earth is glorious with its Summer wreath;  
The tall trees bend with verdure; and, beneath,  
Young flowers are blushing like unwhisper'd love.  
Yet *these* will change—Earth's glories be no more,  
And all her bloom and greenness fade before  
The ministry of Death.

Then gaze not there.

God's constant miracle—the star-wrought sky  
Bends o'er ye, lifting silently on high,  
As with an Angel's hand, the soul of prayer;  
And Heaven's own language to the pure of Earth,  
Written in stars at Nature's mighty birth,  
Burns on the gazing eye.

Oh ! turn ye, then,  
And bend the knee of worship ; and the eyes  
Of the pure stars shall smile, with glad surprise,  
At the deep reverence of the sons of men.  
Oh ! bend in worship, till those stars grow dim,  
And the skies vanish, at the thought of Him  
Whose light beyond them lies !

## HYMN.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.)

A HYMN more, O my lyre !  
Praise to the God above,  
Of joy and life and love,  
Sweeping its strings of fire !

Oh ! who the speed of bird and wind  
And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,  
That, soaring upward, I may find  
My resting-place and home in Thee ?—  
Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,  
Adoreth with a fervent flame—  
Mysterious spirit ! unto whom  
Pertain nor sign nor name !

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go,  
Up from the cold and joyless earth,  
Back to the God who bade them flow,  
Whose moving spirit sent them forth.  
But as for me, O God ! for me,  
The lowly creature of Thy will,  
Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee,  
An earth-bound pilgrim still !

Was not my spirit born to shine  
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing?  
To breathe with them the light divine,  
From God's own holy altar flowing?  
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul  
In dreams hath thirsted for so long—  
A portion of Heaven's glorious whole  
Of loveliness and song?

Oh! watchers of the stars at night,  
Who breathe their fire, as we the air—  
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,  
Oh! say, is He—the Eternal, there?  
Bend there around His awful throne  
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?  
Or are thy inmost depths His own,  
O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go!  
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
Or arrows from the archer's bow,  
To the far aim of your desire!  
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,  
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,  
Bearing like them your sacrifice  
Of music unto God!

And shall these thoughts of joy and love  
Come back again no more to me?—  
Returning like the Patriarch's dove,  
Wing-weary from the eternal sea,

To bear within my longing arms  
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,  
Pluck'd from the green, immortal palms  
Which shadow Paradise?

All-moving Spirit!—freely forth  
At Thy command the strong wind goes;  
Its errand to the passive earth,  
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,  
Until it folds its weary wing  
Once more within the hand divine;  
So, weary from its wandering,  
My spirit turns to Thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,  
From its dark caverns, hurries on,  
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,  
By evening's star and noontide's sun,  
Until at last it sinks to rest,  
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,  
And moans upon its mother's breast—  
So turns my soul to Thee!

O Thou who bid'st the torrent flow,  
Who lendest wings unto the wind—  
Mover of all things! where art Thou?  
Oh, whither shall I go to find  
The secret of Thy resting place?  
Is there no holy wing for me,  
That, soaring, I may search the space  
Of highest Heaven for Thee?



Oh, would I were as free to rise  
As leaves on Autumn's whirlwind borne—  
The arrowy light of sunset skies,  
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn  
Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,  
Or aught which soars uncheck'd and free  
Through Earth and Heaven; that I might lose  
Myself in finding Thee!

WHEN the BREATH DIVINE is flowing,  
Zephyr-like o'er all things going,  
And, as the touch of viewless fingers,  
Softly on my soul it lingers,  
Open to a breath the lightest,  
Conscious of a touch the slightest—  
As some calm still lake, whereon  
Sinks the snowy-bosom'd swan,  
And the glistening water-rings  
Circle round her moving wings :

When my upward gaze is turning  
Where the stars of heaven are burning  
Through the deep and dark abyss—  
Flowers of midnight's wilderness,  
Blowing with the evening's breath  
Sweetly in their Maker's path :

When the breaking day is flushing  
All the East, and light is gushing  
Upward through the horizon haze,  
Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays  
Spreading, until all above  
Overflows with joy and love,  
And below, on earth's green bosom,  
All is changed to light and blossom:

When my waking fancies over  
Forms of brightness flit and hover,

Holy as the seraphs are,  
Who by Zion's fountains wear  
On their foreheads, white and broad,  
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD!"  
When, inspired with rapture high,  
It would seem a single sigh  
Could a world of love create—  
That my life could know no date,  
And my eager thoughts could fill  
Heaven and Earth, o'erflowing still!—

Then, O Father!—Thou alone,  
From the shadow of Thy throne,  
To the sighing of my breast  
And its rapture answerest.  
All my thoughts, which, upward winging,  
Bathe where Thy own light is springing—  
All my yearnings to be free  
Are as echoes answering Thee!

Seldom upon lips of mine  
Father! rests that name of Thine—  
Deep within my inmost breast,  
    In the secret place of mind,  
    Like an awful Presence shrined,  
Doth its dread Idea rest!  
Hush'd and holy dwells it there—  
Prompter of the silent prayer,  
Lifting up my spirit's eye  
And its faint but earnest cry,  
From its dark and cold abode,  
Unto Thee, my Guide and God!

## THE FAMILIST'S HYMN.

THE "Pilgrims" of New England, even in their wilderness home, were not exempted from the sectarian contentions which agitated the mother country after the downfall of Charles the First, and of the established Episcopacy. The Quakers, Baptists, and Catholics were banished, on pain of death, from the Massachusetts Colony. One Samuel Gorton, a bold and eloquent declaimer, after preaching for a time in Boston, against the doctrines of the Puritans, and declaring that their churches were mere human devices, and their sacrament and baptism an abomination, was driven out of the state's jurisdiction, and compelled to seek a residence among the savages. He gathered round him a considerable number of converts, who, like the primitive Christians, shared all things in common. His opinions, however, were so troublesome to the leading clergy of the Colony, that they instigated an attack upon his "Family" by an armed force, which seized upon the principal men in it, and brought them into Massachusetts, where they were sentenced to be kept at hard labor in several towns, (one only in each town) during the pleasure of the General Court, they being forbidden under severe penalties to utter any of their religious sentiments, except to such ministers as might labor for their conversion. They were unquestionably sincere in their opinions, and, whatever may have been their errors, deserve to be ranked among those who have in all ages suffered for the freedom of conscience.

FATHER! to thy suffering poor  
Strength and grace and faith impart,  
And with Thy own love restore  
Comfort to the broken heart!  
Oh, the failing ones confirm  
With a holier strength of zeal!—  
Give Thou not the feeble worm  
Helpless to the Spoiler's heel!

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

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

Sweet the songs we loved to sing  
    Underneath Thy holy sky—  
Words and tones that used to bring  
    Tears of joy in every eye,—  
Dear the wrestling hours of prayer,  
    When we gather'd knee to knee,  
Blameless youth and hoary hair,  
    Bow'd, O God, alone to Thee.

As Thine early children, Lord,  
    Shared their wealth and daily bread,  
Even so, with one accord,  
    We, in love, each other fed.

Not with us the miser's hoard,  
Not with us his grasping hand ;  
Equal, round a common board,  
Drew our meek and brother band !

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

Torn apart, and driven forth  
To our toiling hard and long,  
Father ! from the dust of earth  
Lift we still our grateful song !  
Grateful—that in bonds we share  
In Thy love which maketh free ;  
Joyful—that the wrongs we bear,  
Draw us nearer, Lord, to Thee !

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

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

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

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

## THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Not always as the whirlwind's rush  
    On Horeb's mount of fear,  
Not always as the burning bush  
    To Midian's shepherd seer,  
Nor as the awful voice which came  
    To Israel's prophet bards,  
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,  
    Nor gift of fearful words—

Not always thus, with outward sign  
    Of fire or voice from Heaven,  
The message of a truth divine—  
    The call of God is given!  
Awaking in the human heart  
    Love for the TRUE and RIGHT—  
Zeal for the Christian's "better part,"  
    Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone  
    The holy influence steals:  
Warm with a rapture not its own,  
    The heart of WOMAN feels!  
As she who by Samaria's wall  
    The Saviour's errand sought—  
As those who with the fervent Paul  
    And meek Aquila wrought:



Or those meek ones whose martyrdom  
Rome's gather'd grandeur saw :  
Or those who in their Alpine home  
Braved the Crusader's war,  
When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,  
Through all its vales of death,  
The martyr's song of triumph pour'd  
From woman's failing breath.

Oh, gently, by a thousand things  
Which o'er our spirits pass,  
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,  
Or vapors o'er a glass,  
Leaving their token strange and new  
Of music or of shade,  
The summons to the RIGHT and TRUE  
And MERCIFUL is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of Truth and Light  
Flash o'er the waiting mind,  
Unfolding to our mental sight  
The wants of human kind ;  
If, brooding over human grief,  
The earnest wish is known  
To soothe and gladden with relief  
An anguish not our own :

Though heralded with nought of fear,  
Or outward sign, or show ;  
Though only to the inward ear  
It whispers soft and low ;

Though dropping, as the manna fell,  
Unseen—yet from above—  
Holy and gentle—heed it well!  
The call to TRUTH and LOVE!

## THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! You  
may trace his footsteps now  
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown  
hill's wither'd brow.  
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where  
their pleasant green came forth,  
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have  
shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—from  
the frozen Labrador—  
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the  
white bear wanders o'er—  
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luck-  
less forms below  
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere into marble statues  
grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the  
rushing Northern blast,  
And the dark Norwegian pines have bow'd as his fearful  
breath went past.  
With an unscorch'd wing he has hurried on, where the  
fires of Hecla glow  
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice  
below.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the  
quiet lake shall feel  
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the  
skater's heel ;  
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or  
sang to the leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful  
silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us  
meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power  
away ;  
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight  
dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sound-  
ing wing goes by !

## THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

"It hath beene as it were especially rendered unto mee and made plaine and legible to my understandyng that a great worshipp is going on among the thyngs of God."—*Gralt.*

THE Ocean looketh up to Heaven,  
As 't were a living thing,  
The homage of its waves is given  
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,  
As bends the human knee,  
A beautiful and tireless band,  
The Priesthood of the Sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out  
Which in the deep have birth,  
And chant their awful hymns about  
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up  
From every mountain shrine,  
From every flower and dewy cup  
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills  
Like the white wing of prayer,  
They lean above the ancient hills  
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast  
O'er breezy hill and glen,  
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd  
On Nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world  
E'en as repentant love ;  
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurl'd  
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,  
The blue and wavy air  
Is glorious with the spirit-march  
Of messengers of prayer.

The gentle moon—the kindling sun—  
The many stars are given,  
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—  
The altar-fires of Heaven!

## LINES,

Written in the Common-place Book of a young lady.

“WRITE, write !” Dear Cousin, since thy word,  
Like that my ancient namesake heard  
On Patmos, may not be denied,  
I offer for thy page a lay  
Breathing of Beauty pass’d away—  
Of Grace and Genius, Love and Truth,  
All which can add a charm to youth,  
To Virtue and to Heaven allied.  
Forgive me, if the lay be such  
As may not suit thy hours of gladness ;  
Forgive me, if it breathe too much  
Of mourning and of sadness.  
It may be well that tears, at whiles,  
Should take the place of Folly’s smiles,  
When ’neath some Heaven-directed blow,  
Like those of Horeb’s rock, they flow ;  
For sorrows are in mercy given  
To fit the chasten’d soul for Heaven ;  
Prompting, with woe and weariness,  
Our yearning for that better sky,  
Which, as the shadows close on this,  
Grows brighter to the longing eye.

For each unwelcome blow may break,  
 Perchance, some chain which binds us here;  
 And clouds around the heart may make  
 The vision of our Faith more clear;  
 As through the shadowy veil of even  
 The eye looks farthest into Heaven,  
 On gleams of star and depths of blue  
 The fervid sunshine never knew!

—————"The parted spirit,  
 Knoweth it not our sorrow? Answereth not  
 Its blessing to our tears?"

The circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,—  
 One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken—  
 One heart from among us no longer shall thrill  
 With the spirit of gladness, or darken with ill.

Weep!—Lonely and lowly, are slumbering now  
 The light of her glances, the pride of her brow.  
 Weep!—Sadly and long shall we listen in vain  
 To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity's claim  
 From its silence and darkness is ever the same;  
 The hope of that World whose existence is bliss  
 May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit can throw  
 On the scene of its troubled probation below,  
 Than the pride of the marble—the pomp of the dead—  
 To that glance will be dearer the tears which we shed.



Oh, who can forget the rich light of her smile,  
Over lips moved with music and feeling the while—  
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like, and clear,  
In the glow of its gladness—the shade of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while over the whole  
Play'd the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul,—  
And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems  
Murmur'd low in our ears by the Angel of dreams !

But holier and dearer our memories hold  
Those treasures of feeling, more precious than gold—  
The love and the kindness,—the pity which gave  
Fresh hopes to the living and wreaths for the grave—

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,  
Unmoved from its purpose by censure and blame,  
While vainly alike on her eye and her ear  
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and jeer.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for them  
Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem ;  
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,  
And the sting of reproof was still temper'd by love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,  
As a star that is lost when the day-light is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,  
She hath pass'd to the world of the holy from this.

She hath pass'd!—but, oh! sweet as the flowrets that bloom  
From her last lonely dwelling—the dust of her tomb—  
The charm of her virtues, as Heaven's own breath,  
Shall rise like an incense from darkness and death.

## THE WATCHER.

“And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of Heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.”—2 *Sam.* xxi. 10.

TALL men and kingly-brow'd!—they led them forth  
Bound for the sacrifice. It was high noon;  
And ancient Gibeah, emptied of her life,  
Rose silently before the harvest sun.  
Her dwellers had gone out before the walls,  
With a stern purpose; and her maidens lean'd  
Breathless for its fulfilment, from the hills,  
Uncheer'd by reaper's song. The harvest lay  
Stinted and sere upon their parched tops.  
The streams had perish'd in their goings on;  
And the deep fountains fail'd. The fervent sun,  
Unchasten'd by a cloud, for months had shone  
A lidless eye in heaven; and all the sky  
Glow'd as a furnace, and the prodigal dew  
With the scorch'd earth held no companionship.  
A curse was over Israel. Unjudged crime  
Had wrought it in the elements. Her soil  
Was unblest'd as the heathen's; and the plagues  
Of those who know not God, and bow them down  
To a strange worship, had been meted her.

The sacrifice was finish'd. Gibeon roll'd  
Back like a torrent through the city gates

Her gather'd thousands; and her victims lay  
Naked beneath the brazen arch of heaven,  
On the stain'd Rock of Sacrifice. The sun  
Went down his heated pathway with a slow  
And weary progress, as he loved to gaze  
On the dark horror of his burning noon—  
The sacrifice of Innocence for Guilt,  
Whose blood had sent its sleepless murmur up  
To the Avenger's ear, until fierce wrath  
Burn'd over earth and heaven, and Vengeance held  
The awful mastery of the elements.

Who stealeth from the city, in the garb  
Which tokens the heart's sorrow, and which seems  
Around her wasted form to shadow forth  
The visitation of dark grief within?  
Lo!—she hath pass'd the valley, and her foot  
Is on the Rock of Sacrifice—and now  
She stoopeth over the unburied dead,  
And moves her lip, but speaks not. It is strange  
And very fearful! The descending sun  
Is pausing like a fire-wing'd Angel on  
The bare hills of the West, and, fierce and red,  
His last rays fall aslant the place of blood,  
Coloring its dark stains deeper. Lo! she kneels  
To cover, with a trembling hand, the cold  
And ghastly work of Death—those desecrate  
And darken'd temples of the living soul!

Her task was finish'd; and she went away  
A little distance, and, as night stole on

With dim star-light and shadow, she sat down  
Upon a jutting fragment of the rock—  
A solitary watcher. The red glow  
That wrestled with the darkness, and sent up  
Its spear-like lines of light until they waned  
Into the dark blue zenith, pass'd away,  
And, from the broad and shadow'd West, the stars  
Shone through substantial blackness. Midnight came;  
The wind was groaning on the hills and through  
The naked branches of their perishing trees,  
And strange sounds blended with it. The gaunt wolf,  
Scenting the place of slaughter, with his long  
And most offensive howl did ask for blood;  
And the hyena sat upon the cliff,  
His red eye glowing terribly; and low,  
But frequent and most fearfully, his growl  
Came to the watcher's ear. Alone she sat,  
Unmoving as her resting-place of rock.  
Fear for herself she felt not—every tie  
That once took hold on life with aught of love  
Was broken utterly. Her eye was fix'd,  
Stony and motionless, upon the pall  
Which veil'd her princely dead. And this was love  
In its surpassing power—yea, love as strong  
As that which binds the peopled Universe,  
And pure as angel-worship, when the just  
And beautiful of Heaven are bow'd in prayer!

The night stole into morning, and the sun,  
Red and unwelcome, rose without a cloud,  
And there was Rizpah still, woe-worn and pale;

And yet in her dark eye and darker hair,  
And in the marble and uplifted brow,  
And the much wasted figure, might be seen  
A wreck of perfect beauty, such as bow'd  
The throned one of Israel at her feet,  
Low as the trampled Philistine had knelt  
Before his mailed presence. Not a tear  
Glisten'd on eye or cheek, but still she gazed  
On the dark veil of sackcloth with a strange  
And fixed earnestness. The sky again  
Redden'd with heat, and the unmoisten'd earth  
Was like the ashen surface of the hush'd  
But perilous volcano. Rizpah bore  
The fever of the noon-time, with a stern  
And awful sense of duty nerving her,  
In her devotedness. She might not leave  
The high place of her watching for the shade  
Of cluster'd palm-trees; and the lofty rocks,  
Casting their grim and giant shadows down,  
Might not afford her shelter; for the sweep  
Of heavy wings went over her like clouds  
Crossing the sunshine, and most evil birds,  
Dark and obscene,—the jaguars of the air!—  
From all the hills had gather'd. Far and shy  
The sombre raven sat upon his rock,  
And his vile mate did mock him. The vast wing  
Of the great eagle, stooping from the sun,  
Winnow'd the cliffs above her!

Day by day,  
Beneath the scorching of the unveil'd sun,  
And the unweeping solitude of night,

Pale Rizpah kept her vigils ; and her prayer  
Went up at morn and eventide, that Earth  
Might know the gentle visitings of rain  
And be accurs'd no more. And when at last  
God thunder'd in the heavens, and clouds came up  
From their long slumber, and the great rain fell,  
And the parch'd earth drank deeply, Rizpah knew  
Her prayers were answer'd, and she knelt again  
In earnest gratitude ; and when the storm  
Roll'd off before the sunshine, kindly hands  
Convey'd away her wasted charge, and gave  
The sons of Saul a sepulchre with him.

## THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

“AWAY from the ruin!—Oh, hurry ye on,  
While the sword of the Angel yet slumbers undrawn!  
Away from the doom’d and deserted of God—  
Away, for the Spoiler is rushing abroad!”

The warning was spoken—the righteous had gone,  
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone;  
All gay was the banquet—the revel was long,  
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

’Twas an evening of beauty. The air was perfume,  
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom;  
And softly the delicate viol was heard,  
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful creatures moved down in the dance,  
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance;  
And white arms wreath’d lightly, and tresses fell free,  
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

And the shrine of the idol was lighted on high,  
For the bending of knee and the homage of eye;  
And the worship was blended with blasphemy’s word,  
And the wine-bibber scoff’d at the name of the Lord!



Hark! the growl of the thunder—the quaking of earth!  
Woe—woe to the worship, and woe to the mirth!  
The black sky has open'd—there's flame in the air—  
The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

And the shriek of the dying rose wild where the song  
And the low tone of love had been whisper'd along;  
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and bower,  
Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and devour!

Down—down, on the fallen, the red ruin rain'd  
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup undrain'd;  
The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill,  
And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given;  
The last eye glared forth in its madness on Heaven!  
The last groan of horror rose wildly and vain,  
And death brooded over the pride of the Plain!

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

SUN-LIGHT upon Judea's hills!  
And on the waves of Galilee—  
On Jordan's stream and on the rills  
That gather to the sleeping sea!  
Most freshly from the green wood springs  
The light breeze on its scented wings;  
And gaily quiver in the sun  
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours—a change hath come  
Dark as a brooding thunder-cloud!  
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,  
And proud knees unto Earth are bow'd.  
A change is on the hill of Death,  
The helmed watchers pant for breath,  
And turn with wild and maniac eyes  
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice!—the death of Him—  
The High and ever Holy One!  
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim,  
And blacken the beholding Sun!  
The wonted light hath fled away,  
Night settles on the middle day,  
And Earthquake from his cavern'd bed  
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!  
Their prison door is rent away!  
And, ghastly with the seal of death,  
They wander in the eye of day!  
The temple of the Cherubim—  
The House of God—is cold and dim;  
A curse is on its trembling walls,  
Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth  
Be shaken, and her mountains nod;  
Well may the sheeted dead come forth  
To gaze upon a suffering God!  
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,  
And shadows veil the Cherubim,  
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,  
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart, alone,  
Behold unmoved th' atoning hour,  
When Nature trembles on her throne,  
And Death resigns his iron power?  
Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness  
Gave keenness to His sore distress,  
And added to His tears of blood—  
Refuse its trembling gratitude!

## THE CITY OF REFUGE.

Joshua, chapter xx.

“AWAY from thy people, thou shedder of blood—  
Away to the refuge appointed of God !  
Nay, pause not to look for thy household or kin,  
For Death is behind thee, thou worker of sin.

“Away!—look not back, though that sorrowful one,  
The mother who bore thee, shall wail for her son ;  
Nor stay when thy wife, as a beautiful blossom,  
Shall clasp thy fair child to her desolate bosom.

“Away, with thy face to the refuge afar  
In the glow of the sun—in the eye of the star ;  
Though the Simoom breathe o’er thee, oppressive and  
warm,  
Rest not by the fountain nor under the palm.

“Away ! for the kinsman of him thou hast slain  
Has breathed on thy head the dark curses of Cain ;  
The cry of his vengeance shall follow thy path—  
The tramp of his footstep, the shout of his wrath.”

And the slayer sprang up as the warning was said,  
And the stones of the altar rang out to his tread ;  
The wail of his household was lost on his ear—  
He spoke not, he paused not, he turn’d not to hear.

He fled to the desert—he turn'd him not back  
When the rush of the sand-storm grew loud in his track,  
Nor paused till his vision fell, grateful and glad,  
On the green hills of Gilead—the white tents of Gad.

Oh, thus, when the crimes and the errors of Earth  
Have driven her children as wanderers forth,  
To the bow'd and the broken of spirit is given  
The hope of a refuge—the refuge of Heaven!

## ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA.

“Isabella, Infanta of Parma, and consort of Joseph of Austria, predicted her own death, immediately after her marriage with the Emperor. Amidst the gaiety and splendor of Vienna and Presburg, she was reserved and melancholy; she believed that Heaven had given her a view of the future, and that her child, the namesake of the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her. Her prediction was fulfilled.”

MIDST the palace-bowers of Hungary,—imperial Pres-  
burg’s pride,—

With the noble-born and beautiful assembled at her side,  
She stood, beneath the summer heaven,—the soft winds  
sighing on,

Stirring the green and arching boughs, like dancers in the  
sun.

The beautiful pomegranate’s gold, the snowy orange-bloom,  
The lotus and the creeping vine, the rose’s meek perfume,  
The willow crossing with its green some statue’s marble  
hair,—

All that might charm th’ exquisite sense, or light the  
soul, was there.

But she—a monarch’s treasured one—lean’d gloomily apart,  
With her dark eye tearfully cast down and a shadow on  
her heart.

Young, beautiful, and dearly loved, what sorrow hath  
she known?

Are not the hearts and swords of all held sacred as her own?

Is not her lord the kingliest in battle-field or bower?—  
 The foremost in the council-hall, or at the banquet-hour?  
 Is not his love as pure and deep as his own Danube's tide?  
 And wherefore in her princely home weeps Isabel, his  
 bride?

She raised her jewel'd hand and flung her veiling tresses  
 back,  
 Bathing its snowy tapering within their glossy black.—  
 A tear fell on the orange leaves;—rich gem and mimic  
 blossom,  
 And fringed robe shook fearfully upon her sighing bosom:  
 "Smile on, smile on," she murmur'd low, "for all is joy  
 around,  
 Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky, soft airs and  
 blossom'd ground;  
 'Tis meet the light of heart should smile when nature's  
 brow is fair,  
 And melody and fragrance meet, twin sisters of the air!

"But ask not me to share with you the beauty of the scene—  
 The fountain-fall, mosaic walk, and tessellated green;  
 And point not to the mild blue sky, or glorious summer sun:  
 I know how very fair is all the hand of God hath done—  
 The hills, the sky, the sun-lit cloud, the fountain leaping  
 forth,  
 The swaying trees, the scented flowers, the dark green  
 robes of earth—  
 I love them still; yet I have learn'd to turn aside from all,  
 And never more my heart must own their sweet but fatal  
 thrall!

“And I could love the noble one whose mighty name I bear,  
And closer to my bursting heart his hallow'd image wear;  
And I could watch our sweet young flower, unfolding  
day by day,

And taste of that unearthly bliss which mothers only may;  
But no, I may not cling to earth—that voice is in my ear,  
That shadow lingers by my side—the death-wail and the  
bier,

The cold and starless night of death, where day may never  
beam,

The silence and the loathsomeness, the sleep which hath  
no dream!

“O God! to leave this fair bright world, and, more than  
all, to know

The moment when the Spectral One shall deal his fearful  
blow;

To know the day, the very hour; to feel the tide roll on;  
To shudder at the gloom before, and weep the sunshine  
gone;

To count the days, the few short days, of light and life  
and breath,—

Between me and the noisome grave—the voiceless home  
of death,—

Alas!—if, knowing, feeling this, I murmur at my doom,  
Let not thy frowning, O my God! lend darkness to the  
tomb.

“Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and smiled amid the chill  
Remembrance of my certain doom, which lingers with me  
still;



I would not cloud our fair child's brow, nor let a tear-drop  
dim

The eye that met my wedded lord's, lest it should sadden  
him.

But there are moments when the gush of feeling hath its  
way ;

That hidden tide of unnamed woe nor fear nor love may  
stay.

Smile on, smile on, light-hearted ones, your sun of joy is  
high ;

Smile on, and leave the doom'd of Heaven alone to weep  
and die."

\* \* \* \* \*

A funeral chant was wailing through Vienna's holy pile ;  
A coffin with its gorgeous pall was borne along the aisle ;  
The banners of a kingly race waved high above the dead ;  
A mighty band of mourners came—a king was at its head,  
A youthful king, with mournful tread and dim and tearful  
eye—

He had not dream'd that one so pure as his fair bride  
could die ;

And sad and wild above the throng the funeral anthem rung :  
"Mourn for the hope of Austria, mourn for the loved and  
young!"

The wail went up from other lands—the vallies of the Hun,  
Fair Parma with its orange bowers and hills of vine and sun ;  
The lilies of imperial France droop'd as the sound went by,  
The long lament of cloister'd Spain was mingled with the  
cry ;

The dwellers in Colorno's halls, the Slovak at his cave,  
The bow'd at the Escorial, the Magyar sternly brave—  
All wept the early-stricken flower, and burst from every  
tongue:

“Mourn for the dark-eyed Isabel—mourn for the loved  
and young!”

## LINES,

Written on visiting a singular cave in Chester, N. H., known in the vicinity by the name of "*The Devil's Den.*"

THE moon is bright on the rocky hill,  
But its dwarfish pines rise gloomily still,—  
Fix'd, motionless forms in the silent air,  
The moonlight is on them, but darkness is there.  
The drowsy flap of the owlet's wing,  
And the stream's low gush from its hidden spring,  
And the passing breeze, in its flight betray'd  
By the timid shiver of leaf and blade,  
Half like a sigh and half a moan,  
The ear of the listener catches alone.

A dim cave yawns in the rude hill-side,  
Like the jaws of a monster open'd wide,  
Where a few wild bushes of thorn and fern  
Their leaves from the breath of the night-air turn;  
And half with twining foliage cover  
The mouth of that shadowy cavern over:—  
Above it, the rock rests gloomy and high  
Its rugged outline against the sky,  
Which seems, as it opens on either hand,  
Like some bright sea leaving a desolate land.

Below it, a stream on its bed of stone  
From a rift in the rock comes hurrying down,  
Telling for ever the same wild tale  
Of its loftier home to the lowly vale ;  
And over its waters an oak is bending,  
Its boughs like a skeleton's arms extending—  
A naked tree, by the lightning shorn,  
With its trunk all bare and its branches torn ;  
And the rocks beneath it, blacken'd and rent,  
Tell where the bolt of the thunder went.

'T is said that this cave is an evil place—  
The chosen haunt of the fallen race ;  
That the midnight traveller oft hath seen  
A red flame tremble its jaws between,  
And lighten and quiver the boughs among,  
Like the fiery play of a serpent's tongue ;  
That sounds of fear from its chambers swell—  
The ghostly gibber, the fiendish yell ;  
That bodiless hands at its entrance wave,—  
And hence they have named it **THE DEMON'S CAVE !**

The fears of man to this place have lent  
A terror which Nature never meant ;  
For who hath wander'd, with curious eye,  
This dim and shadowy cavern by,  
And known, in the sun or star-light, aught  
Which might not beseem so lonely a spot,—  
The stealthy fox, and the shy raccoon,  
The night-bird's wing in the shining moon,  
The frog's low croak, and, upon the hill,  
The steady chant of the whippoorwill ?

Yet is there something to fancy dear  
In this silent cave and its lingering fear,—  
Something which tells of another age,  
Of the wizard's wand, and the Sybil's page,  
Of the fairy ring and the haunted glen,  
And the restless phantoms of murder'd men,  
The grandame's tale and the nurse's song,  
The dreams of childhood remember'd long;  
And I love even now to list the tale  
Of the Demon's Cave, and its haunted vale.

## THE FRATRICIDE.

In the recently published "History of Wyoming"—a valley rendered classic ground by the poetry of Campbell—in an account of the attack of Brandt and Butler on the settlements in 1778, a fearful circumstance is mentioned. A tory, who had joined the Indians and British, discovered his own brother, while pursuing the Americans, and, deaf to his entreaties, deliberately presented his rifle and shot him dead on the spot. The murderer fled to Canada.

HE stood on the brow of the well known hill,  
Its few gray oaks moan'd over him still—  
The last of that forest which cast the gloom  
Of its shadow at eve o'er his childhood's home;  
And the beautiful valley beneath him lay  
With its quivering leaves, and its streams at play,  
And the sunshine over it all the while  
Like the golden shower of the Eastern isle.

He knew the rock with its fingering vine,  
And its gray top touch'd by the slant sunshine,  
And the delicate stream which crept beneath  
Soft as the flow of an infant's breath;  
And the flowers which lean'd to the West wind's sigh,  
Kissing each ripple which glided by;  
And he knew every valley and wooded swell,  
For the visions of childhood are treasured well.

Why shook the old man as his eye glanced down  
That narrow ravine where the rude cliffs frown,  
With their shaggy brows and their teeth of stone,  
And their grim shade back from the sunlight thrown?  
What saw he there save the dreary glen,  
Where the shy fox crept from the eye of men,  
And the great owl sat in the leafy limb  
That the hateful sun might not look on him?

Fix'd, glassy, and strange was that old man's eye,  
As if a spectre were stealing by,  
And glared it still on that narrow dell  
Where thicker and browner the twilight fell;  
Yet at every sigh of the fitful wind,  
Or stirring of leaves in the wood behind,  
His wild glance wander'd the landscape o'er,  
Then fix'd on that desolate dell once more.

Oh, who shall tell of the thoughts which ran  
Through the dizzied brain of that gray old man?  
His childhood's home—and his father's toil—  
And his sister's kiss—and his mother's smile—  
And his brother's laughter and gamesome mirth,  
At the village school and the winter hearth—  
The beautiful thoughts of his early time,  
Ere his heart grew dark with its later crime.

And darker and wilder his visions came  
Of the deadly feud and the midnight flame,  
Of the Indian's knife with its slaughter red,  
Of the ghastly forms of the scalpless dead,

Of his own fierce deeds in that fearful hour  
When the terrible Brandt was forth in power,—  
And he clasp'd his hands o'er his burning eye  
To shadow the vision which glided by.

It came with the rush of the battle-storm—  
With a brother's shaken and kneeling form,  
And his prayer for life when a brother's arm  
Was lifted above him for mortal harm,  
And the fiendish curse, and the groan of death,  
And the welling of blood, and the gurgling breath,  
And the scalp torn off while each nerve could feel  
The wrenching hand and the jagged steel !

And the old man groan'd—for he saw, again,  
The mangled corse of his kinsman slain,  
As it lay where his hand had hurl'd it then,  
At the shadow'd foot of that fearful glen!—  
And it rose erect, with the death-pang grim,  
And pointed its bloodied finger at him!—  
And his heart grew cold—and the curse of Cain  
Burn'd like a fire in the old man's brain.

Oh, had he not seen that spectre rise  
On the blue of the cold Canadian skies?—  
From the lakes which sleep in the ancient wood,  
It had risen to whisper its tale of blood,  
And follow'd his bark to the sombre shore,  
And glared by night through the wigwam door;  
And here—on his own familiar hill—  
It rose on his haunted vision still !



Whose corse was that which the morrow's sun,  
Through the opening boughs, look'd calmly on?  
There were those who bent o'er that rigid face  
Who well in its darken'd lines might trace  
The features of him who, a traitor, fled  
From a brother whose blood himself had shed,  
And there—on the spot where he strangely died—  
They made the grave of the Fratricide!

## SUICIDE POND.

'Tis a dark and dismal little pool, and fed by tiny rills,  
And bosom'd in waveless quietude between two barren hills;  
There is no tree on its rugged marge, save a willow old  
and lone,  
Like a solitary mourner for its sylvan sisters gone.

The plough of the farmer turneth not the sward of its  
gloomy shore,  
Which bears even now the same gray moss which in  
other times it bore;  
And seldom or never the tread of man is heard in that  
lonely spot,  
For with all the dwellers around that pool its story is  
unforgot.

And why does the traveller turn aside from that dark and  
silent pool,  
Though the sun be burning above his head, and the  
willow's shade be cool?  
Or glance with fear to its shadowy brink, when night  
rests darkly there,  
And down, through its sullen and evil depths, the stars of  
the midnight glare?

Merrily whistles the cow-boy on—but he hushes his  
music when

He hurries his cows, with a sidelong glance, from that  
cold forsaken glen!

Laughing and mirthful the young girl comes, with her  
gamesome mates, from school,

But her laugh is lost and her lip is white as she passes  
the haunted pool!

'T is said that a young, a beautiful girl, with a brow and  
with an eye,—

One like a cloud in the moonlight robed, and one like a  
star on high!—

One who was loved by the villagers all, and whose smile  
was a gift to them,

Was found one morn in that pool as cold as the water-  
lily's stem!

Ay, cold as the rank and wasting weeds, which lie in the  
pool's dark bed,

The villagers found that beautiful one, in the slumber of  
the dead.

She had strangely whisper'd her dark design in a young  
companion's ear,

But so wild and vague that the listener smiled, and knew  
not what to fear.

And she went to die in that loathsome pool when the  
summer day was done,

With her dark hair curl'd on her pure white brow, and  
her fairest garments on;

With the ring on her taper finger still, and her necklace  
of ocean pearl,  
Twined as in mockery round the neck of that suicidal girl.

And why she perish'd so strangely there no mortal tongue  
can tell—

She told her story to none, and Death retains her secret  
well!

And the willow, whose mossy and aged boughs o'er the  
silent water lean,

Like a sad and sorrowful mourner of the beautiful dead,  
is seen!

But oft, our village maidens say, when the summer even-  
ings fall,

When the frog is calling from his pool to the cricket in  
the wall;

When the night-hawk's wing dips lightly down to that  
dull and sleeping lake,

And slow through its green and stagnant mass the shore-  
ward circles break—

At a time like this, a misty form—as fog beneath the  
moon—

Like a meteor glides to the startled view, and vanishes as  
soon;

Yet weareth it ever a human shape, and ever a human cry  
Comes faintly and low on the still night-air, as when the  
despairing die!

## THE FOUNTAIN.

On the declivity of a hill, in Salisbury, Essex county, is a beautiful fountain of clear water, gushing out from the very roots of a majestic and venerable oak. It is about two miles from the junction of the Powwow river with the Merrimack.

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

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

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

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

Waters which the proud Castilian\*  
Sought with longing eyes,  
Underneath the bright pavilion  
Of the Indian skies ;  
Where upon his forest way  
Bloom'd the flowers of Florida.

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

O'er his face of moody sadness  
For an instant shone  
Something like a gleam of gladness,  
As he stoop'd him down  
To the fountain's grassy side  
And his eager thirst supplied.

\* De Soto, in the sixteenth century, penetrated into the wilds of the new world in search of gold and the fountain of perpetual youth.

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

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

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

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

Gazing thus upon the dwelling  
Of his warrior sires,

Where no lingering trace was telling  
Of there wigwam fires,  
Who the gloomy thoughts might know  
Of that wandering child of woe ?

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

Where the birch canoe had glided  
Down the swift Powwow,  
Dark and gloomy bridges strided  
Those clear waters now ;  
And where once the beaver swam,  
Jar'd the wheel and frown'd the dam.

For the wood-birds' merry singing,  
And the hunter's cheer,  
Iron clang and hammer's ringing  
Smote upon his ear ;  
And the thick and sullen smoke  
From the blacken'd forges broke.

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



Sadly, as the shades of even  
Gather'd o'er the hill,  
While the western half of Heaven  
Blush'd with sunset still,  
From the fountain's mossy seat  
'Turn'd the Indian's weary feet.

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

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

## PENTUCKET.

The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimack, called by the Indians Pentucket, was for nearly seventy years a frontier town, and during thirty years endured all the horrors of savage warfare. In the year 1708, a combined body of French and Indians, under the command of De Challions, and Hertel de Rouville, the infamous and bloody sacker of Deerfield, made an attack upon the village, which at that time contained only thirty houses. Sixteen of the villagers were massacred, and a still larger number made prisoners. About thirty of the enemy also fell, and among them Hertel de Rouville. The minister of the place, Benjamin Rolfe, was killed by a shot through his own door.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town  
The mellow light of sunset shone !  
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,  
Reflected from its waveless breast  
The beauty of a cloudless West,  
Glorious as if a glimpse were given  
Within the western gates of Heaven,  
Left, by the spirit of the star  
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar !

Beside the river's tranquil flood  
The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretch'd up and down on either hand,

With corn-leaves waving freshly green  
The thick and blacken'd stumps between;  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,  
The wild, untravel'd forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told,  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.

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

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

Was that the tread of many feet,  
Which downward from the hill-side beat ?  
What forms were those which darkly stood  
Just on the margin of the wood ?—  
Char'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb ?  
No—through the trees fierce eye-balls glow'd,  
Dark human forms in moonshine show'd,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress !

A yell, the dead might wake to hear,  
Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—  
Then smote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering lock—  
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then  
The shrill death-scream of stricken men—  
Sunk the red axe in woman's brain,  
And childhood's cry arose in vain—  
Bursting through roof and window came,  
Red, fast and fierce, the kindled flame ;  
And blended fire and moonlight glared  
Over dead corse and weapons bared.

The morning sun look'd brightly through  
The river willows, wet with dew.  
No sound of combat fill'd the air,—  
No shout was heard,—nor gun-shot there :  
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke  
From smouldering ruins slowly broke ;

And on the green sward many a stain,  
And, here and there, the mangled slain,  
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,  
Pentucket, on thy fated head !

Even now, the villager can tell  
Where Rolfe beside his hearth-stone fell,  
Still show the door of wasting oak  
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,  
And point the curious stranger where  
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—  
Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,  
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—  
And still, within the churchyard ground,  
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,  
Beneath whose grass-grown surface lies  
The victims of that sacrifice.

## THE MISSIONARY.

“It is an awful, an arduous thing to root out every affection for earthly things, so as to live only for another world. I am now far, very far, from you all; and as often as I look around and see the Indian scenery, I sigh to think of the distance which separates us.”—*Letters of Henry Martyn from India.*

“SAY, whose is this fair picture, which the light  
From the unshutter'd window rests upon  
Even as a lingering halo?—Beautiful!  
The keen, fine eye of manhood, and a lip  
Lovely as that of Hylas, and impress'd  
With the bright signet of some brilliant thought—  
That broad expanse of forehead, clear and high,  
Mark'd visibly with the characters of mind,  
And the free locks around it, raven black,  
Luxuriant and unsilver'd!—who was he?”

A friend, a more than brother. In the spring  
And glory of his being he went forth  
From the embraces of devoted friends,  
From ease and quiet happiness, from more—  
From the warm heart that loved him with a love  
Holier than earthly passion, and to whom  
The beauty of his spirit shone above  
The charms of perishing nature. He went forth  
Strengthen'd to suffer—gifted to subdue

The might of human passion—to pass on  
Quietly to the sacrifice of all  
The lofty hopes of boyhood, and to turn  
The high ambition written on that brow,  
From its first dream of power and human fame,  
Unto a task of seeming lowliness—  
Yet God-like in its purpose. He went forth  
To bind the broken-spirit—to pluck back  
The heathen from the wheel of Juggernaut—  
To place the spiritual image of a God  
Holy and just and true, before the eye  
Of the dark-minded Brahmin—and unseal  
The holy pages of the Book of Life,  
Fraught with sublimer mysteries than all  
The sacred tomes of Vedas—to unbind  
The widow from her sacrifice—and save  
The perishing infant from the worship'd river!

“And, lady, where is he?” He slumbers well  
Beneath the shadow of an Indian palm.  
There is no stone above his grave. The wind,  
Hot from the desert, as it stirs the leaves  
Of neighboring bananas, sighs alone  
Over his place of slumber.

“God forbid  
That he should die alone!”—Nay, not alone.  
His God was with him in that last dread hour—  
His great arm underneath him, and His smile  
Melting into a spirit full of peace.  
And one kind friend, a human friend, was near—  
One whom his teachings and his earnest prayers

Had snatch'd as from the burning. He alone  
Felt the last pressure of his failing hand,  
Caught the last glimpses of his closing eye,  
And laid the green turf over him with tears,  
And left him with his God.

“ And was it well,  
Dear lady, that this noble mind should cast  
Its rich gifts on the waters?—That a heart  
Full of all gentleness and truth and love  
Should wither on the suicidal shrine  
Of a mistaken duty? If I read  
Aright the fine intelligence which fills  
That amplitude of brow, and gazes out  
Like an indwelling spirit from that eye,  
He might have borne him loftily among  
The proudest of his land, and with a step  
Unfaltering ever, steadfast and secure,  
Gone up the paths of greatness,—bearing still  
A sister spirit with him, as some star,  
Pre-eminent in Heaven, leads steadily up  
A kindred watcher, with its fainter beams  
Baptized in its great glory. Was it well  
That all this promise of the heart and mind  
Should perish from the earth, and leave no trace,  
Unfolding like the Cereus of the clime  
Which hath its sepulchre, but in the night  
Of pagan desolation—was it well?”

Thy will be done, O Father!—it *was* well.  
What are the honors of a perishing world



Grasp'd by a palsied finger?—the applause  
Of the unthoughtful multitude which greets  
The dull ear of decay?—the wealth that loads  
The bier with costly drapery, and shines  
In tinsel on the coffin, and builds up  
The cold substantial monument? Can these  
Bear up the sinking spirit in that hour  
When heart and flesh are failing, and the grave  
Is opening under us? Oh, dearer than  
The memory of a kind deed done to him  
Who was our enemy, one grateful tear  
In the meek eye of virtuous suffering,  
One smile call'd up by unseen charity  
On the wan cheek of hunger, or one prayer  
Breathed from the bosom of the penitent—  
The stain'd with crime and outcast, unto whom  
Our mild rebuke and tenderness of love  
A merciful God hath bless'd.

“But, lady, say,  
Did he not sometimes almost sink beneath  
The burthen of his toil, and turn aside  
To weep above his sacrifice, and cast  
A sorrowing glance upon his childhood's home—  
Still green in memory? Clung not to his heart  
Something of earthly hope uncrucified,  
Of earthly thought unchasten'd? Did he bring  
Life's warm affections to the sacrifice—  
Its loves, hopes, sorrows—and become as one  
Knowing no kindred but a perishing world,  
No love but of the sin-endangered soul,

No hope but of the winning back to life  
Of the dead nations, and no passing thought  
Save of the errand wherewith he was sent  
As to a martyrdom ?”

Nay, though the heart  
Be consecrated to the holiest work  
Vouchsafed to mortal effort, there will be  
Ties of the earth around it, and, through all  
Its perilous devotion, it must keep  
Its own humanity. And it is well.  
Else why wept He, who with our nature veil'd  
The spirit of a God, o'er lost Jerusalem,  
And the cold grave of Lazarus ? And why  
In the dim garden rose his earnest prayer,  
That from his lips the cup of suffering  
Might pass, if it were possible ?

My friend  
Was of a gentle nature, and his heart  
Gush'd like a river-fountain of the hills,  
Ceaseless and lavish, at a kindly smile,  
A word of welcome, or a tone of love.  
Freely his letters to his friends disclosed  
His yearnings for the quiet haunts of home—  
For love and its companionship, and all  
The blessings left behind him ; yet above  
Its sorrows and its clouds his spirit rose,  
Tearful and yet triumphant, taking hold  
Of the eternal promises of God,  
And steadfast in its faith. Here are some lines

Pen'd in his lonely mission-house, and sent  
To a dear friend of his who even now  
Lingers above them with a mournful joy,  
Holding them well nigh sacred—as a leaf  
Pluck'd from the record of a breaking heart :

## AN EVENING IN BURMAH.

A night of wonder!—piled afar  
With ebon feet and crests of snow,  
Like Himalayah's peaks, which bar  
The sunset and the sunset's star  
From half the shadow'd vale below,  
Volumed and vast the dense clouds lie,  
And over them, and down the sky,  
Broadly and pale the lightnings go.

Above, the pleasant moon is seen,  
Pale journeyer to her own loved West!  
Like some bright spirit sent between  
The earth and heaven, she seems to lean  
Wearily on the cloud and rest;  
And light from her unsullied brow  
That gloomy cloud is gathering now  
Along each wreath'd and whitening crest.

And what a strength of light and shade  
Is chequering all the earth below!—  
And, through the jungle's verdant braid  
Of tangled vine and wild reed made,

What blossoms in the moonlight glow!—  
The Indian rose's loveliness,  
The ceiba with its crimson dress,  
The myrtle with its bloom of snow.

And flitting in the fragrant air,  
Or nestling in the shadowy trees,  
A thousand bright-hued birds are there—  
Strange plumage quivering, wild and rare,  
With every faintly-breathing breeze;  
And, wet with dew from roses shed,  
The Bulbul droops her weary head,  
Forgetful of her melodies.

Uprising from the orange leaves  
The tall pagoda's turrets glow;  
O'er graceful shaft and fretted eaves  
Its verdant web the myrtle weaves,  
And hangs in flowering wreaths below;  
And where the cluster'd palms eclipse  
The moonbeams, from its marble lips  
The fountain's silver waters flow.

Yes, all is lovely—earth and air—  
As aught beneath the sky may be;  
And yet my thoughts are wandering where  
My native rocks lie bleak and bare—  
A weary way beyond the sea.  
The yearning spirit is not here;  
It lingers on a spot more dear  
Than India's brightest bowers to me.

Methinks I tread the well-known street—  
 The tree my childhood loved is there,  
 Its bare-worn roots are at my feet,  
 And through its open boughs I meet  
 White glimpses of the place of prayer—  
 And unforgotten eyes again  
 Are glancing through the cottage pane,  
 Than Asia's lustrous eyes more fair.

What though, with every fitful gush  
 Of night-wind, spicy odors come;  
 And hues of beauty glow and flush  
 From matted vine and wild rose-bush;  
 And music's sweetest, faintest hum  
 Steals through the moonlight, as in dreams,—  
 Afar from all my spirit seems  
 Amid the dearer scenes of HOME !

A holy name—the name of home !—  
 Yet where, O wandering heart, is thine ?  
*Here* where the dusky heathen come  
 To bow before the deaf and dumb—  
 Dead idols of their own design,  
 Where deep in Ganges' worship'd tide  
 The infant sinks—and on its side  
 The widow's funeral altars shine !

*Here*, where mid light and song and flowers  
 The priceless soul in ruin lies—  
 Lost—dead to all those better powers  
 Which link a fallen world like ours

To God's own holy Paradise ;  
Where open sin and hideous crime  
Are like the foliage of their clime—  
The unshorn growth of centuries !

Turn, then, my heart—thy home is here ;  
No other now remains for thee :—  
The smile of love, and friendship's tear,  
The tones that melted on thine ear,  
The mutual thrill of sympathy,  
The welcome of the household band,  
The pressure of the lip and hand,  
Thou may'st not hear, nor feel, nor see.

God of my spirit !—Thou, alone,  
Who watchest o'er my pillow'd head,  
Whose ear is open to the moan  
And sorrowing of thy child, hast known  
The grief which at my heart has fed,—  
The struggle of my soul to rise  
Above its earth-born sympathies,—  
The tears of many a sleepless bed !

Oh, be Thine arm, as it hath been,  
In every test of heart and faith—  
The Tempter's doubt—the wiles of men—  
The heathen's scoff—the bosom sin—  
A helper and a stay beneath,  
A strength in weakness mid the strife  
And anguish of my wasting life—  
My solace and my hope in death !

## STANZAS,

Suggested by the letter of a friend.

I SEE thee still before me, even  
As when we parted,  
When o'er thy blue eye's brilliant heaven  
A tear had started ;—  
And a slight tremor in thy tone,  
Like that of some frail harp-string blown  
By fitful breezes, faint and low,  
'Told, in that brief and sad farewell,  
All that affection's heart may tell,  
And more than words can show !

Yet, thou art with the dreamless dead  
Quietly sleeping,  
Around the marble at thy head  
The wild grass creeping !—  
How many thoughts, which but belong  
Unto the living and the young,  
Have whisper'd from my heart of thee,  
When thou wast resting calmly there,  
Shut from the blessed sun and air—  
From life and love and me !

Why did I leave thee ?—Well I knew  
A flower so frail  
Might sink beneath the Summer dew,  
Or soft Spring gale :

I knew how delicately wrought,  
With feeling and intensest thought,  
    Was each sweet lineament of thine ;—  
And that thy heaven-ward soul would gain  
An early freedom from its chain,  
    Was there not many a sign ?

There was a brightness in thine eye,  
    Yet not of mirth—  
A light whose clear intensity  
    Was not of earth !  
Along thy cheek a deepening red  
Told where the feverish hectic fed,  
    And, yet, each fearful token gave  
A newer and a dearer grace  
To the mild beauty of thy face,  
    Which spoke not of the grave !

Why did I leave thee ?—Far away  
    They told of lands  
Glittering with gold, and none to stay  
    The gleaner's hands.  
For this I left thee—ay, and sold  
The *riches of my heart for gold* !  
    For yonder mansion's vanity—  
For green verandas, hung with flowers,  
For marbled fount and orange bowers,  
    And grove and flowering tree.

Vain—worthless, all ! The lowliest spot  
    Enjoy'd with thee,  
A richer and a dearer lot  
    Would seem to me :



For well I knew that thou couldst find  
Contentment in thy spotless mind,  
And in my own unchanging love.  
Why did I leave thee?—Fully mine  
The blessing of a heart like thine,  
What could I ask above?

Mine is a selfish misery—  
I cannot weep  
For one supremely blest, like thee,  
With Heaven's sleep;  
The passion and the strife of time  
Can never reach that sinless clime,  
Where the redeem'd of spirit dwell!—  
Why should I weep that thou art free  
From all the grief which maddens me?—  
Sainted and loved—Farewell!

## LINES ON A PORTRAIT.

How beautiful!—That brow of snow,  
That glossy fall of fair brown tresses,  
The blue eye's tranquil heaven below,  
The hand whereon the fair cheek presses,  
Half-shadow'd by a falling curl  
Which on the temple's light reposes—  
Each finger like a line of pearl  
Contrasted with the cheek's pure roses!  
There, as she sits beneath the shade  
By vine and rose-wreath'd arbor made,  
Tempering the light which, soft and warm,  
Reveals her full and matchless form,  
In thoughtful quietude, she seems  
Like one of Raphael's pictur'd dreams,  
Where blend in one all radiant face  
The woman's warmth—the angel's grace!

Well—I can gaze upon it now,  
As on some cloud of autumn's even,  
Bathing its pinions in the glow  
And glory of the sunset heaven—  
So holy and so far away  
That love without desire is cherish'd,  
Like that which lingers o'er the clay  
Whose warm and breathing life has perish'd,

While yet upon its brow is shed  
The mournful beauty of the dead !  
And I can look on her as one  
Too pure for aught save gazing on—  
An Idol in some holy place,  
Which man may kneel to, not caress—  
Or melting tone of music heard  
From viewless lip, or unseen bird.

I know her not. And what is all  
Her beauty to a heart like mine,  
While memory yet hath power to call  
Its worship from a stranger-shrine ?  
Still midst the weary din of life  
The tones I love my ear has met ;  
Midst lips of scorn and brows of strife  
The smiles I love are lingering yet !  
The hearts in sun and shadow known—  
The kind hands lingering in our own—  
The cords of strong affection spun  
By early deeds of kindness done—  
The blessed sympathies which bind  
The spirit to its kindred mind,—  
Oh, who would leave these tokens tried  
For all the stranger-world beside ?

## STANZAS.

“Art thou beautiful?—Live then in accordance with the curious make and frame of thy creation; and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God.”—*William Penn.*

BIND up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,  
Of brown in the shadow and gold in the sun!  
Free should their delicate lustre be thrown  
O'er a forehead more pure than the Parian stone—  
Shaming the light of those Orient pearls  
Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft wreathing curls.

Smile—for thy glance on the mirror is thrown,  
And the face of an angel is meeting thine own!  
Beautiful creature—I marvel not  
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath caught;  
And the kindling light of thine eye hath told  
Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

Away, away—there is danger here—  
A terrible phantom is bending near;  
Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eye  
Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully—  
With no human look—with no human breath,  
He stands beside thee,—the haunter, DEATH!

Fly! but, alas! he will follow still,  
Like a moonlight shadow, beyond thy will;

In thy noon-day walk—in thy midnight sleep,  
Close at thy hand will that phantom keep—  
Still in thine ear shall his whispers be—  
Wo, that such phantom should follow thee!

In the lighted hall where the dancers go,  
Like beautiful spirits, to and fro;  
When thy fair arms glance in their stainless white,  
Like ivory bathed in still moonlight;  
And not one star in the holy sky  
Hath a clearer light than thine own blue eye!

Oh, then—even then—he will follow thee,  
As the ripple follows the bark at sea;  
In the soften'd light—in the turning dance—  
He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance—  
The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall linger,  
And thy warm blood shrink from his icy finger!

And yet there is hope. Embrace it now,  
While thy soul is open as thy brow;  
While thy heart is fresh—while its feelings still  
Gush clear as the unsoil'd mountain-rill—  
And thy smiles are free as the airs of spring,  
Greeting and blessing each breathing thing.

When the after cares of thy life shall come,  
When the bud shall wither before its bloom;  
When thy soul is sick of the emptiness  
And changeful fashion of human bliss;  
And the weary torpor of blighted feeling  
Over thy heart as ice is stealing—

Then, when thy spirit is turn'd above,  
By the mild rebuke of the Chastener's love;  
When the hope of that joy in thy heart is stir'd,  
Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,—  
THEN will that phantom of darkness be  
Gladness, and Promise, and Bliss to thee.

## TO THE MEMORY OF J. O. ROCKWELL.

THE turf is smooth above him! and this rain  
Will moisten the rent roots, and summon back  
The perishing life of its green-bladed grass,  
And the crush'd flower will lift its head again  
Smilingly unto Heaven, as if it kept  
No vigil with the dead.

Well—it is meet  
That the green grass should tremble, and the flowers  
Blow wild about his resting-place. His mind  
Was in itself a flower, but half disclosed—  
A bud of blessed promise, which the storm  
Visited rudely, and the passer by  
Smote down in wantonness.—But we may trust  
That it hath found a dwelling, where the sun  
Of a more holy clime will visit it,  
And the pure dews of mercy will descend,  
Through Heaven's own atmosphere, upon its head.

His form is now before me, with no trace  
Of death in its fine lineaments, and there  
Is a faint crimson on his youthful cheek,  
And his free lip is softening with the smile  
Which in his eye is kindling. I can feel  
The parting pressure of his hand, and hear  
His last "*God bless you!*"—Strange—that he is there

Distinct before me like a breathing thing,  
Even when I know that he is with the dead,  
And that the damp earth hides him. I would not  
Think of him otherwise—his image lives  
Within my memory as he seem'd before  
The curse of blighted feeling, and the toil  
And fever of an uncongenial strife, had left  
Their traces on his aspect.

Peace to him!

He wrestled nobly with the weariness  
And trials of our being—smiling on,  
While poison mingled with his springs of life,  
And wearing a calm brow, while on his heart  
Anguish was resting like a hand of fire—  
Until at last the agony of thought  
Grew insupportable, and madness came  
Darkly upon him,—*and the sufferer died!*

Nor died he unlamented! To his grave  
The beautiful and gifted shall go up,  
And muse upon the sleeper. And young lips  
Shall murmur in the broken tones of grief—  
His own sweet melodies—and if the ear  
Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath  
The brightness of its new inheritance,  
It may be joyful to the parted one  
To feel that Earth remembers him in love!







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