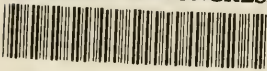


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GENTLE READER :

THE writer of these lines with rhyming ends,  
To please or hating foes or loving friends,  
Had never writ them, sure, nor yet for fame,  
That saddest motive to preserve a name.  
'Tis just for this he writes, and nothing more, —  
To fill a lonely hour on time's receding shore ;  
To please himself, if this to him be given ;  
Yes, lend to dull threescore an earlier leaven.

How various human work to cheat itself !  
Some work to live, some live to heap up pelf ;  
Some strive for place, all other things forego,  
And dodge a principle as dodge a foe, —  
Reckless of all. If they but party win  
By breaking the whole TEN, 'twould be no sin :  
If on this earth to them to rise be given,  
They'll scarcely think or care to rise in heaven.

Thus men will write, will read, will laugh, will cry ;  
Tell truth for profit, as they'd tell a lie ;  
Yes, come and go from cradle to the grave ;  
Get what they may, and keep whate'er they have :  
To self most true, however false to man ;  
Their hourly text, " I will — if I but can."

How stands it with the writer, friend or foe ?  
Your verdict, be it either weal or woe.



LUCY,  
A BALLAD.

}  
}  
}

## LUCY, A BALLAD.<sup>1</sup>

---

IN merry England Lucy lived,  
The fairest of the fair ;  
She was her father's only child,  
Chief motive of his care.

Her mother died when she was born,  
An early orphanage :  
The simple neighbors shake their heads,  
And various ills presage.

“ She'll early go,” said Betty Bird ;  
Such born, how soon they die !  
She'll go an infant — in the bud,  
And near her mother lie.”

“ Ill luck,” said one, “ is Lucy's store,  
However good her life :  
Early betrothed, and full of hope,  
She'll never be a wife.”

“ She'll bide her time,” said Susan Gray :  
Her age was fourscore years ;  
Her heart seemed bursting as she spoke ;  
Her eyes were filled with tears.

Thus went the word of Lucy's lot,  
The prophecy of fate ;  
Each presage to its author sure, —  
The answer was not late.

The spring-time came, and summer went,  
The whole, the happy year :  
In Lucy's heart no sorrow was,  
In Lucy's eye no tear.

At school, at home, where'er she dwelt,  
Was peace and beauty's hour :  
The old, the young, the rich, the poor,  
All felt and owned her power.

Her chiefest study nature's book,  
Her mind in vigor grew ;  
Her form, unchecked by fashion's rule,  
To matchless grace was true.

Her dark, full eye — how measureless  
Its deep, deep mystery !  
It seemed a spirit's dwelling-place,  
New-lighted from the sky.

You looked not on, but into it,  
Strange matters there to read :  
How pure, how holy, was its word !  
It said to all, " God speed."



And more, — its word was sympathy,  
Of human love the sign ;  
It asked of you a brother's heart,  
It made a sister's thine.

I've seen her oft on hill and plain,  
Abroad in shade and sun ;  
Through all her life was sweetness blent,  
Through all her spirit run.

In womanhood, with all its care,  
And oftentimes weary day,  
She did her task with childhood's spring,  
As if 'twould always stay.

Her father was her chiefest joy,  
Her love, her hope, her pride :  
He was her soul's perpetual guest ;  
She asked for nought beside.

I've seen him in his cottage sit,  
With Lucy by his chair ;  
And pore upon her loveliness,  
As if the lost were there.

The mother in the daughter lived ;  
The wife was in the child :  
An angel from the spirit-land  
His widowed heart beguiled.

A smile passed o'er his rugged cheek,  
 Its like not there for years :  
 A momentary gleam it was,  
 Baptized too soon in tears.

She saw it all ; but not a word  
 Nor sigh nor tear disturbed  
 The silence of that heavy hour, —  
 A silence to be heard.

O reader ! did you ever feel  
 The soul within you rise  
 And swell, as if 'twould break the chain  
 Which kept it from the skies ?

Has life, arrayed in joys, in griefs,  
 In its deep mystery,  
 Come sounding to your heaving soul,  
 And would not be put by, —

But solved, — yes, solved by you alone ?  
 To Lucy now it came :  
 “ Why, why, that widowed, breaking heart ?  
 Who, what, was here to blame ?

“ Where, where's my mother, she whose care  
 And love had all been mine ?  
 I never saw her, — heard her speak :  
 O God ! too early thine.”

Oh! what a word came from that smile,  
 That father's bitter tear!  
 It went to Lucy's woman's heart,  
 And made its dwelling there.

---

TIME flew, and in its rapid flight  
 The new, the changed it brought;  
 It stirred in Lucy's living soul  
 The fountains of deep thought.

Peerless she was among her peers;  
 The sick and poor her care;  
 She kept a school for old and young,  
 That all her gifts might share.

“What does not Lucy do?” cried one,  
 “And where does she not go?  
 In hall and cottage equally  
 Her spirit does she show.”

How sweet a child! I love her now,  
 Now 'neath the heavy sod;  
 I see her still in beauty's power;  
 Her soul is near — with God.

I could not love a universe,  
 If she were not its guest:  
 An angel is she now to me,  
 To cheer my weary breast.

A FREQUENT guest at Lucy's home  
Was Bracely Ashland found ;  
A manly and a handsome youth,  
A tiller of the ground.

He knew her in her earliest day,  
Was ever by her side,  
Companion always in her play,  
Her ready friend and guide.

In later life, she, better known,  
Was still his chiefest thought ;  
At church, at fair, at home, abroad,  
Her presence alway sought.

They grew together into love,  
As others grow in years ;  
Though twain, they had a single heart, —  
Like joys, like griefs, like fears.

Her heart was in her open hand,  
She gave them both together ;  
In his man's breast he placed the gift,  
And locked it there for ever.

No dower had Lucy, save herself,  
And who could ask for more ?  
Young Bracely was a widow's son,  
But ne'er till now felt poor.

He worked from early dawn till night,  
And laid by what he made ;  
From month to month small profit came ;—  
By what might more be paid ?

The ground to him seemed doubly cursed,  
For two hearts felt its power :  
He looked within, he looked without ;  
Whence, whence this heavy hour ?

No answer to his questionings !  
Hard by a palace lay ;  
The wealth was far beyond the want,  
All life a holiday.

The thought came not with bitterness,  
And envy knew him not :  
O'er his whole life was Lucy's power, —  
He lived beyond his lot.

The post-coach weekly passed the door,  
And left the " City News : "  
It told of every way of life,  
And which — left each to choose.

It told of ships and distant lands ;  
Of the wide weltering sea ;  
Of storms, of calms ; the drowned, the saved,  
Of stranded argosy ;

And then of safe return and self,  
The merchant's fortune made :  
Young Ashland read its various tale,  
And longed to leave the shade ;

And to the ocean give his strength,  
His bounding heart, his life ;  
In the world's battle try his power,  
Yes, meet and feel the strife.

But to his dream-land Lucy came,  
So lovely and so fair,  
So noble in her humbleness, —  
A blessing everywhere.

A tear was in her dark full eye :  
She asked if he could go,  
And risk for gold himself and her ;  
For one would be the woe.

She spoke in love, for other word  
Sweet Lucy cherished not :  
'Twas sad, for Lucy now first felt,  
That his was not her lot.

The vision gone, he Lucy sought, —  
A sad and weary way :  
She met him with her wealth of love,  
Her face a summer-day.

“ Braccely,” she said, “ a year ago,  
    Beneath this willow-tree,  
We each to other pledged our troth, —  
    My heart I gave to thee.

“ And since, how happily the time  
    Has sped its rapid flight !  
No cloud upon the year’s whole sky,  
    A day without a night.

“ Oh ! let the time be holiday ;  
    Call father from the lea ;  
Yes, let the weary cattle rest ;  
    Let all be jubilee.

“ I’ve sent the children home from school,  
    And presents to the poor :  
The aged folk are in their best,  
    All sitting at the door.

“ For us, for us, dear Braccely, now  
    The vale is full of cheer ;  
Yes, dearest, all would welcome in  
    The birthday of our year.”

Now, who could look upon that face,  
    And hear that happy voice,  
And read the love, and see the joy,  
    And not with it rejoice ? —

Yes, give up every other life,  
To live alone with her,  
And in her constant service move, —  
The happiest minister ?

---

THE day went by, the evening came,  
The jubilee was done ;  
The setting was as full of cheer  
As was the rising sun.

The moon was up, the harvest-moon,  
The longest of the year ;  
Lucy and Bracely left the vale,  
And reached the woodland near.

'Twas such a spot as those would choose  
Whose hearts had grown in one ;  
Mysterious union made above ;  
Yes, one, but not alone.

They sat, and talked about the day,  
Its bright, unclouded sky ;  
So full of peace, so full of love, —  
A bliss which could not die.

Lucy her pledge of love renewed ;  
'Twas fresh as when first given,  
As beautiful as angel's word, —  
Its spirit was of heaven.



O'er Bracely's soul re-action came ;  
Depression followed joy ;  
The future trenched upon the now,  
And brought with it alloy.

And then the sea in vision bright,  
And hopeful prophecy,  
Came rushing to his heaving heart,  
And would not be turned by.

He spoke to Lucy, heart on lip,  
With love, but firmly spoke ;  
A tone which never till that hour  
Their blissful silence broke :

“ Dear Lucy, dearest, I must go,  
And try the world afar ;  
Yes, on the ocean's pathless way,  
Go steering by that star.”

'Twas that which shines above the pole  
With ever the same ray,  
And to the seaman guidance gives,  
As certain as the day.

“ Yes, Lucy dear, I'll sail by that,  
And in it read thy love ;  
As fixed as that, my heart to thee,  
Which nought shall ever move.

“ The voyage o’er, I’ll come again,  
And here in two be one ;  
The happiest two of all the wed,  
Beneath the year’s whole sun.”

And more he said. She heard it all ;  
But not a doubt or sigh  
Disturbed that silent evening’s hour ;  
No tear obscured her eye.

The harvest-moon poured through the trees  
A flood of purest light ;  
And, in its radiance, Lucy’s eye  
Beamed as an angel’s bright.

“ Go, Bracely, go,” she firmly said :  
“ I’ll go, I’ll go, with thee ;  
Upon the deck through night’s long watch,  
And in the storm, I’ll be.

“ I’ll never quit thee, Bracely, no ;  
And if the rocks be near,  
And the wild surges whelm thee o’er,  
My heart shall know no fear.

“ And if death come, and in the sea  
Thou have thy restless grave,  
O Bracely ! even there I’ll be,  
To die, if not to save.

“ Go, Bracely, go; my heart is thine :  
 Can I be far from thee ?  
 I'll follow thee in all thy life ;  
 In all remember me !

“ Go, Bracely, go; my heart has said  
 All that my heart can say ;  
 Thou hast its last, its last farewell ;  
 God help thee on thy way ! ”

---

HE went; and weeks and months, a year,  
 Dragged through their heavy round ;  
 While Lucy lived her life in hope,  
 And strength in duty found.

The weekly coach went rattling by,  
 But letters brought it none ;  
 And, as it passed, she turned away  
 More thoughtful, and alone.

“ The winter's gone,” she dreaming said ;  
 “ That day of days is near,  
 When each to other pledged our troth ;  
 And what will be its cheer ?

“ I've never dreamed of coming ill,  
 I've welcomed every day :  
 Our day shall dawn without a cloud,  
 And go in smiles away.”

Her early step her father met ;  
She gave her welcome kiss :  
It was her morning prayer for him,  
A prophecy of bliss.

“ Father,” she said ; a moment stopped ;  
A tear was on its way  
From her full heart ; she checked its course :  
“ Father, I mind the day.”

The hope deferred still kept its place  
In that sweet maiden’s breast ;  
Yes, patient still, to duty true,  
To Heaven she left the rest.

They kept the day, the child and sire, —  
A day to memory given ;  
The present o’er it had no power,  
Their future was of heaven.

At noon next day the post-coach stopped,  
The first time in the year :  
Lucy in haste was at its side,  
The longed-for news to hear.

A letter to her father came,  
In unknown hand addressed :  
She gave it him without a word,  
With heavy thought oppressed.

She knew not why such thought was hers ;  
A tear was on her cheek ;  
Her heart now seemed to her to stop,  
Now beat as if 'twould break.

He broke the seal, the letter read ;  
It fell upon the floor ;  
In his rough hands he hid his face ;  
Poor Lucy asked no more.

She rose as if new life were hers,  
And to her father sprung ;  
She threw her arms around his neck,  
And to him madly clung.

It seemed as if all else were dead, —  
Her father only left :  
She clung as if he too might die,  
And she of all bereft.

Soon gone her power, her hold gave way,  
She sunk like " clod to clod ;"  
Her father started from his chair,  
And o'er her speechless stood.

She looked as if in sleep she lay,  
Or more as she were dead ;  
He raised her gently from the floor,  
And placed her on her bed.

All night without a word he sat,  
In widowed loneliness,  
And gazed with anguish on that face,  
So pale and motionless.

There was no word, nor sigh nor tear, —  
A monumental rest;  
She lay as if, in kindness, death  
Had stilled that loving breast.

The night went by, and now the day  
Upon that chamber broke;  
The father took his daughter's hand,  
And thus to her he spoke :

“ Lucy, thy father speaks to thee.”  
She raised her dark, deep eye;  
But not on him did Lucy look, —  
On nought of far or nigh.

A vacant smile hung on her lip;  
Her cheek, her brow, were dead;  
Her very form had lost its life;  
Her mind, her heart, had fled.

Oh! what a ruin is that frame  
Which is without a mind;  
Which knows nor love nor grief nor hope, —  
Unconsciously resigned!

She rose, and through the well-known house  
She took her common way ;  
But not a word did Lucy speak  
From that, her widow-day.

---

THE post-day came, and by the road  
At noon she took her stand ;  
The coach rushed by, the postman bowed,  
She smiling waved her hand.

It said, next week he'll surely come, —  
Next week she's there again ;  
A bow, a smile, and nothing more,  
Bracely's still on the main !

From week to week was this her wont,  
No matter what the day ;  
A wreath of wild flowers in her hair,  
So sad and yet so gay.

One autumn noon, the post-coach stopped ;  
Lucy was at its side ;  
Bracely had come ; she saw, she knew ;  
And thus in transport cried :

“ Dear Bracely, art thou — art thou come ?  
Oh ! take me to my rest ! ”  
She rushed into his outstretched arms,  
And sunk upon his breast.

She raised her head; her eye met his, —  
A smile like summer even;  
Said her last gentle word of love; —  
Her spirit was in heaven!



MISCELLANIES.



## MORNING.

---

How rich the treasure of the morning hour,  
Which finds in mind and frame their fullest power !  
While yet the night's deep shadows linger near,  
And the cold stars have scarcely left their sphere ;  
When summer's earliest twilight warms the east,  
Or winter's tardy dawn invites to lengthened rest,  
I love to live again, and all alone,  
With nature's kindred silences at one, —  
Unreal shapings of the dream-land fled,  
To live with living nature in their stead, —  
To feel that in the universal sleep  
My mind and heart their earnest vigils keep.

One hardly knows the living wealth of time,  
Who has not learned the use of early prime.  
How still, how seeming dead, is all but he  
Who with pale dawn has ready sympathy ;  
With it, begins with light his daily round,  
With mind or hand in willing service found !  
He works with his whole nature at command  
Who starts to life at touch of morning's wand.  
Is it to thought his active life is given ?  
What other work than this more near to heaven ?  
By what so cheered as by the morning light, —  
The new-born offspring of departing night, —

The earliest born to the created earth,  
Of the Eternal, co-eternal birth ?

Is it for toil we start again to life,  
With earnest heart to urge the noble strife ;  
To give to hand the willing power of mind,  
And in self-struggle self-dependence find ?  
Who in God's universe more honor claims  
Than he who truly lives in all his aims ;  
Whose chiefest welfare in himself is found,  
Alike if toiled for on or in the ground ?

How large a debt to morning do I owe !  
How much of life to me doth through it flow !  
The time for thought, the restless world still dead,  
The new-born freshness of both heart and head.  
There's nought can hurt me by its outward din,  
A time too early for a sleeping sin.  
I am a child again in this calm hour, —  
A docile child to all within its power ;  
Prepared for life, whatever be its way,  
And unreluctant or to go or stay.

Would that my humble verse for morn could speak,  
And the dead slumberings of the million break ;  
Rouse them to life, and in a healthful sway  
Give cheerful earnest of the opening day ;  
Shed on man's path obscure its heavenly light, —  
In his mixed duty always guide him right !

THE FUNERAL.<sup>2</sup>

SLOWLY it passed along with heavy heart,  
 Through crowded streets, the busy man's resort,  
 Who looked a moment at the halting hearse,  
 Then went his way, his wonted thought still his.  
 In the wide living world, the funeral step,  
 So slow, so measured, seemeth out of place;  
 And sorrow, too, ill-timed. No bells toll now,  
 As in an earlier day, when their deep tone  
 Went sadly to the heart, and spoke of rest, —  
 A mournful requiem to the parted soul.

I backward look, and in my boyish time,  
 Now sixty years and more, a funeral was,  
 Which in my memory freshly lingers still,  
 And may not leave it; in that, a mourner,  
 But of years too few to feel what I had lost,  
 And rather filled with wonder than with grief.  
 The hearse, the coffin, pall, and bearers there,  
 Made to my sense and thought a spectacle.  
 But in that latest one of which I speak, —  
 In years, and fast maturing for the grave, —  
 I thought with heavy heart of him late gone,  
 And silent mourned his deeper silence there.

Dear to my heart was he, and near my blood.  
He left his mind-print on the age he loved :  
He gave to it his mind, its treasured thought,  
Its various wealth ; yes, gave to it his life.  
How peaceful was his death, — a sudden death,  
When health of frame and mind unusual were !  
On nature's loving bosom did he die, —  
Oh ! loved by him as nearest heaven's gate, —  
'Mid mountains green, and valleys stretching wide,  
The sabbath's eve, a holy time with him,  
And as the sun gave back a farewell ray,  
Its last and brightest filled his dying eye, —  
A light to heaven for his passing soul !

Into a quiet street we made our way,  
Where stood a church, the Holy Cross so named ;  
And, as we nearer to it came, its bell,  
Sacred by rite, and only struck for those  
By holy shrift prepared for peace in heaven,  
Was struck for him ! And round about the doors  
Were gathered many men in humble garb, —  
Hard-working men, who came from foreign lands.  
They, as the funeral passed, uncovered stood,  
And bowed themselves in reverence for the dead.  
He was their friend, as he was of those  
Who showed that flock in love the way to heaven.  
They loved him too ; and, in their ancient church,  
Prayer may have been for peace unto his soul.  
Who of that train who heard and saw, that day,

This tribute of respect and love for him they  
mourned,  
Has lost its memory? 'Tis still with me;  
And, when in thought that funeral passes by,  
I hear that burial bell, that reverence feel.

We passed into his church, where prayer was made,  
And from a brother eulogy sincere;  
Then slowly followed him to his long home,  
To leave him there in everlasting peace.

When flowers which prelude winter were in bloom,  
And gorgeous clouds were heralding the sun  
To his deep rest beyond the purple hills;  
When stillness like the grave was in the air,  
And the last bird had found her welcome nest;  
When, summer's wide and blessed mission done,  
Nature herself seemed asking for repose, —  
'Twas then and there we left the friend so loved,  
And sought with heavy heart our distant home.

RAISING THE WRECK OF THE  
 "LEXINGTON."

---

THEY strive to raise the deep-sunk bark ;  
 There's treasure in the hold :  
 Oh ! let her rest ; for better things  
 Are in her grave than gold.

Deep buried with her are bright hopes,  
 And lives together grown ;  
 And visions clear of future bliss,  
 Of two hearts just made one.

Mother and father, child, yea, all  
 Which makes life dear and blest,  
 In fearful struggle gave up life,  
 And vanquished sunk to rest.

'Twas winter in his sternest sway ;  
 Cold wind, and flame, and wave, —  
 Of such was made the winding-sheet  
 Of those in that deep grave.

I knew but one of all that throng ;<sup>3</sup>  
 He was of heaven's best mould ;  
 A noble man in heart and mind,  
 Not to be bought or sold.



An exile from his home enslaved,  
He sought for freedom here ;  
Here gave to her his wealth of heart, —  
Her daily worshipper.

I've heard him speak for what he loved,  
And seen his flashing eye  
Tell the great story of his soul,  
As we stood breathless by.

Then, gentle as a little child,  
His manly heart would move :  
To want and woe he gave his all ;  
His only wealth was love.

His life how simple, yet how grand !  
How various, yet how pure !  
His conscience stronger than his fate ;  
In poverty not poor.

I called upon a man he loved,  
And told him of his death ;  
He raised his swelling eyes to heaven,  
In pain he drew his breath.

His hand upon his brow he pressed,  
To hide his agony ;  
A moment was the struggle there :  
How short grief's mastery !

His hand removed, his face so calm  
Shone with celestial light :  
He spoke, how fitting was his word ! —  
One word, — “ ‘*Tis right, 'tis right.*”

In silence then I left that friend,  
And homeward took my way,  
And thought of him so lately dead, —  
Victim of fire and sea.

Was it not fitting that he died ?  
The *how* deserves no thought :  
Read, read his life, a noble one,  
With manhood ever fraught.

He struggled with the world he loved, —  
It never felt his power ;  
He struggled with such cheerfulness,  
You'd thought his life a flower.

He had his death in sacrifice  
For those he better loved,  
Yes, than himself ; and rather died  
Than be from pledges moved.

His latest step was full of grace,  
In faith and duty trod :  
He's on his way to consecrate  
A temple to his God.

They've made for him no monument ;  
His life that task has done ;  
For him as sure remembrancer  
As hero ever won.

Then strive no more to raise that bark,  
Though treasure's in the hold :  
Oh ! let her rest ; for better things  
Are in her grave than gold.

## M A N H O O D.

LET us live for our manhood,  
 Honor this frame,  
 Seek ever its highest good,  
 Do it no shame.

'Tis noble, yes, 'tis divine,  
 A spirit's home :  
 In glory, then, let it shine,  
 To cheer who come.

What in God's universe  
 Nobler than man ?  
 His greatness truly rehearse  
 Which of you can ?

Where would you learn his estate ?  
 Abroad not look :  
 'Tis not in his land or rate,  
 His coat or cook.

Himself, within, ever lives ;  
 Outside he shows :  
 He ever cheerfully gives  
 More than he owes.

But gold is not his giving,  
Nor tedious word ;  
His life like music flowing, —  
A singing bird.

Manhood is ever fearless,  
And needs not hate ;  
In bravery ever peerless,  
Humble and great.

Manhood, too, is brotherhood,  
Loving and free ;  
The world is its neighborhood,  
Good without fee.

Its outward state is princely,  
Heaven within ;  
It roams o'er the world freely,  
Yet without sin.

Brother, thyself never curse, —  
Thy heaven deny ;  
Nor e'er, thyself to make worse,  
Manhood belie.

“ LOST OVERBOARD.”

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SAILOR, how short thy epitaph !  
 'Tis in a word,  
 To me more sad than cenotaph, —  
 “ Lost overboard.”

An “ *empty tomb* ” the heart may raise,  
 And there record  
 Honor and love : thou only hast  
 “ Lost overboard.”

No gathering for thy funeral,  
 No burial word,  
 No tear shed o'er thine own-made grave,  
 “ Lost overboard.”

How long shall wait that aching heart,  
 For thee restored ?  
 She'll only read that saddest line, —  
 “ Lost overboard.”

Within my breast I ever will  
 Old memories hoard ;  
 While they who knew thee not may say,  
 “ Lost overboard.”

## THE MEETING.

A MOTHER left her native land,  
 A better one to find ;  
 At home she left her all, her child ;  
 To future fate resigned.

Across the ocean was her way,  
 And misery found her there ;  
 But patient was her loving soul, —  
 She all but death could bear.

And for herself *that* she could meet,  
 And cheerful kiss the rod ;  
 But for her child she asked for life,  
 And for the love of God.

Poor thing ! her prayer no answer had,  
 At least to her was none :  
 She looked for work, but looked in vain ;  
 She sat and starved alone.

She never heard of home or child, —  
 To her the hardest lot :  
 To hear of death is hard enough,  
 But sadder if forgot.

At length, in kindness madness came,  
Her home an almshouse cell;  
A maniac-queen, she ruled the world, —  
To her she ruled it well.

---

THE child had grown to womanhood;  
The absent daily sought:  
But never word reached home or her,  
And bitter was her thought.

At length, heart-sick with hope deferred,  
She left her weary home,  
In search of her, from that sad hour,  
O'er the wide world to roam.

Where was her mother none could say,  
Nor whither she should go:  
They said, "Good bye," from kindly hearts;  
They felt her bitter woe.

Across the sea, her haven reached,  
She wandered 'mong her own:  
Her name they knew, her mother knew,  
But knew not where she's gone.

She got a place, and worked and worked,  
But aye with breaking heart;  
Her mind at length with grief gave way, —  
Poor thing! she'd done her part.



The almshouse now her equal home,  
She roamed its grounds and halls;  
Indifferent she to blow or blame,  
To all within its walls.

One day, as 'mid the mad she roved,  
Her eye on one and other,  
Among the groups of hideous ones  
She saw her wretched mother.

She rushed, while all around gave way,  
And stood by the long-sought;  
A moment each on other looked  
In agony of thought.

“O mother! mother!” cried the child;  
“Child! child!” the mother said:  
Into each other's arms they fell,  
Then to the floor as dead.

They rose, and each on other looked;  
Unconsciously they gazed:  
Among the mad each took her way,  
The deepest of the crazed.

No more! Upon the stormy sea  
The sun had shed his light;  
It beamed, it flashed, — a moment day, —  
And all again was night!

## THE FAVORITE.

THERE are men who cannot be glad,  
 And sorrowing go through life ;  
 There are men who cannot be sad,  
 And laugh, be it peace or strife.

Then give me a good-natured man,  
 Who takes the world as it goes ;  
 Who always does just what he can,  
 Be it for friends or for foes.

A sneerer I never could love ;  
 The jealous no favorites are ;  
 The heart which takes much time to move  
 Finds me with no time to spare.

A light heart, a kind heart, for me ;  
 The face that tells what one feels,  
 A smile which bids sorrow to flee,  
 A word which volumes reveals, —

With such a man who would not live ?  
 Yes, with such to laugh or sigh,  
 To borrow, to lend, or to give, —  
 With such be ready to die ?

## TO JENNY LIND.

I NEVER saw thee, never heard thee speak,  
 As I have not the best of earlier days ;  
 Nor may I till the latest morning break,  
 If it be mine to meet its dawning rays.

Yet still I know thee, as I do the best,  
 Whose holy step has sanctified the earth :  
 Thank Heaven, by thee and them the world is blest,  
 And joy and love through both have daily birth.

Thy power is all thy own, — the wealth of heart ;  
 Thy own creation, boundless as its source :  
 Thou owest little to the rule of art,  
 Thy music native as the birds' discourse.

Diffusive is thy gift, thy soul's own birth ;  
 It reaches me through unknown thousands blest ;  
 'Tis music circling wide the listening earth,  
 Wooing the broken heart to happy rest.

I listen to these voices of the soul,  
 The echoed melodies from thee which sprung ;  
 I think to others thou wouldst give the whole, —  
 As nature freely gives, — thy wealth of song.

I reverence those who in thy wondrous voice  
Have found for worship and for love a theme;  
With such with cheerful heart I here rejoice,  
And join with them in honor of thy name.

And yet doth come another strain to me,  
Which from thyself in living measure springs :  
It is thy soul's and life's deep harmony,  
Which o'er thy word its mighty magic flings.

How reverend and how holy human art,  
When sanctified by that which is of heaven,  
Of the divine which dwells within the heart ! —  
The product sure of inspiration given.

Here art thou from thy home, how far away !  
Yet not forgetting it, and loving mine ;  
As if it were a common debt to pay, —  
Two distant nations in one blessing join.<sup>4</sup>

'Twas fabled, in the reverend days of old,  
That music could the stones to measure move :  
A nobler story by our history's told, —  
Now music moves whole continents to love.

The thought has come from thy blest mission here,  
If men would of their all a part forego,  
Like thee with loving heart dry up the tear,  
What large deduction then from human woe !

I love to linger with the thoughts which rise  
Out of thy grateful visit to our home ;  
I bid thee welcome to its varied skies,  
And blessing ask on all thy years to come.

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“ I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.”

---

I WOULD not live alway on mountain or moor,  
I would not live alway on river or main,  
I would not live alway if rich or if poor,  
I would not live alway in pleasure or pain.

The mountain I love because of the moor,  
The river I love because of the main,  
Wealth then has its worth when it comforts the poor,  
And the pleasure is truest that comes after pain.

## A STATESMAN.

NOTHING so reverend as the life in which  
 Lies hid the present welfare of the time,  
 And the great hope of ages long to come.  
 The Statesman lives in his wide ministry,  
 Drawing unto himself the general want,  
 Diffusing heat and light on every side, —  
 The individual good his daily care.  
 In the stern service of the general weal  
 Is his own life, his work of heart and mind.  
 To him, the state — which, in the common sense,  
 Is but the complement of being *now*,  
 Of stale condition and of time-worn form —  
 Expression is of universal man ;  
 Of thought, of act ; of promise and of deed, —  
 Surviving legatee of nations dead.

To such a man the present is a life,  
 Each subject of the state his special care.  
 Ignorance is his for culture ; and the poor,  
 In their great need, belong alike to him.  
 To his official eye, distinctions have no place :  
 Wise justice, hand in hand with mercy's power,  
 In generous, noble office, shelters all.

When England's noblest son, the Commoner  
 Of Tamworth, had given up the seals,  
 So long his trust, and, looking back again  
 Upon his days of office and his deeds,  
 Said, "If the peasant, who, his labor done,  
 His hard day's toil of heat and dust and sweat,  
 Should leave his fields and find a happier home,  
 By my endeavor for the general weal,  
 I should be more than paid for all my toil," —  
 Did not the men of England and the world  
 Feel in their deepest hearts that in that word  
 A Statesman spoke, — a friend of every man, —  
 And give God thanks that such a man had lived?  
 And more he said of his official acts,  
 In calm review of his important life,  
 Which showed that heart and mind had wrought in  
 one

In faithful effort for his country's good.  
 Then with a matchless grace, not asking praise,  
 He left the state to live in peace at home.

But yesterday he died, — a sudden death :  
 He died a Commoner of England still ; —  
 Leaving his name not by addition, less,<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor change ; the state unencumbered by his line ;  
 And by his testament transmitting sole  
 His worldly goods, — to time his self-made fame.

A BLASTED LIFE.<sup>6</sup>

DEAL gently with that fallen one :  
 On none more lovely did the sun  
     This morning rise :  
 Death soon will calm that heaving breast ;  
 She's on her weary way to rest, —  
     To those bright skies ?

I look not down with eye severe  
 On thy fair form expiring here,  
     A stranger left,  
 As sinless, casting the first stone, —  
 To judge thee here in heartless tone,  
     Thou so bereft !

She came, they say, of gentle blood ;  
 Had loving care, and culture good,  
     For mind and heart ;  
 To womanhood in honor grew ;  
 In duty sternest, ever true,  
     Had daily part.



Whence, whence this universal fall  
From love and honor, virtue, all  
    That makes life blest :  
Was't fiend or man who gave the blow,  
That struck thee from thy height, so low  
    In sin to rest ?

There were two parties to the wrong  
(Blame not the writer in his song),  
    And one wast thou !  
Leaving thy father and thy home,  
All present bliss, and bliss to come,  
    To sin to bow.

Thy chiefest jewel, priceless dear,  
The richest gem in woman's wear,  
    Thou threw'st away ;  
Adown the wind thou took'st thy flight,  
To prey at fortune day or night,  
    Come what come may.

I talk not here of him whose art  
Made this wide wreck of woman's heart,  
    Then threw it by ;  
Who now, perchance, to fashion's power  
Gives equally a life or hour, —  
    A living lie !

Let his wronged manhood be his curse :  
His dearest foe could ask no worse.

Would God that they  
Who know his baseness and the wrong  
Would scent him quick in every throng,  
And loathe his way !

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I welcome death at poison’s hand,”  
Said she, “ and end at fate’s command  
A BLASTED LIFE ;  
Yes, glad am I in pauper-home,  
To winding-sheet and burial come,  
And quit the strife ! ”

## THE NATURALIST OUTWITTED.

A FANCIER of bugs and flies,  
 A toilsome laborer in a barren field,  
 Had garnered up whatever it might yield  
 To his important enterprise.

His room was filled with curious folks,  
 Impaled on pins, and stuck in boxes wide,  
 Which drank the light through glass on every side;  
 So odd, they looked like nature's jokes.

Strange names from every tongue they bore,  
 From distant ages and from various clime,  
 So odd as to defy all power of rhyme:  
 Few memories could call them o'er.

Our friend would sit with book on knee,  
 And microscope, for hours, to find their place  
 In learned systems, and their habits trace, —  
 Their toilsome genealogy.

If virtue be for labor given,  
 Who more than he deserves the meed of praise,  
 Long memory too, — the muse's generous lays, —  
 In this tough world, a heaven?

Our friend was up at early prime,  
Hunting new spots for novel specimens  
On lofty mountains, and in boggy fens  
Groping 'mong grass and stones and slime.

And then at eve abroad he went,  
The flyers of the dark to make his own :  
How blithesome would he nightly work alone,  
Though for one moth long hours were spent !

At length, exhausted was the field :  
He sat like patience on a monument,  
Looking abroad for some new continent,  
Which to his store might something yield.

---

ON, on, he drove by night and day,  
Till to his eye the Rocky Mountains rose  
Eternal in their solitudes and snows :  
Treasures unknown before him lay.

From his large trunk a case he took,  
Well lined with cork on each and every side, —  
A friend well trusted, for 'twas often tried ;  
He gave it now a careful look.

Next to his pins, his care he gave  
To nets and camphor-box, and all his gear :  
He has come far, and now has reachéd near  
New modes of toil, a willing slave.

His luck was great, and every day  
Paid to his enterprise a hundred-fold,  
Richer than far-off California gold :  
His former labor now was play.

His case is filled, his work is done,  
He reached a welcome sabbath-time :  
No longer mountains vast to climb,  
He'd leave the first bright morning's sun.

But lo ! there flying, buzzing, came  
A specimen of wondrous size, and new ;  
Never was such before within his view :  
He cried, " I'll give it my own name ! "

The monster fly is caught and pinned ;  
The case is closed, and everywhere secured ;  
To keep such treasures, by such means procured, —  
Of home he thought, so far behind.

But, being there, he wisely said,  
" I'll travel here for some short week or so :  
My specimens may dry before we go. "  
So in the sun his case is laid.

At length, toward home he took his way ;  
And, there arrived, he sent to many a friend,  
Saying his weary journey was at end,  
And now he would its fruits display.

They came. Upon the table lay the case,  
Its owner musing cheerly on its store;  
He thought of days and nights — how many score,  
O'er miles and miles how many a chase.

Within the lock he turned the key,  
And slowly raised the heavy, well-lined lid,  
Nor sudden showed the gorgeous treasure hid:  
A wiser fancier was he.

Lo! swift as light, when room was given,  
Outsprang that monster fly in brightest mood, —  
For he had daily fared on savory food, —  
And sped his flight to his far heaven!

Now horror-stricken stood our friend;  
His case he madly hunted o'er and o'er;  
There stood the naked pins in all their power,  
But not a fly or bug to solace lend!

M O R A L.

Thus he who trusts in railroad or in bank,  
The *fancy*-ful, or stock of highest rank,  
Will often find that wings they'll sudden take, —  
Some bug uncommon, sweeping the whole stake.  
Put money in thy purse, and keep it there;  
The wealth *within* will best reward thy care.

“ A MAN’S A MAN FOR A’ THAT.”

---

I DON’T care what his gear,  
 Nor what nor where his way,  
 If ne’er so staid or queer,  
 If sighing or if gay, —

If he be but a man,  
 A generous and a brave,  
 Who does whate’er he can,  
 And gives whate’er he have ;

If heart and hand be one,  
 And mind the balance hold,  
 And he no peril`shun,  
 And won’t be bought or sold ;

If he be but a man ! —  
 Who would not love him aye ?  
 Nor curiously scan  
 What be his gear or way ?

## TO THE FIRST FLY

WHICH LIGHTED ON MY DINNER-TABLE, MARCH 14, 1850.

WHERE hast thou been all winter, Fly?  
 I thank thee for thy company.  
 Thou art the first, poor, silly thing!  
 To tell me of the new-born spring.  
 Didst feel the warm sun in the crack  
 In which thou didst so nicely pack  
 Thy tiny legs and wings, and all,  
 At the first freezing note of fall?  
 And comest thou forth to cheer my meal,  
 So lonely that a Fly can feel  
 How dull it is to dine alone, —  
 To eat my salad, pick my bone,  
 Without a word or face divine;  
 No other word, dear Fly, but thine?  
 That buzz went to my very heart;  
 The broken silence made me start.  
 I thought thou wert a phantom-ghost,  
 Fresh from its sepulchre of frost.  
 But no, kind guest, thou art a Fly:  
 To hear and see thee, glad am I.

Art wearied? Was thy journey long?  
 Sit down, and buzz thy spring-time song;



Or rest thee, if that seemeth best,  
Or of my victuals make a feast.  
I've sauce and pudding, bread and cheese;  
Just eat of all, if so you please.

There was a time in days of yore, —  
Which murderous days I now deplore, —  
When I had caught thee by a leg,  
And never heard thee pray and beg  
To spare thy life a minute more,  
Before I crushed thee on the floor.  
Yes, silly Fly, the time has been,  
And when withouten thought of sin,  
I'd slowly pulled off leg and wing,  
And in thy death-note heard thee sing.  
Poor thing! you'll hear with great surprise  
That boys were made for killing flies.

Won't eat? but, sitting there at ease,  
Just doing that which most doth please;  
Brushing thy wings, thy legs and feet,  
To give thee strength, and make thee neat;  
To wake thee up from winter's rest,  
And to thy new life give new zest.  
Be careful, Fly, or, by the rood!  
Thou'lt do that head of thine no good.  
You twist it round, and dig and fret,  
As if to give it some new set.

So loose it seems, beneath thy zeal  
 Thou'lt work it rather woe than weal.  
 There, now thou'rt done, and glad am I;  
 So take to wing, and seek the sky;  
 A pleasant guest thou'st been to me,  
 And many a thank shall follow thee.

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THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

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\* \* \* \* \*

You praise her prowess, and her conquests laud,  
 The shameful earnings of successful fraud:  
 She from the weak, in puny battle slain,  
 Hath borne the laurel of unmanly gain.  
 War is a coward in its plan and end,  
 And makes a slave of him it makes a friend.  
 Nay, worse, it kills for quarrel not its own,  
 And reaps a harvest by another sown.

\* \* \* \* \*

So have I seen some hungry hawk on high,  
 O'er the still vale delight his robber-eye,  
 Till some bold bird, more daring than the rest,  
 Hops on the branch where hangs its silly nest;  
 Sudden the tuneless coward marks his prey,  
 And tears him bleeding from his native spray.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.<sup>7</sup>

“WHAT’S that,” said Will one even-tide,  
 When seated at the cottage-door,  
 “That looks so red, and blue beside?  
 I will not watch it more.

“Oh! what a dreadful noise is this!  
 Dear mother, make it cease;  
 Give little Will your sweetest kiss,  
 And then ’twill all be peace.”

“’Tis lightning now,” the mother said,  
 “And thunder which you fear.”  
 “Is’t lightning,” said the child with dread,  
 “And thunder which I hear?”

“When father lay so long asleep,  
 And never oped his eyes,  
 You said that God would Willy keep,  
 And hear his little cries.

“Then, mother, take me to your breast,  
 And sing a lullaby:  
 I’ll softly murmur into rest,  
 And all in safety lie.”

The mother raised her weeping child,  
And wrapped him in her arms ;  
She watched the dimple as he smiled  
Unconscious of alarms.

But sleep soon closed their weary eyes ;  
They never oped them more ;  
The lightning lit them to the skies,  
Where tempests cease to roar.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE DESERTED.<sup>8</sup>

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No longer a beacon to mariner roaming,  
 On this bleak, rocky headland unheeded I stand ;  
 At my foot dies the wave of the wild ocean foaming ;  
 Round my head screams the sea-mew for my fate  
     moaning ;  
 No more is a foot-mark impressed on the sand.

The night is no more when my loved light was  
     gleaming ;  
 No light in the heavens more looked for than  
     mine ;  
 I seemed like a star 'mid the ocean bright beaming ;  
 How grateful the voice of the watchman loud  
     screaming,  
 To welcome my light, now no longer to shine !

'Twas mine in the storm — when dangers impend-  
     ing  
 Roused sailors from slumber, and visions of  
     shore ;  
 When wild winds were whistling, and canvas was  
     rending,  
 And heaven and ocean together were blending —  
 To lure from the rocks where the white breakers  
     roar.

I shone, when the spirit of peace, mild reposing,  
On the ocean allured the sailor afar ;  
But now, 'mid the conflict of nations opposing,  
When the volume of destiny seems to be closing,  
Extinct is my light, — I shine not in war.

How still is the voice of that sailor, returning  
From traversing ocean as pathless as wide !  
No longer the beam of my loved light discerning,  
How rapid his wild eye o'er ocean is turning !  
In vain doth he look 'mid the gloom for his guide.

At my foot dies the billow, — the tempest is howling ;  
And, hark ! 'tis the rattling of rigging I hear :  
O'er the mountains of water yon frigate comes  
rolling,  
And the shark in her wake impatient is prowling,  
Of brave hearts, as listening the accents of fear.

How awful is shipwreck ! Now lightning is flashing  
ing  
O'er waves which shall pillow the cold sailor's  
head ;  
Now dark — save when surges this headland wild  
lashing —  
Round my head the white foam by fits is seen  
dashing,  
Then rushing ashore, — a sheet for the dead.

This night had been blest, this tempest a blessing,  
Had this light from the ocean mimicked my  
ray;  
No longer to ruin yon ship had been pressing;  
No longer a doubt the brave sailor distressing,  
His heart would have leaped as at vision of day.

But thou like a spirit of sailor appearing,  
Who found 'mid these bleak rocks a home and a  
tomb,  
A moment thou gleamest, no guide for their steer-  
ing,  
But more like a fiend, — their welcome scarce  
hearing,  
Than gone is thy light, and double the gloom.<sup>9</sup>

The tempest is over, the billow proud swelling  
'Mid the rocks and the pebbles dies softly away;  
No longer the sea-mew her wild note is yelling;  
Now the gloom of the night the dawn is dispelling,  
And light is my head with a beam of the day.

## THE FARMER.

---

THEY say he's rich, and that his acres broad,  
 From his wise tillage, yield a hundred fold.  
 His ample barns shelter the thriving kine,  
 Gathered from every land. His poultry-yard  
 Sends forth its morning note from every bird  
 To life domestic trained; and e'en that beast  
 Unclean in Hebrew eyes, by his wise care,  
 Foregoes his ways, and is no more unclean.  
 The early sun looks smiling on those fields;  
 His noontide ray their happy culture loves;  
 And, when his westering slope his empire yields,  
 In blessed peace he bids the whole farewell.

They say he's rich. I know his ample wealth  
 Is richer made by his great heart. He holds  
 His treasure as in stewardship bequeathed,  
 Of which fair reckoning will some time be made.  
 And who more ready? The poor man goes not  
 From that gate open, with his want denied;  
 And he whose old white hair the cold wind beats  
 Upon his wrinkled, rugged cheek, in age  
 Glowing with earnest youth's hard built-up health,  
 Goes on his frosty way with happy heart,  
 That those broad fields have bloomed and borne for  
 him.



Sickness with penury conjoined — that lot  
More sad, more helpless far, than all beside —  
Has his great care. He makes the sick man's bed,  
And kindly med'cines him to welcome sleep.

They say he's rich. How blessed is that wealth  
That grows for others' use as for one's own !  
Look on that gold, which, hoarded for itself,  
Makes its possessor poorer ; shuts out life  
And hope and joy ; and, by mutation strange,  
Goes back itself to useless ore again.  
The heart that holds it, like its native mine  
In Mexico, cold, dark, and hard, has not  
That glowing, living fire, which fuses all,  
And separates the dross, and then pours out  
In current singleness the metal pure.  
Oh that from Genoa had never come  
To this far West the venturous mariner,  
And found out gold to harden human hearts !  
Better had it been that in eternal rest  
Had slept that treasure, than in coming years  
It could have buried up one human soul !

They say he's rich. Oh ! be his present days  
All blest ! and when, in honored age, he goes  
On the great errand of eternal peace,  
Long memory shall bear him on its page,  
And give his name in charge to future times.

## TO AN INDIAN,

BURIED AFTER THE MANNER OF HIS TRIBE.<sup>10</sup>

SON of the woods ! thy cradle was thy grave !  
 The air of heaven there fanned thy infancy ;  
 The atmosphere thy dwelling, the green leaves  
 Thy roof. Serenely, from the giant-limb  
 Of a vast oak, gazing at all around, —  
 The sun, the moon, the calm and stormy heaven ;  
 Thy lullaby the hoarse wind and thunder, —  
 There thine eye grew keen, and thy fierce spirit  
 Learned its wild trade of war. The night-dew fell  
 On thy young limbs, as on thy neighbor leaves,  
 Not chilling but refreshing them and thee ;  
 And, when the morning sun upon thee shone,  
 The sparkling drops made thee a living crystal.  
 Time saw thee next in thy proportions full,  
 Roaming the woods, thy earliest, latest home.

Son of the woods ! thy cradle was thy grave !  
 Thou wert the chieftain of thy tribe ; thy foot  
 Outsped the elk ; and thy dark, piercing eye  
 Followed the eagle towards the sun ; thy bow  
 Rang loud, and stopped him in his pride of place.  
 He fell, slow wheeling on his outspread wings,

Bequeathing all he left, to thee, — a name, —  
The EAGLE of thy tribe !

Was thy tribe cruel ?  
And did they cast thee forth, when full of age,  
Upon that wilderness the world, to thee  
A lonelier place than wood, or mountain high,  
Or the deep glen, or the remotest cave ?  
Or didst thou die, neglected and alone ?  
Or was it thine in victory to fall ?  
Or fan the flame with thy heroic breath,  
As round thee curled the slow-consuming fire, —  
Victim indeed ! the requiem yelling  
O'er thine own ashes ? Such was not thy end !  
Thy aged body found a tranquil death,  
And slept among the dewy leaves again,  
A long, unbroken sleep ; and in that tree  
Which cradled it, it found its airy grave.

## TO A COMET.

WHENCE is thy being, Comet fair?  
 Art born of earth, or child of air?  
 What of thy wandering errand here?  
 Art harbinger of joy or fear?

Art come with cheerful light, to play  
 With sisters of the Milky Way;  
 Or hide the idle stars, that shine  
 And move beyond that sphere of thine?

They say thou'lt hurt us, thing of light!  
 Bruise this rough world, from thy far height,  
 Or burn us up! I have no fear,  
 But thank thee for thy journey here.

What is thy message, gentle thing?  
 I would of thy strange story sing.  
 I watched thee long, with patient eye,  
 Stretched out so clear upon the sky;  
 As if in light some artist here  
 His pencil dipped, and traced thee there.

Whence art thou come? Art weary, worn,  
And retest ere toward home you turn?  
Rest, weary one! we'll only look,  
Nor speak a word you would not brook:  
You'll let us praise thee, lovely thing, —  
In heart, not word, thy beauty sing.

Art thou not come to move my soul  
With thoughts of Him who made the whole;  
Whose angels, clad in holy light,  
Move round his throne in glory bright?

I see thee in thy silver path,  
A messenger of love, not wrath:  
Evil comes ever clad in night;  
Good wears a living robe of light.

Art thou not angel too, to raise  
My down-bent soul in prayer and praise?  
I hail thee such; and now good-bye!  
I almost long with thee to fly  
To thy bright home so near the sky.

## A SUMMER DAY.

BEFORE the sun,  
 Before the day,  
 I'm up and dressed,  
 And on my way  
 Toward the sleeping bay.  
 The silent waters lie  
 Beneath the dark cold sky;  
 The stars so faithful given,  
 It seems another heaven:  
 'Tis strange to look above, below,  
 And 'twixt the two no difference know.  
 But soft, — a mild steel light  
 O'er the far east is spread:  
 The bay is with it bright,  
 Reflecting all that's shed.  
 A change is o'er day's dream;  
 A rose-tint there doth stream,  
 As if the virgin-morn  
 Did blush on night to dawn,  
 And put out every star, —  
 Triumph without a war!  
 Half circling clouds above,  
 In living white of love,

Streaming on either hand,  
 Their graceful forms unite :  
 The sun, not yet in sight,  
 Already lends them light,  
 Before it touch the land :  
 They seem like angels pausing on their way,  
 In spirit brooding o'er the infant-day.

Out of the bay shot up the regent sun,  
 Fusing all other things at once in one,  
 Making the semi-universe his own.

'Tis life and death and burial  
 Make up this morning time ;  
 Things which happen unto all, —  
 Yes, in this hour of prime.  
 The pauper shakes his paltry rags,  
 All dressed for the whole day,  
 And cheerfully through all he fags,  
 If bread be in his errant way.  
 The only gentleman is he :  
 He like the idle lily grows ;  
 For neither toil nor spin doth he,  
 The same in heat or driving snows.  
 O luxury of want !  
 Content with what you grant :  
 An outside life is its,  
 Nor yet of starts and fits :  
 It ever is the same,  
 Smiling at cheer or blame.

Sickness now lifts its weary eyes  
 Up to the beaming, living skies.  
 The day has slept through all the night,  
 And like a giant wakes to light;  
     Laughing,  
     Beaming,  
 For its great work of duty bright.  
     Tossing on his weary bed,  
     What shall rest the sick man's head?  
 Nor day nor night, nor love nor friend;  
 The grave, the grave, — and there an end.

Sorrow scents the morning air;  
 In its rising is despair;  
 Agony of grief is there:  
 A loving sister in the wave,  
 With child and husband, found a grave.  
 They're on the way from foreign land,  
 And joyful near the natal strand.  
 In summer's sunniest month they come,  
 'Mid love and flowers to find their home.

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And there upon that wreck she sat,  
 The mountain-waves around, above;  
 She held her infant to her breast,  
 The object of her lonely love.  
 The father's deep down in the sea;  
 The all left to her now is he.



And he is gone ! All day, all day,  
She sat amidst the Titan play  
Of mountain-seas, the shore close by,  
The long sand-beach, and men too there ;  
She saw them, waved her hands on high :  
They could not heed her widow-prayer ;  
The childless mother shrieked to air !  
The infant-child was washed ashore ;  
And, 'mid the ocean's stormy roar,  
A sailor took him in his hand,  
While others in the welcome sand  
Dug his quick grave, and left him there  
To the lone sea-bird's wail and care.  
And I have heard, that, when those came  
With whose that infant's blood's the same,  
Those sailors wept, as from the grave  
They took him up they could not save.  
He who has no tear for these  
Knows not the lesson of the seas !

The sun is up. I'm on the way,  
To spend abroad the coming day.  
I leave the city in its sleep,  
And pray its angels vigil keep.  
My horse moves on with dainty pace,  
Just slightly tightening rein and trace,  
Snuffing with pride the morning air,  
Nor heeding early drive, or where.

To town the country's on the way,  
Its welcome tribute there to pay  
In early fruit of labor done,  
'Twi'xt rising and the setting sun, —  
The whole hot day in duty spent,  
With toil and product each content.  
The dust, just raised above the wheels,  
The richest vision here reveals.  
The level sun, its yellow ray  
With its light particles doth play,  
And turns them to a cloud of gold, —  
Gold never bought and never sold.

An easy drive — I'm at the gate :  
It gives its welcome free ;  
From morning dawn to evening late,  
Open to me and thee.

My friend is at his garden-wall,  
The peach and nectarine nailing ;  
Or where, along the grape-house roof,  
The graceful vine is trailing.

I see him in his daily toil, —  
A toil of hourly pleasure,  
Which health to body and to mind  
Imparts in fullest measure.

He's almost eighty, — ear and eye  
Their function somewhat failing;  
Still quite enough for all his wants,  
He's never heard bewailing.

What grander object under heaven  
Than age with noble bearing!  
The mind, its weary dwelling-place  
Though bent, still not despairing.

'Tis noon: towards the grove hard by  
I take my way,  
To pass at rest the sultry hour,  
This summer day.

How dark the shade! how cool the air!  
How sweet the breeze!  
It brings the scent of leaf and flower,  
Of various trees.

In earlier days, it was my wont,  
Away from care,  
To this old grove to bend my steps,  
And linger there.

And now, when age has cooled the warmth  
Of earlier years;  
And life's deep echoes of the past,  
Its hopes, its fears, —

Its saddest hours, its frequent graves,  
    To memory come, —  
Renew the griefs so long at rest,  
    And woo me home, —

In this old grove, the stern, the sad,  
    Come softened near ;  
For with them smiles are sometimes blent,  
    And dry the tear.

There still live those who memories have  
    Of these gone days :  
They'll have perhaps a sigh to give  
    To these sad lays.

There's music in the scented breeze :  
    Whence is its note ?  
It doth not come from dwellers here, —  
    The birds' deep throat.

It murmurs now, as it would say  
    Some secret word ;  
So gentle in its whisperings,  
    Now scarcely heard ;

And now in solemn cadences,  
    Or wailing strain ;  
Now swelling with the fuller breeze,  
    Then sunk again.

It is the willow's slender leaf  
    Thus gently speaks ;  
The round crisp foliage of the pine  
    Now silence breaks.

The deep-cut oak-leaf, broad and firm,  
    In low bass moans ;  
The white birch, trembling to a breath,  
    Hath its own tones.

I'd call each branch and slender twig  
    Music's own strings ;  
The leaves, the keys o'er which the wind  
    His finger flings.

Hast thou not, gentle reader ! sat  
    Beneath this power, —  
This orchestra divinely tuned,  
    In noontide hour ?

Then come with me, and listen now  
    To earlier times :  
I'll tell of what and where I've been,  
    In various rhymes.

How far away from me the Past,  
Clearer to vision than to day ;  
Life in its progress flying fast,  
Nor brooking e'en an hour's delay !

The vision of the past how clear !  
The latest memory how obscure !  
I live in childhood's fullest cheer ;  
Age's best treasured things how poor !

I've stood in manhood's firmest hour,  
A wanderer on a foreign strand ;  
And felt the new in all its power,  
The strangest in that distant land.

It comes to me in distance still,  
Both place and person, life and thing ;  
Its best doth now my vision fill, —  
Itself doth faithful memory bring.

The ship is on the waste of sea,<sup>11</sup>  
No land in sight to welcome me ;  
Alone we live, no change we know, —  
An everlasting, boundless *now*.  
We leave no mark upon the wave :  
The sea — a universal grave ! —  
Closes its solemn surges o'er  
All that was there ; and in its roar,  
A wailing requiem for the dead,  
Or prophecy of wreck, is said.  
To me, at sea, the thought would come,  
That on the wave was not man's home.

I sometimes thought we did it wrong  
With daily work and gibe and song.  
Its giant-hosts went silent by,  
Or on its swell would rocking lie ;  
But not a word was uttered there,  
Save when its monarch came for air,  
Out of its depths, and from the main  
Spouted aloft, then sunk again.

They say, " the everlasting sea : "  
Deep meaning has the word for me.  
The land strange changes clearly shows,  
Geology its periods knows.  
Its earlier races giants were ;  
Enormous footprints everywhere  
Of birds ; and vast, gigantic bones,  
By ages grown as many stones,  
Deep, deep, in earth profusely lie,  
And mark the ages long past by ;  
But nothing living like them now,  
And nought their habits here to show.  
When did they live ? No answer comes ;  
Then let them sleep in their long homes.  
Eternal sea ! thou hast no change :  
In depths unfathomed still do range  
The tribes which first in thee had birth,  
And shame the broken ones of earth.  
Eternal motion, reverend sea !  
Is the fixed law which governs thee ;

Thy citizens the same obey,  
They know slight rest by night or day.

Now many days at sea we'd been,  
And all the time had nothing seen.  
Alone, on such a waste to stay,  
Had been enough but for a day.  
'Twas afternoon, — "A Sail, a Sail!"  
And by her course we'll get a hail.  
A leading wind soon brings us near,  
The tidings give, the tidings hear;  
Our notes compare of longitude,  
Kind wishes give of brotherhood;  
Then to the wind bend sail again,  
And plough with eager keel the main.  
More interest far than these to me  
Was that grand ship upon the sea.  
Onward she came in giant-stride,  
And soon was on our leeward side.  
She backed her sails, and, still as death,  
She gave the news in trumpet-breath.  
But, oh! how gallant was her way,  
Riding the waves as if at play!  
Now, rising slow toward the sky,  
She'd leave the sea, and upward fly;  
Her bow erect, her keel half seen,  
She looked like ocean's ruling queen;  
While down her naked sides the sea,  
In cataract-rush, had its free way;



As weary, next from that far height,  
Downward she took her easy flight,  
And for an instant level stood,  
A moment breathing on the flood;  
Then on again, — away, away! —  
To rise and fall 'mid ocean-play.

A Calm is on the mighty deep,  
Its restless surges all asleep.  
Now o'er the sea, look where you will,  
The same smooth waste is with you still;  
A waving mirror, swelling vast,  
So slow, each swell but seems the last.  
The sun is up, the day is bright;  
The sea gives back each ray of light,  
Like virgin silver, stainless there, —  
Celestial whiteness everywhere.  
Now rests the ship, her sails all set;  
She patient waits the wind to get;  
From side to side rolls heavily;  
Her yard-arms almost touch the sea.  
I sit on the companion-way,  
And rock and read the livelong day, —  
A day of perfect health to me,  
But borne by sailors restively.  
The breeze is here, — we fill and go,  
To bulk-head's creek I list below,  
Chained to my berth, till calm again  
Shall woo to rest the chaféd main.

'Twas noon, and from the mast-head, "Land!"  
Came peeling shrill. On deck we stand.  
How welcome was that sailor's cry!  
And "Where away?" the mate's reply.  
"Under the lee-bow, sir," he said,  
And swiftly to the deck he sped.  
How dear that word to landsman's ear,  
Worn out with sickness, not with fear!  
How often have I stood, and seen  
The deep sea in its living green,  
And thought of home, and seen the fields, —  
The calenture which ocean yields,  
And would have sprung from sickness' sway,  
'Mid leaves and flowers and fruits to play!

England ahead! a line of blue,  
Horizon low just meets my view;  
The twilight near, when forth the land  
Broke from the sky, and stood at hand!  
Next Scilly lights and Eddystone  
Upon the smooth dark waters shone.  
Oh! what a noble thing that Light  
From Smeaton's hand to cheer the night,  
And save from shoals the weary bark,  
An ocean-planet 'mid the dark!  
Thou, born of sea, thy column rears,  
The monument of storms and years.

Against thy brow the surges beat,  
 And madly break against thy feet ;  
 Fearless of all, thou keepest thy state  
 Above the common word of fate.  
 I gladly join the seaman's prayer,  
 And thank thee for thy office there.  
 Oh ! bless him ever, Eddystone !  
 'Midst storm and calm, and seabird's moan !

At early dawn our good ship rides  
 At anchor 'mid the harbor-tides.  
 How motionless, save easy rise  
 And fall — for sleep to weary eyes !  
 Eight bells ! I leave my tedious berth,  
 And from the deck hail welcome earth, —  
 England's stern coast, a mural rock,  
 Meeting with scorn whatever shock  
 From men or seas, with self at one, —  
 Responsible to self alone.

I touch the land, Old England's land,  
 And feel at home on foreign strand, —  
 My father-soil : had two not come  
 To these bleak shores, — my native home.  
 I sometimes think New England's coast,  
 For ages long 'mid ocean lost,  
 Was made for those who first lived there,  
 Or they for it, the wolf and bear,

The red man, and the tribes whose race  
The fair of Caucasus replace.  
When summer with its burning heat,  
And winter with its snows and sleet,  
And cold which laughs at science' toils,  
All sorts of stoves and fuel foils,  
Sending us shivering to our rest,  
And not to find it, do our best, —  
I sometimes think in weary age,  
While turning back life's heavy page,  
Whether to freeze or else to roast,  
Or keep at home on England's coast,  
I had been asked, — I might have said,  
I rather think, I would have stayed,  
And lived where Shakspeare had his home ;  
And so, with ages long to come,  
Gone to my rest near holy pile,  
At peace on that fast-anchored isle.

Not being asked, and being here,  
I for complaining have no word ;  
I trace my lineage to the old,  
And with its best our own record.

It is to me sufficient praise,  
That Chatham's was my mother-tongue,  
That mine are holy Herbert's lays,  
That Shakspeare wrote and Milton sung.

And when, with these, fond memory brings  
 Men who have loved and lived in those, —  
 Whose holy thoughts my country bless,  
 Who glowed with manhood 'mid the snows, —

And fought for life in infancy,  
 For culture and for faith who stood,  
 Gave us the noble prophecy  
 Of freedom bathed in freemen's blood ; —

A prophecy but *half* fulfilled  
 By noble freedom's later sons,  
 But shall be *all* in coming time  
 By freedom's other, latest ones ; —

When to the past my vision turns,  
 And finds the men of those stern years,  
 And sees in these, transition days,  
 The future bright with hope appears.

There'll yet be done this country's work ;  
 The young are growing to its claim :  
 Bid them God-speed before we die,  
 And leave them all we have but shame !

I stand on England's sacred shore :  
 'Tis June, — how bright ! how fresh ! how green !  
 The isle seems made for merry men, —  
 The palace of a Fairy Queen.

How glad to be again with men,  
With women, children, in the street!  
Though known to none, a stranger lone,  
Among the crowds not one to greet, —

Still with a feeling as of home,  
My native tongue heard all around,  
And home-like dresses everywhere,  
The home-laugh's hearty welcome sound.

That passage of the Past, so dear, —  
The day I left the weary sea,  
Sits smiling at my time-worn heart,  
And need not say, "Remember me."

In Falmouth, and at Winn's Hotel,  
At dinner, *first* for thirty days,  
Hadst thou, Apicius! been a guest,  
How large had been the mullet's praise!

The ready chaise is at the door,  
And with it boy and handsome pair:  
We're posting up to London, friend;  
I wish you had been with me there.

The *rail* takes out the very soul  
Of travelling, and its very name:  
'Tis *locomotion*, silly phrase,  
Which now with travel means the same.

'Tis not to see nor feel we drive,  
Like lightning o'er that iron bar;  
But to hold on, or rock the while,  
Escape the near, and hope the far.

Give me a chaise with glass all round,  
And generous ten miles to the hour;  
And take your smoke, your sparks, your noise,  
Your engine of *all* horses' power.

And take to boot that pleasant change  
Which sometimes cheers your rapid way,  
When from the rail the engine glides,  
And you cross *sleepers* thump astray.

I once have met that merry chance,  
And jumped unwilling up and down,  
Struck with my feet the doubtful floor,  
And 'gainst the roof knocked hard my crown.

I sometimes think, with King or Hobbs,  
To start another line,  
And travel as in days long past, —  
Yes, sleep and dress and dine.

Adelphi, — Strand! Old England's heart, —  
London! I'm with thy millions now:  
How lonely 'mid these human streams,  
Which through thy channels ceaseless flow!

I stand, Westminster! near thy buttressed walls,  
 In the deep shade which from thy turrets falls.  
 How reverend art thou in thy solemn age,  
 Alike unhurt by time or bigot-rage!  
 I love to linger in thy presence vast,  
 Forget the nearest, live in thy long Past.  
 The Church, then honored, had imperial sway,  
 And kings through it to heaven did seek the way;  
 Lived in the heart of people and of priest, —  
 A universal church, by it all blest.  
 Thy articles I ask not, nor thy creed;  
 Thy martyr-blood, thy most prolific seed;  
 Nor difference seek betwixt thy ancient rule,  
 And the fixed rubric of the latest school.

Thy various monuments, thy knightly stalls,  
 Thy Poets' Corner, — coronation-halls, —  
 The chair for crowning, and, beneath, the stone  
 On which the Scottish kings were crowned at  
     Scone, —  
 And waxen Nelson, as if still in war,  
 Dressed as he fell at far-famed Trafalgar, —  
 The haughty Queen of ruffs in mock pearl state,  
 And Monk's old hat for honor kept too late, —  
 The seventh Henry's chapel, passing fair,  
 With Mary's beauty almost breathing there, —  
 My pilgrim-step passed by. For *Thee* I came,  
 In thee found that beyond all human claim.



Thou hadst thy birth in worship and in prayer ;  
 In God, not man, thou hast thy glory there.  
 I see thee in thy purpose, reverend fane !  
 Nor would thy heavenly with the earthly stain.  
 Let Paul's take mortal trophies to its care,  
 And with the warrior all his glories share ;  
 Shelter the statesmen, loving when they died,  
 Who now beneath its dome lie side by side.<sup>12</sup>  
 Through thy vast aisles, one heavy autumn day,  
 Alone, as was my wont, I took my way.  
 Thy silence was as if the air alone,  
 Or the dim light which through thy windows  
     shone,  
 Possessed thee merely, and now impressed me more  
 Than any pilgrimage to thee before.  
 Beneath thy fretted vault at length I stood,  
 And listened to those sounds least understood,  
 Which fill the soul, though never reach the ear,  
 Unreal language of an unknown sphere.  
 Fixed to the spot, I hold my willing breath,  
 As if within the noiseless realm of death ;  
 When, from the depths of silence, music rose, —  
 The vesper-breathings for the day's repose.  
 I heed its parting word, and say farewell !  
 My soul deep answering to the organ's swell.

St. Stephen's there, long known to fame,  
 Bearing the protomartyr's name,

Stands almost in the abbey's shade,  
 And by it still is reverend made.  
 But in itself how changed it is !  
 Of old for priests, for commons 'tis,  
 Who here all England represent,  
 From its estates by quota sent.  
 How wide the rule ! how great the power !  
 For freedom an abiding tower.  
 The commons spoke, the slave was free, —  
 The slave-trade banished from the sea.  
 How wide thy rule, thou noblest House !  
     For ever, on thy vast domain,  
 The sun looks smiling through his way,  
     Nor sets upon thy land or main.

I've stood within thee, when thy men of might,  
 In noble word, contended for the right ;  
 When Wilberforce and Grattan ruled the hour,  
 And held the House with more than giant-power ;  
 When interest quailed, the moral had its sway,  
 The highest o'er the lowest held its way.  
 In my long past, few things so clear remain  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Or rise with deeper pleasure to the sense,  
 Whether at home or distant far from hence,  
 As doth the memory of those nights and days,  
 In Stephen's passed with men beyond my praise.  
 Thank God that such men were, and mine the day,  
 To them and to their word my reverence pay.

Thy chapel, Whitehall ! is hard by,  
To history's sternest pages known :  
A monarch bravely passed from thee, —  
Walked to the scaffold from a throne.

Of Charles' life men differ wide :  
How kingly on his trial-day !  
A martyr to his truth he died ;  
He went to death a monarch's way.

There in that wall, the place how clear,  
Though now built up, through which he passed,  
On palace and on abbey near,  
To look again, but look his last !

How bright doth memory bring to me  
The day when in Whitehall I stood !  
For 'twas my lot there still to see  
The record writ of strife and blood.

England had beaten France afar,  
And trophies gained, the fruit of strife ;  
Two Eagles gained in Spain's wild war,  
The honored price of wasted life.

Within thy chapel, holy shrine !  
Few days before, these found their rest ;  
Nor foreign deemed to work divine, —  
To Him the friends of peace who blessed.

Four other Eagles there before, —  
Six only now from war of years!  
Reader, dost thou the scene deplore?  
Their cost, whole seas of blood and tears?

I think not now of that strange cost,  
Of armies murdered but for fame;  
Or men, to love and duty lost,  
Now made mere mechanism, blame.

Far deeper lies of war the woe;  
I see it in its *spirit* fell;  
Humanity, thy deadliest foe, —  
Yes, heaven in man replaced by hell.

Whitehall! thou wast for something more  
And better, in thy author's mind:  
Pray God, that man may look before,  
In coming time thy blessing find!

From that old Past I gladly turn,  
To later years to come;  
Reverse with joy the fatal urn,  
And reach a nearer home.

From Oxford, on a pleasant day,  
To London up I drive;  
To the Adelphi find my way,  
From the White Horse, at five.

To dress for dinner I've an hour,  
At six is dinner served;  
I've been all day upon the road, —  
And appetite deserved.

What next? The Drama, Drama, friends!  
Who plays to-night? and what?  
At Covent Garden Cato's played, —  
All Rome is on the spot.

Kemble plays him of Utica,  
The noblest Roman there:  
Dinner despatched and wine forgot,  
We to the play repair.

I'd heard of Kemble long before,  
Of Cato longer still,  
When the old "Reader" was in quest, —  
And why is not it still?

Oh! would that Kembles were in vogue,  
Imperial in their sway,  
To stand for Shakspeare's kings and queens,  
As in that far-off day!

I've sat in Covent Garden pit,  
And seen of them the three;  
John, Charles, and Siddons, all, —  
And what a trinity!

In Swinstead Abbey was the scene,  
King John the acted play ;  
And never in the drama's life  
Lived nobler ones than they.

John, in the king, the monarch moved,  
In ever-regal tread :  
He spoke as ruler of the land,  
The crown upon his head.

But where the word of power to tell  
The grief of Constance there ;  
To give the mother, in her scream,  
O'er Arthur dead so fair !

In Falconbridge was Charles' rule,  
Who frolic made of life ;  
Who said his word, touch whom it might,  
And cared not for the strife.

I said they lived in those gone years,  
And living are they still :  
There's one to bear their cherish'd name, —  
Their various place to fill.<sup>13</sup>

Now, from my heart of heart, I thank  
That complement of power,  
Which gave to me in vision bright  
That well-remembered hour.

I was again in London far,  
 With years and years rolled by ;  
 Again felt Kemble's majesty,  
 The flash of Siddons' eye.

And full of life and fun and jeer,  
 And hate of Austria's line,  
 Young Falconbridge was here again,  
 To win my laugh and thine.

London is life, — no vacant idler there,  
 From the poor link-boy to the chancellor.  
 Go where you will, and see whate'er you may,  
 The thought will ever come, 'tis always day :  
 'Tis never dark, gas-lights replace the sun,  
 And cit and town agree 'tis nicely done.  
 I'm on the Thames, a swollen river now :  
 In six short hours, 'twill hardly float a scow.  
 How full of life the river everywhere,  
 From London's oldest bridge to Westminster !  
 Blackfriars' graceful arches on the way,  
 The wherry fare will surely half well pay.  
 When my week's work was done, in Sunday gear  
 From Maze Pond Corner to the Park I steer,  
 I take a wherry, — sculler, — as chance may,  
 And, free from city mud, I take my way.  
 A London Sunday, if the day be fine,  
 The brightest is on which the sun doth shine.

Labor now frees itself from moil and care,  
 And in its best goes forth the day to share.  
 The poor forget to beg, and even they  
 Put on the livery of the sabbath-day;  
 While wealth, exclusive, gives up half its pride,  
 Moves with the million now, quite side by side.  
 The child in that day's scenes is not forgot, —  
 He has an ample share in Sunday's lot.  
 What now fills up the time? where goes the host?  
 To Park, to Church, or to the country post.  
 It never stops; to rest were labor now,  
 And sweat is welcome to the air-cooled brow.  
 Now who could fail, with all his wealth of heart,  
 In such a scene to take a willing part?  
 'Tis all before me in the coming Past,  
 And of the whole to be forgotten last.

Thus England was, and is, and yet to be, —  
 A past, — a present, — long futurity.  
 You feel all this in London and elsewhere:  
 Both town and country this distinction share.  
 The Tower dates back as far as ancient Rome,  
 While the last traitor found in it his home.  
 I stop at that old church, St. Dunstan hight,  
 Projecting in the Strand to keep folk right:  
 I see its iron men the true hour strike,  
 And childlike think that there is nothing like;  
 On Severn's banks hear ancient Shrewsbury clock,  
 By whose two hours Sir John bore Percy's shock.



England lives in a life by centuries told,  
And grows in power by simply growing old ;  
Not everlasting childhood for her doom ;  
Excuse for nonsense, that the sense may come ;  
Grasping an age, by time nor wisdom given,  
And doubtful if it be of earth or heaven ;  
Panting for any change which brings the new,  
Indifferent if it be or false or true.

To Eastcheap soon my willing way I tread,  
To pay my service to the old Boar's Head,  
Where Hal and Poins and Falstaff, Shakspeare's  
    own,  
Had each his place, and felt it was a throne ;  
A life of frolic-youth, and nonsense sage ;  
The heart of boyhood, mockery sad of age ;  
A page of life for grave and gay to scan, —  
The faithful portrait of the varied man.

The Opera had its stars, and, every night,  
In generous rays diffused its treasured light.  
Then Catalani filled the general ear ;  
The music of the world centered here.  
Who that has heard her in her palmy day,  
With heart to hear the wonder of the lay,  
Forgets her voice, without an effort given,  
Filling that house, from pit to e'en its heaven,  
With its full swell, — sublimest height of art, —  
Its whispered cadence, ruling every heart ?

Where Albermarle presents its courtly way,  
 Science and fashion held an equal sway.  
 Outside, rich coronets and liveries flare ;  
 Within, pale science deals its healthful fare.  
 The seats are filled from fashion's highest clan,  
 Which sports with equal grace note-book and fan.  
 The jewelled pencil and the dainty ring  
 Their patron radiance o'er the lecture fling.  
 Dost wonder now that science gains the fair ?  
 Know, then, that Pond and Smith and Davy there  
 Reveal of science all its graceful lore,  
 In richer livery known to it before.  
 Pond gives in prose the music of the spheres,  
 And Smith a whole florula thither bears.  
 Vesuvius in miniature its depths reveals,  
 As down its sides the living lava steals ;  
 For Davy is himself, as everywhere,  
 Though his fifth shirt for haste obliged to wear :<sup>14</sup>  
 A gentle tap of finger on the palm,  
 As grateful incense was as it was calm.

Incautious once I asked my friend G . . . . d, —  
 And for great kindness great be his reward ! —  
 Incautious asked if he had ever thought  
 How much of science ladies here were taught :  
 " Stop, stop ! " cried he, " such question never  
 ask :  
 It may subject you to the heaviest task.

Listen to what I say, each word a truth ;  
 Out of my age perhaps 'twill help thy youth.  
 I askéd once a lady, thought to know,  
 The simplest question which might knowledge  
 show, —

What difference was betwixt the right ascension  
 Of a fixed star and its declination,  
 And the same unmoved star's broad latitude,  
 And, quite as easy, its wide longitude.  
 ' Upon my honor,' said she, ' dear G . . . d !  
 I think your present question much too hard :  
 In truth, as yet, I've hardly got so far  
 As name to know of fixed or moving star.'  
 And yet, dear sir, that lady had good chance  
 To know the stars, as how so well to dance ;  
 For if, in truth, she was not half a fairy,  
 She lived as near the stars as ere will A . . . y."

Verse-making quite as easy is as lying ;  
 Rhyme as easy shot at rest, as flying :  
 But, should a science rule the rhyming hour,  
 Good man, be sure to put on all thy power.  
 That question of my ancient London friend  
 Almost brought verse and rhyme in me to end.  
 I'd sooner try the longitude to find,  
 And cheerful leave the promised prize behind,  
 Than plough through such a sea of learned words,  
 And with them each to find the true accords.

From Science easy the transition is  
To Art, connected each by common ties.  
To Newman-street, where West in health then lived,  
And for whose art his earnest zeal survived,  
I early take my way, find him at home,  
Happy to meet the frequent friends who come.  
My name is given, and my country too :  
He in the Old has not forgot the New.  
I wander through his rooms : on every side  
By his unnumbered works they're occupied.  
Author voluminous ; as in a book,  
For thy own mind the stranger here may look.  
How vast the surface which thy art reveals !  
How vast the themes in which the master deals !  
You wonder not the pictures still are here, —  
Of such immensity rare purchaser.

How gentle was the artist in his fame  
And age, as if through varied life the same !  
Not hurt by envy, nor by malice wrought  
Beyond due reverence of his own good thought ;  
Seated where Reynolds held a sovereign rule,  
Head of his art, and of its English school.  
I made my visit on a summer day, —  
Felt the cool breezes through his windows play.  
Near one sat her who, through his lengthened  
years,  
His varied life had blessed with smiles and tears.

There, in the weakness of decrepit age,  
The out-door scenes her feeble powers engage.  
As he passed by her, towards his eightieth year.  
With vigor good a score more yet to bear,  
He stopped, and with a word of tenderness,  
And in the spirit of all gentleness,  
His hand upon her shoulder kindly laid,  
Expression open of his feelings made :  
It seemed as if his earliest thought of her  
Was with him now, her surest comforter.  
There, I looked round upon the works of art :  
A higher work was here, — the work of heart.

We talked of Stuart, whom he long had known ;  
Of Allston next, as if he were his son :  
Said he was grieved he left his English home ;  
That 'twas his duty back at once to come :  
He never should, he said, have married been ;  
To Art he owed the fealty due a queen ;  
To her full rule his life he should have given,  
Nor willing left her till he left for heaven.  
I cannot utterance give to the full word  
Which from his living heart a river poured.

Now, were it right to blend with Old the New,  
To Allston here I'd pay my tribute due.  
In him the ancient art came back again,  
And Lombardy's great school resumed its  
reign.

How grateful was that day, so full, so bright, —  
A prophecy of still increasing light !  
When coming time its honest page shall turn,  
How true its word, who rightly read may learn.  
Allston ! at home alone not lives thy name :  
In England are sure records of thy fame.  
Thou wert at tables with the friends of art,  
With noblemen of genius and of heart.  
In Egremont thou hadst a patron-friend ;  
How full the friendship which did Beaumont lend !  
Uriel, supreme upon his throne of light,  
Is still in England to attest thy right  
To memory there ; while Jacob's ladder high,  
Reaching from earth into the farthest sky,  
In England shows its angel-climbing host,  
And Israel lying near in vision lost.

Coleridge who talked as few have talked before,  
As if alone, who poured his various lore, —  
Of whom De Stael declared the dialogue  
Was no such thing, 'twas only monologue, —  
To Coleridge oft thou gavest thy willing hour,  
From nature and from whom thou hadst thy power.  
How frequent have I sat with other friends,  
In the still hours which night the city lends,  
And listened to thee, reckless of the time, —  
To thee self-uttered, or in prose or rhyme.  
For 'twas thy lot to live in land of song ;  
To painting and to verse alike belong.

Yet not creation was thy wealth alone :  
It came from others, made by thee thy own.  
How rich, how varied, welcome, was thy word !  
From thought so active, and from mind so stored !  
But thou art gone, — thy weary soul at rest,  
With “ sweet societies ” above is blest.  
Peace be with thee ! while memory holds thee dear.  
I see thee still, thy welcome voice still hear ;  
In winter’s lingering night, and summer’s hour,  
Yield unreluctant to thy various power.

I leave thee, London ! to the country fly,  
To spend a week or two, — then say good-bye ;  
Across the ocean seek my other home,  
With treasured memories for the years to come.

Oxford ! I love thy princely streets to tread ;  
Thy history, in thyself, all there may read.  
From the good “ Angel ” ’cross to Queen’s I look,  
See Wolsey there again, with hat and crook.  
They showed me, for a shilling’s doubtful fee,  
That very crook ; not claimed the bended knee.  
How vast, Lord Cardinal ! was that state of thine,  
Which regal splendor largely did outshine !  
Unbounded was thy stomach, yes, thy pride  
Would hardly brook another, — put aside  
A king, and he with scarcely room enough  
In his whole kingdom for his kingship bluff.

Thy fall, Lord Cardinal! sudden as thy rise ;  
 Thy wretched end like his who sought the skies.  
 But what of thee can future ages tell,  
 Which is not better said in thy "Farewell" ?  
 I see thee on thy way to <sup>Leicester</sup> ~~Spawton~~ fair,  
 To lay thy weary bones in silence there.  
 I hear good Griffith all thy worth rehearse ;  
 And that sad Queen look kind on thy reverse.  
 Oxford to thee its honored history owes ;  
 From far-off Wolsey all its present flows.<sup>15</sup>

I enter now these shades to learning dear,  
 And fancied echoes of the distant hear.  
 How venerable and how fair the scene,  
 From Statesman come, and honored by a Queen !  
 Thy halls I enter, palaces of mind,  
 Where learning widest long has brightest shined ;  
 To the Bodleian take my early way,  
 At learning's chiefest shrine my homage pay.  
 Thy volumes numberless, thy works of art,  
 To help the intellect and mend the heart,  
 With pride I see, though only for an hour,  
 And even fancy in the sight there's power.  
 One thing there was which question brought to me,  
 I'd always thought that learning was quite free ;  
 That letters was a chartered libertine,  
 As free as air, ne'er doomed a slave to pine.  
 But to their shelves in chains I saw books bound, —  
 This wondering saw on freedom's chiefest ground.



I knew that millions were in chains at home ;  
But they were MEN. To books how could it come,  
In durance vile, to rest inglorious there,  
Of mind's best privilege denied a share ?  
The reason soon I learned : it was that they,  
By being chained, might never run away.  
But for all use they were as free as air,  
While he that kept them knew just where they  
were.

I wander round with one who tedious shows  
The pride of Maudlin and of Brazen-nose.  
In Maudlin Chapel is a work of art,  
A treasure nearest to the Oxford heart, —  
An altar-piece of Him who patient bears  
The heavy Cross, and wipes away all tears ;  
Guido's great work, as fresh as from his hand,  
Though centuries old, and in a foreign land.  
My guide was gone, I stood in silent thought  
On the deep lessons by that subject taught ; —  
Of Art, revealing genius' highest flight,  
Arraying thought in shadow and in light ;  
Bringing another's soul before my eye, —  
His inmost soul in vision standing by !  
How great is Art ! how noble ! how divine !  
Creative power in that vast soul of thine.  
How great is Art ! a voice for every ear,  
Bequeathing unmixed joy to all who hear ;  
How great is Art, surviving still all time,  
Its story singing new to every clime !

Before its works, sublime humility  
Declares itself, and stills the doubtful *me* ; —  
A regal power, with nought too near its throne,  
Its utterance makes the general heart its own.  
Thy treasures, Oxford ! now my memory fill ;  
But time is wanting to obey the will.  
I leave thee, grateful that with thee I've been,  
With better thought from what in thee I've seen.

Stratford I reached at close of day,  
At once resolved all night to stay, —  
To leave the coach and new-made friends,  
Trusting to what each new day sends.

I sat with them at evening meal,  
And would have sat till breaking dawn ;  
But travel never learned to feel,  
And soon was heard the Guard's clear horn.

The waiter brought in, just before,  
The bill ; and mine it was to find  
The part of each, and take the score ;  
For I alone was left behind.

I thought I cast it right, but found  
Mistake ; my share in theirs all paid.  
The Horn ! They started at the sound,  
And dared not stay correction made.

“ O sir ! ” they cried, “ say nothing more ;  
 We knew you were old Scotland’s son :  
 We’ve learned by trial, long before,  
 That she takes care of *number one* .”

In earlier days, it was my earnest prayer  
 To visit England, then a thing quite rare.  
 How changed ! The wide Atlantic now how vexed  
 By human freightage, there on all pretext !  
 Breakfast just done, “ My dear ! good-by ! I’m  
 gone .”

No more : the voyage is now at once begun.

In former times it was the wont to pray  
 For those who went to sea, on sabbath-day :  
 But for these millions weeks would scarce suffice  
 To ask for them the favor of the skies ;  
 Unless — like Franklin, who his sire implored,  
 As he long graces said at daily board,  
 That he would bless at once the whole pork-  
 barrel —  
 In one short prayer we bless the crowds that  
 travel.

They need no prayer of church, there on the main ;  
 In one short month they’ll be at home again.  
 That bygone custom, and its meaning clear,  
 With others comes, to memory old and dear :  
 It spoke of trust, of kindness too, of love ;  
 That one man’s fate, wide sentiment could move.

“ Bound on a voyage to sea : ” for father, son, —  
It asked a blessing on the voyage begun.  
It gave to common life a reverent form, —  
That prayer to Heaven to stay the coming storm.

England was with me in my early day,  
When with the present, future time will play ;  
When hope is brighter than the good possessed,  
What we have not, worth more than all the rest ;  
Of things which most of all I prayed to see,  
Westminster one, but not less, Stratford ! thee.

The morning came, and early from my bed, —  
My toilet made, and I had breakfasted,  
I left my inn, and breathed the native air  
Of one who breathes the world's wide atmo-  
sphere,  
To find what 'twas which gave that lonely man  
To live just now, as when his life began.  
To live for ever ! Little met my eye  
To tell of him but the o'erarching sky,  
But earth and stream, the works of God alone, —  
What other record of his wondrous son !  
A tumble-down old house, whose crazy stair  
Made one to shiver that he found him there ;  
The chair in which he sat in chimney-nook,  
A rusty table, and a traveller's book,  
For this poor nature to record its name,  
And for the vanity to owe some shame ; —

Save this and these, there's nothing worth a thought  
Of human things in that old century wrought.  
The mulberry-tree was used up years ago,  
And a mean priest burned up all left for show.  
His bones are there indeed, his head in stone,  
With Malone's paint its value well nigh gone.  
'Tis strange that human art so rare prevails;  
Nay, oftener do its best, so often fails,  
When it would tell us, by external signs,  
Of heaven's own light which in the human shines.  
Oh! leave in rest eternal, "dust to dust;"  
And, when you move it, be by Shakspeare cursed!

The place in which the great have had their birth  
Is consecrate beyond the common lot of earth.  
Take off thy shoes, and stand with reverence there:  
'Tis holy ground, — an altar for thy prayer.  
I felt not sorrow that no more remained  
Of one who in himself has memory gained;  
Who has a spiritual life e'en here,  
Fresh youth and power in every passing year.  
Except the Book, — whose word is better known,  
Of all with which the crowded world is strewn?  
I've read his Life in every form displayed,  
Whether for Shakspeare's sake or for the Trade, —  
With the rich learning which around it lies,  
Have tasked my youthful and my aged eyes.  
How little known of him who had a youth,  
A birth, a life, his gladness and his ruth!

And yet of him how little more is read  
Than such short words as these, "'Tis said, 'tis  
said" !

He had a father, and his father had  
For living sure an office or a trade.  
'Tis said he followed one of motley three, —  
A butcher, glover, or wool-sorter he, —  
That at sixteen from school took William home,  
To help him now ; himself in time to come.  
Of Shakspeare's birthday doubtful record sole,  
And the same mystery settles o'er the whole.  
Now, do you grieve that this has been his lot, —  
To want what others wanting are forgot ?  
I never did : I see in Shakspeare's fate  
Unfathomed silence, as in Nature's state.  
Who sees or knows that everliving power ?  
Where is her home, — in sunbeam or in flower ?  
Who bows with reverence at her altar here,  
But finds another, not a better there ?

Let Shakspeare have his home in human hearts ;  
The joy he gives us, and the tear he starts ;  
With Lear in madness at his daughters' crime, —  
With half-crazed Hamlet, mourning o'er the  
time ;  
Oh, yes ! with him who broke that heart in twain,  
To lose the worsor, — purer half to gain !  
I've seen a child, for poor Ophelia's sake,  
Weep at her woe as if her heart would break.

With Falstaff laugh, the merriest life of all,  
 And with his youthful comrades, Poins and Hal.  
 See childless Constance, Arthur on the floor  
 In death so lovely! Then the noble Moor.  
 Whate'er you read, whate'er of life you see,  
 In Shakspeare's page, — deep lesson thence for  
 thee.

Art trifler? Then, oh! shut that charméd book:  
 Thy folly it will find, but thee not brook.  
 Art erring? Oh! how deep, how true, how dear,  
 Its awful word to the repentant ear!

Good reader! tell me, hast thou ever known  
 One jealous ever dare approach his throne?  
 With nature jealous, who has tried his power  
 To paint a better bird, a lovelier flower?  
 So Shakspeare lives in his own state alone, —  
 Holds the world's heart, for 'tis in truth his own.  
 Who jealous of his power is? Was Ireland?  
 He went for Shakspeare's self, not second-hand.  
 Supreme content concerning him, the meed, —  
 A universal book for all to read.

To Scotland, land of cakes and song,  
 On the rough German Ocean's wave,  
 In arméd smack we bound along,  
 And neighbor France's luggers brave.

Off Berwick on the Tweed, a calm ;  
A pleasant day invites to land ;  
We take to boat, and soon we near  
The rocky barrier of the strand.

Thence in a chaise to Edinburgh,  
By Leith we take our rapid way ;  
And, soon arrived, we lodgings take,  
For many months at home to stay.

In College-street I had my rooms,  
Just opposite the College-gate ;  
And there, in study or in play,  
I early hours had, — yes, and late.

There sailed with us a crazy girl,  
With none to think or care for her :  
How desolate, how sad her lot !  
Soon the best cared-for passenger.

Her luggage told what she could not,  
Where she might find a ready home :  
Our first care is to seek her friends ;  
And to her aid they speedy come.

No matter where on God's wide earth  
This various lot of ours is cast,  
A sister or a brother there  
May ask our love, and hold us fast.



I've sailed on Katrine's waters pure, 'mid dark  
Lomond's waste of isles ;  
I've wandered on the banks of Tweed, through  
Trosach's dark defiles ;  
Old place of kings, and modern home of exiles,  
dark Holyrood,<sup>16</sup>  
Where Mary dwelt, the beautiful, and where is  
Rizzio's blood ;  
Thy grim old castle yonder, Stirling ! where lived  
Fitz James the brave,  
And where a noble Douglas found through treach-  
ery a grave ;  
'Mid Roslin's depths of roses sweetest, her chapel  
and her ward,  
The place of holy sanctuary, and place of needed  
guard ;  
In Melrose' deepest shades, and in twilight's holy,  
haunted hour,  
I've wandered lone and fearless, and felt the hoary  
wizard's power.  
How beautiful in death art thou, Melrose ! the lone  
pilgrim's shrine ;  
The spirit in thee dwelling makes him who sees  
thee, willing thine ;  
I stand again among thy ruins, and look toward  
vale and fell,  
And hear the twilight breezes low thy reverend  
story tell.

God save thy honored ruin, Melrose! by ancient  
worship blest;  
Safe let thee be from farther harm, and in love  
and honor rest.

Scotland! for thee who móre has done, —  
So much for thy sure fame, —  
As Burns, thy world-wide honored son,  
A host in his own name?

Look at his life, his earliest day;  
At that on which he died:  
What sadder theme for rhymers' lay  
Than by those years supplied?

That interval 'twixt birth and death  
How short, how eloquent!  
Embalment of a poet's breath,  
In want and glory spent.

He was a man of humble strain,  
But noble was his form;  
An eye, all other eyes to gain;  
An arm for sun and storm.

He drove the plough with burning heart,  
To eve from early day;  
Yes, in the field he learned that art  
Which finds in all a lay.

The Lark was his, the Curlew's cry,  
The Daisy, Mouse, and Hare ;  
Each thing which loved his native sky  
In his large love had share.

Nature his mother, on her breast  
He slept, a weary child :  
He found with her his only rest ;  
The world, a stormy wild.

He scorned the battle for his bread,  
And would not be its slave ;  
Indifferent if alive or dead, —  
But freedom he would have.

Hast read his verse, his burning line,  
And felt his spirit's fire,  
And gavest him, too, that heart of thine,  
And worshipped near his lyre ?

'Twas love which inspiration gave,  
And beauty was his power ;  
To woman's heart a cheerful slave,  
The captive of a flower.

'Twas life in its divided page,  
Its great, its good, its ill ;  
The weanling child and wrinkled age  
Did his good spirit fill.

Whence, whence his language, dost thou ask,  
Which outward gave his heart?  
'Twas not of toil, a weary task,  
For nature was his art.

Burns did not speak, but through him spoke  
Creative power alone :  
The silence of his age he broke, —  
Its own inspiréd son.

I think of him and his strange lot,  
So poor and yet so free,  
Till discord is at once forgot  
In his own harmony.

I would not blame him for his wrong, —  
His fealty to his age,  
But love him alway for his song,  
For his undying page.

Scotland! I thank thee for these memories now,  
Which chase the wrinkles from this aged brow ;  
I thank thy living, who so kindly sped  
The stranger in thy border, and thy dead.  
Peace be to those, to these a lengthened day!  
The only tribute which my heart can pay.

That vision of the Past is gone !  
In the old grove I sit alone ;  
    England beyond the sea :  
The Present rushes on my sight,  
The slanting sun with mellowed light  
    Gives the near world to me.

I fain would live in earlier years,  
That day of boyhood's joys and fears,  
    The homestead far away, —  
Stand on that neighbor-beach again,  
Lie on the bosom of the main, —  
    A child with it to play.

Long years have passed since I was there,  
The cheerful slave of duty here,  
    Yes, here to live and die ;  
But still the thought will often come,  
And woo me to my early home, —  
    To beach, to sea and sky.

I greet that thought, and revel there,  
In all it is its lot to bear,  
    And grateful thank it too :  
The day may come when to its power  
I'll joyful give the willing hour  
    Again to Old and New.



SONNETS.





TO LONELINESS.

---

WHAT luxury doth lie in Loneliness !  
Companionship of silent thought, — the dead !  
The utter absence of all worldliness ;  
From its stern sway all other ruling fled.  
I sit among my books, a thousand friends,  
And in their silence glorious voices hear.  
Mysterious distance now its influence lends,  
And now both past and future hover near.  
Within thy magic circle, Loneliness !  
Life in its truth hath fittest chance to move ;  
With thee is neither toil nor weariness  
To him who thee and thine has learned to love.  
“ Shut, shut the door, and give me to myself,”  
Must be thy word, if thou wouldst know thyself.

TO AUTHORITY.

---

AUTHORITY ! I own thy power divine ;  
I see thee clearest in wide nature's laws ;  
The stars beneath thy rule do move and shine,  
And unknown worlds, and known, confess thy Cause.  
In man was placed thyself in moral power,  
That gift of Heaven to guide him on his way ;  
Sufficient in itself for every hour,  
A light celestial for his earthly day.  
Would that the God in man in truth would rise,  
Show the Divine in living excellence ;  
Look to itself, not outward to the skies !  
No longer wrong, nor prayer of penitence.  
    In God his Father then the child would live,  
    Not to receive, but light for ever give.

TWO RULES OF LIFE.  

---

Two rules in very early life I made,  
And these have never me in aught betrayed.  
The first was this, — If Right, in right to rest,  
Nor answer give, however strongly pressed.  
The second rule, — If Wrong, the wrong confess,  
And do it freely, in all manliness.  
Nay, more, give open pledge no more to err,  
And find in that a wholesome minister.  
The man who dares thy uttered Right deny  
Is impudent or weak, — not worth reply.  
The rigid righteous, who confession spurn,  
From earth or heaven are quite too good to learn.  
    Against both classes sovereign are my rules ;  
    They cannot deal with either knaves or fools.

## T O D U T Y.

---

HE who doth others help doth help himself;  
In his used power the revelation find,  
Of treasures far beyond all other pelf, —  
The dignity and nobleness of humankind.  
Thou who contemn'st a man hast foully sinned  
Against thyself, who only art as he;  
On thee the light of heaven has not yet shined,  
The spiritual has not dawned in thee.  
Give to thyself a generous culture, friend!  
Within, behold the earnest of that day  
In which all wrong shall have its lasting end;  
And outward live to cheer thy brother's way.  
How grand is human power when understood!  
Most blessing self, when doing others good.

TO JUDGE STORY.<sup>17</sup>

---

THE memory of one act of thine I'll bear  
In my deep heart as long as it doth beat :  
In its own beauty it shall linger there, —  
Among the worthiest have a regal seat.  
A wretched woman's life hung on thy breath,  
Tried for the murder of her late-born child.  
No witness was there of that saddest death ;  
If by disease, or by that ocean wild.  
The testimony's in, no pleadings made ;  
Thou gavest the charge ; the jury sitting heard ;  
Short their debate, while in their box they stayed.  
“ Not guilty ” was their foreman's welcome word.  
The present people's heart in court then spoke ;  
Its murmured joy the wonted silence broke.

TO CLYTIE.<sup>18</sup>

I LOOK at thee, and know not what to say,  
 With thoughts so various fillést thou my mind.  
 Thy loveliness increases every day,  
 And then thy sadness doth my vision blind.  
 Of all of beauty which in early time  
 Out from the Grecian heart in glory sprung, —  
 Of all that art has wrought in every clime,  
 By hand in marble, or in deathless song, —  
 No single passage in the varied whole  
 So fills with love and peace my weary breast:  
 Thou hast thy place within my deepest soul,  
 And thy blest presence med'cines me to rest.  
     Thy author has no name; he lives in thee, —  
     In his own work hath immortality.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE.<sup>19</sup>

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THERE'S nothing tells so well a nation's story  
As doth the history of its literature.

Such is the record of its rise, its glory, —

Of its whole self, a record ever sure.

It is itself, its act, its thought, its heart;

It tells of man, of mind, of the wide state, —

A living whole, no stinted, broken part;

A universal fact in human fate.

And he who has such history truly writ

Is consecrate to an enduring fame :

The muse shall take him as her subject fit,

And feel self-honored in his honored name.

Our age hath this important office done ;

Our country boasts such history for its own.

TO CHARLES LAMB.<sup>20</sup>

---

I SEE thee in the winter morning grey,  
Across the fields with Mary on the way,  
To that sad house where madness has its care,  
That crazéd one to leave in mercy there.  
What didst thou not in love resign for her,  
That thou mightst be her chiefest comforter?  
Thy loving nature reached beyond thy blood;  
Thy genius found in all its daily food.  
Six hours a day thou hadst thy clerkly state;  
The rest to friendship given, yes, long and late.  
Thy friends, the noblest in the fields of mind,  
Received thy reverence, which they paid in kind.  
The downtrod soul, the wretched everywhere,  
Had each thy loving thought, thy generous care.



## R E F O R M.

I.

---

WHAT is Reform, that word so widely said,  
But re-creation of both heart and head?  
What but the *self*, which feels its sterling sway,  
Can the full measure of its tribute pay?  
Men enter thy stern service for their bread,  
Yes, sacrilegiously thy circle tread.  
For such thy blessing has no saving word;  
They need to be reformed themselves, not heard.  
Buxton! thou knew'st reform, its beauty, power,  
And Wilberforce, thy reverend guide and friend;  
Ye both were with it in its darkest hour,  
And in its service each a life did spend.  
God bless you, men! in heaven is now your day;  
Who lives your life, with you shall have his way.

## R E F O R M.

II.

---

SUCH is Reform. Now, tell us what 'twill do  
For its true friend, if either me or you.  
Lover of Freedom? Fly the chain-bound South;  
Safe to be here, lock sure and seal thy mouth.  
For Temperance art? Then leave fair fashion's rule,  
Or 'twill expel thee first, then call thee fool.  
Harder, — to earliest friends give long farewell,  
And to thy children their old kindness tell.  
Lover of Peace? Who hears thy manly word,  
To follow after that, and break the sword?  
'Tis a rough world for him who tries reform,  
And ever meets him with its cloud or storm.  
Of duty or neglect be not afraid;  
In thy own self have thy foundations laid.

TO J. GREELY STEVENSON.<sup>21</sup>

---

THOU wert my friend, faithful and just to me,  
And livest now in my long memory  
With those best cherished in my lingering day,  
And with my latest still with me wilt stay.  
I honor thee in thy unmeasured truth,  
Which said its word in sunshine and in ruth;  
Which, living in thee, never changes knew, —  
The manly product which from childhood grew.  
The poor were happier for thy thought and deed,  
For none thy office wanted in their need.  
Thy prayer was love; thy recompense, no more:  
Forgetting what was past, thou livedst before.  
Would God that thou hadst reached my parting  
day,  
With thy "farewell" to speed me on my way!

## THE PASSIONS.

GIVE to thy Passions, reader! sovereign rule,  
 And they will either guide a madman or a fool;  
 To thy gross nature make a slave of will,  
 And little odds 'twill make to lie, to steal, or kill.  
 Oh! what a rogue and peasant-slave is he  
 Who to the base surrenders up his rule;  
 Who lives by chance, with scarce a chance to live;  
 Of crime's worst agencies the ready tool!  
 Within thee, reader! ever dwells a power  
 Of vision keen thy smallest wrong to see;  
 And it doth see — nay, more, reveals — thy sin,  
 If not to others, ever still to thee.

Then hear its word, and by its utterings live:  
 It doth new power in all its lessons give.

## TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

## I.

---

THOMAS! thou once didst write like other folk, —  
 Pure Anglo-Saxon, as did Swift and Coke;  
 Thy Richter, Burns, thy Goethe and Voltaire;  
 If better can be found, I know not where.  
 Thy spirit's dream, like other dreams, is gone:  
 We ask again for bread, and get a stone.  
 Sartor, Atropos-like, hacked warp and woof;  
 Old English cloth for thee not good enough.  
 I almost think Australia's distant shore  
 Has lent to thee its strange, its uncouth lore;  
 That thou, *transported*, with the Kangaroo  
 Hast language changed, and sent us home the new.  
     Thy *fourteen years* are passed: swift o'er the  
         main,  
 Thomas! take flight, and be thyself again.

## TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

II.

---

BUT not to language is the change confined :  
Its author, man, has felt thy Timon-power.  
Thou hast contemned the whole domain of mind,  
And turned in thee the milk of kindness sour.  
England's wide millions now are "mostly fools,"  
And other millions are as many "bores ;"  
The poor are "scoundrels" to thy wayward rules,  
Fit only to be "shot" in nameless scores.  
Freedom, for which thou didst so nobly fight,  
Now nought to thee, receives thy large contempt ;  
And Labor, once so honored in thy sight,  
Too base from insult now to be exempt.  
Justice to thee is all that's left of God,  
While Mercy moulders 'neath the senseless sod.

TO NAPOLEON IN EXILE.  

---

AND thou wert beaten then at Waterloo?  
Those world-wide armies there did conquer you?  
Thy power decayed, and broke thy wizard-wand;  
The sword, too, fallen, from thy palsied hand;  
Thy mind a ruin, and thy heart of stone;  
Thy giant-will, — the man, the man, — all gone;  
Nothing remaining but that feeble frame,  
And flitting shadows of thy waning fame?  
Why, then, an exile on that barren strand, —  
The half-globe 'twixt thee and thy native land;  
Chained to a rock, and of a brute the ward,  
With a whole ocean thy appointed guard?  
Unconquered there, thou heldst the world in fear;  
Yes, in thy exile, most the conqueror!

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

## I.

---

'Tis wrong to kill a man. 'Twas abject fear  
 Which gave to law its scent of human blood, —  
 The millions 'gainst the one! The odds how clear!  
 But he too strong, by all to be withstood.  
 Reader! we kill, our safety to secure, —  
 Keep you from killing me, my knife from you.  
 The gallows utters warnings very sure!  
 And for example what can be more true!  
 The gallows is divine, so churchmen say,  
 God tells his child, the erring brother kill;  
 But none might Moses, Cain, or David slay;  
 Their lives preserved, a purpose to fulfil.

We kill by law the man who killed by might:  
 The wrong in him, by law in us made right.



## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

## II.

---

" I HAVE no pleasure in the sinner's death,"  
 Saith God: " let him return to me, and live."  
 I will not rob him of that gift of breath, —  
 The breath I gave, and daily, freely give.  
 Man spares his sinner sixty days or more,  
 To cleanse a heart which he has stained with crime.  
 God, in his love, oft gives him years fourscore,  
 And kindly aids him through the lengthened time;  
 Comes to the prison with unmeasured love,  
 And looks with tears on him by man condemned;<sup>22</sup>  
 From the heart-broken there the load to move, —  
 To his forsaken child a constant friend.  
     On evil and on good his sun doth rise;  
     On just and unjust rain his equal skies.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.<sup>23</sup>

## III.

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WOULD that the State might, in its manhood-age,  
 Rise from the ruins of a buried past;  
 Blot from its statute-book, of death the page,  
 And make its latest gallows-act its last!  
 Would that its men would, strong in conscience, rise,  
 On their divine would look with fearless face;  
 And, in the gentle wisdom of the skies,  
 Find more than human law to bless their race.  
 Christ to the world the *Father* hath revealed:  
 Who shall to *man* reveal his inner self?  
 Pray God for him, that human woe be healed,  
 Or bravely seek for him within *thysself*.  
     Men look with thought intense, behind, before,  
     For that which waiting lies e'en at the door.

THE ALMSHOUSE AND THE JAIL.<sup>24</sup>

THERE hang two prints, the Almshouse and the  
Jail,

Of crime and poverty two dwellings fair.

'Tis right, if these of circumstance have birth,

That they alike should have a common care.

The State, the frequent author of its wrong,

Parent of crime, of poverty, of woe,

Should half the burden of its workings feel;

Pay the great debt which 'tis its will to owe.

Would God, society might backward look,

And in their causes coming evils find;

Make man a thing for reverence ever fit,

And pay its homage at the shrine of mind!<sup>25</sup>

If it make villains, half its crime 's its own,

And its worst pauper is its natural son.



NOTES.



## N O T E S.

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NOTE 1, page 5. — The principal incidents in this ballad are from a newspaper. Upon relating them to a friend, the writer was asked to put them into verse. He promised to do so; and what is writ is writ.

The newspaper account ended with a report of the shipwreck of the lover, and the insanity of his betrothed. To give completeness to the story, some additions have been made to the original account. The lover returns, Lucy recovers her mind, and dies.

Was it not fitting that one so lovely and so loved should have had a resurrection from an intellectual death, in the nascent moment of a spiritual and immortal life?

NOTE 2, p. 27. — Rev. William Ellery Channing died in Bennington, Vermont, at sunset, Sunday, Oct. 2, 1842; and was buried at Mount Auburn, near Boston, at the close of the following Thursday, Oct. 7; aged 62 years.

NOTE 3, p. 30. — “It was on the 13th of January, 1840, that Dr. Follen left New York for Boston, in the steamboat ‘Lexington.’ The terrible story of her destruction is known to every one, and that he was one of the sufferers.” *Life of Charles Follen*, vol. i. p. 581.

NOTE 4, p. 42. — Jenny Lind has devoted a very liberal portion of what in money she has received in our cities to important charities. The whole net amount which may remain is, we are told, to be employed in founding free schools in Sweden and Norway.

NOTE 5, p. 45. — Sir Robert Peel never accepted rank, and has provided in his will that his family shall never do so.

Allusion has been made to his administration, — to the comprehensiveness of his political views, and to his important accomplishments. Nothing escaped him which came at all within the scope of a statesman’s regard, and

which especially concerned wide interests. His Bill for an alteration in the law of "legal residence," which allowed no other "residence" to a person who depended on public charity for his maintenance than the place of his birth, has for its object an important change. By the old law, if a man left home, lived many years elsewhere, and became poor, he was carted about the country in his sickness and infirmity, till his residence could be discovered. This same old English law still exists in this State of Massachusetts, and is in operation too. Mr. Peel's Bill provided, that, if a person lives *five years* in a place, that shall settle his "residence;" and there, if it be needed, shall he find his support. Mr. Peel left the alterations in the Poor Laws of a preceding administration as he found them, especially that relating to out-door relief; and by which the law concerning this was repealed, and all the poor were required to enter the Unions or Workhouses. He did this to learn what change the poor-rate would undergo, — its amount before the change being about £8,000,000; and what would be the effect upon industry, — it having before derived a part of its support from the poor-rate as "wages."

Roads, highways, &c. received his care. These had before been managed by commission, it might be distant, and having no direct interest in what so nearly affected the convenience and comfort of those living near such roads. Mr. Peel's Bill provides that their care shall devolve upon those who are near to them, and can best attend to them.

"Free trade" was the special object of Mr. Peel's interest. He looked to wide and easy human intercourse as the object dearest and nearest to the highest civilization. He saw in industry a unit, and in its products the present and everlasting blessings of the race. He regarded commerce as a chartered libertine, and would give it to the free winds of heaven, to take man and his works everywhere, and for the widest individual and general good. He began this great work of true reform. He showed what must be its benign influence, and so recommended it to the world. It does extend itself. It must extend itself. Ridicule, contempt, and the worst power in any State, — party, cannot stop free trade in its onward career. There are men who perhaps may have to die before this work shall be consummated. But reform can wait for this. It has waited for generations to die, — for centuries to roll away; but with what loving care has it borne in precious memory the great names of those who have loved whole states and ages better than themselves, and cheerfully sacrificed the profits of



the day to the permanent happiness, the best good, of the world!

Mr. Peel has passed into history, and his everlasting record and honor are sure.

NOTE 6, p. 46. — A passage in the "Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey," — and let me here add, one of the most entertaining and important works now passing through our press, — a passage in this work suggested the preceding stanzas. Mr. Southey says:

"I was greatly shocked at a story which I once heard from Dr. Gooch. A woman of the town was brought to one of the hospitals, having been accidentally poisoned. Almost the last words which she uttered were, that this was a blasted life, and she was glad to have done with it! Who will not wish that she had been kissing the crucifix, and listening in full faith to the most credulous priest? I say this more with reference to her feelings at that moment, and the effect upon others, than as to her own future state, however awful that consideration may be. The mercy of God is infinite; and it were too dreadful to believe, that they who have been most miserable here should be condemned to endless misery hereafter." — Part iv. p. 327.

NOTE 7, p. 57. — These rhymes are the earliest which remain of the writer's attempts in verse, they being nearly half a century old, — 1806. The kindness of a friend has preserved them far beyond the memory of the writer; and they are now printed as a passage in a somewhat literary life, which has furnished a portion of the material for this unpublished volume.

NOTE 8, p. 59. — This was written in 1814, during the last war with England, and was printed in a paper, May 20th of that year. Its occasion was a report that an important Lighthouse on the American coast had been abandoned.

NOTE 9, p. 61. — The luminous appearance of the foam of the breakers at night will be understood by those who have witnessed it.

NOTE 10, p. 64. — The Indians, we are told, hang their infants in rude baskets on the branches of trees, for security and repose, during their absence while hunting or fishing.

It is said that some tribes on the Columbia bury their

dead in coffins of bark, secured by thongs of skin, and hung in the branches of high trees.

NOTE 11, p. 76. — The author left America in the spring of 1810, and landed at Falmouth after a voyage of somewhat less than a month. Recollections of the voyage follow, with such sketches of persons, of things, and of places, as impressions made so long ago have left on the mind or the heart. He has consulted his Journals but once; and this after speaking of Stratford-upon-Avon, and of Robert Burns. This account of the manner in which these notices of foreign travel have been made, it is hoped, will spare the writer a very severe censure, if his verses now and then be found wanting in the quality of perfect accuracy. He believes he has stated impressions as they were made, certainly as they exist; and, with this explanation, he is quite willing to take the chances in regard to the facts.

NOTE to p. 77. — The writer is aware that it may be objected to what is said of the condition of fishes, that fossil remains of marine animals are very numerous, and that shells abound in some regions in an amount or extent that is absolutely astonishing. Is not this fact, however, rather the result of accidental circumstances than of settled laws? We find fossil land-animals in the neighborhood of fossil shells and fishes. Now, it is clear that these land-animals never lived in the water. What is said in the passage referred to, of the probable perpetuity of fishes, is meant to be confined to those only which remain in the sea, and which have not been by upheavals or by floods left high and dry to be gradually buried in, or converted into, neighboring strata.

NOTE 12, p. 87. — Pitt and Fox. Under the pavement immediately beneath the lofty dome of St. Paul's lie the bodies of PITT and FOX. The light of heaven shines ever upon them from that far height, telling not of their divided lives, but bearing everlasting witness to their union in death.

NOTE 13, p. 92. — Who of the multitudes that have listened to the Readings of Mrs. Fanny Kemble can forget, or fail to honor, her power? To the writer, the past of many, many years was brought back by them with a clearness, a beauty, and a power which few if any other passages

of his life can challenge. And perhaps in none was this more distinctly felt than in Mrs. Kemble's reading of King John. Mr. Charles Kemble, her father, was in Falconbridge unequalled; and with what truth and power did not his daughter place before us that same frolicsome, hot-hearted spirit! The writer would have been false to his best instincts, had he, in such clear vision of the father, forgotten such a child.

NOTE 14, p. 96. — "The greatest of all his [Davy's] wants was time; and the expedients by which he economized it often placed him in very ridiculous positions, and gave rise to habits of the most eccentric description. Driven to an extremity, he would in his haste put on fresh linen, without removing that which was underneath; and, singular as the fact may appear, he has been known, after the fashion of the grave-digger in Hamlet, to wear no less than five shirts, and as many pair of stockings, at the same time. Exclamations of surprise very frequently escaped from his friends at the rapid manner in which he increased and declined in corpulence." — *Life of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. LL.D. by John Ayrton Paris, M.D.* Lond. 1831. p. 184.

The author was quite desirous to see Mr. Davy, as he had been twice mistaken for him: being once addressed by his name in the street; and once while paying a visit for professional services to Mr. Fox, the distinguished writer of that day on the human teeth, and a highly celebrated practical dentist. Said the person who addressed him at Mr. Fox's, "I see that you are not Mr. Davy; but the resemblance you bear to him is so strong, that I cannot but think you must be very nearly related to him."

The writer's wish to see Mr. Davy was first gratified by attending his lectures at the Royal Institution, Albermarle-street; and where he also had the privilege and pleasure to hear the astronomer royal, Mr. Pond, and Sir James Smith. Mr. Davy's powers as a lecturer were quite striking. He was simple in his whole method; very direct; his voice was clear and very agreeable, and his countenance singularly expressive. As the writer was too little acquainted with his own looks, especially his expression under more or less intellectual excitement, he was not in a favorable situation to compare himself with another, and so concluded that no resemblance between them existed. Mr. Davy had been chosen one of the Secretaries of the Royal Society; the distinguished chemist, Mr. Wollaston, the other. Sir Joseph Banks was President, and presided at the meeting

next to be alluded to. By the kindness of the late Dr. Garthshore, the writer obtained an introduction to Mr. Davy. He went early, having a note to Dr. G.; and soon after a gentleman of middle size, slight in person, and very simply dressed, walked quickly across the anteroom, in which he was waiting for the meeting of the society to begin. Dr. G. who was near, said, "That, sir, is Mr. Davy!" There was a much better opportunity here to compare noses than in the theatre of the Royal Institution. But this was not thought of in the gratification of seeing and addressing one of the most distinguished men of his age. Mr. Davy was acting Secretary for the meeting, Mr. Wollaston being also present; and he read from a communication to the society until the clock struck nine; directly upon which, the reading ceased, the society was adjourned, and we left Somerset House.

NOTE 15, p. 102.

"Ever witness for him

Those twins of learning that he raised in you,—  
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;  
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue."

*King Henry VIII.*

NOTE to p. 106. — William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in April, 1564, on what day is not precisely ascertained. He died, it is said, 22d of April, 1616; because his sole grand-daughter, Lady Barnard, was married exactly ten years after his death; namely, April 22, 1626. Now, as it is probable that Shakspeare's birthday was a family festival, would not Lady Barnard's wedding be probably celebrated on her grandfather's birthday?

In the midst and pressure of such and kindred *facts* concerning his birth, his death, his whole history, it is grateful to know and to feel, and to be wholly satisfied, too, that — SHAKSPEARE LIVED!

NOTE 16, p. 111. — The royal family of France was living in exile in Holyrood, while the writer was in Edinburgh.

NOTE 17, p. 123. — I was in the U. S. Court while a case of alleged murder was tried. The prisoner, a young woman, had arrived in New York from Ireland, in the last days of

pregnancy, alone, destitute, friendless. She got into a wretched room, where her child was born. Soon after, she went aboard one of the Sound steamers, as a deck passenger, with her new-born child. All night she walked the deck in the cold of late autumn, without food or shelter, utterly uncared for and unknown.

In the morning, the child was missing. She said it had died of cold and hunger, and that she had thrown it overboard. She was arrested on landing, and tried for murder. The testimony went to show, that under the circumstances the reported death was highly probable; and especially that the state of mind of the prisoner, situated as she was, — a state very likely to exist in the condition produced by recent delivery, and amid such appalling circumstances, — was one so near to insanity, that she could not be held legally responsible for what she might have done. It was also showed how directly such entire destitution of all that care, nay, of any portion of it, which her recent confinement demanded, went to produce a state of mind which would destroy responsibility.

The testimony in, the Judge consulted with the District Attorney on the question of letting the case go to the Jury upon the evidence — without argument, if the counsel for the prisoner would consent to such a course. This was at once agreed to, and the Judge proceeded to his charge. The jury were about to rise, when the Judge begged them to omit that form; and they kept their seats. The law and the evidence were now stated in the most lucid and touching summing-up I have ever heard. I have never forgotten, and I trust I shall never forget, that charge. So clear was it concerning the whole demands of justice, — so full in regard to the facts and the principles established by the testimony, — and such were the views of the moral claims of that wretched, lone, deserted creature at the bar, which crowned the charge, that you could not refrain from paying reverence, and feeling love, for him in whom mercy and justice had embraced each other, and humanity found its argument and its illustration.

The jury did not leave the court-room. They held short consultation, when the foreman arose, and said the verdict was ready. The usual forms were gone through with in the simplest manner, and a verdict of "Not guilty" was rendered.

The case did not end here. The witnesses went to the Marshal's office to receive their fees. They left them in his deputy's hands, to be given to the helpless stranger who

had just been acquitted. Kindness still followed her. One of her counsel took her to his own house, that there she might receive that protection and care which her helplessness so earnestly pleaded for, and her wants made so welcome.

Was it not beautiful to see old Law forego for a moment its age and its technical dignities, and, with the infinite grace of a little child, show to the world around it, that love was at its bosom still; that it had confidence in humanity; and that, from the most helpless, feeblest of its forms, its ministers would not turn away?

NOTE 18, p. 124. — To a bust of CLYTIE, copied by permission from the original among the Townley marbles in the British Museum, for, and in the possession of, Hon. Francis C. Gray, of Boston.

The circumstance which led to the collection of the Townley marbles, and of other relics of ancient art which it contains, is not without interest. Charles Townley, a gentleman of large fortune, was born in Townley Hall, in Lancashire, in 1737, and died in 1805. The religious opinions of his family prevented his receiving an English university education. He was sent to the continent; and, while at Rome, made those collections which have associated him with the most important contributors to the promotion of the highest art. With a noble generosity, he forgot or forgave the bigotry of his native country, which drove him abroad to acquire an education denied to him at home; and he bequeathed to the British Museum his magnificent collections, that all who came after him might have the freest opportunities for the highest artistic culture. In this collection is the original bust of Clytie.

The following circumstances in the history of Clytie may serve to explain some of the alleged facts which it records:

Clytie was betrothed to Apollo. He deserted her, and paid his addresses to Lencothæa. Clytie, in her anger and grief, disclosed the treachery of her lover to the father of her rival. In consequence of the contempt and hatred which Apollo felt towards Clytie on account of her disclosure of his faithlessness, she pined away, and was changed into a flower, commonly called a sun-flower, which still turns its head towards the sun in his course, as in pledge of her love. The story is exquisitely told in the old mythology.

Mr. King, a sculptor of very high reputation, has recently made in Boston a copy in marble of the Clytie from a

plaster-cast said to have been taken directly from the original in the British Museum. Excellent casts from Mr. Gray's copy have also been made here. This multiplication and diffusion of so much beauty, of so much loveliness, amongst us, cannot but be regarded as one of the very best means we possess for the development and cultivation of the purest taste.

NOTE 19, p. 125. — Written after reading Mr. Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature."

NOTE 20, p. 126. — How large is the debt we owe to Cottle, to Talfourd, to De Quincy, and to Hunt, for what they tell us of Charles and of Mary! What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder! Lamb was in universal sympathy with his race, — the sympathy of attraction and repulsion, both equally prompting him to kindness and to beneficence. His wide and overflowing nature reached everywhere, and responded as freely to all its occasions. A friend who often dined with Lamb used to tell us an anecdote, which shows this ever-living and ever-acting harmony with nature and with man. He dined one evening with Lamb, when a navy-officer was at the table. The conversation turned upon naval life; and, an engagement having been alluded to, the officer was asked to describe it. He did this, and in a manner so graphic as to place the scene in all its horrors before the company. He spoke of terrible mutilations and sufferings from ball and splinter; and, among others, gave the case of a man whose arms and legs were shot off, and nothing but the head and trunk remained. Believing him to be dead, he was thrown overboard, when, by some movement in the body, it was found that life was not wholly extinct. It was but a momentary manifestation of living power, and the man disappeared. The officer was deeply moved by the recital, and indulged for a moment in thoughts of possible recovery under such hopeless circumstances, and what the man might have been, had he lived. Lamb sat wholly absorbed by the tale. His face declared the deep feelings which were at work at his heart. At length he could bear it no longer; and, as the officer finished his speculation on the possible destiny of such a man, had he survived, Lamb broke out in his most stammering utterance, — "Yes, he might have lived, and been an *ornament* to society"!

Did that sweet and loving spirit ever utter itself with more truth to its whole nature, than in this its outpoured

sympathy in the condition and fate of that mutilated drowning sailor?

NOTE 21, p. 129. — The following is the epitaph on the gravestone of Dr. Stevenson, in the burying-ground at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, where he died: —

"JONATHAN GREELY STEVENSON,  
OF BOSTON.

Died 5th June, 1835, aged 36 years.

Were his grave in his native city, it would require no epitaph.

The inscription of his name, there universally known, would suffice to tell, that beneath it repose the remains of a highly gifted, just, and generous man,—a pre-eminently learned and skilful physician,—a most active and judicious philanthropist; and of a son, a husband, a father, a brother, and a friend, than whom none was ever more devoted, or more devotedly beloved.

He lived in the exercise, and died in the hopes, of the faith, that, though 'the dust shall return to the earth as it was, the spirit shall return to God who gave it.'

NOTE 22, p. 135. — "For He hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary, — from heaven did the Lord behold the earth, — to hear the groaning of the prisoner, to loose those that are appointed unto death." — *Bible*.

NOTE 23, p. 136. — The death-penalty was abolished in 1846 in Michigan, when the statutes were revised. It has not been restored. A report that it had been, was current last year. A. G. Campbell, Esq. of Lowell, Mass. addressed a letter to Hon. C. H. Taylor, Secretary of State of Michigan, May 11, 1850, which was answered from Lansing, Mich. June 6, 1850, in which it is stated that the death-penalty has not been restored; but, on the contrary, "that the general sentiment of the State is beyond all question very nearly unanimous in favor of our present laws on the subject." — *Vide Prisoner's Friend*, August 1850, p. 345.

In the State of Maine, executions cannot take place until a year after the sentence, and not then unless by order of the executive.

NOTE 24, p. 137. — "There are more victims to errors committed by society themselves than society suppose."

This passage is from the "Autobiography of Leigh Hunt;" a work of extreme interest, both on account of the wide and varied experience of the author of literary and ordinary life, in his own country and abroad, and of the highly felicitous manner in which it is written. The writer of the foregoing rhymes had marked for extract other passages in these admirable volumes; but he is obliged



to content himself with strongly recommending Mr. Hunt's whole work to all those friends whom this volume may reach, feeling assured that he will thus contribute alike to their instruction and entertainment.

"The new jail on North Grove-street is now nearly finished, and will cost, with the enclosed walls, &c. \$480,000. The lot contains 143,332 feet long; breadth, 173 feet. It covers an area of 19,600 feet, and will accommodate 220 prisoners in separate cells. It will be ready in November next.

"The new almshouse at Deer Island will cost about \$150,000; will accommodate about 1,500; and will be finished in November. It is of brick; 825 feet long, 275 feet in breadth; and covers an area of 28,000 square feet."

This statement is from a newspaper; but, as these buildings are still unfinished, it is estimated that the entire cost will greatly exceed this. Here are more than half a million of dollars devoted to the temporary or permanent support of pauperism and crime. Would not the interest of such an investment, between forty and fifty thousand dollars a year, do something to prevent both?

NOTE 25, p. 137. — Jean Paul says, that he who honors him for his dress reverences his broadcloth, not him.

THE END.

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W. Graham







