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ENGLISH POEMS

OLD ENGLISH AND MIDDLE ENGLISH PERIODS

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE AND THE PURITAN PERIOD

THE RESTORATION AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

AMERICAN PROSE

AMERICAN POEMS

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AMERICAN POEMS

(1625–1892)

SELECTED AND EDITED, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE AND EXPLANATORY NOTES AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

WALTER C. BRONSON, LITT. D.
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PREFACE

This volume of American poems is intended especially for use in schools and colleges, although it is also adapted to the needs of the individual reader who wishes to become acquainted at first hand with the whole field of American poetry. In accordance with this purpose the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the minor poetry of the nineteenth century are given some space; for the earlier periods of our poetical development deserve attention, if only for historical reasons, and the lesser poets of the age of Poe, Longfellow, and Lowell have their own significance and charm. More than half the book, however, is reserved for the greater poets of the nineteenth century. The space allotted to individual authors, nevertheless, is not determined wholly by poetical merit. Trumbull, Barlow, and Freneau, for example, are each given more pages than Holmes, not because they are better poets, but because their works are less accessible; indeed, the selections from Colonial and Revolutionary writers have in general been made full enough to meet the needs of most students and readers without resort to other books, while it is assumed that the selections from the greater poets will be supplemented by liberal reading in their complete works. Again, Poe has only one-fourth the space devoted to Longfellow, solely because his poetry is so limited in amount and range that it can be represented adequately in a few pages. A large majority of the selections are complete poems, including "Evangeline," "Snow-Bound," and "The Vision of Sir Launfal." In some cases it was necessary to print extracts; but the passages chosen are intelligible and interesting by themselves, and those from different parts of a long poem form a connected whole.

In the matter of texts I have been exceptionally fortunate in having at hand two such remarkable collections of Americana as the Harris Collection of American Poetry and the John Carter Brown Library. I have taken advantage of their resources to reprint, in full or in part, some rare works which have seldom or never been reprinted. Furthermore, all the seventeenth and eighteenth century poems in this volume, with a few exceptions, are carefully reproduced from first or early editions, not from reprints. The spelling, capitals, italics, etc., of these editions have been retained, because the interest of many of the poems is largely antiquarian; but typographical errors have been corrected, usually without note, and the varying styles in subheadings, stage-directions, etc., which have no particular significance, have been made uniform. The punctuation of the original editions, which is often misleading, has been modernized as an aid to getting the sense quickly and accurately; and for the same reason the long *s*, and the interchange of *i* and *j* and of *u* and *v*, have not been reproduced. In the poetry of the nineteenth century there was less occasion for the use of early editions; but I have included extracts from some rare volumes of minor poets and from Bryant's "Embargo," and have reprinted entire the first form of "Snow-Bound" and the "Commemoration Ode." Other early editions are utilized in the Notes.

The Notes follow the plan which has met with favor in my four volumes of *English Poems*. Biographies and criticisms by the editor are omitted, because it is assumed that the student will use some manual of the history of American literature in connection with the texts. The Notes include (1) the poet's theory of poetry when this can be given in his own words; (2) statements by the poet or his friends which throw light on the meaning of a poem, or give circumstances connected with the composition of it; (3) explanations of words, allusions, etc., which the student or reader may find obscure;

(4) variant readings of a few poems, such as "Thanatopsis" and "The City in the Sea," whose revision has peculiar interest or significance; (5) quotations from sources and parallel passages, to show the poet's literary relationships and his way of shaping material; (6) specimens of contemporary criticism, taken chiefly from periodicals.

I express my thanks to Mr. H. L. Koopman, of the John Hay Library, and to Mr. G. P. Winship, of the John Carter Brown Library, Brown University, for courtesies in connection with the use of rare books; and to Professor W. P. Trent, who has kindly allowed me to reprint from his *Southern Writers* a poem by Hayne not otherwise accessible to me, and has furnished certain information about it. My thanks are also due to the following men and publishing houses for kind permission to use copyrighted material: D. Appleton & Co., publishers of Bryant's works and of Godwin's life of him; Messrs. H. L. Traubel and T. B. Harned, Whitman's literary executors, and Mitchell Kennerley, the publisher of his works; the B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., publishers of Timrod's poems; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., publishers of Hayne's poems; Mr. M. P. Andrews, editor of Randall's poems, and the Whitehall Publishing Co., the publishers of them; Mr. W. H. Thompson, author of "The High Tide at Gettysburg"; the Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Co., publishers of Miller's poems; Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of Lanier's poems; Little, Brown & Co., publishers of Miss Dickinson's poems. My wife has rendered invaluable assistance by preparing copy, collating texts, making the table of contents and the indices, revising notes, and reading proof; without her aid my labor would have been much heavier, and the book less accurate.

W. C. B.

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WILLIAM MORRELL

FROM

NEW-ENGLAND

Those well seene Natives in grave Natures hests
All close designes conceale in their deepe brests;
What strange attempts so ere they doe intend
Are fairely usherd in till their last ende;
Their well advised talke evenly conveyes
Their acts to their intents, and nere displayes
Their secret projects by high words or light
Till they conclude their end by fraud or might.
No former friendship they in minde retaine,
If you offend once or your love detaine.
They 're wondrous cruell, strangely base and viled,
Quickly displeasd and hardly reconcild;
Stately and great, as read in Rules of state;
Incensd, not caring what they perpetrate.
Whose hayre is cut with greeces, yet a locke
Is left, the left side bound up in a knott.
Their males small labour but great pleasure know,
Who nimbly and expertly draw the bow;
Traind up to suffer cruell heate and cold,
Or what attempt so ere may make them bold;
Of body straight, tall, strong, mantled in skin
Of Deare or Bever, with the hayre-side in;
An Otter skin their right armes doth keepe warme,
To keepe them fit for use and free from harme.
A Girdle set with formes of birds or beasts
Begirts their waste, which gently gives them ease.
Each one doth modestly binde up his shame,
And Deare-skin Start-ups reach up to the same;
A kinde of *Pinsen* keeps their feete from cold,
Which after travels they put off, up-fold.
Themselves they warme, their ungirt limbes they rest,
In straw and houses like to sties. Distrest
With Winters cruell blasts, a hotter clime
They quickly march to; when that extreame time

Is over, then contented they retire
To their old homes, burning up all with fire:
Thus they their ground from all things quickly cleare,
And make it apt great store of Corne to beare.

1625.

ANONYMOUS

FROM

THE WHOLE BOOKE OF PSALMES

23 A PSALME OF DAVID

The Lord to mee a shepheard is,
want therefore shall not I.
Hee in the folds of tender-grasse
doth cause mee downe to lie:
To waters calme me gently leads,
Restore my soule doth hee:
he doth in paths of righteousnes
for his names sake leade mee.
Yea, though in valley of deaths shade
I walk, none ill I 'le feare;
because thou art with mee, thy rod
and staffe my comfort are.
For mee a table thou hast spread
in presence of my foes:
thou dost annoynt my head with oyle,
my cup it over-flowes.
Goodnes & mercy surely shall
all my dayes follow mee;
and in the Lords house I shall dwell
so long as dayes shall bee.

PSALME 93

The Lord reigns, cloth'd with majesty:
God cloath'd with strength doth gird
himselfe: the world so stablisht is
that it cannot be stir'd.
Thy throne is stablished of old:
from aye thou art. Their voyce

the flouds lift up, Lord, flouds lift up,
the flouds lift up their noyse.
The Lord on high then waters noyse
more strong, then waves of sea.
Thy words most sure: Lord, holines
becomes thine house for aye.

PSALME 133

A song of degrees, of David

How good and sweet, o see,
i't s for brethren to dwell
together in unitee:
It 's like choise oyle *that fell*
the head upon,
that downe did flow
the beard unto,
beard of Aron;
The skirts of his garment
that unto them went downe;
Like Hermons dews descent
Sions mountaines upon;
for there to bee
the Lords blessing,
life aye lasting
commandeth hee.

1636–40. 1640.

EDWARD JOHNSON

FROM

WONDER-WORKING PROVIDENCE OF SIONS SAVIOUR IN NEW-ENGLAND

From silent night, true Register of moans,
From saddest soul consum'd in deepest sin,
From heart quite rent with sighs and heavy groans,
My wailing muse her woful work begins,
And to the world brings tunes of sad lament,
Sounding nought els but sorrows sad relent. . . .

Lord, stay thy hand; thy *Jacobs* number 's small;
Powre out thy wrath on Antichrists proud Thrones;
Here thy poor flocks that on thee daily call,
Bottle their tears, and pity their sad groans.
Where shall we go, Lord Christ? we turn to thee;
Heal our back-slidings, forward press shall we.

Not we, but all thy Saints the world throughout
Shall on thee wait, thy wonders to behold;
Thou King of Saints, the Lord in battel stout,
Increase thy armies many thousand fold.
Oh Nations all, his anger seek to stay,
That doth create him armies every day.

1654.

ANNE BRADSTREET

THE PROLOGUE

To sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings,
Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun,
For my mean pen are too superiour things,
Or how they all or each their dates have run:
Let Poets and Historians set these forth;
My obscure Lines shall not so dim their worth.

But when my wondring eyes and envious heart
Great *Bartas* sugar'd lines do but read o're,
Fool, I do grudg the Muses did not part
'Twixt him and me that overfluent store;
A *Bartas* can do what a *Bartas* will,
But simple I according to my skill.

From school-boyes tongue no rhet'rick we expect,
Nor yet a sweet Consort from broken strings,
Nor perfect beauty where 's a main defect:
My foolish, broken, blemish'd Muse so sings;
And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,
'Cause nature made it so irreparable.

Nor can I, like that fluent sweet-tongu'd Greek
Who lisp'd at first, in future times speak plain;
By Art he gladly found what he did seek,
A full requital of his striving pain:
Art can do much; but this maxime 's most sure,
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits;
A Poets pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on Female wits:
If what I do prove well it won 't advance;
They 'l say it 's stoln, or else it was by chance.

But sure the antique Greeks were far more mild,
Else of our Sexe why feigned they those Nine,
And poesy made *Calliope*'s own Child?
So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts Divine.
But this weak knot they will full soon untie:
The Greeks did nought but play the fools & lye.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are,
Men have precedency and still excell:
It is but vain unjustly to wage warre;
Men can do best, and women know it well:
Preheminence in all and each is yours;
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

And oh ye high flown quills that soar the Skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
If e're you daigne these lowly lines your eyes,
Give Thyme or Parsley wreath, I ask no bayes:
This mean and unrefined ure of mine,
Will make your glistring gold but more to shine.

1650.

FROM

OF THE FOUR AGES OF MAN

Lo now four other act upon the stage:
Childhood and Youth, the Manly & Old-age.
The first, son unto flegm, Grand-child to water,
Unstable, supple, cold, and moist 's his nature.

The second, frolick, claims his pedegree
From blood and air, for hot and moist is he.
The third of fire and Choler is compos'd,
Vindicative and quarelsome dispos'd.
The last, of earth and heavy melancholy,
Solid, hating all lightness and all folly.
Childhood was cloth'd in white & green to show
His spring was intermixed with some snow.
Upon his head nature a Garland set
Of Primrose, Daizy, & the Violet:
Such cold mean flowrs the spring puts forth betime,
Before the sun hath throughly heat the clime.
His Hobby striding did not ride but run,
And in his hand an hour-glass new begun,
In danger every moment of a fall,
And when tis broke then ends his life and all;
But if he hold till it have run its last,
Then may he live out threescore years or past.
Next Youth came up, in gorgeous attire,
As that fond age doth most of all desire:
His Suit of Crimson, and his scarfe of green.
His pride in 's countenance was quickly seen.
Garland of roses, pinks, and gilli-flowers
Seemed on 's head to grow bedew'd with showers;
His face as fresh as is *Aurora* fair
When blushing she begins to light the air.
No wooden horse, but one of mettal try'd,
He seems to fly or swim, and not to ride.
Then, prancing on the stage, about he wheels;
But as he went death waited at his heels.
The next came up in a much graver sort,
As one that cared for a good report.
His sword by 's side and choler in his eyes,
But neither us'd as yet for he was wise.
Of Autumns fruits a basket on his arm,
His golden God in 's purse, which was his charm.
And last of all to act upon this stage,
Leaning upon his staff came up Old-age.
Under his arm a sheaf of wheat he bore,
An harvest of the best; what needs he more?
In 's other hand a glass ev'n almost run;

Thus writ about: *This out, then I am done.*
His hoary hairs and grave aspect made way,
And all gave ear to what he had to say
These being met, each in his equipage,
Intend to speak according to their age;
But wise Old-age did with all gravity
To childish Childhood give precedency,
And to the rest his reason mildly told,
That he was young before he grew so old.
To do as he each one full soon assents;
Their method was that of the Elements,
That each should tell what of himself he knew,
Both good and bad, but yet no more then 's true.
With heed now stood three ages of frail man
To hear the child, who, crying, thus began.

1650.

FROM

THE FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR

SPRING

Another four I 've left yet to bring on,
Of four times four the last *Quaternion:*
The Winter, Summer, Autumn, & the Spring;
In season all these Seasons I shall bring.
Sweet Spring, like man in his Minority,
At present claim'd and had priority.
With smiling face and garments somewhat green,
She trim'd her locks which late had frosted been;
Nor hot nor cold she spake, but with a breath
Fit to revive the nummed earth from death.
"Three months," quoth she, "are 'lotted to my share,
March, April, May, of all the rest most fair.
Tenth of the first, *Sol* into *Aries* enters,
And bids defiance to all tedious winters;
Crosseth the Line and equals night and day,
Stil adds to th' last til after pleasant *May*,
And now makes glad the darkned northern wights
Who for some months have seen but starry lights.
Now goes the Plow-man to his merry toyle;
He might unloose his winter-locked soyl,

The Seeds-man too doth lavish out his grain,
In hope the more he casts the more to gain.
The Gardner now superfluous branches lops,
And poles erects for his young clambring hops;
Now digs, then sowes his herbs, his flowers, & roots,
And carefully manures his trees of fruits.
The *Pleiades their influence* now give
And all that seem'd as dead afresh doth live:
The croaking frogs, whom nipping winter kil'd,
Like birds now chirp and hop about the field;
The Nightingale, the black bird, and the Thrush
Now tune their layes on sprayes of every bush;
The wanton frisking Kid and soft-fleec'd Lambs
Do jump and play before their feeding Dams,
The tender tops of budding grass they crop,
They joy in what they have but more in hope;
For though the frost hath lost his binding power,
Yet many a fleece of snow and stormy shower
Doth darken *Sol*'s bright eye, makes us remember
The pinching North-west wind of cold *December*.
"My second moneth is *April*, green and fair,
Of longer dayes and a more temperate Air;
The Sun in *Taurus* keeps his residence,
And with his warmer beams glanceth from thence.
This is the month whose fruitful showrs produces
All set and sown for all delights and uses:
The Pear, the Plum, and Apple-tree now flourish,
The Grass grows long the hungry beast to nourish;
The Primrose pale and azure violet
Among the virduous grass hath nature set,
That when the Sun on 's Love, the earth, doth shine,
These might as lace set out her garment fine.
The fearfull bird his little house now builds
In trees and walls, in Cities and in fields;
The outside strong, the inside warm and neat,
A natural Artificer compleat.
The clocking hen her chirping chickins leads,
With wings & beak defends them from the gleads.
"My next and last is fruitfull pleasant *May*,
Wherein the earth is clad in rich aray;
The Sun now enters loving *Gemini*,

And heats us with the glances of his eye,
Our thicker rayment makes us lay aside
Lest by his fervor we be torrifi'd.
All flowers the Sun now with his beams discloses,
Except the double pinks and matchless Roses.
Now swarms the busy, witty, honey-Bee,
Whose praise deserves a page from more then me.
The cleanly Huswifes Dary 's now in th' prime,
Her shelves and firkins fill'd for winter time.
The meads with Cowslips, Honey-suckles dight;
One hangs his head, the other stands upright,
But both rejoyce at th' heavens clear smiling face,
More at her showers, which water them a space.
For fruits my Season yields the early Cherry,
The hasty Peas, and wholsome cool Strawberry.
More solid fruits require a longer time;
Each Season hath his fruit, so hath each Clime:
Each man his own peculiar excellence,
But none in all that hath preheminence."
Sweet fragrant Spring, with thy short pittance fly;
Let some describe thee better then can I.
Yet above all this priviledg is thine;
Thy dayes still lengthen, without least decline.

1650.

FROM

THE FOUR MONARCHYES

Next o're the *Helespont* a bridge he made
Of Boats together coupled and there laid;
But winds and waves those iron bands did break,
To cross the sea such strength he found too weak;
Then whips the sea, and with a mind most vain
He fetters cast therein the same to chain;
The work-men put to death the bridge that made,
Because they wanted skill the same to 've staid.
Seven thousand Gallyes chain'd by *Tyrians* skill
Firmly at last accomplished his will.
Seven dayes and nights his host without least stay
Was marching o're this new-devised way.
Then in *Abidus* plains mustring his forces,
He gloryes in his squadrons and his horses;

Long viewing them, thought it great happiness
One king so many subjects should possess;
But yet this sight from him produced tears
That none of those could live an hundred years:
What after did ensue had he foreseen,
Of so long time his thoughts had never been.
Of *Artubanus* he again demands
How of this enterprise his thoughts now stands.
His answer was both sea and land he fear'd;
Which was not vain, as after soon appear'd.
But *Xerxes* resolute to *Thrace* goes first:
His Host all *Lissus* drinks to quench their thirst;
And for his Cattel all *Pissyrus* Lake
Was scarce enough for each a draught to take.
Then marching on to th' streight *Thermopyle*,
The *Spartan* meets him, brave *Leonade;*
This 'twixt the mountains lyes, half Acre wide,
That pleasant *Thessaly* from *Greece* divide.
Two dayes and nights a fight they there maintain,
Till twenty thousand *Persians* fell down slain;
And all that Army, then dismaid, had fled,
But that a Fugitive discovered
How some might o're the mountains go about
And wound the backs of those brave warriors stout.
They, thus behem'd with multitude of foes,
Laid on more fiercely their deep mortal blows;
None cries for quarter nor yet seeks to run,
But on their ground they die, each Mothers Son.
O noble Greeks, how now degenerate,
Where is the valour of your ancient State
When as one thousand could a million daunt?
Alas, it is *Leonades* you want!

1650.

CONTEMPLATIONS

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,
When *Phœbus* wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Were gilded o're by his rich golden head;
Their leaves & fruits seem'd painted, but was true
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew;
Rapt were my sences at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish; "yet sure," thought I,
"If so much excellence abide below,
How excellent is he that dwells on high,
Whose power and beauty by his works we know!
Sure he is goodness, wisdome, glory, light,
That hath this under-world so richly dight."
More Heaven then Earth was here, no winter & no night.

Then on a stately Oak I cast mine Eye,
Whose ruffling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire:
"How long since thou wast in thine Infancy?
Thy strength and stature, more thy years admire.
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born,
Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn?
If so, all these as nought Eternity doth scorn."

Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams was shaded by the leavie Tree.
The more I look'd the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said: "What glory's like to thee,
Soul of this world, this Universes Eye?
No wonder some made thee a Deity:
Had I not better known, alas, the same had I.

"Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber rushes,
And as a strong man joyes to run a race;
The morn doth usher thee with smiles & blushes,
The Earth reflects her glances in thy face;
Birds, insects, Animals, with Vegative,
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive,
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

"Thy swift Annual and diurnal Course,
Thy daily streight and yearly oblique path,
Thy pleasing fervor and thy scorching force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledg hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night;
Quaternal Seasons caused by thy might.
Hail, Creature full of sweetness, beauty, & delight!

"Art thou so full of glory that no Eye
Hath strength thy shining Rayes once to behold?
And is thy splendid Throne erect so high
As to approach it can no earthly mould?

How full of glory, then, must thy Creator be
Who gave this bright light luster unto thee:
Admir'd, ador'd for ever be that Majesty!"

Silent, alone, where none or saw or heard,
In pathless paths I lead my wandring feet,
My humble Eyes to lofty Skyes I rear'd:
To sing some Song my mazed Muse thought meet;
My great Creator I would magnifie,
That nature had thus decked liberally;
But Ah, and Ah again, my imbecility!

I heard the merry grashopper then sing,
The black-clad Cricket bear a second part;
They kept one tune and plaid on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little Art.
Shall Creatures abject thus their voices raise,
And in their kind resound their makers praise,
Whilst I as mute can warble forth no higher layes?

When present times look back to Ages past,
And men in being fancy those are dead,
It makes things gone perpetually to last,
And calls back moneths and years that long since fled;
It makes a man more aged in conceit
Then was *Methuselah* or 's grand-sire great,
While of their persons & their acts his mind doth treat.

Sometimes in *Eden* fair he seems to be;
Sees glorious *Adam* there made Lord of all;
Fancyes the Apple dangle on the Tree,
That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thral,
Who like a miscreant's driven from that place,
To get his bread with pain and sweat of face,
A penalty impos'd on his backsliding Race.

Here sits our Grandame in retired place,
And in her lap her bloody *Cain* new born;
The weeping Imp oft looks her in the face,
Bewails his unknown hap and fate forlorn:
His Mother sighs to think of Paradise,
And how she lost her bliss to be more wise,
Believing him that was and is Father of lyes.

Here *Cain* and *Abel* come to sacrifice;
Fruits of the Earth and Fatlings each do bring:
On *Abels* gift the fire descends from Skies,
But no such sign on false *Cain's* offering.
With sullen hateful looks he goes his wayes,
Hath thousand thoughts to end his brothers dayes,
Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise.

There *Abel* keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks;
His brother comes, then acts his fratricide:
The Virgin Earth of blood her first draught drinks,
But since that time she often hath been cloy'd.
The wretch, with gastly face and dreadful mind,
Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,
Though none on Earth but kindred near then could he find

Who fancyes not his looks now at the Barr?
His face like death, his heart with horror fraught.
Nor Male-factor ever felt like warr
When deep dispair with wish of life hath fought.
Branded with guilt and crusht with treble woes,
A Vagabond to Land of *Nod* he goes;
A City builds, that wals might him secure from foes.

Who thinks not oft upon the Fathers ages?
Their long descent; how nephews sons they saw;
The starry observations of those Sages,
And how their precepts to their sons were law;
How Adam sigh'd to see his Progeny
Cloath'd all in his black sinfull Livery,
Who neither guilt nor yet the punishment could fly.

Our Life compare we with their length of dayes;
Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?
And though thus short, we shorten many wayes,
Living so little while we are alive:
In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight,
So unawares comes on perpetual night,
And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
And then the earth, though old, stil clad in green,
The stones and trees insensible of time,

Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;
If winter come and greeness then do fade,
A Spring returns and they more youthfull made;
But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid:

By birth more noble then those creatures all,
Yet seems by nature and by custome curs'd:
No sooner born but grief and care makes fall,
That state obliterate he had at first;
Nor youth nor strength nor wisdom spring again,
Nor habitations long their names retain,
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I, then, praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
Because their beauty and their strength last longer?
Shall I wish there or never to had birth,
Because they 're bigger, & their bodyes stronger?
Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade, and dye,
And when unmade so ever shall they lye;
But man was made for endless immortality.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm,
Close sate I by a goodly Rivers side,
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel;
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,
Which to the long'd for Ocean held its course,
I markt nor crooks nor rubs that there did lye
Could hinder ought, but still augment its force:
"O happy Flood," quoth I, "that holds thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

"Nor is 't enough that thou alone may'st slide,
But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet;
So hand in hand along with thee they glide
To *Thetis* house, where all imbrace and greet:

Thou Emblem true of what I count the best,
O could I lead my Rivolets to rest,
So may we press to that vast mansion ever blest!

"Ye Fish which in this liquid Region 'bide,
That for each season have your habitation,
Now salt, now fresh, where you think best to glide
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
In Lakes and ponds you leave your numerous fry;
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to tast the air,
Then to the colder bottome streight they dive;
Eftsoon to *Neptun*'s glassie Hall repair,
To see what trade they great ones there do drive,
Who forrage o're the spacious sea-green field
And take the trembling prey before it yield,
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins
their shield."

While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongu'd Philomel percht ore my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain;
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight
I judg'd my hearing better then my sight,
And wisht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

"O merry Bird," said I, "that fears no snares,
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares
To gain more good or shun what might thee harm;
Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is every where,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer;
Reminds not what is past, nor whats to come dost
fear.

"The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument

And, warbling out the old, begin anew;
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better Region,
Where winter 's never felt by that sweet airy legion."

Man at the best a creature frail and vain,
In knowledg ignorant, in strength but weak,
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break;
From some of these he never finds cessation,
But day or night, within, without, vexation,
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st
Relation.

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and vain,
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow;
Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,
In weight, in frequency and long duration,
Can make him deeply groan for that divine Translation.

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

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,
That 's full of friends, of honour, and of treasure,
Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'ns bower.
But sad affliction comes & makes him see
Here 's neither honour, wealth, nor safety:
Only above is found all with security.

O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivions curtains over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,

Their names without a Record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp 's all laid in th' dust,
Nor wit nor gold nor buildings scape times rust:
But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

1678.

A LETTER TO HER HUSBAND

Phœbus, make haste: the day 's too long; be gone;
The silent night 's the fittest time for moan.
But stay this once, unto my suit give ear,
And tell my griefs in either Hemisphere;
And if the whirling of thy wheels don't drown'd
The woful accents of my doleful sound,
If in thy swift Carrier thou canst make stay,
I crave this boon, this Errand by the way:
Commend me to the man more lov'd then life;
Shew him the sorrows of his widdowed wife,
My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brakish tears,
My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears;
And if he love, how can he there abide?
My Interest 's more then all the world beside.
He that can tell the starrs or Ocean sand,
Or all the grass that in the Meads do stand,
The leaves in th' woods, the hail or drops of rain,
Or in a corn-field number every grain,
Or every mote that in the sun-shine hops,
May count my sighs and number all my drops.
Tell him the countless steps that thou dost trace
That once a day thy Spouse thou mayst imbrace;
And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth,
Thy rayes afar salute her from the south.
But for one moneth I see no day, poor soul,
Like those far scituate under the pole,
Which day by day long wait for thy arise:
O how they joy when thou dost light the skyes.
O *Phœbus*, hadst thou but thus long from thine
Restrain'd the beams of thy beloved shine,
At thy return, if so thou could'st or durst,
Behold a Chaos blacker then the first.

Tell him here 's worse then a confused matter—
His little world 's a fathom under water;
Nought but the fervor of his ardent beams
Hath power to dry the torrent of these streams.
Tell him I would say more, but cannot well:
Oppressed minds abruptest tales do tell.
Now post with double speed, mark what I say;
By all our loves conjure him not to stay.

1678.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN

As weary pilgrim now at rest
Hugs with delight his silent nest,
His wasted limbes now lye full soft
That myrie steps have troden oft,
Blesses himself to think upon
his dangers past and travailes done;
The burning sun no more shall heat,
Nor stormy raines on him shall beat;
The bryars and thornes no more shall scratch,
nor hungry wolves at him shall catch;
He erring pathes no more shall tread,
nor wild fruits eate in stead of bread;
for waters cold he doth not long,
for thirst no more shall parch his tongue;
No rugged stones his feet shall gaule,
nor stumps nor rocks cause him to fall;
All cares and feares he bids farwell,
and meanes in safity now to dwell:
A pilgrim I on earth perplext,
with sinns, with cares and sorrows vext,
By age and paines brought to decay,
and my Clay house mouldring away,
Oh how I long to be at rest
and soare on high among the blest!
This body shall in silence sleep,
Mine eyes no more shall ever weep,
No fainting fits shall me assaile,
nor grinding paines my body fraile,
With cares and fears ne'r cumbred be,
Nor losses know nor sorrowes see.

What tho my flesh shall there consume?
it is the bed Christ did perfume;
And when a few yeares shall be gone,
this mortall shall be cloth'd upon:
A Corrupt Carcasse downe it lyes,
a glorious body it shall rise;
In weaknes and dishonour sowne,
in power 't is rais'd by Christ alone.
Then soule and body shall unite,
and of their maker have the sight.
Such lasting joyes shall there behold
as eare ne'r heard nor tongue e'er told.
Lord, make me ready for that day:
then Come, deare bridgrome, Come away!

1669. 1867.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH

FROM

THE DAY OF DOOM

Still was the night, Serene & Bright,
when all Men sleeping lay;
Calm was the season, & carnal reason
thought so 't would last for ay.
"Soul, take thine ease; let sorrow cease;
much good thou hast in store:"
This was their Song, their Cups among,
the Evening before.

Wallowing in all kind of sin,
vile wretches lay secure:
The best of men had scarcely then
their Lamps kept in good ure.
Virgins unwise, who through disguise
amongst the best were number'd,
Had clos'd their eyes; yea, and the wise
through sloth and frailty slumber'd.

Like as of old, when Men grow bold
God's threatnings to contemn,

Who stopt their Ear and would not hear
when Mercy warned them,
But took their course, without remorse,
till God began to powre
Destruction the World upon
in a tempestuous showre;

They put away the evil day,
and drown'd their care and fears,
Till drown'd were they and swept away
by vengeance unawares:
So at the last, whilst Men sleep fast
in their security,
Surpriz'd they are in such a snare
as cometh suddenly.

For at midnight break forth a Light
which turn'd the night to day,
And speedily an hideous cry
did all the world dismay.
Sinners awake, their hearts do ake,
trembling their loynes surprizeth;
Amaz'd with fear by what they hear,
each one of them ariseth.

They rush from Beds with giddy heads,
and to their windows run,
Viewing this light, which shines more bright
then doth the Noon-day Sun.
Straightway appears (they see 't with tears)
the Son of God most dread,
Who with his Train comes on amain
to judge both Quick and Dead.

Before his face the Heav'ns gave place,
and Skies are rent asunder,
With mighty voice and hideous noise
more terrible than Thunder.

His brightness damps heav'ns glorious lamps
and makes them hide their heads;
As if afraid and quite dismay'd,
they quit their wonted steads. . . . .

His winged Hosts flie through all Coasts,
together gethering
Both good and bad, both quick and dead,
and all to judgment bring.
Out of their holes those creeping Moles
that hid themselves for fear
By force they take and quickly make
before the Judge appear. . . . .

All silence keep both Goats and Sheep
before the Judge's Throne;
With mild aspect to his Elect
then spake the holy One:
"My Sheep, draw near, your Sentence hear,
which is to you no dread,
Who clearly now discern and know
your sins are pardoned.". . . .

The wicked are brought to the Bar
like guilty Malefactors
That oftentimes of bloody Crimes
and Treasons have been Actors.
Of wicked Men none are so mean
as there to be neglected,
Nor none so high in dignity
as there to be respected. . . . .

Nevertheless they all express,
Christ granting liberty,
What for their way they have to say,
how they have liv'd, and why.
They all draw near and seek to clear
themselves by making pleas.
There Hypocrites, false-hearted wights,
do make such pleas as these:

"Lord, in thy Name and by the same
we Devils dispossest.
We rais'd the dead, and ministred
succour to the distrest.
Our painful teaching & pow'rful preaching
by thine own wondrous might

Did throughly win to God from sin
many a wretched wight."

"All this," quoth he, "may granted be,
and your case little better'd,
Who still remain under a chain
and many irons fetter'd.
You that the dead have quickened
and rescu'd from the grave,
Your selves were dead, yet never need
a Christ your Souls to save.". . . .

Then at the Bar arraigned are
an impudenter sort,
Who, to evade the guilt that 's laid
upon them, thus retort:
"How could we cease thus to transgress,
how could we Hell avoid,
Whom Gods Decree shut out from thee,
and sign'd to be destroy'd?". . . .

Christ readily makes this Reply:
"I damn you not because
You are rejected or not elected,
but you have broke my Laws;
It is but vain your wits to strain,
the end and means to sever:
Men fondly seek to part or break
what God hath link'd together.

"Whom God will save, such he will have
the means of life to use;
Whom he 'll pass by shall chuse to dy,
and ways of life refuse.
He that fore-sees and fore-decrees
in wisdom order'd has
That man's free will, electing ill,
shall bring his will to pass.". . . .

Then to the Bar all they drew near
who dy'd in infancy,
And never had or good or bad
effected pers'nally,

But from the womb unto the tomb
were straightway carried
(Or at the least e're they transgrest);
who thus began to plead:

"If for our own transgression
or disobedience
We here did stand at thy left hand,
just were the Recompence;
But *Adam*'s guilt our souls hath spilt,
his fault is charg'd on us,
And that alone hath overthrown
and utterly undone us.". . . .

Then answered the Judge most dread:
"God doth such doom forbid,
That men should dye eternally
for what they never did.
But what you call old *Adam*'s Fall,
and only his Trespass,
You call amiss to call it his,
both his and yours it was.". . . .

"You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners may expect
Such you shall have; for I do save
none but my own Elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
though every sin's a crime.

"A Crime it is; therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell,
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell."
The glorious King thus answering,
they cease, and plead no longer:
Their Consciences must needs confess
his Reasons are the stronger. . . . .

Unto the Saints with sad complaints
should they themselves apply?

They're not dejected nor ought affected
with all their misery.
Friends stand aloof, and make no proof
what Prayers or Tears can do:
Your godly friends are now more friends
to Christ than unto you.

Where tender love mens hearts did move
unto a sympathy,
And bearing part of others smart
in their anxiety,
Now such compassion is out of fashion,
and wholly laid aside:
No Friends so near but Saints to hear
their Sentence can abide.

One natural Brother beholds another
in his astonied fit,
Yet sorrows not thereat a jot,
nor pities him a whit.
The godly wife conceives no grief
nor can she shed a tear
For the sad state of her dear Mate
when she his doom doth hear.

He that was erst a Husband, pierc't
with sense of Wives distress,
Whose tender heart did bear a part
of all her grievances,
Shall mourn no more as heretofore
because of her ill plight,
Although he see her now to be
A damn'd forsaken wight.

The tender Mother will own no other
of all her numerous brood
But such as stand at Christ's right hand
acquitted through his Blood.
The pious father had now much rather
his graceless Son should ly
In Hell with Devils, for all his evils,
burning eternally,

Then God most high should injury
by sparing him sustain,
And doth rejoyce to hear Christ's voice
adjudging him to pain.
Who having all, both great and small,
convinc'd and silenced,
Did then proceed their Doom to read,
and thus it uttered:

"*Ye sinful wights and cursed sprights*
that work iniquity,
Depart together from me for ever
to endless Misery;
Your portion take in yonder Lake,
where Fire and Brimstone flameth:
Suffer the smart which your desert
as it's due wages claimeth.". . . .

They wring their hands, their caitiff-hands,
and gnash their teeth for terrour;
They cry, they roar for anguish sore,
and gnaw their tongues for horrour.
But get away without delay,
Christ pities not your cry:
Depart to Hell; there may you yell
and roar Eternally. . . . .

The Saints behold with courage bold
and thankful wonderment
To see all those that were their foes
thus sent to punishment:
Then do they sing unto their King
a Song of endless Praise;
They praise his Name, and do proclaim
that just are all his ways.

Thus with great joy and melody
to Heav'n they all ascend,
Him there to praise with sweetest layes
and Hymes that never end:
Where with long rest they shall be blest,
and nought shall them annoy;

Where they shall see as seen they be,
and whom they love enjoy.

O glorious Place! where face to face
Jehovah may be seen
By such as were sinners while here,
and no dark vail between.
Where the Sun-shine and light Divine
of Gods bright countenance
Doth rest upon them every one,
with sweetest influence.

O blessed state of the Renate!
O wondrous Happiness
To which they're brought, beyond what thought
can reach or words express!
Griefs water-course and sorrows sourse
are turn'd to joyful streams;
Their old distress and heaviness
are vanishèd like dreams.

For God above in arms of love
doth dearly them embrace,
And fills their sprights with such delights
and pleasures in his grace,
As shall not fail nor yet grow stale
through frequency of use;
Nor do they fear Gods favour there
to forfeit by abuse:

For there the Saints are perfect Saints
and holy ones indeed,
From all the sin that dwelt within
their mortal bodies freed;
Made Kings & Priests to God through Christ's
dear loves transcendency,
There to remain and there to reign
with him Eternally.

1662.

FROM

GOD'S CONTROVERSY WITH NEW-ENGLAND

(WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF THE GREAT DROUGHT, ANNO 1662)

Are these the folk whom from the brittish Iles,
Through the stern billows of the watry main,
I safely led so many thousand miles,
As if their journey had been through a plain?
Whom having from all enemies protected,
And through so many deaths and dangers well directed,

I brought and planted on the western shore,
Where nought but bruits and salvage wights did swarm
(Untaught, untrain'd, untam'd by vertue's lore),
That sought their blood, yet could not do them harm?
My fury's flaile them thresht, my fatall broom
Did sweep them hence to make my people elbow-room.

Are these the men whose gates with peace I crown'd,
To whom for bulwarks I salvation gave,
Whilst all things else with rattling tumults sound,
And mortall frayes send thousands to the grave,
Whilest their own brethren bloody hands embrewed
In brothers blood and fields with carcases bestrewed? . . . .

Are these the folk to whom I milked out
And sweetnes stream'd from consolations brest?
Whose soules I fed and strengthened throughout
With finest spirituall food most finely drest?
On whom I rained living bread from Heaven,
Withouten Errour's bane or Superstition's leaven? . . . .

If these be they, how is it that I find
In stead of holiness Carnality,
In stead of heavenly frames an Earthly mind,
For burning zeal luke-warm Indifferency,
For flaming love key-cold Dead-heartedness,
For temperance (in meat and drinke and cloaths) excess?

. . . . . .

Ah dear New England! dearest land to me,
Which unto God hast hitherto been dear,

And mayst be still more dear than formerlie
If to his voice thou wilt incline thine ear:

Consider wel & wisely what the rod
Wherewith thou art from yeer to yeer chastized
Instructeth thee; repent & turn to God,
Who wil not have his nurture be despized.

Thou still hast in thee many praying saints,
Of great account and precious with the Lord,
Who dayly powre out unto him their plaints,
And strive to please him both in deed & word.

Cheer on, sweet souls; my heart is with you all,
And shall be with you, maugre Sathan's might;
And whereso'ere this body be a Thrall,
Still in New-England shall be my delight.

1662. 1871

NEW ENGLAND ELEGIES

FROM

UPON THE TOMB OF THE MOST REVEREND MR. JOHN COTTON

LATE TEACHER OF THE CHURCH OF BOSTON IN NEW-ENGLAND

(BY B. W.)

A living breathing Bible: Tables where
Both Covenants at large engraven were;
Gospel and *Law* in 's Heart had each its Colume,
His Head an Index to the Sacred Volume;
His very Name a *Title Page;* and next,
His Life a *Commentary* on the Text.
O what a Monument of glorious worth,
When in a *New Edition* he comes forth
Without *Errata's*, may we think hee 'll be
In *Leaves* and *Covers* of Eternitie!
A man of Might at heavenly Eloquence
To fix the Ear and charm the Conscience,
As if *Apollos* were reviv'd in him
Or he had learned of a *Seraphim.*

Spake many Tongues in one: one Voice and Sense
Wrought Joy and Sorrow, Fear and Confidence.
Rocks rent before him, Blinde receiv'd their sight,
Souls levell'd to the dunghil stood upright;
Infernal Furies burst with rage to see
Their Pris'ners captiv'd into Libertie.
A *Star* that in our Eastern *England* rose,
Thence hurry'd by the Blast of stupid foes,
Whose foggy Darkness and benummed Senses
Brook'd not his daz'ling fervent Influences.
Thus did he move on Earth from East to West;
There he went down, and up to Heaven for Rest.

1652? 1669.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF DEATH

(BY THOMAS DUDLEY)

Dim Eyes, deaf Ears, cold stomack shew
My dissolution is in view.
Eleven times seven near liv'd have I,
And, now God calls, I willing die.
My Shuttle 's shot, my race is run,
My Sun is set, my Deed is done,
My Span is measur'd, Tale is told,
My Flower is faded and grown old,
My Dream is vanish'd, Shadow 's fled,
My Soul with Christ, my Body dead.
Farewel, dear Wife, Children, and Friends:
Hate Heresie, make blessed ends,
Bear Poverty, live with good men;
So shall we meet with joy agen.

Let men of God in Courts and Churches watch
O're such as do a Toleration hatch,
Lest that ill Egg bring forth a *Cockatrice*
To poyson all with Heresie and Vice.
If men be left and otherwise combine,
My *Epitaph's, I dy'd no Libertine.*

1653? 1669.

ON RALPH PARTRIDGE

R un is his Race,
A nd his work done;
L eft Earthly place,
P artridge is gone,
H e 's with the Father and the Son.

P ure joyes and constant do attend
A ll that so live; such is their end.
R eturn he shall with Christ agen,
T o Judge both just and sinful men.
R ais'd is this Bird of Paradise;
I oy, Heaven entred, breaks the ice.
D eath under foot he trodden hath;
G race is to Glory straitest Path;
E ver enjoyes Love free from wrath.

1658? 1669.

FROM

A THRENODIA

UPON OUR CHURCHES SECOND DARK ECLIPSE, HAPPENING JULY 20, 1663, BY DEATHS INTERPOSITION BETWEEN US AND THAT GREAT LIGHT AND DIVINE PLAN[E]T, MR. SAMUEL STONE, LATE OF HARTFORD IN NEW-ENGLAND

(BY E. B.)

A *Stone* more then the *Eben-ezer* fam'd;
Stone splendent Diamond, right *Orient* nam'd;
A Cordiall Stone, that often cheared hearts
With pleasant Wit, with Gospel rich imparts;
Whet-Stone, that Edgefi'd th' obtusest Minde;
Load-Stone, that drew the Iron Heart unkinde;
A *Ponderous Stone*, that would the Bottom sound
Of Scripture-depths, and bring out *Arcan's* found;
A *Stone* for Kingly *David*'s use so fit
As would not fail *Goliah*'s Front to hit;
A *Stone* an *Antidote*, that brake the course
Of Gangrene Errour by Convincing force;
A *Stone Acute*, fit to divide and square;

A *Squared Stone* became Christ's Building rare;
A *Peter's Living lively Stone* (so Reared),
As, *'live* was *Hartfords* life, *dead*, death is feared.

1663? 1669.

FROM

AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS SHEPARD

(BY URIAN OAKES)

Oh that I were a Poet now in grain!
How would I invocate the Muses all
To deign their presence, lend their flowing Vein,
And help to grace dear *Shepard's* Funeral!
How would I paint our griefs, and succours borrow
From Art and Fancy to limn out our sorrow!

Now could I wish (if wishing would obtain)
The sprightli'est Efforts of Poetick Rage,
To vent my Griefs, make others feel my pain,
For this loss of the Glory of our Age.
Here is a subject for the loftiest Verse
That ever waited on the bravest Hearse.

And could my Pen ingeniously distill
The purest Spirits of a sparkling wit
In rare conceits, the quintessence of skill
In *Elegiack Strains*, none like to it,
I should think all too little to condole
The fatal loss (to us) of such a Soul.

Could I take highest Flights of Fancy, soar
Aloft, If Wits Monopoly were mine,
All would be much too low, too light, too poor,
To pay due tribute to this great Divine.
Ah, Wit avails not when th' Heart 's like to break;
Great griefs are Tongue-ti'ed when the lesser speak. . . . .

His Look commanded Reverence and Awe,
Though Mild and Amiable, not Austere:

Well Humour'd was He (as I ever saw),
And rul'd by Love and Wisdome more than Fear.
The Muses and the Graces too conspir'd
To set forth this Rare Piece to be admir'd.

He govern'd well the Tongue (that busie thing,
Unruly, Lawless and Pragmatical):
Gravely Reserv'd, in Speech not lavishing,
Neither too sparing nor too liberal;
His Words were few, well season'd, wisely weigh'd,
And in his Tongue the Law of kindness sway'd.

Learned he was beyond the common Size;
Befriended much by Nature in his Wit
And Temper (Sweet, Sedate, Ingenious, Wise);
And (which crown'd all) he was Heav'ens Favourite,
On whom the God of all Grace did command
And show'r down Blessings with a lib'eral hand.

Wise He, not wily, was; Grave, not Morose;
Not stiffe but steady; Seri'ous but not Sowre;
Concern'd for all, as if he had no Foes
(Strange if he had!); and would not wast an Hour;
Thoughtful and Active for the common good,
And yet his own place wisely understood. . . . .

See where our Sister *Charlstown* sits and Moans!
Poor Widowed *Charlstown*, all in Dust, in Tears!
Mark how she wrings her hands! hear how she groans!
See how she weeps! what sorrow like to hers!
Charlstown, that might for joy compare of late
With all about her, now looks desolate.

As you have seen some Pale, Wan, Ghastly look,
When grisly Death, that will not be said nay,
Hath seiz'd all for it self, Possession took,
And turn'd the Soul out of its house of Clay,
So Visag'd is poor *Charlstown* at this day;
Shepard, her very Soul, is torn away.

Cambridge groans under this so heavy cross,
And Sympathizes with her Sister dear;

Renews her Griefs afresh for her old loss
Of her own *Shepard*, and drops many a Tear.
Cambridge and *Charlstown* now joint Mourners are,
And this tremendous loss between them share.

Must Learnings Friend (Ah, worth us all) go thus,
That Great Support to *Harvards* Nursery?
Our *Fellow* (that no Fellow had with us)
Is gone to Heave'ns great University:
Our's now indeed 's a lifeless *Corporation;*
The Soul is fled that gave it *Animation!*

. . . . . .

Farewel, Dear *Shepard!* Thou art gone before,
Made free of *Heaven*, where thou shalt sing loud *Hymns*
Of *High triumphant Praises* evermore,
In the sweet Quire of *Saints* and *Seraphims.*
Lord, look on us here, clogg'd with sin and clay,
And we, through Grace, shall be as happy as they.

My Dearest, Inmost, Bosome-Friend is Gone!
Gone is my sweet Companion, Soul's delight!
Now in an Huddling Croud I 'm all alone,
And almost could bid all the World *Goodnight.*
Blest be my Rock! God lives: Oh let him be,
As He is All, so All in All to me.

1677. 1677.

FROM

A POEM DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE REVEREND AND EXCELLENT MR. URIAN OAKES

(BY N. R.)

Well, Reader, Wipe thine Eyes! & see the *Man*
(Almost too *small* a word!) which *Cambridge* can
Say, "I have lost." In *Name* a *Drusius*,
And *Nature*, too; yea, a compendious
Both *Magazine of worth* and Follower
Of all that ever great and famose were
A *great Soul* in a *little Body.* (Add,
In a small *Nutshell* Graces *Iliad.*)

How many *Angels* on a Needle's point
Can stand is thought, perhaps, a *needless Point:*
Oakes Vertues too I 'me at a loss to tell;
In short, *Hee was New-England's SAMUEL,*
And had as many gallant Propertyes
As ere an *Oak* had *Leaves* or *Argus Eyes.*
A better *Christian* would a *miracle*
Be thought. From most he bore away the ***Bell.*** . . . .

Oakes an *Uncomfortable Preacher* was,
I must confess. Hee made us cry, *Alass!*
In sad *Despair.* Of what? Of *ever seeing*
A better Preacher while wee have a beeing.
Hee, oh, *Hee* was in *Doctrine, Life,* and all
Angelical and *Evangelical;*
A *Benedict* and *Boniface* to boot,
Commending of the *Tree* by noble *Fruit.*
All said, "Our *Oakes* the *Double Power* has
Of *Boanerges* and of *Barnabas.*
Hee is a *Christian Nestor:* Oh, that wee
Might him among us for *three Ages* see!
But, ah, Hee 's gone to *Sinus Abrahæ.*"
What shall I say? Never did any spitt
Gall at this *Gall-less, Guile-less Dove;* nor yet
Did any *Envy* with a cankred breath
Blast him. It was, I 'me sure, the gen'ral Faith,
Lett Oakes *Bee, Say,* or *Do* what e're he wou'd
If it were *OAKES* it must be *wise, true, good.*
Except the *Sect'ryes Hammer* might a blow
Or two receive from *Anabaptists,* who
Never lov'd any Man that wrote a Line
Their naught, Church-rending Cause to undermine.
Yett after my *Encomiastick Ink*
Is all run out, I must conclude (I think)
With a *Dicebam,* not a *Dixi.* Yea,
Such a course will exceeding proper bee:
The *Jews,* whene're they build an *House,* do leave
Some *part Imperfect,* as a call to *grieve*
For their *destroy'd Jerus'lem;* I'le do so!
I do 't! —— —— —— —— —— —— ——
. . . . . .

Lord, Lett us *Peace* on this our *Israel* see,
And still both *Hephsibah* and *Beulah* bee!
Then will thy People *Grace* and *Glory* Sing,
And every Wood with *Hallelujah's* ring.

1682.

JOHN GRAVE

FROM

A SONG OF SION

Be silent now, all People, young and old,
Give ear, all Nations; let your eyes behold
How Christ's pure Light most glorious doth appear.
O all mankind, submit to him in fear;
And let your Priests for shame deceive no more,
For Christ doth sure destroy great *Babel's Whore*,
Which proudly doth on many Waters sit,
And to Christ's glorious Light will not submit,
But strictly will make Laws against the just,
And rob the harmeless to fulfil their lust.
Was ever *Pharaoh's* eye more wilful blind?
And think you not God's wrath as sure to find?
Would you prescribe how men shall serve the Lord,
And you your selves God's Laws never regard?
O wretched men, would you your selves enthrone
And seek to rule where Christ should rule alone?
Who truly will reward equal and right,
According as each loves or hates his Light.
Dare you revenge your selves upon a man
That fears the Lord and not bow to you can?
Or for reproving you of any ill
Will you your cruelty on them fulfil?
And for meeting together in Christ's Name
Dare you make havock of them for the same?
Let fury cease, for God's just wrath proceeds,
And gives to man according to his deeds.
Doth Corn so plentifully now abound
That upright men may not work in their ground,
And no place else can you to them aford
But prison-holes because they fear the Lord?

Think you the Lord not angry is for this?
Or do you think that ye his stroak shall miss?
O consider and be astonished
That you so wretchedly are hardened.
Let this be writ for the succeeding age,
To see their folly and abhor their rage;
That they may know the dreadful works of God,
And say at last, "These justly felt his rod."
Blessed are they that in their hearts have room
For Christ to raign, before his anger come;
For dreadful time of wrath is sure at hand.
O faithless ones, when will you understand?
Now let this be imprinted in your mind:
In time *repent*, whilst you a time yet find;
Fear the Lord God, cease from iniquity,
And love Christs Light; else in your sins you die.
The everlasting Gospel Saints declare;
O all mankind, to hear it now prepare.

1662. 1662.

ANONYMOUS

BACONS EPITAPH

MADE BY HIS MAN

Death, why soe crewill? what, no other way
To manifest thy splleene but thus to slay
Our hopes of safety, liberty, our all,
Which through thy tyrany with him must fall
To its late Caoss? Had thy riged force
Bin delt by retale and not thus in gross,
Griefe had bin silent. Now wee must complaine,
Since thou in him hast more then thousand slane,
Whose lives and safetys did so much depend
On him there lif, with him there lives must end.
If 't be a sin to thinke Death brib'd can bee,
Wee must be guilty, say twas bribery
Guided the fatall shaft. Verginias foes,
To whom for secrit crimes just vengance owes
Disarved plagues, dreding their just disart,
Corrupted Death by Parasscellcian art

Him to destroy, whose well tride curage such
There heartless harts nor arms nor strength could touch.
Who now must heale those wounds or stop that blood
The Heathen made and drew into a flood?
Who i'st must pleade our Cause? nor Trump nor Drum
Nor Deputations; these alass are dumb,
And Cannot speake. Our Arms (though nere so strong)
Will want the aide of his Commanding tongue,
Which Conquer'd more than Ceaser: He orethrew
Onely the outward frame; this Could subdue
The ruged workes of nature. Soules repleate
With dull Child could he 'd annemate with heate
Drawne forth of reasons Lymbick. In a word
Marss and *Minerva* both in him Concurd
For arts, for arms, whose pen and sword alike,
As *Catos* did, may admireation strike
In to his foes, while they confess with all
It was there guilt stil'd him a Criminall.
Onely this differance doth from truth proceed:
They in the guilt, he in the name, must bleed;
While none shall dare his *Obseques* to sing
In disarv'd measures, untill time shall bring
Truth, Crown'd with freedom and from danger free,
To sound his praises to posterity.
Here let him rest: while wee this truth report,
Hee 's gon from hence unto a higher Court
To pleade his Cause, where he by this doth know
WHETHER TO CEASER HEE WAS FRIEND OR FOE.

About 1676. 1814.

NICHOLAS NOYES

FROM

A PRÆFATORY POEM

TO THE LITTLE BOOK ENTITULED CHRISTIANUS PER IGNEM

The *thoughts* are like a swarm of *Bees*,
That fly both *when* and *where* they please;
Those little folks both *work* and *play*
About a *thousand flow'rs* a day.

Yet in their *lawless range* contrive
To bring in *Honey* to their *Hive:*
Who look for *method* in their march
At *Honey making* are not arch.
The Sally's of our *Authors* Soul
So fly about without controul:
Sometimes they clamber *Heavens* steep,
And sometimes into *Hell* do peep;
Good meditation *both* improve,
For *both* to Godly living move.
Methinks I see him climb the *Sky,*
Viewing the *Flaming Fires* on High,
And how the *will of God they do,*
That we on *Earth* may do so too;
And then to *Hell* he doth descend,
To know the Sinners woful end:
He stands aloof, and hears the cry
Of *Guilty worms* that *cannot die*
But live in Lakes of *flaming Fire*
That *never! Never!* shall Expire;
Then, *fir'd* with *zeal,* like *Lion* bold
Roars out and *tells* what can't be *told,*
Warns men to *fly from Wrath to come*
Before the Judge pronounce their doom.
So snatching *brands* from *Fire* and *Death,*
He may his *Fingers* burn therewith;
Yet better so than *burn* our *Souls*
By vexing God and pleasing fools.

1702. 1702.

FROM

A CONSOLATORY POEM

DEDICATED UNTO MR. COTTON MATHER, SOON AFTER THE DECEASE OF HIS EXCELLENT AND VERTUOUS WIFE, MRS. ABIGAIL MATHER. 1703

Sir, after you have wip'd the eyes
Of thousands in their miseries,
And oft condoled the heavy Fates
Of those that have surviv'd their mates,
It 's come at length to your own turn
To be one half within an Urn.

(Your Christ would have it so be done.)
Your other self 's torn off and gone.
Gone! said I? Yes, and that 's the worst:
Your Wife 's but gone to Heaven first. . . . .
And who would live that God makes fit
To die and then gives a permit?
And who would choose a world of fears,
Ready to fall about their ears,
That might get up above the spheres
And leave the region of dread thunder
To them that love the world that 's under,
Where canker'd breasts with envy broil,
And smooth tongues are but dipt in oil,
And Cain's club only doth lie by
For want of opportunity?
Yea, who would live among catarrhs,
Contagions, pains, and strifes, and wars,
That might go up above the stars,
And live in health and peace and bliss,
Had in that world but wish'd in this? . . . .
This phœnix built her nest of spice,
Like to the Birds of Paradise;
Which when a fever set on fire,
Her soul took wing and soared higher,
But left choice ashes here behind,
Christ will for resurrection find.

1703. 1703?

EBENEZER COOK

FROM

THE SOT-WEED FACTOR

OR A VOYAGE TO MARYLAND

I thought it proper to provide
A Lodging for myself and Guide,
So to our Inn we march'd away,
Which at a little distance lay:
Where all things were in such Confusion
I thought the World at its conclusion.

A Herd of Planters on the ground,
O'er-whelm'd with Punch, dead drunk, we found,
Others were fighting and contending;
Some burnt their Cloaths to save the mending.
A few, whose Heads by frequent use
Could better bare the potent Juice,
Gravely debated State Affairs,
Whilst I most nimbly trip'd up Stairs,
Leaving my Friend discoursing oddly
And mixing things Prophane and Godly,
Just then beginning to be Drunk
As from the Company I slunk.
To every Room and Nook I crept,
In hopes I might have somewhere slept;
But all the bedding was possest
By one or other drunken Guest.
But after looking long about
I found an antient Corn-loft out,
Glad that I might in quiet sleep
And there my bones unfractur'd keep.
I lay'd me down, secure from Fray,
And soundly snoar'd till break of Day;
When, waking fresh, I sat upright,
And found my Shoes were vanish'd quite—
Hat, Wig, and Stockings, all were fled
From this extended *Indian* Bed.
Vext at the Loss of Goods and Chattel,
I swore I 'd give the Rascal battel
Who had abus'd me in this sort
And Merchant Stranger made his Sport.
I furiously descended Ladder;
No Hare in *March* was ever madder.
In vain I search'd for my Apparel,
And did with Oast and Servants Quarrel,
For one whose Mind did much aspire
To Mischief threw them in the Fire.
Equipt with neither Hat nor Shooe,
I did my coming hither rue,
And doubtful thought what I should do.
Then, looking round, I saw my Friend
Lie naked on a Tables end,

A Sight so dismal to behold
One wou'd have judg'd him dead and cold;
When, wringing of his bloody Nose
By fighting got, we may suppose,
I found him not so fast asleep
Might give his Friends a cause to weep.
"Rise, *Oronooko*, rise," said I,
"And from this *Hell* and *Bedlam* fly!"
My Guide starts up, and in amaze
With blood-shot Eyes did round him gaze.
At length, with many a sigh and groan,
He went in search of aged Rhoan;
But Rhoan, tho' seldom us'd to faulter,
Had fairly this time slipt his Halter,
And, not content all Night to stay
Ty'd up from Fodder, ran away:
After my Guide to ketch him ran,
And so I lost both Horse and Man.
Which Disappointment, tho' so great,
Did only Mirth and Jests create,
Till one more Civil than the rest,
In Conversation for the best,
Observing that for want of Rhoan
I should be left to walk alone,
Most readily did me intreat
To take a Bottle at his Seat,
A Favour at that time so great
I blest my kind propitious Fate.
And, finding soon a fresh supply
Of Cloaths from Stoar-house kept hard by,
I mounted streight on such a Steed
Did rather curb than whipping need,
And, straining at the usual rate,
With spur of Punch which lay in Pate,
E'er long we lighted at the Gate,
Where, in an antient *Cedar* House,
Dwelt my new Friend, a Cokerouse;
Whose Fabrick, tho' 't was built of Wood,
Had many Springs and Winters stood,
When sturdy Oaks and lofty Pines
Were level'd with Musmelion Vines,

And Plants eradicated were
By Hurricanes into the air.
There with good Punch and apple Juice
We spent our Hours without abuse,
Till Midnight in her sable Vest
Persuaded Gods and Men to rest,
And with a pleasing kind surprize
Indulg'd soft Slumbers to my Eyes.
Fierce *Æthon*, courser of the Sun,
Had half his Race exactly run,
And breath'd on me a fiery Ray;
Darting hot Beams, the following Day,
When, snug in Blanket white, I lay;
But Heat and *Chinces* rais'd the Sinner
Most opportunely to his Dinner:
Wild Fowl and Fish, delicious Meats,
As good as *Neptune*'s Doxy eats,
Began our Hospitable Treat;
Fat Venson follow'd in the Rear,
And Turkies wild Luxurious Chear;
But what the Feast did most commend
Was hearty welcom from my Friend.

1708.

ANONYMOUS

SONG OF LOVEWELL'S FIGHT

Of worthy Captain LOVEWELL I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his King:
He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian's pride.

'T was nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of May,
They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day;
He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land
Which leads into a pond, as we 're made to understand.

Our men resolv'd to have him, and travell'd two miles round
Until they met the Indian, who boldly stood his ground.
Then speaks up Captain LOVEWELL: "Take you good heed," says he;
"This rogue is to decoy us, I very plainly see.

"The Indians lie in ambush, in some place nigh at hand,
In order to surround us upon this neck of land;
Therefore we 'll march in order, and each man leave his pack,
That we may briskly fight them when they make their attack."

They came unto this Indian, who did them thus defy:
As soon as they came nigh him, two guns he did let fly,
Which wounded Captain LOVEWELL and likewise one man more;
But when this rogue was running, they laid him in his gore.

Then, having scalp'd the Indian, they went back to the spot
Where they had laid their packs down, but there they found them not,
For the Indians, having spy'd them when they them down did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder and carry them away.

These rebels lay in ambush this very place hard by,
So that an English soldier did one of them espy
And cried out, "Here 's an Indian!" With that they started out
As fiercely as old lions, and hideously did shout.

With that our valiant English all gave a loud huzza,
To shew the rebel Indians they fear'd them not a straw.
So now the fight began; and as fiercely as could be
The Indians ran up to them, but soon were forced to flee.

Then spake up Captain LOVEWELL when first the fight began,
"Fight on, my valiant heroes! you see they fall like rain!"
For, as we are inform'd, the Indians were so thick
A man could scarcely fire a gun and not some of them hit.

Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it, because there was a pond
To which our men retreated and covered all the rear:
The rogues were forc'd to flee them, altho' they skulked for fear.

Two logs there were behind them that close together lay:
Without being discovered they could not get away;
Therefore our valiant English they travell'd in a row,
And at a handsome distance, as they were wont to go.

'T was ten o'clock in the morning when first the fight begun,
And fiercely did continue until the setting sun,
Excepting that the Indians, some hours before 't was night,
Drew off into the bushes and ceas'd a while to fight.

But soon again returned in fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud;
For, as we are informed, so thick and fast they fell
Scarce twenty of their number at night did get home well;

And that our valiant English till midnight there did stay,
To see whether the rebels would have another fray;
But, they no more returning, they made off towards their home,
And brought away their wounded as far as they could come.

Of all our valiant English there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians there were about fourscore:
And sixteen of our English did safely home return;
The rest were kill'd and wounded, for which we all must mourn.

Our worthy Captain LOVEWELL among them there did die;
They killed Lieut. ROBBINS, and wounded good young FRYE,
Who was our English Chaplain: he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalp'd when bullets round him flew.

Young FULLAM, too, I'll mention, because he fought so well—
Endeavouring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell.
But yet our valiant Englishmen in fight were ne'er dismay'd,
But still they kept their motion, and WYMAN 's captain made,

Who shot the old chief PAUGUS, which did the foe defeat;
Then set his men in order, and brought off the retreat;
And, braving many dangers and hardships in the way,
They safe arriv'd at Dunstable the thirteenth day of May.

About 1725. 1824.

MATHER BYLES

FROM

AN ELEGY ADDRESS'D TO HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOUR BELCHER

ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, THE HONOURABLE DANIEL OLIVER, ESQ.

Mindless of Grandieur, from the Crowd he fled,
Sought green Retirements and the silent Shade.
Ye bow'ry Trees which round his Mansion bloom,
Oft ye conceal'd him in your hallow'd Gloom:

Oft he enjoy'd, in your sublime Abode,
His Books, his Innocence, his Friend, his GOD.
Now sad, I wander o'er the lofty Seat
And trace the Mazes of the soft Retreat,
View the fair Prospects, round the Gardens rove,
Bend up the Hill and search the lonely Grove.
But ah, no more his Voice salutes my Ear,
Nor in his Hands the blushing Fruits appear;
Yet is his Image in each Scene convey'd,
And busy Fancy forms his gliding Shade:
I seem to meet him in the flow'ry Walks,
And thro' the Boughs his whispering Spirit talks;
Eager I call, the dear Delusion flies,
Grief seals my Lips and Tears suffuse my Eyes.
O far, far off, above the Ken of these,
The rising Mountain and th' aspiring Trees,
In the gay Bow'rs that crown th' Eternal Hills
His spotless Soul in deathless Pleasure dwells;
Tuneful replies while Choral Seraphs play,
And in bright Visions smiles the Hours away.
He visits now no more this dull Abode,
But talks with Angels, and beholds his GOD.

1727? 1732.

JOSEPH GREEN

THE POET'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS CAT

WHICH HE USED TO CALL HIS MUSE

Oppress'd with grief, in heavy strains I mourn
The partner of my studies from me torn.
How shall I sing? what numbers shall I chuse?
For in my fav'rite cat I 've lost my muse.
No more I feel my mind with raptures fir'd,
I want those airs that Puss so oft inspir'd:
No crowding thoughts my ready fancy fill,
Nor words run fluent from my easy quill.
Yet shall my verse deplore her cruel fate,
And celebrate the virtues of my cat. . . . .

She never thirsted for the chickens' blood;
Her teeth she only used to chew her food.
Harmless as satires which her master writes,
A foe to scratching and unused to bites,
She in the study was my constant mate;
There we together many evenings sat.
Whene'er I felt my tow'ring fancy fail,
I stroked her head, her ears, her back, and tail,
And, as I stroked, improv'd my dying song
From the sweet notes of her melodious tongue:
Her purrs and mews so evenly kept time,
She purr'd in metre and she mew'd in rhyme.
But when my dulness has too stubborn prov'd,
Nor could by Puss's music be remov'd,
Oft to the well-known volumes have I gone,
And stole a line from Pope or Addison.
Ofttimes when lost amidst poetic heat,
She, leaping on my knee, has took her seat,
There saw the throes that rock'd my lab'ring brain,
And lick'd and claw'd me to myself again.
Then, friends, indulge my grief and let me mourn.
My cat is gone, ah, never to return!
Now in my study, all the tedious night,
Alone I sit and unassisted write;
Look often round (O greatest cause of pain!),
And view the num'rous labors of my brain;
Those quires of words array'd in pompous rhyme,
Which braved the jaws of all-devouring time,
Now undefended and unwatch'd by cats,
Are doom'd a victim to the teeth of rats.

1733.

ANONYMOUS

COMMENCEMENT

I sing the day, bright with peculiar charms,
Whose rising radiance ev'ry bosom warms;
The day when *Cambridge* empties all the towns,
And youths commencing take their laurel crowns;
When smiling joys and gay delights appear,

And shine distinguish'd in the rolling year.
While the glad theme I labour to rehearse
In flowing numbers and melodious verse,
Descend, immortal nine, my soul inspire,
Amid my bosom lavish all your fire,
While smiling *Phœbus* owns the heavenly layes
And shades the poet with surrounding bayes!
But chief, ye blooming nymphs of heavenly frame
Who make the day with double glory flame,
In whose fair persons art and nature vie,
On the young muse cast an auspicious eye:
Secure of fame then shall the goddess sing,
And rise triumphant with a tow'ring wing;
Her tuneful notes wide-spreading all around,
The hills shall echo and the vales resound.
    Soon as the morn, in crimson robes array'd,
With chearful beams dispels the flying shade,
While fragrant odours waft the air along,
And birds melodious chant their heavenly song,
And all the waste of heav'n, with glory spread,
Wakes up the world in sleep's embraces dead,
Then those whose dreams were on th' approaching day
Prepare in splendid garbs to make their way
To that admir'd solemnity whose date
Tho' late begun will last as long as fate.
And now the sprightly Fair approach the glass
To heighten every feature of the face:
They view the roses flush their glowing cheeks,
The snowy lillies twining round their necks;
Their rustling manteaus, huddled on in haste,
They clasp with shining girdles round their waist.
Nor less the speed and care of every beau
To shine in dress and swell the solemn show.
    Thus clad, in careless order mixt by chance,
In haste they both along the streets advance,
'Till near the brink of *Charles*'s beauteous stream
They stop, and think the lingring boat to blame.
Soon as the empty skiff salutes the shore
In with impetuous haste they clustering pour;
The men the head, the stern the ladies grace,
And neighing horses fill the middle space.

Sunk deep, the boat floats slow the waves along,
And scarce contains the thickly crowded throng;
A gen'ral horror seizes on the fair,
While white-look'd cowards only not despair;
'Till, row'd with care, they reach th' opposing side,
Leap on the shore and leave the threat'ning tide,
While to receive the pay the boat-man stands,
And chinking pennys jingle in his hands.
Eager the sparks assault the waiting cars,
Fops meet with fops and clash in civil wars:
Off fly the wigs as mount their kicking heels;
The rudely bouncing head with anguish swells;
A crimson torrent gushes from the nose
Adown the cheeks, and wanders o'er the cloaths.
Vaunting, the victor's strait the chariots leap,
While the poor batter'd beau's for madness weep.
Now in calashes shine the blooming maids,
Bright'ning the day which blazes o'er their heads;
The seats with nimble steps they swift ascend,
And moving on the crowd their waste of beauties spend.
So, bearing thro' the boundless breadth of heav'n,
The twinkling lamps of light are graceful driv'n,
While on the world they shed their glorious rays,
And set the face of nature in a blaze.
Now smoak the burning wheels along the ground,
While rapid hoofs of flying steeds resound;
The drivers, by no vulgar flame inspir'd,
But with the sparks of love and glory fir'd,
With furious swiftness sweep along the way,
And from the foremost chariot snatch the day.
So at olympick games when heros strove
In rapid cars to gain the goal of love,
If on her fav'rite youth the goddess shone
He left his rival and the winds out-run.
And now thy town, O *Cambridge*, strikes the sight
Of the beholders with confus'd delight;
Thy green campaigns wide open to the view,
And buildings where bright youth their fame pursue.
Blest village, on whose plains united glows
A vast, confus'd magnificence of shows,
Where num'rous crowds of different colours blend,

Thick as the trees which from the hills ascend,
Or as the grass which shoots in verdant spires
Or stars which dart thro' natures realms their fires.
How am I fir'd with a profuse delight
When round the yard I roll my ravish'd sight!
From the high casements how the ladies show,
And scatter glory on the crowds below!
From sash to sash the lovely lightening plays,
And blends their beauties in a radiant blaze.
So when the noon of night the earth invades
And o'er the landskip spreads her silent shades,
In heavens high vault the twinkling stars appear
And with gay glory's guild the gleemy sphere;
From their bright orbs a flame of splendors flows,
And all around th' enlighten'd ether glows.
Soon as huge heaps have delug'd all the plains
Of tawny damsels mixt with simple swains,
Gay city beau's, grave matrons and coquats,
Bully's and cully's, clergymen and wits,
The thing which first the num'rous crowd employs
Is by a breakfast to begin their joys,
While wine, which blushes in a chrystal glass,
Streams down in floods and paints their glowing face.
And now the time approaches when the bell
With dull continuance tolls a solemn knell.
Numbers of blooming youth in black array
Adorn the yard and gladden all the day;
In two strait lines they instantly divide,
While each beholds his partner on th' opposing side:
Then slow, majestick, walks the learned *head*;
The *senate* follow with a solemn tread;
Next *levi*'s tribe in reverend order move,
Whilst the uniting youth the show improve.
They glow in long procession till they come
Near to the portals of the sacred dome;
Then on a sudden open fly the doors,
The leader enters, then the croud thick pours.
The temple in a moment feels its freight
And cracks beneath its vast unwieldy weight:
So when the threatning Ocean roars around
A place encompass'd with a lofty mound,

If some weak part admits the raging waves
It flows resistless and the city laves,
Till underneath the waters ly the tow'rs
Which menac'd with their height the heav'nly pow'rs.
The work begun with pray'r, with modest pace
A youth advancing mounts the desk with grace,
To all the audience sweeps a circling bow,
Then from his lips ten thousand graces flow.
The next that comes a learned thesis reads,
The question states, and then a war succeeds:
Loud major, minor, and the consequence
Amuse the crowd, wide-gaping at their sence;
Who speaks the loudest is with them the best,
And impudence for learning is confest.
The battle o'er, the sable youth descend,
And to the awful chief their footsteps bend:
With a small book the laurel wreath he gives,
Join'd with a pow'r to use it all their lives;
Obsequious they return what they receive,
With decent rev'rence they his presence leave.
Dismiss'd, they strait repeat their backward way,
And with white napkins grace the sumptuous day.
Now plates unnumber'd on the tables shine,
And dishes fill'd invite the guests to dine.
The grace perform'd, each as it suits him best
Divides the sav'ry honours of the feast;
The glasses with bright sparkling wines abound,
And flowing bowls repeat the jolly round.
Thanks said, the multitude unite their voice
In sweetly mingled and melodious noise:
The warbling musick floats along the air,
And softly winds the mazes of the ear;
Ravish'd, the crowd promiscuously retires,
And each pursues the pleasure he admires.
Behold, my muse, far distant on the plains,
Amidst a wrestling ring, two jolly swains:
Eager for fame, they tug and haul for blood,
One nam'd *Jack Luby*, t' other *Robin Clod;*
Panting they strain, and labouring hard they sweat,
Mix legs, kick shins, tear cloaths, and ply their feet;
Now nimbly trip, now stiffly stand their ground,
And now they twirle around, around, around;

Till, overcome by greater art or strength,
Jack Luby lays along his lubber length.
"A fall, a fall!" the loud spectators cry;
"A fall, a fall!" the echoing hills reply.
O'er yonder field in wild confusion runs
A clam'rous troop of *Affric's* sable sons:
Behind, the victors shout with barbarous roar,
The vanquish'd fly with hideous yells before;
The gloomy squadron thro' the valley speeds,
Whilst clatt'ring cudgels battle o'er their heads.
Again to church the learned tribe repair,
Where syllogisms battle in the air;
And then the elder youth their second laurels wear.
Hail, happy laurets, who our hopes inspire,
And set our ardent wishes all on fire:
By you the pulpit and the bar will shine,
In future annals, while the ravish'd nine
Will in your bosom breathe cælestial flames,
And stamp *Eternity* upon your names.
Accept my infant muse, whose feeble wings
Can scarce sustain her flight while you she sings;
With candour view my rude unfinish'd praise,
And see my *Ivy* twist around your *bayes:*
So *Phideas*, by immortal *Jove* inspir'd,
His statue carv'd, by all mankind admir'd;
Nor thus content, by his approving nod
He cut himself upon the shining god,
That, shaded by the umbrage of his name,
Eternal honours might attend his fame.

1744.

JOHN MAYLEM

FROM

THE CONQUEST OF LOUISBURG

See AMHERST now his warlike Squadrons range,
Portending dreadful Death and loud Revenge;
Forms his fierce Legions in embattled Ranks,
With Van and Rear-Guard and important Flanks;
Then at their Head, heroic and serene,

March'd like young Scipio to a bloodier Scene,
To a high Battery, or winding Length,
Of double Embrasures, of double Strength,
Whose mighty Walls the Enemy immure,
And the long Trenches aid their great Secure;
Now o'er the Heath his brave Myrmidons leads,
While the shrill Music sounds to noble Deeds,
And the warm Sun-beams on their Fire-locks play,
Strike off in Spires and aid the blaze of Day.
A gen'ral halt ensues, nor yet the Van
Had the fierce Onset of Attack began;
Six Deep the Front a martial Grace disclose,
That dar'd the Thunder of their Gallic Foes.
But lo, while ready for the Charge they stood,
Death, Blunderbuss, Artillery, and Blood,
Blue Smoke and purple Flame around appear,
And the hot Bullets hail from Front to Rear.
Tremendous Fate by Turns incessant flies,
While the black Sulphur cloud the azure Skies;
And ghastly Savages, with fearful yell,
Invoke their Kindred of profoundest Hell,
Whose hoarse shrill powaws valiant AMHERST scorns,
And roars loud Thunder from his dread Cohorns.
Now dire Confusions on Confusions rise,
And the deep Conflict aids the mighty Noise.
From Hills of Smoke see Spire ascend on Spire,
And AMHERST there invelop'd all in Fire;
With his drawn Sabre, from a livid Cloud
With teeming Death emerging like a God;
Ten thousand Beams spire from the flaming Steel,
And Gallia's Sons his weighty Prowess feel.
Now the vast Tumult wakes the drowsy Gods,
Who all look down to see the mighty odds:
When AMHERST there, like Peleus mighty Son,
Dreadful in Arms and Tyrian Scarlet shone,
Engaging here, in Martial Order stood
Fierce as Alcides or the Scythian God;
Till thundring Mars no more the Sight could bear,
Turn'd pale with Envy and let drop his Spear,
And Fame, all flaming from the imperial Car,
Hail'd him sole Rival of the God of War.

1758. 1758.

THOMAS GODFREY

THE INVITATION

Damon. Haste, Sylvia, haste, my charming maid!
Let 's leave these fashionable toys:
Let 's seek the shelter of some shade,
And revel in ne'er fading joys.
See, *Spring* in liv'ry gay appears,
And winter's chilly blasts are fled;
Each grove its leafy honours rears,
And meads their lovely verdure spread.

Sylvia. Yes, Damon, glad I 'll quit the town;
Its gaieties now languid seem:
Then sweets to luxury unknown
We 'll taste, and sip th' untainted stream.
In *Summer*'s sultry noon-tide heat
I 'll lead thee to the shady grove,
There hush thy cares, or pleas'd repeat
Those vows that won my soul to love.

Damon. When o'er the mountain peeps the dawn,
And round her ruddy beauties play,
I'll wake my love to view the lawn,
Or hear the warblers hail the day.
But without thee the rising morn
In vain awakes the cooling breeze;
In vain does nature's face adorn—
Without my Sylvia nought can please.

Sylvia. At night, when universal gloom
Hides the bright prospects from our view,
When the gay groves give up their bloom
And verdant meads their lovely hue,
Tho' fleeting spectres round me move,
When in thy circling arms I 'm prest,
I 'll hush my rising fears with love,
And sink in slumber on thy Breast.

Damon. The new-blown rose, whilst on its leaves
Yet the bright scented dew-drop 's found,
Pleas'd on thy bosom whilst it heaves,
Shall shake its heav'nly fragrance round.

Then mingled sweets the sense shall raise,
Then mingled beauties catch the eye:
What pleasure on such charms to gaze,
What rapture 'mid such sweets to lie!

Sylvia. How sweet thy words! But, Damon, cease,
Nor strive to fix me ever here;
Too well you know these accents please,
That oft have fill'd my ravish'd ear.
Come, lead me to these promis'd joys
That dwelt so lately on thy tongue;
Direct me by thy well-known voice,
And calm my transports with thy song!

1758. 1758.

FROM

THE COURT OF FANCY

'T was sultry noon; impatient of the heat
I sought the covert of a close retreat:
Soft by a bubbling fountain was I laid,
And o'er my head the spreading branches play'd,
When gentle slumber stole upon my eyes,
And busy *Fiction* bid this vision rise.
Methought I, pensive, unattended, stood,
Wrapt in the horrors of a desert wood:
Old Night and Silence spread their sway around,
And not a breeze disturb'd the dread profound.
To break the wild and gain the neighb'ring plain
Oft I essay'd, and oft essay'd in vain;
Still in intricate mazes round I run,
And ever ended where I first begun.
While thus I lab'ring strove t' explore my way,
Bright on my sense broke unexpected Day;
Retiring Night in haste withdrew her shade,
And sudden morn shone thro' the op'ning glade.
No more the scene a desert wild appear'd;
A smiling grove its vernal honors rear'd,
While sweetness on the balmy breezes hung,
And all around a joyful Mattin rung:
Soft was the strain as *Zephyr* in the grove,

Or purling streams that thro' the meadows rove;
Now wild in air the varying strain is tost,
In distant echoes then the sound is lost,
Again reviv'd, and lo the willing trees
Rise to the pow'rful numbers by degrees.
Trees now no more, robb'd of their verdant bloom,
They shine supporters of a spacious dome;
The wood to bright transparent crystal chang'd,
High fluted columns rise in order rang'd.
So to the magic of *Amphion's* lyre
Stones motion found, and *Thebes* was seen t' aspire,
The nodding forests 'rose with the soft sound,
And gilded turrets glitter'd all around:
Each wond'ring God bent from his heav'nly seat
To view what pow'rful music cou'd compleat.
High on a mountain was the pile disclos'd,
And spreading limes th' ascending walks compos'd;
While far below the waving woods declin'd,
Their verdant tops bow'd with the gentle wind.
Bright varying *Novelty* produc'd delight,
And *Majesty* and *Beauty* charm'd the sight.
Such are the scenes which *Poets* sweetly sing,
By *Fancy* taught to strike the trembling string.
Here *Fancy's* fane, near to the blest abode
Of all her kindred Gods, superior stood.
Dome upon dome it sparkl'd from on high,
Its lofty top lost in the azure sky.
By *Fiction's* hand th' amazing pile was rear'd;
In ev'ry part stupendous skill appear'd:
In beautiful disorder, yet compleat,
The structure shone irregular and great;
The noble frontispiece of antique mold
Glitter'd with gems and blaz'd with burnish'd gold.
Now thro' the sounding vaults, self-op'ning, rung
The massy gates on golden hinges hung;
All the bright structure was disclos'd to view,
Magnificent with beauty ever new:
Trembling I stood absorb'd in dread surprize,
And sudden glory dim'd my aching eyes.
Unnumber'd Pillars all around were plac'd,
Their capitals with artful sculpture grac'd.

Wide round the roof a fictious sky was rais'd;
A glorious Sun in the meridian blaz'd,
On the rich columns play'd his dazzling ray,
And all around diffus'd immortal day;
A shining Phœnix on th' effusive rays
Fix'd his aspiring eye with steady gaze.
Beneath appear'd a chequer'd pavement, bright
With sparkling Jaspanyx and Chrysolite.
'Round, by creating *Fiction's* hand renew'd,
Gay visionary scenes in order stood;
Th' obedient figures at her touch disclos'd,
And various tales the glowing walls compos'd.

1762.

FROM

THE PRINCE OF PARTHIA, A TRAGEDY

ACT I. SCENE I

The Temple of the Sun. Gotarzes and Phraates

Gotarzes. He comes, *Arsaces* comes! my gallant Brother,
Like shining Mars in all the pomp of conquest,
Triumphant enters now our joyful gates.
Bright Victory waits on his glitt'ring car
And shows her fav'rite to the wond'ring croud,
While Fame, exulting, sounds the happy name
To realms remote, and bids the world admire.
Oh, 't is a glorious day! let none presume
T' indulge the tear or wear the gloom of sorrow.
This day shall shine in Ages yet to come,
And grace the PARTHIAN story.

Phraates. Glad *Ctes'phon*
Pours forth her numbers like a rolling deluge
To meet the blooming Hero: all the ways
On either side as far as sight can stretch
Are lin'd with crouds, and on the lofty walls
Innumerable multitudes are rang'd.
On ev'ry countenance impatience sate
With roving eye, before the train appear'd;
But when they saw the Darling of the Fates,
They rent the air with loud repeated shouts.
The Mother show'd him to her infant son,

And taught his lisping tongue to name *Arsaces*.
E'en aged Sires, whose sounds are scarcely heard,
By feeble strength supported tost their caps,
And gave their murmur to the gen'ral voice.

Gotarzes. The spacious streets which lead up to the Temple
Are strew'd with flow'rs: each with frantic joy
His garland forms and throws it in the way.
What pleasure, *Phraates*, must swell his bosom,
To see the prostrate nation all around him
And know he 's made them happy! to hear them
Tease the Gods to show'r their blessings on him!
Happy *Arsaces*, fain I 'd imitate
Thy matchless worth, and be a shining joy.

Phraates. Hark, what a shout was that which pierc'd the skies!
It seem'd as tho' all Nature's beings join'd
To hail thy glorious Brother.

Gotarzes. Happy *Parthia!*
Now proud *Arabia* dreads her destin'd chains,
While shame and rout disperses all her sons.
Barzaphernes pursues the fugitives,
The few whom fav'ring Night redeem'd from slaughter:
Swiftly they fled, for fear had wing'd their speed,
And made them bless the shade which saf'ty gave.

Phraates. What a bright hope is ours, when those dread pow'rs
Who rule yon heav'n and guide the mov'ments here
Shall call your royal Father to their joys.
In blest *Arsaces* ev'ry virtue meets:
He 's gen'rous, brave, and wise, and good,
Has skill to act, and noble fortitude
To face bold danger, in the battle firm,
And dauntless as a Lion fronts his foe;
Yet is he sway'd by ev'ry tender passion,
Forgiving mercy, gentleness, and love,
Which speak the Hero friend of humankind.

Gotarzes. And let me speak, for 't is to him I owe
That here I stand and breath the common air,
And 't is my pride to tell it to the world.
One luckless day, as in the eager chace
My Courser wildly bore me from the rest,

A monst'rous Leopard from a bosky fen
Rush'd forth, and foaming lash'd the ground,
And fiercely ey'd me as his destin'd quarry.
My jav'lin swift I threw, but o'er his head
It erring pass'd and harmless in the air
Spent all its force; my falchin then I seiz'd,
Advancing to attack my ireful foe,
When furiously the savage sprung upon me
And tore me to the ground; my treach'rous blade
Above my hand snap'd short, and left me quite
Defenceless to his rage. *Arsaces* then,
Hearing the din, flew like some pitying pow'r,
And quickly freed me from the Monster's paws,
Drenching his bright lance in his spotted breast.
Phraates. How diff'rent he from arrogant *Vardanes!*
That haughty Prince eyes with a stern contempt
All other Mortals, and with lofty mien
He treads the earth as tho' he were a God.
Nay, I believe that his ambitious soul,
Had it but pow'r to its licentious wishes,
Would dare dispute with Jove the rule of heav'n;
Like a Titanian son, with giant insolence
Match with the Gods and wage immortal war,
'Til their red wrath should hurl him headlong down
E'en to destruction's lowest pit of horror.
Gotarzes. Methinks he wears not that becoming joy
Which on this bright occasion gilds the court:
His brow 's contracted with a gloomy frown,
Pensive he stalks along, and seems a prey
To pining discontent.
Phraates. *Arsaces* he dislikes
For standing 'twixt him and the hope of Empire,
While Envy, like a rav'nous Vulture, tears
His canker'd heart to see your Brother's triumph.
Gotarzes. And yet *Vardanes* owes that hated Brother
As much as I. 'T was summer last, as we
Were bathing in *Euphrates'* flood, *Vardanes,*
Proud of strength, would seek the further shore;
But 'ere he the mid-stream gain'd, a poignant pain
Shot thro' his well-strung nerves, contracting all,
And the stiff joints refus'd their wonted aid.

Loudly he cry'd for help: *Arsaces* heard,
And thro' the swelling waves he rush'd to save
His drowning Brother, and gave him life;
And for the boon the Ingrate pays him hate.
Phraates. There 's something in the wind, for I 've observ'd
Of late he much frequents the Queen's apartment,
And fain would court her favour. Wild is she
To gain revenge for fell *Vonones'* death,
And firm resolves the ruin of *Arsaces*,
Because that, fill'd with filial piety,
To save his Royal Sire he struck the bold
Presumptuous Traitor dead: nor heeds she
The hand which gave her Liberty, nay rais'd her
Again to Royalty.
Gotarzes. Ingratitude,
Thou hell-born fiend, how horrid is thy form!
The Gods sure let thee loose to scourge mankind,
And save them from an endless waste of thunder.
Phraates. Yet I 've beheld this now so haughty Queen
Bent with distress and e'en by pride forsook,
When following thy Sire's triumphant car;
Her tears and ravings mov'd the senseless herd,
And pity blest their more than savage breasts
With the short pleasure of a moments softness.
Thy Father, conquer'd by her charms (for what
Can charm like mourning beauty?), soon struck off
Her chains, and rais'd her to his bed and throne;
Adorn'd the brows of her aspiring Son,
The fierce *Vonones*, with the regal crown
Of rich *Armenia*, once the happy rule
Of *Tisaphernes*, her deceased Lord.
Gotarzes. And he in wasteful war return'd his thanks,
Refus'd the homage he had sworn to pay,
And spread Destruction ev'ry where around,
'Til from *Arsaces* hand he met the fate
His crimes deserv'd.
Phraates. As yet your princely Brother
Has scap'd *Thermusa's* rage; for, still residing
In peaceful times within his Province, ne'er
Has fortune blest her with a sight of him
On whom she 'd wreck her vengeance.

Gotarzes. She has won
By spells, I think, so much on my fond father
That he is guided by her will alone.
She rules the realm; her pleasure is a law;
All offices and favours are bestow'd
As she directs.
Phraates. But see, the Prince *Vardanes;*
Proud *Lysias* with him, he whose soul is harsh
With jarring discord. Nought but madding rage
And ruffian-like revenge his breast can know;
Indeed, to gain a point he 'll condescend
To mask the native rancour of his heart,
And smooth his venom'd tongue with flattery:
Assiduous now he courts *Vardanes'* friendship—
See how he seems to answer all his gloom,
And give him frown for frown.
Gotarzes. Let us retire,
And shun them now: I know not what it means,
But chilling horror shivers o'er my limbs
When *Lysias* I behold.

1759. 1765.

ROBERT ROGERS

FROM

PONTEACH

OR THE SAVAGES OF AMERICA

ACT I. SCENE I

An Indian Trading House. Enter M'Dole and Murphey, Two Indian Traders, and their Servants.

M'Dole. So, *Murphey,* you are come to try your Fortune
Among the Savages in this wild Desart?
Murphey. Ay, any Thing to get an honest Living,
Which, 'faith, I find it hard enough to do;
Times are so dull and Traders are so plenty
That Gains are small and Profits come but slow.
M'Dole. Are you experienc'd in this kind of Trade?
Know you the Principles by which it prospers,
And how to make it lucrative and safe?

If not, you're like a Ship without a Rudder,
That drives at random and must surely sink.
Murphey. I 'm unacquainted with your *Indian* Commerce,
And gladly would I learn the Arts from you,
Who 're old and practis'd in them many Years.
M'Dole. That is the curst Misfortune of our Traders:
A thousand Fools attempt to live this Way,
Who might as well turn Ministers of State.
But as you are a Friend I will inform you
Of all the secret Arts by which we thrive;
Which if all practis'd, we might all grow rich,
Nor circumvent each other in our Gains.
What have you got to part with to the *Indians?*
Murphey. I 've Rum and Blankets, Wampum, Powder, Bells,
And such-like Trifles as they 're wont to prize.
M'Dole. 'T is very well; your Articles are good:
But now the Thing 's to make a Profit from them
Worth all your Toil and Pains of coming hither.
Our fundamental Maxim, then, is this,
That it 's no Crime to cheat and gull an *Indian.*
Murphey. How! Not a Sin to cheat an *Indian*, say you?
Are they not Men? hav 'nt they a Right to Justice
As well as we, though savage in their Manners?
M'Dole. Ah! If you boggle here, I say no more:
This is the very Quintessence of Trade,
And ev'ry Hope of Gain depends upon it;
None who neglect it ever did grow rich,
Or ever will or can, by *Indian* Commerce.
By this old *Ogden* built his stately House,
Purchas'd Estates, and grew a little King.
He, like an honest Man, bought all by Weight,
And made the ign'rant Savages believe
That his Right Foot exactly weigh'd a Pound:
By this for many Years he bought their Furs,
And died in Quiet like an honest Dealer.
Murphey. Well, I 'll not stick at what is necessary;
But his Device is now grown old and stale,
Nor could I manage such a barefac'd Fraud.
M'Dole. A thousand Opportunities present
To take Advantage of their Ignorance;
But the great Engine I employ is Rum,

More pow'rful made by certain strength'ning Drugs.
This I distribute with a lib'ral Hand,
Urge them to drink till they grow mad and valiant,
Which makes them think me generous and just,
And gives full Scope to practise all my Art.
I then begin my Trade with water'd Rum:
The cooling Draught well suits their scorching Throats;
Their Fur and Peltry come in quick Return.
My Scales are honest, but so well contriv'd
That one small Slip will turn Three Pounds to One,
Which they, poor silly Souls, ignorant of Weights
And Rules of Balancing, do not perceive.
But here they come: you 'll see how I proceed.
Jack, is the Rum prepar'd as I commanded?

Jack. Yes, Sir, all 's ready when you please to call.

M'Dole. Bring here the Scales and Weights immediately.
You see the Trick is easy and conceal'd.

[*Shewing how to slip the Scales.*

Murphey. By *Jupiter*, it 's artfully contriv'd;
And was I King, I swear I 'd knight th' Inventor.
Tom, mind the Part that you will have to act.

Tom. Ah, never fear, I 'll do as well as *Jack.*
But then, you know, an honest Servant's Pains
Deserves Reward.

Murphey. O, I 'll take care of that.

Enter a Number of Indians, with Packs of Fur.

1st Indian. So, what, you trade with *Indians* here to-day?

M'Dole. Yes, if my Goods will suit, and we agree.

2d Indian. 'T is Rum we want: we 're tired, hot, and thirsty.

3d Indian. You, Mr. *Englishman*, have you got Rum?

M'Dole. *Jack*, bring a Bottle; pour them each a Gill.
You know which Cask contains the Rum. The Rum?

1st Indian. It 's good strong Rum; I feel it very soon.

M'Dole. Give me a Glass. Here 's Honesty in Trade:
We *English* always drink before we deal.

2d Indian. Good Way enough; it makes one sharp and cunning.

M'Dole. Hand round another Gill. You 're very welcome.

3d Indian. Some say you *Englishmen* are sometimes Rogues:
You make poor *Indians* drunk, and then you cheat.

1st Indian. No, *English* good. The *Frenchmen* give no Rum.

2d Indian. I think it 's best to trade with *Englishmen.*

M'Dole. What is your Price for Beaver Skins *per* Pound?
1st Indian. How much you ask *per* Quart for this strong Rum?
M'Dole. Five Pounds of Beaver for One Quart of Rum.
1st Indian. Five Pounds? Too much. Which is 't you call Five Pound?
M'Dole. This little Weight. I cannot give you more.
1st Indian. Well, take 'em; weigh 'em. Don't you cheat us now.
M'Dole. No: He that cheats an *Indian* should be hang'd.
[*Weighing the Packs.*

There 's Thirty Pounds precisely of the Whole;
Five times Six is Thirty. Six Quarts of Rum.
Jack, measure it to them, you know the Cask.
This Rum is sold. You draw it off the best.
[*Exeunt Indians to receive their Rum.*

Murphey. By *Jove*, you 've gained more in a single Hour
Than ever I have done in Half a Year.
Curse on my Honesty! I might have been
A *little King* and liv'd without Concern,
Had I but known the proper Arts to thrive.
M'Dole. Ay, there 's the Way, my honest Friend, to live!
[*Clapping his Shoulder.*

There 's Ninety Weight of Sterling Beaver for you,
Worth all the Rum and Trinkets in my Store;
And would my Conscience let me do the Thing,
I might enhance my Price and lessen theirs
And raise my Profits to an higher Pitch.
Murphey. I can't but thank you for your kind Instructions,
As from them I expect to reap Advantage.
But should the Dogs detect me in the Fraud,
They are malicious and would have Revenge.
M'Dole. Can't you avoid them? Let their Vengeance light
On others Heads, no matter whose, if you
Are but secure and have the Gain in Hand;
For they 're indiff'rent where they take Revenge,
Whether on him that cheated or his Friend,
Or on a Stranger whom they never saw,
Perhaps an honest Peasant who ne'er dreamt
Of Fraud or Villainy in all his Life.
Such let them murder, if they will, a Score;
The Guilt is theirs, while we secure the Gain,
Nor shall we feel the bleeding Victims Pain.
[*Exeunt.*

FROM

ACT II. SCENE II

Ponteach's Cabbin. Ponteach, Philip, Chekitan, and Tenesco.

Ponteach. My Sons, and trusty Counsellor *Tenesco*,
As the sweet-smelling Rose when yet a Bud
Lies close conceal'd till Time and the Sun's Warmth
Hath swell'd, matur'd, and brought it forth to View,
So these my Purposes I now reveal
Are to be kept with You, on pain of Death,
Till Time hath ripen'd my aspiring Plan
And Fortune's Sunshine shall disclose the Whole;
Or should we fail, and Fortune prove perverse,
Let it be never known how far we fail'd,
Lest Fools shou'd triumph or our Foes rejoice.
Tenesco. The Life of great Designs is Secrecy,
And in Affairs of State 't is Honour's Guard:
For Wisdom cannot form a Scheme so well
But Fools will laugh if it should prove abortive;
And our Designs once known, our Honour 's made
Dependent on the Fickleness of Fortune.
Philip. What may your great and secret Purpose be,
That thus requires Concealment in its Birth?
Ponteach. To raise the Hatchet from its short Repose,
Brighten its Edge, and stain it deep with Blood;
To scourge my proud, insulting, haughty Foes;
To enlarge my Empire, which will soon be yours.
Your Interest, Glory, Grandeur I consult,
And therefore hope with Vigour you 'll pursue
And execute whatever I command.
Chekitan. When we refuse Obedience to your Will
We are not worthy to be call'd your Sons.
Philip. If we inherit not our Father's Valour,
We never can deserve to share his Empire.
Tenesco. Spoke like yourselves, the Sons of *Ponteach*.
Strength, Courage, and Obedience form the Soldier,
And the firm Base of all true Greatness lay.
Ponteach. Our Empire now is large, our Forces strong,
Our Chiefs are wise, our Warriors valiant Men;
We all are furnish'd with the best of Arms
And all things requisite to curb a Foe;

And now 's our Time, if ever, to secure
Our Country, Kindred, Empire, all that 's dear,
From these Invaders of our Rights, the *English*,
And set their Bounds towards the rising Sun.
Long have I seen with a suspicious Eye
The Strength and growing Numbers of the *French;*
Their Forts and Settlements I 've view'd as Snakes
Of mortal Bite, bound by the Winter Frost,
Which in some future warm reviving Day
Would stir and hiss, and spit their Poison forth,
And spread Destruction through our happy Land.
Where are we now? The *French* are all subdued,
But who are in their Stead become our Lords?
A proud, imperious, churlish, haughty Band.
The *French* familiarized themselves with us,
Studied our Tongue and Manners, wore our Dress,
Married our Daughters and our Sons their Maids,
Dealt honestly and well supplied our Wants,
Used no One ill, and treated with Respect
Our Kings, our Captains, and our aged Men,
Call'd us their Friends, nay, what is more, their Children,
And seem'd like Fathers anxious for our Welfare.
Whom see we now? their haughty Conquerors
Possess'd of every Fort and Lake and Pass,
Big with their Victories so often gain'd;
On us they look with deep Contempt and Scorn,
Are false, deceitful, knavish, insolent;
Nay, think us conquered and our Country theirs,
Without a Purchase or ev'n asking for it.
With Pleasure I wou'd call their King my Friend,
Yea, honour and obey him as my Father;
I 'd be content would he keep his own Sea
And leave these distant Lakes and Streams to us;
Nay, I would pay him Homage if requested,
And furnish Warriors to support his Cause.
But thus to lose my Country and my Empire,
To be a Vassal to his low Commanders,
Treated with Disrespect and public Scorn
By Knaves, by Miscreants, Creatures of his Power—
Can this become a King like *Ponteach*,
Whose Empire 's measured only by the Sun?

No; I 'll assert my Right, the Hatchet raise,
And drive these *Britons* hence like frighted Deer,
Destroy their Forts, and make them rue the Day
That to our fertile Land they found the Way.

1766.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY

AN HYMN TO THE EVENING

Soon as the sun forsook the eastern main,
The pealing thunder shook the heav'nly plain:
Majestic grandeur! From the zephyr's wing
Exhales the incense of the blooming spring.
Soft purl the streams; the birds renew their notes,
And through the air their mingled music floats.
Through all the heav'ns what beauteous dies are spread!
But the west glories in the deepest red:
So may our breasts with ev'ry virtue glow,
The living temples of our God below.
Fill'd with the praise of him who gives the light
And draws the sable curtains of the night,
Let placid slumbers sooth each weary mind
At morn to wake more heav'nly, more refin'd;
So shall the labours of the day begin
More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.
Night's leaden sceptre seals my drowsy eyes;
Then cease, my song, till fair *Aurora* rise.

1773.

POEMS OF THE REVOLUTION

THE LIBERTY SONG

(BY JOHN DICKINSON)

Come join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name.

In freedom we 're born and in freedom we 'll live;
Our purses are ready,
Steady, Friends, steady,
Not as *slaves* but as *freemen* our money we'll give.

Our worthy forefathers—let 's give them a cheer—
To climates unknown did courageously steer;
Thro' oceans to deserts for freedom they came,
And dying bequeath'd us their freedom and fame.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despis'd,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights, they priz'd:
We 'll keep what they gave, we will piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.

The Tree their own hands had to Liberty rear'd
They lived to behold growing strong and rever'd;
With transport then cried, "Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."

How sweet are the labors that freemen endure,
That they shall enjoy all the profit, secure:
No more such sweet labors Americans know,
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow.

Swarms of placemen and pensioners soon will appear,
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year:
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others shall spend.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all;
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall:
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause
Of the courage we 'll show in support of our laws:
To die we can bear, but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.

This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth·

That wealth and that glory immortal may be,
If she is but just, and we are but free.
In freedom we 're born, &c.

1768. 1768.

A NEW SONG

As near beauteous Boston lying,
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode,

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axe, and chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads aloft in mid-sky
Three bright angel forms were seen:
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you 'll banish,
Soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish
Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made!

Squash into the deep descended
Cursed weed of China's coast:
Thus at once our fears were ended—
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains, once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails and plough the wave:
Tell your masters they were dreamers,
When they thought to cheat the brave.

1773. 1773.

VIRGINIA BANISHING TEA

Begone, pernicious, baneful tea,
With all Pandora's ills possessed!
Hyson, no more beguiled by thee
My noble sons shall be oppressed.

To Britain fly, where gold enslaves,
And venal men their birth-right sell;
Tell *North* and his bribed clan of knaves
Their bloody acts were made in hell.

In Henry's reign those acts began
Which sacred rules of justice broke;
North now pursues the hellish plan,
To fix on us his slavish yoke.

But we oppose, and will be free;
This great good cause we will defend;
Nor bribe, nor Gage, nor North's decree
Shall make us "at his feet to bend."

From Anglia's ancient sons we came,
Those heroes who for freedom fought:
In freedom's cause we 'll march, their fame
By their example greatly taught.

Our king we love, but North we hate
Nor will to him submission own;
If death 's our doom, we 'll brave our fate,
But pay allegiance to the throne.

Then rouse, my sons! from slavery free
Your suffering homes, from God's high wrath!
Gird on your steel: give *liberty*
To all who follow in our path!

1774.

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus. Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day
Would keep an house a winter;
They have as much that, I 'll be bound,
They eat it when they 're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning,
And father went as nigh again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold
I thought he would have cock'd it;
It scar'd me so I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun;
He kind of clapt his hand on 't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on 't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touch'd it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knock'd upon 't with little clubs,
And call'd the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he 's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They look'd so taring fine, ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scar'd me so I hook'd it off,
Nor stop'd, as I remember,
Nor turn'd about, 'till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.

About 1775.

NATHAN HALE

The breezes went steadily thro' the tall pines,
A saying "Oh hu-ush!" a saying "Oh hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road, in a nest by the road;
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it and thought of his home,
In a cot by the brook, in a cot by the brook,
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gaily forsook, he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat, the tattoo had beat:
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking-place
To make his retreat, to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he pass'd thro' the wood, as he pass'd thro' the wood,
And silently gain'd his rude launch on the shore,
As she play'd with the flood, as she play'd with the flood.

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will, had a murderous will:
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill, to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell, in that little stone cell.
But he trusted in love from his father above:
In his heart all was well, in his heart all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn base voice
Sat moaning hard by, sat moaning hard by:
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die, for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrain'd,
The cruel gen'ral, the cruel gen'ral;
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gain'd;
And said that was all, and said that was all

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side, down the hill's grassy side.
'T was there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride, his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent, for him to repent:
He pray'd for his mother, he ask'd not another;
To Heaven he went, to Heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy shew'd,
As he trod the last stage, as he trod the last stage;
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage:

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants to you their allegiance they owe:
No fears for the brave, no fears for the brave."

1776?

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

(BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON)

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I 'll tell, which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'T was early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief 's brewing:

"These kegs, I 'm told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they 're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William, he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm, as he lay warm,
. . . . . .

Now in a fright he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter;
He rubs his eyes and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what 's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sir:
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels, more 's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat
And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir,

"Therefore prepare for bloody war:
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despis'd shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomachs stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began, I 'm sure no man
Ere saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from every quarter:
"Why sure," thought they, "the devil 's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water."

The kegs, 't is said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn till night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage,
And when the sun was fairly down
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
Against those wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They 'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

1778.

THE BRITISH LIGHT-INFANTRY

Hark! hark! the bugle's lofty sound,
Which makes the woods and rocks around
Repeat the martial strain,
Proclaims the *light-arm'd British troops*
Advance. Behold rebellion droops,
She hears the sound with pain.

She sees their glitt'ring arms with fear,
Their nodding plumes approaching near,
Her gorgon head she hides.
She flees in vain to shun such foes,
For *Wayne* or hapless *Baylor* knows
How swift their vengeance glides

The nimble messenger of Jove
On earth alights not from above
With step so light as theirs;
Hence they have *feather'd caps*, and *wings*,
And *weapons* which have keener stings
Than that gay Hermes bears.

A myrtle garland, with the vine,
Venus and Bacchus shall entwine,
About their brows to place;
As types of love and joy, beneath
The well-earn'd, budding laurel-wreath
Which shades each hero's face.

1778.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

What though last year be past and gone,
Why should we grieve or mourn about it?
As good a year is now begun,
And better too, let no one doubt it.
'T is New-Year's morn; why should we part?
Why not enjoy what Heaven has sent us?
Let wine expand the social heart,
Let friends and mirth and wine content us.

War's rude alarms disturb'd last year;
Our country bled and wept around us:
But this each honest heart shall cheer,
And peace and plenty shall surround us.

Last year King Congo, through the land,
Display'd his thirteen stripes to fright us;
But *George's* power, in *Clinton's* hand,
In this New-Year shall surely right us.

Last year saw many honest men
Torn from each dear and sweet connection;
But this shall see them home again,
And happy in their King's protection.

Last year vain Frenchmen brav'd our coasts,
And baffled Howe, and scap'd from Byron;
But this shall bring their vanquish'd hosts
To crouch beneath the British Lion.

Last year rebellion proudly stood,
Elate in her meridian glory;
But this shall quench her pride in blood:
GEORGE will avenge each martyr'd Tory.

Then bring us wine, full bumpers bring;
Hail this New-Year in joyful chorus:
God bless great GEORGE, our gracious King,
And crush rebellion down before us!

1779.

FROM

THE AMERICAN TIMES

(BY JONATHAN ODELL?)

Hear thy indictment, Washington, at large;
Attend and listen to the solemn charge:
Thou hast supported an atrocious cause
Against thy King, thy Country, and the laws;
Committed perjury, encourag'd lies,
Forced conscience, broken the most sacred ties;
Myriads of wives and fathers at thy hand
Their slaughter'd husbands, slaughter'd sons demand;
That pastures hear no more the lowing kine,
That towns are desolate, all, all is thine;
The frequent sacrilege that pain'd my sight,
The blasphemies my pen abhors to write,
Innumerable crimes on thee must fall,
For thou maintainest, thou defendest all.
Wilt thou pretend that Britain is in fault?
In Reason's court a falsehood goes for nought.
Will it avail, with subterfuge refin'd,

To say such deeds are foreign to thy mind?
Wilt thou assert that, generous and humane,
Thy nature suffers at another's pain?
He who a band of ruffians keeps to kill,
Is he not guilty of the blood they spill?
Who guards M'Kean and Joseph Reed the vile,
Help'd he not murder Roberts and Carlisle?
So, who protects committees in the chair,
In all their shocking cruelties must share.
What could, when half-way up the hill to fame,
Induce thee to go back and link with shame?
Was it ambition, vanity, or spite,
That prompted thee with Congress to unite?
Or did all three within thy bosom roll,
"Thou heart of hero with a traitor's soul"?
Go, wretched author of thy country's grief,
Patron of villainy, of villains chief;
Seek with thy cursed crew the central gloom,
Ere Truth's avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or sudden vengeance of celestial dart
Precipitate thee with augmented smart!

1780.

HUGH H. BRACKENRIDGE

FROM

THE BATTLE OF BUNKERS-HILL

ACT V. SCENE I

Bunkers-Hill. Warren with the American Army.

Warren. To arms, brave countrymen! for see, the foe
Comes forth to battle, and would seem to try
Once more their fortune in decisive war.
Three thousand 'gainst seven hundred rang'd this day
Shall give the world an ample specimen
What strength and noble confidence the sound
Of Liberty inspires; that Liberty
Which not the thunder of Bellona's voice,
With fleets and armies from the BRITISH Shore,
Shall wrest from us. Our noble ancestors

Out-brav'd the tempests of the hoary deep,
And on these hills uncultivate and wild
Sought an asylum from despotic sway;
A short asylum, for that envious power
With persecution dire still follows us.
At first they deem'd our charters forfeited;
Next our just rights in government abridg'd;
Then thrust in viceroys and bashaws to rule
With lawless sovereignty; now added force
Of standing armies to secure their sway.
Much have we suffer'd from the licens'd rage
Of brutal soldiery in each fair town.
Remember March, brave countrymen, that day
When BOSTON'S streets ran blood! think on that day,
And let the memory to revenge stir up
The temper of your souls! There might we still
On terms precarious and disdainful liv'd,
With daughters ravished and butcher'd sons,
But heaven forbade the thought. These are the men
Who in firm phalanx threaten us with war,
And aim this day to fix forever down
The galling chains which tyranny has forg'd for us.
These count our lands and settlements their own,
And in their intercepted letters speak
Of farms and tenements secur'd for friends;
Which if they gain, brave soldiers, let with blood
The purchase be seal'd down! Let every arm
This day be active in fair freedom's cause,
And shower down from the hill, like Heav'n in wrath,
Full store of light'ning and fierce iron hail
To blast the adversary. Let this ground,
Like burning Ætna or Vesuvius top,
Be wrapt in flame. The word is LIBERTY;
And Heaven smile on us in so just a cause!

SCENE II

Bunkers-Hill. Gardiner, Leading up his Men to the Engagement

Fear not, brave soldiers, tho' their infantry
In deep array so far out-numbers us:
The justness of our cause will brace each arm
And steel the soul with fortitude, while they,

Whose guilt hangs trembling on their consciences,
Must fail in battle and receive that death
Which in high vengeance we prepare for them.
Let, then, each spirit, to the height wound up,
Shew noble vigour and full force this day,
For on the merit of our swords is plac'd
The virgin honour and true character
Of this whole Continent, and one short hour
May give complexion to the whole event,
Fixing the judgment whether as base slaves
We serve these masters, or more nobly live
Free as the breeze that on the hill-top plays,
With these sweet fields and tenements our own.
Oh fellow soldiers, let this battle speak
Dire disappointment to the insulting foe,
Who claim our fair possessions and set down
These cultur'd farms and bowry hills and plains
As the rich prize of certain victory.
Shall we, the sons of MASSACHUSETTS-BAY,
NEW HAMPSHIRE, and CONNECTICUT, shall we
Fall back, dishonour'd, from our native plains,
Mix with the savages and roam for food
On western mountains or the desart shores
Of Canada's cold lakes? or, state more vile,
Sit down in humble vassalage, content
To till the ground for these proud conquerors?
No, fellow soldiers, let us rise this day
Emancipate from such ignoble choice.
And should the battle ravish our sweet lives,
Late time shall give an ample monument
And bid her worthies emulate our fame.

SCENE III

Boston. The British Army being Repuls'd, Sherwin is dispatch'd to General Gage for Assistance. Sherwin, Gage, Burgoyne, and Clinton.

Sherwin. Our men, advancing, have received dire loss
In this encounter, and the case demands,
In the swift crisis of extremity,
A thousand men to reinforce the war.

Gage. Do as you please, BURGOYNE, in this affair.
I 'll hide myself in some deep vault beneath. [*Exit.*

Burgoyne. 'T is yours, brave CLINTON, to command these men.
Embark them speedily. I see our troops
Stand on the margin of the ebbing flood
(The flood affrighted at the scene it views),
And fear once more to climb the desp'rate hill
Whence the bold rebel showr's destruction down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Warren, mortally wounded, falling on his right knee, covering his breast with his right hand, and supporting himself with his firelock in his left.

A deadly ball hath limited my life,
And now to God I offer up my soul.
But, oh my Countrymen, let not the cause,
The sacred cause of liberty, with me
Faint or expire! By the last parting breath
And blood of this your fellow soldier slain,
Be now adjur'd never to yield the right,
The grand deposite of all-giving heaven
To man's free nature, that he rule himself.
With these rude Britons wage life-scorning war,
'Till they admit it and like hell fall off,
With ebbing billows, from this troubl'd coast,
Where but for them firm Concord and true love
Should individual hold their court and reign.
Th' infernal engin'ry of state resist
To death, that unborn times may be secure,
And, while men flourish in the peace you win,
Write each fair name with worthies of the earth.
Weep not your Gen'ral who is snatch'd this day
From the embraces of a family,
Five virgin daughters young and unendow'd,
Now with the foe left lone and fatherless.
Weep not for him who first espous'd the cause,
And, risking life, have met the enemy
In fatal opposition, but rejoyce;
For now I go to mingle with the dead,
Great Brutus, Hampden, Sidney, and the rest,
Of old or modern memory, who liv'd
A mound to tyrants and strong hedge to kings,
Bounding the inundation of their rage

Against the happiness and peace of man.
I see these heroes where they walk serene
By chrystal currents on the vale of Heaven,
High in full converse of immortal acts
Atchiev'd for truth and innocence on earth.
Mean time the harmony and thrilling sound
Of mellow lutes, sweet viols, and guittars
Dwell on the soul and ravish ev'ry nerve.
Anon the murmur of the tight-brac'd drum,
With finely varied fifes to martial airs,
Wind up the spirit to the mighty proof
Of siege and battle and attempt in arms.
Illustrious group! They beckon me along
To ray my vissage with immortal light
And bind the amarinth around my brow.
I come, I come, ye first-born of true fame!
Fight on, my countrymen! be FREE, be FREE!

SCENE V

Charlestown. The Reinforcement landed, and Orders given to burn Charlestown, that they may march up more securely under the smoke. General Howe Rallies his Repuls'd and Broken Troops.

Howe. Curse on the fortune of BRITANNIA'S arms,
That plays the jilt with us! Shall these few men
Beat back the flower and best half of our troops,
While on our side so many ships of war
And floating batt'ries from the Mystic tide
Shake all the hill and sweep its ridgy top?
Oh Gods, no time can blot its memory out!
We 've men enough upon the field to day
To bury this small handful with the dust
Our march excites. Back to the charge! Close ranks,
And drive these wizzards from th' enchanted ground!
The reinforcement which bold CLINTON heads
Gives such superiority of strength
That, let each man of us but cast a stone,
We cover this small hill with these few foes
And over head erect a pyramid.
The smoke, you see, enwraps us in its shade.
On, then, my countrymen, and try once more
To change the fortune of the inglorious day!

SCENE VI

Bunkers-Hill. Gardiner, to the American Army.

You see, brave soldiers, how an evil cause,
A cause of slavery and civil death,
Unmans the spirit and strikes down the soul.
The gallant Englishman, whose fame in arms
Through every clime shakes terribly the globe,
Is found this day shorn off his wonted strength,
Repuls'd and driven from the flaming hill.
Warren is fallen on fair honour's bed,
Pierc'd in the breast, with ev'ry wound before.
'T is ours now tenfold to avenge his death
And offer up a reg'ment of the foe,
Achilles-like, upon the Heroe's tomb.
See, reinforc'd they face us yet again
And onward move in Phalanx to the war.
Oh noble spirits, let this bold attack
Be bloody to their host! GOD is our Aid:
Give, then, full scope to just revenge this day!

SCENE VII

The Bay-Shore. The British Army once more repuls'd, Howe again rallies his flying Troops.

Howe. But that so many mouths can witness it,
I would deny myself an Englishman,
And swear this day that with such cowardice
No kindred or alliance has my birth.
Oh base degen'rate souls, whose ancestors
At Cressy, Poictiers, and at Agincourt
With tenfold numbers combated, and pluck'd
The budding laurels from the brows of France!
Back to the charge once more! and rather die,
Burn'd up and wither'd on this bloody hill,
Than live the blemish of your Country's fame.
With everlasting infamy oppress'd!
Their ammunition, as you hear, is spent,
So that unless their looks and visages,
Like fierce-ey'd Basilisks, can strike you dead,
Return and rescue yet, sweet Countrymen,
Some share of honour on this hapless day!

Let some brave officers stand on the rear,
And with the small sword and sharp bayonet
Drive on each coward that attempts to lag,
That thus sure death may find the villain out
With more dread certainty than him who moves
Full in the van to meet the wrathful foe.

SCENE VIII

Bunkers-Hill. Gardiner desperately wounded and borne from the field by two Soldiers.

Gardiner. A musket-ball, death-wing'd, hath pierc'd my groin
And widely op'd the swift curr'nt of my veins.
Bear me, then, Soldiers, to that hollow space
A little hence, just in the hill's decline.
A surgeon there may stop the gushing wound
And gain a short respite to life, that yet
I may return and fight one half hour more.
Then shall I die in peace, and to my GOD
Surrender up the spirit which he gave.

SCENE IX

Putnam, to the American Army.

Swift-rising fame on early wing mounts up
To the convexity of bending Heaven,
And writes each name who fought with us this day
In fairest character amidst the stars.
The world shall read it and still talk of us
Who, far out-number'd, twice drove back the foe,
With carnage horrid, murm'ring to their ships.
The Ghost of WARREN says "Enough!" I see
One thousand veterans mingled with the dust.
Now for our sacred honour, and the wound
Which Gard'ner feels, once more we charge! once more,
Dear friends! And fence the obscur'd hill
With hecatombs of slain! Let every piece
Flash like the fierce-consuming fire of Heaven,
And make the smoke in which they wrap themselves
'A darkness visible." Now once again
Receive the battle, as a shore of rock

The ocean wave! And if at last we yield,
Leave many a death amidst their hollow ranks
To damp the measure of their dear-bought joy.

SCENE X AND LAST

Bunkers-Hill. The American Army, overpower'd by numbers, are obliged to retreat. Enter Howe, Pigot, and Clinton with the British Army. Richardson, a young Officer, on the Parapet.

The day is ours! huzza, the day is ours!
This last attack has forc'd them to retreat.
Clinton. 'T is true, full victory declares for us,
But we have dearly, dearly, purchas'd it.
Full fifteen hundred of our men lie dead,
Who, with their officers, do swell the list
Of this day's carnage. On the well-fought hill
Whole ranks, cut down, lie struggling with their wounds
Or close their bright eyes in the shades of night.
No wonder: such incessant musketry
And fire of Cannon from the hill-top pour'd
Seem'd not the agency of mortal men
But heaven itself, with snares and vengeance arm'd
T' oppose our gaining it. E'en when was spent
Their ammunition, and fierce WARREN slain,
Huge stones were hurled from the rocky brow,
And war renew'd by these inveterate,
'Till, GARD'NER wounded, the left wing gave way,
And with their shatter'd infantry the whole,
Drawn off by PUTNAM, to the causeway fled,
When from the ships and batt'ries on the wave
They met deep loss and strew'd the narrow bridge
With lifeless carcases. O such a day,
Since Sodom and Gomorrah sunk in flames,
Hath not been heard of by the ear of man,
Nor hath an eye beheld its parallel!
Lord Pigot. The day is ours, but with heart-piercing loss
Of soldiers slain and gallant officers.
Old Abercrombie on the field lies dead,
Pitcairn and Sherwin in sore battle slain;
The gallant reg'ment of Welsh fusileers
To seventeen privates is this day reduc'd;
The grenadiers stand thinly on the hill,

Like the tall fir-trees on the blasted heath,
Scorch'd by the autumnal burnings which have rush'd
With wasting fire fierce through its leafy groves.
Should ev'ry hill, by the rebellious foe
So well defended, cost thus dear to us,
Not the united forces of the world
Could master them and the proud rage subdue
Of these AMERICANS.

Howe. E'en in an enemy I honour worth
And valour eminent. The vanquish'd foe
In feats of prowess shew their ancestry
And speak their birth legitimate,
The sons of Britons, with the genuine flame
Of British heat and valour in their veins.
What pity 't is such excellence of mind
Should spend itself in the fantastic cause
Of wild-fire liberty. Warren is dead,
And lies unburied on the smoky hill;
But with rich honours he shall be inhum'd,
To teach our soldiery how much we love
E'en in a foe true worth and noble fortitude.
Come, then, brave soldiers, and take up the dead,
Majors and Col'nels which are this day slain,
And noble Captains of sweet live bereft.
Fair flowers shall grow upon their grassy tombs,
And fame in tears shall tell their tragedy
To many a widow and soft weeping maid
Or parent woe-ful for an only son,
Through mourning BRITAIN and HIBERNIA'S Isle.

Enter Burgoyne from Boston.

Oft have I read in the historic page
And witnessed myself high scenes in war,
But this rude day, unparallel'd in time,
Has no competitor. The gazing eye
Of many a soldier from the chimney-tops
And spires of Boston witnessed when Howe,
With his full thousands moving up the hill,
Receiv'd the onset of the impetuous foe;
The hill itself, like Ida's burning mount
When Jove came down in terrors to dismay
The Grecian host, enshrowded in thick flames;

And round its margin, to the ebbing wave,
A town on fire and rushing from its base
With ruin hideous and combustion down.
Mean time deep thunder from the hollow sides
Of the artill'ry on the hill top hear'd,
With roar of thunder and loud mortars play'd
From the tall ships and batt'ries on the wave,
Bade yon blue ocean and wide heaven resound.
A scene like which, perhaps, no time shall know
'Till heav'n with final ruin fires the ball,
Burns up the cities and the works of men,
And wraps the mountains in one gen'ral blaze. [*Exeunt.*

1776.

JOHN TRUMBULL

THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS

FROM

PART I, OR THE ADVENTURES OF TOM BRAINLESS

"Our Tom has grown a sturdy boy:
His progress fills my heart with joy;
A steady soul that yields to rule,
And quite ingenious, too, at school.
Our master says (I 'm sure he 's right)
There 's not a lad in town so bright:
He 'll cypher bravely, write and read,
And say his catechism and creed,
And scorns to hesitate or falter
In Primer, Spelling-book, or Psalter.
Hard work, indeed, he does not love it—
His genius is too much above it.
Give him a good substantial teacher,
I 'll lay he 'd make a special preacher.
I've loved good learning all my life:
We 'll send the lad to college, wife."
Thus, sway'd by fond and sightless passion,
His parents held a consultation;
If on their couch or round their fire,
I need not tell nor you enquire.
The point 's agreed; the boy well pleased,

From country cares and labor eased:
No more to rise by break of day
To drive home cows or deal out hay;
To work no more in snow or hail,
And blow his fingers o'er the flail,
Or mid the toils of harvest sweat
Beneath the summer's sultry heat;
Serene he bids the farm good-bye,
And quits the plough without a sigh.
Propitious to their constant friend,
The pow'rs of idleness attend.
So to the priest in form he goes,
Prepared to study and to doze.
The parson in his youth before
Had run the same dull progress o'er,
His sole concern to see with care
His church and farm in good repair.
His skill in tongues that once he knew
Had bid him long a last adieu;
Away his Latin rules had fled,
And Greek had vanish'd from his head. . . . .
Two years thus spent in gathering knowledge,
The lad sets forth t' unlade at college,
While down his sire and priest attend him,
To introduce and recommend him;
Or, if detain'd, a letter 's sent
Of much apocryphal content,
To set him forth, how dull soever,
As very learn'd and very clever:
A genius of the first emission,
With burning love for erudition,
So studious he 'll outwatch the moon
And think the planets set too soon;
He had but little time to fit in;
Examination, too, must frighten;
Depend upon 't he must do well,
He knows much more than he can tell;
Admit him, and in little space
He 'll beat his rivals in the race;
His father's incomes are but small—
He comes now, if he come at all.

So said, so done, at college now
He enters well, no matter how.
New scenes awhile his fancy please,
But all must yield to love of ease. . . . .
Four years at college dozed away
In sleep and slothfulness and play,
Too dull for vice, with clearest conscience,
Charged with no fault but that of nonsense,—
And nonsense long, with serious air,
Has wander'd unmolested there,—
He passes trial, fair and free,
And takes in form his first degree. . . . .
Now to some priest that 's famed for teaching
He goes to learn the art of preaching,
And settles down with earnest zeal
Sermons to study and to steal.
Six months from all the world retires
To kindle up his cover'd fires;
Learns, with nice art, to make with ease
The scriptures speak whate'er he please;
With judgment, unperceived to quote
What Pool explain'd or Henry wrote;
To give the gospel new editions,
Split doctrines into propositions,
Draw motives, uses, inferences,
And torture words in thousand senses;
Learn the grave style and goodly phrase,
Safe handed down from Cromwell's days,
And shun, with anxious care, the while,
The infection of a modern style;
Or on the wings of folly fly
Aloft in metaphysic sky,
The system of the world explain
Till night and chaos come again;
Deride what old divines can say,
Point out to heaven a nearer way,
Explode all known establish'd rules,
Affirm our fathers all were fools.
(The present age is growing wise,
But wisdom in her cradle lies;
Late, like Minerva, born and bred,

Not from a Jove's but scribbler's head,
While thousand youths their homage lend her,
And nursing fathers rock and tend her.)
Round him much manuscript is spread:
Extracts from living works and dead,
Themes, sermons, plans of controversy
That hack and mangle without mercy,
And whence, to glad the reader's eyes,
The future dialogue shall rise.
At length, matured the grand design,
He stalks abroad a grave divine.
Mean while, from every distant seat,
At stated time the clergy meet:
Our hero comes, his sermon reads,
Explains the doctrine of his creeds,
A licence gains to preach and pray,
And makes his bow and goes his way.
What though his wits could ne'er dispense
One page of grammar or of sense;
What though his learning be so slight
He scarcely knows to spell or write;
What though his skull be cudgel-proof—
He 's orthodox, and that 's enough. . . . .
Now in the desk, with solemn air,
Our hero makes his audience stare;
Asserts with all dogmatic boldness,
Where impudence is yoked to dulness;
Reads o'er his notes with halting pace,
Mask'd in the stiffness of his face,
With gestures such as might become
Those statues once that spoke at Rome,
Or Livy's ox that to the state
Declared the oracles of fate;
In awkward tones, nor said nor sung,
Slow rumbling o'er the falt'ring tongue,
Two hours his drawling speech holds on,
And names it preaching when he 's done.
With roving tired, he fixes down
For life in some unsettled town:
People and priest full well agree,
For why—they know no more than he.

Vast tracts of unknown land he gains,
Better than those the moon contains;
There deals in preaching and in prayer,
And starves on sixty pounds a year,
And culls his texts and tills his farm,
Does little good and little harm;
On Sunday, in his best array,
Deals forth the dulness of the day,
And while above he spends his breath
The yawning audience nod beneath.

1772.

FROM

PART III, OR THE ADVENTURES OF MISS HARRIET SIMPER

First from the dust our sex began,
But woman was refined from man;
Received again, with softer air,
The great Creator's forming care.
And shall it no attention claim
Their beauteous infant souls to frame?
Shall half your precepts tend the while
Fair nature's lovely work to spoil,
The native innocence deface,
The glowing blush, the modest grace;
On follies fix their young desire,
To trifles bid their souls aspire,
Fill their gay heads with whims of fashion
And slight all other cultivation;
Let every useless, barren weed
Of foolish fancy run to seed,
And make their minds the receptacle
Of every thing that 's false and fickle;
Where gay caprice, with wanton air,
And vanity keep constant fair,
Where ribbons, laces, patches, puffs,
Caps, jewels, ruffles, tippets, muffs,
With gaudy whims of vain parade,
Croud each apartment of the head;
Where stands, display'd with costly pains,
The toyshop of coquettish brains,

And high-crown'd caps hang out the sign,
And beaux as customers throng in;
Whence sense is banish'd in disgrace,
Where wisdom dares not show her face,
Where the light head and vacant brain
Spoil all ideas they contain,
As th' air-pump kills in half a minute
Each living thing you put within it?
It must be so: by ancient rule
The fair are nursed in folly's school,
And all their education done
Is none at all, or worse than none;
Whence still proceed in maid or wife
The follies and the ills of life.
Learning is call'd our mental diet,
That serves the hungry mind to quiet
That gives the genius fresh supplies,
Till souls grow up to common size;
But here, despising sense refined,
Gay trifles feed the youthful mind:
Chameleons thus, whose colours airy
As often as coquettes can vary,
Despise all dishes rich and rare,
And diet wholly on the air;
Think fogs blest eating, nothing finer,
And can on whirlwinds make a dinner,
And thronging all to feast together,
Fare daintily in blust'ring weather.
Here to the fair alone remain
Long years of action spent in vain.
Perhaps she learns (what can she less?)
The arts of dancing and of dress;
But dress and dancing are to women
Their education's mint and cummin:
These lighter graces should be taught,
And weightier matters not forgot;
For there where only these are shown
The soul will fix on these alone.
Then most the fineries of dress
Her thoughts, her wish, and time possess:
She values only to be gay,

And works to rig herself for play;
Weaves scores of caps with diff'rent spires,
And all varieties of wires;
Gay ruffles varying just as flow'd
The tides and ebbings of the mode;
Bright flow'rs and topknots waving high,
That float like streamers in the sky;
Work'd catgut handkerchiefs, whose flaws
Display the neck as well as gauze;
Or network aprons somewhat thinnish,
That cost but six weeks time to finish,
And yet so neat as you must own
You could not buy for half a crown.
Perhaps in youth (for country fashion
Prescribed that mode of education)
She wastes long months in still more tawdry
And useless labours of embroid'ry;
With toil weaves up for chairs together
Six bottoms quite as good as leather;
A set of curtains, tapestry-work,
The figures frowning like the Turk;
A tentstitch picture, work of folly,
With portraits wrought of Dick and Dolly;
A coat of arms that mark'd her house,
Three owls rampant, the crest a goose;
Or shows in waxwork goodman Adam,
And serpent gay gallanting madam—
A woful mimickry of Eden,
With fruit that needs not be forbidden. . . . .
As though they meant to take by blows
Th' opposing galleries of beaux,
To church the female squadron move,
All arm'd with weapons used in love:
Like colour'd ensigns gay and fair
High caps rise floating in the air;
Bright silk its varied radiance flings,
And streamers wave in kissing-strings;
Each bears th' artill'ry of her charms,
Like training bands at viewing arms.
So once, in fear of Indian beating,
Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,

Each man equipp'd on Sunday morn
With psalm-book, shot, and powder-horn,
And look'd in form, as all must grant,
Like th' ancient true church militant;
Or fierce, like modern deep divines,
Who fight with quills like porcupines.
Or let us turn the style and see
Our belles assembled o'er their tea,
Where folly sweetens ev'ry theme,
And scandal serves for sugar'd cream.
"And did you hear the news?" they cry;
"The court wear caps full three feet high,
Built gay with wire, and at the end on 't
Red tassels streaming like a pendant:
Well, sure, it must be vastly pretty;
'T is all the fashion in the city.
And were you at the ball last night?
Well, Chloe look'd like any fright;
Her day is over for a toast—
She 'd now do best to act a ghost.
You saw our Fanny; envy must own
She figures since she came from Boston:
Good company improves one's air—
I think the troops were station'd there.
Poor Cœlia ventured to the place:
The small-pox quite has spoil'd her face;
A sad affair, we all confest,
But providence knows what is best.
Poor Dolly, too, that writ the letter
Of love to Dick, but Dick knew better;
A secret that—you 'll not disclose it—
There 's not a person living knows it.
Sylvia shone out, no peacock finer;
I wonder what the fops see in her:
Perhaps 't is true what Harry maintains—
She mends on intimate acquaintance." . . . .
And now the conversation sporting
From scandal turns to trying fortune;
Their future luck the fair foresee
In dreams, in cards, but most in tea.
Each finds of love some future trophy

In settlings left of tea or coffee:
There fate displays its book, she believes,
And lovers swim in form of tea-leaves;
Where oblong stalks she takes for beaux,
And squares of leaves for billet-doux;
Gay balls in parboil'd fragments rise,
And specks for kisses greet her eyes.

1773.

M'FINGAL

FROM

CANTO I

When Yankies, skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school,
Instructed them in warlike trade
And new manœuvres of parade,
The true war-dance of Yankee reels,
And *manual exercise* of heels,
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh and trust the feet,
And work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out by fear and trembling,
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-Chases;
From Boston, in his best array,
Great 'Squire M'FINGAL took his way,
And, graced with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town. . . . .

The Town, our hero's scene of action,
Had long been torn by feuds of faction;
And as each party's strength prevails,
It turn'd up different, heads or tails;
With constant rattling, in a trice
Show'd various sides as oft as dice.
As that famed weaver, wife t' Ulysses.
By night her day's-work pick'd in pieces,
And though she stoutly did bestir her
Its finishing was ne'er the nearer,
So did this town with ardent zeal
Weave cobwebs for the public weal,

Which when completed, or before,
A second vote in pieces tore.
They met, made speeches full long-winded,
Resolv'd, protested, and rescinded,
Addresses sign'd, then chose committees
To stop all drinking of Bohea teas,
With winds of doctrine veer'd about,
And turn'd all whig committees out.
Meanwhile our Hero, as their head,
In pomp the tory faction led,
Still following, as the 'Squire should please,
Successive on, like files of geese.
And now the town was summon'd, greeting,
To grand parading of Town-meeting;
A show that strangers might appal,
As Rome's grave senate did the Gaul.
High o'er the rout, on pulpit stairs,
Mid den of thieves in house of prayers
(That house which, loth a rule to break,
Serv'd heaven but one day in the week,
Open the rest for all supplies
Of news and politics and lies),
Stood forth the Constable, and bore
His staff like Merc'ry's wand of yore,
Waved potent round, the peace to keep,
As that laid dead men's souls to sleep.
Above and near th' hermetic staff
The Moderator's upper half
In grandeur o'er the cushion bow'd,
Like Sol half seen behind a cloud.
Beneath stood voters of all colours,
Whigs, Tories, orators and brawlers,
With every tongue in either faction
Prepared like minute-men for action,
Where truth and falsehood, wrong and right,
Drew all their legions forth to fight.
With equal uproar scarcely rave
Opposing winds in Æolus' cave;
Such dialogues with earnest face
Held never Balaam with his ass.
With daring zeal and courage blest,

Honorius first the crowd address'd;
When now our 'Squire, returning late,
Arrived to aid the grand debate,
With strange, sour faces sate him down,
While thus the orator went on. . . . .
"What wonder, then, ere this was over,
That she should make her children suffer?
She first, without pretence or reason,
Claim'd right whate'er we had to seize on,
And, with determin'd resolution
To put her claims in execution,
Sent fire and sword and call'd it Lenity,
Starv'd us and christen'd it Humanity;
For she, her case grown desperater,
Mistook the plainest things in nature,
Had lost all use of eyes or wits,
Took slavery for the bill of rights,
Trembled at whigs and deem'd them foes,
And stopp'd at loyalty her nose,
Styled her own children brats and catiffs,
And knew us not from th' Indian natives.
What though with supplicating prayer
We begg'd our lives and goods she 'd spare?
Not vainer vows with sillier call
Elijah's prophets raised to Baal;
A worshipp'd stock of god or goddess
Had better heard and understood us.
So once Egyptians at the Nile
Ador'd their guardian crocodile,
Who heard them first with kindest ear,
And ate them to reward their prayer;
And could he talk as kings can do,
Had made as gracious speeches too." . . . .
As thus he spake, our 'Squire M'FINGAL
Gave to his partisans a signal:
Not quicker roll'd the waves to land
When Moses waved his potent wand,
Nor with more uproar, than the Tories
Set up a general rout in chorus,
Laugh'd, hiss'd, hem'd, murmur'd, groan'd and jeer'd;
Honorius now could scarce be heard.

Our Muse amid th' increasing roar
Could not distinguish one word more,
Though she sate by, in firm record
To take in short hand every word,—
As ancient Muses wont, to whom
Old bards for depositions come;
Who must have writ them, for how else
Could they each speech verbatim tell 's? . . . .
So let it be—for now our 'Squire
No longer could contain his ire,
And, rising 'midst applauding Tories,
Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.
Quoth he, " 'T is wondrous what strange stuff
Your Whigs-heads are compounded of,
Which force of logic cannot pierce,
Nor syllogistic *carle and tierce*,
Nor weight of scripture or of reason
Suffice to make the least impression.
Not heeding what ye rais'd contest on,
Ye prate, and beg or steal the question;
And when your boasted arguings fail,
Strait leave all reas'ning off, to rail.
Have not our High-church Clergy made it
Appear from Scriptures, which ye credit,
That right divine from heaven was lent
To kings, that is, the Parliament,
Their subjects to oppress and teaze,
And serve the devil when they please?
Did not they write, and pray, and preach,
And torture all the parts of speech,
About rebellion make a pother,
From one end of the land to th' other?
And yet gain'd fewer proselyte Whigs
Than old St. Anth'ny 'mongst the pigs,
And changed not half so many vicious
As Austin when he preach'd to fishes,
Who throng'd to hear, the legend tells,
Were edified, and wagg'd their tails:
But scarce you'd prove it, if you tried,
That e'er one Whig was edified."

1775.

FROM

CANTO III

Now warm with ministerial ire
Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'Squire,
And on his striding steps attends
His desperate clan of Tory friends:
When sudden met his wrathful eye
A pole ascending through the sky,
Which numerous throngs of whiggish race
Were raising in the market-place.
Not higher school-boy's kites aspire,
Or royal mast or country spire,
Like spears at Bobdignagian tilting,
Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton;
And on its top the flag, unfurl'd,
Waved triumph o'er the gazing world,
Inscribed with inconsistent types
Of *Liberty* and *thirteen stripes*.
Beneath, the crowd without delay
The dedication-rites essay,
And gladly pay, in antient fashion,
The ceremonies of libation,
While briskly to each patriot lip
Walks eager round the inspiring flip—
Delicious draught, whose powers inherit
The quintessence of public spirit;
Which whoso tastes perceives his mind
To nobler politics refined,
Or roused to martial controversy
As from transforming cups of Circe,
Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor
That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.
At hand for new supplies in store
The tavern opes its friendly door,
Whence to and fro the waiters run
Like bucket-men at fires in town.
Then with three shouts that tore the sky
'T is consecrate to Liberty.
To guard it from th' attacks of Tories
A grand Committee cull'd of four is,

Who foremost on the patriot spot
Had brought the flip and paid the shot.
By this M'FINGAL with his train
Advanced upon th' adjacent plain,
And, full with loyalty possest,
Pour'd forth the zeal that fired his breast.
"What mad-brain'd rebel gave commission
To raise this May-pole of sedition?—
Like Babel, rear'd by bawling throngs,
With like confusion too of tongues,
To point at heaven and summon down
The thunders of the British crown.
Say, will this paltry Pole secure
Your forfeit heads from Gage's power?
Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
Is this to stand your ark of safety?
Or driven by Scottish laird and laddie,
Think ye to rest beneath its shadow?
When bombs like fiery serpents fly,
And balls rush hissing through the sky,
Will this vile Pole, devote to freedom,
Save like the Jewish pole in Edom,
Or, like the brazen snake of Moses,
Cure your crackt skulls and batter'd noses? . . . .
"Rise then, my friends, in terror rise,
And sweep this scandal from the skies!
You 'll see their Dagon, though well jointed,
Will shrink before the Lord's anointed,
And like old Jericho's proud wall
Before our ram's horns prostrate fall." . . . .
At once with resolution fatal
Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to battle.
Instead of weapons, either band
Seized on such arms as came to hand:
And as famed Ovid paints th' adventures
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,
Who at their feast, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head,
And, these arms failing in their scuffles,
Attack'd with andirons, tongs, and shovels;
So clubs and billets, staves and stones

Met fierce, encountering every sconce,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains.
Their clamours rend the skies around,
The hills rebellow to the sound,
And many a groan increas'd the din
From batter'd nose and broken shin.
M'FINGAL, rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia-sword;
Thrice cried "King George!" as erst in distress
Knights of romance invoked a mistress;
And, brandishing the blade in air,
Struck terror through th' opposing war.
The Whigs, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, shrunk behind.
With whirling steel around address'd,
Fierce through their thickest throng he press'd
(Who roll'd on either side in arch,
Like Red Sea waves in Israel's march),
And, like a meteor rushing through,
Struck on their Pole a vengeful blow.
Around, the Whigs of clubs and stones
Discharged whole vollies in platoons,
That o'er in whistling fury fly;
But not a foe dares venture nigh.
And now perhaps, with glory crown'd,
Our 'Squire had fell'd the pole to ground,
Had not some Pow'r, a whig at heart,
Descended down and took their part
(Whether 't were Pallas, Mars, or Iris
'T is scarce worth while to make inquiries);
Who, at the nick of time alarming,
Assumed the solemn form of Chairman,
Address'd a Whig, in every scene
The stoutest wrestler on the green,
And pointed where the spade was found
Late used to set their pole in ground,
And urged, with equal arms and might
To dare our 'Squire to single fight.
The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,
Advanced tremendous to the field;

Nor did M'FINGAL shun the foe,
But stood to brave the desp'rate blow,
While all the party gazed, suspended,
To see the deadly combat ended,
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
The sword against the brandish'd spade:
He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream
The sword flew up and kick'd the beam.
Our 'Squire, on tiptoe rising fair,
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines
Descended on his foe in vengeance;
But ah, in danger, with dishonor
The sword perfidious fails its owner:
That sword which oft had stood its ground
By huge trainbands encircled round,
And on the bench, with blade right loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial,
Of stones and clubs had braved th' alarms,
Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.
The spade, so temper'd from the sledge
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,
Now met it, from his arm of might,
Descending with steep force to smite;
The blade snapp'd short, and from his hand
With rust embrown'd the glittering sand.
Swift turn'd M'FINGAL at the view,
And call'd to aid th' attendant crew;
In vain: the Tories all had run
When scarce the fight was well begun;
Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd
Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.
Amazed he view'd the shameful sight,
And saw no refuge but in flight;
But age unwieldy check'd his pace,
Though fear had wing'd his flying race—
For not a trifling prize at stake,
No less than great M'FINGAL'S back.
With legs and arms he work'd his course,
Like rider that outgoes his horse,
And labor'd hard to get away as

Old Satan struggling on through chaos;
'Till, looking back, he spied in rear
The spade-arm'd chief advanced too near,
And stopp'd and seized a stone that lay
An ancient landmark near the way;
Nor shall we, as old bards have done,
Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton,
But such a stone as at a shift
A modern might suffice to lift,
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,
And giants exiled with their cronies
To Brobdignags and Patagonias.
But while our Hero turn'd him round
And tugg'd to raise it from the ground,
The fatal spade discharged a blow
Tremendous on his rear below;
His bent knee fail'd, and void of strength
Stretch'd on the ground his manly length. . . . .
Meanwhile beside the pole the guard
A Bench of Justice had prepared,
Where, sitting round in awful sort,
The grand Committee hold their Court;
While all the crew in silent awe
Wait from their lips the lore of law.
Few moments with deliberation
They hold the solemn consultation,
When soon in judgment all agree,
And Clerk proclaims the dread decree
"That 'Squire M'FINGAL having grown
The vilest Tory in the town,
And now in full examination
Convicted by his own confession,
Finding no tokens of repentance,
This Court proceeds to render sentence:
That first the Mob a slip-knot single
Tie round the neck of said M'FINGAL;
And in due form do tar him next
And feather, as the law directs;
Then through the town attendant ride him
In cart with Constable beside him;

And, having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole from whence he came."
Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck
With halter'd noose M'FINGAL'S neck,
While he in peril of his soul
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then, lifting high the ponderous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking tar
With less profusion once was spread
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (so Claudian sings) the Gods
And earth-born Giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas,
And, while he held them o'er his head,
The river from their fountains fed
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in his hide:
So from the high-raised urn the torrents
Spread down his side their various currents;
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage stern and grave
Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave;
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From nose and chin's remotest end
The tarry icicles descend;
Till, all o'erspread, with colors gay
He glitter'd to the western ray
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies
Or Lapland idol carved in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd
Is waved in triumph o'er his head,
And clouds him o'er with feathers missive,
And down upon the tar adhesive:
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumage round his visage wears.

Nor Milton's six-wing'd angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Now all complete appears our 'Squire,
Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire;
Nor more could boast on Plato's plan
To rank among the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.
Then on the fatal cart in state
They raised our grand Duumvirate.
And as at Rome a like committee
Who found an owl within their city
With solemn rites and grave processions
At every shrine perform'd lustrations,
And, least infection might take place
From such grim fowl with feather'd face,
All Rome attends him through the street
In triumph to his country seat;
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our awful 'Squire:
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels;
Behind, the croud, in lengthen'd row,
With proud procession closed the show;
And at fit periods every throat
Combined in universal shout,
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd "Confusion to the Tories!"
Not louder storm the welkin braves
From clamors of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On passing votes to regulate trade.
Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set them down,
And to the tavern take their way
To end in mirth the festal day.

1782.

DAVID HUMPHREYS

FROM

THE HAPPINESS OF AMERICA

Thrice happy race! how blest were freedom's heirs,
Blest if they knew what happiness is theirs,
Blest if they knew to them alone 't is given
To know no sov'reign but the *law* and *Heaven!*
That *law* for them and Albion's realms alone
On sacred justice elevates her throne,
Regards the poor, the fatherless protects,
The widow shields, the proud oppressor checks.
Blest if they knew beneath umbrageous trees
To prize the joys of innocence and ease,
Of peace, of health, of temp'rance, toil, and rest,
And the calm sun-shine of the conscious breast.
For them the spring his annual task resumes,
Invests in verdure and adorns in blooms
Earth's parent lap and all her wanton bow'rs
In foliage fair with aromatic flow'rs.
Their fanning wings the zephyrs gently play,
And winnow blossoms from each floating spray;
In bursting buds the embryo fruits appear,
The hope and glory of the rip'ning year.
The mead that courts the scythe, the pastur'd vale,
And garden'd lawn their breathing sweets exhale;
On balmy winds a cloud of fragrance moves,
And floats the odours of a thousand groves;
For them young summer sheds a brighter day,
Matures the germe with his prolific ray,
With prospects cheers, demands more stubborn toil,
And pays their efforts from the grateful soil:
The lofty maize its ears luxurient yields,
The yellow harvests gild the laughing fields,
Extend o'er all th' interminable plain,
And wave in grandeur like the boundless main.
For them the flock o'er green savannas feeds,
For them high-prancing bound the playful steeds,
For them the heifers graze sequester'd dales,
Or pour white nectar in the brimming pails.

To them, what time the hoary frosts draw near,
Ripe autumn brings the labours of the year.
To nature's sons how fair th' autumnal even,
The fading landscape and impurpled heaven,
As from their fields they take their homeward way,
And turn to catch the sun's departing ray!
What streaming splendours up the skies are roll'd,
Whose colours beggar Tyrian dyes and gold!
'Till night's dun curtains, wide o'er all display'd,
Shroud shad'wy shapes in melancholy shade.
Then doubling clouds the wintry skies deform,
And, wrapt in vapour, comes the roaring storm,
With snows surcharg'd from tops of mountains sails,
Loads leafless trees and fills the whiten'd vales.
Then desolation strips the faded plains,
Then tyrant death o'er vegetation reigns;
The birds of Heav'n to other climes repair,
And deep'ning glooms invade the turbid air.
Nor then unjoyous winter's rigours come,
But find them happy and content with home:
Their gran'ries fill'd, the task of culture past,
Warm at their fire they hear the howling blast,
With patt'ring rain and snow or driving sleet,
Rave idly loud and at their window beat;
Safe from its rage, regardless of its roar,
In vain the tempest rattles at the door.
The tame brutes shelter'd, and the feather'd brood,
From them, more provident, demand their food:
'T is then the time from hoarding cribs to feed
The ox laborious and the noble steed;
'T is then the time to tend the bleating fold,
To strow with litter and to fence from cold.
The cattle fed, the fuel pil'd within,
At setting day the blissful hours begin:
'T is then, sole owner of his little cot,
The farmer feels his independent lot,
Hears with the crackling blaze that lights the wall
The voice of gladness and of nature call,
Beholds his children play, their mother smile,
And tastes with them the fruit of summer's toil.

1786.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

FROM

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

Now near the stream approach'd the sounding war,
When fierce to combat roll'd a splendid car:
There giant Zedeck rose in dreadful view;
Two furious steeds the mighty monarch drew;
With wild impetuous rage they foam'd along,
And pale before them fled the parting throng.
From Joshua's course he saw his bands retire;
His reddening aspect flash'd a gloomy fire;
With huge hoarse voice the furious hero cried,
While the plains murmur'd and the groves replied:
"Whatever wretch from this bright combat flies,
By the just gods, the impious dastard dies!
Nor hope to 'scape the keen avenging blade
In the still cot or in the lonely shade:
Soon shall this sword with victory crown'd return,
And wrath and vengeance all your dwellings burn;
Your bodies limb from limb this arm shall tear,
Nor sons nor wives nor sires nor infants spare,
But bid the hungry hawks your race devour
And call grim wolves to feast in floods of gore!"
He spoke: astonish'd, some more nimbly flew,
And some to conflict with fresh ardour drew;
Despair once more the growing flight repell'd,
And gave new horrors to the gloomy field.
Meantime on Joshua drove the sounding car,
And burst impetuous through the thickest war.
Rough, heavy, dreadful, by the giant thrown,
Flew the vast fragment of a craggy stone;
Scarce 'scap'd the wary Chief, with sudden bound,
While the broad ruin plow'd the crumbling ground.
A javelin then the monarch's hand impell'd
That sung and trembled 'gainst the Hero's shield;
Swift o'er his head a second hissing flies,
And a pierc'd warrior groans and falls and dies.
At once great Joshua rais'd his reeking sword,

And with deep wounds the maddening coursers gor'd:
Through cleaving ranks the coursers backward flew,
And swift from sight the helpless monarch drew.
To the high shore impendent o'er the flood
They rush'd as whirlwinds sweep the rending wood;
To turn they tried, with short and sudden wheel,
But tried in vain—the sounding chariot fell.
Prone down the lofty bank the steeds pursued,
Where sharp and ragged rocks beneath were strew'd;
All shrill the giant's striking mail resounds;
With clattering crash the cracking car rebounds;
White o'er his lifeless head the waters roar,
Lost in the stream and doom'd to rise no more.
As when the south's fierce blasts the main deform
And roll the pealful onset of the storm;
Hung are the heavens with night; the world around
Deep-murmuring trembles to the solemn sound;
Full on dread Longa's wild-resounding shore
Hills, wav'd o'er hills, ascend and burst and roar;
Safe in his cot the hoary sailor hears,
Or drops for fancied wrecks unbidden tears:
A boundless shout from Israel's raptur'd train
Rent the broad skies and shook the dreadful plain;
For now, their champion, trust, and glory lost,
From Joshua's vengeance flew sad Salem's host;
Before him nought avail'd the shields and spears,
But chiefs and foaming steeds and rattling cars,
Ranks urging ranks, squadrons o'er squadrons borne,
Down the bank plung'd, the bank behind them torne,
Sunk with a rushing sound; great Joshua's arm,
Uplifted, imminent impell'd the storm.
Alert he bounded on the yielding sand,
And scatter'd ruin from his red right hand.
The white waves foam'd around his midway side
As fierce he thunder'd thro' the rushing tide.
Two blooming youths he dash'd against the rock
Where Zedeck's chariot felt the fatal shock;
Their gushing blood ran purple thro' the wave,
And thousands with them found a watery grave.

1771–74. 1785.

GREENFIELD HILL

FROM

PART II

Fair Verna, loveliest village of the west,
Of every joy and every charm possess'd,
How pleas'd amid thy varied walks I rove,
Sweet, cheerful walks of innocence and love,
And o'er thy smiling prospects cast my eyes
And see the seats of peace and pleasure rise,
And hear the voice of Industry resound,
And mark the smile of Competence around.
Hail, happy village! O'er thy cheerful lawns,
With earliest beauty, spring delighted dawns:
The northward sun begins his vernal smile,
The spring-bird carols o'er the cressy rill;
The shower that patters in the ruffled stream,
The ploughboy's voice that chides the lingering team,
The bee, industrious, with his busy song,
The woodman's axe the distant groves among,
The waggon rattling down the rugged steep,
The light wind lulling every care to sleep,
All these, with mingled music, from below
Deceive intruding sorrow as I go.

How pleas'd fond Recollection, with a smile,
Surveys the varied round of wintery toil;
How pleas'd, amid the flowers that scent the plain,
Recalls the vanish'd frost and sleeted rain,
The chilling damp, the ice-endangering street,
And treacherous earth that slump'd beneath the feet.

Yet even stern winter's glooms could joy inspire:
Then social circles grac'd the nutwood fire;
The axe resounded at the sunny door;
The swain, industrious, trimm'd his flaxen store,
Or thresh'd, with vigorous flail, the bounding wheat,
His poultry round him pilfering for their meat,
Or slid his firewood on the creaking snow,
Or bore his produce to the main below,
Or o'er his rich returns exulting laugh'd,
Or pledg'd the healthful orchard's sparkling draught;
While, on his board for friends and neighbours spread,

The turkey smoak'd his busy housewife fed,
And Hospitality look'd smiling round,
And Leisure told his tale with gleeful sound. . . . .
But now the wintery glooms are vanish'd all:
The lingering drift behind the shady wall,
The dark-brown spots that patch'd the snowy field,
The surly frost that every bud conceal'd,
The russet veil, the way with slime o'erspread,
And all the saddening scenes of March are fled.
Sweet-smiling village, loveliest of the hills,
How green thy groves, how pure thy glassy rills!
With what new joy I walk thy verdant streets,
How often pause to breathe thy gale of sweets,
To mark thy well-built walls, thy budding fields,
And every charm that rural nature yields,
And every joy to Competence allied,
And every good that Virtue gains from Pride.
No griping landlord here alarms the door,
To halve for rent the poor man's little store.
No haughty owner drives the humble swain
To some far refuge from his dread domain,
Nor wastes upon his robe of useless pride
The wealth which shivering thousands want beside,
Nor in one palace sinks a hundred cots,
Nor in one manor drowns a thousand lots,
Nor on one table, spread for death and pain,
Devours what would a village well sustain. . . . .
Beside yon church that beams a modest ray,
With tidy neatness reputably gay,
When, mild and fair as Eden's seventh-day light,
In silver silence shines the Sabbath bright,
In neat attire the village housholds come
And learn the path-way to the eternal home.
Hail, solemn ordinance worthy of the SKIES,
Whence thousand richest blessings daily rise:
Peace, order, cleanliness, and manners sweet,
A sober mind, to rule submission meet,
Enlarging knowledge, life from guilt refin'd,
And love to God, and friendship to mankind.
In the clear splendour of thy vernal morn,
New-quicken'd man to light and life is born;

The desert of the mind with virtue blooms,
It's flowers unfold, it's fruits exhale perfumes;
Proud guilt dissolves beneath the searching ray,
And low debasement trembling creeps away;
Vice bites the dust, foul Error seeks her den,
And God descending dwells anew with men.
Where yonder humbler spire salutes the eye,
It's vane slow turning in the liquid sky,
Where in light gambols healthy striplings sport,
Ambitious learning builds her outer court.
A grave preceptor there her usher stands,
And rules without a rod her little bands.
Some half-grown sprigs of learning grac'd his brow:
Little he knew, though much he wish'd to know;
Inchanted hung o'er Virgil's honey'd lay,
And smil'd to see desipient Horace play;
Glean'd scraps of Greek, and, curious, trac'd afar
Through Pope's clear glass the bright Mæonian star.
Yet oft his students at his wisdom star'd,
For many a student to his side repair'd;
Surpriz'd they heard him Dilworth's knots untie,
And tell what lands beyond the Altantic lie.
Many his faults, his virtues small and few;
Some little good he did or strove to do:
Laborious still, he taught the early mind,
And urg'd to manners meek and thoughts refin'd;
Truth he impress'd, and every virtue prais'd,
While infant eyes in wondering silence gaz'd;
The worth of time would day by day unfold,
And tell them every hour was made of gold;
Brown Industry he lov'd, and oft declar'd
How hardy Sloth in life's sad evening far'd.

FROM

PART IV

Ah me, while up the long, long vale of time
Reflection wanders towards th' eternal vast,
How starts the eye at many a change sublime,
Unbosom'd dimly by the ages pass'd.
What Mausoleums crowd the mournful waste,

The tombs of empires fallen and nations gone:
Each, once inscrib'd in gold with "AYE TO LAST,"
Sate as a queen, proclaim'd the world her own,
And proudly cried, "By me no sorrows shall be known."

Soon fleets the sunbright Form by man ador'd:
Soon fell the Head of gold, to Time a prey;
The Arms, the Trunk his cankering tooth devour'd,
And whirlwinds blew the Iron dust away.
Where dwelt imperial Timur?—far astray
Some lonely-musing pilgrim now enquires;
And, rack'd by storms and hastening to decay,
Mohammed's Mosque foresees it's final fires;
And Rome's more lordly Temple day by day expires.

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

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

Soon fleets the sun-bright Form by man ador'd,
And soon man's dæmon chiefs from memory fade.
In musty volume now must be explor'd
Where dwelt imperial nations long decay'd.
The brightest meteors angry clouds invade,
And where the wonders glitter'd none explain.
Where Carthage with proud hand the trident sway'd,

Now mud-wall'd cots sit sullen on the plain,
And wandering, fierce, and wild, sequester'd Arabs reign.

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

But O how vast thy crimes! Through heaven's great year
When few centurial suns have trac'd their way,
When southern Europe, worn by feuds severe,
Weak, doating, fallen, has bow'd to Russian sway,
And setting Glory beam'd her farewell ray,
To wastes, perchance, thy brilliant fields shall turn,
In dust thy temples, towers, and towns decay,
The forest howl where London's turrets burn,
And all thy garlands deck thy sad funereal urn.

Some land scarce glimmering in the light of fame,
Scepter'd with arts and arms, if I divine,
Some unknown wild, some shore without a name,
In all thy pomp shall then majestic shine.
As silver-headed Time's slow years decline,
Not ruins only meet th' enquiring eye:
Where round yon mouldering oak vain brambles twine,
The filial stem, already towering high,
Erelong shall stretch his arms and nod in yonder sky.

Where late resounded the wild woodland roar,
Now heaves the palace, now the temple smiles;
Where frown'd the rude rock and the desert shore,
Now pleasure sports, and business want beguiles,
And Commerce wings her flight to thousand isles;
Culture walks forth; gay laugh the loaded fields,
And jocund Labour plays his harmless wiles;
Glad Science brightens, Art her mansion builds,
And Peace uplifts her wand, and HEAVEN his blessing yields.

O'er these sweet fields, so lovely now and gay,
Where modest Nature finds each want supplied,
Where home-born Happiness delights to play,
And counts her little flock with houshold pride,
Long frown'd, from age to age, a forest wide:
Here hung the slumbering bat; the serpent dire
Nested his brood and drank th' impoison'd tide;
Wolves peal'd the dark, drear night in hideous choir,
Nor shrunk th' unmeasured howl from Sol's terrific fire.

No charming cot imbank'd the pebbly stream,
No mansion tower'd nor garden teem'd with good,
No lawn expanded to the April beam,
Nor mellow harvest hung it's bending load,
Nor science dawn'd, nor life with beauty glow'd,
Nor temple whiten'd in th' enchanting dell:
In clusters wild the sluggish wigwam stood,
And, borne in snaky paths, the Indian fell
Now aim'd the death unseen, now scream'd the tyger-yell.

Even now, perhaps, on human dust I tread,
Pondering with solemn pause the wrecks of time:
Here sleeps, perchance, among the vulgar dead,
Some Chief, the lofty theme of Indian rhyme,
Who lov'd Ambition's cloudy steep to climb,
And smil'd deaths, dangers, rivals to engage;
Who rous'd his followers' souls to deeds sublime,
Kindling to furnace heat vindictive rage,
And soar'd Cæsarean heights, the Phœnix of his age.

In yon small field, that dimly steals from sight
(From yon small field these meditations grow),
Turning the sluggish soil from morn to night,
The plodding hind laborious drives his plough,
Nor dreams a nation sleeps his foot below:
There, undisturbed by the roaring wave,
Releas'd from war and far from deadly foe,
Lies down in endless rest a nation brave,
And trains in tempests born there find a quiet grave.

1787–94. 1794.

JOEL BARLOW

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

FROM

BOOK I

Long had the Sage, the first who dar'd to brave
The unknown dangers of the western wave,
Who taught mankind where future empires lay
In these fair confines of descending day,
With cares o'erwhelm'd, in life's distressing gloom,
Wish'd from a thankless world a peaceful tomb;
While kings and nations, envious of his name,
Enjoy'd his labours and usurp'd his fame,
And gave the chief, from promis'd empire hurl'd,
Chains for a crown, a prison for a world.

Now night and silence held their lonely reign,
The half-orb'd moon declining to the main;
Descending clouds, o'er varying ether driven,
Obscur'd the stars, and shut the eye from heaven;
Cold mists through op'ning grates the cell invade,
And deathlike terrors haunt the midnight shade;
When from a visionary, short repose,
That rais'd new cares and temper'd keener woes,
Columbus woke, and to the walls address'd
The deep-felt sorrows of his manly breast.

"Here lies the purchase, here the wretched spoil,
Of painful years and persevering toil:
For these dread walks, this hideous haunt of pain,
I trac'd new regions o'er the pathless main,
Dar'd all the dangers of the dreary wave,
Hung o'er its clefts and topp'd the surging grave,
Saw billowy seas in swelling mountains roll,
And bursting thunders rock the reddening pole,
Death rear his front in every dreadful form,
Gape from beneath and blacken in the storm;
Till, tost far onward to the skirts of day,
Where milder suns dispens'd a smiling ray,
Through brighter skies my happier sails descry'd
The golden banks that bound the western tide,
And gave th' admiring world that bounteous shore,
Their wealth to nations and to kings their power.

"Oh land of wonders, dear, delusive coast,
To these fond aged eyes for ever lost!
No more thy flowery vales I travel o'er,
For me thy mountains rear the head no more,
For me thy rocks no sparkling gems unfold,
Or streams luxuriant wear their paths in gold:
From realms of promis'd peace for ever borne,
I hail dread anguish, and in secret mourn.
"But dangers past, a world explor'd in vain,
And foes triumphant shew but half my pain.
Dissembling friends, each earlier joy who gave,
And fir'd my youth the storms of fate to brave,
Swarm'd in the sunshine of my happier days,
Pursu'd the fortune and partook the praise,
Bore in my doubtful cause a two-fold part,
The garb of friendship and the viper's heart,
Now pass my cell with smiles of sour disdain,
Insult my woes and triumph in my pain.
"One gentle guardian Heav'n indulgent gave,
And now that guardian slumbers in the grave.
Hear from above, thou dear, departed Shade!
As once my joys, my present sorrows aid:
Burst my full heart, afford that last relief,
Breathe back my sighs and reinspire my grief!
Still in my sight thy royal form appears,
Reproves my silence and demands my tears.
On that blest hour my soul delights to dwell
When thy protection bade the canvass swell,
When kings and courtiers found their factions vain,
Blind Superstition shrunk beneath her chain,
The sun's glad beam led on the circling way,
And isles rose beauteous in the western day.
But o'er those silv'ry shores, that new domain,
What crouds of tyrants fix their horrid reign!
Again bold Freedom seeks her kindred skies,
Truth leaves the world, and Isabella dies.
Oh, lend thy friendly shroud to veil my sight,
That these pain'd eyes may dread no more the light!
These welcome shades shall close my instant doom,
And this drear mansion moulder to a tomb."
Thus mourn'd the hapless man. A thundering sound

Roll'd round the shuddering walls and shook the ground;
O'er all the dome, where solemn arches bend,
The roofs unfold and streams of light descend;
The growing splendor fill'd th' astonish'd room,
And gales etherial breath'd a glad perfume.
Mild in the midst a radiant seraph shone,
Rob'd in the vestments of the rising sun;
Tall rose his stature, youth's primeval grace
Adorn'd his limbs and brighten'd in his face;
His closing wings, in golden plumage drest,
With gentle sweep came folding o'er his breast;
His locks in rolling ringlets glittering hung,
And sounds melodious mov'd his heav'nly tongue.
"Rise, trembling Chief; to scenes of rapture rise;
This voice awaits thee from th' approving skies.
Thy just complaints, in God's own presence known,
Have call'd compassion from his bounteous throne.
Assume no more the deep desponding strain
Nor count thy toils nor deem thy virtues vain.
Tho' faithless men thy injur'd worth despise,
'T is thus they treat the blessings of the skies:
For look thro' nature, Heav'n's own conduct trace;
What power divine sustains th' unthankful race!
From that great source, that life-inspiring soul,
Suns drew their light and systems learn'd to roll,
Time walk'd the silent round, and life began,
And God's fair image stamp'd the mind of man;
His cares, his bounties fill the realms of space,
And shine superior in thy favour'd race;
Men speak their wants, th' all-bounteous hand supplies,
And gives the good that mortals dare despise.
In these dark vales where blinded faction sways,
Wealth, pride, and conquest claim the palm of praise,
Aw'd into slaves while grov'ling millions groan
And blood-stain'd steps lead upwards to a throne.
Far other wreaths thy virtuous temples claim,
Far nobler honours build thy sacred name;
Be thine the joys immortal minds that grace,
And thine the toils that bless a kindred race.
"Now raise thy ravish'd soul to scenes more bright,

The vision'd ages rising on thy sight;
For, wing'd with speed, from worlds of light I came,
To sooth thy grief and show thy distant fame.
As that great Seer whose animating rod
Taught Israel's sons the wonder-working God,
Who led thro' dreary wastes the murm'ring band
To the rich confines of the promis'd land,
Oppress'd with years from Pisgah's beauteous height
O'er boundless regions cast the raptur'd sight,
The bliss of unborn nations warm'd his breast,
Repaid his toils and sooth'd his soul to rest:
Thus o'er thy subject wave shalt thou behold
Far happier realms their future charms unfold,
In nobler pomp another Pisgah rise,
Beneath whose foot thy new-found Canaan lies;
There, rapt in vision, hail the distant clime,
And taste the blessings of remotest time."
The Seraph spoke; and now before them lay
(The doors unbarr'd) a steep ascending way,
That through disparting shades arose on high,
Reach'd o'er the hills and lengthen'd up the sky,
Show'd a clear summit rich with rising flowers,
That breathe their odours through celestial bowers;
O'er proud Hispanian spires it looks sublime,
Subjects the Alps and levels all the clime.
Led by the Power, Columbus gain'd the height;
A touch from heav'n sublim'd his mortal sight,
And calm beneath them flow'd the western main,
Far stretch'd, immense, a sky-encircled plain;
No sail, no isle, no cloud invests the bound,
Nor billowy surge disturbs th' unvaried round,
Till deep in distant heav'ns the sun's dim ray
Topp'd unknown cliffs and call'd them up to day.
Slow glimmering into sight wide regions drew,
And rose and brighten'd on th' expanding view;
Fair sweep the waves, the lessening ocean smiles,
And breathes the fragrance of a thousand isles;
Near and more near the long-drawn coasts arise,
Bays stretch their arms, and mountains lift the skies,
The lakes, unfolding, point the streams their way,

The plains, the hills, their spreading skirts display,
The vales draw forth, high walk th' approaching groves,
And all the majesty of nature moves.
O'er the wild climes his eyes delighted rove,
Where lands extend and glittering waters move;
He saw through central realms the winding shore
Spread the deep Gulph his sail had trac'd before,
The Darien isthmus meet the raging tide,
Join distant lands and neighb'ring seas divide,
On either side the shores unbounded bend,
Push wide their waves and to the poles ascend,
While two great continents united rise,
Broad as the main and lengthen'd with the skies.

FROM
BOOK V

Now where the sheeted flames thro' Charlestown roar,
And lashing waves hiss round the burning shore,
Thro' the deep folding fires dread Bunker's height
Thunders o'er all and shows a field of fight.
Like shad'wy phantoms in an evening grove
To the dark strife the closing squadrons move:
They join, they break, they thicken, thro' the air,
And blazing batteries burst along the war;
Now wrapp'd in reddening smoke, now dim in sight,
They sweep the hill or wing the downward flight;
Here, wheel'd and wedg'd, Britannia's veterans turn,
And the long lightnings from their musquets burn;
There scattering strive the thin colonial train,
And broken squadrons still the field maintain;
Britons in fresh battalions rise the height,
And with increasing vollies give the fight.
Till, smear'd with clouds of dust and bath'd in gore,
As growing foes their rais'd artillery pour,
Columbia's host moves o'er the field afar,
And saves by slow retreat the sad remains of war.
There strides bold Putnam, and from all the plains
Calls the tir'd troops, the tardy rear sustains,
And, mid the whizzing deaths that fill the air,
Waves back his sword and dares the foll'wing war.
Thro' falling fires Columbus sees remain
Half of each host in heaps promiscuous slain,

While dying crowds the lingering life-blood pour,
And slippery steeps are trod with prints of gore.
There, glorious Warren, thy cold earth was seen;
There spring thy laurels in immortal green:
Dearest of chiefs that ever press'd the plain,
In freedom's cause with early honours slain,
Still dear in death as when in fight you mov'd,
By hosts applauded and by Heav'n approv'd;
The faithful Muse shall tell the world thy fame,
And unborn realms resound th' immortal name.

1870–87. 1787.

FROM

THE COLUMBIAD

Eager he look'd: another train of years
Had roll'd unseen and brighten'd still their spheres.
Earth, more resplendent in the floods of day,
Assumed new smiles, and flush'd around him lay:
Green swell the mountains, calm the oceans roll,
Fresh beams of beauty kindle round the pole;
Thro all the range where shores and seas extend,
In tenfold pomp the works of peace ascend.
Robed in the bloom of spring's eternal year,
And ripe with fruits, the same glad fields appear;
O'er hills and vales perennial gardens run,
Cities unwall'd stand sparkling to the sun;
The streams, all freighted from the bounteous plain,
Swell with the load and labor to the main,
Whose stormless waves command a steadier gale
And prop the pinions of a bolder sail;
Sway'd with the floating weight, each ocean toils,
And joyous nature's full perfection smiles.
Fill'd with unfolding fate, the vision'd age
Now leads its actors on a broader stage:
When, clothed majestic in the robes of state,
Moved by one voice, in general congress meet
The legates of all empires. Twas the place
Where wretched men first firm'd their wandering pace,
Ere yet, beguiled, the dark delirious hordes
Began to fight for altars and for lords;

Nile washes still the soil, and feels once more
The works of wisdom press his peopled shore.
In this mid site, this monumental clime,
Rear'd by all realms to brave the wrecks of time
A spacious dome swells up, commodious great,
The last resort, the unchanging scene of state.
On rocks of adamant the walls ascend,
Tall columns heave, and sky-like arches bend;
Bright o'er the golden roofs the glittering spires
Far in the concave meet the solar fires;
Four blazing fronts, with gates unfolding high,
Look with immortal splendor round the sky.
Hither the delegated sires ascend,
And all the cares of every clime attend.
As that blest band, the guardian guides of heaven,
To whom the care of stars and suns is given,
When one great circuit shall have proved their spheres
And time well taught them how to wind their years,
Shall meet in general council, call'd to state
The laws and labors that their charge await,
To learn, to teach, to settle how to hold
Their course more glorious as their lights unfold;
From all the bounds of space (the mandate known)
They wing their passage to the eternal throne;
Each thro his far dim sky illumes the road,
And sails and centres tow'rd the mount of God,
There in mid universe their seats to rear,
Exchange their counsels and their works compare:
So, from all tracts of earth, this gathering throng
In ships and chariots shape their course along,
Reach with unwonted speed the place assign'd,
To hear and give the counsels of mankind.
South of the sacred mansion, first resort
The assembled sires, and pass the spacious court.
Here in his porch earth's figured Genius stands,
Truth's mighty mirror poizing in his hands.
Graved on the pedestal and chased in gold,
Man's noblest arts their symbol forms unfold:—
His tillage and his trade, with all the store
Of wondrous fabrics and of useful lore;
Labors that fashion to his sovereign sway

Earth's total powers, her soil and air and sea,
Force them to yield their fruits at his known call,
And bear his mandates round the rolling ball,
Beneath the footstool all destructive things,
The mask of priesthood and the mace of kings,
Lie trampled in the dust; for here at last
Fraud, folly, error all their emblems cast.
Each envoy here unloads his wearied hand
Of some old idol from his native land:
One flings a pagod on the mingled heap,
One lays a crescent, one a cross to sleep;
Swords, sceptres, mitres, crowns and globes and stars,
Codes of false fame and stimulants to wars
Sink in the settling mass; since guile began,
These are the agents of the woes of man.
Now the full concourse, where the arches bend,
Pour thro by thousands and their seats ascend.
Far as the centred eye can range around
Or the deep trumpet's solemn voice resound,
Long rows of reverend sires sublime extend,
And cares of worlds on every brow suspend.
High in the front, for soundest wisdom known,
A sire elect in peerless grandeur shone:
He open'd calm the universal cause,
To give each realm its limit and its laws,
Bid the last breath of tired contention cease
And bind all regions in the leagues of peace;
Till one confederate, condependent sway
Spread with the sun and bound the walks of day,
One centred system, one all-ruling soul
Live thro the parts and regulate the whole.
"Here, then," said Hesper, with a blissful smile,
"Behold the fruits of thy long years of toil.
To yon bright borders of Atlantic day
Thy swelling pinions led the trackless way,
And taught mankind such useful deeds to dare,
To trace new seas and happy nations rear;
Till by fraternal hands their sails unfurl'd
Have waved at last in union o'er the world.
Then let thy stedfast soul no more complain
Of dangers braved and griefs endured in vain,

Of courts insidious, envy's poison'd stings,
The loss of empire and the frown of kings,
While these broad views thy better thoughts compose
To spurn the malice of insulting foes,
And all the joys descending ages gain
Repay thy labors and remove thy pain."

1807.

THE HASTY-PUDDING

CANTO I

Ye Alps audacious thro' the Heav'ns that rise
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies,
Ye Gallic flags that, o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I chuse,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.
Despise it not, ye Bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurld your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring,
Or on some distant fair your notes employ
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense and my evening meal,
The sweets of Hasty-Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.
Oh, could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And as they roll in substance roll in rhyme,
No more thy aukward unpoetic name
Should shun the Muse or prejudice thy fame,
But, rising grateful to th' accustom'd ear,
All Bards should catch it, and all realms revere.

Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Thro' wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race:
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have liv'd indeed, but liv'd without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dry'd maize,
Thro' the rough sieve to shake the golden show'r,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour:
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stir'd with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.
Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise like her labors to the son of song,
To her, to them, I 'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
If 't was Oella, whom I sang before,
I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
Not thro' the rich Peruvian realms alone
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
But o'er the world's wide climes should live secure,
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.
Dear Hasty-Pudding, what unpromis'd joy
Expands my heart to meet thee in Savoy!
Doom'd o'er the world thro' devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is sooth'd, my cares have found an end;
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.
For thee thro' Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wandered up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.
London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea:
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.
For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,

Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize,
A grain whose rich luxuriant growth requires
Short gentle showers and bright etherial fires.
But here, tho' distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more.
The same—I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air:
For endless years, thro' every mild domain,
Where grows the maize there thou art sure to reign.
But man, more fickle, the bold licence claims
In different realms to give thee different names.
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polanta call, the French of course *Polante;*
Ev'n in thy native regions how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush!*
On Hudson's banks while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *suppawn.*
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I 've better known thee from my earliest youth.
Thy name is *Hasty-Pudding!* thus our sires
Were wont to greet thee fuming from their fires;
And while they argu'd in thy just defence
With logic clear, they thus explain'd the sense:
"In haste the boiling cauldron o'er the blaze
Receives and cooks the ready-powder'd maize;
In haste 't is serv'd; and then in equal haste
With cooling milk we make the sweet repast.
No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear and wound the stony plate;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
By frequent journeys to the bowl well stor'd
Performs the hasty honors of the board."
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound to every Yankey dear,
But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste
Preserve my pure hereditary taste.
There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
The luscious food, because it feeds the brute:

In tropes of high-strain'd wit while gaudy prigs
Compare thy nursling man to pamper'd pigs,
With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
What though the generous cow gives me to quaff
The milk nutritious: am I then a calf?
Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
Tho' nurs'd on pudding, thence lay claim to mine?
Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise
Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.
My song resounding in its grateful glee
No merit claims; I praise myself in thee.
My father lov'd thee thro' his length of days:
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
From thee what health, what vigor he possest,
Ten sturdy freeman sprung from him attest;
Thy constellation rul'd my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain, whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 't is welcome still to me,
But most, my Hasty-Pudding, most in thee.
Let the green Succatash with thee contend,
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend,
Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side:
Not all the plate, how fam'd soe'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.
Some talk of Hoe-cake, fair Virginia's pride;
Rich Johnny-cake this mouth has often tri'd:
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric as allied their fame—
Except in dear New-England, where the last
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smoaking hot:
The big round dumplin rolling from the pot;
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With suet lin'd, leads on the Yankey feast;
The Charlotte brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;

The yellow bread whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bake-pan knows—
You tempt me not: my fav'rite greets my eyes;
To that lov'd bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

CANTO II

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
To make mankind, to social virtue sour,
Cram o'er each dish and be what they devour,
For this the kitchen Muse first fram'd her book,
Commanding sweats to stream from every cook;
Children no more their antic gambols tri'd,
And friends to physic wonder'd why they died.
Not so the Yankey: his abundant feast,
With simples furnish'd and with plainness drest,
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
And cheers alike the servant and the lord,
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste;
And health attends them from the short repast.
While the full pail rewards the milk-maid's toil,
The mother sees the morning cauldron boil;
To stir the pudding next demands their care,
To spread the table and the bowls prepare;
To feed the children, as their portions cool,
And comb their heads, and send them off to school.
Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,
For nature scorns not all the aids of art.
Ev'n Hasty-Pudding, purest of all food,
May still be bad, indifferent, or good,
As sage experience the short process guides,
Or want of skill or want of care presides.
Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
To rear the child and long sustain the man,
To shield the morals while it mends the size
And all the powers of every food supplies,
Attend the lessons that the Muse shall bring,
Suspend your spoons and listen while I sing.
But since, O man, thy life and health demand
Not food alone but labour from thy hand,
First in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,

Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize;
She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.
When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
Repays the loan that fill'd the winter stall,
Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain,
And plant in measur'd hills the golden grain.
But when the tender germe begins to shoot,
And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,
Th' insidious worm, the all-devouring crow:
A little ashes sprinkled round the spire,
Soon steep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire;
The feather'd robber with his hungry maw
Swift flies the field before your man of straw,
A frightful image, such as school-boys bring
When met to burn the Pope or hang the King.
Thrice in the season, through each verdant row
Wield the strong plow-share and the faithful hoe—
The faithful hoe a double task that takes,
To till the summer corn and roast the winter cakes.
Slow springs the blade while check'd by chilling rains,
Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;
But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,
Then start the juices, then the roots expand,
Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold,
The bushy branches all the ridges fill,
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
Here cease to vex them; all your cares are done;
Leave the last labors to the parent sun:
Beneath his genial smiles the well-drest field,
When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.
Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;
The suckling ears their silky fringes bend,
And, pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;
The loaded stalk, while still the burthen grows,
O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows.
High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,
A safe retreat for little thefts of love,

When the pledg'd roasting-ears invite the maid
To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade:
His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
And the green spoils her ready basket fill;
Small compensation for the two-fold bliss,
The promis'd wedding and the present kiss.
Slight depredations these: but now the moon
Calls from his hollow tree the sly raccoon;
And while by night he bears his prize away,
The bolder squirrel labors thro' the day;
Both thieves alike, but provident of time—
A virtue rare that almost hides their crime.
Then let them steal the little stores they can,
And fill their grain'ries from the toils of man;
We 've one advantage where they take no part—
With all their wiles they ne'er have found the art
To boil the Hasty-Pudding; here we shine
Superior far to tenants of the pine:
This envy'd boon to man shall still belong,
Unshar'd by them in substance or in song.
At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain;
Deep-loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill,
The sack distended marches to the mill;
The lab'ring mill beneath the burthen groans,
And show'rs the future pudding from the stones;
Till the glad house-wife greets the powder'd gold,
And the new crop exterminates the old.

CANTO III

The days grow short; but tho' the falling sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
Night's pleasing shades his various task prolong,
And yield new subjects to my various song.
For now, the corn-house fill'd, the harvest home,
Th' invited neighbours to the *Husking* come—
A frolic scene, where work and mirth and play
Unite their charms to chace the hours away.
Where the huge heap lies center'd in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown corn-fed nymphs and strong hard-handed beaux,

Alternate rang'd, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack:
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.
The laws of Husking ev'ry wight can tell,
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear she smuts the luckless swains;
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast
Red as her lips and taper as her waist,
She walks the round and culls one favor'd beau,
Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sport as are the wits and brains
Of well-pleas'd lasses and contending swains,
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day.
    Meanwhile the house-wife urges all her care
The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare.
The sifted meal already waits her hand,
The milk is strain'd, the bowls in order stand;
The fire flames high, and, as a pool—that takes
The headlong stream that o'er the mill-dam breaks—
Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,
So the vext cauldren rages, roars, and boils.
First with clean salt she seasons well the food;
Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood;
Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand:
To stir it well demands a stronger hand;
The husband takes his turn, and round and round
The ladle flies. At last the toil is crown'd;
When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
And take their seats as at the corn before.
    I leave them to their feast. There still belong
More copious matters to my faithful song;
For rules there are, tho' ne'er unfolded yet,
Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate.
    Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
And mix, like Bards, the useful with the sweet:
A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise;
A great resource in those bleak wintry days

When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.
Blest cow, thy praise shall still my notes employ,
Great source of health, the only source of joy!
How oft thy teats these pious hands have prest;
How oft thy bounties prov'd my only feast;
How oft I 've fed thee with my fav'rite grain;
And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!
Ye swains who know her various worth to prize,
Ah, house her well from Winter's angry skies.
Potatoes, Pumpkins should her sadness cheer,
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;
When Spring returns she 'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her own.
Milk, then, with pudding I should always chuse;
To this in future I confine my Muse,
Till she in haste some farther hints unfold,
Well for the young nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding, these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand: you 've got the portion 's due;
So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.
There is a choice in spoons. Tho' small appear
The nice distinction, yet to me 't is clear.
The deep-bowl'd Gallic spoon, contriv'd to scoop
In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,
Performs not well in those substantial things
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings,
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
The gentle curve and sweep the hollow space.
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave but still more dilate
Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
A secret rests unknown to vulgar eyes:
Experienc'd feeders can alone impart
A rule so much above the lore of art.
These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,

With just precision could the point decide,
Tho' not in song; the muse but poorly shines
In cones and cubes and geometric lines.
Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
Is that small section of a goose-egg-shell
Which in two equal portions shall divide
The distance from the center to the side.
Fear not to slaver; 't is no deadly sin.
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
Suspend the ready napkin; or, like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee,
Just in the zenith your wise head project—
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that fall;
The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all.

1793. 1796.

PHILIP FRENEAU

FROM

THE BEAUTIES OF SANTA CRUZ

Sick of thy northern glooms, come, shepherd, seek
More equal climes and a serener sky:
Why shouldst thou toil amid thy frozen ground,
Where half year's snows a barren prospect lie,

When thou mayst go where never frost was seen,
Or north-west winds with cutting fury blow,
Where never ice congeal'd the limpid stream,
Where never mountain tipt its head with snow?

Twice seven days prosperous gales thy barque shall bear
To isles that flourish in perpetual green,
Where richest herbage glads each shady vale,
And ever verdant plants on every hill are seen. . . . .

From the vast caverns of old ocean's bed
Fair SANTA CRUZ arising laves her waist;
The threat'ning waters roar on every side,
For every side by ocean is embrac'd.

Sharp, craggy rocks repell the surging brine,
Whose cavern'd sides, by restless billows wore,
Resemblance claim to that remoter isle
Where once the winds' proud lord the sceptre bore.

Betwixt old Cancer and the mid-way line,
In happiest climate lies this envied isle:
Trees bloom throughout the year, streams ever flow,
And fragrant Flora wears a lasting smile. . . . .

The happy waters boast, of various kinds,
Unnumber'd myriads of the scaly race;
Sportive they glide above the delug'd sand,
Gay as their clime, in ocean's ample vase.

Some, streak'd with burnish'd gold, resplendent glare,
Some cleave the limpid deep all silver'd o'er,
Some clad in living green delight the eye,
Some red, some blue, of mingled colours more.

Here glides the spangled Dolphin through the deep;
The giant-carcas'd whales at distance stray;
The huge green turtles wallow through the wave,
Well pleas'd alike with land or water they. . . . .

Sweet verdant isle, through thy dark woods I rove
And learn the nature of each native tree:
The *fustick* hard, the poisonous *manchineel*,
Which for its fragrant apple pleaseth thee;

Alluring to the smell, fair to the eye,
But deadliest poison in the taste is found—
O shun the dangerous tree, nor taste, like *Eve*,
This interdicted fruit in Eden's ground.

The lowly *mangrove*, fond of watry soil,
The white-bark'd *gregory*, rising high in air,
The *mastick* in the woods you may descry;
Tamarind and lofty plumb-trees flourish there.

Sweet orange groves in lonely vallies rise,
And drop their fruits unnotic'd and unknown;
The cooling acid limes in hedges grow,
The juicy lemons swell in shades their own. . . . .

The plantane and banana flourish here,
Of hasty growth, and love to fix their root
Where some soft stream of ambling water flows,
To yield full moisture to their cluster'd fruit.

No other trees so vast a leaf can boast,
So broad, so long: through these refresh'd I stray,
And though the noon-sun all his radiance shed,
These friendly leaves shall shade me all the way,

And tempt the cooling breeze to hasten there,
With its sweet odorous breath to charm the grove;
High shades and verdant seats, while underneath
A little stream by mossy banks doth rove,

Where once the Indian dames slept with their swains,
Or fondly kiss'd the moon-light eves away;
The lovers fled, the tearful stream remains,
And only I console it with my lay. . . . .

But, shepherd, haste, and leave behind thee far
Thy bloody plains and iron glooms above;
Quit the cold northern star, and here enjoy
Beneath the smiling skies this land of love.

The drowsy pelican wings home his way,
The misty eve sits heavy on the sea,
And though yon' sail drags slowly o'er the main,
Say, shall a moment's gloom discourage thee?

To-morrow's sun now paints the faded scene;
Though deep in ocean sink his western beams,
His spangled chariot shall ascend more clear,
More radiant, from the drowsy land of dreams.

1776. 1779.

FROM

THE HOUSE OF NIGHT

By some sad means, when Reason holds no sway,
Lonely I rov'd at midnight o'er a plain
Where murmuring streams and mingling rivers flow
Far to their springs or seek the sea again.

Sweet vernal May! tho' then thy woods in bloom
Flourish'd, yet nought of this could Fancy see;
No wild pinks bless'd the meads, no green the fields,
And naked seem'd to stand each lifeless tree.

Dark was the sky, and not one friendly star
Shone from the zenith or horizon, clear;
Mist sate upon the woods, and darkness rode
In her black chariot with a wild career.

And from the woods the late-resounding note
Issued of the loquacious *Whip-poor-will;*
Hoarse, howling dogs and nightly roving wolves
Clamour'd from far-off clifts invisible.

Rude from the wide-extended *Chesapeke*
I heard the winds the dashing waves assail,
And saw from far, by picturing fancy form'd,
The black ship travelling through the noisy gale.

At last, by chance and guardian fancy led,
I reach'd a noble dome rais'd fair and high,
And saw the light from upper windows flame,
Presage of mirth and hospitality.

And by that light around the dome appear'd
A mournful garden of autumnal hue;
Its lately pleasing flowers all drooping stood
Amidst high weeds that in rank plenty grew.

The Primrose there, the violet darkly blue,
Daisies and fair Narcissus ceas'd to rise;
Gay spotted pinks their charming bloom withdrew,
And Polyanthus quench'd its thousand dyes.

No pleasant fruit or blossom gaily smil'd;
Nought but unhappy plants and trees were seen:
The yew, the myrtle, and the church-yard elm,
The cypress with its melancholy green.

There cedars dark, the osier, and the pine,
Shorn tamarisks, and weeping willows grew.
The poplar tall, the lotos, and the lime;
And pyracantha did her leaves renew.

The poppy there, companion to repose,
Display'd her blossoms that began to fall;
And here the purple amaranthus rose,
With mint strong-scented, for the funeral.

And here and there, with laurel shrubs between,
A tombstone lay, inscrib'd with strains of woe;
And stanzas sad, throughout the dismal green,
Lamented for the dead that slept below.

Peace to this awful dome!—when strait I heard
The voice of men in a secluded room;
Much did they talk of death and much of life,
Of coffins, shrouds, and horrors of a tomb. . . . .

Then up three winding stairs my feet were brought
To a high chamber, hung with mourning sad;
The unsnuff'd candles glar'd with visage dim,
'Midst grief in ecstasy of woe run mad.

A wide-leaf'd table stood on either side,
Well fraught with phials, half their liquids spent;
And from a couch behind the curtain's veil
I heard a hollow voice of loud lament.

Turning to view the object whence it came,
My frighted eyes a horrid form survey'd
(*Fancy, I own thy power*): Death on the couch,
With fleshless limbs, at rueful length, was laid.

And o'er his head flew jealousies and cares,
Ghosts, imps, and half the black Tartarian crew,
Arch-angels damn'd; nor was their Prince remote,
Borne on the vaporous wings of Stygian dew.

Around his bed, by the dull flambeaux' glare,
I saw pale phantoms: Rage to madness vext,
Wan, wasting grief, and ever-musing care,
Distressful pain, and poverty perplext.

Sad was his countenance—if we can call
That *countenance* where only bones were seen—
And eyes sunk in their sockets, dark and low,
And teeth that only show'd themselves to grin.

Reft was his scull of hair, and no fresh bloom
Of chearful mirth sate on his visage hoar:
Sometimes he rais'd his head, while deep-drawn groans
Were mixt with words that did his fate deplore.

Oft did he wish to see the daylight spring;
And often toward the window lean'd to hear,
Fore-runner of the scarlet-mantled morn,
The early note of wakeful *Chanticleer*. . . . .

Then with a hollow voice thus went he on:
"Get up and search, and bring, when found, to me
Some cordial, potion, or some pleasant draught,
Sweet, slumb'rous poppy or the mild Bohea.

"But hark, my pitying friend!—and if you can,
Deceive the grim physician at the door—
Bring half the mountain springs—ah, hither bring
The cold rock-water from the shady bower;

"For till this night such thirst did ne'er invade,
A thirst provok'd by heav'n's avenging hand:
Hence bear me, friends, to quaff and quaff again
The cool wave bubbling from the yellow sand.

"To these dark walls with stately step I came,
Prepar'd your drugs and doses to defy;
Smit with the love of never-dying fame,
I came, alas! to conquer—not to die!"

Glad, from his side I sprang and fetch'd the draught,
Which down his greedy throat he quickly swills;
Then on a second errand sent me strait,
To search in some dark corner for his pills.

Quoth he, "These pills have long compounded been
Of dead men's bones and bitter roots, I trow;
But that I may to wonted health return
Throughout my lank veins shall their substance go."

So down they went.—He rais'd his fainting head,
And oft in feeble tone essay'd to talk:
Quoth he, "Since remedies have small avail,
Assist unhappy Death once more to walk."

Then, slowly rising from his loathsome bed,
On wasted legs the meagre monster stood,
Gap'd wide, and foam'd, and hungry seem'd to ask,
Tho' sick, an endless quantity of food.

Said he, "The sweet melodious flute prepare,
The anthem, and the organ's solemn sound,
Such as may strike my soul with ecstacy,
Such as may from yon' lofty walls rebound.

"Sweet music can the fiercest pains assuage:
She bids the soul to heav'n's blest mansions rise;
She calms despair, controuls infernal rage;
And deepest anguish, when it hears her, dies.

"And see, the mizzling, misty midnight reigns,
And no soft dews are on my eye-lids sent:
Here, stranger, lend thy hand, assist me, pray,
To walk a circuit of no large extent."

On my prest shoulders leaning, round he went,
And could have made the boldest spectre flee.
I led him up stairs, and I led him down,
But not one moment's rest from pain got he. . . . .

Up rush'd a band, with compasses and scales
To measure his slim carcase, long and lean.
"Be sure," said he, "to frame my coffin strong,
You, master workman, and your men, I mean;

"For if the Devil, so late my trusty friend,
Should get one hint where I am laid, from you,
Not with my soul content, he 'd seek to find
That mouldering mass of bones, my body, too!

"Of hardest ebon let the plank be found,
With clamps and ponderous bars secur'd around,
That if the box by Satan should be storm'd
It may be able for resistance found."

"Yes," said the master workman, "noble Death,
Your coffin shall be strong—that leave to me;
But who shall these your funeral dues discharge?
Nor friends nor pence you have, that I can see."

To this said Death, "You might have ask'd me, too,
Base caitiff, who are my executors,
Where my estate, and who the men that shall
Partake my substance and be call'd my heirs.

"Know, then, that hell is my inheritance;
The devil himself my funeral dues must pay:
Go—since you must be paid—go ask of him,
For he has gold, as fabling poets say."

Strait they retir'd—when thus he gave me charge,
Pointing from the light window to the west:
"Go three miles o'er the plain, and you shall see
A burying-yard of sinners dead, unblest.

"Amid the graves a spiry building stands,
Whose solemn knell resounding through the gloom
Shall call thee o'er the circumjacent lands
To the dull mansion destin'd for my tomb.

"There, since 't is dark, I 'll plant a glimmering light
Just snatch'd from hell, by whose reflected beams
Thou shalt behold a tomb-stone, full eight feet,
Fast by a grave replete with ghosts and dreams.

"And on that stone engrave this epitaph,
Since Death, it seems, must die like mortal men;
Yes, on that stone engrave this epitaph,
Though all hell's furies aim to snatch the pen:—

"*Death in this tomb his weary bones hath laid,*
Sick of dominion o'er the human kind:
Behold what devastations he hath made;
Survey the millions by his arm confin'd.

"*Six thousand years has sovereign sway been mine;*
None but myself can real glory claim:
Great Regent of the world I reign'd alone,
And princes trembled when my mandate came.

"*Vast and unmatch'd throughout the world, my fame*
Takes place of gods, and asks no mortal date—
No, by myself and by the heavens I swear
Not Alexander's name is half so great.

"*Nor swords nor darts my prowess could withstand;*
All quit their arms and bow'd to my decree:
Even mighty JULIUS *died beneath my hand,*
For slaves and Cesars were the same to me.

"*Traveller, wouldst thou his noblest trophies seek,*
Search in no narrow spot obscure for those;
The sea profound, the surface of all land,
Is moulded with the myriads of his foes." . . . .

O'er a dark field I held my dubious way,
Where Jack-a-lanthorn walk'd his lonely round;
Beneath my feet substantial darkness lay,
And screams were heard from the distemper'd ground.

Nor look'd I back, till to a far-off wood,
Trembling with fear, my weary feet had sped:
Dark was the night, but at the inchanted dome
I saw the infernal windows flaming red.

And from within the howls of Death I heard,
Cursing the dismal night that gave him birth,
Damning his ancient sire and mother sin,
Who at the gates of hell, accursed, brought him forth.

(For fancy gave to my enraptur'd soul
An eagle's eye, with keenest glance to see;
And bade those distant sounds distinctly roll,
Which, waking, never had affected me.)

Oft his pale breast with cruel hand he smote,
And, tearing from his limbs a winding-sheet,
Roar'd to the black skies, while the woods around,
As wicked as himself, his words repeat.

Thrice tow'rd the skies his meagre arms he rear'd,
Invok'd all hell and thunders on his head,
Bid light'nings fly, earth yawn, and tempests roar,
And the sea wrap him in its oozy bed.

"My life for one cool draught! O, fetch your springs!
Can one unfeeling to my woes be found?
No friendly visage comes to my relief,
But ghosts impend and spectres hover round.

"Though humbled now, dishearten'd, and distrest,
Yet, when admitted to the peaceful ground,
With heroes, kings, and conquerors I shall rest,
Shall sleep as safely and perhaps as sound."

Dim burnt the lamp; and now the phantom Death
Gave his last groans in horror and despair:
"All hell demands me hence!" he said, and threw
The red lamp hissing through the midnight air.

Trembling, across the plain my course I held,
And found the grave-yard, loitering through the gloom,
And in the midst a hell-red, wandering light,
Walking in fiery circles round the tomb. . . . .

At distance far, approaching to the tomb,
By lamps and lanthorns guided through the shade,
A coal-black chariot hurried through the gloom,
Spectres attending, in black weeds array'd,

Whose woeful forms yet chill my soul with dread:
Each wore a vest in Stygian chambers wove,
Death's kindred all—Death's horses they bestrode,
And gallop'd fiercely, as the chariot drove.

Each horrid face a grizly mask conceal'd;
Their busy eyes shot terror to my soul
As now and then, by the pale lanthorn's glare,
I saw them for their parted friend condole.

Before the herse Death's chaplain seem'd to go,
Who strove to comfort, what he could, the dead,
Talk'd much of *Satan* and the land of woe,
And many a chapter from the scriptures read

At last he rais'd the swelling anthem high;
In dismal numbers seem'd he to complain:
The captive tribes that by *Euphrates* wept,
Their song was jovial to his dreary strain.

That done, they plac'd the carcase in the tomb,
To dust and dull oblivion now resign'd;
Then turn'd the chariot tow'rd the House of Night,
Which soon flew off and left no trace behind.

But as I stoop'd to write the appointed verse,
Swifter than thought the airy scene decay'd;
Blushing the morn arose, and from the east
With her gay streams of light dispell'd the shade.

About 1776. 1779, 1786.

FROM

THE BRITISH PRISON SHIP

Two hulks on Hudson's stormy bosom lie,
Two farther south affront the pitying eye:
There the black SCORPION at her mooring rides,
There STROMBOLO swings yielding to the tides;
Here bulky JERSEY fills a larger space,
And HUNTER, to all hospitals disgrace.
Thou, SCORPION, fatal to thy crowded throng,
Dire theme of horror and Plutonian song,
Requir'st my lay—thy sultry decks I know,
And all the torments that exist below.
The briny wave that Hudson's bosom fills
Drain'd through her bottom in a thousand rills,
Rotten and old, replete with sighs and groans,
Scarce on the waters she sustain'd her bones.
Here, doom'd to toil or founder in the tide,
At the moist pumps incessantly we ply'd;
Here, doom'd to starve, like famish'd dogs we tore
The scant allowance that our tyrants bore.
Remembrance shudders at this scene of fears:
Still in my view some English brute appears,
Some base-born Hessian slave walks threat'ning by,
Some servile Scot with murder in his eye
Still haunts my sight, as vainly they bemoan
Rebellions manag'd so unlike their *own*.
O may I never feel the poignant pain
To live subjected to such fiends again—
Stewards and *Mates* that hostile Britain bore,
Cut from the gallows on their native shore;
Their ghastly looks and vengeance-beaming eyes
Still to my view in dismal colours rise.
O may I ne'er review these dire abodes,
These piles for slaughter, floating on the floods.

And you that o'er the troubled ocean go,
Strike not your standards to this miscreant foe:
Better the greedy wave should swallow all,
Better to meet the death-conducted ball,
Better to sleep on ocean's deepest bed,
At once destroy'd and number'd with the dead,
Than thus to perish in the face of day,
Where twice ten thousand deaths one death delay.

1780. 1781.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS

UNDER GENERAL GREENE, IN SOUTH CAROLINA, WHO FELL IN THE ACTION OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1781

At EUTAW springs the valiant died;
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er·
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If, in this wreck of ruin they
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say
"The friends of freedom slumber here."

Thou who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign,
Sigh for the shepherds sunk to rest.

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear:
'T is not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe;
The flaming town, the wasted field:
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear—but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, GREENE,
The Britons they compelled to fly;
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved in such a cause to die.

But like the Parthian famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw,
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace our patriot band;
Though far from Nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own.

1781. 1781.

FROM

THE POLITICAL BALANCE

As Jove the Olympian (who both I and you know
Was brother to Neptune and husband to Juno)
Was lately reviewing his papers of state,
He happened to light on the records of FATE.

In Alphabet order this volume was written,
So he opened at B, for the article "Britain":
"She struggles so well," said the god, "I will see
What the sisters in Pluto's dominions decree."

And first on the top of a column he read
"Of a king with a mighty soft place in his head,
Who should join in his temper the ass and the mule,
The third of his name, and by far the worst fool.". . . .

So Jupiter read, a god of first rank,
And still had read on, but he came to a blank:
For the Fates had neglected the rest to reveal—
They either forgot it, or chose to conceal.

When a leaf is torn out, or a blot on a page
That pleases our fancy, we fly in a rage;
So, curious to know what the Fates would say next,
No wonder if Jove, disappointed, was vext.

But still, as true genius not frequently fails,
He glanced at the *Virgin*, and thought of the *Scales*,
And said, "To determine the will of the Fates,
One scale shall weigh *Britain*, the other the *States*."

Then turning to Vulcan, his maker of thunder,
Said he, "My dear Vulcan, I pray you look yonder:
Those *creatures* are tearing each other to pieces,
And instead of abating the carnage increases.

"Now as you are a blacksmith, and lusty stout ham-eater,
You must make me a globe of a shorter diameter—
The world in abridgement and just as it stands,
With all its proportions of water and lands.

"But its various divisions must so be designed
That I can unhinge it whene'er I 've a mind—
How else should I know what the portions will weigh,
Or which of the combatants carry the day?"

Old Vulcan complied (we 've no reason to doubt it),
So he put on his apron and strait went about it;
Made center, and circles as round as a pancake,
And here the Pacific and there the Atlantic. . . . .

At length, to discourage all stupid pretensions,
Jove looked at the globe and approved its dimensions,
And cried in a transport, "Why, what have we here?
Friend Vulcan, it is a most beautiful sphere!

"Now while I am busy in taking apart
This globe that is formed with such exquisite art,
Go, Hermes, to Libra (you 're one of her gallants),
And ask in my name for the loan of her balance."

Away posted Hermes, as swift as the gales,
And as swiftly returned with the ponderous scales;
And hung them aloft to a beam in the air,
So equally poised they had turned with a hair.

Now Jove to COLUMBIA his shoulders applied;
But, aiming to lift her, his strength she defied:
Then, turning about to their godships, he says,
"A BODY SO VAST is not easy to raise;

"But if you assist me, I still have a *notion*
Our *forces united* can put her in motion
And swing her aloft, though alone I might fail,
And place her, in spite of her bulk, in our scale.

"If six years together the Congress have strove,
And more than *divided the empire with Jove*,
With a JOVE like myself, who am *nine* times as great,
You can join, like their soldiers, to heave up this weight."

So to it they went, with handspikes and levers,
And upward she sprung, with her mountains and rivers,
Rocks, cities, and islands, deep waters and shallows,
Ships, armies, and forests, high heads and fine fellows. . . . .

Then, searching about with his fingers for Britain,
Thought he, "This same island I cannot well hit on;
The devil take him who first called her the GREAT—
If she was, she is *vastly* diminished of late."

Like a man that is searching his thigh for a flea,
He peeped and he fumbled, but nothing could see.
At last he exclaimed, "I am surely upon it—
I think I have hold of a Highlander's bonnet."

But finding his error, he said with a sigh,
"This bonnet is only the island of Skie!"
So away to his *namesake* the PLANET he goes,
And borrowed *two moons* to hang on his nose.

Through these, as through glasses, he saw her quite clear,
And in raptures cried out, "I have found her—she 's here!
If this be not Britain, then call me an ass—
She *looks like a gem in an ocean of glass.*". . . .

Then he raised her aloft; but—to shorten our tale—
She looked like a CLOD in the opposite scale:
Britannia so small, and Columbia so large—
A ship of first rate, and a ferryman's barge.

Cried Pallas to Vulcan, "Why, Jove 's in a dream.
Observe how he watches the turn of the beam!
Was ever a mountain outweighed by a grain?
Or what is a drop when compared to the main?"

But Momus alledged, "In my humble opinion,
You should add to Great-Britain her foreign dominion;
When this is appended, perhaps she will rise,
And equal her rival in weight and in size."

"Alas," said the monarch, "your project is vain:
But little is left of her foreign domain;
And, scattered about in the liquid expanse,
That little is left to the mercy of France.

"However, we 'll lift them, and give her fair play."
And soon in the scale with their mistress they lay;
But the gods were confounded and struck with surprise,
And Vulcan could hardly believe his own eyes:

For, such was the purpose and guidance of fate,
Her foreign dominions diminished her weight;
By which it appeared, to Britain's disaster,
Her foreign possessions were changing their master.

Then, as he replaced them, said Jove with a smile,
"COLUMBIA shall never be ruled by an isle;
But vapours and darkness around her may rise,
And tempests conceal her a-while from our eyes

"So locusts in Egypt their squadrons display,
And, rising, disfigure the face of the day;
So the moon, at her full, has a frequent eclipse,
And the sun in the ocean diurnally dips.

"Then cease your endeavours, ye vermin of Britain"
(And here in derision their island he spit on):
"'T is madness to seek what you never can find,
Or to think of uniting what Nature disjoined.

"But still you may flutter awhile with your wings,
And spit out your venom and brandish your stings:
Your hearts are as black and as bitter as gall,
A curse to mankind, and a blot on the BALL."

1782. 1782.

THE WILD HONEY SUCKLE

Fair flower that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

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

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

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

1786. 1786.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

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

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

His imaged birds and painted bowl,
And venison for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul—
ACTIVITY that knows no rest.

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

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

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

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

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

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer a shade.

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

1788.

THE NEW ENGLAND SABBATH-DAY CHACE

On a fine Sunday morning I mounted my steed,
And southward from HARTFORD had meant to proceed.
My baggage was stow'd in a cart very snug,
Which RANGER, the gelding, was destined to lug;
With his harness and buckles he loom'd very grand,
And was drove by young DARBY, a lad of the land—
On land or on water most handy was he,
A jockey on shore, and a sailor at sea;
He knew all the roads, he was so very keen,
And the *Bible* by heart, at the age of fifteen.
As thus I jogg'd on, to my saddle confined,

With *Ranger* and *Darby* a distance behind,
At last in full view of a steeple we came,
With a *cock* on the spire (I suppose he was game;
A dove in the pulpit may suit your grave people,
But always remember—a cock on the steeple).
Cries Darby, "Dear master, I beg you to stay;
Believe me, there 's danger in driving this way:
Our deacons on Sundays have power to arrest
And lead us to church—if your honour thinks best;
Though still I must do them the justice to tell
They would choose you should pay them the fine, full as well."
"The fine," said I, "Darby, how much may it be—
A shilling or sixpence? Why, now, let me see;
Three shillings are all the small pence that remain,
And to change a half joe would be rather PROFANE.
Is it more than three shillings, the fine that you speak on?
What say you, good Darby, will that serve the deacon?"
"Three shillings!" cried Darby, "why, master, you 're jesting!
Let us *luff* while we can and make sure of our westing.
Forty shillings, excuse me, is too much to pay—
It would take my month's wages—that 's all I 've to say.
By taking *this road* that inclines to the right,
The squire and the sexton may bid us good night:
If once to old Ranger I give up the rein,
The parson himself may pursue us in vain."
"Not I, my good Darby," I answer'd the lad.
"Leave the church on the left? they would think we were mad.
I would sooner rely on the heels of my steed,
And pass by them all like a *Jehu* indeed.
As long as I 'm able to lead in the race,
Old Ranger, the gelding, will go a good pace:
As the deacon pursues, he will fly like a swallow,
And you in the cart must undoubtedly follow."
Then, approaching the church, as we pass'd by the door,
The sexton peep'd out, with a saint or two more.
A deacon came forward and waved us his hat,
A signal to drop him some money—mind that!
"Now, Darby," I halloo'd, "be ready to skip!
Ease off the curb bridle—give Ranger the whip!
While you have the rear, and myself lead the way,
No doctor or deacon shall catch us this day."

By this time the deacon had mounted his poney,
And chaced for the sake of our souls and—our money.
The saint, as he followed, cried, "Stop them, hallo!"
As swift as he followed, as swiftly we flew.
"Ah master," said Darby, "I very much fear
We must drop him some money to check his career:
He is gaining upon us and waves with his hat—
There 's nothing, dear master, will stop him but that.
Remember the Beaver (you well know the fable),
Who, flying the hunters as long as he 's able,
When he finds that his efforts can nothing avail,
But death and the puppies are close at his tail,
Instead of desponding at such a dead lift,
He bites off *their object*, and makes a free gift:
Since fortune all hope of escaping denies,
Better give them a little than lose the whole prize."
But scarce had he spoke when we came to a place
Whose muddy condition concluded the chace:
Down settled the cart, and old Ranger stuck fast.
"*Aha!*" *said the Saint*, "*Have I catch'd ye at last?*"
Cætera desunt.

1790.

THE REPUBLICAN GENIUS OF EUROPE

Emperors and kings! in vain you strive
Your torments to conceal.
The age is come that shakes your thrones,
Tramples in dust despotic crowns,
And bids the sceptre fail.

In western worlds the flame began;
From thence to France it flew;
Through Europe now it takes its way,
Beams an insufferable day,
And lays all tyrants low.

Genius of France, pursue the chace
Till Reason's laws restore
Man to be Man, in every clime—
That Being, active, great, sublime,
Debas'd in dust no more.

In dreadful pomp he takes his way
O'er ruin'd crowns, demolish'd thrones:
Pale tyrants shrink before his blaze—
Round him terrific lightnings play;
With eyes of fire he looks them through,
Crushes the vile despotic crew,
And Pride in ruin lays.

1795.

ON A HONEY BEE

DRINKING FROM A GLASS OF WINE AND DROWNED THEREIN

Thou born to sip the lake or spring,
Or quaff the waters of the stream,
Why hither come on vagrant wing?
Does Bacchus tempting seem—
Did he for you this glass prepare?
Will I admit you to a share?

Did storms harrass or foes perplex,
Did wasps or king-birds bring dismay,
Did wars distress or labours vex,
Or did you miss your way?
A better seat you could not take
Than on the margin of this lake.

Welcome! I hail you to my glass;
All welcome here you find:
Here let the cloud of trouble pass,
Here be all care resigned.
This fluid never fails to please,
And drown the griefs of men or bees.

What forced you here we cannot know,
And you will scarcely tell;
But cheery we would have you go,
And bid a glad farewell:
On lighter wings we bid you fly;
Your dart will now all foes defy.

Yet take not, oh, too deep a drink
And in this ocean die;
Here bigger bees than you might sink,

Even bees full six feet high:
Like Pharoah, then, you would be said
To perish in a sea of red.

Do as you please, your will is mine;
Enjoy it without fear;
And your grave will be this glass of wine,
Your epitaph a tear.
Go take your seat in Charon's boat:
We 'll tell the hive you died afloat.

1809.

TO A CATY-DID

In a branch of willow hid,
Sings the evening Caty-did:
From the lofty locust bough
Feeding on a drop of dew,
In her suit of green array'd,
Hear her singing in the shade,
"Caty-did, Caty-did, Caty-did!"

While upon a leaf you tread,
Or repose your little head
On your sheet of shadows laid,
All the day you nothing said:
Half the night your cheery tongue
Revell'd out its little song,
Nothing else but "Caty-did."

From your lodgings on the leaf
Did you utter joy or grief?
Did you only mean to say,
"*I have had my summer's day,*
And am passing soon away
To the grave of Caty-did"—
Poor, unhappy Caty-did!

But you would have utter'd more
Had you known of nature's power:
From the world when you retreat,
And a leaf 's your winding sheet,

Long before your spirit fled,
Who can tell but nature said,
"Live again, my Caty-did!
Live, and chatter 'Caty-did.'"

Tell me, what did Caty do?
Did she mean to trouble you?
Why was Caty not forbid
To trouble little Caty-did?
Wrong, indeed, at you to fling,
Hurting no one while you sing,
"Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!"

Why continue to complain?
Caty tells me she again
Will not give you plague or pain;
Caty says you may be hid—
Caty will not go to bed
While you sing us "Caty-did!
Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!"

But while singing you forgot
To tell us what did Caty *not:*
Caty did not think of cold,
Flocks retiring to the fold,
Winter, with his wrinkles old,
Winter, that yourself foretold
When you gave us "Caty-did."

Stay securely in your nest:
Caty now will do her best,
All she can, to make you blest.
But you want no human aid:
Nature when she form'd you said,
"Independent you are made,
My dear little Caty-did;
Soon yourself must disappear
With the verdure of the year"—
And to go we know not where,
With your song of "Caty-did."

1815.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE

FROM

THE RULING PASSION

Life is a print-shop, where the eye may trace
A different outline mark'd in every face:
From chiefs who laurels reap in fields of blood,
Down to the hind who tills those fields for food;
From the lorn nymph in cloister'd abbey pent,
Whose friars teach to love and to repent,
To the young captive in the HARAM'S bower,
Blest for a night, and empress of an hour;
From ink's retailers perch'd in *garret* high,
Cobweb'd around with many a mouldy lie,
Down to the pauper's brat who, luckless wight,
Deep in the *cellar* first receiv'd the light;
All, all impell'd, as various passions move,
To write, to starve, to conquer, or to love!
All join to shift life's versicolor'd scenes,
Priests, poets, fiddlers, courtesans, and queens.
And be it pride or dress or wealth or fame,
The acting principle is ne'er the same;
Each takes a different rout, o'er hill or vale,
The tangled forest or the greensward dale.
But they who chiefly crowd the field are those
Who live by fashion—CONSTABLES and BEAUS.
The first, I ween, are men of high report,
The LAW'S *staff*-officers, and known at court.
The last, sweet elves, whose rival graces vie
To wield the snuff-box or enact a sigh,
To Fashion's *gossamer* their lives devote,
The frize, the cane, the cravat, and the coat;
In taste unpolish'd, yet in *ton* precise,
They sleep at theatres and wake at dice,
While, like the pilgrim's scrip or soldier's pack,
They carry all their fortune on their back.
From FOPS we turn to PEDANTS—deep and dull,
Grave without sense, *o'erflowing yet not full.*
See the lank BOOK-WORM, pil'd with lumbering lore,
Wrinkled in Latin and in Greek fourscore,

With toil incessant *thumbs* the ancient page,
Now *blots* a hero, now *turns down* a sage.
O'er learning's field with leaden eye he strays,
Mid busts of fame and monuments of praise;
With Gothic foot he treads on *flowers* of taste,
Yet stoops to pick the *pebbles* from the waste.
Profound in trifles, he can tell how short
Were ÆSOP'S legs, how large was TULLY'S wart;
And scal'd by GUNTER, marks with joy absurd
The cut of HOMER'S cloak and EUCLID'S beard.
Thus through the weary watch of sleepless night
This learned ploughman plods in piteous plight;
Till the dim taper takes French leave to doze,
And the fat folio tumbles on his toes.

1797. 1797.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

STANZAS

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground—to die.
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away.
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat

All trace will vanish from the sand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas, shall mourn for me!

About 1815.

JOHN NEAL

FROM

THE BATTLE OF NIAGARA

A NIGHT-ATTACK BY CAVALRY

Observed ye the cloud on that mountain's dim green
So heavily hanging, as if it had been
The tent of the Thunderer, the chariot of one
Who dare not appear in the blaze of the sun?
'T is descending to earth, and some horsemen are now
In a line of dark mist coming down from its brow.
'T is a helmeted band; from the hills they descend
Like the monarchs of storm when the forest trees bend.
No scimitars swing as they gallop along,
No clattering hoof falls sudden and strong,
No trumpet is filled and no bugle is blown,
No banners abroad on the wind are thrown,
No shoutings are heard and no cheerings are given,
No waving of red-flowing plumage to heaven,
No flashing of blades and no loosening of reins,
No neighing of steeds and no tossing of manes,
No furniture trailing, or warrior helms bowing,
Or crimson and gold-spotted drapery flowing;
But they speed like coursers whose hoofs are shod
With a silent shoe from the loosened sod. . . . .

Dark and chill is the sky, and the clouds gather round;
There 's nought to be seen, yet there comes a low sound
As if something were near that would pass unobserved.
O, if 't is that band, may their right-arms be nerved!
Hark, a challenge is given! a rash charger neighs—
And a trumpet is blown—and lo, there 's a blaze—
And a clashing of sabres is heard, and a shout

Like a hurried order goes passing about;
And unfurling banners are tossed to the sky
As struggling to float on the wind passing by;
And unharness'd war-steeds are crowding together,
The horseman's thick plume and the foot-soldier's feather.
The battle is up! and the thunder is pealing,
And squadrons of cavalry coursing and wheeling
And line after line in their light are revealing.
One troop of high helms thro' the fight urge their way,
Unbroken and stern, like a ship thro' the spray:
Their pistols speak quick, and their blades are all bare,
And the sparkles of steely encounter are there.
Away they still speed! with one impulse they bound,
With one impulse alike, as their foes gather round,
Undismayed, undisturbed; and above all the rest
One rides o'er the strife like a mane o'er its crest,
And holds on his way thro' the scimitars there
All plunging in light, while the slumbering air
Shakes wide with the rolling artillery-peal.
The tall one is first; and his followers deal
Around and around their desperate blows,
Like the army of shadows above when it goes
With the smiting of shields and the clapping of wings,
When the red-crests shake and the storm-pipe sings,
When the cloud-flag unfurls and the death-bugles sound,
When the monarchs of space on their dark chargers bound,
And the shock of their cavalry comes in the night
With furniture flashing and weapons of light.
So travelled this band in its pomp and its might.
Away they have gone! and their path is all red,
Hedged in by two lines of the dying and dead—
By bosoms that burst unrevenged in the strife,
By swords that yet shake in the passing of life;
For so swift had that pageant of darkness sped,
So like a trooping of cloud-mounted dead,
That the flashing reply of the foe that was cleft
But fell on the shadows those troopers had left.
Far and away they are coursing again
O'er the clouded hill and the darkened plain;
Now choosing the turf for their noiseless route,
Now where the wet sand is strown thickest about,

Streams their long line: like a mist troop they ride
In a winding cloud o'er the near mountain's side,
While a struggling moon throws a lustre as dim
As a sepulchre's lamp, and the vapours that swim
O'er the hills and the heavens divide as they fly—
The videttes of winds that are stationed on high.

LAKE ONTARIO

Here sleeps ONTARIO. Old Ontario, hail!
Unawed by conquering prow or pirate sail,
Still heaving in thy freedom, still unchained,
Still swelling to the skies, still unprofaned,
As when thy earliest, freest children flew
Like hawks to battle, when the swift canoe
From every shore went dipping o'er the tide
Like birds that, stooping from the far cliff, ride
A moment on the billow, shriek and rise
With loaded talons, wheeling to the skies.
The heaven's blue counterpart, the murmuring home
Of spirits shipwrecked in the ocean-foam,
Reflector of the arch that 's o'er thee bent,
Thou watery sky thou liquid firmament!
Mirror of garland-weaving Solitude:
The wild festoon, the cliff, the hanging wood,
The soaring eagle and the wing of light,
The sunny plumage and the starry flight
Of dazzling myriads in a cloudless night.
Peace to thy bosom, dark Ontario!
For ever thus may thy free waters flow
In their rude loveliness; thy lonely shore
For ever echo to the sullen roar
Of thine own deep; thy cliffs for ever ring
With calling wild men in their journeying,
The savage chant, the panther's smothered cry
That from her airy height goes thrilling by.
Be ever thus, as now, magnificent
In savage Nature's pomp, unbowed, unbent,
And thou wilt ever be omnipotent!

THE HOUR OF QUIET ECSTACY

It is that hour of quiet ecstacy
When every ruffling wind that passes by ·

The sleeping leaf makes busiest minstrelsy;
When all at once amid the quivering shade
Millions of diamond sparklers are betrayed;
When dry leaves rustle, and the whistling song
Of keen-tuned grass comes piercingly along;
When windy pipes are heard, and many a lute
Is touched amid the skies and then is mute;
When even the foliage on the glittering steep
Of feathery bloom is whispering in its sleep;
When all the garlands of the precipice,
Shedding their blossoms, in their moonlight bliss
Are floating loosely on the eddying air
And breathing out their fragrant spirits there,
And all their braided tresses, fluttering bright,
Are sighing faintly to the shadowy light;
When every cave and grot and bower and lake
And drooping floweret-bell are all awake;
When starry eyes are burning on the cliff
Of many a crouching tyrant, too, as if
Such melodies were grateful even to him;
When life is loveliest, and the blue skies swim
In lustre warm as sunshine but more dim;
When all the holy sentinels of night
Step forth to watch in turn and worship by their light.

1818. 1818.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

FROM

THE CULPRIT FAY

'T is the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
  Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
  And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell
('T was made of the white snail's pearly shell)—

"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'T is the dawn of the fairy-day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above, below, on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup
And drink the dew from the buttercup.
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow:
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away;
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy,
And over it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone;
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark!
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain;
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye:
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high,
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love.
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment:
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings,
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings,
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm and the bug and the murdered fly;
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.

Now list and mark our mild decree;
Fairy, this your doom must be:

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine;
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms,
And dash around with roar and rave;
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms—
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.". . . .

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake not, but he bowed him low;
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power;
And he winds adown the mountain high
For many a sore and weary hour:
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
Now over the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood;
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
Till his spirits sank and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back:
He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,

He lashed her sides with an osier thong;
And now through evening's dewy mist
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream;
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint and distant moans;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode;
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves;
With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste.
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong,
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier-crab,
And some on the jellied quarl that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings.
They cut the wave with the living oar,

And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

Fearlessly he skims along:
His hope is high and his limbs are strong;
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-bees rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;
Their warriors come in swift career
And hem him round on every side:
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw.
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain;
He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
Hopeless is the unequal fight:
Fairy, naught is left but flight.

He turned him round and fled amain,
With hurry and dash, to the beach again;
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet.
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill:
They bade the wave before him rise;
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes;
And they stunned his ears with the scallop-stroke,
With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.
Oh, but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree.

Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore;
He blessed the force of the charmed line,
And he banned the water-goblin's spite,
For he saw around in the sweet moonshine
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud;
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb lint he stanched the blood.
The mild west wind was soft and low;
It cooled the heat of his burning brow,
And he felt new life in his sinews shoot
As he drank the juice of the calamus root.
And now he treads the fatal shore
As fresh and vigorous as before.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite:
'T is the middle wane of night;
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
And rolls her chariot wheels of light;
And vain are the spells of fairy-land,
He must work with a human hand.

He cast a saddened look around,
But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
When glittering on the shadowed ground
He saw a purple mussel-shell:
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within.

A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

The imps of the river yell and rave:
They had no power above the wave,
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She wimpled about to the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;
And momently athwart her track
The quarl upreared his island back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And patter the water about the boat;
But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,
And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
While on every side like lightning fell
The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
And saw beneath the surface dim
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim.
Around him were the goblin train;
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head;
Then he dropped his paddle-blade,
And held his colen-goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And like the heaven-shot javelin
He sprung above the waters blue:
Instant as the star-fall light,
He plunged him in the deep again,
But left an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.

It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there:
He seemed an angel form of light,
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
Circled with blue and edged with white,
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

A moment, and its lustre fell;
But ere it met the billow blue
He caught within his crimson bell
A droplet of its sparkling dew.
Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done;
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won.
Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore!

He turns, and lo on either side
The ripples on his path divide;
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half swelling out,
While on the glossed and gleamy wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float:
They swim around with smile and song;
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along,
Toward the beach of speckled sand;
And as he lightly leaped to land
They bade adieu with nod and bow,
Then gaily kissed each little hand,
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

A moment stayed the fairy there:
He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer;
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the elfin court he flew.
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till, lessening far, through ether driven,

It mingles with the hues of heaven;
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail
And gleams with blendings soft and bright
Till lost in the shades of fading night;
So rose from earth the lovely Fay,
So vanished far in heaven away!

1819. 1835.

HENRY C. KNIGHT

A SUMMER'S DAY

MORNING

The shrill cock's clarion the blue welkin fills,
The top-boughs carol with the songster's prayer;
The jovial Sun winds up the Eastern hills,
Waving sweet odours from his yellow hair.
Soft murmur pebbly rills at stilly dawn;
The nestling breezes plume their dew-bent wings;
Loudly the watch-dog wakes the peopled lawn,
While stroke on stroke the woodman's echo rings.
Gray mists now drizzle from the smoky rocks;
The humming bees swarm out in busy mood;
The herdsman drives a-field his kine and flocks,
And matron hens cluck out their callow brood.
Nature in youthful dishabille appears,
And the returning smile dispels her nightly tears.

NOON

The sweltering farmer spreads the new-mown grass
That mid-day suns may nurture it to hay;
And roguish Roger, pledging to his lass,
To tilt the tankard slyly slinks away.
The cloudless, sultry noon oft drives the swain
To court light slumbers in some cool retreat;
But if dark rising rack threats speedy rain,
The hay-cocks heap'd are hous'd with hurrying feet.
Fowls droop the wing; the herd, their feed forgot,
Restless for flies beneath the willows stand;

Broad sheets of cloth are bleaching by the cot;
The pool with geese, a fancied fleet, is mann'd.
Nature in all her glowing beauty beams,
And as a panting bride in nuptial glory seems.

EVENING

The sun, his day-toil clos'd, to rest retires;
The watchful moon suspends her lamp of eve;
The cheery stars light up their twinkling fires,
And sombre mellow'd tints the eye relieve.
Tottering on tripods, milkmaids soothe the kine,
While rains a white shower in the foaming pail.
The clown, new-trimm'd, sneaks out his lass to join,
And con in stolen glance an amorous tale.
Mourning the sun, blue-bells have shut their cup;
The bat wheels round and round on leathern wing;
Reynard creeps out, on pilfer'd eggs to sup;
And chiming frogs their shrilly concert sing.
Nature, a pensive matron, smiles serene,
Her morning charms enveil'd, not anxious to be seen.

1821.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein:
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;

Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song and dance and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought,
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought,
Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm
And orange-groves and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris, with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone:
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;

For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

1825.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

A HEALTH

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air, 't is less of earth than heaven

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words:
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows
As one may see the burthened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness, of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her she appears
The image of themselves by turns, the idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain;
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's but hers.

I filled this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex, the seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood, some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

1825.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

ROARING BROOK

It was a mountain stream that with the leap
Of its impatient waters had worn out
A channel in the rock, and wash'd away
The earth that had upheld the tall old trees
Till it was darken'd with the shadowy arch
Of the o'er-leaning branches. Here and there
It loiter'd in a broad and limpid pool
That circled round demurely; and anon
Sprung violently over where the rock
Fell suddenly, and bore its bubbles on
Till they were broken by the hanging moss,
As anger with a gentle word grows calm.
In spring-time, when the snows were coming down,
And in the flooding of the Autumn rains,
No foot might enter there; but in the hot
And thirsty summer, when the fountains slept,
You could go up its channel in the shade
To the far sources, with a brow as cool
As in the grotto of the anchorite.
Here when an idle student have I come,
And in a hollow of the rock lain down
And mus'd until the eventide, or read
Some fine old poet till my nook became
A haunt of faery, or the busy flow
Of water to my spell-bewilder'd ear
Seem'd like the din of some gay tournament.
Pleasant have been such hours; and tho' the wise
Have said that I was indolent, and they
Who taught me have reprov'd me that I play'd

The truant in the leafy month of June,
I deem it true philosophy in him
Whose path is in the rude and busy world
To loiter with these wayside comforters.

1837.

UNSEEN SPIRITS

The shadows lay along Broadway
'T was near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride;
Alone walk'd she, but viewlessly
Walk'd spirits at her side:

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charm'd the air;
And all astir look'd kind on her,
And call'd her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honor'd well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail:
'T wixt Want and Scorn she walk'd forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

1843.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

FLORENCE VANE

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hope and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But, fairest, coldest wonder,
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,

The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.

1847.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

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FROM

THE EMBARGO

Look where we will, and in whatever land,
Europe's rich soil or Afric's barren sand,
Where the wild savage hunts his wilder prey,
Or art and science pour their brightest day,
The monster *Vice* appears before our eyes
In naked impudence or gay disguise.
But quit the meaner game, indignant muse,
And to thy country turn thy nobler views.
Ill-fated clime! condemn'd to feel th' extremes
Of a weak ruler's philosophic dreams;
Driven headlong on to ruin's fateful brink,
When will thy country feel, when will she think!
Satiric muse, shall injured Commerce weep
Her ravish'd rights, and will thy thunders sleep?
Dart thy keen glances, knit thy threat'ning brows,
Call fire from heaven to blast thy country's foes.
Oh let a youth thine inspiration learn—
Oh give him "words that breathe and thoughts that burn"!
Curse of our nation, source of countless woes,
From whose dark womb unreckon'd misery flows,
Th' Embargo rages like a sweeping wind;
Fear lowers before and famine stalks behind.
What words, oh Muse, can paint the mournful scene—
The saddening street, the desolated green,
How hungry labourers leave their toil and sigh,
And sorrow droops in each desponding eye?

1808. 1808.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony and shroud and pall
And breathless darkness and the narrow house
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:
Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon; the oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

1811. 1817.

THE YELLOW VIOLET

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I 'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

1814. 1821.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm; and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengèance. God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness: the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while, below,
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence than the wingèd plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The mossy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet

Sends forth glad sounds, and, tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

1815. 1817.

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end:
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form: yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

1815. 1818.

A WINTER PIECE

The time has been that these wild solitudes,
Yet beautiful as wild, were trod by me
Oftener than now; and when the ills of life
Had chafed my spirit, when the unsteady pulse
Beat with strange flutterings, I would wander forth
And seek the woods. The sunshine on my path
Was to me as a friend. The swelling hills,
The quiet dells retiring far between
With gentle invitation to explore
Their windings, were a calm society
That talked with me and soothed me. Then the chant
Of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft caress
Of the fresh sylvan air, made me forget
The thoughts that broke my peace; and I began
To gather simples by the fountain's brink,
And lose myself in day-dreams. While I stood
In Nature's loneliness, I was with one
With whom I early grew familiar, one
Who never had a frown for me, whose voice
Never rebuked me for the hours I stole
From cares I loved not, but of which the world
Deems highest, to converse with her. When shrieked
The bleak November winds and smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades
That met above the merry rivulet
Where spoiled, I sought, I loved them still; they seemed
Like old companions in adversity.
Still there was beauty in my walks: the brook,
Bordered with sparkling frost-work, was as gay

As with its fringe of summer flowers; afar,
The village with its spires, the path of streams,
And dim receding valleys, hid before
By interposing trees, lay visible
Through the bare grove, and my familiar haunts
Seemed new to me. Nor was I slow to come
Among them when the clouds from their still skirts
Had shaken down on earth the feathery snow,
And all was white. The pure keen air abroad,
Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
Love-call of bird nor merry hum of bee,
Was not the air of death. Bright mosses crept
Over the spotted trunks; and the close buds
That lay along the boughs, instinct with life,
Patient, and waiting the soft breath of Spring,
Feared not the piercing spirit of the North.
The snow-bird twittered on the beechen bough;
And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent
Beneath its bright cold burden, and kept dry
A circle, on the earth, of withered leaves,
The partridge found a shelter. Through the snow
The rabbit sprang away. The lighter track
Of fox and the racoon's broad path were there,
Crossing each other. From his hollow tree,
The squirrel was abroad, gathering the nuts
Just fallen, that asked the winter cold and sway
Of winter blast to shake them from their hold.
But Winter has yet brighter scenes; he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows,
Or Autumn, with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That glimmer with an amethystine light.

But round the parent stem the long low boughs
Bend in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy floor. Oh, you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,
And diamonds put forth radiant rods and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up, most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them; or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night
And fades not in the glory of the sun,
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches, and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye:
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;
There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light;
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun: from numberless vast trunks
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.
And it is pleasant, when the noisy streams
Are just set free, and milder suns melt off
The plashy snow save only the firm drift
In the deep glen or the close shade of pines,
'T is pleasant to behold the wreaths of smoke
Roll up among the maples of the hill,
Where the shrill sound of youthful voices wakes
The shriller echo, as the clear pure lymph,
That from the wounded trees, in twinkling drops,
Falls, mid the golden brightness of the morn,
Is gathered in with brimming pails, and oft,
Wielded by sturdy hands, the stroke of axe
Makes the woods ring. Along the quiet air
Come and float calmly off the soft light clouds,
Such as you see in summer, and the winds

Scarce stir the branches. Lodged in sunny cleft,
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at—
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.
And ere it comes, the encountering winds shall oft
Muster their wrath again, and rapid clouds
Shade heaven, and, bounding on the frozen earth,
Shall fall their volleyed stores, rounded like hail
And white like snow, and the loud North again
Shall buffet the vexed forest in his rage.

1820. 1821.

OH FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS

Oh fairest of the rural maids,
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs and glimpses of the sky
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes is there.

1820. 1832.

SUMMER WIND

It is a sultry day: the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven—
Their bases on the mountains, their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays his coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life! Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge
The pine is bending his proud top; and now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice

Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet; and silver waters break
Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.

1824. 1824.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN

Thou who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,
The haunts of men below thee, and, around,
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages and tilth and herds
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent and the wind
And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees and pinnacles of flint
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs,
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear

Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain columns with which earth props heaven.
There is a tale about these reverend rocks,
A sad tradition of unhappy love,
And sorrows borne and ended, long ago,
When over these fair vales the savage sought
His game in the thick woods. There was a maid,
The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-eyed,
With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,
And a gay heart. About her cabin door
The wide old woods resounded with her song
And fairy laughter all the summer day.
She loved her cousin; such a love was deemed,
By the morality of those stern tribes,
Incestuous, and she struggled hard and long
Against her love, and reasoned with her heart,
As simple Indian maiden might. In vain.
Then her eye lost its lustre, and her step
Its lightness, and the gray-haired men that passed
Her dwelling wondered that they heard no more
The accustomed song and laugh of her whose looks
Were like the cheerful smile of Spring, they said,
Upon the Winter of their age. She went
To weep where no eye saw, and was not found
When all the merry girls were met to dance,

And all the hunters of the tribe were out;
Nor when they gathered from the rustling husk
The shining ear; nor when, by the river's side,
They pulled the grape and startled the wild shades
With sounds of mirth. The keen-eyed Indian dames
Would whisper to each other, as they saw
Her wasting form, and say, *The girl will die.*
One day into the bosom of a friend,
A playmate of her young and innocent years,
She poured her griefs. "Thou know'st, and thou alone,"
She said, "for I have told thee, all my love
And guilt and sorrow. I am sick of life.
All night I weep in darkness; and the morn
Glares on me as upon a thing accursed,
That has no business on the earth. I hate
The pastimes and the pleasant toils that once
I loved; the cheerful voices of my friends
Sound in my ear like mockings, and at night
In dreams, my mother, from the land of souls,
Calls me and chides me. All that look on me
Do seem to know my shame: I cannot bear
Their eyes; I cannot from my heart root out
The love that wrings it so, and I must die."
It was a summer morning, and they went
To this old precipice. About the cliffs
Lay garlands, ears of maize, and shaggy skins
Of wolf and bear, the offerings of the tribe
Here made to the Great Spirit, for they deemed,
Like worshippers of the elder time, that God
Doth walk on the high places and affect
The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She had on
The ornaments with which her father loved
To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed girl,
And bade her wear when stranger warriors came
To be his guests. Here the friends sat them down,
And sang, all day, old songs of love and death,
And decked the poor wan victim's hair with flowers,
And prayed that safe and swift might be her way
To the calm world of sunshine, where no grief
Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red
Beautiful lay the region of her tribe

Below her—waters resting in the embrace
Of the wide forest, and maize-planted glades
Opening amid the leafy wilderness
She gazed upon it long, and at the sight
Of her own village peeping through the trees,
And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof
Of him she loved with an unlawful love
And came to die for, a warm gush of tears
Ran from her eyes. But when the sun grew low
And the hill shadows long, she threw herself
From the steep rock and perished. There was scooped,
Upon the mountain's southern slope, a grave;
And there they laid her, in the very garb
With which the maiden decked herself for death,
With the same withering wild flowers in her hair.
And o'er the mould that covered her the tribe
Built up a simple monument, a cone
Of small loose stones. Thenceforward, all who passed,
Hunter and dame and virgin, laid a stone
In silence on the pile. It stands there yet.
And Indians from the distant West, who come
To visit where their fathers' bones are laid,
Yet tell the sorrowful tale; and to this day
The mountain where the hapless maiden died
Is called the Mountain of the Monument.

1824. 1824.

A FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them, ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication; for his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound

Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.
Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof: thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees; they in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven; the century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding isles, of human pomp or pride
Report not; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
That from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship: Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that midst its herbs
Wells softly forth and, wandering, steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left

Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections: grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,
By whose inmovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun: that delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.
My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity:
Lo, all grow old and die; but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses, ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy, Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment; for he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.
There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed

Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent and overwhelms
Its cities; who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

1825. 1825.

JUNE

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'T were pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—

Away! I will not think of these!
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come, from the village sent,
Or song of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothèd lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go:
Soft airs and song and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills

The circuit of the summer hills
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

1825. 1826.

A SUMMER RAMBLE

The quiet August noon has come:
A slumberous silence fills the sky;
The fields are still, the woods are dumb;
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh how unlike those merry hours
In early June, when Earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout;

When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell.

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be, to-day,
The only slave of toil and care:
Away from desk and dust, away!
I 'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I 'll share the calm the season brings.

Come thou, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meanings of thy heart:
One day amid the woods with me,
From men and all their cares apart!

And where, upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild-flowers thou gatherest
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come; and when mid the calm profound
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire; and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields, appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks:
There the hushed winds their sabbath keep,
While a near hum from bees and brooks
Comes faintly, like the breath of sleep.

Well may the gazer deem that when,
Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart-sick at the wrongs of men,
The good forsakes the scene of life,

Like this deep quiet that, awhile,
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
Welcomes him to a happier shore.

1826. 1826.

THE EVENING WIND

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow.
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail: I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone: a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast.
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go: but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;

Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore,
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

1829. 1830.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest,

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

1829. 1832.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold:
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;

We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea:
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil;
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup;
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.

A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day!

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

1831. 1831.

THE PRAIRIES

These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo, they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the Ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless forever. Motionless?
No, they are all unchained again: the clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South,
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not, ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks

That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific: have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky,
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above our Eastern hills.
As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples: are they here,
The dead of other days? and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race that long has passed away
Built them; a disciplined and populous race
Heaped with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests; here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his manèd shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came,
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold

Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone:
All save the piles of earth that hold their bones;
The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods;
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay, till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguerers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced and heaped
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed then: kind words
Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butchered amid their shrieks, with all his race.
Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wilder hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face, among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more: twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts: from the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers; the low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

1832. 1833.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee."

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone.
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

1855. 1855.

THE WIND AND STREAM

A brook came stealing from the ground:
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung around
The borders of that winding stream,
The pretty stream, the placid stream,
The softly-gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And softly stooped to kiss the stream,
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a glancing beam,
Dimpled and quivered more and more,
And tripped along, a livelier stream,
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem,
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,
And left alone that little stream,
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind came never back,
He wanders yet the fields, I deem;
But on its melancholy track
Complaining went that little stream,
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,
The ever-murmuring, mourning stream.

1857. 1857.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Oh slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who in the fear of God didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

1865. 1866.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

SONNET—TO SCIENCE

Science, true daughter of Old Time thou art!
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
How should he love thee, or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

1829.

SONG FROM "AL AARAAF"

'Neath blue-bell or streamer,
Or tufted wild spray
That keeps from the dreamer
The moonbeam away,
Bright beings that ponder,
With half-closing eyes,
On the stars which your wonder
Hath drawn from the skies,
'Till they glance thro' the shade and
Come down to your brow
Like eyes of the maiden
Who calls on you now,—
Arise from your dreaming
In violet bowers,
To duty beseeming
These star-litten hours,
And shake from your tresses
Encumber'd with dew
The breath of those kisses
That cumber them too

(Oh, how, without you, Love,
Could angels be blest?)—
Those kisses of true love
That lull'd ye to rest!
Up! shake from your wing
Each hindering thing:
The dew of the night—
It would weigh down your flight;
And true-love caresses—
O, leave them apart;
They are light on the tresses,
But lead on the heart.
Ligeia! Ligeia!
My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run,
O, is it thy will
On the breezes to toss?
Or, capriciously still,
Like the lone Albatross,
Incumbent on night
(As she on the air)
To keep watch with delight
On the harmony there?
Ligeia, wherever
Thy image may be,
No magic shall sever
Thy music from thee!
Thou hast bound many eyes
In a dreamy sleep;
But the strains still arise
Which *thy* vigilance keep:
The sound of the rain
Which leaps down to the flower,
And dances again
In the rhythm of the shower,
The murmur that springs
From the growing of grass,
Are the music of things—
But are modell'd, alas!
Away, then, my dearest,
O, hie thee away

To springs that lie clearest
Beneath the moon-ray;
To lone lake that smiles,
In its dream of deep rest,
At the many star-isles
That enjewel its breast.
Where wild flowers, creeping,
Have mingled their shade,
On its margin is sleeping
Full many a maid;
Some have left the cool glade, and
Have slept with the bee:
Arouse them, my maiden,
On moorland and lea;
Go, breathe on their slumber,
All softly in ear,
The musical number
They slumber'd to hear;
For what can awaken
An angel so soon,
Whose sleep hath been taken
Beneath the cold moon,
As the spell which no slumber
Of witchery may test,
The rhythmical number
Which lull'd him to rest?

1829.

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
That weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

1823? 1831.

ISRAFEL

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute":
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiades, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love 's a grown-up God,
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest

An unimpassioned song:
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard because the wisest;
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute:
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours:
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

1831.

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo, Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;

But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.
There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed:
For no ripples curl, alas,
Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On scenes less hideously serene
But, lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there,
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide,
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow;
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence

1831.

THE SLEEPER

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see, the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All Beauty sleeps! And, lo, where lies
Irene, with her Destinies!
Oh, lady bright, can it be right—
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop—
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully—so fearfully—
Above the closed and fringèd lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees!
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!

This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by!
My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold—
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And wingèd pannels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,
Of her grand family funerals—
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone—
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin,
It was the dead who groaned within.

1831.

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!"—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas, alas, with me
The light of Life is o'er!

"No more—no more—no more—"
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

1835.

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago);
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn! for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Ot the old time entombed.

And travellers now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh—but smile no more.

1839.

THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo, 't is a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years;
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theater, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly—
Mere puppets they, who come and go

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crispèd and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek,
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek,
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere,—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)—
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hinted of morn,—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said: "She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs;
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies,—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said: "Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied: "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night—
See! it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche, and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;

And I said: "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied: "Ulalume—Ulalume—
'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere;
And I cried: "It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,—
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir,—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber—
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

1847.

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night,
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells.
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!

From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire
And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to sit or never
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

1848-49. 1849.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my ANNABEL LEE—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

1849. 1849.

ELDORADO

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold,—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow.
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

1849.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone,
An image of the silver lakes
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior; and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid,
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came,
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed,
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
Arose,—and on the dead man's plain
The rider grasps his steed again.

1825. 1827.

A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIS'

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

1838. 1838.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

'Ασπασίη, τρὶλλιστος

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls;
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above—
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before;
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer;
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

1839. 1839.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
O say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word;
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows;
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
"Ho! ho!" the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

1839. 1840.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands:
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise:
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught:
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

1839. 1841.

SERENADE

Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps,
My lady sleeps,
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steeps
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps,
My lady sleeps,
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night,
Where yonder woodbine creeps
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps,
My lady sleeps,
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps,
My lady sleeps,
Sleeps!

1840. 1842.

THE RAINY DAY

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all:
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

1841. 1841.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand:
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew,
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

1842. 1842.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist;
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time;

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

1844. 1844.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas,
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,

Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality:
His great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased.
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youth and maidens dreaming strayed:
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night.
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah, when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

1845. 1845.

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.
This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.
Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,

List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

Part the First

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat, in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them:
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field; and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics:
Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows,
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.
Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside—
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah, fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty,
Shone on her face and encircled her form when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her:
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village: in each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love, while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.
Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome,
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men—
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows;
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth; and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples:
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement:
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints.
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love; and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While, arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.
Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead:
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers:
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness,
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.
Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.
Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse-shoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas, in the mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn: the merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them.

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-horn.
Shall we not, then, be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with hornbows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he; and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and simple and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Lêtiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-shoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And perchance canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public:
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here; for we are at peace, and why, then, molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how and the why and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public:
"Man is unjust, but God is just, and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and erelong a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo, o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced but not convinced, when the story was ended the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.
Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary, rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun: in friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.
Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed:
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven:
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah, she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips and blessed the cup as she gave it.
Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats:
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!
So passed the morning away. And, lo, with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women: they stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and, marching proudly among them,
Entered the sacred portal: with loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then up rose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission:
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous;
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands and dwellings and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer, and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows:
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion, and wildly he shouted,
"Down with the tyrants of England! We never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth and dragged him down to the pavement.
In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo, the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people
(Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes):
"What is this that ye do, my children? What madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo, where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us;
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak;
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"
Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.
Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table:
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy,
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah, on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.
Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father:
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted;
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror;
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window;
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of play-things.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach,
Piled in confusion, lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the church-yard.
Thither the women and children thronged: on a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and, marching in gloomy procession,
Followed the long-imprisoned but patient Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm; and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.
Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction;
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,
"Gabriel, be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas, how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.
There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back, in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders:
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milk-maid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.
But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But with a vacant stare ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said; but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals;
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.
Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the road-stead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard:
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments,
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river:
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.
Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo, from his seat he had fallen, and, stretched abroad on the seashore,
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed!
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror;
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her;
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,
"Let us bury him here by the sea: when a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest; and there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo, with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea and mingled its roar with the dirges:
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside:
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas, before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed and bones that bleach in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor:
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones;
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child, why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand and not elsewhere;
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said with a smile, "O daughter, thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection: affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience! accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse, to follow the wanderer's footsteps—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence,
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then, drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles, a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian Coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current;
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew; and along the shores of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike and indistinct and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes and beckoned her on through the moonlight:
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom—
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.
Then, in his place at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest:
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music;
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor and beneath the reverberant branches.
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.
Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended:
Under the boughs of Wachita willows that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and, scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar:
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it;
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.
Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers;
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn:
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat where it lay concealed in the willows,
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers:
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke; and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician,
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,
"Daughter, thy words are not idle, nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor is hidden:
Therefore trust to thy heart and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."
With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came: the sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together;
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness:
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen:
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then, soaring to madness,
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes;
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling:
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.
Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean:
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There, in an arbor of roses, with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful—
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not: and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed;
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer: we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."
Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals:
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.
Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer—
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water;
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom, and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:
Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda:
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech: away, like children delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.
Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night: behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon; on the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit;
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah, how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah, how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah, how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest and to dream of me in thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And from the moonlit meadow a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"
Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning and sunshine and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor after many days had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country,
Till at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents with ceaseless sound descend to the ocean
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer; and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures and pains and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis—
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves and embracing and filling the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear: a breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she too was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.
Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus:
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel: aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered,
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.
Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked; and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow;
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet:
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."
So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter; yet Gabriel came not.
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blue-bird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood; yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted,
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom:
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!
Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden:
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty;
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the "Thee" and "Thou" of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer but all illumined with love, and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence:
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not;
Over him years had no power; he was not changed but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead and not absent.
Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy, frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor,
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;
Only, alas, the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord, "The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance:
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.
Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended";
And with light in her looks she entered the chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and forgotten the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long and thin and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood—
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain; and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village and mountain and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and, as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.
All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them:
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!
Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom:
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

1845–47. 1847.

CHILDREN

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah, what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

1849. 1858.

FROM

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

III

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Downward through the evening twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife but not a mother.
She was sporting with her women,
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines;
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
"See! a star falls!" said the people;
"From the sky a star is falling!"
There among the ferns and mosses,
There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wenonah,
As the first-born of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.
And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft and oft repeating,
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,

Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!"
But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom;
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooed her with his words of sweetness,
Wooed her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.
Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.
For her daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis:
"O that I were dead!" she murmured;
"O that I were dead, as thou art!
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha;
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,

Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"
Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.
At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder:
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees;
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes;
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,

Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight,
Right against the moon he threw her;
'T is her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow;
Whispered, "What is that Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."
When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."
Then the little Hiawatha,
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."
Then Iagoo, the great boaster,

He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together;
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,

Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah, the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer.
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward;
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha;
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-tayscel

VIII

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

Forth upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,

Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon, Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.
Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the crawfish,
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.
At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches.
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.
On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.
There he lay in all his armor;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders
Plates of bone with spines projecting!
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable.
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing-line of cedar.
"Take my bait," cried Hiawatha,

Down into the depths beneath him;
"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!"
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"
Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting;
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike the Maskenozha,
"Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"
In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, it tugged so
That the birch canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.
Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him;
And he shouted through the water,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted.
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Reeling downward to the bottom,
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
To the bream with scales of crimson,

"Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"
Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.
But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting up his disk refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish;
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.
From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.
Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids;

Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.
And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,
Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.
Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.
Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you,
For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward
Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.
Then he heard a clang and flapping,
As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,

Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
"'T is our brother, Hiawatha!"
And he shouted from below them,
Cried exulting from the caverns:
"O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings widen,
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!"
And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls
Toiled with beak and claws together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma;
And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.
He was standing near his wigwam,
On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.
"I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes!" said he;
"Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls.
Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great peril
In the body of the sturgeon;
Wait until their meal is ended,

Till their craws are full with feasting,
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes;
Then bring all your pots and kettles,
And make oil for us in Winter."
And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,
Rose above the tranquil water,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with clamor,
And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off islands,
To their nests among the rushes.
To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labor,
Toiling patient in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed places,
Till the sky was red with sunrise,
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
Came back from the reedy islands,
Clamorous for their morning banquet.
Three whole days and nights alternate
Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
And upon the sands lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nahma.

XX

THE FAMINE

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam

Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints;
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!
Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said, "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said, "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.
Forth into the empty forest

Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang that cry of desolation.
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"
All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs,
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,

She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
Over snowfields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted;
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him;
And his bursting heart within him

Uttered such a cry of anguish
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.
Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine;
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!"
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,

Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

1854-55. 1855.

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea,
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair;
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

1855. 1855.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair:
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away!

1859. 1860.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."
Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade;
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down

A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.
Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled;
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—

A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere

1860. 1861

WEARINESS

O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load,
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands, that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask,
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires,
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine,
Refracted through the mist of years
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

1863. 1863.

DIVINA COMMEDIA

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er:
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

1864. 1864.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, proud world! I 'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I 'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I 've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I 'm going home.
Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace,
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
To supple Office low and high,
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hasting feet,
To those who go and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world, I 'm going home.
I am going to my own hearth-stone
Bosomed in yon green hills, alone—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;

Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.
O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan,
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

1823. 1839.

THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED WHENCE IS THE FLOWER

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora, if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there, brought you.

1834. 1839.

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;

The sexton tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough:
I brought him home in his nest at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky—
He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me:
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white quire:
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth:
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;

Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bir(
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

1834? 1839.

THE APOLOGY

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen:
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook:
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought:
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 't is figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

1834? 1846.

HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept,
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps,
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

1837. 1837.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me:
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.
Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.
When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.
Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.
Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste;
All was picture as he passed.
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst out-sleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

37. 1839.

THE PROBLEM

I like a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowled churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?
Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came.
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity:
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky
As on its friends with kindred eye:
For out of Thought's interior sphere

These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.
These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned,
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind:
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise;
The Book itself before me lies:
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines;
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowled portrait dear,
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

1839. 1840.

FROM

WOOD-NOTES

I

For this present, hard
Is the fortune of the bard
Born out of time;

All his accomplishment
From Nature's utmost treasure spent
Booteth not him.
When the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfall tones,
He speeds to the woodland walks,
To birds and trees he talks;
Cæsar of his leafy Rome,
There the poet is at home.
He goes to the river-side—
Not hook nor line hath he;
He stands in the meadows wide—
Nor gun nor scythe to see;
With none has he to do,
And none seek him,
Nor men below,
Nor spirits dim.
Sure some god his eye enchants:
What he knows nobody wants.
In the wood he travels glad
Without better fortune had,
Melancholy without bad.
Planter of celestial plants,
What he knows nobody wants;
What he knows he hides, not vaunts.
Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest:
Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,
Grass-buds and caterpillar-shrouds,
Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
Tints that spot the violet's petal,
Why Nature loves the number five,
And why the star-form she repeats.
Lover of all things alive,
Wonderer at all he meets,
Wonderer chiefly at himself,
Who can tell him what he is,
Or how meet in human elf
Coming and past eternities?
And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,

Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart.
It seemed that Nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
As if by secret sight he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew.
Many haps fall in the field
Seldom seen by wishful eyes,
But all her shows did Nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
He found the tawny thrush's broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him.
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.
In unploughed Maine, he sought the lumberers' gang,
Where from a hundred lakes young rivers sprang;
He trode the unplanted forest-floor, whereon
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone,
Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly bear,
And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.
He saw, beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,
The slight Linnæa hang its twin-born heads,
And blessed the monument of the man of flowers,
Which breathes his sweet fame through the northern bowers.
He heard, when in the grove, at intervals,

With sudden roar the aged pine-tree falls—
One crash, the death-hymn of the perfect tree,
Declares the close of its green century;
Low lies the plant to whose creation went
Sweet influence from every element,
Whose living towers the years conspired to build,
Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild.
Through these green tents, by eldest Nature dressed,
He roamed, content alike with man and beast.
Where darkness found him he lay glad at night;
There the red morning touched him with its light.
Three moons his great heart him a hermit made,
So long he roved at will the boundless shade.
The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps can stray,
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan
Not so the wise: no coward watch he keeps
To spy what danger on his pathway creeps;
Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth, his hall the azure dome;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there 's his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.
'T was one of the charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow:
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow;
It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;
Or west, no thunder fear.
The musing peasant lowly great
Beside the forest water sate:
The rope-like pine-roots crosswise grown
Composed the network of his throne;
The wide lake, edged with sand and grass,
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green and proud
Of the tree and of the cloud.
He was the heart of all the scene:
On him the sun looked more serene;

To hill and cloud his face was known,
It seemed the likeness of their own;
They knew by secret sympathy
The public child of earth and sky.
"You ask," he said, "what guide,
Me through trackless thickets led,
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide?
I found the water's bed:
The watercourses were my guide;
I travelled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern, the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed.
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was pole-star when the night was dark;
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food:
For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'T will be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover."

1840.

THE SPHINX

The Sphinx is drowsy:
Her wings are furled,
Her ear is heavy;
She broods on the world.

"Who 'll tell me my secret
The ages have kept?—
I awaited the seer,
While they slumbered and slept;—

"The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man;
Known fruit of the unknown,
Dædalian plan;
Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking;
Deep underneath deep?

"Erect as a sunbeam
Upspringeth the palm;
The elephant browses
Undaunted and calm;
In beautiful motion
The thrush plies his wings—
Kind leaves of his covert,
Your silence he sings.

"The waves, unashamed,
In difference sweet
Play glad with the breezes,
Old playfellows meet;
The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive,
By their animate poles.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred,
Each the other adorning,
Accompany still;
Night veileth the morning,
The vapor the hill.

"The babe by its mother
Lies bathèd in joy;
Glide its hours uncounted,
The sun is its toy;
Shines the peace of all being,
Without cloud, in its eyes,
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies.

"But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground.

"Out spoke the great mother,
Beholding his fear
(At the sound of her accents
Cold shuddered the sphere):
'Who has drugged my boy's cup,
Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who with sadness and madness
Has turned the man-child's head?'"

I heard a poet answer
Aloud and cheerfully:
"Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me.
Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time;
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon
Lit by rays from the Blest.

The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive;
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive:
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores;
And the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse.
Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?—
I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

"Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies;
And under pain, pleasure,
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre,
Heart-heaving alway;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

"Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits!
Thy sight is growing blear;
Rue, myrrh, and cumin for the Sphinx,
Her muddy eyes to clear!"
The old Sphinx bit her thick lip;
Said, "Who taught thee me to name?
I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow;
Of thine eye I am eyebeam.

"Thou art the unanswered question:
Couldst see thy proper eye,
Alway it asketh, asketh,
And each answer is a lie.
So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply;
Ask on, thou clothed eternity—
Time is the false reply."

Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone;
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon,
She spired into a yellow flame,
She flowered in blossoms red,
She flowed into a foaming wave,
She stood Monadnoc's head.

Thorough a thousand voices
Spoke the universal dame:
"Who telleth one of my meanings
Is master of all I am."

1841.

THE SNOW-STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake or tree or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work

So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

1841.

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

1842.

DAYS

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will:
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

1851. 1857.

BRAHMA

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep and pass and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out:
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

1857.

FROM

VOLUNTARIES

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight—
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames
For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease:
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

1863.

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
To take in sail:
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds
And said: "No more!
No farther spread
Thy broad ambitious branches and thy root.
Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There 's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver;
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise, accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins;
Amid the Muses left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators halt and numb."
As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time;
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

1866. 1867.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA

The blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its Southern way,
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts Bay:
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle-bugle's peal,
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go,
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia; thy stormy words and high
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along our sky;
Yet not one brown hard hand foregoes its honest labor here,
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's bank;
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;
Through storm and wave and blinding mist stout are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann:

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling with the storms;
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves they roam,
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the day
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel array?
How side by side with sons of hers the Massachusetts men
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire and stout Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall?
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath
Of Northern winds the thrilling sounds of "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved
False to their fathers' memory, false to the faith they loved,
If she can scoff at Freedom and its great charter spurn,
Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen flying from Slavery's hateful hell?
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's yell?
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves?

Thank God not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow!
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
Dream not, because her Pilgrim blood moves slow and calm and cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free* State may,
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day;
But that one dark loathsome burden ye must stagger with alone,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown.

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair;
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes upon your plains
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,
By watching round the shambles where human flesh is sold;
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value when
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's den.

Lower than plummet soundeth sink the Virginian name;
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds of shame;
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe—
We wash our hands forever of your sin and shame and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine hath been,
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's mountain men;
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of gray,
How through the free lips of the son the father's warning spoke!
How from its bonds of trade and sect the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply;
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,
And up from bench and loom and wheel her young mechanics sprang.

The voice of free, broad Middlesex—of thousands as of one,—
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington;
From Norfolk's ancient villages; from Plymouth's rocky bound
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round;

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua flows,
To where Wachuset's wintry blasts the mountain larches stir,—
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of "God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea spray,
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett Bay;
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts—of her free sons and daughters,—
Deep calling unto deep aloud—the sound of many waters!
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand?
No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;
You 've spurned our kindest counsels, you 've hunted for our lives,
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves.

We wage no war—we lift no arm—we fling no torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;
We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle while ye can
With the strong upward tendencies and God-like soul of man.

But for us and for our children the vow which we have given
For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven:
No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land!

1842. 1843.

PROEM

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through:
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind,
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;

A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

Oh Freedom, if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still, with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine.

1847. 1849.

ICHABOD

So fallen, so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall.

Oh dumb be passion's stormy rage
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night.

Scorn? would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament as for the dead
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, nought
Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead.

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame.

1850. 1850.

WORDSWORTH

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS MEMOIRS

Dear friends who read the world aright,
And in its common forms discern
A beauty and a harmony
The many never learn,

Kindred in soul of him who found
In simple flower and leaf and stone
The impulse of the sweetest lays
Our Saxon tongue has known,

Accept this record of a life
As sweet and pure, as calm and good,
As a long day of blandest June
In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained
By strife of sect and party noise,
The brook-like murmur of his song
Of nature's simple joys.

The violet by its mossy stone,
The primrose by the river's brim,
And chance-sown daffodil, have found
Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,
The rosy tints his sunset brought,
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales
And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand; the works of pride
And human passion change and fall;
But that which shares the life of God
With Him surviveth all.

1851. 1851.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE

I. NOON

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep;

O isles of calm, O dark, still wood,
And stiller skies, that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude;

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue

To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland,
And skies the hollow of God's hand;

Transfused through you, O mountain friends,
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease;
I lapse into the glad release
Of nature's own exceeding peace.

O welcome calm of heart and mind:
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean powers,
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
The lake is white with lotus-flowers.

Even Duty's voice is faint and low;
And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,
Whose ever-nearing steps appall,
Whose voice we hear behind us call,

That Shadow blends with mountain gray;
It speaks but what the light waves say—
Death walks apart from Fear to-day.

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I
Alike on Nature's love rely,
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to his creatures wills,

The simple faith remains that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree;

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know,
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes, whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake.

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health and Life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I,
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky,

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay,
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,
Shall add to life's abounding joy
The charmed repose to suffering dear:

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall;
And soon or late our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all.

O, watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland, keep thy dower
Of beauty still; and while, above,
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

1853.

MAUD MULLER

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me,
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I 'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I 'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go,

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode, that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow and childbirth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas, for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

1854.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.

Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!
O for boyhood's painless play;
Sleep that wakes in laughing day;
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge never learned of schools:—
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy.
Blessings on the barefoot boy!
O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;

For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!
O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold,
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!
Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,

Made to tread the mills of toil
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground,
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

1855. 1856.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,

Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"
Small pity for him! He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck
With his own town's-people on her deck.
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain.
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore:
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray;
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head and fist and hat and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed:
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue;
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried;
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

1828, 1857. 1857.

TELLING THE BEES

Here is the place: right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the bee-hives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed o'er-run,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There 's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how, with a lover's care,
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
Had the chill of snow,
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence—
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

1858. 1858.

MY PLAYMATE

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low,
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems;
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours;
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time,
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow,
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

1859–60. 1860.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out-blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane, and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host;

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her; and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

1863. 1863.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.
'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell—

The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.
Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush: "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come. So, at the post
Where he hath set me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.
Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man;

His awestruck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.
And there he stands, in memory, to this day—
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

1866.

SNOW-BOUND

The sun, that brief December day,
Rose cheerless over hills of gray;
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon;
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.
Meanwhile we did our nightly chores—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn,
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows,
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent

And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As, zigzag wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow;
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own:
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes: strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat,
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.
A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?),
Our buskins on our feet we drew;

With mittened hands, and caps drawn low
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through;
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And, grave with wonder, gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before.
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No bell the hush of silence broke,
No neighboring chimney's social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak:
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements—
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,

The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And in our lonely life had grown
To have an almost human tone.
As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free—
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed,—
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme, "*Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,

Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.
Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.
What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees

And rustle of the bladed corn,
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er;
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees;
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!
We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lore
"The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."
How often since, when all the land
Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
As if a trumpet called I 've heard
Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word:
"*Does not the voice of reason cry,*
'Claim the first right which Nature gave!
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
Nor deign to live a burdened slave!'"
Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl

The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
  Mile-wide as flies the laden bee,
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
  The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
  And, round the rocky Isles of Shoals,
  The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals,
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
  When favoring breezes deigned to blow
  The square sail of the gundalow,
And idle lay the useless oars.
  Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
  So rich and picturesque and free
  (The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days,
She made for us the sunset shine
Aslant the tall columnar pine;
The river at her father's door
Its rippled moanings whispered o'er;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away.
So well she gleaned from earth and sky
That harvest of the ear and eye,

We almost felt the gusty air
That swept her native wood-paths bare,
Heard the far thresher's rhythmic flail,
The flapping of the fisher's sail,
Or saw in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
Or heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.
Then, haply, with a look more grave
And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom:
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence, mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice;
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise flashed in view;
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."
Our uncle, innocent of books,
But rich in lore of fields and brooks—
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum—
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;

Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes, who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said.
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began,
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified
(As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view),
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew:
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink,
In fields with bean or clover gay
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell,
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid,
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.
Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,

Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance:
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dries so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.
There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried, thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!
As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green

And holy peace of Paradise.
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
  Or from the shade of saintly palms,
  Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago—
The chill weight of the winter snow
  For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
  And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky:
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
  Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
  What change can reach the wealth I hold?
  What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
  Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
  Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
  Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
  The welcome of thy beckoning hand?
  Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school

Held at the fire his favored place:
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He played the old and simple games
Our modern boyhood scarcely names,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round—
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff
And whirling plate and forfeits paid—
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old—
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods,
Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.
A careless boy that night he seemed;

But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed
And hostage from the future took
In trainèd thought and lore of book.
Large-brained, clear-eyed—of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,
Who, following in War's bloody trail,
Shall every lingering wrong assail:
All chains from limb and spirit strike,
Uplift the black and white alike;
Scatter before their swift advance
The darkness and the ignorance,
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,
Made murder pastime, and the hell
Of prison-torture possible;
The cruel lie of caste refute,
Old forms recast, and substitute
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
For blind routine, wise-handed skill;
A school-house plant on every hill,
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
The quick wires of intelligence;
Till North and South, together brought,
Shall own the same electric thought,
In peace a common flag salute,
And, side by side in labor's free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.
Another guest, that winter night,
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase

Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light,
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint:
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise;
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry.
Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock?
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
With hope each day renewed and fresh,
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know,
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
A life-long discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;
But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is
That He remembereth we are dust!
At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow;
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over;
And while, with care, our mother laid

The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.
Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock;
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.
Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear,
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out:
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain:
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled.

Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot;
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm with Eden never lost.
We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need:
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!
So days went on; a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score:
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid;
And poetry (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had)

Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo, broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told:
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft McGregor on his raids
In dim Floridian everglades;
And up Taygetos winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record mingling in a breath
The wedding knell and dirge of death,
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail,
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book—
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past,
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow

The characters of joy and woe,
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers today!
Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends—the few
Who yet remain—shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days,
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

1865. 1866.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O friends with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem.
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas, I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good.

Not mine to look when cherubim
And seraphs may not see;
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above:
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers, if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

1867.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

1830. 1830.

MY AUNT

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown,
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her, though she looks
As cheerful as she can:
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa, forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles:
He sent her to a stylish school
('T was in her thirteenth June),
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins:
O, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track):
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"

Alas, nor chariot nor barouche
Nor bandit cavalcade
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

1831.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

1831 or 1832. 1833.

THE COMET

The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies:
Ah, well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on, by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names:
One spurn from his demoniac heel—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam:
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye.
I saw a fort: the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub;
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub."

He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines.
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays;
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze.
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul—
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful
dream!
Its memory haunts me still—
The steaming sea, the crimson glare
That wreathed each wooded hill.
Stranger, if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O, spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

1835? 1836.

FROM

URANIA

A RHYMED LESSON

Be firm! One constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
See yon tall shaft: it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.
Stick to your aim: the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.
Yet in opinions look not always back;
Your wake is nothing—mind the coming track:
Leave what you 've done for what you have to do;
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.
Don't catch the fidgets: you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss.
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions—let me change the rule—
Don't strike the iron till it 's slightly cool.

1846? 1849.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main;
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil:
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn;
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

1858.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

A Logical Story

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I 'll tell you what happened without delay,—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five;
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive;
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.
Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still;
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without;
And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down* but doesn't *wear out.*
But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t 's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."
So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The cross bars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum"
(Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em;
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips);

Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison-skin thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died:
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew!"
Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;
Running as usual, much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive;
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.
Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large:
Take it; you 're welcome—no extra charge.)
FIRST OF NOVEMBER—the Earthquake-day;
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start;
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,

And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt,
In another hour it will be *worn out!*
First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive:
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson; off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text;
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill:
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,
All at once and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That 's all I say.

1858.

"THE BOYS"

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We 're twenty to-night!

We 're twenty! We 're twenty! Who says we are more?
He 's tipsy—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there 's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We 've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It 's a neat little fiction—of course it 's all fudge.

That fellow 's the "Speaker"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That 's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There 's the "Reverend" What 's-his-name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

There 's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he 's "The Squire."

And there 's a nice youngster of excellent pith:
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My country" "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he 's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done.
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we 're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, "Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?"

Then here 's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children THE BOYS!

1859. 1859.

HYMN OF TRUST

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

1859.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

OUR LOVE IS NOT A FADING, EARTHLY FLOWER

Our love is not a fading, earthly flower:
Its winged seed dropped down from Paradise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth momently to fresher beauty rise.
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty green;
Our summer hearts make summer's fulness where
No leaf or bud or blossom may be seen:

For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie—
Love, whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
Whose mystic key these cells of Thou and I
Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate
The wide-flung leaves of Heaven's palace-gate.

1843.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

He stood upon the world's broad threshold: wide
The din of battle and of slaughter rose;
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes.
Many there were who made great haste and sold
Unto the cunning enemy their swords;
He scorned their gifts of fame and power and gold,
And, underneath their soft and flowery words,
Heard the cold serpent hiss: therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part,
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the wide-spread veins of endless good.

1843.

RHŒCUS

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.
    There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief

And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth;
For as in nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit, so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its inspirations suit its creed
And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light
And earnest parables of inward lore.
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of freedom, youth, and beauty still
As the immortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.
A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall;
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propped its gray trunk with admiring care.
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.
But as he turned he heard a voice behind
That murmured "Rhœcus!" 'T was as if the leaves,
Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it;
And while he paused, bewildered, yet again
It murmured "Rhœcus!" softer than a breeze.
He started, and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dream
Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak:
It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods;
All naked like a goddess stood she there,
And like a goddess all too beautiful
To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
"Rhœcus, I am the Dryad of this tree;"

Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words
Serene and full and clear as drops of dew;
"And with it I am doomed to live and die:
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life.
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."
Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,
Answered: "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."
After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
"I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift;
An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak,
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves
And, far away upon an emerald slope,
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith
Men did not think that happy things were dreams
Because they overstepped the narrow bourne
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was blest;
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked,
The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not wings
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoe'er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that;
Like the contented peasant of a vale,

Deemed it the world and never looked beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them and forgot all else beside.
The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs
As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,
"By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and thrice again
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee;
And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disc of the setting sun,—
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and, rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened well-nigh unto the city's wall.
Quite spent and out of breath, he reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!" close at hand;
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Nought but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice, "Oh Rhœcus, nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night!
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart:
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sent'st him back to me with bruised wings.
We spirits only show to gentle eyes;
We ever ask an undivided love;
And he who scorns the least of Nature's works

Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."
Then Rhœcus beat his breast, and groaned aloud,
And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once, and I shall never need it more!"
"Alas!" the voice returned, "'t is thou art blind,
Not I unmerciful: I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmured "Nevermore!"
And Rhœcus after heard no other sound,
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
The night had gathered round him: o'er the plain
The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze
Beauty was all around him, and delight;
But from that eve he was alone on earth.

1843

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease:
'T is the spring's largess, which she scatters now

To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass;
Of meadows where in the sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind; of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap; and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long;
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

1845.

FROM

THE BIGLOW PAPERS

NO. I

Thrash away! you 'll *hev* to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn—
'T aint a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn.
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be—
Guess you 'll toot till you are yeller
'Fore you git ahold o' me.

Thet air flag 's a leetle rotten;
Hope it aint your Sunday's best.
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest:
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer 't,
Ef you must wear humps like these
Sposin' you should try salt hay fer 't—
It would du ez slick ez grease.

'T wouldn't suit them Southun fellers;
They 're a dreffle graspin' set:
We must ollers blow the bellers
Wen they want their irons het.
May be it 's all right ez preachin',
But *my* narves it kind o' grates
Wen I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth
(Helped by Yankee renegaders)
Thru the vartu o' the North!

We begin to think it 's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled:
Who 'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that:
God hez sed so plump an' fairly;
It 's ez long ez it is broad;
An' you 've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'T aint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'T aint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight:
Ef you take a sword an' dror it
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it—
God 'll send the bill to you.

Wut 's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it 's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it 's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,
But it 's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
Tell they 're pupple in the face—
It 's a grand gret cemetary
Fer the barthrights of our race:
They jest want this Californy
So 's to lug new slave-states in,
To abuse ye an' to scorn ye
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Aint it cute to see a Yankee
  Take sech everlastin' pains,
All to git the Devil's thankee
  Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Wy, it 's jest ez clear ez figgers,
  Clear ez one an' one make two:
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
  Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I 've come to
  Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
  Any gump could larn by heart:
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
  Hev one glory an' one shame;
Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman
  Injers all on 'em the same.

'T aint by turnin' out to hack folks
  You 're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
  Coz you 're put upon by wite:
Slavery aint o' nary color,
  'T aint the hide thet makes it wus;
All it keers fer in a feller
  'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
  I expect you 'll hev to wait;
Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
  You 'll begin to kal'late:
'Spose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
  All the carkiss from your bones
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
  To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
  Wether I 'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye—guess you 'd fancy
  The eternal bung wuz loose!

She wants me fer home consumption,
Let alone the hay 's to mow.
Ef you 're arter folks o' gumption,
You 've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet 's crowin'
Like a cockerel three months old—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin'
Though they *be* so blasted bold.
Aint they a prime lot o' fellers?
'Fore they think on 't they will sprout
(Like a peach thet 's got the yellers)
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves!
Help the men thet 's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves!
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few!
Help the men thet call your people
Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She 's akneelin' with the rest,
She thet ough' to ha' clung ferever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world.

Haint they sold your colored seamen?
Haint they made your env'ys wiz?
Wut 'll make ye act like freemen?
Wut 'll git your dander riz?
Come, I 'll tell ye wut I 'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix—
They 'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six:

Clang the bells in every steeple;
Call all true men to disown
The tradoocers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South:

"I 'll return ye good fer evil
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus o' man:
Call me coward, call me traiter,
Jest ez suits your mean idees—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
An' the friend o' God an' Peace!"

Ef I 'd *my* way I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part,
They take one way, we take t' other;
Guess it wouldn't break my heart:
Man hed ough' to put asunder
Them thet God has noways jined;
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
Ef there 's thousands o' my mind.

1846 1846.

NO. II

This kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin':
A chap could clear right out from there ef 't only looked like rainin';
An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with bandanners,
An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with their banners
(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted); an' a feller could cry quarter
Ef he fired away his ramrod arter tu much rum an' water.
Recollect wut fun we hed, you 'n' I an' Ezry Hollis,
Up there to Waltham plain last fall, along o' the Cornwallis?
This sort o' thing aint *jest* like thet—I wish thet I wuz furder—
Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer murder

(Wy I 've worked out to slarterin' some fer Deacon Cephas Billins,
An' in the hardest times there wuz I ollers tetched ten shillins):
There 's sutthin' gits into my throat thet makes it hard to swaller,
It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar;
It 's glory—but in spite o' all my tryin' to git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the gallus.
But wen it comes to *bein'* killed—I tell ye I felt streaked
The fust time 't ever I found out wy baggonets wuz peaked.
Here 's how it wuz: I started out to go to a fandango;
The sentinul he ups an' sez, "Thet 's furder 'an you can go."
"None o' your sarse," sez I; sez he, "Stan' back!" "Aint you a buster?"
Sez I; "I 'm up to all thet air, I guess I 've ben to muster;
I know wy sentinuls air sot; you aint agoin' to eat us.
Caleb haint no monopoly to court the seenoreetas;
My folks to hum air full ez good ez hisn be, by golly!"
An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin' wut would folly,
The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-pronged pitch-fork in me,
An' made a hole right thru my close, ez ef I wuz an in'my.
Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin' in ole Funnel
Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword to our Leftenant Cunnle
(It 's Mister Secondary Bolles, thet writ the prize peace essay;
Thet 's wy he didn't list himself along o' us, I dessay).
An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but don't put *his* foot in it,
Coz human life 's so sacred thet he 's principled agin it—
Though I myself can't rightly see it 's any wus achokin' on 'em
Than puttin' bullets thru their lights or with a bagnet pokin' on 'em:
How dreffle slick he reeled it off (like Blitz at our lyceum
Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so quick you skeercely see 'em)
About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons would be handy
To du the buryin' down here upon the Rio Grandy),
About our patriotic pas an' our star-spangled banner,
Our country's bird alookin' on an' singin' out hosanner,
An' how he (Mister B. himself) wuz happy fer Ameriky.
I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle mite histericky;
I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a dreffle kind o' privilege,
Atrampin' round thru Boston streets among the gutter's drivelage;
I act'lly thought it wuz a treat to hear a little drummin';
An' it did bonyfidy seem millanyum wuz acomin'
Wen all on us got suits (darned like them wore in the state prison)
An' every feller felt ez though all Mexico wuz hisn.

This 'ere 's about the meanest place a skunk could wal diskiver
(Saltillo 's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer wut we call Salt-river).
The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat doos beat all nater;
I 'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one good blue-nose tater.
The country here, thet Mister Bolles declared to be so charmin',
Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin.
He talked about delishis froots, but then it wuz a wopper all;
The holl on 't 's mud an' prickly pears, with here an' there a chapparal.
You see a feller peekin' out, an' fust you know a lariat
Is round your throat an' you a copse 'fore you can say, "Wut air ye at?"
You never see sech darned gret bugs (it may not be irrelevant
To say I 've seen a *scarabæus pilularius* big ez a year-old elephant):
The rigiment come up one day in time to stop a red bug
From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright—'t wuz jest a common *cimex lectularius*.
One night I started up on eend an' thought I wuz to hum agin:
I heern a horn; thinks I, "It 's Sol the fisherman hez come agin;
His bellowses is sound enough"—ez I 'm a livin' creeter,
I felt a thing go thru my leg—'t wuz nothin' more 'n a skeeter
Then there 's the yaller fever, tu; they call it here el vomito.
(Come, thet wun't du, you landcrab there, I tell ye to le' *go* my toe!
My gracious! it 's a scorpion thet 's took a shine to play with 't;
I darsn't skeer the tarnal thing fer fear he 'd run away with 't.)
Afore I come away from hum I hed a strong persuasion
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans—an ourang outang nation,
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream on 't arter,
No more 'n a feller 'd dream o' pigs thet he hed hed to slarter;
I 'd an idee thet they were built arter the darkie fashion all,
An' kickin' colored folks about, you know, 's a kind o' national.
But wen I jined I wornt so wise ez thet air queen o' Sheby,
Fer, come to look at 'em, they aint much diff'rent from wut we be;
An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' thir own dominions,
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's pinions—
Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's trowsis
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes an' houses.
Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer Jackson!
It must be right, fer Caleb sez it 's reg'lar Anglo-saxon.
The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say: they piz'n all the water,
An' du amazin' lots o' things thet isn't wut they ough' to;
Bein' they haint no lead, they make their bullets out o' copper

An' shoot the darned things at us, tu, wich Caleb sez aint proper;
He sez they 'd ough' to stan' right up an' let us pop 'em fairly
(Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet he 'll hev to git up airly);
Thet our nation 's bigger 'n theirn an' so its rights air bigger,
An' thet it 's all to make 'em free thet we air pullin' trigger;
Thet Anglo Saxondom's idee 's abreakin' 'em to pieces,
An' thet idee 's thet every man doos jest wut he damn pleases.
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in some respex I can—
I know thet "every man" don't mean a nigger or a Mexican.
An' there 's another thing I know, an' thet is, ef these creeturs
Thet stick an Anglosaxon mask onto State-prison feeturs
Should come to Jaalam Centre fer to argify an' spout on 't,
The gals 'ould count the silver spoons the minnit they cleared out on 't
This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur,
An' ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes I 'd home agin short meter:
O, wouldn't I be off, quick time, ef 't worn't thet I wuz sartin
They 'd let the daylight into me to pay me fer desartin!
I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but jest to you I may state
Our ossifers aint wut they wuz afore they left the Bay-state:
Then it wuz "Mister Sawin, sir, you 're middlin' well now, be ye?
Step up an' take a nipper, sir; I 'm dreffle glad to see ye";
But now it 's "Ware 's my eppylet? here, Sawin, step an' fetch it!
An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry, or, damn ye, you shall ketch it!"
Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will bile so; but, by mighty,
Ef I hed some on 'em to hum I 'd give 'em linkum vity,
I 'd play the rogue's march on their hides an' other music follerin'—
But I must close my letter here, fer one on 'em 's ahollerin'.
These Anglosaxon ossifers—wal, taint no use ajawin',
I 'm safe enlisted fer the war.

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN.

1847. 1847.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE

What visionary tints the year puts on,
When falling leaves falter through motionless air,
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone!
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles, and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous hair!

No more the landscape holds its wealth apart,
Making me poorer in my poverty,
But mingles with my senses and my heart:
My own projected spirit seems to me
In her own reverie the world to steep;
'T is she that waves to sympathetic sleep,
Moving, as she is moved, each field and hill and tree.

How fuse and mix, with what unfelt degrees,
Clasped by the faint horizon's languid arms,
Each into each, the hazy distances!
The softened season all the landscape charms;
Those hills, my native village that embay,
In waves of dreamier purple roll away,
And floating in mirage seem all the glimmering farms.

Far distant sounds the hidden chickadee
Close at my side; far distant sound the leaves;
The fields seem fields of dream, where Memory
Wanders like gleaning Ruth; and as the sheaves
Of wheat and barley wavered in the eye
Of Boaz as the maiden's glow went by,
So tremble and seem remote all things the sense receives.

The cock's shrill trump that tells of scattered corn,
Passed breezily on by all his flapping mates,
Faint and more faint, from barn to barn is borne,
Southward, perhaps to far Magellan's Straits;
Dimly I catch the throb of distant flails;
Silently overhead the hen-hawk sails,
With watchful, measuring eye, and for his quarry waits.

The sobered robin, hunger-silent now,
Seeks cedar-berries blue, his autumn cheer;
The squirrel, on the shingly shagbark's bough,
Now saws, now lists with downward eye and ear,
Then drops his nut, and, with a chipping bound,
Whisks to his winding fastness underground;
The clouds like swans drift down the streaming atmosphere

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed cedar shadows
Drowse on the crisp, gray moss; the ploughman's call
Creeps faint as smoke from black, fresh-furrowed

The single crow a single caw lets fall;
And all around me every bush and tree
Says Autumn 's here, and Winter soon will be,
Who snows his soft, white sleep and silence over all.

The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees,
Her poverty, as best she may, retrieves,
And hints at her foregone gentilities
With some saved relics of her wealth of leaves;
The swamp-oak, with his royal purple on,
Glares red as blood across the sinking sun,
As one who proudlier to a falling fortune cleaves.

He looks a sachem, in red blanket wrapt,
Who, 'mid some council of the sad-garbed whites,
Erect and stern, in his own memories lapt,
With distant eye broods over other sights—
Sees the hushed wood the city's flare replace,
The wounded turf heal o'er the railway's trace,
And roams the savage Past of his undwindled rights.

The red-oak, softer-grained, yields all for lost,
And, with his crumpled foliage stiff and dry,
After the first betrayal of the frost,
Rebuffs the kiss of the relenting sky;
The chestnuts, lavish of their long-hid gold,
To the faint Summer, beggared now and old,
Pour back the sunshine hoarded 'neath her favoring eye.

The ash her purple drops forgivingly
And sadly, breaking not the general hush;
The maple-swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush;
All round the wood's edge creeps the skirting blaze
Of bushes low, as when, on cloudy days,
Ere the rain fails, the cautious farmer burns his brush.

O'er yon low wall, which guards one unkempt zone,
Where vines and weeds and scrub-oaks intertwine
Safe from the plough, whose rough, discordant stone
Is massed to one soft gray by lichens fine,
The tangled blackberry, crossed and recrossed, weaves
A prickly network of ensanguined leaves;
Hard by, with coral beads, the prim black-alders shine.

Pillaring with flame this crumbling boundary—
Whose loose blocks topple 'neath the ploughboy's foot,
Who, with each sense shut fast except the eye,
Creeps close and scares the jay he hoped to shoot—
The woodbine up the elm's straight stem aspires,
Coiling it, harmless, with autumnal fires;
In the ivy's paler blaze the martyr oak stands mute.

Below, the Charles, a stripe of nether sky,
Now hid by rounded apple-trees between,
Whose gaps the misplaced sail sweeps bellying by,
Now flickering golden through a woodland screen,
Then spreading out, at his next turn beyond,
A silver circle like an inland pond—
Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green.

Dear marshes! vain to him the gift of sight
Who cannot in their various incomes share,
From every season, drawn of shade and light,
Who sees in them but levels brown and bare;
Each change of storm or sunshine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For nature with cheap means still works her wonders rare.

In Spring they lie one broad expanse of green,
O'er which the light winds run with glimmering feet:
Here, yellower stripes track out the creek unseen,
There, darker growths o'er hidden ditches meet;
And purpler stains show where the blossoms crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
Hung there becalmed, with the next breath to fleet.

All round, upon the river's slippery edge,
Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide,
Whispers and leans the breeze-entangling sedge;
Through emerald glooms the lingering waters slide,
Or, sometimes wavering, throw back the sun,
And the stiff banks in eddies melt and run
Of dimpling light, and with the current seem to glide.

In Summer 't is a blithesome sight to see,
As, step by step, with measured swing, they pass,
The wide-ranked mowers wading to the knee,

Their sharp scythes panting through the thick-set grass;
Then, stretched beneath a rick's shade in a ring,
Their nooning take, while one begins to sing
A stave that droops and dies 'neath the close sky of brass.

Meanwhile that devil-may-care, the bobolink,
Remembering duty, in mid-quaver stops
Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous brink,
And 'twixt the winrows most demurely drops,
A decorous bird of business, who provides
For his brown mate and fledglings six besides,
And looks from right to left, a farmer 'mid his crops.

Another change subdues them in the Fall,
But saddens not; they still show merrier tints,
Though sober russet seems to cover all:
When the first sunshine through their dewdrops glints,
Look how the yellow clearness, streamed across,
Redeems with rarer hues the season's loss,
As Dawn's feet there had touched and left their rosy prints.

Or come when sunset gives its freshened zest,
Lean o'er the bridge and let the ruddy thrill,
While the shorn sun swells down the hazy west,
Glow opposite: the marshes drink their fill
And swoon with purple veins, then slowly fade
Through pink to brown, as eastward moves the shade,
Lengthening with stealthy creep, of Simond's darkening hill.

Later, and yet ere Winter wholly shuts,
Ere through the first dry snow the runner grates,
And the loath cart-wheel screams in slippery ruts;
While firmer ice the eager boy awaits,
Trying each buckle and strap beside the fire,
And until bed-time plays with his desire,
Twenty times putting on and off his new-bought skates;

Then, every morn, the river's banks shine bright
With smooth plate-armor, treacherous and frail,
By the frost's clinking hammers forged at night;
'Gainst which the lances of the sun prevail,

Giving a pretty emblem of the day
When guiltier arms in light shall melt away,
And states shall move free-limbed, loosed from war's
cramping mail.

And now those waterfalls the ebbing river
Twice every day creates on either side
Tinkle, as through their fresh-sparred grots they shiver
In grass-arched channels to the sun denied;
High flaps in sparkling blue the far-heard crow;
The silvered flats gleam frostily below;
Suddenly drops the gull and breaks the glassy tide.

But crowned in turn by vying seasons three,
Their winter halo hath a fuller ring:
This glory seems to rest immovably—
The others were too fleet and vanishing;
When the hid tide is at its highest flow,
O'er marsh and stream one breathless trance of snow
With brooding fulness awes and hushes every thing.

The sunshine seems blown off by the bleak wind,
As pale as formal candles lit by day;
Gropes to the sea the river dumb and blind;
The brown ricks, snow-thatched by the storm in play,
Show pearly breakers combing o'er their lee,
White crests as of some just enchanted sea,
Checked in their maddest leap and hanging poised midway.

But when the eastern blow, with rain aslant,
From mid-sea's prairies' green and rolling plains
Drives in his wallowing herds of billows gaunt,
And the roused Charles remembers in his veins
Old Ocean's blood and snaps his gyves of frost,
That tyrannous silence on the shores is tost
In dreary wreck, and crumbling desolation reigns.

Edgewise or flat, in Druid-like device,
With leaden pools between or gullies bare,
The blocks lie strewn, a bleak Stonehenge of ice;
No life, no sound, to break the grim despair,

Save sullen plunge, as through the sedges stiff
Down crackles riverward some thaw-sapped cliff,
Or when the close-wedged fields of ice crunch here and there.

But let me turn from fancy-pictured scenes
To that whose pastoral calm before me lies:
Here nothing harsh or rugged intervenes;
The early evening with her misty dyes
Smooths off the ravelled edges of the nigh,
Relieves the distant with her cooler sky,
And tones the landscape down, and soothes the wearied eyes.

There gleams my native village, dear to me,
Though higher change's waves each day are seen,
Whelming fields famed in boyhood's history,
Sanding with houses the diminished green;
There, in red brick, which softening time defies,
Stand square and stiff the Muses' factories;—
How with my life knit up is every well-known scene!

Flow on, dear river! not alone you flow
To outward sight, and through your marshes wind;
Fed from the mystic springs of long-ago,
Your twin flows silent through my world of mind.
Grow dim, dear marshes, in the evening's gray!
Before my inner sight ye stretch away,
And will forever, though these fleshly eyes grow blind.

Beyond that hillock's house-bespotted swell,
Where Gothic chapels house the horse and chaise,
Where quiet cits in Grecian temples dwell,
Where Coptic tombs resound with prayer and praise,
Where dust and mud the equal year divide,
There gentle Allston lived and wrought and died,
Transfiguring street and shop with his illumined gaze.

Virgilium vidi tantum: I have seen—
But as a boy, who looks alike on all—
That misty hair, that fine Undine-like mien,
Tremulous as down to feeling's faintest call.
Ah, dear old homestead! count it to thy fame
That thither many times the Painter came;—
One elm yet bears his name, a feathery tree and tall.

Swiftly the present fades in memory's glow;
Our only sure possession is the past:
The village blacksmith died a month ago,
And dim to me the forge's roaring blast;
Soon fire-new mediævals we shall see
Oust the black smithy from its chestnut-tree,
And that hewn down, perhaps—the bee-hive green and vast.

How many times, prouder than king on throne,
Loosed from the village school-dame's A's and B's,
Panting have I the creaky bellows blown,
And watched the pent volcano's red increase,
Then paused to see the ponderous sledge, brought down
By that hard arm voluminous and brown,
From the white iron swarm its golden vanishing bees.

Dear native town! whose choking elms each year
With eddying dust before their time turn gray,
Pining for rain, to me thy dust is dear;
It glorifies the eve of summer day,
And when the westering sun half-sunken burns,
The mote-thick air to deepest orange turns,
The westward horseman rides through clouds of gold away,

So palpable I 've seen those unshorn few,
The six old willows at the causey's end
(Such trees Paul Potter never dreamed nor drew),
Through this dry mist their checkering shadows send,
Striped, here and there, with many a long-drawn thread,
Where streamed through leafy chinks the trembling red,
Past which, in one bright trail, the hangbird's flashes blend.

Yes, dearer far thy dust than all that e'er,
Beneath the awarded crown of victory,
Gilded the blown Olympic charioteer;
Though lightly prized the ribboned parchments three,
Yet *collegisse juvat*, I am glad
That here what colleging was mine I had—
It linked another tie, dear native town, with thee!

Nearer art thou than simply native earth,
My dust with thine concedes a deeper tie;

A closer claim thy soil may well put forth,
Something of kindred more than sympathy;
For in thy bounds I reverently laid away
That blinding anguish of forsaken clay,
That title I seemed to have in earth and sea and sky,

That portion of my life more choice to me
(Though brief, yet in itself so round and whole)
Than all the imperfect residue can be:
The Artist saw his statue of the soul
Was perfect; so, with one regretful stroke,
The earthen model into fragments broke,
And without her the impoverished seasons roll.

1847. 1847.

FROM

A FABLE FOR CRITICS

O loved more and more
Dear Baystate, from whose rocky bosom thy sons
Should suck milk strong-will-giving, brave, such as runs
In the veins of old Graylock—who is it that dares
Call thee peddler, a soul wrapt in bank-books and shares?
It is false! She 's a Poet! I see, as I write,
Along the far railroad the steam-snake glide white,
The cataract-throb of her mill-hearts I hear,
The swift strokes of trip-hammers weary my ear,
Sledges ring upon anvils, through logs the saw screams,
Blocks swing to their place, beetles drive home the beams:
It is songs such as these that she croons to the din
Of her fast-flying shuttles, year out and year in,
While from earth's farthest corner there comes not a breeze
But wafts her the buzz of her gold-gleaning bees.
What though those horn hands have as yet found small time
For painting and sculpture and music and rhyme!
These will come in due order; the need that pressed sorest
Was to vanquish the seasons, the ocean, the forest,
To bridle and harness the rivers, the steam,
Making that whirl her mill-wheels, this tug in her team,
To vassalize old tyrant Winter, and make
Him delve surlily for her on river and lake.
When this New World was parted, she strove not to shirk

Her lot in the heirdom, the tough, silent Work,
The hero-share ever, from Herakles down
To Odin, the Earth's iron sceptre and crown.
Yes, thou dear, noble Mother! if ever men's praise
Could be claimed for creating heroical lays,
Thou hast won it; if ever the laurel divine
Crowned the Maker and Builder, that glory is thine.
Thy songs are right epic, they tell how this rude
Rock-rib of our earth here was tamed and subdued;
Thou hast written them plain on the face of the planet
In brave, deathless letters of iron and granite;
Thou hast printed them deep for all time; they are set
From the same runic type-fount and alphabet
With thy stout Berkshire hills and the arms of thy Bay—
They are staves from the burly old Mayflower lay.
If the drones of the Old World, in querulous ease,
Ask thy Art and thy Letters, point proudly to these;
Or if they deny these are Letters and Art,
Toil on with the same old invincible heart:
Thou art rearing the pedestal broad-based and grand
Whereon the fair shapes of the Artist shall stand,
And creating, through labors undaunted and long,
The theme for all Sculpture and Painting and Song!

1847–48. 1848.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us:
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in;
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us;
We bargain for the graves we lie in.
At the devil's booth are all things sold;
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold:
For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking.
'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking:
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives:
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings,
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay.
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it:
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green,
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack—
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!
Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Every thing is happy now,
Every thing is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'T is the natural way of living.
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake:
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe

Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail.
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray.
'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be
Save to lord or lady of high degree.
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied:
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,

Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart.
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate:
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.
The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor
Though I turn me empty from his door.
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty:
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty

Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek:
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare.
The little brook heard it, and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof:
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond-drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one.
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice,
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day.

Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.
Within the hall are song and laughter;
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly.
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap,
And belly and tug, as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.
But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch;
And he sat in the gateway, and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;

Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago:
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms!"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said: "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree:
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns

Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side.
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal; and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink:
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said:
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,

This water His blood that died on the tree.
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need:
Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough.
No longer scowl the turrets tall;
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er:
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round.
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there 's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

1848. 1848.

BEAVER BROOK

Hushed with broad sunlight lies the hill;
And, minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup,
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir;
Only the little mill sends up
Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that hems
The road along the mill-pond's brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry-stems
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bony buttonwood
The mill's red door lets forth the din;
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark within.

No mountain torrent's strength is here:
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering mill-stones hum and whirl,
Nor how for every turn are tost
Armfuls of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how Beauty underlies
For evermore each form of Use.

And more: methought I saw that flood
Which now so dull and darkling steals,
Thick here and there with human blood,
To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells do we
Know with what waste of beauty rare
Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the Earth
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make mirth,
And labor meet delight half-way.

1848. 1849.

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD

Along a river-side, I know not where,
I walked last night in mystery of dream:
A chill creeps curdling yet beneath my hair
To think what chanced me by the pallid gleam
Of a moon-wraith that waned through haunted air.

Pale fire-flies pulsed within the meadow-mist
Their halos, wavering thistle-downs of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some goblin tryst,
Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in affright,
Like Odin's hounds fled baying down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote my ear
A movement in the stream that checked my breath:
Was it the slow plash of a wading deer?
But something said, "This water is of Death!
The Sisters wash a Shroud—ill thing to hear!"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient Three
Known to the Greek's and to the Norseman's creed,
That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their endless brede,
One song: "Time was, Time is, and Time shall be."

No wrinkled crones were they, as I had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-morrow
To mourner, lover, poet ever seemed:
Something too deep for joy, too high for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones and from their faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they have strawn,"
So sang they, working at their task the while;
"The fatal raiment must be cleansed ere dawn:
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's Isle?
O'er what quenched grandeur must our shroud be drawn?

"Or is it for a younger, fairer corse,
That gathered States for children round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his posting-horse,
The forest-feller, linker of the seas,
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest son of Thor's?

"What make we, murmur'st thou? and what are we?
When empires must be wound, we bring the shroud,
The time-old web of the implacable Three:
Is it too coarse for him, the young and proud?
Earth's mightiest deigned to wear it—why not he?"

"Is there no hope?" I moaned; "so strong, so fair!
Our Fowler whose proud bird would brook erewhile
No rival's swoop in all our western air!
Gather the ravens, then, in funeral file
For him, life's morn-gold bright yet in his hair?

"Leave me not hopeless, ye unpitying dames!
I see, half-seeing: tell me, ye who scanned
The stars, Earth's elders, still must noblest aims
Be traced upon oblivious ocean-sands?
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of names?"

"When grass-blades stiffen with red battle-dew,
Ye deem we choose the victors and the slain:
Say, choose we them that shall be leal and true
To the heart's longing, the high faith of brain?
Yet here the victory is, if ye but knew.

"Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will—
These two are strong, but stronger yet the third,
Obedience—the great tap-root that still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred
Though the storm's ploughshare spend its utmost skill.

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'T is not we
Denounce it, but the Law before all time:
The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril; which shall Hesper be?

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's seat
To make Jove's bolts purveyors of their maw?
Hath he the Many's plaudits found more sweet
Than Wisdom? held Opinion's wind for law?
Then let him hearken for the headsman's feet!

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintiest rock,
States climb to power by; slippery those with gold
Down which they stumble to eternal mock:
No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell the block.

"We sing old sagas, songs of weal and woe,
Mystic because too cheaply understood;
Dark sayings are not ours: men hear and know,
See Evil weak, see only strong the Good,
Yet hope to balk Doom's fire with walls of tow.

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,
That offers choice of glory and of gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely his.
But hasten, Sisters! for even now the tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not yet for him
Whose large horizon, westering, star by star
Wins from the void to where on ocean's rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden bar!
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye grow dim!

"His shall be larger manhood, saved for those
That walk unblenching through the trial-fires:
Not suffering but faint heart is worst of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven sires,
Whose eye need droop confronted with his foes.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the enemy's lines:
Peace, too, brings tears; and 'mid the battle-din
The wiser ear some text of God divines,
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin.

"God, give us peace! not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"

So said I with clenched hands and passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side:
Again the loon laughed mocking, and again
The echoes bayed far down the night and died,
While, waking, I recalled my wandering brain.

1861. 1861.

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen;
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder;
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she 'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal—no—I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She is sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin':
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I 'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister"—
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

Fur she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy;
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

1848–66. 1848, 1866.

ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION

I

Weak-winged is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light:
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,
Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire.
Yet sometimes feathered words are strong
A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave
Of the unventurous throng.

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back
Her wisest Scholars, those who understood
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome
And offered their fresh lives to make it good.
No lore of Greece or Rome,
No science peddling with the names of things,
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits,
And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory sings
In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates:
Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!
Not such the trumpet-call
Of thy diviner mood,
That could thy sons entice
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest
Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,
Into War's tumult rude;
But rather far that stern device

The sponsors chose that round thy cradle stood
In the dim, unventured wood,
The VERITAS that lurks beneath
The letter's unprolific sheath,
Life of whate'er makes life worth living,
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her,
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her.
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do:
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her:
Where faith, made whole with deed,
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her, plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past;
What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the last?
Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that shall outlive us?
Some more substantial boon

Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon?
The little that we see
From doubt is never free;
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true;
With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
Only secure in every one's conniving,
A long account of nothings paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer;
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night;
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven:
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than the Day;
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years

V

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads,
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds;
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,

Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Lights the black lips of cannon, and the sword
Dreams in its easeful sheath:
But some day the live coal behind the thought,
Whether from Baal's stone obscene,
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men.
Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise,
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth!
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"
Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So generous is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:

Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World mould aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
Nothing of Europe here—
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface:
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not: it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,

Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring goal
Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
Along whose course the flying axles burn
Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier brood;
Long as below we cannot find
The meed that stills the inexorable mind;
So long this faith to some ideal Good,
Under whatever mortal names it masks—
Freedom, Law, Country,—this ethereal mood
That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,
Feeling its challenged pulses leap
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks,
Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
A virtue round whose forehead we enwreathe
Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns are cold and soon grow sear.
What brings us thronging these high rites to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of our year,
Save that our brothers found this better way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best—
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,

Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge and die away in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain:
Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not.—Say not so!
'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No ban of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

IX

Who now shall sneer?
Who dare again to say we trace
Our lines to a plebeian race?
Roundhead and Cavalier!
Dreams are those names erewhile in battle loud;

Forceless as is the shadow of a cloud,
They live but in the ear:
That is best blood that hath most iron in 't
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
For what makes manhood dear.
Tell us not of Plantagenets,
Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
Down from some victor in a border-brawl!
How poor their outworn coronets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,
Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets
Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

X

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,
To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that consecrates our brave.
Lift the heart and lift the head!
Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an hour
Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
'T is no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a Nation
Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
Pulsing it again through them,
Till the basest can no longer cower,

Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
Come back, then, noble pride, for 't is her dower!
How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?
Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves!
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!
Banners, advance with triumph, bend your staves!
And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent,
Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:
"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!
The helm from her bold front she doth unbind,
Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,
And bids her navies hold their thunders in.
No challenge sends she to the elder world,
That looked askance and hated; a light scorn
Plays on her mouth, as round her mighty knees
She calls her children back, and waits the morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."

XI

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace.
Bow down in prayer and praise!
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,

And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee;
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

1865. 1865.

BAYARD TAYLOR

THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR

Gusty and raw was the morning,
A fog hung over the seas,
And its gray skirts, rolling inland,
Were torn by the mountain trees;
No sound was heard but the dashing
Of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescadòr, out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint, moving speck of the rider
Seems hovering close to its fall.

Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,
He sang through the fog and wind.

Under his thick, misted eyebrows
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang as the sea-winds
Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Chino,
Had travelled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him—
Good reason had he to be gone!
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his poncho wrapped gloomily round him,
He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steeps of the headland
Were slippery and wet as he trod:
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
Midway on the Paso del Mar.

"Back!" shouted Bernal, full fiercely;
And "Back!" shouted Pablo, in wrath,
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,
On the perilous line of the path.
The roar of devouring surges
Came up from the breakers' hoarse war;
And "Back, or you perish!" cried Bernal,
"I turn not on Paso del Mar!"

The gray mule stood firm as the headland;
He clutched at the jingling rein,
When Pablo rose up in his saddle
And smote till he dropped it again.
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
And brandished his dagger, still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,
And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought till the black wall below them
Shone red through the misty blast;
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther,
The broad breast of Bernal at last:
And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman
Closed on him with terrible strength,
And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
Down from the saddle at length.

They grappled with desperate madness,
On the slippery edge of the wall;
They swayed on the brink, and together
Reeled out to the rush of the fall.
A cry of the wildest death-anguish
Rang faint through the mist afar,
And the riderless mule went homeward
From the fight of the Paso del Mar.

1848.

BEDOUIN SONG

From the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee! I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

Look from thy window, and see
My passion and my pain!
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,

And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

1853. 1855.

TO THE NILE

Mysterious Flood, that through the silent sands
Hast wandered, century on century,
Watering the length of green Egyptian lands,
Which were not but for thee,

Art thou the keeper of that eldest lore
Written ere yet thy hieroglyphs began
When dawned upon thy fresh, untrampled shore
The earliest life of Man?

Thou guardest temple and vast pyramid,
Where the gray Past records its ancient speech;
But in thine unrevealing breast lies hid
What they refuse to teach.

All other streams with human joys and fears
Run blended, o'er the plains of History:
Thou tak'st no note of Man; a thousand years
Are as a day to thee.

What were to thee the Osirian festivals?
Or Memnon's music on the Theban plain?
The carnage, when Cambyses made thy halls
Ruddy with royal slain?

Even then thou wast a God, and shrines were built
For worship of thine own majestic flood;
For thee the incense burned, for thee was spilt
The sacrificial blood.

And past the bannered pylons that arose
Above thy palms, the pageantry and state,
Thy current flowed, calmly as now it flows,
Unchangeable as Fate.

Thou givest blessing as a God might give,
Whose being is his bounty: from the slime
Shaken from off thy skirts the nations live,
Through all the years of Time.

In thy solemnity, thine awful calm,
Thy grand indifference of Destiny,
My soul forgets its pain, and drinks the balm
Which thou dost proffer me.

Thy godship is unquestioned still: I bring
No doubtful worship to thy shrine supreme,
But thus my homage as a chaplet fling,
To float upon thy stream!

1855

THE QUAKER WIDOW

Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah—come in! 'T is kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers—most men
Think such things foolishness—but we were first acquainted then,
One spring; the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife;
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

He was but seventy-five: I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 't is better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

We 've lived together fifty years: it seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin—she knew what best to say.

Then she was still. They sat awhile; at last she spoke again:
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" And "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 't was not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost:
Her husband 's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life 's a happy one, at least.

Perhaps she 'll wear a plainer dress when she 's as old as I—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once *I* felt temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste:
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till "In the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart and I could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah—thee, too, hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind—
'T is strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head;
And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'t was she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and now they 're gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm—'t was not his call, in truth:
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee 'll say her ways are not like mine—young people now-a-days
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart: she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure almost as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account; the Lord will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she 's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'T is hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

1863.

WALT WHITMAN

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FROM

SONG OF MYSELF

1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul;
I lean and loafe at my ease, observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old, in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check, with original energy.

21

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul.
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me;
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecating about enough,
I show that size is only development.
Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?
It is a trifle; they will more than arrive there every one, and still pass on.

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night;
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.

Press close, bare-bosom'd night—press close, magnetic nourishing night!
Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still, nodding night—mad naked summer night!
Smile, O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes
Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you give love!
O unspeakable passionate love.

32

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd;
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

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33

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I understand the large hearts of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times;
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the steamship, and Death chasing it up and down the storm,
How he knuckled tight and gave not back an inch, and was faithful of days and faithful of nights,
And chalk'd in large letters on a board, *Be of good cheer, we will not desert you,*
How he follow'd with them and tack'd with them three days and would not give it up,
How he saved the drifting company at last,

How the lank loose-gown'd women look'd when boated from the side of their prepared graves,
How the silent old-faced infants and the lifted sick, and the sharp-lipp'd unshaved men.
All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it well, it becomes mine,
I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there.

. . . . . .

Agonies are one of my changes of garments;
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I myself become the wounded person,
My hurts turn livid upon me as I lean on a cane and observe.

I am the mash'd fireman with breast-bone broken,
Tumbling walls buried me in their debris,
Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades,
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels,
They have clear'd the beams away, they tenderly lift me forth.
I lie in the night air in my red shirt, the pervading hush is for my sake;
Painless after all I lie, exhausted but not so unhappy;
White and beautiful are the faces around me, the heads are bared of their fire-caps;
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches.

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45

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Old age superbly rising! O welcome, ineffable grace of dying days!

Every condition promulges not only itself, it promulges what grows after and out of itself,
And the dark hush promulges as much as any.

I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems;
And all I see, multiplied as high as I can cipher, edge but the rim of the farther systems.
Wider and wider they spread, expanding, always expanding,
Outward and outward and forever outward.
My sun has his sun and round him obediently wheels,
He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit,
And greater sets follow, making specks of the greatest inside them.

There is no stoppage and never can be stoppage;
If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their surfaces, were this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it would not avail in the long run,
We should surely bring up again where we now stand,
And surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther.

A few quadrillions of eras, a few octillions of cubic leagues, do not hazard the span or make it impatient;
They are but parts, any thing is but a part.
See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that;
Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain;
The Lord will be there and wait till I come, on perfect terms;
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine, will be there.

46

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This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the crowded heaven,
And I said to my spirit, *When we become the enfolders of those orbs and the pleasure and knowledge of every thing in them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?*
And my spirit said, *No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond.*

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1855, 1881.

FROM

FACES

The old face of the mother of many children;
Whist! I am fully content.

Lull'd and late is the smoke of the First-day morning,
It hangs low over the rows of trees by the fences,
It hangs thin by the sassafras and wild-cherry and cat-brier under them.

I saw the rich ladies in full dress at the soiree;
I heard what the singers were singing so long,
Heard who sprang in crimson youth from the white froth and the water-blue.

Behold a woman!
She looks out from her quaker cap, her face is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.
She sits in an armchair under the shaded porch of the farm-house,
The sun just shines on her old white head.
Her ample gown is of cream-hued linen;
Her grandsons raised the flax, and her grand-daughters spun it with the distaff and the wheel.

The melodious character of the earth,
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go and does not wish to go,
The justified mother of men.

1855.

OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child, leaving his bed, wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briers and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories, sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-arous'd words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such as now they start, the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,

I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown;
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward all summer, in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.
He call'd on his mate,
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.
Yes, my brother, I know;
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note:
For more than once, dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long;
Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one close;
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves;
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again if you only would,
For am I almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth;
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want

Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless, despairing carols.

But soft! sink low!
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment, you husky-nois'd sea,
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still for then she might not come immediately to me.

Hither my love!
Here I am! here!
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you,
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere;
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.

The aria sinking,
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing,
With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face of the sea almost touching,
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the atmosphere dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard.

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul)
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me?
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer, louder, and more sorrowful than yours,

A thousand warbling echoes, have started to life within me, never to die.
O you singer solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,
O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease perpetuating you,
Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love, be absent from me,
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what there in the night,
By the sea, under the yellow and sagging moon,
The messenger there arous'd—the fire, the sweet hell within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me.

O give me the clew (it lurks in the night here somewhere)!
O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

A word then (for I will conquer it),
The word final, superior to all,
Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen:
Are you whispering it, and have been all the time, you sea-waves?
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death,
And again, death, death, death, death;
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd child's heart,
But edging near, as privately for me, rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray beach,
With the thousand responsive songs at random,
My own songs awaked from that hour,
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
The word of the sweetest song and all songs,

That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet
(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet garments, bending aside),
The sea whisper'd me.

1859.

FROM

STARTING FROM PAUMANOK

I conn'd old times,
I sat studying at the feet of the great masters;
Now, if eligible, O that the great masters might return and study me.

In the name of these States shall I scorn the antique?
Why, these are the children of the antique to justify it.

Dead poets, philosophs, priests,
Martyrs, artists, inventors, governments long since,
Language-shapers on other shores,
Nations once powerful, now reduced, withdrawn, or desolate,
I dare not proceed till I respectfully credit what you have left wafted hither;
I have perused it, own it is admirable (moving awhile among it),
Think nothing can ever be greater, nothing can ever deserve more than it deserves,
Regarding it all intently a long while, then dismissing it,
I stand in my place with my own day here.

1860.

I HEAR IT WAS CHARGED AGAINST ME

I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions,
But really I am neither for nor against institutions
(What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction of them?)
Only I will establish in the Mannahatta, and in every city of these States, inland and seaboard,

And in the fields and woods, and above every keel little or large
that dents the water,
Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of comrades.

1860.

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and
measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much
applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till, rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

1865.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready;
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here;
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond
the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil up-heaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we;
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail, we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd;
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry mistress (bend your heads all),
Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive, weapon'd mistress,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

See, my children, resolute children,
By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield or falter,
Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind us urging,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,
With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead quickly fill'd,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
Falling in they beat for us, with the Western movement beat,
Holding single or together, steady moving to the front, all for us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with their slaves,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,
Through these shores amid the shadows, with the apparitions pressing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!
Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering suns and planets,
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind;
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may rest, you have done your work),
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind!
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

1865.

CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD

A line in long array where they wind betwixt green islands,
They take a serpentine course, their arms flash in the sun—hark to the musical clank;
Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses, loitering, stop to drink;

Behold the brown-faced men, each group, each person, a picture; the negligent rest on the saddles,
Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just entering the ford—while,
Scarlet and blue and snowy white,
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.

1865

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER

Come up from the fields, father, here 's a letter from our Pete;
And come to the front door, mother, here 's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 't is autumn;
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis'd vines.
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds;
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well;
But now from the fields come, father, come at the daughter's call,
And come to the entry, mother, to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.
Open the envelope quickly—
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,
O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,
Sentences broken: *gunshot wound in the breast—cavalry skirmish—taken to hospital—*
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd);
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas, poor boy, he will never be better (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul);
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better;
She with thin form presently drest in black,
By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

1865.

VIGIL STRANGE I KEPT ON THE FIELD ONE NIGHT

Vigil strange I kept on the field one night.
When you, my son and my comrade, dropt at my side that day,
One look I but gave, which your dear eyes return'd with a look I shall never forget;
One touch of your hand to mine, O boy, reach'd up as you lay on the ground;
Then onward I sped in the battle, the even-contested battle,
Till late in the night, reliev'd, to the place at last again I made my way,
Found you in death so cold, dear comrade, found your body, son of responding kisses (never again on earth responding),
Bared your face in the starlight; curious the scene, cool blew the moderate night-wind.
Long there and then in vigil I stood, dimly around me the battle-field spreading,
Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet, there in the fragrant silent night,
But not a tear fell, not even a long-drawn sigh; long, long I gazed,
Then on the earth partially reclining sat by your side, leaning my chin in my hands,
Passing sweet hours, immortal and mystic hours with you, dearest comrade—not a tear, not a word,

Vigil of silence, love and death, vigil for you, my son and my soldier,
As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new ones upward stole,
Vigil final for you, brave boy (I could not save you, swift was your death;
I faithfully loved you and cared for you living; I think we shall surely meet again).
Till at latest lingering of the night, indeed just as the dawn appear'd,
My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, envelop'd well his form,
Folded the blanket well, tucking it carefully over head and carefully under feet,
And there and then and bathed by the rising sun, my son in his grave, in his rude-dug grave, I deposited,
Ending my vigil strange with that, vigil of night and battle-field dim,
Vigil for boy of responding kisses (never again on earth responding),
Vigil for comrade swiftly slain, vigil I never forget, how as day brighten'd
I rose from the chill ground and folded my soldier well in his blanket
And buried him where he fell.

1865.

A MARCH IN THE RANKS HARD-PREST AND THE ROAD UNKNOWN

A march in the ranks hard-prest, and the road unknown,
A route through a heavy wood with muffled steps in the darkness,
Our army foil'd with loss severe, and the sullen remnant retreating,
Till after midnight glimmer upon us the lights of a dim-lighted building,
We come to an open space in the woods, and halt by the dim-lighted building;
'T is a large old church at the crossing roads, now an impromptu hospital.
Entering but for a minute, I see a sight beyond all the pictures and poems ever made:
Shadows of deepest, deepest black, just lit by moving candles and lamps,
And by one great pitchy torch, stationary, with wild red flame and clouds of smoke;
By these, crowds, groups of forms vaguely I see on the floor, some in the pews laid down,
At my feet more distinctly a soldier, a mere lad, in danger of bleeding to death (he is shot in the abdomen);

stanch the blood temporarily (the youngster's face is white as a lily).
Then before I depart I sweep my eyes o'er the scene, fain to absorb it all:
Faces, varieties, postures beyond description, most in obscurity, some of them dead,
Surgeons operating, attendants holding lights, the smell of ether, the odor of blood,
The crowd, O the crowd of the bloody forms, the yard outside also fill'd,
Some on the bare ground, some on planks or stretchers, some in the death-spasm sweating,
An occasional scream or cry, the doctor's shouted orders or calls,
The glisten of the little steel instruments catching the glint of the torches—
These I resume as I chant, I see again the forms, I smell the odor;
Then hear outside the orders given, *Fall in, my men, fall in.*
But first I bend to the dying lad, his eyes open, a half-smile gives he me,
Then the eyes close, calmly close, and I speed forth to the darkness,
Resuming, marching, ever in darkness marching, on in the ranks,
The unknown road still marching.

1865.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills—
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding—
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You 've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

1865.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.
Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring:
Lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house, near the whitewash'd palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the door-yard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.
Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song;
Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well, dear brother, I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die).

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the gray debris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass,
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where amid these you journey,
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

(Nor for you, for one alone;
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,
For, fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you, O sane and sacred death.
All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies;
But mostly and now the lilac, that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you, O death.)

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walk'd,

As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,
As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my side (while the other stars all look'd on),
As we wander'd together the solemn night (for something I know not what, kept me from sleep),
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool transparent night,
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the netherward black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you, sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender; I hear your notes, I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you;
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,
The star, my departing comrade, holds and detains me.

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?
Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western sea, till there on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I 'll perfume the grave of him I love.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?
Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific,

In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows,
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life and the workshops and the workmen homeward returning.

Lo, body and soul—this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass and corn.
Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird,
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.
Sing on, dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.
O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!
You only I hear—yet the star holds me (but will soon depart),
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring and the farmers preparing their crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests,
In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturb'd winds and the storms),
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and women,

The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sail'd,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and minutia of daily usages,
And the streets how their throbbings throbb'd, and the cities pent—lo, then and there,
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.
And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death and a verse for him I love.
From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.
And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come, lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?

Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that, when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress;
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.

To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure deliberate notes spreading, filling the night,
Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night;
While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags;
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd with missiles I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs (and all in silence),

And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.
I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
I saw the debris and debris of all the slain soldiers of the war,
But I saw they were not as was thought:
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd not;
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffer'd,
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

Passing the visions, passing the night,
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering song,
As low and wailing yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee, lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance full of woe,
With the holders holding my hand, nearing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep, for the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—and this for his dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

1865.

ONE'S-SELF I SING

One's-Self I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse

Of physiology from top to toe I sing:
Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy for the Muse; I say the Form complete is worthier far.
The Female equally with the Male I sing.

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws divine,
The Modern Man I sing.

1867.

WHISPERS OF HEAVENLY DEATH

Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing
(Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human tears?)

I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses;
Mournfully, slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,
With at times a half-dimm'd sadden'd far-off star,
Appearing and disappearing.

(Some parturition rather, some solemn immortal birth;
On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable,
Some soul is passing over.)

1868.

THE SINGER IN THE PRISON

O sight of pity, shame and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul.

Rang the refrain along the hall, the prison,
Rose to the roof, the vaults of heaven above,
Pouring in floods of melody in tones so pensive sweet and strong the like whereof was never heard,

Reaching the far-off sentry and the armed guards, who ceas'd their pacing,
Making the hearer's pulses stop for ecstasy and awe.

The sun was low in the west one winter day
When down a narrow aisle amid the thieves and outlaws of the land
(There by the hundreds seated, sear-faced murderers, wily counterfeiters,
Gather'd to Sunday church in prison walls, the keepers round
Plenteous, well-armed, watching with vigilant eyes)
Calmly a lady walk'd, holding a little innocent child by either hand;
Whom seating on their stools beside her on the platform,
She, first preluding with the instrument a low and musical prelude,
In voice surpassing all, sang forth a quaint old hymn.

A soul confined by bars and bands
Cries, "Help! O help!" and wrings her hands;
Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,
Nor pardon finds nor balm of rest.

Ceaseless she paces to and fro:
O heart-sick days! O nights of woe!
Nor hand of friend, nor living face,
Nor favor comes, nor word of grace.

"It was not I that sinn'd the sin:
The ruthless body dragg'd me in;
Though long I strove courageously,
The body was too much for me."

Dear prison'd soul, bear up a space,
For soon or late the certain grace;
To set thee free and bear thee home
The heavenly pardoner, death, shall come.

Convict no more, nor shame nor dole!
Depart—a God-enfranchis'd soul!

The singer ceas'd.
One glance swept from her clear calm eyes o'er all those upturn'd faces,

Strange sea of prison faces, a thousand varied, crafty, brutal,
seam'd and beauteous faces,
Then, rising, passing back along the narrow aisle between them,
While her gown touch'd them, rustling in the silence,
She vanish'd with her children in the dusk;
While upon all, convicts and armed keepers ere they stirr'd
(Convict forgetting prison, keeper his loaded pistol),
A hush and pause fell down a wondrous minute,
With deep half-stifled sobs and sound of bad men bow'd and
moved to weeping,
And youth's convulsive breathings, memories of home,
The mother's voice in lullaby, the sister's care, the happy
childhood,
The long-pent spirit rous'd to reminiscence;
A wondrous minute then—but after in the solitary night, to many,
many there,
Years after, even in the hour of death, the sad refrain, the tune,
the voice, the words
Resumed, the large calm lady walks the narrow aisle,
The wailing melody again the singer in the prison sings.
O sight of pity, shame and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul.

1869.

IN CABIN'D SHIPS AT SEA

In cabin'd ships at sea,
The boundless blue on every side expanding,
With whistling winds and music of the waves, the large imperious
waves,
Or some lone bark buoy'd on the dense marine,
Where, joyous, full of faith, spreading white sails,
She cleaves the ether mid the sparkle and the foam of day, or
under many a star at night,
By sailors young and old haply will I, a reminiscence of the land,
be read,
In full rapport at last.

Here are our thoughts, voyagers' thoughts;
Here not the land, firm land, alone appears, may then by them be
said:

The sky o'erarches here, we feel the undulating deck beneath our feet,
We feel the long pulsation, ebb and flow of endless motion;
The tones of unseen mystery, the vague and vast suggestions of the briny world, the liquid-flowing syllables,
The perfume, the faint creeking of the cordage, the melancholy rhythm,
The boundless vista and the horizon far and dim are all here,
And this is ocean's poem.

Then falter not, O book, fulfil your destiny,
You not a reminiscence of the land alone,
You too as a lone bark cleaving the ether, purpos'd I know not whither, yet ever full of faith,
Consort to every ship that sails, sail you!
Bear forth to them folded my love (dear mariners, for you I fold it here in every leaf);
Speed on, my book! spread your white sails, my little bark, athwart the imperious waves;
Chant on, sail on, bear o'er the boundless blue from me to every sea
This song for mariners and all their ships.

1870.

YET, YET, YE DOWNCAST HOURS

Yet, yet, ye downcast hours, I know ye also;
Weights of lead, how ye clog and cling at my ankles,
Earth to a chamber of mourning turns—I hear the o'erweening, mocking voice,
Matter is conqueror—matter, triumphant only, continues onward

Despairing cries float ceaselessly toward me,
The call of my nearest lover, putting forth, alarm'd, uncertain,
The sea I am quickly to sail, come tell me,
Come tell me where I am speeding, tell me my destination.

I understand your anguish, but I cannot help you;
I approach, hear, behold the sad mouth, the look out of the eyes, your mute inquiry,
Whither I go from the bed I recline on, come tell me.
Old age, alarm'd, uncertain—a young woman's voice, appealing to me for comfort;
A young man's voice, *Shall I not escape?*

1870.

TO THE MAN-OF-WAR-BIRD

Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,
Waking renew'd on thy prodigious pinions
(Burst the wild storm? above it thou ascended'st,
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled thee),
Now a blue point, far, far in heaven floating,
As to the light emerging here on deck I watch thee
(Myself a speck, a point on the world's floating vast).

Far, far at sea,
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the shore with wrecks,
With re-appearing day as now so happy and serene,
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,
The limpid spread of air cerulean,
Thou also re-appearest.

Thou born to match the gale (thou art all wings),
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks, untired and onward, through spaces, realms gyrating,
At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou my soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

1876.

SPIRIT THAT FORM'D THIS SCENE

(Written in Platte Cañon, Colorado)

Spirit that form'd this scene,
These tumbled rock-piles grim and red,
These reckless heaven-ambitious peaks,
These gorges, turbulent-clear streams, this naked freshness,
These formless wild arrays, for reasons of their own,
I know thee, savage spirit—we have communed together,
Mine too such wild arrays, for reasons of their own.
Was 't charged against my chants they had forgotten art—
To fuse within themselves its rules precise and delicatesse?
The lyrist's measur'd beat, the wrought-out temple's grace—column and polish'd arch forgot?
But thou that revelest here, spirit that form'd this scene,
They have remember'd thee.

1879. 1881.

WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS, O SEA

With husky-haughty lips, O sea!
Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat shore,
Imaging to my sense thy varied strange suggestions
(I see and plainly list thy talk and conference here),
Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal,
Thy ample, smiling face, dash'd with the sparkling dimples of the sun
Thy brooding scowl and murk, thy unloos'd hurricanes,
Thy unsubduedness, caprices, wilfulness;
Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears—a lack from all eternity in thy content
(Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs, defeats, could make thee greatest—no less could make thee);
Thy lonely state—something thou ever seek'st and seek'st, yet never gain'st,
Surely some right withheld—some voice, in huge monotonous rage, of freedom-lover pent,
Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and chafing in those breakers;
By lengthen'd swell, and spasm, and panting breath,
And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves,
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
And undertones of distant lion roar
(Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear—but now, rapport for once,
A phantom in the night thy confidant for once),
The first and last confession of the globe,
Outsurging, muttering from thy soul's abysms,
The tale of cosmic elemental passion,
Thou tellest to a kindred soul.

1884.

GOOD-BYE, MY FANCY

Good-bye, my Fancy!
Farewell, dear mate, dear love!
I 'm going away, I know not where,
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,
So Good-bye, my Fancy.

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;
The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.

Long have we lived, joy'd, caress'd together;
Delightful!—now separation—Good-bye, my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty:
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really blended into one;
Then if we die we die together (yes, we 'll remain one),
If we go anywhere we 'll go together to meet what happens,
May-be we 'll be better off and blither, and learn something,
May-be it is yourself now really ushering me to the true songs (who knows?),
May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning—so now finally,
Good-bye—and hail! my Fancy.

1891.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

LEONATUS

The fair boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen.
It was his duty evermore
To tend the Lady Imogen;
By peep of day he might be seen
Tapping against her chamber door,
To wake the sleepy waiting-maid,
Who rose, and when she had arrayed
The Princess, and the twain had prayed
(With pearlèd rosaries used of yore),
They called him, pacing to and fro,
And, cap in hand, and bowing low,
He entered, and began to feed
The singing birds with fruit and seed.

The brave boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen.
He tripped along the kingly hall,
From room to room, with messages;
He stopped the butler, clutched his keys
(Albeit he was broad and tall),

And dragged him down the vaults, where wine
In bins lay beaded and divine,
To pick a flask of vintage fine;
Came up, and clomb the garden wall,
And plucked from out the sunny spots
Peaches and luscious apricots,
And filled his golden salver there,
And hurried to his lady fair.

The gallant Leonatus,
The page of Imogen.
He had a steed from Arab ground;
And when the lords and ladies gay
Went hawking in the dews of May
And hunting in the country round,
And Imogen did join the band,
He rode him like a hunter grand,
A hooded hawk upon his hand,
And by his side a slender hound;
But when they saw the deer go by,
He slipped the leash and let him fly,
And gave his fiery barb the rein
And scoured beside her o'er the plain.

The strange boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen.
Sometimes he used to stand for hours
Within her room, behind her chair;
The soft wind blew his golden hair
Across his eyes, and bees from flowers
Hummed round him, but he did not stir:
He fixed his earnest eyes on her,
A pure and reverent worshipper,
A dreamer building airy towers.
But when she spoke, he gave a start
That sent the warm blood from his heart
To flush his cheeks, and every word
The fountain of his feelings stirred.

The sad boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen.
He lost all relish and delight

For all things that did please before;
By day he wished the day was o'er,
By night he wished the same of night;
He could not mingle in the crowd,
He loved to be alone, and shroud
His tender thoughts, and sigh aloud,
And cherish in his heart its blight.
At last his health began to fail,
His fresh and glowing cheeks to pale,
And in his eyes the tears unshed
Did hang like dew in violets dead.

The timid Leonatus,
The page of Imogen.
"What ails the boy?" said Imogen.
He stammered, sighed, and answered, "Naught."
She shook her head, and then she thought
What all his malady could mean:
It might be love; her maid was fair,
And Leon had a loving air;
She watched them with a jealous care,
And played the spy, but naught was seen.
And then she was aware at first
That she, not knowing it, had nursed
His memory till it grew a part,
A heart within her very heart!

The dear boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen.
She loved, but owned it not as yet.
When he was absent she was lone;
She felt a void before unknown,
And Leon filled it when they met.
She called him twenty times a day,
She knew not why, she could not say;
She fretted when he went away,
And lived in sorrow and regret.
Sometimes she frowned with stately mien,
And chid him like a little queen;
And then she soothed him meek and mild,
And grew as trustful as a child.

The neat scribe Leonatus,
The page of Imogen.
She wondered that he did not speak
And own his love, if love indeed
It was that made his spirit bleed.
And she bethought her of a freak
To test the lad: she bade him write
A letter that a maiden might,
A billet to her heart's delight;
He took the pen with fingers weak,
Unknowing what he did, and wrote,
And folded up and sealed the note;
She wrote the superscription sage,
"For Leonatus, Lady's Page."

The happy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen.
The page of Imogen no more,
But now her love, her lord, her life,
For she became his wedded wife,
As both had hoped and dreamed before.
He used to sit beside her feet
And read romances rare and sweet,
And when she touched her lute repeat
Impassioned madrigals of yore,
Uplooking in her face the while,
Until she stooped with loving smile
And pressed her melting mouth to his,
That answered in a dreamy bliss—
The joyful Leonatus,
The Lord of Imogen.

1852.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

ON A BUST OF DANTE

See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song:

There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng,
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was, but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty veiled with heavenly light
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed
With no companion save his book
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth:
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O, Time, whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou:
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other VIRGIL now;
Before his name the nations bow:
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of DANTE'S mind.

1854.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

FROM

NOTHING TO WEAR

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping
In one continuous round of shopping:
Shopping alone and shopping together,
At all hours of the day and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on or pinned on or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls,
Dresses for breakfasts and dinners and balls,

Dresses to sit in and stand in and walk in,
Dresses to dance in and flirt in and talk in,
Dresses in which to do nothing at all,
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall,
All of them different in color and pattern—
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo:
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave GOOD-BY to the ship and GO-BY to the duties.
Her relations at home all marvelled no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light—and the dry goods beside,
Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met was in utter despair
Because she had nothing whatever to wear! . . . .

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I 've instituted

A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without any thing new
In the way of flounced silks, and, thus left in the lurch,
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church;
In another large mansion near the same place
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace. . . . .

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built,
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair.
Raise the rich, dainty dress and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door.
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you 've nothing to wear!

1851

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven!
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May:
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves
The robins went, the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening springtide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,

So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise!
And so we loved her more and more·
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn!
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in Autumn's mellow prime:
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel-nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now—
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,

We never held her being's key:
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity!

It came upon us by degrees;
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours:
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair;
We wove the roses round her brow;
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers,
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours.

1856.

BEFORE THE RAIN

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers!

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

1857.

AFTER THE RAIN

The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely-carven, gray, and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disc, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

1859.

PAMPINEA

AN IDYL

Lying by the summer sea
I had a dream of Italy.
Chalky cliffs and miles of sand,
Mossy reefs and salty caves,
Then the sparkling emerald waves,
Faded; and I seemed to stand,
Myself a languid Florentine,
In the heart of that fair land.
And in a garden cool and green,
Boccaccio's own enchanted place,
I met Pampinea, face to face—
A maid so lovely that to see
Her smile is to know Italy!
Her hair was like a coronet
Upon her Grecian forehead set,
Where one gem glistened sunnily
Like Venice, when first seen at sea!

I saw within her violet eyes
The starlight of Italian skies,
And on her brow and breast and hand
The olive of her native land.
And knowing how in other times
Her lips were ripe with Tuscan rhymes
Of love and wine and dance, I spread
My mantle by an almond tree,
"And here, beneath the rose," I said,
"I 'll hear thy Tuscan melody!"
I heard a tale that was not told
In those ten dreamy days of old,
When Heaven for some divine offence,
Smote Florence with the pestilence;
And in that garden's odorous shade,
The dames of the Decameron,
With each a loyal lover, strayed,
To laugh and sing, at sorest need,
To lie in the lilies in the sun
With glint of plume and silver brede!
And while she whispered in my ear,
The pleasant Arno murmured near,
The dewy, slim chameleons run
Through twenty colors in the sun;
The breezes broke the fountain's glass,
And woke æolian melodies,
And shook from out the scented trees
The lemon-blossoms on the grass.
The tale? I have forgot the tale!
A Lady all for love forlorn,
A rose-bud, and a nightingale
That bruised his bosom on the thorn;
A pot of rubies buried deep,
A glen, a corpse, a child asleep,
A Monk, that was no monk at all,
In the moonlight by a castle wall.
Now while the large-eyed Tuscan wove
The gilded thread of her romance—
Which I have lost by grievous chance—
The one dear woman that I love,
Beside me in our seaside nook,
Closed a white finger in her book,

Half vext that she should read, and weep
For Petrarch, to a man asleep!
And scorning me, so tame and cold,
She rose, and wandered down the shore,
Her wine-dark drapery, fold in fold,
Imprisoned by an ivory hand;
And on a ledge of oölite, half in sand,
She stood, and looked at Appledore.
And waking, I beheld her there
Sea-dreaming in the moted air,
A siren lithe and debonair,
With wristlets woven of scarlet weeds,
And oblong lucent amber beads
Of sea-kelp shining in her hair.
And as I thought of dreams, and how
The something in us never sleeps,
But laughs, or sings, or moans, or weeps,
She turned—and on her breast and brow
I saw the tint that seemed not won
From kisses of New England sun;
I saw on brow and breast and hand
The olive of a sunnier land!
She turned—and, lo! within her eyes
There lay the starlight of Italian skies!
Most dreams are dark, beyond the range
Of reason; oft we cannot tell
If they are born of heaven or hell:
But to my soul it seems not strange
That, lying by the summer sea,
With that dark woman watching me,
I slept and dreamed of Italy!

1861.

HENRY TIMROD

[The selections from Timrod are reprinted from the copyrighted Memorial edition of his poems, with the permission of the B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.]

THE LILY CONFIDANTE

Lily, lady of the garden,
Let me press my lip to thine:
Love must tell its story, Lily;
Listen thou to mine.

Two I choose to know the secret—
Thee, and yonder wordless flute:
Dragons watch me, tender Lily,
And thou must be mute.

There 's a maiden, and her name is—
Hist! was that a rose-leaf fell?
See, the rose is listening, Lily,
And the rose may tell.

Lily-browed and lily-hearted,
She is very dear to me.
Lovely? yes, if being lovely
Is—resembling thee.

Six to half a score of summers
Make the sweetest of the "teens"—
Not too young to guess, dear Lily,
What a lover means.

Laughing girl and thoughtful woman,
I am puzzled how to woo—
Shall I praise or pique her, Lily?
Tell me what to do.

"Silly lover, if thy Lily
Like her sister lilies be,
Thou must woo, if thou wouldst wear her,
With a simple plea.

"Love 's the lover's only magic,
Truth the very subtlest art;
Love that feigns and lips that flatter
Win no modest heart.

"Like the dewdrop in my bosom
Be thy guileless language, youth:
Falsehood buyeth falsehood only;
Truth must purchase truth.

"As thou talkest at the fireside
With the little children by,
As thou prayest in the darkness
When thy God is nigh,

"With a speech as chaste and gentle,
And such meanings as become
Ear of child or ear of angel,
Speak, or be thou dumb.

"Woo her thus, and she shall give thee
Of her heart the sinless whole,
All the girl within her bosom,
And her woman's soul."

1858.

CHARLESTON

Calm as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds
The City bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep—
Dark Sumter like a battlemented cloud
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scar
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched
Unseen beside the flood,
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched,
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof and spire and dome
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands
And Summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine
From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the Spring dawn, and she, still clad in smiles
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles
As fair and free as now?

We know not: in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

1861 or 1862. 1862?

SPRING

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there 's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth,
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green
The violet in its screen

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still, there 's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah, who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessed time?
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death?

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains
And every gladdening influence around
Can summon from the ground.

Oh, standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

1852. 1862?

I KNOW NOT WHY, BUT ALL THIS WEARY DAY

I know not why, but all this weary day,
Suggested by no definite grief or pain,
Sad fancies have been flitting through my brain:
Now it has been a vessel losing way,
Rounding a stormy headland; now a gray
Dull waste of clouds above a wintry main;
And then a banner drooping in the rain,
And meadows beaten into bloody clay.
Strolling at random with this shadowy woe
At heart, I chanced to wander hither: lo,
A league of desolate marsh-land, with its lush,
Hot grasses in a noisome, tide-left bed,
And faint, warm airs that rustle in the hush
Like whispers round the body of the dead.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

THE MOCKING-BIRDS

Oh, all day long they flood with song
The forest shades, the fields of light,
Heaven's heart is stilled and strangely thrilled
By ecstasies of lyric might;
From flower-crowned nooks of splendid dyes,
Lone dells a shadowy quiet girds;
Far echoes, wakening, gently rise,
And o'er the woodland track send back
Soft answers to the mocking-birds.

The winds, in awe, no gusty flaw
Dare breathe in rhythmic Beauty's face;
Nearer the pale-gold cloudlets draw
Above a charmed, melodious place:
Entrancèd Nature listening knows
No music set to mortal words,
Nor nightingales that woo the rose,
Can vie with these deep harmonies
Poured from the minstrel mocking-birds.

But, vaguely seen through gulfs of green,
We glimpse the plumed and choral throng—
Sole poets born whose instincts scorn
To do Song's lowliest utterance wrong:
Whate'er they sing, a sylvan art,
On each wild, wood-born note conferred,
Guides the hot brain and hurtling heart.
Oh magical flame, whence pulsing came
This passion of the mocking-bird?

Aye—pause and hark—be still, and mark
What countless grades of voice and tone
From bosk and tree, from strand and sea,
These small, winged genii make their own.
Fine lyric memories live again,
From tuneful burial disinterred,
To magnify the fiery strain

Which quivering trills and smites the hills
With rapture of the mocking-bird.

Aye—pause and hark—be still, and mark
How downward borne from Song's high clime
(No loftier haunts the English lark)
They revel, each a jocund mime:
Their glad sides shake in bush and brake;
And farm-girls, bowed o'er cream and curd,
Glance up to smile, and think the while
Of all blithe things that flit on wings
None match the jovial mocking-bird.

When fun protrudes gay interludes
Of blissful, glorious unrestraint,
They run, all wild with motley moods,
Thro' Mirth's rare gamut, sly and quaint:
Humors grotesque and arabesque
Flash up from spirits brightly stirred;
And even the pedant at his desk,
Feeling in turn his spirit burn,
Laughs with the loudest mocking-bird.

Oh, all day long the world with song
Is flooded, till the twilight dim;
What time its whole mysterious soul
Seems rippling to the conscious brim:
Arcadian Eve through tranquil skies
Pastures her stars in radiant herds;
And still the unwearied echoes rise,
And down a silvery track send back
Fond greeting to the mocking-birds.

At last, fair boon, the summer moon
Beyond the hazed horizon shines;
Ah, soon through night they wing their flight
To coverts of Æolian pines:
A tremulous hush—then sweet and grand,
From depths the dense, fair foliage girds,
Their love notes fill the enchanted land;
Through leaf-wrought bars they storm the stars,
These love songs of the mocking-birds.

A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET

[Reprinted from the copyrighted 1882 edition of Hayne's poems, with the permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.]

A little while (my life is almost set!)
I fain would pause along the downward way,
Musing an hour in this sad sunset ray,
While, Sweet, our eyes with tender tears are wet:
A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vague regret,
A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
Behold, who knows what strange, mysterious bars
'Twixt souls that love may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart
(O pitying Christ, those woeful words "We part!"):
So, ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when light and twilight meet:
Behind, our broken years; before, the deep
Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep—
A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet;
A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
Behold, who knows what soul-dividing bars
Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here.

POEMS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE HEART OF LOUISIANA

(BY HARRIET STANTON)

Oh, let me weep, while o'er our land
Vile discord strides with sullen brow,
And drags to earth with ruthless hand
The flag no tyrant's power could bow!

Trailed in the dust, inglorious laid,
While one by one her stars retire,
And pride and power pursue the raid
That bids our liberty expire.

Aye, let me weep, for surely Heaven
In anger views the unholy strife,
And angels weep that thus is riven
The tie that gave to Freedom life.

I cannot shout, I will not sing
Loud pæans o'er a severed tie;
And, draped in woe, in tears I fling
Our State's new flag to greet the sky.

I can but choose, while senseless zeal
And lawless hate is clothed with power,
The bitter cup; but still I feel
The sadness of this parting hour.

I know that thousand hearts will bleed
While loud huzzas the welkin rend;
The thoughtless crowd will shout, "Secede!"
But ah, will this the conflict end?

Oh, let me weep, and prostrate lie
Low at the footstool of my God;
I cannot breathe one note of joy,
While yet I feel His chastening rod.

Sure we have as a nation sinned:
Let every heart its folly own,
And sackcloth as a girdle bind,
And mourn our glorious Union gone

Sisters, farewell! You know not half
The pain your pride, injustice, give;
You spurn our cause, and lightly laugh,
And hope no more the wrong shall live.

1861. 1861.

DIXIE

(BY ALBERT PIKE)

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Lo, all the beacon-fires are lighted—
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter,
Northern flags in South winds flutter:
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike and sabre!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices,
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrong inflicted, insults spoken!

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder:
Let them hence each other plunder!

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's Powers its station:
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness—
To arms!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

1861. 1861?

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND

(BY JAMES R. RANDALL)

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The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chaunt thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
"*Sic semper!*" 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thy wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns! she 'll come! she 'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

1861. 1864.

BALTIMORE

(BY B. RUSH PLUMLY)

Blood of loyal Massachusetts,
From the Rebel ground afar,
Loudly to the shaft of Bunker
Cries the watchword of the war—
Cries it ever,
"Baltimore!"

Till the granite breaks to speaking,
Like the Theban shaft of old,
With its stony lips repeating
To the Bay State, free and bold—
Still repeating,
"Baltimore!"

Lo, the merchant springs to battle
From his Boston counting-room,
And the Lowell weaver rushes
To the combat from the loom—
To the combat,
Baltimore!

From the mountain-men of Berkshire
To the fishers of Cape Ann,
At old Bunker's Memnon-summons
They are rising to a man—
They are rising,
Baltimore!

Rebel city, thank thy true men
That the Pilgrim sword and fire
O'er thy highways, red with murder,
Still hath left a standing spire—
Thank thy true men,
Baltimore!

Onward, till the flag is flying
O'er the cities of the South!
In the breath of Freedom breaking
From the cannon's iron mouth—
From the cannon,
Baltimore!

1861? 1864.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

(BY THOMAS WILLIAMS)

Brothers of free descent were we, and native to the soil,
Knit soul to soul in one great whole, fruit of our fathers' toil;
But when that bond of love was rent, the cry rose near and far,
"To arms! to arms! long live the stripes! we know no 'single star'!"
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union Flag, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Union Flag, that knows no "single star"!

So long as Southern arrogance forbore to touch that flag,
Full many a taunt we meekly bore, and many an idle brag;

But when on Sumter's battlements the traitors did it mar,
We flung abroad that Union Flag, that ne'er shall lose a star.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union Flag, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Union Flag, that ne'er shall lose a star!

And first the gallant Keystone State, from every mountain-glen,
From hill and valley, lake and town, sent down her stalwart men;
And all New England rose amain, as blew the trump of war,
And raised on high their fathers' flag that knows no single star.
Hurrah! etc.

From Saratoga's tree-crown'd heights, from Monmouth's bloody plain,
The men of York and Jersey, too, both swelled the mustering train,
As onward, onward fierce it rush'd o'er all opposing bars,
To punish those who dared insult our glorious Stripes and Stars.
Hurrah, hurrah! for the Union Flag, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Union Flag, with all its Stripes and Stars!

And next the hardy pioneers, the dauntless and the brave,
From those domains by Freedom won, that never knew a slave,
Their trusty rifles all in hand, with eye and port like Mars,
Grasped once again with iron hand the staff that bears our stars.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union Flag, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Union Flag, that bears our Stripes and Stars!

And from the bison's prairie-haunts, o'er Mississippi's flood,
From Minnehaha's sparkling falls, from Kansas' land of blood,
New England's youngest scions there have heard the din of wars,
And grasped their fathers' ancient brand and rear'd their stripes and stars,
And belted on their fathers' brand and rear'd their fathers' stars.
Hurrah! etc.

And farther still, where sunset-seas bathe California's shore,
And grim Sierras darkly frown its golden treasures o'er,
Our Western Twins have heard the call, and answer'd from afar,
We come! we come! Rear high the flag that knows no single star!"
Hurrah! etc.

Missouri, too, her garments red, and little Delaware
With heart as big as when of old she bore a lion's share,
Have burst the chain which cramps the soul and all that 's noble mars,
And wheel'd in line, come weal or woe, beneath the Stripes and Stars.
Hurrah! etc.

And "Maryland, *our* Maryland," though called with "fife and drum"
And "old-line bugle," too, to fight against the "Northern scum,"
Has thought of Camden's bloody field and Eutaw's iron scars,
And lo she stands where erst she stood, beneath the Stripes and Stars
Hurrah! etc.

Would we could say the same of thee, thou dark and bloody ground,
Whose sexless sages, false of heart, a way of *peace* have found!
Shame on you! No half faith would we! Up, gird ye for the wars,
And take your place as *men* once more beneath the Stripes and Stars.
Hurrah! etc.

From thy Medusa glance we turn, with hearts of cheer and pride,
To West Virginia, virgin rib, torn from false mother's side:
Daughter of strife, fair Freedom's child, thy mountains ring afar
With echoing shouts for that best flag that counts another star.
Hurrah! etc.

And more 't will count, no Pleiad lost of all that shining host,
Though dim eclipse have veil'd their fires and traitors loudly boast;
But one by one those wand'ring lights shall gem our heavens, like Mars,
And all the nations bless our stripes and coronet of stars!
Hurrah! etc.

No other flag shall ever float above our homes or graves
Save yonder blazing *oriflamme* that flutters o'er our braves;
Its rainbow-stripes our Northern lights, with no sinister bars,
Our ancient flag, our fathers' flag, our glorious Stripes and Stars!
Hurrah! etc.

Then bear that banner proudly up, young warriors of our land,
With hearts of love and arms of faith and more than iron hand!
Down with the Northern renegade, and join our gallant tars
In rearing high in victory our deathless Stripes and Stars!
Hurrah! etc.

1864.

OHIO FAIR AND FREE

(BY G. W. Y.)

Ohio fair, thou art to me
More dear than all the world besides;
I love thee well, from Erie's sea
To where thy peaceful river glides:
Ohio, fair, for thee I fight,
And those in peace with thee to-night.

Though lovely skies are o'er my head
And charming vales beneath my feet,
Wild Southern scenes around me spread,
With music low, enchanting, sweet,
I backward gaze, with sad regret,
To thee, my home I can't forget.

Thy rounded hills, though often white
With snow or bleak mid-winter's rain,
Look dear to me, thrice dear to-night,
As I, in dreams, return again,
And loved Ohio, fair old home,
O'er boyhood's haunts in pleasure roam.

Thy valleys, rent by babbling brooks
Which music make the whole day long,
Thy cots, reared up in sheltered nooks,
Where sweetly rings gay childhood's song,
These all are mine, Ohio free,
As mem'ry brings them back to me.

The old brown house I wept to leave,
Beside the hills so grand and stern,
Where mother, sisters, morn and eve
Ask God for me a safe return,
Again is seen as last beheld,
When sad farewells my bosom swelled.

The winding path—I know it well—
Across the fields, along the streams,
Is trod again as heart-throbs swell,
To meet the fond one of my dreams—
The one, Ohio, loved by me
As only I love her and thee.

Thus, thus, a soldier prone to dream,
I think of scenes once loved and known,
Though miles uncounted intervene
Between me and my dear old home:
Thus, thus, Ohio fair and free,
A son of thine remembers thee.

Ohio fair, thou art to me
More dear than all the world besides;
I love thee well, from Erie's sea
To where thy peaceful river glides:
Ohio fair, for thee I fight,
And those in peace with thee to-night.

1864.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

Sadly and low,
Hear how the fitful breezes blow:
They are sighing
For many dying,
As the night-winds come and go.

Fearfully well
A tale of woe these night-winds tell,
A tale of horror—
Oh that the morrow
Could its fearfulness dispel.

O God! O God!
Dark crimson stains are on the sod;
And the silvery Run,
In the setting sun,
Is an artery filled with blood!

Roses are crushed,
With brothers' blood all darkly flushed:
We have no sighs
For the flower that dies,
So many hearts in death are hushed.

Oh night-winds, moan!
So many hurried before God's throne,
All unshriven
And unforgiven—
How can they meet the Judge alone?

Soft angel-eyes,
Down from the midnight's cloudy skies
Pour the rain
Till the crimsoned plain
Loses the stain of this sacrifice!

Draw close the pall
Of clouds and darkness over all!
Dying and dead
On their gory bed
Even the stoutest hearts appal.

A requiem low
Chant, ye pines, as the night-winds blow!
The coming years
Will be full of tears,
And many hearts will break with woe.

1861. 1866.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

(BY JULIA WARD HOWE)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

1861. 1862.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

(BY JOHN W. PALMER)

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We 'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well:
Says he, "That 's Banks—he 's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we 'll give him—" well,
That 's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue-Light 's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it 's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God—
"Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod!
Amen!" That 's "Stonewall's Way."

He 's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady, the whole brigade!
Hill 's at the ford, cut off—we 'll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
"Quick-step! we 're with him before dawn!"
That 's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George,
Here 's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
Is "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Ah, maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah, widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah, wife, sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in "Stonewall's Way."

1862. 1864

FROM

THE SONG OF THE REBEL

(BY JOHN ESTEN COOK)

One form alone remains behind;
And lo, the figure comes,
Not with the tinsel Yankee pomp
Or din of rolling drums:
Wrapped in his old gray riding-cape,
A grizzled chevalier,
See Lee, our spotless Southern Knight,
"Without reproach or fear"!

We know him well, our captain,
The foremost man of all,

Whom, tho' the red Destruction lower,
No peril can appal.
We know how he struck M'Clellan
In his trebly guarded lines,
And Bully Pope sent flying
Through the dim Manassas pines.

All honour to the Chieftain
With the calm undaunted mien,
The honest old Virginia blood,
And the great broad soul serene!
Though all the hounds of Ruin howl,
These nations shall be free,
For the Red-Cross flag is borne aloft
By the stalwart hand of Lee.

The Chieftain of our Chieftains,
Virginia claims her son;
But for the whole great Southern race
His deeds have glory won:
For the blood of "Light Horse Harry"
Burns in a larger soul,
As true to the call of honour
As the needle to the pole.

As true! And who but loves him,
The man to us so dear,
Whom soil of base detraction
Has never dared come near?
Who keeps his lordly path unmoved
Through calm or storm, and hears
Even now the calm Historic Voice
From out the future years!

1862. 1866.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

(BY M. W. M.)

O'ercome with weariness and care,
The war-worn veteran lay
On the green turf of his native land,
And slumbered by the way.

The breeze that sighed across his brow,
And smoothed its deepened lines,
Fresh from his own loved mountains bore
The murmur of their pines,
And the glad sound of waters,
The blue rejoicing streams
Whose sweet familiar tones were blent
With the music of his dreams:
They brought no sound of battle's din,
Shrill fife, or clarion,
But only tenderest memories
Of his own fair Arlington;
With, perhaps, a grander vision
Which, alas, was not to be,
Of a new-born banner floating
O'er a land redeemed and free.
While thus the chieftain slumbered,
Forgetful of his care,
The hollow tramp of thousands
Came sounding through the air
With ringing spur and sabre
And trampling feet they come,
Gay plume and rustling banner,
And fife and trump and drum.
But soon the foremost column
Sees where, beneath the shade,
In slumber calm as childhood,
Their wearied chief is laid;
And down the line a murmur
From lip to lip there ran,
Until the stilly whisper
Had spread to rear and van;
And o'er the host a silence
As deep and sudden fell
As though some mighty wizard
Had hushed them with a spell;
And every sound was muffled,
And every soldier's tread
Fell lightly as a mother's
Round her baby's cradle-bed;
And rank and file and column
So softly on they swept

It seemed a ghostly army
Had passed him as he slept:
But mightier than enchantment
Was that whose magic wove
The spell that hushed their voices—
Deepest reverence and love.

1866.

CAVALRY-SONG

(BY ELBRIDGE J. CUTLER)

The squadron is forming, the war-bugles play:
To saddle, brave comrades, stout hearts for a fray!
Our captain is mounted—strike spurs and away!

No breeze shakes the blossoms or tosses the grain,
But the wind of our speed floats the galloper's mane
As he feels the bold rider's firm hand on the rein.

Lo, dim in the starlight their white tents appear!
Ride softly, ride slowly, the onset is near!
More slowly, more softly, the sentry may hear!

Now fall on the Rebel—a tempest of flame!
Strike down the false banner whose triumph were shame!
Strike, strike for the true flag, for Freedom and Fame!

Hurrah, sheathe your swords! the carnage is done.
All red with our valor, we welcome the sun.
Up, up with the stars! we have won! we have won!

1864.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

(BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ)

Up from the south, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea, uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need:
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls:
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed;
And the lansdscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo, he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both;
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,

He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan, all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky
(The American soldiers' Temple of Fame),
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

1865.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

(BY WILL HENRY THOMPSON)

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A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield:
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke,
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say,
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet.
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet.

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost.

The brave went down; without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace:
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face.

They fell who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand:
They smote and fell who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland.

They stood who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium:
They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives: He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns: He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules; her gentler purpose runs
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons.

1887. 1888.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY

John Brown in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart men of might.
There he spoke aloud for Freedom, and the Border-strife grew warmer,
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the night:
And Old Brown
Osawatomie Brown,
Came homeward in the morning—to find his house burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle and boldly fought for Freedom,
Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading band;
And he and his brave boys vowed—so might Heaven help and speed 'em!—
They would save those grand old prairies from the curse that blights the land:
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his ramrod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men, and they labored day and even,
Saving Kansas from its peril; and their very lives seemed charmed,
Till the Ruffians killed one son, in the blessed light of Heaven—
In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed all unarmed:
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth and frowned a terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy—not amid the heat of battle,
But in peace, behind his plow-share,—and they loaded him with chains,
And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad their cattle,
Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out his brains:
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's vengeance down

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,
He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed and torn him so;
He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day and night; he
Would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow for blow,
That Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town!

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue eye grew wilder,
And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle from afar;
And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife waxed milder,

Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border War,
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful glare and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes behind him,
Slipt off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born,
Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where to find him,
Or whether he 'd turned parson, or was jacketed and shorn;
For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown.

He bought no plows and harrows, spades and shovels, or such trifles,
But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharp's rifles;
And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there again:
Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"Boys, we have got an army large enough to whip the town!

"Whip the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes and then arm them;
Carry the County and the State, aye, and all the potent South.
On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise to harm them—
These Virginians, who believed not, nor would heed the warning mouth."
Says Old Brown
Osawatomie Brown,
"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John Brown."

'T was the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday—
"This good work," declared the captain, "shall be on a holy night!"—
It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon of Monday,
With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates—black and white—
Captain Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the sentinel down;

Took the guarded armory-building and the muskets and the cannon;
Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by one;
Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on,
And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done:
Mad Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder made he;
It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's *coup d' état:*
"Cut the wires! Stop the rail-cars! Hold the streets and bridges!" said he,
Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star—
This Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown;
And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here and thither;
And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charlestown Volunteers
And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hastened whither
Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers—
General Brown!
Osawatomie Brown!!
Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring down.

But at last, 't is said, some prisoners escaped from Old Brown's durance.
And the effervescent valor of Ye Chivalry broke forth
When they learned that nineteen madmen had the marvellous assurance—
Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them frightened forth:
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Found an army come to take him, encamped around the town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mentioned, was too risky;
So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government Marines,
Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls with Bourbon whisky,

Till they battered down Brown's castle with their ladders and machines;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Received three bayonet stabs and a cut on his brave old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!
In they rushed and killed the game, shooting lustily away;
And whene'er they slew a rebel those who came too late for slaying,
Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in his clay:
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they hastened on the trial;
How Old Brown was placed, half dying, on the Charlestown Court-House floor;
How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial;
What the brave old madman told them—these are known the country o'er.
"Hang Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,"
Said the judge, "and all such rebels!" with his most judicial frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring was first poured by Southern hands;
And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your slave-worn lands!
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever when you 've nailed his coffin down!

1859. 1859.

PAN IN WALL STREET

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;

Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
  Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes serenely tolled
  From Trinity's undaunted steeple;

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
  Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
  The curbstone war, the auction's hammer,—
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
  It led from all this strife for millions
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
  Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
  And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel where he stood
  At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
  The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
  The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here,
  A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
  The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,
  From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times, to these
  Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head:
  But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
  His gnarlèd horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
  Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
  Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New-Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list:
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry;
A Broadway Daphnis on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry;

And one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern;
And Galatea joined the throng—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper—
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper.
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill
Or by the Arethusan water!

New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands,
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I—but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting, I mused upon the cry,
"Great Pan is dead!"—and all the people
Went on their ways; and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

1866. 1867.

ALICE CARY

SOMETIMES

Sometimes for days
Along the fields that I of time have leased
I go, nor find a single leaf increased;
And, hopeless, graze
With forehead stooping downward like a beast.

O heavy hours!
My life seems all a failure, and I sigh,
What is there left for me to do but die?
So small my powers
That I can only stretch them to a cry!

But while I stretch
What strength I have, though only to a cry,
I gain an utterance that men know me by;
Create, and fetch
A something out of chaos—that is I.

Good comes to pass
We know not when nor how, for, looking to
What seemed a barren waste, there starts to view
Some bunch of grass,
Or snarl of violets, shining with the dew.

I do believe
The very impotence to pray is prayer;

The hope that all will end is in despair,
And while we grieve
Comfort abideth with us unaware.

1866.

JOAQUIN MILLER

IN YOSEMITE VALLEY

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Sound! sound! sound!
O colossal walls, and crown'd
In one eternal thunder!
Sound! sound! sound!
O ye oceans overhead,
While we walk, subdued in wonder,
In the ferns and grasses under
And beside the swift Merced!

Fret! fret! fret!
Streaming, sounding banners, set
On the giant granite castles
In the clouds and in the snow!
But the foe he comes not yet—
We are loyal, valiant vassals,
And we touch the trailing tassels
Of the banners far below.

Surge! surge! surge!
From the white Sierra's verge
To the very valley blossom.
Surge! surge! surge!
Yet the song-bird builds a home,
And the mossy branches cross them,
And the tasselled tree-tops toss them,
In the clouds of falling foam.

Sweep! sweep! sweep!
O ye heaven-born and deep,
In one dread, unbroken chorus!
We may wonder or may weep,
We may wait on God before us,
We may shout or lift a hand,
We may bow down and deplore us,
But may never understand.

Beat! beat! beat!
We advance, but would retreat
From this restless, broken breast.
Of the earth in a convulsion.
We would rest, but dare not rest,
For the angel of expulsion
From this Paradise below
Waves us onward and—we go.

FROM

THE SHIP IN THE DESERT

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What great yoked brutes with briskets low,
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,
That turned so slow and sad to you,
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,
That seemed to plead and make replies,
The while they bowed their necks and drew
The creaking load, and looked at you.
Their sable briskets swept the ground,
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.
Two sullen bullocks led the line,
Their great eyes shining bright like wine:
Two sullen captive kings were they,
That had in time held herds at bay;
And even now they crushed the sod
With stolid sense of majesty,
And stately stepped and stately trod,
As if 't were something still to be
Kings even in captivity.

SIDNEY LANIER

[The selections from Lanier are reprinted, by permission, from the 1884 edition of his Poems, copyrighted by Mary D. Lanier, published by Charles Scribner's Sons]

NIGHT AND DAY

The innocent, sweet Day is dead:
Dark Night hath slain her in her bed.
O, Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed!
—"Put out the light," said he.

A sweeter light than ever rayed
From star of heaven or eye of maid
Has vanished in the unknown Shade.
—"She 's dead, she 's dead," said he.

Now, in a wild, sad after-mood,
The tawny Night sits still to brood
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed.
—"I would she lived," said he.

Star-memories of happier times,
Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes,
Throng forth in silvery pantomimes.
—"Come back, O Day!" said he.

1866. 1884.

SONG FOR "THE JACQUERIE"

The hound was cuffed, the hound was kicked,
O' the ears was cropped, o' the tail was nicked;
(*All.*) "Oo-hoo-o!" howled the hound
The hound into his kennel crept;
He rarely wept, he never slept;
His mouth he always open kept
Licking his bitter wound,
The hound.
(*All.*) "U-lu-lo!" *howled the hound.*

A star upon his kennel shone
That showed the hound a meat-bare bone:
(*All.*) O hungry was the hound!
The hound had but a churlish wit:
He seized the bone, he crunched, he bit.
"An thou wert Master, I had slit
Thy throat with a huge wound,"
Quo' hound;
(*All.*) O, angry was the hound.

The star in castle-window shone;
The Master lay abed, alone:
(*All.*) "Oh ho, why not?" quo' hound.
He leapt, he seized the throat, he tore
The Master, head from neck, to floor,

And rolled the head i' the kennel door,
And fled and salved his wound,
Good hound!
(*All.*) "U-lu-lo!" *howled the hound.*

1868. 1884.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that, myriad-cloven,
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—
Emerald twilights,
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with waverings arras of leaves,—
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark:—
So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low,—
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward, to northward and southward, the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies;
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God;
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast; full soon the time of the flood-tide must be;
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy;
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men;
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn.

1878. 1879.

HOW LOVE LOOKED FOR HELL

To heal his heart of long-time pain,
One day Prince Love for to travel was fain
With Ministers Mind and Sense.
"Now what to thee most strange may be?"
Quoth Mind and Sense. "All things above,
One curious thing I first would see—
Hell," quoth Love.

Then Mind rode in and Sense rode out;
They searched the ways of man about.
First frightfully groaneth Sense:
" 'T is here, 't is here," and spurreth in fear
To the top of the hill that hangeth above,
And plucketh the Prince: "Come, come, 't is here—"
"Where?" quoth Love.

"Not far, not far," said shivering Sense,
As they rode on; "a short way hence
—But seventy paces hence:
Look, King, dost see where suddenly
This road doth dip from the height above?
Cold blew a mouldy wind by me"
("Cold?" quoth Love).

"As I rode down, and the River was black,
And yon-side, lo! an endless wrack
And rabble of souls," sighed Sense;
"Their eyes upturned and begged and burned
In brimstone lakes, and a Hand above
Beat back the hands that upward yearned—"
"Nay!" quoth Love.

"Yea, yea, sweet Prince; thyself shalt see,
Wilt thou but down this slope with me;
'T is palpable," whispered Sense.
—At the foot of the hill a living rill
Shone, and the lilies shone white above:
"But now 't was black, 't was a river, this rill"
("Black?" quoth Love).

"Ay, black, but lo! the lilies grow;
And yon-side where was woe, was woe,
—Where the rabble of souls," cried Sense,
"Did shrivel and turn and beg and burn,
Thrust back in the brimstone from above—
Is banked of violet, rose and fern!"
"How?" quoth Love.

"For lakes of pain, yon pleasant plain
Of woods and grass and yellow grain
Doth ravish the soul and sense:
And never a sigh beneath the sky,
And folk that smile and gaze above—"
"But saw'st thou here, with thine own eye,
Hell?" quoth Love.

"I saw true hell with mine own eye;
True hell, or light hath told a lie,
True, verily," quoth stout Sense.
Then Love rode round and searched the ground,
The caves below, the hills above:
"But I cannot find where thou hast found
Hell," quoth Love.

There, while they stood in a green wood
And marvelled still on Ill and Good,
Came suddenly Minister Mind.

"In the heart of sin doth hell begin:
'T is not below, 't is not above,
It lieth within, it lieth within"
("Where?" quoth Love).

"I saw a man sit by a corse;
Hell 's in the murderer's breast: remorse!
Thus clamoured his mind to his mind.
Not fleshly dole is the sinner's goal;
Hell 's not below, not yet above,
'T is fixed in the ever-damnèd soul—"
"Fixed?" quoth Love.

"Fixed: follow me, would'st thou but see;
He weepeth under yon willow tree,
Fast chained to his corse," quoth Mind.
Full soon they passed, for they rode fast,
Where the piteous willow bent above.
"Now shall I see at last, at last,
Hell," quoth Love.

There when they came, Mind suffered shame:
"These be the same and not the same,"
A-wondering whispered Mind.
Lo, face by face two spirits pace
Where the blissful willow waves above:
One saith, "Do me a friendly grace—"
("Grace!" quoth Love):

"Read me two Dreams that linger long,
Dim as returns of old-time song
That flicker about the mind.
I dreamed (how deep in mortal sleep!)
I struck thee dead, then stood above,
With tears that none but dreamers weep."
"Dreams," quoth Love.

"In dreams, again, I plucked a flower
That clung with pain and stung with power,
Yea, nettled me, body and mind."

"'T was the nettle of sin, 't was medicine;
No need nor seed of it here Above;
In dreams of hate true loves begin."
"True," quoth Love.

"Now, strange," quoth Sense; and "Strange," quoth Mind;
"We saw it, and yet 't is hard to find,
—But we saw it," quoth Sense and Mind.
Stretched on the ground, beautiful-crowned
Of the piteous willow that wreathed above,
"But I cannot find where ye have found
Hell," quoth Love.

1878–79. 1884.

EMILY DICKINSON

[The selections from Miss Dickinson are here printed with the permission of Little, Brown & Co.]

TO FIGHT ALOUD IS VERY BRAVE

[Copyright, by Martha G. D. Bianchi]

To fight aloud is very brave;
But gallanter, I know,
Who charge within the bosom
The cavalry of woe.

Who win, and nations do not see;
Who fall, and none observe;
Whose dying eyes no country
Regards with patriot love.

We trust in plumed procession
For such the angels go,
Rank after rank, with even feet
And uniforms of snow.

1891.

I DIED FOR BEAUTY

[Copyright, by Martha G. D. Bianchi]

I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb
When one who died for truth was lain
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly why I failed:
"For beauty," I replied.
"And I for truth—the two are one;
We brethren are," he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a night,
We talked between the rooms
Until the moss had reached our lips
And covered up our names.

1891.

THE WAY I READ A LETTER 'S THIS

[Copyright, by Martha G. D Bianchi]

The way I read a letter 's this:
'T is first I lock the door,
And push it with my fingers next,
For transport it be sure;

And then I go the furthest off
To counteract a knock;
Then draw my little letter forth,
And softly pick its lock;

Then, glancing narrow at the wall
And narrow at the floor,
For firm conviction of a mouse
Not exorcised before,

Peruse how infinite I am
To—no one that you know!
And sigh for lack of heaven—but not
The heaven the creeds bestow.

1892.

THE LOVERS

[Copyright, by Martha G. D. Bianchi]

The rose did caper on her cheek,
Her bodice rose and fell;
Her pretty speech, like drunken men,
Did stagger pitiful;

Her fingers fumbled at her work—
Her needle would not go:
What ailed so smart a little maid
It puzzled me to know,

Till opposite I spied a cheek
That bore another rose;
Just opposite, another speech
That like the drunkard goes;

A vest that, like the bodice, danced
To the immortal tune—
Till those two troubled little clocks
Ticked softly into one.

1892.

IN THE GARDEN

Copyright, by Martha G. D. Bianchi]

A bird came down the walk:
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves,
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad—
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger. Cautious,
I offered him a crumb;
And he unrolled his feathers,
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies off banks of noon
Leap plashless as they swim.

1892.

THE SNAKE

[Copyright, by Martha G. D. Bianchi]

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him—did you not,
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet,
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn;
Yet when a child, and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
Unbraiding in the sun—
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality:

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing
And zero at the bone.

1892.

SIMPLICITY

[Copyright, by Martha G. D. Bianchi]

How happy is the little stone
That rambles in the road alone,
And doesn't care about careers,
And exigencies never fears;
Whose coat of elemental brown
A passing universe put on;
And independent as the sun
Associates or glows alone,
Fulfilling absolute decree
In casual simplicity.

1892.

NOTES

NOTES

WILLIAM MORRELL

(1) NEW-ENGLAND Lines 133–70. The text is that of the 1625 edition, from a photographic facsimile by The Club of Odd Volumes ¶ 15 *greeces* = degrees ("ordine" in the Latin version), the meaning seems to be that the hair varied in length on different parts of the head, from a close cut to the scalp lock ¶ 29 *Pinsen* = a kind of shoe; here, moccasins.

ANONYMOUS

(2) THE WHOLE BOOKE OF PSALMES. Commonly known as *The Bay Psalm Book* The text is that of the 1640 edition, from a copy in the John Carter Brown Library, Brown University "If therefore the verses are not alwayes so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect, let them consider that Gods Altar needs not our polishings (Ex 20), for wee have respected rather a plaine translation then to smooth our verses with the sweetnes of any paraphrase, and soe have attended Conscience rather then Elegance, fidelity rather then poetry, in translating the hebrew words into english language, and Davids poetry into english meetre, that soe wee may sing in Sion the Lords songs of prayse according to his owne will"—Preface

(2) *Psalme* 93.

(3) 9. *then* = than.

EDWARD JOHNSON

(3) THE WONDER-WORKING PROVIDENCE OF SIONS SAVIOUR IN NEW-ENGLAND Stanzas 1, 21, 22, of chap 9 The text is from the 1654 edition

(4) 9. *Here* = hear

ANNE BRADSTREET

The text, with the exceptions noted, is that of the 1678 edition ("Corrected by the Author"), checked by the 1650 edition, from copies in the Harris Collection, Brown University Library

(4) THE PROLOGUE ¶ 8. *Bartas:* a French poet (1544–99), whose poem on the Creation, either in the original or in Sylvester's translation, was a great favorite among the Puritans

(5) 19 *that fluent sweet-tongu'd Greek:* Demosthenes, who, to cure himself of a lisp, practiced speaking with a pebble in his mouth. ¶ 47. *ure* = ore.

(5) OF THE FOUR AGES OF MAN. Lines 1–60. ¶ 1. *four other:* in the original editions this poem is preceded by poems on the four elements (fire, air, earth, water) and the four humors of man (choleric, sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic); see the next eight lines, in which the relation of the four ages of man to these elements and humors is indicated

(7) THE FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR. Lines 1–84.

(8) 27. *Pleiades their influence:* italicized in the original editions because a sort of quotation from Job 38.31, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?" ¶ 58. *gleads* = hawks.

(9) 82. *then* = than.

(9) THE FOUR MONARCHYES From "The Second Monarchy," ll 78–124 of the section "Xerxes"

(10) 21. *Artabanus:* Artabanus was the chief general of Xerxes ¶ 36. *discovered* = showed. ¶ 43–46. Greece was then prostrate under the cruel rule of Turkey. Cf Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, II. lxxiii

(10) CONTEMPLATIONS.

(11) 14. *then* = than

(12) 80. *Imp* = child

(14) 136. *had:* apparently a misprint for "have" or "have had" ¶ 158. *Thetis house:* the ocean; Thetis was a sea goddess.

(15) 190. *prevent* = anticipate.

(16) 225–30. Cf. Spenser's "Ruines of Time," stanza 14:

> High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
> Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
> Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
> Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries
> Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries,
> All those (O pitie!) now are turnd to dust,
> And overgrowen with blacke oblivions rust.

And Shakspere's *Sonnets*, lxv.1–8:

> Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
> But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
> How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
> Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
> O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
> Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
> When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
> Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?

(17) 230–32. See Rev. 2.17. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

(17) A LETTER TO HER HUSBAND. First published in J. H Ellis's edition of Mrs. Bradstreet's works, in 1867, from which the text is taken.

(18) LONGING FOR HEAVEN First published in Ellis's edition, from which the text is taken

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

> *Mercury* shew'd *Apollo Bartas* Book,
> *Minerva* this, and wisht him well to look,
> And tell uprightly which did which excell:
> He view'd and view'd and vow'd, he could not tel
> They bid him Hemisphear his mouldy nose
> With 's crackt leering glasses, for it would pose
> The best brains he had in 's old pudding-pan,
> Sex weigh'd, which best, the Woman or the Man?

He peer'd and por'd and glar'd, & said for wore,
"I 'me even as wise now as I was before "
They both 'gan laugh, and said it was no mar'l
The Auth'ress was a right *Du Bartas* Girle
"Good sooth," quoth the old *Don*, "tell ye me so?
I muse whither at length these Girls will go
It half revives my chil frost-bitten blood
To see a Woman once do ought that 's good
And, chode by *Chaucers* Boots and *Homers* Furrs,
Let Men look to 't least Women wear the Spurrs

—N. Ward, prefatory poem in *The Tenth Muse*, 1650.

'T were extream folly should I dare attempt
To praise this Authors worth with complement;
None but her self must dare commend her parts,
Whose sublime brain 's the Synopsis of Arts
Nature and skill here both in one agree
To frame this Master-piece of Poetry
False Fame, belye their Sex no more; it can
Surpass or parallel the best of Man

—C. B., prefatory poem in *The Tenth Muse*, 1650.

Twice have I drunk the Nectar of your lines,
Which high-sublim'd my mean-born phantasie,
Flusht with these streams of your *Maronean* wines
Above my self rapt to an extasie:
Methought I was upon Mount *Hiblas* top,
There where I might those fragrant flowers lop,
Whence did sweet odors flow and honey-spangles drop.

—J Rogers (afterward president of Harvard College), prefatory poem in *The Tenth Muse*, 1678

"Madam *Ann Bradstreet*, ... whose *Poems*, divers times Printed, have afforded a grateful Entertainment unto the Ingenious and a Monument for her Memory beyond the Stateliest *Marbles*."—Cotton Mather, *Magnalia* (1702), Book II, chap 5.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH

(**19**) THE DAY OF DOOM. Stanzas 1–7, 20, 38, 51, 68–70, 144, 147, 148, 166, 167, 171, 180, 181, 195–201, 205, 219–24. The text is from the 1715 edition, except for a few readings from the 1751 edition The poem is preceded by "A Prayer unto Christ, the Judge of the World," of which the following is a part:

Thee, thee alone I 'le invocate;
For I do much abominate
To call the *Muses* to mine aid,
Which is th' Unchristian use and trade
Of some that Christians would be thought,
And yet they worship worse then nought.
Oh! What a deal of Blasphemy
And Heathenish Impiety
In Christian Poets may be found
Where Heathen gods with praise are Crown'd:
They make *Jehovah* to stand by,
Till *Juno, Venus, Mercury,*

With frowning *Mars* and thundering *Jove*
Rule Earth below and Heaven above
But I have learnt to pray to none
Save unto God in Christ alone,
Nor will I laud, no not in jest,
That which I know God doth detest.
I reckon it a damning evil
To give Gods Praises to the Devil.

¶ 12. *ure* = use

(20) 56 *steads* = places.

(25) 209. *then* = than

(26) 257. *Renate* = reborn

(27) GOD'S CONTROVERSY WITH NEW-ENGLAND. Stanzas 20–22, 25, 28, 61–64. The text is from the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, May, 1871, where it is printed from the manuscript.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"The sweet New-England poet."—Cotton Mather (?), in an elegy on Urian Oakes, 1682 "He Wrote several Composures, wherein he proposed the edification of such Readers as are for plain Truths dressed up in a *Plain Meeter* These composures have had their Acceptance and Advantage among that sort of Readers; and one of them, the *Day of Doom*, which has been often Reprinted in both *Englands*, may find our Children till the *Day* itself arrive"—Cotton Mather, in a funeral sermon on Wigglesworth, 1705

In Costly Verse and most laborious Rymes,
Are dish'd up here Truths worthy most regard
No Toyes nor Fables (Poets wonted Crimes)
Here be, but things of worth with wit prepar'd
Reader, fall too; and if thy taste be good,
Thou 'lt praise the Cook and say, "'T is choicest Food."
—J. Mitchell, in prefatory poem to 1715 edition of "The Day of Doom."

NEW ENGLAND ELEGIES

The first four elegies are taken from *New-Englands Memoriall*, by Nathaniel Morton. The text is that of the 1669 edition, from a copy in the John Carter Brown Library, Brown University.

(28) UPON THE TOMB OF THE MOST REVEREND MR. JOHN COTTON Lines 29–54. ¶ 13. *Apollos:* "A certain Jew named Apollos, . . an eloquent man, and mighty in the scriptures."—Acts 18:24.

(29) 21, 22. Cotton, a brilliant graduate of Cambridge University, and of growing fame as a preacher, was driven out of England, because of his Puritanism, by Archbishop Laud.

(29) LINES WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF DEATH ¶ 20 *Libertine* = free thinker, heretic.

(30) A THRENODIA Line 19–34. ¶ 1. See I Sam. 7:12. ¶ 2. *Orient* = clear, bright.

(31) AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS SHEPARD. Stanzas 1–4, 28–31, 40–43, 51, 52 The text is from the 1677 edition. Shepard had been a pastor in Charlestown; Oakes was president of Harvard College.

(33) A POEM DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE REVEREND AND EXCELLENT MR. URIAN OAKES. Lines 276–91, 334–64, 427–30 The text is that of the 1682 edition, from a copy in the Harris Collection, Brown University Library The elegy is attributed to Cotton Mather Oakes was president of Harvard College and pastor of the Cambridge church, at the time of his death, in 1681 ¶ 3. *In Name a Drusius:* a play upon "Oakes," the Latin "Drusius" being derived from Greek δρῦs, "an oak" ¶ 6 *famose*=famous (Latin "famosus") ¶ 8 *Graces Iliad:* i e, the Iliad of grace

(34) 9, 10. This was a avorite topic or dispute among mediaeval theologians. ¶ 14. *Argus:* the subject of "had" understood; Argus was a hundred-eved giant. ¶ 16. *bore away the Bell·* won the prize; the phrase originated at a time when a bell was the usual prize at horse races ¶ 23 *Benedict and Boniface:* St Benedict (480–543) was founder of the Benedictine order of monks, who gave their time to prayer and mental and manual labor, St Boniface (680–755), "the Apostle of Germany," won thousands of German pagans to Christianity by his eloquent preaching. ¶ 29 *Sinus Abrahae*="bosom of Abraham" ¶ 36 *Sect'ryes Hammer:* i.e, Oakes, the hammer which pounded the sectaries, or dissenters from the orthodox New England church, the Congregational ¶ 42. *Dicebam*="I was saying," *Dixi*="I have said"

(35) 49 *both Hephzibah and Beulah bee:* "Thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah· for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married." —Isa. 62:4

JOHN GRAVE

(35) A SONG OF SION Lines 11–58 The text is that of the 1662 edition, from a copy in the Harris Collection, Brown University Library

ANONYMOUS

(36) BACONS EPITAPH The text is from the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, August, 1866, where it is printed from the manuscript; it was printed, imperfectly, in the *Collections* of the same society (Second Series, Vol I) in 1814. The subject of the epitaph was Nathaniel Bacon, leader of the rebellion in Virginia, in 1676, who died just after taking Jamestown. ¶ 10. *there*=their. (So in ll. 18, 34) ¶ 16. *Parasscellcian*=Paracelsian; Paracelsus (1493–1541), a physician in advance of his age, worked some wonderful cures and was accused of receiving aid from evil spirits.

(37) 20 *The Heathen·* the Indians, against whom Bacon led an expedition, in defiance of Governor Berkeley, whose Indian policy was one cause of the rebellion ¶ 28 *Child could*=chill cold? ¶ 29 *Lymbick*=limbec, still

NICHOLAS NOYES

(37) A PRÆFATORY POEM. Lines 29–60. The text is that of the 1702 edition from a copy (in the John Carter Brown Library, Brown University) of *Christianus*

per Ignem: Or A Disciple Warming of himself and Owning of his Lord: with Devout and Useful Meditations, Fetch'd out of the Fire, by a Christian in a Cold Season, Sitting before it; the book is attributed to Cotton Mather.

(38) A CONSOLATORY POEM. Lines 1–10, 21–36, 49–54. **The text follows** that in Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature.*

EBENEZER COOK

(39) THE SOT-WEED FACTOR. Lines 516–625. **The text is that of the 1708** edition, from a copy in the John Carter **Brown Library**, Brown University. *Sot-Weed* = tobacco. *Factor* = agent.

(40) 40. *Oast* = host.

(41) 54. *Oronooko:* "Planters are usually call'd by the Name of *Oronooko*, from their Planting *Oronooko-Tobacco.*"—Note in 1708 edition. ¶ 84. *Cokerouse:* "Cockerouse is a Man of Quality."—Note in 1708 edition. ¶ 88. *Musmelion* = muskmelon

(42) 102. *Chinces:* "*Chinces* are a sort of vermin like our *Bugs* in *England.*"—Note in 1708 edition. ¶ 105. *Doxy* = mistress, paramour.

ANONYMOUS

(42) SONG OF LOVEWELL'S FIGHT. The **text is** from Farmer and Moore's *Collections, Historical and Miscellaneous* (1824), Vol III, pp 64–66. "The following Song was written about one hundred years since. . . . . For many years it was sung throughout a considerable portion of New-Hampshire and Massachusetts."—Editors. In 1724 the Indians, spurred on by the French, began to threaten the northern parts of New England. The Massachusetts General Court having promised two shillings sixpence for each day of service, and a hundred pounds for every Indian scalp, Captain Lovewell with a small force of volunteers made two expeditions and brought back several scalps. On April 15, 1725, he started from Dunstable, Mass, with forty-six men, intending to carry the war farther north. He built a fort on Lake Ossipee, in New Hampshire, and left in it a reserve of men and provisions. With thirty-four men he pushed on some forty miles to what is now called Lovewell's Pond, near Fryeburg, Maine, just over the New Hampshire line, in the country of the Pequaket Indians. Here occurred the fight described in the ballad. How closely the ballad follows the facts may be seen by comparing it with the account published in *The Boston News-Letter* of May 20–27. "Early on Saturday Morning, the 8th Instant, the English discover'd an Indian on a Neck of Land which runs into a Pond, and by his Actions judg'd there were a considerable Number of Indians near the Pond, and that he was set on purpose to draw the English upon the Neck They therefore laid down their Packs (that they might be ready to receive the Enemy's Attacks) when they had about two Miles to Travel round the Pond, to come at the Indian upon the Neck. When they came within Gun-shot of him, he fir'd one Gun, and slightly wounded Capt. Lovewell and one of his Men with Beaver Shot. Several of the English immediately fir'd upon him, kill'd and scalp'd him, and returning to the place where they left their Packs, before they could reach it one of the English discover'd an Indian, and calling out to the rest, the Indians rose up

from their Ambush, shouted, and fir'd, as did the English at the same Instant The Indians were reckon'd at least 80 in number, and Capt. Lovewell's Company consisted of but 34, nine men and the Doctor being left about 50 miles distant with a sick man. After the first Fire, the Indians advanc'd with great Fury towards the English, with their Hatchets in their Hands, the English likewise running up to them, till they came within 4 or 5 Yards of the Enemy and were even mix'd up among them, when, the Dispute growing too warm for the Indians, they gave back, and endeavour'd to encompass the English, who then retreated to the Pond, in order to have their Rear cover'd, where they continu'd the Fight till Night. During the Fight the Indians call'd to them to take Quarter, but were answer'd that they would have it with the Muzzles of their Guns About two Hours before Night the Indians drew off, and presently came on again; and their Shout then compar'd with the first, it was thought half their Number at Least were kill'd and wounded. Of the chief among the English, Capt. Lovewell, Lieut. Fairwell, and Ensign Robins were Mortally wounded at the beginning of the Fight, and Mr. Fry, their Chaplain, in about Five Hours after, having fought with undaunted Courage, and scalp'd one of the Indians in the Heat of the Engagement. Eight of the English dy'd on the Spot, and 9 were wounded, 4 of which Number were just expiring when they came away at Night, and the rest they brought off several Miles, but were oblig'd to leave them with what Provisions they had, when they were unable to travel with them. Sixteen of our Men are return'd, tho' they had no Provision but what they caught in the Woods, the Indians having got all their Packs before the Fight. 'T is thought that not above 20 of the Indians went off well at Night: but tho' we cannot have a certain Account of the Loss, yet it is evident that it was very great, and they were afraid of another Engagement; for tho' our Men staid several Hours after the Fight, and the Indians knew they had no Provision, yet they neither endeavour'd to keep them there nor way-laid them in their Return Home. His Honour the Lieut. Governour has been pleas'd to grant a Captain's Commission to Lieut. Wyman, who distinguish'd himself with great Courage and Conduct during the whole of the Engagement."

MATHER BYLES

(44) AN ELEGY ADDRESS'D TO HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOUR BELCHER. Lines 49–74. The text is from an undated early edition in the Harris Collection, Brown University Library

JOSEPH GREEN

(45) THE POET'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS CAT. The text follows that in Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, where it is reprinted from *The London Magazine*, November, 1733 "The Poet" is Mather Byles.

ANONYMOUS

(46) COMMENCEMENT. The text is that in *A Collection of Poems, by several Hands* (1744), from a copy in the Harris Collection, Brown University Library. The poem describes a Commencement at Harvard College. ¶ 4. *commencing:*

taking their degrees; from an old phrase used in Cambridge University, "to commence A.B.," etc,

(48) 63. *calashes:* light coaches.

(49) 106. *cully's*=dupes. ¶ 117. *head:* the president of the college. ¶ 118. *senate:* the faculty. ¶ 119. *levi's tribe:* the clergymen. ¶ 122 *sacred dome,* Harvard Commencements at this time were held in the First Congregational Church.

(50) 144 *chief:* the president. ¶ 145. *book:* "The President conferred the Bachelors' degree by delivering a book to the candidates . . . . and pronouncing a form of words in Latin."—Josiah Quincy, *The History of Harvard University,* Vol. I, p 445

(51) 183 *second laurels wear:* take their second degrees ¶ 184. *laurels*= laureates. ¶ 194–97. Phidias, the Greek sculptor of the fifth century B C., cut his own figure in a battle scene upon the shield of his famous statue of Athena (not of Jove). ¶ 198. *umbrage*=shadow.

JOHN MAYLEM

(51) THE CONQUEST OF LOUISBURG. Lines 170–215. The text is from an undated early edition in the cabinet of the Rhode Island Historical Society. Louisburg, Nova Scotia, was captured by the British and American forces, under General Amherst, in 1758, during the French and Indian War.

(52) 6. *young Scipio:* the younger Roman general of that name; he took Carthage, in 146 B C. ¶ 11. *Myrmidons:* in Homer the name of the warriors that Achilles led to the Trojan War; it came to be used for any brave soldiers ¶ 27. *powaws*=war-whoops. ¶ 39. *Peleus' mighty son:* Achilles. ¶ 42. *Alcides*="son of Alcæus," Heracles. *the Scythian God:* the Greeks gave the name of their war-god, Ares, to one of the gods of the Scythians.

THOMAS GODFREY

The text, with the exception noted, is from the 1765 edition.

(53) THE INVITATION. First published in *The American Magazine,* January 20, 1758, from which the text is taken.

(54) THE COURT OF FANCY. Lines 1–76. First published in *The American Magazine.*

(55) 57, 58, Cf. *Paradise Lost,* V. 254, 255:

> the gate self-opened wide,
> On golden hinges turning

(56) THE PRINCE OF PARTHIA. Act I, scene 1. The scene is Ctesiphon, capital of Parthia. The time is just after a victory over Arabia by Arsaces, eldest son of the Parthian king. Gotarzes is the youngest son; Phraates is a counsellor.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"Our readers may recollect, in our *January* magazine, a most beautiful and delicate little performance called 'The Invitation,' and likewise in our last magazine 'An Ode on Friendship.' Both these were the production of young Mr *Godfrey,* as is the following 'Ode on Wine,' which is written with much *poetic warmth,* tho' a rigid critic may perhaps find reason to object to the *Matter* and *Machinery* of it

But what will ever place him high in the list of *Poets* (when it shall have received his last hand) is a poem of considerable length, called 'The Court of Fancy'; a subject which none but an elevated and daring genius durst attempt with any degree of success, in managing which he shines in all the spirit of true *creative Poetry*, far above the common herd of versifiers and others too commonly honoured with the appellation of *Poets*."—*The American Magazine*, September, 1758.

ROBERT ROGERS

(60) PONTEACH Act I, scene 1; Act II, scene 2, ll 1–82 The text is that of the 1766 edition, from a copy in the Harris Collection, Brown University Library. The play is anonymous, but is attributed to Major Robert Rogers, an American officer in the French and Indian War. It is based upon the conspiracy of Pontiac, the Indian chief, who united many tribes in a grand attack upon the English frontier, in 1763; he took several outposts, but failed in the siege of Detroit, and his forces dwindled away In the play, however, the failure of the war is represented as due to the treachery of an Indian conjurer and a French priest and to a fatal quarrel between Pontiac's two sons.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY

In the 1773 edition is the following statement, signed by the Governor, by John Hancock, and by sixteen other prominent men of Boston: "We whose Names are under-written, do assure the World, that the POEMS specified in the following Page, were (as we verily believe) written by PHILLIS, a young Negro Girl, who was but a few Years since, brought an uncultivated Barbarian from *Africa*, and has ever since been, and now is, under the Disadvantage of serving as a Slave in a Family in this Town. She has been examined by some of the best Judges, and is thought qualified to write them" Her master, John Wheatley, further attests that "she, in sixteen Months Time from her Arrival, attained the English Language, to which she was an utter Stranger before, to such a Degree, as to read any, the most difficult Parts of the Sacred Writings, to the great Astonishment of all who heard her."

POEMS OF THE REVOLUTION

The text, with the exceptions noted, is from *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution*, edited by Frank Moore.

(66) THE LIBERTY SONG. First published in *The Boston Gazette*, and soon copied in most of the newspapers of New England. The author, John Dickinson, had published, the year before a series of widely read letters on the political situation, *Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies:* later he was a member of the Continental Congress and governor of Pennsylvania.

(68) A NEW SONG. First published in *The Pennsylvania Packet* soon after the "Boston Tea-Party." ¶ 15 *Hampden Sidney:* leaders in the struggle against Charles I.

(69) VIRGINIA BANISHING TEA. Said to have been written by a young Virginian lady. ¶ 7. *North:* Lord North, the subservient minister of George III. ¶ 15. *Gage:* commander-in-chief of the British troops in North America.

(70) THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP. The text is from Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, where it is printed from a broadside published in 1813 by Isaiah Thomas. The poem describes the visit of a farmer boy to the American camp outside Boston, where the British army was shut up. ¶ 17. *swamping*=very big. ¶ 24. *a nation*=very, extremely. ("A euphemistic abbreviation of 'damnation'."—*A New English Dictionary.*)

(71) 47. *tarnal*=eternal.

(71) NATHAN HALE. Nathan Hale, a graduate of Yale College in 1773, became a captain in the American army; in 1776, to get information desired by Washington, he went as a spy into the British lines at New York, was captured, taken before General Howe, and executed the next day, meeting his death with calm courage although denied the attendance of a clergyman or the use of a Bible.

(73) THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS. In January, 1778, an American inventor, David Bushnell, made some crude torpedoes, consisting of kegs filled with powder and machinery for exploding it, and set them afloat among the British shipping at Philadelphia; they caused small damage but great alarm, and occasioned this ballad

(74) 33. *Sir William:* General Howe, commander of the British forces in Philadelphia. ¶ 42 *Erskine:* a British general

(75) THE BRITISH LIGHT-INFANTRY. The text is from *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution*, edited by Winthrop Sargent. The song was first published in *Rivington's Royal Gazette*, a Tory newspaper in New York.

(76) 11. *Wayne . . . . Baylor:* American officers, whose forces had been surprised by night. ¶ 13. *messenger of Jove:* Mercury, or Hermes, who is represented in sculpture as just descended to earth and lightly poised on one toe; he has wings on his heels and cap, and carries a caduceus—a staff with two intertwining serpents on it (see ll. 17, 18).

(76) THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW. The text is from *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution.* The song was first published in *Rivington's Royal Gazette.* ¶ 13. *King Congo:* a contemptuous term for democracy, under the figure of a Negro King. ¶ 14 *thirteen stripes:* an allusion to the American flag. ¶ 15. *Clinton's:* General Clinton succeeded Howe as British commander-in-chief in 1778.

(77) 22. *Byron:* a British admiral, then in command of a fleet in American waters; he was a grand-uncle of the poet Byron.

(77) THE AMERICAN TIMES Part I 215–52 The text is from *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution.*

(78) 23, 24. "John Roberts and Abraham Carlisle were in 1778 hanged for treason at Philadelphia. . . . . General Reed was of counsel for the state in the prosecution, and Chief-Justice McKean was the presiding judge."—Sargent.

HUGH H. BRACKENRIDGE

(78) THE BATTLE OF BUNKERS-HILL. Act V. The text is that of the 1776 edition, from a copy in the Harris Collection, Brown University Library. The first four acts represent the consultations of the leaders on both sides and their preparations for defending and for attacking Bunker Hill.

(78) *Scene 1.*

(79) 23. Cf. *Julius Cæsar,* IV, iii 18: "Remember March, the ides of March remember."

(81) *Scene 4.* ¶ 27. *Brutus:* he led the revolt which drove out Tarquin, the last king of early Rome. *Hampden, Sidney:* leaders in the struggle against Charles I.

(82) 41. *proof* = test, trial.

(83) *Scene 6.* ¶ 12. *Achilles-like:* Achilles slew many Trojans in revenge for the death of his friend Patroclus

(84) *Scene 9.* ¶ 16. "*A darkness visible*": cf *Paradise Lost,* I, 62, 63:

yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible

(85) *Scene 10*

(86) 71–73. See the *Iliad,* viii 75–77: "And the god thundered aloud from Ida, and sent his blazing flash amid the host of the Achaians; and they saw and were astonished, and pale fear gat hold upon all"—Lang, Leaf, and Myers's translation.

(87) 76 Cf *Paradise Lost,* I 46 "With hideous ruin and combustion down."

JOHN TRUMBULL

The text is from the author's revised edition of 1820

(87) THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS. Part I. 1–42, 63–86 291–98, 365–416, 479–506; Part III. 87–182, 259–306, 335–46.

(87) *Part I.* "The subject is the state of the times in regard to literature and religion The author was prompted to write by a hope that it might be of use to point out, in a clear, concise, and striking manner, those general errors that hinder the advantages of education and the growth of piety . . . . This first part . . . exemplifies the following well-known truths. . . . . that, except in one neighboring province, ignorance wanders unmolested at our colleges . . . . ; that the mere knowledge of ancient languages, of the abstruser parts of mathematics, and the dark researches of metaphysics is of little advantage in any business or profession in life; that it would be more beneficial, in every place of public education, to take pains in teaching the elements of oratory, the grammar of the English tongue, and the elegancies of style and composition; that, in numberless instances, sufficient care hath not been taken to exclude the ignorant and irreligious from the sacred desk." —Preface to the 1772 edition

(91) *Part III.* "My design in this poem is to show that the foibles we discover in the fair sex arise principally from the neglect of their education and the mistaken notions they imbibe in their early youth This naturally introduced a description of these foibles, which I have endeavored to laugh at with good humour and to expose without malevolence."—Preface to the 1773 edition.

(95) M'FINGAL. Canto I. 1–16, 109–66, 255–82, 363–78, 401–32; Canto III. 1–62, 289–94, 311–422, 511–612.

(95) *Canto I.* ¶ 11, 12. Lord Percy, who commanded the British forces at the battle of Lexington, was descended from Earl Percy, whose fight with Earl Douglas at Otterburn, in the fourteenth century, is the subject of the famous old

ballad of "Chevy Chase"; the allusion would be more pertinent if Earl Percy had not been victorious.

(96) 44. According to legend, when the Gauls sacked Rome, in 390 B C., they were profoundly impressed by the sight of the Roman senators sitting unmoved in the Forum.

(98) 126. *carte and tierce:* fencing terms, indicating certain methods of thrusting with the sword.

(99) *Canto III.* ¶ 11. *Brobdignagian:* the Brobdignags, in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels,* are giants sixty feet tall. ¶ 12 *Paradise Lost,* I. 292–96:

> His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
> He walked with, to support uneasy steps
> Over the burning marl.

¶ 15, 16. "It would doubtless be wrong to imagine that the stripes bear any allusion to the slave trade."—Trumbull's note in the 1820 edition ¶ 22. *flip:* "A liquor composed of beer, rum, and sugar."—Trumbull's note ¶ 28. *Circe:* a beautiful sorceress in the *Odyssey,* whose charmed cup changed men to swine.

(100) 60, 61. See Num. 21:4–9.

(104) 241. *Maia's son:* Hermes.

(105) 257. *least*=lest.

DAVID HUMPHREYS

(106) THE HAPPINESS OF AMERICA. Line 131–206 The text is from the 1786 edition ¶ 1, 2. Cf. Virgil, *Georgics,* ii. 458, 459:

> O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
> Agricolas,

"O greatly happy tillers of the field, if they had known their own good fortune."

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

(108) THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN Book XI 515–88 The text is from the 1785 edition. The poem is based on the Old Testament Book of Joshua, and recounts the story of the conquest of Canaan by the Jews; the selection describes a part of the last battle, in which Joshua defeats Zedeck (Bible form, "Adoni Zedec"), king of Jerusalem (see Josh , chap. 10).

(109) 53. *Longa's:* Long Island's.

(110) GREENFIELD HILL. Part II. 1–40, 67–90, 345–90; Part IV, stanzas 1–13. The text is from the 1794 edition. "In the Parish of Greenfield, in the Town of Fairfield, in Connecticut, there is a pleasant and beautiful eminence called Greenfield Hill, at the distance of three miles from Long-Island Sound On this eminence there is a small but handsome Village, a Church Academy, &c., all of them alluded to in the following Poem. . . . . On this height the Writer is supposed to stand. . . . . Originally the writer designed to imitate, in the several parts, the manner of as many British Poets; but finding himself too much occupied, when he projected the publication, to pursue that design, he relinquished it. The little

appearance of such a design, still remaining, was the result of distant and general recollection"—Introduction

(110) *Part IV* "This part of the poem, though appropriated to the parish of Greenfield, may be considered as a general description of the towns and villages of New England, those only excepted which are either commercial, new, or situated on a barren soil . . . . It will easily be discovered by the reader that this part of the poem is designed to illustrate the effects of the state of property, which is the counter-part to that so beautifully exhibited by Dr Goldsmith in the 'Deserted Village'"—Dwight's note

(112) 94 *desipient*=trifling, playful ¶ 96 The reference is to Pope's translation of Homer "Mæonian" is used of Homer, because "Mæonia" was an early name for Lydia, in Asia Minor, one of the reputed birthplaces of the poet ¶ 99 *Dilworth's:* Dilworth was the author of a widely used arithmetic.

(112) *Part IV.*

(113) 14 *Timur:* Tamerlane, the oriental conqueror, who in the latter half of the fourteenth century subjugated central Asia and a large part of India, his capital was Samarkand, in Asiatic Russia ¶ 38 *dæmon chiefs:* "Demons, according to the opinions of the ancient heathens, were beings of a middle character, between gods and men. The souls of departed heroes were ranked in this class of beings"—Dwight's note. ¶ 43 *trident* symbo of command of the sea, because the trident was the scepter of Neptune.

(114) 46 *Albion:* England, an old Celtic name ("Literally 'white land,' with reference to the chalk cliffs of the southern coast."—*The Century Dictionary.*) ¶ 50 *Tyrian:* the Tyrians were the great sea-traders in ancient times, like the English in modern times ¶ 70 *vain.* helpless to prevent the oak's fall ¶ 71. *filial stem:* the allusion to the United States is evident

JOEL BARLOW

(116) THE VISION OF COLUMBUS Book I. 1–170 Book V 383–418 The text is from the 1793 "corrected" edition.

(120) *The Battle of Bunker Hill* The following lines, with which the corresponding passage in *The Columbiad* begins (Book V. 471–92), may serve as a sample of the bombast which often disfigures the later version:

Columbus turn'd: when, rolling to the shore,
Swells o'er the seas an undulating roar;
Slow, dark, portenous, as the meteors sweep
And curtain black the illimitable deep,
High stalks, from surge to surge, a demon Form
That howls thro heaven and breathes a billowing storm
His head is hung with clouds; his giant hand
Flings a blue flame far flickering to the land;
His blood-stain'd limbs drip carnage as he strides,
And taint with gory grume the staggering tides;
Like two red suns his quivering eyeballs glare;
His mouth disgorges all the stores of war—
Pikes, muskets, mortars, guns, and globes of fire,
And lighted bombs that fusing trails expire

Percht on his helmet, two twin sisters rode,
The favorite offspring of the murderous god,
Famine and Pestilence; whom whilom bore
His wife, grim Discord, on Trinacria's shore,
When first their Cyclop sons, from Etna's forge,
Fill'd his foul magazine, his gaping gorge:
Then earth convulsive groan'd, high shriek'd the air,
And hell in gratulation call'd him War.

(121) THE COLUMBIAD. Book X. 527–642. The text is from a copy of the 1807 edition, with manuscript corrections apparently in the author's hand, in the Harris Collection, Brown University Library. ¶ 1. *he:* Columbus, who, under the influence of Hesper, the angel of the West, is still enjoying a vision of the future of the world.

(123) 77. *pagod*=idol.

(124) THE HASTY-PUDDING. The text is from the New Haven 1796 edition On the title-page of the early editions is Horace's famous line, "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci," with a humorous translation, "He makes a good breakfast who mixes pudding with molasses" "A simplicity in diet, whether it be considered with reference to the happiness of individuals or the prosperity of a nation, is of more consequence than we are apt to imagine. In recommending so important an object to the rational part of mankind, I wish it were in my power to do it in such a manner as would be likely to gain their attention. . . . . Whether the manner I have chosen . . . . be such as to promise any success is what I cannot decide; but I certainly had hopes of doing some good, or I should not have taken the pains of putting so many rhymes together."—Preface to the 1799 edition.

(124) *Canto I.* ¶ 3, 4. The French Revolution was then shaking Europe ¶ 12. *still-house*=distillery.

(125) 51. *Oella:* a Peruvian princess, who is said to have discovered the art of spinning; see *The Vision of Columbus*, Book II. 406 ff

(130) *Canto III.*

(132) 54 *dries:* from the Salem 1799 edition; the 1796 edition has "drives"

PHILIP FRENEAU

The text, with the exceptions noted, is from the 1809 edition.

(133) THE BEAUTIES OF SANTA CRUZ. Stanzas 1–3, 8–10, 19–21, 31–34, 48–51, 99–101. The text is from the 1786 edition. First published in *The United States Magazine* Freneau lived in Santa Cruz, one of the West Indies, during 1775–77.

(134) 19 *that remoter isle:* the island, in the Mediterranean, where Æolus, the god of the winds, kept them shut up in caverns.

(135) THE HOUSE OF NIGHT. Stanzas 6–18, 23–30, 52–63, 88–102, 109–18, 125–31. The text is from the 1786 edition. First published in *The United States Magazine* "This Poem is founded upon the authority of Scripture, inasmuch as these sacred books assert that *the last enemy that shall be conquered is Death.*' — Prefatory "Advertisement"

(138) 88 *Bohea* = black tea. **(139)** 145–56. "This reflects upon the inhumanity of those men, who, not to mention an enemy, would scarcely cover a departed friend with a little dust without certainty of reward for so doing"—Freneau

(141) 203, 204 See *Paradise Lost*, II 648 ff

(142) 251 See Ps 137.

(143) THE BRITISH PRISON SHIP Canto II 55–94 In 1780 the ship in which Freneau was voyaging to the West Indies was captured by a British man-of-war, and he lay for several weeks in a prison ship and a hospital ship at New York ¶ 31 *review* = see again

(144) TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS First published in *The Freeman's Journal*. The Americans' loss in this battle, including killed, wounded, and missing, was 554 ¶ 20. Cf Scott's *Marmion* (1808), introduction to Canto III, l. 64, "And snatched the spear but left the shield"

(145) THE POLITICAL BALANCE. Stanzas 1–3, 6–12, 31–37, 42–45, 51–60 First published in *The Freeman's Journal*, "filling the entire first page" (Pattee). ¶ 22. *Virgin . . . . Scales:* these two signs of the Zodiac are next each other

(146) 47. *Libra:* Latin for "Scales"

(147) 78 *Skie:* a small island off the coast of Scotland. ¶ 88. *A ship of first rate:* a war vessel of the greatest size and power ¶ 93 *Momus:* the god of mockery.

(148) 124. "It is hoped that such a sentiment may not be deemed wholly illiberal. Every candid person will certainly draw a line between a brave and magnanimous people and a most vicious and vitiating government"—Freneau, in 1809 edition

(148) THE WILD HONEY SUCKLE First published in *The Freeman's Journal*

(149) THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

(150) 36. Cf. Thomas Campbell's "O'Connor's Child" (1810), stanza 4, l 8, "The hunter and the deer a shade."

(150) THE NEW ENGLAND SABBATH-DAY CHACE. First published in *The New York Daily Advertiser;* a prefatory statement said: "In several parts of New England it is customary not to suffer travellers to proceed on a journey on the Sabbath day . . . . The following lines commemorate an event of this sort, which some years ago really befel Mr. P , the noted performer in feats of horsemanship."

(151) 26 *joe:* a Portuguese coin worth about eight dollars.

(152) THE REPUBLICAN GENIUS OF EUROPE The text is that of 1795, as reprinted by Pattee.

(154) TO A CATY-DID The text is from the 1815 edition.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE

(156) THE RULING PASSION. Lines 47–96 The text is from the 1797 edition. The poem was spoken before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Harvard College, in 1797. ¶ 28. *frize* = frieze, a kind of cloth. ¶ 29. *ton* = the prevailing fashion. ¶ 34. *o'erflowing yet not full:* "A parody on part of the last line in the following passage of Denham's 'Cooper's Hill':

> Though deep yet clear; though gentle yet not dull;
> Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full."
>
> —Paine.

¶ 35. Cf. Pope's "Essay on Criticism," ll. 612–13:

> The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
> With loads of learned lumber in his head.

(157) 44. *Æsop's legs:* "Æsop, the Phrygian, the most celebrated fabulist of antiquity, was not only disfigured in his legs but was deformed in almost every other part of his body."—Paine. *Tully's wart:* "Marcus Tullius Cicero, the father of Roman oratory, is said to have received his last appellation from an uncommon excrescence on his cheek, resembling a *cicer*, or vetch."—Paine ¶ 45 *Gunter:* an English mathematician, who invented a scale used in surveying and navigation

JOHN NEAL

(158) THE BATTLE OF NIAGARA. Canto I. 156–75, 253–306; Canto II. 23–52; Canto III. 81–106. The text is from the 1819 edition. The Battle of Niagara, or Lundy's Lane, between 2,600 Americans and 4,500 British, was fought July 25, 1814, near Niagara Falls; the British were repulsed, but afterward regained the field; the losses were heavy, amounting to nearly 900 on each side.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

(161) THE CULPRIT FAY. Sections 3–8, 10–23, 24 (ll. 1–14). The text is from the 1859 edition. The poem was written in the summer of 1819, among the Highlands of the Hudson; the scene is pitched there, as is shown by the reference to Cronest, a height overlooking the Hudson, in Section 1, l. 7.

(162) 25. *ising*=mica. ¶ 30 *minim*=tiny (from Latin "minimus," through French "minime"). ¶ 37. *Ouphe*=fairy.

(164) 104. *warlock*=pertaining to imps or sprites; impish ¶ 107. *colen:* a coined word. ¶ 114. *dern*=hidden.

(165) 165. *jellied quarl:* the jelly fish

(168) 246. *bootle:* a coined word.

HENRY C. KNIGHT

(170) A SUMMER'S DAY. The text is from the 1821 edition.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

(171) MARCO BOZZARIS. The text is from the 1827 edition. The poem was first published in *The New York Review*. "Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, 'To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain.'"—Note in the 1827 edition. The fight which the poem records was an incident in the Greek war for independence (1821–28), which resulted in the liberation of Greece after more than three centuries of Turkish rule. ¶ 13. *Suliote band:* the Suliotes were a people of mixed Greek and Albanian blood, who had lived in Suli, a district of Albania; being driven out by the Turks, in 1822, they came to Greece and fought fiercely in the war of independence.

(172) 18 *old Platæa's day:* in 479 B C , at Platæa in Bœotia, Greece, a force of 110,000 Greeks defeated 300,000 Persians, thereby completing the repulse of the invading army of Xerxes

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

(174) A HEALTH The text is from the 1825 edition.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

(175) ROARING BROOK The text is from the 1837 edition

(176) UNSEEN SPIRITS. The text is from the 1844 edition. First published in *The New York Mirror,* July 29, 1843.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

(177) FLORENCE VANE. The text is from the 1847 edition A note in that edition says the poem was "published some years ago" ¶ 9–16 Cf. Coleridge's "Love," stanzas 4 and 6:

> She lean'd against the armed man
> The statue of the armed knight;
> She stood and listen'd to my lay
> Amid the lingering light. . . . .
>
> I play'd a soft and doleful air,
> I sang an old and moving story—
> An old rude song, that suited well
> That ruin wild and hoary.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The text, with the exceptions noted, is from the 1876 edition.

(178) THE EMBARGO. Lines 1–26 The text is that of the 1809 edition, from a copy in the Harris Collection, Brown University Library During the Napoleonic wars both France and Great Britain formally asserted the right to interfere with neutral vessels, whether they bore contraband of war or not, in retaliation the United States placed an embargo on all merchant vessels, domestic or foreign, in American ports, forbidding them to leave except by special permission from the President. The act was very unpopular, especially in Massachusetts, whose sea trade was then large. "A doubt having been intimated in *The Monthly Anthology* of June last, whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem, in justice to his merits the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. . . . . The printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence."—"Advertisement" in the 1809 edition ¶ 10 *weak ruler's:* the reference is to President Jefferson; as a student of French theories of government and religion, he was supposed to side with France and to favor the embargo as a blow against her enemy, Great Britain, with whom most of our maritime trade was done ¶ 18. *"words that breathe and thoughts that burn"·* misquoted from Gray's "Progress of Poesy," l. 110. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

(179) THANATOPSIS. First published in *The North American Review*, September, 1817, in the following form (including the punctuation):

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course, nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre —The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between,
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty,—and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Borean desert pierce—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil Oregan, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favourite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee!

The present form, except for variations noted below, appeared in 1821.

"I cannot give any you information of the occasion which suggested to my mind the idea of my poem 'Thanatopsis.' It was written when I was seventeen or eighteen years old—I have not now at hand the memorandums which would enable

me to be precise—and I believe it was composed in my solitary rambles in the woods." —Bryant, in answer to a letter of inquiry, in 1855. Mr. Godwin says, on the authority of the poet's autobiography (see his life of Bryant, Vol I, pp 37, 97) that just before writing "Thanatopsis," in the summer of 1811, he had been reading Henry Kirke White's poems, much taken with their melancholy tone, Blair's "Grave," Porteus on death, Southey's shorter poems, and Cowper's *Task*. Two passages from Blair's "Grave" will show how like yet unlike the two poems are:

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt nam'd nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah, how dark
Thy long-extended realms and rueful wastes,
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome . . . .
What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones!
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs 'Tis here all meet:
The shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor,
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian
Here the proud prince and favourite yet prouder—
His sov'reign's keeper and the people's scourge—
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep-read in stratagems and wiles of courts:
Now vain their treaty-skill, Death scorns to treat
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the stern tyrant
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes
Where tyrants vex not and the weary rest

Thanatopsis = "view of death" (Greek θάνατος, "death"; ὄψις, "view") ¶ 7 *healing:* in 1821, "gentle"; the present reading was adopted in 1836. ¶ 32 *thine:* before 1836, "thy"

(**180**) 52. *pierce the Barcan wilderness:* in 1821, "and the Barcan desert pierce"; in 1855, "traverse Barca's desert sands"; the present reading was adopted in 1871. *Barcan:* Barca is a desert region in northern Africa. ¶ 54. *Oregon:* before 1871, "Oregan." The Oregon is now called the Columbia; the region through which it flows, now the state of Oregon, was then a complete wilderness. ¶ 59. *withdraw:* in 1821, "shalt fall"; the present reading was adopted in 1836.

¶ 60. *In silence from:* in 1821, "Unnoticed by"; in 1832, "Unheeded by"; the present reading was adopted in 1855. ¶ 71. In 1821:

> The bow'd with age, the infant in the smiles
> And beauty of its innocent age cut off;

in 1832, "And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man"; the present reading was adopted in 1871. ¶ 75. *which:* in 1821, "that"; the present reading was adopted in 1855 ¶ 76. *that mysterious realm:* in 1821, "the pale realms of shade"; the present reading was adopted in 1832.

(181) THE YELLOW VIOLET. Cf. Wordsworth's "To the Daisy" (first poem), especially stanzas 3, 4, 7.

(182) INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD. First published in *The North American Review*, September, 1817. "The wood referred to was at Cummington, Mass, nearly in front of the house now known as the Bryant Homestead"—Godwin. ¶ 6–11. Cf. Wordsworth's "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey," ll. 22–30:

> These beauteous forms,
> Through a long absence, have not been to me
> As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
> But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
> Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
> In hours of weariness, sensations sweet
> Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
> And passing even into my purer mind
> With tranquil restoration.

¶ 26–28 Cf. Wordsworth's "Lines Written in Early Spring," ll. 11, 12:

> And 't is my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes.

(183) 39. *water:* here the poem in its first form ended.

(183) TO A WATERFOWL. First published in *The North American Review*, March, 1818 The poem was written on December 15, 1815, in Plainfield, Mass., where the poet had gone to make inquiries about beginning there the practice of the law. "He says in a letter that he felt, as he walked up the hills, very forlorn and desolate indeed, not knowing what was to become of him in the big world. . . . . The sun had already set, leaving behind it one of those brilliant seas of chrysolite and opal which often flood the New England skies; and while he was looking upon the rosy splendor with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made wing along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance, asking himself whither it had come and to what far home it was flying. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night, his mind was still full of what he had seen and felt, and he wrote those lines, as imperishable as our language, 'The Waterfowl.'"—Godwin's life of Bryant, Vol I, pp. 143, 144. ¶ 7. *seen against* the reading of the first form was "painted on"; a friend objecting that this was inconsistent with "floats" (l. 8), the poet changed it to "limned upon," then to "shadowed on," and finally to the present reading.

(184) 31. *tread:* in 1818, "trace."

(187) OH FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS. "This poem was addressed, the

year before their marriage, to the lady who became Mrs. Bryant."—Godwin Cf. Wordsworth's "Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower," especially stanzas 3–5:

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,
Of mute insensate things

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her, for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face

(189) MONUMENT MOUNTAIN. "The mountain called by this name is a remarkable precipice in Great Barrington, overlooking the rich and picturesque valley of the Housatonic, in the western part of Massachusetts. At the southern extremity is, or was a few years since, a conical pile of small stones, erected, according to the tradition of the surrounding country, by the Indians, in memory of a woman of the Stockbridge tribe, who killed herself by leaping from the edge of the precipice Until within a few years past, small parties of that tribe used to arrive from their settlement in the western part of the state of New York, on visits to Stockbridge, the place of their nativity and former residence A young woman belonging to one of these parties related, to a friend of the author, the story on which the poem of 'Monument Mountain' is founded "—Note in the 1832 edition

(192) A FOREST HYMN First published in *The Literary Gazette* "This was the last poem that Mr Bryant wrote during his residence in the country, just before his removal to New York "—Godwin.

(193) 38–47 Cf. Wordsworth's "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey," ll. 93–102:

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought
And rolls through all things

(194) 66–68. Cf. the lines quoted above; also Shelley's "Adonais" (1821), ll 478–82:

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,

That Benediction which the clipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove

(**195**) 97–101. Cf. Wordsworth's "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey," ll. 107–11:

well pleased to recognize
In Nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

(**195**) JUNE. "After taking up his residence in New York in 1825, Mr. Bryant made a brief visit to Great Barrington, where he had lived for ten years. During this farewell visit this poem was suggested to him; and, fifty-two years later, when his death occurred in the month of June, it was generally remarked how its tender wishes had turned into prophecy. He was buried in a rural cemetery at Roslyn amid the sights and sounds, 'Soft airs and song and light and bloom,' for which he supposes his soul would yearn even after death."—Godwin.

(**197**) A SUMMER RAMBLE Cf. Wordsworth's "To My Sister":

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before;
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees and mountains bare
And grass in the green field.

My sister ('t is a wish of mine),
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign,
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you: and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book, for this one day
We 'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:
We from to-day, my friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey;
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We 'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

Then, come, my sister; come, I pray;
With speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book, for this one day
We 'll give to idleness

(**200**) SONG OF MARION'S MEN General Francis Marion, at the head of a few daring troops, carried on an irregular warfare with the British forces, in South Carolina, during the last years of the Revolutionary War, making night-attacks and other forays from forest and swamp, the British were so harassed by him "that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting 'like a gentleman and a Christian'" (Bryant).

(**202**) 49 *Santee:* the principal river of South Carolina.

(**202**) THE PRAIRIES "Mr Bryant first saw the great prairies of the West in 1832, while on a visit to his brothers, who were among the early settlers of the State of Illinois This poem was the result of his visit"—Godwin The poet rode for about a hundred miles over the prairies, on horseback. ¶ 10–15. "The prairies of the West, with an undulating surface, *rolling prairies*, as they are called, present to the unaccustomed eye a singular spectacle when the shadows of the clouds are passing rapidly over them: the face of the ground seems to fluctuate and toss like billows of the sea"—Bryant.

(**203**) 21. *Sonora:* one of the states of Mexico, bordering on the Gulf of California ¶ 48 *Pentelicus:* a mountain near Athens, from which marble was quarried ¶ 49. *its rock:* the Acropolis of Athens.

(**204**) 64 *gopher:* a small burrowing rodent.

(**207**) THE WIND AND STREAM. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1857.

(**208**) THE DEATH OF LINCOLN. "Written, at the request of the Committee of Arrangements, when the body of the murdered President was carried in funeral procession through the city of New York, April, 1865."—Godwin.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"This gentleman's poetry has found its way, piece-meal, into England, and having met with a little of our newspaper praise, which has been repeated with great emphasis in America, is now set up among his associates for a poet of extraordinary promise, on the ground of having produced, within the course of several years, about fifty duodecimo pages of poetry, such as we shall give a specimen of. Mr. B. is not, and never will be, a great poet. He wants fire—he wants the very rashness of a poet—the prodigality and fervour of those who are overflowing with inspiration Mr. B , in fact, is a sensible young man, of a thrifty disposition, who knows how to manage a few plain ideas in a very handsome way. . . . . Some lines, about fifteen or twenty, to a 'water-fowl,' which are very beautiful, to be sure, but with no more poetry in them than there is in the Sermon on the Mount, are supposed, by his countrymen, 'to be well known in Europe.'"—John Neal, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1824

"We should think . . . . that he were formed rather for the beautiful than the sublime, rather for pensive tenderness than deep and harrowing pathos, rather for the effusions of fancy and feeling than for the creations of a bold and fertile imagination. . . . . The diction of these poems is unobjectionable—and that is saying a great deal. It is simple and natural—there is no straining after effect, no meretricious glare, no affected point and brilliancy It is clear and precise—Mr. Bryant does not seem to think mysticism any element of the true sublime, or the finest poetry at all inconsistent with common sense. It is idiomatic and racy."—*The Southern Review*, February, 1832.

"The faults of this poet . . . . are the same in kind, but not in degree, with those of Willis He belongs to the same school [the English Lake School], though he does not carry its peculiarities to such a fanatical extent. His versification is formed upon the same quaint and sluggish model; but he oftener deviates from it, and infuses into it a degree of spirit which renders many of his productions not unpleasing to those who are fond of poring over sentimental stanzas or fragments in prosing blank verse . . . . But we wish not to prejudice our readers against Mr. Bryant's poetry Throughout the principal part of the effusions before us, he exhibits a manliness of thought and a facility of expression which, after the perusal of Willis's rhapsodies, we found a real relief to our jaded faculties. Mr. Bryant, although he generally uses the prosaic diction of the Lake School, keeps tolerably clear of its abstruse manner of thinking; and but seldom indulges in the conceits and occult meanings so prevalent in the poetry of that school, particularly as it is written by Shelley, Keats, Willis, and Percival. He also avoids the contemptible affectation of infantile simplicity with which Wordsworth so often degrades his pages; but he has none of this amiable but heavy poet's original vein of philosophical reflection on the dispositions of man, and but little of his graphical power in depicting the appearances of nature."—*The American Quarterly Review*, March, 1832.

"They appear to me to belong to the best school of English poetry, and to be entitled to rank among the highest of their class. . . . . The same keen eye and fresh feeling for nature, the same indigenous style of thinking and local peculiarity of imagery which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer [Cooper] will be found to characterize this volume, condensed into a narrower compass and sublimated into poetry. The descriptive writings of Mr Bryant are essentially American They transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest—to the shores of the lonely lake—the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes but splendid in all its vicissitudes. His close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and commonplace; while he has the gift of shedding over them a pensive grace that blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with moral associations that make them speak to the heart."—Washington Irving, in the Dedication of the London edition of Bryant's "Poems," 1832.

"To the American scenery and woodland characters, then, let us first of all turn; and while here we find much to please, we must strongly express our dissent from

Mr. Irving's opinion that in such delineations Bryant is equal to Cooper. . . . . The poet appears to be 'a man of milder mood' than the romancer, and of finer taste But there is nothing in the whole volume comparable in original power to many descriptions in the *Prairie* and the *Spy*. . . . . His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth calls the 'religion of the woods.' This reverential awe of the Invisible pervades the verses entitled 'Thanatopsis' and 'Forest Hymn,' imparting to them a sweet solemnity which must affect all thinking hearts. There is little that is original either in the imagery of the 'Forest Hymn' or in its language; but the sentiment is simple, natural, and sustained, and the close is beautiful. . . . . Compare it with the 'Lines on revisiting the river Wye,' by that great poet whom Mr Bryant wisely venerates, ... and it will be felt, perhaps, that Mr. Irving rashly says that his friend's poems are entitled to 'rank among the *highest* of their class in the best school of English poetry.' . . . . 'Thanatopsis' . . . . both in conception and execution is more original; and we quote it entire, as a noble example of true poetical enthusiasm It alone would establish the author's claim to the honours of genius."—John Wilson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1832

"Bryant is not a first-rate poet; but he has great power, and is original in his way. . . . A violet becomes, in his hands, a gem fit to be placed in an imperial diadem; a mountain leads his eyes to the canopy above it. The woods, the hills, the flowers—whatever, in short, is his subject, is brought before our eyes with a fidelity of delineation, and a brightness of coloring, which the actual pencil cannot rival. The picture is always finished to the minutest particular. . . . . To equal if not excel Thomson, in his own department of literature, would be distinction enough for any one man; but his excellence in descriptive poetry is not Mr Bryant's chief merit. The bent of his mind is essentially contemplative. He loves to muse in solitude, in the depths of the forest, and on the high places of the hills . . . . His thoughts are natural and simple, seldom commonplace, and often sublime; yet his great conceptions are never abrupt and startling . . . . 'Thanatopsis' is the most generally known and esteemed of Bryant's poems, and perhaps deserves its reputation. It is sublime throughout. . . . . If there be anything within the whole compass of literature more delicate, more pure, more exquisitely sweet than this ["The Evening Wind"] it has not yet fallen under our observation."—*The North American Review*, April, 1832.

"Mr. Bryant is not a literary meteor; he is not calculated to dazzle and astonish. The light he shines with is mild and pure, beneficent in its influence, and lending a tranquil beauty to that on which it falls. But it will be little attractive, except to sobered minds, which do not seek their intellectual pleasures in the racy draught of strong excitement. . . . . In poetry descriptive of the aspects of nature Mr Bryant principally excels. He has evidently observed accurately, and with the eye of a genuine lover of natural scenery, and he describes eloquently and unaffectedly what he has seen, selecting happily, using no tumid exaggeration and vain pomp of words, not perplexing us with vague redundancies, but laying before us with graceful simplicity the best features of the individual scene which has been presented to his eye. . . . . He has much of the descriptive power of Thomson, divested

of the mannerism which pervaded that period of our poetry; much of the picturesqueness of touch which shines in the verse of Sir Walter Scott, but ennobled by associations which that great writer did not equally summon to his aid; much of the fidelity of Wordsworth, but without his minuteness and occasional overstrained and puerile simplicity, yet closely following him in that better characteristic, his power of elevating the humblest objects by connection with some moral truth. In this Mr. Bryant eminently shines. . . . . Mr. Bryant cannot, perhaps, be said to have a bad ear for metrical rhythm, but neither has he shown a very good one. . . . . His want of metrical polish is rendered very evident by comparison whenever he has adopted the measure of Moore. His blank verse is good, and more satisfactory to the ear than his other poetry. . . . . We do not consider him a first-rate poet but we would assign him an honourable station in the second class."—*The Foreign Quarterly Review*, August, 1832.

"The editor presents us with no fewer than twenty specimens from his poems, several of which, such as his beautiful 'Lines to a Waterfowl,' 'After a Tempest,' and 'To the Evening Wind,' have already made their appearance in more than one of our British journals. All of them are pleasing, many of them exquisitely so; but certainly the epithet 'bold,' which the editor applies to his manner, appears to us singularly inapplicable to the mind of Bryant, which seems far more remarkable for tenderness and delicacy than power. . . . . Full of sweet sympathy with Nature's minutest beauties, as well as her more magnificent, are the lines, 'To the Fringed Gentian,' where the pure mind of the author draws a moral even from the flower" —*The Edinburgh Review*, April, 1835.

"Mr. William Cullen Bryant is the best poet in America . . . . From the library of English poets it would be difficult to select a more freshly pleasing volume than Mr. Bryant's It administers welcome nurture to the contemplative mind It contains but little to excite the joyous and merry-hearted to louder mirth, but much to soothe and soften the elated spirit into a quietude that more nearly approaches true happiness. 'Thanatopsis' is not so sublime as Coleridge's 'Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni,' but its effect on the imagination of the reader is scarcely less grand. It is not so perfect a production as the 'Elegy in a Country Church-Yard,' but its strains Æolian sweep through the mind with a power equally subduing, for it breathes the same 'sad, sweet music of humanity.' Its concluding lines fall upon the ear as if uttered by some warning angel. . . . . Next, scarcely inferior to this, comes the 'Hymn to the Evening Wind.' Either would of itself be enough to stamp its author as a man of high poetical genius. These two and the 'Song of Marion's Men' are as common and as popular in the United States as many of the oldest lyrics of the British bards."—*The Southern Literary Messenger*, September, 1839

"'The Waterfowl' is very beautiful, but still not entitled to the admiration which it has occasionally elicited. There is a fidelity and force in the picture of the fowl as brought before the eye of the mind, and a fine sense of *effect* in throwing its figure on the background of the 'crimson sky,' amid 'falling dew,' 'while glow the heavens with the last steps of day.' But the merits which possibly have had most weight in the public estimation of the poem are the melody and strength of its versi-

fication (which is indeed excellent), and more particularly its *completeness*. Its rounded and didactic termination has done wonders. . . . . Judging Mr. B. in this manner, and by a *general* estimate of the volume before us, we should of course pause long before assigning him a place with the spiritual Shelleys or Coleridges or Wordsworths, or with Keats, or even Tennyson or Wilson or with some other burning lights of our own day, to be valued in a day to come."—Edgar A. Poe, in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1837. "Why his 'Thanatopsis' has been so widely received and quoted as his finest production may be explained in part by what has been just now said respecting the negative merits of composition It is quite devoid of fault, is undoubtedly beautiful; and in judging, absolutely, of *the poems* of Bryant, the public voice is not altogether wrong in its decision. But as affording evidence of the higher powers of *the poet*, ... he himself, if we do not greatly misunderstand him, would select some other portions of his works Had he indeed, always written as in the annexed little ballad "Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids"], he might have justly assumed that rank among the poets of all time into which our national pride and partiality are so blindly disposed to thrust him as it is."—Edgar A Poe, in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1840

"It has been the singular felicity of Mr Bryant that he has done whatever he has done with consummate finish and completeness If he has not, as the critics often tell us, the comprehensiveness or philosophic insight of Wordsworth, the weird fancy of Coleridge, the gorgeous diction of Keats, the exquisite subtlety of Tennyson, he is, nevertheless, the one among all our contemporaries who has written the fewest things carelessly and the most things well. . . . . It is admitted, we believe universally, that as a poet of Nature Mr. Bryant stands without a rival No one has celebrated her as he has in all her changeful aspects of beauty and grandeur. . . . . He does not only depict her colors and shapes, giving us the landscape he hears her mysterious voices, and he imparts to us some faint echo of those supernal melodies. . . . . In these ["Sella" and "The Little People of the Snow"], with a delicacy of fancy which is like the tracery of frost-crystal, and with a fineness of feeling that Tennyson has never surpassed, he leads us into wholly new realms of faery."—*The Independent* (as reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, February 13, 1864)

"Bryant, pulsing the first interior verse-throbs of a mighty world—bard of the river and the wood, ever conveying a taste of open air, with scents as from hayfields, grapes, birch-borders—always lurkingly fond of threnodies—beginning and ending his long career with chants of death, with here and there, through all, poems or passages of poems touching the highest universal truths, enthusiasms, duties —morals as grim and eternal, if not as stormy and fateful, as anything in Eschylus" —Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days*, April 16, 1881.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

"An immortal instinct, deep within the spirit of man, is thus, plainly, a sense of the Beautiful. This it is which administers to his delight in the manifold forms and sounds and odours and sentiments amid which he exists. And just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms and sounds and colours and odours and sentiments

a duplicate source of delight. But this mere repetition is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm, or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights and sounds and odours and colours and sentiments which greet *him* in common with all mankind—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of Man It is at once a consequence and an indication of his perennial existence. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the Beauty before us—but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle, by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of Time, to attain a portion of that Loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone. And thus when by Poetry—or when by Music, the most entrancing of the poetic moods—we find ourselves melted into tears, we weep then, not—as the Abbate Gravina supposes—through excess of pleasure, but through a certain petulant, impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp *now*, wholly, here on earth, at once and for ever, those divine and rapturous joys of which, *through* the poem or *through* the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses. . . . . To recapitulate, then: I would define, in brief, the Poetry of words as *The Rhythmical Creation of Beauty* Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever either with Duty or with Truth."—Poe, "The Poetic Principle," 1850.

"A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with *in*definite, sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definitiveness."—Poe, "Letter to B———," prefixed to *Poems*, 1831.

The text, with the exceptions noted, is from the 1845 edition.

(**209**) SONNET—TO SCIENCE Cf. Keats's Lamia, II. 229–38.:

> Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
> There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
> We know her woof, her texture; she is given
> In the dull catalogue of common things.
> Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
> Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
> Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine,
> Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
> The tender-person'd Lamia melt into a shade.

¶ 14. *tamarind tree:* in 1831, "shrubbery."

(**209**) SONG FROM "AL AARAAF." "Al Aaraaf," II. 68–150. The singer is the maiden Nesace, invoking "bright beings" of beauty and music. The preceding lines give the setting for the song:

Young flowers were whispering in melody
To happy flowers that night—and tree to tree;
Fountains were gushing music as they fell
In many a star-lit grove or moon-lit dell;
Yet silence came upon material things—
Fair flowers, bright waterfalls, and angel wings,—
And sound alone that from the spirit sprang
Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang.

(211) 73, 74 "The wild bee will not sleep in the shade if there be moonlight" —Poe.

(211) To HELEN. Addressed to Mrs Helen Stannard, the mother of one of Poe's schoolmates, at whose home he had visited. In a letter to Mrs Helen Whitman (Harrison's edition of Poe, Vol XVII, p 294), the poet refers to the poem thus: 'The lines I had written, in my passionate boyhood, to the first purely ideal love of my soul—to the Helen Stannard of whom I told you." ¶ 9, 10. In 1831:

To the beauty of fair Greece
And the grandeur of old Rome

(212) ISRAFEL. "And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."—*Koran*. In regard to this note by Poe, in the 1845 version, Professor Woodberry has pointed out that the statement does not occur in the *Koran* but in Sale's "Preliminary Discourse" (Section IV) to his translation of the *Koran*, and that the words "whose heart-strings are a lute" are not in Sale but were inserted by Poe. In fact, these words were not in the quotation in the 1831 version of the poem In Sale, furthermore, the exact expression is, "The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures." 12 *levin* = lightning. ¶ 26 *Houri*· "But all these glories will be eclipsed by the splendent and ravishing girls of paradise, called, from their large black eyes, hûr al oyûn."—Sale, "Preliminary Discourse" to the *Koran*, Section IV.

(213) 40–51. Cf. Shelley's "To a Skylark" (1820), ll. 81–90, 101–5:

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. . . . .

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

45–51 In 1831·

If I did dwell where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He would not sing one half as well,

One half as passionately,
And a stormier note than this would swell
From my lyre within the sky.

(**213**) THE CITY IN THE SEA A comparison with the first form, in the volume of 1831 (where the title is "The Doomed City"), will show Poe's skill in revision:

Lo, Death hath rear'd himself a throne
In a strange city, all alone,
Far down within the dim west—
And the good, and the bad, and the worst, and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
Are—not like any thing of ours—
O no—O no—*ours* never loom
To heaven with that ungodly gloom!
Time-eaten towers that tremble not!
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
A heaven that God doth not contemn
With stars is like a diadem—
We liken our ladies' eyes to them—
But there! that everlasting pall!
It would be mockery to call
Such dreariness a heaven at all.
Yet tho' no holy rays come down
On the long night-time of that town,
Light from the lurid, deep sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Up thrones—up long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptur'd ivy and stone flowers—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up many a melancholy shrine
Whose entablatures intertwine
The mask, the viol, and the vine.
There open temples, open graves
Are on a level with the waves—
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,
Not the gaily-jewell'd dead
Tempt the waters from their bed·
For no ripples curl, alas,
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings hint that winds may be
Upon a far-off happier sea
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from the high towers of the town
Death looks gigantically down
But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave! there is a ripple there!
As if the towers had thrown aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide,
As if the turret-tops had given
A vacuum in the filmy heaven:
The waves have now a redder glow—
The very hours are breathing low—

And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence,
And Death to some more happy clime
Shall give his undivided time

(215) THE SLEEPER The text is that of the 1845 edition, with the corrections by Poe in J Lorimer Graham's copy "Your appreciation of 'The Sleeper' delights me In the higher qualities of poetry t is better than 'The Raven', but there is not one man in a million who could be brought to agree with me in this opinion. 'The Raven,' of course, is far the better as a work of art, but in the true basis of all art 'The Sleeper' is the superior I wrote the latter when quite a boy "—Poe in an undated letter (Harrison's edition of Poe, Vol. XVII, p 207)

(216) TO ONE IN PARADISE The text is that of the 1845 edition, with the Graham corrections

(217) THE HAUNTED PALACE First published in *The Baltimore Museum*, April, 1839, afterward incorporated in the tale, "The Fall of the House of Usher" "By 'The Haunted Palace' I mean to imply a mind haunted by phantoms—a disordered brain "—Poe, in a letter to Griswold, March 29, 1841 ¶ 22 *Porphyrogene*="born in the purple" (Greek πορφύρα, "purple", γεννητός, "born"), i e, of royal birth, purple being formerly the distinguishing color of royal robes, here it refers to the kingliness of the human mind.

(218) THE CONQUEROR WORM The text is that of the 1845 edition, with the Graham corrections First published in *Graham's Magazine*, January, 1843, afterward incorporated in the tale, "Ligeia." ¶ 9. *Mimes*=actors

(219) 25 *mimic rout*=throng of actors.

(219) THE RAVEN The text is that of *The Richmond Examiner*, September 25, 1849, which received Poe's last revision First published in *The Evening Mirror*, January 29, 1845.

See Poe's "Philosophy of Composition" for his own account of the mode of composing the poem The following extracts give most of the main points

"The length, the province, and the tone being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a key-note in the construction of the poem—some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects . . . . I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. . . . . I resolved to diversify, and so heighten, the effect by adhering in general to the monotone of sound while I continually varied that of the thought: that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects by the variation of the *application* of the refrain, the refrain itself remaining for the most part unvaried

"These points being settled, I next bethought me of the *nature* of my refrain Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the refrain itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length . . . This led me at once to a single word as the best refrain. The question now arose as to the *character* of the

word. Having made up my mind to a refrain, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corollary, the refrain forming the close of each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis admitted no doubt; and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant. The sound of the refrain being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word 'nevermore.' In fact it was the very first which presented itself.

"The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word 'nevermore.' . . . . Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a non-reasoning creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot in the first instance suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a raven, as equally capable of speech and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

"I had now gone so far as the conception of a raven—the bird of ill omen—monotonously repeating the one word 'nevermore' at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself, 'Of all melancholy topics what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?' 'Death' was the obvious reply. 'And when,' I said, 'is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?' From what I have already explained at some length, the answer here also is obvious: 'When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty:* the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world; and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover. . . . .

"The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover and the raven; and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale*. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest or the fields; but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident—it has the force of a frame to a picture. . . . . I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber—in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished—this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty as the sole poetical thesis.

"The *locale* being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird; and the thought of introducing him through the window was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter is a 'tapping' at the door originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader's curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover's throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked. I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the raven's seeking admission, and, secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber. I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas also for the effect of contrast between the marble

and the plumage—it being understood that the bust was absolutely *suggested* by the bird—the bust of *Pallas* being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word 'Pallas' itself. . . . .

"It will be observed that the words, 'from out my heart' [l. 101], involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer 'Nevermore,' dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the raven as emblematical; but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen."

"The late Buchanan Read informed Robert Browning that Poe described to him (i e, Read) the whole process of the construction of his poem, and declared that the suggestion of it lay wholly in a line from 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' 'With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air the purple curtain.'"—J. H. Ingram's life of Poe, Vol I, p 276. Cf "The Raven," l. 13. For other reports of the mode of composition see Stedman and Woodberry's edition of Poe, Vol. X, and Woodberry's life of Poe, Vol II, p. 111.

"'The Raven' has had a great 'run,' Thomas; but I wrote it for the express purpose of running—just as I did the 'Gold-Bug,' you know. The bird beat the bug, though, all hollow."—Poe, in a letter to F W. Thomas, May 4, 1845.

The eccentric poet, Thomas H. Chivers, wrote to Griswold, March 28, 1851: "He [Poe] no doubt felt piqued when I accused him of having stolen his 'Raven' from my poem, 'To Allegra Florence in Heaven'—which you *know* he did, if you know anything at all about it. The same is true of his lectures on Poetry—besides many other things" A few stanzas from Chivers's poem will afford a fair basis for a judgment as to the justice of his claim:

Holy angels now are bending
To receive thy soul ascending
Up to Heaven to joys unending,
  And to bliss which is divine;
While thy pale, cold form is fading
Under death's dark wings now shading
Thee with gloom which is pervading
  This poor, broken heart of mine. . . .

With my bowed head thus reclining
On my hand, my heart repining,
Shall my salt tears, ever shining
  On my pale cheeks, flow for thee—
Bitter soul-drops ever stealing
From the holy fount of feeling,
Deepest anguish now revealing,
  For thy loss, dear child, to me.

As an egg, when broken, never
Can be mended, but must ever
Be the same crushed egg forever,
  So shall this dark heart of mine;
Which, though broken, is still breaking,
And shall never more cease aching
For the sleep which has no waking—
  For the sleep which now is thine.

(**220**) 36–54. "About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of the fantastic—approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible—is given to the raven's entrance. . . . . In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out . . . . The effect of the *dénouement* being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness"—Poe, "The Philosophy of Composition."

(**222**) 80. "Your objection to the *tinkling* of the footfalls is far more pointed, and in the course of composition occurred so forcibly to myself that I hesitated to use the term I finally used it because I saw that it had, in its first conception, been suggested to my mind by the sense of the *supernatural* with which it was, at the moment, filled. No human or physical foot could tinkle on a soft carpet, therefore the tinkling of feet would vividly convey the supernatural impression This was the idea, and it is good within itself; but if it fails (as I fear it does) to make itself immediately and generally *felt*, according to my intention, then in so much is it badly conveyed, or expressed."—Poe, in an undated letter (Harrison's edition of Poe, Vol. XVII, p 207). ¶ 82. *nepenthe:* a soothing draught (Greek *νη*, "not"; *πένθος*, "sorrow") ¶ 91–96 "I composed this stanza, at this point, first that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover; and, secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza—as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect Had I been able, in the subsequent composition, to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should, without scruple, have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect"—Poe, "The Philosophy of Composition" ¶ 93. *Aidenn:* a modified form of the Arabic "Adn," Eden ¶ 106 "It is true that in several ways, as you say, the lamp might have thrown the bird's shadow on the floor. *My* conception was that of the bracket candelabrum affixed against the wall, high up above the door and bust, as is often seen in the English palaces and even in some of the better houses of New York"—Poe, in an undated letter (Harrison's edition of Poe, Vol XVII, p 206)

(**223**) ULALUME. The text is that of Griswold's edition, in 1850 First published in *The American Whig Review*, December, 1847. Poe's wife had died on January 30 of the same year ¶ 37. *Astarte's:* Astarte was the Canaanitish goddess of love and of the moon

(**224**) 44. *Lion:* one of the constellations of the Zodiac.

(**225**) THE BELLS The text is that of Sartain's *Union Magazine*, November, 1849. First published in *The Home Journal*, April 28, 1849.

(**228**) ANNABEL LEE. The text is that of *The New York Tribune*, in which the poem was first published, on October 9, 1849 The poem seems to refer to the poet's wife; according to his own statement, it was written in 1849, some two years after her death (see his letter to "Annie" in Vol. XVII, p. 346, of Harrison's edition of Poe; the letter is undated, but its contents show that it was written early in 1849) On the other hand, Professor Harrison says (Vol. VII, p. 219) that Mrs. S. A. Weiss informed him that Poe had told her that the poem "was composed years before his wife's death and had no reference to her."

(**229**) ELDORADO. The text is that of *The Flag of Our Union*, in which the poem was first published, on April 21, 1849.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"In our opinion it ["The Raven"] is the most effective single example of 'fugitive poetry' ever published in this country, and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift . It is one of those 'dainties bred in a book' which we feed on. It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it "—N P Willis, in *The Evening Mirror*, January 29, 1845

"We call them [Poe's early poems] the most remarkable boyish poems that we have ever read. We know of none that can compare with them for maturity of purpose and a nice understanding of the effects of language and metre . We copy one of the shorter poems ["To Helen"], written when the author was only *fourteen* There is a little dimness in the filling up, but the grace and symmetry of the outline are such as few poets ever attain There is a smack of ambrosia about it. . . . When we say that Mr Poe has genius, we do not mean to say that he has produced evidence of the highest. But to say that he possesses it at all is to say that he needs only zeal, industry, and a reverence for the trust reposed in him, to achieve the proudest triumphs and the greenest laurels. . . . Mr Poe has two of the prime qualities of genius—a faculty of vigorous yet minute analysis, and a wonderful fecundity of imagination "—James Russell Lowell, in *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1845.

"Your 'Raven' has produced a sensation, a 'fit horror,' here in England Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it and some by the music I hear of persons haunted by the 'Nevermore,' and one acquaintance of mine who has the misfortune of possessing a 'bust of Pallas' can never bear to look at it in the twilight. I think you will like to be told our great poet, Mr. Browning, . . . was struck much by the rhythm of that poem."—Elizabeth B. Barrett, in a letter to Poe, April, 1846.

"'The Raven' is a singularly beautiful poem Many readers who prefer sunshine to the weird lights with which Mr Poe fills his sky may be dull to its beauty, but it is none the less a great triumph of imagination and art. . . . . The rhythm of this poem is exquisite, its phraseology is in the highest degree musical and apt, the tone of the whole is wonderfully sustained and appropriate to the subject, which full as it is of a wild and tender melancholy, is admirably well chosen "—Philip Pendleton Cooke, in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1848.

"Unquestionably he was a man of great genius. Among the *littérateurs* of his day he stands out distinctively as an original writer and thinker. In nothing did he conform to established custom. . . . . And yet in his most eccentric vagaries he was always correct. The fastidious reader may look in vain, even among his earlier poems—where 'wild words wander here and there'—for an offense against rhetorical propriety. . . . . The poems of Mr. Poe are remarkable, above all other characteristics, for the exceeding melody of the versification. 'Ulalume' might be cited as a happy instance of this quality, but we prefer to quote 'The Bells' from the last number of the *Union Magazine*. It was the design of the author, as

he himself told us, to express in language the exact sound of bells to the ear. He has succeeded, we think, far better than Southey, who attempted a similar feat, to tell us 'how the waters come down at Lodore.'"—John R. Thompson, in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, November, 1849

"What a melancholy death is that of Mr. Poe—a man so richly endowed with genius. I never knew him personally, but have always entertained a high appreciation of his powers as a prose-writer and a poet. His prose is remarkably vigorous, direct and yet affluent; and his verse has a particular charm of melody, an atmosphere of true poetry about it, which is very winning. The harshness of his criticisms I have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature, chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong."—Longfellow, in a letter, October, 1849, quoted by Thompson in the above article.

"Edgar Poe has not yet reached his proper seat in the temple of fame—nor will for many a long year. These writings are too new and too great to be taken at once into the popular mind . . . . As a poet, we must contemplate in this author an unfinished column. He wanted money too often and too much to develope his wonderful imagination in verse. There is but one poem in which he succeeded in uttering himself; but on its dusky wings he will sail securely over the gulf of oblivion to the eternal shore beyond. . . . . With the learned in imaginative literature 'The Raven' has taken rank over the whole world as the very first poem manufactured upon the American continent. In their eyes but one other work of the western world can be placed near it—that is 'The Humble Bee' of Ralph Waldo Emerson . . . . 'The Raven' is familiar to every one as the most wonderful and beautiful example which the world affords of the complicated power of words and of the more solemn and elevated music of verse. A very remarkable quality in these poems is one which can scarcely be defined better than as the *'epicureanism' of language* It is a delicate and most extraordinary style, which is the peculiar property of our author. 'Ulalume' and 'Annabel Lee' . . . . are good illustrations of this quality " —*The Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1850.

"Though to allow any literary excellence to our American brethren is considered a tolerably good proof of a low standard of taste, we yet venture to say that a half-dozen such poems as 'The Raven' would have placed Edgar Poe in the foremost ranks of modern poetry."—*Tait's Magazine*, April, 1852.

"It is obvious that the specimens of American poetry with which we are now more or less familiar evince a far higher order of genius and more remarkable characteristics of originality than anything of the kind which the poets of the New World formerly produced. . . . . And although a great poem, in the true sense of the term, has not yet reached us from the other side of the Atlantic, not a few remarkable ones may now be pointed to in the works of such men as Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Whittier, and Poe. While the first two of these are now nearly as familiar to the lovers of poetry among us as they are in their own country, the others, equally worthy of notice, are by no means so well known as they deserve to be. Poe, as a writer of more than ordinary power, and as one who has evinced far more originality than any of his contemporaries, is especially worthy of attention. . . . . It ["The Raven"] is certainly unique in American literature, as much so as the 'Christabel' and 'Ancient Mariner' of Coleridge are in our own; and unquestionably

a poetical reputation has been earned by things that will not bear comparison with it for a moment, even in point of artistic construction merely, for there is a wonderful harmony between the feeling and the rhythmical expression."—*Chambers's Journal*, February 26, 1853.

"In some half-dozen of his minor poems Mr. Poe has fully displayed his poetic capacity, in the opulence of imagination, the power of production and skilful combination, and especially in that delicate perception of the true harmonies of thought and expression which is the soul of physical æsthetics. Yet is there something wanting to his poetry which we cannot express by any better phrase than the lack of spontaneity. It does not bear so much the impress of soul-utterings (we except only 'Annabel Lee') as of word-manœuvring. His poems do not grow up in his mind; but the theme is carefully and mathematically adjusted, and the words, being marshalled out in order to a thorough inspection, are then successively dragooned into the especial service required. When completed, his work appears a rich and elaborately finished piece of art, but it lacks the *vis vitae* which alone can make of words living things. Hence in but few of his efforts has he succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of his readers. They become admirers only, not lovers."—*The North American Review*, October, 1856.

"The poetical works of the author need not detain us long. With one remarkable exception his verses do not differ materially from others of the same time They are neither very good nor very bad. They do not exhibit much depth or graphic power, and but little tenderness; nor do they, in fact, possess any of those distinguishing qualities which lift a man up beyond his contemporaries The blank verse is not good, but some of the smaller pieces have a smoothness and liquid flow that are pleasant enough. One short poem, said to have been written at the age of fourteen, and addressed 'To Helen,' is full of promise. Of all Mr Poe's poems, however, 'The Raven' is by far the first. It is, like the larger part of the author's writings, of a gloomy cast; but its merit is great, and it ranks in that rare and remarkable class of productions which suffice *singly* to make a reputation. . . . In the United States its popularity is universal, but we believe it still to be far less known in this country than it ought to be. We therefore transcribe the greater portion of it "—*The Edinburgh Review*, April, 1858.

"The copies of verses are many in number, and most of them are chiefly remarkable for their art rather than for their power of awakening either pleasing or profound emotion. It is one poem alone which makes an edition of these works emphatically called for. That poem, it is nearly superfluous to mention, is 'The Raven,' and truly it is unforgettable. In this weird and wonderful creation art holds equal dominion with feeling. . . . . The croak of the raven is taken up and moulded into rhyme by a nimble if not a mocking spirit; and fascinating as is the rhythmic movement of the verse, it appears like the dancing of the daughter of Herodias. This looks incongruous; and so do the words of the fool which Shakspeare has intermingled with the agonies and imprecations of Lear. In the tragedy this is held to be a consummate stroke of art, and certainly the reader is grateful for the relief. Had Poe a similar design? . . . . We can call to mind no one who has ever played with an inexplicable horror more daintily or more impressively " —*The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1859.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The text is from the 1867 edition.

(230) THE BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK First published in *The Atlantic Souvenir.*

(231) A PSALM OF LIFE. First published in *The Knickerbocker Magazine,* October, 1838 Longfellow said that he wrote the poem when he was recovering from a fit of depression; the "psalmist" of the sub-title is the poet himself in despondent mood, with which his more cheerful mood is wrestling

(232) 7 See Gen. 3:19: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." ¶ 13 Cf *Aphorisms of Hippocrates:* ὁ βίος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρή, "Life short, and art long"; and Goethe's *Faust,* Part I, ll 458, 559

> Ach Gott! die Kunst ist lang,
> Und kurz ist unser Leben,

"Ah God, art is long, and short is our life."

(233) HYMN TO THE NIGHT. The Greek motto is translated in l. 23, "The welcome, the thrice-prayed for." Longfellow said that he wrote the poem when sitting at his chamber window on a balmy summer night. ¶ 21 *Orestes-like:* Orestes, the Greek legendary character, was pursued by the Furies for having killed his mother, Clytemnestra, who had murdered his father, Agamemnon

(233) THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS. The poem was suggested by the wreck of the schooner "Hesperus," in December, 1839, on a reef called Norman's Woe, off Gloucester harbor, on the coast of Massachusetts; Longfellow's journal, under date of December 17, makes note of this wreck amid others, and records a purpose to write a ballad upon it, which he did a few days later, composing the whole rapidly and easily between midnight and three o'clock.

(234) 15–18 Cf. "Sir Patrick Spens," ll 23–28.

> O say na sae, my master deir,
> For I feir a deadlie storme,
> Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
> Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
> And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
> That we will cum to harme

(236) THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH. The poem was suggested by the blacksmith-shop under a horse-chestnut tree near Longfellow's house. The tree was cut down in 1876; and three years later, on the poet's seventy-second birthday, a chair made from the wood of it was given to the poet by the children of Cambridge (See "From my Arm-Chair")

(237) SERENADE From *The Spanish Student,* Act I, scene 3.

(238) THE SLAVE'S DREAM. The poem, like all the others (except one) in the collection called "Poems on Slavery," was written on shipboard, while the poet was confined to his berth for fifteen days during a stormy voyage home in 1842.

(239) 33 *river-horse:* the hippopotamus.

(240) THE DAY IS DONE. The lines were written as the proem to a volume of selected minor poems, chosen and edited by Longfellow.

(241) THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS. Longfellow wrote in his journal on November 12, 1845, that the poem was suggested by the following words about eternity by Bridaine, an old missionary: "C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux, 'Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours!'" The "old-fashioned country-seat" is said to have been a house in Pittsfield, Mass., the home of relatives of the poet's second wife which he visited on his honeymoon in 1843.

(243) EVANGELINE. Acadia, or Nova Scotia, the scene of the first part of the poem, had been ceded to Great Britain in 1713; but the inhabitants were still mostly French, and their loyalty was justly suspected. At the outbreak of the French and Indian War the situation became critical, the Acadians refusing to take an unqualified oath of allegiance, and the British government decided that it was necessary to deport them to British provinces farther south. In the autumn of 1755, some three thousand Acadians were carried away in ships to Massachusetts and other colonies; and, in spite of orders to the contrary, many families were accidentally separated and the exiles suffered other needless hardships. Longfellow heard the story of Evangeline and Gabriel from a Mr. Conolly, one of Hawthorne's friends, who got it from a French Canadian. The historical setting the poet worked up from the rather inadequate accounts then available; the descriptions of the Southwest he based on his reading, on a diorama of the Mississippi which he saw in Boston, and probably on the descriptions of a correspondent.

(244) *Part the First.* ¶ 1. *Basin of Minas:* the eastern arm of the Bay of Fundy. ¶ 4. *Giving the village its name:* "Grand-Pré" = "great meadow." ¶ 30 *Angelus:* a bell rung at morning, noon, and evening, to remind the hearer that the time had come to recite a devotion in memory of the angel Gabriel's visit to the Virgin Mary; so called because the first word of the devotion is "angelus."

(246) 103. *plain-song:* a simple, dignified kind of music prescribed in the services of the Roman Catholic Church.

(247) 125. *"Sunshine of St. Eulalie":* the day of this saint, martyred in the fourth century, was February 12; the belief referred to by Longfellow is thus expressed in Pluquet's *Contes Populaires:*

> Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie,
> Il y aura pommes et cidre a folie;

"If the sun smiles on Saint Eulalie's Day, there will be apples and cider in abundance" (literally, "to distraction"). ¶ 130. *Scorpion:* the eighth sign of the Zodiac, which the sun enters about October 23.

(248) 140. *Summer of All-Saints:* All-Saints' Day is November 1. ¶ 151 *the Persian:* Xerxes; the story is told in Herodotus, VII. 31: "Xerxes . . . . found here a plane-tree so beautiful that he presented it with golden ornaments"—Rawlinson's translation.

(250) 230. *Louisburg . . . . Beau Séjour . . . . Port Royal:* fortified places, the scenes of battles between French and English; at the taking of Beau Séjour, three years before, three hundred Acadians were found among the French garrison.

(251) 244. *René Leblanc:* a historical character, who was really imprisoned

as described below. ¶ 261. *Loup-garou:* a werewolf, a man turned into a wolf but keeping human intelligence.

(**252**) 283 *a story:* the tale is an old Italian one, the scene of it Florence.

(**254**) 362. See Gen 21 9–21.

(**255**) 394. Longfellow's journal, April 29, 1846, contains a mention of these popular tunes, which he had come upon in an old French song-book. ¶ 411. *their commander:* he was Lieut.-Col. John Winslow, of an old Massachusetts family ¶ 412–22 Cf. the officer's speech as given by Thomas C. Haliburton, Longfellow's chief authority in this part of the poem: "I have received from his Excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's Commission, which I have in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this, his Province of Nova-Scotia; who for almost half a century have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely: that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders that the whole French inhabitants of these Districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must also inform you that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honour to command."—*An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova-Scotia* (1829), Vol. I, pp. 176, 177.

(**258**) 488 See Ex. 34·29–33.

(**260**) 560 *leaguer* = camp.

(**261**) 578. See Acts 27:21–44. ¶ 602. *gleeds* = coals.

(**263**) 638. *book:* prayer-book.

(**263**) *Part the Second.*

(**264**) 40. *Coureurs-des-Bois* = "rangers of the woods," hunters and guides. ¶ 42 *Voyageur* = river boatman. ¶ 48. There was an old saying in Normandy that if a maid did not marry she would be left to dress the hair of St. Catherine, the patron saint of virgins.

(**265**) 76 *the Beautiful River:* the Ohio river, which forms the entire southern boundary of the state of Ohio; "Ohio," an Indian word, means "Beautiful River." ¶ 85. *Acadian Coast:* the name given to a part of the banks of the Mississippi between Baton Rouge and New Orleans, because of the large number of Acadian

exiles who settled there. *Opelousas:* a region in southern Louisiana where many Acadians settled.

(**266**) 99. *Golden Coast:* the name given to a part of the banks of the Mississippi above Baton Rouge, on account of the tropical fertility. ¶ 101. *Bayou of Plaquemine:* a sluggish inlet of the Mississippi, some twenty miles below Baton Rouge. ¶ 117. *mimosa*=the Sensitive Plant.

(**267**) 142. *the Atchafalaya:* an outlet of the Red and Mississippi rivers; it widens out at one part of its course into several lakes. ¶ 156. *the ladder of Jacob:* see Gen. 28:12.

(**268**) 191. *Têche:* an inlet of the Atchafalaya.

(**269**) 224 *mystic mistletoe:* the mistletoe, a parasite of the oak (a sacred tree among the ancient Celts), was supposed to have magical healing powers. ¶ 225. *Yule-tide:* originally the time of the winter solstice, now identified with Christmas; it was observed as a festival among many northern races, because the nights of their long winters then began to shorten. Longfellow seems to mistake, however, in saying that the Druids, the priests of the ancient Celts, cut down the mistletoe at this season; it was on the sixth day of the new moon.

(**271**) 287. *Adayes:* a town in what is now northern Texas. ¶ 288. *Ozark Mountains:* a range of mountains in southwestern Missouri, northwestern Arkansas, and the eastern part of Indian Territory. ¶ 305. *ci-devant*=former; literally, "before this."

(**272**) 341. Cf. *Part the First*, l. 266 (p. 251).

(**273**) 368. *a silent Carthusian:* monks of the Carthusian order took a vow of silence. ¶ 379. *"Upharsin":* see Dan. 5:5, 25.

(**275**) 430. *Ishmael's children:* the Indians. See the Bible story of Ishmael, son of Hagar, whom the jealousy of Sarah, Abraham's other wife, drove away; "And he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer" (Gen. 21:21) ¶ 441. *this wonderful land:* the Rocky Mountains, and the watershed of the great rivers described in the preceding lines, lie a long way from the Ozark Mountains; Longfellow seems to mean, therefore, only that Gabriel had reached the eastern border of the vast region in the center of which run the Rockies; it is Gabriel, not the "wonderful land," that is "at the base of the Ozark Mountains" ¶ 449. *Fata Morgana:* a fay of mediaeval romance, sister of King Arthur, who has magic powers; the name was also given to a mirage often seen in the strait of Messina, and the allusion here seems to be chiefly to that.

(**279**) 561. *asphodel flowers:* in Greek mythology the flowers of the world of the dead. *nepenthe:* a soothing potion (Greek νη, "not"; πένθος, "sorrow"). ¶ 577. *the battle-fields of the army:* i.e., in the Revolutionary War.

(**281**) 633. *a pestilence fell on the city:* the yellow fever visited Philadelphia in 1793 ¶ 634 *Presaged . . . . by flocks of wild pigeons:* "Among the country people large quantities of wild pigeons in the spring are regarded as certain indications of an unhealthy summer. Whether or not this prognostication has ever been verified before I cannot tell. But it is very certain that during the last spring the numbers of those birds brought to market were immense; never, perhaps, were there so many before."—Matthew Carey, *A Short Account of the Malignant Fever Lately Prevalent in Philadelphia*, chap. 16. ¶ 645. *Now the city surrounds it:* Longfellow wrote to

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, on March 12, 1876, that when he was walking about in Philadelphia, in 1826, he came to an old almshouse, surrounded by brick walls; and that this secluded retreat in the midst of the busy city made so deep an impression upon him that years after he chose it as the scene of the reunion of Evangeline and Gabriel. ¶ 663. *Swedes in the church at Wicaco:* Swedes were the first settlers in Philadelphia and the vicinity, preceding Penn and his fellow-colonists.

(282) 690, 691. Ex. 12.7, 13: "And they shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side-posts and on the upper door-post of the houses. . . . . And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are. and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt"

(285) THE SONG OF HIAWATHA "This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. . . . Mr Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algic Researches*, Vol. I, p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III, p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief. Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft. . . . The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable."—Note in the 1855 edition. The explanations of Indian terms are taken from the Vocabulary of the 1855 edition.

(285) *Hiawatha's Childhood.*

(286) 63. *Wahonowin:* a cry of lamentation

(287) 80 *the Naked Bear:* "Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol IV, p 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares 'Their reports,' he says, 'run thus: that among all animals that had been formerly in this country this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied, all over (except a spot of hair on its back, of a white color) naked.'"—Note in 1855 edition ¶ 82. *Ewa-yea:* a lullaby. ¶ 103. *"Minnewawa":* a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees. ¶ 104 *"Mudway-aushka":* the sound of waves on the shore.

(290) *Hiawatha's Fishing* Cf the following account of the original Indian legend, from H R Schoolcraft's *Myth of Hiawatha* (1856):

"'When he [Hiawatha's grandfather] was alive,' she [Hiawatha's grandmother] continued, 'I was never without oil to put on my head, but now my hair is fast falling off for the want of it.' 'Well,' said he, 'Noko, get cedar bark and make me a line, whilst I make a canoe.' When all was ready, he went out to the middle of the lake to fish. He put his line down, saying, 'Me-she-nah-ma-gwai (the name of the kingfish), take hold of my bait' He kept repeating this for some time. At last the king of the fishes said, 'Manabozho [=Hiawatha] troubles me. Here, Trout, take hold of his line.' The trout did so. He then commenced drawing up his line, which was very heavy, so that his canoe stood nearly perpendicular; but he kept crying

out, 'Wha-ee-he! wha-ee-he!' till he could see the trout. As soon as he saw him, he spoke to him· 'Why did you take hold of my hook? Esa! esa!' you ugly fish!' The trout, being thus rebuked, let go. Manabozho put his line again in the water, saying, 'King of fishes, take hold of my line.' But the king of the fishes told a monstrous sunfish to take hold of it, for Manabozho was tiring him with his incessant calls. He again drew up his line with difficulty, saying as before, 'Wha-ee-he! wha-ee-he!' while his canoe was turning in swift circles. When he saw the sunfish he cried, 'Esa! esa! you odious fish! why did you dirty my hook by taking it into your mouth? Let go, I say, let go!' The sunfish did so, and told the king of fishes what Manabozho said Just at that moment the bait came near the king; and hearing Manabozho continually crying out, 'Me-she-nah-ma-gwai, take hold of my hook,' at last he did so, and allowed himself to be drawn up to the surface, which he had no sooner reached than, at one mouthful, he took Manabozho and his canoe down When he came to himself, he found that he was in the fish's belly, and also his canoe. He now turned his thoughts to the way of making his escape. Looking in his canoe, he saw his war-club, with which he immediately struck the heart of the fish. He then felt a sudden motion, as if he were moving with great velocity. The fish observed to the others, 'I am sick at stomach for having swallowed this dirty fellow, Manabozho.' Just at this moment he received another severe blow on the heart. Manabozho thought, 'If I am thrown up in the middle of the lake, I shall be drowned, so I must prevent it.' He drew his canoe and placed it across the fish's throat; and, just as he had finished, the fish commenced vomiting, but to no effect In this he was aided by a squirrel, who had accompanied him unperceived until that moment. This animal had taken an active part in helping him to place his canoe across the fish's throat. For this act he named him, saying, 'For the future, boys shall always call you Ajidaumo.'[1] He then renewed his attack upon the fish's heart, and succeeded, by repeated blows, in killing him, which he first knew by the loss of motion and by the sound of the beating of the body against the shore. He waited a day longer to see what would happen. He heard birds scratching on the body, and all at once the rays of light broke in He could see the heads of gulls, who were looking in by the opening they had made. 'Oh,' cried Manabozho, 'my younger brothers, make the opening larger, so that I can get out.' They told each other that their brother, Manabozho, was inside of the fish They immediately set about enlarging the orifice, and in a short time liberated him After he got out he said to the gulls, 'For the future you shall be called Kayoshk,[2] for your kindness to me.' The spot where the fish happened to be driven ashore was near his lodge He went up, and told his grandmother to go and prepare as much oil as she wanted All besides, he informed her, he should keep for himself."

(**296** *The Famine*

(**297**) 31 *the ghosts:* in the preceding section had been described two spirits of the dead, who lived for a time in Hiawatha's wigwam

[1] "An interjection equivalent to 'shame! shame!' "—Schoolcraft's note.

[2] "Animal tail, or bottom upward."—Schoolcraft's note.

[3] "A free translation of this expression might be rendered, 'Noble scratchers or grabbers.' "—Schoolcraft's note.

(**299**) 106. *Pauguk:* Death.

(**301**) MY LOST YOUTH. ¶ 13. *islands:* there are more than three hundred islands in Portland harbor. *Hesperides:* the Hesperides, in ancient geography, were a group of islands in the Atlantic, at the limits of the known world, hence they came to stand, as here, for any distant region the goal of romantic voyaging

(**302**) 37 *the sea-fight far away:* a fight between an American brig, the "Enterprise," and a British brig, the "Boxer," in 1813; it took place within sight of the shore, and ended in a victory for the "Enterprise"; both captains were killed, and were buried side by side.

(**303**) THE CHILDREN'S HOUR First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1860.

(**304**) 27. *the Bishop of Bingen:* there is an old legend that a German bishop of the tenth century, for his cruelty to the common people during a famine, was devoured by an army of mice in his castle ¶ 31. *old moustache* = old soldier.

(**305**) PAUL REVERE'S RIDE First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1861. Paul Revere's own account of the ride, which Longfellow may have taken as the basis of his poem, is in part as follows. "In the fall of 1774 and winter of 1775, I was one of upwards of thirty, chiefly mechanics, who formed ourselves into a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the British soldiers, and gaining every intelligence of the movements of the Tories. . . . . On Tuesday evening, the 18th, it was observed that a number of soldier were marching towards the bottom of the Common. About 10 o'clock Dr. Warren sent in great haste for me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington, where Messrs. Hancock and Adams were, and acquaint them of the movement and that it was thought they were the objects When I got to Dr. Warren's house, I found he had sent an express by land to Lexington—a Mr. William Dawes. The Sunday before, by desire of Dr. Warren, I had been to Lexington, to Messrs. Hancock and Adams, who were at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. I returned at night through Charlestown. There I agreed with a Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen that if the British went out by water, we would shew two lanthorns in the north church steeple, and if by land, one, as a signal, for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River or get over Boston neck. I left Dr. Warren, called upon a friend and desired him to make the signals. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, went to the north part of the town, where I had kept a boat. Two friends rowed me across Charles River, a little to the eastward where the Somerset man of war lay It was then young flood, the ship was winding, and the moon was rising. They landed me on the Charlestown side. When I got into town, I met Colonel Conant and several others; they said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting, and went to get me a horse; I got a horse of Deacon Larkin. . . . . I set off upon a very good horse; it was then about eleven o'clock, and very pleasant. After I had passed Charlestown neck, and got nearly opposite where Mark was hung in chains, I saw two men on horseback under a tree. When I got near them, I discovered they were British officers. One tried to get ahead of me, and the other to take me. I turned my horse very quick, and galloped towards Charlestown neck, and then pushed for the Medford road. The one who chased me, endeavouring to cut me off, got into a clay pond, near where the new tavern is now built. I got clear of him ,and

went through Medford, over the bridge, and up to Menotomy. In Medford I awaked the Captain of the minute men; and after that I alarmed almost every house till I got to Lexington. I found Messrs. Hancock and Adams at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. . . . . After I had been there about half an hour, Mr. Dawes came; we refreshed ourselves, and set off for Concord, to secure the stores &c., there. We were overtaken by a young Dr. Prescot, whom we found to be a high son of liberty. . . . . We had got nearly half way. Mr. Dawes and the Doctor stopped to alarm the people of a house; I was about one hundred rods ahead, when I saw two men in nearly the same situation as those officers were near Charlestown. I called for the Doctor and Mr Dawes to come up. In an instant I was surrounded by four: they had placed themselves in a straight road that inclined each way; they had taken down a pair of bars on the north side of the road, and two of them were under a tree in the pasture The Doctor being foremost, he came up, and we tried to get past them; but they being armed with pistols and swords, they forced us into the pasture. The Doctor jumped his horse over a low stone wall, and got to Concord I observed a wood at a small distance, and made for that. When I got there, out started six officers on horseback, and ordered me to dismount. One of them, who appeared to have the command, examined me where I came from and what my name was· I told him He asked if I was an express: I answered in the affirmative He demanded what time I left Boston: I told him; and added that their troops had catched aground in passing the river, and that there would be five hundred Americans there in a short time for I had alarmed the country all the way up."—*Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections*, First Series, Vol V, pp 106 ff

(307) 107 *one:* Isaac Davis, captain of the militia from Acton, a village adjoining Concord; see p 589.

(308) WEARINESS First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1863

(309) DIVINA COMMEDIA First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1864. The first of a series of six sonnets suggested by the poet's prolonged labor in translating Dante's *Divina Commedia;* in this sonnet is an allusion to the fact that in the work he found a refuge from the sorrow caused by his wife's death in 1861.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"We come to the following 'Winter Piece,' by a poet whom we do not recollect having before heard of—H W Longfellow ('Phœbus, what a name!')—which seems to us remarkably graphic. Its accumulation of American winter imagery produces a feeling like Shakspeare's 'When icicles hang on the wall,' till we almost begin with Hob 'to blow the nail'"—*The Edinburgh Review*, April, 1835

"We have no idea of commenting, at any length, upon this plagiarism, which is too palpable to be mistaken, and which belongs to the most barbarous class of literary robbery: that class in which, while the words of the wronged author are avoided, his most intangible and therefore his least defensible and least reclaimable property is purloined."—Edgar A. Poe, in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1840 (The poems referred to are Longfellow's "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year" and Tennyson's "Death of the Old Year.") "Much as we admire the genius of Mr. Longfellow, we are fully sensible of his many errors of affectation and imitation. His artistical skill is great, and his ideality high. But his conception of

the *aims* of poesy *is all wrong;* and this we shall prove at some future day—to our own satisfaction, at least His didactics are all *out of place* . . . . We do not mean to say that a didactic moral may not be well made the *under-current* of a poetical thesis, but that it can never well be put so obtrusively forth as in the majority of his compositions."—Poe, in *Graham's Magazine*, March, 1842. "In placing a copy of ancient hexameters side by side with a copy (in similar type) of such hexameters as Professor Longfellow, or Professor Felton, or the Frogpondian Professors collectively, are in the shameful practice of composing 'on the model of the Greek,' it will be seen that the latter (hexameters, not professors) are about one third longer *to the eye*, on an average, than the former. The more abundant dactyls make the difference And it is the greater number of spondees in the Greek than in the English—in the ancient than in the modern tongue—which has caused it to fall out that while these eminent scholars were groping about in the dark for a Greek hexameter, which is a spondaic rhythm varied now and then by dactyls, they merely stumbled, to the lasting scandal of scholarship, over something which, on account of its long-leggedness, we may as well term a Feltonian hexameter, and which is a dactylic rhythm, interrupted, rarely, by artificial spondees which are no spondees at all, and which are curiously thrown in by the heels at all kinds of improper and impertinent points. . . . . Mr. Longfellow is a man of imagination—but *can* he imagine that any individual, with a proper understanding of the danger of lockjaw, would make the attempt of twisting his mouth into the shape necessary for the emission of such spondees as '*parents*,' or such dactyls as 'cleaned and the' and 'loved ones of'? 'Baptism' is by no means a bad spondee—perhaps because it happens to be a dactyl; —of all the rest, however, I am dreadfully ashamed."—Edgar A. Poe, "The Rationale of Verse," 1843, 1848

"The poem ["Evangeline"] is constructed with more art and skill than any of Mr. Longfellow's previous writings. The opening and closing lines balance each other with admirable effect; and the contrast between the scenes described in the first part and the more gorgeous passages in the second, while both are purely American (enough so to satisfy the most fanatical prater about Americanism in literature), gives a delightful variety to the narrative. . . . . In 'Evangeline' Mr Longfellow has managed the hexameter with wonderful skill. The homely features of Acadian life are painted with Homeric simplicity, while the luxuriance of a Southern climate is magnificently described with equal fidelity and minuteness of finish The subject is eminently fitted for this treatment; and Mr. Longfellow's extraordinary command over the rhythmical resources of language has enabled him to handle it certainly with as perfect a mastery of the dactylic hexameter as any one has ever acquired in our language. Of the other beauties of the poem we have scarcely left ourselves space to say a word; but we cannot help calling our readers' attention to the exquisite character of Evangeline herself. As her virtues are unfolded by the patience and religious trust with which she passes through her pilgrimage of toil and disappointment, she becomes invested with a beauty as of angels Her last years are made to harmonize the discords of a life of sorrow and endurance The closing scenes, though informed with the deepest pathos, inspire us with sadness, it is true, but at the same time leave behind a calm feeling that the

highest aim of her existence has been attained."—*The North American Review*, January, 1848.

"This ["Evangeline"] is an American poem, full of beauties of really indigenous American growth; and we hail its appearance with the greater satisfaction inasmuch as it is the first genuine Castalian fount which has burst from the soil of America The verse-writers who have arisen among our Transatlantic cousins have produced many very graceful and pleasing lines, and some animated and stirring strains, but still they have done little more than imitate favourite poets of the old country. . . . . To this general remark we conceive the poem of Mr. Longfellow now before us to be a happy exception. Not only are the scenes and the history American, ... but the mode of narration has a peculiar and native simplicity; the local colouring is laid on with a broad and familiar brush. . . . . In general Mr. Longfellow's hexameters are good. They have, without doing any violence to the pronunciation, the mixed trisyllable and dissyllable flow which is the character of this kind of verse."—*Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1848.

"He seems, like Carlyle, to have perverted a good natural taste into one that is artificial and morbid. The language of his earlier productions is easy and expressive, the measure well chosen and familiar. In the later poems he has been led away by that *ignis fatuus* which pedants call *rhythm*, and goes halting and stumbling, over outlandish ground, with constant *inversions* and *transpositions*, among dactyls and spondees, trochees and iambuses, anapæsts and what not—whose intricate *feet* will trip and overthrow any plain English biped at every step of his progress. . . . . The poem ["Evangeline"] abounds with passages of beautiful poetry and sentiment, but travestied in such a grotesque costume of hexameter verse as to disguise all their natural loveliness. . . . . These blemishes, added to many of the home-spun images—for which we are indebted to the 'simplicity' theory,—make the whole work distasteful to an ear even tolerably fastidious, and must consign it to a very humble place among Mr. Longfellow's productions."—*The Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1849.

"His poetry was never destined to rapid and universal popularity, for it lacks the Satanic glare of Byron, the epicurean glitter of Moore, and the strong, natural, deep, unaffected pathos, humor, and home-interest of Burns; while it certainly cannot boast that indefinable magic of a higher and the highest genius, which it is not in man to resist. . . . . The lines [of "Evangeline"], if we are not mistaken, are hexameter; at all events, they can be scanned as such by ear if not by rule. Our prosody is too variable and irregular to permit this metre, the genius of our language is averse to it. . . . . Whatever it may be in Homer and Virgil, when transplanted into English the hexameter is far inferior to our blank verse, and to our taste intolerable. . . . . Of the tale itself—the incident, the plot—we need not speak; it is subordinate. The portraiture of the finer feelings of the heart, the contemplation of the beautiful in man and in nature, give value and fascination to the book. The fervent way in which the author is seen to feel what he creates gives a charm to his characters which no art can bestow, and they live because he loves them. Evangeline, as a Sister of Charity, is as pure a conception as Protestantism permits.—*Brownson's Quarterly Review*, January, 1850.

"One of the first, if not the very first, characteristics of Longfellow's poetry is his earnest and sincere devotion to moral beauty, to truth. In this respect his whole history, as embodied in his poetical records, is directly in opposition to the absurd theory of Poe in his 'Lecture on the Poetic Principle.' . . . . Longfellow's reach of imagination is not, perhaps, as great as some other of his powers, being more subtle and refined than powerful and comprehensive; it is, nevertheless, of a very high order, and is equalled by few living writers Of pure fancy he has but little: he is too serious to be fanciful. He ever remembers that 'Life is real! life is earnest!' In point of a refined tenderness and pathos Longfellow again stands pre-eminent; no poet, at least in this age, has equalled him in this department of the divine art His sympathies are deep and unbounded. In this respect, and in this alone, he is the poet of the people."—*The Southern Literary Messenger*, October and November, 1851.

"In our opinion Longfellow at this moment stands, beyond comparison, at the head of the poets of America, and may be considered as an equal competitor for the palm with any one of the younger poets of Great Britain. . . . . We have no hesitation in expressing our opinion that there is nearly as much fine poetry in Mr. Longfellow's 'Golden Legend' as in the celebrated drama of Goethe. . . . . In respect of melody, feeling, pathos, and that exquisite simplicity of expression which is the criterion of a genuine poet, Mr. Longfellow need not shun comparison with any living writer He is not only by nature a poet, but he has cultivated his poetical powers to the utmost . . . . And yet, exquisite as the product is which he has now given us, there is a large portion of it which we cannot style as truly original. In the honey which he presents to us—and a delicious compound it is—we can always detect the flavour of the parent flowers"—*Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1852.

"For ourselves, we confess that in this 'North American' blood of ours there is enough of the native element to induce a thorough 'Ugh' of satisfaction We could not have written a better Indian poem, and we do not think Mr. Longfellow could, and we do not think anybody else could We do not believe that a series of Indian legends should be written in the state or dignity of 'Paradise Lost'; nor do we believe that they should have been wrought into an epic because other countries and times have loved epics, nor into a string of rhymed ballads because other countries and times have loved such The explanation of the choice of rhythm, metre, and all external form is made in the introduction and is complete. . . . . In short, 'Hiawatha' is the first permanent contribution to the world's *belles-lettres* made from Indian authorities. We have had a great many mock Indians, like the Indians of the stage. Here is the first poem which savors of the prairie or the mountain hunting-trail."—Edward Everett Hale, in *The North American Review*, January, 1856.

"None of Mr. Longfellow's poems show much creative or dramatic power except 'Hiawatha,' in which a small germ of Indian tradition has been expanded into an altogether unique story—a strange mixture of mythology, romance, and fable, as unlike all other poems with which we are acquainted as a savage in his war-paint is unlike all civilized people, but not without some vigorous pictures of forest life and scenery, and a certain soft and noiseless grace like that of the people it describes. . . . . His poetical faculty is well adapted for the narration of some

simple story which keeps the even tenor of its way among the pastoral occupations and fireside incidents of a primitive people; and such have been the subjects he has chosen for two of his longest poems, 'Evangeline' and 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' of which the earlier poem is in our opinion far better than the later one. . . . Both of them are stories from the annals of Mr Longfellow's own land; and with these, from the simpler and more elementary character of the events recorded in them, he is less incompetent to deal than with the earlier stages of European civilization. The hexameter metre in which they are written is not altogether unadapted to their subject or to the fluent garrulity of Mr. Longfellow's narrative. The effect, however, of these and of all other English hexameters with which we are acquainted, soon becomes unpleasant. They lead one on and on, but with an increasing desire to stop. They seem necessarily to generate standing attributes and stock phrases . . . . In intimating that a certain commonplace and superficial character belongs to all Mr Longfellow's poetry, we by no means imply that he is not a true poet . . . . Indeed, his very success in what he aims at is greatly owing, not of course, to his powers being limited, but to their being equally limited in every direction . . . . A tithe of Browning's psychological subtlety or Tennyson's ripened wisdom would have checked Mr Longfellow's facile and melodious utterance of fallacious commonplaces and popular half-truths; but it would also have deprived us of many graceful fancies, salutary thoughts, and pretty and finished pictures."—*The National Review* (as reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, February 12, 1859).

"I can't imagine any better luck befalling these States for a poetical beginning and initiation than has come from Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier. . . . . Each illustrious, each rounded, each distinctive . . . Longfellow for rich color, graceful forms, and incidents—all that makes life beautiful and love refined —competing with the singers of Europe on their own ground, and, with one exception, better and finer work than that of any of them "—Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days*, April 16, 1881 "Longfellow, reminiscent, polish'd, elegant, with the air of finest conventional library, picture-gallery, or parlor, with ladies and gentlemen in them, and plush and rosewood, and ground-glass lamps, and mahogany and ebony furniture, and a silver inkstand and scented satin paper to write on."—Walt Whitman, "Old Poets" (1890), in *Complete Prose Works*.

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"Notwithstanding this necessity to be published, adequate expression is rare. I know not how it is that we need an interpreter; but the great majority of men seem to be minors, who have not yet come into possession of their own, or mutes, who cannot report the conversation they have had with nature There is no man who does not anticipate a supersensual utility in the sun and stars, earth and water These stand and wait to render him a peculiar service But there is some obstruction, or some excess of phlegm, in our constitution, which does not suffer them to yield the due effect Too feeble fall the impressions of nature on us to make us artists. Every touch should thrill. Every man should be so much an artist that he could report in conversation what had befallen him. Yet, in our experience, the

rays or appulses have sufficient force to arrive at the senses, but not enough to reach the quick and compel the reproduction of themselves in speech The poet is the person in whom these powers are in balance, the man without impediment, who sees and handles that which others dream of, traverses the whole scale of experience, and is representative of man in virtue of being the largest power to receive and to impart. For the Universe has three children, born at one time, which reappear, under different names, in every system of thought, whether they be called cause, operation, and effect; or, more poetically, Jove, Pluto, Neptune; or, theologically, the Father, the Spirit, and the Son; but which we will call here the Knower, the Doer, and the Sayer. These stand respectively for the love of truth, for the love of good, and for the love of beauty These three are equal Each is that which he is essentially, so that he cannot be surmounted or analyzed, and each of these three has the power of the others latent in him, and his own patent The poet is the sayer, the namer, and represents beauty He is a sovereign, and stands on the centre. For the world is not painted or adorned, but is from the beginning beautiful; and God has not made some beautiful things, but Beauty is the creator of the universe Therefore the poet is not any permissive potentate, but is emperor in his own right . . . For poetry was all written before time was; and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings and attempt to write them down, but we lose ever and anon a word or a verse, and substitute something of our own, and thus miswrite the poem The men of more delicate ear write down these cadences more faithfully, and these transcripts, though imperfect, become the songs of the nations. For nature is as truly beautiful as it is good or as it is reasonable, and must as much appear as it must be done or be known. . . . . Our poets are men of talents who sing, and not the children of music The argument is secondary, the finish of the verses is primary. For it is not metres, but a metre-making argument, that makes a poem—a thought so passionate and alive that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing The thought and the form are equal in the order of time, but in the order of genesis the thought is prior to the form. The poet has a new thought; he has a whole new experience to unfold he will tell us how it was with him, and all men will be the richer in his fortune For the experience of each new age requires a new confession, and the world seems always waiting for its poet."—Emerson, "The Poet," in *Essays*, Second Series

The text, with the exceptions noted, is from the 1865 edition

(309) GOOD-BYE. First published in *The Western Messenger* Emerson said that the lines were written when he was teaching school in Boston; the "sylvan home" was a rural part of the neighboring town of Roxbury, where his mother was then living.

(310) 23, 24. Cf. Emerson's *Nature* (1851 edition), chap. iii: "How does Nature deify us with a few cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." ¶ 30. Cf. Ex 3:1–5.

(310) THE RHODORA First published in *The Western Messenger.* ¶ 12 *Beauty is its own excuse for being:* cf. Emerson's *Nature,* chap iii: "The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty Beauty, in its

largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe God is the all-fair. Truth and goodness and beauty are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and internal beauty and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of Nature."

(**310**) EACH AND ALL. First published in *The Western Messenger* The fundamental thought, contained in ll. 11, 12, 50, 51, is also expressed thus in Emerson's *Nature*, chap iii: "Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind. What is common to them all—that perfectness and harmony—is beauty. The standard of beauty is the entire circuit of natural forms—the totality of nature; which the Italians expressed by defining beauty 'il piu nell' uno' ["the many in the one"]. Nothing is quite beautiful alone; nothing but is beautiful in the whole A single object is only so far beautiful as it suggests this universal grace "

(**312**) THE APOLOGY. ¶ 5–12. Cf Wordsworth's "Expostulation and Reply' and "The Tables Turned."

(**312**) HYMN The date for the completion of the battle monument is now given as July 4, 1837. Emerson thus described the fight at Concord and the spirit of "the embattled farmers," in his *Historical Discourse* (1835 edition) on the second centennial anniversary of Concord, September 12, 1835: "A large amount of military stores had been deposited in this town by order of the Provincial Committee of Safety. It was to destroy those stores that the troops who were attacked in this town, on the 19 April, 1775, were sent hither by General Gage. . . . . In the field where the western abutment of the old bridge may still be seen, ... the first organized resistance was made to the British arms. There the Americans first shed British blood. Eight hundred British soldiers, under the command of Lieut - Col. Francis Smith, had marched from Boston to Concord. . . . . When they entered Concord, they found the militia and minute men assembled under the command of Col. Barrett and Major Buttrick. This little battalion, though in their hasty council some were urgent to stand their ground, retreated before the enemy to the high land on the other bank of the river, to wait for reinforcement. Col Barrett ordered the troops not to fire unless fired upon. The British, following them across the bridge, posted three companies, amounting to about one hundred men, to guard the bridge and secure the return of the plundering party. Meantime the men of Acton, Bedford, Lincoln, and Carlisle, all once included in Concord, remembering their parent town in the hour of danger, arrived and fell into the ranks so fast that Major Buttrick found himself superior in number to the enemy's party at the bridge. And when the smoke began to rise from the village, where the British were burning cannon-carriages and military stores, the Americans resolved to force their way into town. The English beginning to pluck up some of the planks of the bridge, the Americans quickened their pace, and the British fired one or two shots up the river (our ancient friend here, Master Blood, saw the water struck by the first ball); then a single gun, the ball from which wounded Luther Blanchard and Jonas Brown, and then a volley, by which Captain Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer of Acton were instantly killed. Major Buttrick leaped from the ground and gave the command to fire, which was repeated in a simultaneous cry by all his men

The Americans fired, and killed two men and wounded eight. A head-stone and a foot-stone, on this bank of the river, mark the place where these first victims lie. The British retreated immediately towards the village, and were joined by two companies of grenadiers, whom the noise of the firing had hastened to the spot . . . . The British, as soon as they were rejoined by the plundering detachment, began that disastrous retreat to Boston, which was an omen to both parties of the event of the war. . . . . Those poor farmers who came up that day to defend their native soil, acted from the simplest instincts. They did not know it was a deed of fame they were doing. These men did not babble of glory. They never dreamed their children would contend who had done the most. They supposed they had a right to their corn and their cattle, without paying tribute to any but their own governors. And as they had no fear of man, they yet did have a fear of God. Capt. Charles Miles, who was wounded in the pursuit of the enemy, told my venerable friend who sits by me, 'that he went to the services of that day with the same seriousness and acknowledgement of God which he carried to church.'"

(315) THE PROBLEM. First published in *The Dial*, July, 1840. An entry in Emerson's journal, August 28, 1838, shows that the contradiction between his deep reverence for a good priest of any church and his unwillingness to be a priest or even a clergyman, was a real "problem" to him. The main thought of the poem (which only makes the problem more difficult), that all religions, with their oracles, litanies, temples and statues, prophets and priests, spring from the welling-up of the Divine Being in the human soul, was a fundamental principle in Emerson's philosophy, and finds frequent expression "We distinguish the announcements of the soul, its manifestations of its own nature, by the term *Revelation*. These are always attended by the emotion of the sublime For this communication is an influx of the Divine mind into our mind. It is an ebb of the individual rivulet before the flowing surges of the sea of life Every distinct apprehension of this central commandment agitates men with awe and delight A thrill passes through all men at the reception of new truth, or at the performance of a great action, which comes out of the heart of nature."—"The Over-Soul," in *Essays*, First Series. See also "Art," in *Essays*, First Series, and in *Society and Solitude*. Compare Carlyle, "Natural Supernaturalism" in *Sartor Resartus* and "The Hero as Divinity" in *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.

(316) 56. See Ex 32:19. ¶ 65. *Chrysostom*="golden mouth"; the name was given to John of Antioch, of the fourth century, one of the Greek Fathers of the Church, because of the excellence of his homilies. *best Augustine:* St Augustine (354–430), the greatest of the Latin Fathers. ¶ 68. *Taylor:* Jeremy Taylor (1613–67), a bishop in the English Church, an eloquent and poetic preacher.

(316) WOOD-NOTES, I. First published in *The Dial*, October, 1840.

(317) 43. *a forest seer:* the description exactly fits Thoreau, but Emerson is reported as saying that a part of it was written before he knew Thoreau

(318) 83 *the man of flowers:* Linnæus (1707–78), the great Swedish botanist.

(320) THE SPHINX. First published in *The Dial*, January, 1841 For Emerson's explanation of the meaning of the poem see his *Poems*, Centenary edition, p. 412; the substance of it is that there is one principle or essence through all things, binding them into an understandable unity, in which one thing explains another; but

that if the mind does not see this unifying principle, the universe becomes only a confused mass of particulars. This is the familiar doctrine of the One in the Many, of Identity in Difference, which is the central thought in Emerson's philosophy. One of his clearest expressions of it is in the following passage in "The Over-Soul" (*Essays*, First Series): "The Supreme Critic on the errors of the past and the present, and the only prophet of that which must be, is that great nature in which we rest, as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere; that Unity, that Over-Soul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other. . . . . We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one. We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul. Only by the vision of that Wisdom can the horoscope of the ages be read, and by falling back on our better thoughts, by yielding to the spirit of prophecy which is innate in every man, we can know what it saith." The interrelation of things and the identity of law throughout nature are set forth thus in "Nature" (*Essays*, Second Series): "Motion or change, and identity or rest, are the first and second secrets of nature: Motion and Rest. The whole code of her laws may be written on the thumb-nail or the signet of a ring. The whirling bubble on the surface of a brook admits us to the secret of the mechanics of the sky. Every shell on the beach is a key to it. A little water made to rotate in a cup explains the formation of the simpler shells; the addition of matter from year to year arrives at last at the most complex forms; and yet so poor is Nature with all her craft that, from the beginning to the end of the universe, she has but one stuff—but one stuff with its two ends, to serve up all her dream-like variety."

(**321**) 12. *Dædalian*=intricate; from "Dædalus," the name of the fabulous Greek artificer who made the famous labyrinth for King Minos of Crete. ¶ 17–48 These lines give examples of the happy, self-reliant existence of inanimate things, of plants, of animals, of human life before it comes to self-consciousness, each filling its place in the unified whole.

(**322**) 49–64. These lines give an unfavorable view of the difference between man and natural things. A similar criticism of man in his present state of spiritual development is found in "Self-Reliance" (*Essays*, First Series): "Let a man, then, know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper, in the world which exists for him. . . . . Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say, 'I think,' 'I am,' but quotes some saint or sage He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose" But there is another aspect of the case, which "the poet" sees and states in the lines that follow. man's fears and unrest are due fundamentally to his spiritual superiority, a divine discontent with what he has attained, and endless search for the invisible ideal. ¶ 55. *oaf*= simpleton. ¶ 57. *the great mother:* Nature. ¶ 73, 74. Cf. Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" (1864), stanzas 2, 3:

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars·
Mine be some figured flame which blends,
transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears,
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate. folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods untroubled by a spark.

(**324**) 113. Cf. Emerson's *Nature*, Introduction "Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable We must trust the perfection of the creation so far as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds the order of things can satisfy Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put He acts it as life before he apprehends it as truth" ¶ 116 *a lie:* i e, only a partial truth ¶ 119 *thou clothed eternity* in man is the eternal soul, but wrapped about with the vestures of matter, space, and time, which often conceal from him the absolute truth The following passage from "The Over-Soul" (*Essays*, First Series) throws light on the whole stanza: "The influence of the senses has, in most men, overpowered the mind to that degree that the walls of time and space have come to look real and insurmountable; and to speak with levity of these limits is, in the world, the sign of insanity Yet time and space are but inverse measures of the force of the soul . . . Before the revelations of the soul, Time, Space, and Nature shrink away In common speech we refer all things to time, as we habitually refer the immensely sundered stars to one concave sphere. . . . . The things we now esteem fixed shall, one by one, detach themselves, like ripe fruit, from our experience and fall. The wind shall blow them none knows whither The landscape, the figures, Boston, London, are facts as fugitive as any institution past or any whiff of mist or smoke, and so is society, and so is the world. The soul looketh steadily forwards, creating a world before her, leaving worlds behind her. She has no dates, nor rites, nor persons, nor specialties, nor men The soul knows only the soul; the web of events is the flowing robe in which she is clothed." ¶ 131, 132. Cf Tennyson's lines (1869):

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is

(**324**) THE SNOW-STORM First published in *The Dial*, January, 1841.

(**325**) 18 *Parian:* Parian marble (from Paros, an island in the Ægean Sea) is noted for its whiteness

(**325**) FORBEARANCE First published in *The Dial*, January, 1842 The poet's son, Edward W. Emerson, thinks it likely that in these lines Emerson had Thoreau in mind.

(325) DAYS. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1857, from which the text is here taken—except for "or" (l. 6), which was changed to "and" in 1867. Emerson thought it perhaps his best poem. ¶ 7. *pleached* = interwoven; the suggestion here is of tree-tops or vines interwoven and making a shade *pomp* = procession.

(326) BRAHMA. The text is from the 1867 edition. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1857 The poem sprang from Emerson's reading in the Oriental sacred books ¶ 1–4 Cf. the following: "These finite bodies have been said to belong to an eternal, indestructible, and infinite spirit. . . . . He who believes that this spirit can kill, and he who thinks that it can be killed, both of these are wrong in judgment. It neither kills nor is killed. It is not born nor dies at any time It has had no origin, nor will it ever have an origin Unborn, changeless, eternal both as to future and past time, it is not slain when the body is killed "—*Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, chap ii, J. C Thomson's translation (1855) ¶ 9–12 Cf the following: "And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one."—"The Over-Soul," in *Essays*, First Series. "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."—Ps. 139·9, 10. "For in him we live and move and have our being "—Acts 17:28. "I [Brahma] am the origin of all gods . . . . I am the soul . . . . which exists in the heart of all beings, and I am the beginning and the middle and also the end of existing things . . . . Among the inferior gods I am Vásava. . . . . I am also eternal time. I am the preserver who watches in all directions And I am Death, who seizes all, and the Birth of those who are to be . . . . I am the Vrihatsáman among the hymns "—*Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, chap x ¶ 13. *The strong gods:* the Trinity of the earliest Hindu mythology —Indra, god of the sky, Agni, god of fire, Yama, god of death ¶ 14. *sacred Seven:* the highest among the saints. ¶ 16 Cf *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, chap xviii "Abandoning all religious duties, seek me as thy refuge. I will deliver thee from all sin Be not anxious " Cf also "The Sphinx," ll 85–88 (p 323).

(326) VOLUNTARIES Section 3. The text is from the 1867 edition. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1863.

(327) TERMINUS. The text is from the 1867 edition ¶ 21. *fault:* i.e., in default.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"If we could forget that Almighty God has made us a revelation, and by faith solved for us the problem of man and the universe, ... we should greet these poems with a warm and cordial welcome, and saving the mere mechanism of verse-making, in which they are sometimes defective, assign them the highest rank among our American attempts at poetry. The author is no every-day man, indeed, he is one of the most gifted of our countrymen, and is largely endowed with the true poetic temperament and genius. He has a rich and fervid imagination, a refined taste, exquisite sensibility, a strong and acute intellect, and a warm and loving heart. He is earnest and solemn, and, taking his own point of view, a man of high and noble aims. . . . . But the palm of excellence, even under the relation of art

belongs not to poetry which chants falsehood and evil. The poet is an artist, and the aim of the artist is to realize or embody the beautiful; but the beautiful is never separable from the true and the good. Truth, goodness, beauty are only three phases of one and the same thing. . . . . Mr. Emerson's poems, therefore, fail in all the higher requisites of art. They embody a doctrine essentially false, a morality essentially unsound, and at best a beauty which is partial, individual. . . . . His volume of poems is the saddest book we ever read. The author tries to cheer up, tries to smile, but the smile is cold and transitory; it plays an instant round the mouth, but does not come from the heart or lighten the eyes. . . . . There is an appearance of calm, of quiet, of repose . . . . ; but it is the calm, the quiet, the repose of despair. Down below are the troubled waters. The world is no joyous world for him. It is void and without form, and darkness broods over it."—*Brownson's Quarterly Review*, April, 1847.

"He is a chartered libertine, who has long exercised his prerogative of writing enigmas both in prose and verse, sometimes with meaning in them and sometimes without—more frequently without. Many of his fragments in verse—if *verse* it can be called which puts at defiance all the laws of rhythm, metre, grammar, and common sense—were originally published in 'The Dial,' *lucus a non lucendo*, a strange periodical work, which is now withdrawn from sunlight into the utter darkness that it always coveted. . . . . It is only in his prose that Mr. Emerson is a poet; this volume of professed poetry contains the most prosaic and unintelligible stuff that it has ever been our fortune to encounter . . . As original in his choice of subjects as in his mode of treating them, Mr Emerson has some dainty lines addressed to the humble-bee We can quote only the two concluding stanzas, which show the minuteness and delicacy of the poet's observation of nature. . . . . We mean to be fair with the poet. Having read attentively—*horresco referens!*—the whole book, we affirm that the specimens now laid before our readers fairly represent far the larger portion of it. Here and there a gleam of light intrudes, and we find brief but striking indications of the talent and feeling which Mr. Emerson unquestionably possesses. But the effect is almost instantly marred by some mystical nonsense, some silly pedantry, an intolerable hitch in rhythm or grammar, or an incredible flatness and meanness of expression."—*The Southern Literary Messenger*, May, 1847.

"His converse with creation is intimate and endearing. . . . . He seems (particularly in his 'Woodnotes') an inspired tree, his veins full of sap instead of blood, and you take up his volume of poems, clad as it is in green, and smell to it as to a fresh leaf. . . . . The sounds—how manifold—of the American forest say to his purged ear what they say to few others, and what even his language is unable fully to express. . . . . In calling him the truest poet of America we are not forgetful of the claims of Longfellow. . . . . But in two points we deem Emerson superior to Longfellow—in originality and in nationality—two points which, indeed, run into one Longfellow is rather a German than an American. . . . . Emerson, on the contrary, has grafted his Germanism upon a strong gnarled trunk of aboriginal power; and his mind is often intuitive into principles, as well as fermenting with golden imagery "—George Gilfillan, in *Tait's Magazine*, January, 1848

"Of hardly any other living American author can it be so confidently assumed that he will hold a place among the universal classics. . . . . Mr. Emerson's inspiration comes from ideas rather than from actual life. There is nothing in it of a dramatical or lyrical quality. The emotions and interests of individuals do not appeal to him in such a manner as to lead him to seek to give expression to them in his poetry. None of his poems are, in a proper sense, studies of character; none of them are narrative or have to do with events and stories. They are, consequently, not poems of delight so much as poems of invigoration. It is not men but man with which they are concerned; not human nature but Nature, the mother of us all, whom the poet has studied, and whose aspects and influences he reproduces in his poems. . . . . It is perhaps due in part to the absence from Mr. Emerson's genius of any controlling æsthetic element that he not infrequently indulges himself in mysticism and makes his verses puzzles and enigmas, not only to the common reader, but even to the trained student of poetry. 'Brahma,' which excited so much cheap amusement and wonder when it first appeared, some years ago, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, was not, indeed, one of these riddles, but is plain and intelligible as an expression of Hindu pantheism. It is a sign of the change brought about by years that there is far less of this obscurity in the new volume than in the old. But Mr Emerson is, however, still careless about the shape in which his thought embodies itself, and fails to guard his poetry against the attacks of time by casting his poems in perfect and imperishable forms. If there be much of the Greek philosopher in his composition, there is very little of the Greek artist. Many far inferior poets have a freer gift of melody and a keener sense of harmony, order, and proportion The music of his verse is rarely long sustained, and he does injustice to his own culture by not infrequent neglect of rhythm and of rhyme . . . . In the best sense Mr. Emerson is a moral poet; he writes, not to draw a moral, but because he is possessed with a moral sentiment which he can best express in poetry. He is the utterer of the moral ideas by which the hearts of his generation are moved."—*The Nation*, May 30, 1867.

"I can't imagine any better luck befalling these States for a poetical beginning and initiation than has come from Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier. Emerson, to me, stands unmistakably at the head, but for the others I am at a loss where to give any precedence Each illustrious, each rounded, each distinctive. Emerson for his sweet, vital-tasting melody, rhym'd philosophy, and poems as amber-clear as the honey of the wild bee he loves to sing."—Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days*, April 16, 1881.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The text, with the exceptions noted, is from the 1857 edition.

(328) MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA. First published in *The Liberator*, January 27, 1843. "Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va , in reference to George Latimer, the alleged fugitive slave."—Whittier. On October 19, 1842, Latimer was imprisoned in Boston, on the request of James B. Gray of Norfolk, Va., his alleged owner, who accused him of being a runaway slave and of stealing. He lay in prison for nearly a month, in spite of the efforts of anti-slavery leaders to procure his release and of his owner to get possession of him

The case aroused intense excitement, and public meetings were held in Boston and Norfolk to protest against what each side considered an infringement of rights. Finally, on November 17, the sheriff ordered the jailer to release Latimer the next day; but his friends, fearing he might be rearrested, compromised the matter that night by buying his freedom of Mr. Gray for $400. The Abolitionists were not content, however, to stop here. They called for signatures to a petition to the Massachusetts legislature, praying that it would forbid officers to assist in arresting fugitive slaves, deny the use of jails for the detention of slaves, and propose such amendments to the United States Constitution as should "forever separate the people of Massachusetts from all connection with slavery." Conventions in every county were called for January 2, to elect delegates to present this petition to the legislature; Whittier's poem was read at the Essex County convention, in Ipswich, and evoked tremendous enthusiasm. ¶ 13. *St. George's bank:* a shoal frequented by fishermen, about a hundred miles off Cape Cod. ¶ 26. *Faneuil Hall·* a hall in Boston, where public meetings were held. ¶ 27, 28 An allusion to Patrick Henry's famous speech, ending with "Give me liberty or give me death," which was delivered to the Virginia convention on March 28, 1775.

(329) 29. *Old Dominion:* an early name for Virginia as the oldest English colony in America. ¶ 57. Cf Isaiah 6:6, 7: "Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged"

(330) 67. *Essex:* one of the most populous of the counties of Massachusetts, containing the manufacturing towns of Lawrence, Haverhill (Whittier's birthplace) Lynn, etc. ¶ 69, 70 *Middlesex . . . . Lexington:* Lexington is in Middlesex County. ¶ 71. *Norfolk's ancient villages:* Norfolk County, south of Boston, was settled early and contains many old towns. *Plymouth's rocky bound:* the reference is to Plymouth County. ¶ 72. *Nantucket:* the island of Nantucket is also the county of Nantucket. ¶ 73. *rich and rural Worcester:* Worcester County, in the fertile central part of the state. ¶ 75. *Wachuset's:* Mount Wachuset, some 2,000 feet high, in the northern part of the county. ¶ 77. *sandy Barnstable:* Barnstable County comprises Cape Cod ¶ 78. *Bristol:* Bristol County borders for a short distance on Narragansett Bay ¶ 79. *Hampden:* Hampden County lies on both sides of the Connecticut River. ¶ 80. *Hampshire's:* with this reference to Hampshire County the poet concludes a roll-call of all the counties in the state except Franklin and Dukes; Suffolk County, however, is represented only by a reference to its capital, Boston; and Berkshire County is mentioned in a different relation from the rest.

(331) PROEM. Prefixed to a volume of Whittier's poems in 1849.

(332) ICHABOD First published in *The National Era*, May 2, 1850. "Ichabod," a Hebrew word, means "inglorious," or "reft of glory"; cf. I Sam. 4:21: "And she named the child Ichabod, saying, The glory is departed from Israel" The poem refers to Daniel Webster, and was occasioned, Whittier said, by Webster's speech in the Senate, on March 7, 1850, in which he supported the Omnibus Bill or Compromise of 1850; the bill included a provision for a fugitive-slave law, requiring free states to return fugitive slaves to their owners, and Webster was accused of

"selling out to the South" in the hope of getting a nomination for the presidency. A milder and juster view of his motives now prevails; and Whittier himself, thirty years later, wrote of the dead statesman in kinder vein in "The Lost Occasion."

(333) 35, 36. Cf. Gen. 9:23: "And Shem and Japheth took a garment, and laid it upon both their shoulders, and went backward, and covered the nakedness of their father."

(333) WORDSWORTH. First published in *The National Era*, June, 1851 ¶ 15, 16. Cf. Wordsworth's "A Poet's Epitaph," ll. 39, 40:

> He murmurs near the running brooks
> A music sweeter than their own.

¶ 17. Cf. Wordsworth's "She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways," ll. 5, 6:

> A violet by a mossy stone
> Half hidden from the eye.

¶ 18. Cf. Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," Part First, ll. 58–60:

> A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

¶ 19 Cf. Wordsworth's "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud."

(334) SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE. First published in *The National Era*, September, 1853. The lake is Lake Winnipesaukee, in New Hampshire.

(334) *Noon.*

(335) 29. *nepenthe:* "A drug used by the ancients to give relief from pain and sorrow; by some supposed to have been opium or hasheesh; hence, anything soothing and comforting."—*Webster's International Dictionary.* (From Greek νη, "not"; πένθος, "sorrow.") ¶ 30. *lotus-flowers:* "lotus" is a general name for several kinds of water-lilies, and the lilies floating on the lake may well have suggested to the poet the ancient lotus-flower, the eating of which brought forgetfulness of one's country and kin and induced a dreamy love of ease (see the *Odyssey*, ix, 83–97, and Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters"); the fabulous lotus, however, was probably the blossom of a tree.

(337) MAUD MULLER. First published in *The National Era*, December, 1854. Whittier said that the poem was not founded on fact, but that a hint for it may have been given by his memory of a beautiful country girl whom he and his sister talked with under an apple-tree, in a hay-field, one summer, and who blushed and tried to hide her bare feet by covering them with hay.

(341) 94. *an astral:* a kind of lamp so constructed that it casts no shadow. ¶ 95. *chimney lug:* a pole on which a kettle is hung over the fire. ¶ 109, 110. Cf. Matt. 28·2; Mark 16:3.

(344) SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE. The text is from the 1860 edition. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly* December, 1857; the use of dialect in the refrain was suggested by Lowell, then editor of the magazine. Whittier said that the poem was based on a fragment of an old rhyme which was recited to him by a schoolmate from Marblehead, and that the details of the narrative were imaginary; in Roads's history of Marblehead it is affirmed that the crew, and not the skipper, were to blame for refusing to aid the sinking ship. ¶ 3. *Apuleius's Golden Ass:*

The Golden Ass, by Apuleius, is a Latin romance of the second century A D , in which the central figure, Lucius, is turned by witchcraft into an ass; the title seems to have misled Whittier, for it is the romance, not the ass, that is called golden. ¶ 4. *horse of brass:* in *Arabian Nights' Tales*, "The Story of the Third Royal Mendicant;" the mendicant, or "calender," tells of a horse of brass upon the top of a mountain of loadstone in a strange sea ¶ 6 *Al-Borák·* a steed with a human face, the cheeks of a horse, and eagle's wings, on which Mahomet, according to legend, made a journey through the air to Jerusalem and back; the name means "the lightning"

(345) 30 *Mænads:* a term used of the frenzied female worshipers of Bacchus (from Greek μαίνομαι, "to rage"). ¶ 35. *Chaleur Bay:* a bay opening off the Gulf of St Lawrence.

(346) TELLING THE BEES The text is from the 1860 edition. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1858 It was an old custom, when a member of the family died, to tell the bees and drape the hives with black; this was believed to prevent the swarm from leaving the stricken home. The topography of the poem, even in minor details, is that of the poet's birthplace.

(348) MY PLAYMATE. The text is from the 1860 edition. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1860.

(350) 59 *veeries* = thrushes.

(350) BARBARA FRIETCHIE. The text is from the 1865 edition. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1863. Whittier said that the poem was based upon what he considered at the time as trustworthy sources; but he admitted, in the light of later testimony, that it was probably not correct in some details The facts seem to be that there was an old woman, named Barbara Frietchie, living in Frederick at the time of Stonewall Jackson's entry, in 1862; that she drove the Confederate troops from her dooryard, shaking her cane in their faces; that when the Union forces entered the town, soon after, she waved her cherished flag; that May Quantrell, in the same town and at the same time, waved her flag in the presence of the Confederate soldiers. The report on which Whittier founded his poem apparently fused these two heroines into one. A far more serious error is the portrait of Stonewall Jackson, who believed most fervently that the South was in the right and who fought against the Union with a clear conscience; for a true picture of him see p 508 and Sidney Lanier's poem, "The Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson"

(352) 52 Jackson was killed by his own men, when he was returning from outside the lines, in May, 1863.

(352) ABRAHAM DAVENPORT. The text is from the 1867 edition. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1866. The poem is based on a real incident of the "Dark Day," in New England, on May 19, 1780 ¶ 15. *Norland* = Northland. *sagas:* Scandinavian myths or legends; the word is Icelandic, and is akin to English "saw" = "saying"

(353) 16 *The Twilight of the Gods:* Northern mythology foretold a time when the whole universe, including the gods and their habitation, would be destroyed by fire, the stars would fall, and the sun grow dim, this time was called Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods. ¶ 41. *occupy till he come:* cf. Luke 19:33: "And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come."

(354) SNOW-BOUND. The text is from the first edition, in 1866; a comparison with the later text will show several interesting variations. In the first edition, as in later editions, the poem is prefaced by the first nine lines of Emerson's "Snow-Storm" (see p. 324) and by the following quotation: "As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits, which be Angels of Light, are augmented, not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common Wood Fire: and as the celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of Wood doth the same."—Cor. Agrippa, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I, chap. v. ¶ 15–18 The poet's birthplace, the scene of the poem, is some ten miles from the coast, which lies directly east. ¶ 22 *herd's-grass:* a species of grass especially good for hay.

(355) 65. *Pisa's leaning miracle:* the leaning tower at Pisa, Italy, which leans 13 feet out of the perpendicular in a height of 179 feet.

(356) 90 *Amun:* an Egyptian god, often represented as a ram ¶ 110. *minded* = marked, noted.

(358) 156. *clean-winged:* swept clean with a bird's wing; the turkey's wing was commonly used for this purpose. ¶ 183. *brother:* Matthew Whittier, the poet's only brother, five years his junior; he died in 1883, nine years before the poet

(359) 200–202. Cf. "Summer by the Lakeside," Noon, ll 46–51 (p 334). ¶ 215 The line is quoted, with the change of the first word from "A" to "The," from "The African Chief," a poem by a Mrs. Morton, which was printed in a school "reader"; in later editions Whittier corrected his error of attributing the poem to Mrs Mercy Warren, a writer of the Revolutionary times. Lines 220–23 are the fourth stanza of the poem ¶ 225. *Memphremagog's:* Lake Memphremagog lies partly in Vermont and partly in Canada ¶ 226. *samp:* boiled maize, usually eaten with milk ¶ 229 *St François':* St. François is an outlet of Lake Memphremagog, running into the St Lawrence River ¶ 231. *Norman:* many of the French Canadians came originally from Normandy and other rural districts of France.

(360) 256–61. Whittier's mother was a native of the region in southern New Hampshire here referred to, and had heard these tales of Indian horrors from her ancestors.

(361) 286. *Sewell's ancient tome: The History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress of the Christian People Called Quakers*, published in 1722. ¶ 298 *Chakley's Journal.* Whittier quoted a passage from the *Journal*, including the following: "To stop their murmuring I told them they should not need to cast lots, ... for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' . . . . As I was leaning over the side of the vessel, ... a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water, and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea and take him, 'For here is one come to redeem me,' I said to them. And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it and they caught him. He was longer than myself. . . . . This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty."

(362) 320. *Apollonius:* a Pythagorean philosopher and wonder-worker of the first century A.D., reputed to know all languages without having learned them ¶ 322. *Hermes:* Thoth, the Egyptian god of wisdom, whom the Greeks identified with Hermes ¶ 332. *White of Selborne's:* Gilbert White, curate of Selborne,

England, made a minute study of the natural history of his little parish and published a book on it in 1789.

(363) 378. *our elder sister:* Mary Whittier, who encouraged the poet's literary ambitions in his early years, even sending one of his poems secretly to a local newspaper; she had died in 1860. ¶ 396. *Our youngest and dearest:* Elizabeth Whittier, eight years the poet's junior; they had lived together in closest intimacy until her death in 1864; she was herself a writer of graceful verse, and some of her poems are printed in Whittier's works.

(364) 412. *to seek:* to be taken with "too frail and weak"

(365) 456 *long vacation's reach:* the long vacation in the college year at that time was in winter, partly for the convenience of poor students, who could thus teach school during the winter ¶ 476. *Pindus-born Araxes:* Pindus is the mountain range between Epirus and Thessaly; the Araxes does not rise there, but is much farther east, flowing into the Caspian Sea; Whittier was thinking of the Aracthus, as later editions show.

(366) 510 *Another guest:* Whittier said that she was Harriet Livermore, daughter of a New Hampshire judge, a high-strung, eccentric woman then living within two miles of the Whittier farm; she became a believer in the near coming of Christ, and preached the doctrine for many years in Europe and Asia, in her crazy old age wandering with a tribe of Arabs as their prophetess

(367) 536. *Petruchio's Kate:* the shrew in *The Taming of the Shrew*, whom her husband, Petruchio, subdued by heroic treatment. ¶ 537. *Siena's saint:* St. Catherine, of Siena, Italy, who had frequent rapturous swoonings and visions ¶ 555 *Queen of Lebanon:* Lady Hester Stanhope, who awaited Christ's coming on Mt. Lebanon, expecting to ride into Jerusalem with him.

(371) 683 *Ellwood's:* Thomas Ellwood, a Quaker, the friend of Milton in the blind poet's last years, was the author of a dull epic on David. ¶ 687–714 Cf. Cowper's *Task*, Book IV. ¶ 693 *Creeks:* in 1821–22 the Creek Indians were in a struggle with the government of Georgia over the retention of their lands. ¶ 694 *daft McGregor:* a Scotch adventurer in Central and South America, in 1817 he took possession of a Spanish island off the coast of Florida. In 1821–22 he was busy with a scheme to colonize a part of the coast of Costa Rica, and this fact is alluded to in the revised form of l. 695. ¶ 696. *Taygetos:* a mountain range in southern Greece. ¶ 697. *Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks:* Demetrios Ypsilanti, one of the leaders in the Greek war of independence, won a complete victory over the Turks, in August, 1822. The Mainotes were a tribe of Greeks in the Peloponnesus. ¶ 719. *palimpsest:* a palimpsest is a parchment on which the first writing has been erased and a second written over it.

(372) 739 *The century's aloe:* the American aloe, or century plant, is popularly supposed to flower at the end of a hundred years, although the period really varies from ten to seventy years according to conditions; it produces one gigantic flower and then dies ¶ 741. *Truce of God:* during the Middle Ages the practice obtained of suspending hostilities during the more important festivals and fasts of the Church, Christmas, Lent, etc., and such a truce was called a Truce of God. ¶ 747. *Flemish pictures:* the Flemish painters are famous for their lifelike pictures of humble home-scenes

(373) The Eternal Goodness. The text is from the 1867 edition.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"In considering Whittier's merits as an author it is quite manifest that we should mention first his intensity—that vivid force of thought and expression which distinguishes his writings. His verses sometimes bear marks of extreme haste, but the imperfections which would result from this cause are in a great measure obviated by the strength and simplicity of his conceptions. . . . . The natural vehemence of Whittier's poetry has at times run into declamatory excess This failing is discoverable principally in his earlier verses upon political and reformatory subjects, written while his judgment was still immature, and unduly influenced by his passions. . . . . The free and dextrous use of proper names is another characteristic of our poet With an affluence of these his extensive knowledge supplies him, and he displays uncommon skill in weaving them harmoniously into his verse. . . . . As a consequence of the seeming haste in which many of these poems are written, the author is betrayed into occasional inaccuracies of grammar and rhyme Many of these, which we had observed in his earlier volumes, we are glad to see corrected in the revised collection. But some still remain. . . . . We have noticed several inadmissible rhymes—'dawn' with 'scorn,' 'curse' with 'us,' 'war' with 'saw' and 'draw,' etc. . . . . Whittier is a writer whose sentiments are thoroughly American —not that he is always in harmony with the prevalent opinion of his countrymen, but that his productions are deeply imbued with the spirit of our institutions. They contain the genuine American doctrines of freedom and humanity, brought up to the latest and highest standard. His unmeasured sympathy for his kind has led him into a field new and entirely his own, and given him an unquestionable title to the name of an original author"—*The North American Review*, July, 1854.

"His place is as determined and distinctive as that of any of our acknowledged poets. Our literature well knows his clarion call—a call that sweetens and saddens, too, into most pensive music. . . . . In none of our poetry is there greater naturalness than in Whittier's. Every tone is equally fresh and earnest, whether it be fiery indignation and scorn at wrong, or the whisper of contemplative sadness over early memories and lovely scenes. . . . . Many of his abolition poems are superb specimens of poetic indignation. Probably in all literary history there was never so much good poetry written by a single man in a single cause. . . . . Except that 'been' is made to rhyme with 'again' and 'pen,' and that a New England country girl would hardly think of being toasted at the wine, this ["Maud Muller"] is a perfect poem. The New England character is given to it by the fewest but most characteristic touches, and it no more occurs to the mind that the scene is out of New England than that Claude's landscapes are in it. The poem treats one of the grand tragic facts of life, without the least straining, but with a simplicity which is the highest reach of art and the surest sign of genius."—*Putnam's Monthly Magazine*, July, 1856.

"Whatever Mr. Whittier may lack, he has the prime merit that he smacks of the soil. It is a New England heart he buttons his strait-breasted coat over, and it gives the buttons a sharp strain now and then. Even the native idiom crops out here and there in his verses. He makes 'abroad' rhyme with 'God,' 'law' with 'war,' 'us' with 'curse,' 'scorner' with 'honor,' 'been' with 'men,' 'beard' with 'shared.' For the last two we have a certain sympathy as archaisms, but with

the rest we can make no terms whatever—they must march out with no honors of war. . . . . But criticism is not a game of jerk-straws, and Mr. Whittier has other and better claims on us than as a stylist. There is a true fire in the heart of the man, and his eye is the eye of a poet A more juicy soil might have made him a Burns or a Béranger for us. New England is dry and hard, though she have a warm nook in her, here and there, where the magnolia grows after a fashion. . . . . The Puritans left us a fine estate in conscience, energy, and respect for learning; but they disinherited us of the past. Not a single stage-property of poetry did they bring with them but the good old Devil, with his graminivorous attributes, and even he could not stand the climate. Neither horn nor hoof nor tail of him has been seen for a century. He is as dead as the goat-footed Pan, whom he succeeded, and we tenderly regret him Mr. Whittier himself complains somewhere of 'The rigor of our frozen sky'; and he seems to have been thinking of our clear, thin, intellectual atmosphere, the counterpart of our physical one, of which artists complain that it rounds no edges. We have sometimes thought that his verses suffered from a New England taint in a too great tendency to metaphysics and morals, which may be the bases on which poetry rests, but should not be carried too high above-ground. Without this, however, he would not have been the typical New England poet that he is . . . . 'Skipper Ireson's Ride' we hold to be by long odds the best of modern ballads. . . . . In 'Telling the Bees' Mr. Whittier has enshrined a country superstition in a poem of exquisite grace and feeling. 'The Garrison of Cape Ann' would have been a fine poem, but it has too much of the author in it, and to put a moral at the end of a ballad is like sticking a cork on the point of a sword."—*The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1860.

"Its [Whittier's genius's] distinguishing marks are strength of moral feeling, depth of religious feeling (which, however, never gets beyond the control of his reason), much tenderness of sentiment, a very good but not the very best eye for nature. And the man endowed with these gifts is a man of perfect sincerity and uprightness, simple and above suspicion of artifice of any kind. But he is too little sensuous, humor is wanting to him, and he is not a poet rich in imagination. So one reads him, and gets an impression of a certain aridness of nature; when one remembers his kindliness and noble philanthropy, it seems like a sin to say so, yet that impression he does produce. For instance, think of him and Keats together, or him and Coleridge, and one can imagine either of the others rapt at 'sight of Proteus rising from the sea,' and him struggling for a moment with a tendency to look on all Greek gods with reprehension as heathens. Sympathy with what lies much beyond the range of New Englandish thought we do not find ourselves expecting of him. We submit that great success in the pursuit of poetry of the less exalted kinds, fanciful, imaginative, sympathetic, musical, is hardly attainable by a poet of whom one may make the assertion we have permitted ourselves to make regarding Whittier. It is an assertion which we think will receive assent. As for the more splendid triumphs of imagination, they are for few to think of attempting. We are glad, then, and we think the poet not unfortunate but fortunate, that in the anti-slavery cause he found a theme to rouse into fervor his moral feelings; and that now in his age, when memory can aid his powers with the charm she is able to throw over the past, he has had time to write for us his beautiful 'Snow-Bound,' a poem the

secret of whose beauty lies partly in the faithfulness with which the details of the farmhouse life are drawn, and partly in the soft and tender lights which memory throws over the picture"—*The Nation*, March 7, 1867.

"We know of no better example of the tameness of the American Muse than Whittier. . . . . He is, indeed, wholly devoid of the creative faculty to which all true poetry owes its life, and yet this alone could have lifted most of the subjects which he has treated out of the dulness and weariness of the commonplace. . . . . Whitter certainly has no fear of trivial and commonplace subjects, but in his treatment of them he rarely, if ever, rises above the level of the verse-maker. . . . . He cannot give sprightliness or variety to his verse, which, like a sluggish stream, creeps languidly along There is no freshness about him, none of the breeziness of nature, none of its joyousness, exuberance, and exultant strength . . . . Some of his descriptive pieces have been admired, but to us they seem artificial and mechanical They are the pictures of a view-hunter. . . . 'Snow-Bound,' a winter idyl, is, in the opinion of several critics, Whittier's best performance A more hackneyed theme he would probably have found it difficult to choose; nor has he the magic charm that makes the old seem as new . . . . In Whittier's verse we often catch the unmistakable accent of genuine feeling, and his best lyrics are so artless and simple that they almost disarm criticism In many ways his influence has doubtless been good."—*The Catholic World*, January, 1877

"In Whittier, with his special themes—(his outcropping love of heroism and war, for all his Quakerdom, his verses at times like the measur'd step of Cromwell's old veterans)—in Whittier lives the zeal, the moral energy, that founded New England—the splendid rectitude and ardor of Luther, Milton, George Fox—I must not, dare not, say the wilfulness and narrowness—though doubtless the world needs now, and always will need, almost above all, just such narrowness and wilfulness."—Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days*, April 16, 1881. "Whittier's is rather a grand figure, but pretty lean and ascetic—no Greek—not universal and composite enough (don't try, don't wish to be) for ideal Americanism."—Whitman, "Old Poets" (1890), in *Complete Prose Works*.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

"Be very careful how you tell an author he is *droll*. Ten to one he will hate you. . . . . Wonder why authors and actors are ashamed of being funny? Why there are obvious reasons, and deep philosophical ones. The clown knows very well that the women are not in love with him but with Hamlet, the fellow in the black cloak and plumed hat. Passion never laughs. The wit knows that his place is at the tail of a procession. If you want the deep underlying reason, I must take more time to tell it. There is a perfect consciousness in every form of wit—using that term in its general sense—that its essence consists in a partial and incomplete view of whatever it touches. It throws a single ray, separated from the rest—red, yellow, blue, or any intermediate shade—upon an object; never white light—that is the province of wisdom. We get beautiful effects from wit—all the prismatic colors—but never the object as it is in fair daylight. . . . . Poetry uses the rainbow tints for special effects, but always keeps its essential object in the purest white

light of truth."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, No. III. "'A lyric conception,' my friend, the Poet, said, 'hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine,—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart,—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head,—then a long sigh,—and the poem is written.' 'It is an impromptu, I suppose, then, if you write it so suddenly,' I replied 'No,' said he, 'far from it I said written, but I did not say *copied*. Every such poem has a soul and a body, and it is the body of it, or the copy, that men read and publishers pay for. The soul of it is born in an instant in the poet's soul It comes to him a thought, tangled in the meshes of a few sweet words—words that have loved each other from the cradle of the language, but have never been wedded until now. Whether it will ever fully embody itself in a bridal train of a dozen stanzas or not is uncertain, but it exists potentially from the instant that the poet turns pale with it.'"—*Ibid.*, No. V. "There are times, though, he [the Poet] says, when it is a pleasure, before going to some agreeable meeting, to rush out into one's garden and clutch up a handful of what grows there—weeds and violets together,—not cutting them off, but pulling them up by the roots with the brown earth they grow in sticking to them. That 's his idea of a post-prandial performance. Look here, now. These verses I am going to read you, he tells me, were pulled up by the roots just in that way, the other day. . . . . My friend, the Poet, says you must not read such a string of verses too literally. If he trimmed it nicely below, you wouldn't see the roots, he says, and he likes to keep them and a little of the soil clinging to them."—*Ibid.*, No. IX. "Talent seems, at first, in one sense, higher than genius, namely, that it is more uniformly and absolutely submitted to the will and therefore more distinctly human in its character. Genius, on the other hand, is much more like those instincts which govern the admirable movements of the lower creatures, and therefore seems to have something of the lower or animal character. A goose flies by a chart which the Royal Geographical Society could not mend. A poet, like the goose, sails without visible landmarks to unexplored regions of truth, which philosophy has yet to lay down on its atlas. The philosopher gets his track by observation; the poet trusts to his inner sense, and makes the straighter and swifter line."—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, No. X. "On the one hand, I believe that a person with the poetical faculty finds material everywhere. The grandest objects of sense and thought are common to all climates and civilizations. The sky, the woods, the waters, the storms, life, death, love, the hope and vision of eternity—these are images that write themselves in poetry in every soul which has anything of the divine gift. On the other hand, there is such a thing as a lean, impoverished life, in distinction from a rich and suggestive one. Which our common New England life might be considered, I will not decide. But there are some things I think the poet misses in our western Eden. I trust it is not unpatriotic to mention them in this point of view, as they come before us in so many other aspects. There is no sufficient flavor of humanity in the soil out of which we grow. At Cantabridge, near the sea, I have once or twice picked up an Indian arrowhead in a fresh furrow. At Canoe Meadow, in the Berkshire Mountains, I have found Indian arrowheads. So everywhere Indian arrowheads. Whether a hundred or a thousand years old. who knows?

who cares? There is no history to the red race,—there is hardly an individual in it: a few instincts on legs and holding a tomahawk—there is the Indian of all time. The story of one red ant is the story of all red ants. So the poet, in trying to wing his way back through the life that has kindled, flitted, and faded along our water-courses and on our southern hillsides for unknown generations, finds nothing to breathe. . . . . But think of the Old World—that part of it which is the seat of ancient civilization! The stakes of the Britons' stockades are still standing in the bed of the Thames. The ploughman turns up an old Saxon's bones, and beneath them is a tessellated pavement of the time of the Cæsars. In Italy the works of mediaeval Art seem to be of yesterday; Rome under her kings is but an intruding new-comer as we contemplate her in the shadow of the Cyclopean walls of Fiesole or Volterra. It makes a man human to live on these old humanized soils. He cannot help marching in step with his kind in the rear of such a procession. They say a dead man's hand cures swellings, if laid on them. There is nothing like the dead cold hand of the Past to take down our tumid egotism and lead us into the solemn flow of the life of our race."—*Ibid.*

The text is from the 1866 edition.

(375) OLD IRONSIDES. First published in *The Boston Daily Advertiser*, September 16, 1830. The poem was almost an impromptu, scribbled by Holmes with a pencil on a scrap of paper when he read in *The Advertiser* of September 14 that "the Secretary of the Navy has recommended to the Board of Navy Commissioners to dispose of the frigate Constitution." The frigate was then thirty-three years old, having been built at Boston in 1797; it had done service against the pirates in the Mediterranean in the war with Tripoli (1801–5), and in the War of 1812 it captured several British vessels after hard fighting. Holmes's lines were reprinted in newspapers throughout the country and helped to stir up so strong a protest against the sale of the old ship that the order was countermanded; she was practically rebuilt, was kept in service until 1881, and has served since then as a school-ship. Holmes inserted the poem in his "Poetry, a Metrical Essay" (1836), where it is introduced thus:

> Hear an old song, which some, perchance, have seen
> In stale gazette or cobwebbed magazine.
> There was an hour when patriots dared profane
> The mast that Britain strove to bow in vain;
> And one, who listened to the tale of shame,
> Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,
> Whose eyes still followed o'er his country's tides
> Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Ironsides,
> From yon lone attic, on a summer's morn,
> Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-boy scorn.

(377) THE LAST LEAF. First published in *The Boston Harbinger*. Holmes said that the poem was suggested by a figure often seen on the streets of Boston in the early thirties, Major Thomas Melville, who was reputed to have taken part in the Boston Tea-Party of 1774; in old age he still wore the colonial costume, as described in the poem.

(379) THE COMET. The poem was apparently suggested by the reappearance of Halley's Comet, in 1835, which by its splendor attracted universal interest.

(380) 47, 48. Cf. "The Ancient Mariner," ll. 566, 567:

and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.

(381) URANIA. Lines 385–406. Delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, October 14, 1846.

(381) THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS First published in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, No IV (*The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1858), where it was introduced thus: "Did I not say to you a little while ago that the universe swam in an ocean of similitudes and analogies? I will not quote Cowley or Burns or Wordsworth, just now, to show you what thoughts were suggested to them by the simplest natural objects, such as a flower or a leaf; but I will read you a few lines, if you do not object, suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered shells to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus. . . . . If you will look into Roget's Bridgewater Treatise, you will find a figure of one of these shells and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral. Can you find no lesson in this?"

(382) THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE. First published in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, No XI (*The Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1858).

(385) THE BOYS. Read at the reunion of the poet's class, in 1859, on the thirtieth anniversary of their graduation from Harvard College.

(386) 15 *"Doctor":* Francis Thomas *"Judge":* G. T. Bigelow, Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. ¶ 17. *"Speaker":* F. B. Crowninshield, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. ¶ 18. *"Mr. Mayor":* G W. Richardson, mayor of Worcester. ¶ 19. *"Member of Congress":* G. T. Davis, who became a representative from Massachusetts in 1851. ¶ 20. *"Reverend" What 's-his-name:* James Freeman Clarke, a prominent Unitarian clergyman of Boston ¶ 21. *That boy with the grave mathematical look:* Benjamin Peirce, one of the foremost American mathematicians, for many years professor in Harvard University. ¶ 25. *a boy . . . . with a three-decker brain:* B. R. Curtis, of the United States Supreme Court. ¶ 29. *a nice youngster:* S. F. Smith, author of "America."

(387) HYMN OF TRUST. First published in *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, No. XI (*The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1859), where it was introduced thus: "It was evening, and I was going to the sick-chamber. As I paused at the door before entering, I heard a sweet voice singing. It was not the wild melody I had sometimes heard at midnight; no, this was the voice of Iris, and I could distinguish every word I had seen the verses in her book; the melody was new to me. Let me finish my page with them."

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"The strain upon the plan proposed by the Navy Department for breaking up the frigate Constitution, an unhappy suggestion of some one who was probably more familiar with national ship-yards than national feelings, will rank with the best martial songs of England. We think that the comic pieces in this little collec-

tion are decidedly the best, or rather we should say those in which a quiet humor is blended with the pathetic so as to heighten the effect of the grotesque without destroying the plaintive character of the whole. . . . . At the same time we must allow that his more comic pieces are exceedingly entertaining, particularly the lines upon the Comet, which is irresistible for its humor and at the same time contains one or two passages of great power."—*The North American Review*, January, 1837.

"We have hardly left ourselves room to say a word about our old favorite, Holmes; but as he is also everybody's favorite, there is no occasion for critics to meddle with him, either to censure or to praise. He can afford to laugh at the whole reviewing fraternity. His wit is all his own, so sly and tingling, but without a drop of ill-nature in it, and never leaving a sting behind. His humor is so grotesque and queer that it reminds one of the frolics of Puck; and deep pathos mingles with it so naturally that when the reader's eyes are brimming with tears he knows not whether they have their source in sorrow or in laughter. The great merits of his English style we noticed on a former occasion; for point, idiomatic propriety, and terseness it is absolutely without a rival."—*The North American Review*, January, 1849

"The volume now before us gives, in addition to the poems and lyrics contained in the two previous editions, some hundred or more pages of the later productions of the author, in the sprightly vein, and marked by the brilliant fancy and felicitous diction for which the former were noteworthy. . . . . Such lyrics as . . . . that unique compound of humor and pathos, 'The Last Leaf,' show that he possesses the power of touching the deeper chords of the heart and of calling forth tears as well as smiles. . . . . Holmes writes simply for the amusement of himself and his readers; he deals only with the vanity, the foibles, and the minor faults of mankind, good-naturedly and almost sympathizingly suggesting excuses for the folly which he tosses about on the horns of his ridicule."—John G. Whittier, in *The National Era* (as reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, March 17, 1849).

"In all humbleness—for we should be sorry to say aught that might be construed into a detraction or derogation of the merits of this highly cultured and pleasant writer—we shall, nevertheless, endeavor to prove—and we hope satisfactorily—that his so-called *poems* are only *verses*—certainly verses of fine quality, musical in rhythm, chaste in tone, delicate in sentiment, and unexceptionable in point of finish and expression; but still, with all these qualities to recommend them, in our meek opinion only verses, lacking the very elements and essentials that would constitute them poems. . . . . Now there is no doubt that this set of verses, like others in the volume, has been wrought with studious care and perhaps with painful study; and yet the result is only a jingle of vacuous commonplaces, tinged with poor sentiment, bearing the same relation to poetry as a page of Martin Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy' does to a page of 'Paradise Lost.' . . . . And yet we must do justice to the dormant powers of Doctor Holmes, for occasionally he gives us a sample of what he might do when the higher mood is on him. . . . . Among the few really lofty ebullitions of his fancy 'The Chambered Nautilus' is a fair example. This piece wafts rich odors from the fairyland of poesy. Its undulating rhythm of melody, its wide-reaching pathos, and its solemn appeal to the soul cannot be resisted."—*The Knickerbocker Monthly*, March, 1863.

"We have reserved Holmes to the last, not that he is least among American humourists, but because he brings American humour to its finest point, and is, in fact, the first of American *Wits*. Perhaps the following verses ["Contentment"] will best illustrate a specialty of Holmes's wit, the kind of *badinage* with which he quizzes common sense so successfully by his happy paradox of serious straightforward statement and quiet qualifying afterwards by which he tapers his point."—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1867.

"The melody of Holmes's verse is characteristic and supreme. Of all the meters he has chosen he is easily master. . . . . In the choice of subjects Holmes is seen to be a poet of high rank. He is not restricted, like many, to a monotonous kind of song. . . . . His ideas, his manner, his wit and pathos, his fire, his melody are entirely his own. Not one of his characteristic poems can be referred to any outward source, nor mistaken for the production of any other poet. He is a new essence, a new color or flavor."—F. H. Underwood, in *Scribner's Monthly*, May, 1879

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The text, with the exceptions noted, is from the 1863 edition.

(387) OUR LOVE IS NOT A FADING, EARTHLY FLOWER. Cf. Shakspere, *Sonnets* Nos. 73 and 116, for similarities in style and thought.

(388) WENDELL PHILLIPS. Wendell Phillips (1811–84), a descendant of one of the oldest and best New England families, graduated from Harvard College at twenty years of age, and was admitted to the bar three years later; at the age of twenty-six he gave up the brilliant career which was opening before him and threw in his lot with the unpopular Abolitionist movement.

(388) RHŒCUS. Cf. Landor's "Hamadryad" (1846). The legend has been traced back to Greek sources in the fifth century B.C. ¶ 1–35. Cf. Emerson's "Problem" (p. 315) and Carlyle's "The Hero as Divinity" in *Heroes and Hero-Worship* (1841).

(389) 18. *like the hazel twig:* an allusion to the belief that a fork-shaped branch of hazel, carried in the hands, will indicate the presence of water underground by a downward twitch. ¶ 20–24. Cf Emerson's *Nature* (1836), chap. iv, "Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact," and the doctrine of the whole work; cf. also "The Poet" in *Essays*, Second Series (1844), "There is no man who does not anticipate a supersensual utility in the sun and stars, earth and water."

(392) TO THE DANDELION. First published in *Graham's Magazine*, January, 1845. ¶ 1–9. Cf. Bryant's "Yellow Violet" (p. 181) and Wordsworth's "To the Small Celandine" and "To the Daisy" (first poem). ¶ 2. *harmless gold:* cf. ll. 10–13. ¶ 11. *Indian:* i.e., West Indian; the allusion is to the Spaniards' exploitation of Mexico and Peru.

(393) 19–36. Cf. Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" and Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters" for similarities in style and description of nature. ¶ 26. *Sybaris:* Sybaris, a city in southern Italy, founded by Greek colonists, was famous for its wealth and luxury.

(394) THE BIGLOW PAPERS. "When, more than twenty years ago, I wrote the first of the series, I had no definite plan and no intention of ever writing another.

Thinking the Mexican war, as I think it still, a national crime committed in behoof of Slavery, our common sin, and wishing to put the feeling of those who thought as I did in a way that would tell, I imagined to myself such an up-country man as I had often seen at anti-slavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness. . . . . I needed on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*, and for this purpose conceived the Reverend Mr. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow should serve for its homely common-sense vivified and heated by conscience. . . . . Finding soon after that I needed some one as a mouthpiece of the mere drollery (for I conceive that true humor is never divorced from moral conviction), I invented Mr. Sawin for the clown of my little puppet-show. . . . . For the names of two of my characters, since I have received some remonstrances from very worthy persons who happened to bear them, I would say that they were purely fortuitous, probably mere unconscious memories of signboards or directories. Mr. Sawin's sprang from the accident of a rhyme at the end of his first epistle; and I purposely christened him by the impossible surname of Birdofredum not more to stigmatize him as the incarnation of 'Manifest Destiny'—in other words, of national recklessness as to right and wrong,—than to avoid the chance of wounding any private sensitiveness. . . . . In choosing the Yankee dialect I did not act without forethought. It had long seemed to me that the great vice of American writing and speaking was a studied want of simplicity, that we were in danger of coming to look on our mother-tongue as a dead language, to be sought in the grammar and dictionary rather than in the heart, and that our only chance of escape was by seeking it at its living sources among those who were, as Scottowe says of Major-General Gibbons, 'divinely illiterate.' . . . . In the literary world things seemed to me very much as they were in the latter half of the last century Pope, skimming the cream of good sense and expression wherever he could find it, had made, not exactly poetry, but an honest, salable butter of worldly wisdom which pleasantly lubricated some of the drier morsels of life's daily bread; and, seeing this, scores of harmlessly insane people went on for the next fifty years coaxing his buttermilk with the regular up and down of the pentameter churn. And in our day do we not scent everywhere, and even carry away in our clothes against our will, that faint perfume of musk which Mr. Tennyson has left behind him, or, worse, of Heine's *pachouli?* And might it not be possible to escape them by turning into one of our narrow New England lanes, shut in though it were by bleak stone walls on either hand, and where no better flowers were to be gathered than golden-rod and hardhack? . . . . I do not think that Mr. Biglow can be fairly charged with vulgarity, and I should have entirely failed in my design if I have not made it appear that high and even refined sentiment may coexist with the shrewder and more comic elements of the Yankee character. I believe that what is essentially vulgar and mean-spirited in politics seldom has its source in the body of the people, but much rather among those who are made timid by their wealth or selfish by their love of power. . . . . To me the dialect was native, was spoken all about me when a boy, at a time when an Irish day-laborer was as rare as an American one now. Since then I have made a study of it so far as opportunity allowed. But when I

write in it, it is as in a mother-tongue; and I am carried back far beyond any studies of it to long-ago noonings in my father's hay-fields, and to the talk of Sam and Job over their jug of *blackstrap* under the shadow of the ash-tree which still dapples the grass whence they have been gone so long."—Introduction to *The Biglow Papers*, Second Series, 1866 edition.

(**394**) *No I.* First published in *The Boston Courier*, June 17, 1846. When the poem was published in book form it was preceded and followed by a letter and a note, as follows:

"A Letter from Mr Ezekiel Biglow of Jaalam to the Hon Joseph T. Buckingham, editor of *The Boston Courier*, inclosing a poem of his son, Mr. Hosea Biglow·

JAYLEM, june 1846.

Mister Eddyter:—Our hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin Sarjunt a struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and fifin arter him like all nater. the sarjunt he thout Hosea hedn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo's though he'd jest com down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hosy woodn't take non o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onto his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figureed onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on. wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery[1] ses I, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosy he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz dreffle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kind o' slicked off sum o' the last varses, but he told Hosee he didnt want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on 'em, bein they wuz werry well As thay wuz, and then Hosy ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be. If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosy's father is, cos my ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she aint livin though and he's a likely kind o' lad

EZEKIEL BIGLOW."

"The first recruiting sergeant on record I conceive to have been that individual who is mentioned in the Book of Job as *going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it.* Bishop Latimer will have him to have been a bishop, but to me that other calling would appear more congenial. The sect of Cainites is not yet extinct, who esteemed the first-born of Adam to be the most worthy, not only because of that privilege of primogeniture, but inasmuch as he was able to overcome and slay his younger brother. That was a wise saying of the famous Marquis

[1] Aut insanet, aut versos facit.—H W.

Pescara to the Papal Legate, that *it was impossible for men to serve Mars and Christ at the same time.* Yet in time past the profession of arms was judged to be κατ' ἐξοχήν that of a gentleman, nor does this opinion want for strenuous upholders even in our day Must we suppose, then, that the profession of Christianity was only intended for losels, or, at best, to afford an opening for plebeian ambition? Or shall we hold with that nicely metaphysical Pomeranian, Captain Vratz, who was Count Königsmark's chief instrument in the murder of Mr. Thynne, that the Scheme of Salvation has been arranged with an especial eye to the necessities of the upper classes, and that 'God would consider a *gentleman* and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in'? It may be said of us all, *Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus.*—H. W."

(394) 9. *air*=there. ¶ 19. *ollers*=always

(395) 57. *airy*=area ¶ 61. *Califoruy:* California, then belonging to Mexico, was invaded by United States troops in 1846; in 1848, as a result of the war, it was ceded to the United States.

(396) 72. *wite*=white. ¶ 76. *gump*=a dullard ¶ 81 *turnin' out to hack folks:* giving grand people (riding in hacks) more than their share of the road; "hack folks," in this sense, is still occasionally used in parts of New England ¶ 84. *put upon*=deceived, tricked.

(397) 121, 122. The governor of Massachusetts had just called for the enlistment of troops to fight Mexico; and two Massachusetts Congressmen had recently voted for a bill appropriating $10,000,000 to carry on the war. ¶ 126. *wracks*=flying storm-clouds. ¶ 129. *sold your colored seamen:* several of the Southern states had laws forbidding free Negroes to enter their borders, and under this law Negro sailors had been punished by imprisonment and whipping and even sold into slavery. ¶ 130. *env'ys*=envoys In 1844 two envoys had been sent by the governor of Massachusetts to South Carolina and Louisiana to protest against the ill treatment of Massachusetts freedmen in those states; they were compelled to leave, one by a legislative order, the other by threats. *wiz*=whizz, hurry away.

(398) 153–60 Many Abolitionists at this time believed in the right of a state peaceably to withdraw from the Union, and preferred that the slave states should secede rather than that the whole nation should continue to be responsible for slavery Cf. Whittier's "Texas "(1846), stanzas 17, 18·

> Take your land of sun and bloom;
> Only leave to Freedom room
> For her plough and forge and loom.
>
> Take your slavery-blackened vales;
> Leave us but our own free gales,
> Blowing on our thousand sails.

(398) *No. II.* First published in *The Boston Courier,* August 18, 1847 When reprinted in book form the poem was preceded by the following letter, with a prefatory note by the Reverend Mr. Wilbur (the reverend gentleman's dissertation at the end of the poem is here omitted):

"A letter from Mr. Hosea Biglow to the Hon. J. T. Buckingham, editor of *The Boston Courier,* covering a letter from Mr. B Sawin, private in the Massachusetts regiment.

"[This letter of Mr. Sawin's was not originally written in verse Mr Biglow, thinking it peculiarly susceptible of metrical adornment, translated it, so to speak, into his own vernacular tongue. This is not the time to consider the question whether rhyme be a mode of expression natural to the human race If leisure from other and more important avocations be granted, I will handle the matter more at large in an appendix to the present volume. In this place I will barely remark that I have sometimes noticed in the unlanguaged prattlings of infants a fondness for alliteration, assonance, and even rhyme, in which natural predisposition we may trace the three degrees through which our Anglo-Saxon verse rose to its culmination in the poetry of Pope. I would not be understood as questioning in these remarks that pious theory which supposes that children, if left entirely to themselves, would naturally discourse in Hebrew. For this the authority of one experiment is claimed; and I could, with Sir Thomas Browne, desire its establishment, inasmuch as the acquirement of that sacred tongue would thereby be facilitated. I am aware that Herodotus states the conclusion of Psammeticus to have been in favor of a dialect of the Phrygian. But, beside the chance that a trial of this importance would hardly be blessed to a Pagan monarch whose only motive was curiosity, we have on the Hebrew side the comparatively recent investigation of James the Fourth of Scotland. I will add to this prefatory remark, that Mr. Sawin, though a native of Jaalam, has never been a stated attendant on the religious exercises of my congregation. I consider my humble efforts prospered in that not one of my sheep hath ever indued the wolf's clothing of war, save for the comparatively innocent diversion of a militia training. Not that my flock are backward to undergo the hardships of *defensive* warfare. They serve cheerfully in the great army which fights even unto death *pro aris et focis*, accoutered with the spade, the axe, the plane, the sledge, the spelling-book, and other such effectual weapons against want and ignorance and unthrift. I have taught them (under God) to esteem our human institutions as but tents of a night, to be stricken whenever Truth puts the bugle to her lips and sounds a march to the heights of wider-viewed intelligence and more perfect organization.—H. W]"

"MISTER BUCKINUM, the follerin Billet was writ hum by a Yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to goe atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a drum and fife. it ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that He went intu off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather cal'late he's middlin tired o' voluntearin By this Time. I bleeve u may put dependunts on his statemence. For I never heered nothing bad on him let Alone his havin what Parson Wilbur cals a *pongshong* for cocktales, and he ses it wuz a soshiashun of idees sot him agoin arter the Crootin Sargient cos he wore a cocktale onto his hat. his Folks gin the letter to me and i shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter Bee printed. send It to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time,[1] ses

[1] "In relation to this expression, I cannot but think that Mr. Bigelow has been too hasty in attributing it to me. Though Time be a comparatively innocent personage to swear by, and though Longinus in his discourse Περὶ Ὕψους has commended timely oaths as not only a useful but sublime figure of speech, yet I have always kept my lips free from that abomination *Odi profanum vulgus*, I hate your swearing and hectoring fellows.—H. W."

he, I *du* like a feller that ain't a Feared. I have intusspussed a Few refleckshuns hear and thair. We're kind o' prest with Hayin.

Ewers respecfly
HOSEA BIGLOW."

¶ 3. *shappoes*=chapeaux, cocked hats. ¶ 4. *insines*=ensigns. ¶ 8. *the Cornwallis:* "A sort of muster in masquerade; supposed to have had its origin soon after the Revolution, and to commemorate the surrender of Lord Cornwallis."—Lowell. "i hait the Site of a feller with a muskit as I du pizn But their *is* fun to a cornwallis I aint agoin' to deny it.—H. B." ¶ 9. *I wish thet I wuz furder:* "he means Not quite so fur I guess.—H B."

(399) 11. *slarterin'*=slaughtering. ¶ 24. *Caleb:* General Caleb Cushing ¶ 26. *folly*=follow. ¶ 29. *Funnel:* Faneuil Hall, in Boston. ¶ 30 *Bolles:* John A. Bolles, Massachusetts secretary of state, 1843–44. *Cunnle*=colonel. ¶ 31. *Secondary:* "the ignerant creeter means Sekketary; but he ollers stuck to his books like cobbler's wax to an ile-stone.—H B." ¶ 33. *Rantoul:* Robert Rantoul, a prominent Boston lawyer, and a leader of the Jackson Democrats; as a member of the Massachusetts legislature he prepared a report advocating the abolition of the death penalty. ¶ 36. *lights*=bowels. ¶ 39. *saxons*=sextons. ¶ 50. "it must be aloud that thare's a streak o' nater in lovin' sho, but it sartinly is 1 of the curusest things in nater to see a rispecktable dri goods dealer (deekon off a chutch mayby) a riggin' himself out in the Weigh they du and struttin' round in the Reign aspilin' his trowsis and makin' wet goods of himself. Ef any thin's foolisher and moor dicklus than militerry gloary it is milishy gloary.—H. B."

(400) 52. *Saltillo:* the capital of one of the Mexican states. *Salt-river:* "An imaginary river, up which defeated politicians and political parties are supposed to be sent to oblivion."—*The Century Dictionary.* The term is supposed to be derived from a small river in Kentucky full of windings and shallows. It seems to be used here in the sense of something wholly imaginary, a hoax, like the Mexico of Sawin's dreams. ¶ 57. *wopper*=whopper, a big lie. ¶ 58. *chapparal*=a thorny thicket. ¶ 60. "these fellers are verry proppilly called Rank Heroes [*rancheros*, ranchmen], and the more tha kill the ranker and more Herowick tha bekum.—H. B." ¶ 62. *scarabæus pilularius:* "it wuz 'tumblebug' as he Writ it, but the parson put the Latten instid. i sed tother maid better meeter, but he said tha was eddykated peepl to Boston and tha wouldn't stan' it no how. idnow as tha *wood* and idnow *as* tha wood.—H. B." ¶ 74. *human beans:* "he means human beins, that's wut he means. i spose he kinder thought tha wuz human beans ware the Xisle [exile] Poles comes from.—H. B." ¶ 85. *Jackson:* Andrew Jackson had died two years before but his spirit might be supposed to be leading the Democratic party still—or perhaps Mr Sawin did not know that he was dead.

(401) 110. *nipper*=dram, drink. ¶ 114. *linkum vily*=lignum-vitae, a very hard wood, sometimes hickory; Sawin means that he would use a hickery cudgel.

(401) AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE. The scene of the poem is Cambridge, Mass., the poet's birthplace and his residence for the greater part of his life.

(407) 209. *the Muses' factories:* the buildings of Harvard University. ¶ 221. *Coptic*=Egyptian. ¶ 223. *Allston:* Washington Allston, the American painter

and poet, who spent the last years of his life in Cambridge, dying there in 1843. ¶ 225 *Virgilium vidi tantum*="Virgil I have only seen." ¶ 227. *Undine-like:* Undine was a water-spirit, and her name (from Latin "unda," "wave") suggests the undulatory, tremulous movements of water.

(**408**) 236. *fire-new mediævals:* new buildings in mediæval style; cf. ll. 218–21. ¶ 237. *chestnut tree:* this is the same tree that Longfellow refers to in "The Village Blacksmith"; it was cut down in 1876. ¶ 239–46. Cf. "The Village Blacksmith," ll. 19–24 (p. 236) ¶ 255. *Paul Potter:* a Dutch painter (1625–54). ¶ 263. *ribboned parchments three:* from a school, Harvard College, and the Harvard Law School ¶ 264 *collegisse juvat*="it pleases me to have gone to college." ¶ 267–80 The lines allude to the recent death of Lowell's first child, in her second year.

(**409**) A FABLE FOR CRITICS. Line 1486–1532. ¶ 4. *Graylock:* a mountain in Massachusetts

(**410**) THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL. "According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur [Malory's *Morte Darthur*] Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems. The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the foregoing poem is my own; and to serve its purposes I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign"—Lowell's note at the end of the poem in the 1848 edition. The poem of Tennyson's to which Lowell refers is the lyric, "Sir Galahad"; the idyll, "The Holy Grail," had not yet been written. ¶ 9, 10. Cf. Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," l. 66, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

(**411**) 17, 18 *druid wood . . . . benedicite:* the Druids were priests of the ancient Celtic peoples, and their place of worship was often under an oak or in a grove.

(**418**) 307. *Beautiful Gate:* "And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple."—Acts 3:2. ¶ 308. *Himself the Gate:* "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—John 10:9. ¶ 315 "But he saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid."—John 6:20.

(**419**) BEAVER BROOK. First published in *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, January 4, 1849

(**420**) 21. *Undine:* a water-spirit, in a story of that name, by the German author Fouqué, published in 1811.

(**421**) THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD First published in *The Atlantic Monthly* November, 1861, from which the text is here taken ¶ 10 *Odin's hounds:* Odin was

thought of, in northern mythology, as god of the wind, who hunted in tempests, accompanied by two wolves, or hounds. ¶ 16. *the ancient Three:* the Fates. ¶ 18. *the mystic Tree:* "The mighty ash-tree, Ygdrasill, was supposed to support the whole universe. It . . . . had three immense roots, extending one into Asgard (the dwelling of the gods), the other into Jotunheim (the abode of the giants), and the third to Niffleheim (the regions of darkness and cold). By the side of each of these roots is a spring, from which it is watered. The root that extends into Asgard is carefully tended by the three Norns, goddesses who are regarded as the dispensers of fate. They are Urdur (the past), Verdandi (the present), Skuld (the future)."—Bulfinch, *The Age of Fable.*

(**422**) *Thor's.* Thor, eldest son of Odin, was god of thunder; he had a hammer which he wielded with tremendous might. ¶ 40. *Hesper:* Hesperus, as the evening star, has often been used in poetry for the Western world, or, as here, for the greatest nation there. ¶ 56–58. Cf. Tennyson's "Œnone" (1832, 1842), ll. 142, 143:

> Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

¶ 62. *Denounce* = announce.

(**423**) 66, 67. The eagle, the emblem of the United States, was also, in classic mythology, the bird sacred to Jove and bore his thunderbolts.

(**424**) THE COURTIN'. "The only attempt I had ever made at anything like a pastoral (if that may be called an attempt which was the result almost of pure accident) was in 'The Courtin'.' While the introduction to the First Series [of *Biglow Papers*] was going through the press, I received word from the printer that there was a blank page left which must be filled. I sat down at once and improvised another fictitious 'notice of the press,' in which, because verse would fill up space more cheaply than prose, I inserted an extract from a supposed ballad of Mr Biglow. I kept no copy of it, and the printer, as directed, cut it off when the gap was filled. Presently I began to receive letters asking for the rest of it, sometimes for the *balance* of it. I had none; but to answer such demands I patched a conclusion upon it in a later edition Those who had only the first continued to importune me. Afterward, being asked to write it out as an autograph for the Baltimore Sanitary Commission Fair, I added other verses, into some of which I infused a little more sentiment in a homely way, and after a fashion completed it by sketching in the characters and making a connected story. Most likely I have spoiled it, but I shall put it at the end of this Introduction, to answer once for all those kindly importunings."—Introduction to *The Biglow Papers,* Second Series, 1866 edition.

(**427**) ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION. Published in *The Atlantic Monthly,* September, 1865, from which the text is here taken; a comparison with the later text will show significant changes. On July 21, 1865, exercises were held at Harvard College in memory of the ninety-three sons of Harvard who had died as Union soldiers in the Civil War; Lowell read this poem, which produced a powerful impression. ¶ 11. *feathered words:* cf. "Weak-winged" (l. 1) and Homer's frequent phrase ,"winged words."

(**428**) 35, 36. Harvard College was founded in 1636, when Cambridge was little more than a clearing in the woods. ¶ 37. *Veritas:* "On the 27th of December,

1643, a College seal was adopted, having, as at present, three open books on the field of an heraldic shield, with the motto 'Veritas' inscribed The books were probably intended to represent the Bible."—Josiah Quincy, *The History of Harvard University*, Vol. I, p. 48

(**429**) 74, 75. Cf. Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," ll. 29–31:

> Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
> From all we hear and all we see,
> Doubt, chance, and mutability.

¶ 84. Cf. *Macbeth*, V. v. 24–26:

> Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more.

¶ 88–104. Cf. Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," ll 146–63:

> High instincts before which our mortal nature
> Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
> But for those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
> Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the Eternal Silence; truths that wake,
> To perish never,
> Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
> Nor man nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy.
> Hence, in a season of calm weather,
> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither.

¶ 105 *Whither:* i e., by what route.

(**430**) 115. Cf. Milton's sonnet, "To the Lord General Cromwell," ll 10, 11.

> Peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than War.

¶ 119–22. See I Kings 19:6, and Isa. 6:6. ¶ 147–91. The portrait of Lincoln in these lines may be compared with the following passages from an article by Lowell in *The North American Review*, January, 1864: "The hereditary ruler in any critical emergency may reckon on the inexhaustible resources of *prestige*, of sentiment, of superstition, of dependent interest, while the new man must slowly and painfully create all these out of the unwilling material around him, by superiority of character, by patient singleness of purpose, by sagacious presentiment of popular tendencies and instinctive sympathy with the national character. Mr. Lincoln's task was one of peculiar and exceptional difficulty. . . . . Never did a President enter upon office with less means at his command, outside his own strength of heart and steadiness of understanding, for inspiring confidence in the people, and so

winning it for himself, than Mr. Lincoln. All that was known of him was that he was a good stump-speaker, nominated for his *availability*—that is, because he had no history,—and chosen by a party with whose more extreme opinions he was not in sympathy. . . . . All that he did was sure to be virulently attacked as ultra by one side; all that he left undone, to be stigmatized as proof of lukewarmness and backsliding by the other. Meanwhile he was to carry on a truly colossal war by means of both; he was to disengage the country from diplomatic entanglements of unprecedented peril undisturbed by the help or the hinderance of either, and to win from the crowning dangers of his administration, in the confidence of the people, the means of his safety and their own. He has contrived to do it, and perhaps none of our Presidents since Washington has stood so firm in the confidence of the people as he does after three years of stormy administration. Mr. Lincoln's policy was a tentative one, and rightly so. He laid down no programme which must compel him to be either inconsistent or unwise, no cast-iron theorem to which circumstances must be fitted as they rose or else be useless to his ends. He seemed to have chosen Mazarin's motto, *Le temps et moi*. The *moi*, to be sure, was not very prominent at first; but it has grown more and more so, till the world is beginning to be persuaded that it stands for a character of marked individuality and capacity for affairs. Time was his prime-minister, and, we began to think, at one period, his general-in-chief also. At first he was so slow that he tired out all those who see no evidence of progress but in blowing up the engine; then he was so fast that he took the breath away from those who think there is no getting on safely while there is a spark of fire under the boilers. God is the only being who has time enough; but a prudent man, who knows how to seize occasion, can commonly make a shift to find as much as he needs. Mr. Lincoln, as it seems to us in reviewing his career, though we have sometimes in our impatience thought otherwise, has always waited, as a wise man should, till the right moment brought up all his reserves. *Semper nocuit differre paratis* is a sound axiom; but the really efficacious man will also be sure to know when he is *not* ready, and be firm against all persuasion and reproach till he is. . . . . True, there is a popular image of an impossible He, in whose plastic hands the submissive destinies of mankind become as wax, and to whose commanding necessity the toughest facts yield with the graceful pliancy of fiction; but in real life we commonly find that the men who control circumstances, as it is called, are those who have learned to allow for the influence of their eddies, and have the nerve to turn them to account at the happy instant. Mr. Lincoln's perilous task has been to carry a rather shackly raft through the rapids, making fast the unruliest logs as he could snatch opportunity, and the country is to be congratulated that he did not think it his duty to run straight at all hazards, but cautiously to assure himself with his setting-pole where the main current was and keep steadily to that. He is still in wild water, but we have faith that his skill and sureness of eye will bring him out right at last. . . . . Mr. Lincoln dallied with his decision [about emancipation] perhaps longer than seemed needful to those on whom its awful responsibility was not to rest; but when he made it, it was worthy of his cautious but sure-footed understanding."

(**431**) 160. *West:* i.e., the Occident, the New World.

(**433**) 243, 244. See Num. 13. ¶ 245. Cf. Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country

Church-Yard," l. 36, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." ¶ 248. Cf Shelley's "Adonais," ll. 343–51:

> Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
> He hath awakened from the dream of life.
> 'T is we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
> With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
> And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
> Invulnerable nothings *We* decay
> Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
> Convulse us and consume us day by day,
> And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

(**435**) 307. Cf. Mark 5:24–34. ¶ 318. *Katahdin . . . . Monadnock . . Whiteface:* mountains in Maine, New Hampshire, and New York, respectively.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"We have here a volume of poems of a loftier rank throughout . . . . than any we have witnessed these many long days. In fact we find in it beauties and associations peculiar to the writer himself, beauties which, with all our poets, we have never seen before. . . . . We find here also precepts of wisdom and a trust in moral strength to guide our lives, a delightful freedom from all repining, shed, like dew upon sunburnt flowers, over the hearts of world-stricken men."—*The Southern Literary Messenger*, May and June, 1841.

"Neither the imagery nor the music are original, but the same is true of the early poems of Byron; there is too much dwelling on minute yet commonplace details, so was it with Coleridge before he served a severe apprenticeship to his art The great musicians composed much that stands in the same relation to their immortal works that these productions perhaps may to those of Mr. Lowell's riper age—superficial, full of obvious cadences and obvious thoughts; but sweet, fluent, in a large style, and breathing the life of religious love."—*The Dial*, July, 1841.

"This new volume of poems by Mr. Lowell will place him, in the estimation of all whose opinion he will be likely to value, *at the very head* of the poets of America For our own part we have not the slightest hesitation in saying that we regard the 'Legend of Brittany' as by far the finest poetical work, of equal length, which the country has produced. . . . . The defects observable in the 'Legend of Brittany' are, chiefly, consequent upon the error of *didacticism*. After every few words of narration comes a page of morality. . . . . The other demerits are minor ones. The versification is now and then slightly deficient—sometimes in melody, sometimes in force. The drawing out of 'power,' 'heaven,' and other similar words into two syllables is *sure* to enfeeble the verses in which they are so drawn out. . . . . But we feel ashamed of alluding to trifles such as these in the presence of beauties so numerous and so true. . . . . We repeat that he has given evidence of at least as high poetical genius as any man in America—if not a loftier genius than any."—Edgar A. Poe, in *Graham's Magazine*, March, 1844.

"The successive publications of Mr. Lowell show a marked progress, and encourage us to hope for a rich harvest when the soil shall be cultivated to the utmost and the fruit have been allowed to reach its full maturity. . . . . The haze that formerly dimmed many of his grandest pictures has now almost entirely dis-

appeared, and their outlines stand forth with sharp distinctness in a bright atmosphere. . . . . Language has become more obedient to his will, and he executes his highest purposes without straining its idiom or painfully ransacking its vocabulary. Many of the pieces in this volume will support as high a reputation as belongs to some of the most honored names on the roll of English poets."—*The North American Review*, April, 1848.

"We are not quite sure that *The Biglow Papers* will be added to the list of successful humorous publications. All the persons concerned in them have a political object in view, and are so earnest in the pursuit of it that they sometimes quite forget that their only vocation is to laugh at the follies of others. . . . . They were received with merited favor from their droll and felicitous portraiture of the Yankee character and dialect and their successful hits at our national passion for military glory. Political opponents, as well as friends, laughed loud and long at Birdofredom Sawin's letters describing his experience in the wars and the mishaps that he encountered before he could make his way home again. We must quote a portion of his first letter from Mexico [see p. 400, ll. 51–86]. . . . . This is very fair fun. The rhymes are as startling and felicitous as any in 'Hudibras,' and the quaint drollery of the illustrations is in admirable keeping with the whole character of the forlorn recruit from Massachusetts. Of the almost numberless imitations of the Yankee dialect this is decidedly the best that we have seen. . . . . Hosea Biglow, with his father 'Zekiel, and Birdofredom Sawin are true and lifelike creations, admirably sustained throughout and made up of materials with which the writer is evidently familiar. But the Parson is a quaint jumble of half a dozen characters whom we know only in books, and is a tedious old fellow to boot. There is not a bit of the Yankee in him, and his elaborate pedantry is far-fetched and wearisome to the last degree. . . . . We pass to the next book on our list, 'A Fable for Critics.' Common rumor attributes it to the same pen which wrote 'The Biglow Papers'; and if there was no other reason for this conjecture but the author's extraordinary command of Hudibrastic rhymes, and the easy flow of his versification, we should think it must be well founded. The 'Fable,' which, by the way, is no fable at all, is really a very pleasant and sparkling poem, abounding in flashes of brilliant satire, edged with wit enough to delight even its victims. It is far more spirited and entertaining than one would expect from the labored conceits of its title-page and preface."—*The North American Review*, January, 1849.

"Mr. Lowell has a lively fancy, a quick eye for material beauty, or, as we say, the beauties of nature, and considerable facility of expression. He can see and express the beauty of a daisy, of the bee collecting honey, of cows feeding in the pasture, of the cock flapping his wings and crowing, and even something of the life of a spring morning, the sultriness of a summer noon, and of the golden hues of an autumnal sunset; but beyond or above he does not appear able to go When he aspires, he falls; and when he seeks to express the beauty of moral truth, he only proves that he has never clearly and distinctly beheld it His glory is that he believes in moral truth—that he believes that there is the Divine and eternal idea back of the ever-changing appearances which flit past his vision; but his misfortune is that he has never beheld it—that he has, at best, caught only a partial and transient glimpse of it. . . . . With solid training under the direction of religion

and sound philosophy, which should have given elevation to his soul, clearness to his view, firmness to his will, and sanctity to his aims, he would have been a poet."—*Brownson's Quarterly Review*, April, 1849, in a notice of "The Vision of Sir Launfal"

"Mr James Russell Lowell belongs to a minute species of literary insect which is plentifully produced by the soil and climate of Boston He has published certain 'Poems'; they are copies of Keats and Tennyson and Wordsworth, and baser or worse done imitations the imitative tribe have never bleated forth . . . . With the name of Mr. James Russell Lowell the public is better acquainted from its frequent appearance in the proceedings of abolitionist meetings in Boston, cheek by jowl with the signatures of free negroes and runaway slaves."—*The Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1850.

"What one of his literary contemporaries, though each may have some gift or grace in larger measure than he, makes the reader feel so strong a sense of being face to face with a superior man—a man really of genius? Is there any one of them to whom we so readily surrender ourselves as feeling the charm of a fine, high nature, the easy power of an intellect so clear, so acute—at once tender, delicate, and of masculine strength and energy,—the attraction of a heart so honest, so warm and wide-open and genial? . . . . It is in his character of a satirical and humorous poet that we now have to do with him, for a second series of the famous *Biglow Papers* is just put forth. Certainly no one will gainsay us when we say that in this particular walk no one can be for a moment compared to Lowell First and last, hundreds of people have attempted the portraiture of the Yankee; . . . . notwithstanding all these and many more, the Yankee would still be awaiting the true artist if it were not for Professor Lowell."—*The Nation*, November 15, 1866.

"The work of which we are now speaking [*The Biglow Papers*, Second Series] is the lustiest product of the national humour; it is Yankee through and through, indigenous as the flowers of the soil, native as the note of the bob-a-link. The author is a poet of considerable repute, who has written much beautiful verse. But he has never fulfilled his early promise in serious poetry. In this book alone has he reached his full stature, and written with the utmost pith and power."—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1867.

"Many years ago, being in profound ignorance of all things American, we happened to stumble upon a copy of *The Biglow Papers*, then fresh from the press. The allusions to contemporary political details were as obscure to us as an Egyptian hieroglyphic. . . . . But dark as the allusions might be, there was a spirit and humour in Mr. Biglow's utterances which shone through all superficial perplexities. Whatever might be the cause of his excitement, there could be no doubt of the amazing shrewdness of his homely satire. . . . . In short we enjoyed the rare pleasure of the revelation of a new intellectual type, and one of no common vigour and originality. . . . . Later familiarity . . . . has only increased our affection for *The Biglow Papers*. Indeed, we find it difficult to think of any exact parallel for their characteristic merits. . . . . The little fragment called 'The Courtin',' which, as Mr. Lowell informs us, was struck off to fill up a blank page, is simply perfect in its kind. . . . . In the old shape, and possibly in the new, it is a charming example of a very rare form of excellence. It is as dainty as an English song of the seventeenth century; and the Yankee dialect gives it the true rustic flavour, in place of

the old spice of pastoral affectation. . . . . There is indeed a criticism which may be made upon some of these poems, namely that they are not quite poetry. Some of them are perhaps rather too rhetorical, or contain too much moralizing, to be sufficiently disconnected from prose. . . . . Nor can we quite refrain from another conclusion Nobody understands better than Mr. Lowell the difference between a pump and a spring; between writing because you can't help it, and writing because you are resolved to write . . . . ; but one may be permitted to doubt whether Mr. Lowell always remembered it, or rather always acted up to his knowledge, in the second series of *Biglow Papers*. The humour is there, but it is perceptibly more forced, and Birdofredom Sawin seems to have lost something of his old rollicking spirits. . . . . We doubt whether he [Lowell] could heartily enjoy any district beyond the range of the bobolink. His descriptive poetry, excellent as it is, possibly loses something in popularity from this kind of provincialism, for the most vivid touches are those which imply a certain amount of local knowledge. . . . . He prefers the future to the past, and the common, though not the vulgar, to the romantic. Such, for example, is the burden of the 'Vision of Sir Launfal,' a poem, which, with great beauties, is perhaps rather too obtrusively didactic But in the 'Commemoration Ode' he has found an appropriate occasion and form for pouring out his strongest feelings in masculine verse One or two stanzas even here may be a little too didactic; and the style is rather broad and manly than marked by the exquisite felicities which betray the hand of a perfect master. But throughout the ode the stream of song flows at once strong and deep The poet is speaking from his heart, and with a solemnity, a pathos, and elevation of feeling worthy of a great event."—*The Cornhill Magazine*, January, 1875.

BAYARD TAYLOR

The text is from the 1865 edition.

(436) THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR. First published in *The Literary World*, March 11, 1848 "In the Californian Ballads I have attempted to give a poetical expression to the rude but heroic physical life of the vast desert and mountain region stretching from the Cordilleras of New Mexico to the Pacific. This country, in the sublime desolation of its sandy plains and stony mountains, streaked here and there with valleys of almost tropical verdure, and the peculiar character of its semi-civilized people, seemed to afford a field in which the vigorous spirit of the old ballad might be transplanted, to revive and flourish with a new and sturdy growth "—Preface to *Rhymes, Ballads, and Other Poems*, 1849 *Paso del Mar* = "the pass of the sea." ¶ 9. *pescador* = fisherman.

(439) TO THE NILE.

(440) 17. *Osirian festivals:* Osiris, the chief god of the Egyptians, was honored by magnificent annual festivals having reference to the subsidence of the Nile. ¶ 18. *Memnon's music:* according to fable, when the rays of the rising sun touched the colossal statue of Memnon at Thebes, it gave forth a musical sound. ¶ 19. *Cambyses:* king of Persia, who defeated the king of Egypt in 525 B.C., and devastated the country ¶ 25 *pylons:* towers, flanking a gateway.

(440) THE QUAKER WIDOW

(**441**) 28 *Hicksite:* the Hicksite Quakers (an American sect founded by Elias Hicks, in 1827) held doctrines similar to the Unitarians ¶ 37–40. The lines describe the customs of a Quaker wedding in the meeting-house. "*In the presence of the Lord*": the opening words of the form by which the Quaker bridegroom and bride take each other in marriage.

WALT WHITMAN

"After continued personal ambition and effort, as a young fellow, to enter with the rest into competition for the usual rewards, business, political, literary, &c., . . I found myself remaining possess'd, at the age of thirty-one to thirty-three, with a special desire and conviction . . . . This was a feeling or ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and æsthetic Personality, in the midst of and tallying the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days and of current America—and to exploit that Personality, identified with place and date, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book. Perhaps this is in brief, or suggests, all I have sought to do Given the Nineteenth Century, with the United States, and what they furnish as area and points of view, 'Leaves of Grass' is, or seeks to be, simply a faithful and doubtless self-will'd record In the midst of all it gives one man's—the author's—identity, ardors, observations, faiths, and thoughts, color'd hardly at all with any decided coloring from other faiths or other identities Plenty of songs had been sung—beautiful, matchless songs—adjusted to other lands than these, another spirit and stage of evolution; but I would sing, and leave out or put in, quite solely with reference to America and to-day. Modern science and democracy seem'd to be throwing out their challenge to poetry to put them in its statements in contradistinction to the songs and myths of the past. As I see it now (perhaps too late), I have unwittingly taken up that challenge and made an attempt at such statements—which I certainly would not assume to do now, knowing more clearly what it means. For grounds for 'Leaves of Grass' as a poem, I abandon'd the conventional themes, which do not appear in it. none of the stock ornamentation, or choice plots of love or war, or high exceptional personages of Old-World song, nothing, as I may say, for beauty's sake—no legend or myth or romance, nor euphemism nor rhyme,—but the broadest average of humanity and its identities in the now ripening Nineteenth Century, and especially in each of their countless examples and practical occupations in the Unites States to-day. . . . .

"The New World receives with joy the poems of the antique, with European feudalism's rich fund of epics, plays, ballads—seeks not in the least to deaden or displace those voices from our ear and area—holds them indeed as indispensable studies, influences, records, comparisons. But though the dawn-dazzle of the sun of literature is in those poems for us of to-day. though perhaps the best parts of current character in nations, social groups, or any man's or woman's individuality, Old World or New, are from them; and though if I were ask'd to name the most precious bequest to current American civilization from all the hitherto ages, I am not sure but I would name those old and less old songs ferried hither from east and

west,—some serious words and debits remain, some acrid considerations demand a hearing. Of the great poems receiv'd from abroad and from the ages, and to-day enveloping and penetrating America, is there one that is consistent with these United States, or essentially applicable to them as they are and are to be? Is there one whose underlying basis is not a denial and insult to democracy? . . . .

"It is certain, I say, that, although I had made a start before, only from the occurrence of the Secession War, and what it show'd me as by flashes of lightning, with the emotional depths it sounded and arous'd (of course I don't mean in my own heart only; I saw it just as plainly in others, in millions), that only from the strong flare and provocation of that war's sights and scenes the final reasons-for-being of an autochtonic and passionate song definitely came forth. . . . .

"The word I myself put primarily for the description of them [his poems], as they stand at last, is the word Suggestiveness. I round and finish little if anything; and could not, consistently with my scheme. The reader will always have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine. I seek less to state or display any theme or thought, and more to bring you, reader, into the atmosphere of the theme or thought—there to pursue your own flight. Another impetus-word is Comradeship as for all lands, and in a more commanding and acknowledg'd sense than hitherto Other word-signs would be Good Cheer, Content, and Hope . . . . I say the profoundest service that poems or any other writings can do for their reader is not merely to satisfy the intellect, or supply something polish'd and interesting, nor even to depict great passions or persons or events, but to fill him with vigorous and clean manliness, religiousness, and give him *good heart* as a radical possession and habit. The educated world seems to have been growing more and more ennuyed for ages, leaving to our time the inheritance of it all. Fortunately there is the original inexhaustible fund of buoyancy, normally resident in the race, forever eligible to be appeal'd to and relied on. . . . .

"While I can not understand it or argue it out, I fully believe in a clue and purpose in Nature, entire and several; and that invisible spiritual results, just as real and definite as the visible, eventuate all concrete life and all materialism, through Time. My book ought to emanate buoyancy and gladness legitimately enough, for it was grown out of those elements, and has been the comfort of my life since it was originally commenced. One main genesis-motive of the 'Leaves' was my conviction (just as strong to-day as ever) that the crowning growth of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic. To help start and favor that growth—or even to call attention to it or the need of it—is the beginning, middle, and final purpose of the poems."—Walt Whitman, "A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads," 1888

The text is from the 1891 edition.

(**443**) SONG OF MYSELF. Section 1; Section 21; Section 32, ll. 1–8; Section 33, ll. 113–23, 135–46; Section 45, ll. 11–31; Section 46, ll. 20–22. ¶ 6–13. These lines were added in 1881.

(**444**) 42–44. Cf. Carlyle's "Characteristics": "Self-contemplation, on the other hand, is infallibly the symptom of disease, be it or be it not the sign of cure. An unhealthy Virtue is one that consumes itself to leanness in repenting and anxiety, ... whereas the sole concern is to walk continually forward and make more way. If in any sphere of man's life, then in the Moral sphere, as the inmost and most

vital of all, it is good that there be wholeness; that there be unconsciousness, which is the evidence of this."

(**446**) FACES. Section 5. The subject of the lines is Whitman's mother.

(**453**) STARTING FROM PAUMANOK. Section 4, ll. 5–9; Section 5, ll. 1–9. Cf. Whitman's "A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads" (1888): "Later, at intervals, summers and falls, I used to go off, sometimes for a week at a stretch, down in the country or to Long Island's seashores: there, in the presence of out-door influences, I went over thoroughly the Old and New Testaments, and absorb'd (probably to better advantage for me than in any library or indoor room—it makes such difference *where* you read) Shakspere, Ossian, the best translated versions I could get of Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, the old German Nibelungen, the ancient Hindoo poems, and one or two other masterpieces, Dante's among them. . . . . (I have wonder'd since why I was not overwhelm'd by those mighty masters. Likely because I read them, as described, in the full presence of Nature, under the sun, with the far-spreading landscape and vistas, or the sea rolling in)" Cf also Emerson's "The American Scholar": "Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions, that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions, arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves. . . . . Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system."

(**462**) WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D. "I see the President almost every day, as I happen to live where he passes to or from his lodgings out of town. . . . . The party makes no great show in uniform or horses. Mr. Lincoln on the saddle generally rides a good-sized, easy-going gray horse, is dress'd in plain black, somewhat rusty and dusty, wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, &c., as the commonest man. . . . . I see very plainly ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes, always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we exchange bows, and very cordial ones. . . . . They pass'd me once very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slowly, and his look, though abstracted, happen'd to be directed steadily in my eye. He bow'd and smiled, but far beneath his smile I noticed well the expression I have alluded to. None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed."—Whitman, *Specimen Days*, August 12, 1863. "I saw him on his return, at three o'clock, after the performance [the inauguration] was over. He was in his plain two-horse barouche, and look'd very much worn and tired; the lines, indeed, of vast responsibilities, intricate questions, and demands of life and death, cut deeper than ever upon his dark brown face; yet all the old goodness, tenderness, sadness, and canny shrewdness, underneath the furrows. (I never see that man without feeling that he is one to become personally attach'd to, for his combination of purest, heartiest tenderness and native western form of manliness.)—*Ibid.*, March 4, 1865. "He leaves for America's history and biography, so far, not only its most

dramatic reminiscence—he leaves, in my opinion, the greatest, best, most characteristic, artistic, moral personality. Not but that he had faults, and show'd them in the Presidency; but honesty, goodness, shrewdness, conscience, and (a new virtue, unknown to other lands, and hardly yet really known here, but the foundation and tie of all, as the future will grandly develop) UNIONISM, in its truest and amplest sense, form'd the hard-pan of his character. These he seal'd with his life. The tragic splendor of his death, purging, illuminating all, throws round his form, his head, an aureole that will remain and will grow brighter through time, while history lives and love of country lasts. By many has this Union been help'd; but if one name, one man, must be pick'd out, he, most of all, is the conservator of it, to the future."—*Ibid.*, April 16, 1865.

(473) TO THE MAN-OF-WAR BIRD. ¶ 18. *Senegal:* a French colony in western Africa.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of 'Leaves of Grass.' I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seemed the sterile and stingy Nature, as if too much handiwork or too much lymph in the temperament were making our Western wits fat and mean. I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment that so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire. I greet you at the beginning of a great career."—Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a letter to Whitman, July 21, 1855.

"A fireman or omnibus driver who had intelligence enough to absorb the speculations of that school of thought which culminated at Boston some fifteen or eighteen years ago, and resources of expression to put them forth again in a form of his own, with sufficient self-conceit and contempt for public taste to affront all usual propriety of diction, might have written this gross yet elevated, this superficial yet profound, this preposterous yet somehow fascinating book. As we say, it is a mixture of Yankee transcendentalism and New York rowdyism; and, what must be surprising to both these elements, they here seem to fuse and combine with the most perfect harmony. The vast and vague conceptions of the one lose nothing of their quality in passing through the coarse and odd intellectual medium of the other; while there is an original perception of nature, a manly brawn, and an epic directness in our new poet which belong to no other adept of the transcendental school."—*Putnam's Monthly Magazine*, September, 1855.

"This thin quarto deserves its name. That is to say, one reads and enjoys the freshness, simplicity, and reality of what he reads, just as the tired man, lying on the hillside in summer, enjoys the leaves of grass around him, enjoys the shadow, enjoys the flecks of sunshine, not for what they 'suggest to him,' but for what they are. . . . . So the book is a collection of observations, speculations, memories, and prophecies, clad in the simplest, truest, and often the most nervous English. . . . . What he has seen once he has seen for ever. And thus there are in this curious book little thumb-nail sketches of life in the prairie, life in California, life at school, life

in the nursery,—life, indeed, we know not where not,—which, as they are unfolded one after another, strike us as real—so real that we wonder how they came on paper. For the purpose of showing that he is above every conventionalism, Mr. Whitman puts into the book one or two lines which he would not address to a woman nor to a company of men. There is not anything, perhaps, which modern usage would stamp as more indelicate than are some passages in Homer. There is not a word in it meant to attract readers by its grossness. . . . . For all that, it is a pity that a book where everything else is natural should go out of the way to avoid the suspicion of being prudish."—Edward Everett Hale, in *The North American Review*, January, 1856.

"It has been a melancholy task to read this book [*Drum-Taps*], and it is a still more melancholy one to write about it. Perhaps since the day of Mr. Tupper's 'Philosophy' there has been no more difficult reading of the poetic sort. It exhibits the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself, by a prolonged muscular strain, into poetry. . . . . Mr. Whitman's primary purpose is to celebrate the greatness of our armies; his secondary purpose is to celebrate the greatness of the city of New York He pursues these objects through a hundred pages of matter which remind us irresistibly of the story of the college professor who, on a venturesome youth's bringing him a theme done in blank verse, reminded him that it was not customary in writing prose to begin each line with a capital. The frequent capitals are the only marks of verse in Mr. Whitman's writing. . . . . But if Mr. Whitman does not write verse, he does not write ordinary prose. The reader has seen that liberty is 'Libertad.' In like manner comrade is 'camerado,' Americans are 'Americanos,' a pavement is a 'trottoir,' and Mr. Whitman himself is a 'chansonnier.' If there is one thing that Mr. Whitman is not, it is this, for Béranger was a *chansonnier*. . . . . He tells us, in the lines quoted, that the words of his book are nothing. To our perception they are everything, and very little at that. . . . . There exists in even the commonest minds, in literary matters, a certain precise instinct of conservatism, which is very shrewd in detecting wanton eccentricities. To this instinct Mr Whitman's attitude seems monstrous. It is monstrous because it pretends to persuade the soul while it slights the intellect; because it pretends to gratify the feelings while it outrages the taste The point is that it does this *on theory*, wilfully, consciously, arrogantly. . . . . To sing aright our battles and our glories it is not enough to have served in a hospital (however praiseworthy the task in itself), to be aggressively careless, inelegant, and ignorant, and to be constantly preoccupied with yourself. It is not enough to be rude, lugubrious, and grim. You must also be serious. You must forget yourself in your ideas."—Henry James, in *The Nation*, November 16, 1865.

"The greatest of this poet's distinctions is his absolute and entire originality He may be termed formless by those who . . . . are wedded to the established forms and ratified refinements of poetic art; but it seems reasonable to enlarge the canon till it includes so great and startling a genius rather than to draw it close and exclude him. His work is practically certain to stand as archetypal for many future poetic efforts, so great is his power as an originator, so fervid his initiative. It forms incomparably the *largest* performance of our period in poetry."—W. M. Rossetti, in Prefatory Notice to an English edition of Whitman's selected poems, 1868

"What cannot be questional after an hour's acquaintance with Walt Whitman and his *Leaves of Grass* is that in him we meet a man not shaped out of old-world clay, not cast in any old-world mould, and hard to name by any old-world name. In his self-assertion there is a manner of powerful nonchalantness which is not assumed. . . . . We will not say that his poems, as regards their form, do not, after all, come right, or that for the matter which he handles his manner of treatment may not be the best possible. One feels, as it has been well said, that although no counting of syllables will reveal the mechanism of the music, the music is there and that 'one would not for something change ears with those who cannot hear it.' . . . . He delights in men, and neither approaches deferentially those who are above him nor condescendingly gazes upon those who are beneath He is the comrade of every man, high and low. His admiration of a strong, healthy, and beautiful body, or a strong, healthy, and beautiful soul, is great when he sees it in a statesman or a savant; it is precisely as great when he sees it in the ploughman or the smith. . . . . But it is not those alone who are beautiful and healthy and good who claim the poet's love. To all 'the others are down on' Whitman's hand is outstretched to help, and through him come to us the voices—petitions or demands—of the diseased and despairing, of slaves, of prostitutes, of thieves, of deformed persons, of drunkards. . . . . Men of every class, then, are interesting to Whitman. But no individual is pre-eminently interesting to him. His sketches of individual men and women, though wonderfully vivid and precise, are none of them longer than a page; each single figure passes rapidly out of sight, and a stream of other figures of men and women succeeds. . . . . Whitman will not have the people appear in his poems by representatives or delegates; the people itself, in its undiminished totality, marches through his poems, making its greatness and variety felt . . . . When his desire for the perception of greatness and variety is satisfied, not when a really complete catalogue is made out, Whitman's enumeration ends; we may murmur, but Whitman has been happy; what has failed to interest our imaginations has deeply interested his; and even for us the impression of multitude, of variety, of equality, is produced as perhaps it could be in no other way. . . . . One admission must be made to Whitman's disadvantage. If there be any class of subjects which it is more truly natural, more truly human *not* to speak of than to speak of . . . . , if there be any sphere of silence, then Whitman has been guilty of invading that sphere of silence. But he has done this by conviction that it is best to do so, and in a spirit as remote from base curiosity as from insolent licence. . . . . No Hebrew ever maintained the rights of the spiritual more absolutely. But towards certain parts of our nature, although in the poet's creed their rights are dogmatically laid down, he is practically unjust. . . . . The logical faculty, in particular, is almost an offence to Whitman. . . . . There is something like intolerance or want of comprehensiveness here; one's heart, touched by the injustice, rises to take the part of this patient, serviceable, despised understanding."—Edward Dowden, in *The Westminster Review*, July, 1871.

"If I ever saw anything in print that deserved to be characterized as atrociously bad, it is the poetry of Walt Whitman. . . . . The *Leaves of Grass* under which designation Whitman includes all his poems, are unlike anything else that has passed among men as poetry. They are neither in rhyme nor in any measure known

as blank verse; and they are emitted n spurts or gushes of unequal length, which can only by courtesy be called lines Neither in form nor in substance are they poetry; they are inflated, wordy, foolish prose. . . . . The secret of Whitman's surprising newness—the principle of his conjuring trick—is on the surface. It can be indicated by the single word, extravagance. In all cases he virtually or consciously put the question, 'What is the most extravagant thing which it is here in my power to say? What is there so paradoxical, so hyperbolical, so nonsensical, so indecent, so insane, that no man ever said it before, that no other man would say it now, and that therefore it may be reckoned on to create a sensation?' . . . . If here and there we have tints of healthful beauty, and tones of right and manly feeling, they but suffice to prove that he can write sanely and sufferably when he pleases, that his monstrosities and solecisms are sheer affectation, that he is not mad but only counterfeits madness. . . . . Incapable of true poetical originality, Whitman had the cleverness to invent a literary trick, and the shrewdness to stick to it. As a Yankee phenomenon, to be good-humouredly laughed at, and to receive that moderate pecuniary remuneration which nature allows to vivacious quacks, he would have been in his place; but when influential critics introduce him to the English public as a great poet, the thing becomes too serious for a joke."—Peter Bayne. in *The Contemporary Review*, December, 1875.

"I shall not waste words in the endeavour to prove that Walt Whitman is a poet, and one of high order. In the first magazines and by the first literary persons in this country he has been saluted as such. I desire to call attention to the nature of his distinguishing merits; and first and beyond all others I would set this, that he always represents life as a boon beyond price and is ever ready to invoke a blessing on his natal day. . . . . At his touch the dry bones of our meagre humanity are transformed, and man starts forth like a god, in body and in soul superhuman The blurring, concealing mist peels away, and we see a new heaven and a new earth. It is no longer a mean thing to be a man. . . . . The sympathy of Whitman is boundless—not man alone or animals alone, but brute inanimate nature is absorbed and assimilated in his extraordinary personality. Often we think one of the elements of nature has found a voice and thunders great syllables in our ears He speaks like something more than man—something tremendous. . . . . Under a mask of extravagance, of insane intensity, Whitman preserves a balance of mind and a sanity such as no poet since Shakespeare has evinced. If his sympathies were fewer he would go mad. Energy and passion so great, streaming through few and narrow channels, would burst all barriers. His universal sympathies have been his salvation, and have rendered his work in the highest degree sane and true. He is always emphatic, nay violent; but then he touches all things. Life is intense in him, and the fire of existence burns brighter and stronger than in other men Thus he does his reader service: he seems out of the fullness of his veins to pour life into those who read him. He is electric and vitalizing. . . . . He is the noblest literary product of modern times, and his influence is invigorating and refining beyond expression."—Arthur Clive, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1875.

"I have myself repeatedly pointed out . . . . the qualities which give a certain touch of greatness to his work, the sources of inspiration which infuse into its chaotic jargon some passing or seeming notes of cosmic beauty and diversify with

something of occasional harmony the strident and barren discord of its jarring and erring atoms. His sympathies, I repeat, are usually generous, his views of life are occasionally just, and his views of death are invariably noble. In other words, he generally means well, having a good stock on hand of honest emotion; he sometimes sees well, having a natural sensibility to such aspects of nature as appeal to an eye rather quick than penetrating; he seldom writes well, being cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in, to the limits of a thoroughly unnatural, imitative, histrionic, and affected style. But there is a thrilling and fiery force in his finest bursts of gusty rhetoric which makes us wonder whether with a little more sense and a good deal more cultivation he might not have made a noticeable orator."—Algernon Charles Swinburne, in *Studies in Prose and Poetry*, 1887.

"In spite of an uneven and emphatic key of expression, something trenchant and straightforward, something simple and surprising distinguishes his poems. He has sayings that come home to one like the Bible. We fall upon Whitman, after the works of so many men who write better, with a sense of relief from strain, with a sense of touching nature, as when one passes out of the flaring, noisy thoroughfares of a great city into what he himself has called, with unexcelled imaginative justice of language, 'the huge and thoughtful night.' . . . . I do not know many better things in literature than the brief pictures—brief and vivid like things seen by lightning—with which he tries to stir up the world's heart upon the side of mercy. . . . . For all the afflicted, all the weak, all the wicked, a good word is said in a spirit which I can only call one of ultra-Christianity. . . . . He has chosen a rough, unrhymed, lyrical verse, sometimes instinct with a fine processional movement, often so rugged and careless that it can only be described by saying that he has not taken the trouble to write prose. . . . . Too often, I fear, he is the only one who can perceive the rhythm; and in spite of Mr. Swinburne, a great part of his work, considered as verse, is poor bald stuff. Considered not as verse but as speech, a great part of it is full of strange and admirable merits. The right detail is seized; the right word, bold and trenchant, is thrust into its place. Whitman has small regard to literary decencies, and is totally free from literary timidities. He is neither afraid of being slangy nor of being dull; nor, let me add, of being ridiculous The result is a most surprising compound of plain grandeur, sentimental affectation, and downright nonsense."—Robert Louis Stevenson, in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, 1882.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

(475) LEONATUS. The text is from the 1852 edition. Cf. *Cymbeline*, I. i. 40–54:

> The king he takes the babe
> To his protection, calls him Posthumous Leonatus,
> Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
> Puts him to all the learnings that his time
> Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
> As we do air, fast as 't was ministered,
> And in 's spring became a harvest, lived in court—
> Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved,
> A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
> A glass that feated them, and to the graver

A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
For whom he now is banished, her own price
Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

(478) ON A BUST OF DANTE. The text is from the 1854 edition. ¶ 2. *Arno* the river flowing through Florence, Dante's birthplace. ¶ 4. *Tuscan*=Italian, from Tuscany, the district of Italy in which Florence is situated.

(479) 11. *Beatrice:* Dante's love, who died at the age of twenty-four; in his *Divina Commedia* he represents her as his guide in Paradise and finally as resuming her seat in the third circle of the blessed:

"Looking aloft
To the third circle from the highest, there
Behold her on the throne, wherein her merit
Hath placed her" Answering not, mine eyes I raised,
And saw her where aloof she sat, her brow
A wreath reflecting of eternal beams
—*Divina Commedia*, "Paradiso," xxxi. 67–72, Cary's translation.

¶ 13. *Ghibeline:* the two great parties in Italy in Dante's time were the Guelfs, who favored the Pope, and the Ghibelines, who favored the Emperor ¶ 17. *Cumæ's cavern:* a cave at Cumæ, near Naples, supposed to have been inhabited by the Cumæan sibyl.

(480) 45. *Rome's harlot:* the corruptions in the Church; see the description of bad popes in "Inferno," xix.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

(480) 45. NOTHING TO WEAR. Lines 1–56, 213–33, 301–21. The text is from the 1857 edition First published in *Harper's Weekly*, February 7, 1857

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

The text is from the 1865 edition

(485) BEFORE THE RAIN. First published, as "We Knew It Would Rain," in *Putnam's Monthly*, April, 1857

(486) PAMPINEA. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1861.

(487) 23. *Tuscan:* Florence is in Tuscany.

(488) 67. *Appledore:* one of the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, it was for years the poet's summer home.

HENRY TIMROD

The text is from the 1901 edition.

(488) THE LILY CONFIDANTE. First published in *Russell's Magazine*, January, 1858

(490) CHARLESTON The poem was evidently written late in 1861 or early in 1862, when Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie were both in the hands of the Confeder

ates, and the Union warships were blockading the coast. ¶ 9. *Calpe:* the Rock of Gibraltar, guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

(**494**) THE MOCKING-BIRDS. Reprinted, by the courtesy of Professor W. P. Trent and the Macmillan Company, from *Southern Writers*. The poem was first published, says Professor Trent, in *The Manhattan Magazine*.

(**496**) A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET. The text is from the 1882 edition

POEMS OF THE CIVIL WAR

The texts are chiefly from *Songs of the Soldiers* (1864), *Rebel Rhymes* (1864), and *War Lyrics* (1866)

(**499**) MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND. The text is from the 1910 edition of Randall's poems First published in the New Orleans *Delta*, April 26, 1861. The poem was occasioned by a conflict in Baltimore between Union troops and a mob, on April 19, 1861, when forces were hurrying to the defense of Washington; several persons were killed on each side. The lines are an appeal to Maryland to join the seceding states.

(**500**) 21. *Carroll:* Charles Carroll was a delegate from Maryland to the Continental Congress, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. ¶ 22 *Howard's:* John E. Howard was a Revolutionay officer, and did gallant service in the battle of Cowpens, in 1781, when the British were overwhelmingly defeated. ¶ 29. *Ringgold's:* Major Samuel Ringgold, who was mortally wounded in the first battle of the Mexican War, in 1846 ¶ 30. *Watson's:* Colonel William H. Watson was killed in the battle of Monterey, in 1846. ¶ 31. *Lowe . . . . May:* leaders in the protest of Maryland, in 1861, against the efforts of the federal government to suppress Southern sentiment in Maryland; Lowe was governor ¶ 39. In 1861, "And add a new *Key* to thy song"; an allusion to F. S. Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," who was born in Maryland. ¶ 46. *"Sic semper":* part of the motto of Virginia, "Sic semper tyrannis," "Thus ever to tyrants."

(**501**) BALTIMORE. The poem was occasioned by the same incident as the preceding; the Baltimore riot stirred Massachusetts the more because one of the two regiments attacked was the Sixth Massachusetts. ¶ 8. *the Theban shaft:* a colossal statue of Memnon (not a shaft), at Thebes in Egypt, was fabled to utter a sound when touched by the rays of the rising sun.

(**502**) THE STARS AND STRIPES. ¶ 4. *'single star':* the flags first displayed by some of the seceding states had only one star.

(**503**) 13 *Keystone State:* Pennsylvania. ¶ 18. *Saratoga's tree-crown'd heights, ... Monmouth's bloody plain:* scenes of famous battles in the Revolution ¶ 31. *Minnehaha's sparkling falls:* in Minnesota. *Kansas' land of blood:* from 1854 to 1858 there was a fierce and often bloody struggle in Kansas to decide whether it should be slave territory or free; see "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," p 516 ¶ 38. *Western Twins:* California and Oregon.

(**504**) 49. *Camden's bloody field and Eutaw's iron scars:* allusions to battles in the Revolutionary War, in which North and South fought together for their

common country. ¶ 51. *thee:* Kentucky; the name, which is an Indian word, is said to mean "dark and bloody ground," the district having been a favorite hunting-ground for red men. ¶ 52. *a way of peace:* Kentucky tried for a time to maintain an attitude of neutrality between North and South. ¶ 57. *West Virginia:* in 1861 a popular convention of the counties now constituting West Virginia passed an ordinance providing for the formation of a new state; a constitution was adopted in 1862, and the state was admitted to the Union in 1863; the causes for the separation were economic and social as well as political ¶ 67. *oriflamme* = battle-flag, the word comes, through the French, from Latin *aurum*, "gold," and *flamma*, "flame," and was used originally of the French ensign, a red flag borne on a gilded lance. ¶ 68. *bars:* the first national Confederate flag had three broad bands (two red and one white), called bars, instead of the thirteen stripes of the Union flag.

(506) AFTER THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN Bull Run is a small river about twenty-five miles southwest of Washington; here was fought the first great battle of the Civil War, on July 21, 1861, in which the Union army was badly routed.

(507) BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. The text is from the 1866 edition of Mrs. Howe's poems. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1862 ¶ 1–4. Cf. Rev. 19:11, 14, 15: "And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. . . . . And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." ¶ 11. Cf. Gen. 3:15.

(508) STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY. ¶ 22. *In forma pauperis* = "as a poor man" (literally, "in the form of a pauper").

(509) THE SONG OF THE REBEL. Stanzas 27–31. ¶ 8. *"Without reproach or fear":* a translation of the phrase "sans peur et sans reproche," used of the Chevalier de Bayard.

(510) 29. *"Light Horse Harry":* Henry Lee, a gallant officer in the Revolution, the father of Robert E. Lee.

(510) AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR "On one occasion, during the war in Virginia, General Lee was lying asleep by the wayside, when an army of 15,000 men passed by with hushed voices and footsteps lest they should disturb his slumbers.—Prefatory note, in *War Lyrics*.

(512) SHERIDAN'S RIDE. The text is from the 1865 edition of Read's poems. The poem is founded on an incident in the battle of Cedar Creek, in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, October 19, 1864: Sheridan's army was surprised and routed in the early morning, while he was returning from a visit to Washington; at Winchester, twenty miles away, he heard the sounds of battle, galloped to the scene. rallied his troops, shouting, "Face the other way, boys! We are going back!' and won a victory.

(514) THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG. First published in *The Century Magazine*, July, 1888, from which the text is taken "The poem . . . . was composed," writes the author to the present editor, "a year before that time, while I was making

a geological survey of some of the northern counties of Indiana." Mr. Thompson is a Southerner, and fought throughout the Civil War on the Confederate side; since 1868 he has lived in the North.

(515) 18. *Kamsin wind:* a hot southeast wind that blows in Egypt for fifty days every year, beginning in March.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

(516) How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry. The text is from the 1860 edition. First published in *The New York Tribune*, November 12, 1859. John Brown, born in Connecticut in 1800, settled in Kansas in 1855 and became prominent in the fight to keep slavery out of that territory; he got his surname of "Osawatomie" by defeating a party of slaveholders at Osawatomie in 1856; he removed to Virginia, and, in pursuit of a purpose to liberate the slaves by arming them and rousing them to revolt, he and a few companions seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry on October 16, 1859, and took captive some of the chief citizens; but the slaves did not rise, and Brown was captured on October 18, severely wounded; on October 27 he was tried and found guilty of treason and murder, and was hanged on December 2.

(518) 46. *turned parson:* Brown had studied for the ministry in his youth.

(519) 79. *the Emperor's coup d' état:* in 1851 Louis Napoleon, nephew of Napoleon I, overthrew the French Republic, of which he was president, and became emperor of France.

(520) Pan in Wall Street. First published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1867, from which the text is taken.

(522) 45. *Trinacrian*=Sicilian; "Trinacria" was an old name for Sicily, from its "three promontories." ¶ 54. *Ægon:* a neatherd boxer, mentioned in the fourth idyl of Theocritus. ¶ 76. *Arethusan:* Arethusa was a famous spring in Sicily.

(523) 86. *"Great Pan is dead":* there was an old tradition that, at about the time of the Crucifixion, certain voyagers from Italy to Cyprus heard a voice at sea crying that the great god Pan was dead.

ALICE CARY

(523) Sometimes The text is from the 1866 edition.

JOAQUIN MILLER

The text is from the 1882 edition.

(525) The Ship in the Desert. Section 13, ll. 121–39.

SIDNEY LANIER

The text is from the 1884 edition.

(525) Night and Day. First published in *The Independent*, July, 1884. Cf *Othello*, V. ii.

(526) Song for "The Jacquerie." "The Jacquerie" is an uncompleted poem on the bloody revolt of the French peasants (called "Jacquerie," from "Jacques," the common name for a peasant) against the nobles, in 1358.

(**527**) THE MARSHES OF GLYNN. First published in *The Masque of Poets* Glynn is a county on the coast of Georgia, the poet's native state.

(**530**) HOW LOVE LOOKED FOR HELL. First published in *The Century Magazine*, March, 1884.

(**532**) 85. *Read*=interpret.

EMILY DICKINSON

The text is from the 1891 and 1892 editions.

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