

# Personal Poems I

## Part 1, From Volume IV., The Works of Whittier: Personal Poems

### John Greenleaf Whittier

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Part 1, From Volume IV., The Works of Whittier: Personal Poems  
#26 in our series by John Greenleaf Whittier

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PERSONAL POEMS

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

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NOTE. The portrait prefacing this volume is from an engraving on steel by J. A. J. WILCOX in 1888, after a photograph taken by Miss ISA E. GRAY in July, 1885.

PERSONAL POEMS

A LAMENT

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

The circle is broken, one seat is forsaken,  
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken;  
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill

With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.

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

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

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

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

And the charm of her features, while over the whole  
Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul;  
And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems  
Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold  
Those treasures of feeling, more precious than gold,  
The love and the kindness and pity which gave  
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the grave!

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

How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper  
With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the weeper,  
Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful or gay,  
With warnings in love to the passing astray.

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

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,  
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,  
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.  
1834.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS,

Late President of Western Reserve College, who died at his post of  
duty, overworn by his strenuous labors with tongue and pen in the

cause of Human Freedom.

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

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

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

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

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

Where Mammon hath its altars  
Wet o'er with human blood,  
And pride and lust debases  
The workmanship of God,--  
There shall thy praise be spoken,  
Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,  
When the fetters shall be broken,  
And the slave shall be a man!

Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
A thousand hearts are warm,  
A thousand kindred bosoms

Are baring to the storm.  
What though red-handed Violence  
With secret Fraud combine?  
The wall of fire is round us,  
Our Present Help was thine.

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

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

In the evil days before us,  
And the trials yet to come,  
In the shadow of the prison,  
Or the cruel martyrdom,--  
We will think of thee, O brother!  
And thy sainted name shall be  
In the blessing of the captive,  
And the anthem of the free.  
1834

## LINES

### ON THE DEATH OF S. OLIVER TORREY, SECRETARY OF THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

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

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



Early hath the spoiler found thee,  
Brother of our love!  
Autumn's faded earth around thee,  
And its storms above!  
Evermore that turf lie lightly,  
And, with future showers,  
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly  
Blow the summer flowers

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

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

If the spirit ever gazes,  
From its journeyings, back;  
If the immortal ever traces  
O'er its mortal track;  
Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us  
Sometimes on our way,  
And, in hours of sadness, greet us  
As a spirit may?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,  
In the spirit-land  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Unto Truth and Freedom giving  
All thy early powers,  
Be thy virtues with the living,  
And thy spirit ours!  
1837.

TO -----,

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart."--Essays of Elia.

Maiden! with the fair brown tresses  
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,  
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead  
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,  
Joy with them should still abide,--  
Instinct take the place of Duty,  
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,  
Kindly beckoning back the Old,  
Turning, with the gift of Midas,  
All things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness  
Wearing even a welcome guise,  
As, when some bright lake lies open  
To the sunny skies,

Every wing of bird above it,  
Every light cloud floating on,  
Glitters like that flashing mirror  
In the self-same sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead  
Something like a shadow lies;  
And a serious soul is looking  
From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,  
Through the forms of outward things,  
Seeking for the subtle essence,  
And the bidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface  
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,  
Farther than the narrow present  
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises  
Heard the solemn steps of Time,  
And the low mysterious voices  
Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being  
Hath upon thy spirit pressed,--  
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,  
Find no place of rest:

That which mystic Plato pondered,  
That which Zeno heard with awe,  
And the star-rapt Zoroaster  
In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness springing  
Of the dim, uncertain Past,  
Moving to the dark still shadows  
O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question  
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,  
With a deep and strong beseeching  
What and where is Truth?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,  
Whence the ancient life hath fled,  
Idle faith unknown to action,  
Dull and cold and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings  
Only wake a quiet scorn,--  
Not from these thy seeking spirit  
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,  
On thy mother Nature's breast,  
Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking  
Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features  
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,  
Light and soft as woven moonbeams,  
Beautiful and frail

O'er the rough chart of Existence,  
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,  
Soft airs breathe, and green leaves tremble,  
And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh  
From the earth and from the sky,  
And to thee the hills and waters  
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer  
Hath no outward origin;  
More than Nature's many voices  
May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine  
Questioned earth and sea and sky,  
And the dusty tomes of learning  
And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed  
More than outward Nature taught;  
More than blest the poet's vision  
Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence  
Of a calm and waiting frame,  
Light and wisdom as from Heaven  
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth that inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
As our being's end;

Not to idle dreams and trances,  
Length of face, and solemn tone,  
But to Faith, in daily striving

And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart, and weapon strong,  
In the power of truth assailing  
Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely  
Is the track of Woolman's feet!  
And his brief and simple record  
How serenely sweet!

O'er life's humblest duties throwing  
Light the earthling never knew,  
Freshening all its dark waste places  
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages,  
All which sainted Guion sought,  
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel  
Half-unconscious taught

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,  
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed  
Living warmth and starry brightness  
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,  
Not a poet's dream alone,  
But a presence warm and real,  
Seen and felt and known.

When the red right-hand of slaughter  
Moulders with the steel it swung,  
When the name of seer and poet  
Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall gather  
Round that meek and suffering one,--  
Glorious, like the seer-seen angel  
Standing in the sun!

Take the good man's book and ponder  
What its pages say to thee;  
Blessed as the hand of healing  
May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen  
Yearnings for a higher good,  
For the fount of living waters  
And diviner food;

If the pride of human reason  
Feels its meek and still rebuke,

Quailing like the eye of Peter  
From the Just One's look!

If with readier ear thou heedest  
What the Inward Teacher saith,  
Listening with a willing spirit  
And a childlike faith,--

Thou mayst live to bless the giver,  
Who, himself but frail and weak,  
Would at least the highest welfare  
Of another seek;

And his gift, though poor and lowly  
It may seem to other eyes,  
Yet may prove an angel holy  
In a pilgrim's guise.  
1840.

#### LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

William Leggett, who died in 1839 at the age of thirty-seven, was the intrepid editor of the New York Evening Post and afterward of The Plain Dealer. His vigorous assault upon the system of slavery brought down upon him the enmity of political defenders of the system.

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets."--Holy Writ.

Yes, pile the marble o'er him! It is well  
That ye who mocked him in his long stern strife,  
And planted in the pathway of his life  
The ploughshares of your hatred hot from hell,  
Who clamored down the bold reformer when  
He pleaded for his captive fellow-men,  
Who spurned him in the market-place, and sought  
Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind  
In party chains the free and honest thought,  
The angel utterance of an upright mind,  
Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise  
The stony tribute of your tardy praise,  
For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame  
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders' shame!  
1841.

#### TO A FRIEND,

#### ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.

How smiled the land of France  
Under thy blue eye's glance,  
Light-hearted rover  
Old walls of chateaux gray,  
Towers of an early day,  
Which the Three Colors play

Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train  
Thronging the banks of Seine  
Now midst the splendor  
Of the wild Alpine range,  
Waking with change on change  
Thoughts in thy young heart strange,  
Lovely, and tender.

Vales, soft Elysian,  
Like those in the vision  
Of Mirza, when, dreaming,  
He saw the long hollow dell,  
Touched by the prophet's spell,  
Into an ocean swell  
With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,  
Splintering with icy spears  
Autumn's blue heaven  
Loose rock and frozen slide,  
Hung on the mountain-side,  
Waiting their hour to glide  
Downward, storm-driven!

Rhine-stream, by castle old,  
Baron's and robber's hold,  
Peacefully flowing;  
Sweeping through vineyards green,  
Or where the cliffs are seen  
O'er the broad wave between  
Grim shadows throwing.

Or, where St. Peter's dome  
Swells o'er eternal Rome,  
Vast, dim, and solemn;  
Hymns ever chanting low,  
Censers swung to and fro,  
Sable stoles sweeping slow  
Cornice and column!

Oh, as from each and all  
Will there not voices call  
Evermore back again?  
In the mind's gallery  
Wilt thou not always see  
Dim phantoms beckon thee  
O'er that old track again?

New forms thy presence haunt,  
New voices softly chant,  
New faces greet thee!  
Pilgrims from many a shrine  
Hallowed by poet's line,  
At memory's magic sign,  
Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come

Unto thy olden home,  
Will they not waken  
Deep thoughts of Him whose hand  
Led thee o'er sea and land  
Back to the household band  
Whence thou wast taken?

While, at the sunset time,  
Swells the cathedral's chime,  
Yet, in thy dreaming,  
While to thy spirit's eye  
Yet the vast mountains lie  
Piled in the Switzer's sky,  
Icy and gleaming:

Prompter of silent prayer,  
Be the wild picture there  
In the mind's chamber,  
And, through each coming day  
Him who, as staff and stay,  
Watched o'er thy wandering way,  
Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be  
Soon or late unto thee,  
As to all given,  
Still may that picture live,  
All its fair forms survive,  
And to thy spirit give  
Gladness in Heaven!  
1841

LUCY HOOPER.

Lucy Hooper died at Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841,  
aged twenty-four years.

They tell me, Lucy, thou art dead,  
That all of thee we loved and cherished  
Has with thy summer roses perished;  
And left, as its young beauty fled,  
An ashen memory in its stead,  
The twilight of a parted day  
Whose fading light is cold and vain,  
The heart's faint echo of a strain  
Of low, sweet music passed away.  
That true and loving heart, that gift  
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,  
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,  
Its sunny light on all around,  
Affinities which only could  
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good;  
And sympathies which found no rest,  
Save with the loveliest and best.  
Of them--of thee--remains there naught  
But sorrow in the mourner's breast?  
A shadow in the land of thought?

No! Even my weak and trembling faith  
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt  
And human fear have drawn about  
The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still;  
And, save the absence of all ill  
And pain and weariness, which here  
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,  
The same as when, two summers back,  
Beside our childhood's Merrimac,  
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er  
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,  
And heard thy low, soft voice alone  
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone  
Of pine-leaves by the west-wind blown,  
There's not a charm of soul or brow,  
Of all we knew and loved in thee,  
But lives in holier beauty now,  
Baptized in immortality!  
Not mine the sad and freezing dream  
Of souls that, with their earthly mould,  
Cast off the loves and joys of old,  
Unbodied, like a pale moonbeam,  
As pure, as passionless, and cold;  
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,  
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,  
Life's myriads blending into one,  
In blank annihilation blest;  
Dust-atoms of the infinite,  
Sparks scattered from the central light,  
And winning back through mortal pain  
Their old unconsciousness again.  
No! I have friends in Spirit Land,  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
Not others, but themselves are they.  
And still I think of them the same  
As when the Master's summons came;  
Their change,--the holy morn-light breaking  
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking,--  
A change from twilight into day.

They 've laid thee midst the household graves,  
Where father, brother, sister lie;  
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,  
Above thee bends the summer sky.  
Thy own loved church in sadness read  
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,  
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer  
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.  
That church, whose rites and liturgy,  
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,  
Undoubted to thy bosom taken,  
As symbols of a faith unshaken.  
Even I, of simpler views, could feel  
The beauty of thy trust and zeal;  
And, owning not thy creed, could see  
How deep a truth it seemed to thee,  
And how thy fervent heart had thrown



O'er all, a coloring of its own,  
And kindled up, intense and warm,  
A life in every rite and form,  
As, when on Chebar's banks of old,  
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,  
A spirit filled the vast machine,  
A life, "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell! A little time, and we  
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,  
One after one shall follow thee  
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,  
Which opens on eternity.  
Yet shall we cherish not the less  
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;  
The memory of thy loveliness  
Shall round our weary pathway smile,  
Like moonlight when the sun has set,  
A sweet and tender radiance yet.  
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,  
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong,  
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty  
Which blended in thy song.  
All lovely things, by thee beloved,  
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;  
These green hills, where thy childhood roved,  
Yon river winding to the sea,  
The sunset light of autumn eves  
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,  
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves  
Of rainbow-tinted woods,  
These, in our view, shall henceforth take  
A tenderer meaning for thy sake;  
And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,  
Seem sacred to thy memory.  
1841.

FOLLEN.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE "FUTURE STATE."

Charles Follen, one of the noblest contributions of Germany to American citizenship, was at an early age driven from his professorship in the University of Jena, and compelled to seek shelter from official prosecution in Switzerland, on account of his liberal political opinions. He became Professor of Civil Law in the University of Basle. The governments of Prussia, Austria, and Russia united in demanding his delivery as a political offender; and, in consequence, he left Switzerland, and came to the United States. At the time of the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society he was a Professor in Harvard University, honored for his genius, learning, and estimable character. His love of liberty and hatred of oppression led him to seek an interview with Garrison and express his sympathy with him. Soon after, he attended a meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Society. An able speech was made by Rev. A. A. Phelps, and a letter of mine addressed to the Secretary of the Society was read. Whereupon he rose and stated that his

views were in unison with those of the Society, and that after hearing the speech and the letter, he was ready to join it, and abide the probable consequences of such an unpopular act. He lost by so doing his professorship. He was an able member of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He perished in the ill-fated steamer Lexington, which was burned on its passage from New York, January 13, 1840. The few writings left behind him show him to have been a profound thinker of rare spiritual insight.

Friend of my soul! as with moist eye  
I look up from this page of thine,  
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,  
Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now,  
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,  
When, dew-like, on the earth below  
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,  
The gentle lips which knew no guile,  
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care  
With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me! at times that last dread scene  
Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea  
Will cast its shade of doubt between  
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,  
Where through the twilight air of earth,  
Alike enthusiast and sage,  
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth,

Lifting the Future's solemn veil;  
The reaching of a mortal hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land;

Shall these poor elements outlive  
The mind whose kingly will, they wrought?  
Their gross unconsciousness survive  
Thy godlike energy of thought?

In thoughts which answer to my own,  
In words which reach my inward ear,  
Like whispers from the void Unknown,  
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,  
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,  
Unwasted, through each change, attest  
The fixed economy of God.

Thou livest, Follen! not in vain  
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne  
The burthen of Life's cross of pain,  
And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

Oh, while Life's solemn mystery glooms  
Around us like a dungeon's wall,  
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,  
Silent the heaven which bends o'er all!

While day by day our loved ones glide  
In spectral silence, hushed and lone,  
To the cold shadows which divide  
The living from the dread Unknown;

While even on the closing eye,  
And on the lip which moves in vain,  
The seals of that stern mystery  
Their undiscovered trust retain;

And only midst the gloom of death,  
Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,  
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,  
Smile dimly on us through their tears;

'T is something to a heart like mine  
To think of thee as living yet;  
To feel that such a light as thine  
Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way  
Since thou hast left thy footprints there,  
And beams of mournful beauty play  
Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh! at this hour when half the sky  
Is glorious with its evening light,  
And fair broad fields of summer lie  
Hung o'er with greenness in my sight;

While through these elm-boughs wet with rain  
The sunset's golden walls are seen,  
With clover-bloom and yellow grain  
And wood-draped hill and stream between;

I long to know if scenes like this  
Are hidden from an angel's eyes;  
If earth's familiar loveliness  
Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew  
The lesson which that beauty gave,  
The ideal of the pure and true  
In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends  
The soul an upward impulse here,  
With a diviner beauty blends,  
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell  
The humbler flowers of earth may twine;  
And simple draughts-from childhood's well

Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,  
And let the seeking lips be dumb,  
Where even seraph eyes have failed  
Shall mortal blindness seek to come?

We only know that thou hast gone,  
And that the same returnless tide  
Which bore thee from us still glides on,  
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,  
And to our gaze erelong shall turn  
That page of God's mysterious book  
We so much wish yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power  
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee;  
Who, in the silent greeting flower,  
And forest leaf, looked out on thee,

We leave thee, with a trust serene,  
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move,  
While with thy childlike faith we lean  
On Him whose dearest name is Love!  
1842.

TO J. P.

John Pierpont, the eloquent preacher and poet of Boston.

Not as a poor requital of the joy  
With which my childhood heard that lay of thine,  
Which, like an echo of the song divine  
At Bethlehem breathed above the Holy Boy,  
Bore to my ear the Airs of Palestine,--  
Not to the poet, but the man I bring  
In friendship's fearless trust my offering  
How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt see,  
Yet well I know that thou Last deemed with me  
Life all too earnest, and its time too short  
For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful sport;  
And girded for thy constant strife with wrong,  
Like Nehemiah fighting while he wrought  
The broken walls of Zion, even thy song  
Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every thought!  
1843.

CHALKLEY HALL.

Chalkley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., was the residence of Thomas Chalkley, an eminent minister of the Friends' denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his Journal, which was published in 1749, presents a quaint but beautiful picture of a

life of unostentatious and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the west Indies and Great Britain, omitted no opportunity to labor for the highest interests of his fellow-men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1838, the quiet and beautiful scenery around the ancient village of Frankford frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city. I have referred to my youthful acquaintance with his writings in Snow-Bound.

How bland and sweet the greeting of this breeze  
To him who flies  
From crowded street and red wall's weary gleam,  
Till far behind him like a hideous dream  
The close dark city lies  
Here, while the market murmurs, while men throng  
The marble floor  
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush and din  
Of the world's madness let me gather in  
My better thoughts once more.

Oh, once again revive, while on my ear  
The cry of Gain  
And low hoarse hum of Traffic die away,  
Ye blessed memories of my early day  
Like sere grass wet with rain!

Once more let God's green earth and sunset air  
Old feelings waken;  
Through weary years of toil and strife and ill,  
Oh, let me feel that my good angel still  
Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my mood  
Beneath the arms  
Of this embracing wood, a good man made  
His home, like Abraham resting in the shade  
Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of countless years,  
The virgin soil  
Turned from the share he guided, and in rain  
And summer sunshine throve the fruits and grain  
Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy seas,  
Weary and worn,  
He came to meet his children and to bless  
The Giver of all good in thankfulness  
And praise for his return.

And here his neighbors gathered in to greet  
Their friend again,  
Safe from the wave and the destroying gales,  
Which reap untimely green Bermuda's vales,  
And vex the Carib main.

To hear the good man tell of simple truth,  
Sown in an hour  
Of weakness in some far-off Indian isle,

From the parched bosom of a barren soil,  
Raised up in life and power.

How at those gatherings in Barbadian vales,  
A tendering love  
Came o'er him, like the gentle rain from heaven,  
And words of fitness to his lips were given,  
And strength as from above.

How the sad captive listened to the Word,  
Until his chain  
Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit felt  
The healing balm of consolation melt  
Upon its life-long pain

How the armed warrior sat him down to hear  
Of Peace and Truth,  
And the proud ruler and his Creole dame,  
Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty came,  
And fair and bright-eyed youth.

Oh, far away beneath New England's sky,  
Even when a boy,  
Following my plough by Merrimac's green shore,  
His simple record I have pondered o'er  
With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory warm,--  
Its woods around,  
Its still stream winding on in light and shade,  
Its soft, green meadows and its upland glade,--  
To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where Genius keeps  
His vigils still;  
Than that where Avon's son of song is laid,  
Or Vacluse hallowed by its Petrarch's shade,  
Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the gray walls of fallen Paraclete,  
To Juliet's urn,  
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange-grove,  
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance and Love  
Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm  
To all is given;  
And blessed memories of the faithful dead  
O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream have shed  
The holy hues of Heaven!  
1843.

## GONE

Another hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given;  
And glows once more with Angel-steps

The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile  
Made brighter summer hours,  
Amid the frosts of autumn time  
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay;  
No shadow from the Silent Land  
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star,  
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed  
Eternal as the sky;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice,--  
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to Heaven a Shining One,  
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew;  
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book,

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move;  
The breathing of an inward psalm,  
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,  
And by the hearth-fire's light;  
We pause beside her door to hear  
Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,  
Her smile no longer cheers;  
A dimness on the stars of night,  
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will  
One thought hath reconciled;  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father! in Thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be

A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here  
Distrusted all her powers,  
May welcome to her holier home  
The well-beloved of ours.  
1845.

#### TO RONGE.

This was written after reading the powerful and manly protest of Johannes Ronge against the "pious fraud" of the Bishop of Treves. The bold movement of the young Catholic priest of Prussian Silesia seemed to me full of promise to the cause of political as well as religious liberty in Europe. That it failed was due partly to the faults of the reformer, but mainly to the disagreement of the Liberals of Germany upon a matter of dogma, which prevented them from unity of action. Ronge was born in Silesia in 1813 and died in October, 1887. His autobiography was translated into English and published in London in 1846.

Strike home, strong-hearted man! Down to the root  
Of old oppression sink the Saxon steel.  
Thy work is to hew down. In God's name then  
Put nerve into thy task. Let other men  
Plant, as they may, that better tree whose fruit  
The wounded bosom of the Church shall heal.  
Be thou the image-breaker. Let thy blows  
Fall heavy as the Suabian's iron hand,  
On crown or crosier, which shall interpose  
Between thee and the weal of Fatherland.  
Leave creeds to closet idlers. First of all,  
Shake thou all German dream-land with the fall  
Of that accursed tree, whose evil trunk  
Was spared of old by Erfurt's stalwart monk.  
Fight not with ghosts and shadows. Let us hear  
The snap of chain-links. Let our gladdened ear  
Catch the pale prisoner's welcome, as the light  
Follows thy axe-stroke, through his cell of night.  
Be faithful to both worlds; nor think to feed  
Earth's starving millions with the husks of creed.  
Servant of Him whose mission high and holy  
Was to the wronged, the sorrowing, and the lowly,  
Thrust not his Eden promise from our sphere,  
Distant and dim beyond the blue sky's span;  
Like him of Patmos, see it, now and here,  
The New Jerusalem comes down to man  
Be warned by Luther's error. Nor like him,  
When the roused Teuton dashes from his limb  
The rusted chain of ages, help to bind  
His hands for whom thou claim'st the freedom of  
the mind



1846.

CHANNING.

The last time I saw Dr. Channing was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, Joseph Sturge, so well known for his philanthropic labors and liberal political opinions, I visited him in his summer residence in Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say, that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy.

Not vainly did old poets tell,  
Nor vainly did old genius paint  
God's great and crowning miracle,  
The hero and the saint!

For even in a faithless day  
Can we our sainted ones discern;  
And feel, while with them on the way,  
Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen  
Which, world-wide, echo Channing's fame,  
As one of Heaven's anointed men,  
Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,  
And shut from him her saintly prize,  
Whom, in the world's great calendar,  
All men shall canonize.

By Narragansett's sunny bay,  
Beneath his green embowering wood,  
To me it seems but yesterday  
Since at his side I stood.

The slopes lay green with summer rains,  
The western wind blew fresh and free,  
And glimmered down the orchard lanes  
The white surf of the sea.

With us was one, who, calm and true,  
Life's highest purpose understood,  
And, like his blessed Master, knew  
The joy of doing good.

Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,  
Yet on the lips of England's poor  
And toiling millions dwelt his name,  
With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where  
The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,  
It blended with the freeman's prayer  
And song of jubilee.

He told of England's sin and wrong,  
The ills her suffering children know,  
The squalor of the city's throng,  
The green field's want and woe.

O'er Channing's face the tenderness  
Of sympathetic sorrow stole,  
Like a still shadow, passionless,  
The sorrow of the soul.

But when the generous Briton told  
How hearts were answering to his own,  
And Freedom's rising murmur rolled  
Up to the dull-eared throne,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise  
Thrill through that frail and pain-worn frame,  
And, kindling in those deep, calm eyes,  
A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as move  
The human heart,—the Faith-sown seeds  
Which ripen in the soil of love  
To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt,  
The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,  
And at one common altar knelt  
The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain: with strength renewed,  
And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim,  
For that brief meeting, each pursued  
The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill  
And vale with Channing's dying word!  
How are the hearts of freemen still  
By that great warning stirred.

The stranger treads his native soil,  
And pleads, with zeal unfelt before,  
The honest right of British toil,  
The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,  
Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,  
And, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall,  
The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,  
The Sheffield grinder, worn and grim,  
The delver in the Cornwall mines,  
Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,  
Dark feeders of the forge's flame,  
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,

Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour  
Of converse on Rhode Island's strand  
Lives in the calm, resistless power  
Which moves our fatherland.

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the fitting word He speeds  
And Truth, at His requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?  
What dust upon the spirit lies?  
God keeps the sacred life he gave,--  
The prophet never dies!  
1844.

#### TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th month, 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor, and ever-ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The Birmingham Pilot says of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended than in this excellent woman."

Thine is a grief, the depth of which another  
May never know;  
Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken brother!  
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding  
Thy hand in mine;  
With even the weakness of my soul upholding  
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed;  
I stood not by  
When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-hearted  
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak condoling  
Must vainly fall  
The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling,  
Sounds over all!

I will not mock thee with the poor world's common  
And heartless phrase,  
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman  
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb!

Yet, would I say what thy own heart approveth  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,  
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel  
Hath evil wrought  
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel,--  
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
What He hath given;  
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly  
As in His heaven.

And she is with thee; in thy path of trial  
She walketh yet;  
Still with the baptism of thy self-denial  
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother! Lo, the fields of harvest  
Lie white in view  
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest  
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle! England's toilworn peasants  
Thy call abide;  
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence,  
Shall glean beside!  
1845.

#### DANIEL WHEELER

Daniel Wheeler, a minister of the Society of Friends, who had labored in the cause of his Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the islands of the Pacific, died in New York in the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to this country.

O Dearly loved!  
And worthy of our love! No more  
Thy aged form shall rise before  
The bushed and waiting worshiper,  
In meek obedience utterance giving  
To words of truth, so fresh and living,  
That, even to the inward sense,  
They bore unquestioned evidence  
Of an anointed Messenger!  
Or, bowing down thy silver hair  
In reverent awfulness of prayer,  
The world, its time and sense, shut out  
The brightness of Faith's holy trance  
Gathered upon thy countenance,  
As if each lingering cloud of doubt,  
The cold, dark shadows resting here  
In Time's unluminous atmosphere,  
Were lifted by an angel's hand,

And through them on thy spiritual eye  
Shone down the blessedness on high,  
The glory of the Better Land!

The oak has fallen!  
While, meet for no good work, the vine  
May yet its worthless branches twine,  
Who knoweth not that with thee fell  
A great man in our Israel?  
Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,  
Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,  
And in thy hand retaining yet  
The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell  
Unharm'd and safe, where, wild and free,  
Across the Neva's cold morass  
The breezes from the Frozen Sea  
With winter's arrowy keenness pass;  
Or where the unwarning tropic gale  
Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,  
Or where the noon-hour's fervid heat  
Against Tahiti's mountains beat;  
The same mysterious Hand which gave  
Deliverance upon land and wave,  
Temper'd for thee the blasts which blew  
Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,  
And blessed for thee the baleful dew  
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,  
Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,  
Midst our soft airs and opening flowers  
Hath given thee a grave!

His will be done,  
Who seeth not as man, whose way  
Is not as ours! 'T is well with thee!  
Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay  
Disquieted thy closing day,  
But, evermore, thy soul could say,  
"My Father careth still for me!"  
Called from thy hearth and home,--from her,  
The last bud on thy household tree,  
The last dear one to minister  
In duty and in love to thee,  
From all which nature holdeth dear,  
Feeble with years and worn with pain,  
To seek our distant land again,  
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing  
The things which should befall thee here,  
Whether for labor or for death,  
In childlike trust serenely going  
To that last trial of thy faith!  
Oh, far away,  
Where never shines our Northern star  
On that dark waste which Balboa saw  
From Darien's mountains stretching far,  
So strange, heaven-broad, and lone, that there,  
With forehead to its damp wind bare,  
He bent his mailed knee in awe;  
In many an isle whose coral feet  
The surges of that ocean beat,

In thy palm shadows, Oahu,  
And Honolulu's silver bay,  
Amidst Owyhee's hills of blue,  
And taro-plains of Tooboona,  
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be  
Sad as our own at thought of thee,  
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,  
Whose souls in weariness and need  
Were strengthened and refreshed by thine.  
For blessed by our Father's hand  
Was thy deep love and tender care,  
Thy ministry and fervent prayer,--  
Grateful as Eshcol's clustered vine  
To Israel in a weary land.

And they who drew  
By thousands round thee, in the hour  
Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep,  
That He who bade the islands keep  
Silence before Him, might renew  
Their strength with His unslumbering power,  
They too shall mourn that thou art gone,  
That nevermore thy aged lip  
Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,  
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard  
Through thee the Gospel's glorious word,--  
Seals of thy true apostleship.  
And, if the brightest diadem,  
Whose gems of glory purely burn  
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,  
Be evermore reserved for them  
Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn  
Many to righteousness,  
May we not think of thee as wearing  
That star-like crown of light, and bearing,  
Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,  
Th' unfading palm-branch in thy hand;  
And joining with a seraph's tongue  
In that new song the elders sung,  
Ascribing to its blessed Giver  
Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever!

Farewell!  
And though the ways of Zion mourn  
When her strong ones are called away,  
Who like thyself have calmly borne  
The heat and burden of the day,  
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth  
His ancient watch around us keepeth;  
Still, sent from His creating hand,  
New witnesses for Truth shall stand,  
New instruments to sound abroad  
The Gospel of a risen Lord;  
To gather to the fold once more  
The desolate and gone astray,  
The scattered of a cloudy day,  
And Zion's broken walls restore;  
And, through the travail and the toil  
Of true obedience, minister

Beauty for ashes, and the oil  
Of joy for mourning, unto her!  
So shall her holy bounds increase  
With walls of praise and gates of peace  
So shall the Vine, which martyr tears  
And blood sustained in other years,  
With fresher life be clothed upon;  
And to the world in beauty show  
Like the rose-plant of Jericho,  
And glorious as Lebanon!  
1847

TO FREDRIKA BREMER.

It is proper to say that these lines are the joint impromptus of my sister and myself. They are inserted here as an expression of our admiration of the gifted stranger whom we have since learned to love as a friend.

Seeress of the misty Norland,  
Daughter of the Vikings bold,  
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,  
Which thy fathers sought of old!

Soft as flow of Sijja's waters,  
When the moon of summer shines,  
Strong as Winter from his mountains  
Roaring through the sleeted pines.

Heart and ear, we long have listened  
To thy saga, rune, and song;  
As a household joy and presence  
We have known and loved thee long.

By the mansion's marble mantel,  
Round the log-walled cabin's hearth,  
Thy sweet thoughts and northern fancies  
Meet and mingle with our mirth.

And o'er weary spirits keeping  
Sorrow's night-watch, long and chill,  
Shine they like thy sun of summer  
Over midnight vale and hill.

We alone to thee are strangers,  
Thou our friend and teacher art;  
Come, and know us as we know thee;  
Let us meet thee heart to heart!

To our homes and household altars  
We, in turn, thy steps would lead,  
As thy loving hand has led us  
O'er the threshold of the Swede.  
1849.

TO AVIS KEENE

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-MOSSES.

Thanks for thy gift  
Of ocean flowers,  
Born where the golden drift  
Of the slant sunshine falls  
Down the green, tremulous walls  
Of water, to the cool, still coral bowers,  
Where, under rainbows of perpetual showers,  
God's gardens of the deep  
His patient angels keep;  
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude  
With fairest forms and hues, and thus  
Forever teaching us  
The lesson which the many-colored skies,  
The flowers, and leaves, and painted butterflies,  
The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird that flings  
The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,  
The brightness of the human countenance,  
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,  
Forevermore repeat,  
In varied tones and sweet,  
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O kind and generous friend, o'er whom  
The sunset hues of Time are cast,  
Painting, upon the overpast  
And scattered clouds of noonday sorrow  
The promise of a fairer morrow,  
An earnest of the better life to come;  
The binding of the spirit broken,  
The warning to the erring spoken,  
The comfort of the sad,  
The eye to see, the hand to cull  
Of common things the beautiful,  
The absent heart made glad  
By simple gift or graceful token  
Of love it needs as daily food,  
All own one Source, and all are good  
Hence, tracking sunny cove and reach,  
Where spent waves glimmer up the beach,  
And toss their gifts of weed and shell  
From foamy curve and combing swell,  
No unbefitting task was thine  
To weave these flowers so soft and fair  
In unison with His design  
Who loveth beauty everywhere;  
And makes in every zone and clime,  
In ocean and in upper air,  
All things beautiful in their time.

For not alone in tones of awe and power  
He speaks to Inan;  
The cloudy horror of the thunder-shower  
His rainbows span;  
And where the caravan  
Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air



The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage there,  
He gives the weary eye  
The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon hours,  
And on its branches dry  
Calls out the acacia's flowers;  
And where the dark shaft pierces down  
Beneath the mountain roots,  
Seen by the miner's lamp alone,  
The star-like crystal shoots;  
So, where, the winds and waves below,  
The coral-branched gardens grow,  
His climbing weeds and mosses show,  
Like foliage, on each stony bough,  
Of varied hues more strangely gay  
Than forest leaves in autumn's day;--  
Thus evermore,  
On sky, and wave, and shore,  
An all-pervading beauty seems to say  
God's love and power are one; and they,  
Who, like the thunder of a sultry day,  
Smite to restore,  
And they, who, like the gentle wind, uplift  
The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and drift  
Their perfume on the air,  
Alike may serve Him, each, with their own gift,  
Making their lives a prayer!  
1850

#### THE HILL-TOP

The burly driver at my side,  
We slowly climbed the hill,  
Whose summit, in the hot noontide,  
Seemed rising, rising still.  
At last, our short noon-shadows bid  
The top-stone, bare and brown,  
From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,  
The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North;  
Between me and the sun,  
O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,  
I saw the cloud-shades run.  
Before me, stretched for glistening miles,  
Lay mountain-girdled Squam;  
Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles  
Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze warm,  
Far as the eye could roam,  
Dark billows of an earthquake storm  
Beflecked with clouds like foam,  
Their vales in misty shadow deep,  
Their rugged peaks in shine,  
I saw the mountain ranges sweep  
The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocorua's peak; and west,  
Moosehillock's woods were seen,  
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest  
And pine-dark gorge between.  
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,  
The great Notch mountains shone,  
Watched over by the solemn-browed  
And awful face of stone!

"A good look-off!" the driver spake;  
"About this time, last year,  
I drove a party to the Lake,  
And stopped, at evening, here.  
'T was duskish down below; but all  
These hills stood in the sun,  
Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,  
He left them, one by one.

"A lady, who, from Thornton hill,  
Had held her place outside,  
And, as a pleasant woman will,  
Had cheered the long, dull ride,  
Besought me, with so sweet a smile,  
That--though I hate delays--  
I could not choose but rest awhile,--  
(These women have such ways!)

"On yonder mossy ledge she sat,  
Her sketch upon her knees,  
A stray brown lock beneath her hat  
Unrolling in the breeze;  
Her sweet face, in the sunset light  
Upraised and glorified,--  
I never saw a prettier sight  
In all my mountain ride.

"As good as fair; it seemed her joy  
To comfort and to give;  
My poor, sick wife, and cripple boy,  
Will bless her while they live!"  
The tremor in the driver's tone  
His manhood did not shame  
"I dare say, sir, you may have known"--  
He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,  
The blue lake fled away;  
For mountain-scope a parlor's bounds,  
A lighted hearth for day!  
From lonely years and weary miles  
The shadows fell apart;  
Kind voices cheered, sweet human smiles  
Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on; but earth and sky  
Had power to charm no more;  
Still dreamed my inward-turning eye  
The dream of memory o'er.  
Ah! human kindness, human love,--

To few who seek denied;  
Too late we learn to prize above  
The whole round world beside!  
1850

ELLIOTT.

Ebenezer Elliott was to the artisans of England what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland. His Corn-law Rhymes contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on bread. Well has the eloquent author of *The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain* said of him, "Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons who moisten their scanty bread with the sweat of the brow, are largely indebted to his inspiring lay, for the mighty bound which the laboring mind of England has taken in our day."

Hands off! thou tithe-fat plunderer! play  
No trick of priestcraft here!  
Back, puny lordling! darest thou lay  
A hand on Elliott's bier?  
Alive, your rank and pomp, as dust,  
Beneath his feet he trod.

He knew the locust swarm that cursed  
The harvest-fields of God.  
On these pale lips, the smothered thought  
Which England's millions feel,  
A fierce and fearful splendor caught,  
As from his forge the steel.  
Strong-armed as Thor, a shower of fire  
His smitten anvil flung;  
God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's ire,  
He gave them all a tongue!

Then let the poor man's horny hands  
Bear up the mighty dead,  
And labor's swart and stalwart bands  
Behind as mourners tread.  
Leave cant and craft their baptized bounds,  
Leave rank its minster floor;  
Give England's green and daisied grounds  
The poet of the poor!

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green verge  
That brave old heart of oak,  
With fitting dirge from sounding forge,  
And pall of furnace smoke!  
Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,  
And axe and sledge are swung,  
And, timing to their stormy sounds,  
His stormy lays are sung.

There let the peasant's step be heard,  
The grinder chant his rhyme,  
Nor patron's praise nor dainty word  
Befits the man or time.

No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh  
For him whose words were bread;  
The Runic rhyme and spell whereby  
The foodless poor were fed!

Pile up the tombs of rank and pride,  
O England, as thou wilt!  
With pomp to nameless worth denied,  
Emblazon titled guilt!  
No part or lot in these we claim;  
But, o'er the sounding wave,  
A common right to Elliott's name,  
A freehold in his grave!  
1850

## ICHABOD

This poem was the outcome of the surprise and grief and forecast of evil consequences which I felt on reading the seventh of March speech of Daniel Webster in support of the "compromise," and the Fugitive Slave Law. No partisan or personal enmity dictated it. On the contrary my admiration of the splendid personality and intellectual power of the great Senator was never stronger than when I laid down his speech, and, in one of the saddest moments of my life, penned my protest. I saw, as I wrote, with painful clearness its sure results,—the Slave Power arrogant and defiant, strengthened and encouraged to carry out its scheme for the extension of its baleful system, or the dissolution of the Union, the guaranties of personal liberty in the free States broken down, and the whole country made the hunting-ground of slave-catchers. In the horror of such a vision, so soon fearfully fulfilled, if one spoke at all, he could only speak in tones of stern and sorrowful rebuke. But death softens all resentments, and the consciousness of a common inheritance of frailty and weakness modifies the severity of judgment. Years after, in *The Lost Occasion* I gave utterance to an almost universal regret that the great statesman did not live to see the flag which he loved trampled under the feet of Slavery, and, in view of this desecration, make his last days glorious in defence of "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable."

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, naught  
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

#### THE LOST OCCASION.

Some die too late and some too soon,  
At early morning, heat of noon,  
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,  
Whom the rich heavens did so endow  
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,  
With all the massive strength that fills  
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,  
With rarest gifts of heart and head  
From manliest stock inherited,  
New England's stateliest type of man,  
In port and speech Olympian;

Whom no one met, at first, but took  
A second awed and wondering look  
(As turned, perchance, the eyes of Greece  
On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece);  
Whose words in simplest homespun clad,  
The Saxon strength of Caedmon's had,  
With power reserved at need to reach  
The Roman forum's loftiest speech,  
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent  
In passion, cool in argument,  
Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes  
As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,  
Crushing as if with Talus' flail  
Through Error's logic-woven mail,

And failing only when they tried  
The adamant of the righteous side,--  
Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved  
Of old friends, by the new deceived,  
Too soon for us, too soon for thee,  
Beside thy lonely Northern sea,  
Where long and low the marsh-lands spread,  
Laid wearily down thy August head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below  
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow;  
The late-sprung mine that underlaid  
Thy sad concessions vainly made.  
Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's wall  
The star-flag of the Union fall,  
And armed rebellion pressing on  
The broken lines of Washington!  
No stronger voice than thine had then  
Called out the utmost might of men,  
To make the Union's charter free  
And strengthen law by liberty.  
How had that stern arbitrament  
To thy gray age youth's vigor lent,  
Shaming ambition's paltry prize  
Before thy disillusioned eyes;  
Breaking the spell about thee wound  
Like the green withes that Samson bound;  
Redeeming in one effort grand,  
Thyself and thy imperilled land!  
Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,  
O sleeper by the Northern sea,  
The gates of opportunity!  
God fills the gaps of human need,  
Each crisis brings its word and deed.  
Wise men and strong we did not lack;  
But still, with memory turning back,  
In the dark hours we thought of thee,  
And thy lone grave beside the sea.

Above that grave the east winds blow,  
And from the marsh-lands drifting slow  
The sea-fog comes, with evermore  
The wave-wash of a lonely shore,  
And sea-bird's melancholy cry,  
As Nature fain would typify  
The sadness of a closing scene,  
The loss of that which should have been.  
But, where thy native mountains bare  
Their foreheads to diviner air,  
Fit emblem of enduring fame,  
One lofty summit keeps thy name.  
For thee the cosmic forces did  
The rearing of that pyramid,  
The prescient ages shaping with  
Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.  
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon  
With hands of light their benison,  
The stars of midnight pause to set  
Their jewels in its coronet.

And evermore that mountain mass  
Seems climbing from the shadowy pass  
To light, as if to manifest  
Thy nobler self, thy life at best!  
1880

## 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.

TO -----

### LINES WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER DAY'S EXCURSION.

Fair Nature's priestesses! to whom,  
In hieroglyph of bud and bloom,  
Her mysteries are told;  
Who, wise in lore of wood and mead,  
The seasons' pictured scrolls can read,

In lessons manifold!

Thanks for the courtesy, and gay  
Good-humor, which on Washing Day  
Our ill-timed visit bore;  
Thanks for your graceful oars, which broke  
The morning dreams of Artichoke,  
Along his wooded shore!

Varied as varying Nature's ways,  
Sprites of the river, woodland fays,  
Or mountain nymphs, ye seem;  
Free-limbed Dianas on the green,  
Loch Katrine's Ellen, or Undine,  
Upon your favorite stream.

The forms of which the poets told,  
The fair benignities of old,  
Were doubtless such as you;  
What more than Artichoke the rill  
Of Helicon? Than Pipe-stave hill  
Arcadia's mountain-view?

No sweeter bowers the bee delayed,  
In wild Hymettus' scented shade,  
Than those you dwell among;  
Snow-flowered azaleas, intertwined  
With roses, over banks inclined  
With trembling harebells hung!

A charmed life unknown to death,  
Immortal freshness Nature hath;  
Her fabled fount and glen  
Are now and here: Dodona's shrine  
Still murmurs in the wind-swept pine,--  
All is that e'er hath been.

The Beauty which old Greece or Rome  
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home;  
We need but eye and ear  
In all our daily walks to trace  
The outlines of incarnate grace,  
The hymns of gods to hear!  
1851

IN PEACE.

A track of moonlight on a quiet lake,  
Whose small waves on a silver-sanded shore  
Whisper of peace, and with the low winds make  
Such harmonies as keep the woods awake,  
And listening all night long for their sweet sake  
A green-waved slope of meadow, hovered o'er  
By angel-troops of lilies, swaying light  
On viewless stems, with folded wings of white;  
A slumberous stretch of mountain-land, far seen  
Where the low westering day, with gold and green,



Purple and amber, softly blended, fills  
The wooded vales, and melts among the hills;  
A vine-fringed river, winding to its rest  
On the calm bosom of a stormless sea,  
Bearing alike upon its placid breast,  
With earthly flowers and heavenly' stars impressed,  
The hues of time and of eternity  
Such are the pictures which the thought of thee,  
O friend, awakeneth,--charming the keen pain  
Of thy departure, and our sense of loss  
Requiting with the fullness of thy gain.  
Lo! on the quiet grave thy life-borne cross,  
Dropped only at its side, methinks doth shine,  
Of thy beatitude the radiant sign!  
No sob of grief, no wild lament be there,  
To break the Sabbath of the holy air;  
But, in their stead, the silent-breathing prayer  
Of hearts still waiting for a rest like thine.  
O spirit redeemed! Forgive us, if henceforth,  
With sweet and pure similitudes of earth,  
We keep thy pleasant memory freshly green,  
Of love's inheritance a priceless part,  
Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe, is seen  
To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,  
With pencil dipped alone in colors of the heart.  
1851.

#### BENEDICITE.

God's love and peace be with thee, where  
Soe'er this soft autumnal air  
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair.

Whether through city casements comes  
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,  
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,  
Imparting, in its glad embrace,  
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,  
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,  
The maple shadows overhead,--

The hills we climbed, the river seen  
By gleams along its deep ravine,--  
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,  
Thy thought goes with me on my way,  
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day;

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,  
The weary waste which lies between  
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor  
The half-unconscious power to draw  
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast  
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast  
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee  
The gracious heavens will heed from me,  
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed,--  
What can I more than meekly plead  
The greatness of our common need?

God's love,--unchanging, pure, and true,--  
The Paraclete white-shining through  
His peace,--the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,  
As thou mayst hear and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away!  
1851.

#### KOSSUTH

It can scarcely be necessary to say that there are elements in the character and passages in the history of the great Hungarian statesman and orator, which necessarily command the admiration of those, even, who believe that no political revolution was ever worth the price of human blood.

Type of two mighty continents!--combining  
The strength of Europe with the warmth and glow  
Of Asian song and prophecy,--the shining  
Of Orient splendors over Northern snow!  
Who shall receive him? Who, unblushing, speak  
Welcome to him, who, while he strove to break  
The Austrian yoke from Magyar necks, smote off  
At the same blow the fetters of the serf,  
Rearing the altar of his Fatherland  
On the firm base of freedom, and thereby  
Lifting to Heaven a patriot's stainless hand,  
Mocked not the God of Justice with a lie!  
Who shall be Freedom's mouthpiece? Who shall give  
Her welcoming cheer to the great fugitive?  
Not he who, all her sacred trusts betraying,  
Is scourging back to slavery's hell of pain  
The swarthy Kossuths of our land again!  
Not he whose utterance now from lips designed  
The bugle-march of Liberty to wind,  
And call her hosts beneath the breaking light,  
The keen reveille of her morn of fight,  
Is but the hoarse note of the blood-hound's baying,  
The wolf's long howl behind the bondman's flight!  
Oh for the tongue of him who lies at rest

In Quincy's shade of patrimonial trees,  
Last of the Puritan tribunes and the best,  
To lend a voice to Freedom's sympathies,  
And hail the coming of the noblest guest  
The Old World's wrong has given the New World of the West!  
1851.

TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

AN EPISTLE NOT AFTER THE MANNER OF HORACE

These lines were addressed to my worthy friend Joshua Coffin, teacher, historian, and antiquarian. He was one of the twelve persons who with William Lloyd Garrison formed the first anti-slavery society in New England.

Old friend, kind friend! lightly down  
Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown!  
Never be thy shadow less,  
Never fail thy cheerfulness;  
Care, that kills the cat, may, plough  
Wrinkles in the miser's brow,  
Deepen envy's spiteful frown,  
Draw the mouths of bigots down,  
Plague ambition's dream, and sit  
Heavy on the hypocrite,  
Haunt the rich man's door, and ride  
In the gilded coach of pride;--  
Let the fiend pass!--what can he  
Find to do with such as thee?  
Seldom comes that evil guest  
Where the conscience lies at rest,  
And brown health and quiet wit  
Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urchin unto whom,  
In that smoked and dingy room,  
Where the district gave thee rule  
O'er its ragged winter school,  
Thou didst teach the mysteries  
Of those weary A B C's,--  
Where, to fill the every pause  
Of thy wise and learned saws,  
Through the cracked and crazy wall  
Came the cradle-rock and squall,  
And the goodman's voice, at strife  
With his shrill and tipsy wife,  
Luring us by stories old,  
With a comic unction told,  
More than by the eloquence  
Of terse birchen arguments  
(Doubtful gain, I fear), to look  
With complacence on a book!--  
Where the genial pedagogue  
Half forgot his rogues to flog,  
Citing tale or apologue,  
Wise and merry in its drift

As was Phaedrus' twofold gift,  
Had the little rebels known it,  
Risum et prudentiam monet!  
I,--the man of middle years,  
In whose sable locks appears  
Many a warning fleck of gray,--  
Looking back to that far day,  
And thy primal lessons, feel  
Grateful smiles my lips unseal,  
As, remembering thee, I blend  
Olden teacher, present friend,  
Wise with antiquarian search,  
In the scrolls of State and Church  
Named on history's title-page,  
Parish-clerk and justice sage;  
For the ferule's wholesome awe  
Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,  
Gathering up the scattered leaves  
Which the wrinkled sibyl cast  
Careless from her as she passed,--  
Twofold citizen art thou,  
Freeman of the past and now.  
He who bore thy name of old  
Midway in the heavens did hold  
Over Gibeon moon and sun;  
Thou hast bidden them backward run;  
Of to-day the present ray  
Flinging over yesterday!

Let the busy ones deride  
What I deem of right thy pride  
Let the fools their treadmills grind,  
Look not forward nor behind,  
Shuffle in and wriggle out,  
Veer with every breeze about,  
Turning like a windmill sail,  
Or a dog that seeks his tail;  
Let them laugh to see thee fast  
Tabernacled in the Past,  
Working out with eye and lip,  
Riddles of old penmanship,  
Patient as Belzoni there  
Sorting out, with loving care,  
Mummies of dead questions stripped  
From their sevenfold manuscript.

Dabbling, in their noisy way,  
In the puddles of to-day,  
Little know they of that vast  
Solemn ocean of the past,  
On whose margin, wreck-bespread,  
Thou art walking with the dead,  
Questioning the stranded years,  
Waking smiles, by turns, and tears,  
As thou callest up again  
Shapes the dust has long o'erlain,--  
Fair-haired woman, bearded man,

Cavalier and Puritan;  
In an age whose eager view  
Seeks but present things, and new,  
Mad for party, sect and gold,  
Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,  
Coolly bagging fact on fact,  
Naught amiss to thee can float,  
Tale, or song, or anecdote;  
Village gossip, centuries old,  
Scandals by our grandams told,  
What the pilgrim's table spread,  
Where he lived, and whom he wed,  
Long-drawn bill of wine and beer  
For his ordination cheer,  
Or the flip that wellnigh made  
Glad his funeral cavalcade;  
Weary prose, and poet's lines,  
Flavored by their age, like wines,  
Eulogistic of some quaint,  
Doubtful, puritanic saint;  
Lays that quickened husking jigs,  
Jests that shook grave periwigs,  
When the parson had his jokes  
And his glass, like other folks;  
Sermons that, for mortal hours,  
Taxed our fathers' vital powers,  
As the long nineteenthlies poured  
Downward from the sounding-board,  
And, for fire of Pentecost,  
Touched their beards December's frost.

Time is hastening on, and we  
What our fathers are shall be,--  
Shadow-shapes of memory!  
Joined to that vast multitude  
Where the great are but the good,  
And the mind of strength shall prove  
Weaker than the heart of love;  
Pride of graybeard wisdom less  
Than the infant's guilelessness,  
And his song of sorrow more  
Than the crown the Psalmist wore  
Who shall then, with pious zeal,  
At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,  
From a stained and stony page  
Reading to a careless age,  
With a patient eye like thine,  
Prosing tale and limping line,  
Names and words the hoary rime  
Of the Past has made sublime?  
Who shall work for us as well  
The antiquarian's miracle?  
Who to seeming life recall  
Teacher grave and pupil small?  
Who shall give to thee and me  
Freeholds in futurity?

Well, whatever lot be mine,  
Long and happy days be thine,  
Ere thy full and honored age  
Dates of time its latest page!  
Squire for master, State for school,  
Wisely lenient, live and rule;  
Over grown-up knave and rogue  
Play the watchful pedagogue;  
Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,  
At the call of youth and beauty,  
Speak for them the spell of law  
Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,  
And the flaming sword remove  
From the Paradise of Love.  
Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore  
Ancient tome and record o'er;  
Still thy week-day lyrics croon,  
Pitch in church the Sunday tune,  
Showing something, in thy part,  
Of the old Puritanic art,  
Singer after Sternhold's heart  
In thy pew, for many a year,  
Homilies from Oldbug hear,  
Who to wit like that of South,  
And the Syrian's golden mouth,  
Doth the homely pathos add  
Which the pilgrim preachers had;  
Breaking, like a child at play,  
Gilded idols of the day,  
Cant of knave and pomp of fool  
Tossing with his ridicule,  
Yet, in earnest or in jest,  
Ever keeping truth abreast.  
And, when thou art called, at last,  
To thy townsmen of the past,  
Not as stranger shalt thou come;  
Thou shalt find thyself at home  
With the little and the big,  
Woollen cap and periwig,  
Madam in her high-laced ruff,  
Goody in her home-made stuff,--  
Wise and simple, rich and poor,  
Thou hast known them all before!

1851

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK, PERSONAL POEMS, PART 1 \*\*\*  
By John Greenleaf Whittier

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