

A RHYME

OF THE

“NORTH COUNTRY.”

A
R H Y M E
OF THE
NORTH COUNTRY.

BY

A. M. GLEEMAN.

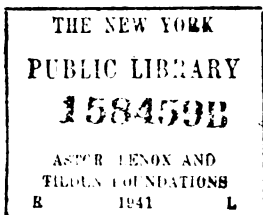
[By J. C. Moffat]

CINCINNATI:

J. A. & U. P. JAMES, WALNUT STREET,
BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH.

1847.

R. B. P.



ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by

J. A. & U. P. JAMES,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ohio.

We been harpers, said Adler Yonge,
Come out of the North Countrie.

Ballad of King Estmere.

O! take away your wealth, your fame,
Your honours, treasures vile;
And give me, in their stead, a home,
A love, and love's sweet smile.

Russian Song.

"Looke out, looke out, my bauldest man,
Looke out unto the storm;
And, if ye cannot get sicht o' land,
Do ye see the dawin o' morn?"

"Oh! alace! alace! my master dear,"

Spak then that ae best man,

"Nor licht, nor land, nor living thing

Do I spy on any hand."

Master of Weemyss.

WAR 19 FEB '36

(5)

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WHERE the green forests of the leafy West
Wave o'er a realm of hope, whose visions
throng
Bright as the dreams of young enthusiast,
An exile from the "North Countrie" of song
Had chosen his abode. And yet his heart,
Amid the toils whereby he did adorn
His woodland residence, would often long
For that dear land beneath the rising morn,
Dear to his youth and measures of his art;
For still like echoes to his soul were borne
Melodious fragments of its ancient lays;
And for the children of another clime,
From lingering legends of his early days,
And memories of the past, he wove this humble
rhyme.

(7)

PRELUDE.

WILD land of poesy, when free
From daily cares, to youth and thee
My thoughts return, what visions lie,
Like evening clouds, before my eye!
The winding stream, the mountain glen
And sunny lawn appear again ;
While every spot its legend brings
Of long, long past beloved things.

That heathy peak, in morn's first ray
Enrobed, proclaimed the coming day,

(9)

And on that other evening's beam
As oft reposed in golden gleam ;
But Alvan's hall, upon its brow,
Is mouldering 'neath the ivy now.
The tangled brambles close around
Alike his hearth and funeral mound ;
The mountain deer may make his lair,
But man retains no dwelling there. .
Nor would I that a stranger's face
Should greet me in that well-known place,
Where once each eye, that met me, shone
With feeling kindred to my own.

Let wildest nature freely spread
Her mantle o'er each earthy bed,
Where sleep the loved of early years—
It may evoke some friendly tears ;
But will not o'er the bosom throw
The darker gloom of hopeless woe,
Which clouds the spirit, when we come
From long and distant exile, home,
To find, not those we loved alone,

But all their earthly traces gone,
And strangers in their dwellings, who
Their names or being never knew.

Then let me dream that solitude,
In desert garb, however rude,
Will long lament, beside that grave
Where now her lonely weepers wave ;
That they, to whom my love was joined,
In dying left a blank behind,
Which even Earth shall long delay
To fill with aught in glad array,
While her own solemn voice replies
To sorrows which with memory rise.
And well for him who sings the past,
And loves the theme of which he sings,
Whose earthly eye shall never rest
Where hover Fancy's frequent wings,
The faithful memory works no change
Upon the subjects of her lore,
Nor adds a line nor feature strange
To what the type in Nature bore.

The youthful friend, whose warm adieu
Fell on the heart long years ago,
Is still the same to Memory's view,
The same that Memory still shall know.
Years may have dimmed the beaming eye
And marked the raven locks with gray,
But lovely in their youth they lie
Upon the heart that's far away.
Say not that absence can molest
A single line by love imprest,
It only rescues from the flood
Of ever new vicissitude,
The treasured idols of the mind ;
Which thus have to themselves assigned
A steadfast life more permanent,
Than are the forms they represent.
Less vividly may they arise
Than rose their type before the eyes,
And the slow twilight shade of years
May dim a form the past endears ;
But, till the hand of time efface
Of all the latest lingering trace,

The Memory's tablets truly bear
 What has been once imprinted there.

Then shall the Minstrel keep the scene
 Which Fancy for itself arrays—
 Essential life of what has been,
 In many sad and happy days.
 The past as present shall appear,
 And distant things, to him as near.

Thus, Maron, shall those paths remain
 As lonely as when left by thee ;
 In Nature's ever changing reign,
 A proof of kinder constancy :
 For in that loneliness they will
 Be sacred to thy memory still.
 And still to me recal the young
 Enthusiast gush of childhood's pleasure,
 When first, these silent groves among,
 Thou tuned'st my heart to Nature's measure,
 And I, each lesson to receive
 From thy kind lips, would often leave
 B

My playmates and my home, in glee,
To rove the woods and fields with thee.
 How little knew I, then, the unrest
Which preyed upon thy gentle breast ;
Or why thine eyes would sometimes stray
Forgetful of my childish play :
Though often would I pause to trace
The shade of sorrow on thy face,
And ask thee why thou wept'st, and thou
Would'st bend and smooth my eager brow,
And, while thine eyes upon me smiled,
Would'st bless and call me happy child.
 I knew not then—but thy sad tale
Was soon the portion of the Vale.

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PART FIRST.

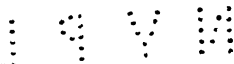
ALVAN, though born to rank, had early found
His heritage must be that rank alone.
Fortune forsook the family. All around,
His friends had died or left him, one by one;
And yet he gave not way to grief nor hate,
But meekly bent and yielded to his fate.
Though one of rank's gay world, yet that of
thought
He always loved, and ever most had sought.
And when he saw his influence, day by day,
(15)

With men of worldly wisdom, pass away,
It little grieved him. And the one he loved,
Though her young life a reign of pleasure proved,
Could yield him nothing but her virgin vow;
Yet held him much too dear to leave him friend-
less now.

To this quiet glen, they, therefore, soon withdrew.
The gay world missed them not, nor ever knew,
Nor cared to know, now they were poor, what
fate

Befel them. Here by the sea shore,
His house within the hearing of its roar,
On the last fragment of his lost estate
Alvan sat down. Daily employment lent
Him cheerfulness and vigor. For the bent
To industry his active mind soon took
Gave him enjoyment in his toil. This lonely
nook

Soon grew a garden spot beneath his hands,
And well supplied frugality's demands.



Thus almost twenty years had passed away,
And wealth, again, upon them shed her ray—
Once more they might have mingled with the
 gay.

They chose not, for themselves. Their rural
 home

For them had more enjoyment, had become
Endeared to them, by ties of tenderest kind,
That to material forms unite the mind;
But the desire to yield her, who alone

 Had blessed their union with parental care,
An education worthy of their own,

 Led them, once more, occasionally, to share
In the amusements of their early days.

And Maron, though she loved her mountain
 home

Dearer than aught the giddy town displays,

 Found much, within the round of gayer life

 And atmosphere of honor, to become

Of strong and dazzling fascination, rife

 In various enjoyment. Vigorous thought,

With early habits of reflection, caught
From lonely rambles 'mong her native hills,
Gave freshness to her views, and o'er them
threw
That ideality, to which but few
Can glory in the breast that never thrills.
Her mountain clime and rambles uncon-
strained
Had lent a grace, by art but seldom gained;
O'er the clear cheek had thrown its rosy dye
And filled with light the large and deep blue eye.

Yet art had not been wanting. Nay,
The highest art, that seeks to wake
To light the spirit's latent ray,
Had been expended for her sake.
Nor had that education sought
To overlay all native thought,
Beneath a load of sciences,
All simplified to utmost ease;
Results divorced from all that claim

The meed of scientific name.

Nor had the reasoning force alone
The gentler faculties outgrown;
In daily life, that social art,
Which wealth and fashion value more,
Had given the rich and ardent heart
The mastery of its varied lore;
On every gift conferred the glow,
Its specious beams alone bestow;
That self sustaining grace and ease,
Which teaches even the naught to please.

And yet her lip, full oft revealed
A pride those graces scant concealed.
It may have been, her father's birth
And humbled circumstances now,
With consciousness of native worth
Forbade before the rich to bow—
The education of the day
'Tis true did also lead that way,
And social manners in their high

Aristocratic tendency—

But even they who taught did rue
The pride that with her virtues grew,
And cherishing its stateliness,
Could well have wished the passion less.

Though there were times when the full soul
Burst, in its flow, from the control,
Which social forms and its own bent
Wielded o'er its development,
And frankly gave its stores away,
In sparkling wit and artless play ;
It never ceased to be allied
With dashes of inherent pride ;
Till even they, who most admired

And valued her most truly, thought
It pity that a mind, attired

In form so beautiful, should be so haught.
And ladies would, at times, express
Full harsh things of that haughtiness ;
How therein all her feelings merged,
And how it often more than verged

Upon discourtesy—How vain !
Her only passion was to reign!—
And there was something true in all,
Though envy dipp'd the words in gall.
She knew the power that beauty gave,
And loved to see the vain her slave—
In hopeless bonds such hearts to lead
As scorned her father in his need—
'Twas a revenge which all condemn,
 And which, perhaps, she had not long
Maintained, had there been found in them
 Virtues that could awake a strong
Emotion in a heart whose pride
On intellect alone relied.
And could not love ere it should find
Repose upon a kindred mind ;
And knew too well the worthless prey,
That fluttered round, to give away
One valuable feeling, where
She found but frippery and glare.
But where the teaching skill to raise

Humanity above its feelings?
The strictest etiquette but lays
A curb upon the heart's revealings;
The inward being still obeys
A tenderer voice: and the mute dealings
Of heart and reason will be shown
In actions not to all unknown—
Pride, rank and specious forms may build
A dignity which wealth may gild,
And state may seem to chill away
All sympathy with forms of clay,
Till scarce the glacier's frozen field
Seems less of genial warmth to yield;
But one spark from a kindred soul,
In tenderness dissolves the whole.

The prize of love the weak and vain
May lightly give and lightly gain;
And they who seem made for it most,
Esteem it at the slenderest cost;
But mark the one whose thoughtful brow
And lip the reign of pride avow,

Who seems exempt from all that binds,
In fond alliance, gentler minds,
Who loves the deep reflective mood
And inward sight of solitude,
Whose eye, even while to mirth resigned,
Speaks of the deeper things behind;
There dwells a soul, if not the prey,
Already, of some tyrant sway,
Where passion needs but plant her throne
To reign unchanging and alone.
And she to whom the world had given
So much that justly bears its name,
Was not the unendowed of Heaven
With a portion of its holier flame.

A dream of girlhood realized,
The fruit of many a reverie,
By young imagination prized,
In seasons of her sovereignty,
No longer now the airy thing
That floats on Fancy's faëry-wing,

Had, howsoever well concealed,
Learned o'er her secret life to wield
The magic of the past. And when
The spring recalled her native glen,
A more delightful feeling grew
Upon her than she ever knew
'Mid all the flatteries of the gay:
For unperceived that silent sway,
Like influences of sun and air,
Grew noiseless and resistless there.

Young Henry's lot a sparing fortune blessed
With just a competence, which both repressed
Luxurious habits and bestowed an ease
From little cares. In such pursuits as please
The higher intellect, his days went by
Abundantly employed.

The sacred joy
Which wells from the rich fountains of a mind
With genius dowered and by taste refined,
Shone in his clear kind eye. And on his cheek

The delicate expression of the meek
And thoughtful spirit sat.

And he had wrought
Full many a tissue of embodied thought;
Which in his native vale has long
Prevailed the rustic tale and song—
His unassuming parts, 'tis true,
The larger public never knew;
Though many a gladly plaintive lay,
Which ever with delight it hears,
Flowed first his lonely grief to stay—
Twin brother of his tears;
And many an orphan melody,
Which floats from tongue to tongue,
Like wild bird notes unclaimed and free,
Was from his modest lyre flung.
Now, hand in hand, the thousand ways
Of life and feeling they explore;
But severed from their author's praise,
To be united, never more;
Enough for him—his song was sweet

C

To her, whose ear it most would meet.
Nay, long ere such to love was due,
 And Maron yet a thoughtful child,
Alone among her mountains grew,
 The pupil of the varied wild,
His early lays her ear awoke
 To revelations of the hills,
Old secrets of the hoary oak,
 And glee of playful rills.
And, luring on, from thought to thought,
When, all around her, there was nought
To break the bright ideal train,
Which flowed from the suggestive strain,
Had nature's holiest doctrines taught.
 And often would she muse till new
Emotions from each measure grew,
Linking themselves with every form
Of Nature round her, and her warm
Young fancy deified the touch,
That lent to common words so much
Of wondrous meaning, as to throw

The light of Heaven on things below:
Though Henry's name, with every measure bound
Was yet to her but as a spirit sound.

But when she heard,
From his own lips, such thoughts as stirred
Her first reflections, on her spirit fell
A pleasure undefinable,
As if some high intelligence had deigned
Partly reveal itself; and yet retained
Enough of that transcendant power, which awes,
Even while it wins, by some mysterious laws,
To prove its Heavenly origin.

He seems

The representative of all her dreams
Of music and of song.

The poet's eye
Read, in that thoughtful face, a sympathy
With high emotions he had never bared
To mortal eye; for whom he could regard
As fit for such communion, there were none,
Of all he knew.

And therefore had he sung;
For in the music of his art alone
Society he found, and to it clung,
As to an only friend. But in each heart
Of human mould there is a part
Which neither learning, wit nor skill,
But sympathy, alone, can fill.
And, in the light on Maron's brow,
He felt that spirit present now—
But wherefore many words to tell
What one brief glance could speak so well?

It was a summer's eve. The sun
Was sinking to the western wave.
They stood beside yon moated dun,
Work of the long forgotten brave,
And rich in vivid fancies, won
From all the past and present gave,
Did linger long, in converse high
Of life and love's eternity.

Though here the works of human power
• Around in mouldering fragments lay,
And seemed, from ivied moat and tower,
 In cold and solemn gloom, to say
“Dream not of life, for o’er thine hour
 Oblivion comes, poor child of clay”
They knew that sun, which touched the main,
Would rise, all gloriously again;
The flower might fade, the spring decay,
And summer’s grandeur pass away;
But that the beauties there enshrined
Were changeless as the Eternal Mind.

In vain, the fading works of man
Frowned disbelief: the Almighty plan
Spread to their intellectual sight
A flood of endless beauty; where time’s flight
Creates no other changes than the breeze
On the curved surface of the wavy seas.
And as the holy influence stole
Like light upon the kindred soul,

They felt that their own spirits were
Drops of that ever deathless fair,
Which, although for a little day,
Imprisoned in the forms of clay,
That germinate their own decay,
Would burst at length their feeble chain,
And join the source of life again,
Merged in the universe of bliss;
Yet each a separate consciousness,
With that unvarying love imbued
Which kindles in the true and good.
And, in the calm and genial eve,
 On shadowy hill and slumbering sea,
And where the tinted clouds receive
 Day's parting smile, so rich and free
The outpourings of that heavenly joy,
 Which with immortal beauty dwells,
And sheds alone on Earth's employ
 The charm to which the bosom swells,
That every form beneath, above,
Seems redolent of hope and love.

In glowing converse fled the time,
'Neath the long twilight of that northern clime
Till the last feeble trace of day
Had faded on the west away.
Nor knew they, till their parting words
Had broken the unconscious spell,
How well the heart such scene records,
What magic in such moments dwell.
For that discourse, through which the soul
Descries its origin and goal,
Winds around those its visions guide,
A bond which time shall not divide.

Henceforward, on the heathy brae,
And by the ocean's pebbled shore:
Where Maron still delights to stray,
Her steps are lonely, now, no more.
But ever by her side is one,
Whose spirit, even in time bygone,
Had been, unconsciously, to her
All nature's wise interpreter.

And, as his ardent genius drew
From every scene a wisdom new,
Unfolding, in each tint and line
Some evidence of good divine,
She to that source of truth was led
At which his glowing fancy fed.

Thus, day by day, each opening thought
Their web of being interwrought,
And feeling, nursed by kindred views,
But veiled by reverence, which subdues
The instinctive longing to impart
The stronger workings of the heart,
Waxed, like the oak, by hidden growth,
To vigor unperceived by both.

Though Maron's summer life flew by
Thus cloudless as its sunny sky ;
Yet, when the season came again,
Not even affection could restrain
Her proud—nay, vain desire to sway

The sceptre 'mong the fair and gay.
But she was changed ; though none could show
A cause from which the change might flow.
Nor shall they know. If on her brow
More frequent rests a sadness now,
It only sanctifies the air
Of pride she ceases not to wear ;
But never can a thought disclose
To unreflecting minds like those,
Whom giddy fashion round her throws.
And if, as suits her rank and birth,
She move through scenes of light and mirth,
The radiant circles still adore
And envy, while they bend before
The graceful mien, the stately pride,
But cannot prize the heart they hide.

And wealth and titled rank may bring
Their incense : and the embroidered thing,
That plays in fashion's transient ray,
His all-enchanting parts display.
And even the shrine of beauty load

With worship he denies to God,
In vain. Her kindest glances beam
From loveless eyes, and only seem
The condescensions of a heart
That would not too much pain impart.

How little guess the wisest there,
That she, they deem as cold as fair,
Can all they envy most bestow
On one, whom they would scorn to know.

By all these flatteries, her pride,
It may have been, was gratified ;
But holier feelings, thus repress,
Left not her mind its wonted rest.
A still recurring sense of want
Would even her brightest moments haunt.

To join the dazzling parade
Of wealth and pleasure, art and all
That swells the haughty capital,
Her Henry's humbler lot forbade,
And scarcely did she dare confess

To her own soul the joyfulness,
With which she saw the summer come,
That called her to her mountain home ;
The warmth with which she flew to greet
The wooded walk, the lone retreat,
Where he amid his noiseless round,
Of loftier joys might still be found.
And yet, the peace that fled her heart,
Among the abodes of wealth and art,
Welcomed her coming. And the flame,
Which shot, like light through all her frame,
At Henry's greeting, told, not less,
A secret to her consciousness,
A secret of herself,—the spell
Which pride may vainly hope to quell ;
For all her mental stores combine
The texture of that spell to twine.

'Tis not that any one can see
A lack of mutual courtesy,
Or even the slightest word or deed

Which from unkindness might proceed,
But yet from every tender tone
Its frankness and its life are gone.
There is a new reserve in each,
 Whene'er the other's nigh,
A conscious guarding of the speech,
 And veiling of the eye—
A delicate constraint, whose pain
They only know who wear its chain;
 And yet, not less than heretofore,
By the blue stream and flowery plain,
 The grassy path and pebbled shore,
They seem, with philosophic view,
Their wonted studies to pursue;
But well they know that both obey
Dominion of a stronger sway
Than merely common love of truth
E'er wielded o'er the heart of youth.

No cruelty of others laid
 An interdict upon their joys,

Nor marred a hope affection made
By an opposing choice :
By no unkind parental law
Were their pursuits and plans repress ;
And Alvan still with welcome saw
His oft returning guest ;
But where a rank hereditary
Has made her home for centuries,
The insentient dwelling seems to carry,
The livery of her dignities,
And even the household things express
An old, inherent nobless.
What wonder, then, if they, to whom
Time-honored eminence has come,
Should manifest, unconsciously,
In sentiment and bearing high,
The spirit of those nobles proud,
Through whom their tide of life has flowed ?
Such Henry's eye perceived in all
The daily life of Alvan-hall.
The attentions of its inmates, too,

D

Although the fruit which kindness bore,
Seemed condescension, to his view,
And checked his heart the more ;
For well he knew himself to live
A higher life than rank can give,
Though one which often fails to show
Its real grandeur here below,
And pride of intellect arose
To crush the language passion chose.
'Tis true, no wealthier guest did greet
A welcome he had failed to meet ;
But mingled with each kind intent
Their sense of rank was evident.
And when the Autumn browned the leaf,
Would they not leave him without grief?
And then his modesty would fill
His soul with shadows deeper still,
And Maron's favor represent
As but the glow of studious thought,
Which, while it burned for knowledge, lent
A kindred ray to him who taught.

Nor even when some happy strain .
Of song or music would enchain
The captive soul—some tribute lay
To love, which genius burns to pay—
And woke the glance, which half revealed
What his own new reserve concealed,
Could he forget that every word,
In which her memory recurred,
To splendor and condition high
Shot brighter glances from her eye.

With him, whose studious days belong
To sweet and lonely haunts of song,
How often dwells—a secret woe
The worldly eye can never know—
A sensibility, that speech
Of common man must fail to reach,
Which, near to modesty allied,
Oft wears the attitude of pride,
And o'er his action wields a reign,
Which common tongue can ill explain,
Where views of life the most refined,

And therefore false, possess the mind,
Attributing to all a tone
Of spirit tender as his own,
Turning the intellectual eye
On points which others ne'er descry,
Till perverse reasoning combines
With purest feelings and designs
To cover with a strange disguise
Which even dullness dare despise
The genius of the good and wise.

How many a lofty soul has borne,
For this, the brunt of vulgar scorn ;
And with a self-denying care,
Which might the martyr's honor share,
Brought many a pang of deep distress,
On those whom they would die to bless !

PART SECOND.

THE sun has set ; yet still delay
One silvered cloud, one feeble ray,
Which verging to the northern sky
Upon its dim horizon lie.

The sounds of life have sunk to rest ;
Ocean alone, whose heaving breast
Sleeps not, but, ceaselessly and slow,
Still labors from the depths below,
Sends up those varied sounds that sweep,
Like human wailings, o'er the deep.

And, far, upon the night winds thrown,
Blend in a low unceasing moan.

A lonely step descends the hill,
And winds along the rocky shore,
Slowly, as if the abstracted will
Were fondly laboring to explore
The mystery of those influences,
That float upon the nightly breeze,
And speak in the low moaning seas—
'Tis Henry, on his aimless way,
Who, as he treads the winding bay,
Gives forth imperfect thoughts that throng
Too quick for language, yet too strong
For silence—When emotions seek
Embodiment in words, though weak
The medium be, and far behind
The lightning-like advance of mind,
Yet thus, even to the air expressed,
Relief pervades the o'erburdened breast:
“Nay, worse than weakness, day by day,

To squander thus my life away,
To wear emotion's sad disguise,
And feebly feed my heart with sighs.—
Unspoken hopes, unspoken fears,
Changing as frown or smile appears;
I shall not longer be your slave—
Rather let this cold, restless wave
Toss, in its wrath, my lifeless form,
Than live the prey of inward storm.

What, though I mock at all the state
Whereby the little would be great;
What, though the springs of rank have been
Full oft the deepest sinks of sin,
And even its proudest streams supplied
Not less by weakness than by pride;
Shame to the ignoble soul that could
Despise the frailties of the good!
Ought I to ask a noble heart
For me, with cherished hopes to part,
Or do a feeling violence
For me the humble recompense—

Or for myself claim what may seem
A sinking in her own esteem?
Ought I to ask that one should be
The less accounted of for me,
Or that plebeian rank, like mine,
Should dim a noble's honored line?

There are results of enterprise,
The proudest rank dare not despise.
The active mind, the vigorous hand,
May wealth and power alike command.
And who would yield the honors won
By his own energies alone,
For all that prejudice can glean
From what ancestral worth has been?

On these broad waters be my path
To happy life or honored death;
A life that proudly may entwine
Its tissue with her lofty line;
Or death, which to her heart may prove
Me not unworthy of her love.
Nor wild these hopes. In earlier days,

My sailor craft procured me praise
From one, whose skill has earned a fame
Not even noble birth can claim.
And still our nation's wants demand
Men of stout heart and ready hand
To fight her battles, and to keep
Her wide dominion on the deep."

He ceased ; but the bold train of thought
A bright and hopeful vision brought.
Men had, oft, in those stirring days,
Arrived at valor's loftiest praise
From humblest rank. And who could tell,
Should he too serve his country well,
A grateful nation's kind regard
Might meet his deeds with high reward—
And then,—the doubts of her he loved
At rest, and his affection proved.

It was enough. Young hope had drawn
Of a new life the golden dawn.
For those were times when few applied,

In vain, for service on the tide.
The devastating arts of war,
From Aboukir to Trafalgar,
Had thinned the naval ranks, and laid
Their grasp upon the fleets of trade,
Till every heart that wealth could please,
Or honor lure, found, on the seas,
Its idol or its grave. For high
The prizes were of victory ;
And rich the merchant pay to keep
The wealthy market of the deep ;
And never did so stern a field
A richer crop of honors yield.
Year after year, some hero name,
Caught on the rapid wings of fame,
Was wafted up to honor's fane,
From deeds upon the sovereign main.

Moved by the views which honor pressed,
And reasons to the heart addressed,
Henry had sought, where few could fail,

A service 'neath the swelling sail.
And now awaits since close of day,
The arrival in that lonely bay
Of the tall bark whose deck must brave,
Beneath his foot, the distant wave.

On northern expedition bent,
A messenger by science sent,
To war for knowledge, and explore
The mysteries of an unknown shore,
Even to the foot of Winter's throne,
Through dangers yet to man unknown,
Her course lay off this coast. And here,
Must open Henry's new career.

But all the pictures, Fancy drew,
Of fields of knowledge large and new
Sufficed no longer, now, to still
The wishes which they once could fill;
A new ambition bounded forth
To daring deeds in that rude north:
Deeds that might wing his name, and be

A passport in another sea—

An introduction to more meet

A station in a prouder fleet.

But, amid all that hope portrayed,
Of daring deeds and honors paid,
Adventures new and knowledge high,
Before imagination's eye
A loved and lovely image came,
Of all his hopes the end and aim.

The moon is on the eastern height,
Her silver on the seas,
But fairer to the poet's sight
The glimmering of that humbler light
Among the ancient trees ;
For it has shone on one possessed
Of human life's most envied boon,
And prized more dearly to his breast
Than all the rest beneath the moon,
And at this lonely place and hour,
When nothing, but that ancient tower,

Upon the wooded steep above,
Can thought of human life impart,
Its gentle rays come on his heart,
Like messengers of love.

He climbed the steep ascent, and stood
Among the trees of that old wood,
That, for a little while, his sight
Might dwell upon that feeble light,
Which, struggling through each ruddy fold,
Like love by modesty controlled,
Might, haply, the beloved outline
In shadow to his eye define.
Slowly he paced the woodland green
Where dwelt that window's crimson sheen,
While over all his daring plan,
His risks and chances, hopes and fears,
Warmly excited fancy ran——
Ah! wherefore must these tedious years
Be an essential to the best,
On which his fairest hope can rest,
E

And wherefore is it written so,
That he, to worthily possess
The presence which alone can bless,
 Must all its joys so long forego?
And then upon his spirit fall
More gloomy doubts o'er-clouding all.
The giddy world has many wiles—
 The absent long are deemed untrue,
And many a flattering hope beguiles
 The bosom whom the wealthy woo.
Projects, which bending to the shape
 Of valor and emprise
But now, did in bold words escape,
 Grew dark before his eyes.
But when the transient weakness fled,
 Like cloud across the sun,
A firmer plea decision pled
 Than when the strife begun.
“I must not be the one whose name
Shall ever tinge her cheek with shame,
Or, for whose sake, the highest born

Shall dare to speak of her with scorn.

'Twere base, when energy can buy
That honor in the world's eye.

Yet, it is true, that her's may be,
Meanwhile, another destiny;
But this I know, the pride of earth,
With the noble ones who gave her birth,
Is insufficient to compel
The choice of one they love so well.

And if my memory pass away,
'Tis that it never had its rest,
Even in my brightest hopeful day,

With love, in that unchanging breast:
If love is there, it dies no more—
And better were a distant shore,
Or a deep grave in some far sea,
Than absence of that love, for me.

To-night, to-night, she must not know
The doubtful course on which I go.
To-morrow eve, her eye may meet

A verse, among those humble strains,

Destined, when I am gone, to greet
The presence where my heart remains,
A verse, on which perchance a tear,
(Why do I wish her pain,) may steal
Wherein my purposed toils appear,
With all that kindness would reveal.
Oh, much as I would undergo
To spare that gentle heart a woe,
Still fondly would I hope that long
Its tears shall seek that humble song.”

Thus warm emotion paints the real
In colors of its own ideal,
And like to worldly wisdom seems
The offspring of the poet's dreams.
But, when extinct that feeble flame,
His eye the darkened lattice met,
A sudden gloom upon him came,
As if the sun of hope had set :
A cold sense of desertion chilled
The breast which love but now had filled;

He slowly turned his steps, once more,
To watch by the descending shore,
That sad reflections might be drowned
Amid the water's troubled sound.

Now Maron, having quenched her light,
Sat by her open lattice high,
To gaze upon the summer night,
Which reigned in beauty o'er the sky,
And lit the landscape with a ray
Less bright, but lovelier than the day.
And far and wide, before her spread,
A varied realm of light and shade :
For eastward rose a mountain land,
Cleft deep with many a glen,
Along whose rapid torrents stand
The scattered homes of men.
And from its base, and far away,
To southward, a rich valley lay,
Wherein the rays of night looked down
On many a lofty tower and town,

And lighted up the streams, whose road
Like paths of molten silver, glowed.
While, on the west, the bending bay
Confessed the Atlantic's sovereign sway,
Which here unseen, pours, dark and cold,
Among full many a rocky hold
Of island clans, extending forth
To starless sky of the bleak north.

While musing on the varied scene,
Now slumbering 'neath the silent moon,
Impressions deep, yet most serene,
The heart to holy thought attune—
To adoration of that God
Who spread the beauteous earth abroad,
Who shed the stars along the sky
And hung that glorious orb on high.
It was at such an hour as this,
That rising to superior bliss,
She often would surmount the sway,
Which, in the busier hours of day,

Was wielded o'er her soul, by things
From which the world its pleasure brings.
How well, it seems, could she resign
All privileges of wealth and line,
To flee away to some lone isle,
And live in Heaven's and Henry's smile.

There is a form, which, to and fro,
Pacing the sandy beech below,
Attracts her wondering eye. And well
A second glance that form can tell,
But why, at this late hour should he
Thus wander by the lonely sea?
And why those anxious gestures? Why
That hurried step so oft arrest,
To gaze out, where the distant sky
Bends to the ocean, like the quest
Of those who anxiously abide
Some loved arrival o'er the tide?

Midnight is past. And now, afar,
To the bright moon, like setting star,
Or foamy speck on Ocean's breast,
A white sail glimmers in the west.

Another hour has sped. And now,
The breaking foam before the prow
And the dark hull rise on the sight,
Over the waters glancing white.
Voices are heard. And Henry sees
The proud ship swinging in the breeze,
And swiftly, to the sweeping oar,
A boat is bounding to the shore.

His foot is on the sands, his eye
Upon that boat fast drawing nigh ;
When by his side a step is heard,
And at his ear a gentle word,
But uttered with the thrilling tone
Which comes from passion's lip alone—
As if an angel's voice had caught
The key of his own deepest thought.

His glance no tragic bearing met,
Now wild disorder, loud regret—
No wailing gave a boisterous vent
To ostentatious sentiment—
Though passion had infused her own
Impressive warmth into the tone,
A graceful dignity conferred
A higher worth on every word—
The modesty, which half repress
Emotion, marked with truth the rest ;
Enhanced the starting tear, nor less
The eye's imploring tenderness.

Few were their parting words, and brief
That hurried interview of grief,

But more it taught than years had done—
The rapid boat has struck the sands—
One giddy moment—He is gone.
And Maron by the bleak wave stands,

All motionless, as the still rock
On which she leans—not that the shock
Has stolen or dimmed her consciousness,
Barring the inlets of distress,
Full lucidly her mind perceives
The impression every moment leaves.
But as the boat rushed from the shore
And fast away her Henry bore,
Awhile her arm the cold rock press'd
That in her shielding hands might rest
Those streaming eyes that could not brook
On that departing form to look.
Yet all so unannounced and fast
The strange event has come and pass'd
That now, when it is wholly gone,
She lingers by the shore alone,
And oft is half inclined to deem
 Its horrid scene of passion's strife
 No real thing of waking life,
But the dread creature of a dream:
And more than half unconscious still

Of all the present's birth of ill.
Its bitter depth how can she know,
Who now first tastes the cup of woe?
But in that heart are opening fast
The springs, whose current long shall last;
Regret, privation, the vague dread
Of unknown evils round her spread,
Self-condemnation for the wrong,
Done to herself and him so long,
In manifesting to his eyes
 Her estimation of the space,
As insurmountable, which lies
 'Twixt noble and plebeian race ;
And in that haughtiness, which now
She fears, too oft, had lent her brow
Expression arrogant and vain,
Giving his generous bosom pain.
For many a day shall thus increase
Conceptions to destroy her peace,
While memory from her stores shall fling
The deadliest poison in the spring.

It was an hour of grief, but told,
What such an hour can best unfold,
How much their love surpassed the worth
Of all they held besides on earth.

While love's fair weather glides away,
Sweet intercourse, from day to day,
With unperceived and mystic art,
May gently bind the yielding heart,
And kindredness of mind bestow,
Insensibly, a warmer glow;
But of the growing power the force
Is latent in its peaceful course.
Affection thus unites—how well,
The parting hour alone can tell.

The dawn is blushing into day,
The stars drop one by one away,
And on the mountain tops arrayed
In rosy light and leaden shade,

The life-inspiring morn ascends
All joyous from her orient lands.
Far to yon west of darker hue,
Bright, gleaming on the ocean's blue,
And spreading to the morning gale,
Seest thou yon white and lessening sail ?
There is an eye from yonder steep
Which follows, on the heaving deep,
As swift the eastern breeze impels,
That vessel's winding track of foam,
With straining gaze, like that which dwells,
In farewell on our childhood's home ;
Where every spot a history tells,
And darkly bodes of ills to come.
But swiftly from that anxious eye,
It fades away, in distance dim :
Now hangs a speck against the sky,
Now sinks 'neath the horizon's rim.
Yet a strange feeling seems to bind
Her vision where it last was seen,
As if she could a pleasure find
F

Even in a spot where it has been.

So on the loved of early days

When first the hand of death is laid,

Again, again, we fondly gaze,

And cannot yet believe them dead.

The bitter thoughts that vainly seek

Outlet in words have left a trace,

On that pale brow and blanching cheek,

Not all earth's pleasures shall efface.

And from that eye a meaning wells,

Which more than spoken language tells ;

For words are but of scanty power

Before the pangs of sorrow's hour.

Much in itself the strongest mind

Must leave unfathomed, undefined—

Often 'twould soothe to grasp, to speak

Emotions which we vainly wreak

Our strength to seize. An inward sense

Uncomprehended, unexplored,

Of dark, forboding influence,

Will reign the bosom's lord,
Holding a veil o'er all relief,
A microscope to every grief.
And where the reason fails to comprehend,
Inadequate must be the vent,
Expression's soothing power affords ;
The depth of meaning, one would lend
To language from the spirit sent,
Shrinks in the common light of words.

The gentler season passed away,
And Nature's beauties in decay,
Forwarned those whose pleasure lies
In flowery fields and sunny skies,
To flee, ere yet the landscape's bloom
Had faded 'neath the annual doom,
And seek, in arts of vanity,
And scenes of sadly acted glee,
Escape from all that loftier thought
By winter's sterner wonders wrought—
And let them flee ! To him who feels

The charm of all that God reveals,
There shall not spring a joy the less
From Nature, in her loneliness.

Of city life the season came.

And Maron, sought as heretofore,
In fashion's light routine, the same

Fair fruit of joy, it one time bore ;
But ball and rout had lost the air
Attractive, which they wont to wear.
And, often would a thoughtful shade
Of meditative gloom pervade
Her lovely features, which thus caught
A nobler beauty from that passing thought,
Till even they, who least could trace
The spirit's language in the face,
Or mark the phases of the mind,
With shades so evanescent joined,
Adored the charm they left behind.

Thus, more and more, day after day,
Her prouder bearing passed away;

And sorrow of that gentle kind,
The expression of the feeling mind,
Which stamps the features, in its reign,
With sadness, unimpressed with pain,
Came, and, with pleasing change, supplied
Each vacancy was made by pride.
Nay, though her childhood well was taught
To hide from view each deeper thought,
All individuality and warm
Emotion 'neath the uniform
Of fashion, yet so much the cheek
Is prone the mental state to speak,
That, while she still from habit played
With wit, whose mirth had now decayed
For her, though it availed to lend
A pleasure to each listening friend,
Some moments would her features wear
A certain pale and thoughtful air;
And more engrossing sympathies
Would steal the language of her eyes.
And often, when the merriest sound

Of wit and music rose around,
There seemed to her, o'er all, an air
Of coldness and of thoughtlessness.
The gloom, which silent mourners wear,
Had then impressed her spirit less—
So heartless all that's glad appears,
When hidden sorrow longs for tears.
The folly of her life had wrought
Its own defeat. The homage sought,
Had grown a bauble in her eyes,
While he, whom she alone could prize,
And whom her folly caused to brave
The dangers of the distant wave,
Was still her teacher. For those high
And holy things, which he, when nigh,
Had uttered, in inspired mood,
Believing them well understood,
Daily became more clear, and dwelt
Upon the heart, until she felt
That there are things more real than those
Which earth around the senses throws.

Her parents saw the change, and loved
The piety they thought it proved,
And kindly judged it well to give
Peace to a mind that wished to live
Alone with God. And so withdrew
From what is called the world. A few
Kind friends, whose residences lay
 Adjoining to their family seat, became
Their sole society. Time passed away,
 In noiseless round, full pleasantly to them,
And Maron now could look upon the sea,
And wander o'er the spots where once she
 strayed
With one whose memory hallowed all ; though
 she
To few could trust the secret grief that preyed
Upon the sources of her life. She knew
That few could comprehend so true
A love, or know how permanent
The sadness to the spirit lent
From self-reproaches, or the cold

And joyless waste, which years unfold
The bosom, parted, dark and lone,
From all it loved and rested on.

When wafts the soul from earth away,
'Tis parting but with senseless clay ;
But, severed from the one beloved,
 In whom she long has found redress,
For self deficiencies, and proved,
 From day to day, its power to bless,
And, from whose high conceptions, moved
 In more exalted consciousness,
The imperfect essence seems to mourn
A part from her own being torn.

Wouldst thou, a messenger of good,
 Reform thy fellow men ?
Prepare thyself to be pursued
 By rage of tongue and pen,

Too happy if thy cause awake
The terrors of the block or stake ;
That some may shed, beside thy tomb,
At least a tear-drop for thy doom.

Wouldst thou, a less presuming friend,
An humbler good bestow ;
Fit utterance to the spirit lend
And soothe the breast of woe ?
Thou may'st for all thy pains, succeed
In reaping some penurious meed.

But would'st thou honors? Would'st thou all
The veins of wealth command ?
Then follow at Destruction's call,
And whet the bloody brand—
To war—Machines of death array—
Thy thousands and ten thousands slay—
O'er manhood's might let murder rage,
And grief o'er feebleness and age—
Plunder, lay waste, and, in thy train,

Lead famine, misery and pain ;
And men will boast thy name and pay
Their reverence to thy potent sway :
Nay, bend before thee, as a God,
And wear thy chain, and kiss thy rod—
Lift the triumphant voice for thee,
And crown thy brow with sovereignty.

Ah! ill befits thee, gentle bard,
Such vulgar contest and reward!
Weigh not thyself against the prize,
Which to thy merits Earth denies,
Nor grudge the golden gifts to those,
For whom no other hopes unclose.
Thy race is to a loftier goal—
Thy guerdon granted to the soul,
Life which all other life endears,
And endless as the Giver's years.

PART THIRD.

SEVEN times the spring has come and gone,
And bloomed and faded wood and lea,
Since first that longing look was thrown,
In anguish, on the toiling sea,
Which, still, from time to time, explores
That watery waste, those island shores.
And every sail, that heaves in sight,
Relumes the faintly burning flame
Of hope, and still the fitful light
Is fated to be quenched, the same.

(71)

And sickness follows fast to fill
The place of each departed thrill ;
Till hectic drinks the springs of life
 And hope and health together fly,
And, weary of the mortal strife,
 The spirit plumes it for the sky.
Though beauty has not fled that cheek,
 'Tis now no more an earthly bloom,
That spirit light, those flushings speak
 Of things we hope beyond the tomb.
Though from that eye a radiance plays ;
 'Tis not the beam of earlier days.

The night is dark, the path is wild,
 The storm is on the mountain side.
“Shield the lone stranger, poor, exiled,
 With none to comfort, none to guide !”
The marks of toil are on his face,
And even the casual glance may trace,
In that mysterious, solemn air,
 Which seems begot of many wrongs,

A spirit bent with deeper care
Than to the common lot belongs.
Or these are glances such as dwell
With those enchained by magic spell,
Which not to things of earth respond;
But rest on those that lie beyond,
Enrapt, and with intent too high
For meaning in the common eye.

The storm is loud; and Alvan's door
Never repelled the wandering poor.
The fire is blazing in the hall.

Kind hands have brought the stranger in.
The welcome and the warmth recall
Light to his eye from joy within.
Of many a distant clime he tells,
Of actions done by land and wave,
With power which every ear compels
To seek the excitement, which it gave.
The silent listeners crowd around
To gather every meaning sound:
G

For common tale or common tongue
Threw no such charm o'er old and young ;
But something in the stranger seems
Like what we meet in wildering dreams :
A strange wild interest, not without
Ingredients of fear and doubt.

He told of climes beyond the sea,
Of savage men, as wild and free
As the fierce panther, and no less
The foes of love and gentleness.
He told of deeds in the wild wood,
Whose dread recital chilled the blood.
Yet such a fascination hung
Upon the wondrous stranger's tongue,
Though shuddering at the tale of death,
Each anxious listener holds his breath,
And, wielded by the speaker's will,
Trembles, but drinks each sentence still.

And then he spoke of lands that lie
Beneath perpetual summer sky,
Where earth is of unfading bloom,
And air the medium of perfume,
Where summer, spring and autumn blend
In one sweet season without end;
Of graceful youths and maidens fair,
Who lived, beneath that genial air,
 The life of flowers,
To Nature and to love as true,
As free from care ; as gentle too
As the light winds, that softly woo
 Their native bowers ;
Who ignorant of wrath or wrong,
Enjoy a being glad and long,
Exempt from pain, from grief and crime,
And ever youthful, like their clime,
Abundant in their graceful glee,
As the merry songsters of the tree ;
 And like the roses their decay,
Unmarred by finger of distress,

Or aught to make their joy the less,
In fulness of their loveliness,

They pass away.

Of gloomy arctic seas he told,
And waves fixed in eternal cold—
But here an eye was on him turned,
Which with a deeper ardor burned,
As on his face again, again,

It pored, as seeking something there,
It once had known—It sought in vain,
And drooped behind, in mute despair.
He saw it not, nor marked the sigh,
Which seemed to his wild tale reply ;
But, in his own mysterious way,
Continued thus.

“ The ocean lay
Around us, all one icy plain,
Far as the keenest eye could strain.
But cleft by some convulsion strong,
Straight as an arrow, stretched along,
To where the ocean met the sky,

A clear canal, a passage yields
Afar between those frozen fields.
Onward we passed. Its sides were piled
With icebergs, in confusion wild,
 That all in glittering splendors lie.
Round the horizon moves the sun,
Low; but the day is never done,
In this strange clime, while summer lasts.
The distant slanting ray, he casts,
Lingering upon each icy mound,
 And glancing wave, that rolls between,
Lights up, from every point around,
 A cold and snowy sheen.
The fleecy clouds the glory bear
Abroad upon the midway air,
And downward, on the frozen main,
Reflect the tinted beam again,
And every berg throws back the rays
 Thus to its magic summit given;
Till all the ocean light displays
 That rivals the light-giving heaven;

But varied, as the myriad hues
Of sunbeams in the morning dews.

Our path led on. And still we steered
Slowly along. The ice appeared,
 Though more and more in mountains piled,
To clear before us, as if hands
Unseen had broke its crystal bands.

And still along the snowy wild
Our path was free. A strange belief
 Came on us, with a dash of dread,
 That friendly spirits, on a-head,
Were laboring for our relief.

Others, with deeper gloom,
Sadly mysterious, felt assured
That we by demons were allured
 To some alarming doom.

But hope was stronger than our fear.
And still our course continued we.
By this strange path we yet might clear
 A passage to an open sea ;

Though wilder and more rugged grew,
As we advanced, the frightful view.
Berg piled on berg arose on high,
Excluding all but upward sky.

Then, too, our path began to wind
Abruptly to the left and right,
Till all before and all behind

Alike was hidden from our sight,
And narrower became, till, round
One promontory as we wound,
Although with care, we felt at last,
The sides converging hold us fast.
And farther on, 'twas but a cleft,
Through the icy mountains reft.

Promptly our stout bark did we urge
Into the freely moving surge :
When, strange to tell, a larger sail
Appeared before us, within hail,
And we did hail her ; but she gave
No answer, silent as the wave
To rock transformed by northern air—

Her sails were rent, her deck was bare—
'Twas strange! How throbb'd each heart to
 know
Why silent and deserted so!

We seize our pikes, and bound along
The floating masses, bold and strong.
We reach her deck. The unbroken ice
Encrusted, in many a wild device,
On mast and sail, and the smooth-piled snow,
On her boards, no mark of the living show.
We hastened below. 'Twas a scene of dread
More shocking than that of the coffin'd dead.

At the entrance we paused; for our limbs were
 numb
With a thrill of horror. Each tongue was dumb;
And the boldest blood in the veins ran cold,
At the sight of those statues of human mould.
For each soul, as the rigors of death came on,
Had left a form of ghastly stone;

Impressed with that stamp which the cold dead
wear—

The sunken features and chilling stare.

In the various postures, which Death had found
His prisoners in, they were strewed around—
Some crouching over the ashes lay,
Where their smouldering fires had died away,—
The victims of famine, of cold, and pain,
Imperative wants, that craved in vain.
And the stronger lines, such miseries trace,
As in marble, were graved on the changeless
face,
Expressive, as once, in life, they were,
Of the writhings of pain, and the blank of despair.

Others were wrapped in their berths, as if rest
And the grateful slumbers of life had blest ;
But the lips of the sleeper were pale and cold,
And his arms were locked in eternal fold.

Some there were, who apart reclined,
In the drooping grace of the soul resigned,
On whom, though none could fail to see
The impression of deep despondency,
No harsher passion had dared to plow
Its furrow upon the dying brow ;
But, sadly calm, there seemed to lie
Such feeling in placid lip and eye,
As one might fancy to remain,
If Death, all unannounced by pain,
And unaccompanied by dismay,
Had borne the soul by stealth away.

But the rapid march of the fatal power
On others, had come at a busier hour.
As the long fatigued, to whom slumber is due,
Might droop while struggling to pursue
The task they shall presently wake to renew,
The mariner bent, as if only delayed,
O'er the work his reluctant hand had staid.

Ye might read the rebellious thoughts which rage
Had traced, as upon a written page,
On lips that had never been shaped to prayer;
Like a writing of Hell engraven there;
And, in the strain of the muscles, the cost
Of that meeting with Death in his armour of frost,
Cramping the limbs and benumbing the brain,
Till torpor withdrew the sense of pain,
And the spirit, that feared so much to die,
Had passed away insensibly.

By the cabin windows, half leaned, half stood,
With an air as of deep solicitude,
One, whose muscular frame and strong,
The pledge of endurance much and long,
At first appeared to have weathered well
The ills beneath which the feebler fell.
For, with anxious gaze, he seemed to be
Still awaiting aid o'er the motionless sea.—
I met the eye of that petrified corse,
And my blood ran cold to its pausing source.

For the beams of day had already bereft
The features of much that death had left ;
And the gentler air was spreading, now,
A greenish mould o'er the cheek and brow,
And a meaningless sheen continued to glaze
Those icy eyes in their fearful gaze.

Where the logboard lay, was the master seen,
Like one in studious thought, to lean—
But thought had deserted its tenement there,
Which the mark of its action forever must bear.
How softly that head on the hand seemed to rest ;
But 'twas rigid, and cold, and immovably prest.—
The pencil yet clings to that stiffened hand,
And the crowded pages before him expand,
Which, from noon to noon, he had taught to relate
The tale of their isolated fate.

We moved with half suspended breath
And noiseless step through that realm of death.
Not even he who visits the slain,

By sad moonlight, on the battle-plain,
Has felt that unearthly horror, which quelled
Our boldest spirits, as we beheld
That mockery of life—that masquerade,
In the parts of the living by the dead.

I stood by the silent master's side,
And mused on the work, over which he had
died—

The simple words, the impressive thought,
From the verge of the shadowy kingdom brought;
And, with more than curious interest, read,
In the faithful volume, beside him laid,
The records, which, now, could alone explain
The history of his imprisoned domain.

I read how, for some exalted end,
Which my feebler wits ill comprehend,
They had steered, with too adventurous helm,
To the citadel of old Winter's realm.

One polar day had they followed success ;

H

Nor endured the dreary night with less—
To resume their task, when the dawn of spring
Release from their crystal jail should bring.

Acclaim arose o'er the work complete ;
But zeal too long had deferred retreat,
And a rampart of ice impeded their way,
In pursuit of the fast receding day :
And, ere its obstruction was vanquished, anon,
The night of the pole again came on.
As if welded there, was their ship made fast
To the solid breast of a flinty waste.—
Hope sunk with the day, as eve's tints disappear.
Disease had assailed them, and famine was near.

I read how those, whom fatigue had worn,
And inspiring Hope alone upborne,
Now, that their only stay was denied,
Broke down, and of mortal sadness died.
No pang from the sinking body pained—
Like lamps exhausted, they gently waned.
A harsher messenger came to release

The victims of famine and disease.

No knell was rung, and the frozen wave,
Though the charnel of thousands, refused a
grave.

And ill could the feeble survivors dispose
Of the relics of life as friendship chose—
Though it sadden the heart—though it shock the
eye,

In the midst of their dead they walk and lie ;
Till—and soon the day of that evil came—
Too feeble to feed the warming flame,
Round the dying embers they crept, to live
The latest life their warmth could give.

But drowsiness on the eyelid fell,
And shielded the heart from its sufferings well.
More faint and low came the pausing breath—
It ceased—and slumber had merged in death.
And he, by whose frozen corpse I stood,
Was alone in the awful solitude.

Though his failing limbs no longer sustained
His exhausted frame, yet the heart remained,

For a time, though brief, in affliction long,
The shrine of emotions deep and strong :
And to duty true, in life's latest stage,
As the logboard proved by its crowded page,
Whereon, while his hand retained the power,
He had traced the events of that solemn hour,
And tremblingly, and in brief portrayed
The successive feelings, his mind that swayed,
When his messmates, around him, had, one by
 one,
Departed and left him the dead, alone—
How he waited for death; as one might bide
 The hour of reprieve, to leave his chain—
Nor long was the grateful boon denied ;
 Though long it seemed to his tortured brain.
For already, the massive folds were thin,
And the subtle air was transpiring in.
And along the nerves had begun to creep
The languor of that oppressive sleep,
Which, like the draught, that Mercy would give
To the felon, before he ceases to live,

Preceded the steps of Death, to restrain
His terrors, and quench the sense of pain.

And how, as he turned his dimming sight
On the snowy waste, obscurely bright,
'Neath the cheerless moon of a polar night,
With a meaningless gaze ; he chanced to spy
A ruddier light on the southern sky.—
The dawn of distant day, which blest
Earth's happier climes. The torpid breast,
Once more awoke to the sudden glow,
Which kindled to hope's departing throe.

'Twas but a moment—only gave
One impulse to the freezing vein—
Then sank and found his heart a grave,—
From which it never rose again.
But, though denied to hope, his gaze
Delayed upon that light afar,
Which, dawning on the frosty haze,
Scarcely outshone the nearest star.

For, once more, kindling thoughts arose
Of lovely lands, beneath that day,
Lands of the living—yea of those
Now weeping his too long delay ;
Of her, whose blissful love and truth
Had been the sunshine of his youth ;
Who long, 'twixt hope and fear, shall mourn,
And look through tears for his return ;
Of those, who oft in glee had come
To meet him with a welcome home—
The bright-eyed little ones, whom he
Must henceforth never, never, see—
All came, as if upon that spent
Memento of the living sent.

Though with his heart each cherished name
Companionship unceasing bore,
They had not thus, through all his frame,
Sent feelings of such force before.
Events and friendships of long years
Crowded to urge those final tears.

Emotions with the absent gone
Flew to the soul's embrace, once more,
While fondly dwelt his longing sight
Upon that feeble blush of light—
That glimmering of the day which shone
Afar on the beloved shore.

But soon that radiance sunk away
From the low border of the sky,
And left, alone, the icy ray,
Which fell like lead upon his eye;
Yet, for some moments did he muse
On the dull heaven and shrouded sea;
Only because he could not choose
Avert his gaze immediately
From the last messenger that brought
Aid to the homeward-tending thought.
For, nothing, now presented there,
Could help the heart its ills to bear;
Or even afford a sad relief,
By lending warmer tears to grief.

All, all as void of life, as drear,
As mute and motionless appear,
As if the end of time had come,
Motion had ceased and sound were dumb,
And earth, deserted, as she lay,
Ere rose the dawn of time's first day,
And the warm sun around her burned,
Had to her pristine rock returned.
And ancient Night's chaotic reign—
Enwrap the universe again—
And even the low and waning moon,
Sole empress of the heaven, at noon,
Her solemn twilight's hue of lead
Along the snowy circle shed,
Like light phosphoric o'er the dead.

But noon had tasks. The accustomed hand
Obeyed at duty's last command.
Few were the words; though strong the zeal
Death's secret passage to reveal.
For soon the struggling hand began

To falter ; and its efforts ran
Confusedly, as in the vain
Attempt, it did not long sustain,
To finish what remains undone—
Another hour—that hand was stone.

But here 's a passage meant to bear
A tenderer message—words that are
The utterance of the heart which feels
Its young affections quenched in grief ;
And, through a blessed faith, appeals
To Him who surely sends relief.
Some moments, where its writer lay,
I stood and watched his breathless clay.
And truly he (if gentleness
In air and feature right express
Habitual feeling) must have been
A youth whose like is seldom seen
Among our boisterous crews :
Unless it be when to some heart
A virtuous passion may impart

Serenest wishes, loftier views.
Softly, upon the locker leaned
His head and arm, like one that slept :
So like to life, that I had weened
He slumbered still, and softly stepped,
Inconscious ; but the unheaving breast
Soon told the nature of its rest.
Silent, I looked awhile, in pain ;
And could have wept :—but tears were vain—
This little scrap of writing lay
Beside him. He had sunk away
While penning it. For still his hand
Was at the last unfinished word.
As if some wizard's magic wand
Had on the attitude conferred
Eternity. And they who dare
The same wild tracts of Arctic sea,
May find that hand and pencil there
Still resting where they wont to be.
The writing, though, I brought along
And here it is—perhaps 'twas wrong."

“Life ebbs, and, Maron, fortune thwarts
Our hopes of all that we might be ;
But as my lingering soul departs,
I breathe it in a prayer for thee.

“These lines can never meet thy sight ;
But I shall write. For thus I know
A portion of that pure delight,
Thy blissful presence would bestow.

“I cannot wish that o’er thy mind
This ill should spread a lasting gloom,
Or, since my fate may seem unkind,
That thine should, also, so become ;

“But oh! ’tis sweet to think the sigh
Of one so loved will heave for me ;
That grief may sometimes dim thine eye,
From thoughts of what has ceased to be ;

“And when thou walk’st where last we met—
Where last we met to part so long—
That thoughts of love and fond regret
Shall mingling on thy memory throng ;

“Thoughts of the morning twilight dim,
When first between us lay the sea ;
And thoughts—yea thoughts, my love, of him,
Who has not ceased to think of thee,

“And of that hour, when from the heart
Impeded language ceased to flow,
Till silent tears revealed, in part,
The anguish words can never show,

“And of that brief, impassioned scene,
When joined in mutual pledge our hands,
While vows of endless love between,
Involved us in the holiest bands.

“Vain vows! that fondly sought to bind
Whom destiny had doomed to sever!
Yet, with my endless being joined,
Their memory shall live forever.

“And may the blessed Spirit lend
To thee, in days of woe to come,
Those comforts, which from Heaven descend,
To guide the child of Jesus home.

“Then, often, as at even or morn
Thy soul on wings of prayer may rise,
Shall it along, on faith, be borne
To join thy lover, in the skies.

“So shall one object, pure, divine,
One single and exalted aim
Assimilate our souls, till thine,
On earth, be such as Heaven shall claim.

I

“And oft, at evening’s silent hour,
 When all we love is held most dear,
 Shalt thou perceive a secret power
 Of pleasing, pensive influence near.

“For I shall love to linger, still,
 Beside thee, when the things of earth
 Prevent not our communion”— *

* * * * *

He read, and careful, as ’twas found,
 So, for inspection, passed it round.
 And all the circle sought to pore
 Upon it, and peruse it o’er ;
 As if they scarce could realize,
 From evidence of touch and eyes,
 That thus in their own hands could be
 A thing from that unearthly sea.

But ere the wondrous tale could close,
 Behind the group a murmur rose,

And sound of hurrying steps, that drew
Attention, for a time, aside—
Inquiry on inquiry grew,
 And all arose, but none replied.
The cause was known to only few,
 And they had now withdrawn. The pride
Which shields emotive signs from such
As those emotions cannot touch,
Concealed what all were now prepared
With proper feelings to regard.
But none returned. And none could tell
What or on whom the chance befell.
Inquiry sank before delay,
And in conjecture died away,
Till all was hushed.—Their eyes assail
The stranger. He resumed his tale.

But at the hour of morning prayer,
One wonted face was wanting, where,
For years, its reappearance brought
A higher style of holy thought.

And tears bedim the eyes that meet,
Now, in its stead, a vacant seat.

The hope which, in its slow decay,
Supports the heart, it wears away,
Had vanished now. And thus bereft,
No other tie to life was left
Than that which bound to those, whose age
Waited a holier heritage.

And she, who long to scenes of mirth,
And pride, and rank, had bade adieu,
Freed from her latest link with earth,
Had soared above its sorrows, too.

DETACHED APOSTROPHES.

I.

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

I. 1. .

DARK tyrant of the mind,
Who holdest the immortal in thy chains ;
How mournful are the ills, how black the stains
By thee inflicted on mankind !
Man over man may wield a might
The mortal form to fetter or compel ;
But leaves the spirit free as light.
Passion to deeds of sudden crime may swell ;
The elastic heart rebounds to right,
Thou, Superstition, sterner lord,

(103)

Bendest the thoughts to thy control,
And they who follow at thy word
The spirit's service must afford,
Nor save a feeling from thy reign of dole,
Slaves, never to regain the freedom of the soul.

I. 2.

Thy cloudy reign, full soon,
Obscured the light creating power bestowed,
And bent the knees that should have knelt to God,
In worship to the sun and moon,
And then vicegerents thou did'st make
Upon this upper world to work thy will;
Well chosen ones, who for thy sake,
And for thy wealthy hire, expend their skill
The simpler in thy toils to take.
All earth has been an instrument
To wreak upon ill-fated man
Thy wrath. And well has thy intent
Been meted out in dire event

Till freedom, reason, genius, all that can
Mark him as born of God, have perished 'neath
thy ban.

I. 3.

Upon the far-famed banks of Nile,
First home by science found below,
Where dwelt the Almighty's kindest smile,
And still His freest bounties flow,
Ere the first men had left the day,
Did'st thou confirm thy despot sway:
A more tyrannic lord
Than Pharaoh, or the Shepherd Kings ;
More dreadful thy extended wings
Than Achæmenian sword.
Man, godlike man, adored the insensate river ;
Nay, prostrate to the reptiles of its slime,
Forgot the praise of the Eternal Giver
Of all the glories of their bounteous clime ;
Until the offspring of the heavenly fire
Had lost each holy hope and every pure desire.

II. 1.

On Syria's lovely hills,
And on the sunny coast of Palestine,
Where life, sustained from sources most benign,
Its highly favored measure fills,
The dictates of thy laws avail
To bind the human victim to the pyre,
And steel the mother to the wail
Of her own infant in the idol fire;
While thy loud worship swells the gale.
Nor could the freedom-loving Greek
Escape the fetters formed by thee;
Let but thy voice in terror speak;
The father offers up his meek
Iphigenia to the stormy sea;
And Thebes' proud throne becomes a fount of
tragedy.

II. 2.

They who ne'er bent the knee,
To one of their own kind, the warlike bands

Of Scandinavian and of Cimbric lands
Rendered, in horrid rites, to thee
The meanest homage of the slave.
Mother of impositions manifold ;
Waylaying man from birth to grave,
And from the earliest lie to Mizraim told,
Down to the seamless coat of Treves ;
How many impious arts are thine
The birthright of the soul to steal !
Thou mockest God. His works divine
Become the offerings at thy shrine ;
And wresting all the truth His words reveal
Dost thou assume His throne and counterfeit his
seal.

II. 3.

Well have thy priests maintained thy cause
And well repaid themselves their pains ;
Building their craft upon thy laws,
And battening on thy wealthy gains.
The mysteries of thy heaven they tell,

The artful terrors of thy hell,
And teach a God of hate,
Whom sacrifice and gold can bribe,
And penance, which themselves prescribe
Alone propitiate.

“Give me but love for love, and trust my grace,
Ye sons of men:”—the good Redeemer says.
“Obey our dictates, ye degraded race,”
Thy priests exclaim, “and blessed he that pays.”
And trembling mortals, at their stern commands,
Submit to all their tasks, and suffer at their hands.

III. 1.

False miracles are wrought,
A forgery upon the coin of Heaven,
Whereby a godlike potency is given
To fictions of the impious thought.
Hence Isis, Ammon’s worship grew,
And hence arose the bloody Durga’s shrine,
Hence Baal his godly honors drew,

And all whom India, Syria deemed divine,
A vast and baleful crew.
Hence sprung the dynasty of Jove—
Of Jove, almighty debauchee :
And ancient Druid fingers wove,
For greenwood god, the oaken grove ;
And later, prouder times are doomed to see
The offspring of the soil adored as deity.

III. 2.

For thee the vestal maid
Endured, in life, the horrors of the tomb ;
Or solitude of heart—a sadder doom,
In mocking state arrayed.
For thee how many a gentle one,
God's minister, some human woe to quell,
Has buried, with herself unknown,
Her heavenly dowry in the cloistered cell,
And perished with her task undone.
For thee the Hindoo mother bears
K

Her infant to the Ganges' side,
In the devotion of her prayers,
Its helpless love, the smile it wears
No longer now her spirit undecide ;
With all its trust in her, she yields it to the tide.

III. 3.

The deed, condemned by heavenly will,
Thy impious ministers extol,
And freeze, with a demoniac skill,
The holy springs of woman's soul.
For thee Loyola's banded spies
Their toils with subtle craft devise,
As hunters seek their game,
The fragments of the God to blight,
Free-will, the unbiassed sense of right,
And love's immortal flame.
Thine is the pious fraud, the relic fraught
With fancied good ; the holy lands are thine—
Benares, Mecca, Rome, and Juggernaut,

The temple-tombs and caves of Palestine.
For thee the pilgrim seeks a shrine of lies,
Plods weary, day by day ; exhausted, droops and
dies.

IV. 1.

Nay, when the Son of God,
To emancipate the labour-bearing earth
From woes, to which thy reign had given birth,
Descended from his pure abode,
In love ; forbidding to adore
Aught else but Him whose worship renders free ;
Thy fetters men perversely wore,
And made a god out of the very tree,
On which He suffered, to restore
Their freedom, darkened all he taught,
Bent to the flesh he had assumed,
And into all his doctrines wrought
The thread of man's perverted thought ;
Till all that had the soul with truth illumed,
Was, once more, in the night of thy deceits entombed.

IV. 2.

Hence, foe of truth and light,
On whom the humbler despots of mankind
Rely, to make their suffering subjects blind
To all the loveliness of right :
Whether enthroned, in painted state,
A gorgeous idol, in an Indian shrine,
Or pontiff, impiously great,
Vicar of God, by apostolic line,
And high executor of fate ;
Or represented to the sense
In block, half-hewn by savage skill,
Or secret as the pestilence
Thy death-conveying steps advance,
Thy presence known but by thy work of ill ;
Alike the foe of truth and despot of the will.

IV. 3.

Offspring of ignorance and fear,
Nursling of undiscerning faith,

Hence to thy native night, the drear
 Abode of misery and death!
Angels of light, the clouds dispel
Which o'er the god-descended dwell,
 Concealing from his view
The glories of his home on high,
The grandeur of his destiny,
 The beautiful and true.
Teach him to turn his earthward eyes above,
 And learn the riches of the good divine ;
Unfold his spirit to the rays of love,
 Which from the bosom of Jehovah shine ;
Who, working all His pleasure, guardeth still
The happiness of man, and freedom of his will.

II.

TO A YOUNG INDIAN GIRL.

A WEARY lot is thine, poor maid,
A weary lot is thine ;
To bear the ills on woman laid,
In want and woe to pine ;
Day after day, through forests dim,
With aching foot to rove,
And feel the cruelty of him
Whom thou obey'st in love ;
And when thou shedd'st the bitter tear,
To find no tongue afford
The little boon, thou holdest dear,

(115)

A sympathizing word.
Soon shall those eyes, that shun the sight,
 Behind the drooping lids ;
Lest aught should enter by their light,
 Which thy pure heart forbids,
With oft-repeated tears be dim—
 Repeated night and morn,
And that sweet form, so straight and slim,
 With toil be bent and worn.
Thy meek and graceful features, care
 Shall with his mask indue,
And the smooth cheek, so darkly fair,
 Be sunk and haggard too.
And when thy infant daughter smiles,
 How often shalt thou groan,
To think that she must suffer ills
 As wasting as thine own.
For her, how often, as thy care
 A favorite good would crave,
The boon repeated in thy prayer
 Shall be, an early grave.

A weary lot is thine, poor maid,
A weary lot is thine,
Beneath the dreary forest shade,
In lonely woe to pine ;
From early dawn, till day is down,
Thy absent lord to mourn,
To fear his dangers, dread his frown,
Yet long for his return.
Nor ever know the sympathy
By female weakness won,
Nor honors, which thy sisters see,
Beneath the Christian's sun ;
Who ill conceive thy hopeless days,
How little met thy claim
On pity, of a sex that pays
Such reverence to them.
That favor to a blessed one
Their grateful spirits owe—
One who forsook a heavenly throne
To found a heaven below—
A reign of love and gentleness

Of kindness in the strong,
Strength to the weak, and meet redress
To those who suffer long.
Oh! Holy Teacher, let thy truth
On this young bosom shine ;
That, when withdrawn the light of youth,
It may rejoice in thine.

III.

THE GREAT.

WHEN pondering on the long array
Of wondrous deeds and honored names,
Which history's lengthened scrolls display,
To wake the soul to glory's claims ;
Among that awful host of mighty dead,
Who pass before the admiring mind,
Like beings of a nobler kind,
Lawgiver, warrior, poet, sage,
The scourge or blessing of their age,
There is one lofty head,
Which rises, like a mountain from the sea,
(119)

Sublime in meekness and serenity,
Before whose light they veil the brow
 Who never bent the knee ;
And blessed millions gladly bow
 Beneath its calm solemnity.
Yet armies never saw his face,
Nor was a throne his resting-place.
No fickle, civic honors crowned,
Nor laurel leaf his temples bound.
His were no airs of priestly state,
Nor philosophical disguise ;
No noisy pomp proclaimed him great,
Nor learned title marked him wise.
An humble man, who felt for men,
 He seemed to those, who by him stood.
His work—relief to human pain,
 His only glory—doing good.
Yet, whence has all thy splendor grown,
Proud monarch of the triple crown?
And ye, who glory in the shroud
Of awful philosophic cloud,

Whose vaunted reason fails to reach
The highest truths ye dare to teach,
Whence did that revelation flow,
It serves your pride so well to know?
From the poor life, the painful death
Of that meek man of Nazareth.

II.

Ye men of empire, monarchs of the sword,
From him of Shinar to Napoleon,
Heroes of triumph, by yourselves adored,
Where have your triumphs, now, your em-
pires gone?
The hard-won, fleeting pageants of a day,
Which, founded on the fears of men,
Have glimmered out their time, and then,
Like flitting wildfires of the fen,
Vanished away.
With all your arts, ye failed to find
The art unto yourselves to bind
L

The lasting service of mankind.

But he,

Who had not where to lay his head,

Save the lone mountain's rocky bed,

Upon the shores of Galilee,

In brief humility and pain,

Established a more glorious reign

Than ever Shinar knew,

And blessing more abodes of man

Than ever Macedon o'erran,

Or Roman could subdue.

A *worldly* wisdom sped their course ;

He learned from above—

They proved the feebleness of force ;

He wields the strength of love.

IV.

H Y M N .

Most kind and ever present God,
To thee our thanks we pay,
Whose love sustains the pilgrim's load,
And shines upon his way.

Though manifold the ills which sin
Has planted here below,
And early as we must begin
To reap the fruit of woe,

Thy mercy can that woe dispel,
Its springs in guilt remove,

(123)

And make the humbled spirit dwell
In joy, in hope, and love.

Not angel hands deliverance bring
From ills they never knew ;
But he who most has felt their sting
Becomes their solace too.

And kindly works of mutual aid
And mutual pardon, lend
The tie, which, in this vale of shade,
Attaches friend to friend.

Such love has thy salvation showed,
Such wisdom in its plan,
That he who loves his Father, God,
Loves best his brother, man.

V.

TO THE POET.

HAIL! master of the tuneful art,
That weaves for thought the fitting words,
And to the vainly struggling heart
Expression of itself affords!

Thy fabric is a spell, to bind
Together in endearing thrall
The secret sympathies of mind,
Unspoken else, though felt by all.

When holy beauty fills the eye,
And love's imprisoned fancies throng,
L 2 (125)

Like angels, to unlock the joy,
Descend the winged words of song.

Whether the o'erflowing tide of life
Young hope and gay delight inspires ;
Or passions urge their headlong strife,
'Tis song the ardent soul requires.

And he, who feels the drops of grief
More bitter when they fail to flow,
Takes up thy strain and wins relief
In the full utterance of his woe.

When souls, redeemed from bale, enshrine
Delights that with redemption dwell,
Why long they till a lay divine
The praises of their Savior tell ?

As to the parching earth the rain—
As to the lily summer's sun,

Is sympathy to human pain,
And to the life of joy begun.

And sympathy in song has found
The medium she loves the best—
Thus spirit is to spirit bound,
And kindness grows the more exprest.

Mysterious emotions, too,
For which the wise have found no names,
What revelations come to you,
From language which the poet frames !

Seer of feeling's hidden springs !
Prophetic bard, 'tis thine to know
And speak, for common man, the things
Which his own tongue could never show.

VI.

TO J. E. K.

SAY thou, my friend, for thou hast been
 Away this dreary time,
Hast viewed full many a varied scene,
 In many a distant clime :

Hast followed faery streams, that flow
 Where Scotia's mountains rise,
And mused upon the sunset glow,
 On soft Italia's skies :

By famed Geneva's lake hast stood,
 On France's hills of vine,

(129)

And Germany's proud river viewed—
The old imperial Rhine :

Hast sought the footsteps of romance,
Among the hills of Spain ;
Where once Ruy Diaz shook his lance
O'er old Granada's reign :

Hast over wide savannahs rode,
Through forests dark and vast ;
Where spreads, unmarked by man's abode,
A land that has no past :

Is it the hue of earth or sky
That beautifies the scene ;
Or thoughts, that with affection lie,
Where grief and joy have been ?

VII.

THE NAME UNSPOKEN.

Too lightly sounds the favored name,—
Repeated o'er the giddy wine!
The bosom, braggart of its flame,
But worships at a feeble shrine.

I would not, thus, the name profane,
To which my best emotions cling,
As to a well beloved strain,
One cannot trust the tongue to sing.

Praise, loud and long, the showy fair,
Whose spell is on the passing view,
(131)

And to the beauties glowing there
Shall I confer my homage, too ;

But the dear name of her I love,
Holy, as vestal fire, shall be ;
No noisy raptures shall it move,
Nor thoughtless eye its worship see.

Upon the silence of my heart,
The softly murmured tones shall tell,
Descending with a blissful art,
Which loud acclaim could but dispel.

VIII.

CHRISTIAN AMBITION.

I COULD not wish the fortune mine,
 To draw with wealth the wondering eye ;
Nor with the little great to shine,
 And be through life a living lie.

I would not have my brows adorned
 With the triumphant warrior's bays,
To boast of that by thousands mourned—
 A fame of mingled curse and praise.

But could to every human tribe
 My labors renovation bring,

M

(133)

No dastard fear should circumscribe,
The triumphs of my peaceful king.

O! I would plant his standard, where
The simoom from the tropic blows—
In Java's pestilential air,
And on the drear Kamtschatkan snows.

Beyond Sahara's burning sand,
I'd bend the nations to his reign;
Not China's rampart should withstand
The progress of my vast campaign.

The north and south for him I'd claim;
Nor deem my course of conquest run,
Till songs of glory to his name
Should follow round with morning sun.

Such my ambition. I would see
All lands the home of ransomed men.
But should I die one soul to free;
Still, life were richly bartered, then.

IX.

WAR.

(Suggested by a Visit to the Plains of Abram, near Quebec.)

I.

THIS the arena?—This green lawn,
Which peaceful herds bestrew,—
Where, once, a world's lot was drawn,
And powerful nations drew—
The mightiest rulers of the old
Contending which, alone, should hold
The mast'ry of the new?
A worthy stake, and yet the game
Was played with arts of guilt and shame.
(135)

II.

Here men have met in mortal strife,
With the terrific energy
Of those, who feel that death and life
On their own arm must lie.
This very soil their blood has drunk,
Here have they sickened, bled, and sunk
In feeble agony ;
Without a single eye, to heed
The parting spirit, in its need.

III.

And when, in the approach of death,
A moment of repose—
Of quiet, ere the departing breath
From the pale body rose—
Was more desired than all that fame
Could heap upon an empty name,
Or all that war bestows,
The ruthless lines upon them trod,
As if they were already clod.

IV.

The sounds, that met the dying ear,
 Were those that battle spoke—
The roll of arms afar, and, near,
 The duller, sadder stroke,
That cut into the flesh, and words,
Vehement as the clashing swords,
 To curse, exult, provoke,
The heavy fall of those, to whom
The febleness of pain had come.

V.

Go, brand the human sacrifice,
 When made at Moloch's shrine ;
If but a single victim dies,
 For one he deems divine.
Then, come, behold the battle plain,
Piled with unsightly heaps of slain,
 To fill a king's design,
And say, if Syria's idol god
Surpassed Ambition's love of blood.

VI.

Is it for this that conscience tells
The heart of right and wrong?
That justice, long-enduring, dwells
Where varied counsels throng?
The bloodiest victory but decides,
Between two adverse human tides,
The feeble and the strong.
The right, when all the contest's o'er,
Must stand as it had stood before.

VII.

I waste no sympathy on him,
Who chooses for a trade
The work of death, if anguish dim
His countenance, arrayed
In fiendish passion. He has met
Only the meshes of the net,
Which he for others spread.
He bargained on his blood; and knew,
In battle, that the debt was due.

VIII.

But oh! how many hearths are cold,
Bright faces dimmed and gone,
And hearts of the dependant old
Are hopeless, broken, lone,
With all that manhood toiled to gain,
Life's chilling autumn to sustain,
In blackened ruin strewn;
And those, who would have been their stay,
Wrapped in the cold and gory clay :

IX.

How many of the good and wise,
The feeble and the fair,
To whom belong no ruder ties
Than love and friendship wear—
Of those whose active hands advance
Plans of sublime benevolence,
Which noble souls prepare,
Must sink in suffering, perish, fail,
That War, brute despot, may prevail !

X.

Has earth no higher work for those
Of energetic mind,
Than to make of them sterner foes,
And butchers of their kind?
Must a Montcalm, of steady skill,
And Wolfe's indomitable will,
Be madly thus resigned—
A man, who might have blessed the name,
Be made a rifle-shooter's aim!

XI.

Great hearts, unworthy of the fate
Your hostile nations gave—
Who called upon you for your hate,
And praised you as the brave,
Why was that union, which, so well,
In life, had with you loved to dwell,
But granted to the grave?
Ye sleep together, in the tomb,
Can ye forgive the earth your doom?

XII.

How long must savage force and pride
 Extinguish human ruth?
How long our race extend its tide
 Of reckless, giddy youth;
Or when emerge from wild and vain
Phantasmas of the troubled brain,
 Into the light of truth,
And mastery in the earth be wooed
By works of wisdom and of good?

XIII.

Has Love no sovereignty to give,
 Has Reason no command,
Or Justice been condemned to live
 Ignoble in the land;
That they, who pant for widest sway,
Most seek it on the battle-day,
 And with a bloody brand?
Small is the triumph of the field
When men of peace decline to yield.

XIV.

Behold, on Caledonia's hills,
The covenanted few,
Surrounded by how many ills,
How feeble ; but how true !
Their foes, in battle, still prevailed ;
But, still the baffled victor failed,
The vanquished stronger grew—
Truth needs to be but well obeyed
To laugh at war when best arrayed.

XV.

But, ye are glorious, men of blood,
Ye boast your deathless fame.
Who gave to praise that amplitude,
And wove it round your name ?
Some peaceful hero of the pen—
Recorder for the period, when
That praise shall be your shame.
Men cannot always fail to hate
A murder, just because 'tis great.

XVI.

Right shall not always yield to might—

The day must come, ere long,

When justice will presume to write

Her judgment on the strong :

When guilty force shall blush, in vain,

And injured innocence obtain

Redress of every wrong.

For He, whose laws are kind and pure,

Has promised—and the word is sure.