

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS<sup>1</sup>

WHAT say the Bells of San Blas  
To the ships that southward pass  
From the harbor of Mazatlan?  
To them it is nothing more  
Than the sound of surf on the shore,—  
Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,  
To whom what is and what seems  
Are often one and the same,—  
The Bells of San Blas to me  
Have a strange, wild melody,  
And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church;  
They have tones that touch and search  
The hearts of young and old;  
One sound to all, yet each  
Lends a meaning to their speech,  
And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,  
Of an age that is fading fast,  
Of a power austere and grand;  
When the flag of Spain unfurled  
Its folds o'er this western world,  
And the priest was lord of the land.

The chapel that once looked down  
On the little seaport town  
Has crumbled into the dust;  
And on oaken beams below  
The bells swing to and fro,  
And are green with mould and rust.

'Is, then, the old faith dead,'  
They say, 'and in its stead

<sup>1</sup> Longfellow's last poem, written (except the concluding stanza) on March 12, 1882. The subject was suggested by a few lines of an article on Mexico, in *Harper's Magazine* for March, telling of the destroyed convent of San Blas (on the Pacific Coast) and its bells.

Is some new faith proclaimed,  
That we are forced to remain  
Naked to sun and rain,  
Unsheltered and ashamed?

'Once in our tower aloof  
We rang over wall and roof  
Our warnings and our complaints;  
And round about us there  
The white doves filled the air,  
Like the white souls of the saints.

'The saints! Ah, have they grown  
Forgetful of their own?  
Are they asleep, or dead,  
That open to the sky  
Their ruined Missions lie,  
No longer tenanted?

'Oh, bring us back once more  
The vanished days of yore,  
When the world with faith was filled;  
Bring back the fervid zeal,  
The hearts of fire and steel,  
The hands that believe and build.

'Then from our tower again  
We will send over land and main  
Our voices of command,  
Like exiled kings who return  
To their thrones, and the people learn  
That the Priest is lord of the land!'

O Bells of San Blas, in vain  
Ye call back the Past again!  
The Past is deaf to your prayer;  
Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light;  
It is daybreak everywhere.<sup>2</sup>

1882.

1882.

<sup>2</sup> These were Longfellow's last verses. He added the concluding stanza of the poem, written in a firm hand, and dated, only nine days before his death.

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER<sup>1</sup>

'O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—  
The richest web of the Indian loom, which  
beauty's queen might wear;  
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck,  
with whose radiant light they vie;  
I have brought them with me a weary way,  
— will my gentle lady buy?'

The lady smiled on the worn old man  
through the dark and clustering  
curls  
Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view  
his silks and glittering pearls;  
And she placed their price in the old man's  
hand and lightly turned away,  
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest  
call,— 'My gentle lady, stay!'

<sup>1</sup> This poem was suggested by the account given of the manner in which the Waldenses disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry. They gained access to the house through their occupation as peddlers of silks, jewels, and trinkets. 'Having disposed of some of their goods,' it is said by a writer who quotes the inquisitor Rainerus Sacco, 'they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these, inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament, and thereby many were deluded into heresy.' (WHITTIER.)

The poem was early translated into French and Italian, and became a favorite among all the Waldenses, who however did not know of its American origin. When the Waldensian synod learned of this, in 1875, they instructed their Moderator to send Whittier a letter of thanks and appreciation. This letter, which Whittier greatly prized, began:—

'Dear and Honored Brother,—I have recently learned by a letter from my friend, J. C. Fletcher, now residing in Naples, that you are the author of the charming little poem, "The Vaudois Colporteur," which was translated several years ago in French by Professor de Felicé, of Montauban, and of which there is also an excellent Italian translation, made by M. Giovanni Nicolini, Professor of our College at Torre Pellicé. There is not a single Vaudois who has received any education who cannot repeat from memory "The Vaudois Colporteur" in French or in Italian.'

See the whole letter, in Pickard's *Life of Whittier*, vol. II, pp. 607-608. Whittier's reply (given in the *Life*, pp. 608-609) was translated into Italian and circulated throughout Italy.

'O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings,  
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled  
crown on the lofty brow of kings;  
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,  
whose virtue shall not decay,  
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and  
a blessing on thy way!'

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel  
where her form of grace was seen,  
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark  
locks waved their clasping pearls  
between;  
'Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,  
thou traveller gray and old,  
And name the price of thy precious gem,  
and my page shall count thy gold.'

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's  
brow, as a small and meagre book,  
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from  
his folding robe he took!  
'Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may  
it prove as such to thee!  
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the  
word of God is free!'

The hoary traveller went his way, but the  
gift he left behind  
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that  
highborn maiden's mind,  
And she hath turned from the pride of sin  
to the lowliness of truth,  
And given her human heart to God in its  
beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where  
an evil faith had power,  
The courtly knights of her father's train,  
and the maidens of her bower;  
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by  
lordly feet untrod,  
Where the poor and needy of earth are  
rich in the perfect love of God!

1830.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON<sup>1</sup>

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

Go on, for thou hast chosen well;  
On in the strength of God!  
Long as one human heart shall swell  
Beneath the tyrant's rod.  
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,

<sup>1</sup> The earliest poem in this division [the Anti-Slavery Poems] was my youthful tribute to the great reformer when, himself a young man, he was sounding his trumpet in Essex County. (WHITTIER.)

On Whittier's early relations with Garrison, see Pickard's *Life of Whittier*, pp. 50-52. See also the article on Garrison in Whittier's *Prose Works*, iii, 189-192.

Whittier's anti-slavery poems must necessarily occupy a large place in any selection at all representative of his work. For more than thirty years they formed the chief part of his poetical production. Even to-day no one can fail to recognize the intense sincerity and strength of such poems as 'Expostulation,' 'Massachusetts to Virginia,' 'Ichabod,' 'The Rendition,' etc. On his rôle in the anti-slavery movement, and the sacrifices which he made to it, see especially Professor Carpenter's *Whittier*, chapters iv and v. See also the notes on 'Ichabod' and on Lowell's 'Stanzas on Freedom,' and the passage on Whittier in Lowell's 'Fable for Critics.'

After the war Whittier was one of the most earnest workers against sectional prejudice in the North. It was largely through his efforts that the vote of censure against Sumner, who wished Civil War names expunged from army flags, was repealed. But he would never consent that the anti-slavery poems should be omitted from any edition of his works. His attitude is well shown by a passage in Pickard's *Life of Whittier*, with its significant quotation from one of his letters:—

'Some other American poets, even those who had written bravely against the system of slavery, consented to leave out of their collected works such poems as would be offensive to their Southern readers. Whittier never made this concession . . . and issued no edition of his works that did not present him as an uncompromising foe of slavery. But it was easy to see that his enmity to the institution did not extend to individuals. All his life he numbered among his personal friends not only apologists for slavery, but slaveholders themselves. In replying to the charge of a Southern paper that he was an enemy of the South, he once wrote to a friend: "I was never an enemy to the South or the holders of slaves. I inherited from my Quaker ancestry hatred of slavery, but not of slaveholders. To every call of suffering or distress in the South I have promptly responded to the extent of my ability. I was one of the very first to recognize the rare gift of the Carolinian poet Timrod, and I was the intimate friend of the lamented Paul H. Hayne, though both wrote fiery lyrics against the North."'

This poem was read at the Convention in Philadelphia which founded the American Anti-Slavery Society, in December, 1833. Whittier was a delegate from Massachusetts. 'I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833,' he said in later life, 'than on the title-page of any book.'

As thou hast ever spoken,  
Until the dead in sin shall hear,  
The fetter's link be broken!

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

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

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

Go on, the dagger's point may glare  
Amid thy pathway's gloom;  
The fate which sternly threatens there  
Is glorious martyrdom!  
Then onward with a martyr's zeal;  
And wait thy sure reward  
When man to man no more shall kneel,  
And God alone be Lord!

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE<sup>2</sup>

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap  
Thy weary ones receiving,  
And o'er them, silent as a dream,  
Thy grassy mantle weaving,

<sup>2</sup> In an article published in the *Essex Gazette*, in July, 1833, less than a month after Randolph's death, Whittier says: 'The late noble example of the eloquent statesman of Roanoke, the manumission of his slaves, speaks volumes to his political friends. In the last hour of his existence, when his soul was struggling from its broken tenement, his latest effort was the confirmation of this generous act of a former period. Light rest the turf upon him, beneath his patrimonial oaks! The prayers of many hearts made happy by his benevolence shall linger over his grave, and bless it.' The poem was

Fold softly in thy long embrace  
That heart so worn and broken,  
And cool its pulse of fire beneath  
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word  
And serpent hiss of scorning;  
Nor let the storms of yesterday  
Disturb his quiet morning.  
Breathe over him forgetfulness  
Of all save deeds of kindness,  
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,  
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye  
He heard Potomac's flowing,  
And, through his tall ancestral trees,  
Saw autumn's sunset glowing,  
He sleeps, still looking to the west,  
Beneath the dark wood shadow,  
As if he still would see the sun  
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune! in himself  
All moods of mind contrasting,—  
The tenderest wail of human woe,  
The scorn like lightning blasting;  
The pathos which from rival eyes  
Unwilling tears could summon,  
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst  
Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,  
From lips of life-long sadness;  
Clear picturings of majestic thought  
Upon a ground of madness;  
And over all Romance and Song  
A classic beauty throwing,  
And laurelled Clio at his side  
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him: each in turn  
Beheld its schemes disjointed,  
As right or left his fatal glance  
And spectral finger pointed.  
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down  
With trenchant wit unsparing,  
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand  
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign  
A love he never cherished,  
But none beheld with clearer eye  
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,

probably written, according to Mr. Pickard, at the same time as the article. It was printed in the first number of the *National Era* issued after Whittier became corresponding editor, in January, 1847.

Beyond Virginia's border line  
His patriotism perished.  
While others hailed in distant skies  
Our eagle's dusky pinion,  
He only saw the mountain bird  
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune  
strange,  
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,  
His loving faith in Mother-land  
Knew never shade of turning;  
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's tide,  
Whatever sky was o'er him,  
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,  
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal  
No false and vain pretences,  
Nor paid a lying priest to seek  
For Scriptural defences.  
His harshest words of proud rebuke,  
His bitterest taunt and scorning,  
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow  
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves; yet kept the while  
His reverence for the Human;  
In the dark vassals of his will  
He saw but Man and Woman!  
No hunter of God's outraged poor  
His Roanoke valley entered;  
No trader in the souls of men  
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man  
Lay down for his last sleeping,  
And at his side, a slave no more,  
His brother-man stood weeping,  
His latest thought, his latest breath,  
To Freedom's duty giving,  
With failing tongue and trembling hand  
The dying blest the living.

Oh, never bore his ancient State  
A truer son or braver!  
None trampling with a calmer scorn  
On foreign hate or favor.  
He knew her faults, yet never stooped  
His proud and manly feeling  
To poor excuses of the wrong  
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye  
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,

None heard more sure the steps of Doom  
 Along her future treading. 100  
 For her as for himself he spake,  
 When, his gaunt frame upbracing,  
 He traced with dying hand 'Remorse!'  
 And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,  
 From Vernon's weeping willow,  
 And from the grassy pall which hides  
 The Sage of Monticello,  
 So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone  
 Of Randolph's lowly dwelling, 110  
 Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves  
 A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields  
 Are sadder warnings spoken,  
 From quenched hearths, where thy exiled  
 sons  
 Their household gods have broken.  
 The curse is on thee, — wolves for men,  
 And briars for corn-sheaves giving!  
 Oh, more than all thy dead renown  
 Were now one hero living! 120  
 1833? 1847.

EXPOSTULATION<sup>1</sup>

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!  
 Slaves, in a land of light and law!  
 Slaves, crouching on the very plains  
 Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!  
 A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood,  
 A wail where Camden's martyrs fell,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Charles Follen, a German patriot, who had come to America for the freedom which was denied him in his native land, allied himself with the abolitionists, and at a convention of delegates from all the anti-slavery organizations in New England, held at Boston in May, 1834, was chairman of a committee to prepare an address to the people of New England. Toward the close of the address occurred the passage which suggested these lines: —  
 'The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States — the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king — cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?' (WHITTIER.)

The original title of the poem was simply 'Stanzas,' and later it was called 'Follen.' Garrison said of it when it first appeared: —  
 'Our gifted Brother Whittier has again seized the great trumpet of Liberty, and blown a blast that shall ring from Maine to the Rocky Mountains.'  
 The poem became popular throughout the North and West, and was for many years a favorite at declamation contests and anti-slavery meetings.

By every shrine of patriot blood,  
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,  
 By mossy wood and marshy glen, 10  
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,  
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men!  
 The groan of breaking hearts is there,  
 The falling lash, the fetter's clank!  
 Slaves, slaves are breathing in that air  
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What ho! our countrymen in chains!  
 The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!  
 Our soil yet reddening with the stains  
 Caught from her scourging, warm and  
 fresh! 20  
 What! mothers from their children riven!  
 What! God's own image bought and sold!  
 Americans to market driven,  
 And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer  
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?  
 To us whose fathers scorned to bear  
 The paltry menace of a chain;  
 To us, whose boast is loud and long  
 Of holy Liberty and Light; 30  
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong  
 Plead vainly for their plundered Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,  
 Our sympathies across the wave,  
 Where Manhood, on the field of death,  
 Strikes for his freedom or a grave?  
 Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung  
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,  
 And millions hail with pen and tongue  
 Our light on all her altars burning? 40

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

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be  
 A refuge for the stricken slave? 50  
 And shall the Russian serf go free  
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?  
 And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane  
 Relax the iron hand of pride,

And bid his bondmen cast the chain  
 From fettered soul and limb aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
 Proclaim that all around are free,  
 From farthest Ind to each blue crag  
 That beetles o'er the Western Sea? 60  
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
 When Freedom's fire is dim with us,  
 And round our country's altar clings  
 The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go, let us ask of Constantine  
 To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;  
 And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line  
 To spare the struggling Suliote;  
 Will not the scorching answer come  
 From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ:  
 'Go, loose your fettered slaves at home, 70  
 Then turn and ask the like of us!'

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

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part, 80  
 From graybeard eld to fiery youth,  
 And on the nation's naked heart  
 Scatter the living coals of Truth!  
 Up! while ye slumber, deeper yet  
 The shadow of our fame is growing!  
 Up! while ye pause, our sun may set  
 In blood around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,  
 The gathered wrath of God and man, 90  
 Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
 When hail and fire above it ran.  
 Hear ye no warnings in the air?  
 Feel ye no earthquake underneath?  
 Up, up! why will ye slumber where  
 The sleeper only wakes in death?

Rise now for Freedom! not in strife  
 Like that your sterner fathers saw,  
 The awful waste of human life,  
 The glory and the guilt of war: 100  
 But break the chain, the yoke remove,  
 And smite to earth Oppression's rod,

With those mild arms of Truth and Love,  
 Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,  
 And leave no traces where it stood;  
 Nor longer let its idol drink  
 His daily cup of human blood;  
 But rear another altar there,  
 To Truth and Love and Mercy given, 110  
 And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,  
 Shall call an answer down from Heaven!  
 1834. 1834.

THE FAREWELL<sup>1</sup>

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

GONE, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
 Where the noisome insect stings,  
 Where the fever demon strews  
 Poison with the falling dews,  
 Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
 Through the hot and misty air;  
 Gone, gone, — sold and gone, 10  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters;  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 There no mother's eye is near them,  
 There no mother's ear can hear them;  
 Never, when the torturing lash  
 Seams their back with many a gash,  
 Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
 Or a mother's arms caress them. 20  
 Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters;  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,  
 From the fields at night they go,  
 Faint with toil, and racked with pain,  
 To their cheerless homes again, 30  
 There no brother's voice shall greet them,

<sup>1</sup> Of all Whittier's anti-slavery poems this approaches nearest to the half-romantic style of Longfellow's 'Poems on Slavery.'

There no father's welcome meet them.  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
From the tree whose shadow lay  
On their childhood's place of play; 40  
From the cool spring where they drank;  
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank;  
From the solemn house of prayer,  
And the holy counsels there;

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

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone; 50  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the spoiler's prey.  
Oh, that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters! 60

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth;  
By the bruised reed He spareth;  
Oh, may He, to whom alone  
All their cruel wrongs are known,  
Still their hope and refuge prove,  
With a more than mother's love.  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone, 70  
From Virginia's hills and waters;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

1838.

## THE MERRIMAC

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still  
The sunset rays thy valley fill;  
Poured slantwise down the long defile,  
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.  
I see the winding Powow fold  
The green hill in its belt of gold,  
And following down its wavy line,

Its sparkling waters blend with thine.  
There's not a tree upon thy side,  
Nor rock, which thy returning tide 10  
As yet hath left abrupt and stark  
Above thy evening water-mark;  
No calm cove with its rocky hem,  
No isle whose emerald swells begem  
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail  
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;  
No small boat with its busy oars,  
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;  
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,  
Or rigid poplar colonnade, 20  
But lies distinct and full in sight,  
Beneath this gush of sunset light.  
Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,  
Stretching its length of foam afar,  
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,  
And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,  
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,  
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;  
And o'er these woods and waters broke  
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak, 30  
As brightly on the voyager's eye  
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,  
Breaking the dull continuous wood,  
The Merrimac rolled down his flood;  
Mingling that clear pellucid brook,  
Which channels vast Agiochook  
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock  
The frozen fountains of the rock,  
And more abundant waters given  
From that pure lake, 'The Smile of  
Heaven,' 40  
Tributes from vale and mountain-side, —  
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves  
The stormy challenge of the waves,  
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,  
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,<sup>2</sup>  
Planting upon the topmost crag  
The staff of England's battle-flag;  
And, while from out its heavy fold  
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled, 50  
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,  
And weapons brandishing in air,  
He gave to that lone promontory<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Winnepesaukee. The Indian name was thought to mean 'The Smile of the Great Spirit.' See 'The Lakeside' and 'Summer by the Lakeside.'

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the Colony in Virginia, in his capacity of 'Admiral of New England,' made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614. (WHITTIER.)

<sup>3</sup> Captain Smith gave to the promontory now called

The sweetest name in all his story;  
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,  
Whose harem look on Stamboul's wa-  
ters, —

Who, when the chance of war had bound  
The Moslem chain his limbs around,  
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,  
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,  
And fondly to her youthful slave 61  
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look! the yellow light no more  
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;  
And clearly on the calm air swells  
The twilight voice of distant bells.  
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,  
The mists come slowly rolling in;  
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,  
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim, 70  
While yonder lonely coast-light, set  
Within its wave-washed minaret,  
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,  
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

Home of my fathers! — I have stood  
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:  
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade  
Along his frowning Palisade;  
Looked down the Appalachian peak  
On Juniata's silver streak; 80  
Have seen along his valley gleam  
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;  
The level light of sunset shine  
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;  
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner  
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;  
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,  
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!  
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound  
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound, 90  
The unforgotten swell and roar  
Of waves on thy familiar shore;  
And saw, amidst the curtained gloom  
And quiet of his lonely room,  
Thy sunset scenes before him pass;  
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,  
The loved and lost arose to view,  
Remembered groves in greenness grew,  
Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,  
Along whose bowers of beauty swept 100  
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,

Cape Ann, the name of Tragabazanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, 'loved him for the dangers he had passed.' (WHITTIER.)

Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,  
Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept;  
And while the gazer leaned to trace,  
More near, some dear familiar face,  
He wept to find the vision flown, —  
A phantom and a dream alone!

1841.

MEMORIES<sup>1</sup>

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,<sup>2</sup>  
With step as light as summer air,  
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,  
Shadowed by many a careless curl  
Of unconfined and flowing hair;  
A seeming child in everything,  
Save thoughtful brow and ripening  
charms,  
As Nature wears the smile of Spring  
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light 10  
Which melted through its graceful  
bower,  
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,  
And stainless in its holy white,  
Unfolding like a morning flower:  
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,  
With every breath of feeling woke,  
And, even when the tongue was mute,  
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening  
chain  
Of memory, at the thought of thee! 20  
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,  
Old dreams, come thronging back again,  
And boyhood lives again in me;  
I feel its glow upon my cheek,

<sup>1</sup> It was not without thought and deliberation, that in 1838 he directed this poem to be placed at the head of his Poems Subjective and Reminiscent. He had never before publicly acknowledged how much of his heart was wrapped up in this delightful play of poetic fancy. The poem was written in 1841, and although the romance it embalms lies far back of this date, possibly there is a heart still beating which fully understands its meaning. The biographer can do no more than make this suggestion, which has the sanction of the poet's explicit word. To a friend who told him that *Memories* was her favorite poem, he said, 'I love it too; but I hardly knew whether to publish it, it was so personal and near my heart.' (Pickard's *Life of Whittier*, vol. i, p. 276.)

See also Pickard's *Whittier-Land*, pp. 66-67, and the poem 'My Playmate.'

<sup>2</sup> Whittier was especially fond of these two opening stanzas. He had already used the lines to describe an ideal character in 'Moll Pitcher,' published in 1832, but not now included in his collected works.

Its fulness of the heart is mine,  
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,  
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,  
I feel thy arm within my own,  
And timidly again arise 30  
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,  
With soft brown tresses overblown.  
Ah! memories of sweet summer eyes,  
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,  
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,  
And smiles and tones more dear than  
they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled  
My picture of thy youth to see,  
When, half a woman, half a child,  
Thy very artlessness beguiled, 40  
And folly's self seemed wise in thee;  
I too can smile, when o'er that hour  
The lights of memory backward stream,  
Yet feel the while that manhood's power  
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace,  
Of graver care and deeper thought;  
And unto me the calm, cold face  
Of manhood, and to thee the grace  
Of woman's pensive beauty brought. 50  
More wide, perchance, for blame than  
praise,  
The school-boy's humble name has flown;  
Thine, in the green and quiet ways  
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed  
Diverge our pathways, one in youth;  
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,  
While answers to my spirit's need  
The Derby dalesman's simple truth. 60  
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,  
And holy day, and solemn psalm;  
For me, the silent reverence where  
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me  
An impress Time has worn not out,  
And something of myself in thee,  
A shadow from the past, I see,  
Lingering, even yet, thy way about;  
Not wholly can the heart unlearn  
That lesson of its better hours, 70  
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn  
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes  
The shadows melt, and fall apart,  
And, smiling through them, round us lies  
The warm light of our morning skies, —  
The Indian Summer of the heart!  
In secret sympathies of mind,  
In founts of feeling which retain 80  
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find  
Our early dreams not wholly vain!  
1841. 1843.

## HAMPTON BEACH

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,  
Where, miles away,  
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
A luminous belt, a misty light,  
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of  
sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!  
Against its ground  
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
Still as a picture, clear and free,  
With varying outline mark the coast for  
miles around. 10

On — on — we tread with loose-flung rein  
Our seaward way,  
Through dark-green fields and blossom-  
ing grain,  
Where the wild briar-rose skirts the lane,  
And bends above our heads the flowering  
locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow  
Comes this fresh breeze,  
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
While through my being seems to flow  
The breath of a new life, the healing of the  
seas! 20

Now rest we, where this grassy mound  
His feet hath set  
In the great waters, which have bound  
His granite ankles greenly round  
With long and tangled moss, and weeds  
with cool spray wet.

Good-by to Pain and Care! I take  
Mine ease to-day:  
Here where these sunny waters break,  
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
All burdens from the heart, all weary  
thoughts away. 30

I draw a freer breath, I seem  
Like all I see —  
Waves in the sun, the white-winged gleam  
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam,  
And far-off sails which flit before the  
southwind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
The soul may know  
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
But with the upward rise, and with the  
vastness grow. 40

And all we shrink from now may seem  
No new revealing;  
Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
Or pleasant memory of a dream  
The loved and cherished Past upon the new  
life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light  
May have its dawning;  
And, as in summer's northern night  
The evening and the dawn unite,  
The sunset hues of Time blend with the  
soul's new morning. 50

I sit alone; in foam and spray  
Wave after wave  
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,  
Shoulder the broken tide away,  
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through  
mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land  
And noisy town?  
I see the mighty deep expand  
From its white line of glimmering sand  
To where the blue of heaven on bluer  
waves shuts down! 60

In listless quietude of mind,  
I yield to all  
The change of cloud and wave and wind;  
And passive on the flood reclined,  
I wander with the waves, and with them  
rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer! wave and shore  
In shadow lie;  
The night-wind warns me back once more  
To where, my native hill-tops o'er,  
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sun-  
set sky. 70

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!  
I bear with me  
No token stone nor glittering shell,  
But long and oft shall Memory tell  
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by  
the Sea.

1843.

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK<sup>1</sup>

To the God of all sure mercies let my bless-  
ing rise to-day,  
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath  
plucked the spoil away;  
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the  
faithful three,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set  
his handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through  
my prison bars,  
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell  
the pale gleam of stars;  
In the coldness and the darkness all through  
the long night-time,  
My grated casement whitened with au-  
tumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour  
crept by;  
Star after star looked palely in and sank  
adown the sky; 10  
No sound amid night's stillness, save that  
which seemed to be  
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses  
of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that  
on the morrow  
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock  
me in my sorrow,  
Dragged to their place of market, and bar-  
gained for and sold,  
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a  
heifer from the fold!

<sup>1</sup> In 1658 two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of nearly all his property for having entertained Quakers at his house, were fined for non-attendance at church. They being unable to pay the fine, the General Court issued an order empowering the Treasurer of the County to sell the said persons to any of the English nation of Virginia or Barbadoes, to answer said fines. An attempt was made to carry this order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies. (WHITTIER.)

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there, —  
the shrinking and the shame;  
And the low voice of the Tempter like  
whispers to me came:  
'Why sit'st thou thus forlornly,' the  
wicked murmur said,  
Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold  
earth thy maiden bed? <sup>20</sup>

'Where be the smiling faces, and voices  
soft and sweet,  
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the  
pleasant street?  
Where be the youths whose glances, the  
summer Sabbath through,  
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy  
father's pew?

'Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra? — Be-  
think thee with what mirth  
The happy schoolmates gather around the  
warm, bright hearth;  
How the crimson shadows tremble on fore-  
heads white and fair,  
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in  
golden hair.

'Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens,  
not for thee kind words are spoken,  
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods  
by laughing boys are broken; <sup>30</sup>  
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy  
lap are laid,  
For thee no flowers of autumn the youth-  
ful hunters braid.

'O weak, deluded maiden! — by crazy  
fancies led,  
With wild and raving railers an evil path  
to tread;  
To leave a wholesome worship, and teach-  
ing pure and sound,  
And mate with maniac women, loose-  
haired and sackcloth bound, —

'Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock  
at things divine,  
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread  
and wine;  
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and  
from the pillory lame,  
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glory-  
ing in their shame. <sup>40</sup>

'And what a fate awaits thee! — a sadly  
toiling slave,

Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of  
bondage to the grave!  
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in  
hopeless thrall,  
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn  
of all!

Oh, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble  
Nature's fears  
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of  
unavailing tears,  
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and  
strove in silent prayer,  
To feel, O Helper of the weak! that Thou  
indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Phi-  
lippi's cell,  
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the  
prison shackles fell, <sup>50</sup>  
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an  
angel's robe of white,  
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to  
sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies! — for  
the peace and love I felt,  
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my  
spirit melt;  
When 'Get behind me, Satan!' was the  
language of my heart,  
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his  
doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again  
the sunshine fell,  
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate  
within my lonely cell;  
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and up-  
ward from the street  
Came careless laugh and idle word, and  
tread of passing feet. <sup>60</sup>

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my  
door was open cast,  
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the  
long street I passed;  
I heard the murmur round me, and felt,  
but dared not see,  
How, from every door and window, the  
people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame  
burned upon my cheek,  
Swam earth and sky around me, my trem-  
bling limbs grew weak:

'O Lord! support thy handmaid; and from  
her soul cast out  
The fear of man, which brings a snare, the  
weakness and the doubt.'

Then the dreary shadows scattered, like a  
cloud in morning's breeze,  
And a low deep voice within me seemed  
whispering words like these: <sup>70</sup>  
'Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy  
heaven a brazen wall,  
Trust still his loving-kindness whose power  
is over all.'

We paused at length, where at my feet the  
sunlit waters broke  
On glaring reach of shining beach, and  
shingly wall of rock;  
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard  
clear lines on high,  
Tracing with rope and slender spar their  
network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-  
wrapped and grave and cold,  
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces  
bronzed and old,  
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel  
clerk at hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler  
of the land. <sup>80</sup>

And poisoning with his evil words the  
ruler's ready ear,  
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh  
and scoff and jeer;  
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the  
seal of silence broke,  
As if through woman's weakness a warning  
spirit spoke.

I cried, 'The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter  
of the meek,  
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler  
of the weak!  
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones, —  
go turn the prison lock  
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou  
wolf amid the flock!'

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and  
with a deeper red  
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the  
flush of anger spread; <sup>90</sup>

'Good people,' quoth the white-lipped priest,  
'heed not her words so wild,  
Her Master speaks within her, — the Devil  
owns his child!'

But gray heads shook, and young brows  
knit, the while the sheriff read  
That law the wicked rulers against the poor  
have made,  
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol  
priesthood bring  
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful  
offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff,  
turning, said, —  
'Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this  
Quaker maid?  
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Vir-  
ginia's shore,  
You may hold her at a higher price than  
Indian girl or Moor. <sup>100</sup>

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when  
again he cried,  
'Speak out, my worthy seamen!' — no  
voice, no sign replied;  
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and  
kind words met my ear, —  
'God bless thee, and preserve thee, my  
gentle girl and dear!'

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a  
pitying friend was nigh, —  
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it  
in his eye;  
And when again the sheriff spoke, that  
voice, so kind to me,  
Growled back its stormy answer like the  
roaring of the sea, —

'Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack with  
coins of Spanish gold,  
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the room-  
age of her hold, <sup>110</sup>  
By the living God who made me! — I  
would sooner in your bay  
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear  
this child away!'

'Well answered, worthy captain, shame on  
their cruel laws!  
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud  
the people's just applause.

'Like the herdsmen of Tekoa, in Israel of old,  
Shall we see the poor and righteous again  
for silver sold?'

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon  
half-way drawn,  
Swept round the throng his lion glare of  
bitter hate and scorn;  
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned  
in silence back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode  
murmuring in his track. 120

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bit-  
terness of soul;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and  
crushed his parchment roll.  
'Good friends,' he said, 'since both have  
fled, the ruler and the priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I be  
not well released.'

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear,  
swept round the silent bay,  
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he  
bade me go my way;  
For He who turns the courses of the stream-  
let of the glen,  
And the river of great waters, had turned  
the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed  
changed beneath my eye,  
A holier wonder round me rose the blue  
walls of the sky, 130  
A lovelier light on rock and hill and stream  
and woodland lay,  
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the wa-  
ters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life! to Him  
all praises be,  
Who from the hands of evil men hath set  
his handmaid free;  
All praise to Him before whose power the  
mighty are afraid,  
Who takes the crafty in the snare which  
for the poor is laid!

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's  
twilight calm  
Uplift the loud thanksgiving, pour forth  
the grateful psalm;

Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did  
the saints of old,  
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued  
Peter told. 140

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and  
mighty men of wrong,  
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay  
His hand upon the strong.  
Woe to the wicked rulers in his avenging  
hour!  
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to  
raven and devour!

But let the humble ones arise, the poor in  
heart be glad,  
And let the mourning ones again with robes  
of praise be clad.  
For He who cooled the furnace, and  
smoothed the stormy wave,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty  
still to save! 1843.

#### MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA<sup>1</sup>

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills,  
upon its Southern way,  
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachu-  
setts Bay:  
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle  
bugle's peal,  
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor  
clang of horsemen's steel,  
No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along  
our highways go;  
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies  
the snow;

<sup>1</sup> Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to George Latimer, the alleged fugitive slave, who was seized in Boston without warrant at the request of James B. Grey, of Norfolk, claiming to be his master. The case caused great excitement North and South, and led to the presentation of a petition to Congress, signed by more than fifty thousand citizens of Massachusetts, calling for such laws and proposed amendments to the Constitution as should relieve the Commonwealth from all further participation in the crime of oppression. George Latimer himself was finally given free papers for the sum of four hundred dollars. (WHITTIER.)

When the excitement was at its height, conventions were held simultaneously in every county in Massachusetts, and this poem was read at the Essex County convention. The most intense enthusiasm was aroused by those stanzas in which all the counties of the State speak successively, each in its own character.

And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon  
their errands far,  
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but  
none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy  
words and high  
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which  
melt along our sky; 10  
Yet not one brown, hard hand foregoes its  
honest labor here,  
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends  
his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs  
along St. George's bank;  
Cold on the shores of Labrador the fog lies  
white and dank;  
Through storm, and wave, and blinding  
mist, stout are the hearts which  
man  
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-  
boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare  
on their icy forms,  
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or  
wrestling with the storms;  
Free as the winds they drive before, rough  
as the waves they roam,  
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat  
against their rocky home. 20

What means the Old Dominion? Hath  
she forgot the day  
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the  
Briton's steel array?  
How, side by side with sons of hers, the  
Massachusetts men  
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and  
stout Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer  
to the call  
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out  
from Faneuil Hall?  
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came  
pulsing on each breath  
Of Northern winds the thrilling sounds of  
'Liberty or Death!'

What asks the Old Dominion? If now  
her sons have proved  
False to their fathers' memory, false to the  
faith they loved; 30

If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great  
charter spurn,  
Must we of Massachusetts from trut' and  
duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Sla-  
very's hateful hell;  
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the  
bloodhound's yell;  
We gather, at your summons, above our  
fathers' graves,  
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear  
your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massa-  
chusetts bow;  
The spirit of her early time is with her even  
now;  
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves  
slow and calm and cool,  
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sis-  
ter's slave and tool! 40

All that a sister State should do, all that a  
free State may,  
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our  
early day;  
But that one dark loathsome burden ye  
must stagger with alone,  
And reap the bitter harvest which ye your-  
selves have sown!

Held, while ye may, your struggling slaves,  
and burden God's free air  
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and  
manhood's wild despair;  
Cling closer to the 'cleaving curse' that  
writes upon your plains  
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a  
land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cava-  
liers of old,  
By watching round the shambles where hu-  
man flesh is sold; 50  
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count  
his market value, when  
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall  
pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the  
Virginia name;  
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with  
rankest weeds of shame;