

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it
is not day!

1845.

LINES

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERICAL FRIEND.

A STRENGTH Thy service cannot tire —
A faith which doubt can never dim —
A heart of love, a lip of fire —
Oh! Freedom's God! be Thou to him!

Speak through him words of power and fear,
As through Thy prophet bards of old,
And let a scornful people hear
Once more Thy Sinai-thunders rolled.

For lying lips Thy blessing seek,
And hands of blood are raised to Thee,
And on Thy children, crushed and weak,
The oppressor plants his kneeling knee.

Let then, oh, God! Thy servant dare
Thy truth in all its power to tell,
Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear
The Bible from the grasp of hell!

From hollow rite and narrow span
Of law and sect by Thee released,
Oh! teach him that the Christian man
Is holier than the Jewish priest.

Chase back the shadows, gray and old,
Of the dead ages, from his way,
And let his hopeful eyes behold
The dawn of Thy millennial day;—

That day when fettered limb and mind
Shall know the truth which maketh free,
And he alone who loves his kind
Shall, child-like, claim the love of Thee!

1846.

YORKTOWN.

[DR. THACHER, surgeon in SCAMMEL'S regiment, in his description of the siege of Yorktown, says: "The labor on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature." Eighteen hundred slaves were found at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by DR. BARNES, in his late work on Slavery: "No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown, than when PATRICK HENRY first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia."]

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
Who bends his keen, approving glance
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
 Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
 Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
 Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;
 October's clear and noonday sun
 Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun.
 And down night's double blackness fell,
 Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines
 Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;
 While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
 The conquered hosts of England go:
 O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
 Gay Tarlton's troop ride bannerless:
 Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
 Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
 Let all thy sister States rejoice;
 Let Freedom, in whatever clime
 She waits with sleepless eye her time,
 Shouting from cave and mountain wood,
 Make glad her desert solitude,
 While they who hunt her quail with fear:
 The New World's chain lies broken here!

But who are they, who, cowering, wait
 Within the shattered fortress gate?
 Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,
 Classed with the battle's common spoil,
 With household stuffs, and fowl, and swine,
 With Indian weed and planters' wine,
 With stolen beeves, and foraged corn —
 Are they not men, Virginian born?

Oh! veil your faces, young and brave!
 Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!
 Sons of the North-land, ye who set
 Stout hearts against the bayonet,
 And pressed with steady footfall near
 The moated battery's blazing tier,
 Turn your scarred faces from the sight,
 Let shame do homage to the right!

Lo! threescore years have passed; and where
 The Gallic timbrel stirred the air,
 With Northern drum-roll, and the clear,
 Wild horn-blow of the mountaineer,
 While Britain grounded on that plain
 The arms she might not lift again,
 As abject as in that old day
 The slave still toils his life away.

Oh! fields still green and fresh in story,
 Old days of pride, old names of glory,
 Old marvels of the tongue and pen,
 Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of men,
 Ye spared the wrong; and over all
 Behold the avenging shadow fall!
 Your world-wide honor stained with shame —
 Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where's now the flag of that old war?
 Where flows its stripe? Where burns its star?
 Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,
 Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,
 Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,
 Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak:
 Symbol of terror and despair,
 Of chains and slaves, go seek it there!

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks!
 Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks!
 Brave sport to see the fledgling born
 Of Freedom by its parent torn!
 Safe now is Spielberg's dungeon cell,
 Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell:
 With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,
 What of the New World fears the Old?

1847.

—♦—
 EGO.

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.

ON page of thine I cannot trace
 The cold and heartless common-place—
 A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines are penned,
 Still with the thought of thee will blend
 That of some loved and common friend—

Who in life's desert track has made
 His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed
 Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves
 In freedom which the heart approves—
 The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less
 For simple air and rustic dress,
 And sign of haste and carelessness?—

Oh! more than specious counterfeit
 Of sentiment, or studied wit,
 A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be
 Unto thy book, if not to thee,
 Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from Fashion's sphere,
 A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,
 Forbid, disowned,— what do they here?—

Upon my ear not all in vain
 Came the sad captive's clanking chain—
 The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe
 Which only wounded spirits know
 When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,
 But from the "temples of the Lord"
 Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,
 In words which Prudence smothered long,
 My soul spoke out against the wrong;

Not mine alone the task to speak
 Of comfort to the poor and weak,
 And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,
 To pour the fiery breath of storm
 Through the harsh trumpet of Reform;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,
 From ermined robe and saintly gown,
 While wrestling revered Error down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,
Cool shadows on the green sward lay,
Flowers swung upon the bending spray.

And, broad and bright, on either hand,
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy land,
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned;

Whence voices called me like the flow,
Which on the listener's ear will grow,
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes, which still retain
Their picture on the heart and brain,
Smiled, beckoning from that path of pain.

In vain! — nor dream, nor rest, nor pause
Remain for him who round him draws
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes — from each green spot
Of young Romance, and gentle Thought,
Where storm and tumult enter not —

From each fair altar, where belong
The offerings Love requires of Song
In homage to her bright-eyed throng —

With soul and strength, with heart and hand,
I turned to Freedom's struggling band —
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn
Her notes of praise to those of scorn —
Her gifts reclaimed — her smiles withdrawn?

What matters it! — a few years more,
Life's surge so restless heretofore
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here —
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere!

Before no work of mortal hand,
Of human will or strength expand
The pearl gates of the Better Land;

Alone in that great love which gave
Life to the sleeper of the grave,
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through
The vista of the past can view
One deed to Heaven and virtue true —

If through the wreck of wasted powers,
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,
Of idle aims and misspent hours —

The eye can note one sacred spot
By Pride and Self profaned not —
A green place in the waste of thought —

Where deed or word hath rendered less
"The sum of human wretchedness,"
And Gratitude looks forth to bless —

The simple burst of tenderest feeling
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,
For blessing on the hand of healing, —

Better than Glory's pomp will be
That green and blessed spot to me —
A palm-shade in Eternity! —

Something of Time which may invite
The purified and spiritual sight
To rest on with a calm delight.

And when the summer winds shall sweep
With their light wings my place of sleep,
And mosses round my head-stone creep —

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,
Upon the young heart's altars shine
The very fires they caught from mine —

If words my lips once uttered still,
In the calm faith and steadfast will
Of other hearts, their work fulfil —

Perchance with joy the soul may learn
These tokens, and its eye discern
The fires which on those altars burn —

A marvellous joy that even then,
The spirit hath its life again,
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,
No gay and graceful offering —
No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh May,
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind
A sense of suffering human kind —
The outcast and the spirit-blind:

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride,
Life's common courtesies denied;

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,
Children by want and misery nursed,
Tasting life's bitter cup at first;

If to their strong appeals which come
From fireless hearth, and crowded room,
And the close alley's noisome gloom —

Though dark the hands upraised to thee
In mute beseeching agony,
Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy —

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship twine
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! — in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat
down,
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was
thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and
strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;

Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the
slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which
rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys be-
tween;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring trod;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF GOD —
Where His blessing was heard and His lessons were
taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was
wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came —
These hills He toiled over in grief, are the same —

The founts where He drank by the wayside still
flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on
His brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her
feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and
dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves
of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to
bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer?

Yet loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and
power,
The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

1837.

EZEKIEL.

CHAPTER XXXIII. 30-33.

THEY hear thee not, O God! nor see:
Beneath Thy rod they mock at Thee;
The princes of our ancient line
Lie drunken with Assyrian wine;
The priests around Thy altar speak
The false words which their hearers seek;
And hymns which Chaldea's wanton maids
Have sung in Dura's idol-shades,
Are with the Levites' chant ascending,
With Zion's holiest anthems blending!

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,
The heathen heel is crushing yet;
The towers upon our holy hill
Echo Chaldean footsteps still.
Our wasted shrines— who weeps for them?
Who mourneth for Jerusalem?
Who turneth from his gains away?
Whose knee with mine is bowed to pray?
Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,
Takes Zion's lamentation up?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went
With Israel's early banishment;

And where the sullen Chebar crept,
The ritual of my fathers kept.
The water for the trench I drew,
The firstling of the flock I slew,
And, standing at the altar's side,
I shared the Levites' lingering pride,
That still amidst her mocking foes,
The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,
The Spirit of the Highest came!
Before mine eyes a vision passed,
A glory terrible and vast;
With dreadful eyes of living things,
And sounding sweep of angel wings,
With circling light and sapphire throne,
And flame-like form of One thereon,
And voice of that dread Likeness sent
Down from the crystal firmament!

The burden of a prophet's power
Fell on me in that fearful hour;
From off unutterable woes
The curtain of the future rose;
I saw far down the coming time
The fiery chastisement of crime;
With noise of mingling hosts, and jar
Of falling towers and shouts of war,
I saw the nations rise and fall,
Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain
Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain;
I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre
Swept over by the spoiler's fire;

And heard the low, expiring moan
Of Edom on his rocky throne;
And, woe is me! the wild lament
From Zion's desolation sent;
And felt within my heart each blow
Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,
Before the pictured tile I lay;
And there, as in a mirror, saw
The coming of Assyria's war,—
Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass
Like locusts through Bethhoron's grass;
I saw them draw their stormy hem
Of battle round Jerusalem;
And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail
Blend with the victor-trump of Baal!

Who trembled at my warning word?
Who owned the prophet of the Lord?
How mocked the rude — how scoffed the vile —
How stung the Levites' scornful smile,
As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,
The shadow crept of Israel's woe,
As if the angel's mournful roll
Had left its record on my soul,
And traced in lines of darkness there
The picture of its great despair!

Yet ever at the hour I feel
My lips in prophecy unseal.
Prince, priest, and Levite, gather near,
And Salem's daughters haste to hear,
On Chebar's waste and alien shore,

The harp of Judah swept once more.
They listen, as in Babel's throng
The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,
Or wild sabbeka's nightly play,
As careless and as vain as they.

And thus, oh Prophet-bard of old,
Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told!
The same which earth's unwelcome seers
Have felt in all succeeding years.
Sport of the changeful multitude,
Nor calmly heard nor understood,
Their song has seemed a trick of art,
Their warnings but the actor's part.
With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,
The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One
The garments of the flesh put on!
Men followed where the Highest led
For common gifts of daily bread,
And gross of ear, of vision dim,
Owned not the God-like power of Him.
Vain as a dreamer's words to them
His wail above Jerusalem,
And meaningless the watch He kept
Through which His weak disciples slept.

Yet shrink not thou, who'er thou art,
For God's great purpose set apart,
Before whose far discerning eyes,
The Future as the Present lies!
Beyond a narrow-bounded age
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,

Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-trod,
Through arches round the throne of God!
Thy audience, worlds! — all Time to be
The witness of the Truth in thee!

1844.

THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER
HUSBAND.

AGAINST the sunset's glowing wall
The city towers rise black and tall,
Where Zorah on its rocky height
Stands like an armed man in the light.

Down Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain
Falls like a cloud the night amain,
And up the hill-sides climbing slow
The barley reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest! how our fair child's head
The sunset light hath hallowed,
Where at this olive's foot he lies,
Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

Oh! while beneath the fervent heat
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,
I've watched with mingled joy and dread,
Our child upon his grassy bed.

Joy, which the mother feels alone
Whose morning hope like mine had flown,
When to her bosom, over blessed,
A dearer life than hers is pressed.

Dread, for the future dark and still,
Which shapes our dear one to its will;
For ever in his large calm eyes,
I read a tale of sacrifice. —

The same foreboding awe I felt
When at the altar's side we knelt,
And he, who as a pilgrim came,
Rose, winged and glorious, through the flame!

I slept not, though the wild bees made
A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,
And on me the warm-fingered hours
Pressed with the drowsy smell of flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose
The hosts of Israel's scornful foes,—
Rank over rank, helm, shield, and spear,
Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere.

I heard their boast, and bitter word,
Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord,
I saw their hands His ark assail,
Their feet profane His holy veil.

No angel down the blue space spoke,
No thunder from the still sky broke,
But in their midst, in power and awe,
Like God's waked wrath, OUR CHILD I saw!

A child no more! — harsh-browed and strong,
He towered a giant in the throng,
And down his shoulders, broad and bare,
Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm — he smote amain,
As round the reaper falls the grain,
So the dark host around him fell,
So sank the foes of Israel!

Again I looked. In sunlight shone
The towers and domes of Askelon.
Priest, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd
Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not; stark, gaunt, and blind,
His arms the massive pillars twined,—
An eyeless captive, strong with hate,
He stood there like an evil Fate.

The red shrines smoked — the trumpets pealed —
He stooped — the giant columns reeled —
Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and wall,
And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er all!

Above the shriek, the crash, the groan
Of the fallen pride of Askelon,
I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,
A voice as of an angel cry. —

The voice of him, who at our side
Sat through the golden eventide,
Of him, who on thy altar's blaze
Rose fire-winged, with his song of praise!

“Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,
Gray mother of the mighty slain!
Rejoice!” it cried, “He vanquisheth!
The strong in life is strong in death!

"To him shall Zorah's daughters raise
Through coming years their hymns of praise,
And gray old men, at evening tell
Of all he wrought for Israel.

"And they who sing and they who hear
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,
And pour their blessings on thy head,
Oh, mother of the mighty dead!"

It ceased: and though a sound I heard
As if great wings the still air stirred,
I only saw the barley sheaves,
And hills half hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,
On the dear child who slumbered near,
"With me, as with my only son,
Oh God!" I said, "THY WILL BE DONE!"

1847.

—♦—
THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

"GET ye up from the wrath of God's terrible day!
Ungirded, unsandalled, arise and away!
'Tis the vintage of blood—'tis the fulness of
time,
And vengeance shall gather the harvest of crime!"

The warning was spoken — the righteous had gone,
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone;
All gay was the banquet — the revel was long,
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

'T was an evening of beauty; the air was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all
bloom;
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell
free,
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were lighted on
high,
And wantonness tempted the lust of the eye;
Midst rites of obscenity, strange, loathsome,
abhorred,
The blasphemer scoffed at the name of the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder — the quaking of
earth!
Woe — woe to the worship, and woe to the mirth!
The black sky has opened — there's flame in the
air —

The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild where the
song
And the low tone of love had been whispered along;
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and
bower,
Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and devour!

Down — down, on the fallen, the red ruin rained,
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup undrained;

The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill,
And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given;
The last eye glared forth in its madness on Heaven!
The last groan of horror rose wildly and vain,
And death brooded over the pride of the Plain!

1831.

— ❖ —

THE CRUCIFIXION.

| SUN-LIGHT upon Judea's hills!
And on the waves of Galilee —
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills
That feed the dead and sleeping sea!
Most freshly from the greenwood springs
The light breeze on its scented wings;
And gayly quiver in the sun
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours — a change hath come!
The sky is dark without a cloud!
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
And proud knees unto earth are bowed.
A change is on the hill of Death,
The helmed watchers pant for breath,
And turn with wild and maniac eyes
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice! — the death of Him —
The High and ever Holy One!
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim,
And blacken the beholding Sun!

The wonted light hath fled away,
Night settles on the middle day,
And earthquake from his caverned bed
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!
Their prison door is rent away!
And, ghastly with the seal of death,
They wander in the eye of day!
The temple of the Cherubin,
The House of God is cold and dim;
A curse is on its trembling walls,
Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth
Be shaken, and her mountains nod;
Well may the sheeted dead come forth
To gaze upon a suffering God!
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,
And shadows veil the Cherubin,
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
And Death resigns his iron power?
Oh, shall the heart — whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to His sore distress,
And added to His tears of blood —
Refuse its trembling gratitude!

1834.