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Commemorative Poems

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COMMEMORATIVE POEMS

BY

DAVID N. JOHNSON

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By DAVID N. JOHNSON, Lynn, Mass.

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IN MEMORY OF

My Departed Wife,

AND TO THE

Children Who Survive,

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

AS THE MOST PRECIOUS LEGACY
IT IS IN MY POWER
TO BESTOW.

PREFACE.

A PREFACE should contain what the readers of the book thus announced, ought to know, concerning the purpose of the author. This preface is written with this end in view. The contents of this volume were prepared, for the most part, for various commemorative occasions, observed in our city through a period of nearly forty years.

The several organizations thus represented constitute a large factor in a community among whom the author has lived almost from infancy. This work, therefore, has an interest to the people of Lynn, and a local character peculiar to itself, representing a certain phase of the literature of our community. It is proper to add, that the writer of these lines had no intention of giving them this more permanent form until he had received assurance, from those best qualified to judge, that it would be a welcome addition to whatever the archives of our city contain of the literary productions of its citizens.

Of the quality of this work he cannot, of course, speak. He may be permitted to say, however, that he has no idle and false pretense to offer as an apology for his performance. He has no

intention, therefore, of saying to his readers — who are largely his friends and acquaintances — that these lines were the hasty production of a few precious hours now and then snatched from the exacting demands of a laborious profession; for this would not be true. Whatever the degree of merit that belongs to this work, or to anything he has written, whether in prose or verse, the writer has done his best, or as nearly so as circumstances permitted; and he would have done better if he had possessed higher endowments and a wider culture.

The few German translations, made many years ago, will not, it is hoped, lessen the value of this collection; and the few pieces not strictly commemorative in their character, or those commemorative only of personal qualities, rather than of public events, will hardly be regarded as an irrelevant addition.

It is not, then, with indifference, that the author commits this little venture to the waves of time. If, on its way to the oblivion that sooner or later is the destiny of all perishable things, it shall linger a little while among the "Enchanted Islands" of popular favor before it reaches the Lethean lake, his highest expectations will be realized.

D. N. J.

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High Rock.

(Written in Youth.)

I love to stand upon thy brow,
  When all around is hushed to sleep;
When not a voice nor sound is heard,
  Save the low murmur of the deep.

When stars with radiant beauty shine,
  And moonbeams shed their silvery light;
While ocean sparkles in the rays,
  Reflected by the queen of night.

When golden clouds lie in the west,
  At close of day, at brink of even,
Lifting on high their tow'ring heads,
  O'er half the canopy of heaven.

No pencil could the beauties trace,
  Though guided by a master's hand;
Nor painter paint the gorgeous scene,
  Which far outvies the fairy land.

High Rock.

(Fifty years later.)

Long years have passed since first I stood
  A boy upon thy rugged brow;
I'd paint the picture, if I could,
  As it was then — and now.

The gentle murmur of the waves
  Falls on my ear to-day, as then;
The roaring when the tempest raves,
  Then heard — I hear again.

Nahant then lay, as now—a gem,
  Enshrined along the gleaming shore;
The same transcendent diadem,
  That day—as now—she wore.

I heard her craggy sentinels,
  Their sun-burnt faces dashed with foam,
Repeat the story freedom tells,
  "Thus guard your hearth and home."

I saw the onset, heard the shock,
  As they hurled back the surging blow,
While answering thunder seemed to mock
  The fury of the foe.

Gray battlements of ages past,
  Emblem of justice pillared deep,
In earth's foundations that shall last
  While time his records keep,—

How flashed your bastions as the sun
  Lit up the spray — the battle o'er —
Your banners gay with victory won,
  Waving from shore to shore.

And then another rapt'rous scene;
  What panoramic splendors lay
As wood and wave and air serene,
  Pictured that summer day.

Morn's heralds were the tinted clouds,
  Whose gorgeous drapery decked the skies,
That flitting like e'er-changing shrouds,
  Gave glimpse of Paradise.

The crimson sun ascending slow,
  On fiery column seemed to rest,
A pillared flame — from far below,
  It reached the ocean's crest.

Far out to sea the fisher's boat,
  Rocked on the gently swelling wave,
Far up in air the sea-bird's note,
  Its pleasing discord gave.

But what comes here, this Gorgon dire,[1]
  That says unto the waves "Turn back!"
That belches clouds of smoke and fire,
  And thunders, "Clear the track!"

And to the billows mounting high,
  And to the tempest seems to say,—
"Still toss the little boat, but I
  O'er winds and tides bear sway.

"Ye cannot gulf me in the deep
  Of angry waters raving wild;
Whirlwinds may make your white caps leap
  As wave on wave is piled.

"I scorn your strength to toss at will
  The iron-ribbed monster man has made;
The noblest product of his skill,
  Since the first keel was laid."

And landward still another scene:
  The humble weather-stained abodes
Lay, nestling, scattered o'er the green,
  Where now are leveled roads.

And here and there the curling smoke,[2]
  Bears odorous incense on the breeze;
And now is heard the hammer's stroke,
  From shop half hid by trees.

The little twelve-foot structure where
  The sons of Crispin earned their bread,
And sang their songs and plied with care
  The awl and waxen thread.

Where might be seen the gossip's chair,
  Where sat and dozed the veteran sire,
Who 'd carried in his last-made "pair,"
  Built his last morning fire.

The memories of that olden time!
  The pictured walls once more I see;
And hear the song with limping rhyme,
  As sung by Uncle D.

For many a waggish crew was found,
  Beneath that little narrow roof;
That many a witty joke went round,
  We still have living proof.

And as he hammered out his shoe,
  From open windows there would float
Old songs with chorus from the "crew,"
  Not often sung by note.

And so the hammer's stroke and song,
  And merry laughter mingled free;
As some sang right and more sang wrong—
  'T was hardly harmony.

Each sang the tune which he liked best,
  (Though he'd not learned to sing at all,)
His strength of lungs the only test,
  Or mirth provoking drawl.

The old fugue tunes were common then,
  And some who sang them "went it blind;"
Then one with vocal powers of ten
  Roared grandly in behind.

For he was great upon a "slur,"
  And as the stragglers found their place,
A shout that made the rafters stir,
  Ended the vocal race.

There sons and sires sat side by side,
  Shared the same candle's glimm'ring light,
Talked of the storm and rising tide,
  Or of old Concord's fight.

Sometimes a song from Freedom's lyre,
  Soft echoes woke in evening's calm;
Or reverent youth and aged sire
  Sang the same sacred psalm.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"
  Oft struck the stranger's list'ning ear,
Or some grand hymn of father-land,
  Adoring hearts held dear.

Now, "Home, sweet home" the lay would be,
  Whose strains to every land belong;
Or swelled "My Country, 't is of thee,"
  The patriot's deathless song.

Sometimes the prattling child stood near,
And made sad work with papa's "kit,"
Or pulled its father's down-bent ear,
And chuckled o'er its wit.

"Ah, this won't do, you little—witch,
You 've lost my 'tacks' among the 'scraps;'
You 'll learn full soon to 'sew and stitch,'
Perhaps, bind Benny's 'slaps,'

"Come, Benny, take the darling home,
Your mother 's got her washing done;
(Do n't she look 'cute' in that shell comb?
That 's just her mother's fun.)

"Tell mother if she 's bound that shoe,
To send it over right away;
Some time this afternoon won't do,—
And now do n't stop and play.

"See Dick! there comes the man you owe,
Get up in the shop chamber, quick!
We'll tell him you've been on a 'blow;'"
And then up mounted Dick.

"Does Richard J. work here?" "He did,
But he's gone fishing up the Straits;
You'll have hard work to catch that 'kid'—
I guess I'll see Squire Gates.

"Come, Dick, go get a quart of 'New,'
I guess we've fixed this matter up;
Don't stop to hammer out that shoe,
And bring some sort of cup."

. . . . . .

The dear old shops beside the hill,
A thousand old-time scenes recall;
I seem to hear their voices still,
Their far-off echoes fall.

The shops where toiled the veteran sires,
  A few sad relics now remain;
And now round memory's altar fires,
  Unheard, a low refrain,

The spirit sings of days gone by;
  Of youth that comes not back, nor joys
That in time's urn with many a sigh,
  The old count o'er their toys.

But youth mourns not for joys unknown,
  Nor scenes that never blessed their sight;
No requiem sung for pleasures flown,
  Darkens their morning light.

And so the sons with faces set
  Eastward, shall hail the coming day;
With life's new wine their lips are wet,
  They dance life's roundelay.

But northward what are these that rise,
  Brick structures that o'er-top the few
Old dwellings hidden from our eyes?
  A picture — old and new.

Their smoking chimneys tower on high,
  And the fierce fires that burn within,
Make million wheels unwearied fly,
  Amid unceasing din.

They sew and stitch with waxen thread;
  They cut the soles, and pond'rous weights
The hammer's stroke supply instead,
  And ply like ancient Fates.

They pare the edge and gloss the heel,
  Drive pegs and nails with single stroke,
And all this multitude of wheels
  Seem touched with fire and smoke.

And one by one the old give way
  To costly block or mansion fine;
And squares where children stopped to play,
  Now see a lengthening line,

Where eager men and women crowd,
  Through what was once the narrow lane,
Where traffic's din becomes more loud,
  More fierce the strife for gain.

From factory and from shop they throng,
  At stroke of bell or whistle's scream,
And street cars crowded roll along,
  The poor man's coach and team.

. . . . . .

But what is this that skirts the shore,
  And cuts in twain the Eastern hills,[3]
That flies the iron pathway o'er,
  And man with wonder fills?

Like fiery dragon rushing on,
  Its nostrils snorting sparks and smoke;
While wreathed the brow of Stephenson
  With laurel and the oak.

Through weary years he toiled to show,
  The high-born of his native land;
The latent power in earth below,
  Waiting the high command,

That knowledge utters to mankind—
  "Harness the winds that for you wait;
Unchain the elements, and find
  The key that unlocks fate!"

And lo! a greater wonder far[4]
  Than that which drives the fiery steeds;
The flash that flies from star to star,
  Now serves creation's needs.

Wonder of wonders! who shall tell
  The marvels of the present age?
What poet weave the storied spell
  That e'en the mighty sage,

Great Franklin when he wooed the clouds,
  And recked not of the danger fraught,
Dreamed not the mystery that shrouds
  The messenger he sought.

His paper kite and silken string
  Were harbingers, whose message bore
More than the bolt with dreaded wing,
  Whose deadly shaft forebore

To touch the life of him who dared,
  At Nature's altar risk his fate—
While cynics sneered and folly stared,
  As Science oped her gate.

Near thirty years the street-cars drawn
  By steeds, man's servant from the time
When Hebrew sage in Time's gray dawn
  In imagery sublime

Set forth his noble attributes; —
  Now the electric current bears
Them swifter on, while lightning shoots
  Beneath, and fiercely glares.

And near at hand the time when man
  Shall use the steeds of air, and say
To the winged lightning: "Take the van!"
  To the iron steeds: "Give way!"

And so ere long the loaded train,
  With locomotive's thundering roar,
Shall fly as eagle sweeps the main,
  Bound for the distant shore.

Favored of Fortune, lovely Lynn,
  Girt with her gem-emblazoned shore,
Whose murmur soothes the city's din,
  We prize thee more and more.

Thy forest hills in summer's calm[5]
  Send their soft notes on zephyrs' wings;
And every breeze swells Nature's psalm,
  And every bird that sings.

And standing near thee, Ancient Rock,
  How vast the volume of thy lore!
How dost thy age-crowned grandeur mock
  The baubles men count o'er.

Old when the pyramids were young,
  Co-equal with the morning star;
Thou heard'st Creation's anthem sung,
  Since rolled earth's circling car.

Primeval Rock, thy eyes have seen
  The wonders Nature has revealed;
To him who reads the lines between
  Her pages are unsealed.

A thousand times ten thousand years,
  Since Chaos heard the voice of Him
Who leads through scenes of hope and fears
  The world by pathways dim —

What empires rose and flourished, fell;
  Chieftains in war and kings in peace,
Of these old hieroglyphics tell,
  And will, till time shall cease.

But thou a nearer look bent down
  Upon the child beneath thy feet;
Thine own belovéd Lynn the crown,
  That makes thy reign complete.

Her other jewels round thee lie,
  Dear as before they left the home;
Lynnfield and Saugus still are nigh,
  And near the ocean's foam,

Nahant and Swampscott see thy form,
  And their brave sons their mother greet,
And see, through mists and gathering storm,
  Thee on thy queenly seat.

The grandeur of thy lofty view,
  What scores the endless joy have felt
As Nature changed the old to new,
  And at her altar knelt.

What notes rang forth in summer air,
  When the famed "Tribe of Jesse" stood[6]
On thy calm heights, while gathered there
  The thronging multitude.

Within these fifty years thine eye
  Hath seen the youth and maidens fair
Climb the Old Hill, with many a sigh,
  For Learning's fane was there.

And long since to the fathers spoke
  Old Freedom, "Here like yonder Rock,
My bulwarks stand to ward the stroke
  Of despot's battle shock.

"Here like Rome's matron I count o'er
  My jewels, — Lynn a casket build
Fit to enshrine treasures far more
  Than fabled genii willed.

"And see before thee stands a pile
  That shall outlast the pyramid
Old Egypt built near older Nile,
  By slaves at tyrants' bid."

Couldst thou but break, O Ancient Rock,
  Thy sphinx-like silence, and couldst tell
The terror and the palsying shock
  As struck the alarum bell,[7]

On that November day. Thine eyes
  Beheld our ancient heritage
Ascend a flaming sacrifice, —
  Our history's saddest page.

We heard Despair exclaim — "Behold!
  See the slow-gathered fruit of years,
Like Sodom's apples, seeming gold,
  Drop ashes 'mid our tears."

But Hope sang still her cheering strain:
"Lynn from her dust shall yet arise;"
And soon was heard the glad refrain:
  "Her courage never dies."

And soon the stately piles arose;
  New avenues in lengthening lines
Told our young men that Fortune flows
  To them who trust her signs.

Long years, Old Rock, since first I gazed,
  And saw the sun, a ball of fire,
Rise up; and while the ocean blazed,
  His chariot mounted higher.

Short years, though nearly three score rounds
  Have rolled since first the silver chime
Of life's sweet bells, their dulcet sounds
  Seemed ringing all the time.

And yet not all; a minor strain
  The mem'ries of those days recall,
A low, sad monotone of pain
  I hear — the spirit's thrall.

For childhood's sunny days are hued
  With griefs that childhood only knows;
Whose hearts are chilled by accents rude
  That blight their summer rose.

Long years! when through the checkered scenes,
  The curtain of the past unrolls,
As step by step we learn what means
  The call to human souls.

Remorseless Time! thy ruthless hand
  Has changed the vale and mountain top;
The dear old homes no longer stand,
  Nor Crispin's cosy shop.

But though the ocean rolls to-day,
  As it has rolled since time began;
Though sunbeams glimmer in the spray,
  As seen by ancient man,

Another spirit haunts the air,
  And whispers what the years have taught;
Life's mottled web of hope and care,
  The wisdom that it brought.

The sea, the sky, the maple's flame,
  The varying tints of light and shade,
And the Old Rock are still the same,
  As when a boy I played

And climbed around thy ragged steep
  That loomed a mountain in my eyes—
Still memory shall forever keep
  The rapture and surprise.

Thus sings the Old; but, better still,
  We sing the New in loftier strain;
The harvests of the past fulfil
  The promise made in pain.

We drop the tear, we heave the sigh,
  Life's visions fade, the eye grows dim,
The ghosts of buried hopes flit by —
  We sing our evening hymn.

But Hope survives the wreck of years;
  Her song of cheer greets every clime;
And Faith triumphant o'er man's fears,
  Makes glad the march of time.

Welcome to Kossuth.

Welcome, brave Magyar! on whose brow
  Nature has set her kingly seal;
A million hearts are beating now
  With joy that freemen only feel.

For joy, that 'neath our western skies
  The exile stands, whose honored name
From land to land exulting flies,
  To kindle up crushed Freedom's flame.

The loud acclaim that greets thy ears,
  Shall shake old Europe's tottering thrones;
Alarmed, each trembling despot hears,
  And startles at their thunder tones.

And onward speeds the thrilling cry,
  That speaks the doom of tyrants all;
As, when Belshazzar's end was nigh,
  He read his sentence on the wall.

The Northern autocrat may frown
  Defiance at an outraged world,
And "leagued oppression" trample down
  The flag that Justice has unfurled.

Yet know, brave leader of the brave,
  That Truth's eternal power shall stand;
Thy country, from her living grave,
  Shall rise at Liberty's command.

And round the standard of the free
  Her noble sons shall yet be seen,
As when swords gleamed in sympathy,
  Beneath the banner of their queen.[8]

Statesman and patriot! thee we own,
  Latest of the illustrious line
That light like stars the moral zone,
  Leading the world to Freedom's shrine.

The Dying Year.

The earth is wrapped in winter's snowy shroud,
  Triumphant conqueror o'er the vanquished year;
The storm-king wildly sings his requiem loud,
  And Nature weeps, sad mourner o'er the bier.
  And man, too, weeps, for dead and buried here
Lie blighted hopes, and many cherished dreams,
  That cheered the heart, and banished every fear.
On youthful visions broke Hope's morning beams,
Gilding Fame's temple dome, that flashed with meteor gleams.

Thou dying Year! how bright thy rising sun
  To thousands sailing o'er life's tempting sea!
What tempests swept ere half thy race was run!
  Upon the waves what strife for victory,
  Where strong Ambition fought for mastery

O'er Fortune's ills. Oh, Year! the scene behold!
The shore is strewn with trophies brought to thee.
But now the bell of time thy knell has tolled;
On history's blotted leaf thy deeds are all inscrolled.

And yet, alas! not all; the darkest page
Is written only on the human soul.
That sacred grief which words can ne'er assuage,
The recording angel marks, and hides the scroll;
For hope would perish, did man know the whole.
Enough, insatiate year, thy records show
To weary millions, struggling to their goal,
Of strife, and blood, and every form of woe,
Scourging the trembling world, and man, of man the foe.

Still Hope survives amid the wreck of years,
Though tyrants triumph, and though empires die.
On Europe's soil, wet with her children's tears,
The waving fields invite the reapers nigh.
Come to the harvest! is the startling cry

That wakes an echo in the soul's vast deep;
And lo! to lead the van a chief appears.
Great Kossuth! Heaven-appointed guard to keep
The famished nations' trust! with joy thy hand shall reap.

Sad, fleeting Year, though now thy twilight flings
A darker shadow, deepening into gloom,
Be thou precursor of the day that brings
The reign of Justice, and Oppression's doom,
When Truth divine man's pathway shall illume.
To stand forever on the roll of Time,
Be this, oh, coming Year, upon thy tomb:
"Here Liberty awoke; here Faith sublime
Viewed, as from Pisgah's top, Freedom's immortal clime."

To Eighteen Hundred Fifty-Two.

The strong-lunged tempest sounds, oh, Year! thy knell,
  And sullen storms have quenched the funeral pyre
Which Autumn kindled, as the last farewell
  Of summer's songsters swept sad Nature's lyre.

The pilot wild-bird saw the trees on fire,
  And to his mates screamed out a warning cry;
They saw the glories of the woods expire,
  And fled the ruins, for a southern sky.

Rare are the trophies, mighty Year, that crown
  Thy conquering march, victor in every clime;
And is Destruction's work the chief renown
  That marks thy progress o'er the track of Time?

The shades of Ashland hold the wasting dust
  Of one whose voice oft bade the nation pause;
One in whose counsel senates put their trust,—
  Whose memory liveth in his country's laws.

Far o'er the waves, the "Mistress of the Seas,"
  In sackcloth sitting, mourns her gallant son;
Her "meteor flag," that flames in every breeze,
  Bows its proud head in grief for Wellington.

The tidings scarce had reached her empire's bounds,
  That the stern hero slept the dreamless sleep,
When once again Death's marshalling trumpet sounds,
  And at its summons startled millions weep.

Webster is dead! the land is wrapped in gloom!
  Peerless he stood! — who shall his mantle wear?
A grief-bowed nation bears him to the tomb,
  And Faith and Hope, immortal, linger there.

The din of battle ceased where armies rushed,
  When day's great king an hour his throne resigned; [9]
Behold! the angry strife of party hushed,
  As fades a star from the vast dome of Mind.

Is this thine only boast, remorseless Year,
  That earth's slain giants load thy triumph car?
Does life-sustaining hope, or withering fear,
  Inspire the heart as wanes thy long-watched star?

Though Freedom's exiles vainly looked to thee,
  The galling bands of tyranny to break,
Hast thou not been the nurse of Liberty,
  Whose infant breathings keep the world awake?

The dread repose which Desolation brings,
  Is it not "sign portentous" of the hour
When Justice, missioned from the King of kings,
  Shall crush Oppression 'neath her mighty power?

Just to thy memory shall the record be.
  It moves! it moves! brave Galileo cried;
Truth's orb rolls on, sublime in majesty,
  Though Error's clouds awhile her glory hide.

Jack Frost's Address.

Jack Frost came along one night in September,
  And laid his cold finger on herbage and flower;
Said Jack—"I guess I will make 'em remember
  The time when I reigned in the pride of my power.

"Ever since I've been gone, my spies have been busy,
    To hear what was said, while I wandered afar;
  What John said, what Jane said, what said blue-eyed Lizzie,
    Of me, the stern monarch who drives the frost-car.

"I packed up in haste, on my journey departed,
To spend a few months on a bit of a 'tramp;'
But not one lone tear from a single eye started,
And some even called me a cold-hearted scamp.

"And scarce had I got out of sight, or of hearing,
Before every green blade popped up its young head—
Too verdant to know that on my reappearing
I'd kill every upstart that sprang from his bed.

"For I often return without giving warning,
'And the wheels of my chariot with death strew the plain.'
And Sol, my old foe, getting up in the morning,
Is crimson with rage as he looks on the slain.

"My spies have informed me that birds have been singing
Among the green branches, all, all the day long;
That forest and mountain and vale have been ringing
With music ascending from Nature's glad throng.

"That off to the green-wood the young maidens bounded,
And danced round the May-pole in praises of Spring,
But not one faint note to my memory was sounded,
Except that they called me the dreaded Frost-King.

"Few, few are the voices that now greet my coming,
Though millions stand ready to bid me adieu;
The chorus of summer, the bees' busy humming
Say plainly—'Jack Frost we 've no welcome for you.'

"The poor mark my footsteps with hearts full of sadness,
For Want's haggard train follows close on my track;
Whose dim, spectral forms rob the future of gladness,
While Hope, man's good angel, dejected, shrinks back.

"The chilling reception which everywhere meets me
I answer with looks and with hand quite as cold;
And the laugh of the thoughtless young school-boy who greets me
As Winter's forerunner but makes me more bold.

"I walk into gardens, and if there still lingers
An apple, a pear, or a peach within sight,
I leave on its cheek the deep print of my fingers;
And quickly the news flies — 'Jack Frost came last night.'

"And now, young and old, earth's pleasures pursuing,
Attend to my counsel, and heed what I say: —
Help the poor and the friendless, and thus humbly doing,
The blessings of thousands will cheer life's dark way."

Lines Suggested by the Name, — "Our Oracle." [10]

Unlike the oracles of old,
That dark, unmeaning lessons taught,
May this, "Our Oracle," unfold
Truth's language, with instruction fraught.

Though at its shrine no sages bend,
  The future's hidden page to scan;
Nor kings, with regal pomp attend,
  To learn what heaven conceals from man,—

Our humble vehicle of thought,
  Through mind's unbounded realm may run;
And teach, what Plato dimly sought,—
  Man is immortal, God is one.

Or may it soar on starry wings,
  To worlds that Newton ne'er explored;
And spread the page the lightning brings,
  With varied treasures richly stored.

Proud Greece! thy oracles are dumb!
  Thy palaces in ruins lie!
And slowly beats Time's "muffled drum,"
  While men and empires fade and die.

Yet still, thy sons' heroic deeds,
  Burn brightly, lit by Freedom's sun,—
While virtue lives, or valor bleeds,
  The world shall point to Marathon.

Thy oracles are dumb! yet speaks
  The voice of rare old Socrates;
Still leap from all thy mountain peaks
  The thunders of Demosthenes.

Thy Solon stemmed Oppression's flood,
  Whose billows swept thy classic land;
Purged a stern Draco's code of blood,
  And ruled thee with a gentler hand.

And king of all the noble throng,
  Whose mighty sway the ages own,
Thy peerless Homer, prince of song.
  On Fame's proud summit sits alone.

The "letters which thy Cadmus gave,"
  On paths of flame to us have come;
They saved thee from oblivion's grave,
  While all thy oracles are dumb.

Thy name shall live, immortal Greece!
  For learning has preserved the scroll
That tells thy fame in war, and peace,
  And nobler triumphs of the soul.

But Knowledge shut her shining gates
  To all but fortune's favored ones;
No humble schools adorned thy states,
  The Press taught not thy gallant sons.

America! we turn to thee!
  Fair land! that knows no mental dearth;
For where the pilgrim bent the knee
  The school-house rose to bless the earth.

The book of Life our fathers read;
  This was their oracle divine;
And by its light their hearts were led
  To worship at the Christian shrine.

From forest church, the temple where
  Young Freedom drew her vital breath,
Our Henry caught the exiles' prayer —
  The cry of, "Liberty or Death."

The March of Freedom.

(Read at the Anniversary of the Young Men's Debating Society, 1856.)

A blast from Freedom's trumpet, loud and clear,
Bursts on the slumb'ring nation's heavy ear;
Her voice more potent now than when she spoke
To bid our fathers break a foreign yoke;

For Freedom then was young, or being old,
Had pined in dungeons and her birth-right sold.
Far back amid the gloom of Egypt's night
Freedom yet breathed — not Pharaoh's arm of might
Could stay her march, when God's appointed led
The Hebrews from the land where slaves had bled.

O Liberty! weary from rack, and chain,
Thy martyrs have not lived and died in vain;
The reeking scaffold, prison walls, and stake,
Rich with the world's best blood, bid thee awake
To wear thy trampled crown — resume thy sway —
Inspire man's trembling hope to wait the day
When thy victorious arm shall rule the earth —
The truth proclaim of thy immortal birth.

Ages of dark oppression brought release,
And lo! thy banners wave o'er classic Greece;
At Solon's mighty word, stern Draco's law —
The code of blood, that kept the land in awe,

Vanished like darkness at the coming light,
And justice triumphed, right prevailed o'er might.

But still thy reign was short; time's flood rolled o'er
Thy temples, patriots' graves, when thou once more
Crushing the tyrant, dashing down the rod,
"Take thy appeal from tyranny to God."
No vain appeal, when thrice-armed justice sends
Her prayer of faith to him whose fiat bends
The despot's will to work in channels dark,
And build for drowning Liberty an ark.

See Roman valor to thy standard fly,
Resolved for thee to live or nobly die!
Rome's mighty pulse that beat throughout the world
Shook thrones to atoms—while thy flag unfurled,
Inspired thy prophets waiting long for thee,
To write upon the crumbling walls of tyranny,
Belshazzar's doom — which God will execute
Though sceptics scoff, and justice oft is mute.

Far o'er Judea's mountains sweetly sing
The herald angels: "Lo, there comes a king
To whose mild sceptre age-crowned Wrong shall yield,
War's bloody cohorts leave the tented field,
Captives for truth, from dungeon walls go free,
And bondmen sing the praise of Liberty."

But slow thy march, O Freedom! o'er that light
Which broke the darkness of a pagan night,
The mantling veil of ignorance was hung;
For thee no altars burned, no poets sung;
Justice was silent, none dared plead for thee,
Thy prophets cried,—"When shall thy coming be"?

But soon immortal Dante lights the fire
In Freedom's temples, and retunes her lyre;
His solemn song along the ages rolls,
To leave a path of flame in kindred souls;
When Milton, England's Homer, swells the strain
Which kings and bigots sought to quench in vain,

And bids its glorious and majestic chime
Sweep on unprisoned by the gates of time.

O doubting world! ages proclaim that Truth,
Immortal, blossoms in perpetual youth;
Error and Wrong grow old, and pine, and die;
While Right and Justice sit enthroned on high.
From out the cloud that spreads its darkening pall,
Freedom again sends forth her warning call;
And Wycliffe speaks — appeals from popes to God,
While British hearts defy Rome's threat'ning rod.

An age rolls on, and Huss, the martyr, dies;
His burning pyre illumines the moral skies;
Bohemia's wilds re-echo with his prayer —
His voice, like John the Baptist's cries, prepare!
Forth from his dungeon, words prophetic fly,
One mightier comes — his advent draweth nigh.

Meanwhile the flag of Freedom proudly waves
On Alpine heights — for there no cringing slaves
Breathe the pure air, nor tyrants quench the flame
That burns a beacon light and writes thy name,
O Liberty, in characters so bright
That Wrong grows pale, and trembles at the sight.

Thy shrine within his heart, Columbus steers
To find fulfilled the dream of early years;
A land by lords and minions never trod —
Where foot of slave ne'er cursed the verdant sod;
Land of majestic mountains, from whose peaks
The eagle, Freedom's emblem, wildly shrieks;
Where sweeping rivers roll in tameless pride,
Symbol of that free spirit which defied
In later ages, England's vengeful stroke,
And to all despots, words of terror spoke.

Freedom, thy mightiest herald since the birth
Of Empires, to arouse the drowsy earth —

The Press appears; and trembling, lynx-eyed power
Builds up his barriers to delay the hour
When thy swift angel with his burning wings
Shall light thy fires beneath the throne of kings.

The time draws nigh; a monk's brave voice is heard
Awak'ning souls with Truth's omnific word.
Rome's baleful power, that chained the minds of men,
Fears less the torch of war than Luther's pen.
The thrones of Europe shake; and now appear
The hosts of Truth and Error — hope and fear
Hang in the balance — while with faith sublime,
Heroic spirits hail the coming time.

The night of ages ends — the morning breaks —
Science and art arise — the Gospel wakes
New echoes in the chambers of the soul,
And speaks to man of his immortal goal.
Though great thy conquests, Freedom, greater far
The victories that shall crown thy triumph car.

New hosts shall aid thee; steam and lightning steeds
Shall do thy bidding to proclaim the deeds
Of every noble heart thy name inspires —
While Press and Pulpit fan thine altar fires.

Behold upon the May Flower's deck a band
Born to create an empire and command;
Fear could not daunt them — when the voice within
To duty called — to perish was to win.
Loyal to God and conscience, how sublime
The needed lesson for all coming time!
On Plymouth Rock the tower of Freedom stands,
Our refuge, and the hope of other lands.

From raging billows and the tempest's roar
The pilgrim fathers find a cheerless shore.
The wings of faith upbore them in that hour,
When deep affliction tried their spirits' power.
The church and school-house, reared amid the woods,
Sparkled like gems in Nature's solitudes;

Here lay thy strength, intrepid men, to bear
All dangers, and through toil, and blood prepare
A home for Freedom's sons, who, from afar
Cheered by the promise of the western star,
Leave home, and kindred, and their fathers' graves,
Shaking Oppression's dust in ocean's waves;
And when at length the voice of Henry fired
A people's pulsing heart, that tongue inspired
Was but a living echo of thine own,
Rousing the nation, while it shook a throne.

The day draws nigh, and Freedom's signal gun
Makes classic ground the soil of Lexington;
And Bunker's height, and Yorktown's plains reveal
The sparks that tyrants struck from patriots' steel.
Unequaled heroes! all thy names are set,
To shine as jewels in Fame's coronet.
Great Franklin! earth records thee, patriot, sage;
And lightning, scribe imperial, signs the page.
But who shall sing of peerless Washington,
Freedom's most honored, purest, noblest son?

On Truth's bright pinions let the muse ascend
Some moral Chimborazo ere she lend
Her rapt'rous strain to swell the matchless fame
That glows around that great, majestic name;
For Freedom gives her spotless chief a throne
Among her hierarchs, where he reigns alone.
America from England's yoke is free;
O prophet muse! what shall her future be?

Behold a cloud appears, whose threat'ning form
With muttering thunders speak the coming storm;
The simoon blast sweeps o'er our hills and plains,
Sending its poison through the nation's veins;
Justice! before thee, slavery's victims stand
Swift witnesses against our guilty land.
Patriots! sad sight the historic page to see
Red with the record of iniquity.
But Freedom boasts the slave's great champion;—
Let Massachusetts guard her Garrison!
For few like him adorn her annals now.
Proud Nature on his calm and dauntless brow

Has set her royal signet; and his name
With Luther's shall endure — a pillar'd flame
To light the track of ages, till the world
Shall see Wrong's tottering throne to ruin hurled.

Hark! from the plains of Kansas mournful comes
The solemn roll of Freedom's muffled drums —
Upon her sacred soil to plant the tree
Whose deadly fruit shall poison Liberty —
See, foes of her own household now conspire
With armed invaders, burning with desire
To blast with slavery's curse this paradise —
Sons of the pilgrims, Freedom calls, arise!

O thou my country! hast thy patriots' blood
Been shed in vain? Shall slavery's surging flood
Roll o'er our western Eden, merging deep
The hopes our father's cherished? Shall it sweep
O'er Freedom's altars, till beneath the waves
Slaves with oppressors, find dishonored graves?

Forth from old Plymouth Rock the murmurs go,
And back snow-crowned Nevadas thunder, No!
Strong arms shall guard thee, Freedom! and around
Thy holy land, temples, and battle-ground,
Build bulwarks, such as freemen only can —
Free speech and Press, to shield the rights of man.

A thou, O noble band of pioneers,
Who left thy firesides, and affection's tears,
Thy cause more just than when the Hermit made
A camp of Europe's vineyards; thy crusade
No ignorance inspired, nor monarchs crown
Thy deeds chivalrous, when are cloven down
Those rights as sacred to all hearts that feel,
As e'er invoked the aid of glist'ning steel!
Brave band of martyrs! far along the line
Of coming ages shall thy virtues shine;
Enrolled in Fame's proud temple, thou shalt stand
Among the noble few of every land,
Who, rushing at beleaguered Freedom's call,
Upheld her ensign, or avenged its fall.

But on our soil she fears not open foes;
Her deadliest enemies, and curse, are those
Who plead in the great name of Liberty —
Of equal rights — the people's sovereignty.

Young men! to you imperiled Freedom speaks!
Youth's generous, uncorrupted heart she seeks!
Earth's richest heritage is yours to guard,
And acting nobly, ye shall see unbarred
Oppression's gate — and from her crumbling wall
Hear Freedom's watchmen to the nations call.

Spring.

Spring comes again and waves her spotless banners,
  The spoils she won from Winter's mighty king;
All Nature joins to swell the loud hosannas,
  And hails the triumph of the gentle Spring.

Thou art the child of Hope, and for thy coming
  The pale young girl in faith has waited long;
And when she heard the birds' melodious humming,
  Glad as the birds, she joined their choral song.

'Neath humble roofs, where Want, his throne uprearing,
  Ruled like a tyrant till thy heralds came,
The poor rejoiced, as when the Master hearing,
  The sick arose, and blessed the Saviour's name.

Benignant power! thine outstretched wing of healing
  Cures not alone the ills the body knows;
The wounded heart, beneath its burden reeling,
  Feels thy soft hand uplift its weight of woes.

For thou art emblem of the clime eternal,
  Where earth's sad children shall forget their grief;
Where deathless flowers shall bloom forever vernal,
  Where is no blasted fruit, nor withered leaf.

Then spread thy balm on every zephyr's pinion,
  With all the music of the warbling choir;
Vast is the empire where thou hold'st dominion,
  And millions wait the breathings of thy lyre.

A Funeral Thought.

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

When the pale genius, to whose hollow tramp
  Echoes the startled chambers of the soul,
Waves his inverted torch o'er that wan camp
  Where the archangels' marshaling trumpets roll,
I would not meet him in the chamber dim,
  Hushed and o'erburthened with a nameless fear,
When the breath flutters, and the senses swim,
  And the dread hour is near!

Though love's dear arms might clasp me fondly then,
  As if to keep the summoner at bay,
And woman's woe, and the calm grief of men
  Hallow at last, the still, unbreathing clay —
These are earth's fetters, and the soul would shrink
  Thus bound, from darkness and the dread unknown,
Stretching its arms from earth's eternal brink,
  Which it must dare alone!

But in the awful silence of the sky,
  Upon some mountain summit, never trod,
Through the bright ether would I climb to die
  Afar from mortals, and alone with God!
To the pure keeping of the stainless air
  Would I resign my feeble, failing breath,
And with the rapture of an answered prayer
  Welcome the kiss of death!

The soul which wrestled with that doom of pain,
  Prometheus-like, its lingering portion here,

Would there forget the vulture and the chain,
  And leap to freedom from its mountain-bier!
All that it ever knew of noble thought,
  Would guide it upward on the glorious track,
Nor the keen pangs by parting anguish wrought,
  Turn its bright glances back!

Then to the elements my fame would turn,
  No worms should riot on my coffined clay,
But the cold limbs, from that sepulchral urn,
  In the slow storms of ages waste away!
Loud winds, and thunder's diapason high,
  Should be my requiem through the coming time,
And the white summit, fading in the sky,
  My monument sublime.

(The reader would pardon the insertion of this fine poem of Mr. Taylor's, even were it not needed to make the following more intelligible.)

Lines Suggested on Reading "A Funeral Thought."

When life's flame flutters, and unwelcome death
  Whispers his summons in my burdened ear;
When the heart's chamber feels his icy breath—
  To light the darkness of that hour so drear,
  May friends be round me, and be kindred near;
I would not meet the terror-king alone,
  For erring mortal is the child of fear.
Not all the orbs which gem night's sparkling zone,
  Can break the mantling gloom that shrouds the
    "dread unknown."

Though round my "couch magnificent" should sweep
  The rapturous music of the rolling spheres,
Filling with harmony creation's deep,
  Sublimely beating the long march of years!
  Would it have power to quell my rising fears,

When, hastening onward with his muffled tread,
The ancient monarch of the tomb appears?
Sweeter than Nature's anthems round my bed,
Affection's angel voice when breaks life's golden thread.

I would not seek God's cloudy temple tower,
For I should be no nearer to His throne;
'T is at the altar He displays His power;
Between the cherubim His mercy shone,
Then would my spirit all its pride disown,
And in some vale where flowers their fragrance shed,
There would I die, if I must die alone.
"Ashes to ashes" — earth may claim the dead,
And on her gentle bosom would I lay my head.

Man cannot die alone; "spirits unseen
Both when we sleep, and when we wake,"
Walk the pure ether and with voice serene
Hold converse with the soul that fain would take
Its rapid upward flight, longing to break

Earth's heavy fetters and the bands of time.
Great Source of help! oh, give me strength to make
Of faith and love my "monument sublime,"
Tow'ring above life's storms to heaven's unchanging
clime!

The Playgrounds of My Childhood Days.

The playgrounds of my childhood days, —
Where are ye? stately mansions, speak!
For where ye stand my fancy strays —
The scenes of early years I seek.

The brook upon whose brink I played,
And sailed with pride my tiny boat;
The tree beneath whose grateful shade,
I listened to the wild-bird's note, —

Have passed away — and gardens bloom
  Where "God's first temples" reared their spires;
And cultured flowers now yield perfume
  Where Nature lit her incense fires.

Though fled, ye many scenes of youth,
  Your image is before me still;
At memory's magic wand of truth
  Ye rise — and forest, field and rill

Once more their virgin beauty wear —
  Once more the violet's sweets are spread
On wings of summer's softest air,
  A censer's breath, where'er I tread.

Fond scenes, amid whose bowers we dreamed,
  Sweet earnest of a joy complete;
When grief like noon's short shadows seemed
  To seek a grave beneath our feet.

On the Death of Alonzo Lewis.

(January, 1861.)

Bard and historian of thy native town,
  Among whose hills and on whose sounding shore
Thou oft hast wandered, giving them renown,
  The message comes — the poet is no more.

Yet living still in thy melodious song
  Whose classic beauty won the critic's praise;
What varied pictures on the mem'ry throng!
  How glows the fancy kindled by thy lays.

Thy pen of genius spread from land to land
  The thrilling legends of a vanished race;
Made known each haunted hill and dale, where stands
  The mound above the red man's burial place.

Before thy potent wand the past unrolled
  The crimson curtain of the Indian's life;
We hear the war-whoop sounding through the wold,
  And watch the onset of the savage strife.

But softer scenes upon our vision rise
  Beside the moon-lit lake, 'neath bending boughs,
Where youth and beauty speak with lover's eyes;
  And the Great Spirit hears their simple vows.

Rest from thy many labors, rest in peace,
  Lynn shall not soon forget her gifted son;
Thy works shall follow, though thy toilings cease;
  Green are the laurels that thy life has won.

The voice of Censure finds no utt'rance now;
  Before the gates of Immortality
She sits with silent tongue and reverent brow,—
  An angel speaks, whose name is Charity;

Guide and Instructor of my early youth,
  This heart-felt tribute I may not refuse;
But wreathe a garland from the fields of truth,
  The grateful off'ring of my humble muse.

Childhood.

(Read before a Literary Circle.)

The skies that bend o'er childhood's path
  Are radiant with the light of joy;
No storms of passion sweep in wrath,
  No cares its happiness alloy.

To youth, grief comes a transient guest;
  Lightly as sails the ocean bird
The crystal wave, its sorrows rest,
  But leave the heart's great deep unstirred.

At memory of its days of peace,
  On fancy's wings we fly once more
To revel in its bowers of ease,
  And walk upon its stormless shore.

Once more we see life's treacherous deep—
  Now meek, by gentle winds caressed;
We see hope's distant meteors sweep,
  That light the "Islands of the Blest."

What visions dance before our eyes!
  What glory gilds the coming time!
Mightier than all beneath the skies
  Is childhood's faith—its hope, sublime.

That faith, life's mysteries yet shall know;
  That heaven-born hope shall never die;
Where earth's rude tempests never blow,
  The "Islands of the Blest" still lie.

And when this doom of pain is o'er,
  Across the sea shall mortals sail,
To find that dream-invested shore,
  Where only sordid hopes shall fail.

Lines Suggested by the Death of M. H. A.

'T was sunset, in the Autumn time,
  When forests blushed in robes of gold,
A gentle spirit heard the chime
  That called it to its Father's fold.

In life's inspiring morn she stood;
  Unfolding buds of joy lay spread
On every hand—hill, vale and wood,
  Sung of the living, not the dead.

But changed the scene; with muffled tread
  Death's herald comes; hope's meteor beams
That on time's distant mountains shed
  Their luring light, have fled like dreams.

Fond hearts must yield their treasured trust;
  And broken circles bear the blow
That lays in consecrated dust
  A cherished one, 't was joy to know.

As child, as sister, and as friend,
  Around each name love wound its spell;
Her presence made our spirits blend,
  Her absence makes — what none can tell.

There is no need of laurel wreaths
  To crown a guileless life like hers;
A shrine of mem'ries dear she leaves,
  And there, all hearts are worshippers.

With undimmed faith she saw the time
  When all earth's families shall meet.
O'er slow decay this trust sublime
  Triumphed, and made her life complete.

With more than mother's deathless love
  Shall angel arms be round her flung;
And music fill the home above
  Sweeter than sister voices sung.

God of the darkness, and the light!
  When hearts beat faint, and lips grow pale,
Reveal to our weak, waning sight
  The land that lies within the veil;

The mansion 'neath whose spacious dome
  Earth's weary caravan shall rest;
From whose endearments none shall roam,
  For none can find a spot more blest.

Hymn.

(Sung at the Installation of Rev. ELBRIDGE G. BROOKS, 1850.)

Eternal Power, to whom alone
  The homage of the soul is due!
We bend before Thy gracious throne,—
  Our off'rings bring — our vows renew.

With strength divine Thy servant arm,
  Whose guiding hand we now invite;
If friends betray, or foes alarm,
  Be Thou his refuge and his might.

Like his great Master, may he speak
  The words of Love, whose healing power
Shall bless the poor, uplift the weak
  And crown with hope each mortal hour.

A messenger of Sacred Truth,
  The erring soul may he restore;
And teach the tender mind of youth
  Thy Law to love,— Thy Grace adore.

The Gospel's joy may he impart
  To mourning souls with grief oppressed;
Its balm shall soothe the wounded heart,
  And give the weary heavenly rest.

The flock committed to his care,
  With guardian eye may he defend;
His hopes and labors may they share;
  Their joys and sorrows kindly blend.

O Thou, to whose exalted Son
  A ransomed world shall bend the knee,
Hasten the triumph — scarce begun —
  Of Peace and Christian Unity.

Hymn.

(Sung at the Installation of Rev. SUMNER ELLIS, 1860.)

Benignant Power! whose watchful care
  Upholds the millions of our race,
To Thee we bend in humble prayer,
  Here in the temple of Thy grace.

Thy spirit on Thy servant send
  Who shall before Thy people stand,
And in the coming time shall tend
  This vineyard planted by Thy hand.

Love's armor of celestial power
  O grant him for the work divine,
To shield him in life's battle hour
  And guard him when his foes combine,

Like Him who sought the poor and weak,
  And wept o'er every scene of woe,
So may Thy servant ever speak
  The words that shall with mercy flow.

Help us to spread along his way
  The deeds that spring from Christian hearts;
And shed around his darkest day
  The light that sympathy imparts.

Parent Divine, whose grace at last
  All tongues and nations shall adore,
We know the love that crowns the past
  Shall guard Thy children evermore.

Hymn.

(Sung at the Installation of Rev. CHARLES W. BIDDLE, 1863.)

Father, where'er Thy children bend
  In humble homes or temples grand,
Thy conscious presence Thou dost lend,
  And there is felt Thy guiding hand.

To Thy young servant speak to-day;
  Thy spirit's life and power bestow,
That he may lead Thy people's way
  Where Truth's immortal fountains flow.

His Master's spirit may he bear,
  Touched with the plaint of human woe,
Bidding the child of pain and care
  A Father's endless mercy know.

May we with sympathizing hearts
  His joys and griefs and labors share;
And may each year that swift departs,
  The union of our souls declare.

Thy blessing on Thy Church descend,
  And crown its mission from above
With triumphs that shall never end—
  Emblem of Thine eternal love.

O, Thou! whose throne shall ever stand
  Upheld by Justice, Truth and Right,
Hasten the day when every land
  Shall live beneath Thy gospel's light.

Hymn.

(Sung at the Re-Dedication of the First Universalist Church, Union Street, 1864.)

Eternal Power, whose fiat raised
  Earth's frame with countless glories hung.
Whose name creation's hosts have praised
  Since morning stars together sung,

This temple, which our fathers reared,
  That Truth might find an altar free,—
This shrine to them and us endeared,—
  We consecrate anew to Thee.

Let heart, and voice, and organ-peal,
  Rising sublime to heaven's high dome,
Proclaim the joy Thy children feel
  To greet once more their Sabbath home.

May Art here symbol forth the power
  That set the pillars of God's throne;
That robed in beauty tree and flower,
  And heavens in splendors all their own.

Long may these walls an emblem stand
  Of Thy unchanging love to man;
Where Faith shall see a Father's hand
  Unfolding His eternal plan.

Here may the voice of strife be hushed;
  A rest to weary souls be given;
And mourning hearts, by sorrow crushed,
  Feel the consoling power of heaven.

Thou, whose Omniscient eye surveys
  The devious paths Thy children tread,
Guide us through life's uncertain days,
  Our help, when mortal hope has fled.

On the Death of Col. Ellsworth.

(1861.)

Brave leader of the brave! thy fame
  Shall live with Freedom's latest breath;
For linked forever with thy name,
  The flag that wrapped thy form in death.

And patriots through all coming time,
  Where'er the stars and stripes may wave,
Shall hear thy funeral dirge sublime,
  A requiem o'er thy honored grave.

Lamented martyr! to the urn
  That holds thy consecrated clay,
Freedom shall lead her sons, to learn
  The price her votaries must pay.

For grim Oppression ever stands
With sleepless eyes and heart of Cain;
And Liberty must guide her bands
Through weary years of toil and pain.

"What is the price of Liberty?"
"Eternal vigilance!" and they
That guard the altars of the free
Must sleep not, night nor day!

God of the Nations! in this hour
Of darkness hold us in Thy hand;
Sustained by Thine Almighty power,
No evil blights our native land.

To the Memory of E. A. R.

Angel of Patience! with us dwell,
  Now thy young sister, Hope, has fled,
For woes no mortal tongue can tell
  Throng round the mem'ry of the dead.

We grope in darkness now; the light
  Of that loved presence has gone out;
Thou must be with us through this night,
  Or we shall faint with fear and doubt.

So like a dream! and can it be
  That we shall meet on earth no more?
The gulf of death's dread mystery
  Is deeper than we thought before.

How mirrored in that calm, sweet face,
  Once seen, forgotten nevermore,
Shone forth that gentleness and grace,
  The jewels that her spirit wore.

Patient, beneath Affliction's rod,
  And laying, like a little child,
Her hand within the hand of God,
  She to His will was reconciled.

How glows the beauty of that life
  Upon our chastened spirits' gaze!
What power to quell the storms of strife,
  And light the gloom of darkened days!

How cluster round the parents' heart
  The mem'ry of that absent one!
What shadows, never to depart,
  Deepened as sank her life's brief sun!

How that lone sister's heart will moan
  For her whose voice, from childhood's hour,
Mingling its accents with her own,
  Still echoes love's undying power.

God of the tempest, and the calm!
  Of darkness, and of healing light!
To bleeding hearts O send a balm!
  To grief-closed eyes, immortal sight,

That looks beyond the vale of sense,
  And sees the lost of earth so near,
We feel a hallowed recompense,—
  The blessing, born of sorrow's tear.

Then stay, until the darkness flee,
  Angel that points our eyes above!
Teaching how mourners' tears may be
  The mirror of a Father's love.

The Proclamation of Emancipation.

(1863.)

Hark! to the nation's listening ear,
  A blast from Freedom's bugle comes;
No more her war-scarred heroes hear
  The mourning of her muffled drums.

Its sweet, clear melody is heard
  Above the cannon's thundering roar;
Armed legions catch the electric word
  The lightning bears from shore to shore.

Like war-horse when the trumpet sounds,
  The nation's pulsing heart is thrilled;
Light gleams o'er sacred battle-grounds,—
  Man humbly works what God has willed.

Fly! o'er Atlantic's waters, fly,—
  Once crossed by Freedom's weary dove,—
And flash in Europe's threat'ning eye
  The truth that turns her wrath to love.

Edict of Liberty! thy power
  Sunders Oppression's iron rod;
While the chained bondman marks the hour
  When Justice wields the sword of God.

Though heralded 'mid fire and smoke,
  And flashing of War's deadly steel,
We bow beneath the chast'ning stroke
  That smites the nation but to heal.

No chance marks out the lightning's path,
  Nor blindly come earth's crucial pains,
And puny man's unhallowed wrath
  A Father's hand of love restrains.

O doubting ones, God rules to-day,
  His throne unmoved 'mid wildest storm;
And, as the darkness melts away,
  Mercy reveals her radiant form.

Hymn.

(Sung at the Obsequies of President LINCOLN, at First Universalist Church, 1865.)

God of the nations! in this hour,
  When joy exultant turns to dust,
Thou art the same benignant power
  In whom our fathers put their trust!

Turn Thou our darkness into light!
  To hope our agonizing fear;
Uplift the pall that hides from sight
  The hand of Mercy, ever near.

Our country mourns her fallen chief,
  Who led his people through the sea;
The ransomed bondman bends in grief,
  And hushed his song of jubilee.

As Israel's guide from Pisgah's top
  Beheld the land he might not tread, —
Our Moses saw the fetters drop
  Ere he was numbered with the dead.

O, may his sacred mantle fall
  On him who guides the ship of state;
And as the prophet heard Thy call
  May he for Thy commandment wait.

Praise and Thanksgiving, Lord, to Thee!
  The tempest lulls — the sun appears!
The bow of Peace and Liberty
  Shines through the nation's falling tears.

Hymn.

(Sung at the laying of the corner-stone of the First Universalist Church, May 27, 1872.)

Great Builder of the earth and skies,
  Whose temple lifts her spacious dome;
Where'er the solemn mountains rise,
  Or ocean's billows wildly foam.

We meet, this corner-stone to lay,
  In honor of the Truth, whose power
Turns error's night to glorious day,
  And speeds the world's redemption hour.

While ages roll, this rock shall be
  An emblem of thy changeless love;
Steadfast when tempests toss the sea,
  Or thunders shake the heavens above.

Chief Corner Stone, whose matchless name
  Is known and sung in every clime:
Here may our humble work proclaim,
  Thy glory in the coming time.

Oft as Thy children gather here
  Around this consecrated spot,
Be banished every servile fear,
  And earthly vanities forgot.

Speed Thou the coming of the day,
  When love to God and love to man
Shall sweep all other creeds away
  That limit Thy eternal plan.

Hymn.

(Sung at the Dedication of the Ingalls School-House, August 31, 1872.)

Framer of all the worlds of space,
  Maker of all the beauty seen
Outspread o'er Nature's lovely face,
  On mountain top, or valley green,—

We meet to dedicate to-day
  This temple reared in Learning's cause,
Where youthful minds shall learn the way
  Of Wisdom and her sacred laws.

Our native land, each day more dear,
  As church and school-house crown thy hills;
The tree of Knowledge blossoms here,
  And here its healing balm distills.

O Pilgrim band, whose feet once trod
  Our own New England's barren soil,
The seed ye sowed with trust in God
  This day rewards your faith and toil.

Great Source of Truth, dispel the night
  Of Ignorance from every land!
When Science with her wand of light
  Shall walk with Virtue, hand in hand.

Proud triumph of the coming years!
  For thee we labor still and wait;
When Hope shall reign o'er slavish fears,
  And Love sit crowned in robes of state.

Memorial Ode.

(For Decoration Day, 1875.)

Memorial Day! thy mem'ries still
  Are living in ten thousand hearts;
Still shine from blood-stained vale and hill
  A glory that no more departs.

Brave Patriot Dead! who sleep to-day
  Where gentle hands shall deck the sod,
Still speak above your honored clay,
  Your deeds wherever man has trod.

Brave Patriot Band! who living, bear
  The scars from many a field of strife,
Not vain the crown of wounds ye wear,
  Who saved the nation's periled life.

Living or dead, ye noble band,
  The nation in your presence bends;
Sons of immortal sires ye stand,
  And late with earlier glory blends.

Hushed muffled drums, if henceforth shine
  With brighter beams old Freedom's sun;
If taught by sacrifice divine,
  Hearts long estranged shall beat as one.

Then fly, thou white-winged angel, fly!
  From sea to sea, from shore to shore;
Fulfill the ancient prophet's cry,—
  The nations shall learn war no more.

A Pastor's Welcome Home.

(Rev. C. W. Biddle, 1878.)

The noiseless wheels of time roll on;
  The hour of parting comes;
And farewells to the dear ones gone
  Sound sad as muffled drums.

Then to the waiting heart is shown,
  How vast our treasures rise;
And absence to our sight makes known
  The wealth that round us lies.

Pastor and friend! the welcome sung,
  By blended voices here,
Finds deeper echoes than the tongue
  Leaves on the listening ear.

Here to the scene of labor done
  Through youth and manhood's prime,
We welcome thee where thou hast won
  The choicest good of time.

For thou, in bright or darkened hours,
  Our joys and sorrows knew;
Stood when the altar, crowned with flowers,
  Shone with baptismal dew.

When sweetly rose the marriage hymn,
  Thou hast been near our side;
And when in death the eye grew dim,
  Consoler thou, and guide.

Dearest of earthly treasures this,—
  The tie that binds all hearts;
That finds in others' good its bliss;
  That lives, when life departs,

Ode.

(Sung at the 250th Anniversary of the Settlement of Lynn, 1879.)

Backward is rolling the curtain of Time!
  Lo, the dear spot where our forefathers trod!
Ocean's grand anthem is pealing sublime,
  Grander the anthem of pilgrim to God!
Heritage dearer than tongue ever tells,
  Cherished by thousands for childhood's sweet hours,
How the heart leaps at the sound of thy bells!
  Stillness, how grateful we find in thy bower

Sitting in beauty, thy feet in the sea,
  Mantled in billows, the hills for thy crown,
City of Lynn, may thy chief glory be
  The fame of thy sons, and thy daughters' renown.
Manhood and Virtue shall then sit enthroned, —
  Jewels more rare than encircle thy shore;

Bride of the ocean, with rubies enzoned,
  Honor and Worth shall exalt thee still more.

Ruler of Nations! still guard our fair home,
  Shining with splendors of forest and sea;
Dearest spot known, though the wide world we roam,
  Dearest of all this fair land of the free;
Prosper the works of our hands and our hearts,
  Loyal to Truth and to Right may we be;
Building up higher than traffic's proud marts
  Temples of Worship and Learning to Thee.

Lines.

(Read at a Concert of the First Universalist Sunday School, 1878, Swampscott Branch.)

Dear friends, with warmest hearts we greet
  Your presence in this hallowed place;
No offering can we bring more meet
  Than childhood's innocence and grace.

The circling year has come and gone;
  Spring gave her banners to the breeze,
And Summer's radiant glory shone,
  And Autumn sighed through leafless trees:

And still unbroken was our band
  As week by week we gathered here;
But soon was seen a beckoning hand,
  And Death, Sleep's younger sister, near.

And then she passed the shadowy line—
  We gazed till longing eyes grew dim—
And entering mansions more divine,
  Was one with saints and cherubim.

We sadly speak of now, and then;
  And trembling think of here, and there;
Till taught faith's alphabet—Amen—
  We, doubtful, trust a Father's care.

The kindling eye we may not see,
  Through the dark medium of sense;
Nor hear again the melody,
  Whose loss earth cannot recompense.

Yet nearer to the land unseen,
  She points a pathway for our feet;
Till fade th' imagined bounds between,
  And life's great circle seems complete.

But from this retrospective gaze
  We turn to greet the present hour;
To hear the music of the lays
  That warble forth from childhood's bower.

Here, while the stars of heaven look down,
  And ocean sings her solemn psalm,
While yonder hills wear summer's crown,
  And woods distill their healing balm,—

May Nature's voices speak thy word,
  O Conscience! daughter of the soul;
And be her faintest whisper heard,
  When stormy waves of passion roll.

Here may we learn the lessons old,
  Taught by the Master, when He stood
By lake and mountain side, and told
  The wondrous power of doing good.

We come to learn that life sublime,
  Whose blessed alchemy of love
Transmutes the hates of ancient time,
  And lifts the groveling soul above.

How grand the psalm the ages sing!
  How glows the canvas with His fame!
How sweet the poet's anthems ring!
  How marble speaks His matchless name!

How has His light illumed mankind!
  His spotless life taught men to live!
Upborne by faith, what millions find
  The peace earth cannot take nor give!

Where reason fails there faith makes known
  The wisdom science cannot teach;
And to the pure in heart is shown
  A realm no telescope can reach.

No mystery of mysteries
  Disturbs the balance of His rod;
No doubts nor unknown quantities
  Perplex the algebra of God.

But bounded only by the sweep
  Of His immeasurable span,
Worlds known and unknown ever keep
  The order of His changeless plan.

Parents and teachers, guard the trust
  Committed to your watchful care;
Ye mould not perishable dust,
  Ye grave immortal tablets there.

Then welcome to our Sabbath home!
  Parents and friends your work behold!
These stars shall shine when Heaven's high dome
  Shall into ancient night be rolled.

Thou who dost hear the feeblest cry
  Earth's weakest creature breathes to Thee;
Still be Thy guardian presence nigh,
  Whose whispers hush life's stormy sea.

Dedicatory Hymn.

(First Universalist Church Nahant Street, 1873.)

Thou whose omnific fiat reared
  Creation's temple, vast and grand;
Whom prophets, priests, and kings revered,
  And altars built at Thy command,—

Thy children meet beneath this dome
  To consecrate these courts to Thee;
Within these walls, our Sabbath home,
  Dwell peace and Christian unity.

The memory of the cherished dead
  Chastens this hour they longed to see;
Who toiled when fainter hearts had fled,
  And won for us the victory.

Here in this temple, Lord of light,
  Be taught how boundless is Thy love;
The erring find the way of right,
  The mourner healing from above.

Here may Thy gospel's truth fulfill
  Its mission to the needy soul;
Till every form of human ill
  Shall yield to its Divine control.

So, Lord, the coming time shall reap
  The harvest of the ages past;
Till in Thy cycles' onward sweep
  All souls shall own Thy sway at last.

Skating by Moonlight.[11]

Come, mingle in the enchanting scene,
  Young men and maidens! Winter calls:
See how he throws his silvery sheen
  Round icy palaces and halls!

His carpet spread upon the lake,
  More wondrous is than legends tell,
When Arabs kept their guests awake,
  And bound them with the storied spell.

With steel-clad feet the skater springs;
  Swift as a bird his wheeling flight;
Hark! how the polished metal rings
  And flashes in the moonbeams bright!

Nature's designer all untaught!
  See with what nice artistic skill
The sharp cut lines and curves are wrought!
  How his steel pencil works his will!

'Tween upper and the lower deep,
  His course is grander than the way
Napoleon's Alpine armies keep,
  O'er heights where avalanches play.

One starry vault above his head,
  Another 'neath his glistening feet,
He seems ethereal paths to tread,
  Borne on a shining crystal sheet!

The children shout with wild delight
  To see the old folks share their play;
Their young eyes never saw such sight
  As crowns each winter holiday.

The school-boy hastes with joy from school,
  Soon as the teacher's reign is o'er;
On skates he owns no monarch's rule;
  Here skill is mightier far than lore.

The maiden comes with steps of grace
  To lend her beauty to the hour,
And north winds paint upon her face
  A rose outblushing Sharon's flower.

For health is in the pure, cold air
  That sweeps o'er Nature's snow-capped hills,
And life's elixir gushes where
  The Frost-King's wand transmutes the rills

To jewels of a purer ray,
  Than peerless Cleopatra wore,
When her imperial barges lay
  In stately pride near Tarsus' shore.

Heedless the fair of many a fall,
  Caused by the swift, impatient steeds,
That start before the driver's call,
  Remorseless of ungallant deeds.

What Muse will lend her laureled name
  An offering to the regal art,
More noble than Olympian game,
  In which crowned monarchs bore a part.

No Hebrew poet sung thy praise;
  No Grecian bard around thee flung
The halo of immortal lays —
  No incense of the pen or tongue.

From Shakespeare's matchless muse no note
  Embalms the skater's art sublime;
From Milton's bird of song there float
  No warblings through the arch of time.

But far in frosty Northern lands,
  Rich in wild legendary lore,
In ruder times the minstrel bands
  Sung of the laurels Uller wore.

This monarch ruled the realm of ice:
  A mighty god, with ponderous skates,
Who beats the whirlwind in a trice,
  And for the lagging tempest waits.

Ye bards! that sing with rapturous strains
  Of peaceful sea and placid lake,
When these are changed to silvery plains,
  Where youth and beauty may partake

Of life's sweet banquet hour of bliss,—
  Why silent all the tuneful Nine?
Why mute the nine-fold harmonies
  Ye pour round every other shrine?

Come gather on the gleaming lake;
An hour forget life's toil and care;
Youth's early joys once more will wake;
For health and beauty meet us there.

Poem.

(Read at the Reunion of the Young Men's Debating Society, 1881.—A Retrospect.)

Some thirty years ago, or near that time,
A few young men who had not reached their prime,
Met in the vestry—Silsbee street, you know —
To set the world ahead, or strike a blow
'T would bring it right side up. This little job
Just set on foot by Buffum, Boyce and Cobb,— [12]
And many others of the far-famed club
That dimmed the Attic glory of the "Hub,"—

They thought to finish up; and so bring in
The grand millenium and the end of sin;
The air was murky with the smoke of battle
And slaves were bought and sold and whipped like cattle,
Under the very shade of Freedom's dome,
Where lived the Goddess — when she was at home.

So the young champions took up the cry,
Resolved to conquer or to bravely die.
What glimpse they got of glory or of fame?
Say! who can tell as each put down his name?
Holden and Attwill, known as Theodore,
"Two Johnsons" (one Professor), Henry Moore,
Oliver and Shorey, Tufts, well-known as Gardiner,
—And better known round here than Dr. Lardner,—
Holcomb and Crosman, Stevenson and Wood,
Crosman, George A.—Taber, and George A. Hood,
Barry and Bancroft, Brown, A. C. Goodell,
Sweetser and Chase, Allen and Clark and Bell,
Jameson and Hawkes, Parsons and Steele and Hunt,

(We had no member by the name of Lunt),
McCutcheon, Pierce, and E. A. Ingalls,
(This would rhyme well with Dingles, Cringles, Shingles),
Attwills — three more of them the records show —
Jesse (called Jesse L.) William and Aaron O.
And still I must not fail to mention one,
Son of the slaves' great champion,
An honored name — William Lloyd Garrison — [13]
Sweetser, John A.—and Frothingham and Noyes,
Make up the band that spoke with pen or voice.

Our roll of honor, Alley, Walden, Mudge,
Shackford and Davis — these we must not grudge
A place to stand upon the scroll of fame
As each to-day shall answer to his name.

What have these thirty years of labor wrought?
What price been paid for wealth or honors sought?
How many stumbled at the door of fame,
Saw but in dreams the tablet with their name?

How many learned the sacrifice to make
And to the shrine of self-denial take
(That shrine which sanctifies giver and offerings),
What the heart sets above all earthly things?

Some have gained wealth, some honors — here a name
Linked with the cause of Freedom, when the shame
And guilt of slavery brooded o'er the land —
And there the soldier's friend, whose helping hand[14]
In time of danger brought to hearts relief
From dread suspense, or turned to joy their grief,
Sent to the mother tidings of her son —
When the fight ended and the strife was done.
And one, by science led, climbed the steep height
Where Kepler sat; and in the starry night
Enraptured, heard the "music of the spheres" —
The anthem, sounding through eternal years.
One with rare humor, filled with old-time lore,
We miss and mourn — departed Theodore;[15]
He was a chief among us; and each page
Of our past annals shows his counsels sage.

Some in youth's morning heard their country call,
And on her altar yielded up their all;
Saw the bright visions of their early years
Expire and leave a heritage of tears.
Some have been crushed with grief, and bear a load
Of speechless sorrow down life's evening road;
And some have done their work; and others still
Are panting upward to the enchanted hill;
My Muse! tread not upon prophetic ground,
But gather sheaves in life's experience found.

What is success? those who can answer — tell
Who 've done the best, and who not quite so well.
Strike the true balance, tell just where it lies.
Say — who have missed, and who have won the prize.
Tell whither all the curves of being tend
And where the lines of good and evil blend.

These by-gone years! what wonders have been wrought!
Since steam was harnessed and the lightning caught.
New lands explored, new fields of golden grain

Waving in sunlight, crowning hill and plain.
New arts extended, wealth unknown before,
And comforts, spread before the cottage door,
And books, the poor man's college, multiply
And homes are seen, where hovels met the eye.

These thirty years! what else hast thou to tell?
The work that thou hast done — so much — so well?
What wrongs been righted? what oppressions crushed?
What woes been healed? what cries of sorrow hushed?
What is thy record 'mong the fleeting years
Since earth's first-born were doomed to death and tears?
Last born of time! whate'er thy record be
In other lands and climes, we welcome thee;
Land of our fathers, here our eyes have seen
Our slaves transformed to freemen; and between
The roar of cannon and the beat of drum
Heard the deep voice of millions, cry—We come.
We come, O Freedom! in the name of all
The martyred heroes that obeyed thy call,
In every land since tyrants ruled the earth

And wrong prevailed o'er justice, truth and worth.
Henceforth the land is free; never again
Shall slavery triumph; every voice and pen
The wide-world over has declared its doom
And written Nevermore! upon its tomb.
God's evolution tends toward the skies,
From error's Hades up to Paradise.
No backward course the law of progress runs,
But onward still, like planets round their suns;
Hope and take courage, for the glowing morn
Is bright with promise to the souls unborn.

Hymn.

(Sung at the Semi-Centennial Services of the First Universalist Society, Lynn, April 29, 1883.)

Through years of toil uplit by hope,
  Our fathers sowed the living seed;
The harvest lay beyond their scope—
  They only knew the world's great need.

They saw the crushing power of fear,
  And in the place of outworn creeds
They bid despairing millions hear
  The song of love and Christian deeds.

Praise be to Him, whose guiding hand
  In troublous times their footsteps led;
No strife nor faction rent their band
  When dangers thickened round their head.

They wisely planned, and builded well;
  'T is ours to keep the altar-fires;
So may the rounded century tell,
  The sons were worthy of the sires.

Grandest of all the years that lie
  Behind us in the urn of time,
These fifty years have set on high
  The truth that makes the age sublime.

Man shall no longer smite nor kill
  His brother in the name of God;
But mightier be the Master's will
  Than bigot's torch, or tyrant's rod.

Sing peans loud! for nevermore
  Shall Hate usurp the Gospel's throne;
But nations, peopling every shore,
  A common brotherhood shall own.

Lines.

(Read at the Seventieth Anniversary of JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.)

Brave, cheery friend of seventy years,
  (For so time's dial tells the tale),
  Kind hearts like thine keep young and hale,
They take no counsel of their fears.

For thou hast faith in God and man;
  Built on this double arch, thy hope
  Spans the wide world, and in its scope
Thine eyes see His eternal plan.

Born of a gifted race, thy voice
  With brothers twain, and sisters blent,
  Was heard across the continent,
And back the answer came — Rejoice.

From pen and tongue the cry was hurled,
  And lightning bore it on,
  And lo! the slaves great champion
Stood forth, the idol of the world!

Beside the noble Garrison
  Stood one serene, of classic mould,
  And charm of speech; as Greece of old
Had set within her Pantheon.

With these, ye sang your simple lays;
  Your theme, the equal rights of all;
  One brotherhood of great and small,
And One, who marks man's devious ways.

Like minstrel band which legends tell,
  Ye sang old Freedom's key-note grand;
"No slave must tread our native land."
No slave, no slave, the echoes swell.

The poet's fire and music's charm,
  Ye summoned from their ancient throne;
  Where'er our eagle flag had flown,
Oppression shook, in dread alarm.

And some are with us here to-day
  Who knew the greeting England gave
  When first they crossed the stormy wave,
And heard her gentle poet's lay—

"O band of young apostles, ye
Who in your glorious youth have come
To give winged utterance to the dumb
And sound the trump of liberty.

"Sing of the good time coming, when
Old hate shall die, and passion's reign,
And all earth's progeny of pain
Be banished the abodes of men.

"Thrice welcome to the father-land —
One blood, one speech, one hope we own,
And neither stands or falls alone —
Love gives to both her great command."

Sing, minstrel band, of coming peace,
When olive wreaths shall crown the throne
Of kings, and mail-clad warriors own
The spell that bids earth's tumults cease.

The vision old the Hebrew saw,
  Whose lips, touched with the sacred fire,
  Foretold the suffering world's desire.
The Master's beatific law.

Old England sent her welcome out,
  To hear the band of brothers sing.
  Through lordly halls their echoes ring,
And thousands answer, shout on shout.

The miner in his living tomb
  Heard something stir the upper air,
  In thronging marts and gardens fair,
Where robins sing and roses bloom,

The toiling millions caught the strain,
  And bore it over land and sea,
  And millions joined the jubilee —
The slave shall be a man again.

And so we gather here to-night
  Around the spot ye cherish most,
  From far and near, your friends, a host,
Give token of some mem'ry bright.

How glow the scenes our eyes behold!
  What visions waken as we gaze!
  The same sun with the ocean plays,
The old Rock gleams with sunset's gold.

The hills still hear the notes sublime,
  That Jesse, bard and minstrel, sung.
  The grand old hymns the ages strung
Like jewels on the brow of time.

Long stand the dear old home where played
  The children of thy earlier years,
  Recalling scenes of joy and tears,
Sweet memories tinged with light and shade.

Hail, old-time friend, but not farewell!
  As the swift years shall come and go,
  Borne on by time's resistless flow,
May age serene sweet mem'ries tell.

As sunset gilds the "Cottage Tower"
  And paints with gold the Eastern sky,
  Sure pledge the morrow shall not die,
May faith illume life's evening hour.

As setting sun at even time
  A new to-morrow's sun fortells,
  So mayst thou hear life's evening bells
Resound with an immortal chime.

Hymn.

(Sung at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the High School House, October, 1890.)

Eternal Power! whose voice is heard
  Where'er man bends a listening ear,
Or where the soul by conscience stirred
  Sees Duty's narrow path more clear.

This corner-stone we set to-day
  Thy spirit makes a living thing;
Whose breath saves empires from decay,—
  Whose voices through the ages ring.

We have for our foundation sure
  The strength of the eternal hills;
Fit type of that which shall endure—
  The Power that moulds our human wills.

The temple that shall crown this spot
  Hath an immortal inner shrine,
And when the builders are forgot,
  Earth hears its oracles divine.

The tree of knowledge planted here
  Forever lives, though nations die;
And where its healing leaves appear
  Man sees a fairer land and sky.

To this fair shrine the youth and maid
  Shall come in life's sweet morning time;
Shall hear the lyre that Orpheus played,
  And old Parnassus daily climb.

Shall taste of that Pierian fount,
  Whose waters turn life's desert sand
To balmy groves and holy mount,
  Whose top o'erlooks the promised land.

So shall our sons high manhood reach;
Our daughters nobler spheres adorn;
And thus the Pilgrim land shall teach
The countless nations yet unborn.

A Reminiscence.

(Read at the Reunion of the Young Men's Debating Society, 1891.)

You 've heard my friend's melodious verse,[16]
In rhythmic numbers softly flowing,
And heard his limpid prose, thus showing
There 's little need I should rehearse.

With classics oozing from his lips,
And filled with various kinds of lore,
From Marathon to Swampscott's shore,
He 's charged from head to finger tips

With all the reminiscences
  And all the facts historical,
  And legends allegorical,
E'er known about the Y. M. D's.

If you but let him have his way
  He 'd start behind the pyramids
  From Cheops down through all his " kids "
And end — I should n't dare to say.

To quote again, a witty member,
  He 'd soak with barefoot Socrates,
  And rip with old Euripides,
From New Year's Day till late December.

I 'll tell my little tale in rhyme,
  In contrast with his polished verse,
  And rounded periods, neat and terse,
Wide winnowing all the fields of time.

But from this episode we'll turn
  With old-time friends to spend an hour;
  From Memory's garden cull the flower
Whose fragrance fills her sacred urn.

Hail, honored friend, our guest to-night,[17]
  Long years have passed since first we met,
  And the wide spaces time has set
Has bleached the hair and dimmed the sight.

But though the hair is turning gray,
  (Of those who've any hair to turn)
  We're not — so far as I can learn —
More than two-thirds as green to-day.

And though we note some signs of blue,
  As life's bright morning mounts to noon,
  And see with hastening steps how soon
The twilight brings its somber hue.

Still faith survives; the years will bring
  The shadows that on all must fall.
  Hope hears the voice of duty call,
And faith and hope from duty spring.

But those old days, how rich they were,
  And how we reveled in the thought
  That in life's battle to be fought
No danger should our steps deter.

Soon came the time of blood and tears;
  War's trumpet notes that Freedom blew
  Presaging slavery's Waterloo,
Aroused the nation's hopes and fears.

Some joined the ranks, and some with pen
  And voice and helping hand and heart
  Did what they could, and made a part
Of the great host of loyal men.

And some among us here to-night
  Recall his early days and know
  The course he steered that sure and slow
Led to the goal of Truth and right.

They saw this shy and thoughtful boy
  That walked slow-paced, and as he went
  On some great problem seemed intent—
Had reservoirs of sunny joy.

And grew more genial year by year,
  And, like Mark Tapley, could be jolly;
  Believed that work cured melancholy,
And hope, a better guide than fear.

And as a duck to water runs,
  He ran or leaped to mathematics
  Celestial and terrestrial statics,
And soared from planets on to suns.

Besides all this he joined the "Club."
  The Y. M. D.'s renowned in story,
  Then flourishing in all its glory,
A sort of literary "Hub."

We miss familiar forms to-night,
  Whose gifts and graces linger yet;
  Whose memory we can ne'er forget;
Whose voice still calls us to the light.

Hope guides the world! the better things
  Behind, around us and beyond,
  Are ever man's eternal bond,
That good from seeming evil springs.

God rules the world; forever more
  The signals flame from Horeb's Mount;
  And old Bethesda's sacred fount,
Is multiplied on every shore.

In Memoriam.

(Cyrus M. Tracy, September, 1891.)

In the hushed chamber, in the solemn night,
  A child of genius saw the vision break;
  No mortal eye beheld the chariot take
His unbound spirit to the gates of light.

No worn-out watcher caught the parting word
  Oft the dread ending of a siege of pain;
  But, as if wearied, seemed to seek again
The balm of sleep, it may be, slumbering, heard

Once more the double anthem of the sea,
  And pines' low murmuring that he loved so well;
  That tinged his dreams with thoughts ineffable —
Faint type of greater glories yet to be.

Perhaps the glow of that bright Autumn day —
  His last on earth — his unveiled vision fills;
  The maple's crown of glory on the hills;
The gorgeous harbinger of swift decay.

In that dread instant, ere the summons came,
  Perchance he heard a strain unheard before;
  And with illumined sight, beheld the shore
The seer of Patmos saw, 'cross seas of flame,

Or dreamed of brooks, soft-sighing through the vale,
  Or hum of bees that from Hymettus' mount
  Bore nectar; and beheld the healing fount
Whose living waters rippled in the gale.

He had the poet's gift, and on the height
  Of old Parnassus heard the strains
  That swept the mountains and the storied plains,
And caught blind Homer's song and saw the light

That Sappho kindled on the sacred hill;
  Enchanted, read the songs of minstrel band
  Whose notes of Freedom rang from land to land—
Immortal bards, whose music lingers still.

Untaught in schools and college halls, he learned
  From Nature's page more than the schoolmen taught.
  The song of birds to him its wisdom brought;
He knew the hues that summer's sun had burned

Upon the cheek of every mountain flower,
  And read the lessons ages had engraved
  On curious stones that vanished oceans laved,
Far back in ancient Time's primeval hour.

His voice and facile pen first told the wealth
  That lies enshrined in woods and templed hills;
  The healing pine and living mountain rills,
That fill her priceless reservoirs of health.

Where the tired sons of toil, at close of day,
  Shall drink the nectar of the balmy air;
  Where childhood's laugh shall smooth the brow of care:
The benediction of the young at play.

There is no need of shaft or monument;
  The craggy heights that bear the sacred name
  Heard since creation's morn and still the same
Shall be a voice forever eloquent.

What though he saw not with another's eyes,
  How best this boon might serve his fellow men;
  May we not reverent ask — What mortal ken
Can know the path where others' duty lies?

The "Iliad of woes" that bore him down
  None knew, nor sought the depths that he alone
  Had pierced. Shall not the seed in sorrow sown
Turn the dark cypress to a victor's crown?

Fit time, that on that bright autumnal day,
  When Summer's robe was still upon the trees,
  As if she stayed to hear his obsequies—
We in the Grove of Pines his form did lay.

What thoughts shall cluster round this hallowed spot,
  As in the coming years men seek his grave,
  And read the names his fertile fancy gave—
A living record nevermore forgot.

This shall be consecrated ground; the air,
  The sea and wood, united requiem sing;
  Where every sight and sound and living thing,
Sends up its incense of perpetual prayer.

Our ancient Essex has inscribed his name
  High on the rolls where Science sheds her light;
  His patient toil has made her fields more bright;
Adorns her page with one more wreath of fame.

Here in our midst he lived, and here he wrought,
  Strong in the faith that Justice crowns the years;
  On scrolls unnumbered yet his name appears,
And when these fade, still live the lessons taught.

Lines.

(Read at the Forty-first Anniversary of the Exploring Circle, 1891.)

Friends of the Circle, one and forty years
  Have passed since first we met, a little band;
  No other era and no other land
Has kindled hopes so high or roused so many fears.

Well may the cry be heard, What of the night!
  Oh, watchman at the world's great gates?
  What is the good for which man's spirit waits,
Have not the gilded clouds foretold the morning light?

The stripes of saints, the blood of martyrs shed
  On every field that tyrants ever won,
  The battle smoke that dimmed old Freedom's sun,
Is this no lesson to the living from the dead?

Take courage, ye of little faith; the world
  Has lost no jot of power since first the earth
  Rolled on its endless course; or since the birth
Of conscious sense of right that Duty's flag unfurled.

That banner, sign of hope to seer and slave,
  Oft torn to tatters, trailing in the dust,
  Was never wholly lost; nor lost man's trust
That soon or late Truth's ensign would in triumph wave.

And thus we work in hope, our humble aim
  To leave the world with one more ray of light
  Has not perhaps been vain; some memory bright
May long survive, and thrill at mention of our name.

Within a few brief years and half our roll
  Have crossed the line of that eternal shore,
  And while we listen to the waves' deep roar,
Are there no echoes answering to the waiting soul?

But from this sombre retrospect we turn;
  What lies behind us is not all of life;
  Life, growth, decay, the seeming strife,
Of forces none can measure, secrets, none can learn,

Teach us there is a voice that to man's self reveals
  A Power unseen "That makes for righteousness."
  And earth's mutations, pain and sore distress
Are the high priests at altars where the spirit kneels.

Is Life worth living? ask we not in vain
  While the full pulse of life is beating still
  That man's high hopes of greater good fulfill?
These tell us Life and Death, Creation's law maintain.

Is Life worth living? ask the youth and maid
  In the first flush of Love's transcendent morn,
  Whose dreams with rainbow hues the clouds adorn,
And light with suns and stars the darkness and the shade.

Ask the young mother when her kindling eyes
  Catch the first smile upon her first-born's cheek;
  Or the first word his infant tongue can speak;
"Life is to me," she cries, "the gates of Paradise."

Ask martyrs, patriots, prophets, if the life
  They spent with ax and dungeon full in sight
  Was worth the living; and from Wrong's black night
From cell and scaffold answer comes—a righteous strife

That ends in death has not been born in vain—
  The harvest has more value than the seed;
  And Justice for which souls heroic bleed,
Cannot be measured in the brittle cup of pain.

Is life worth living for the hearts that yearn
  For home and kindred, friends of early days,
  Upon whose path no light of gladness plays?
Have such no treasures stored in Memory's golden urn?

Does not the eternal order still remain?
  Nor sunlight gild the world? No roses bloom?
  No balmy woods, no garden's sweet perfume —
Earth's incense to the early and the latter rain?

No trumpet call at Duty's high behest
  Resounding clear above self's plaint of woe?
  No voice of Conscience as it whispers low —
"The life we live for others, that alone is blest?"

Friends of the Circle, let us not forget
  We journey on in Life's late afternoon,
  While lengthening shadows warn that all too soon
The fringed clouds foretell earth's waning sun has set.

But millions with their faces to the east,
  Await with shouts of joy the coming morn;
  And the red mantling blood their cheeks adorn,
Comes from the nectar founts, they quaff at youth's
    rich feast.

We who have played our part and find the years
  Move on in narrowing circles as they fly,
  May thougthless utter our complaining cry,
Forget the joys we knew, and cling to all our fears.

Forgetting all the hours when our full cup
  O'erflowed with blessings which we counted not;
  Full days and years that were our common lot
When cares were light as air, and trusting faith looked up.

What we call Life and Death are only one;
  Each an essential part of God's great plan,
  That finds completion in perfected man —
Though darkness dims the light, forever shines the sun.

The heedless, doubting world will one day learn
  That Faith hath wings that bear her far above
  The heights by Learning gained; and twin-born Love,
The eye of faith, looks down, where Reason's altars burn.

What have the century's closing years to show
  To earth's unnumbered millions yet to come,
  Of Freedom's hosts that marched with muffled drum,
While Slavery's serpent coiled to strike a deadly blow?

What triumphs has man wrought along the line
  The spell of genius marked in her bold flight,
  While Science held her blazing torch, whose light
Made known new worlds where suns and planets shine?

The fiery steeds that rush o'er paths of steel,
  Through sunny vales and round the mountains wind,
  Where e'en the lordly eagle dreads to find
The power of man, more than he fears the thunder's peal.

But the great thought that genius brooded long
  Ere Franklin drew the lightning from the skies,
  The muse of Shakespeare caught the truth that lies
So deep that Science learned it from the poet's song.

And lo! beneath the waves the message flies
  With varied tidings round the waiting world,
  And where the smoke from countless cabins curled
Is read the checkered page, with glad or sorrowing eyes.

Oh, age of wonders; greater marvels still
  Rise to confound the wisdom of the wise;
  Man whispers, and around the world there flies
The unseen thought, obedient to his lordly will.

Friend talks with friend, the merchant princes send
  Tidings full freighted with the nation's weal;
  Or words that makes the thrones of empires reel—
War's summons, kings and councils must attend.

The electric ether that all spaces fills
  Turns night to day and drives the loaded car;
  On unseen wings soars to the farthest star
But does man's bidding as his pleasure wills.

Thou grandest century since the shepherds heard
  The song of Peace and human brotherhood;
  Or when the Master on the mountain stood
And uttered to the nations, Love's omnific word.

Who taught the world that naught but Justice stands,
  That Right shall Wrong's vast empire overthrow,
  And all that craft and greed have builded slow
Shall perish in the blaze of His divine commands.

Evil is transient, lives but for a day;
  Good is eternal, with its pillars deep
  In the unmeasured past; and round it sweep
The raging tides of ill, — for evermore its sway.

What though the pessimistic cynic sneers
  At Progress, and still sighs for good old ways;
  Did not ancestral cynics waste their days
In making known the truth — they had no eyes or ears?

These cynics old were scorched in Homer's fire,
  Though sung in minor key and lower strain;
  Prophets of ill, whose dolorous refrain
The stormy petrel shrieks, prelude to tempests dire.

But greater than the triumphs thou hast won,
  O Native Land that makes thy honored name
  The light of nations on the roll of fame —
Is the great work for woman thou has nobly done.

"The Paradise of Woman;" higher praise
  Than this cannot be rendered thee; for thou
  Canst wear no higher crown upon thy brow,
Nor prouder monument to thee thy children raise.

Not like old Rome upon her seven hills
  Shalt thou, oh Pilgrim Land, the mighty rod
  Of empire wield; but every land whose sod
Is wet with martyrs' blood, the prophet's word fulfills.

Oh light to guide the darkened nations thou!
  Pointing the world to Freedom and to Truth—
  That Justice only has perpetual youth,
And those alone survive who at her altars bow.

New Light to Man is Come.

(Sung at a Special Service held January, 1892.)

New Light to man has come—
Not with the beat of drum
  And battle's din;

But with the song of peace
That bids earth's tumults cease,
And brings the glad release
From bonds of sin.

The words the Master spake,
Unnumbered echoes wake,
In every clime.
Forever Olive's mount
And old Bethesda's fount
Shall all His deeds recount,
Through endless time.

The good shall win at last;
Not all man's evils past
Have quenched this light;
Nor coming hosts of ill,
Nor man's perverted will,
Nor greed, nor cunning skill,
Shall slay the right.

Then let the mighty strain
Roll on o'er sea and main
From shore to shore;
Till Peace her banners wave;
Till Freedom crown the slave;
Wrong's empire find a grave,
To rise no more.

Hymn.

(Sung at the Dedication of the High Schoolhouse, June 17, 1892.)

Spirit Divine, to Thee
Thy children bend the knee.
And light implore.
This temple here we raise
To Thee, Ancient of Days,
Guide of man's devious ways
To Wisdom's door.

Built on this solid rock
Naught but the earthquake's shock
    Can overthrow.
This shrine we consecrate
The ages without date
And monarchs' mighty state
    Have builded slow.

Old Egypt's pyramid
In Time's gray morning hid
    Speaks here to-day.
Beneath these massive walls
Within these pictured halls,
The distant echo falls
    From far away.

The sculptor's touch divine,
The artist's bending line,
    The centuries span;

On lofty rounded dome
Sit ancient Greece and Rome —
Where'er Art has her home
    She speaks to man.

The Pilgrim band who lost
Their childhood home and crossed
    The raging flood,
With us the anthem join
To Him whose wise design
Weighs in a balance fine
    The martyr's blood.

Our fathers now in dust
In faith kept this great trust;
    Their works survive;
While they in silence sleep,
Their grateful children reap
The harvest that shall keep
    The world alive.

So shall this structure grand
A hope to every land
    Forever be;
And Knowledge lead the way
From Error's night to day,
Bright with the quenchless ray
    Of Liberty.

Mount Gilead.

(The Planting of Memorial Trees.)

On this fair spot where Nature piles
  Her monuments on every hand,
Whose tops greet Morning's earliest smiles,
  The votaries of the Forest stand.

How grand are these majestic hills!
  How sweet the vales that lie below!
How the soft music of the rills
  Blends with the waves' incessant flow.

How calmly Gilead's eye looks down
  On peopled plains and distant shore;
Unmoved at Ocean's angry frown
  Serene amid the billows' roar.

Long ere the pyramids woke life
  On ancient Egypt's shifting sand,
From out the elemental strife,
  The mountains rose at God's command,

And stood like regal sentinels
  And to the threat'ning waters spake,—
"Come not too nigh, for in these dells
  Shall man his future dwelling make."

And on these sun-crowned heights be heard
  The two-fold choir of land and wave;
An anthem by the breezes stirred,
  Grander than rose from Memnon's cave.

Here plant we the memorial tree[18]
  To manly worth and duty done;
Whose power the coming years shall see
  In triumph which their labor won.

Here shall the name of Tracy blend
  With every sight and every sound;
Where balmy pines their fragrance lend
  And near the heights his genius crowned.

Beneath these shades shall memory run
  Through the long years his talent wrought;
And teach the lessons one by one
  That nevermore can be forgot.

And here shall those remember long
  Their guide, instructor, constant friend;
And round the name of Chase shall throng
  Bright visions that shall never end.

For youth has its immortal years
  And fountains of exhaustless hope;
And faith that triumphs over fears
  And trusts in good's unmeasured scope.

And as we sit beneath the shade
  Our thoughts shall turn to him whose song
Beguiled the social hour, and made
  The chain of friendship doubly strong.

To the long line that bears the name
  Of Newhall, ever honored here,
Lynn adds another wreath of fame —
  The genial friend and poet dear.

Here to this forest shrine shall come
  The youth to learn how deep the lore
Great Nature whispers in the hum
  Of myriad tongues on mount and shore.

Here the tired child of toil shall tread
  The restful paths, and breathe the air
Whose couriers from the mountains sped
  With healing for the sons of care.

And hear an anthem grander far
  Than ever from cathedral rose
Since shepherds gazed on Bethlehem's star —
  A harp played by each wind that blows.

And generations yet unborn
  Shall visit this enchanted spot
And incense of the night and morn,
  Shall hallow every scene and thought.

A Harvest Hymn.

(For Columbian Year, 1892.)

Lord of the Harvest; east and west
  The list'ning winds thy mandate hear;
The tempest heeds thy high behest,
  And plenty crowns the waning year.

From north and south thy heralds fly
  That bear thy message round the world;
And life comes forth from air and sky,
  Her flag on every height unfurled.

On hill-side slope, in sunny vale,
  The waving grass its beauty gave
In scented fragrance to the gale,
  While vines their odorous banners wave.

Ten thousand fields of ripening corn,
  Welcome the sun's glad light and heat;
And breezes of the early morn
  Play with the golden sheaves of wheat.

Columbia throned among the hills
  Her more than two score children greet;
Far up she hears the murm'ring rills
  That swell to torrents at her feet.

Whose waters bear to famished lands
  Rich argosies of golden grain,
Where mothers with uplifted hands
  Hail their preserver o'er the main.

The famine hour of Erin's isle,
  Her grateful sons can ne'er forget;
For deathless memories built erewhile
  A shrine that in their hearts is set.

Mother of growing empires, thou
  Whose teeming millions own thy sway,
And to thy gentle sceptre bow —
  Lead on the world to Freedom's day!

From north to south, from east to west
  Count up thy roll of sister states
From Maine's still lakes, where shadows rest
  To California's golden gates.

From the great waters, where the skies
  Are tinted with unnumbered hues,
Where forms like birds of paradise
  Are mirrored in the morning dews —

Onward, where rolls the Oregon,
  And where Alaska's mountains tower
Untrodden since creation's dawn —
  Echo to traffic's mighty power.

Great Native Land; the world's last hope!
  By faith we read between the lines
And see in thee what boundless scope
  Thy destiny with man's entwines.

Among her cities fair to see,
  The jewel of our eastern shore,
Old Lynn, may claim our loyalty
  Whose beauties spread the landscape o'er.

We gather round this festive board
  And backward glance at years gone by;
For in their sacred urns are stored
  Sweet mem'ries that can never die.

And one dear face we miss to-night,
  A voice oft heard we hear no more[19]
But still his genial smile sheds light—
  The smile our laureate ever wore.

We miss to-night his cheering words
  His wit and wisdom left behind,
That gladdened like the song of birds;
  Immortal treasures of the mind.

The fleeting years that come and go
  And make of life's kaleidoscope
More than a dream, an empty show
  But visions filled with faith and hope—

Are full of promise to mankind;
  And every cloud that hangs around
The low horizon of the mind
  Is charged with lightning—and the sound

Of conflict, till the skies are clear,
  Is heard and ever shall be heard
Till ignorance and slavish fear
  Dissolve as mists by breezes stirred.

The whining pessimist may find
  Wisdom in things misunderstood;
And being deaf, and dumb, and blind,
  Sees nothing right, or bright, or good.

The harvest waves, the birds still sing,
  The glory of the woods is ours;
The joy of every living thing
  Fills up wide spaces of the hours.

Hills shout to greet the rising sun,
  The echoes through the valleys roll:
And brooklets laughing as they run
  Are Nature's voices to the soul.

These speak of hope; of better things
  For earth's oppressed, the tempted, poor;
And every song that Nature sings
  Tells man that Wrong cannot endure.

Old friends and young, this festive night
  This word I wish to leave with you:
E'er keep your faces to the light;
  Have faith in all things good and true.

In Memoriam.

(JOHN T. MOULTON, October, 1892.)

Near friend and true through many a year![20]
I lay this tribute on his bier
In memory of a noble man
Whose life was built on Heaven's high plan.

His thoughts on highest good intent,
His treasure and his service lent;
His well-trained judgment understood
The lines that serve the public good.

Dear friend; we see thy face no more,
But, standing on life's boundless shore,
Shall not the spirit's eye discern
The lights that o'er the billows burn?

Shall not our ear catch the high note
That o'er the gulf may sometimes float?
And like the shell where surges sweep
Hear music far across the deep?

We drop the burning tear for those
Crushed by this "Iliad of woes;"
To heal the anguish of their grief
Needs other balm than cypress leaf.

Angel of Hope, stand near the cloud
That wraps them in its mantling shroud;
Till falls upon its leaden rim
The light that shines on cherubim.

Angel of Patience, near them stay,
While sorrow shuts the eye of day;
Be with them till the tempest makes
The golden hues, the rainbow takes.

Angel of Faith, make thy abode
With them, a guide on every road;
In joy or grief, till latest breath,
Unshrouds the mystery of death.

Strong Angel thou, that builds between
The gates we see and those unseen,
The bridge that thousands daily cross
To find the gain they counted loss.

Blest Memory's sacred cup of bliss
Were poor exchange for those we miss,
If Faith hold not her torch above
The fading forms of those we love.

Columbian Sonnet.

Heroic Seer! what visions dwelt with thee
In the long watches of the anxious night,
When stars unregistered gave dubious light,
And sights unwonted, in the air and sea
Scared thy dull crew till muttered mutiny
Threatened destruction to thy hopes so bright.
Brave pilot o'er the unknown deep! the flight
Of birds, the floating weed, the melody
Of music strange, weird forms unseen before
On land or wave, were signs thy prophet eye
Beheld; till came the cry — the shore! the shore!
O, Brave Columbus! continents will vie
To build thy monument, and evermore
Thy name shall stand with those that cannot die.

John G. Whittier.

Men say thy earthly task is done,
  And nations pause and bow the head;
Not so — thy work is just begun,
  And in the light thy life has shed
Where'er injustice holds its throne,
  The world reaps what thy hand has sown.

Undimmed, this light illumes the world;
  Unquenched the torch that thou hast lit;
The flag of Right, when once unfurled
  Above the darkness of the pit
Must wave forever — here or there
  It floats a signal 'gainst despair.

Poet and seer! thy varied song
  Has a full note for every ear;
And as its music swells along
  The waiting nations pause to hear;
The mourner's sacred sorrow feels
  A rock of rest, a balm that heals.

In darkened homes thy song made glad
  The millions that have heard thy lay;
Sounding a note of hope that bade
  Their night of trouble turn to day;
And henceforth through their lives there flowed
  New impulse which thy muse bestowed.

The slave holds up his riven chain,
  And wonders at the unseen power
That lifts to manhood's throne again
  The new-born child of Freedom's hour;
Bids his dark cabin glow with light,
  As new-found jewels greet his sight.

Thy notes were like the bugle call
  Rousing the soldier from his sleep;
The watchman's cry upon the wall,
  The lightning's flash near pitfalls deep;
A bolt that clears the murky air,
  The dread of tyrants everywhere.

Nature's high priest, whose altars span
  The spaces of the earth and sea,
When her dark voices speak to man
  In tones of doubt and mystery —
Thy ministries invoked the light
  That puts man's faithless fears to flight.

To thee great Nature was a book
  Filled with all wondrous varied lore;
And every dell and shady nook
  The note of bird, and ocean's roar,
Joined in their nine-fold harmonies,
  And told her ancient mysteries.

And when upon the mountain top
  Thine eye surveyed the glories shed
As clouds their misty mantle drop
  To cover the majestic head
Of the great monarch of the hills—
  What glory thy rapt vision fills.

Thy lay was like the song of bird
  That cheered thy dear New England home;
Or grand, like ocean's anthem heard,
  When surges swell their crests of foam;
Thy hand has dropped the sylvan lyre,
  But left unquenched the poet's fire.

Brave singer on the world's great heights!
  Thy song shall echo evermore!
Thy battle cry for human rights
  Shall still be heard on mount and shore;
And far-off isles and savage coasts
  Hail thee a chief 'mong Freedom's hosts.

Tennyson.

Thou whose fine fingers swept the keys of Life
  And Death, and sat in sacred sorrow's place
Till the first tempest in grief's stormy strife
  Had passed away, and her angelic face
Shone with the radiance of a new-born grace—
  The world is thy great debtor evermore;
And nations strange—dwellers on every shore—
  Hail thee, high priest, whose ministry divine
Hath altars everywhere; and every age gives sign
  That it doth know the symbols of a tear;
But in its crystal depths, reflected clear,
  Man sees a two-fold image, Faith and Hope;
And "In Memoriam," read beneath the cope
  Of the wide heavens, to sorrowing hearts is dear.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

The Minstrel's Curse.

(From the German of UHLAND.)

There stood an ancient castle, tow'ring in lofty pride;
Far o'er the land it glistened, e'en to the water's side;
Around were blooming gardens, that twined it like a wreath,
The splendors of the rainbow gleamed in the founts beneath.

Rich with the spoils of nations, a haughty king was there;
He on his throne was seated, and frowned with gloomy air;
For every thought is terror, and every look is rage,
And all his words are scourges; he writes — blood stains the page.

There came unto this castle a noble minstrel pair,
One wearing golden ringlets and one with silvery hair;
The old man, harp before him, sat on a gallant steed,
The blooming boy beside him strode on with lively speed.

Thus spake the aged minstrel: "Now be prepared, my boy;
Our deepest songs remember, our loftiest notes employ;
With power thrill every bosom, whence pain and pleasure start,
For we to-day must soften the monarch's stony heart."

Now ready stand the minstrels in pillared halls of pride;
There sat enthroned the monarch — the queen was at his side;
The king in fearful splendor, like crimson northern light;
The queen looked sweet and gentle, like the full moon at night.

The old man struck the harp strings, swept them with wondrous skill;
Of music swelling sweeter, the ear drank in its fill:
Then rose with heavenly clearness, the youthful voice still higher,
The old man's song low mingling, like distant spirit choir.

They sing of Love and Springtime, the golden age of bliss,
Of manly worth and Freedom, of Truth and Holiness;
They sing of all things dearest, that human hearts control;
They sing of all things lofty that lift the human soul.

From that proud, courtly circle all scorn is banished now;
The king's defiant warriors before their Maker bow;
In joy and grief alternate the queen's emotion flows,
The rose upon her bosom she to the minstrels throws.

"Ye have enstranged my people, and tempt ye now
my wife?"
The king exclaimed in anger, trembling with passion's
strife;
Swift through the youthful bosom he hurls his gleam-
ing sword,
Instead of songs upgushing, life's crimson tide is poured.

As dust by whirlwinds scattered, all fly in dread alarm,
And dead the youth is lying upon his master's arm;
He wraps his mantle round him and sets him on his
horse,
And binding him uprightly, departs beside the corse.

Now by the lofty gateway, the old man lingers near,
And there his harp he seizes, the harp of all most
dear;
Against a marble pillar he breaks the sacred lyre,
Then echo through the arches his imprecations dire.

"Woe, woe to you, proud castle! for never more along
Your halls may sweetly echo the notes of harp or song;
No! only sighs and groaning, and tread of slavish bands,
Till on your mouldering ruins th' avenging spirit stands.

"Woe, woe to you, sweet gardens! in the soft light of May
This dead one's ghastly visage I show to you to-day;
That, gazing, ye may wither, and every spring be dry,
That petrified by ages, a desolation lie!

"Woe, woe to thee, base murderer! curse of the minstrel's name!
In vain be all thy longings for bloody wreaths of fame;
Thy name be it forgotten, plunged in Oblivion's tide,
Be like death's warning rattle that on the air hath died:"

The old man has implored it, and Heaven has heard the cry;
The halls have met destruction, the walls in ruin lie;

One lofty pillar only, tells of a splendor gone;
E'en this, already broken, may fall before the dawn.

Where once bloomed fragrant gardens, now pines a land
of dearth;
No tree extends its shadow, no fount springs from the
earth;
No song the king's name mentions, nor legendary verse;
But buried and forgotten — this is the minstrel's curse.

The Division of the Earth.

(From the German of SCHILLER.)

To mortals once great Jupiter thus spake;
"Receive the world — yours it shall be;
Take the possession, and the title take;
Among you share it brotherly."

Then hastening justly to divide the goods,
  Busy the young and old appear;
The farmer takes Earth's fruits; and in the woods
  The youthful noble hunts the deer.

The merchant takes what every store contains;
  The abbot, last year's yield of wine;
The king shuts up the bridges, streets and lanes,
  And cries — "A tenth is mine."

At length, when all was shared, drew nigh
  The poet; from afar he came;
Alas! there's nothing now to meet his eye —
  To everything there is a claim.

"Ah! woe to me! and am I then alone
  Forgotten? I, who served thee well?"
Thus loudly wailing with complaining tone,
  Before the mighty god he fell.

"If in the land of dreams thyself delayed,"
Answered the god, "then blame not me;
Where wast thou when of all things shares were made?"
"I was," the poet said, "with thee.

"Mine eye was dazzled by thy glorious sight;
Celestial harmonies entranced mine ear;
Forgive the soul, which, giddy from thy light,
Lost all things on this earthly sphere."

"The world I gave away," the god replied;
"What wilt thou do? for nothing now is mine;
But if in heaven thou wishest to abide,
Come when thou wilt — it shall be thine."

Little Anna.

(From the German of Rosalie Koch.)

A blind old man, with snowy hair,
  Walks trembling on from door to door;
In mean and scanty garments clad,
  An angel guide moves on before.

It is a gentle little maid,
  Who on a father's steps attends;
So soft the notes sweet Anna sings,
  Each heart before their magic bends.

She warbles forth the plaintive song
  Which tells the old man's want and grief;
And many, moved to pity, drop
  Into her hand the sought relief.

Out from a palace steps a dame,
  Lovely, and decked in gorgeous dress,
Who kindly asks the little one,
  "Do'st thou thy task with willingness?"

Into the stately lady's face
  Young Anna's eyes beamed sweetly mild;
And, whispering softly, she replies,
  "How else could I be a good child?"

With moistened eyes the lady speaks:
  "Come in; thou shalt my fortune share;
A beggar thou shalt be no more,
  But gay and costly garments wear.

"On silken cushions thou shalt rest;
  With painful toil mayst thou dispense;
And richest dainties be thy food;
  Thy childlike song, my recompense."

"And my poor father?" "Lovely child,
Thy father now is blind and old:
He cannot fill a servant's place,
And wait in halls adorned with gold.

"But since thou lovest him so well,
Thy food with him thou shalt divide;
For we should help the suffering poor,
And for their daily wants provide.

"But though thou should'st be dutiful,
Thy father's steps no longer tread;
And then the world will soon forget
That thou hast ever begged thy bread."

Then glowed young Anna's lovely face,
And proudly to the dame said she,
"Can I forget that I'm his child?
How canst thou think so mean of me?

"Much rather would I longer seek
My plain and scanty bread and drink,
Than dwell in all your wealth and ease,
And blush whene'er I stop to think."

The lady pressed her to her heart,
And, weeping tears of joy, she smiled:
"Great thy temptation — thy reward
Awaiteth thee, thou lovely child."

At her command a servant leads
Within the gate the beggar blind;
Shows him a chamber small and neat —
A home, the child and father find.

And Anna led him by the hand,
Till on his eyes beamed Heaven's own light;
His dying blessing fell on her,
His angel guide through life's dark night.

The lady reared the orphan child,
  And gave her all a mother's care;
For filial love, devout and pure,
  Hath higher worth than jewels rare.

The Midnight Walk.

(From the German of HERWEGH.)

Alone I wander with the ghost of night,
  Through the wide silent streets, the haunts of men;
An hour ago, and here how many wept!
  How many laughed! and now they dream again.
Pleasure has vanished like a perished flower!
  The maddest goblets now have ceased to stream!
And grief departed with the sun's last rays—
  The world is weary, let it, let it dream!

How all my envious hate in fragments breaks,
  Now that the day's wild storm no longer roars;
The moon, her mild, conciliatory light
  E'en o'er the faded leaves of roses pours;
Light as a tone, and noiseless as a star,
  My soul into these spaces swiftly flies,
And, as into itself, it sinks in all,
  And man's most secret dreams before me rise.

My shadow steals behind me like a spy;
  Silent I stand before a prison's gate;
O Fatherland, here thy too faithful son
  For love of thee now mourns a bitter fate.
He sleeps — and is he conscious of his loss?
  Or is he dreaming of his oaken bowers?
Or that a victor's wreath is round his brow?
  O, God of Freedom, guard his dreaming hours!

Before me now a giant palace towers;
  I look behind the crimson curtains where

A sleeper lies, who fiercely grasps his sword
  With sinful and with rage-bewildered air;
His visage gleams as gleams his shining crown;
  For flight, a thousand steeds await his will;
He 's dashed to earth! it opens, and he 's lost —
  O, God of Vengeance, let him slumber still!

In yonder lowly cot, beside the brook,
  Virtue and hunger share a lowly bed;
The lord has given the laborer his dream,
  A solace for his waking hours of dread.
With every seed the hand of Morpheus sows,
  He sees a golden-bounded cornfield gleam;
His narrow dwelling spreads throughout the world —
  O, God of Want, still let the poor man dream!

Near the last house, upon the stony bank,
  Awhile I 'll pause, and ask a blessing there;
I love thee well, my child, though not alone;
  Freedom with thee my heart shall ever share.

A pair of doves rock thee in golden air;
  Naught but wild steeds upon my vision beam;
Thou dream'st of butterflies — of vultures I —
  O, God of Love, still let my maiden dream!

Thou Star, which breaks like fortune from the clouds!
  Thou, Night, with thy deep, silent blue,
Let not too early the awakened world
  My gloomy, sorrow-stricken visage view!
On tears the earliest sunbeam gently falls!
  Freedom must vanish with the coming dawn;
For tyrants then again will whet the steel —
  O, God of Dreams, still let us all dream on!

The Wise Man and the Fool.

(From the German of NICOLAI.)

A wise man saw with heartfelt joy his name
Borne through the world upon the wings of Fame,
Which prophesied of immortality;
"I am the Phœnix of my age; like me
But few have ever lived in any land,
And through the coming ages I shall stand
A star outshining all the world has known."
Thus spake the sage, but to himself alone;
For outwardly he wore a modest air;
So much he seemed to have this virtue rare,
That he refused all praise as undeserved,
And said that fame from truth's straight line had swerved.

One day this oracle a mad-house sought;
What, tell me, can a wise man here be taught?
What? Wisdom! patient wait until the end
And see instruction on her steps attend.
One of the fools approached and thus began,
"Kneel down — I'll teach thee who I am! a man,
The wisest that has lived in any land,
Thou seest bodily before thee stand;
I am the Phœnix of the present day,
And few among the ancients bore such sway;
On future ages e'en I dart the flame,
The radiant herald of my deathless fame."
A smile scarce seen passed o'er the wise man's face,
And to himself he sighed. "In this dread place
Is this poor fool confined for speaking nought
But word for word, what mine own heart has thought.

"What then! and do we both lack common sense?
I almost think 't is true. The difference
Is this! Fools tell their thoughts, whereas the wise
In silence think: here the distinction lies."

Laura at Prayer.

(From the German of MATTHESSON.)

Lo! Laura prays. The harps of angels blending,
God's sweet peace comes down her heart to heal;
Like incense cloud from Abel's gift ascending,
Her sighs to heaven appeal.

See how she kneels, her soul in prayer outpouring,
Beauteous as Raphael paints the Man divine!
Celestial splendors seem around her soaring,
Such as on angels shine.

In the bright presence of the King immortal,
Her griefs expire, and with enraptured sight,
She sees the lofty palms through Heaven's portal,
And there, her crown of light.

Wrapped in devotion, and on God relying,
  Throbs her young heart of angel purity;
Gazing on her, our spirits upward flying,
  That better land we see.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. The modern ocean steamship is one of the most wonderful creations of the present age. The progress of naval architecture kept pace along all other lines, and in the discussion incident to this question, fears were expressed that if the length of these ocean steamships was greatly increased, the danger of being strained or "broken at the waist" — in nautical phrase — would be well nigh inevitable if they attempted to make head against the high waves of an Atlantic storm. The experiment was made, and the fears proved groundless.

NOTE 2. In the "*Sketches of Lynn*," the author has set forth many of the characteristics of the shoemaker's shop of the olden time. The character of the men found in these shops varied of course, as hereditary traits or the circumstances of life determined. In some of them a "crew" would be made up of sober-minded citizens and their sons, many of whom were church members. In such shops, the conversation and songs bore the stamp of their current thoughts. In other shops, opposite characteristics were noted. A jovial crew, chiefly young men, would engage in conversation or sing songs that had no social or religious bearing.

The size of these shops varied considerably, from some — few in number — small enough to be called a "salt box," some ten feet square, to a few fourteen feet, having a good-sized chamber. In winter, some of the "crew" might have been seen at work long before daylight, by the aid of a single tallow candle — but more commonly two — or Japan lamp; and at night, as late as ten or later. The "scraps" were pieces of leather or other refuse, trimmed off in making the shoe. These made part of the fuel in winter, and the odor from these burning scraps was somewhat peculiar. The "tacks" used were mostly of small size, and easily lost in the litter on the floor. Various abbreviations and local phrases, well understood by those who talked and listened, were in common use. Thus New England rum — in distinction from the imported article — was often contracted to New.

NOTE 3. The struggles of GEORGE STEVENSON to introduce the locomotive into England is a chapter of history that furnishes a profitable subject for the student of social science. Among other notions, it was urged, these "fire horses" — as the locomotives were called — would make farming impossible by frightening horses and cattle used upon the farm. The Eastern Railroad—now the Boston & Maine—was opened in 1838.

NOTE 4. But the marvels of steam as a motive power, and the revolution it worked in the social life of the people, were exceeded by the greater wonders of electricity. The establishment of the electrical works in Lynn, in 1882, made our city the grand center in the manufacture of electrical machinery and appliances.

NOTE 5. *The Free Public Forest.* The common lands of Lynn were divided among the inhabitants in the ratio of their holdings of enclosed grounds. But the restrictions in this allotment kept the wood-lands in their primitive conditions as to occupation, and practically as to ownership, till 1881. In this year, CYRUS M. TRACY organized a body called the Trustees of the Free Public Forest of Lynn. The purpose was to acquire by gifts and purchase wood lots in Lynn Commons, as anciently called, and hold in trust for the enjoyment of the people of Lynn forever. Under this voluntary plan, about 150 acres were obtained in different parts of the forest. When the Water Board, in 1888, entered and purchased many acres in Blood's Swamp, and built basins and roads around them, a new value was given to woodland, which hitherto had been esteemed worth little except for the wood that might be cut from it. In consequence, sales to the Trustees stopped. In 1889, the Park Commission, with its power of taking by the right of eminent domain, continued the work begun by Mr. TRACY and his associates.

Co-operating with the Water Board, the Commissioners secured all the territory lying between Walden Pond and Pine Hill, and between Lynnfield Street and Walnut Street that lies within the boundaries of Lynn. The Water Board is authorized to purchase the woodland in Ox Pasture on the water-shed of the ponds to the extent of about four hundred acres. The total public holding will amount to about two thousand acres.

The conception of a plan for a free public forest belongs to CYRUS M. TRACY. Those who followed were guided by his spirit and example. To record his zeal, ability and faithfulness in the task he undertook, is a feeble and inadequate recognition of our debt to him.

NOTE 6. JESSE and MARY HUTCHINSON were parents of the celebrated Hutchinson family, which numbered thirteen members — eleven sons and two

daughters — nearly all of whom were noted for their musical talents. JUDSON, JOHN and ASA, and the youngest sister ABBY, comprised the band of singers whose fame reached other lands. JESSE, one of the sons, built a cottage near the base of the famed High Rock, and in after years this cottage and its surroundings were the center of attraction to visitors from far and near.

NOTE 7. On the 26th of November, 1889, occurred by far the most destructive fire Lynn has ever known. It originated about noon in the rear of a wooden shoe factory, near Central Square, and raged five hours before the fire department, aided by thirteen steamers from the adjoining cities and towns, checked its progress. The fire burned over twenty-five acres, destroying three hundred and thirty-two buildings, whose assessed value was $1,010,000. Two years later, in 1892, the assessed value of the new buildings in the burnt district was $1,575,000. A new Lynn may be said to date from this period. During the years 1891 and 1892, 1359 new buildings were erected in the city.

NOTE 8. The advent of KOSSUTH, to this country in 1851, was one of the chief events of that year. The marvelous eloquence of this Hungarian exile aroused the people to a high pitch of enthusiasm wherever he appeared. The writer was one of a great audience that listened to his speech in Lyceum Hall.

NOTE 9. Reference is here made to an ancient battle between the Medes and Lydians—601 B.C.—made famous by an eclipse of the sun which occurred on this day. Both armies frightened by the unexpected phenomenon, fled in terror from the field of conflict.

NOTE 10. *Our Oracle.* This name was given to a manuscript paper read monthly at the meetings of an organization known as the Young Men's Debating Society, which had an existence in our city from 1852 to 1858. Its editor and chief contributor during a large part of this time was NATHANIEL J. HOLDEN—now Judge HOLDEN, of Salem, Mass.—one of the original members, its first president and first editor.

NOTE 11. *Skating.* About 1858, a new interest was awakened in this winter sport in this section ; and what was formerly chiefly a boyish amusement became a pastime for persons of all ages, and both sexes.

NOTE 12. Three prominent members of an organization known as the Silsbee Street Debating Society. A full history of this Society is given in the author's "*Sketches of Lynn.*"

NOTE 13. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, son of the renowned WM. L. GARRISON. The father sometimes attended the meetings of the society of which his son was a member, and, by invitation, took part in the discussions—once, at least, within the recollection of the writer.

NOTE 14. GARDINER TUFTS, whose official position during the Civil War, enabled him to be of great service to the soldiers, and especially to those from Massachusetts. He had admirable qualifications for the delicate and responsible work assigned him, in ministering to the wants of the wounded soldiers, and in answering the numerous inquiries of relatives and friends. His State has honored him with a statue for his memorable service.

NOTE 15. THEODORE ATTWILL, one of the founders of this Society, and a constant contributor to the columns of the "*Oracle*;" his articles being marked by originality and a keen sense of humor.

NOTE 16. Prof. EDWARD JOHNSON, one of the founders of this Society, a scholarly gentleman of fine literary taste. He delivered the introductory poem at the reunion of 1881, and also at that held ten years later.

NOTE 17. JAMES EDWARD OLIVER, born in Lynn, Mass., 1829, an eminent mathematician and professor of mathematics in Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, since 1870. In this department, he stands among the foremost our country has produced. His visit to the city of his birth, in 1891, was made the occasion of the reunion of the members of the Society.

NOTE 18. The name of CYRUS M. TRACY will long be remembered in the annals of Lynn. His versatility of talent enabled him to do many things well, and with great ease. He had rare literary gifts, and as a writer, whether of prose or verse, he occupied a high rank among the writers of our city. Of poetry, Mr. TRACY has published but little; but that little bears the marks of genius. But the chief significance of his work is the service he has rendered in awakening the public mind to the value of our forest domain. (*See Note 5.*)

HENRY L. CHASE, a teacher of high rank in his profession, for twenty-six years principal of one of the chief grammar schools of the city.

NOTE 19. J. WARREN NEWHALL, a well-known writer, whose contributions in verse, upon festive occasions, were frequent through a period of more than thirty years.

NOTE 20. JOHN T. MOULTON was one of the best known citizens of Lynn. The following facts, relating to his life and services, are taken from an obituary notice that appeared in the columns of a city paper:

"His integrity, prudence and promptness made his services much in requisition for positions of public trust. He served fifteen years as Trustee of the Public Library, being also Treasurer of the Board. He was likewise Treasurer of the fraternities of Associated Charities, of the Boston Street Methodist Society, and of the Trustees of the Lynn Free Public Forest.

"He was a member of the Exploring Circle, the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and likewise the Methodist Historical Society.

"The people of Lynn are greatly indebted to him for the collection and preservation of much that is useful as well as interesting in her history. He has prepared copies of the earliest existing town records, and had them published in the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute. He has also collected and published the inscriptions from the oldest graveyards of Lynn, Lynnfield and Saugus, and has prepared genealogies of the Moulton and Mansfield families. He, in connection with Isaac O. Guild, was at the expense of erecting a suitable stone to mark the resting-place of "Moll Pitcher," the renowned fortune-teller of Lynn.

"Mr. MOULTON, it is agreeable to add, was always ready to contribute from his abundant store any information he might possess regarding our early families, and the characteristics and doings of our fathers. And all the community will mourn the loss of one so worthy."

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