

THE MOURNER'S VISION.

A POEM.

BY I. L. DONNELLY.

"Paint me, I pray, the phantom hosts that hold
Celestial tourneys when the midnight falls."

EDITH MAY.

"Then thou becam'st a boy
More daring in thy frenzies,——
The genii of the elements,—the powers
That give a form to nature's varied works,
Had life and place in the corrupt belief
Of thy blind heart."

QUEEN MAB.

PHILADELPHIA:

1850.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
I. L. DONNELLY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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DEDICATION.

In consequence of having grown wealthy in ambition, though poor in title, and wishing to intermarry this, "the first product of his invention," with the nobility of a poetically royal name, to

EDITH MAY,

the Poetess, is this humble work, through permission, very respectfully dedicated, by her devout admirer and sincere friend,

THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E .

“ With all respect, without presumption, he
Who wrote this book, would speak respecting it.”

FESTUS.

HE wishes to state, as a palliation of its many errors, that it was written before he had attained his eighteenth year; and was the work of a less period of time than two months. He is conscious of its many failings and weaknesses, but dislikes greatly the idea of writing a thing and being afraid to publish it;—allowing it to grow musty on his own shelves, rather on those of his publishers.

He hopes—if he does not contract a mortal cold from this his first bath in the sea of literature—to hereafter produce something more finished and bet-

ter worthy printing. In the words of Shelly, "Should the public judge that his production is worthless, he shall bow before the tribunal from which Milton received his crown of immortality, and shall seek to gather from defeat that which may nerve him to some new enterprise of thought that may *not* be worthless."

To Miss Eliza L. Sproat, Prof. John S. Hart, and Mr. George H. Boker, he returns his sincere and grateful thanks for the kindness they have shown him in reviewing his MS. &c.; and would conclude with a declaration that he knows he is doing a very foolish thing in publishing at such an early age—and consequently there is no necessity of any one telling him the same thing hereafter.

Philadelphia, 1850.

PROEM.

SAD, sad from the heart that in silence is breaking,
When midnight stoops watching the ones that I
love,
The spirit of song in my bosom awaking,
Looks down on the Past like a mournful-eyed
dove;
My soul thou art heavy. The world has no promise,
That fades not or flies not whene'er we draw
near,
Like shadows of sunset our joys lengthen from us,
Till grief's night comes on us all darkened and
drear.

I look o'er the city where thousands lie sleeping :
My thoughts are of one that will ne'er think of
me ;
The tear-burdened winds through the curtains are
sweeping,
And the stars look as sad as my own heart must
be.
I think amid silence and sickness and anguish
Of thee ;—but the hopes I once worshipped have
fled :
Of thee ;—but I've nothing to live for, and languish
O'er half-broken relics of days that are dead.

When thou wert the world and I lived but to love
thee ;
When passion was tide-strong and *thou* wert the
sea ;
When hope had his torch held in beauty above me,
And half of its glory was shed upon thee.
Why linger such thoughts in a heart that is lonely,
Why gleam like a winter sun where they have
burned ;

Why come from the grave to remember me only,
 How soul-nursed affection was slighted and
 spurned?

But may it not be should I strive against fortune,
 To build up a name that thy beauty might
 own,—

Oh, *can* it not be that with hope I importune
 The small smile of promise from thee, love,
 alone?

If not—then my heart to the grave with thy sor-
 row!

One lone bubble breaks where the sea-billows
 strike;

The wind may moan by, but e'er wakens the
 morrow,

The bubble and moan are forgotten alike.

PART FIRST.

 EVENING.

" Evening comes
 Up from the valleys; over-lapping hills,
 Tipped by the sunset, burn like funeral lamps
 For the dead day." EDITH MAY.

'Tis where the latest continent hath turned
 Its broad side to the running sea, and high
 Heaved up its mountain vastness, giant-like,
 Sleeping along by the scarred ocean's roar;
 Where woods in boundless blackness o'er the hills
 Stoop dense and lofty, and the jagged crags
 Rise forest-mantled. 'Tis the sunset's hour,
 And the Pacific's long, dun, hollow wave
 Breaks endwise on the shore, the while the foam,

Peers from its summit on the chasing sea,
Rolling, still rolling on. A woman stands,
Lone by the door-way of a lowly hut,
Built of the mossy trunks of forest trees,
Watching a pass 'mid the o'er-folding hills :
A dark haired woman, with a bright, deep eye,
Lit by the warm flush of a ruddy cheek,
Standing erect like one that knows not fear,
Her hand aslant her eyes to shield their gaze,
While watching steadily. And now she sings,
Still looking to the hills.

SONG.

I have seen the day departing,
 Bent beneath the weight of night ;
I have seen his tresses starting
 Free in flashing golden light ;
I have marked his locks, with stooping,
 Wildly wide in wreathings fly,
Like a crimson glory drooping
 Down before the bosomed sky.

2*

Sweetest hour of changing heaven,
Hour of bright and beauteous even ;
When the happy day-god goes
To a conscience-calm repose ;
And the stars, like guards, are blent
Round the dim night's dusky tent ;
And the moon, a mourner fair,
Guards the heedless sleeper there.
Hour of shadows, silence-fraught,
Hour of high and holy thought ;
Lone beside the drowsy sea,
'Neath the dim infinity,
With the pensive quiet round,
And the eye-gaze on the ground ;
While the voice of sternness dies,
Like the last light from the skies,
And the mournful thoughts come on
'Till the soul feels all alone.
Hour when Memory's tearful breeze,
Straying 'mid life's autumn trees,
Sweeps the sere leaves from the sod
'Till the lily-prayers see God.

Hour when hearts are lift away,
Like the sea-bird's pinions grey,
Beating up in skyward flight,
'Mid the sunset's slanting light.
Hour, my own, when bold men vow
With the daring eye and brow,
Knee on earth and blade in hand,
"Life or Death for father-land!"
Hour when wild the Indian herd
Swept—but ah! that word! that word
Rolls the rough rock from my woe,
And the coiled care wakes below.
For through twilight's shadows pale,
Loved ones track the Indian's trail,
And, before the night is fled,
They may on that trail lie dead.
Should the bison-hunter's band,
Meet the foemen hand to hand,
Then, amid the rush of strife,
God protect my husband's life!
But I conjure up distress,
In this silent wilderness,

Fears an hour will prove in vain ;
In an hour he comes again !

The day goes down in beauty. Out the dells,
Up the mount sides, the laggard sunbeams creep,
And part from off the waves with lingering feet.
The spirits of the softly floating clouds
Seem brooding in the quiet, and, anon,
Like misty angels stooping o'er the dead,
Hang o'er the red couch of the fallen day.
The shadow-hunters that outchase the light,
Are gath'ring now along the deep'ning east ;
While, like the fickle hopes of some young heart,
The sunset towers from gold heaps into gloom.

Red embers of the daylight ! Through thy flush
Gleam the white ashes of the smouldering day.
Darker still darker, and the stretching sea
Moans, like a pinioned god, his fleeing love :
Moans on, moans ever ;—'till the shadows come
O'er the swart wrinkles of his agony.
Down o'er thy dimness droop the dusky shades ;

The hills are fading from us, and the clouds
Sit like dun ravens in the shadowy sky.

The day drops piecemeal, darkly crumbling down,
Heaping the east with grey, worn, twilight ruins ;
And o'er the fragments flit the bat-like winds,
Dim-winged in desolation. See ! the stars
Peer trembling mid the azure, like sea rocks
Freed by the ocean's ebb, and brightened still
With foam from the white flood light that has left
them ;

Thou, sunset, art the Autumn of the skies,
Whose sere, grey clouds are hued with every tint,
Like leaves in the earth's forest. But thou com'st,
Bride of the darkness, and thine out-spread arms
Embrace the rising night.

The woman stands

Still by the door-way, but her face grows sad,
That *he* comes not with twilight.

“ Come, for the shadows look down dark on me,
The hills lie tranced and sleeping ;

Come, for my fears have set their mark on me,
 This lonely, sad watch keeping.
Why art thou laggard that wast ever first
 To still my grief's complainings!
With the clear laughter like a river burst
 Out from its winter-chainings.
Why dost thou linger in this weary hour,
 'Till my heart droops in weakness,
And Hope goes cowering to her dreary bower,
 And dies 'mid dusky bleakness!
Come, for each winged thought erring flies astray
 O'er the dun grave of gladness;
Come, for the twilight deep'ning dies away,
 And I am here in sadness.

PART SECOND.

 NIGHT.

" This fair night,
 While yet my keen strung soul, like some rough harp
 Thrill'd with a breath from heaven, swells high and loud
 With music not its own, I sing to thee."

ELIZA L. SPROAT.

OUT in the hollow sky the darkness sits,
 Owl-like and lone. The royal night strides on,
 Trailing his starr'd train o'er the dusky world,
 'Till the swept clouds fold o'er it. It is night
 Deep, brooding, awful night ! The woman yet
 Sits listening, 'tween the deep soughs of the sea,
 And the mad wailings of the mournful blast,

For sounds of him she waiteth. Lo! a storm
Stirs, stretching out its boding limbs of might,
Waked from a mountain sleep by ocean's call.
The moon that e'erwhile peep'd above the east
Is drown'd in darkness; and the night comes down,
Dense, wild and stormy! 'Mid the rush of wind,
The deep throes of the struggling thunder's groan,
The lightning brush'd along the parting clouds,
And the far-sweeping rattle of the rain,
Still sits that woman listening. She has heard
Nought of the tempest's turmoil; with her soul
Her ear is for the absent, and her brow
Bends in attention only to chance sounds,
That seem the echoes of a distant strife.
Now they grow nearer:—'mid the storm she stands,
Her eye lit up with beauty, while aloft
One hand is boldly flung, with the white flash
Of the quick storm-scurd 'mid the whelm of waves.
But lo! her sorrow, like a breeze of spring,
Comes burden'd down with tears; and the raised
hand
Drops slowly to her side; and now she sings,

With a low wail, that, like a mourner walks
Through the red autumn of her wither'd hopes.

SONG.

Up-coiling storm, that like a serpent lies
Huge on the bosom of the swarthy night,
Cease thy tongue's quivering o'er the blasted
skies,
Fold the long thunders of thy volumed might.
Alas, alas, ye bring not to my sight
He whom I sought in vain this long, long day,
'Till the sad tokens of a far-off fight
Crush'd my young hopes, and peace hath died
away,
In the storm's terrors and the distant earthly fray.

And he is there, my chosen one, whose form
Rose like a morning o'er the waste of life:
And he is there, the flower amid the storm,
And will he bend or triumph in the strife?

Where the noised air with deadly sounds is
rife.
And the loosed demons o'er their banquet wail,
Shall fate from mercy wrench the gleaming
knife,
And 'neath its flash must sunny eyes grow pale,
And limbs of might and grace be shrivell'd up and
fail ?

Say, does his life die with that sound that now
Sinks in the distance, slow and tremblingly ?
Or did that broad flame burst around his brow,
Standing a god of light 'mid victory ?
Oh ! I can see him, when within his eye
The soul floods up in waves of living day ;
Oh ! I can see him when his blade gleams high,
Like a red banner o'er the billow's fray,
And rising, falling, wildly on the tempest's way.

Hark ! how the Indian war-whoop, and the yell
That the stern border man sends quivering on,
Burst as if one fled past the gates of Hell,

And for a moment caught its whirling tone.
Hark to the sharp crack of the woodman's gun,
The musket's dull boom echoing full-mouthed by;
Ha! for the death-shriek and the muffled groan,
That to the hatchet's crashing blow reply;
And the wild roar of strife sweeps circling still
more nigh.

Oh! would I were a man, that I might be
By thee, my husband, in the stirring fight,
To guard thee when thou'dst wounded turn'd to
flee,
And strew the foeman on the path of flight;
And when we rallied in our last stern might,
Fling forth the battle shout and follow on!
But no!—I wither in my nature's blight;
Thou art in danger, and I here alone,
To weep, when thou art dead, for Hope and Beauty
gone.

The night is channel'd by each piercing yell,
Fitfully wild;—God! how the heathen shout!

Beneath that cry a foremost hunter fell,
And was it—No!—my heart, my heart be
stout,
Let not thy fears in unchain'd terror out,
To prey upon thee thus. Yet,—hark!—again,
Again the white men cheer above the rout
That now goes from me, while I list in vain,
His voice I cannot hear in battle or in pain.

Alone amid the desert; and the soul
Like a lone eagle struggling up in space,
Feels the stern, dread and awful vastness roll
Swoop'd o'er its pinions; and the storm-stirr'd
place
Teems with its tempest spirits. Let my face
Look from the earth to heaven, and throb, my
heart,
Throb to the thunder's crash, the opening race,
Of the unbitted winds, and the quick quivering
start
Of the red lightning's flicker, shivering clouds
apart!

Up! monarch tempest! Up, and let the waves
Hear thy loud voice and tremble!—Far away
Stride o'er the breaking waters, 'till their caves
Clang to the thunder footsteps of thy way;
Ha! how the fierce winds grasp the writhing
spray,
And mark! the struck waves reel beneath the
blow:
Ay, storm, roused storm, shriek in thy monster
play,
While heaven hurls back upon the deep below,
The up-flung howlings of a mad sea's bursting woe!

I see it all!—Mighty, and grand and bold,
The storm upon the ocean! with the flash
Of the quick levin shivering in its hold,
And the deep's heaving and the billow's crash;
The dark rock looming through the white
scud's dash,
Lit for a moment by the lightning, then
Black, black, all black!—The night folds o'er
the gash

3*

In the rent clouds, like dusk grass o'er the den
Where the gaunt lion sprang red from his bloody
fen.

Within my soul a storm is striving high,
That mocks the paltry tumult of the night;
I have it all before me, and mine eye
Wars with the darkness, hails the glaring light,
When the torn clouds bleed lightning; and in
flight
The sound-fill'd winds drip thunders as they go!
And he is on the billows—he the bright,
The strong of arm, the beautiful; but no!
The deep woods shroud him! Oh! my storm, my
storm of woe!

I saw him sink amid the white spray's toss,
Flinging his clutch'd hands o'er his gurgling
breath,
I saw his wild eyes in the short light's gloss,—
And he was gone!

Look ye! upon yon heath

Men have smooth'd down a bloody bed for
Death,
And *he* lies darkly there ; the moonlight cold
Thrown sadly o'er him, while around, beneath,
Black, cowering shadows half his form infold,
Stretch'd like a broken statue on the bloody mould.

My brain ! my brain be still ! But look ! Ah !
look !
The red men bind him !—God, they burn him
there ;
The flames unshadow a deep forest nook,
And crisp the hard blood in his clotted hair,
And eat like vultures in his cheek most fair :
His eye ! his shriek ! Love of my soul, I come !
Soft !—'tis a vision ! 'Tis a thing of air !
A dream, a mist ! No, no,—my desert home !
My brain—that blaze ! Husband, I come to share
thy doom.

The woman shriek'd and fell. Her mind o'erwrought
By love and dread, in their phrentic mood,

Peopled the stormy wild with shadowings,
And wove the night air into melodies,
Or from the sadden'd winds drew strange, wild
words.

* * * * *

She knelt and gazed upon a lofty brow,
Crownless but glorious ;—woman-like, yet stern ;
With lips of sorrow but an eye of fire,
Deep, dangerous and beautiful. Her form
Proud as a woman's form can only be,
While o'er the sky-like glory of her face
The chasing thoughts were rambling. Gladness now
Leapt from her eye adown the ruddy cheek,
And the lips parted as the stream went by ;
And then came sorrow with a sweeping train,
That soundless stole joys, scatter'd smiles away,
And left but tear-drops from the trailing robe ;
Anon, bold as the wind, earth-troubled long,
That rising shakes the tree-tops in its might,
And flaps its pinions through the startled clouds,
The glory of her soul came out in song.

Lo ! sweet-faced sorrow stood upon a wreck,
That had out-spent the struggles of the storm,
And now lay heaveless on the rocky beach.
Dim, mournful smiles pass'd o'er her pallid cheek,
And her thin finger, like a moonlit wand,
Pointed the waves where bright'ning things swam
slow:—

There seem'd the picture of a mossy hut,
'Mid sadly sloping valleys ; while far off
A broad brow'd man was turning up the glebe,
And strewing on the breeze sweet little airs,
That the birds caught and warbled. Then a voice
Crept down the sky and softly whisper'd "*Burns.*"
Beyond, the billows heaved a broken form,
Whose wounds gaped highest on the highest swell,
And crackled in their falling ; on whose lip—
Not heart—sat bashful Love all mournfully,
Folding his white wings o'er a blushing breast :
The same voice shudder'd as it murmur'd "*Byron.*"
Then a pale lip troubled the moonbeam still,
And a light eye turn'd to the foam afar,
Like the deer gazing on the gaining hounds,'

Pleadingly sorrowful. The same voice still
Low sang the sweet name "*Shelly*."

But the waves
Bore other forms than these ; the halt, the blind,
The weak of frame, the poor, the proud, the mad,
All, all were grief-worn, yet all glorious.

Soft ! Sorrow turns her gaze on Freedom's brow ;
She, the lit goddess, stands aloft in woe,
Proud in her misery ; and her soul is voiced
Flinging up music like two swooping banks
That watch a river's flashing.

FREEDOM'S WAIL.

AND is it here unto the list'ning sea,
 With heavy heart and sad and lowly tone,
 I loose my fluttering soul, and over thee,
 Oh ! ocean, all my stranded hopes bemoan ?
 Here stand I now unminded and alone,
 Beside the rough sea that has aye been mine ;
 Grief is my fate, but never have I known
 Such heavy lot,—such reason to repine,—
 Such prospect drear,—and doom without one hope-
 ful sign !

When Roman eagles scowled on reeking death ;
 When legions sank beneath the Gothic sway ;

When blood bedewed the Frankish battle heath ;
When Afric's desert brood grew dread in fray ;
When he, the island-born, swept thrones away,
Like Vala with the wand of destiny ;
Still had I hope, that with the star in day,
Each separate ill would vanish : but on me,
Now Fortune seems to heap her full-voiced misery.

The battle's thunder in the distance spoke,
And the glad tyrants laughed like echoes
back ;
While o'er the rolling of the troubled smoke,
Amid the tossing of the struggle's rack,—
A wind-bent sail upon a tempest's track,
My own bright banner swept the wondering air :
But mid the frenzy of the dire attack,
It stagger'd—stooped—and fell ! and then and
there
Was this, my joyless forehead, circled by Despair.

Alas ! a nation's wrecked hopes, and the might
That stirred the strong arm for that nation's
sake ;

Alas ! the brave ones striving for the Right,
Who bade the Lazarus of Truth awake :
All, all were following in that banner's wake,
And all went down before the dastard blow,
When Russian lightnings bade the broad night
quake,
And left me friendless in my grief below,
To grope alone through Memory's valley'd wastes
of woe.

The flowing mantle of the kingly form,
Is deeper dyed in blood than purple now ;
And with the red glare of a dying storm,
The scar hath dimm'd the jewel on the brow
Where the yoked wrong and shame their
wrinkles plough,
And lean-lipp'd Sin has pressed her brand of fire !
For hands grasp daggers while the knees low
bow,
And prayerful words are hissed 'neath eyes of ire,
Full of the thoughts that may be dumb but ne'er
expire.

Men had built up a snow god to the sun,
Then wept to see it melting! How unlike
Thy children, my Columbia, where the stone
Dug from a tyrant's heart, did whet alike
The will for wielding and the blade to strike,
And harsh deeds built his sepulchre.—Thou
still
Hold'st firm thy bridal promise;—for the
pike
Handling the shepherd's crook, and on the hill,
Where the tall fort flag waved, *thou* dost the spring
soil till.

Land of the bright lip and the dauntless eye,
The high heart's heaving and the strong arm's
might;
Though war, and plague, and famine round thee
lie,
Still to the breeze thy full fields sweep in
light;
Still like a bale-blaze on a rocky height,
Bright flashing o'er the upward watching sea,

Thy glories beam above the wrecked world's
night ;
And storm-tossed nations gaze in hope to
thee,—
My latest born,—my pride,—my own,—my
victory !

And one there was, who, with his good right
hand,
From which the clotted gore of tyrants fell,
Shook my striped standard o'er a drooping
band:—
Each eye looked up and knew the signal well,
Each sword leapt out and gleamed as if to
tell
The thoughts of him that swayed it ! While the
one
That swept that starred fold o'er the battle
swell,
Who, like a half-loosed lion led them on,
Stood 'mid the conflict's burst, the first, best,
Washington !

Yet is it here—Oh ! God ! that nursed my soul,
Here like a hound-bayed stag that I must
stand,
With the wet tears down trickling from my dole,
Flinching the flicker of the foeman's brand ?
I who had pacing lit the living land,
I who had trained the world in days of old !
Must here mark out a grave amid the sand,
And sink like those the glorious and the bold,
Who died despairing 'neath my fallen banner's
fold ?

Oh ! Austria the vile, and France the weak,
My curse be on ye like an autumn storm,
Dragging out tear drops on the pale year's cheek,
Adding fresh baseness to the twisting worm ;
My curse be on ye like a mother's, warm,
Red reeking with my dripping sin and shame ;
May all my griefs back-turned to ye, deform
Your very broken image, and a name
Be left ye which Hell's fiends shall hiss and curse,
the same.

And Italy, my own, my loved, my child,
Round thy bright brow are by-gone deeds
entwined,
In whose gem-light thy sorrowing eyes have
smiled,—
They still looked up and blessed them ! thee
I find,
Thee, that wast harp-string to the tuneful
mind,
While creeping on to flowers wast serpent stung !
The leaf-hid beast lagged lazily behind,
And mocked thy dying tremors with his tongue,
Arguing to *thee*—to thee *in death*,—of Right and
Wrong !

God ! 'tis enough to strike my spirit blind,
To make this cold earth crackle in its woe,
To rend my life breath as the harsh rocks
grind
The wrecked bark's keel to powder ;—thus to
know
That, like a star, I see but gloom below :

4*

Gloom, gloom ! and agony and death and dread ;
That I am hopeless, heartless, homeless too ;
That all my joys are like my tear-drops shed,
And the bold hearts that met the blast like banners
—dead !

Dead ! dead ! dead !—That word doth gather all !
Like a caught miser grappling up his gold :
Such was the brazen tone of clarion call
That down the wide streets of lost Athens
rolled,
Chasing cold echoes from their shivering fold,
As wolves rout lambs in winter ! Such the tone
That beat surf-like upon the Trojan hold ;
Such sate o'er Rome when all her worth was
gone,
And such now mingles like a wind-shriek with my
moan.

Dead ! dead ! dead !—And am I here at last,
Here on the lone shore of the western world,

With all my hopes and all my prowess past,
To sink and sleep with my torn pennons furl'd?
To be, like some blast-hunted billow, hurl'd
Up in a cleft to perish there alone!
To waste as winds do, when the storm up-
whirled,
Has left them to stretch out their life in moan;
To die as men do when their loved and bright are
gone.

And Earth that I had beautified and won,
Hast thou no voice to cheer my lonely mood,
Cans't naught break through my sorrows, like
the sun
Trickling its warm light mid the dreary wood?
Must my worn heart still o'er its sadness
brood,
A mist above a desert,—and have ye,
O hills, that sit in silent solitude,
No soft shade for my torrid misery?
Thou, Ocean, speak, *speak!* for my soul is calling
unto thee.

Still Sorrow stood looking athwart the waves,
Still smiling forth that coldly bitter smile ;
When, from the sea, rose, like a god, young Faith,
And heaved the wreck that Sorrow stood upon,
Until it floated :—then, anon, came sails,
And masts, and spars, and ropes, and mariners ;
Till with its life the bold ship danced the waves,
And on the prow stood Faith ! Triumphant Faith !
Folding his arms and smiling pridefully ;
While humbled Sorrow knelt her at his feet,
And through her weeping blessed her conqueror.
Lo ! as they speed by Freedom's anguished eyes,
Behold ! Faith's glory fills them, and her form
Grows radiant in its majesty. But hark !
A voice comes like a fountain from the hills,
Dallying with the love that bends to it,
And playing round the borders of the soul ;
But as the night breeze swells its beauties out,
And gleans and gathers up each separate charm,
Its music heaves above the waste of night
Then drops apart in words.

SONG OF THE ELF-QUEEN.

While the lifeless day is cold,
While its ghastly eye is clear ;
So the trysting time was told,
And the gathering place is here,
List ye, list ye, to the call,
List ye, spirits, one and all.

Hither come from loam and foam ;
From the mountain eagle's nest ;
From the dark waves curling crest ;
From the softly sloping valley,
Where the turning breezes rally ;
From the white clouds hurrying past,
Foam-like on the streamy blast ;
From the distant deep'ning sky,
Mournful as a mother's eye,
When her dearest droops to die.

From the surf-waves' shivering shock,
On the lonely ocean-rock,
With the shelving billow's falling,
And the sea-bird's wailful calling.
Gather, gather, spirits, gather,
To this rocky hillock's heather,
By the sadly sounding sea,
Moaning everlastingly,
Gather, spirits, unto me.

As the song ceased the lonely one looked up,
And her eye caught upon the distant sea
A group of beings nighing to the shore,—
Half substance and half shadow. With tossed locks,
Full of the clinging breezes as they came,
Their flashing white arms wildly mingled, shone
Like gleaming foam lines arching o'er a wave ;
While on the black beyond a mist was trailed,
As if some filmy garment touched the sea,
And softened it.

Hark ! how their rising tones
Go carolling along the dreamy night,

Fresh with the soft, deep, sweetness of sea music ;
The words come on linked like the plash of waves
When the rough breeze treads harshly.

SONG OF THE SEA SPIRITS.

We dwell in depths of sunless light,
 Where jarring discords never come ;
With ocean's spray to star our night,
 And ocean's wrecks to deck our home.
Where dimness like a twilight dwells,
 We list the waters upward burst,
Swift plunging from earth-piercing wells,
 To quench the salt sea's burning thirst.
And we have sat by chasms deep,
 Where lashed and leapt the waters wild,
For far below the billow's sweep
 The world-consuming flames are piled.
On rocks that shoulder up the sea,
 All grey and grand and echoless,
The sunken ship swings silently,
 Heaved lightly by the current's stress :

Slow eddying with a feather's sway,—
Our hair back-thrown,—we saw her come
All haggard from the tempest's fray,
To this her last and lonely home;
And after she had settled well,
Upon the rough rock's blackened crown,
Dead seamen, current-wavered, fell
With listless limbs, slow, idly down !

Hail ! Mother of the Nations ! we,
The children of the drowned wave,
Have hither come to welcome thee,
The bright, the beautiful, the brave !
We know thee in our silent home,
Where we have thoughtful sat, and heard
The strong wind struggling 'mid the foam,
And fluttering like a fettered bird ;
We know thee on the streaming sea,
When ships are leaning in the blast,
When down the gale the pennon free,
Is flick'ring from the bending mast ;
We see thee in the deep, deep sky,

Where clouds unchallenged muster on,
We hear thee in the whirlwind high,
And in the thunder's boundless tone.
We know thee 'mid the current's swell,
By sea-cleft drear, and sea-rock fair,
By river mouth and ocean dell,
We know thee, Freedom, everywhere.

The Moon is up! Lo! from the dazzled sea,
The breeze as if it held a thousand oars,
Is sprinkling up the waters, till each spray
Drips kissed with silver glory. Slow the light
Mantles the hills, as droops a summer sleep,
Down on the eyes whose soul is slumbering;
From the dusk wood lanes peer the dark-browed
shades,
But o'er all else the Night, with half-closed eyes,
Through happy thoughts feels the up-creeping sleep.

The Moon is up! Oh! grandly glorious Moon!
How the night knows thee, and the piled-up clouds,
Rich with the caught light of thy loveliness,

Disparting break along thy gorgeous path ;
And down among the hill tops of the mist
The moonbeams wavering scattered ride the night.
And now the thin clouds hurtled dim thy face,
Like wind-shook tresses scattered o'er a brow !
Hail ! plaintive witcher of the upturn'd eye,
For thou art light again, but sad, sad still,
And mighty in thy lone and silent grief !
Oh ! mourner o'er a blind yet beauteous world,
Grey shadow of the daylight !

Lo ! the surf

Of the dun sea of vapours o'er thee breaks,
The clouds meet tangled round thee, and on high
The Night is struggling for her burning throne !
Thy look is troubled with the passing fears ;
Below the gloom is over-toppling heaped,
And the dread winds, upon the baffled sea
Wail like a mother o'er her stricken child !
All, all is dark !—But look !—from out the mass,
Striding athwart the cleft and riven clouds,
Through the deep ravines of the rifted Night,—
And where the scattered mist, in fragments reared,

Looms like the bulwark of the gale-god's home,—
Comes the bold moonlight hurling back its foes,
And smiling as it steps above them fallen.
Joy! joy! the world is wrapped again in light,
The stars have pressed upon their eyes their arms,
And bow their foreheads to the victor's feet.

Sweet Moon! How many a scene of woe and waste,
May'st thou now gaze upon? Say, dost thou look
Where on the vine-clad hills the shadows lie,
Like earth-chained giants mocking at the light!
While through the grape leaves stirs the rising song,
And busy feet tread out each maze in joy?
Or dost thou glide, fearful, and pale, and cold,
Adown the slanting ice banks of the North,
Where chill'd life totters like a weary wight,
Slow trembling to the grave? The white bear
comes,
Sheeted with spangling spray, and lays him down,
Lapping his broad paws in thy quiet beam;
The solitary walrus loves thy light,
And eyes thee with a thoughtful, human look,

While basking o'er the gently heaving sea.
And in my own clime thou art stealing down,
Weaving thy white arms through the breezy wheat,
And linking blessings 'round the farmer's home.

But hark ! a wild song like a breeze comes on !
And see ! the light hath tipp'd an elfin band,
Gleaming afar against the whiten'd clouds,
High on the tops of the sky-ridging mountains.
Hark ! the chant !

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN FAYS.

The daylight has sunk like a Cæsar dead,
 His mantle of glory around him ;
 The gore through the rents of that mantle runs
 red,
 The dagger armed night to his strong-hold has sped,
 The legion-like stars are in conclave o'er head,
 And the traitors have ceased to wound him.
 But soundless and slow, with a sad widow's tread,
 Tear-flooding the wreck of the joys that are fled,
 And wailing the promise that death has unsaid,
 The moon in her pathway has found him.

Lo ! through the deep blue, and the clouds hung on
 high,
 Like peace banners silently sleeping,
 The light of the moon is embracing the sky,
 And its beams to the forest are quivering by,
 With the tremulous gaze of a tear-freighted eye
 And far o'er the troubled sea weeping ;

5*

The heedless wind meaningless wandereth nigh,
 The crags of the hills to its rent blast reply,
 And the sprays of the moonlight in silver flakes lie,
 On the tree-harp the sad gale is sweeping.

The city shall rise where the mountains have stood,
 Where now is a desert before thee ;
 The people shall spread like a spring growing wood,
 The earth shall have scourgings to furnish them
 food,
 And oft the green valleys be blushing with blood,
 And the dust of the highway be gory.
 Go ! spirits of earth, for ye know not your good,
 Go drown your light songs in the silence, or could
 They but soften the force of the fell spoiler's mood,
 Then ! then ! might ye boast ye and glory.

But alas ! let your chant be like his that is sold
 To slavery, and exile, and sadness,
 When the air with the clank of his chain shivers
 cold,

When the joy of his heart groweth gray-hair'd and
old,
And his soul over-weighted with sin-gather'd gold,
Is oozing and dripping to madness.
For wo to thee ! land of the lofty and bold,—
The price of thy bondage is finger'd and told,
And wild mantling millions will quickly o'erfold
The form of thy grandeur and gladness.
Wail, wail ye, O torrents, deep-breasted and drear,
Let grief o'er your voicings be flowing ;
And shriek ye, volcanoes, till, paling with fear,
The cloud starteth back and the night falleth sheer,
As a foe on the battlements struck with a spear,
Down, down mid thy red anger going !
Ah ! Freedom, the lone mountains welcome thee here,
They welcome thee now like a fallen-soul'd seer,
They meet thee in sadness, and prophecy's tear
Is wat'ring the griefs thou art sowing.

SONG OF THE WIND SPIRIT.

On high, lift up your banners, wind,
Your cloudy banners heralding the storm ;
The haunts are cold ye leave behind,
To robe your foldings o'er the tempest's form.
Sweet winds upon the oceans call,
And speak them softly of a stirring time ;
And whisper to the water-fall,
Of jagged shrieks and thunder peals sublime ;
Wild wind then leap upon the sea,
Until it bounds and reels in wrath away,
And flaunt thy banners, angrily,
O'er the pale countenance of stricken day !

Oh ! wind, thou pilgrim of the earth and sky,
Thy spurning feet have whirled the waters back ;
The woods are scattered as thou passest by,
Like foam wreaths flung up from the torrent's
track.

And in thy strength the silence is uncurled,
Like waves before some mighty vessel's prow :
Oh ! dim and dauntless struggler with a world,
That bears few scars from all thy battlings now :
The wreck high dashed upon a haggard bank,
The dread waves wallowing in the puffing blast,
The wind-row straggling through the forest dank,
Treeless and torn as if a flame had past,
These are the relics of thy fitful force,
Save where thine arm hath cleft the hills in twain,
A power, as changing as thy goalless course,
Swelling to sink—sinking to swell again.
Bold wrestler e'en with Time, who quiets all,
Shaking the mould clots from his pinions slow ;
Lo ! how thy tones in welcome, "Freedom," call !—
Her breathings, in thee, sway the world below.
The earth hath changes like a human face,
The sky hath stranger orbs and perished stars,
The ocean alters both in bound and base,
But thou art self-same through uncounted wars.
The earth responsive sighs when thou dost moan,
Thou wav'st and wheel'st the still air in the sky,

The oceans reel back from thy trumpet tone
As if the voice of God, himself, passed by !
Thou art amid the mountains ! and the woods
Down o'er the ravines, shrieking, struggling, stoop ;
Or thou art bursting through the solitudes
With the roused freedom of an eagle's swoop !
Thou call'st now, like a giant in his wrath,
And the storm clouds come darkly jarring on ;
Thou sleep'st now, like a panther in his path,
And all the turmoil from the world is gone.
Dread tide of air ! O wind, when earth is dead,
And the pale heaven is quivering with its groan,
Then like a sigh up-flung shalt thou be sped,
To wander in through space, lost, lost and lone.

The song died down, and silence and the night
Sank on the sorrows of her brooding soul,
Yet hark ! again—once more—a tone is raised,
But different far from that which went before.
Like a child's voice amid the deep woods heard,
When the sun browns the blushing breast of spring,
And the light laugh walks 'mid the greeting vales,

Or peoples with its ringing chime the trees,
Or flings its fragment-beauties to the rocks
'Till they grow echoes in the crevices.
So tinklingly, and wild, and beautiful,
Sang a sweet spirit to the summer breeze.

SONG TO THE SUMMER GALE.

Summer gale, summer gale, hail to thee now,
Like a May-garland wreathed on the young ocean's
brow ;
Or a gay flight of swallows that flutter and fly,
Mid the limbs of the tassel'd pine hardy and high.
While the beach like a weak one in pallidness lies,
With thy soft dewy hand smoothing over his eyes.
Summer breeze, summer breeze, peerless and proud,
Thy fingers are teasing the fickle-edged cloud,
In the rill thou hast dabbled a half-ventured foot,
Thou hast rustled the leaves in the wood dingle
mute,

Thou hast still'd down thy wings like a bat at its
rest,
Dull hung on the clouds of the fast sleeping West.

Off to the mountains at thought with the sun,
Whisper them kindly, and kiss them, and on !
On, where the silence is haughty and high,
With a smile to the sea, and a glance to the sky.
Wheel thee, and turn thee, and twine thee in
play,
From the earth with your wings flap the silence
away,
Plague the dull shade in the leaf-shelter'd bowers,
And splash the red sunshine adown on the flowers.
Summer gale—Summer gale soft as the sigh,
That heaves when the tread of the lover is nigh ;
Summer gale—Summer gale, wild as the tone,
That the sea-eagle shrieks to the silence alone.

Wrapp'd in the folding of many a sound,
Up-pick'd from the waves with a down-sweeping
bound,

Casting the spray o'er thy back-flooding hair,
And rolling thy limbs in the pillowing air ;
Summer gale—Summer gale, light be thy way
Over earth, as a leaf on a streamlet astray,
That trembles in ripple, in shadow is gone,
Now lit by the streamlet, now lit by the sun.
Summer gale—Summer gale, witching and wild,
With the clasp of a true-love, the laugh of a child;
Silkenly sweeping,—ah, Beauty unfurl'd
Thee to play like a smile on the face of the world.

Lo ! from the North another night comes on ;
The God of storms ; a shadow vast and dark,
Heap'd toppling terribly. The while its wings,
Sway fitful with its song. Hark ! to the voice,
Like the sea shelving down some cavern well ;
And now it heaves as a war banner swells
In the red breath of battle ! Hark ! again !
It leaps up from the grasping hills of earth,
That fling their echoes after it, and rolls,
Jostling old night out from his quietness.
The woods stand listening, and the hills are still,

58 SONG OF THE STORM SPIRIT.

As one that bends to an expected shock,
While ocean's white waves like corpse-faces rise,
Dread in their resurrection.

SONG OF THE STORM SPIRIT.

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! my reapers are out!
 With a curdling shout,
 And a sickle flout,—
They have shorn the silence and turn'd him about!

They toil in the wastes of the vasty night;
 And the levin light
 Is their steel sheen bright,
And the dusk falls cropt with a crash of might,
 As they sing!

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! we come, we come,
 As if Hell was pour'd on the boiling foam!
The vessels like bubbles are bursted and gone,
The waves are barring our passage—*on!*

On, on, on !
O'er the tumbling town,
O'er the treeless down,
The forest is split like a scatter'd mist,
Driving, and breaking and torn !—but hist !
Hist ! for the rocks are dense below,
And the storm hath met with a sturdy foe !
Down, down, down !
Let the air fill thick in our earthward wake,
Ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! how the rough crags break,
How the river heaves like a giant smote,
And the rocks are out where the storm's afloat.
Now we have grappled the mountain's might !
Now we are struggling and straining in fight !
Now we are up, anon we are down,
Clasping his base, or smiting his crown ;
Tearing the herbs like the flesh from his brow,
Then flinging our force in a stooping blow !
Ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! how the night doth wail,
On the length'ning reach of the coming gale !—
Ho ! hug to the mountain and tug with him sore,
And writhe in your grasp to his inmost core,

Then rend him apart as the rock the sea,
When the ocean is swift and ye all are free !
 And ye all are free,
 As ye soon shall be,
When ye gateway the mountain and pass it through.
 No, no, no !
The barren rocks are a mighty foe,
Turn ye away, it will never do.
Turn ye away to the ocean wide,
And stem the flood of the flashing tide ;
Lie ye down in his onward course,
And scatter the foam of his bursting force !
'Till the billow rears like a startled steed,
 Pawing the air with its hoofs of foam,
And the black-winged winds in their plunging speed
 Like sea-birds wail o'er a wasted home.
Away, away, for the ocean is ours,
Where we tramp no life from the tiny flowers ;
Where men will dare us to do our worst,
And we come in power and navies are burst ;
Where rocks hard bow to the threat'ning blast,
And whistle in scorn as it grateth past,

Till *we* come, WE, of the foamy sea,
 Wayward and wild as a destiny,
 Till *we* come—*we*!—and the rocks are gone,
 And the yelling ocean leaps madly on ;
 Awhile,—and not a ripple can tell
 Where a rock had stood or an island fell.
 Shriek on ! shriek on ! in the mantled sky
 Our wings are bold and our flight is high ;
 Shriek on ! that we cannot here too know
 The mated might of an angry foe !
 Then cease—cease—slowly, as one who hath
 Buried his wail in his silent wrath.

A voice comes rolling like an ocean wave,
 Up the cold shores of silence !

SONG OF THE WOOD SPIRITS.

Like clouds still set in the sunny skies,
 Bright'ning their banks of azure,
 Full many a lake in the silence lies,
 A forest-folded treasure ;

6*

Full many a stream to their breasts is thrown,
Leaping in light o'er the slippery stone,
And winding away through the woods alone,
 Like a lost child heedless straying ;
Or breaking adown to the pillowing spray,
And foaming forth on its wandering way,
Till, like an angel grown sad in play,
 To the lake it is silently swaying.
Oh ! dim are the woods where the quiet is held,
 Like a Titan of old that had fought against God,
Oh ! dun are the woods where the tree-tops of eld
 Are barring the light from the leaf-buried sod.
Where under the boughs are the shadowings deep,
Herded and huddled like troops of sheep,
That nestle them down in their smoothing sleep,
 And slumber and slumber for aye :
While out on the hills with a drooping eye,
The rose-lipped sunbeam is wandering by,
Like a shepherd that looks in the dells to spy
 The shades that have stolen astray.
Where the rocks are heaped o'er the tangly glen,
 Where the stream is rained, all mangled and rent.

Where the hemlocks peer o'er a sunless den,
 Leaning their shades on the darkness pent ;
Where the night sinks down with a flutter and sigh,
As one that droops on the grass to die,
While the moon is mounting the struggling sky
 Dim through the thick cloud war ;
We rustle the leaves with our flickering feet,
Like the pattering tramp of the sweeping sleet,
And the hunter starts at the stilly beat
 To glare from his fire afar.
Our breath is the whisper the deep wood owns,
 Like the shadow of sound in the vasty gloom,
And the creeping thrills of its mystic tones
 Have dallied for silence to form their tomb.
Freedom is here, and the forest behind
 All trampled and torn in her pathway lies ;
It has bent like grass to the swooping wind,
 It has bent,—but never again to rise.
The light shall fall where it rarely fell,
The breeze shall sweep o'er the shadeless dell,
And the childish laugh and the village bell
 Shall ring where the forest stood ;

While the trunk of the tall and tassel'd pine
Shall a mouldering mass of moss recline,
And we, who long for the coming sign,
Shall die with the dying wood.

Wildly and sadly beauteous comes a sound,
Gathering the breeze up in its sweeping course,
And show'ring music on the full-eared night,
Until the soul sits list'ning! Now 'tis gone,
Climbing above the ever flying breeze,
Bathing its voice in silence! Still it comes :
From stooping vales and over-lapping hills,
Wind-splitting crags, stern mountains, and the
rocks,
Hither and thither scattered o'er the land,—
Like giants fallen one by one in fight ;—
Bursting and breaking over lips of earth,
As rolls the flood-tide o'er uneven ground,—
Still, still it comes.

VOICE OF THE EARTH.

The loud winds gambol on the tumbling sea,
And chase and halloo at the swelling waves,
Who, coursing forward in their revelry,
Fly the gale's footsteps, terror torn, like
slaves ;
Each grappled billow in wild struggling raves,
And frothing shakes its monster guide in vain ;
And waves, that laboring rear, become the
graves
Of billows 'neath them sunk with groans of
pain ;—
While the winds hurrying laugh along the trodden
main.

So on my heaving bosom's tumult came
Thy loud song, jarring through the formless
night,
And stirred my spirit till like gale-lashed flame
It leaps to voice ! Dim shapes and bright,

Flood up to answer thee, my own, aright ;
But I will speak thee, glorious one, who hath
 Heaped my dun brow with fadeless wreaths of
 light,
And sunned the clouds along my children's path,
Born like a sunbow 'mid the troubled torrents wrath.

Thou at whose feet my gratitude is thrown,
 This chainless land now hails and welcomes
 thee ;
From breezeless dell and darkling forest lone,
 From earthquake-sculptured vault and cavern
 sea,
From mountain crag and gentle prairie free,
From hill top and from valley, thee I greet,
 Who lights to hope earth's lowest misery,
And makes hope glory ; and whose flashing feet,
Now tread the grateful heart that to thy praise
 doth beat.

Oh ! Freedom, but I love thee ! thou that art
 The still, calm, placid moon of man's dark
 night,

That read'st the billows of the struggling heart,
And steep'st the soul's depths in thy soothing
light !
Thou hast looked down and caught the erring
sight,
Of those who sank upon the battle sod,
And 'neath *thy* beam the failing eye grows
bright,
And the strong spirit, wading through its blood,
Casts off its chains and kneels in light to thee and
God !

Oh ! ebbless ocean, 'neath whose mighty tide,
Sank crumbling power, and prince, and regal
throne ;
And the wild waters bursting o'er their pride,
Sang for a requiem God's own bondless tone,
A universe of sound, that pouring on,
Swept circling clouds of melody o'er Time ;
'Mid it man first stood up erect, alone !
And dashed from off his garb earth's tyrant
slime,

And soul, and breast, and eye-light, swelled with
thoughts sublime !

Oh ! Freedom, but I love thee ! And I love
The land that cherish'd thee ;—the land that
first,

E'en in its cradle with the serpent strove,
And the fell force and scaly fold to worst,
Rose like a Hercules ! The land that nursed
The thunder clouds of grandeur ! and the tones
That o'er a wakened world pealed out and
burst !

The land that strewed the tomb of wrong with
groans,
And whose loud birth song was Oppression's length-
'ning moans.

Like a sad sea bird wailing 'mid the blast,
Scattering her sorrow o'er her wave-broke nest,
Lowly and lornly moaneth ever past,
The surging grief from wrecked Europa's
breast ;

Waking drear echoes in the sleeping west,
Of famine-shrieks that gather up the soul,
Of war groans growling o'er the billow's crest,
Of sobbings that from dying nations roll,
Mixed with yelled curses struggling madly
o'er control.

Sad corpse of what was beautiful and fair,
The charm hath mouldered from thy stilly
cheek,
And Death, Despair, Decay are creeping there,
In shapes of which 'twould clog the tongue to
speak;
Thy garments of past glory even reek
With damp and slime, left by each crawling form;
While bending o'er thee, and with many a
shriek,
Thy noblest ones, 'mid weepings wild and warm,
Loud chant thy name, O! Europe, to the reckless
storm!

The day of all thy glories hath gone by,
The darkness drear and desolate hath come,

And volumed shadows, vast and mighty, lie
O'er Sparta's shield, o'er rich Athena's dome,
'Mid the frayed ruins of world-curbing Rome,
On Gothic roughness, upon Holland's pride,
And down the valleys of the Switzer's home;
For Europe, thou hast lost thy manhood's bride,
And laid thee down, and tearless, hopeless, mourned
and died!

Yea! she that had upheld thee in thy youth,
That led thy steps when all the world was dark,
That lent thy children beauty, worth and truth,
And lit thy star at dying Asia's spark;
She! *she!* was e'en deserted, when the mark
Of Time had sealed the promise of thy brow,
And lonely left, garbless and coldly stark,
Left for the harlot desolation, thou
Hast folded to thy breast to curse and kill thee now.

Yet Freedom, welcome from thy bridal bed,
That mists had curtained and that tears had
wet,

One land still gladdens in thy free foot tread,
One chainless nation loves and owns thee yet ;
And through the darkness over empires set,
Her column-glories tower amid the sky,—
And thou art hers ! Yea ! in the war wreath
jet
Thine own bright banner flouts *her* breezes by,
Thine own bright look sheaths hope upon *her* pa-
triot's eye !

For ever, ever, welcome art thou here,
Oh ! thoughtful-browed, and fair, and glorious
one ;
The people prosper with thee, as the year
Doth borrow beauty from the burnished sun.
For where the dark-haired woods stood drear
and dun,
The farm-yard incense feeds the summer air ;
And bold-eyed Enterprise and Art, have won
The mountains from their roughness, and made
fair
The pillared capitol, and set thine image there.

For Freedom thou dost sow the soul with light,
While despots sway it to a darker state;
See Rome's Augustus edging out from night
A beam that shone the shadow of the great;
See how upon the middle ages wait
A glow, like pearls up-gleaming through dark
waves,
Softened to weakness. Mark the Atzecs' fate,
Struggling ignobly,—hopeless, helpless slaves,—
While o'er their cowering souls the storm of ruin
raves.

Not so, my sister East; for thou shalt stand,
To other times, the England of the West,
Thy Washington an Alfred; and thy land
The ranging place for pilgrim-ones, in quest
Of relics from the battle-fields, where rest
The seeds that grew a nation. And when thou
Art smiling in thy hale age,—loved and blest,
The names that are as by-words even now,
Shall then be firm as carved wreaths upon thy statue
brow.

And, Freedom, down the dim years I can see
Names that shall flash like foam on ocean's
swell,
Each rising to look o'er the rest, and be
The wonder of whose wonders Time shall tell ;
But one shall come to sing thine own worth
well,
Born in wild Oregon,—a brown haired man,
With hazel eyes,—whose verse shall like a bell
Ring o'er astonishment, while Europe can
But list the manhood-strain her nursing once
began.

Another name appears,—long years from now ;
Philosopher and poet—great in each ;
Fancy and fact are blended on the brow
Of one whose life seems shade, for, while his
speech
Doth of mankind's most secret nature teach,
Himself's unread.—A woman's form I view,
Whose name, ambitious, strives to over-reach
The fame of her that up to glory grew,

'Mid Penn's soft quiet clime, 'neath skies of eastern
blue.

Ay, wonder shall out-stare herself on thee,
Harbor of nations ! Oregon the proud !
And here shall grandeur, that o'er-rode the sea,
Fold the white canvas of her floating shroud !
While other lands will crumble, thou aloud
Shalt to the desert past the present sing ;
And here magnificence, in strong age bowed,
The massive glories of her tomb shall bring,
And heap the world's death high like an Ægypt-
tian king.

MORNING.

"Lo ! meek-ey'd morn, like a pale beggar knocks
With trembling fingers at night's eastern gate."

BOKER.

Lo ye, the morn is here !—the shallow dawn
Is tiding into day. Mark, where the waves
Stretch in the sullen indolence of strength ;
Mark how the slumberous breeze like one half
roused
Tells o'er unmeaningly the ocean's song.
Yon, on the billow's crest the morning stands,
Her rosy palms turned peace-wise to the west ;
The timid morn mirth-lipped and beautiful.
Mark how the night like an uncoiling snake
Steals slow and silent off. Afar, the hills,
Like giant conquerors over fallen foes,
Bend stooping o'er their dusk and smother'd sha-
dows.

The trees shake out the fragments of the night,
And the glad sun thrusts in his glowing hand
Till the rough bark is splashed with laughing gold.
Lo, through the blushing fingers of the east
The day looks down the vallies. 'Mid the grass
Fall the swift-speeding sunbeams of the dawn
Athwart the shades tripped length-wise; while
more near

O'er the black-gleaming bosom of the fen,—
Waveless and joyless,—rings the waked lark's
song.

Wavering in echoes as a quivered sword
Shakes off its long bright flashes,

Morning comes,

Blush-breasted morning! Many-folded night,
Like a black banner drooped along the sky,
Blazoning a quaint device of stars, is lift;
And the thick memories of daylight's joys,
That cowed and wailing sat amid the gloom,
Stand up and laughing point the morning now!
Oh! how the heart through the starred midnight
longs

For the first flash of the full-falling stream
Where the young sun stoops drinking steadily ;
Longs for the red flap of the eagle's wing
Sun-wakened on the mountain ; and the sweep
Of the torn sunlight down some craggy slope
Half morning and half midnight.

Lo ! a voice
Sweeps up in gladsome melody, and she
The lone one sings for joy.

SONG.

My tears are uplift like the dew in the sun,
The mists of my mourning are melted and gone,
And my soul like a bird in its day-lighted nest,
Is pouring the joyance of song from its breast.

He comes, O ! he comes,—like an eagle afar,
With an eye full of light from the glare of the war ;
While the swells of my soul, like the waves of the
 sea,
To the mingling winds' music are carolling free.

Oh, morn that looks up, like a maid to her love,
While the smile-married blush o'er thy features
 doth move,
Thou art-lifting thy brow from the lap of the night
And my heart like an ocean doth bask in thy light.

Hark to the signal rifle!—there the band
 Of bison hunters wind among the hills,
 Stagg'ring beneath the produce of the chase;
He is among them, and with morning's light
 Comes safety, hope, and joy, and happiness,
 To her who watched in darkness and in dread.

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Thoughts of my heart, go to the land I love,
 My birth-place and my hope. My own true land,
 Where God looks full-eyed in his happiness;
 Thou that art bright like a sweet face with thoughts,
 Till it grows mournful. Let me gaze on thee!
 Thee in the glory of thine untamed mood;
 Thee in the smoothness of thy sloping fields:—
 The God-heaped mountains where the shadows lie,
 Still shifting from the sun: the chasm'd dells,
 Abrupt and ragged with their shaggy woods;
 Soft cottage roofs where dripping sunlight falls
 Moss-mingled and most lovely; streams that flash
 Their foam-manes, like dun lions in the leap,

Mid yelled *Ha! ha's!* of madness! Roads that
wind,
Edging the billowy corn-fields and the hills
That tend them with their smiles; and grassy
slopes
Stirred by the dream-like zephyr; while o'er all
Like kine the breezes low from out the fields,
Rich with the breath of grasses.

My own land,
Pride of my heart, I gaze on thee and sing.