

PROVIDENCE

AND OTHER

POEMS,

BY SAMUEL J. CASSELS.

No leap, no fall;
No effort, no success at all.



MACON:

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1838.

CONFERENCE

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DEDICATION.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE

Alumni Association of Franklin College, Georgia.

GENTLEMEN — Permit one of your number, from the high veneration he entertains for the objects of your Society, and the great respect in which he holds *your-selves*, to dedicate to *you*, the following volume of Poems. He could desire to present you with a better offering; but, it is such as he has. That your Fraternity may long prosper, and be a means of promoting greatly, the Literature of our common Republic, is the sincere desire of your fellow-member,

THE AUTHOR.

Macon, April 5th, 1838.

ERRATA.

- Page 53, 12th line from top, for 'then' read 'there.'
- Page 56, 12th line, from top, for 'virtuous' read 'virtuous.'
- Page 70, 5th line from top, for 'grow' read 'glow.'
- Page 96, 5th line from top, for 'is' read 'tis.'
- Page 102, 7th line from top, for 'windows' read 'widows.'
- Page 121, 10th line from top, for 'substited' read 'substituted.'
- Page 162, 7th line from top, for 'Guidance' read 'Evidence.'
- Page 163, 10th line from bottom, for 'land' read 'ground.'
- Page 177, 3d line from top, for 'least' read 'heart.'
- Page 179, 8th line from bottom, for 'has' read 'had.'
- Page 225, 4th line from bottom, for 'Dove,' read 'Lave.'
- Page 226, 4th line from top, for 'care' read 'cure.'
- Page 227, 3d line, from top, for 'commenc'd' read 'commun'd.'
- Page 227, 3d line from bottom, for 'dependent' read 'despondent.'
- Page 228, 10th line from bottom, for 'did' read 'died.'
- Page 228, last line, for 'calls' read 'call.'
- Page 235, 3d line from top, for 'sight' read 'night.' 6th line, for 'many' read 'man.'
- Page 315, 6th line from top, for 'steal' read 'steals.'
- Page 318, 15th line from top, for 'laws' read 'law.'
- Page 319, 8th line from top, for 'lighted' read 'tighted.'
- Page 325, 8th line from top, for 'the' read 'their,' and for 'lambs' read 'limbs.'
- Page 325, 9th line from bottom, for 'balance just' read 'equilibrium.'
- Page 341, 4th line from top, for 'the' read 'their.'
- Page 353, 14th line from top, for 'one of two' read 'of one two.'

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PREFACE.

THE writer of the following Poems, began to scribble, at an early age, his devotional feelings, in sacred song. Afterwards, the woodland scenery that environs the University of his native State, as it put on its flowery robes in spring, drew from him an occasional verse. The earliest of these, of which some were read before the Faculty and Students, have perished. Of the few preserved, the piece entitled 'The Withered Rose,' is the most ancient. This was written in the spring of 1825. 'The Grave,' was written about the same time. As to other smaller pieces, they were mostly extracted from him by the demand of the Fair, for their albums. And had it not been for this circumstance, he had probably ceased composing verse altogether; for, during his collegiate term, he had taken up the idea, that it was unmanly and unphilosophical, to court the Muses.

In reference to 'Providence,' it is the result of a desire entertained by the author after leaving the University, of raising some monument to the Being who had controlled his early history in so remarkable a manner. He knew of no other way to raise such a trophy, but by *succeeding* in some brief, immortal verse. And though diffidence might restrain the undertaking, yet gratitude was stronger than diffidence. He began. At intervals he continued: and the work has assumed its present shape. Not even yet, however, is it what he designed it to be. The very part which was to have contained his principal object, has been left out. It has, too, been written at such remote intervals of time, that he fears it will lack much of unity, both as to style and sentiment. It is, however, a sincere and grateful effort to illustrate one of the most practical and important of all truths — *the Sovereignty of Divine Providence.*

Several of these Poems will readily be associated, with that state of hope and despondency, so natural to young authors. There is one of these, however, in which the author seems to lay aside timidity, and to speak in the language of stern rebuke: he alludes to the Satire. That piece was written, it is confessed, in a moment of *poetic ire*. It however, designs no personalities; but is meant to chastise that *literary apathy*, which hangs upon our whole society, as a mental incubus. The disease is an *inveterate* one, and the author has dealt in *caustic*.

The poem, Adolphus, is designed as a faithful exhibition of human nature. The fictitious and dialogical style has been adopted, to give to the *moral truths*, suitable interest. The plan was conceived, and the poem executed, during a few leisure hours in the past summer.

That this apparently bold, though really modest effort, at a *poetic literary work*, may, at least meet the expectations of those not very sanguine in the undertaking; and that it may prompt others of abler pens and greater leisure, to write something more worthy the country and age, is the sincere desire of the author.

Macon, Georgia, April 5th 1833.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

LITERATURE refers to the knowledge contained in books. It is either original or acquired. By *original* literature is meant, the knowledge communicated to others by means of books.—By *acquired* literature, the information obtained from books by reading.

There is a *general* connection between these two kinds of literature. Among a people devoted to reading, there are apt to be some authors—and where there are authors, there are apt to be readers.

Original literature again, may be divided into that which is *transient*, and that which is *permanent*—*Transient* original literature is that, which from its ephemeral character, dies with the circumstances or times which produced it. *Permanent* original literature is that, which from its intrinsic value, is suited to all times, and becomes the treasure of all ages.

Each of these species of original literature, has its own peculiar excellence. The former, by a more popular aspect, seizes the multitude at once — instructs, pleases, perishes. The latter, with more *real*, though less *obvious* worth, is appreciated, probably, but by few—the discerning, the intelligent, the virtuous—but such, it delights and

edifies through successive generations. The one may be compared to Nature's ever rich, though ever transient livery of leaves and flowers—the other, to her more substantial trees, which bloom and fruit, through a long term of years—Though of different, each is of real value.

Between these two kinds of literature, there should be kept up a proper ratio of increase. If permanent literature alone be promoted, the stream of learning will be deep and long, it is true—but then it will flow only in one country, the multitude will not be accessible to its healing waters. On the contrary, if transient literature receive an exclusive attention, the world will be inundated; but, then it will be with only shallow waters; smaller substances may float upon them, but the larger will be left dry and prominent beyond their influence. If, however, each of them receive a well balanced attention, learning will then resemble the oceans, seas, lakes and rivers upon the globe; it will be deep enough for the greatest, shallow enough for the least, and ample enough for all.

The ancients erred in the former of these methods. With them, learning was peculiar, remote, mysterious, venerable. Science, as government, then distributed its gifts unequally — magnifying the few — degrading the many. With us, the latter is the approachable error. Dilation, universal dilation is the spirit of the present times. The few are sinking — the many rising. But, there is a point beyond which it is not safe to go. As nature has not made of earth one great mountain, so she has not made of it one great plain. A civil, moral and literary diversity, seems absolutely necessary to the good of the species.

The importance of permanent original literature to a country, will appear from the following considerations.

Such literature produces, first, a *healthful mental excitement*. That it is important to sustain among a people, suitable mental interest on worthy objects, need not be affirmed — a nation swoons without it. It is the very life-blood of the social community; when gone, death ensues.

But there are some states of mind, even on the same subject, greatly preferable to others. *All* excitements in reference to literature, may not be equally good: one set may result from a wasting fever; another may be marked with the spasms of dissolution. What *peculiarities*, then, distinguish the kind of mental interest, to which allusion has been made!

To this I reply, in the first place, that permanent original literature *both instructs and invigorates the mind*. No human production, that has not in itself, the basis of lasting utility, is likely to amalgamate with a nation's learning and to be transmitted to posterity. Now, writers of this character, must and will benefit the mind. They increase its information, arouse its aspirations and direct its energies. Like a venerable sage, presiding over a band of ardent youth, pleasing while he instructs, so do such volumes, charm but to edify, and fascinate but to exalt.

Such writings *also exert a decidedly virtuous influence*. True it is, there have been such things, as *literary vices*, and *learned monsters*. These, however, are not the natural inhabitants of the literary world — they are violent intruders upon its territory. As nothing but *truth* can stand, so nothing but *virtue* can be always approved.

Even, however, these exceptions must in the main subserve the interests of morality. Such literary amalgamations stand, if they stand at all, upon the basis of truth and virtue: vice and falsehood are not capable of self-support. Upon the literary field then, what purpose do such writers subserve — but to be held forth in the hands of truth and virtue, as monumental ruins! A few may be deceived, but a greater number than otherwise, will escape.

The general tendency, however, of valuable literary writings must be, to promote virtue. Who has not felt in his bosom, an unusual glow of admiration, as the fair image of this Heavenly Seraph, has been accurately drawn before him by the philosopher; or vividly recommended by the orator; or ethereally depicted by the poet!

This kind of literature, also, contributes to national honor. It is not her extended soil, her ancient name, her wealth or her soldiery, that constitutes true national glory. It is her civil, social and moral virtue, transmitted to posterity *in her literature*. The literature, therefore, of a nation, constitutes a celestial canopy over her head, in whose wide compass, are congregated and established forever, the constellations of her great and good. Each living virtue becomes there immortal; every national decoration is there canonized in eternal brightness.

But the production of such literature, only *pays a national debt*. Every nation has its own peculiarities. Its sky, its earth, its animals and plants, its inhabitants and customs, differ from others. *It is itself* — This isolation of character, among other things, furnishes some *peculiar*

advantages for literary effort. The mind, taking the features of things around it, is excited by different impulses, lives under different emotions, and acquires different habits, from the rest of the world. It is slow or rapid, intellectual or imaginative, sublime or lovely; it is the spirit of its own native scenery.

Now, as there is in the commercial world, an exchange of products, to sustain to advantage the social condition of man: so, ought there to be, in the literary world, an exchange of mental productions, to sustain the general literary state of mankind. *The necessity of human condition lays this tax upon every nation.* The land that will not pay it is *mean*. The People that will not receive it are contemptible. He, then, judges far amiss, who, living in a nation obscure or young, despairs of her exalted destiny; or, who, in the higher places of learning, despises all below him. Such is pride--the opposite true philosophy.

When then the writer of these pages, looking over his own native soil, sees so many towns and villages, that still amid a forest dress of ever living ever extending green, but lift their glad countenances to the early notice of a world--surely he may be pardoned, in directing those brilliant faces, to the road of real greatness and permanent utility. Beholding on the brow of his own long familiarized heavens, and on the earth around him, the means of immortality, and feeling, amid the sympathies of common hearts, a flame of its fire burning in his own soul, how could he forbear becoming a literary astronomer; and while wandering over the new fields of

his own dear commonwealth, of pointing to those heavens where he fondly trusted, his native land would forever shine amid her own bright skies! If such a course be right, it may do good—if wrong, it surely can be pardoned.

But how can our country cultivate her literary field?

First: By *public encouragement to literary effort*. To establish the literature of any people, it is absolutely necessary that there be *mutual confidence* between authors and readers, publishers and buyers. No one expects that this is a department of business where riches may be reaped; yet, would it be a high disgrace, that it should be the only one in which men must starve. But far beyond the mere pecuniary patronage of public sanction, there is a kind of co-operation with an author in the just attentions of the public, which at once satisfy and stimulate. He feels that his labors are appreciated, and he is thus encouraged to render those labors still more conducive to the public good.

That the public, however, may have something to patronize, it is necessary that there should be *adventurers in this department of national labor*. The patronage of the country must be put to the test, *by actual experiment*. Who then are fit persons to make such experiment?

To this I reply, first, *men of fortune and leisure, who have sufficient literary acquirements*. Such men are numerous in our country—as numerous probably, as in most others. Why, then, may they not employ their advantages to decorate and bless their age? Why should they not improve themselves, in the improvement of others?

But to this I reply again ; that *professional men*—men of less time and less fortune, than those already mentioned, but of equal endowments and attainments — *professional men* must contribute *something* to this noble object. Some of the most valuable literature in the world, has been the result, of the mere gleanings of business-men. A book has been written near midnight, after the labors of the day were over — or, before sun-rise, ere they had commenced. Moments have been snatched at intervals, and appropriated to some useful purpose. Thus has posterity and the world been blest, through the *rigid economy of time*, practiced by some of the most laborious and devoted men that have ever lived. May not such things be done again, in our age and in our country ?

The Poems, which succeed this Essay, have, in a great measure, been written in this manner. The muse has been courted at midnight, or along a journey ; or, during a few leisure moments, in a very busy life. This, no doubt, will be found to be, in part, a disadvantage : yet, it is hoped, that hours thus spent, will be regarded by the public, as better appropriated, than had they been thrown away.

PART FIRST.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BOOK I.

EARLY AND SMALLER PRODUCTIONS.



ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN MUSE.--1832.

MUSE of America, awake!
And from the trees thy harp now take,
 Too long unstrung;
Its notes of sweetness widely peal,
Make ev'ry heart its rapture feel,
 Or old or young.

Genius of nature, now arise,
Bend to thy song the upper skies
 In transport sweet:
Roll it on storm and on the wave,
From desert-glen and mountain-cave
 Still let it meet.

Dark spirit of the storm, revive,
Bid all thy hollow tones now live
 In wildest song:
Thy banner wide o'er all unfurl,
And rouse to music all the world
 In concert long.

Handler of harp, thy choirs now lead,
And 'mong the living and the dead

Thy voices pour :

From groaning bass and lively air,
And every string or far or near,

Still make it roar.

Sweet eloquence of song revive,
Make woodlands and the plains all live

Beneath thy charm :

Let cities bend intent their ear,
And senates long thy notes to hear

With feelings warm.

Musician of the arts, awake!

Minerva's halls in rapture shake

With thy sweet tone :

Chain to thy harp the learned mind,

The teachers teach of all mankind,

Taught else by none.

Freedom's companion! now arise,

And wipe the tears from Freedom's eyes

With thy soft palm :

On despots roll a fiery wave,

But bless the mem'ry of the brave

With thy sweet calm.

Fair bird of Paradise, now sing,
And to thy notes here flap thy wing
 In melody :
Pour Eden's songs o'er all our land,
And round us draw a closer band
 Of harmony.

Great preacher to the heart, now speak ;
The proud subdue, but raise the meek
 With thy pure word :
The streams of truth through every soul
In richest tide now rapid roll,
 And life afford.

Immortal harp of Zion high,
Cast from thy string the weighty sigh,
 And speed thy pace ;
Mix with our songs the songs of Heaven,
Like rolling streams together driven
 In hurried race.

Muse of America, awake !
And from the trees thy harp now take,
 Too long unstrung :
Its notes of sweetness widely peal,
Make every heart its rapture feel,
 Or old or young.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE ;

AN INTRODUCTION TO A LETTER ON EDUCATION, WRITTEN 1835.

Why mayn't our Southern clime the race of learning run ?
Is it because we're burnt beneath a scorching sun ?
Beneath those rays how rich our vegetations rise !
And may not *mind* attain beneath, to equal size ?
Was not the cradle laid, of science, in the South ?
Was it not cherished first in the fair land of Thoth ?
The Hebrew learning too in southern Asia lived,
And 'twas in southern Europe Greeks and Romans thriv'd:
The North was then barbarian, cold, and wild, and dead,
While in the South fair Science raised her glorying head.
Let *us* then claim the mantle ancient sages left,
And prove ourselves the worthy heirs of such a gift :
Nor let a law, to eastern lands of old applied,
Be in this western sphere in modern times denied.

MYSELF.

The hardest task I ever tried
Is criticism on *myself* :
The rules, to others well applied,
Seem not to fit this little elf.
I call him good — they say, he's bad :
I call him bad — they say, he's good :
Good-humor'd — they pronounce him mad :
Ill-will'd — he's in a happy mood.
I dress him with the greatest care :
A country clown, he's quickly thought :
Niggardly — and the people stare —
“Tis wondrous fine — oh is it not ?”
I speak what I think solid sense :
My list'ners say, 'tis foolishness :
I mention things not worth five-pence —
Hearing, they say, is wealthiness.
I think I'm smart — I get no vote :
But when my brains to me are vanished,
They cram fast praises down my throat,
And say, ‘dejection should be banished.’

My harp I seize, and strike a note,
 To me as sweet as orphean lyre :
 'Strange,' they say, 'not worth a groat'—
 A poet should be filled with fire.'
 At other time, I music make,
 Not fit a donkey's ear to greet :
 At once the people loudly break —
 'How charming good — how very sweet !
 I criticise another's verse,
 And call it ill or call it fine —
 At once they cry, in manner terse,
 'It 's not so good ; or worse than thine.'

Bethought me then, 'tis very strange,
 That I and others can't agree —
 I seem'd like herdling out the range ;
 Exil'd, yet thankful to be free.
 I thought, and often thought upon 't ;
 And now have form'd conclusion —
 My neighbors *can't* as well as won't
 See with my eyes — it 's delusion.
 They, too, are men as well as I,
 And just as fit may judges be :
 They have an ear, they have an eye ;
 And sure, may either hear or see.

Say what ye will, Logicians,
About rules and fixed principles,
The People, if not Rhetoricians,
Are still, in taste, *invincibles*.
The parent can't the child persuade,
That what is nauseous still is sweet :
Nor have the critics all men made
With them in thinking quite to meet.
Nature casts in different moulds
The souls of men. All are not one —
The rule which with the learned holds,
The vulgar breaking, turn to fun.
The Greek and Barbarian differ —
Roman and Goth cannot agree —
Britain and the Tartar rougher,
With eyes alike can never see.
Where is the rule that measures all ?
Look out and find it, if you can :
It 's not upon this earthly ball,
The perfect rule to level man.
In ev'ry age, and state and mind,
Tastes diff'ring will fore'er be found :
And still mankind will be mankind,
In spite the learned and profound.

Diff'rent soils diff'rent fruits produce,
Diff'rent rivers run in diff'rent lands :
Great Nature hangs herself more loose,
Than found in philosophic hands.

General rules no doubt there are —
The race is one howe'er diffus'd —
But these must be applied with care,
Or, all things soon will be confus'd.
Gradations too, are different :
Fix'd rules however good with some,
Perhaps are not for others meant :
They shoot above ; or, too low come.
Straight lines may yet be parallel,
Though some are short and others long :
Different orbits too may dwell
Around the sun — and none be wrong.
The measuring-rod of th' polite,
May not his plainer neighbor fit ;
Yet, 'twould scarcely sure be right,
Deny the latter every bit.
The rude have hearts, as well as wise,
And can as truly pleasures feel :
Their enjoyments too, they prize ;
Though to the learned's they are steel.

Why, then, ye learned and ye great ;
Do ye so much monopolize !
There 's happiness in ev'ry state,
Though hid from your exalted eyes.
What ! shall the rich deny the poor
The right of property ; because,
Themselves possessed of so much more ?
This would pervert just nature's laws.
Descend, descend, ye exalted, then —
If th' larger circles round your brow,
May not be worn by other men,
There still are smaller ones below.

Thus, a self-thought I 've pursued ;
And stroll'd me far, too far abroad —
Yet, such it seem'd the poet's mood,
Or blame me critics or applaud.
And here I'll cease with one reflection —
To end consistent with *myself* --
Perhaps, if forced from one direction,
My verse may steal a poor-man's shelf.

THE LITTLE DOVE AND THE TWO HAWKS.

A little dove once left
Upon an island's strand,
Half-fledg'd and quite bereft,
Now long'd for distant land :
And oft around the isle, its little wing
It tried ; and cooing, strove its woes to sing.

How oft upon the top
Of some exalted tree,
Its little feet would hop,
As trying that land to see !
And oft it would youthful excursions make,
On daring pinions o'er the wide, wide lake.

At length two hawks it sees,
Together on the boughs
Of some o'erhanging trees,
To whom itself it shows :
And though a victim : yet, with generous trust,
Itself confiding — ' If I die, I must. '

‘What think ye noble friends —
 For such my mis’ry hails —
 Can I to other lands
 Proceed, with my young sails?
 Inspect me and examine; for, ye know:
 And tell me: can I to those far-lands go?’

At once they hold debate,
 And secrets seem to pass;
 As poor little dove its fate
 Oft heav’d with an alas!
 How oft upon their beaks and claws its eyes
 It turn’d, and to the deep and far-off skies!

The hawks reply — ‘your lot
 We pity; and would fain
 Relieve — but, we cannot —
 You’d better here remain;
 And, than be prey to some devouring fish,
 Repress with firmness your excursive wish.’

Droops down its little head,
 Perhaps, they mean me ill,
 Perhaps, my blood will shed
 Themselves sometime to fill!
 Oh fates! yet, ‘thank you, friends, for your advice,
 It grieves me; but, is still of priceless price.’

From th' council now it goes,
 And in a lonely place,
 Unpitied, mourns its woes,
 And bathes with tears its face.
 Oh how I long, that vast, vast deep to pass,
 And concert kindly with my own sweet race !'

It wept and sighed awhile :
 But, now, its wings expand :
 And now, in loftier style
 It sought the far-off land :
 The air is mounted, and the sea o'er past ;
 As coos the dove beyond the wat'ry waste.

A POET'S REFLECTIONS—1832.

The city oft I wooed, and long,
 And tried to move them with my song
 From lofty place —
 But deaf to music, bent on gain,
 They fix their eyes upon the plain
 In swiftest race.

For senates too I often sung,
And round their noise my loud notes flung,
 In rapture great.
But they nor saw nor heard the bard,
But strove 'bout laws and often jar'd
 About the State.

The parlour too I sought and hearth,
And tried to please them with the mirth
 Of minstrelsy :
But full of chat and idle prate,
They drove along at merry gate
 In revelry.

The house of God I also sought,
And with me all that's sacred brought
 In holy verse :
But cold at heart and full of care,
My music freez'd and perish'd *there*,
 In sad reverse.

The palace of the rich I trod,
And sang of nature, sang of God
 Before my host :
But fat in soul as fat in pelf,
He fixed his eyes upon himself
 In idle boast.

Before the great I richly spread
The splendid titles of the dead
 In brightest dress :
But each pursued his stubborn way
Nor listened to my swelling lay
 In thoughtfulness.

The lover too I gently wooed,
And tuned my lyre to suit his mood
 Of extacy :
But o'er his soul no music breath'd,
While round his heart his mistress wreath'd
 Her tissuecy.

And thus of men I all caressed,
And to their states my theme I dressed
 Most faithfully :
But none me noticed, or my song,
But pushed ahead or right or wrong
 Most rapidly.

Away from such I now retire —
Nature, for thee I tune my lyre,
 And pray thee hear.
Thou hast a heart, when mortals fail,
A heart to joy, a heart to wail
 With poets here.

Thou lofty Sun, whose risen beam
Drives from the earth each nightly dream,
 For thee I sing :
Into thy rays I weave my song,
And pray thee bear my notes along,
 Upon thy wing.

Dark Empress Night, I thee invoke,
Around me throw, thy blackest cloak
 Of midnight drear :
Oh let my song through thy domain,
Still widely roll and roll again,
 Both far and near.

Ye stormy winds, whose furious tone
Drives terror into hearts of stone,
 Attend my call :
Mix with your wail, my own wild song,
And bear the harsh strains fast along,
 Nor let them fall.

Ye mountains tall, whose snow-clad peaks,
Like marble piles with iv'ry cheeks,
 Your heads lift up :
Well-used to songs of heav'nly spheres,
Receive my notes with notes of theirs,
 In lofty group.

Ye deserts dark, where wild beasts roam,
And serpents hiss in native home,

Receive me too :

In your deep shades, oh let me sing
And 'mong your haunts my harp-strings ring
In music new.

Ye balls of flame, whose steady light,
Enliven e'er the vault of night,

Attend my lay :

And as ye wait, in palace high,
Resound it through the lofty sky
To courts of day.

And thou, Great God, Eternal Cause,
Whose will has fixed all Nature's laws,

Be pleased to hear :

Thee first, Thee last, Thee all I sing,
God, my Redeemer, God my King,
My Father dear.

THE WEEPING BARD.

Bright from the sky the sun-light beamed,
And brisk from groves their glory streamed :
Her gladdest mood, fair Nature showed,
And every joy the heart o'erflowed.

Nor would one think, mid scene like this
A mind, could e'er be void of bliss ;
Yet wept the Bard in secret shade,
As if the scoff of fortune made.

'Twas not adversity severe
That made him weep in silence there,
Nor lack of mind, nor ill success :
That drove him to the wilderness.

Tend'rest plant of all the grove,
He droop'd beneath the voice of love,
Felt sickly in his wellest day,
And pined and moaned his life away.

With wail of winds, he mixed his sigh,
And with the storm he wip'd his eye,
Drew round his soul with night his shroud,
And shook beneath the thunder loud.

Plaintive in soul, his harp he seized,
And as he sung, the blood he freezed ;
Thrilled through each breast the keenest grief,
And sorrows waked, without relief.

His tears he poured in others' eyes,
And with his own he mixed their cries ;
Drew round their souls his own dread gloom,
The cold, dark midnight of the tomb.

Such mournful notes were all he sung —
The only tones his harp-strings rung :
And when from ear they died afar,
He sighed and groaned in anguish there.

Now broke at heart, alone, he weeps,
And with the grove its stillness keeps ;
Sees with each leaf his hopes fall down,
And all his joys to distance blown.

Close by his side, his harp unstrung
Lies weeping, on the willow hung,
As on it oft his eyes he throws,
And groans unpitied at his woes.

Then with the waters floating by
His griefs he mingles, with a sigh ;
And as they join the briny wave,
He, faded, falls in early grave.

A FRAGMENT:

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.—1827.

As roves the buzzing bee mid verdant meads
To sip the fragrance which the spring affords ;
So wanders Laura, plucking in her course
The buds of fancy and the sweets of thought.
For her enchanted bards their sleeping lyres
Again resume ; and play advent'rous song ;
Attempting each to strike the purer lay.
Here, notes flow easy — while a skilful hand

Skips lightly o'er the long-resounding strings ;
 There, sounds discordant thrilling through the breeze
 Speak love as ardent, but a feebler muse.
 Here, charms illusive play upon the soul
 Through friendship's well-known seal. There, scenes
 remote,
 Once sweet to view, are brought again to mind.
 All then, I ask, amid this num'rous train,
 Of wise and learned, is only this, a Name.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY 1832.

The storm it was loud and the ocean invaded,
 The night it was dark and the thunder upbraided,
 The earth it did quake, and the mountains were shaking,
 And hope that once glimmer'd was rapidly breaking.

Chorus.

Halleluiah to the Lord, who seized us when strangers,
 We'll praise Him again as we pass over dangers.

Our strength it was small, and our helpers were seldom,
Our life it flowed slowly, and death it was welcome ;
The tear of the widow fell cold from her eyelid,
And orphans were crying for bread, all-exhausted.

'Twas then through the darkness, a hard was extended,
That drove from the sunken the storm that impended ;
That shut in their fountains the torrents that pelted,
And roll'd from the highlands the ocean that melted.

Then fixed on the war-cloud a Bow it expanded,
While hushed in their tumult our dangers were stranded ;
The mountains grew steadfast, and vallies all budded,
And fields waved in harvest, as the rainbow was studded.

Now brighter than then on the clouds we behold it ;
While millions united all shouting applaud it :
Stretch fast round the earth then, fair Rainbow of
Freedom,
And all lands encircle in the sweets of thy kingdom.

VANITY OF FAME. — 1828.

He won — I saw him crown'd amid thousands,
While a loud burst of praise bore far on high
The victor's name. The heavens bending smiled —
Creation paused to do him reverence —
Eyes without number, now strangely brightened,
Meet him as he goes and stand in wonder.
His common pathway is an isle of flowers,
And round his side, from burnished armory,
Plays many an image of the noon-day's sun.
Unprompted messengers herald his approach —
While every city bends with outstretched arms
To bid him welcome. Capacious halls
Dazzle the eye with richest pageantry ;
And feasts and balls assist the common joy.
Nor would a stranger know, who passed that way,
But some Immortal, on an errand kind,
Had hasted down to earth, and here had lodged ;
For never mortal man was worshipped more.
Yet still he died ! and died in infamy !!

The sun that rose so bright upon his youth,
Thrice blushing set behind heaps of dusky clouds,
While far from hope he raised a faded eye,
Sighed upon the world, and welcomed death.

YOUTHFUL HOPE.

As rise yon mountains high in distant view,
And proudly mix their heads with ether's blue,
While 'long their bushy sides the sun-light beams,
And o'er their peaks, a tide of glory streams,
But which the rougher and the worse appear,
As towards their feet the struggling wight draws near :
Till standing on their sides he round him sees
But barren mounds of earth and rugged trees ;
So, in the distant view of youthful hopes,
The joys of life arise like mountain-tops :
Around their brow a heavenly halo shines,
And down their sides full many a lustre twines.
The magic charms of life seem then all found,
And sweetest pleasure floats in ev'ry sound.

A spot, which hope with ev'ry sweet o'erloads,
The seats of angels, and abode of gods :
But which as now we nearer come, decay ;
And robe on robe fast dashing far away,
A barren heap of rudest rocks appears,
Despoiled of green and deeply marked by years :
Nor now to ease or magic bliss invite,
But labors ceaseless and the toils of fight.
Or, sinking rapid from our wand'ring view,
Leave us amaz'd, their sudden loss to rue.
While for the scene which prest our youthful brain,
We stand in tears amid a dreary plain.

THE WITHERED ROSE.—1826.

WRITTEN IN MY SOPHOMORE YEAR ; AND THE EARLIEST FRAGMENT OF MY
POETRY NOW EXTANT.

'Twas on a lovely morn in May,
While wand'ring down a silvan way,
I saw the rose in smiling bloom,
The wind enrich with sweet perfume.

Its waving head, its ruddy form,
Seem'd well prepared to stand a storm :
While native pride within exclaimed,
'No hand shall break what Nature fram'd.'
But, ah ! how little did it know,
That fate e'en then design'd its wo,
That veiled in clouds the sentence lay —
'Thou shalt not live another day !'
For now, while thus it boasts its power,
Comes Mary's form to blast the flower,
To pluck it from its native place,
And join it to her female grace !
And ere the sun had ceas'd to shine
O'er waving tops of western pine,
All beauty from its form was fled,
While droop'd its leaves on Mary's head !
And thus I thought it is with man :
His youthful hopes fair breezes fan ;
But ere he grasps the good ahead,
He sinks and mingles with the dead.
Like the dry leaf on Mary's hair,
He blooms and smiles, then withers here ;
A morning's rose, a summer's flower ;
The plaything of th' Almighty's power.

THE GLOOMY SPIRIT.—1827.

The rays of Sol fall bright around,
The tree-tops sparkle as they move,
And e'en that flower on the ground
Uplifts its head in smiles of love.
The lark, that wings her upward way,
Free from the griefs that plague below,
Pours to the morn her early lay,
And sings her pleasures as they flow.
See, too, that infant — mild and meek,
It knows not pain, it feels not wo —
Sweet raptures kindle on its cheek,
And constant joy expands its brow.
But ah! within this breast of mine
Are stormy nights and tempests dire :
My latest hopes have ceased to shine,
And I seem left to Heaven's ire.
Nor see I round the circling skies,
A fellow trav'ler thus distrest ;
A friend with me to sympathize,
And break the sorrow of my breast.

But yes! there still, there still is *one*;
 'Tis midnight in her dark robe drest —
 And there I'll haste, and all alone,
 Cling to her car from east to west.
 No more may I behold the light!
 Its rays provoke the griefs I feel,
 But lock'd within the arms of night,
 Still roll upon her dusky wheel.

THE IDLE MULE.

A Mule that once to loaded wagon stood,
 Which absent Teamster left upon the road,
 Chancing to see, as now behind he gaz'd
 The lofty pile of bales, was quite amaz'd
 That one so small as he, should thus be made
 To drag a load which quite four thousand weigh'd.
 'What cruelty' he said 'to yoke a mule
 To such a mass — my master's sure a fool —
 And then, quite idle on the poor beast's back
 To scold, and curse, and give poor Bill a crack!

Tis hard — nor shall I ever drag again,
Such load, for best, or worst, or all of men.
Nor can I if I 'd try — it is too great —
I weigh but straw to such a massy weight —
And I 'm resolved — and by the heaven's I swear,
To die, before I move a step from here.'

O'erhearing — the Cur that lay within the grass
Look'd up, and smiling, star'd him in the face.
'Why, Bill,' said he, 'dare you thus rebel
Against a master feeding you so well?
Sure, if you 'd look upon your smooth, sleek side
You 'd be asham'd, and try your face to hide.
Besides, you 've not to drag the load alone,
There's four beside yourself, and then big Roan —
Nor is the load to drag, the waggon's wheels
To lighten th' burden from the poor mule's heels.
And now, although, I never drew a track,
You 'll pull 't, I know, without a single crack.
Do your duty — 'tis all your master wants,
The rest, no doubt, he'll charge to his accounts.'

Before the Mule could make the Cur 'reply
The Teamster came — and on the bales did fly —
Poor Bill forgot the weight, forgot his oath,
And pull'd the hardest in despite of both.

Bethought me then 'tis pitiful and bad,
That folks on duty should stop along th' road —
A moments' leisure gives them more of pain
Than thousands if they'd at their task remain.
A look at burdens swells their awful size,
And makes us feel we just had ope'd our eyes.
Our toils seem great, and we seem left alone,
As wretched Bill without the mules and Roan,
Nor do we see in such despondent hour,
That burdens lesson by their rollers power.
But placing wanton on our wretched head,
Great loads that for such place were never made,
We think our Maker hard, call men ill-names,
And than perform our work, prefer the flames.

The cure for Mule and Man is quite the same,
Since both are caught at the same silly game —
Nor need we here a sage or prophet wise,
The Cur shall teach, as long the road he lies.
“ Do your duty — tis all your Master wants,
The rest, no doubt, he'll charge to his accounts. ’

A COMPARISON.

WRITTEN IN A COLLEGE SPEECH.

Like two great rocks from lofty mountains hurled,
Met in their course that war it down the world ;
Here cities tossing in their mighty strife,
There, graves digging mid th' abodes of life.

MAN.

WRITTEN IN A COLLEGE SPEECH.

Grows then round virtue such a vicious crew ?
Is truth thus blended ? and with falsehood too !
Lurks dark deceit behind so fair a face ?
Or wrankles wrath in love's acknowledged place ?
Then turn it, bend it, twist it, as you can,
And still, a strange variety is man.

MAN.

WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

A birth, a joy, a life, a sigh,
A groan the dead, the ground a cry,
Is man; earth's transient lord and slave,
A moment's flash, a moment's grave.

LINES;

WRITTEN IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY. — 1834.

Away from war and strife,
Where virtue spreads her shade;
Oh let me spend my life,
And then lay down my head.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Retires the light of day
And with it earthly toil,

As down the milder ray
Steals soft upon the soil ;
The Queen of night her host parades
And through the sky in glory wades.

In heaven's dark canopy
Glitter the starry hosts,
And with a revelry
Maintain their shining posts ;
While on the robes of darkness drear
Their glit'ring light they scatter there.

Silence o'er all prevails
And nature meditates
While each its Maker hails,
And bends at holy gates ;
God through them all they joyful sing
As long and loud their sweet notes ring.

Say who mid scene like this,
Could still his joy repress,
Uncharm'd in general bliss
And void of happiness ?
Then wake, my soul, to joys of night,
And glad pursue thy upward flight.

MIDNIGHT.

SUGGESTED BY THE BURNING OF A HOUSE.

When all are wrap'd in sleep,
There is an eye abroad,
That eye doth sleepless vigils keep,
It is the eye of God.

When all are still and deaf
There is an ear abroad,
That ear is open to all grief,
It is the ear of God.

When all are helpless laid
There is an arm abroad,
Upon that arm all Nature's stay'd,
It is the arm of God.

That eye we love to see,
Upon that arm to trust;
That ear receives our minstrelsy,
That God our slumbering dust.

THE TEARS OF VIRTUE.

There is a fountain in the soul,
But few have tasted of it,
It is the fountain whence do roll
The tears of virtue grieved.

Such fountain th' wicked cannot know,
For they have never seen it ;
And there the good do seldom go,
And therefore do not need it.

It is for few reserv'd to taste,
The good unhappy-fallen,
It is the virtuous after feast,
When once from duty stollen.

Such were the tears by David shed,
When he had sin committed,
Such were the weepings Peter made,
When he of crimes repented.

Such were the tears the Saviour shed,
When in the garden stricken,
Such are the tears, if tears are shed
By saints who 're now in Heaven.

Such too be mine, where'er I stray,
By hard temptation driven,
May heaven yield me on that day,
The tears of virtue grieved.

THERE IS JOY IN TEARS.

There is joy in tears — oh who has not felt it!
So melting, so soothing to the broken in heart,
When the soul is so callous and sorrows still pelt it,
Sweet tears relieve us, they bear away the smart.

There is joy in tears — the widow well knows it,
And weeps as she mourns the beloved one gone,
It lessens her grief, her countenance shows it,
She is happy to weep and therefore weeps on.

There is joy in tears — the parent has seen it,
And wept as he dropt his young angel in death,
He 's happy to weep tho' afflictions don't mean it,
His tears are the fragrance of the little one's breath.

There is joy in tears — the penitent loves it,
And weeps as he counts sin's catalogue o'er,
The fountain is sweet, thus often he moves it,
And weeps, and still wishes to weep evermore.

There is joy in tears — 'tis love that doth make it,
Love at the bottom still mixing with brine,
How blest then the soul, when the bitter forsake it,
And love fill the fountain as in glory it shine.

THE TOWN CLOCK.

WRITTEN IN WASHINGTON—1832.

Tis night — the bustle of the town is dead,
While round his hearth, or on his couch now rests,
The wearied laborer. Silence prevails,
Except the bark of distant cur, or shriek

Ungrateful, of the midnight reveller.
But still one sentinel forgets to sleep,
'Tis thou, loud-measurer of time, whose notes,
Like angel-voices fall upon the ear,
And wake to solemn thought the slumbering soul.

Like dirgeful knell, thou point'st the widow'd heart
To lonely grave, where lies the form beloved —
Or prompt'st parental tears at thought of babe,
Once fair, now blighted by the hand of death.
At stroke of thee, the sick man too, his head
Lifts up, and anxious asks with glaring eye,
If latest sands of life are nearly dropt.
Age thou warnest of that grave so near at hand,
And bid'st him think, and pray before he falls,
From shore of time, to which he clings so hard.
The young thou urgest to improve the hour
Now passing by. Upon the guilty heart
Thou flashest terror and remorse, which bid
Him well beware the lake that burns with fire.
Upon the night-debauch, who lion-like
On virtue preys with greedy appetite,
Thou roll'st the peals of coming judgment-day,
When all his crimes, from gloomy night brought out,
Shall him accuse of all his filthy deeds,
And blackness and disgrace upon him cast.

The thief thou warnest, and the drunken wretch
 Whose bloated face betokens early death.
 And him whose busy head, most tavern-like,
 Is all night long disturbed by travellers,
 From gold or politics, thou bid'st his mind
 Compose, and head upon his Saviour rest.
 The christian too thou tell'st be faithful still,
 His loins most tightly girt, and lamps all trim'd,
 And he himself in promptest attitude.
 And *all* thou warnest of a night when none
 Can work — when man shall die — the world shall end,
 And thou thyself shalt throw thy tongue away,
 And God alone Eternity shall mete.

A SMILE.

When prosperities lighten,
 And friendships they brighten,
 When mercies are shower'd,
 And blessings are pour'd :
 I love on the face to behold all the while,
 The offspring of gladness, a sweet holy smile.

When adversities thicken,
 And dangers they quicken ;
 When afflictions are hurried,
 And comforts are buried :

I love on the face to behold all the while,
 The child of submission — a sweet holy smile.

When death is approaching,
 And terrors encroaching ;
 When darkness is falling,
 And angels are calling :

I love on the face to behold all the while,
 The offspring of triumph — a sweet holy smile.

THE SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

When mercies abound,
 And love strews the ground,
 And smiles are so full and so clear :
 When goodness distils,
 And my heart it so fills :

I love, oh I love the sweet hour of prayer.

When griefs oppress,
 And wretchedness
 Its many ills are drawing near :
 When darkness reigns,
 My soul complains ;
 I love oh I love the sweet hour of prayer.

At morning light,
 With coming night,
 Or, when the burning noon draws near :
 Mid forest-glen,
 Or city, then
 I love, oh I love the sweet hour of prayer.

On bed of death,
 Mid stopping breath ;
 When none but God himself can hear :
 As sinking, I
 Lift up my eye ;
 I'll love, oh I'll love the sweet hour of prayer.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

RICHMOND BATH.—1830.

Mind is an Album just like this —
At first, a blank alone it is ;
Revolving time the pages fill,
Year after year augments it still :
While life and being last.

Dear girl as on these leaves you look,
Op'n the pages of that inner book,
Where blank, where full, where wrong, inquire,
See that its leaves fair truth inspire :
Each page with virtue fill.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.—1832.

So fair as leaves of Album white
And easy stain'd, is woman's name —

Remember, girl, a touch how slight
And soft, may tarnish thee with shame.
Hold firm thy heart, hold high thy aim.
In all thy life let prudence reign,
And modesty with meekness guide ;
Nor once let guile thy bosom stain,
E'en stain'd but once, 'twill there abide.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM—1832.

An Album's like a lady's face,
Looks neat when well adorn'd with grace ;
As on each page sweet poesy blooms,
And every verse exhales perfumes.
Let those, then, who for Lucia write,
The virtues all for her unite ;
And round them throw a blooming dress,
As rich as blushes on her face.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM—1832.

Charlotte, for thee long life I pray,
Hope, too, as bright as blushing day,
And peace as sweet as evening's rest,
Refreshing e'er thy thankful breast.
Love, too, I pray with thee may live,
Of objects worth that love to give :
Truth too be thine and ev'ry bliss,
That can delight a life like this,
Each be the lot of my dear Miss.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.—1832.

Upon life's turbid sea unknown,
What countless numbers rashly go ;
Unconscious of the storm that's blown
Ten thousands to the gulph of wo !

That threat'ning deep then, friend, explore
Before you leave the peaceful shore
Of youthful days.

Some mid the rocks are hurl'd forlorn,
Some mid the quicksands cover'd o'er ;
Some by a thousand tempests torn,
And millions sail to sail no more.

That threat'ning deep then, friend, explore
Before you leave the peaceful shore
Of youthful days.

See mid the lost a few sail on,
With steady course and prosp'rous gale,
They for the prize of virtue run,
And truth immortal fills their sail.
With these blest ones then launch your bark,
And sail, young friend, for virtue's mark,
From youthful days.

NATURAL AND MORAL BEAUTY.

FOR A YOUNG LADY.—1827.

Part. I.

What is beauty? A fading flower,
Now fair, then withered in an hour;
The early tints of morning light,
Now seen, now perished from the sight.

What is beauty? The ling'ring red,
On evening's breast from sunbeams shed;
The night-pale ray that meets the eye,
As transient dropt from star on high.

What is beauty? The painted tear
Cast from a cloud when spring is near;
A pictur'd bubble to the morn,
Now dazzling fair, now broke and gone.

What is beauty? Nature's fair trace,
The hues she gathers in the face;
The life that sparkles in the eye,
Th' expressive languor of a sigh.

What is beauty ? A wing'd idea,
 Oft given to you Ladies fair ;
 The silken cords of human hearts,
 Now binding strong, now rent in parts.

Part. II.

What is beauty ? A temper meek,
 The sweet expression of the cheek ;
 The mind that's pure from ev'ry guile,
 The soul that hates a treach'rous wile.

What is beauty ? The path of truth,
 The road that leads the virtuous youth ;
 The tender heart that cannot stray,
 The soul that owns a Saviour's sway.

What is beauty ? A tree of life,
 Diffusing good and healing grief ;
 The fair benov'lence of a hand,
 That sheds its blessings o'er the land.

What is beauty ? An Eden's bower,
 The dewy lustre of a summer's shower ;
 The smiles of joy where goodness moves,
 The glist'ning tears which God approves.

What is beauty? The rose of Heaven,
God's image bright to mortals given;
'Tis grace now shining in the soul,
'Tis life immortal crowning all.

TO A FRIEND AT PARTING—1827.

'Tis friendship cheers when hope is fled,
'Tis friendship lifts the sinking head,
'Tis friendship makes the world revive,
And void of friendship, who would live?
Creation's wealth and all its train
May raise and bless — but all in vain!
The world presents a prospect drear,
Without a friend no soul could bear.
How sad the scene, then who can tell,
When friendship speaks a long farewell!
When love that warms a mutual heart,
Laments to hear the sound depart!
Tho' others show their friendship false,
And at such tears their heart revolts;

Be *ours* a friendship ardent, warm,
And moved by no terrestrial storm.
Tho' time drives on and friends must part,
The love we bear is in the heart ;
Not there to languish, but to grow
More constant, from more constant wo.

TO A FRIND AT PARTING.

PHILADELPHIA.—1834.

As green spots on a desert wide,
Or Islands bathed in ocean's tide ;
Or stars that glimmer in the night,
Or transient moonbeams bursting bright ;
Are pleasing friendships sudden made,
But which shall never, never fade.
Then while in gloomy distance far,
We mutual fall like setting star,
We'll sweetly think on moment's past,
That bound us each to other fast :
Nor mid a stronger burning flame,
Forget to call each other's name.

TO A FRIEND AT PARTING.—1832.

As long the sky the snow-beat clouds drive on,
And while they shine still hasten to begone,
Or like the well plumed arrow darting fast,
As once we see it, and again 'tis past,
Or like the meteor blazing through the night,
As now it glares and now it dies from sight ;
So came, so went, your kindly visit friend,
So short to see, so pleasant to the mind.
And now as from us called again to part,
Your name I'll deep embalm within my heart,
And o'er it there engraved, with friendly hand,
I'll pour the best perfumes of all the land :
And as you pass away 'tis sweet to know,
The stars that set to us to other's go.

WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Dear Charlotte, from a serious Muse,
A serious song do not refuse,
 It springs from love ;
Like seldom counsellor in life,
Unmov'd amid the gen'ral strife,
 It points above.

But, why should Bard excuse require,
As in his hand he holds his lyre !
 Music's divine :
And when to meaner ends 'tis given,
It from its birth is distant driven.
 And herds with swine.

But still I will of woman speak,
And for herself her roses deck,
 As rich as spring :
From her own heart her beauties take,
And from her life its flow'rets rake,
 And round her fling.

But I shall not those beauties call,
Which may delight and charm for all,
 In woman fair ;
Nor have her dancing in the room,
Or, foolish sporting o'er her tomb,
 In madness there.

Nor will I on her jewels throw,
Or costly robes that round her flow,
 In splendor bright ;
Nor gift her tongue with pertest wit,
As idle coxcombs 'round her sit,
 On merry night.

But she whose worth the muse would paint,
Shall be throughout *the very saint*,
 Then imitate.

Her hands on earth, her eyes in Heaven,
Her soul to good-deeds constant given,
 With ardor great.

I'd place her in the closet hid,
As precious drops bedew her lid,
 In weeping bent ;
Or where her cheek grows bright with love,
As oft she lifts her heart above,
 By rapture rent.

I'd see her by the cottage bed,
As soft she rubs the saintly head,
 In sympathy ;
Or, mid the weeping sons of want,
As tender she their griefs would count,
 With charity.

Or toiling on a distant shore,
I'd see her soul by pity tore,
 For error's dupes ;
As oft the word of life she'd give,
And teach the dying how to live,
 In largest groups.

Or on the gloomy bed of death,
With smiles I'd see her yield her breath,
 In hands of God ;
Then spreading wide her wings of love,
Pass shining to the courts above,
 By angels trod.

Such be the beauties I would throw,
Around the fairest here below,
 With lib'ral hand ;
Immortal life to Roses give,
And teach the Lilies how to live,
 On heavenly land.

Such beauties, Charlotte, e'er be thine,
Such graces round thy spirit twine,
 In richest dress ;
That fair among the fairest there,
Thou may'st in Heaven at last appear,
 In righteousness.

THE BIBLE.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

As once along a sea-beat shore,
Where many a sage had stroll'd before ;
A lonely stripling moved along,
To sound the depth of right and wrong :
Deep-wrapt in thought he probed his theme,
And seemed to walk beneath a dream :
Till now at last his spell was broke,
As near his side a stranger spoke.
'Friend,' said the wight, 'if you would know
The safest rules for man below,

The brightest light to mortals given,
 The path that leads from earth to heaven :
 Read then this Book — it came from God,
 And bears the impress of his Word ;
 Nor can your boasted Schools beside,
 Produce for youth so safe a guide. ’

TO MELDA.

Melda, I love, yet can't tell why ;
 But, yet, I know I love thee well :
 'Tis not thy person, or that eye,
 Betok'ning goodness, that has fell,
 Alas ! too seldom on my face :
 'Tis not thy flowing auburn hair,
 Thy marbled forehead, or thy cheek
 Of red ; or, face of angel fair ;
 Or, spirit living there so meek,
 That gives in thee my soul a place.

'Tis thy whole self — so perfect all,
 That takes me captive at thy will :
 'Tis all thy graces, that do fall
 So heavily on me, and that fill
 My soul with such an ardent glow.
 Forbear ; or, take the prisoner :
 Shed your beauty ; or, a little part,
 At least of that sweet empire there
 Bestow — Oh, give me, M. your heart —
 The greatest boon to me below.

Like a hid water from the hill,
 Descending gently by each tree,
 That finds nor brook, nor kindred rill ;
 A stranger tide — I fix on thee :
 Oh to be mingled into one !
 I saw thy glassy breast that pour'd
 Its richness down yon mountain-side :
 And as thy glist'ning drops were lower'd,
 I hop'd to make of thee my bride :
 Come, join me ; and the work is done.

Commingled stream, we then shall roll,
 On, onward to the ocean's wave —
 One water and one precious soul —
 The sweetest stream that shore doth lave.

An ever-winding, holy tide.
Who drinks of one, will other taste ;
Who sails on one, will other ride ;
Who harms a part, will other waste ;
Who blesses one, will bless the tide :
Oh say — Wilt thou become my bride ?

TO A BABE.

Fair bud of life immortal, hail !
Nor with thy breath commence thy wail —
For still o'er deserts roses bloom,
And green-trees grow round death's cold tomb.

The scene before is mix'd, 'tis true,
With sorrow's tears, and conflicts rue ;
Still mid those tears sweet smiles appear,
And mid those toils, sweet peace is there.

Tho' steep the way with many a clift,
As oft their tall-heads mountains lift ;

Yet 'long their sides a pathway leads,
From danger free, and free from dreads.

Tho' dark clouds oft the heavens o'ercast,
And rough-streams too do sometimes waste ;
Yet oft that sky resplendent looks,
And oft those torrents turn to brooks.

Vice too with all her dismal crew
Will often crowd, the op'ning view ;
But then in contrast Virtue stands
With smiling aspect, welcome hands.

Mid scene thus mix'd, thus varied o'er,
We hail thee, Babe, at natal hour ;
And to thy lips the cup apply,
Of happiness — not misery.

We hail thee, not as pleasure's slave,
Nor victim fell of misery's grave ;
Nor vagrant on the field of life,
Nor mopish dupe of sorrows rife.

Heaven make thee wise in all to choose,
Heaven make thee wise thy time to use ;
Sustain thee through the varied road,
And take thee home at last to God.

THE RAINY SABBATH. — 1832.

Zion's sweet day of rest again has come,
And bids her sons with many an odor sweet
Go see the place where mangled and alone,
The Hope of Israel lies, by angels watched.
Or, pointing higher, parts wide away the sky —
Opens the gates of New Jerusalem,
And shows their Lord by thrones and powers ador'd,
While thousands to thousands cry, "Holy Lamb!"
The gladsome news — Salvation, Pardon, Peace,
On wings of swiftest wind fly thro' the land :
While Earth enraptured from her heart of joy
Rolls back the song, "Most Holy, Holy Lamb!"

But why, so mournful glad, sweet Day of rest ?
Why sparkle not the mountains, vales and woods ?
Why such gloomy liv'ry cast o'er Nature's face ?
Why shines no sun, as wont, from mid-sky bright ?
And thou, O Zion, why so still, so sad ?
Why rolls no herald's voice along thy walls ?

Why breaks not forth on high, and loud, thy praise?
 And why no sons now at thine altars bend?
 The clouds have overspread thy Sabbath-sky —
 Torrents fast falling beat hard the ground —
 The wind is high and bleak, and full the streets —
 And Zion's sons now pent look mournful out.

But yet, weep not Zion — Sit still and learn
 To rest upon the arm thou canst not bend.
 That Hand which fills yon sky with rain and gloom,
 Upholds *thee* too — then, let his will be done.
 Soon will he break thy clouds fore'er away,
 Soon he Himself thy Sun, thy Light, thy Joy —
 And on the shores of blest Eternity,
 Give thee a Sabbath, sinless and complete.

AFRICA. — 1832.

From Northern Barbar to the Southern cape,
 From Western Guinea to the Mozambique;
 Dark superstition holds her bloody sway,
 And death is gorged with many a welcome prey.

Her kings are despots, and her gods are fiends,
Her worship orgies, and her music screams ;
Around her palace hang the skulls of foes,
And heads on heads lie thick around her doors.
Her inner forests hear the clash of arms,
Her coasts and cities shake with dire alarms ;
Her winds blow hatred, and her rain is blood,
Her leagues are ruptures, and her friendships rude.
Satan's dread kingdom spreads from far to near,
Whose sun is darkness, and whose hope, despair ;
And with an iron rod of mountain weight,
He breaks the nations here both small and great.

Where then, O Afric, shall thy help be found ?
Oh tell us where ? if not in gospel-sound ?
Earth's cold charity but looks and passes by ;
And reason unrenewed but heaves a sigh —
Mere Science yields her glimm'ring light in vain,
Her strength is weakness and her mercy pain.
But *Gospel Truth* can break thy chains apart,
Disperse thy gloom and sanctify thy heart ;
Its still small voice shall turn thy screams to joy,
Break down thy temples and thy tongues employ.

LINES;

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE REV. PLINY FISKE, MISSIONARY
TO PALESTINE.—1826.

Across th' Atlantic's rolling breast,
Sad news re-echoes on the West;
Plaintive and slow it strikes th' ear,
And fills the eye with sorrow's tear.
For who that breathes a christian's breath,
When hearing of a Pliny's death,
Would blush to shed a tear?

But if on gospel-lands there are,
Whose griefs would die suppressed by fear;
The willow growing by the side,
Of Jordan's slow and mournful tide
Shall weep, O Pliny, o'er thy tomb,
And over Palestina's gloom,
And shame the christian's pride.

Or if America, so blest,
Shall scorn Jerusalem oppressed,
The oak that shades a Pliny's grave,
O'er slumbering Fiske a tear shall wave;

And mourn the mis'ry of a Land,
Which groans beneath a cursing Hand,
Once powerful to save.

Oh Judah ! once the favor'd place,
Where Jesus proffer'd heavenly grace ;
How dark the cloud that fills thy sky,
And sinks thy name in misery !
By oft refusal of thy God,
Thou long hast felt the scourging rod,
That speaks thy destiny.

But hope again had cheer'd thy heart,
And bid thy wretchedness depart ;
That Gospel which thou once didst spurn,
In smiles besought thy late return :
Her Fiske and Parsons spent their might,
To rescue thee from gloomy night,
They died for thy return.

Oh Fiske ! beloved name !
What honors shall attend thy fame,
When ages yet unborn shall hear,
The sufferings which thy soul did bear,
To pluck from sin's oppressive gloom,
The Land which bears thy Saviour's tomb ;
It now thine own doth bear !

THE FATHER'S DEATH-BED.—1832.

The sun of time behind the hills,
His latest journey now fulfills ;
While on the solemn tree-tops far,
His fading tints he scatters there.

The mighty noise of men employ'd,
Now on the ear fall dull and cloy'd ;
Then farther still, and faint — and gone —
It leaves the dying all alone.

Like fun'ral music on the winds,
Now comes the sad farewell of friends :
While squeezed his cold hand they depart,
And bleed distress in every heart.

Still round his bed his partner weeps,
Still by his side, she sleepless vigils keeps,
His children too around him sigh,
And watch the dim-light of his eye.

He groans, and with the monster strives,
They weep as if they wept their lives ;
Again he groans, and bids them hope,
They on the cold frame quickly drop.

But now, life's taper sickly burns,
Now glares, and almost dies, by turns ;
The shades of death around him spread,
And darkness settles on the dead.

Along the deep vale now he goes,
As at its font his life-blood froze ;
The dark still grave now meets his view,
And scenes both terrible and new.

But soon Death's darkness flies away,
He wakes, and rapid comes the day ;
Red blushes in the morn appear,
Nor sorrows known, nor shadows there.

Now music bursts upon his ear,
And scenes seraphic meet him here ;
Death's struggles, tears are all forgot,
And he, Immortal changes not.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.—1833.

From seat amid the blest above,
The Babe we mourn looks down,
And as its heart dissolves in love,
It chides us with a frown.

Weep not for me, ye parents dear,
Nor spend your griefs in vain ;
There are no drops of sorrow here,
And we shall meet again.

My stay on earth was short, 'tis true,
But long enough to see ;
The vale of tears that filled my view,
And griefs that grew for me.

As o'er the scene I cast my eye,
I saw the roses fade ;
While quick I sprung to joys on high,
As God those joys displayed.

Now raised by grace divine on high,
 Frail infancy is gone ;
 No more I heave a restless sigh,
 But praise around the Throne.

Reject the tears then shed for me,
 But for yourselves weep on ;
 That you may be prepared to see,
 The Little One now gone.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE. *

Part. I.

Upon yon bed obscure,
 With three around demure,
 Who 's dying ?
 My Mother ? Yes — ah me !
 And these her children three,
 Now crying.

* My Mother died in 1835, attended by her daughter and two of her sons. In consequence of rain and distance, there was no funeral, and she was buried at night.

Upon that lonely herse,
 With crowd nor solemn verse,
 Who 's going ?
 My Mother ? Yes, 'tis she,
 And these her children three,
 Still woeing.

And on that graveyard plat,
 At midnight, and forgot !
 Who 's burying ?
 My Mother ? Yes, ah me !
 And these her children ? — see !
 Interring !

Part. II.

But she shall never go,
 So still from human wo,
 At dying :
 For many a filial heart,
 Now rent beneath the smart,
 Is crying.

Her funeral are the tears,
 Her worth has bought for years,
 While living :
 8 *

Her tomb-stone pillars they,
She now bequeathes away,
Entombing.

And on some future page,
Still read by other age,
Exclaiming :
May this poor, feeble verse,
My Mother's praise rehearse,
Unnaming.

THE GRAVE. — 1826.

The Earth had turn'd from Nature's light,
The shades of eve were dropping round ;
Sad stillness reign'd o'er every site,
And groves were dark with gloom profound :
'Twas then among the sleeping dead,
With solemn awe and silent tread,
I thought upon the grave.

Around me lay the great, the small,
The proud, the wealthy and the good ;
Confounded in one mass they all,
Were chang'd by death to wormy food :
Here, youth was blasted, hopes were spoil'd,
There, manly strength by Death was foil'd,
They slept in common grave.

I paused — and thought on earthly bliss,
I thought on grandeur and on power ;
And surely, said I, is it *this*,
For which all mortals spend their hour ?
A grave they gain through dismal strife,
A grave is all they win through life,
A gloomy, silent grave !

I thought on pleasure and it seem'd,
As empty as the bubble's burst ;
I thought on glory, and it deem'd,
A fatal puff for men accursed :
I thought on riches, and they died,
And sunk by Death's resistless stride,
They perished in the Grave.

And when again I look'd o'er earth,
And saw how mortals toil and strive

To gain a name, or gild a birth ;
I thought it vanity to live :
For while they'd seek substantial good,
They fall, deceiv'd in fatal mood,
 And perish in the grave.

O Man ! how vain is every hope,
If placed on earth's unsteady base ;
The noblest minds uncertain grope,
Unless possess'd of heavenly peace ;
Then while the maze of life you slide,
Restrain your passion and your pride,
 And think upon the grave.

BOOK II.

LARGER PIECES.

RETALIATION:

A SATIRE.

You say that I must hold my tongue,
And quit my notes, or right or wrong ;
And yet you hav'nt a page perus'd,
Tho' quite by times the Bard's abus'd.

But come brave folks, please tell the reason,
For to obey without, were treason ;
The Bard, tho' rhyming, yet has sense,
And if you've reasons, bring them hence.

Say they all, we'll take the banter,
And state objections at a venture ;
Perchance, we'll some the madman hit,
And put to death his poet's fit.

'Tis trifling work, may please your Rever'nce,
For Poet, is akin to dunce ;
And if you'd put two thoughts together,
Of rhymes, you'd never make another.

Besides, your cloth is quite in danger,
To citizen as well as stranger ;
For people like the stern divine,
And not the Bard of empty line.

Again 'is truly out of time,
And quite amounts to serious crime ;
What ! to have a *Southern* verse !
And ere we've seen the writer's herse !!

Nor this the least, we know the maker,
He's here at home and plain as Quaker ;
Nor could one know without Prospectus,
That he intended so to shock us.

Besides, if not insanity,
'Tis sure the hight of vanity ;
Parnassus' top is awful high,
And Zion's mountain meets the sky.

Nor did you ask *us* to advise,
But we are taken by surprise ;
Before *we* know a word about it,
You are ready quite to shout it.

And one word more — it 's costly — look,
It 's *several dollars* for a book ;

The times are hard — cotton's falling,
And such expenses are appalling.

Now if you'd put all these together,
You could not hesitate, whether
To burn the sheets, or send abroad,
For you are tempting man and God.

Oh Fates ! that cast my wretched birth,
In such a mean and grov'ling earth !
That threw society around me,
As if by iron-walls to bound me !

Sooner would I live in Nature's wild,
Nature's own, tho' orphan'd child ;
Sooner dwell in grottoed cave,
And sooner rest within my grave.

If friends are clamps, and men are chains,
To fetter down my very brains ;
Then I could bid them all adieu
And only wish I never knew.

With Harp in hand, I'd stray abroad,
Where Nature listens, listens God ;
Where never should a sordid crowd,
Hiss at my notes as peal'd aloud.

But no, I'll not an inch re-treat,
Or smile the multitude, or fret ;
But grow they worse, or grow they better,
I'll publish soon in ev'ry letter.

And now brave folks, since *you* have ended,
'Tis time I had myself defended ;
And if you've only time to hear,
I'll now address you, man or bear.

' You say 'tis mean employment,
And in it no enjoyment ;'
Forgetting that the Saints above,
Forever *sing* as well as love.

' It also lies without your station,
And ill consists with your vocation :'
Know ye not the Preacher's Bible,
Is filled with verse and parable ?

You also hate a *Southern* song,
And scorn it soon, or right, or wrong ;
Pray, why affect the patriot then,
And emphasize so, *Southern men* ?

But then you all despise the writer,
Because he is 'nt a little greater ;

Yet when he'd swell his size a little,
You'd boil him soon, in pot or kettle.

And you disdain the pride it shows,
And wish to kill *in time* with blows ;
But if *you* never wrote a line,
Pray, why be envious so at *mine* !

In reference to advices, pray,
What could the people say !
I fear they'd talk so much and fast,
That I'd their counsel lose at last.

And as concerns the mighty cash,
'Tis only with a mightier lash,
That ye could make me bow *myself*,
And pay *my* homage to the elf.

And now brave critics ye are answer'd,
Nor should ye think yourselves here censur'd ;
And yet I must a little add,
Or make you smile or make you mad.

Ye first the gauntlet boldly threw,
And I'll the gauntlet hurl at you ;
And teach, who trifles with a Poet,
Shall one day yet his folly woe it.

To tell you then the truth in hurry,
I hate your self-constructed jury ;
And from a bench so bent on killing,
I'll elsewhere look, and look more willing.

But tell us plain before I leave you,
Why my verse should so much grieve you ;
And this before you ever read it,
Or other, save the one who made it.

Or if you'd take my explanation,
And read it through without vexation ;
I'll undertake the weighty task,
And tear from you the mighty mask.

Ye have no music in your souls,
And therefore turn so soon to scolds ;
If all your hearts were put together,
Your song would not be worth a feather.

'Tis want of ear, 'tis want of taste,
That makes you scorn me so in haste ;
'Tis not in me the objection lies,
Please tear the beam from your own eyes.

Your minds are on the market plac'd,
On Cotton gains and Cotton waste ;

On Steamboats, Packets and the Dray,
And news of every passing day.

'Tis Banks, and Capitals, and Cash,
Which build your hopes or sudden smash ;
Ye live upon the car of trade,
How much is lost, how much is made ?

Oh what a world we'd shortly have,
All fill'd with honest men — no knave ;
If every man would seek his gains,
And ply to making cash his brains.

It matters not if we've no schools,
Such things are only fit for fools ;
Nor aught concerns, us able lore,
We have enough, enough and more.

Poets, learned men and authors,
Those vile, contemptible mouthers ;
Shall ne'er appear among us,
Lest to viler things they bring us.

We love a noble freedom,
And therefore will not breed 'em ;
Lest we very tyrants raise,
To scourge us in our noble ways.

Depart — depart, ye bookish drones,
And leave us to our monied thrones ;
We love enjoyment and play,
Not study — time so thrown away.

We love the race-ground's prancing steed,
And city ponies of the Gilpin-breed ;
Rattling carriages and windows,
Rich in gold for highest bidders.

Festivals we love and barbecues,
Rich puddings and fine stues ;
Glasses too, deep-filled with wine,
And glittering robes that round us shine.

Oh what a heaven of heavens 'twould be,
With all thy blessings Gold and thee !
We'd have such Paradise below,
As 'nother never wish to know.

Mean spirit ! I contemn thy choice,
And 'gainst thy folly raise my voice ;
Rise from the dust, thou crawling thing,
And brighter glory round thee fling.

Native Land ! With all thy faults, I love thee,
And weep, as others climb above thee ;

My heart it longs to see thee rise,
To thy own fair and glorious skies.

But *never* — write it on thy heart, —
Never, never, wilt thou start ;
Until divorc'd from love of cash,
Thou cease the soaring mind to lash,

CANOOCHEE :

OR CHILDHOOD REVIVED.

Sweet land, that gave me birth, how still
Hast thou become ! A pensive gloom,
Deep-ting'd sits silent o'er thy hill ;
And at thy cover'd feet the tomb
Of thy deep-sighing waters roll.
Thy widow'd trees with mourning drest,
Now bending low embrace thy breast,
As down thy cheek the tears fast fall.

Yet mid thy neglected ruins,
With orphan'd heart and awe-touch'd feet,
I wander, clinging to the scenes
My youth's bright morn esteem'd so sweet.
While here, reflected from thy breast,
The shadows of the past I see,
Paying my homage, Land, to thee,
And rapture finding in a waste.

Sacred the spot ! at least to me,
My heart-strings yet are round it tied.
My youth's first-love, now rip'd, to thee,
Dear Land, I pay, as when a bride
Thou stood'st adorn'd with every charm :
I have not yet, nor can I e'er
Forget a place to me so dear,
Around thee still I throw my arm.

Away, away, great world ! The tomb
I visit of my youthful days ;
This silence and this grave yard gloom
I love — I see my childish ways
Still deeply prest upon the ground ;
My own young footsteps here I view,
My former self, among them too
And once belov'd associates round.

'Tis yet more holy ! Here I see
My parents — sacred name, and dear,
Their portraits hang on ev'ry tree ;
And on the ground neglected here,
Their trampled relics scattered lie ;
Their former steps I weeping trace,
Their words I hear in ev'ry place,
And catching the fleeing image cry.

And now around me crowd the men
Of that past day — th' departed life
Of things now gone — who cheerly then
Join'd in the walk, the friendly strife,
The hunt, the play, the fisher's sport,
And social feats, unnumber'd kind,
Vanish'd, that only pain the mind,
To think how faded and how short.

The crowded school room too I see,
The Teacher and his strolling flocks
Of youths, that now so sportive flee,
In idle hour at random walks,
And gladness catch from every thing ;
Incumbent trees they quickly climb,
Or gather gold-flowers in their time,
Happiest Children of the Spring.

There too my boyish self I view,
At teacher's knee the Alphabet
But stamm'ring o'er; a pupil new,
Un'custom'd to the school-house yet,
Blushing and playful, yet reg'lar;
Now gilded butterflies chasing,
Now th' singing grass-hopper racing,
Of ev'ry pastime taking share.

Here too I learnt my infant knee
To bow, my tongue to utter prayer,
Here to hallow the Sabbath day;
The holy gospel how to hear,
And my young heart to rev'rence God.
E'en now I seem to see the crowd
Of worshippers, and hand, that show'd
My youthful eye, atoning blood.

Happy! Happy scene! On thee,
My youth's bright eye so sweet repos'd,
And unoffending heart did see
More beauty than a world disclos'd!
It was my world, my childhood's world,
Nor have I since, tho' pilgrim'd long,
A world perceiv'd more pure, less wrong,
Or which more beauty has unfurl'd.

Fair scene ! and holy too as fair !
Be it by me fore'er enshrin'd
In memory — Let no intruder there,
Profane, what e'er on me hath shin'd,
As comliest star in hope's dark night.
The temple walls around I lift,
And here I'll bring my annual gift,
And worship where I hail'd the light.

But is it vanish'd ? Lives it not
In other regions still as exile,
Banish'd by some ruthless hand ? What !
Has so much comeliness perish'd, while
I've been chasing youth to manhood ?
As widow still to grave I cling,
And round and round my eyes I fling,
To find alive what was so good.

Peep the stars from lofty canopy,
Hastens the long-watch'd moon to set,
And still I chase the dead, with eye,
That weeping, looks, to find them yet.
And shall I ? oh shall I not ?
Darkness, are they not with thee ?
Or, ye deep graves, which here I see !
Oh, tell me, where to find my sought.

No word I hear — Wide silence still
Prevails, concerting with the gloom,
Of walls and forest trees that fill
This place, and make it so a tomb.
Only myself I see or hear :
Dead, reposing all beside,
In one vast sepulchre, so wide,
As welcomes many a midnight tear.

Yes — I myself did see inter'd
Much, too much of this sweet dream ;
My own young breast hath often shar'd,
In what did only evil seem. —
I saw, I drank th' afflictive cup.
Here fell my father, on whose face
My youth's grown eye did never gaze —
I saw — rever'd — then saw him drop !

The tears of widowhood here fell
Upon my cheek — a widow's grief :
(Sacred the load, what heart may tell,
Or who to such may bring relief :)
A widow's grief, I here have seen,
My Mother's at my father's pile,
My own heart wringing all the while !
How deep and keen our woes have been !

That widow was poverty's heir,
 And I with her — nakedness and want
 Loving have we often parted there,
 And shar'd together the amount
 Of woes, we could not drive away :
 As oft, like tender hen, she fed,
 Starving herself, her young with bread —
 Herself 'tween them and harder day.

Raiment too she furnish'd — tearing
 From herself to clothe her sons ;
 The worst, or any thing wearing,
 To cover well her little ones !
 How oft have my own eyes beheld
 Her hands, the cards, the roll, the wheel
 Holding before her earliest meal —
 Herself her children's only shield !

Faithful Parent ! The drops that fell
 From thy dear eye, still I behold :
 And know for whom, and how they fell —
 Still to me more rich they are than gold, —
 They are my childhood's legacy :
 A sacred treasure which I never see,
 But, Mother, that I think of thee —
 Still viewing with an extacy !

Ye, who, your parent's love, can trace,
 Mid chested millions and estates,
 That e'erwhile run in every place ;
 To vanity and pride such baits :
 Tho' poor, I envy not your lot,
 My inher'tance is yet more dear ;
 My Mother's labor and her tear
 For me, can never be forgot.

A heart I heir, a Mother's heart !
 Ye inherit but gilded trash,
 Your wealth will soon, outliv'd depart,
 Like bright ray from the lightning's flash :
 But who my prize can steal away ?
 Yours leads to vice, mine to virtue ;
 Yours is false, mine entirely true —
 Will I exchange then ? Never, nay !

The influence still I feel, and shall
 Till this warm heart ceases to beat ;
 Whate'er I have, or be, my all,
 I willing lay at virtue's feet,
 As off'ring for a Mother's love.
 Sworn is my heart at this dear pile,
 Virtue t' love, and want redress, while
 Reason, or pence, or life I have.

She too fled ! I clos'd not her eye !
Yet still around her stood her offspring,
And as she rais'd her faint last sigh,
And stretch'd for fairer worlds her wing,
Upon her breast they pour'd their tears —
Soon then my off'ring too I paid,
And at her grave stone pillar laid ;
Yet still pay this in after years,
No paying cancels a Mother's tears.

So died the flowers that once enrob'd
Thy banks, Canoochee ! so pass'd away
Th' glory, that once so sweet englob'd
Thy breast, like rich-enflower'd May !
So chang'd the scene of early love !
Yet still, oh still, 'tis only sweet,
To plant on thee my exile'd feet ;
And 'mong thy grassy wilds to rove.

From thy exalted pines, whose moan
Still day and night is anthem'd out ;
And thy dark swamp and river's groan,
And bush-grown heath so spread about :
From all — I taste, still taste the soul
Of former days -- with all, my heart

Is one — and still I dread to part
From any, or, to leave the whole.

But yet I must — Then fare thee well :
Ye pines, and fair green trees, thou stream
Of loveliness, and banks that dwell
On either side — the whole sweet dream
Of childhood, a long, long adieu —
Yet, still, when under other sky,
I oft shall hither turn my eye,
And pay my homage, Land, to you.

THE BEREAVED PARENT.

A DIALOGUE.—1837.

Parent.

Thou art my debtor, Death — 'twas cruel
To take a babe unrip'd in years.
What ? Dost thou thy hunger fill
On infant's groans, and sighs and tears !

Be nobler — strike a higher blow,
Come, smite *the parent*, or, let go
The child, in which he only lives;
To thee his naked breast he gives.

Death.

Reproach not the servant of the Lord,
For such myself I ever hold;
Rapid to fly but at His word,
Be feeble at it, or be bold.
Perhaps, thine heart was too much laid
On the young form, that now is shade;
Or, Heaven saw, 'twas wise and best
To take it kindly into rest.

Parent.

That rest I see not. The bliss
My child enjoy'd was real, seen —
And more, 'twas *mine* as well as his.
But now, it is as ne'er had been.
Restore the captive then — give back
My lost; or, thee or me for rack
Prepare — I will thy prey regain,
Or, here, with thee fore'er remain.

Death.

Parent, beware — Thy time will come,
Perhaps, too soon — for at the bid
Of Him I serve, I'll give *thee* room,
And close thine eye with its cold lid.
But, to restore is not my trade,
My task 's to kill what God hath made.
Till the stars and sun depart,
The clods shall press thy infant's heart.

Parent.

Creator! Is this the fate
Of him thou callest, crownest man?
How is it then that he is great;
When from the grave he never can
His best-belov'd recall, but stands
Himself so threaten'd on the sands
Of death, weeping, as if the dead,
For those but just before him fled.

God.

Worm! Thou knowest not my plan.
Where wast thou ere thy worship'd dust
Was form'd and moulded into man?
And art thou griev'd because it must

Be turn'd to earth again? Be still,
And bow submissive to my will;
Or, if thy spirit yet rebel,
My arm shall sink thee down to hell.

Parent.

'Tis hard, but still I must submit,
I'm but creature — He Creator. —
But, oh for place on which to get,
A prop of heart that's greater!
To lose my comforts! see them die!
Yet find no peace, but onward cry!
Oh God, that made me, tell me, say,
Is there to peace no other way?

Christ.

I'm the Resurrection and the Life,
I died and have secured it all;
I'm the balm of every grief,
I hear the wretched's softest call.
The Babe that thou hast lost is *mine*,
And shall again a *better* still be *thine*:
O'er *thee* I'll watch and be *thy* stay,
And *its*, till Heaven's eternal day.

Parent.

Saviour divine, supremely good !
Thou art and hast what I require ;
No more I'll grieve in angry mood,
But strike my harp and wake the lyre.
Pardon me, Death, thou art my friend :
God ! thou'st taken, what thou didst lend.
The grave is bright — the Dead e'en smile,
And I now kiss the fun'ral pile.

BOOK III.

ADOLPHUS.



A D O L P H U S.

CANTO I.

'Twas on a tiny country farm,
Where long his sires had liv'd before,
Far from the city's noise and harm,
And where the Alta laves the shore,
Adolphus liv'd — a youthful wight
And fair, as e'er beheld the light.

Not distant from his father's hearth,
And on a rounding little hill,
Where evergreens o'erspread the earth,
And goodliest sights the vision fill ;
Aloft the little temple spired,
Where he his childish lore acquired.

Oft, oft the schoolboy's wand'ring trail,
Morning and eve had he pursued,
And oft like swiftly winded sail,
Had bounded o'er the skirting wood :
A vig'rous, yet as studious lad
As faithful teacher ever had.

Along the soft descending green,
That led him to the crystal wave,
Or in that neighb'ring forest-scene,
Or dark and labyrinthean cave :
How oft he led the youthful band,
Together skipping o'er the land.

Or when the summer's sun his rays
O'er nature threw, how oft the shade
Of some paternal tree, his plays
Of noonday's sportings richly made ;
As he with schoolboy, generous mates,
Would strike at ball or pitch with quoits.

And often did the Alta's tide,
His swift and naked limbs receive,
As on its rolling tears he'd ride,
And longly-stiffened limbs relieve :
With ivory necks above the wave,
Beside him too his school-mates lave.

For twice six autums here and two,
Adolphus turn'd the learned page ;
Of rules he read and beings too,
And speaking men of ev'ry age :
All that his teacher taught he learn'd,
And still for higher knowledge burn'd.

Hellas and th' land of Romulus,
And where the great Sisostris rul'd ;
Bab'lon and where th' warring Cyrus,
When young, by sagely men was school'd :
All these, and many, many more,
He hoarded in his little store.

But still one inconvenience
His lab'ring mind perplex'd, and sore, —
He often fear'd he missed the sense,
And substituted less for more :
And oft he wish'd that he had seen
The places learned men had been.

The schoolboy's day at length is past,
And now Adolphus takes him home ;
Yet towards his Alma, oft he cast
His eye, and wept such time had come :
Yet still he tries his hours to improve,
By loving what his parents love.

A father's toils on him descend,
Plantation-business, and the care
Of strolling herds, for him t' defend,
Servants and children — all things share
The time of him for whom was spent
So much, when he to school was sent.

The weighty burden love makes light,
And he who glitter'd so at school,
Serves now his sire with all his might,
And uses for it any tool :
Such son and brother all admire,
As he shone brightest round the fire.

Yet still Adolphus could not rest,
For something troubling stir'd within ;
Which often gnaw'd his anxious breast,
And made him wish that he had seen
That mighty world around him spread,
A hint at which he oft had read.

And often now he might be found,
Around the hearth or near his bed,
Or far in field on shady ground,
Where he his strolling flocks had led :
The inward taper kindly feeding,
By most intent and thoughtful reading.

The restless feeling inward grows
Consuming all that to it fell,
As he is fill'd with heart-felt woes,
And timid longs his sire to tell :
' The world, oh the great world to know —
I'd for it — yes — any-where go. '

His wish unask'd is gratified,
As 'long the fields he distant sees
His sire approach — and near his side,
Addressing earnest to him says :
' My city-business now demands,
The labors of Adolphus' hands. '

Leaps far his heart and smiled his face,
As he the friendly tidings heard,
And bowing with a good son's grace,
' I'll quick obey your ev'ry word :
Only my father's will be known,
And on to Peyden I'll be flown. '

'Twas told — and on he rapid flew,
As eagle from her mountain height ;
And ere the neighbors round him knew --
He dropt in Peyden ere 'twas night.
Prompts passion such a hasty speed,
As torrents from the mountain freed.

The scenes around him now are new,
For he in city ne'er had been ;
Nor had he known mankind but few,
And these were always country men :
A plain, yet gen'rous rustic youth,
Not business seeking more than truth.

The far-o'er-head presiding spires,
 The turrets boasting in the air ;
 The convex domes with glitt'ring fires,
 And roofs, ten thousand, burnish'd, glare —
 His mind with swelling wonder fill,
 As down he gaz'd from neighb'ring hill.

And as he saw the blocks of stone,
 Which side by side together prest ;
 And marbled tablets as they shone,
 And monuments profusely drest :
 Crowded streets that ev'rywhere went —
 He lost him in astonishment.

Nor died the feeling as he stroll'd,
 But only grew to greater height ;
 For on him glories ever roll'd
 As he walk'd out from dawn to night ;
 'Oh wond'rous, wond'rous place,' he then
 Exclaim'd, 'more fit for Gods than men !'

Oft thought he, 'if the town's so great.
 How mighty must the people be ;
 They built it — and must surely rate
 Far higher in excellency. '
 Himself he then a pigmy seem'd,
 And as he gaz'd, he thought he dream'd.

Business at length his spell unbinds,
And as new cares upon him fall,
He soon t' himself most strangely finds,
That *he* is something, *they* not all.
And soon he's justled to his place,
And lives in city now with grace.

The mask before him lower goes,
And he of mankind more perceiv'd ;
While as the more, the more he knows,
The more, and only more, he's griev'd.
He found them *men*, he found some base,
And soon began t' abuse the place.

In most he meanness daily saw,
Which in himself had never been ;
He thought them void of rule and law,
And only given up to sin :
Disgusted at the sight, he long'd
To leave in haste the city throng'd.

'Is this the world :' he often said,
'So bright depicted in the Schools ;
The world of which I've often read !
Surely, our learned men are fools :
For never did a picture miss
So far, what it design'd to dress !

But surely *other* men are not
 What these appear to be ; surely,
 Nature no where else doth 'lot
 Such shameful hordes of villainy :
 The picture yet doth somewhere hit,
 Tho' ne'er design'd this town to fit.'

His father's bus'ness done — aback
 Adolphus goes — His mind meantime
 In much severer, keener rack
 That ere he knew the city's crime.
 Yet, burns within a stronger flame
 To see, th' world's honor, or its shame.

His father now he boldly asks
 Equip him for a journey great ;
 From men he pleads to tear the mask,
 Beholding each in his own state.
 And for a boon so great in worth,
 Resigns the blessings of his birth.

'Tis granted — and he stands prepar'd
 Through ev'ry distant land to go ;
 Where e'er curiosity steer'd,
 Or things invited him to know.
 His eagle-eye the world surveys,
 As o'er its bosom now he strays.

Ocean before him spreads — while in
The masted bark he o'er it flies ;
New now to him the wat'ry scene,
Th' expanded wave and meeting skies :
The sea-storm's roaring and the leap
Of tighted oak upon the deep.

Long leap'd the ship amid the foam
Of breaking waves ; and long he sigh'd,
Adolphus, for the hour to come,
When in the distant port he'd ride :
And on the strand of other clime,
Should spend enchanted there his time.

The hour approaches — out the sea
In the grim distance grows, what seems
But dusky weeds or shrubs to be,
While o'er the deck each seaman screams,
' Land, land, ' — as forth each voy'ger peeps,
And gladly eyes the bushy heaps.

They 're there — and forth Adolphus goes,
Not soils, but stranger-men to view,
To learn, or happiness or woes,
Existed here as e'erwhere too :
Nor found he then a diff'rent scene ;
For still the place was fill'd with *men*.

He parts — and long he strays o'er land
And tide, mountain, city, plain ;
His inward flame still briskly fann'd,
By seen, and what did yet remain —
His journey still he manly plies,
With keen, and still with keener eyes.

A little, and but little yet,
He seem'd of fellow-men to learn ;
As now his mind began to fret,
Tho' still his wishes inward burn —
At length fatigued, at mountain-feet,
He rested long and rested sweet.

CANTO II.

He slept, he wak'd, and at his side
A stranger stood. Upon such face
Adolphus never gaz'd — so dignified —
Adorn'd it shone with ev'ry grace.
His form was large, his hair was white,
And glar'd his raiment as the light.

Rising, Adolphus blushing spoke :
'Sire of Ancient Time — for such
Thou seemest in thy sagely look —
Long stray'd, and wand'ring far and much
I find me here. By toil outdone
I sought this shade from burning sun.

Yet still I purpose other lands
And far remote to see. My way
Is long. An object great demands —
Which urging instant makes me stray,
I seek a knowledge of my race :
Pers'nal and true in ev'ry place.

Perhaps thine age may me instruct,
My journey shorten, or effect
Easier — something at least deduct,
Or, furnish' way-bill to direct.
Can then your Rev'ence aid a youth,
Whose whole pursuit is *human truth* ?'

Smiling the sage replied -- 'Fair youth,
Adolphus, for I know thee well —
'Tis glorious to pursue the truth ;
Nor noble less the truth to tell :
'Thou judgest right ; my age has known
What is, and what of times have flown.

Long have I liv'd -- my name 's Wisdom.
Ere first the earth was built or man,
I distant saw the things to come :
Saw all, and measur'd with my span.
Have liv'd with ev'ry age that's past,
And shall be living with the last.

My home is where the simple need
Instruction — docile hearts I love,
And seen — on rapid wing I speed,
And seek their folly to remove.
'Thee straying I have seen, long seen,
And at thy side invis'ble been.

Thy pursuit 's noble, but is hard —
 The task is seldom learnt. The wise
 And great are often here ensnar'd :
 The human heart to human eyes,
 Is intricate and dark and deep :
 But God, its inmost secrets keep.

Something, howe'er thou may'st attain ;
 That little is a priceless prize :
 But yet thou'lt learn it with deep pain,
 And oft away wilt turn thine eyes.
 The heart is bad, and who looks in
 Will sure perceive th' abyss of sin.

Yet something even here thou'lt find,
 Unmeriting thy keenest blame ;
 Some beauty still investing mind,
 Not cover'd by the gen'ral shame :
 On burning deserts green-spots grow,
 And virtue some mid vice below.

Charitable too thou must be,
 As well as just — th' evil's gen'ral —
 Not a living man is free :
 Thou thyself art in the thrall :
 And what thou cens'rest, others see,
 Perhaps still greater e'en in thee.

If time thou hast then, and desire,
I'll quickly lead thee to the truth ;
And tho' thou much, wilt much admire,
'Twill profit all, virtuous youth.
Some things I'll show that ugly be,
Yet much in contrast thou shalt see.

Patience howe'er thou must possess,
And girded strength ; the mount is tall ;
I take thee now to higher place,
The world's best seen when looks it small.
Amid it our vision's dusted,
Nor can we ourselves be trusted.

Seest thou not that little track,
Obscurely winding mid the trees
And shrubs, that there on mountain-back,
So sweetly growing, so much please ?
In easy way ascending up,
'Twill take us to the mountain-top.

There, on four exalted peaks,
Colossus like, that proudly stand
Down looking with complacent cheeks,
O'er all the low, descending land ;
I've built, in ages past, my fane,
And there the rude, I teach them *man*.

If then thy will is to be taught,
 Ascend with me, I'll be thy guide ;
 And if thy strength forsake thee not,
 Will lead upon the mountain-side :
 What says thy mind ? the time is waning,
 And we should not be here remaining.'

'Ten thousand thanks, sire of ages,
 For thy kindness so extended,'
 Adolphus cries — 'Parent of sages,
 Me in time hast thou befriended :
 What thou tellest I admire,
 Nor less thyself thou holy sire.

My youthful strength shall lab'ring try
 Thy side to keep, and if thou aid,
 I trust t' ascend the mountain high,
 And for the toil be well repaid :
 But t' compensate for such I strive,—
 Myself and all I have I give.'

So said — To sage extending his,
 His youth's distrustful hand he gave :
 And all things bart'ring to be wise,
 Gloried to be fair Wisdom's slave.
 Parent and child together now,
 Climbing they 'scend the mountain's brow.

CANTO III.

Upon the mount they stand, beneath
Their feet the far-down clouds are seen ;
As often morning's dewy breath,
That's breath'd upon a lake so thin :
While far o'erhead, colossus placed,
The mountain peers o'er misty waste.

No more is heard the noise of earth ;
The mountain cat'ract, and the roar
Of seas, are still as at the birth
Of Nature, or e'en long before :
Eternal solitude here reigns,
And silence fills th' 'therial plains.

'Sire, sire !' Adolphus now exclaim'd,
'We've miss'd the way, I nothing see,
But this great sun so bright inflam'd,
Those distant clouds, the mount, and thee ;
Why to a spot so lone I'm brought —
I wonder — but I find it not.'

‘Dost thou? Then lift thine eyes again;
Behold yon sister mounts, and on
Their brows and here, my ancient fane,
O’er four hills spread, and yet but one.’

‘I see, I see,’ Adolphus cries:

‘Oh how it blinds my wretched eyes.’

‘Then look again, and look with eyes
That fear no harm. A first sight may
Afflict, but more will make thee wise;
Look, and tell me what thou see’st, say:’

‘A temple — Oh how vast and fair,
I ne’er expected such was here.

It goes, and still it onward goes,
I cannot, have not seen its end;
And then it upward, upward throws
Itself, yet upward seems to send.
And then like perfect crystal through,
It ever glitters, fresh and new.

What means it? Surely gods have here
Their seats — The new Jerusalem;
Or ancient Paradise; or where,
The Holy One resides — Oh shame!
That such as I should ever gaze
On place so far beyond all praise.’

‘It ’s not enough to gaze — We’ve come
 T’ enter — This mask assume, my hand
 Now take again, I’ll find thee room :
 The door I open — come here and stand
 Upon this floor : the lowest part :
 And satisfy thy inmost heart.’

‘Oh wond’rous! wond’rous! What I see!
 Surely, I never dwelt with men!
 Ages revers’d, how fast they flee!
 And I in Paradise again!
 ’Tis beauteous all and not a sight,
 Offends my eyelid’s softest light.

That fam’ly board! What lovely faces
 There crowd around! No word or look
 Of ill. Not Venus and the Graces
 E’er look’d so sweet. Around a flock
 Of little angels sit — And near
 Whom husband’s *heart* pronounces *dear*.

Those Babes! Like little ones in Heaven,
 How they seem like infant virtues!
 No wrongs or little blows are given:
 While Goodness’ self there nurtures.
 These sure are not of human blood,
 For such are cross, and seldom good.

See too that honest workman there,
Diligent, yet he's happy still ;
He toils from love, and not from fear,
And labors hard, and all the while :
No angry looks or murm'ring word
I hear against his absent lord.

See too those friends, how only true,
Affectionate, and prompt and kind ;
(I've found of such but very few,)
They seem to keep each other's mind.
Together guardian angels all,
To stand but one, and one to fall.

That happy City too, and Town,
Places of trade and commerce wide :
Seem not by angry discords blown,
But live like sisters, side by side :
No treach'ry or unfair dealing,
Nor scandal I see or stealing.

Nor see I here, troops marshal'd, knaves,
Blasphemers, murderers, debauch'd,
Pirates, highwaymen or slaves,
Or faithless, that are ever watch'd ;
Sword clashes not on sword, nor tongue
Its clatt'ring vengeance pours on tongue.

All 's peace and happiness and love ;
Or if a tear doth sometimes drop,
It falls like weepings from above,
And soon by friend is bottled up.
I see no crime, but Eden's bliss,
In all this happy, happy place.

If this be pictures earth — the earth
I've seen — it was not in my day ;
But long, ah ! long before my birth :
Or will be, when I'm turn'd to clay.
No more looks earth like this fair scene,
Than this great dome like huts of men.

Yet surely, this is lovely place,
And I could here forever dwell ;
Never my eyes have seen such race,
Nor do philos'phers of such tell.
Happy world ! wand ring on thy floor,
I wish thou wert a little lower. '

' Repress thy wonder, raptur'd youth,
There's more, much more that yet remains ;
Perhaps thou'lt yet perceive the truth,
And turn thy transports into pains.
Follow me here. These stairs tread soft,
As I ascend another loft. '

CANTO IV.

‘Shocking! shocking! sire, we tread
Upon the verge of hell. I fear
This place -- it looks so ill -- I dread
T’ ascend -- such ugly things are here.
From th’ blest, you bring me ’mong the damn’d,
And I to look am now asham’d.’

‘Hold up thy head, stand firm and strong,
No danger will yourself betide;
And as I lead, proceed along,
And cling forever at my side.
’Tis painful to behold; but then,
You wish to know your fellow men.’

‘Proceed -- I’ll go, in death or hell,
Or whate’er else beseems this place;
I trust that all will yet be well,
For I e’en here behold *man’s* face:
Nor is it dreadful now as first,
And I’m prepar’d to stand the worst.’

But what beseems that mighty thing
Not distant, standing there — a man
Of martial mien, as round him ring
The triumphs of death, and swords, that can
A nation carve up in a day?
Oh what, what is he? Wisdom, say?

‘His name is Hero. At his feet,
See there that tide of blood that rolls,
As he upon it looks so sweet;
The blood, the latest blood of souls.
See too with gore himself is died,
His crown, his sceptre and his side.

He sits upon a throne of hearts;
His palace walls are made of bones:
His prompt attendants, at the mart
Of Death, he bought for tears and groans:
And t’ make himself as master feel,
He’d butcher ev’ry heart with steel.

See too, descending on his head,
What tears and curses on him fall;
Ten thousand widows those have shed,
Ten thousand wretches these do call.
He triumphs mid a storm of wo,
As Satan in the depths below.

Behind that curtain too, behold
Those angry ghosts, like chain'd tigers,
So fierce, so cruel and so bold,
That make such ugly figures.
They wait the day of retribution,
To pour him wrath without dilution.

Yet on yon pile in lofty air
Behold his name, and on that wall :
And mid those written tomes that stare,
Both at his rise and at his fall.
And hear, how thousands, thousands cry :
'Oh mighty man !' and bow the knee.

So ; when some erratic world,
Comes sweeping o'er another's track,
Crushing a half as in its whirl,
It scrapes across its neighbor's back :
Escaped, a multitude admire,
The passing globe of awful fire !'

'But see, beyond him stands, whose face
Looks awful, and his glaring eye
Shoots fury forth in every place :
He's silent, clam'rous, bold and shy ;
A restless spirit, in whose heart
Seem fires, that ever make him start.

‘Who is he?’ ‘His name is Murd’rer.
See hidden in that grove a corpse!
How pale and mangled, torn and bare!
And see a widow, screaming, droops;
And tears her hair, and tries to tear
Her heart — still groaning, swooning there.’

‘But what produc’d such awful deed?
Was he derang’d? or, was his life
In danger? or did hard fate lead
To the event; or, some dread strife?
Human blood is precious; once shed,
It mingles n’ more in heart or head.’

‘’Twas ardent passion turn’d to hate.
He once the dead man lov’d most strong;
And often by his side he sat —
Defended him when right or wrong;
Two jovial friends, that oft the glass
Made smile upon each other’s face.

But th’ day — the fatal day arriv’d:
His friend insulted, tho’ in jest;
It was enough — They’ve not since liv’d
As formerly, and in his breast,
The dark murder, long since hid,
Its vengeance there has just since shed.’

Adolphus — ‘Sire, can friends act so ?
What ! dig each others’ graves, kill :
Shed the heart’s blood, and make it flow,
Like torrent from a mountain-hill ?
Turn wives to widows — children make
Orphans — fix souls in burning lake !’

‘Ah, yes ; and more. Themselves men love ;
And while you chord with them ; you’ll share
Their self-love stretch’d. But do not move
Against ; or, you’ll have cause to fear ;
You rouse the Lion ; or, mad Boar ;
Or, press upon a crater’s core.’

‘But here is one, that walks alone
At night, or, when no other eye
Is on him. By day a drone —
But when the stars light up the sky,
As brisk as wolf, or mountain stag
That flies a huntsman on a crag.’

‘Thief is his vile name. His gain
Is robbery. Than soil his hands,
He’d rather be his neighbors’ bane ;
And as in Spring, destructive bands
Of flies, that live on fatter blood
Of others ; get from them his food.’

‘But sire, sire, see there a beggar —
 Poor man! I wish I had some cash :
 He’ll starve I fear — oh see, look there :
 He ’s eating crumbs, or nuts or trash!
 Nor has he, alas! a decent chair!
 But seats him on a chest — see there!

He ’s meanly clad, nor is he shav’d,
 His face looks filthy; and his feet,
 Tir’d of the shoes they’ve so long sav’d,
 Salute the eyes with blushing greet.
 His old wool hat slaps his lean face,
 As if it long had lost its place!

Poor man! There ’s none of all I see,
 Who so excites my sympathy :
 Had I a crust I’d break with thee,
 Or garment, give in charity.
 I only wish I had the power
 To drop you on that lower floor.’

‘Restrain thyself, Adolphus,’ cries
 Wisdom. ‘This man thou judgest wrong.
 Come, open now again, thine eyes,
 And penetrate that chest, so strong.
 See there, what millions, millions rust,
 As near, their owner needs a crust!’

‘ But then, Wisdom, he lacks the claim
Perhaps, or necessary key ;
The property ’s held by other name :
Or, he can’t open — Look there ! see,
How large that box, and iron too !
I doubt if it yield, t’ him, or you.’

‘ He lacks the key — But then it is
Of his own heart. His soul is small
As that great vault is swell’d in size :
And smaller grows, as moneys fall.
His name is Miser — a poor wretch,
That loves before his ore to stretch.

’Tis not the want of needed seat,
That keeps him on that iron box ;
But grov’ling love of gold, so sweet,
And constant fear of thievish knocks.
His very heart is in that treasure,
And there is hid his only pleasure.

He’s forgotten himself, and all
Beside ; and therefore lives in rags,
He smiles as gold crowns inward fall,
But, at a mouse’s tread, he flags.
A starving vulture on a carcass,
Nor eats — and gives to others less.’

‘I hate the man — my very soul
Is fill’d with deep disgust — away
I turn my eyes, from such a whole
Of meanness, as I see this day.
I hope, good sire, you’ll keep him here,
The world below wants not him there.’

But here’s the Belle of this strange place!
Ay : perfection among the bad !
Such a form ! and smile ! and face !
’Twould melt the heart of any lad :
Her eyes roll beauty, and her glance
Shoots love, as from a Spartan lance:

I melt — Yet much I much admire,
What brought her here ; very angel
In her bright look and sweet attire,
Treading on the floor of hell.
See I what I seem to see,
Or dream ? Sire, I appeal to thee.’

‘Beware, Adolphus how you gaze
On that bewitching face. Untaught
As yet, the awful, awful maze
Of sin, such knowledge may be bought
Too dear. Such look, is often crime,
Its end, pollution, death and shame.

That smiling angel-form is what
She does not seem to be. Who loves
Will surely long bewail his lot :
For tho' like virtue's self she moves,
Corruption reigns within her heart,
And in each hand she bears a dart.

Her name is Lewdness. Her smile
Is affectation's grin — her form
But death in a bewitching style ;
And her embrace a burning storm
Of wo. Mid all this sinning host,
None kill the soul at higher cost.

See ; how she changes as you look —
Spring melts to winter in her face,
All beauty too has now forsook
Her person ; and each winning grace
Has fled ; as now, she blasted stands,
Like snow-smit flower in Northern lands.

Nor she alone. See, near her side,
Mid tears and groans and agonies,
Expires a pale — once beauteous bride :
(Now personality of sighs !)
It was that moonlight Beauty there,
That made this Virtue wither here.

And yonder in that merry throng,
 Where mis'ry and death seem not t' be,
 Amid the cheer and bursts of song :
 Cast there thine eye, and closely see,
 A youth by vicious love ensnar'd,
 That ruin'd, her bitter fate hath shar'd.'

' Thank you, sire, I see my error —
 Woman I love and much admire :
 But from so dread a female terror
 I'll fly, as from a threat'ning fire.
 But yet, a modest lass is sweet,
 And virtuous youth, when e'er such meet.'

' But there is one who needs our aid.
 His bones are surely broke, or cut
 His muscles. He stands — is laid —
 Staggers — falls — he's also sick, but
 Strange, he blusters, as if in rage,
 Or like mad lion in a cage.

His eyes are more than common red,
 His face looks dyed in ruddy stuff,
 He seems, as if he long had fed
 On some distending food enough.
 I pity and deplore ; yet hate :
 Say, Wisdom, what produced such fate ?'

'Twas alcohol, a latent juice
Extracted from the better grain,
Yet, ne'er designed for common use :
Th' invet'rate foe of ev'ry brain.
It scalds the stomach, burns the blood,
And fills the head with fie'ry flood.

Yet has it the magic power,
To turn poor mortals into gods :
And he that drinks, in one brief hour,
Rises to Paradise from clods ;
Sees imps and angels at his feet,
And he himself in kingly seat.

But tho' thus rais'd, he's soon untaught,
As in the ditch, or mudded street ;
Or, where, but brutes are ever caught,
He finds his drunken chair of state.
The brandied imps now leave his brain,
And he is sober wretch again.

Yet drinks, and still the burning lie
Attempts to make the solid truth ;
Till floating like an isle his eye
Sees double ; aged man or youth.
And still on burning gale he throes
His sails, a floating mass of woes.'

‘ But why drink that which seems so ill ? ’
 ‘ ’Tis love for an excited state —
 Weariness of thraldoms, which so fill
 The bad man’s day, — the foregone fate
 Of friends, — and the unnumber’d baits
 Which on such taste forever waits.

Such is the cause. But he that yields,
 Takes o’er his neck a tyrant’s yoke :
 Drinks long, and laughs, and weeps and reels,
 Repents, and sins ; while ne’er is broke
 The fetter, which a thoughtless hour,
 Forg’d for him with a giant’s power.’

‘ But, Wisdom, I’m now tir’d to see,
 What here your rev’rend age presents,
 The place is fill’d with villainy,
 And e’en my courage now repents.
 The lessons you teach I much admire ;
 But this is filthy place, oh sire.’

‘ If satisfied, then turn thee here ;
 We’ll pass to where at first we stood —
 At more, perhaps you need not stare :
 I’ll take thee now among the good :
 Another loft we must ascend,
 And there you’ll find your journey’s end.’

CANTO V.

What a brightness ! a vivid light
Now pierces through my very heart.
But darkness next — I've lost my sight —
I faint — And must I, Wisdom, part
With thee ? We sure approach the Throne ;
And I by fear am now outdone.'

' Fear not ; for I am with thee still.
For sight — take *this* — a perfect cure :
And then thy system thorough fill
With this bland potion — 'twill restore.
An uncur'd heart is e'er opprest
At holiness — but cur'd, is blest.'

' Oh what a change ! The glories melt
Into a light so calm and sweet ;
That never has my heart so felt
Th' extacy of seeing. My feet
Stand firm. And through my inmost mind
Spring joys, so calm and so refined !

Where am I, Wisdom, tell me, say :
On earth ? or, in fair Paradise ?
Lost 's the past — or, in diff'rent way
Is viewed. New scenes before me rise :
A holy beauty smiles around,
And I seem raised on heav'nly ground.'

' This, this is the place, fond youth,
Where vice is changed to virtue :
Error uprooted yields to Truth,
And man to grace, as now with you.
Partition wall 'twixt earth and heaven,
Whence good and bad are adverse driven.

Who falls, unreaching yet this place,
Loses the end and soul of life ;
Diè's destitute of saving grace,
A bundle but of hopes and strife :
Plants flowers on a victims head,
And dies what he was never made.

But cease — I brought thee here to look :
Not now to speculate on things
In Nature's deep and darkest book :
Phil'sophic reas'nings, often, stings
Plant in the heart. An honest look
Will solve the myst'ries of the book.'

‘ But sire, what means that image there ?
A living glory of fresh light :
That from above is focus’d here,
A brilliant statue, diamond bright,
That taken by a heavenly hand
From crystal throne, seems there to stand ?

His eyes are stars — his ruddy face,
Morning’s young sun in brightness fair,
Identity of every grace,
He seems the pride of all to share :
Within, without a purity,
Nor weakened by variety.’

‘ His name is Holiness — the soul
Of all that’s right and just and good ;
The purest essence of the whole,
Created or sustain’d by God.
Of Deity himself the likeness,
Of Heaven, th’ essential brightness.

But seest thou on that saintly face,
How silent sits that crystal tear ?
And yet, tho’ wiped away by grace,
Another falls and freezes there ?
’Tis prompted by an inward love,
For God and better things above.

Holiness on earth is chain'd,
Pure, yet strangely kept by sin ;
As diamond by clay is stain'd,
Or plant, that rottenness hath seen.
Yet grows it towards its native heaven,
To pure and sweet attraction given.'

'But there is one, whose countenance
Breathes out her soul in love. Each look
Exhales a spicy fragrance,
And every lovely step she's took,
Plants goodness on the floor she treads ;
And round her hand its blessings spreads.

Her eye is keen, and brisk and soft,
Her gait is rapid, yet composed ;
She's now below, and now aloft,
And o'er her work has never doz'd :
From her side wing'd messengers fly,
And still stand others ready by.

At window there, she often stands,
And casts such looks on all below,
As might, the very darkest lands,
Through clouds, a sun of sweetness show.
And still to aid her eagle eye,
A glass the distant brings more nigh.

She listens to the tend'rest sound,
She seems but sensibility's self;
An angel treading mortal ground,
That loves its using, not the pelf.
Who is she? Wisdom, please unfold,
Who richer looks than richest gold.'

'Benevolence, is her fair name;
Almoner of all the wretched,
In heaven and earth she's still the same,
By misery ever touched.
What others hate and proudly shun,
She bosoms as a tender son.

Distress alone is her attraction,
And sighs, the music which she loves!
Nor brings the quantity re-action;
To last, as first, she quickly moves.
A tireless angel doing good,
A saint fore'er in happy mood'

'But here is one of steady look,
His eyes are upward rais'd to heaven,
His hand is fixed upon a book,
Himself to labor constant given.
His treasure seems in other place,
For there, his conduct and his face.'

‘Tis Faith ; firm confidence in truth
Hath so composed him, and hath made
An aged vet’ran of a youth.
His heart is on the Gospel laid.
His business here ; his home afar ;
Himself a brilliant midnight star.’

‘ But there is one who sits alone :
Seems thoughtful — his eye upon himself —
Disturbed he lifts a heartfelt groan,
And seems the child of inward grief.
Yet shines sometimes his placid face,
As if a bright and burning glass.

Before him stands a mirror great,
On which whene’er he looks, his head
Drops suddenly, and o’er his fate
Fresh tears of grief are instant shed.
Who is he ? Wisdom. What the glass,
So bright before his weeping face ?’

‘ It is Humility — a sense
Of inward sin hangs heavy on
His heart. His happy countenance
Is oft thus washed, as if undone.
Yet bursts from such a shower of rain,
And brightly shines with light again.

The glass that stands before him there,
 Is truth — on its smooth surface seen
 His image, so dark on thing so fair —
 He 's filled with shame and sorrows keen.
 Yet in that mirror Virtue lives,
 And he his homage there he gives.'

'But there is one in secret bower,
 With eye imploring turned above :
 His face is saintly, and a power
 Unseen, dissolves his heart in love.
 From bended knee he lifts his hand,
 And seems before his God to stand.'

'Devotion is his name. God he sees
 In every thing, and him adores :
 Loves him on ocean, mid the trees,
 And at his feet his tribute pours.
 Feels humble, yet is truly great ;
 Bows low, but near th' Almighty's seat.'

'Another. What a storm around
 Rages and roars and on him beats —
 Persecutions, hatreds, and sound
 Of ill : abuses, curses, threats :
 Yet stands he calm as mountain-rock
 'Neath water-fall, and takes the shock.'

'Tis Meekness, whose heart of love,
 Knows not to yield to things below ;
 But strengthened strongly from above,
 Stands smiling in abyss of wo.
 Conqueror this of every fate,
 And mid the greatest things, is great.'

' But there on dying couch one lies ;
 Pale is his visage, thin his mien :
 On Heaven seem fixed his languid eyes —
 But see ! how changed, how changed the scene !
 A clod is dropt — a seraph flies —
 And he has enter'd now the skies ! '

' It is the saint at dying hour —
 There meets him Death. Death, a thing
 To him of no unfriendly power :
 Death, that through faith has lost his sting.
 The monster strikes — he passes by :
 And e'er th' next blow — is in the sky.'

' Nor these alone. Here are Graces
 Burning bright, that move around :
 Beings, that with shining faces,
 Tread heavenly on earthly ground.
 Engaged are all in some delight —
 Nor sinning here, nor dreaded night.

The air is fragrance — every sound
Is music — and on each sight
Dwells purity — the very ground
Breathes love : and from on high a light
Shines soft, that in perpetual spring
Keeps all — and all things happy sing.

Happy, thrice happy, still happy place!
God dwells here with man, and man
With God. Nature finds the grace
It needs — and heavenly breezes fan.
'Tis where the best of earth is met,
By that in heaven that's better yet.'

But, enough, Adolphus. Thou art
Still in the flesh, and other work
Demands my care. We now must part
From this fair place. Trials still lurk
For thee to render truly great :
And others now upon me wait.

My hand now take and lightly pass
To yonder door. I let thee down.
In other road, we'll find the place,
Where I to thee at first was shown.
Tho' long the journey, yet you'll find
Easy — downward we now shall wind.'

'Tis done. Vanishes now from sight
The wonders of the temple-scene.
They stand upon the mountain height —
And now they are with men again.
The vision too hath broke its spell,
And Wisdom thus doth plain truth tell.

CANTO VI.

‘ My aid you ask’d — ’twas right, fair youth ;
Pride here is madness in extreme —
No effort is beneath the truth,
Tho’ much may far below it seem.
Who owns this pearl, is rich indeed,
Richer than if of royal breed.

Perhaps, howe’er, there yet remains,
What needs some explanation ;
The picture yet may try your brains,
And give you still vexation.
Things seen may need interpreter ;
And to explain I still am here.

If then, this shade and fair green tree,
This sweetly passing breeze, and truth,
Have strong enticements still for thee ;
I’ll teach thee yet, virtuous youth.’

‘ The debt is mine : good sire, proceed,
I’ll joy to hear, and on it feed.’

'The world you live in is a place
Of mixture. Ocean has its land,
Water its foe in fiery blaze ;
Darkness, 'gainst light doth ever stand :
Heat wars with cold, and all that's good,
By all that's ill, is e'er withstood.

Guidence this, beyond a doubt,
Your world yet hastens to a change ;
Some great event will yet turn out,
To separate a mass so strange.
Hence the worth of knowing the right,
To stand at last with truth and light.

The picture seen exhibits *man*,
Man, in a three-fold character :
The partition walls which ran
Between, those scarce-seen lines that, here,
The good, and bad, and natural,
Asunder keep, and ever shall.

The lower part, which first you saw,
Shows man in natural beauty,
Not govern'd yet so much by law,
Or doing aught from duty :
By lovely impulse onward driven,
T' obey, as seems the law of Heaven.

Have you not seen, mid angry looks,
 A smile which sudden flashed between ?
 Or felt mid earthquake's dismal shocks,
 A moment's calm and placid scene ?
 Mid sufferings, known a moment's pause !
 In tale of wo, a peaceful clause ?

So, mid the vilest here below,
 Nature benignant sometimes looks :
 And virtues tatter'd, yet do show,
 A fragment ; as torn-up books
 A passing leaf— sweet tempers are,
 Oft, amid the most abandoned here.

And are they not sweet, because thus found,
 Surrounded by a vicious crew ?
 Are sweet herbs bitter on the land,
 Where viler grow ? or, truth untrue
 Because discovered mid falsehood ?
 The base, not base among the good ?

Things should separate be surveyed,
 As well as in connexion :
 Th' reverse of this has often made
 Them lose their just complexion.
 The ugly stain is not the flower,
 Tho' seen are both in the same hour.

Yet wise, we should not overrate
Such natural loveliness.
Tho' good, 'tis not of the same weight,
Or kind, or worth, with holiness.
The one is but an earthly smile ;
Other, Heaven's image all the while.

The one is solid, permanent —
Shines fair in heaven, as on earth ;
Other, like a changing firmament,
Is fading from the very birth.
The one is strong colossal virtue ;
Other, oft the vices nurture.

For who, that has not oft perceived,
Fair nature lend to vice her charms ;
And as the monster goes, has grieved
To see him fighting with such arms ?
A lion, in the calf's tame skin,
To make anon a bloodier scene.

Yet when nature and grace unite,
To throw their beauties on one mind ;
Of all things this is loveliest sight ;
The happiest state of blest mankind.
Two painters then, their skill combine,
To make frail human nature fine.

The second part of what was seen,
Exhibits man degenerate,
Ruin'd, lost ; the ever slave of sin ;
Yet, blind to his calam'tous state :
Seeking his happiness in wo,
And sinking deeper yet below.

The cause of this condition,
Is self-indulged appetite ;
The selling all, for one fruition,
Thus turning for sense th' back on right.
A first act here oft seals the fate
For on that first ten thousands wait.

Who steps from precipice, falls on.
Who breaks a dam to pass a drop,
Bids the watery whole begone.
Who turns loose fire can seldom stop.
It is in the beginning lies,
The conqu'ring strength of all the wise.

Who takes the bar from one fond lust,
Effects an ill he long shall wail ;
The rest, together, all he must
Pull down, and let them onward sail.
One outlet will the heart deplete,
And flood the life with sin complete.

You 've seen the wild tornado rage —
 Red sheets of fire a city claim :
 The lion roar within his cage —
 A potent gas explode in flame :
 Imprisoned steam ten thousand whirl —
 And read of th' course of dashing world.

But none, nor all of these compare,
 With passion in the human soul.
 Who meddles with one has cause to fear :
 He may awake and stir the whole.
 May send a broad a ru'nous train,
 That ne'er can be forced back again.

'Tis this makes vice and ruins man :
 A straight line bent is no more straight :
 But one step wrong, and seldom can
 The wisest shun, the threat'ning fate.
A first act! If that be wrong,
 Man falls beneath his foe too strong.

In highest part of that fair Fane,
 Where met your eyes so pure a light,
 You saw the holiest part of man ;
 That only, which to God is right.
 There Holiness its sweetness breathed,
 And there her garlands Virtue wreathed.

Nought but a change, within divine,
Can make such specimens of men.
The heart, the heart must God refine :
For holiness lives not till then.
But chang'd, the heart and life is one,
And human renovation done.

But think not, Adolphus, to find
Society as in the picture :
Mingled together are mankind,
And not dissevered by a stricture.
The good and bad together grow,
And this is best — God made it so.

Grieve not your heart then when you see
The base and good together ;
It is not much concern to thee,
If mingle birds of diff'rent feather.
Thy duty is thine own — is plain ;
Then fret not much, at other men.

When good is seen, approach, admire ;
When ill, detest and keep away :
Thus, will you rise in virtue higher,
And thus, will never go astray.
This is the rule, on which now lies
Your lot in ruin, or the skies.'

So said the sage, and raised his eye :
And while Adolphus on him gazed—
Stretched his snow-pinions, and did fly,
Where God alone is ever praised.
'My Father, Guide,' Adolphus cried,
'And am I sever'd from your side!'

'Twas unreplied — He stood alone ;
Then wip'd his eye, and still did look
Where now the Reverend Sage had gone :
And still did weep to be forsook.
Then calling to mind what he had seen,
It seemed as if it ne'er had been.

But now himself again — he thought
On his journey — felt satisfied —
Believ'd he had not wisdom bought
Too dear — Then smiling, o'er the wide
Wide world, betook him happy home,
Resolved to labor not to roam.

PART SECOND.

PROVIDENCE.

BOOK I.

ATHEISM AND IDOLATRY.

Eternal Father! God of all that is!
To Thee alone I dedicate my song.
All light, all life, all good from Thee proceeds,
And back to thine abode should roll all praise.
For Thee the Angels sweep their golden lyres —
For Thee the chiming spheres their music make:
'The orb of day, the gems of night, morning
And eve — the roaring deep, the rippling brook,
The chirping bird, the buzzing bee — mountains
And vales, for Thee, in sweetest anthems join.
Amid these singing choirs, tho' least of all,
Permit my voice to fall upon thine ear:
Tune well my Harp, Parent of song, while I,
Thine arm extended forth o'er all thy works

And government supreme exhibiting,
To Atheists teach thy Being and thy Power.

In losing rectitude, his all, man lost.
Fair Virtue and her attendant train
Of graces bright expelled, took their great flight
And clustered round the Throne where Angels bow :
While fast from Hell's dark deep a motly crew
Of vices foul and passions vile arose,
Making his heart their revelling abode.
Mid these were none more marked, than sense of guilt,
And vain affection to be great and good :
Antagonist powers indeed, and thus
Forever striving for ascendancy.
Now Guilt, grown master, from his dismal throne,
Well nigh had fixed his empire fast and drawn
O'er the soul the pitch-black curtains of despair.
But Pride then rising wild, and fierce and strong,
Laborious effort made to save itself ;
And reaching forth presumptuous arms on high,
Stole from the Throne fair Virtue's livery.
Thus clad, itself deformed and base, like men
Of ugly shape in gold and purple drest,
It strutted forth with elevated look,
In pompous style, and spoke with rounded words,
And talked of heirship with the gods above.

Meantime, the soul no rest nor peace enjoyed,
But clothed in wounds and often dipt in blood,
It groaned and wept and prayed for ease. So when
On neutral ground two mighty nations war ;
Discord and clamor echo through the air —
Death's bloody banner frights the standers by :
Gore drops trickling from the hills and trees,
And a guiltless country mourns for others' crimes.
Or, so, when angry winds encountering meet —
Houses and fields and stalls and trees are torn,
And dashed in mid-air far, while nought is left
Save ruinous heaps of desolations wild.
So bled the soul beneath the mighty strife
Of conscious Guilt and vain aspiring Pride.
At length, elected umpire of the war,
The judgment-seat it fills with servile joy,
Resolved to satisfy by sentence wise
The long disturbers of its needful peace.
Its thoughts range far and near, and high and low,
And wide, to find the treaty terms of peace —
To reconcile things by nature opposite :
To give the sinner ease, yet let him sin.
To solve this problem Reason labored hard :
Imagination roved on spirit-wing
The vast extent of the creation round —

And Mem'ry ran far back as thought could go :
 The case was hard and all was dread suspense ;
 Till, now, at length, upon the list'ning ears
 Of blushing Heaven and Earth, the Judge pronounc'd :
 ' Cast from the Throne the God who fills it now —
 His sceptre break, his crown with dust defile :
 And in his stead raise ye a God, half-blind,
 Half-deaf, yielding, powerless and mean,
 At once, a friend to both, to good and ill :
 Or, vacant make the Throne, and bid the world,
 Void of all rule and sway dash heedless on.'

Loud, glad and long, the acclamations were —
 Each pleas'd because he yields to other nought.
 And then combining all as if old friends,
 Anon they make their God a common foe,
 And turn 'gainst Heaven's peerless Throne their wrath.
 But one great object now all minds employ :
 To change at once the Government Supreme,
 And re-elect a wiser, better God !

Oh counsel blasphemous ! most shameful deed,
 The blackest, deepest stain on human souls !
 The essence pure of all that's vile and bad !
 And, yet, to execute this nameless thing,

Has been from first to last, the highest aim
Of half the moral Jurists earth has known !

Tell next my Muse, that at the foot of Throne
Sits hearing th' Eternal speak and nothing
Courts t' know but truth ; tell next, the plans devis'd
To sanction crime and yet untaint remain —
To change their Sovereign and his reign improve.

And, first, of all, as if by easy grade :
As compeers next to the Eternal mind —
The almost rivals of his first domain :
They offer incense to the hosts on high.
So great reform by all both far and nigh
A hearty welcome gained ; and, many a shout
Bore far on high the great inventor's name.
To all 'twas best to see and know their God
And have him smiling at their wicked deeds.
And thus they cringed and scraped and kiss'd their palms,
And mighty effort used to make themselves
Believe, that Sun and Moon and Stars were Gods.
So, petty rebels in a royal land,
In base contempt of him they ought to serve,
Choosing a sovereign to their wishes quite,
Vote him a crown, a sceptre and a robe,
And bending low, half-smiling call him king.

But one great end was gained — freedom complete
 From sovereignty of Him they so much fear'd.
 By such a step, (the first towards Atheism)
 He who created, holds and guides the world,
 Could neither see nor know the things He made :
 Could not act save by power delegate.
 And thus confin'd, men could both pray and sin :
 Now prostrate at the holy altar bend
 In sweetest fervors of a heavenly joy ;
 And, rising, plunge a brother's heart with steel ;
 And, yet, most holy be to men and gods.

Pleas'd at the first reform, they wander more,
 And give t' ancestors dead and mighty men,
 The weighty charge of Government Supreme.
 Born mong themselves and strongly lov'd by all
 Men judg'd they'd wield a partial sceptre now
 And rule the world to their advantage quite :
 Especially, since these themselves were rais'd
 Amid the gods on high by vote of men,
 'Twas thought, they'd bounteous favors pour
 On him who lowly worship'd at their shrine,
 Tho' in his heart dwelt hate, and lust, and pride.
 Thus heroes, statesmen, sages and their priests
 Homage divine receiv'd from great and small :

And nations all did clasp their mother earth,
Pour filthiest dust upon their low-bent heads,
And great humility at least profess,
To honor gods by their election made.

At things so gross, Reason and Conscience frown'd ;
But, bribed, because abettors of the scheme :
And all was universal joy ; since each
Beheld the Crown Supreme approach himself
And soon supposed that he would wear it too.

Another fall they fell — and saw display'd
In bird and brute and fish and tree and plant,
Divinity complete and Godhead uncreate,
And bending low most humble worship paid !
The Heavens, seeing, dropt their tears of grief ;
The Earth, long sick at heart, unheeded sigh'd ;
The Ocean groan'd, and all the Winds did wail,
As Reason erect to earthly instinct bent
And man groped lower than the filthy brutes.

But, one step more the dreadful work completes.
As if the orbs on high, and buried men,
And beasts, and birds, and plants, were quite too wise,
Had too much eye, and ear, and heart for gods,

They sculptur'd deities from wood and stone :
A part of these they burn'd or toss'd away ;
Then bow'd before the rest in worship deep,
They wept and mourn'd and fed and danc'd,
And many twistings made of strangest sort.

Observe in these inventions gross and vile,
Two special features of the human heart —
A constant aim to pluck the crown from God
And place it fast upon the head of Self :
And moral sight growing fore'er more dim.
From God unmade, men look'd to sun and stars ;
Fatigued to look so high, to ghosts they turn'd ;
Next, beasts they saw, and then the chisel'd god
That moveless stood upon his wooden shelf.

As Earth that turns at eve from Nature's light,
Dark, and more dark, and darker still becomes,
Till midnight from his sable pole on high
Drops o'er the scene his fun'ral vestments wide :
So, turning his eyes from God, man, at first,
Saw but the Sun, the Moon, a star, a torch
A meteor and a spark — which dying,
Left him at last in deepest depths of night.

Now sever'd from the Throne of Truth unmade,
Blind to the light of evidence around,
And steel'd at heart 'gainst ev'ry tender call,
Mid speculations deep and wild man rov'd.
All light was dark, all wisdom low and mean :
Truth became false and Virtue look'd like vice ;
While facts that once were plain were all forgot.
Whence came the world ? Whence the heavens arose ?
Whence man ? Where tending ? Deathless, or dying ?
If immortal, forever blest or curs'd ?
What's Vice ? And Virtue what ? Distinct, or join'd ?
The road to happiness where ? And how to find ?
Lives there a God at all ? His being what ?
Sees he the world ? Or, lets it whirl unseen ?
All these were queries hard for him to solve.
And, thus for want of argument complete,
'Gainst which he long has closed his weaken'd eyes,
He nothing solid found on which to rest ;
But roll'd mid fancies but by fancies prop'd.
So, in the midst of ocean deep and wide,
In vain the seamen cast their anchor forth :
The longest line no bottom finds ; but all
Are watery deeps of unsubstantial wave ;
While leaps the ship by angry billows toss'd.

Each for himself a way did find ; and each
Suppos'd that he alone of all was right.
'Bout things they sometimes strive ; but most 'bout words,
Attempting each to give the meaning best.
The strife was hard and long and sharp ; but vain ;
For all had lost the way, and all were wrong.
And start where they would and wander where they may,
They'd soon to place just left themselves betake.
So pilgrims, lost mid deserts wild and thick,
Forever circling round and round again,
Back to the track they left fore'er return,
Nor find the wished-for path that leads them home.

New doctrines now prevail'd, and grossly strange,
To Reason opposite and common sense.

To turn the leaves of Providence Divine,
Examine close and read its symbols dark,
Was much the aim and end of wise and good.
Nor could they well agree. The lines to them
Appeared most darkly writ and all confus'd.
Some saw, or thought they saw, still ling'ring there,
Some traces dim of Wisdom uncreate —
Some long-strayed sparks from distant mind of God.
Others but dark confusion saw ; virtue

And vice, and good, and ill in masses lay,
 Commingled all in kind, in punishment.
 And, thus, according to their diff'rent views,
 They diff'rent doctrines held and tried to prove.
 And 's if the palm were his, who farthest got
 From middle ground, and wandered wildest off,
 They fly on comet-eccentricity
 Th' illimitable fields of airy pride ;
 And place themselves where empty nothing dwells,
 Opposition to make more opposite,
 And creeds at war, to make more deathly mad.

Two leading truths 'bout Providence Supreme
 More popular grown embrace the rest ;
 As smaller streams into the larger run.
 The one by feasting Epicurus taught,
 The other chiefly urged from Zeno's porch :
 Diverse, indeed, and thus fore'er at war.

To this, all things arose by fix'd decree,
 Excluding means, and second cause, and prayer.
 Necessity, with iron heart and hands,
 The reins of universal Empire held.
 The lot of man his life and actions all,
 Lay far above his power to act or choose.

Noting with closest eye the union sure,
Betwixt effect and cause, they wrongly thought,
None could be free yet subject to a God :
That Power Supreme must either useless sleep,
Or, wielded, crush the will of gods and men.
And, thus, looking far back as thought could go,
They one eternal chain of fate beheld ;
Or, many co-eternal ones they saw,
With which were linked the rest in closest weld.
By law like this, Virtue and Vice were one :
To punish this were wrong ; rewarding that
Were base — since actions all by fate were fix'd,
And, God the arm that mov'd, fast held and urg'd.
The man who holds his infant's powerless hand
And with it stabs its mother's heart with steel,
In view of all, is guilty of the deed ;
And urges vainly on his babe the crime,
Which loudly calls at his own soul for blood.
And he, who urges on by bloody thong,
His stubborn slave into obedience,
Most sure, can give him neither pay nor praise.

The other, like the fool, exclaim'd : ' No God : '
Or, if there be, he's blind, and dumb, and deaf ;
A helpless thing that long-ago forgot

The Universe he built, and slumb'ring at ease
In palace high, permits the world and men
Shift for themselves at idle random tost.

This like the last commingled right and wrong :
From Virtue tore all substance far away,
And left an empty shade hard to be seen.
No God t' offend! No Law to break! All crime,
And shame, and ill-desert are idle names!
And he who fired his neighbor's house by night —
And he who fed the hungry soul with bread —
And he who cursed his Maker to his face —
And he who humbly fell in earnest prayer —
On equal footing stood — alike were praised!

By creed like this, all confidence were vain ;
(For who could trust where nothing is to trust ?)
All foresight, delusion, empty, wild ;
All knowledge, unsubstantial films of thought ;
Hope, a meteor, sparkling but to blind :
Joy, the melting foam on ocean's face ;
The world a fairy-field of blossoms dying ;
And man a shaking leaf in fortune's hand :
While dark uncertainties, and blinded chance ;
Contingencies, and probabilities,

Of dreadful shape, but still more ghastly drest,
In garments wrought by fear and misery,
Cover'd the landscape o'er of all his life ;
And roll'd on the scene of brightest view
The blackest shades of disappointed joy.

All rule, and government, and law were lost.
And the Universe appear'd like ships at sea,
With sails all up, but void of helm or guide —
While storm to storm in dark encounter meet.
The waves now lash the Heavens above, and now,
Most scourgingly the rocks of Tartar beat.
Meantime, the ships are toss'd before the storm
In idle sport, like atoms in the wind,
That sweeps a sterile coast in time of drought :
Or 's if the chains, which to their centres bind,
The diff'rent worlds that rapid whirl in space,
Were sever'd all ; and, all let loose at once,
To hurl through void immense in random wild :
Confusion dread prevails ; as world 'gainst world,
And sun 'gainst sun, and star 'gainst star are dash'd,
And breaking, spread their fragments far o'er space ;
While Chaos and Night their former empire gain.

Thus o'er the trackless wilds of doubt men roved :
Pursuing each the ball of sparkling flame
Which play'd in idle sport before his mind :
Now swelling into blaze of biggest size,
And now but flick'ring on the point to die,
But, all the while him leading far astray.

The first part of the book is devoted to a history of the
 country from the first settlement to the present time.
 The second part contains a description of the
 country and its resources. The third part
 contains a list of the names of the
 persons who have been connected with
 the history of the country. The fourth
 part contains a list of the names of
 the places which have been founded
 in the country. The fifth part
 contains a list of the names of
 the churches which have been
 founded in the country. The sixth
 part contains a list of the names
 of the schools which have been
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 part contains a list of the names
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 founded in the country.

BOOK II.

THE DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

But not by God the Universe thus seen ;
He light in darkness viewed, and order sweet,
Mid wildest wrappings of disorder saw :
Of his own plan the lineaments beheld ;
Saw his own will o'er all most sovereign sway'd ;
And all that was but parts of his own scheme.
Nor happen otherwise it could — for He
By Himself the whole had made and govern'd still.

Long, long e'er time was born, or man he liv'd ;
Liv'd of Himself, liv'd all alone, uncaus'd :
'T' Himself the first and last and best of all :
Nor needed angel, man, or sun, or moon,
Or star or world, to make him truly blest.

Himself an ocean wide of purest bliss ;
Himself an Universe of brightest light ;
Himself the fairest of ten thousand fair ;
Himself alone the one eternal God.
And long again beyond the death of Time
And fun'ral knell of Nature's latest works,
He still shall live the first, and midst, and last,
God over all, forever blest and prais'd.
All time, He measures with His shortest span ;
The mountains tall upon His finger hangs ;
The Universe into His palm collects ;
And veils all beauty with His lovely face.
Nor dwells there a spot in boundless space
Where life, or power of God is absent found.
On farthest limb of distant light He lives,
Lives mid the deepest shades of lowest night ;
Lives mid the bursting praise of Heaven's joy ;
And lives mid the mutt'ring groans of Hell's despair :
Lives in the Sun, and on the Comet lives ;
Lives in the air, and on the ocean lives :
Nor can aught obstruct, prevent or bend,
The presence of His all pervading mind.
O'er Ocean's face He drives the storm along,
And at his bottom deep He counts his pearls ;
Draws o'er the Earth her vernal landscapes fair,

And at her centre rubs her diamonds bright ;
Lifts far on high the mountain's nodding top,
And on the solid earth girds fast its base ;
Notes well the features of the human form,
And lays his finger on the inner thought ;
Piercing, pervading, penetrating all —
The highest height, the deepest, lowest depth,
The widest line of all that moves or lives.
Nor like matter the more diffus'd the less,
Or, human thoughts, which constant transits make
Where'er He was, was Deity complete.
Each sound that rose He heard, each sight He saw ;
Nor saw alone when into being come ;
But long before He saw their secret cause ;
And, long ere that again He saw them both.
Knowledge all knowing, Power all powerful,
Holiness all holy, Justice all just,
And Truth all true, concent'ring ev'ry where
Seem'd all from ev'ry spot to rise as if
Existing there arising thence alone.
Objects, events and actions all, like moats,
Seem'd floating in Himself, all seen, all known.
A God like this must needs all Nature rule,
And helm of all events fast-holding guide :
And so He did ; but men beheld Him not.

From highest seat of Majesty Divine,
Where hurdled clouds with fiery light'nings robed,
Around His feet were for a cov'ring cast ;
And o'er his head beamed brightest light of day ;
And at His side ten thousand thousand stood,
In longest robes of white, intent and prompt ;
With Universe upon His will all hung ;
The Everlasting God looked on the earth :
On man did look, and saw his wicked ways ;
And heard his jargon noise and fussy words
Which 'gainst high Heaven in pride he madly spake.
He saw his spirit swell with nothing gorged ;
He saw him shake his limbs, his locks all shake,
To free his neck from Sovereignty Divine.
He heard as hē said, that God was fast asleep ;
Or, wish at heart there ne'er had been a God :
The Idol saw, that in His stead was raised.
And saw his blasphemies like darkest fumes
Filthy and black the pure bright sky pollute.
And in the night, He saw his villainies ;
And heard the thought that said, ' No eye doth see.'
And God did call him vile, most fit for wo ;
And o'er his follies strange and at his rage,
Did laugh in solemn mock'ry of his pride.

Yet, God was good and from his bounteous store,
Did meantime pour o'er earth his richest gifts.
With columns high and strong He firmly propt
The canopy of stars, and o'er it threw
In sight of men the costliest drapery.
With his own hand led dancing round the year
Rejoicing in her fruitful seasons bright.
Distill'd o'er the land the richest dew and rain,
And making the sterile ground most fat,
Did wave in breeze his rip'ning harvests full,
And round his doors content and plenty throw.
In mountain-tops He limpid fountains made,
And poured their healing streams on all around :
In richest mines did heap his silver up,
Collect his gold and bid him dig and find ;
Corals and pearls and gems of greatest worth
Did make, and pour upon his thoughtless head.
The ocean from afar his wealth did bring ;
The mountains smiling high shook down their gifts :
And ev'ry sea and ev'ry stream and land,
Or far or near, the summons quickly heard,
And sent to man unask'd their richest stores.
Upon his ear the birds their music poured,
And thrilled his heart by sweetest rapture seiz'd.
And for his eye fair Spring bedecked herself,

And all her daughters drest in brightest robes,
Spreading them forth before his statue gaze.
And from the richest beds of shrubbery ;
And from the widest fields of waving flowers,
Came constant up for him the sweetest smells.
The laurels high, low stooping down did place
Upon his honor'd brow the wreath of fame :
And o'er his sufferings keen the willows dropt
Their heart-wrung tears of purest condolence.
The marble leaping from his hidden bed,
Stood quickly up and published loud his deeds.
And all the world beneath the hand of God
Stood anxious round, and on him waited close
In form abased of prompt obedience.

But, blest, men's hearts grew fat and obstinate ;
Their pride was puff'd, their neck made hard and stiff,
While with stouter stride and haughtier look
They God denounc'd and other lords did serve.

'Twas then that God was roused in awful wrath,
And drest in flowing robes of pitch-black clouds
For judgment hard and war himself prepared.
The heavens quiver'd at his fearful look ;
The Sun and Moon and Stars all lowly bowed ;

The mountains reeled, the ocean groaned, and Earth
On her foundations deep did heave and shake.
Lightning and storm and hail and smoke before
Him went ; and pestilence and war and want
And Death in ghastly shapes drove rapid on.

In diff'rent ways did God the world afflict,
And make men read from darkest cloud His name.

In early time He summon'd Ocean up,
And bade him purge the Throne from slander's stain,
And earth wash clean from all her guilty deeds.
Anon the deep obeys ; and wave on wave
Hard pressing fast invade the solid land :
(As oft in war when dismal charge is made.)
And like a rav'ning foe but just let loose,
Whose time was short, he soon the work perform'd :
And calling to his aid the upper floods,
Ravaged the earth ; her cities swept away ;
Her beauty drifted off and grandeur spoil'd ;
First made the Nations pale and rapid climb
The loftiest peaks on mountains-high grown ridge :
And, then, in idle sport fast seizing hold,
Plung'd them all trembling down in watery deeps :
And then his trophy rais'd ; at bid of God,

Back to his channel ran, and lowly sat
In fear of Him who fills the Throne Supreme.

At other time, He fire from heaven call'd down,
And bade it lick the blook of guilty towns.
The order heard, the heavens prepar'd to act :
Cloud after cloud collects in dusky heaps ;
And 's if themselves in consultation deep,
Their color change by dreadful turns and fast ;
Now awful black, now bloody red they seem'd,
And then a ghastly paleness wore, like men
At heart by many adverse passions rent.
So look'd the clouds, that told themselves to be
But outter wrappings of the hottest wrath
But now the hour is come — the righteous gone —
And down in fiery streams of liquid flame,
Themselves they pour, consuming all below.
The birds that fly in air, and beasts that feed,
And men that walked the street or sat at home,
Were all embraced, and felt the vivid streams,
Like forked lightnings, pierce their inner bones,
And on their fattest marrow greedy feed.
Houses and fields and hills and vales were burn't,
And sinking left behind a putrid lake ;
While faithful Abram lifts his eye and sees
Its folding smoke in mid-sky far expire.

Nor these alone. He Famines often call'd,
And placed their fleshless forms in city gate ;
Or at the public place of concourse great ;
Or at the door of private house, that look'd
From meagre face and low sunk eyes within,
Affrighting all that towards it turn'd or gaz'd.

Disease and Plague flew at his will in haste ;
And waving high their sickly banner pale,
And must'ring fast around most gristly forms,
Did make the nations reel and faint and fall.
'Twas then from many a couch of bitterest grief
Arose most hideous groans and dread laments,
While cries and shrieks and screams did loudly ring,
As oft the pulse stood still — the eye was sealed,
And Death his victim dragg'd reluctant off.

He, too, his voice sent forth in Earthquake's groan,
And made the world from far to near, all shake.
At once, the Ocean swells and boils and sighs ;
And then, the solid Land, like pendulum,
Most rapid runs from side to side by turns.
The woodlands shake — the mountain's nod, and all
The stoutest sons of forest bend themselves.
The birds affrighted, flutt'ring fly away,

As if t' escape the wreck of sinking earth.
The cattle 'long the plains look high and wild,
And running fast, the air all fill with moans.
Dread paleness sits on every face of man,
And every heart beats loud like feet of horse.
Another throe as if in birth of child,
All nature heaves, and thrones are prostrate laid,
And human greatness levelled with the ground.
The house that long its valued tenants kept
From heat of day and from the northern blast,
Now crush'd itself, its peaceful inmates crush.
And now the mother clasping her babe lies dead ;
And now the son lies stain'd in father's gore,
While brother into brother's aching ear
Pours dying moans that might have made
The heart of hardest marble weep in blood.
Yonder an arm, and here a leg is broke ;
The skull in that, and every bone in this
Lies mashed by mighty weight of falling beams.
And then, 's if mad with self and man, the earth
Her own grey mould and all down swallows fast ;
While all the air is fill'd with cries and screams,
And clouds and dust and atoms flying wild.

But chiefly rode He forth in Martial form,
To wash out human crime with human blood.

The slumb'ring wrath of nations rous'd awakes —
The heart-blood maddens as it nimbly runs,
And ev'ry eye intent streams fury forth.
Prep'rations great are briskly made by all.
Upon the glist'ning sword, the barbed spear,
The bloody dart and spike, the hammer strikes.
In the field the plough stands still ; and steers
That used now hear no more the ploughman's whoop.
The merchant's shop is closed ; and from his board
The stay and prop of wife and child is gone ;
While war-formed men in rapid troops collect,
In armor burnish'd drest, that cast in face
Of distant sun his own fair image bright.
In passing breeze the war-black feather waves,
While side by side they closely stand, and firm
Like mountain-ridge, in thickest phalanx joined.
The music strikes — they march with prompted step —
The foe appears — (brothers in war-clothes drest!)—
The shout is heard — and on they rapid charge
To field where blood shall make the winding sheet
Of many a fair formed youth and sturdy man.
Clamor, clamor meets, and eye meets eye —
On warmen warmen rush, and horse on horse —
Armor armor rings, and blood with blood is pour'd,
And fallen on fallen lie in thickest heaps.

But now one yields, and, rapid quits the field
While pressing on behind the conquerors run
To quench their thirsty soul in latest drop
Of brother's blood — ('To them a nectar drop!)

Of all that ever yet has drunk man's blood,
The battle-sword deep-stained has drunk, the most.
At war with God above in common cause
As if too high to reach — men turn their rage
Upon themselves and eat each other up!

Thus did the Eternal punish Earth and man ;
And reaching forth his iron rod afar
Did often break his peace and make him feel
The Power he tried so long and hard to hate.
To passions vile he sometimes gave them up —
At their own blinded will permit them run,
And in the light of their own kindling walk.
But still he held the reins and rul'd the world.
To human rage in love He fixed a bound ;
And bid it thus far run and there be stayed.
The storm that raged He held in firmest grasp,
And to it gave its power, and course, and end —
Each scourge He fixed between his fingers fast —

Each blow in mercy laid on sinners' souls —
And each was closely weigh'd and counted well.

But still men felt, nor heard, nor saw, their God :
Saw not his love — his judgments heeded not :
But proud and vile they shut their eyes to light —
Their ears to every call did firmly close.

When mercy reign'd, they laugh'd and danc'd and sinn'd :
And when dread judgments broke their cobweb-peace,
And roll'd like angry thunders o'er their heads,
They fear'd and quaked and hid themselves awhile
And begg'd to hear the dismal sound no more :
But when releas'd forgot and wander'd on.

But best we see God's sovereignty displayed
In men that knew him not, or knowing spurn'd —
In wicked kings who madly fill'd their thrones —
Ambitious murd'ers slaught'ring all around,
Priests profane, the people far misleading :
And infidels whose hearts were made of gall.
These all did madly fight 'gainst Heaven's King,
And yet his sovereign will precise perform.
With hook in mouth of each God held them all,
And kept them to his throne fast bound : but, yet,
Relax'd his arm sometimes and let them run

A wicked course of sin, that made the hair
 On pious heads stand up, and flesh all crawl,
 As they did blackest villianies perform
 And curse the throne, and curse the Holy Lamb :
 And then uplifting high in sight of all
 Did cast them down in deepest depths of wo
 And bid the world all gazing 'stand in awe.'

Some few examples fit from many drawn
 May serve at once to make the truth more clear.

In early times there liv'd by Nile a king
 Of darkest soul and stoutest heart of sin.
 From mothers' arms he infant-babes did tear
 And tiger-like their new formed bones did break,
 Or threw them weeping into passing flood :
 And then his soul uprais'd most high did ask,
 "And who is God that I should him obey ;"
 By mighty God he ten times fell o'ercome :
 And yet did ten times rise and fight again.
 He laughed and cried, and fell and rose, and said
 And lied and fought his God with demon-heart.
 Nor would he cease till God did lead him down
 And in the mire on Red-sea's base did sink
 Himself, his chariots, and his fame ; and thus
 His puerile madness tell to all the world.

Another instance take from Macedon :
A beardless youth of soul as big as earth.
He, like the Sun at rising hour, did cast
O'er Grecia's brightest lights the darkest shade ;
And then like comet-blaze he dash'd abroad
And hurl'd from zenith place the brilliant sun
That pour'd his rays on ancient Cyrus' throne.
Nations and tribes, and kings and priests he mov'd
About at his own will, like puppets small :
And thrones and crowns and diadems did toss,
Like boys that play at ball in idle sport.
'Bout God or gods or fanes he never thought ;
And seldom thought 'bout books or ought beside —
A swelling man that lov'd a show to cut,
And fame did court with hotter love than life.
And yet, this heedless youth unknown, did act
The secret purpose of the Lord of Hosts ;
His long-spoke prophecies precise fulfil :
Then dying like a fool proclaim'd aloud,
 (What God would have forever heard and known.)
That earth is vain and he that courts her mad.

Among Italia's hills there also liv'd
A man (near him who truth from sky obtain'd)
Of talents great and wealth and power and fame,

Who fought most hard 'gainst Christ and holy cause.
Himself apostate turn'd others he strove,
As oft, to make as bad as he. And thus
He holy fathers crush'd with weighty tax,
The courts of truth fast clos'd, and open'd wide
The Gentile fanes that long had silence kept.
In wit he dealt and shrewdest sophistries
And lowdest slurs upon the Truth did cast.
Nor these alone. By sovereign act, most proud,
He tried firm Heaven's decree to abrogate
And stronger than the strongest arm to be.
But vain. The Spirit works in spite his wrath
And round his palace christian converts makes.
The hope of church still far above his reach
Shone calm and bright on souls that call'd it theirs.
Dread balls of flame from Holy City drove
His workmen off, and shut the madman's mouth.
While on the Persian field, was hurl'd by hand
Unseen a lance, which drank his spirit's blood,
And made him tell to all, that Christ was God.

Another now of general sort observe,
And from him much of man in little learn —
His name is Infidel. He was a man
Who long in whirlpool deep and wide of sin

His common sense had plung'd nor found again.
His heart was hate essential 'gainst his God,
And from his eye the hottest fury flash'd.
His aim, his noblest aim through life was this,—
To do the Eternal God a little harm !
And this to him was end so pure and great
That for it he could aught neglect or do.
His creed was always wide — and morals too ;
From none to many gods was all the same —
From no religious form to grosest one —
The night to him was day, and day was night —
Order disorder met, and hot met cold —
Sweet with bitter joined, and rough with smooth :
And truth with falsehood black, and right with wrong
Commingled lay. As to his outward walk,
He was a hypocrite in sin : and oft,
With bleeding heart and tott'ring head, he tried
To show how much he could his God deride
And at his maker laugh ! How near upon
The burnish'd points of God Almighty's spears,
He could unharm'd approach ! How deep in flame
Of wrath Divine he could his arm thrust out !
How nigh upon the brink of Hell unhurt,
He could presumptuous walk and idly sport !
So coward on the mighty field of war,

Ere yet the foe appears or earliest drop
Of blood is shed ; the ground doth stamp
And hands doth clap and huzzas loud throws out,
That all might learn the bravery of his soul —
But who, the instant death appears turns pale,
And from the ranks in dread confusion flies —
And so with him. Tho' bold in public walk
And in the market place most clamerous,
Where grinning youths of untried sense admir'd,
And vulgar hearts profane base flatt'ries paid :
And tho' in philosophic scribblings pert,
As oft he brandish'd lances 'gainst divines,
And in his sleeve most loudly laugh'd, when e'er
The learned Doctor sat with serious face,
And labor'd answers gave to witty things
And blasphemous array of tinsel thoughts
By broken logic propt : tho' thus he laugh'd
And skirmish'd lordly o'er the battling field
Of argument : yet oft in lonely walk
He yells and screams of wildest tone did hear,
And in the night hobgoblin-sights perceiv'd ;
And round the troubled bed of death beheld
Ten thousand devils grin in cruel joy —
And on his future fate the blackest night
His gloomiest shades for him condense ; and Hell

Herself her mouth wide open throw in haste,
While coldest chill of death his frame all shook,
And from his heart the keenest groans escap'd,
As on the past he rais'd his faded eye,
And at his life-time folly sigh'd, too late !

Thus did the Sovereign God all nature rule,
And firmest laws to Mind and Matter give.

Nor durst a creature in the universe
His plan disturb, or meddle with his power.
Who fights with God with worse than lion fights —
Fights with the lightning's bolt — with earthquake fights,
With sickness fights, with plague and death and hell :
Fights 'gainst a God whose stamp is fate, whose will
Is sovereign law, whose word almighty power :
Fights 'gainst the arm that rolls all worlds along :
Fights 'gainst the mind that sees his inmost soul ;
And he who fights 'gainst these, does headlong leap
On pointed sword of keenest edge and long,
That naked stands before his naked breast.

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BOOK III.

THE CHURCH.

Tho' equal God of all, or small or great,
Yet God did diff'rent grades in being make,
And diff'rent value set on diff'rent things.
Matter inert and mind He active made :
With matter some He rounded mountain-tops ;
With other paved the bed of ocean deep :
Some, like the Sun and fires, he sparkling made ;
And others formed most dark, as clay and rock :
Some idle formed to lie on face of earth ;
And others rapid move her plains along.
O'er spirit, too, he swayed his sovereign will,
And made of diff'rent size the life He gave.
With some he filled the seats around himself
And poured upon their souls the glory-blaze

That issued ceaseless from his crystal throne,
He others made of being scarce and small —
A clod their world, an hour their longest life.
To some he Reason, to others Instinct gave ;
Some prepared with wings to fly in air,
And some with fins to move in brooks and seas :
To each his place and sphere and task assigned,
And to his state did wisely him adapt.

Of all He made howe'er, and from his throne
Did fling in thousand splendors off on void,
To dazzle in the light of his own face,
None shone so bright to him as deathless minds :
And these amongst again, were none so fair,
As those who low at holy altar bent,
From heart sincere and broke with guilt,
Did lift an eye, that sparkling with the tear
Of faith, did part the sky with either hand,
And looking far on high, did Him their Father call.
In range of eye through vast infinity,
The Deity no gems like these did see.
Compared with these the burning sun was dark,
And all the sparkling ones on breast of night
Their glory lost. These best upon himself
Did throw from far his own sweet image bright :

Upon his ear did music pour, with which
The notes of chiming spheres were harsh and dull :
And sent an odour up, that far excelled
The sweet perfume of India's spicy isles.
For these He made, for these He rul'd the world :
For these to see, He sunk all human worth
And grandeur down ; and tossing far away
Like trash, regaled his eyes with these alone.

So, when for gems on mountain-side men dig,
The cheaper mould they careless toss away ;
But search the diamonds out with careful hand.
And so, with cargo, great of precious worth,
The skilful seaman fights the dismal storm ;
Its fury braves with arm all nerved and strong,
To spread on distant, sunny coast his goods.
So managed God the world, and at its helm
Firm sat, to land on shore above, his church.

Since this was end so great in view of God,
It well becomes in clearest terms to set
Its special features forth — its creed and size :
The more — since fill'd with vain fantastic hope,
Upon the stormy deep have many launched,
And foolish thought their God was at the helm,

To waft in prosp'rous gale to shore above
 A soul all lade with lust and filled with crime.
 Nor error saw — till met by furious blast,
 Amidst the storm themselves alone they found ;
 And yielding all for lost, did soon become
 To angry wind and wave an idle sport.
 Their hope from mid-heaven falls — their light goes out :
 Their bark on briny deep in atoms flies —
 And they themselves in cruel caves are plunged.

What, then, the church? Its hope, its doctrines what?
 And here, Great God direct and teach the truth,
 Th' essential truth, nor more, nor less, that I
 May nothing add and nothing take away —
 May not from soul the sparkling gem of hope
 Tear down by thine own hand above fast fixed ;
 Nor 'fore the straying spread a blazing lie.

The first great truth of ev'ry creed needs be,
 ' A God exists — a God to fear and serve.'
 Nor lost from human minds, tho' sunk in sin,
 And fill'd with ev'ry filthy passion vile,
 Has ever been this deep stamped sense of God.
 Mid burning sands in burning zone it lives,
 And lives mid freezing banks of Northern snow —

Mid Afric's glens, and on the Indian soil,
And mid the vast Pacific's sea-girt isles —
Mid wise, and rude, and fierce, it lingers still ;
And like an index broken points to Heaven.

Not all, howe'er, who this truth seem'd to hold
Believed aright. The most a phantom raised
In room of God ; and round the creature-god
A flimsy the'ry spun of cob-web work,
Which never could their souls support or save.
In first truth wrong, they therefore erred in all ;
And stead of opening wide a door to life,
A pit to death did dig and therein fall.

Revealed was God to man in many ways.
The heavens above in all their spangled frame
That met his eye whene'er he walk'd abroad,
Did loudly on his ear the great truth peal ;
And earth from all her works proclaim'd aloud.
Upon Great Providence, that, like a King
Of farthest name, did grandly travel on,
In mighty strides, that made all nature shake,
And from itself did all events pour out ;
'Twas stamped in brilliant forms that stretched across
From eastern to the western edge of heaven :

And in the soul of man, that lived and thought
And felt, 'twas on immortal parchment wrote,
With heart-blood ink and with the Almighty's pen.

And yet, so blind was man he saw it not,
Or seeing widely misconceived and erred :
And stead of God unmade, immense, all-wise —
He raised a phantom up ; and drest in robes
Divine that reached from heaven to earth, did make
Him like a pigmy on a mountain look —
Or, like meanest man in all the realm,
To iv'ry throne and golden crown elect,
With purple drest and diamonds bright, as oft
'Tis cried by herald's voice to bow the knee —
Who but the viler looks as on the glare
Of royalty his peasant meanness throws
A sullen shade, which all amaz'd behold.

Nor could lost man unhelped the truth perceive.
Its scattered parts that dazzled in his gaze
(Which to collect he oft did vainly try)
Seemed but the more his grasping soul to blind.
As well go bid the mountain rock its eyes
Wide open throw and gaze on morning sun,
That on it richly pours its radiance ;

As man exhort behold and see his God :
As well the shepherd tell, that on the plains
Of silvered night his bleating gangs doth watch,
To raise his eye and view the unknown star,
That lies a telescopic gaze beyond,
The farthest seen — for man is blind as rock,
And truth as high as that fair star unseen.

But was there then no help ? no means to learn
The character Divine, and truth to know ?
Hear it ye heavens, and earth intent all hear,
Let ev'ry eye be fix'd, and heart most still :
The Lord, the Everlasting God came down,
And drest in robes that round him burnt in flame ;
With voice that back on thunder roll'd his tone,
Did clear and loud proclaim Himself — his will.
And lest from human minds through weakness part,
And part through hate and pride it should be lost ;
Or, superstitions, rising round like mists,
That o'er the earth a midnight darkness threw,
And Reason's eye put fast and long asleep ;
On stony tablets wrote it fast Himself,
And on it stamped with Heaven's Eternal Seal.

But still men turn'd away and would not look ;
And like a vacant fool that closed at noon

His eyes, nor would a passing view admit ;
Because a single sun the heavens possess'd,
And to itself the glory claim'd to warm
And lighten all — they shut their eyes in pride ;
And often spent their days to make more lights,
And better, than the one from God cast down.

This Book, howe'er, the will of God contained,
And was the best of all his gifts to man.
To him, who strays mid deserts wild and thick —
Who feels the more the more he thinks of home ;
A home which oft he fears he ne'er shall see,
And often weeps and groans, as thought of wife
And babe does frequent to his mind occur ;
While round him death in sportive mood collects
His haggard spectres pale, and on his dark
Imagination throws a thousand fears ;
To him what gift so great as that of friend,
Who hunts him out and to his weeping house,
Offers to guide and bear him through unhurt !
Such, and more the state of man undone ;
And such the proffer of the Book Divine.

This Book reveal'd to man for firmest faith,
Tho' hard for his weak mind to comprehend ;

A God Supreme, all Wise, in Persons three,
 Existing thus from all Eternity ;
 Godhead to each ascribed, and thus
 For each required most fervent prayer and praise :
 Declaring loud and long and clear ; that he
 Who basely wrong'd but one, did wrong the Whole ;
 Did Deity offend, and at his bar
 For crime so base should awful reck'ning give.

To truth so great and strange reveal'd did men
 Amendment make : and finding God in fault
 Did to Himself declare, that He was wrong —
 That human sense would never thus admit,
 A Three in One, or One in Three to be :
 That Two were either qualities of One,
 Or less, must but His higher offspring be.
 And thus explain'd they to themselves suppos'd,
 That God was debtor made to human skill,
 And his fair throne from ridicule was purg'd.
 Thus fought the truth did men, and vainly strive,
 With inch of mortal length to sound the depth
 Of God Immense and Deity to scan.

Another truth of greatest worth to know,
 The Bible taught. That human hearts were base,

Not one, but all most deeply stain'd with sin ;
That o'er the face of wide extended earth,
No spot was filthier found than human soul :
Of all the vile, most vile, of all the black
Most black, of all confusion most confus'd —
Of all deceit was most deceitful found :
Of sickest most in need of medicine ;
Of all the slain most deeply wrapp'd in gore ;
Of all on ruin's brink it nearest stood ;
Of all that leap'd in Hell was most dispos'd.

Nor hence alone was this great truth disclos'd :
'Twas writ in blood upon the war-flag high ;
And on the assassin's cruel dagger writ ;
And on the smoking ground of cities burnt ;
And in the torch applied when all were sleep ;
On forehead of the coward thief 'twas writ ;
And in his face who stained his neighbor's bed :
From heathen shrines 'twas often thunder'd loud ;
And soft in sighs did from their altars come :
The heavens to the earth did witness give,
And earth to heaven again repeat aloud ;
The ocean told that heard the sailor's oath ;
And woods, where oft the guilty villain lay ;
The Sun by day beheld and loud proclaim'd,

And star by night that stopp'd awhile her song
And on the filthy deed of sinner peep'd :
All these proclaim'd aloud that man was vile.

And yet, to make his blackest soul more black,
And to the highest crime a climax add —
He turn'd away in wrath nor would believe,
Tho' on the strongest oath of God 'twas spoke.

Another truth of weight immense was taught :
Around which central truth did hang the rest,
And moving each in its own orbit place
Did from it beauty gain, and heat and light ;
Like whirling planets from their middle sun.
This truth of truths was this : that God's own Son
In strongest love for fallen man undone,
Did lay his glory by and to the earth
Descent, did on himself take human flesh :
To hunger, want and shame was constant prey —
While living felt the keenest hate of men —
And then Mount Calvary ascending high,
Did in the breach of violated law
In room of man the weighty curse sustain —
And struggling all alone with wrath divine,
His soul outpoured in precious groans from sin ;

And thus did full atonement make to God,
And broken law did fast cement with blood :
And now, that he who quits himself, his works,
His sin, all quits, and in Him trusts, shall live —
Shall at the Judgment-bar acquitted stand,
And bending round the Chrystal Throne above,
Fore'er shall chant the love that placed him there.

This precious truth was but by few received.
The most their guilty deeds o'erlooking quite,
Did no need see for such atoning blood ;
And shaking from themselves its cleansing drops,
Did either proudly Gospel grace disdain,
Or, vainly try by blood of bulls and goats,
And heifers slain, their souls from guilt to free ;
Or throwing down a large amount, did strive
With gold the pearl of greatest price to buy.

Again, in fine, 'twas taught : That dying, men
Should soon at Bar of final doom appear,
And to the Saviour-judge, strict reckoning give
For all their deeds performed by day or night —
That pious souls who long had groaned for sin
And on their hearts did grievous burdens bear,
As oft they pray'd for holiness within,

Should there their bondage loose nor feel again
One link of all their former captive state —
But drest in shining robes of righteousness,
They through the gates should singing pass,
And in the New Jerusalem should spend
A long eternity in holy joy.

That bound in chains of fearful size and dark,
The wicked there shall stand to hear their fate —
Shall be accursed by sentence of the Lamb —
And down to hell outcast, shall groaning hear
The eternal bolt which locks their prison fast,
And them secures to never-ending death —
That there with devils curs'd and all the plagues
That ever gnawed in human hearts for food,
They'll groan and sigh, and weep and howl and wail,
Throughout a vast Eternity, which still
Eternity shall be Eternity.

Such the doctrines God to men revealed :
Which to obey was life and happiness,
To disobey, was death and endless pain.

About these truths — the core of gospel-plan —
The very heart of Revelation quite —
Th' essential base of ev'ry valid hope —

Did men (and sometimes men of pious heart!)
 Most strangely speculate and round them throw
 Full many a cobweb-work of feeble life,
 Attempting hard the truth more plain to make —
 The complex work of God to simplify —
 And parts which he left dark to lunate.
 But vain. For he who paints a Rose, or tries
 The Lily delicate t' improve — but stains —
 And he who strives the sun to make more bright,
 But casts on his own face a darker shade.

And o'er these truths did many stumbling fall.
 To all the tribes of proud and self-willed men,
 They lay like pits to those who stroll at night —
 Or, like an unexpected trunk to him,
 Who on the edge of precipice has got.
 Amidst them sank and o'er them thousands fell,
 Nor ever rose to hope or life again.

The chief objection urged 'gainst gospel-grace,
 By men of sinful heart and life, were these.
 (For these to receive and sin did not agree.)
 And these were constant mark to Satan's rage.
 These lost; and Zion would a market be —
 Her pure clean seats by sinners base defil'd:

Her holy peace by noise and clamor broke —
 Her sons with sons of wickedness combin'd —
 And God's own House a den of thieves profane.

To give these truths on earth a wider sway,
 And deeply in the mind to fortify,
 Did God the means adapted well appoint,
 And linking wisely with his Holy Cause,
 He made them gates and walks and outer courts,
 Around the house where chief his honor dwelt.
 Nor could blind man so well the Temple find,
 But for such avenues to lead him there.

Since then of benefit so great, 'tis fit
 To name, or, some at least to specify.

The first was Sabbath Day — holiest of time.
 For many ends did God this day appoint ;
 The first — to celebrate his glorious praise
 For wise construction of the universe,
 And living memory thereof transmit
 To farthest sons of distant time unborn.
 The man, who by the nerve of mighty arm —
 By laboring long and hard with weighty care —
 Has founded by his sword an Empire vast, —

And widely spread o'er all the rescued land,
 The beauteous works of peace and happiness —
 The massy stone erects on high and there
 His own, his country's name he writes, and stamps
 The date, when sheath'd his sword, the work was done.
 But chief, this day now points to second birth
 Of world and man — to Resurrection-morn —
 When vanquished Hell, and Death are captive bound,
 From rocky tomb the great Redeemer rose
 And brought in triumph high the vict'ry forth.
 Another end — to give to thoughtless men
 A leisure time to fit their souls for Heaven —
 In shadows substances to show — and thus
 T' unlock their fast clenched arms, and cast away
 The world, more lov'd by most than Book of God.

Loveliest of time ! Jubilee of days !
 In secret bower hid, the christian rais'd
 His eye expecting long its dawn to hail :
 And as upon the distant East it blush'd
 He met with rolling tear of holy joy —
 Felt through his soul diffus'd a richer light,
 And bending low at holy feet divine,
 His heart pour'd forth in drops of gratitude ;
 Then rais'd his eye, in faith he fervent ask'd,
 For dawn of endless Sabbath on his soul.

O'er all the land sweet stillness wide prevail'd ;
And nature joyous seem'd in silent gaze
Upon her God — while ear of saint devout
The footsteps soft of angels walking hears,
And sweetest notes that from the world of light
Escaping fell from lips of Seraphim.
High Heaven and Earth seem'd join'd in union sweet,
And God with either hand encircling each
Did to his bosom bring the Archangel
And the saint that wept in penitence —
Them brothers call and Him their Father kind.

Oh ye profane ! who drive with rattling noise,
Your fruits to distant mart — or dash along
The street in pleasure glee and thoughtless air :
Or, raise the savage laugh or jargon talk,
On holy day of God ! How rude you sport !
How harsh your voice to ear of holiness !
Beneath your prancing steed the earth recoils —
The trees of forest gazing blush unseen —
Unfelt their pitying tears the Heavens drop
Upon your heads — and angels shuddering, start —
As ye, presumptuous rush on holy time !
To choirs of Sabbath worshippers engag'd,
Ye fitly seem like low-bred, clownish men,

That into parlour neat obtrude themselves
On festal day ; and vilely drest and mean
Unseemly language use, and actions show,
That throw on cheek of decency a blush,
And mingling pity and contempt excite :
Or, him who breaking into inner grave,
The slumbering bones of parents dear disturbs,
And rudely brings them to their children's eyes.

Another walk to Zion's holy seat
Was word of God proclaim'd by men of truth,
Commission'd of Christ through all the world to go,
And rapid to bear on glowing tongue,
The news and grace of great salvation made.

With hearts excited by a Saviour's love,
And hands with blessings full, the herald's fly :
Of ev'ry age, and clime, and name they go —
And each his diff'rent gifts employs to set
Messiah forth and rescue men from sin.
Now, streaming eloquence to preachers' lips
Holds fast and still a large assembly long —
Now, stamm'ring faith proclaims in harsher style
The stubborn truths that in the Gospel lie ;
Now, dissult'ry talk beguiles and wins

More roving minds by closer thoughts o'ershot ;
And now the strongest chain of argument,
In phalanx join'd, the sinners fortress breaks,
And leaves him bare to God Almighty's wrath —
Now, age from silver'd locks and quivering lips,
In broken tones and soft drops down the truth :
And now, the preacher-youth, with livelier tone
And brighter eye, points blushing to the cross.

Beneath the sound the world reviv'd again.
The soul that ling'ring lay transpierc'd by dart
From Justices' quiver hurl'd deliverance found —
Upon Despair sweet Hope its beams did shed :
The chains from captives fell in brokenness :
The blind their eyes wide open threw and saw —
The deaf ear heard : the lame leap'd up and ran :
And he that lay by Hell's domain asleep,
Upon whose heart the Devil just had laid
His hand, awaked, did from the monster spring
And triumph loudly in his Saviour's love.

The Holy Dove was also made where all
Were obvious taught by watery element,
The need essential of a holy heart.
Disputed oft this rite, yet always meant

The same — always emblem'd purity :
Always pointed to the blood of Calvary
And dew descending of the Spirit's grace —
Taught always human guilt and human care,
Pollution, sanctity — and pointed far
On high to world where sin nor sovereign reigns,
Nor casts a straying spot on holy souls.

Another sweet appendage to the church
Was Feast of Love, by brethren often kept.

One I remember well, and here relate.
I sat amid the scene — the house was full :
No noise was there : but all was still, as when
Dark midnight wraps herself in her own shade.
Eternal truth seemed cloth'd in ev'ry face,
As terror lay upon the sinner's brow
And love dropt melting from the christian's eye.
They come around the board, but some are left ;
Each heart is joy, each eye is steeped in tears ;
Arm joins to arm in pure paternal love,
And each by each bend pensive o'er the feast,
As if half broke by love, half broke by grief.
Angels, with wing to wing in concert join'd,
Low hover'd o'er the scene, and tried to probe

(But vainly) the myst'ry there embraced,
As mortal ate immortal, man with God
Commenc'd, and fed his soul on things divine.
The Reverend Father rose — His locks of snow
Roll'd sagely down, and on his face sat age.
He stood, like an oak of many years
Mid junior growth, that looking saw around
None but itself so deeply mark'd by time ;
And which itself had warning just receiv'd,
As by it lay the trunk of its last mate.
He alone standing, spoke from lips of love,
And heart of richest tears, the words of God.
He sat ; another rose to fill his place.
With limbs all trembling, and a voice that shook,
He spoke from earnest heart. All heard, all felt, all wept,
And th' assembly look'd like morning-garden,
Bathed in the glistning tears of weeping night.

Nor this alone : but oft has here the saint
Provision for his soul obtained ; his fears
Dispers'd, his graces strengthen'd, and himself
Made grow in greater likeness to his God.
Oft the dependent here have hop'd : joy'd
The weeping, and the sick themselves felt well.
And oft the soul, with harp-strings broke, has here

The notes of Angels borrow'd, and their raptures
Told amid the elders' seats in heaven.

Thus did the Lord his Zion constitute ;
Her frame-work all of doctrine make most strong,
And round her throw, in ornament, her rites.

To tell who Zion's children were, precise,
Is hard, since God alone the record keeps,
Nor thereon durst the tallest angel look.
All those, howe'er, who held at heart the truths
Above, and did by them their lives control,
Were sure the sons of God — not one beside.
These all were seen most clear, by eye of God,
As diff'rent from the rest of human kind.
Nor did the distinction through combinations
Intricate, of ten thousand kindreds high,
Like mingling waves on face of the same sea :
But liv'd in every tie of life, unbroke
By twistings numberless around the heart.
And though by country join'd, and join'd by love ;
Though one by conjugal affection bound,
By same house shelter'd, and from same board fed,
Yet God did see a diff'rence wide between,
And this a child and that an alien calls.

So in a common field the wheat and tares
Together grow, nor scarce distinct appear ;
And so in forest wide, the fruitful vine,
Arm around arm commingles with the wild,
But yet in nature quite distinct from that :
And so the purer gold, like baser ore,
Does frequent look, which yet the chemist skill'd
Can easy tell and wide distinction show.

So lay confus'd, the sons of Life and Death,
In outer man so near alike that men,
And sometimes angels too, could not discern ;
But still at heart antagonists. And hence
Did sons of Sin great efforts often use,
To wear the clothes for God's own children made ;
And thus in Zion's wardrobes drest, to sit
And walk with saintly air among the just.

The real Hypocrite could ne'er succeed.
The patch-work dress that round his soul he threw,
To cover from the world his sinful heart,
So rotten was, that often as he'd seize
'Tould tear, and as he'd pull 'twould break, and thus
A wider breach would give, through which to see
His ugly soul : and oft the whole would drop,

And leave him bare as to his God he stood.
So does the villain wrapt in rags appear,
When brought before the good in decent dress.
Asham'd of soul and body both, he strives
Them both most hard to hide from human gaze,
Who yet the baser makes himself and worse,
The more he strives himself to cover close.

The Formalist did better imitate :
His cloth was to the very pattern cut ;
Nor could the closest eye discern between.
His robe had line for line, and bend for bend,
With that around the pious Christian cast.
Before the holy altar standing, he took
With solemn oath the awful vows of God ;
On sacramental board his hand was laid ;
He prayed, and wept, and sang and talk'd of faith
With zeal ; did many good works show to all,
And rais'd his upward look to heaven as his.
And yet, (my soul all shudders as she tells)
To hell did fall, and rais'd his eye in woe !
'Twas not in outer garb the diff'rence lay,
'Twixt him and real saint of God's elect,
But in the spirit-work that dwelt within.
So, in a pop'lous town of largest size,

Two buildings stand, precise alike and near,
But which within are all in contrast found.
The one unfurnished yet, is rough and bare,
The other shines with every trace of art ;
The one most hostile minds and fierce contains,
The other neatest folks of friendliest soul.
And so the foe, that secret in his heart
Bears murder, as on his countenance smiles
Deceive his inward frame, is oft mistaken
For a friend ; but who, when opportunity
Affords, his victim seizes and his blade
Of steel makes drunk, untear'd, with brother's blood.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. The author discusses the various stages of human civilization, from the primitive state of nature to the establishment of the first governments. He then proceeds to a detailed account of the rise and fall of the great empires of antiquity, including the Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. The second part of the book is a history of the world from the beginning of the Christian era to the present day. It covers the history of the Roman Empire, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the modern world. The author discusses the various political systems that have been established, from the absolute monarchy to the republic. He also discusses the various religious and philosophical systems that have been developed, from theism to atheism. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is suitable for both the general reader and the student of history.

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BOOK IV.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE TOWARDS THE CHURCH FROM THE
CREATION TO THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

Spirit of God! Immortal Dove!
Who on the plains of blest Eternity,
Dost on the souls of bards immortal breathe
The song that bends on Zion's mountain high
The lofty cedars low, and at the foot
Of Holy Throne the River stops of Life
To hear — breathe on my fainting soul again,
And bid me feel as in the room of prayer,
With Zion's children weeping round I felt,
As o'er me there thou roll'dst the wave of life.
At bid of Thee I left this bower of song,
And on the neighboring willow hung my harp,
Till to the wand'ring soul, in plainer style,

I preach'd the truths by aid of Thee here sung.
Aid Thou again, and holding bid me sing
The conflicts of the Church I live to serve.

O'er wave of time long wreck'd, my harp, go back,
And sitting on the green-cloth'd bank of stream
That ripples by the side of Tree of Life,
The fragrance breathe of Eden's early air,
And mid its landscapes blooming round so bright,
A minute-song of weeping joy relate.

But who describe a scene so fair, so short ?
That rising suddenly to view wide spreads
A thousand beauteous forms, in richest dress,
Before the enraptur'd gaze ; and then, like dream
Retiring fast, leaves in the mind the sense
Of sweetest joy, that longs again to see.
Or which, like the tints of Nature by flash
From thunder-cloud perceiv'd but once upon
The human vision rush, nor time afford
Their colors on the canvass to depict.

Upon the lovely earth the Eternal look'd,
And o'er it cast his richest radiance,
While back upon Himself with liveliest joy

The earth return'd from all her shining sons
The image fair of their Original ;
As waves that slumber still at sight the stars.
Holy Seraphim, swift-wing'd descending
'Neath human bower sat and fed themselves
From earthly board with nectar sweet. While many
With soul that bouyant rose above, commun'd
With tallest minds that play on golden harps.
The heavens on the new form'd earth did smile
And earth again return the common joy.
The Mountains to the vales low-bent rejoiced,
And vales up-leaping met the mountains' bliss —
And man with beast, and fish with fowl were glad.
Each sound was sweet, and every brook was life,
And ev'ry taste, save one, was richest health.
The Palm upon the Oak, and Cedar on
The lofty Fur did lean, with locking arms.
The Lion by the Kid lay down and slept —
And Wolf played sportive with the bleating Calf.
The larger beasts forbore the small to tread
And smaller ones their stings laid useless down.
The air imprison'd fast her ruinous storms,
Nor Earth infected Air with poisonous death.
Gently the ocean stroked the coasts of Land,
And Land with easy bar held Ocean in.

Each breeze was fragrance, the earth was riches,
 The heavens a diamond cov'ring — time was spring —
 Duty turn'd on easy hinge — and all things
 Kept 'neath reign of love and purity
 A universal harmony of praise.
 Such and more the state of new-created man.

Nor he unmeriting. His look was noble,
 Countenance divine — going venerable :
 His eyes were stars of knowledge — his forehead
 The marbled-front of righteous tribunal —
 His smile the sun half cover'd by a cloud :
 His voice a Lyre — his words celestial lore.
 Himself the image of his Creator.
 Nor less, his Bride — Recumbent on his arm
 She hung, innocence divine, reclining
 Virtue. Complexion, fair as drifted snow,
 Transparent to emit the red beneath,
 That lively flow'd in thousand streams of love :
 Her look was wing of seraph unfolding
 To wipe the tear it might perchance observe :
 Her hair the silken-velvet crown of beauty —
 Her voice Heaven's sweet treble, and herself
 Perfection all — the human ornament :
 Each rational and each immortal made.

Twin spirits of the Deity — double,
Yet join'd; distinct, and yet, but perfect man.

Happy pair! Sweet union of holy hearts!
Manhood in infancy; simplicity
In age! loving, belov'd; blessing, so blest:
Was ever married life so sweet, so pure!
Adam, thou wast the pride of man; fair Eve
Of womankind — and each the model divine
Of all. Our ancestors — we reverence:
Our perfect pattern — we imitate. But
Ye were too good for Earth, as Earth for Hell.
Th' Apostate falling from his native skies
Envied as he past, and e'en then resolv'd
To ruin as an outer province weak,
Perhaps forgotton of its God. His heart
In high revenge selected for his prey
Your Eden and yourselves, as angry Lion
More than common starved a fold of Lambs.
And yet how unsuspecting still ye walk'd
Amid the bloom of Paradise! How blest
Ye still conceiv'd yourselves to be upon
The point of wo! So the good unconscious
Ever fall, if fall at all among th' bad.
Wickedness is weak and therefore mean —

Cunning is its strength, its wisdom strat'gem.
And so th' Archangel fallen knew, and thus
His lure determin'd to make strong by guile,
And intricately sure by sophistry.

Around the prim'tive state of new made man,
Almighty God had cast a rampart great
Of mighty power ; nor could a subtle foe
An entrance to his holy bliss obtain,
But by one gate for man alone reserv'd,
That through it he alone might passage find
And not be kept in iron-prison fast.
Taintless of crime and 'gainst his holy will
No power in universe could him afflict :
Invincible beside on ev'ry part,
To angel high or brute or fiend below.
Nor God Himself could still a God remain
And blast his perfect soul with curse of Death.

The will of man most free to chose God made
To good inclined, seducible to ill ;
But still to act in each to self resign'd.
Nor this alone, but o'er the soul he pour'd
A flood of purest light which e'er might guide
The choice of man supreme to Him alone.

And then him placing at the gate where ill
Could possibly alone to him arise,
In iron-virtue cloth'd and armor'd well
He bade him watch and to his trust be true.

That man might o'er himself the stricter guard,
And not in heart or life transgress the Law —
The moral Law, that o'er each creature form'd
With sapient nature blest, and good from ill
To know, did equally its sceptre wield —
Two trees did God especial set apart
As constant monitors of right and wrong —
The tree of Knowledge Moral and of Life.
'Twas not t' entrap their unsuspecting mind
And thus the curse upon their souls to bring,
That God did this distinction make of trees :
As oft the wicked heart that turns towards God
Its sland'rous eye has blasphemously said.
Nor yet a sport of common sense to make,
As Infidels have oft in pride affirm'd.
Wisdom and Love did this distinction make
And in it God was God and man was blest.

The tree of knowledge (not so nam'd from fall
Of man, or from peculiar nature strange,)

From ev'ry leaf a curse 'gainst sin did speak.
 Not 'gainst the sin alone of it to eat —
 But loud proclaim'd, 'The soul that sins shall die.'
 The Tree of life was all most richly cloth'd
 With sweetest promise to obedience :
 And every leaf did loud declare ' the Soul
 That keeps the Law, that Soul in bliss shall live.'
 These trees were God's revealed Will to man—
 His lesser Bible in a diff'rent state.
 The one in substance held the threatnings now
 'Gainst sin in God's most Holy Word reveal'd,
 Th' other embrac'd in full each promise sweet.
 The one like Sinai thunder'd on the ear :
 The other smiled like Calvary in love —
 The one like Ebal cursed aloud 'gainst sin :
 Th' other like Gerizim did equal bless.

But 'gainst the Law of God most Wise and Good,
 Against His Sovereign Power out-stretch'd o're all —
 Against His Love and Truth and Mighty Grace :
 In view of living pledge of Life and Death :
 And smote by the eye that ranges Heaven,
 And Earth and Hell and Night ; the Tempter comes —
 With fangs that long'd on innocence to feed,
 And heart, that thirsted hard for blood of souls ;

And hate that could from throne Great God cast down,
 He hidden laid for man that subtle snare
 Which catching, dragg'd him down in chains to Hell.

Shutting his ear 'gainst voice of God most High
 Which still through Eden's groves did wide resound,
 His eyes fast closing 'gainst the vivid light
 That flash'd so bright from Tree of Death and Life,
 Man thrust his wicked arm midst hottest wrath
 That blaz'd, and burn'd and frown'd on Tree of Death,
 And bade him as he came stand off and fear ;
 And plucking thence th' essential curse
 (Weep on ye Heav'ns and Earth afflicted weep ;))
 It to his lips did bring and eating, down
 Did spread through all his bones and veins and soul
 Disease and wo, and sin and death and Hell.

The Tree of Life at once its blessings shed
 And wept itself away at scene of wo —
 The Heavens cast o'er their shining face a veil :
 And earth with sackcloth black her surface cloth'd :
 And every beast and every bird and fish
 And tree and plant, did bitter'st tears pour out —
 And Nature groan'd that man and all was lost :

While o'er the scene above from angels bright
Came moans and sighs and lamentations sad.

But where wast Thou Eternal God? whose praise
In all prevailing Providence I sing
Directing each event by Sovereign will?
Where slept thy power and where thy love confin'd,
As fiendish foe did thine own work invade
And from thy hand did seem a world to pluck?
Why to his rescue didst thou not arise,
And down to Hell the fiend scourge back again,
And in his face his crime and folly pour?
I know thine eye did see, thine ear did hear,
And in thy might thou then wast strong as e'er —
And in thy love unfathomably deep.
But why such silence keep when all at stake?
At truth like this my Reason staggers drunk —
And both my eyes grow dim as on this depth
Of deepest mystery I standing gaze.
The deepest truth in word of God reveal'd
Save that which this revers'd and man redeem'd.
But, still I will not cannot fret in pride:
All that is plain I love, and all that's dark
Of Government Supreme I gladly trust.
Tho' cloth'd in clouds of darkest night conceal'd

Yet God did rule the world in love when Fiend
In Eden came and man entic'd away ;
Did at the Helm of all things firmly sit
And wisely guide the course of all events :
And sinning man was base and God was just,
Who on him pour'd the curse of broken Law.

Oh ye, who from this scene a God exclude,
And ye who seeing criminate his Throne —
In trying each in diff'rent way to sound
This deepest depth of God Almighty's mind ;
Ye but your folly make more clear and gross !
Like boys that on the ocean sit in boats,
And try with pin-hook line its depths to find ;
So ye in danger to your souls attempt
This darkest part of Deity to scan.

Go first and measure arms with God most high,
And from your tongue his tone of thunder roll,
And with your spark of sense his mind illum—
Go measure Space, go count Eternity,
Go number sands on sea-beat coast,
Go every truth in universe unfold ;
Then coming back descant on birth of sin.
Or wiser, sit at Wisdom's feet and wait,
Like child till God Himself the Soul instruct.

The work of ruin now seem'd finish'd quite
And that which God did six days take to build
In moment short was all undone and lost.
Throughout the pit below was painful mirth,
And degradations triumph — such as fiends
All wither'd by the curse of God can feel.
The black flag high of Satan wav'd in air —
And earth run wild by strangest impulse beat,
Seem'd dashing to the pit, herself and all
To merge in deepest depth of black despair ;
While for a painful time all Heaven was still,
Nor God by dream nor voice nor look did speak.
The weeping Pair were now in fig tree hid
With hearts first-conscious of the fires of sin ;
While ever-gnawing sense of nakedness
Did greedy feed on soul and body both.

But the Redeemer's heart was now dissolv'd,
(For seeing He had long the work assum'd ;)
His pitying bowels yearn'd o'er ruin'd man,
And finding help, nor high nor low nor wide,
Himself He proffer'd and Himself He pledg'd.
Angels the verge of Glory crowded thick
And on Him placed aghast their steadfast gaze,
While all alone in haste He rapid flew

From topmost Throne of gold to man's relief.
In cool of day when all was calm and still
His voice in Eden's groves was softly heard,
From secret place the sinner calling out.
Office of Judge discharg'd in weighty curse
'Gainst sin, He pointed to the distant Cross,
Where He by death would full atonement make,
And with the blood from his own bosom pour'd,
Would wash their souls, their sins all purge away.

At sight of Him the Tempter fled afraid,
Earth to her place returns again and smiles,
And Hope the pallid face of man illumines.
So in a mighty land of justest Prince,
Rebels awhile the Empire seem to hold:
Till now at last by Lawful Sovereign met,
Mid crowding legions armour'd well with swords
And burnish'd spears that bristle thick around,
They fly at random from the field of war,
While round the royal banner cluster all,
Most glad to fall at feet of Sovereign Lord.

'Twas here commenc'd that dreadful War of wars
Of which all other wars are feeble parts,
Here first were drawn those weighty swords and long

Which blood shall drink and 'gainst each other clash,
 Till Judgment-Day shall raise his trophy high
 And spread his foes at feet of Christ subdued.
 In this tremendous strife wars Son of God
 With sullen Prince of Dark Perdition's den.
 Angels of Light with Fiends of Hell below
 Here grappling meet in fell encounter hard.
 Truth with falsehood fights and good with ill.
 The field is Heaven most high, and Earth and Hell ;
 The weapons, fire and flood and earth and air ;
 The battle's length, the length of longest time ;
 The end, the good all sav'd the wicked damn'd.

And here, as if to triumph at the first,
 The Saviour-God with holy promise sweet,
 On very ruins which the Devil wrought,
 With Sovereign Arm did lay the Corner Stone
 Of that stupendous Fabric strong, which spite
 Of Hell and Earth shall rise, till reaching Heaven,
 The Everlasting God shall call it 'good —'
 And o'er it throwing his own effulgence
 Shall it the New Jerusalem pronounce.
 Loud sang the Heavenly Seraphim : 'Grace,
 Free grace,' and Earth the burning anthem caught,
 As Son of God o'er Satan's rage prevail'd
 And from the womb of Sin the Church was born.

Yet Satan left the abodes of man not long ;
But soon return'd a brother's hand to stain
With brother's blood, and earth with sin pollute ;
Encourag'd, tho' by God Himself reprov'd
He soon the Nations drove to uglier things,
And fill'd the world with violence and death.
Fair Holiness, from ev'ry part of Earth
Expell'd, took lodgment in a single home,
The hope of Church but flicker'd on a point,
And ever and again appear'd to die ;
But still arose tho' weak and shone like spark
Of smallest size midst deepest shades of night.
'Twas then that God to sighing saints opprest
Deliv'rance brought — and calling on the Deep
He made him sweep to ruin the wicked ;
While far above the rage of Hell and Earth
He held in sacred ark his children dear,
And there sustaining rock'd them fast asleep
Upon his own soft breast of downy love —
As mothers oft the children of their care.
And then restoring gave to saints alone
The world, as arching Rainbow on the cloud
The grant confirm'd and Hope divine bestow'd.

Short the memory of a delug'd earth —
Young children more wise than Sire grown

(As oft, in later times it happens too)
Did soon afar his good example leave ;
His pious precepts quickly dash away ;
And thinking his God too hard to serve
Call'd all their senses forth new gods to make.

The bad example takes, and rapid spreads
Through ranks of heedless youth and gray-hair'd men ;
And th' world goes whoring after creature-gods.

'Twas then that God did faithful Abram call
And him appoint as Father of the Just ;
The Covenant anew with him confirm ;
And to his distant Son the Saviour point :
While leap'd his heart to see the promis'd day.

As in a prison-hold of air confin'd,
Where dead on dead most putrid lie and close ;
Yet one survives amid the gen'ral fate —
He from the rest is quickly drawn away,
And in a larger place and fresher air
Is put, a freer life unharm'd to live :
So did the Lord from sinning mass of men
Idolatrous, his pious Son redeem
And him removing to a better place
He bade him live, and in his God confide.

In pious fam'ly of this faithful Sire
From then till birth of distant promis'd seed,
The Providence of God supreme we see
For them directing plainly all events.

When captive in the fertile land of Nile,
And by a Tyrant's hand ground down in toil,
Their chains God broke, their burden lifted off;
The tyrant's cruel arm and host did crush,
And from their prison brought his children out
With songs, each on his arm reclining safe.

When nations all were straying wild in sin,
And groping each in search of truth unfound,
God, from the top of Oreb, banked in cloud,
With voice that shook the neighboring hills around,
And o'er the tribes below paleness diffused,
To them declared th' essential truth divine,
And bade them trembling to his Law give heed :
Himself proclaim'd their own, their Covenant-God,
And bade them in his statutes walk and live.

When through the pagan wilderness they past,
In Cloud by day and Fire by night He led,
From Rocks he gave them drink, and food from Heaven.

With father's pitying heart their manners bore,
 And 'fore them beat their foes in terror down —
 Jordan passed miraculous — Canaan reach'd,
 He cast the heathen out, and there he plac'd
 His church, in land with milk and honey flown.

Thus wall'd by grace, and by Jehovah rul'd,
 With sun of truth brilliant in mid-sky plac'd,
 That constant o'er his Land its radiance pour'd,
 While holy banner, lifted far on high
 The name of Israel's God in sight of all :
 Recumbent on his vine the Hebrew lay,
 Or under fig-tree sat, and God adored.

* * * * *

In days of him who next to Omri reign'd,
 Fair truth but dimly shone on Israel's tents,
 While crime and every wicked deed unveil'd
 Stalked boldly through the land with proudest front.
 The virtues of their Sires, and promises
 Of God to them long made, were all forgot :
 And all forgot the Hand that slew their foes,
 And placed them in a goodly heritage.
 Israel's God was now with Baalim join'd :
 The altars of the groves had frequent priests :

While holy men for truth were slain, and blood
Of Saint with blood of sacrifice was pour'd.
Apostate Ahab and his Heathen Queen,
Their vengeance poured on all the ways of God —
Fed at the Royal Board the Priests of Fiends :
And far from home the holy Tishbite drove.

Yet, God did still from Death his Church redeem,
And bless the remnant for Himself preserv'd.
The pious man of God, who long by caves,
And mountain-sides and brooks had liv'd expell'd
From distant Banishment and long returns —
Collects all Israel on a hallow'd spot :
The prophets of the groves collects — and then
His voice exalting high aloud proclaim'd —
'How long ye wicked sons of Jacob's loins,
'Twixt Baal and your God ye halt? How long?
If God be God obey, if Baal serve.'
He said, then water on his victim pour'd,
To God most high he rais'd his sagely look,
And on his name in view of all loud call'd.
Anon from Heaven the flame drops down,
Consumes his bullock and his altar burns :
While shouts from Israel's wand'ring ranks exclaim'd :
'The Lord is God, the Lord is God alone,'

At once the sword the blood of Baal's priests
Fast drinks, and Israel's Land is God's again.

Still, short the reformation — Restored
Israel sinn'd again, and re-restor'd
Again they wander'd off — till, latest tear
Of Mercy shed and Patience' line run out,
God to their wand'rings gave themselves, their all,
And emptying from the Holy Land bestow'd,
He pour'd them out upon the Nations round,
And let them with the guilty current run.
So from a vessel clean the faithful maid
In sewer near the filthy water pours,
And bids it float in mass with common stream.

So scatter'd God this race with tribes around —
Where by His eye alone distinctly kept,
They live and wander still from Him estray'd,
Estrayed from Truth, and from the light of Peace ;
Till He again shall join their scatter'd parts,
And with the Gentile fullness bring them in.



BOOK V.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE TOWARDS THE CHURCH FROM THE ADVENT OF CHRIST TO THE PRESENT TIME.

The world had now unmanageable grown
To human skill. Philosophers whose hands
Had long the helm self-prompted seiz'd fell down
From lofty place, like charioteer dead drunk :
While earth and all her works, on roughest rocks
Of dark damnation deep, well nigh had struck.
The dreadest shades of night the air all fill'd :
'Twas not like night by moon or star illum'd —
Or that which blackest thunder-cloud o'erspreads.
The Sun of Truth beyond the distant west,
Had long since hid. The twilight-moon of earth
From Zenith place fell rapid down, out-done,
And every star from firmament was gone.
The shades of Hell, which long were rising fast,
In dark Philosophy, and idle aims

Of men at Truth, now tow'ring high round earth
Were briskly traveling to the central sky ;
While ev'ry gleam of faintest light was out,
Save flick'ring Prophecies on Judah's hills,
Which God, with flaming angel standing by,
Did guard, and feed unknown with holy oil,
While through the shades the long expecting Saint
Did on their twinkling blaze his eyeball rest,
And anxious for the Hope of Israel, wait.

The cycled years o'er which the promise stretch'd,
In oath of God, like richest belt had pass'd.
The Prophecies, which long by pious Seers
Were spoke, fulfilment now did loudly ask.
The world was now to deepest wretchedness
Low sunk, and cover'd thick with moral sores.
Her eyes did eye-salve need ; her ears ask'd cure ;
Her head was sick, and all her heart was faint.
Her tomes were fill'd with empty lore, the fruit
Of ages gone — the labor'd product deep
Of all the wise and learn'd — which could not purge
From human soul a stain ; or o'er despair
A star raise up ; but even begg'd themselves
For thorough cleansing from their moral filth.
The blood of calves and goats had freely run

From Jewish and from Pagan altars high ;
But still the soul polluted left behind.
The hyssop-branch and crystal fount had shed
Their cleansing dew o'er human guilt in vain.
The oil, that richly on the moral wound
Was pour'd, no healing wrought, or good produc'd ;
But left it still a putrid mass, deep sunk
With roots that round the central soul did twine,
Fore'er discharging from its head, a stream
Of ugly, putrid stuff, most nauseous,
Polluting deep and wide the moral man.
The costliest sacrifices stood in heaps
At temple-gate, and loudly begg'd for worth.
And Priest, but half with priestly garments drest,
Around his altar stood, and vacant look'd,
For want of solid ground or costly name
On which to base his frequent prayer, and worth
To often-bleeding sacrifice impart.
In short, the world all needed, and the world
All asked for speedy Advent of the Son,
By Father's love long seal'd and set apart
To wondrous work of Man's Redemption great.
Nor ask'd, nor needed long. For soon the Lord
Did to his Temple come ; and Sun of Truth

Did soon o'er earth his richest radiance pour.
But, who his Advent tell? So low, so grand,
So dark, so bright, so mortal, so divine?

'Twas not like descent on the desert-mount,
When cloud on cloud were thick around him thrown,
And lightning's flash and thunder's voice proclaim'd
A Deity — Nor like his second coming,
At final Judgment-Day, when sun shall blush,
And moon shall fade, and stars shall fall, and earth
And seas, and hills, and vales, and men shall quake;
While thousand saints to thousands robed in white
Shall herald down the sky the Son of God;
And Angel-voices loud shall on the dead
And on the living call to hear their doom.
Nor like the march of mighty earthly prince,
In purple rob'd, in chariot seated high,
As millions round him crowd in flatt'ries base,
And heralds cry before, "All bend the knee;"
While lands and cities great in dust deep-sunk,
With outstretch'd arms, all welcome his approach,
And beg, low-bent, the favor of his eye.
Nor like the visit of an angel high,
In shining robes and face of brightest flame,
That at his feet the prophet often smote
In dust, and to the earth his head bent low.

'Twas not with trumpet-tongue, a law to give ;
 'Twas not the wicked from the just to part ;
 'Twas not to dress up earthly greatness bright,
 And round the vapor Fame, a halo throw,
 Of God's own make ; or, to renown and rule
 A single nation raise, with others round
 Low crouching at their heels in vassalage ;
 Nor into mortal hearts a terror deep
 From bright appearance of a God to strike,
 That might from scene of unmade grandeur drive
 Them, shrinking fast away, and make them faint ;
 'Twas not for ends like these Messiah comes —
 Far other aims his holy soul inspires,
 And from the lofty heavens to earth bring down.
 The vile he comes to save, the lost to find,
 The darkened teach, the palsied heal, the dead
 To raise, and chains from captives to unbind.
 He comes, the flaming attributes of God
 To soften into love ; with men to dwell
 In clay, and of their sympathies partake :
 With weeping souls to weep, with mourning mourn ;
 With poor be poor, and with the lowest live :
 He comes on cross to die, and with the blood
 From his own heart pour'd out, the Sword of Law
 To sheathe — stern Justice' heart to satisfy,

And from their deeds the wicked wash most clean.
'Twas thus, as lamb to slaughter led, he comes,
And as a sheep before her shearers, dumb.
No rainbow round his head he wears, nor crown —
No sword all glitt'ring vibrates in his hand —
No bright attendants crowd him, arm'd around —
Nor voice he utters, nor a form assumes,
Affrighting men and shaking human hearts.

At rising hour, all nature nor surprise
Nor gladness seem'd to feel at great event.
The moon and stars did not from usual place
'To distant east fast run, and gladly wait
On early rising Sun of Righteousness.
The heavens above with no unwonted tints
Did smile, nor mountains bend, nor valleys rise,
Nor woodlands shake, nor running streams stand still,
To welcome in Immortal Truth, and God
From heaven with loud hosannas hail.

The king upon his throne no crown takes off,
Or royal vestment lays in homage by,
Or sovereign edict through his kingdom sends
To publish far and wide the mighty deed —
Nor marshall'd troops parades, nor feasts, nor plays

Appoints, nor towns illumines to celebrate.
The blood-stain'd hero rides the car of war
At ease, through flow'ry isles of roses sweet,
And air all fill'd with loudest flatteries,
As round him march in chains the kings
Whose soil of green the victor drench'd in blood ;
Whose towns he burn'd and subjects slew, and wives
And sons to want drove out and country sunk.
Intoxicate with pride, he neither asks
Nor thinks of advent of th' Incarnate God.
The murd'rous Tyrant, still his darken'd brow
Collects — and o'er his trembling subjects holds
His sword ; — and still his throne he loads with blood.
The scholar still his school frequents, and o'er
The pages fill'd by Plato's mind, or those
By Aristotle writ, attempts the truth
To find ; nor from his search mid learned lore
His eyes he once takes off, or tow'rd's the Babe
Of Bethlehem once turns. The prison still
Its captives holds in chains and dungeons deep.
The noisy speaker still the rostrum climbs
And loud declaims 'bout law and laws and crimes
And ambient air around crams full of politics.
His shop the merchant holds in busy trade ;
The billow high the sailor climbs for gold,

And sees his silver shine midst darkest storm.
The plowman still his plowshare deeply drives
While to his noisy lash the sturdy oxen groan.
The miser still his treasure hoards in chests
Of iron-work — and starts at shaking leaf,
Or mouse's tread, or bark of faithful dog.
The rich still roll in wealth midst sumptuous fare,
In costliest purple and in linen drest,
While still the beggar at their gates for crumbs
And rags and drink of water lowly begs.
The nuptial pomp and loaded feast on night
Of marriage still a merry crowd collect.
The proud still strut — the faithless cheat — and false
Still load their tongues with heavy lies — And thief
With wanton eyes the wealth of neighbor's barn
Close watches hard, and for it nightly plots.
And all the affairs of guilty earth drive on
At usual rate. Nor great nor small (save few)
Nor wise nor rude the promis'd advent hail'd.
And e'en the Doctors of the Law and Scribes
And Pharisees, whose hands the Book of God
Oft held, and eyes o'er promise roll'd, nor ask'd
Nor wish'd to know the Infant-Son of God.

But still around him blazed Divinity —
And pious souls that through their tears look'd out,

Beheld around the scene a lustre bright,
Which augur'd well the advent of their God.
The loftiest Seraph midst the sons of light,
Chief officer in Government most high,
Whose head of flame the longest rainbow wore,
Of all who burn'd in love mid Temple High —
Whose wings of snow-beat whiteness widest stretch'd —
Whose seat of honor next the throne did stand,
And who in swiftest flight left far behind,
On faltering wing the rest of Seraphim,
And by whose side hang down the largest seal
Of Government Supreme ; to earth came down,
And to the Virgin spous'd of David's line
Proclaim'd his birth, and her the Mother nam'd.
To Shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem,
That all night long their bleating gangs had watch'd,
Midst darkest shades of night a glory shone
That fill'd with fear their hearts, while on their ears
A voice Divine in sweetest tones of love,
Pour'd richly down the heav'nly tidings sweet,
As numerous sons of bliss through mid-sky flew,
Filling the fun'ral vault of reigning night
With loudest praise to God, and peace to man.
To heathen Magi of the east a Star
Appears, and to the place where humbly lay

The babe, their feet directs ; while from their purse
They richest gifts draw out, and bending low
At holy feet, their costly presents pour.

From bloody sword of murd'rous Herod, King,
Whose hands had oft been deep imbrued in gore,
And heart grew glad as round him lay the corpse
Of wife or child, by his own dagger slain,

An angel strong to Egypt leads away
The child, and there from Tyrant's wrath protects.

A Prophet, to the Temple led by God
Himself, the infant to his bosom clasps,
Messias calls, and God's Salvation Great ;

A Light to Gentile lands ; to holy seed
A constant joy, while leaps his gladden'd heart,
As towards the world above his eye he turns,
And prays for angel-flight to final rest.

He, too — the Infant Son — did often show
Most wondrous deeds, and words of wisdom speak,
That wise confounded, and the pious made
Most glad, as in his youthful acts they saw
The Prophecies fulfill'd, and Shadows end.

Though God, yet Christ was truly human flesh ;
Was bone of bone, and blood of blood with men.
Nor could the Godhead full from infant soul

So well itself display, and all its weight
On milky bones, and tender flesh bear down.
Nor had the union sweet with human clay,
So well been seen, if o'er his childish state
The perfect blaze of Deity were cast.
And thus, consistent well with mortal state,
A while confin'd the Saviour seems, nor lifts
At once his glory up ; but still, shoots forth
At times a glory-beam on human eyes.
So, oft at early dawn, when rising sun
Has just the verge of eastern sky outrun,
And ready seems to shine, bank after bank
Along the dark clouds float ; and o'er the scene
A sombre shadow throw, save now and then
As through their folding rents, the rays leap out,
And momentary blaze to mortals give.

But hark ! a voice from Jordan's Wilderness
Most shrill, and loud, and bold, the people
All collects, and from their deepest slumber wakes.
All Israel stirs ; Jerusalem her eyes
From hatted Doctors draws reluctant off,
And towards the Desert wild looks out.
The Scribes and Pharisees, as on their seats
Of cushion'd silk they lounging lay, and oft

Profoundly snored as in their tamest ears
The meaner sort their tickling flatt'ries pour'd,
Beneath them felt the pillars crack, and thrones
Of long-claimed reverence most harshly shake,
While to the haunts of Jordan's farther side
A monied embassy they quickly send.

But, the parading crowds still onward move
In mighty groups, their houses leaving far.
The desert lives ; and still from every coast
And town, and vale, and hill, they briskly come.
So move the waves of ocean deep, while long
Her furrow'd breast some wildly storm drives on
In sullen grandeur dark ; as on the coast
Ten thousand waters break, and still behind
Ten thousand more succeed, — so mov'd the hosts.
Around the desert-speaker now they stand
And fix'd in deep astonishment all gaze.
Nor strange — For he to them was seldom sight :
His dress was wild and coarsely grand — His hair
Like straws of stateliest pine — His beard like moss
Hung gloomy down — His aspect rough as oak
Of biggest size — His eyes were balls of flame :
His voice like clam'rous winds mid mountain-tops.
His plain address was like the thunder storm —

His rapid thoughts like lightning's hottest bolts —
 While o'er th' astonish'd ranks around, he pours
 A constant tide of nature's simplest speech,
 Which to themselves their hearts wide open threw —
 Their lives outlaid, and bade them trembling gaze.

Astonish'd all, all ask'd, “From whence ? and Who ?
 Elijah ? Prophet ? or the promis'd Christ ?
 In desert born ? Or fallen from a star ?
 Or angel plainly garbed to earth just sent ?
 A Gentile sage just into greatness grown ?
 Or one of Jacob's sons but mantled late,
 As holy Prophet born beyond his time ?”

The case was hard, and all their queries vain,
 While to their lab'ring minds the holy Son
 Of Zacharias solved the mystery dark :
 Himself declared — his mission and its end.
 Then 'mong their scatter'd ranks espying clear
 The Christ, by Holy Ghost to him reveal'd
 His arm he long thrust out, and voice he raised,
 And loud exclaim'd, “Behold the Lamb of God !”

Baptized, the heavens above wide open fly
 In prompt obeisance to th' Anointed Lord.

In dove-like shape the Holy Ghost descends
And on him lights in view of all. While from
Th' Eternal Throne the Highest speaks, and Him
Declares his First and Chief and Only Son.
'Twas then his mouth the Son of Joseph ope'd,
While o'er the Tribes of Israel's chosen seed
His speech like streams on desert lands descends,
And like the nightly dews upon the grass.
The mountains bend their stately heads to hear.
The trees their fix'd attention give most close,
And beasts and birds beneath his sweetest voice
Forget awhile their food, and busy gaze.
The yeomanry from flocks and fields and homes
Are charm'd away — the merchant leaves his trade —
His post of trust the warring soldier quits —
With babe in wearied arms the mother comes,
And by her side her son of shorter steps ;
Upon his quivering staff decrepid age
His cumbrous weight suspends, and slowly moves,
While by his wishful side on swifter foot,
The smiling stripling staves in rapid race.
And all of every class and grade the Son
Of David seek and on his tongue repose.

The Law of God, which long had slept, interr'd
Beneath the trash of human thoughts and notes,

And shallow comments crude ; or in the text
Was hid, like keenest sword in silken sheath,
The Holy Speaker rais'd in grandeur up,
And round it threw its power and life and edge.
Virtue o'er whom the rankest vices foul
In fairest robes had long since proudly trod,
He drest in robes and shining ornaments ;
And on her head a crown of finest gold
Did firmly set, and in her hand a rod
Of iron place, and bid her sovereign reign.
And thrones, and diadems, and human fame,
Sinking far down beneath his holy gaze,
The meek, the poor, the humble and the good
He raised, and highest thrones to them assigned.
With nicest scales from Holy Throne brought down,
He men and things all closely weigh'd, and fix'd
On each his name, his value and his size ;
That labell'd well blind man may no more err,
And that a treasure call which was but trash,
Or that a wholesome dose which to its heart
Was rankest poison 'gainst his very soul :
Then pointing far on high, the people all
He bade for Life Eternal manful strive,
And on the Rock of Ages firmly build,
Lest Judgment-storms should far their buildings wash

Away, and on the gloomy Gulph of Death
Their withered corpses spread consum'd and lost.

Nor from his lips alone dropt heavenly truth —
Disease and death and wind and wave obey'd
His voice most prompt, and him as master claim'd.

The leprous soul that long without the house
Of God had wander'd sad, and often wept
As towards his coming fate his eye he turn'd,
But *touched*, is clean, and with the soundest stands.

The blind, for whom no morning sun had blush'd,
And on whose sight the smiles of parents dear
And home had never shed their sweetest beams,
At his command look out and see most glad.

The deaf ear healed salvation hears — The dumb
In praises high of God their tongues employ.

The palsied feel new life through all their limbs, —
And scorching fevers leave their long burnt frames
At his rebuke. And fiends of cruel heart,

Which long had made of human frames their home,
And into deserts drove and 'mong the tombs,
Their houses leave expell'd, and loud exclaim'd ;—

“Thou art the Son of God.” The sweeping storm,
That into dismal rage the deep had thrown
And fiercely rode upon its pinions dark,
His voice confess'd, and at his feet lies calm'd.

The grave her dead to life sends back again ;
And all in Heaven or air or earth or sea,
Him own'd their Lord and at his call, obey'd.

But short, his earthly toil and pious care,
For soon a prey he fell to human rage.

And, here, my Muse, the cause and instrument
In full declare, and timely warning give
To enemies of holiness, and those
Who hold the christian name in base pretence.

Of passions vilest in the human soul
Is Envy — bane of every bliss, and gall
Of all the springs that o'er life's desert run.
With Vulture's maw its own great heap it leaves,
And strives to wrest the grain that starving want
Consumes ; or, failing, seeks its neighbor's blood.
While other vices prey in part on things
Beside, on human woe alone this feeds.
And while the rest in swift pursuit fatigue,
This, still voracious, young and strong, pursues;
Nor quits the field, till latest joy devour'd,
It turns its greedy throat and glassy eye
Towards heaven above, and loudly asks for more.

So, falling into hell, Apolyan long'd
 Fair Eden's bloom to spoil, and on the peace
 Of new-made man, forever prey, and at
 His dismal groans and tears, infernal laugh.
 And so, the good exalted high o'er men
 Of meaner grade, have been but public mark
 At which the meanest scoundrel shoots his darts
 Of poison'd blade! Oh despicable pest
 Of human race! Murder's confederate!
 The life of crime! The death of every joy!
 Tearless monster! Insinuating thief!
 Haggard fiend! angel of the pit below!
 The meanest guest that human hearts maintain!
 Oh Envy, what? Oh, what shall be thy name?

Long in the breast of Scribes and Pharisees
 Had this foul passion rag'd, as they beheld
 The rising fame of Joseph's Son. Though plain,
 Yet all his works they falsified, and at
 His virtues grinn'd, and frown'd, in base contempt.
 His overthrow they long and anxious wish'd,
 And prayed to see his inmost blood besmear'd
 Upon their hands as holy ornaments.

But who shall him betray, and at their dread
 Tribunal hail? The Gentile Roman scorns

A deed so base : the bigot Jew objects ;
While fiends themselves all blush'd, as Judas, thou,
His Friend, his Taught, his Preacher, and his Guest,
Thy service proffers willing, and thy Lord
For *Thirty parts of shining dust betrays !*

Oh wretched love of Gold ! The root complete
Of every filthy, mean, and perj'rous deed !
For thee some stamp all virtue down in dust !
For thee the Widow eats her latest cake,
And with her orphan'd children, dies for bread !
For thee some sell their country, and their home !
Some fetter, chain and sell their fellow men !
Some spirits make, and round the massy world
The liquid tide of burning flame fast pour ;
And some (and these the fairest call'd) for thee
Themselves, their virtue, heaven, and hope, all sell
To meanest profligate that in his hand
The baiting cash holds out ! Most niggard thing !
The only inmate of the miser's soul !
The mammon worshipp'd hard by half the race,
And oft the heaviest weight that sinks to hell !

And thus, by love of gain, to Envy sold,
A scene succeeds which Fiends accurs'd, alone

Could imitate. Accusations false and mean,
 Insulting blows, pricking thorns and scarlet robes,
 Hisses and sneers, slander's bitt'rest venom,
 Clamor, rage, blasphemies and cruel sport,
 All pour their vengeance on the Sufferer !
 Nor these alone : Condemned without a crime,
 To Calvary's brow his rugged cross he bears ;
 Nailed in his hands, his feet, he writhing hangs —
 Essential Virtue bleeding ! Innocence
 In anguish ! The Prince of Peace, earth's only Hope,
 Groaning on a tree ! Immortal Life dying !
 The Comforter comfortless ! The Saviour
 Undelivered ! God himself in death !
 But still, no murmur 'scapes his holy lips ;
 And still eternal love his spirit binds,
 While rais'd his eye, to God Most High he cries :
 " Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

And then his voice still higher raised exclaims :
 ' 'Tis finished' — God is just and man is sav'd —
 While thousand souls in Heaven again shout back :
 ' Amen, Alleluia — God is just
 And man is sav'd : Amen, Alleluia ! '

Taken from the bloody cross, in Death's cold grave
 He lies. Yet slumbers short : for soon the time
 Appointed comes, while from his rocky tomb

Th' Deliverer ascends with Death in chains,
 And precious gifts in either hand for men.
 Then on his friends his richest grace bestow'd,
 He bade them spread the news o'er every land :
 " Go preach to every creature ; preach the grace
 To Jews and Greeks, the wise and rude ; Indians
 Teach, and Northern Tribes ; Afric's sons instruct ;
 Let every island hear, and all the seas,
 And every son of earth the tidings know."
 He said — then through the sky upward he rose.
 Heaven's Eternal Gates wide open flew in haste,
 And God, the God of Glory, entered in.

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BOOK VI.



**DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY AS DISPLAYED IN NATURE AND
THE VARIOUS OBJECTS OF HUMAN SCIENCE.**

CREATOR! God! uphold me still, as through
 Thy works divine, with deep inquisitiveness
 I singing stroll, and in thy creatures all
 And ways, Thee first and last and only praise.
 The Spirit, that in vision caught the Seer,
 And bore in rapture through the air, and show'd
 Most heav'nly sights, bid take me up and bear,
 Like little babe in nurse's arms abroad,
 That I with guide Divine, and holy awe,
 May in thy works Thyself throughout behold,
 And in my deepest soul thy name adore.
 Philosophy, that stops at second cause,
 And calls creation God, from me withhold;
 And that which seeing, bashful, fears to own
 The truth. Me taught by grace to lisp thy name,

And Thee my Father call, teach other things.
And as upon the rolling wave I lie,
Or float on pearly stream, or rapid fly
On lightning's wings, or with the thunder loud
My shrill tones join, or drive at comet-rate
The vast Immense, or into dark unknown
With lantern go — where'er my journey lie,
Thee may I own, and thee triumphant sing.

But who, shall bold the mighty voyage take,
And sail advent'rous o'er infinity ?
Who climb the highest height, and then deep down
The lowest depth descend ? Who, tourist like,
Shall visit thy vast realm, Parent of all ?
The vast I will not try — but only coast,
By aid of thee, the edge of thine own works,
Like sailor-youth untried, in frailest bark,
Who fears the mighty deep, and storm to brave.

The age of Nature and her size, to none
Is plainly known ; since all are younger born,
Nor God precise the truth has yet reveal'd.
Some call all nature Earth, and think the Sun,
And Moon, and Stars, just higher than the clouds,
But lamps created special for man's use.

Some, higher taught, such narrow views detest,
 And think the bound of nature and their eye
 The same : While the Philosopher declares
 His Telescopic stars are nature too.
 Some see as useless made aught but themselves,
 And gravely wonder, why Wisdom Divine
 Should things so mean and harmful make — While oft,
 The viler ask, why made the higher lives,
 O'er them to lord and in the dust tread down ?
 Thus, all the truth forsake, and vainly sport
 In mad attempt to measure God by skill
 Of finite minds. — But, he who would the facts
 Perceive, must first his scanty thoughts reject —
 All human vision quite forsake and by
 The Throne Eternal standing high, must on
 The Great Creator gaze, and ask, what works
 With Deity comport ? Eternal Power what ?
 And what can Wisdom do ? And goodness what ?
 Immensity can how much hold ? And vast
 Eternity embrace how much of Time ?
 Creation what, which God Himself creates ?
 How vast, how boundless, how immense, how grand,
 How beautiful, how various the Frame,
 Which proper offspring of the Throne beseems ?
 And such Creation is, and needs to be —

Boundless as God, and varied too as wide,
Beyond the highest thought of man still high,
And than the deepest deep. Nor void. But all
Rich fill'd with goodness, and with wonder fill'd.
Each system a universe — each world
A system grand : each separate thing a world :
The smallest great — the lowest high — and those
Of ugly shape with beauty richly drest.
Nor adverse and discordant all. All parts
Distinct yet join'd of one Tremendous Whole.
All sounds, tho' harsh, their fellow tones possess
With which they sweetest music make ; and sights
Their proper place, where naught beside so fair.
Connections vast — gradations infinite,
Yet clear, distinct and all harmonious found :
All one vast mirror bright, that from its face,
On God his own perfections throws. One great
String'd Instrument, that pours on ear Divine,
From all his works, the richest harmonies.

Such the Mighty Palace, God for himself,
And for his creatures, built. Such the fields
Of holy philosophic search, that 'fore
Inquiring minds the great Creator spread ;
And in them sink the fonts of knowledge deep.

Nor diff'rent from Himself or Word the works
Of God ; as skeptics oft have tried to prove,
That thence they might a laxer rule of life
Deduce, and hope before the wicked spread.
The attributes of God on nature all
Are clearly stamp'd. The heavens and the earth,
And land and sea, do all his glory show ;
While on his inmost soul man striking bears
The marks of first creating Energy.
Each tree its own fruit bears — and actions all
The source resemble whence they come — The good
All meanness shun — the bad all virtue hate —
Most sure, then, works and ways and word of God,
Must like himself all look most beautiful ;
And each a volume be, where all may read
Entranc'd, their Maker's glories and his Law.

Nature is but Revelation enlarged —
The greater volume spreading through all space,
The light of truth and knowledge of a God.
There stands his Power, holding in its hands,
The massy globes of worlds innumerable ;
Their orbits guiding and their systems grand
Controlling errorless. There dwells his Wisdom ;
That with hand unseen, proportions, governs,

Harmonizes all : —with pencil now far dipt
In God's own glory, painting on his works,
In forms unnumbered, lineaments divine ;
And now the motions watching of the great
Machine, the whole, and every part, to its
Own destination guiding safe. There, too,
His goodness — goodness much abus'd — contemn'd ;
Relied on, spurn'd, yet made the sinner's boast.
In day of bright prosperity, the platform
Wide on which he crimes effects, and sins
Of peerless summit lifts to heaven. In time
Of reck'ning, th' fortress strong, within whose walls
He shelter safely takes, and vengeance and
Damnation loud defies. Yet wide abroad
This Goodness liv'd, and was the very heart
Of Power and Wisdom both — the mighty
Moral Lever on whose wheeling turn'd
Nature's great framework. Nor was Mercy absent.
In a thousand forms, where death upon
The heels of sin follow'd not, she mildly spoke,
And told, though seldom heard, of some great
Reservoir of love, whence streams of pardon
To the guilty flow. Of retribution, too,
A thousand images were shadow'd forth —
As when, at last, delaying Justice found

Its victim, and on him pour'd, in sight of all,
Its long-stored vengeance ; or, when within,
A conscience, loaded down with crime, from sense
Of guilt and deep remorse, self-murdering,
The soul look'd upward to the Judgment-Bar,
And in its frantic ravings, saw itself
Arraign'd — the Judge in frowns — his anger hot —
His looks like lightning's flash : His word the soul's
Damnation fix'd : and, in itself, with echo
Of a loud amen, its own destruction seal'd.

'Twas merciful and wise to make it so.
How many souls long stray'd from light of truth
Reveal'd, had else, themselves, their source, their
Destiny forgot ! Restricted is the
Written Word ; boundless the Natural Law.
The light the latter gives to man, diseased
With sin, is small, 'tis true ; yet, 'tis something.
The mountains, vales, the deep green forest,
Rolling streams, wandering herdlings, and the tribes
Of painted-winged insects, and a thousand
Beauties more ; and often roads and paths —
Are not by star-light clearly seen. But still
Some rays upon the eyeballs come, that give

A faint distinctness to the pilgrim's way,
And often from unnumbered dangers guard.

'Tis true, that in this morally obscure,
Where truth but seldom shines, and often sinks
Entire from human gaze, lives Superstition —
Twilight Monster, that round him gathers thick,
His ghostly tribes of gods and demigods,
Of charms, and midnight miracles, fairies,
Imps, of dreams and visions, with a list
Importable of mummied rites and haggard
Forms, that long have held in chains the minds
And bodies too, of half the race. Yet this
Is but the use that Satan and the hearts
Of men depraved, in close alliance join'd,
Do make of things in their own nature good.
How oft amidst a scene where Nature's skill
Seems to the utmost tried, and where the vast
And beautiful in strange and rich variety
Are spread — how oft midst scene like this — has fancy,
Sporting in her midnight mood, from brain
Of passing traveler, bewitch'd from childhood
With the tales of Ghosts, presented to his mind
A ghastly host of spirits, demons,
Sights unearthly, rising now in majesty

Of terror ; now grinning with infernal looks ;
O'er pendant now, as if to lay on innocence
An iron arm ; and now remote and swift,
As if themselves afraid — Meanwhile a dire
Trepidation seizes fast th' affrighted heart ;
Rapid runs the blood ; the head is frenzied ;
While down the limbs the sweat of fear drops cold —
As he who walks an earthly paradise,
Does naught but spectres feel, around him see.
So here ; with Light of Nature, Natural Law,
And of the Moral Sense, things good in themselves,
The guilty soul a thousand ill-form'd shapes
Of Virtue and of Vice originates ;
With combinations strange of ideas
Far remote and opposite, conceptions
Forms, which things resemble nor in heaven,
Earth, nor hell ; but which to itself so look
Substantial, that it yields at once its creed
And homage too. Yet guilty yields. For truth
Divine has no affinity with lies :
And he who tries to join, her essence spoils,
And Author, gross insults. Especially,
When truth is but apology for lies —
The deep foundation in pretence, where
All the splendid fabrics built to error rest —

And where the idea, God, is pretext used
For ev'ry form of base idolatry.
Besides ; man 's a probationer below,
And most his trial here consists, in truth
From error separating — in marking close,
With eye discerning, and a pious heart,
The path which honors or dishonors God ;
In following, magi-like, where brighter
Lights have fail'd, the twinkling star that leads
To place where Holiness and Mercy dwell.

What millions still in this dim twilight grope,
Haunted by fiends and spectres from the pit
Below ! How great their misery ! How loud
Their cry ! How dark their future destiny !
Oh ye disciples of the Lamb once slain,
To whose most sacred trust belongs the work
Of lifting o'er the earth the Sun of Truth,
And giving to the dying life and hope ;
Let naught delay you on your march of love !
Fling wealth, and joys, and honor far away ;
Yea, life itself. Let friends, nor home, nor wife,
Nor child, nor parents dear, nor charms unnumber'd
Of a Christian's land ; nor fears, nor sultry clime,
Nor rude society, nor vices foul,

Nor madden'd priests, nor angry kings, nor fiends
From hell, prevent or hesitate your course.
Ye go — the rude to teach, the lost to find,
The captives to unloose, the dead to raise :
To pour on wounded hearts the only balm.
Ye go — as messengers of Heaven — the promise
With you goes ; angels go ; yea, God himself.
Nor small your hire. Full many a heathen soul,
By you redeemed, shall rise and call you blest.
The thanks of widow'd hearts, orphans' tears,
The bursting joys of prodigals return'd,
The songs of saints, the shouts of angels loud,
The smiles of God, the bliss of heaven are yours.
Then speed your course — authority commands —
Prompts gratitude — duty bids — mis'ry calls —
Piety urges — the cry of millions pleads :
Yea, heaven and earth and hell direction give,
And wo, wo, wo to him who knowing, yet
Omits to do his Master's will !

Still, Light of Nature is in naught distinct
From that of Written Word. The source is one ;
The tendency the same : each honors God ;
Each duty teaches man. The diff'rence lies
But in the Books, not in the things themselves.

The Written Word is plain, is full, is sure ;
Is medicine adapted special for
The cure of sin. But Nature's Light is broad,
Is dim — to man is dim, because his eyes,
By long transgression weak, perceives it not.
One 's like the light which first on chaos shone —
Gen'ral, diffus'd, and only glimm'ring bright :
Other like radiance of the full orb'd sun,
Around whose centre fast, Omnipotence
Arrang'd and treasur'd up the scatter'd rays
Of chaos, and to them gave condens'd,
A steady brilliancy. Yet, he who tries
Them opposite to make, contention stirs
Between the friendly beams, which issue both
From one great Luminary ; commingling
Waters from the parent spring he tries to
Agitate ; to make the Harp in Nature's
Hand discordant notes emit ; yea, God
To set against Himself.

Shake from thine eyes thy scales, Infidelity.
If thou art wise, then read aright and learn
The truth. Read Nature, read the Written Word :
With close attention read ; the oil of study
Burn profuse. Thy boasted powers of mind collect.

Read with docility — Philosophers
Are never proud — and read with solemn awe ;
For thou art studying serious things, on which
Thy peace, thy life, thy soul, thine all depends.
Nor read a part — the whole with care peruse —
And say, in candor say, Does nature strive,
Or infidels, with Written Word ? Say, Where
The discord lies ? Whence rise these jarring sounds ?
If honest, thou replyest, “ All without is right,
Harmonious ; within, wrong and confus'd.”
The evil 's in thy heart ; 'tis self that 's out
Of place : thou art thyself in error found.
Then truth confess, nor lay thy faults upon
Thy Maker or his works. Confess, 'tis right :
Thy creed has slander'd God, and harm'd his cause.
'Tis noble to confess ; to harbor lies
Is base. Confess and be forgiven ; for He,
Whom thou hast often wrong'd, is gracious still.

Err also they who leave to nature's light
Her far-stray'd sons ; whose creed, indulgent quite
To heathen and to self, nor one assigns to hell,
Nor other plagues with calls for money,
Toil, or prayers. To these the Natural Law
In quantity is one as well as kind

With that reveal'd — each certain, each most safe —
Nor need the Christian much concern himself
About the heathen's state — 'tis good as his.
To one is given less, to other more,
And for his stock alone must each account.
To send to them the costly gospel, is
To feed the full; the well and sound to cure
With medicine: 'Tis worse; to make *all* sick,
Then cure but *part*; a ruinous work, which none
That love themselves or fellow-men, can e'er
Consent to do. Thus hugging gold and self,
Do some, and these baptiz'd! withhold the bread
Of life from nations, starving for the want
Of crumbs. In privileges rich themselves,
If not in grace, they others wish to keep
In poverty. Or, self-secure, others
They think as safe as they. And thus through love
For all the race and honor for their God,
They neither try the one to save, nor other
To obey! But slumb'ring hard at noon on hill
Of Zion high, they, from their heights of grace,
The heathen see, or ought to see, in groups,
That dark, like mountain shades, the nations fill,
To hell in dread procession marching fast;
While to their hearts, encas'd in error and

In sin, the mighty wo, nor one appeal
 Nor deep impression makes! Oh shame! Are these
 Thy friends, Redeemer? These thy followers?
 In regions of eternal love, dwell there
 Such banks of ice? amid the landscapes green,
 Of endless love, such deserts, burnt and curst?
 Whence come such souls? And whither do they go?
 Oh slumb'ers, wake — your strength gird on in haste —
 The time for talk is gone — the Sun of life
 Is high — Eternity approaches fast —
 The Heathen die. Ah! see them sink! They fall
 To rise no more! — Then speed your way, and save,
 Oh save, oh pluck them from the depths beneath.

But cease thy strayings, Muse! Philosophers
 And Schools are waiting on thy song. Thy seat
 Is 'mong Academies; and at the founts
 Whence gush deep-sent the streams of knowledge
 The learned thou art teaching, and the lore
 Of ages gone art setting to thy song.

Say, where then, where is Science' Temple found?
 And what its furniture? 'Tis Nature vast.
 Worlds are apartments; continents but cells,
 Where lie arrang'd her costly stores of wonders.

Her books are ocean, land, the air and fire ;
Vegetable tribes, and tribes of living things ;
Minerals, elements : — her objects of
Pursuit, all that the Deity has made.
Too grand are none, and none too mean, too high
Nor too remote. The universe 's the field ;
And all and every part of that great whole,
Fit subjects for the scrutiny of mind.
'Tis here aspiring Genius dwells, and year
By year through long inquisitiveness,
And deep and tireless search, her truths, as if
From chaos brings. 'Tis here, the mighty live,
Whose intellects of angel-size, the thought
Far distant and obscur'd in wilderness
Of ideas floating round, like faintest star
Midst thousand brighter ones, distinctly see
And into nearness, into grandeur bring,
As from its bright disclosures others flee.
The silver'd Sires of human lore are here —
Patriarchs of Knowledge ! Mighty Spirits !
Leaning with child-like trust upon the Throne ;
Yet, at whose mandate nature passes by
In long procession, showing, as she goes,
Her outer and her inner parts ; her vast
Connections', secret springs, and streams unnumber'd,

Of effects. Presiding deities! that
With the mystic wand of learning, govern
And control the rest of human kind, as
Great Olympian doth the lesser gods.
Benefactors, too, of all the race! who,
Standing at the founts of blessedness,
Them freely open, and their treasures yield
To all the world. Nature's Mechanics!
Bringing to use, by combinations strange,
And process labor'd hard, things in themselves
Remote, and far from all utility:
Adorning beauty, grandeur lifting high:
Now hov'ring round a point by microscope
Perceiv'd; now worlded systems tossing fast
In sport; now far retir'd, and lost in
Nature's deep interior; now standing forth
Midst whirling spheres in dread sublimity;
Now soaring far abroad; and now, like some
Great bird, that's stood on every shore, and bath'd
Its wings in every cloud, contemning all,
That stands on mountain-top in majesty,
And on itself its eagle gaze implants;
In proud complacency, upon themselves
They fix their philosophic ken, and ply
On Mind their daring energies; bringing

To light the source of human passions and
Of thought, of hopes and fears. They music, too,
From ev'ry object wak'd ; made Nature lead,
And all her sons the choir of gladness join,
As from unnumber'd harps commingling sounds
Their soft affinities combine ; now each
And all in grandeur swelling loud ; and then
Retiring all in tenderness, as if
From nothing came the notes of softness, still
Delaying sweet ; while on their symphonies
Th' unconscious ear of heaven and earth repose.

Mighty men ! as 'mong your tombs (if spirits
Deathless e'er have tombs) and works I stroll,
An awe submissive bends me to your feet,
While swells my heart with glowing gratitude.
Much ye deserve, and much will long receive.
Your names upon th' imperishable sky
Of Fame engraven stands, nor e'er shall die.
Your works are channels bright of gold, along
Whose banks the crystal tides of knowledge pure,
To millions flow, and shall, till learning here
Shall with divine unite in higher worlds.

But, what to deeds so great the mind excites ?
'Tis consciousness within of native strength,

That, restless when confined, its eagle eye
On junctures unobserved and far remote
Fixes absorb'd : nor ever yields, till seizing
Fast, the lever of new truths it turns,
And on the road of glory walks sublime.
So mighty Sampson, yields his giant-strength
Awhile to Judah's bands, till shouts from sons
Of proud Philistia his nerves of steel
Awake, as on the plain he heaps on heaps
Erects, and raised aloft in conscious pride,
Upon their bleeding corpses looks composed.

Still greatness comes not at once ; but grows like
Other things. At first man nothing knew, or
Knew but little. The pupil of the Throne,
God spread before him all his works, and bid
Him search and learn. The powers to know he had,
And ardent wish : still, all was novel, all
Was strange. Wise the arrangement ; good as wise :
The slumbering mind it wak'd, and sent it forth
In high pursuit, to search out traces of
The Deity. Err it might ; but still its fault
It might correct and double pleasure gain,
Its faculties by exercise increase ;
Its wishes heighten ; and its nature shines

With greater brilliancy. O'er thinkings
Thinkings climb, and man o'er man, and ages
On ages rise, till science, like a dome
Of hugest size, and richest ornament,
Its pillars plant on every world, and head
Complacent to heaven uplifts. Nor less
The pleasure. Happiness in action lives ;
Especially in virtuous deeds. As swelled
The tide of lore, swell'd bliss ; and as he reaped
The crops of his own toil, his pay man reaped.
His headstrong passions tamed, were misery's nurse
And joy's companions. His mind in healthful
Exercise, health and vigor spread through all
His soul. And more. Each avenue of thought,
That newly open'd to his view, new channels
Dug of bliss, and on him pour'd its tide.
Th' universe him blessed, and God approved.
Thus happiness with knowledge lay ; and as
The mind its powers increased, receptacles
For blessedness enlarg'd and multiplied,
Till man with angel vied, and long'd on vast
Infinity to satisfy his soul.

Oh ye, whose bliss is gold ! and ye, who prate
In idleness your time ! Butterflies

Of earth, and worms! how sad ye err! Oh lift
Your aim; your time improve, not talk; your minds
Adorn, and not your flesh. Where Wisdom speaks
Apply, and at her portals steadfast wait,
Till ye your statues mete like men. And thou,
That hoardest treasures for thy child, and leav'st
His mind to canker with his pelf, a gift
Of greater weight afford — learning bestow;
That blest himself he may thy wretchedness
Appease, as thou the steep of age declin'st.
And thou of humble birth, whose ardent soul
For knowledge thirsts, leave not the noble thought;
But long pursue, and hasten where it points.
Though on thee darkness rests, and all thy limbs
Are fetter'd fast in poverty, yet strive.
A brilliant sun may yet upon thee break;
Thy fetters yet may fall; and thou, Deliv'rer
Grown, may'st millions lead from prison walls,
By thee so long contemned. Then nurse the inward
Flame, and trace its gleamings to the distant
Place, where prided greatness stands aloft
And down on meaner things complacent smiles.

Wide the pursuit for human lore, and strong.
The properties of things around at first

Attention gain ; resemblances are sought,
And contrasts marked, and special use. Fruits first
For nourishment, the appetite of man
Invite, and bid him taste what to the eye
Seem'd good. The leafy foliage next is pluck'd,
And round him throws a forest-dress of green.
The yielding ram whose life for his had now
In substitution bled, his wintry dress,
As life to man affords. The forest then
Its tender saplings yields, and shelter makes
'Gainst scorching sun, and snowy blasts and rains,
That long and hard in beating torrents fell.
Then plants select are sought — their seeds collected,
Or themselves uplifted from their roots,
By easy transportation are infix'd,
Where nursed by tender hand they might a crop
Of rich abundance yield, and grow themselves,
As on them others feed. A prostrate trunk
And pole erect, and rocks that obvious lay,
And now and then a fragment-oar, that hand
Invisible had thrown across his path,
Rude instruments of husbandry afford.

Small the parade, 'tis true ; but few the eyes
To gaze, and fewer still aggressors on

Another's rights. Self-conscious pride and
Boasting vanity, that since have made
The palace groan with ornaments of show,
And e'en the cottage swell its higher friend
To imitate, were not then known — nor thief,
That pampered easy on his neighbor's toils.

But still, man rested not with these ; but as
He roam'd, new sights new thoughts awak'd, and
New experiments produced. The lands he till'd
He meted, and their various shapes did each
With each compare ; that thus to human want
And strength might be adapted human toil.
The casual oar, that from its bed his spade
Of wood or rocky harrow struck, he seiz'd,
And on it gaz'd in close inquisitiveness.
The next he caught, and both he placed in near
Comparison, and thus their nature, kindred
Or remote, sought to determine. Their use
He also tries, and makes a better blade,
With which to fell his native wilds, and shear
Of harder cast his lands to break, and pins
And hooks and spikes, and cooking ware, and things
Of other name in hard succession fast.

Nor these alone : by angels taught, or taught
By birds, he music wakes — The tended string
Or hollow reed or molten brass, their sounds
To melody emit, and join'd with voice
Of man, sweet concert keep, and solitudes
Of nature fill with song. The strolling herds
That on the mountain-side, or deep-sunk vale,
Their grassy food pursued, attentive gaz'd ;
And trees, and hills, and floods, and nature all
The anthem caught and bore it up to God.

Numbers too he counted, and the amounts
By various combinations join'd, or parted
By deduction, and these again involv'd,
Or by division separated into
Equal parts ; he calculations made,
And far results and intricate defined,
By data rising from the first by long
And tedious windings to the last : yet clear ;
Connected all — all sure — as o'er the steps
The mind proceeds self-conscious that it stands
On solid base — till bursting into light
Of great result, it day-light sees with
Steadfast eyes, and on its self-created
Mount of solid truth fast standing high,

Complacent on the whole, down-looks, and feels
Its deep foundations laid on adamant.

The starry orbs attention gain'd. The sun,
That day-light brought, and seem'd to bear away,
Wonder excites, and on his showery
Brilliancy, fixing the eyes of all,
Enquiry hard into his nature, end,
And various course, and obscurations strange,
Awak'd. The moon, thought visited, and on
Her nightly track held midnight musings ; and
At her changes and her mingling dark
And glistening face admired. The larger and
The lesser stars were thought upon, and that
Far off whiteness which belted with its zone
Of snow the mighty vault. The comet too,
That seldom visitant, that like a ship
On flame that heads a storm, its fiery
Harbinger and long and smoky tail
Across the heavenly canvass stretch'd ; wonder
Aroused ; and fearful presage gave of some
Tremendous fate which now impendent seem'd.

All these man view'd as satellites of great
Or lesser grade to Earth : and as he mus'd

Upon the mighty pageantry of orbs
That round him hurl'd and seem'd to vie who best
Should serve, his own importance felt.

But still philosophy progressed. The stars
Were counted, named, and group'd in neighborhoods ;
The dates of revolutions fix'd, cycles
Appointed, and a map of heaven's face
Upon Earth's canvass stamp'd. Disorder
Into order grew, and happy agreement
Rose between the earth and upper skies.
Thus, o'er the head of Error Truth looked out,
And something saw of that which distant lay
In mighty shade of its antagonist.

The laws of nature too were scrutinized ;
The properties of matter sought, and all
The various hosts of causes and effects
Examined and arranged. What motion caus'd
And stopped and governed, what swifter made and what
More slow, were studied hard — What instruments
Momentum rais'd, and gave to feeble strength
Omnipotence — The properties of air,
Of water and of light, all things around,
Were canvass'd, and the laws determin'd, which

All bodies govern'd and them made each others'
Servants; and thus a world of strange, yet sure
And wise dependence form'd : surviving naught
By self : but each in its own place most strong
And beautiful, and all connected, safe.

The juices too of plants were now express'd,
And mineral virtues sought ; by which disease
Might stop its pace : and he who lay at door
Of death, revived, might with athletic limbs
And ruddy cheeks and cheerful soul, his toil
Resume, and fill his place in life, as one
From shadow dismal of the dead called up.

Language which thought transmits, like air the
Solar ray, attention gain'd — its various
Laws were sought, its combinations tried ;
Analogies and rules were fix'd and words
Arrangement got, that might like numerous strings
Of mighty instrument, ten thousand waves
Of undulating sound emit, of harsh
And smooth, and low, and elevated tone,
Which might ten thousand changes make in
Human minds, and every feeling tune at will,
To joy, or wo, to ecstasy, despair.

Eloquence obtain'd, and Poetry, the
 Soul of thought. Twin-sisters these, and early
 Born, yet fill'd with immortality —
 The ethereal regions of the soul, where long
 It loves to rest when worn by drudgery
 Below — the earthly heaven of mind, where noise
 And rougher things cease to annoy ; and where the
 Pure exalted sun-shine of delight, joy
 Awakes that blooms but just below the Throne.

And sterner thought — philosophy of mind —
 Which laws examines of the human soul,
 The source of knowledge, sensation, consciousness,
 Deep probed ; powers arrang'd ; operations
 Learnt, and products various ; the very seat
 Of being searched, and the ground on which
 Hang right and wrong, heaven and hell examin'd close.
 Thus thought upon the thinker turned, and he
 Who sent his eyes abroad in wide survey,
 Around them twisted, and their gaze upon
 Themselves did fix in nearest scrutiny.

Skill in buildings, too, awak'd. What most
 Utility, and strength, and looks might serve,
 Was sought. The lofty tower and pyramid

The heavens assault. The temple rises, and
Reflects a thousand suns. Immortality
Lives upon the dead, and o'er the grave
The stately marble still employs the powers
Which death beneath had borne away. The city,
By its glittering spires and turrets high,
The distant eye attracts, and nearer gaze
Astounds by majesty of rich parade.

But chief, from rising youth to grey-hair'd age,
Theology was studied hard. The king
Upon the throne, and mantled priest, and sage
Of myrtle wreath ; the laureled victor and
The ardent youth, here bent their thoughts. Or right
Or wrong, illumin'd or obscure, the theme
Of grandeur still investigation got.
The musty tomes of ancient years were read ;
Far distant temples visited, and lands
Of eldest date : causes mysterious sought ;
Signs observed ; and all that could the mind
Direct to knowldge of a God, and ways,
Attention gain'd. Yet, still, philosophy
Of groveling birth, with high Theology
Was mixed, and God with man, and heaven with earth
Were all confus'd ; as from the mingled mass,

A strange mythology was form'd, which man
Enslaved and God abused.

All themes, in fine, were touch'd ; and objects all,
In heaven or earth, were scrutiniz'd. Creation's
Stores were canvass'd, and her treasures all
Sought to be unfolded. With wise man
Wise man vied, and age with age, who most the
Work could do, and farthest push the bounds of learning.
Nimrod's Land, and where the Shemish Elam dwelt,
Where Mizraim settled, and the isles of Jave :
And where Latinus reign'd, and Palestine,
All trophies raised, and aided each by each,
The work far carried, and the world in part,
From bands of ignorance redeem'd and sav'd.

One long dark night of mental slumber past,
When dread oppression reign'd, and conflict great
Of all things secretly at war, a pause
To all things gave, and fell stagnation made
Of all that 's good — as when ten thousand streams
Adverse and strong together borne, to ships
Affording restless ease, as now they dash,
And now are still ; now leap and now are whirl'd
Around — This past, and morn of Science dawns ;

Daylight bestreaks the east ; the shades retire ;
 The clouds wear ruddy cheeks ; the world appears ;
 And bursts the sun with burning, panting beams,
 From long kept bed behind the eastern deep.
 Forth rushes Genius in her new pursuit,
 And fresh with resurrection-vigor clad,
 All nature ransacks, and her trophies lifts
 Where aught is seen, or heard, or thought upon.

Revelation leads in great reform ; and
 He who cut the nerves of spiritual
 Tyranny, the bands unloosed, which all things
 Fettered, and them captive kept — the doors
 To all wide open threw, and liberate,
 Commanded all to think, examine and
 Report, in dread of naught but violation
 Of the truth — all nature open'd wide,
 And lifting o'er the Sun of Righteousness,
 Did all men tell beneath his beams and smile,
 Investigate, and from the shades where dwelt
 Ignorance and error, the truth to bring,
 And benefits to all the world afford.

But who can here the trophies count ? or,
 Clear the princely reign of Genius tell ?

Or on this day of glory steady gaze ?
Who tribute, suited, give philosophers
Of sainted name and venerable worth ?
Of him who broke the reign of ancient schools,
What shall be said ? Or, him who eyes produc'd,
By which the stars did visits make to earth,
And round the heads of learned men did bow ?
Or him who mighty wheels of universe
Beheld, and revolutions told ? Or him
Who lever demonstrated, which the whole
Did turn ? Or him who distance measured, and
Their size ? Or him who light dissected,
And its hues of various tinge exhibited ;
Its laws examined and its wonders told ?
Of him who mind itself to pieces took,
And part by part outlaid, the whole machine
Examined, and its various powers displayed ?
Of him who thunder-cloud subdued, and took
From arm of Jupiter his dreaded bolt ?
What shall be said of him who magnet found,
And paths through watery waves effected safe ?
Or him, who using, new worlds found and great ?
Or him that instruments invented,
Which thoughts ten thousand might at once express ?
Of artificers what ? and what of bards ?
Of statesmen what ? of orators ? of all

That brilliant host, which each in his own place
And age the bounds of knowledge lengthened,
And the arts o'er earth diffused ?

Nor ceases yet the search. Still marches on
Victorious mind. Old paths are trod again,
And new ones in the desert made. New thoughts
Are found, and things, and new connections strange.
Forbidden fields are canvassed ; limits
Ultimate are farther pushed ; genius uprais'd,
Still worships on the pinnacles of ancient thought,
The deepest depths descend ; contracted ways
Are wider made ; things small still smaller grow ;
The large more large. Ignorance escapes on
Every hand. The earth is belting fast
With light. From hill to hill 'tis blazing forth,
And shall, till dull opacity a ball
Of flame becomes, and earth, which tribute pays
To central sun, a world shall be, of light.

Youngest born of nations, America,
Wilderness-asylum for the oppressed
Of other lands, whose soil and laws baptiz'd
With blood of sainted heroes, to the cause of
Human good is consecrate — thy time perceive,

And opportunity. Upon the field
Of learning haste, and there in brotherhood
With Nature's worshippers of every clime,
The paths unknown of Science trace, and at
Her temple meekly bend. Leisure thou hast,
And mind. The means are near, and all things now
In readiness. Thy sisters, joying still
In victory, thy march invite, and at
Their side a place for thee now designate.
And some of thine own sons, long there, that stand
On mount of their own raising, and beyond
Them far in distant eve of Science see
Still other mountains rise, that mystery
Of sombre greatness show, untrod by foot
Of man, where unknown Nature lives, and all
Alone her solitary reign extends,
O'er mysteries of momentous size — these all
Complacent stretch to thee their anxious arms,
And bid thee come. Thy pupils numberless,
That still their multitudes increase like leaves
Of opening forests to the spring, as near
Thy side they stand, and upward to thy face,
With childlike meekness look, and on thy lips
Submissive hang in anxiousness to learn
From thee, as thou from God, the truth ; thy march

Now stimulate, and bid, like parent wise,
Provisions ample for them rising make.
Thee Liberty counsels — Liberty, that long
In eastern lands has been oppressed, and here
Has come to rest from ancient campaign hard,
That strengthened, she again the battle field
May take, her conquerors conquer, and the soils
Where once she reign'd, resume ; and thus, like sun
Reversed, may shed her beams from Western wilds
To islands bathed in great Pacific's flood,
And chains and fetters strike from all the race.
Thee thine own fair glory urges, and thee
Bids exalt in learning, as in law and
Happiness, thy name. Thee all things welcome
And command. The world looks out for thee.
And spirits sainted long from ancient lands,
Philosophers, and bards, and learned men,
Look down, and at the place which thou shalt hold
Admire, and thee with saintly wooings urge,
Thy seat of glory and renown to fill.

Immortal Land ! I see thee on the march.
Thy statue swells ; thine eyes of flame range earth
And heaven ; thine arms of giant-size are stretch'd
O'er nature's vast dimensions ; and thy feet,

Where only Deity has gone stedfast,
Are tracing ways of dread acclivity.
Upon the heart of earth, and base obscure
Of sea, thou sitt'st and mak'st experiments.
The poles celestial thou art twisting firm
Of upper worlds. Upon their mountains stand'st,
And at thy feet see'st waters roll, and bloom
Expand on other spheres. On Comet thou
Art riding fast, as in a chariot race ;
And widest curve of great Parabola,
Where none before have been, art circling swift
With stately ease, as victor sovereign of
A distant rebel-land. From orb to orb,
Thou coastest, as seaman adjoining isles.
The Stars upon thy crown thou bear'st, and sides
Art belting with the Milky-way. And then,
Thy sceptre stretch'd o'er all, and all pronounc'd
Thine own, thou walkest forth, like sentinel,
Beyond the outposts of creation far,
In verge of that eternal night which skirts
The throne of God ; and midnight vig'lance keep'st,
To see that all is well ; and there to muse
Alone on majesty of the unknown God ;
And on thine ear pealing, to hear the songs
Commingling of ten thousand thousand spheres,

And angels numberless, that sweet combined,
Like lofty thunders harmonized, music
Emit that Nature agitates, and vault
Of highest Heaven shakes.

Oh would, that down the Muse's prophecy,
O'er path illumin'd by unnumbered suns,
Where thou, my Country, glorious art to pass —
Oh would, that none I saw with genius blest,
And fame, whose souls, self-conscious of their strength,
And cov'tous of worship, as down they gaze
On all below, should feel themselves uprais'd
Above their God! Oh would that none I saw,
On Revelation standing fast, and on
Its page of love, and blood, and truth divine,
Trampling profane — the arm of strength given
Of God 'gainst its Maker turning; and mind,
That seem'd but borrowed lamp from Deity,
Its origin denying! Oh would, that none
Of all that brilliant host of names, that rise
Like pageantry of distant stars — oh would,
That none I saw, like Lucifer, morning's
Burning eye — from lofty glory hurled,
To quench their glowing beams in outer night!

But, Genius, thou art not always good.
For oft, too oft, has nature, visible
And felt, as thou hast studied hard thy task,
Upon thee thrown unseen, unknown to thee,
A shade which Deity eclips'd, and scenes
More worth that those thou tread'st, has from thee roll'd
In misty distance off, and from thee hid
Thy Maker, whose footsteps thou wast tracing ;
Whose Wisdom fill'd thy mind with wrong ascrib'd
Astonishment, and at whose Power, from Him
Dissever'd, thou hast often bow'd in prayer,
And at whose Goodness prais'd. Thy Creator
Thou hast lost in finding out his works ;
And Him whose presence with thee goes, and love
Before thee spreads his treasures forth in rich
Abundance ; and Spirit fills thy soul with life ;
And o'er thee breathes the glist'ning wave of fame —
Him thou seest, hear'st, know'st not, nor ownest ;
But rebel (can I use a softer name ?)
Against his throne, the weighty instruments,
To thee entrusted, thou hast turn'd against
Thy God, and fought him madly with his gifts !

How oft do ancient ages tell, and times
Of modern date, of misspent mind ! How oft

Has goodness wept at greatness' path, and tried
 With tears of tenderness her first-born to
 Reclaim! Yet tried, and wept, and sought in vain!
 And still to keener weepings sank, and almost
 Died, as on herself she saw her favor'd child —
 Caress'd in youth, reverenc'd when adult —
 Upon herself his burning eyeballs turn,
 And arms ungrateful place, as fire of death
 Stream'd furious from his deeply madden'd heart!

'Then, o'er my Country, o'er my Sphere, again
 One prayer more I heave; as standing here,
 I down the future see mind immortal
 Putting on immortal strength, and feats
 Achieving, which raise on angels' heads
 The hair — to Heaven I raise this prayer, and here
 Record — 'Great Creator, sanctify, oh
 Sanctify, and to thyself in chains
 Eternal bind the daring spirits, yet
 To b' born, who shall the work of science, and
 Her last great trophies raise, all things canvass,
 Old Aged Time with Great Eternity
 Unite, and man at changing, with his God.'
 Heard this prayer — I o'er the future smile,
 And dying wish the long expected day.

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the profession in the United States. It points out that the number of physicians has increased steadily since 1900, and that this increase has been particularly marked in the rural areas. The report also notes that the average age of the practicing physician is increasing, and that there is a corresponding decrease in the number of young men entering the profession. This situation, it is felt, is likely to result in a shortage of physicians in the future, particularly in the rural areas.

The second part of the report deals with the question of the standardization of medical education. It points out that at present there is no uniformity in the requirements for admission to medical schools, and that this lack of uniformity is a serious obstacle to the progress of the profession. The report recommends that a national board be established to set standards for medical education, and that all medical schools be required to meet these standards. It also recommends that the medical profession should take steps to improve the quality of its members, and that it should be more active in the promotion of public health.

The third part of the report deals with the question of the organization of the medical profession. It points out that at present there is no national organization of physicians, and that this lack of organization is a serious obstacle to the progress of the profession. The report recommends that a national association of physicians be established, and that it should be empowered to regulate the practice of medicine. It also recommends that the medical profession should take steps to improve its public relations, and that it should be more active in the promotion of public health.

BOOK VII.

DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY OVER HUMAN GOVERNMENTS; TO-
GETHER WITH REMARKS ON GOVERNMENT.

HARP, so hurriedly borne by careless hand
Amid the toils of serious life, and which
Like tender friend a leisure moment steal,
To soothe with gentle sounds a spirit broke
By arduous weight of other things — thee now
I welcome and thy loosen'd strings attempt
Once more to modulate. Thine aid impart,
Nor thine alone I ask — but His, who in
The desert-bush the Midian shepherd call'd,
And him endued with wisdom and with law,
O'er Israel's hosts with justice to preside,
And each his duty teach and sure reward.
Me too instruct Heavenly visitant —
Gabriel, Michael or the Lord himself —
My lips teach utterance and my heart

With clear perception of the truth endow ;
That I, untaught beside and timid of
Myself, may yet with boldness walk among
The great ; the work of government survey ;
Accountability to rulers teach ;
Obedience to the ruled, and all subject
To Him who sits supreme and nations into
Being speaks or crushes at his will.

Not chance — necessity gave birth to
Civil rule, or God, who that necessity
Constrained — Instincts yield to impulse — Reason,
Needs a law. What tho' but one had liv'd ?
E'en he o'er self had rais'd authority :
Principles had fix'd which might 'twixt right
And wrong decide ; and thus instruct him when
Himself t' approve, and when to reprobate —
Government rises from the need of man ;
His nature claims it as her birthright ;
And his opening eye, at early dawn of
Being, when first the light was seen, look'd out,
And sought its shelter 'gainst opposing harm.

Much more society however small
Demands restrictions — Different rights are

Constituted, interests jeopardized :
 Adverse or accordant, equal or
 Superior, yet distinct ; each clothed with
 Its own weight of duty and advantage,
 Each seeking its own as well as neighbor's good.
 But what shall arbitrate between, if law
 Be absent — law that balances with just
 And steadfast hands, contested moats or crowns ;
 His rights the monarch and the peasant gives.

Yes! men confederate by two or thousands
 Still require stern rules to keep them in
 Harmonious separation, as spaces
 Lines of parallel direction — Without,
 They amalgamate, injure, contend and
 Waste each other's blood. Bodies united
 Lose not identity — nor man tho' join'd
 With millions of his fellow men — Each
 His own place keeps and self sustains amid
 The crowd. Him to maintain in safety then,
 His union and identity must be
 Preserved — Harm'd the first, he is oppress'd ;
 O'er-magnified the latter he oppresses.
 To shun them both, her office, law, with arm
 Of iron must discharge and standing close

Like angel watch-man must the whole and each
Survey, and all preserve in its own place.

Oh who can tell how much of ill hath come
From not protecting human rights by law !
Whence the contests of the early world, but hence ?
Whence half the mighty wars which thrones have made
But islands in a sea of blood ? Whence feuds
Of neighbors, partners, families, husbands,
Wives ? Whence half the strifes of earth ? Whence all
This wretchedness but from the want of rules,
Enacted plain, certain, fix'd, which might
At once the right and claim of each assert,
And all their duty teach ? But oft when confidence
Misplaced, has laid aside the friendly use
Of laws, and left uncertain what should e'er
Be fix'd, has jealousy crept in, and blind
Self-love and hate, and made a scene which might,
Beneath good rule, have smiled like Eden's vales,
A hell itself become ; as brothers once,
Are 'gainst each other turned, and hearty strive
To eat each others' rights, and name and blood.
How oft — ye records of the past reveal —
How oft have untraced boundaries, booty
Undivided, or a blank in legal

Instrument, or the mode unnam'd, of what
The Constitution ordains to be done —
How oft have things like these, nations wasted
Long with civil broils, and dreadful wars !
How oft have unrecorded deeds th' estate
That toiling industry erected for the
Daily bread of widow and her orphans,
Swept away and borne to lighted barns, where
Gouty wealth walks grunting round his heaps !
All these declare the nature and the use
Of law. It teaches men mankind to be ;
Of tigers maketh sheep — of lions lambs ;
Disorder it arrangeth, and of light
The beams on darkness pours ; paths in deserts
Forms, and highways in the wilderness ;
Encompasseth the race, and yet sustains
The individuality of each ;
All unites, yet none confounds, but gives
To each his place, his sphere, his rights, himself,
And the whole and every part supports by
Balances that no attraction know, save
Justice ; no object, but the gen'ral good.

Away, away, ye sordid, rebel crowd,
Who, when the laws seem slow, seek to hasten

Justice by becoming yourselves unjust ;
Or who, when laws oppress, the remedy apply
In absence of all law — as if
Destruction were the cure for threatened wo ;
Or who, oppress'd by Justice' easy sway,
Since wickedness your souls distend with vast
Obnoxiousness to exercise of law,
Seek the subversion of all rule, that ye
May have a holiday of crime — all, all
Of you are enemies to human weal.
Ye seek to let loose monsters that winged angels
Could not stop, and which could ne'er sate their thirst
For gore, till every heart the nation owns,
Had been by them devoured. Then haste away
From outlet dang'rous of such hideous things.
Ungovernable spirits help to restrain ;
Especially yourselves be quiet under laws
Which truth and duty call you to obey.
Still, laws to be natural must be right.
Judicious parent, Nature, wisely cares
For all her sons. Though some have more, others
Less, yet all their due proportion share.
Here to interfere by partial statutes,
And the wealth of one confer upon his friend,
Were to pervert the end of government,

And that to harm which nature left secure.
Shall patient toil its courted product see
Estranged to feed the appetite of want
That would not work in harvest time? Or shall
The crumbs of beggars go to make the loaves
The rich man eats? Or, shall the widow's pearl,
Because she has but one, (and that one dear)
Be wrested off to glare congenial in
The monarch's crown? Such shocks all nature.
She justice measures not by making all
Of equal size; and far less, by giving
Every size to one. Her harmony is
General, diffus'd; but what is more, is just.

But if laws from nature spring, rulers too.
These are the counterparts of those — the life
Of what in dead enactments rests without.
Himself, his neighbor, or the man he never saw,
Yet some one must the statute personate —
The rule to actions ply — the balances
Uphold and objects weigh — the line of right
Bear out, and show what lies on either side.
Without executives, laws are but paths
In deserts never traced by travelers foot —
Ships at sea with not a being in them —

Or visionary the'ries of the brain,
Which blanks fill up, but not the need of man.

But who the rulers Nature justly owns ?
All who have fill'd the seats of law, and dealt
To fellow men the dues of government.
Bastards one half she names, not sons. Rulers
She designed to be but justice, truth and right
Personified — the living evidences
Of righteous laws — exact correspondents
Of her own self — supplying human wants —
And meeting each demand of human good —
Frowning on the bad, the good upholding,
And to each his due ascribing firm.
Such the governors Nature meant should rule
Their fellow men, and her own laws uphold.

But oft, how very oft, have laws the best,
Become oppressive by false exercise !
Now weakness faints beneath their high demands,
As infant strength beneath a Himmelah.
Now ignorance errs as blind man from the path ;
Now wantonness sports as if with things profane ;
Now cruelty uses, as red hot bars
With which to burn and curse its victims hard ;

Prodigality now employs, as arm
Across the land to pick up every piece
Of ore that lies along its way and place,
Where greatness lifts its head above the gaze
Of vulgar eye ; Ambition stretches now
To magnify the state to vast desires
Of him whom chance or fate hath made
The helmsman of affairs ; and now a thing
Of worthless name falls from his lofty post,
As midnight sentinel asleep, and all
Things leaves shift for themselves or run to wo.

Yet worse as oft when laws are wrong as well
As men. Then two oppressions live instead
Of one, whose twin dominion the reign of
Death establishes and fills the land with blood.

But who the laws shall make and execute ?
Oft disputed point and seldom settled
Save by force. Governments for most have been
What skilful heroes, base conspirators
Or general course of things that dig themselves
As rivers channels deep and hard to move,
Have made them — the motley products of a
Thousand motley chances. Reason seldom

Has enter'd first and mark'd with careful step
The outline and the parts of civil rule.
Her work is last — And then she often comes,
Like criminal in chains compelled by force
To ratify what well she knows is wrong.

But are there then no rules of government ?
Must chance or fate or any cause, the race
Of human beings toss about in shapes
Contingent, moulding as they chance to fall
Together, as winds the waves of ocean.

Two principles include the whole, and give
To civil rule its proper excellence —
Embrac'd, applied, they rectify the wrong
Of ages, balance rulers and the ruled —
Give strength to government — Liberty on
Adamant establishes and the result
Of civil rule, a nation's weal secure.

Laws, all Laws are for the people made,
And rulers too. This the creed of Liberty,
All beside is tyranny, oppression.
This is the Rock, fair Land, America,
On which thy rights are based — nor shall it change

Till sunk in sea of blood, which every heart
 By freeman own'd supplies. We live or die
 With this. And here in sight of nations take
 Our final stand, their envy braving firm,
 Yet kindly wooing to the same Great Rock.

In the Patriarchal tent Nature kindly
 Ordained pre-judged authority for babes,
 As fore-made clothing for the little lambs.
 Ignorance by knowledge thus was met,
 And childlike weakness by a parent's strength.
 But even here oppression had its foe,
 And wielded force its needed equipoise —
 A parent's power was balanced by a
 Parent's love. His heart and arm were held
 In ballance just on steady base ;
 Nor could one a blow inflict th' other
 Did not think descending on itself.

Beyond this embryo-state there 's no such guard ;
 And for a natural one a civil
 Must be substituted. A check must be.
 And one that 's equal to the powers possessed.
 Without, no State is safe from tyranny.
 But what restraint so just as that which makes

The laws and those who execute a Nation's right?
 Laws are made for all, not one ; and should
 For all be exercised. They are the rules
 The People agree to be govern'd by ;
 And those administering, their agents.
 Laws are but the people's will, and Rulers
 Themselves their own volitions executing.
 Admit it, and you have a balance which
 Nor tyrants nor insurgents can dissever.
 Rulers are the People's selves commissioned —
 They will respect. And these the Ruler's selves
 In private life. They must regard all ; all
 Are brothers in one family — combin'd,
 Yet separate : dependent, yet most free.
 Nor works it ill. Rulers balance the ruled —
 The ruled, rulers. The lever 's firm and propt
 On right of representation common
 Alike to all, will keep a nation safe
 And blest while honesty and virtue live.

Witness the truth, thou Star-banner'd Land, whose
 Sunny hills, crystal streams and woodlands wild,
 And waving fields and happy multitudes
 Have dwelt so long and sweet beneath the smile
 Of Liberty. Say, United Sisters, say,

Are they not blest who Rulers hold, and Laws,
In their own hands? What tyrant dares on this,
Our happy soil to tread? A thousand spears
Would pierce his heart at once, and twice ten
Thousand hands would hurl him to the dust.
His name would be accursed, and very corpse
Be exiled from the soil where freedom dwells.
Or who will dare 'gainst lawful rule to rise?
A million arms will seize the Sov'reign's, and
His muscles make vigorous to execute
The laws which carry right in their own face.

What monarch is not jealous of his rights?
The People here are Sovereign. and they are
Jealous too. Nor will they let their liberties
Be lost, till they themselves are lost. Hear it
Tyrant! Thou must dig a grave of vast
Capacity, and every freeman there
Entomb, before thou conquer Liberty.
If one escape, he'll find thy heart, and at
An unexpected hour will lay thee low.
The Government here is all alive;
The people are themselves the King; their throne,
The soil they tread; their palace the cloudless sky,
And earth of green which Nature gave; their

Cabinet the public mind ; resources,
 All that freemen own ; and power, every nerve
 In every arm. The Nation 's one ; its life
 Is one ; and if it die, it wants one grave.

But are not Governments accountable ?
 Stand they aloof from sceptre of Supreme,
 In their self-existence independent ?
 Or, are they held in firmer grasp, as orbs
 Of larger size by stronger attraction ?

Man is amenable to God. The *one*
 Admits the truth and in his conscience
 Feels it. But are the *many* then exempt ?
 A drop is water — so, is the ocean.
 Unit 's a number — so are ten millions. —
 What one is, the multitude are no less.

Nor this alone — accountability
 Accumulates. Let Nations judge themselves.
 Are not corporations govern'd by laws
 More fix'd and close than rules the citizen ?
 Are not Sovereigns held by reins,
 More strong than passes over private life ?
 And why ? More power is given. Restraint

Must equal yielded strength. Th' privileged
Pay the larger tax — populous supply
Greater drafts of soldiers — And nations God
Charters with sterner hand than private men.

The evidence supply, ye epitaphs
Of ages gone. Antideluvia,
Thou earliest of sovereignties, from thy
Sea-wash'd ruins, report the truth. And thou,
Fair Sodoma, that once so reflected
The light of morn ; but now that liest low
Beneath Asphaltites. Proud Egypt, tell
Whose heart of stone the Eternal humbled,
Babylon, whose wall, nor brazen gates,
Nor worshipp'd stream, thy treasures kept secure ;
Sea-fortress'd Tyre, whose pride and stubbornness
Were crucified ; Persia, that fell beneath
The Macedon ; Sepulchre of the great,
Immortal Greece — earth's glory once, but now
Her shame ; Eternal Rome, that smitten stands
Venerable ruins ; Jerusalem,
The land of God and holiness — so rich,
But now so poor ; Testify, sepulchred
Nations, that ye fell, not worn out by age,
But perish'd of your crimes, which grown mature

At middle life, brought on your heads the curse,
 “The wicked shall live out but half their days.”

Give testimony, Modern times. Fair Gaul,
 Where light and darkness mix, how met thy sins !
 How spared thy virtue ! Rebel, thou hast felt
 The hand that crushes pride. Thy own rich soil,
 How oft has Heaven wash'd in thine own blood !
 Yet, ever great, thou still art spared — spared
 To arbitrate some great event — spared
 To be thyself and more — Immortal France.

Child of Saxon kings, unrival'd England,
 Colossus of empires, 'twixt oppression
 And oppressing liberty — zenith-light
 Of happy Europe — America's Young Sun —
 My father's land — our modern Israel
 And Greece and Rome in one — come, proclaim to
 A world, Does not the Lord Jehovah reign ?
 Rais'd from a savage isle to be the first
 Of lands, (for I must sing thy righteous due)
 Struggling, yet victorious ; dismember'd,
 Yet in thy fragments scatt'ring balls of flame ;
 With thy virtue seeding the earth ; holding
 The lever-place of Kingdoms ; thine Isle

A throne ; Earth's waters but thy courtyard.
Noble, gen'rous, wise and Christian England,
Thou hast ever been the child of God,
Yet oft a chasten'd child. Thou too hast sinn'd ;
Nor hast thou been forgot. Philosophy,
Nor piety have shielded thee. Thy soil
Has drunk fraternal blood, and plague
And death have taught thee still thy frailty.

Bear witness too, America, whose young
Virtue makes thee still Heaven's Benjamin ;
The best-belov'd, if not maturest yet
Of lands. Thy path through sea and desert wilds
Was led by one Omnipotent. Thy soil
Distributed by God. Thy sister tribes,
As Jews, thirteen, was group'd mid savages
In one — one life in thirteen, and thirteen
Lives in one, multiplicity, unity !
Heaven fought thy battles ; gave thee victory ;
Has increased thy tribes ; is still thy God ;
Has made thee noblest child of noblest land ;
A young daughter, yet her parent's rival !
And art thou not accountable ? Thou art :
And be it forever thy pride to own.

Yes, Nations, ye are all accountable.
Union here is strength. And power combin'd
But swells responsibility. O'er you
It is that heaven watches with an eye
That scrutinizes hearts, and never errs.
Ye are the masses that make up the race ;
Our human globe, our living continents.
Your virtues enlighten heaven ; your vices
Darken down to hell. Your reward 's noble ;
Your punishment the whole creation shakes.

Accountable ! then why indulge in sin ?
Especially, why sin without restraint ?
Say why, ye Rulers as ye meet, thus raise
The flag of wickedness, and to its lure
Attract the vagrant vile : a nation's shame ?
Why congregate around the place of law
And righteous rule, the enemies of both ?
Why join yourselves in scenes that would a blush
On cheek of sin itself excite ? Children
At forty, why your Capitol
Forsake as boys to seek a holiday ?
Is this becoming men, and great men too ?
Did thus your pattern, God, while giving law
From Horeb, debase the foot of Majesty

By congregated sin beneath his eye ?
 Did thus th' Athenian or the Spartan teach ?
 Or, such the rules of our Great Washington ?
 Your legal thunderbolts should prostrate crime,
 At least around yourselves, and one spot keep
 Of virtue tall above the rest. Then Law
 Would shine in light, and Legislators walk,
 As Angels on the mount of Sovereign Rule.

Commonwealth of Oglethorpe, here stand rebuk'd :
 Not all — but some. Your noon-day sins have gone
 Throughout the Land — by Virtue wept, but hail'd
 By vice. Your eclipses, partial or complete,
 Take away a country's light. All feel it —
 Youthful ardor ye have inflam'd to crime :
 Young virtue kill'd — and fast-maturing vice
 Have fatten'd for destruction : Mothers
 And wives and distant babes (here memory
 Drops a tear of blood) have fill'd with mourning,
 As ye, our guides, our Legal Patterns, the
 Representatives of law, th' People's selves
 In others, our nation's heart, have patroniz'd
 The death of virtue and the ruin of th' State
 Around the Capitol of Legislation.
 Repent : let past calamities drive back

Your madden'd course : Be pure yourselves, and let
The Nation feel your living purity.

But though in power, ye are yourselves beneath.

The People are the Sovereign. Majesty

Of blood-stain'd soils : Immortal Freemen, wake :

This moral tyranny throw off : break th' yoke :

And free abroad, much more, be free at home.

Turn out your worthless servants : chose others

That more befit your honor : exalt the

Noble, pure, and great ; and teach the World

That Liberty is good, as well as free.

BOOK VIII.

THE WORLD IS CONTEMPLATED PROSPECTIVELY AND
THE GENERAL JUDGMENT DESCRIBED.

BUT one strain more, my Harp, and then farewell ;
We part to meet where all must give account.

I sing the Judgment. Thy gravest tones supply,
And earthly music make harmonious with
Eternity. And thou that spread'st before
The One Beloved the Throne of white, and show'd
The opening books and destinies of all,
Me too exalt to clear perception
Of the day entombing fore'er the rest.
May I see it, and seeing may I tell
Aright, that all may credit and be sav'd.

Mid Science changing, Government and Grace,
Men hurried, still ever hurried onward.
Childhood was met, and youth, and age, and past ;

Eternity met and enter'd, and still
 Ever enter'd by rivaling millions.
 The doors 'twixt death and life were open'd
 Night and day. This side weepers prest upon
 The wall; other angels officiated.
 Th' road on either side by long and constant
 Travel had now been beaten hard and smooth.
 Mortals were weary, and angels too, of
 Death's oppressive bier: tears of joy and pain
 Had mingled till their fountains had run dry.
 Eternity was fill'd with souls, Death of
 Bodies, and the world of living men.
 End of the Creation had been answer'd;
 Decrees of God fulfill'd; Providence seal'd;
 Book of human history finish'd; and all
 Things now look'd upward for the Great Result:
 Creator's comment on th' Creator's plan;
 Revelation of the past Mystery,
 The final will of God and doom of man.

'Tis coming — a noise like distant thunder
 Falls upon the ear. It increases fast:
 Other spheres seem hurrying to pay Earth
 A visit. 'Tis louder yet; Creation
 Shakes. A light! a light! Fades the sun away;

All other suns are surely hast'ning here.
 Louder the roar, brighter still the light ;
 'Tis sure creation's festal day, or day
 Of doom. A sight appears ; it hastens on,
 And now fills the sky. Sun and moon and stars
 Are swept away. A multitude are seen.
 Great and bright each spirit. Still thousands,
 Thousands pour — thousands, thousands yet behind
 Come on. A throne among them — swells its size ;
 'Tis bright as purity, yet more glorious :
 And on it — ah ! the King, the Lord of Hosts.
 He 's come — the Judge, the Eternal Judge, has come.
 A blast, a universal blast of trumpets —
 One louder sound continuing — “ Come ye
 Nations, quicken'd, dead, patriarchal or
 Just born ; sovereigns, subjects, wise, rude, good
 Or bad — come all to hear your final doom.”

Earth 's alive. Death is immortality.
 Th' entomb'd are up, and stand immortal on
 The earth — itself now made immortal too.
 Pauses the Throne above, and its vast host.
 Around — that only eyes of spirit could
 Behold — the multitudes on multitudes
 Collect. Each his place assumes, self-prompted

By inward attraction. No confusion —
 Solemn order all. One short breath of silence —
 And what a breath ! Silence here has tongue
 Louder than roar of fast-descending Throne.
 The Universe seem'd pressing on each heart.
 Palely anxious every cheek, and each eye
 Is fix'd upon the Judge, to hear with awe,
 The sentence pass'd on him of life or death.

There, too, stood Satan — first-fallen sinner —
 And his hosts of lower potentates,
 Belligerent, now in chains — the Tempters
 Mid the tempted, guarded by Seraphim
 Of the strongest arm. Awful his aspect :
 He seem'd as volcanic mountain lab'ring,
 That now had lost its strength by oft discharge
 Of fiery lava, and that now itself
 Stood smitten by a thousand thunderbolts.
 Preminent in the long ranks of sin,
 He rose, as master captive on the day
 Of trial, sullen yet, still unsubdued,
 Though vanquish'd by the Eternal's arm.
 Around him the infernal warriors,
 That darkly rose, like mountains seen at night.
 There they stood — the Hosts of Hell — at judgment
 Of the Great Day, undone — to hear their doom.

Behind the Throne, and now on either side,
The Seraphim arose in succession
Endless, like fiery Andes — th' battlements
Of the Eternal's presence, and the guard
Of righteous government — spirits of love
And strength to execute prepared the will
Of God. Mid these superior, and now
Before the Eternal Throne, chief officer
Of general martial day, stands Gabriel.
White his raiment, and his countenance shone
Like sun. Heaven's dignity sat on him,
And his brow betoken'd serious care.
Upon the Enthron'd, swift-wing'd, he waited,
In his Judgment dress. Him the Eternal call'd,
And bid, the Chart of Human Life unfold,
And Book of Actions to exhibit.
'Tis done ; and from a place not to be told,
Fell down the Universal Chart of Earth.
Its top, the Law of God, in letters wrote,
Of flame, on either side that rested on
Statutes drawn of Truth and Holiness —
As brilliant rainbow, on two mountain-tops.
Beneath, Heaven's History kept of human life.
Earth's shape, and size, and true condition there.
Ages, generations, families, men ;

Error, truth, sin, piety ; ignorance, guilt ;
Devotion, profanity ; hatred, love ;
Charity, selfishness ; faith, and unbelief ;
Man, each man, and all of man, there stood
Depicted, by the finger errorless
Of God. Not a man omitted ; not a
Virtue undescrib'd ; not a vice undrawn.
There shone the whole of human life, by scales
Adjusted, that gave to each act its due.
Brilliant in light, and flaming through the air,
There hung the Chart of Final Judgment Day.
Suspending on its face, the life and end,
Character and doom of th' paraded hosts.
Before the archangel plac'd a table
Of pure gold ; and on its glittering face,
A volume diamond-cover'd, that glow'd
Just coming from the Eternal's hand —
Gen'ral Register this of all the names
And lives of men — plain comment on the Chart.
Two-book'd that held in separation
The good and bad, the pious and profane.
This the "Book of Life," that of "Outer Death."
And then beside, Heaven's Solicitor,
Prime Minister of the Eternal Throne —
The Archangel stood in majesty of

Greatness, with golden wand in hand, if needs,
 Interpreter to be of all to men.

Speaks the Eternal — and as he spoke, Nature
 Bow'd, Earth shook ; “ seven thunders utter'd the voice,”
 And the Embattling Seraphim shouted aloud —
 He spake composed : “ Children of Time, Adam's
 Offspring, each limb of human life, now hear.
 There shines your history, intricate or plain,
 Virtuous or abandon'd, just or faithless,
 Good or bad. There are the lines that mark
 The path of each through life. Eternal Truth
 Has there the picture drawn, Eternal Power
 And Justice means to execute. There read
 Yourselves, and there your final doom now learn.”

A pause ensues — hearts almost cease to beat —
 The crisis now — a step is Heaven or Hell.
 They move — a band more daring than the rest
 Precede — hurried still onward by false hope,
 That yet encourag'd them presumptuous. They gaze —
 They read — they are undeceiv'd ; fades the rose
 On cheek, and brilliancy of eye is pale ;
 Strength faints ; hope dies, as inward consciousness
 Of truth which on the canvass stood divine,

Them debarr'd fore'er from place in Paradise.
Commanded on the left they stand, self-doom'd
To die, themselves accusing of their fate.

Others succeed, more cautiously, as if
In dread of ill result. One group before
The rest — humility their dress, and sense
Of ill-desert their aspect — came meekly up,
And on the Chart of Life saw virtuous deeds,
And in the Book their name among the just.
Calmly triumphant, their cheeks grow lovely,
And themselves enkindle into Seraphim.
They on the right stand fair in purity,
Their consciences consenting to the truth,
By wisdom Divine exhibited, and
Their hearts approving still each virtuous act,
And for each fault still clinging pen'tently
To blood of rich atonement, and their whole
Salvation still ascribing to Free Grace.

Others come, and still others yet. They meet —
They part fore'er. Lives the highway to the
Awful chart, and lives the road to right and left.
Endless the multitude, yet brief the test —
'Twas only to look and be convicted.

Truth on the chart reviv'd the truth within
By easy suggestion ; life answer'd life :
No error ; naught confus'd ; all conspicuous ;
Crimes committed long, and long forgot, here
Started into life, as on the day first born.
The murd'rer's wrath burn'd o'er ; and thief again
His villainy felt rekindled. 'The good
His pious deeds here saw reviv'd, and felt
At once the happy recollection.
Alms, prayers, penitence, faith, humility,
All sprang to life as if that moment done.
'Twas so with all. The heart was open'd by
Each look. Its labyrinths of sin exposed,
Or mysteries of virtue developed.
The whole was seen as in the light of God.
Questions that long through time had challeng'd
Hard debate, were here as plain as axioms.
Sovereignty, free-agency, nature, grace,
Depravity, holiness, all stood here
Harmonious in manifest distinction,
As diff'rent yet parallel lines. Motives,
Too, and acts— the judgment, passions, and the will
Accordant or adverse in doing ; the
Circumstances that heighten or detract
From sin or virtue ; every thing that could

Direct or but remotely bear on acts
Of man, all, all flash'd upon him, as if
By miraculous intuition.

Who look'd saw all ; stood convicted without
Argument, and felt his fate steal o'er him.

Dreadful, glorious the results ! Awful
The disclosures ! The confident fell back
Hopeless ; the boastfull fell down despairing.
The man who through all life had ne'er a fear,
But mock'd at fear of others, calling it
Timidity, or lack of grace, or hard
Temptation falling to the lot of few,
Saw here the souls he wept accepted, and
Himself cast off, undone. The despondent
Good here found the demonstration of grace ;
Saw their mourned names in Book of Life, and
Earthly pilgrimages approved by God.
Many that fear'd and wept through time, because
So little gracious, found virtuous riches here
As hidden store preserv'd 'gainst trial day.
Many faithful were now confirm'd in hope ;
Saw all they wish'd fulfilled, and more, much more.
Expecting, read a virtuous history,
And saw their names inscrib'd in Book of Life.

Some were permitted to gaze longer than
Others — conspicuous in time, to keep
A while conspicuous in Eternity.
The hero one : his track of blood, clouded
Fore'er by pestilential breath of mad
Ambition, illustrious by burning
Nations, and disgraced by ceaseless cry of
Wretchedness, there stood indented deep on
Face of Chart, with Heaven's reprobation
On it. His selfish heart, blood-thirsty, here
Its filthiness exhibited ; designs
Hidden were disclos'd ; motives were reveal'd ;
Hopes fears and thoughts express'd — himself out-laid.
Effects of his mad course were here pourtray'd :
Butchery, blood, mangled hearts, streaming tears,
Widows, orphans, poverty, wretchedness,
Immorality, sin, universal ruin ;
All mark'd his course, desolation spreading,
Out-liv'd him, enter'd other shapes, himself
On earth as in Eternity immortal.
In spirit, acts, example, influence,
Others exciting and huzzaing still to field
Of battle smoking yet with blood not cool'd.
Yes, Hero here saw the hero's history
Drawn by finger of eternal love and

Purity ; he on it gaz'd, felt mean,
Blush'd asham'd, fell back in agony, and
Almost willing sunk to Hell, that one so
Fam'd on earth should be so vile in Heaven.

Th' Impostor next, Mahammed 'specially —
Eyes brighten'd e'en at Judgment-day to see
The obscure yet immortal Arab tried —
Gabriel without, he now stood 'two cubits '
From his destiny. No Eternal One
His hand upon his first born head now lays ;
No pearls, nor diamonds, veils of beauty,
Nor Moslem creed on heavenly gate inscrib'd ;
No weeping Moses at superior Priest,
Nor Patriarchs now, nor Christ himself out-stript ;
His Mesra now is naught, and naught his Moon
Divided ; naught his battles, honors, fame ;
And naught his Tomb and abject worshippers.
He stands the apostate Arab, hugest
Of sinners, and meets his doom powerless —
With countenance half-dark, half-illum'd
Yet with glory, and knee reluctant still
To be adjudg'd by one inferior ;
He stood half-fallen to read the lines that drew
Th' Impostor's picture. He read and backward
Falling shun'd his own fame and curs'd himself.

Persecutor next. Trampling on Goodness
 When in power, now goodness faces him
 And his own history. Assassin'd Saints
 That still the marks of faithfulness possess'd
 As their best ornaments, saw now their foe,
 In life fear'd, bewept in death, forgiven —
 Saw him now his destiny encounter.
 With malice yet still lightening through despair
 He comes with weighty feet to meet his doom.
 He gazes, Heaven still delays his look.
 Innocence murder'd, purity in blood,
 In tears beauty, weakness in agony,
 The Apostle slain in the Apostle's garb —
 Priestly robes besmear'd with Priestly blood —
 Altar divine stain'd, Holy of Holies
 Outrag'd. The Eternal mock'd, yea, the Judge
 Himself once crucified ! all, all, surprise him ;
 As his froze statue falls like Dagon broke.

Unbeliever now — Notable on Earth
 For sin, 'specially his favorite sin,
 Disbelief of Revelation. Among
 The judg'd none more astonish'd look'd than he.
 It seem'd he dreamt or walk'd in madness ;
 Yet fearful reality, awful, near,

Palpable, prest him e'er on ev'ry hand.
Philosophy and pride forsake him now.
He sees, he knows the truth, knows his folly,
Confess'd, despair'd, and looking, fell undone.

Rich Miser next, cousin to Solomon,
Akin to Cræsus, but brother yet of
Achan ; gouty yet, and still oppress'd
By gold, he stood and read his destiny.
Canker'd ore he saw mid starving plenty,
Saw widows weeping from his selfish doors,
The poor uncloth'd, fatherless unblest,
The church unalms'd, the world impoverish'd :
By such idle devourer of its wealth,
His name a blank, his wealth a stagnant pool,
His children orphan'd, his heirs ungrateful,
And himself, his neighbors odious by-word.
All he saw, and wish'd that gold had ne'er been,
Or he, felt poor, and bow'd him to his fate.

Numerous good were also favor'd with
Longer gaze and greater not'riety,
Pre-evident of higher rank in Heaven.
First, Patriarch Band, and Band of Prophets,
Adam, Abraham, Isaiah, Daniel,

Venerable men, earth's best, together
 Now approach. Smil'd angels as they come ;
 Smil'd the Judge, smil'd themselves and ev'ry saint :
 And smil'd the Roll of destiny. Hand in hand
 With sainted look familiar here they read,
 A history angels might have envied.
 Saw their virtues own'd, their faults forgiven,
 Themselves chief blessing of the human race —
 Trees of Life in garden of divine love.
 Parent-trees o'erhanging posterity,
 Rich in good fruit that fill'd and fed the earth :
 Dignified peace their end — Heaven their reward.

Next Apostles ; younger, yet more active.
 Banded Seraphs, bearing on sainted flesh
 The marks of their obedience. Calm in
 Aspect, and with countenances that did
 The glory, image of the Judge, smiling,
 They read eternal life confirm'd and truth
 They propagated, seal'd at Judgment-day.
 Mid these, prominent Paul ; not in stature,
 For he was least, but in the soul of virtue,
 That now matur'd, him made solitary
 Great at Judgment-bar as in deeds of time:
 Nobler spirit fac'd not the Chart than he.

Looking, he saw thousand thousands rescued
 From death by his instrumentality.
 Luminous his track, and thousands blest him.
 Christianized nations, heathen once, offer'd
 To him a diadem rich set with stars ;
 Accepting, he threw 't at the Judge's feet,
 And then himself chief trophy call'd of grace.
 But yet, o'erpower'd with ecstasy, he cast
 A look towards heaven, that might have made
 E'en darkness smile with light. His seat was high.

Martyrs, Reformers, Missionaries, all
 Were now conspicuous. Conspicuous, too,
 Each faithful Herald of the Cross. These all
 Shar'd largely in patriarchal honor,
 And glory of Apostlos. Great blessing
 These of later times, after-builders on
 The Temple made by Grace. Each saw on Chart
 Fair actions and a holy life ; read the
 Approval of the Judge, and felt in his
 Own soul the witness of eternal life.

Righteous Rulers, too, were here distinguish'd.
 Brightest mid these, unsullied Washington.
 No statesman, patriot, sovereign, on that day,

Higher than he. His charted track was large,
And fair as large : by rational freedom
Luminous and luminous with virtue.
Reading he saw a Nation rais'd by him —
Righteously rais'd, and rais'd to righteousness ;
No common people ; Religion's legacy
To a needing world ; earth's great lever in
The cause of universal good to all ;
Mantled with purity, th' hero, statesmen,
There saw the land he sav'd grown up beneath
His virtuous shade, and ripening for the skies.
Read, earth enrich'd by him ; electrical
His name with good ; himself a pattern bright :
Saw Moses and Joshua unite in
His own character, and his living virtue
Bulwark made 'round all that 's free or good.
High his seat. Not distant from the Patriarchs.

Christian Benefactor, too, here shone bright.
Not he who gives, destitute of grace ; or
He who centres all on self. It was the
Gracious liberal, the divinely kind,
Who gave, and gave but to communicate ;
Lov'd to give, because his giving roll'd
The tide of bliss to suffering hearts — such

Almoners of Heaven's bounty Heaven
Own'd, and made them stand among the honor'd
On the Day of Great Investigation.

One more. Humblest of men — Zion's mourner.
He stood conspicuous — not as the rest.
Omnipotence alone could make him face
The Chart, or turn the fearful page. Confus'd,
His mind even yet seem'd not to have gain'd
Its balance. Still he doubted; doubted 'fore
The certainty of life eternal.
Him only, Gabriel aided. His fear,
That seem'd like cloudy veil o'er goodness,
The archangel saw, and saw the remedy.
Going to his relief, the seraph trac'd
With golden wand, his life and marks of grace.
The pearl'd book handled himself, and in it
Show'd his name. He wak'd, as from delirious dream,
And was amaz'd to find himself in Heaven.

Meantime th' Judgment onward, still onward goes.
Still crowd, still ever crowd the chart the judg'd.
Together they press; asunder they part:
Diminishes the multitude: swells the right
And left; hard decision which outnumbered.

Onward still the reck'ning ; onward still
Despair or rapture, wretchedness or bliss.
Mingle shouts and wailings ; mingle despair
And hope ; mingle, but ever part, the good
And bad. Such partings ! parents, children, friends,
Married hearts ! Break, heartstrings, break forever.
Sympathy wept not beyond the fate of each.
Heaven then or hell ; union no more but with
Good or ill, eternal life or death.
Yet hard, O hard to part, to part fore'er
With those once lov'd. Yet part they did ; parted
All ; not one remain'd unjudged or forgot.
Fast melted the multitude away, as
Ocean hurrying to make one of two seas.
And O what seas ! — A host now stands on
Either side, which seraph nor man can count.
Innumerable, and innumerable lost or sav'd.

Past now the test and fate of each ; past the
Judgment divine — consent of ev'ry heart ;
Past the universal separation.
Rolls now together the Chart, Gabriel,
And it and Diamond-Book now placing in
The ark of Heaven, lock'd them both up, and key
Of gold down by his side immense he hung.

Then placing all in centre of the Throne,
 Trusted to keeping of th' Eternal One,
 And retiring, left the key in his own hands.

Shout now the tow'ring seraphim, as leads
 Th' Archangel, "Thou art righteous, thou alone
 Art righteous, Sovereign Son of God. Thy right
 Thou hast maintain'd o'er all the earth, and reigned.
 Faithful and true thy ways thou King of Saints.
 Thy Throne is righteousness ; its foundations
 Are laid in truth, and love and purity.
 Let heaven and earth be fill'd with thy glory."
 High chorus sang the sav'd : "And let our hearts
 Be fill'd with his grace ; our immortal tongues
 Praise him ; and praise him louder yet. He hath
 Redeem'd us from all iniquity, and
 Hath made us kings and priests forevermore.
 To God and the Lamb, halleluyah, amen —
 Halleluyah, Jesus our Saviour reigns,
 And shall reign forever and ever, amen."

Rises now the Judge, and thus announces :
 "Children of Time, on right and left, now hear.
 'Twas by my power that ye have life ; I made
 And I sustain'd ye all. My government

I o'er you plac'd in easy sovereignty ;
Duty made plain, and light, and only blest ;
Announc'd my mind in full Revelation ;
Commanded obedience ; offer'd life.
Yet ye rebel'd. All in one, and each in
His own time threw off my righteous government.
But I spar'd — spared and became your victim.
These hands still bear the marks of dying love.
I died for you — died by you ; was offer'd
To you as atonement complete for sin.
Grace ye accepted, spurn'd just as ye see :
Who accepted, liv'd ; spurn'd, but justly dies ;
Dies, oft choosing death ; dies of his own hands ;
Dies 'gainst the calls of Mercy ; dies despite
Of offer'd grace, and dies still choosing death,
Resolv'd in heart still to be rebellious.
Yet he accepting but accepts by grace,
Was constrain'd by love, destitute of which
His sins had still been tyrants over him,
He stands in virtue, but that virtue stands
In grace. No boasting here, complaining there.
Ye have your dues — one by sin ; other, grace ;
One himself must blame ; other, God adore.
Come, then, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom

Pepar'd for you of grace and holiness :
And ye accursed, depart to outer night."

He said, and down ten thousand fathoms deep,
And thousands, thousands more, the Devil fell,
And his vast hosts. Opens now the wide gate
Of heaven, as the ascending Throne Divine,
Ser'phim, and Saints, with songs of thunder-tone,
And sweet, triumphant entrance make : " Praise, praise
The Lord, ye Heaven of heavens, and all his works.
Praise him, New Jerusalem ; loud praise him
Holy Altar ; praise him, River of life ;
Praise him, ye strong Seraphim : praise him loud,
New-redeem'd saints ; praise him all and each
Together. Let all things still praise the Lord.
He 's great, and good, and merciful ; then praise,
Forever praise and bless his Holy Name."
So sang they on, and at his Throne in heaven
Fell down, and still forever sang his praise.