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## THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time!  
How calm and firm and true,  
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,  
He walked the dark earth through.  
The lust of power, the love of gain,  
The thousand lures of sin  
Around him, had no power to stain  
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects  
All great things in the small,  
And knows how each man's life affects  
The spiritual life of all,  
He walked by faith and not by sight,  
By love and not by law;  
The presence of the wrong or right  
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,  
That nothing stands alone,  
That whoso gives the motive, makes  
His brother's sin his own.  
And, pausing not for doubtful choice  
Of evils great or small,  
He listened to that inward voice  
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,  
So pure and strong and true,  
Be with us in the narrow way

Our faithful fathers knew.  
Give strength the evil to forsake,  
The cross of Truth to bear,  
And love and reverent fear to make  
Our daily lives a prayer!  
1838.

## DEMOCRACY.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. — MATTHEW vii. 12.

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,  
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,  
The foe of all which pains the sight,  
Or wounds the generous ear of God!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,  
Though there profaning gifts are thrown;  
And fires unkindled of the skies  
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred, though thy name be breathed  
By those whose hearts thy truth deride;  
And garlands, plucked from thee, are wreathed  
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

Oh, ideal of my boyhood's time!  
The faith in which my father stood,  
Even when the sons of Lust and Crime  
Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,  
For through the mists which darken there,  
I see the flame of Freedom burn, —  
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
Which owns the right of all divine;  
The pitying heart, the helping arm,

The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and birth!  
How equal in their suffering lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed  
By pomp or power, thou seest a Man  
In prince or peasant, slave or lord,  
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,  
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,  
Through poverty and squalid shame,  
Thou lookest on the man within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,  
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,  
The crown upon his forehead set,  
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look;  
For that frail form which mortals wear  
The Spirit of the Holiest took,  
And veiled His perfect brightness there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount  
Of vain philosophy thou art;  
He who of old on Syria's Mount

Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the listener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,  
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,  
Proclaimed thy message from on high,  
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died!  
From the blue lake of Galilee,  
And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,  
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land  
I hear in every breeze that stirs,  
And round a thousand altars stand  
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not, to these altars of a day,  
At party's call, my gift I bring;  
But on thy olden shrine I lay  
A freeman's dearest offering.

The voiceless utterance of his will, —  
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,  
That manhood's heart remembers still  
The homage of his generous youth.  
Election Day, 1841



## THE GALLOWES.

Written on reading pamphlets published by clergymen against the abolition of the gallows.

### I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have shone  
Since the Redeemer walked with man, and made  
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,  
And mountain moss, a pillow for His head;  
And He, who wandered with the peasant Jew,  
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,  
And drank with blessings, in His Father's name,  
The water which Samaria's outcast drew,  
Hath now His temples upon every shore,  
Altar and shrine and priest; and incense dim  
Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,  
From lips which press the temple's marble floor,  
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread cross He bore.

### II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing good,"  
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,  
And even the poor companions of His lot  
With their dim earthly vision knew Him not,  
How ill are His high teachings understood  
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest  
At His own altar binds the chain anew;  
Where He hath bidden to Life's equal feast,  
The starving many wait upon the few;  
Where He hath spoken Peace, His name hath been  
The loudest war-cry of contending men;  
Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have blessed  
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,

Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,  
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign;  
Yea, in His name who bade the erring live,  
And daily taught His lesson, to forgive!  
Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel;  
And, with His words of mercy on their lips,  
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,  
And the grim horror of the straining wheel;  
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's limb,  
Who saw before his searing eyeballs swim  
The image of their Christ in cruel zeal,  
Through the black torment-smoke, held mockingly to him!

### III.

The blood which mingled with the desert sand,  
And beaded with its red and ghastly dew  
The vines and olives of the Holy Land;  
The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew;  
The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er  
They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear;  
Goa's dark dungeons, Malta's sea-washed cell,  
Where with the hymns the ghostly fathers sung  
Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,  
Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of hell!  
The midnight of Bartholomew, the stake  
Of Smithfield, and that thrice-accursed flame  
Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake;  
New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer  
Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,  
When guilt itself a human tear might claim,—  
Bear witness, O Thou wronged and merciful One!  
That Earth's most hateful crimes have in Thy  
name been done!

IV.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time  
When the great truth begins at last to find  
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,  
Earnest and clear, that all Revenge is Crime,  
That man is holier than a creed, that all  
Restraint upon him must consult his good,  
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,  
And Love look in upon his solitude.  
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught  
Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought  
Into the common mind and popular thought;  
And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore  
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,  
Have found an echo in the general heart,  
And of the public faith become a living part.

V.

Who shall arrest this tendency? Bring back  
The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack?  
Harden the softening human heart again  
To cold indifference to a brother's pain?  
Ye most unhappy men! who, turned away  
From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,  
Grove in the shadows of Man's twilight time,  
What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest ye brood,  
O'er those foul altars streaming with warm blood,  
Permitted in another age and clime?  
Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew  
Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he knew  
No evil in the Just One? Wherefore turn  
To the dark, cruel past? Can ye not learn  
From the pure Teacher's life how mildly free  
Is the great Gospel of Humanity?  
The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no more  
Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,  
No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke

Through the green arches of the Druid's oak;  
And ye of milder faith, with your high claim  
Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,  
Will ye become the Druids of our time  
Set up your scaffold-altars in our land,  
And, consecrators of Law's darkest crime,  
Urge to its loathsome work the hangman's hand?  
Beware, lest human nature, roused at last,  
From its peeled shoulder your encumbrance cast,  
And, sick to loathing of your cry for blood,  
Rank ye with those who led their victims round  
The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,  
Abhorred of Earth and Heaven, a pagan brotherhood!  
1842.

## SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie  
Beneath a coldly dropping sky,  
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,  
The husbandman goes forth to sow,

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast  
The ventures of thy seed we cast,  
And trust to warmer sun and rain  
To swell the germs and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?  
Who deems it not its own reward?  
Who, for its trials, counts it less.  
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed, is done!

And ours the grateful service whence  
Comes day by day the recompense;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again;  
And, early called, how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!  
1843.

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND. This poem was addressed to those who like Richard Cobden and John Bright were seeking the reform of political evils in Great Britain by peaceful and Christian means. It will be remembered that the Anti-Corn Law League was in the midst of its labors at this time.

GOD bless ye, brothers! in the fight  
Ye 're waging now, ye cannot fail,  
For better is your sense of right  
Than king-craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,  
More mighty is your simplest word;  
The free heart of an honest man  
Than crosier or the sword.

Go, let your blinded Church rehearse  
The lesson it has learned so well;  
It moves not with its prayer or curse  
The gates of heaven or hell.