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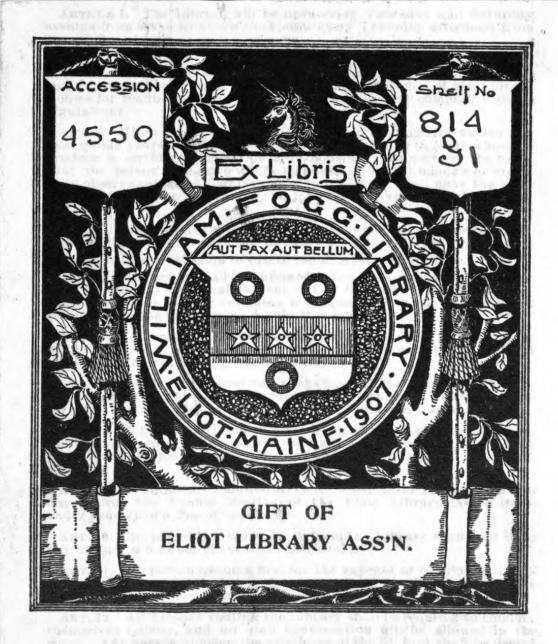
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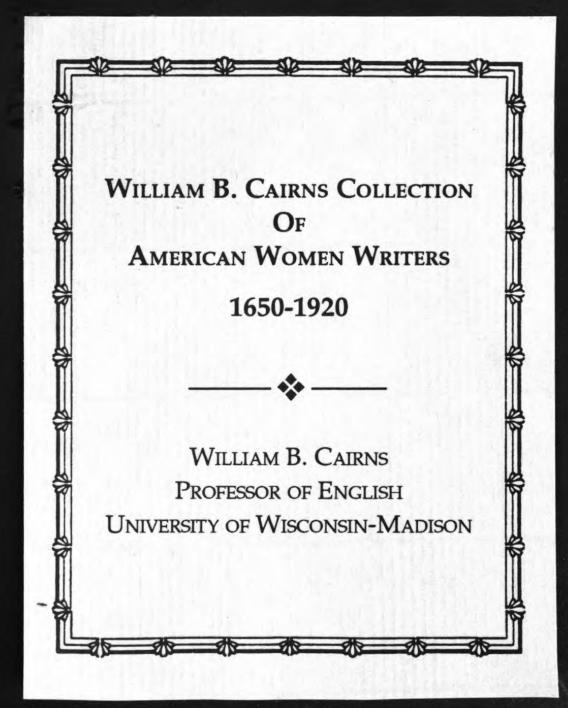
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HARVEST GLEANINGS.

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

ANNA GARDNER.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

NEW YORK:
FOWLER & WELLS, PUBLISHERS,
753 BROADWAY,
1881.



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ANNA GARDNER.

1881.

EDWARD O. JENKINS,

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Dedicatory.

TO MRS. CHARLOTTE AUSTIN JOY,

THE FRIEND AND COMPANION OF MY YOUTH AND OF MY MATURER YEARS,

who,

AS THE SHADOWS OF LIFE LENGTHEN, CLINGS YET THE CLOSER IN THE SACRED BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP,

THIS VOLUME IS

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PREFACE.

FROM youth, to an advanced period in the afternoon of life, the author of this book beguiled leisure hours by writing prose and verse on various subjects—mostly occasional—but never with a view to their appearing in any other than the ephemeral columns of a newspaper, or other periodical.

But the natural desire one has to see the scattered, fragmentary productions of her brain, presented in a compendious, readable form, induces her to comply with the urgent solicitations of many personal friends, to issue an unpretending volume, not without diffidence in view of the ancient declaration concerning the making of many books, etc. It will be largely made up of a reprint of articles in reference to that eventful decade of our country's history, including the War of the Rebellion. Historicial

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cally, it may not be utterly without interest. Soon after the capture of Newberne by the Federal army, the author left Massachusetts, to teach among the Freedmen of the South. "Contrabands" could be reached at that time only on the small strip of sea-coast held by our forces, "when a school-house was planted behind every cannon."

Should the reader detect a want of unity of sentiment in any of the different productions, a wide margin of allowance must be made for mental progression, in view of the fact that many of them were written at long intervals of years, and under varied circumstances.

For repetitions and inaccuracies of style, she must ask the indulgence of the reader, her defect of eyesight being so great, as to disable her from making a critical examination and revision of the book.

A. G.

NANTUCKET, MASS.





INTRODUCTION.

THREE times in the history of our country have women been called to prominent and important service; once, while we were in infancy as an American colony; once, when the struggle for Independence came, and once, under our starry flag when the conflict between Liberty and Slavery reached a sanguinary issue. Our Pilgrim mothers are venerated; we honor the heroines of Revolutionary days; and future generations will count as worthy of undying fame the women who in the latter half of our nation's first century proved themselves the fearless advocates of liberty and human rights. These women plead in behalf of the bondman by voice and pen; they were loyal helpers of the Sanitary Commissions in time of war; they found their way as nurses to the hospitals; and when the pen of the Emancipator President signed the decree of liberty for four million human beings, and the internecine strife was



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finally at an end, these women, amid privation and persecution, taught the freedmen and their children, in schools sustained by philanthropy, and with the enthusiasm of missionaries, who believed they were toiling for coming generations, and sowing seed for a glorious harvest.

Among those noble women who have thus lived in the practice of a religion that consists in obeying the Golden Rule, and have walked in the radiance of that idea which comprehends the establishment of the truth that all are the children of God, and therefore that the rights of one are the rights of all, irrespective of color or sex;—among those who have not only proclaimed "liberty to the captive" with voice and pen, but have spent long and weary years in the effort to educate the newly freed, is the writer of these "Harvest Gleanings."

The Island of Nantucket was her birthplace, January 25, 1816. Its glorious history, its salubrious climate, its unique customs, its cultured inhabitants, having a rare blending of scholarship with cordiality, have already given this small island world-wide celebrity, and her children are scattered far and wide, carrying such love for her in their hearts that she can never be forgotten. Over and over again, with com-

mendable pride, they recount the many virtues and peculiar traits of her early settlers, and recite to willing listeners the ballad of Whittier, which tells the story of a love for human rights that has never died out in the generations following the days of Macy and the persecuted Quakers.

"And yet the isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macy
Beheld it from the sea.

"Free as the winds that winnow Her shrubless hills of sand; Free as the waves that batter Along her yielding land.

"Than hers, at duty's summons, No loftier spirit stirs, Nor falls o'er human suffering A readier tear than hers.

"God bless the sea-beat island!

And grant for evermore

That charity and freedom dwell

As now upon her shore!"

Anna Gardner is a descendant of that "vent-'rous Macy" whom Whittier has sung into immortality by his ballad, "The Exiles"; and the spirit of the forefather has often been seen out-cropping in the career of the descendants through all and each of the generations which have passed since his day and our own. Through her father, Oliver C. Gardner, the author of the following pages is connected with many of the families prominent in Nantucket history—the Cartwrights among them—and through them she is descended from Peter Folger, the grandfather of the philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, and thus also related to Lucretia Mott, Maria Mitchell, and other distinguished men and women. her mother, Hannah (Mackerel) Gardner, she recognizes a descent from Tristram Coffin, the first magistrate of the island, and Miss Gardner is one of the Executive Committee of the clan which holds a reunion in Nantucket in memory of the founders of their family, Tristram and Dionis Coffin, in 1881.

Seven generations of her ancestry can then be traced upon Nantucket; and there was also in her veins a generous admixture of foreign blood, since her mother was born in Dunkirk, French Flanders, and her grandmother in Poole, England. Miss Gardner's mother was noted for her love of literature, especially of classical poetry, and was somewhat remarkable in being

able to repeat long passages from the best English authors, and to quote aptly on all occasions, always encouraging this tendency in her daughter. The literary taste of one generation showed itself in the literary ability of the next. The mother memorizes poetry, the daughter composes in verse. It is not at all unlikely that some of the literary capacity came from the father's side, for the Cartwrights have not a generation, it is believed, from Hazadiah down, where there has not been a writer of stanzas. Yet farther back may the rhyming ability be traced even to Peter Folger, whose verses find mention in the autobiography of his distin-There remains, then, no guished grandson. room for conjecture as' to the maternal and other hereditary influences upon the mind of the author of "Harvest Gleanings," nor any room for wonder that so large a proportion of her writings are in verse.

The spirit which animates them may also be traced to the father's influence, for he was ever an earnest friend of liberty and human rights. As evidence of his devotion to the interests of humanity, black or white, may be mentioned an incident which occurred in 1822, which is well known to the older portion of Nantucket people,

and is a noticeable fact in Nantucket history. Certain slave-holders residing near Alexandria, Va., sent an agent to the island which had proved a refuge to their escaped slaves, among whom were Arthur Cooper and his wife. islanders were averse to any such dishonorable proceeding as that of assisting slave-hunters, and when the agent attempted to recapture Arthur Cooper and his wife and family, a large assemblage of persons surrounded their house and showed a disposition to protect the fugitives. Miss Gardner's grandfather on her mother's side, Francis G. Macy, was among the foremost in objecting to the designs of the agent. His son, Thomas Mackerel Macy, and his son-inlaw, Oliver C. Gardner, were also exceedingly active in protesting against this wicked purpose. Miss Gardner herself describes the events of that memorable occasion in the following graphic language: "While the altercation was proceeding, and the warrant being read at the front of the house, my father and my uncle (Thomas) slipped round to the back window and adroitly assisted the trembling fugitives to make their escape from it. Disguised in father's coat and uncle Thomas' broad-brimmed Quaker hat, Arthur Cooper had nearly reached our backdoor before the wrangle was so far over for the officers to dare enter the house, when, behold! the house was empty! the fugitives had flown! I recollect that I stood (I was then six years old) upon our back-stairs, when a man, black as midnight, with lips so paled with fright that they were as white as snow, came up the back steps, and stood in the doorway. striking contrast of white lips and black face was shocking. Such a sight was too indelibly impressed upon the mind of a child ever to be forgotten. He and his family were concealed for weeks in our attic and cellar. I remember that it was with fear and trembling that any of the children dared to put their heads out of the cellar door."

It was arranged that if the house of Oliver C. Gardner was suspected as being their refuge, at the first attempt to search it, the fugitives were to flee to the house of George Mitchell, and another townsman, Alfred Folger, offered his house also as a retreat; but they were unmolested, and remained at Mr. O. C. Gardner's till the danger was at an end. The men who were active in defending the poor slaves have all passed on to the other life, but their memories are cherished as those who did not fear to obey

"THE HIGHER LAW" when the minions of slavery would remand "God's image" into the dreadful bondage from which they had once, in fear and trembling, escaped.

With such antecedents, such a childhood, it is not remarkable that the cause of emancipation became dear to the heart of the author of this volume. She became a student, a teacher, a writer, a lecturer, but her life-work has been, most of all, an effort to promote the cause of liberty and human rights.

In the heyday of youth her heart was set, not on fashions and follies, but on human welfare and social reforms. She commenced taking the *Liberator* when about eighteen years of age, about the year 1834.

"It was," she writes, "just previous to the 'Boston Mob' — when Garrison found 'safe lodging' (as he wittily said) 'which the State had provided for him,' in Leverett Street Jail. As a girl," she continues, "I was always interested in what concerned public welfare rather than the petty matters which usually engross the minds of young people. Works on moral philosophy, on political economy, and on government, best suited my taste. I was an enthusiastic Republican before I was an Abolitionist, and this paper

served at once to remove the delusion which I had fondly cherished, that we were living in a true republic. I read every line of it with eager interest. Let me tell you how I came to subscribe for the *Liberator*. Absalom Boston, a colored man who had lived in Grandfather Macy's family to do outdoor work, and who had become quite domesticated there, frequently came to see mother. He brought the *Liberator* for her to read. I at once subscribed for it—his name and mine coming out in the paper as the only subscribers from Nantucket."

Born of Quaker parentage, and brought up amid their quiet and helpful ways, and in their atmosphere of serenity, she could not but be thoughtful, and early learned to be attentive to the voice within—the inner and diviner Light.

Following the leadings of the Spirit—Quaker-like—in 1841, being then a young woman of twenty-five—she was instrumental in calling an Anti-Slavery Convention upon her native isle. Very few knew of her intention, and those who did were scarcely in favor of it, until by corresponding with Garrison and others, she proved to the friends of the cause that it would not be a failure. This was during the palmy days of the whaling business, and there were several



thousand more inhabitants upon the island than at the present time. The meetings were very largely attended, especially the evening one. The leading advocates of the abolition of slavery were nearly all present, and participated in the exercises.

Rev. Samuel J. May, in his "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict," alludes to this Convention, and its one special feature—the *début* of Frederick Douglass as a public speaker, as follows:

"In the summer of 1841, there was a large missionary convention held in Nantucket. Mr. Douglass attended it. In the midst of the meeting, to his great confusion he was called upon and urged to address the convention. A number were present from New Bedford who had heard his exhortations in the Methodist Church, and they would not allow his plea of inability to speak. After much hesitation he rose, and, notwithstanding his embarrassment, he gave evidence of such intellectual power-wisdom as well as wit—that all present were astonished. Garrison followed him in one of his sublimest speeches. 'Here was a living witness of the justice of the severest condemnation he had ever uttered of slavery.' Here was one, 'Every

inch a man, ay, a man of no common power, who yet had been held at the South as a piece of property, a chattel, and had been treated as if he were a domesticated brute,' etc.

"At the close of the meeting, Mr. John A. Collins, then the General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, urgently invited Mr. Douglass to become a lecturing agent. He begged to be excused. He was sure he was not competent to such an undertaking. But Mr. Garrison and others, who had heard him that day, joined Mr. Collins in pressing him to accept the appointment. He yielded to the pressure. And, in less than three years from the day of his escape from slavery, he was introduced to the people of New England as a suitable person to lecture them upon the subject that was of more moment than any other to which the attention of our Republic had ever been called."

As it is an interesting historic fact that this convention was to prove the time and place when such a speaker as the Hon. Frederick Douglass—once a slave, but now Marshal of the District of Columbia—should be brought forward and started on his brilliant career, it is also a matter of interest to friends and readers that Miss Gardner called that convention.

An appreciative friend writes of Miss Gardner in the following discriminating manner:

"She seems to have been always first and foremost in every reform movement, and the history of her life is a page of noble endeavor. She once said to me: 'It seems always to be my duty to labor in that part of the vine-yard of practical reform most shunned and neglected by others.'

"Literally and consistently has she carried out thus far through life this conscientious adhesion to principle. Her watchword is *Progress*. It crops out in every line of her poetry, in every sentence written or uttered by her. To seek the *truth* she urges as the *duty* of every soul.

"Sensitive almost to a fault at criticism, she never cherishes resentment against the severest critics of her methods, her opinions, or her writings. Her life has been ordered by the line and plummet of her own inherent convictions, and she has ever been fearless where duty calls, through an austerity of soul which enables her to brave the opposition of even her friends and the censure of the public, for any cause in which her heart and judgment are enlisted."

Many years of her life were spent in teaching.



She was one of the first to enlist in the work of teaching the freedmen at the South, a labor most congenial to one whose whole life—so to speak—previously, had been engaged in efforts to promote their emancipation. She taught in North and South Carolina and in Virginia, and in the following pages may be found interesting narrations having reference to her life and labors in the South.

After her return to the North in 1878, she was accidentally injured by a carriage in Brooklyn, N. Y., and was rescued, and taken to the residence of her nephew whom she was visiting, where for weary weeks she lay, patiently suffering, and ready for life or death, with a sublime faith that "all things work together for good." She finally recovered so far as to walk with crutches, and reached her island-home, where with relatives and friends she is enjoying the serene afternoon of a well-spent life, as well as with weak nerves and failing eyesight she can possibly do, still teaching those who earnestly seek her instruction, especially in elocution, still using her pen in the interests of truth and philanthropy. She has "fought a good fight" for freedom, and is a panoplied and faithful warrior for woman's rights, universal suffrage, temperance, and every true reform. And her writings, while they have much merit in other directions, chiefly reveal the high purpose of her life—a consecration to conflict in the interests of humanity, believing, with Byron, that

"'Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

P. A. H.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 6, 1881.



HARVEST GLEANINGS.

LIFE AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

I.

A LARGE proportion of the people of the North, including many Democrats whose hearts were better than their heads, always manifested sympathy in behalf of the Southern bondsmen, and as soon as the war opened the way, they were ready to act the part of the Good Samaritan, reaching a helping hand to the millions of freed people, men, women, and children, who were cast out from their old homes without any place whereon to set their feet but the high-road, where they were liable to be taken up as vagrants, and no shelter but the sky. They were fed and clothed, and their spiritual needs ministered unto. Agents were sent out, who, following in the wake of our vic-

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torious armies, "set up a school-house behind every cannon," until the entire South was studded with school-houses under the auspices of Northern benevolent societies and churches.

As soon as law unloosed its iron clutch from the victim race, and they came forth from the yoke of bondage, beneath the weight of which they had been crushed for centuries, a perfect blaze of enthusiasm for their elevation was kindled in society meetings and vestry gatherings which continued unabated until thousands had been put in a fair way to "help themselves," and scores upon scores so far initiated into the mystic signs of the alphabet as to be fitted to teach the rudiments of an English education to those among their people who had been less favored than themselves.

During the early years of this missionary work, when the interest in it was so widespread and universal, the Freedmen's teachers were everywhere met with two questions with a persistency and eagerness reminding one of those propounded to the sphinx.

"Can negroes learn?" and "Does the prejudice of Southerners decrease in consequence of your stay among them?" The fact that the first question is now seldom asked, shows how satisfactorily experience has answered it. The fact that so many girls and boys, graduates from the Normal classes, who commenced their education from the alphabet since the close of the war, have distinguished themselves at some of the best colleges and seminaries of the North, comparing favorably with white students whose education commenced earlier and under more auspicious circumstances, is so striking a proof of the capacity of the negro that the subject is put at rest in the North—seeming no longer a matter of discussion.

The hereditary conditions of the younger classes taught in these schools—the new element, necessarily original, which was moulded into character, imparted a peculiar zest and novelty to the work of the Freedman's teacher; and when in process of time the work developed more and more, until many adult scholars had outstripped their former owners in educational acquirements (who but a few years previous would have stood in mortal fear of "paterrollers" [patrol] and the punishment which would inevitably follow had they been caught with a spelling-book in hand—invading the white man's right to read the Bible)—and younger scholars had begun to vie with the children of their

former masters, even some Southerners were compelled to yield the point of the negro's incapacity so long persisted in.

Now and then, some representative of the chivalry whose prejudices had not reached the average altitude, would have the independence to step into these schools and he would invariably evince astonishment to see these ex-chattels metamorphosed into students, not unfrequently performing on the black-board, exercises which they would have the candor to admit were more accurate as well as more elaborate than could be exhibited in the white schools of the same grade.

Is it at all astonishing that when the doors of the school-room were at length opened to these repressed, down-trodden victims, that they rushed in like water into an opened lock?—that when the key of knowledge was placed in their hands they studied books with such avidity? "Forbidden fruit" is the most desirable. "Prohibition sharpens appetite," and the enthusiasm of their teachers was an important factor of such successful results.

The stimulant—the incentive to improve, was strong in proportion to the rigidity with which the laws, legislative and social, conspired to prevent their learning.



With respect to the treatment of teachers by ex-slave-holders, there is observable only this degree of improvement. They are no longer openly taunted, and habitually persecuted—but simply "let alone." Another decade will pass before the arrogant Southerner will discern the fact that Yankees (a name contemptuously given to all Northerners) may have social "rights which they are bound to respect."

Culture is a passport to good society in the North; but genius of the highest order unaccompanied by wealth or other accidental worldly advantages would not procure an entrance into a corresponding class in the South. Rank alone is the open sesame to the upper circles.

The law of progress predominates everywhere; but to Yankees who live side by side with these haughty, self-asserting people, there seems so little improvement from year to year, that they would have to adjust their mental telescope to a long range in order to perceive it.

The following fact will illustrate their position. A Southern school commissioner having witnessed the superior methods in colored schools under the tutelage of Northern teachers, secured the services of some Northern ladies who would adopt similar methods in their white schools; but gave them to understand in the outset that they must not on any account be seen to associate with or countenance those from their own section of country who taught the Negro schools. It is a noticeable fact that this same commissioner had made frequent visits to the colored schools, expressing much regard for the teachers. The seductive blandness, the peculiar suavity which is a distinctive feature of Southern society, can not be said to be "without dissimulation." There are among them many who may be metaphorically characterized as:

"The mildest-mannered men That ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat."

When Fredrika Bremer, during the undisputed reign of Slavery in this country, looking into the kaleidoscope of the future, with keen moral vision, prophesied that Slavery with its terrible tragedies and hair-breadth escapes would some day furnish the romance of history, she did not divine how near that day was at hand. Those who have taught at the South have had ample opportunity to realize the truth of this prophecy. Every adult ex-slave could narrate adventures filling the listener with profound in-

terest or tell tales of horror thrilling him to the core of his being.

In imagination let us follow colored teachers who left the more populous cities and towns of the South to carry glad tidings of knowledge into places where the mail never penetrates, and help to break the dense ignorance of a people deeply buried in the woods in "sepulchral villages and settlements," and listen to the report of their experiences, in which there is a tragic side, though the comic predominates.

A clever romance might be woven of the experiences of a young girl, a graduate of a colored Normal School in Virginia, by skillfully draping in graceful words the little incidents and details in journeying to her first school. In this sketch of missionary work at the South, my meagre pen will attempt merely to outline her story.

Having been called to teach in a remote district of Virginia, Miss C. prepared her scant wardrobe, packed her little trunk, and was soon ready for the journey. Though she was not to go out of the State, it would be several days before she could reach her destination—for traveling facilities in Virginia do not compare very favorably with those of New England. She



was enjoying exhilarating reaction of spirits in consequence of late depression and discouragement caused by a succession of failures in her efforts to obtain desired employment; and now that the prospect brightened, she anticipated the future with youthful assurance and delight.

On her way to the cars she called at the school-room to take leave of her school-mates and teacher, and then set off with a brave heart on her new and untried career. She was compelled to stop at midnight at a hotel, and there remain until the following evening to take a boat which would arrive at her destination, Carter's wharf, at eight o'clock in the morning. Frightened at the unreasonable and unexpected amount of the hotel bill, she counted over and over again the contents of her purse—but was reassured when she found it was not so far exhausted but that she had ample means to take her to Carter's wharf, where some patrons of the school would be waiting with a team to carry her at once, according to promise, to her new home, which was supposed to be about a mile distant.

On arriving at the wharf imagine her astonishment and trepidation to learn that the place where she was to teach was ten miles away,



through almost unexplored woodland, and that her friends had failed her. There was no conveyance at hand, no house save the one at the landing,—the property of the owner of the wharf, a well-to-do Southerner, who resided there with his family, a son and two daughters.

A more unpleasant situation might be conceived, but this was embarrassing enough to a timid young girl of seventeen, who was conscious that the invitation urgently pressed upon her to accept their hospitality would be quickly withdrawn did they know her race; but wearied with the long journey and unnerved by disappointment, she had no alternative but to follow them into the house and accept their kind offer of refreshment and rest, leaving them to discover as they might that she belonged to the despised race.

Notwithstanding the contempt usually felt toward negro teachers, they appeared to conceive quite a liking for the young stranger, fair as any of them, and very unassuming and attractive in manners. She was supposed to be a white, native Virginian, and not a despised Yankee. It was not an uncommon thing soon after the war, when so many families were reduced to absolute poverty, for white Southern-

ers to open "pay schools" for negroes. Many of that description had been started before the free schools were organized.

Day after day slipped by and the "convenient time" to take her to the village did not arrive, and all the family appeared to anticipate her departure with regret, while she remained in an agony of suspense lest the role she was playing might be discovered before she could hear from friends to whom she had contrived to communicate her situation,—not entertaining an idea that their courtesy would outlive the discovery.

The young ladies continued very kind to her, and their brother treated her with marked attention, which was perfectly natural, as she was strikingly pleasing. Though not handsome, she had a beautiful expression and a sweet smile which more than compensated. Her well-shaped head was covered with a profusion of dark brown hair, guiltless of a single crimp, and her complexion was so fair that the blood rose visibly to her cheeks.

One unacquainted with the South might suppose that the fair stranger had no cause to fear that her race would be discovered, but she could not feel assured that there was not a foundation to the boast of Southerners generally, that they



could not be deceived in regard to negro-blood, being able to discover the slightest tinge, even if flowing in the veins of a perfect blonde. Consequently she remained in a state of nervous apprehension for an entire week before the help she had begged for come to her relief. As soon as the Bureau Superintendent of Schools learned her condition he sent his assistant superintendent to the spot, who at once had her conveyed immediately to her school, replenished her purse with the first month's salary in advance, and settled for her week's board. After these preliminaries were arranged, he took no pains to conceal, but rather a quiet pleasure in communicating, to the consternation of the wharfinger's family, the fact that they had been entertaining a negro guest. She had been fully domesticated, occupying the same room with the daughters, sleeping with one, while the son had been led captive by her attractions.

On the whole, to the credit of the family, they appeared to regard the matter very good-humoredly, not being very demonstrative in their exclamations, at least in the presence of the Quaker superintendent, whose bearing and phraseology might have had some influence in reconciling them to the fact that they had been

entertaining—not an angel, but a negro unawares.

There the acquaintance so amicably commenced, broke off—and has not since been renewed.

II.

A tourist from the North, for the first time visiting the South, finds it difficult to realize how the two sections of our common country, so unlike in habits, forms of civilization, climate and natural scenery can be cemented under one government, and that a Republic.

Like the opposite sides of the shield about which the knights in armor were so much puzzled, things seemed to change as though seen from a reversed standpoint. Through village, town, and city of the North, wherever the eye may rest, on cultivated suburbs, or fruitful fields, one marks the inventive genius of the Yankee brain—the unmistakable signs of thrift and activity. While at the South, absence of enterprise, negligence, stamps itself upon the material make-up of its civilization. Whether sauntering along its ill-kept streets—strolling over plantations—or, in railroad car, taking a rapid, bird's-eye view of the face of the country,

the same features of thriftlessness are apparent. The eye takes in broad acres of uncultivated land and hill-side teeming with undeveloped mineral resources capable of filling the coffers of the South with untold wealth.

As a natural consequence the characteristics of Southerners are totally at variance with those brought up under a Northern *regime*.

But notwithstanding the ill-according negative conditions by which the Northern traveler finds himself surrounded, Nature is so lavish of her gifts to this favored region, that he lingers wistfully—eye and sense completely fascinated with the beauty of its scenery and the genial warmth of its climate, and perhaps murmurs to himself—

"Strange, that when Nature loved to trace As for the gods a dwelling-place, There man, enamored of distress, Should mar it into wilderness!"

A journey of little more than twenty-four hours will bring one from the chilling atmosphere of New England, where perchance in the early spring the snows are piled pagoda-like, into Central Virginia,—the finest climate in the world,—amid the most superb scenery, which was characterized as "the Switzerland of Amer-



ica" long before the charming lands of the Far West were explored.

Far stretches of rolling land, beautifully-wooded hills and vales spread out as a near foreground of the landscape, which, in the distance, broken into mountain gorges and deep ravines, rises terrace on terrace to the heights of the Blue Ridge, where a waving line of azure bounds the horizon.

The traveler finds himself surrounded by indications of Spring—the rich, red soil being plowed for early planting—and regales his eyes on fields of wheat springing up in unrivaled greenness.

With the removal from the South of its "peculiar institution" a fresh impetus was given to seaboard towns and principal cities which must eventually communicate itself to more remote and isolated settlements where from time immemorial the inevitable grocery has been the chief institution.

Centuries of stagnant routine life, such as was inseparably connected with slave-labor, could not have wrought such a change for the better as has been the result of the experience of a few years of freedom, on the moral, political, and intellectual possibilities of the South.



Now, the border States are fast yielding to the progressive spirit of the age—even aristocratic Virginia—(whose Governor once congratulated himself and thanked God that his State was not cursed by anything having the prefix free, expressing especial contempt for free schools)—is slowly but surely reorganizing its entire social structure by the recent introduction of the public-school system. Though little can be said in praise of these beginnings in public instruction, yet the line of progress which it indicates, diverging at first from the ruts of error in ever so small a degree is sure to move straight on to a great future.

One of the oldest Normal Schools of the South under the auspices of the Freedmen's Union Commission, was established in the fall of 1865, just after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, in Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Central Virginia. This famous University city, primitive in appearance and habits, is a fair representative of the Old Dominion. It found little difficulty in keeping back the tide of Northern innovations as there were no direct channels through which they could flow down into their midst.

Hundreds of travelers are annually attracted

to Monticello, once the home of Jefferson, about two miles distant from the city. Close by the grand old homestead is a little inclosure where he and some members of his family are buried. As if to compensate for the somewhat neglected and forlorn-looking condition of the cemetery, loving Nature has wreathed its stone walls and marble slabs with an overgrowth of myrtle and ivy.

On entering Charlottesville the most conspicuous and distinguished feature is the University. Built on a broad elevation of land—a kind of artificial plateau—it presents a very picturesque appearance. Four parallel lines of buildings, professors' residences, connected with students' dormitories, are disposed in such a manner as to make one wing of the rotunda, or principal building. In the original design was another, which has never been completed. All the apartments of the rotunda, lecture-room, laboratory, museum, whispering-gallery, and library, containing eighty thousand volumes, were designed on a magnificent scale.

In July, 1860, at the commencement exercises of this Institution, the statue of Thomas Jefferson, who was its founder, and who designed the building, was inaugurated. This

statue, brought from Rome in 1860, lay boxed up during the war of the Rebellion. It is now placed on a massive granite block in the library of the college building; and near it, as its antithesis, may be seen that of General Lee in Confederate uniform, raised on its pedestal about two years ago.

In this Institution, established to promote the progress of science and literature, to which comparatively little attention had been given in Virginia, some six hundred students, representing almost every State in the Union, have been taught a system of politics, doctrines, and sentiments totally at variance with those so dear to the heart of the illustrious Jefferson.

However commendable may be the progress made by the students within the walls of this institution of learning, they have been noted for disorderly and scandalous conduct outside. Their "calathumps"—that is, bands of students making a raid on houses, out-buildings, fences, etc., at night—and oftentimes committing depredations and insults for which they go unwhipped of justice, constitute them the terror of the place. Something of the nature of these expeditions may be inferred from a little circumstance which occurred a few years before the war.

Mrs. —, who was on a visit to a friend, received a kind of mock serenade under her window—all manner of hideous noises with cat calls and tin-kettle accompaniments.

The Freedmen's School was opened under the baleful shadow of this Institution. teacher, from New England, arriving dusty and travel-worn among an alien and hostile people, searched vainly during three successive days for a home—meeting a rebuff wherever application was made. She was compelled at length to accept a refuge offered her by the hospital surgeon, in an unoccupied room at military headquarters. A division of our army was then stationed there. Her room was in a large, dilapidated brick building near the soldiers' barracks, in one apartment of which the school was to be taught. Conquering her prejudices against the filth of the place, and gathering her garments out of the confluent streams of tobacco, an entrance was effected, and an abundant supply of soap, lime, and the volunteer labor of parents and friends, and some carpenter's work, soon made the place tidy and comfortable. Cleansed and purified, the rough board walls neatly whitewashed and heavily trimmed with evergreen, diffusing the odor of the pines, and

the rich leaves of the English ivy which grows so luxuriantly there wreathed around picture frames and maps of high colors displayed upon the walls, the rooms were really very attractive, and to the rude imagination of the colored people the metamorphoses appeared magical.

About eighty scholars entered the school immediately. Some of them had learned the alphabet, others could read a little, and a few were ready readers. These had kept the more intelligent slaves enlightened, so far as to make them incredulous when they were told that the abolitionists had horns, and that they wished to free them in order to sell them as slaves in Cuba.

To rigidly enforce a law so diabolical as that prohibiting the alphabet to one class, while they lived in a community where books and papers freely circulated around them, and where white children were continually conning lessons in their presence would be quite impossible—and an attempt to practically carry out the letter of the law was never thought of until after the Nat Turner insurrection. So I learned from two intelligent colored men of Charlottesville, now quite old, who were themselves playing at a ball in Lexington, Virginia, and calling off for the dance, where were gathered the beauty and the

chivalry of the F. F. V.'s, when the tocsin of alarm sounded, and the appalling news of the insurrection, a thousand times magnified, reached them. The battle of Waterloo could not have caused such consternation and alarm! Momentarily the revel ceased and the people dispersed in the utmost confusion.

This event constituted a new epoch in the history of slavery. Slave-holders more humane than their neighbors, had, prior to that period, made a compromise with their conscience in the matter of teaching slaves, when they could do so with impunity—but ever after it was difficult for a slave, however earnest he might be to learn, to find an instructor who had the temerity to ignore public sentiment—infinitely more potent than statute law.

This precaution against the improvement of the race—this attempt to crush out the germs of intellect, in its reactionary force, now causes the freed-people to apply themselves with eager interest to a book.

It is seven years since the establishment of the Freedman's School in Charlottesville. In that community as well as in other parts of the South where these schools have been opened, a new force, tending to elevate all classes, has been generated, of which those who continue to believe in the gospel of oppression are not even at this late period aware. They have not opened their eyes to discover this potential element springing up at their very doors.

It is very rare for a Southern gentleman, and still more so for a Southern lady, to be willing to lose caste by visiting a Freedman's school; but they would sometimes be surprised into a knowledge of the educational advancement of these people, as the following instance will illustrate:

A colored boy belonging to the Charlottesville school, who did not know a letter of the alphabet when that school opened, perceiving that a white lad, the son of a gentleman and lady in whose family he served, was puzzling over his arithmetic, his face all in a knot, asked him what he was studying. He replied that he was trying to find a common denominator and reducing fractions to their lowest terms.

"I will help you," said the colored boy.

The white lad very willingly accepted the offer of help, though he had been at school much longer than his colored companion. The latter, being very familiar with fractions, explained the matter satisfactorily, and while ab-



sorbed in working out the example, the white lad's mother entered the room. Surprised to find her son cheek by jowl with their colored servant, she sharply exclaimed to the colored boy:

"What are you doing?"

"I'm showing A—— his examples," he replied, very meekly.

But he was most severely reprimanded and the white boy told never as long as he lived to let a negro show him again.

"Why!" she said, "your father would be very angry, and your teacher dreadfully mortified to know that you had asked a negro to show you!"

In the pleasant little chat which the occasion led to, the colored lad had informed the white boy that the first clock in America was made by a colored astronomer, Benjamin Banneker, and that Euclid, whose works were studied at the University, was a colored man.

The mother was appealed to, to sustain her son in denying these assertions; but as she did not profess to know anything about the matter, he was told to ask his father at tea-time, and so the interview ended. This colored boy is now studying for the ministry in a theological school in Washington, D. C.



An indefatigable laborer as a teacher of Freedmen, Miss Bessie S. Canedy, in one of her school reports, furnishes testimony with respect to the ability of the colored race to learn, in the following unequivocal manner:

"Five years ago, I felt with Sojourner Truth that the capacity of the colored child to receive instruction might be only that of a pint cup—but it had an undeniable right to have it filled. Now, I take nobody's hypothesis. I know that unbounded capacities are not more rare beneath the colored than the white clay; and that alike in both, the future man awaits only the Promethean fire of education."



THE RELIGION OF THE FREEDMEN.

URING the few years which have elapsed since the close of the Rebellion, the freedmen have by satisfactory experiment, so far demonstrated their capacity to learn, not only from books, but in the school of actual everyday life, as to silence skeptics North and South. As a race, they have become comparatively elevated and well-to-do, placing a much higher estimate upon culture and education than was possible immediately after their release from bondage, when they were suffering for the bare necessities of life, and naturally valued schools in proportion as they seemed auxiliaries to material good—to the acquisition of land, shel-The money argument was at ter, and food. that time the only one which had much weight with colored parents to induce them to continue their smartest children, who could command (46)



high wages, steadily in school. The greatest incentive to scholarship was that by learning to read, write, and calculate, they would be able, at some future day, to make a "heap of money," — perhaps by fitting themselves to become teachers; but this did not avail much. "A bird in the hand was worth two in the bush," and they could not afford to wait. So that the schools, though generally fully attended, were seldom composed of the best materials.

Those friends and patrons of education at the North who continue their work among these people, being naturally brought into relation only with the progressive class, about whom they hear so much that is truly encouraging, of their enterprise in building fine churches and schools, are not in a position to understand the existing impediments to the progress of the race. They can hardly realize that the great mass of freedmen remain in the densest ignorance, in a condition not essentially changed by their new status, except so far as a sense of freedom must inevitably increase their manliness. I think it is not too much to assert, as the almost universal opinion of those who are and have been their teachers from the North, of whatever religious persuasion, that the most

formidable obstacle to the elevation of these people, and that which most adversely affects the work of education among them, is their spurious religion.

This appears to be a crude admixture of traditional superstitions and rude ceremonies transmitted from their African ancestry, modified by the religious element at the South with which they mingle—assimilating most naturally with Baptists and Methodists.

So large a majority of these ignorant people cling tenaciously to their pagan views and usages that the more intelligent class of negroes, who have outgrown the senseless mummeries and intolerable clamor of their shouting or praise meetings, as they are called, find themselves uncomfortably situated among their kinsfolk and neighbors—in a position somewhat like ultra reformers at the North,—when they attempt to enlighten their deluded brethren, and to lead them into a more rational mode of worship.

The manifestations in these meetings are physical. No indication of mind is visible. Negroes who evince some degree of common sense in ordinary affairs, appear to lay aside every vestige of it on entering a "praise meeting."

I have myself been present in these gatherings, and witnessed fearful contortions of features and limbs, and insane ravings accompanying them, which surged higher and higher, until they reached a climax of noise and confusion which baffles description.

One after the other they gather and crowd around the altar, forming a solid mass, then separate, and joining hands, form a ring, or perform a kind of march, one behind another, accompanying their steps now and then with a spasmodic jump, flinging up their arms, shouting, laughing, exhorting indiscriminately, rending their garments, shaking their hands, beckoning to each other with frantic gestures, all the time ejaculating vehemently, "Bress de Lord! I'se got 'ligion! See, massa Jesus! He come! Glory! Amen!" etc., all shouting together at the top of their lungs, until, completely exhausted, many fall prostrate upon the floor.

These meetings are frequently kept up until morning, and are habitually attended by immense crowds, not only among the most ignorant, on remote plantations and in country districts, but in the largest cities.

During the reign of slavery these meetings were never allowed to be held without some white man present to witness their proceedings, lest they should be made mediums for uniting the forces of discontent, by some leading minds among themselves. They would have been suppressed as a terror to slave-holders, had they not served as a requisite safety-valve for the emotional natures and peculiarly gregarious tendencies of their victims.

Who understood better than the Southern autocrat that if the slaves had been enlightened so far as to lay aside these worse than heathen practices, if they had been led into any coherent ideas, but once lifted from the ruts of superstition and put upon a line of improvement, however slow their diverging progress, they would inevitably move toward a goal of freedom!

Could Northern philanthropists who continue schools among the freedmen at the South, realize from their distant stand-point the baneful ignorance which religious bigotry exercises over the educational work, they could more effectually put forth a helping hand to improve matters in that direction.

Colored preachers, who imagine they have a special call for the ministry (no matter how supremely ignorant or even vicious they may be), have an unlimited influence over their congregations, especially if they possess, as many of them do, a kind of florid garrulousness, with a streak of rude eloquence natural to the African.

In proportion as intelligence becomes disseminated, and a purer and more spiritual worship supersedes their inane ravings, jealousies on the part of these blind leaders of the blind are excited toward that enlightenment which seems to cause their waning influence, and they covertly denounce schools, sometimes lustily crying aloud against "fooling with books," or "selling their souls to the devil for book-learning." They do not lack the discernment necessary to perceive that where schools flourish such churches as I have described can not long be supported. The young converts belonging to night schools, who have sometimes been forbidden to absent themselves from night revival meetings on penalty of excommunication, will comprehend the enormity of these gatherings in proportion as they are taught a life-inspiring piety.

These ignorant class-leaders and preachers have "no use," as they say, for new-fangled ministers who desecrate the church and the Lord's day by preaching about lying, stealing,



impurity, intemperance, idleness, wastefulness, instead of the Gospel. They do not want to have their meetings interrupted by such "worldly matters." They want to enjoy their religion, and have a good time hearing about Jesus and the Holy Spirit, the Bible, heaven and hell, especially the latter, which forms the staple of nine-tenths of their preaching.

Yet they do not appear to think the punishment after death, which they have a peculiar genius for depicting in lurid colors, has any connection with their evil habits and "besetting sins." The great desideratum is to become converted,-which means to work themselves into such a state of exaltation as to fancy that they see visions, and dream dreams, which they relate to wonder-stricken audiences, after which they join the church as a seal of their salvation. They do not appear to have the least conception of what constitutes sin or righteousness. This complete mental confusion is not to be wondered at in view of the institution of slavery, from which they graduated, and which would naturally blot out all moral distinctions.

Mr. Charles Stearns, in his book, "The Black Man of the South," tells some very amusing instances of this hallucination. On remonstrating with an old colored woman for stealing a goose, he told her she could not be a Christian and steal. "La, me!" said she, "does you think I'se gwine to give up my Jesus for an old goose?" And on inquiring for an old preacher by the name of Jim, whom he had not seen for some time, he was told that he was in jail. "Jim, the preacher, in jail! what can that be for?" said Mr. Stearns.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply. "He only jus' stole a few turkies, an' den he sell 'em and got cotched"; and added, "when I went to see him de other day, he says, 'You jus' tell dem darkies dat 'long to my church not to be downhearted, for de Lord will bring me one day to be wid 'um again, and dey mus' not forgit to pray for me.'"

I have known several instances where preachers have been imprisoned for stealing, who did not appear to lose ecclesiastical caste in the least degree in consequence of it. They would be just as successful in "saving souls" as before their incarceration. If they can purloin corn and potatoes from a field where they are to be found in abundance, and thereby eke out the insufficient support for their families which their labor can furnish, or shield themselves from dis-

covery by an adroit lie,—is it to be wondered at, in view of the example in which they were reared, having themselves been a subject of theft by their masters, who made the most high-sounding professions of Christianity? How could they learn to revere any higher principle than that "might makes right"?

The spirit of opposition to the educational movement is caused by these ignorant leaders, who fear that their power to magnify their office will be curtailed by the diffusion of intelligence. During the earlier years of the work the enthusiasm of all classes of colored people in its favor was unbounded. Whatever might have been their inspiring motives, which could not, of course, rise above the level of their development, they welcomed it with the greatest avidity and apparent gratitude. Churches and church vestries were everywhere freely thrown open to the missionary of education, and walls which had echoed only to a slave-holding religion, now resounded to the alphabet of the new order-adults and children learning to read the Bible, which had been to them a closed vol-At that time the negroes would sooner have refused rations of bread when they were nearly starving, than the staff of life proffered them in the shape of education. They were too unsophisticated to perceive that the church must not be used for secular purposes; an idea which now so generally prevails among them, that they would choose, in some places, to have their children remain in profound ignorance rather than to have the desecration of a school within church walls. A filthy room in deserted barracks, furnished with the rudest appliances, often served as a church, from which even a temperance society would be excluded, as too secular for so sacred a place.

But a new day is dawning upon these repressed, down-trodden people. The broad beams of intelligence which have so ennobled the better class among them, will yet permeate the deepest and darkest recesses of stagnant humanity beneath. Who knows what richness of nature—of deep, religious insight, lies smothered in that great, stagnant human life still groping in the dark shadows of slavery?

"O dark, sad millions! patiently and dumb,
Waiting for God, your day at last has come!
And Freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong."

The good results of the educational work among the freedmen, the intelligence, thrift, en-



terprise and true piety, which have been so largely developed, is a sure guarantee to the philanthropist of what may be accomplished in the near future for the hitherto less favored classes. And these in their turn will become good and loyal citizens, helping to bear upon their stalwart shoulders the pillars of that temple of republican liberty into which they have been permitted to enter.



CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

CAMDEN, one of the oldest towns of South Carolina, settled by Quakers in 1760, is situated in a salubrious part of the State, on the eastern shore of the Wateree River.

Scarcely a vestige of the "peaceful sect" who sought refuge from persecution in the Carolinas is now to be found, save at Belvidere, Albemarle County, N. C. At that place there is a flourishing community of several hundred persons, who wear the costume and use the peculiar phraseology of "Friends." They live almost exclusively by themselves, holding their immemorial monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings. They are held in high esteem by all classes of people, and their boarding-school has always been extensively patronized by Southerners.

Many places in the eastern portion of South Carolina were colonized by the Huguenots, who, as early as 1562, sailed into Port Royal and (57)



landing on an island, erected the Fortress of Carolina, and engraved the lilies of France.

Camden is historic ground, rife with associations of the Revolution. Here was the scene of the Southern campaign of 1780. Cornwallis was encamped in the town, and Lord Rowdon at Hobkin's Hill, about a mile distant. The building which served as headquarters for the former, stood unimpaired, save by the hand of Time, until the late Rebellion, when, in "Sherman's raid," it was completely demolished, scarcely one stone being left upon another.

We have De Kalb Street and De Kalb House, and on the grounds of the Presbyterian Church there is a monument erected to the memory of that intrepid leader. This marble obelisk bears the simple inscription, "Here lie the remains of Baron De Kalb, a German by birth, but in principle a citizen of the world." The corner-stone of this monument was laid by Lafayette, De Kalb's intimate friend. The old mansion where our country's benefactor, Lafayette, was entertained when on a visit here, is pointed out with pride by the inhabitants.

This town, originally designed as the capital of the State, was laid out on an extensive scale. The few streets it contains are regular, straight,



and broad; and as most of them lead into the surrounding wooded districts, they are very pretty in perspective. Like a majority of Southern towns it is sparsely populated, and the houses comparatively far apart, affording ample room for cultivated grounds. The surpassing beauty of these is a distinguishing feature of Camden. They are oases of green in the depth of winter. Laid out uniquely, with much artistic skill, they resemble a style common in the old world, but seldom seen to any great extent in the new. Shrubbery is symmetrically trained into a variety of graceful devices - arches, Gothic bowers, imitation of Grecian and Corinthian pillars, inverted pyramids tapering uniformly to the ground, mimic vases, etc. Here and there may be seen a venerable tree, with its rugged trunk completely hidden by ivy, climbing far into lofty branches.

The "Teacher's Home," a somewhat dilapidated mansion, with its whilom negro quarters and various out-buildings, was once the abode of wealthy slave-holders; but it is now only a relic of departed grandeur. It is built in a style peculiarly Southern, with spacious rooms, a broad corridor extending through the entire length of the building, verandas above and be-

low, but destitute of ante-rooms or closets of any description.

It is situated on what is called "The Hill," and commands the finest view in town. The eye is refreshed by slightly rolling lands—a variety of hill and dale—and though there are no star-crowned mountains like those to be seen in the peerless land of Virginia, the prospect is beautiful by comparison with the proverbially low, sandy shores of the eastern section of the State, where, far as the eye can reach, there is one dead level, not a mole-hill elevation varying the monotony of the landscape.

On the extensive grounds surrounding the "Teacher's Home" are a variety of trees indigenous to the South—the fig, mimosa, crapemyrtle, persimmon, etc.

The climate here, though extremely variable (no one ever being able to presage what a day may bring forth as to weather), is, on the whole, delightful. Seventeen degrees above zero is the coldest it has been this winter, which makes a striking contrast with some of the New England States, where it has been from forty-five to fifty degrees below zero.

To the tourist, transferred with the rapidity of steam, in mid-winter, from the bleak hills of



New England to the glowing clime of South Carolina, very picturesque is the contrast of scenery—the leaf-stripped trees of the North, with those covered by perpetual verdure at the Pre-eminent among the latter rises the South. stately holly. Its dense and brilliant foliage of deepest green attains perfection about Christmas-time, when it is gay with scarlet berries. The Frost King does not hesitate at times to invade this "summer land," though seemingly "out of his sphere." But his visits are brief, and he does not hold anything upon which he lays his icy fingers in a tenacious grasp. The genial climate soon reasserts supremacy, dispelling every vestige of intrusion with returning warmth.

To-day balmy zephyrs breathe around, and we sit without fires under open windows, or on the veranda, wearing no more outside wrappings than would be required on a June day in Massachusetts.

We have many successive days when

"The birds sing East, and the birds sing West,"

and we as well as they are completely oblivious to the season, though vegetation sleeps. A summer day is often sandwiched between two



severely cold ones—so cold that we gravitate irresistibly to the cheerful blaze in the open fire-place, from which the yule-log sends forth its radiance like a real New England country fire of the olden time, so happily described by Whittier:

"The oaken log, green, huge and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick,—
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art;
The (fat-pine knots, not) ragged brush making the
room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom."

Cotton is the staple production of Camden and the surrounding plantations. The fields have been literally "white with harvest." The crop was very abundant the last season, but there has been much complaint about the low range of prices. Some planters advise reducing the crop to half its present amount, and substituting the culture of wheat and other grains.

How complete a revolution must have been wrought in this defiant State, when cotton, the vaunted king under the old regime (according to a correspondent in a late issue of the Camden Fournal), now ministers to the supremacy of the negro race! It seems like poetic jus-



tice that these sable graduates from the institution of cotton culture, after a life-long training, should come to the front and succeed in enriching themselves by this Southern staple, aided by combinations among the colored people in land speculation, which have been recently effected in different parts of the State. I have visited the little cabins located on the confines of Camden, where the colored people who have entered into a similar combination live. Their enterprise promises to be very successful.

Not only outward nature at the South, but society through every department, presents much of striking antithesis. It is irrevocably wedded to the past. Frightened at the very shadow of an innovation, it sluggishly moves on in the old ruts, the future having no allurements for those who look back with regret upon the "flesh-pots of Egypt," and never cease to deplore the "lost cause." They are satellites of exploded ideas, and they would shudder at only a remote suggestion of spinning with the great world "down the ringing grooves of change."

Where, in the annals of history, can be found so striking an illustration of Scripture, that "pride cometh before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," than that furnished by the little, inflated, domineering State of South Carolina!

In accordance with the reactionary laws of the moral universe, the time has at length arrived when these down-trodden, victimized people have themselves been placed in a position of power to help wield the Government which has hitherto been made for them an instrument of suffering and degradation. The ex-field-hand is metamorphosed into a law-maker.

Two-thirds of the members of the Legislature now sitting at Columbia, the capital of the State, are colored men, a large proportion of whom are ex-slaves. It is of still greater import that those who, while under the yoke of bondage, were subjected to the extremest penalties of a diabolical law when found with a book in hand, are now vigorously prosecuting the work of school superintendents, or acting as trustees of colleges—including that oldest and most noted institution of learning in South Carolina, "The Columbia College," where McDuffee and many other distinguished sons of the South received their education.

The white Carolinian is but sparsely represented in the Legislature. The President of

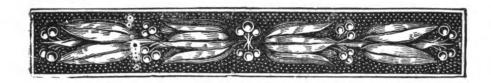
the Senate, the Speaker of the House, and all the clerks of the latter are colored.

Members of the Legislature have from time to time called at "The Teacher's Home." Hon. Frank Adamson, a neighbor of ours, has been here a number of times. Considering that he was a chattel personæ, and took his degree from the plantation, he converses remarkably well; not, of course, without traces of plantation dialect, which, however, he takes great pains to overcome, and with a view to conform to grammatical usage, he frequently corrected himself. "I has" seemed to be his especial annoyance; before fairly articulated, it was corrected to "I have," which, in a man past the meridian of life, as he is, manifests great persistency.

He relates many incidents connected with his former life, especially in regard to the difficulties through which he contrived to pick up a little learning while groping in the prison-house of bondage, and how he was threatened with severe punishment for attempting to share that meagre "fruit of knowledge" with his fellowservants.

So far from voluntarily "accepting the situation," a large class of white people appear to have no comprehension of it. This generation must needs pass away before the inveterate prejudice toward negroes, Yankees, carpet-baggers, etc., will yield to the new order of life at the South.

There does not seem to be a recognition of the fact that negroes hold the balance of political power by a vote of thirty thousand majority, and that they are sufficiently intelligent and sagacious to maintain their advantage by inaugurating a system of laws, especially with reference to free schools, that shall be general in their scope and application, equal and impartial to all.



DISMAL SWAMP.

[A letter to the Boston Commonwealth].

DISMAL SWAMP CANAL, DEEP CREEK, N. C., Oct. 24, 1871.

CONTRASTS.

TWO days ago I saw things from a Massachusetts stand-point; now, though I have not traveled far South, the picture is reversed; not only the face of nature, but the face of society, as indicated in the tone of conversation, seems to have undergone a complete change. One of my fellow-passengers is the young daughter of Colonel Martin, the first rebel captive in the war of rebellion. She is affable, intelligent, good-looking, has accomplished manners and is altogether a fine specimen of a Southern young lady.

THE PLACE.

This is a tumbled-down, dilapidated place, situated on the borders of the Dismal Swamp Canal. A New Englander who has not trav(67)



eled South could never imagine such a collection of dingy, forlorn-looking dwellings and out-buildings as are here thrown together, seemingly with less regard to taste and method than could be found among barbarians. some of the yards there are curious contrivances for pigeon-houses, the use of which I could not at first conjecture—tall stakes, most of them leaning like the tower of Pisa, with rickety rough boxes nailed at their tops. These, and some other features entirely new to me, serve to enhance the grotesque appearance of the town, if by that name it may be dignified. The only signs of civilization discoverable are the colored children trudging along the sides of the canal, books in hand, on their way to school. As I question them about their school, etc., they look at me as though they have an intuitive perception of my mission.

Groups of colored workmen can be seen passing along the wood-paths, each with something slung over his shoulder. It is a graphic illustration of the olden days of slavery.

THE SWAMP CANAL.

If one has ample leisure and can afford to crawl along four miles an hour (at which rate of



speed the boat on this canal is limited), whiling away the time with some absorbing book, or, perchance, agreeable companion, a day's sail along the Dismal Swamp Canal in fine weather might not be as dismal as the infelicitous name seems to imply.

This canal cuts directly through the swampy belt extending near the coast of the Carolinas. On either side the woods seem impervious to the eye. The boughs of trees, covered by an abundant growth, are tangled and interlaced with a profusion of gray moss, which, fantastically draped from tree to tree, here and there streams forth like a pennant; and rank vegetation, fed from the humid soil of the swamp, flourishes in wild luxuriance. All this, with the warbling of innumerable birds from their undisturbed solitudes, has a fascination, a weird effect upon the imagination of one who has just left behind the stripped trees of the North, and the bleak winds heralding the approach of winter.

AUTUMN GLORY.

Here the abundant leafiness of Summer is arrayed in Autumn glory. The brilliant hues of the ash and maple mingled with neutral shades and contrasted with the evergreen fol-



iage of the pine and cypress, make the scene charmingly picturesque. Everybody looks with wonder and delight upon the trees and shrubbery mirrored in the water of the canal. No word-painting can describe the beauty of the inverted landscape. There is a sky above, and a sky below, where the clouds are slowly sailing along. In the water every blemish of the forest, every unsightly growth of shrub or tree, is softened and glorified—every leaf and fiber delicately penciled by the finger of that inimitable artist, Nature. The gorgeous colors blending below seem brighter than those above—the predominant red blazing, here and there, all over its surface.

I am told that the dark shade imparted to the water by the juniper, which grows so abundantly in the surrounding swamps, causes this peculiar effect, which I have noticed elsewhere. Many think this water, said to have a medicinal quality, is very palatable. In the glass it has the appearance of dark red wine.

MRS. STOWE'S DESCRIPTION.

The romance of this locality is enhanced a thousand-fold by Mrs. Stowe's story of Dred—the scene of which was laid in this very spot.



She says: "What the mountains of Switzerland were to the persecuted Vaudois, these swamps have been to the American slave." Deep morasses and dense jungles proved a refuge of oppression to the hunted fugitive.

LAKE DRUMMOND.

The water of the canal is supplied from lake Drummond, situated in the heart of the swamp. It is a novel sight to one unaccustomed to it to view the torrent as it comes rushing, tumbling, foaming through the open lock—a grand exhibition of man's skill to dam up the waters and to say "Thus far and no farther."

LOCALITIES.

Deep Creek is a specimen of all the settlements seen along the route from Norfolk to our place of destination, Elizabeth City—a distance of fifty miles, mostly by canal. The decayed appearance of the buildings is caused in part by the dampness of the swamp atmosphere, and not altogether by unthriftiness.

Elizabeth City is said to have some pleasant residences; but, as far as can be seen from the landing, it bears the same weather-beaten aspect



as the places along the way. One new board or paling would regale the eye; yet the town must have some attraction or compensating advantage, since I am told some sixty Northern families have emigrated and are now residing in the town or vicinity.



NEW BERNE, N. C.

NEW BERNE, so named from the capital of Switzerland, situated close to the vitals of rebeldom, is the stronghold of Federal power in North Carolina, and is too well fortified to be in danger of falling again into the hands of the enemy.

Like most old Southern cities, it has a decayed, dilapidated appearance. The type of civilization which has hitherto existed at the South, of which slavery was the chief feature, is incompatible with such improvements as serve to renew and impart a fresh aspect to old cities The houses are mostly low at the North. wooden structures, built in a uniform, obsolete style, with the chimneys outside; many of them scarcely distinguishable from miserable negro quarters, which are huddled irregularly in their The whole city presents a dingy aspect, unsightly to the eye of a New Englander, accustomed to the trim, well-painted cottages and (73)

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elegant mansions of the North; although one who visits it only during the summer season, while arrayed in its richest regalia of fruits and flowers, with its low cottages nestling amid the densest shrubbery, and its larger, though unattractive dwellings, completely hidden behind depths of shade, would suppose it a paradise of beauty, so lavishly has the hand of Nature concealed its architectural deformities.

The design of the city is on a large scale. The wide streets are well laid out, and lined on either side with ornamental shade trees, whose broad branches interlaced form beautiful arches. In the beauty of its trees no city in the United States, save New Haven, can vie with New Berne. Here there is no stinting of room. Gardens adjoin almost every dwelling, in which many tropical plants, together with fruits and vegetables indigenous to a colder climate, may be cultivated. Innumerable flowers of the richest hues, many varieties of which are raised only with great painstaking in the Granite States, grow here spontaneously,

"Nor claim the culture of man's hand To bloom along the fairy land."

Yet these gardens have a wild, unkempt appearance, very unlike what we see at the North.



The cotton plantations in the suburbs of New Berne, where the experiment of free labor has been successfully tried, are in a thriving condition. The most celebrated in this vicinity is Ball's plantation. Here may be seen the appliances for ginning and pressing the cotton; and the management is the same, save slave labor, that it was before the Yankees entered North Carolina. The laborer is no longer defrauded of his wages—they are paid to him, and not to a self-styled master.

The New Englander, who for the first time visits the South, is astonished to observe the marked dissimilarity between the two sections of the same country. Everything here is unique and strange—more so than in many foreign cities. It is difficult to realize that Massachusetts and North Carolina could ever have belonged to the same sisterhood of States, so incongruous were they in all that pertains to social, political, and ecclesiastical life, and representing, as they did, the opposite poles of society—democratic and aristocratic.

"Contrabands" swarm in the streets of New Berne. They seem to enjoy a real gala-day after their deliverance from cruel task-masters. Well may they be jubilant in view of the retrospect of tears, and groans, and agonies, of unrequited toil and changeless misery, from which they could anticipate no relief, save through the gates of death. Suddenly, hope dawned—light shone upon their path—and that glorious boon of freedom, which had entered only into their dreams of heaven, was forestalled upon earth. In the lines of their winsome, happy faces, you may read, "We are all at home, and free," as they pass along, "toting" all manner of things upon their heads—one a pitcher of milk or a bowl of butter; another, heavy household stuff, It is a novel and grotesque sight. little child of six years, tugging with a great pail of water, if he can but succeed in lifting and poising it upon his head, walks off with as much ease as though it bore not the weight of a grasshopper.

The military aspect of the streets in the city is picturesque in the extreme—with mounted officers in brilliant uniforms riding in every direction, and posted guards, whose bayonets glitter in the sun. Wherever you go, martial sights meet the eye, and martial sounds salute the ear.

Most of the former inhabitants, denominating themselves the "upper classes," have left the



city; but too many still remain, masked in the oath of allegiance, "who keep the word of promise to the ear, but break it to the sense."

The "poor whites" living in the city appear many degrees lower in the scale, of being less aspiring than blacks. You may see them in filthy rags, peering out of open windows or doors, or over broken fences, with the indispensable snuff-dipping stick protruding, cigarlike, from the corner of their mouths, indicating a habit more universal among the women of the South, without distinction of caste or color, than smoking among men.

The so-called higher circles indulge less openly in this revolting practice, though scarcely to a less extent than the lowest orders of society. Prior to the advent of the Yankees among them, the idea of degradation being associated with the habit seemed never to have entered their minds. A young girl, laboring in company with scores of women in the cotton-field, was accosted by a Northerner, who stopped his carriage while riding past, to question her relative to their employment, their preference for slave or free labor, etc. Spying the half concealed snuff-box, he said, sportively, "What have you in your hand?" Quite abashed, she at first

hung her head, then holding it out to one of her companions, with an arch expression, said jocosely, "What is it—can you tell?" quickly thrusting it out of sight; thus showing, in the newly-awakened sense of degradation in the use of this noxious weed, a latent idea of refinement.

One of New Berne's "peculiar institutions" —a relic of former barbarism which remains intact, not having been superseded by Yankee improvements—is a nocturnal concert of dogs. These canine animals make the night hideous with their dismal howlings, driving "tired nature's sweet restorer" from many eyes, especially when with these discordant sounds is mingled (as is not unfrequently the case) the frantic ravings of negro meetings, held according to whilom custom, with the dying and the dead among these people, from night-fall till the dawn of day-shouting meetings, as they are These midnight dances and accomtermed. panying shouts, profane as they appear to enlightened minds, serve as a safety-valve to the tropical, demonstrative temperaments of these rude, semi-barbarous people, who have so recently emerged from a long night of slavery, and who, during their captivity, found this the

only direction in which their excitable natures were allowed free vent. The high-pressure enthusiasm into which they work themselves when they hold a "protracted meeting" in their churches, baffles all description. Praying, shouting, laughing, and exhorting indiscriminately, by degrees their excitement surges higher and higher, until they reach such a climax of noise and confusion that the inmates of Bedlam itself, let loose, would not appear more insane. after the other they gather and crowd around the altar, forming almost a solid mass, singing, screaming, and dancing, swaying their bodies to and fro, beckoning to each other with wild gesticulations, shaking hands, grasping each other in a tight embrace, and not unfrequently flinging one into the air in such a manner as to endanger limb, if not life—all the time ejaculating with the greatest vehemence, "Bress the Lord! I'se got 'ligion! See, Massa Jesus! He come! Glory! Amen!" etc., and all shouting together at the top of their lungs, till too hoarse to be understood; their strength completely exhausted, some fall prostrate upon the floor, while others are helped out by cool lookers-on, for the better informed class of colored people do not engage in such boisterous demonstrations.

This class is continually increasing. As the light of intelligence, and a gospel of pure, spiritual religion, becomes disseminated among them, such barbarous ceremonies, transmitted from their African ancestry, will pass away and give place to a more subdued, genuine expression of a life-inspiring piety.

A description of New Berne would be incomplete without including "Contraband Schools," these new institutions being among the most prominent of the place. There are five dayschools, and two evening, or night-schools, as they are termed, in the city. There are also two schools taught at the camp of colored refugees, making an aggregate of about one thousand scholars. These camps are situated on the opposite banks of the Trent, a mile distant from the city. They are little villages, composed of one-story huts, from twelve to fifteen feet square, built of logs or pine slabs. Streets are regularly laid out after camp-meeting style. Colored people, who flee from Plymouth, Washington, and all surrounding rebeldom, can build a temporary shelter, and with the aid of Government rations, economically dispensed, according to need, can support themselves and their families by labor. Any one who passes through these settlements may see that the shiftless, slovenly, lazy habits contracted in slave-life are giving place to cleanliness, industry, and self-respect.

The school-houses, like the huts, are temporary structures, designed to be superseded by something better in the gradually progressive civilization of these people. Their internal arrangements correspond in a rough manner, as far as practicable, with the improvements in Northern school-rooms. On entering, you see a crowd of scholars pressed together like swarming bees, their dusky, upturned faces expressing the most eager desire to be fed with the crumbs of knowledge. About all this there is a rude harmony, symbolizing the condition of these people, exceedingly impressive and pleasing in effect. The system of teaching adopted here, which the intelligent observer will perceive conforms to the best and most approved methods employed in Massachusetts schools, brings out in strong contrast the extreme rudeness of external surroundings. In the camp of colored recruits on the suburbs of New Berne there are small tent-schools, under the supervision of Major T. C. Jameson, commenced in anticipation of a larger and better systematized one in process of organization.

Everywhere about the city you may meet colored people of all ages and hues, many in the United States uniform, carrying the satchel and the slate, conning their school exercises even in the street, and often reading aloud to gaping bystanders the placards on the fences; their pleased, happy countenances, lit up, as it were, with an electric flash, bespeaking how highly they appreciate their newly-acquired privileges.

Sitting under your open window you will often be serenaded with their patriotic airs—"The Star-Spangled Banner," "Union Forever," "John Brown," etc. They revel in an atmosphere of music, and take to singing as naturally as the birds; they make the welkin ring with their songs and hymns.

The change which this indicates within so brief a period, on the slave-cursed soil of North Carolina, is marvelous. Less than three years ago "the stars and stripes" were to these people but emblems of the cruelest oppression—beneath its folds they groped in the darkest shadows of ignorance. Iniquity framed into law made it a penal offence, punishable with death, to teach a slave the letters of the alphabet. Now "the school-master is abroad," and is reaping an abundant harvest from the seeds of in-



struction so industriously sown. It is justice strikingly illustrated, that churches from which so lately a slave-holding gospel was promulgated, should be converted into schools for the instruction of the freedmen—that walls polluted by the breath of treason should now re-echo pæans of praise and thanksgiving for redemption from worse than Egyptian bondage.

It is the cheerfully expressed opinion of teachers, superintendents, and all associated with these people, from Norfolk to New Orleans, that they acquire the elements of learning with astonishing rapidity. Yet in the face of this universal testimony, so skeptical is the public mind on this mooted subject—so averse to believing that the light of intelligence beams beneath a swarthy complexion—that the question is iterated and reiterated, incredulously, "Can these people learn?" The trite couplet was never more appropriate than in this case:

"A man convinced against his will Is of the same opinion still."

Action and reaction are equal, in ethics as in matter. The strength and tenacity of the wicked, unnatural prejudice which exists toward the colored race, is itself a sufficient guarantee that public sentiment must receive a reactionary impulse.

"Knowledge is power." And the time is not far distant when the most inveterate unbeliever in the capacity of the negro must yield to indubitable evidence, so earnestly do these people clutch at the hitherto "forbidden fruit" of knowledge, and so persistent are they in its acquisition.

Education is the silent instrumentality destined to lift this down-trodden race from the slough of ignorance and imbecility where it has remained since the tiny, apparently insignificant seeds of slavery were dropped at Jamestown. Taking deep root, they grew into the gigantic Upas tree, whose branches have overshadowed the entire nation. We did not notice in the bud the bitterness which, to our sorrow, we are now tasting in the fruit.

Everywhere throughout the South, following in the rear of our victorious armies, whose advancing columns cast up a highway for the progressive civilization of our heathen brethren, you may see a pacific band of teachers and civilians, whose glorious privilege it is to lift these brutalized people from their low estate, substituting the spelling-book and the slate for the whipping-post and the scourge.

When Peace shall again wave her olive-branch over our tortured and bleeding country-when she shall come with her myriad attendants to rebuild our despoiled and dismantled cities, and to re-cultivate fields which have been swept by the fiery torrent of war-then will the equal humanity of these hitherto antagonistic people, wholly disenthralled, and brought into fraternal and harmonious relationship with the more favored race, be recognized and appreciated. As an industrial population they will prove, not the "mud-sills," but the prop of the social fabric—the sinews of wealth and prosperity to the country-restoring the worn and wasted Southland to something better than its former condition, rebuilding its desolated towns and cities, and by the magic influence of labor making its solitary places to be glad, and its plantations to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

NEW BERNE, July, 1864.



PRIZE AGRICULTURAL ESSAY.

SUBJECTS of practical utility, such as generally form the theme of agricultural essays, will be waived in this, to consider the mission of the farmer, or the position he should occupy in the social scale. While all fulsome *eulogy* of the dignity of that mission should be strenuously avoided, the cause of agriculture may be subserved by suggestions pointing out the manifold advantages accompanying a life of severe and almost unremitting toil.

Could society be made to appreciate the fact that there is no material interest or pursuit so essentially affecting mankind, as Agriculture, being based upon the primitive organization of Nature, it would be less prone to disparage the "King of the Soil."

Could the mind grasp that subtle chain of invisible forces, that occult relation existing between man and the products of the earth, and trace them legitimately to the tiller of the soil, (86)



it would pay due tribute to the husbandman, as Nature's chosen agent, standing at the threshold of every homestead, weighing to each a portion of sustenance, furnishing the very substance of the brain, and being closely allied to creative power in the product of results, without which the engine of thought would cease to operate, and life itself become extinct.

The history of agriculture, traced back to the dawn of creation, shows that the first farmer was the first man; and through each successive epoch to the present time, it has been found to improve in a ratio commensurate with the progressive development of civilization. deified, and regarded with superstitious reverence by the ancients, with whom Ceres was the impersonation of feminine grace and beauty, and though reaching from time to time a higher and still higher degree of perfection, by the application of modern art and science-mankind has not yet learned to estimate its relative importance, and yield that homage to the farmer, which Goldsmith recognizes as his due, when he says:

"Princes and kings may flourish and may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold yeomanry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."



To the thoughtful mind, the future of agriculture is pregnant with interest. The practical farmer will not always be content with mere drudgery; he will not always clog the wheels of progress, by pertinaciously clinging to the prejudice of usage. The old methods are speedily disappearing beneath the light of intelligence. Led by this light, he will forge sound judgment and common-sense into improved implements of husbandry, and avail himself more generally of those already invented, making closer calculations to diminish labor, and augment the products of the soil.

What the system of public school education has been to mental culture, agricultural societies, clubs, and fairs promise to be to the culture of the earth. They encourage and stimulate the farmer, disseminating useful knowledge, everywhere tending to change the rocky hill-slopes and extensive waste lands of New England, to a state of fertility vying favorably with Old England, so noted for the verdure of its pasturage, its beautiful gardens, and its rich waving fields of wheat and rye.

He who recommends rural life, and makes it desirable, by exemplifying as the *result* of his own skill and all-conquering labor, a beautiful

country-seat, embellished with the charm of fruit and flowers, flanked by wide lawns, and surrounded by wide acres of well-tilled lands, promising abundant harvest, may truly be considered a public benefactor.

"Give fools their gold and knaves their power; Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall— Who sows a field, or trains a flower, Or plants a tree, is more than all."

By uniting use and beauty, and giving a greater attention to horticulture, our young men might become more enamored of their calling; while they train the golden fruit, or woo from the mellow earth the aromatic flower as well as the esculent vegetable, they would learn to appreciate agriculture as an art worthy the exercise of their best powers.

The country would cease to be robbed of that large class of enterprising, aspiring young men who are continually crowding into the city already filled to repletion, seeking employment—flocking to its warehouses and workshops—humbly knocking at the door of counting-rooms, and entering the long list of competitors who throng the city daily, asking situations which will relieve them from manual labor, no matter how meagre the salary received, provided it will

enable them to wear the habiliments and assume the habits of a city gentleman. Any means subserves the cause of agriculture, which tends to disabuse young minds, either in the city or country, of the absurd, false impression, that it is more honorable to measure tape than to follow the plow—to calculate profit and loss in a counting-house, where humanity ranges no higher than the ledger, than to employ the same noble faculties to balance accounts in the fields of nature—to estimate by a nice observation of the varieties of soil and all the modifying circumstances of weather and temperature, the probable amount of crops to be obtained from a given number of acres.

The farmer has the advantage of other manual laborers in the healthfulness of his calling. No gymnasium exercises could be better adapted to develop and bring into play all the muscles of the frame, than the farm. The symmetry of the limbs is not destroyed, nor the vigor of the constitution impaired by overtaxing one set of muscles, as is the case in most mechanical occupations.

The farmer is independent. Labor is his capital. Having wisely invested it in broad acres of land, a bank which is permanent, and



not subject to the fluctuations of rising and falling stocks, he can afford to indulge in that regal luxury, the prerogative of wealth and station, freedom of thought. His opinions have not been dictated and meted out to him by patrons; they are his own, and bear the stamp of originality in their honest utterance. True, he who worships Mammon more than God, who prostitutes his manhood before the golden calf, would not be likely to have his passion gratified by the slow process of farming. As the waving fields of grain bend to the summer wind, so the husbandman must learn to yield his will to the order of nature. He can not hasten or retard her progress.

"The mills of God grind slowly." Little by little, step by step, the miracle of nature performs her operations. If they are "slow," the farmer knows they are sure—that great powers, mightier than he can fathom, are working with and for him. All the chemical elements are his servants; heat and electricity are subtle agents, ministering to his interest; and he trusts the ancient promise still remains good, "That seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter shall not fail." The farmer also gains wealth of wisdom while he earns his

bread; for the ample storehouse of nature freely opens her treasures to his understanding — and there is no better teacher. He must indeed be impotent of thought who does not learn in such a school.

At every step in the progress of vegetation, through all its chemical and organic changes, from the germinating seed to the perfect fruit, his mind is quickened and enriched with wise suggestions. The varied revolving seasons, from the first quick flush of Spring, through the deeper green of Summer, the golden harvest of Autumn, and the splendor of Winter, ministered to him lessons of patience, tranquillity, and piety.

As we contemplate this moving panorama of men and things on our vast globe, sweeping in imagination through magnificent cities, busy country towns and thriving villages, or as we stand lost in wonder before some stupendous architectural structure, the granite embodiment of thought, or turn to the great emporiums of art, trade, and commerce, where congregate representatives from every quarter of the globe, where are collected the combined results of human industry and skill, the mind instinctively falls back upon agriculture, as the moving

spring, the original source whence proceeds all this thrift, ingenuity, and prosperity.

Our shipping, richly freighted with the products of every clime; our storehouses filled with the wealth of Damascus and the Indies, are no less subject to the prosperity of agriculture, than are our granaries, so abundantly supplied with the harvests crowning each successive year. In this view, agriculture becomes invested with an attraction and an importance not usually attributed to it, and recommends itself to all earnest to promote the cause of virtue and freedom, with which it is so inseparably associated, that the degree of prosperity and happiness to which a country has attained, may be inferred from a given state of agriculture.

By laboring much in the open fields, living close to the heart of nature, we shall learn more and more to love her ministrations, and to conform our lives to that law of progress which the most thoughtless can not but observe, working ceaselessly in Nature's mysterious laboratory, where she is ever bringing forth beauty from decay, and clothing the earth in garments of praise, making "the wilderness and solitary places to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."



WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

[A paper read before the Association for the Advancement of Women, at Philadelphia, 1876].

ORGANIZED effort can have no better or higher aim than to promote the progress of the race by striving to elevate the feminine half of humanity.

A Woman's Congress is eminently an appropriate occasion to consider what presents itself as the greatest obstacle to that end, amid the perplexities, the manifold complications incident to it.

Civilization waits—nor can it march forward unencumbered, until the public mind shall be awakened to the great problem for which the opening Centennial epoch calls so loudly—how shall woman be helped out of a constrained, unnatural position, inimical to a free and harmonious development of her faculties, and placed on an equal footing with man?

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Many of the best minds and ablest thinkers of this or any other age have reached the conclusion that woman's want of equal educational opportunities with man, her industrial disabilities, her lack, of personal independence, and, as wife and mother, of the due control of her offspring, with manifold other disadvantages, hinge upon her being denied the self-protecting power of the ballot.

The exercise of this right, inherent in a representative government, can not consistently be denied to any class of citizens, of whatever nationality, complexion, or sex. While women continue to be treated as belonging to a lower rank, a subject order, no matter how generous the culture of the schools for her, she can never attain the highest possibilities of womanhood. While a whole scale of her faculties is crushed out by the law of custom, and she is denied opportunities for the practical application of her acquirements, profound learning, as it is comparatively aimless, must necessarily be, to no small extent, if not absolutely, wasted.

In order to broaden the horizon of her mind and enlarge the scope of her aims, her legal status, now so belittling, must be changed; and, as an initial step in her elevation, the ballot, the



acknowledged palladium of individual rights, itself an educationary force, must be placed in her hands.

We fail to appreciate the condescension of man in volunteering to relieve woman of responsibilities, of places of trust and honor which through all time have tended to elevate and benefit himself, have strengthened his intellect and developed his reason, "that choicest gift of God to humankind." As in the material so in the mental world, the masculine and feminine elements should be wedded, and their action be co-operative.

The fact that each sex possesses reciprocal superiority as complementary halves, is not recognized in the present distorted condition of society. The undue predominance of masculine authority interrupts the normal adjustment, the equilibrium of opposite forces, which, in harmony with the general law of the universe, the advanced guard of humanity is struggling to realize. To what extent this false and pernicious idea of woman as a subject being, wrought into our very habits of thought and action, depresses her below the dignity of a true womanhood and consequently dwarfs the race, is beyond estimation.

It has robbed her of that which most elevates and ennobles human character—self-respect and personal responsibility. While the stigma of disfranchisement remains, woman must continue to be repressed—and to feel an enforced subjection, which alike impoverishes her affections and narrows the scope of her intellect.

Except by the indulgence of what is termed the "head of the family," woman is not considered supreme even in the domestic circle, the word "wife" having, woven into its very meaning, the idea of a contracted hand employment.

Not only in domestic life, but in all the best and most effective work of the world, God employs as instrumentalities the joint influence and labor of man and woman. Why should that union be severed in the great family of the nation, in shaping laws and public institutions affecting alike both parties?

To the timid objector, who fears that woman may be legislated out of "her proper sphere," and who dreads a "reform against nature," we would cite as apropos the words of Daniel Webster in relation to Texas: "The more fixed any sphere by the Maker of us all, the less necessary it is to fence in by statutes or to fence out by disfranchisement."



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In a paper so brief as this must necessarily be, a logical refutation of any of the countless objections urged by opponents to a change in woman's position, is impossible. Permit me, therefore, to make only a few suggestive points which it is desirable to have brought out for special consideration, in reference to one of the most plausible of these objections; the assumed inferiority of woman to man. This olden dogma, which the thought movement of the nineteenth century has been endeavoring to eradicate, is revived in certain quarters during these latter days, by inference from an assumed scientific basis. Such a plea could be reasonably urged only on the ground of so vast a disparity in the capacity of the sexes as wholly to disqualify woman from following her own impulse in the pursuit of happiness, or from exercising her own judgment in the choice of representatives to administer a government professedly based on the "consent of the governed." An inconsiderable inferiority would, of course, but augment the need of the self-protecting safeguard which the ballot affords. Let us consider whether there is any foundation for this alleged mental inferiority. Significant are the words of Victor Hugo, who said: "George Sand died, but she has left

us the right of woman resting its evidence on the genius of woman." While taking a retrospective view of the past from the savage valuation of woman as commodity, and proceeding along the series of ages to the one immediately prior to our own, during which it was gravely asserted that "Chemistry enough to keep the pot boiling, and geography enough to know the locality of the different rooms in her own house, is learning sufficient for a woman," we are led to see that she has been hampered in every department of mental endeavor, or active life; that, without regard to the bent of her genius, drudgery has hemmed her in, and tethered her to domestic work not always the most attractive, and that prejudice, with a scowling front, has loomed up along every pathway into which the instinctive yearnings of a higher nature have allured her, outside the home inclosure. could but be amazed at the grand results she has reached, at the sum total of her efforts, calculating to the present period, were we to look at it from any other stand-point than that of the mental equivalence of the sexes. We behold with wonder her achievements in Art, Literature, Oratory, Science, Pathology, Jurisprudence, etc.

What more indubitable evidence that woman was designed to be the peer of her brother can be furnished than such triumphs as these, everywhere won against the current of public sentiment, and in the face of obstacles which would appal the most strong-minded men?

Tennyson expresses but the baser sentiment of society, that which denies to woman her Godgiven place in the scale of being, when he says:

"Woman's pleasure, woman's pain.

Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain."

When any considerable number of men have advanced sufficiently in moral and spiritual excellence to be swayed by principles of abstract right, the scales will fall from the eyes of the law-maker, and he will perceive that woman should be lifted from her low, legal estate, now on a par with minors, idiots, lunatics, criminals, etc., first by legislative enactments.

While, from constitutional difference, man can not feel the indignities inflicted upon woman with a woman's sense of wrong and injustice, he is swiftly led to its realization, whenever their manifest effects surge up to his own fireside, encroaching upon the rights of his own mother, wife, or sister. He entertains too great a veneration, too tender a regard for these relations, to hold back his hand when, in the increasing light of reflection, he is led to see that he has power to open to the sex opportunities for pleasure, profit, and usefulness, from which, under the present regime, they are debarred. The time draws near when he will brush away the cobwebs of tradition, and dissolve the illusion that his own nature is supreme and inclusive; that it is typified by the fruit of creation, and that women are but the ornamental blossoms designed to be sacrificed to swell and increase the fruit. The bounds and limits denominated spheres are simply absurd. If any man desires to perform that which is usually termed "woman's work," if he can use the needle, and construct garments better than woman, and preside over a milliner's and dress-maker's establishment with equal or greater skill, if he can sweep and attend to household drudgery, the faculty determines the sphere for him. On the other hand, if a woman can successfully use the scalpel in performing surgical operations, administer law in our courts, preside over a bank, navigate a ship, or fill a pulpit to edification, who shall deny that, in following the bent of her impulse



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or the lead of her judgment in these directions, her acknowledged capacity does not equally determine her sphere?

"She claims her license in her work."

Exercise is the law of our being. What man or woman can accomplish with the most profit to the world, in the present chaotic state of society, is an open question, which experience has yet to determine.

Meanwhile let woman continue to avail herself of every opportunity to show what she can accomplish. The world will not always resist the logic of facts. The time is rapidly approaching when women, as well as men, will be gauged by mental culture and the attainment of a lofty character, when the former will continue to be respected, after the irresistible charms of youth and beauty have departed, and the axis of life is turning from the sun.

The greatest drawback to the attainment of this larger and fuller life for woman, is her willing submission to the authority of laws and customs degrading to her nature—her ignoble content—engendered by countless ages of subordination, which, vampire-like, while consuming her noblest energies, renders her unconscious of



the silken fetters by which she has been bound. How many minds, brilliantly endowed by nature, hindered from development by the accident of sex, are slumbering in the deepest lethargy! The time has fully arrived for that large class of women who are still under the delusion that weakness and dependence are the prime attractions of the sex, to throw off the shackles which have been so insidiously forged about them. In consequence of hereditary dealing with little plans and little things, she has contracted a mental stoop, which can be rectified only by the full recognition of her rights, legal, social, and domestic.

"The ballot is the best preparation for the ballot." To an American citizen Suffrage is the key-stone of all other rights. So long as woman supinely submits to taxation without representation, to being governed without her consent, thereby being herself compelled to augment the power which holds her in the grip of subjection, legislators can never be brought to feel that women have political rights which they are bound to respect. Did woman but comprehend fully what might be the power, the extent of her influence, her true status, the place God meant she should occupy, she would at once

take possession of her rights, and no hand would be found to thrust her back.

History repeats itself on an ever-ascending scale. The conservatism of to-day was the radicalism of by-gone years. Innovations blossom into institutions. The successive triumph of each reformatory movement is a pledge that woman suffrage, the most advanced reform of the age, will surely be fulfilled. When the alphabet was reluctantly vouchsafed to woman, only those who stood on the heights of thought, saw and comprehended what that concession involved; and, calculating its inevitable consequences, they were enabled to predict a Caroline Herschel, or a Maria Mitchell. The auguries of the present are not less certain. Long before the dawn of another Centennial anniversary, the struggle for the equality of the sexes will have given place to higher and nobler issues for the advancement of humanity.

In promoting these new measures, man and woman will co-operate on an equal platform. The dual nature of the race being better understood, there will be

"Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropped for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind."





WOMAN'S POLITICAL FREEDOM.

[An Address at a School Suffrage Meeting, held in Friends' Meeting House, Nantucket, August 13, 1879.]

THE star of political freedom for woman has at length arisen. She will now be able to take a "new departure," and need no longer be taunted with "harping upon one string."

It may well be a subject of congratulation to some of us, who, during the last thirty years, have labored in this cause, in season and out of season, to behold the first-fruits of our labor in the bill passed to secure to woman the right to vote for members of the School Committee. Though this newly arisen star is but a glimmer amid the darkness, the dense ignorance still brooding over a misnamed republic, it is an unmistakable prophecy of other stars following in its train—twinkling, one after the other, in the political firmament.

To mothers, wives, and sisters, it is a kind of (105)



star of Bethlehem standing over the cradle of new-found freedom, and leading on to complete enfranchisement.

One of the chief drawbacks to the accelerated progress of our cause, is the fact that so large a proportion of women have never awakened to a consciousness that their position in all the relations of life has been and continues to be *subordinate*.

But just here, to bring women to realize that such a position is abnormal, and must necessarily engender weakness and mental imbecility, is the work of suffragists. Women should be led to see that it has been presumption on the part of man to attempt to mark out not only his own, but her sphere, to remand her to the kitchen, the school-room, or the parlor when she has the capacity and aspiration for higher and more lucrative employment outside of that prescribed circle.

Her instincts are all sufficient to keep her in the path of nature. In the evolutions of governments, the march of civilization, muscular supremacy with which the race started at the outset, must give way to the mental supremacy, irrespective of sex. Woman is to be appreciated as an equal human being, the counterpart (or the complement) of her brother, not as an angel (as some weak-headed poets have sung). Think of the presumption of a man attempting to prescribe the sphere of an angel! God has made woman capable of prescribing her own sphere, setting her own metes and bounds. If she can do nothing better than scrub floors, let her do that well. If she finds no larger orbit than the wash-tub or the cook-stove around which to circulate, let her see to it that she ministers to the comfort of others by performing her duties there well. Let her do the highest thing, whatever it may be, to which she is adapted.

One woman might find herself best fitted to making bread or pies, or to work on the sewingmachine, while another could best expound law or fill a pulpit.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning sums up the whole in the line:

"She finds her license in her work."

That class of women who are always declaring they "have all the rights they want," have certainly not all they need for their true dignity and elevation of character.

To this class Col. Higginson puts the following pertinent questions:



"Have you the right, if a married woman, to control your own earnings? Have you the right to make a will?

"Have you the right to your own child, if left a widow, supposing your deceased husband (in a fit of ill-temper) bequeathed your child to the guardianship of some one else?

"Have you the right to the guardianship of your child, if you have married a second husband?"

In many States of the Union women have not these rights. Do you not want a right to vote on the expenditure of your own tax-money? You have now only a right to vote for the election of members of the school committee, not yet on the school laws.

The persistent agitation of the subject during the last twenty-five or thirty years, has coerced nearly every Legislature into *changes* of laws for the benefit of woman; but until she holds the *ballot* (the symbol of equality) in her hands, it will be vain for her to look for that complete justice which is the result of *self-protection*.

There is no subject on which women are so profoundly ignorant as that of politics. Never having had any more responsibility than a child, her mind in that direction has necessarily become stultified. Rights involve duties. The time has come when we must act. Let us not act ignorantly. We have ample opportunities to improve ourselves. "The largest room in the world is the room for improvement." Judging from scores of men whom we see admitted to the polls, we shall not require any very wonderful knowledge in order to help put the right man or the right woman, as the case may be, in the right place.

We hear on every hand that women will not vote, and do not desire to do so. Admitted. What logical objection in this? If they don't wish to vote, what harm can come of allowing them the privilege?

That there are some women, as there are men, who do not wish to vote, is certainly no reason why the thousands of women who do desire it, and who have again and again petitioned our Legislature to that effect, should be denied. If but one woman petitioned for the right, why should *she* be put off?

"It is inexpedient," says the masculine lawmaker. Is not the right the expedient as much in governmental as in individual affairs? Should not a man vote conscientiously as a factor of a corporation or of government, as he does in his



private capacity, and apply the moral law as rigidly in one case as the other?

Where there is a conjunction of strong intellect and great moral power, there you will find a citizen who will carry into public life the same high principles that govern him in his individual transactions. With him the right and expedient always coalesce. It is not likely that many women will vote at the first election. Only those who have reached all round the subject and considered it in all its bearings, would be likely to lead off in an advanced step against the tide of popular prejudices, paying a largely disproportionate tax for the privilege of doing so! What we most desire is, that those women who do vote should so inform themselves as to be able to vote wisely and well.

It is better one woman should vote judiciously, with positive views, than that a score of women should vote vaguely, merely for the sake of voting. In casting a vote for members of the school committee in this or any other town, the sole idea should be fitness, adaptation, whether composed of men or women is by no means of primary importance. Where there are no men fitted for the duties, let the Board be made up wholly of women, and vice versa. All

other things being equal, it would be desirable that the dual nature of man and woman shall be equally represented as to numbers, in the management of that enlarged family of children and youth, the school.

As far as women have a hand in selecting a committee, it is vitally important that the candidates should not only be able to comprehend the momentous consequences of education, but they should be so immaculate in character as to command the respect of every scholar, as well as of every member of the community. also a great desideratum that they should be capable of so comprehending the philosophy of our public-school system, its direct connection with the State, as to discover that any unhealthful practice or method, any chronic evil in the school department, will communicate itself at once throughout the length and breadth of the body politic, like vitiated blood along the tissues and nerves of the human system. one member suffers, every other member suffers with it."

Let every woman who intends to vote go about it at once. Do not procrastinate or wait till the eve of election. Some of us whose axis of life is turning from the sun, look with eager interest to the younger portion of the community (the young ladies particularly, upon whom the future so much depends), to come forward in aid of this work, to give a helping hand. Who will lead? It needs only that some brave young girl should take a positive stand, and the rest will follow.

If there is not a large percentage of improvement in our public schools in every part of the State, and consequently abatement of crime in society, woman will be in a great measure answerable for it, since she has now power largely to mould the educational interests which lie at the base of all progress in the family, the State, and the nation, forming the groundwork of our republican edifice, the temple of the future.

Woman has been called "the great educator." She has had the education of all men and women under her charge in the most impressible period of their lives, during their childhood. That responsibility has vastly increased. She is to follow them into the public schools, and to be the guardian of educational interests there. Hundreds of women who are anxious to vote on the question of liquor traffic, remain lukewarm and indifferent, now that this *larger* interest is put into their hands. Who can estimate *how*

much depends upon education to-day to dry up the springs of intemperance, to clarify the sources of vice and misery, of corruption and dishonesty, which, since the war, have well-nigh wrecked our glorious Ship of State?

The new suffrage law, though giving to women an infinitesimal fraction only of power compared to what men enjoy, is vastly important. It is logically a foregone conclusion, the attainment of the outpost which commands the citadel.

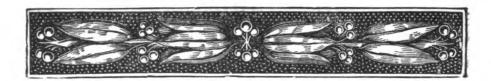
By the passage of that bill the stronghold of all opposing arguments is broken and all loudmouthed objections silenced, since the right has already been granted and chaos has not come again. The heavens have not fallen nor the veil of the temple been rent, and the cry of woman's being unsexed has proved but a bugbear. It is a serious obstacle to the practical working of the law at the next election, that women have as much to pay in the way of poll tax for a single slice as man for the whole loaf. This is indeed unjust, and would call for a much stronger term of condemnation were not the objectional features of the bill to be attributed to legislative oversight. Through the influence of rightminded counselors, they will, without doubt, be remedied at the earliest practicable moment

after the opening of the next Legislature. Let us see to it that the vantage ground gained is not lost in consequence of indifference or a want of due appreciation of the value of concessions already made. Let us see to it that the key to the whole arch does not slip through our fingers. The Rubicon is passed. By installments, by slow approaches, the whole demand of suffragists will be attained in the near future. Miss Mary F. Eastman facetiously illustrates how our claims are to be answered by the Legislature, in the story of the man who stole \$40, but being struck with remorse, he returned \$20, and said, that when he was struck again he would return the balance.

Before another decade shall have passed, Massachusetts will stand with Wyoming; and we may behold even in Nantucket a scene similar to that which was enacted in Laramie City at the first election, ten years ago, when husband and wife, brother and sister, father and daughter, went in procession to the polls, preceded by a Nantucket woman, Mrs. Louisa A. Swain, seventy-five years of age, who cast the first vote. We have great cause to thank God and take courage! When woman shall no longer be compelled to struggle for her right

place in the scale of being, her improvement will be incalculable.

All the exceptional successes and triumphs of woman, which have been trumpeted in the papers, will seem like *defeats* in view of her accelerated progress and improvement in the great future opening to her, and will prove the truthfulness of Victor Hugo's assertion, that the Nineteenth Century is the Century for Woman.



AN APPEAL TO VOTERS.

"DERFORM the nearest duty first" has become a maxim—a household aphorism. Perhaps that nearest duty for both men and women will be found generally at their own doors, in their own homes, or by their own firesides. The home is the foundation of the State, that upon which its purity and prosperity depends, and should never be neglected either by The world has erroneously father or mother. failed to regard home duties as equally imperative in their application to man and woman. No urgent public call for either should supersede the sacred duties of home. Native instincts and tastes will be likely to lead mothers in the future, as they have in the past, to an indoor life, as they must necessarily remain much with their children; but in the main, whether the career of man or woman is to be strictly private, or public, or semi-public, must be determined by circumstances, and not by sex.

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Think of the 66,000 women of Massachusetts (sometimes ignominiously styled "surplus women"), who have no homes of their own, and other thousands still young, having no aversion to prospective marriage, who yet do not care to make that the *summum bonum* of life. If these can develop their highest possibilities and make their way better in the world by entering the learned professions, or by fitting themselves to teach from the public platform, instead of the school-room desk, why should they be remanded to domesticity because they are women?

How absurd have been the factitious notions of womanly propriety. Woman has been applauded to the echo for public singing, while denounced unqualifiedly for public speaking, perchance on the same platform.

Who does not see that the exercise of the higher faculties in the pursuit of knowledge, especially in the study of that greatest and most important of all sciences—the science of human government—will react beneficially upon the home where the future statesmen are to be nurtured? that it will tend to broaden the minds, to elevate the spirits, and to enlarge the sympathies of all its members, whether male or female? In the eyes of those embryo statesmen

the mother's disfranchisement is now a badge of inferiority.

This view of the subject leads me most earnestly to appeal to my sisters to come forward and to faithfully exercise that modicum of political power, which the last Legislature made imperative upon the daughters of the State. That Legislature leaves its door ajar for the entrance of other just claims on the part of women—claims which will, without doubt, from year to year, be hospitably received and favorably acted upon. Indeed, these claims can not be rejected, since the undivided ballot is the logical sequence of what has already been attained.

Grace Greenwood says "that the falling of an avalanche from an Alpine slope is not more certain than that woman is going to vote. Unless we go back on the principles of the Declaration of Independence, this thing must be. It is the express train of God's Providence, and, unless we make up our minds to go along with the train, we had better stand out of the way."

We should not have to appeal in vain to women to come forward and vote, if they could realize (especially young women) at what terrible cost, what self-sacrifice and suffering during the last thirty years, their own special life-work



has been made possible; and how they are individually profiting by the most strenuous efforts to do away with the remnants of the Feudal idea of women still lingering in the nineteenth century, and in its place to establish equal educational and other rights for both men and women.

Prejudice will roll away like mist before the morning sun, now that female suffrage is an accomplished fact—now that it is in actual operation in Massachusetts. The puerile opposition of Francis Parkman, and others of that ilk, however much they may flood the magazines and reviews, can not keep back the inflowing tide of conviction which is sure to follow success. We can afford to lay aside the well-worn batteries of argument, now that "our eyes have seen the glory of the future shadowed forth," now that we have beheld hundreds among the best and ablest women of the commonwealth actually going to the polls arm-in-arm with their husbands, brothers, or fathers, or, equally respected, threading their way alone to the ballotbox, without causing a ripple on the surface of society or opening a Pandora's box. That little slip of paper carries with it a power and significance which Pierpont understood when in trenchant verse he said of the vote:

"It is an influence that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God;"

and we may paraphrase it by saying, it executes a woman's will.

Only to school-suffrage, as yet, can we "read our title clear"; but that is the wedge which will split asunder the decaying timbers of custom opening to the light the broad principle of suffrage!

It remains now for us seriously to ask ourselves how we can best perform the duties it involves.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps says: "Pealing, the clock of Time has struck the woman's hour, we hear it on our knees." Thus she expresses that subdued spirit, that deep humility which should accompany the sense of great responsibilities.

Not at all unmindful of our ignorance as to the mechanism of government, the practical details of political action, we accept the new responsibility, confident that in the end it will be better for all parties and for all governments. Woman has been taught in the abstruse sciences, geometry, trigonometry, etc., and acknowledged to be equally apt with her brother; while in the science of political economy, that greatest and most important of all the sciences (since it deals with the welfare and improvement of the race), she has been kept as void of knowledge as the inmates of the harem, and the latter have had as much to do in shaping the laws that govern them as the women of our boasted Republic, our so-called Representative Government.

The great issues of our system of instruction sustained at the public expense are far from being duly considered. If the home is the foundation of the State, the free-school is the corner-stone of the Republic. In order to build a truly republican structure, one that can resist the waves of anarchy, the inroads of crime, we must see to it that the corner-stone is laid plumb to the line of progressive civilization. woman equally interested with man in the perpetuity of a just form of government, in the securities for obtaining the best servants and the best service? And if the ballot-box is the palladium of our rights, is it not every woman's duty to express her opinion directly and potentially by casting her vote? But, in our ignorance of details, of adjusting the great principles

of the franchise to practical work, we keenly feel our ignorance and look around for help; we stretch out our hands to those noble men who have heretofore aided us for more help in the same direction. We ask them to stand by us still, and to lead us through those perplexing paths of political details, to us so new and strange, that, from the outset, as much as possible, we may avoid mistakes, learning to use the ballot wisely and well. And when, by actual experience, we have become acquainted in some degree with these minor matters we will endeavor to aid in purifying politics and in leading the world to nobler aspirations and a higher plane of action, thereby helping to rear the great temple of Liberty, which will be a blessing to the present and all coming generations.

God hasten the day when every true woman will realize the fact that the vote in her hand is a sacred possession; that by it may be promoted not only the best interests of State and society generally, but the best interests of Home. By all that it can do for mankind, if conscientiously exercised, and by our earnest desire to legislate for "Home protection," let us see to it that this sacred duty is not neglected.



LUCRETIA MOTT.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. LUCRETIA MOTT, of Philadelphia, died on Thursday, Nov. 11, 1880, in the eighty-eighth year of her age.

She was born on the Island of Nantucket, January 3, 1793, where she lived until her twelfth year, at which time she removed to Boston with her parents, Thomas and Anna Coffin. Some years later, she went to Philadelphia, which city became her home for the remainder of her life. There she married James Mott, a man distinguished for great wisdom, firmness, and integrity, who was always "a tower of strength" to his wife, helping her in every good word and work; holding up her hands through all the trying days of anti-slavery struggle, and, regardless of obloquy, remaining steadily by her side in every conscientious emergency. How often she was found engaged in acts of justice and (123)



mercy, sometimes rescuing the panting fugitive from the fierce pursuit of his master, or perchance, again, by some overt act of kindness, of tender consideration, lifting some poor, fallen, repentant sister, so fearfully wronged, from the depths of agony and despair!

This dear and venerable lady, who had been lingering for some months on the confines of eternity, with a spirit seemingly illuminated by the dawning light of another world, at last melted away so gently, so gradually, that the reaper, Death, binding the golden sheaves of her noble life, seemed to transplant her tenderly into the life beyond—the great hereafter.

Though Nantucket, this little world by itself, was her native isle, it can not properly be said of one so cosmopolitan, with so large benevolence of soul, and world-wide sympathies, that she belonged to any small locality, or even to America, being the greatest representative woman of this, if not of any other age. She always entertained a yearning affection for the home of her childhood, to which she frequently resorted, even to extreme old age, on loving visits to her relatives and friends. From the earliest to the latest years of her life she stood bravely and unflinchingly in the front rank of

all the social, political, and religious agitations which were calculated to promote the benefit of humanity, the progress and improvement of the race. She was always true to her earnest convictions, conspicuously

"Wearing the white blossom of a blameless life."

She was as much distinguished for purity of purpose and a fine quality of judgment, as for strength of character and intellectual superiority.

Known and revered in both hemispheres her name must ever shine as one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of memory. As a philanthropist, she secured a world-wide reputation, by manifesting qualities so rare as to elicit not only the universal admiration, but the ardent affection and warm esteem of humanity at large. Especially has she endeared herself to her own sex of high and low degree, to whom she always reached a helping hand, lifting them to a more enlarged life, a loftier plane of purity and excellence. Her presence everywhere was a benediction, and all were glad and proud to cite her as a model woman, an accepted leader.

The good work she has accomplished will live forever. The seeds of wisdom and benevolence she has sown have already taken root, and will



grow into a perennial plant that shall bring forth the fruits of righteousness for all coming time.

Not only were near and devoted friends saddened, but a pang shot through the heart of society everywhere at the announcement of the death of one so beloved. We can only thank God from the depths of our hearts that humanity has been enriched by a life so grandly true, so faithful in the performance of every duty whether public or private.

Could those white lips, now moulded into statue-like stillness, speak to us, would they not say something akin to what has been so beautifully expressed by the poet, Edwin Arnold, author of the "Light of Asia":

"Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Yet ye weep, my erring friends, While the friend whom ye call dead, In unspoken bliss, instead. Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye can not see
Of unfulfilled felicity—
In enlarging paradise
Lives a life that never dies.



POEMS.

NATURE.

[Thoughts Suggested in the Woods at Noon].

OH, ever-changing Nature! how dost thou Renew thy beauty every summer-time!

Beneath Death's mouldering hand mankind must bow, But each successive year brings back thy prime,

Thy wealth of foliage, thy birds and bees

Filling the air with richest harmonies.

Oh, with what glowing eloquence dost thou Impart thy lessons to the human soul! Before thine altar, Nature, let me bow And yield my spirit to thy soft control. Thy influence subduing all, I feel, E'en as a spell, o'er my rapt senses steal.

'Tis now the still and hallowed hour of noon,
Not e'en a sound disturbs the deep serene;
Hushed is the brook's subdued, low undertone,
And checkered sunshine slants the rocks between.
Throughout the woods a noontide slumber reigns,
As hushed to list to sweet, angelic strains.

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With Nature thus alone the soul is full
Of hallowed thoughts and aspirations high—
Of deep responses to the beautiful,
And glowing prospects of futurity,
Which seem prefigured in each shifting gleam
Of sunshine upon rock and hill and stream.

O blessed Nature! thou a gospel art
To every soul who readeth thee aright.
How does thy beauty purify the heart,
And give it glimpses of the land of light,
Where Death can never come, nor cold decay,
To stay the spirit's ever-upward way;

Where time is not, and where from height to height,
With no obstruction, such as we feel here,
The soul progresses toward the Infinite
On the strong wing of faith, unchecked by fear;
And dwells, from sin and suffering made free,
Near to the Fount of Truth, eternally!

THE EVE OF LIFE.

AILING life's autumn days with calm delight, Bidding adieu to blossoms of the spring, And summer roses, fading from my sight, I dwell content with what the seasons bring. The russet leaves of the transition hour, The rich, ripe fruitage of experience, The sombre foliage of the winter bower, Bring in their train a soulful recompense For dewy fragrance lost in youthful prime, The sweet full-petaled flowers of vanished time.

To show life's axis with a rhythmic tune And steady pace is turning from the sun, The length'ning shadows of the afternoon Of life's career, stretching apace, have come. How "the horizon alters as we age"— Mellows and deepens in enlarging scope — Revealing volumes on whose glowing page We con anew lessons of love and hope, And peace supreme which never can be known Ere the soft, sunset light is o'er its pathway thrown.

To the dead Past why turn with vain regret? The Now is full of blessings for the mind Seeking for aye the silver lining set Within the cloud—and wistfully to find The flowerets scattered on life's down-hill road,

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Less bright in hue, but not less lavishly
Than those we found where our young footsteps trod,
When through all devious paths we wandered free
Amid a luring and delusive maze
That the unwary led through dire temptation's ways.

All this has age o'erpast—standing serene
Upon the Pisgah mountain-top of thought—
With calm, deep joy, prospective Death is seen,
And glimpses of the Great Hereafter caught.
Dove-like, sweet peace descends upon the brow,
The heart no longer palpitates with fear,
But rests in lofty faith—the spirit now
Bathes in a bright, transparent atmosphere,
And sees reflected from the heavenly way
Through gilded sunset-clouds the op'ning gates of day.

MORAL COURAGE.

[The following lines, written during the darkest days of the Anti-Slavery conflict, were dedicated to the bravest *leader* of that great movement, and the most conspicuous example of intrepidity and moral courage which the age has produced].

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

A MID the ranks where hostile armies meet And deadly weapons desperately yield—Aroused by clank of arms and tramp of feet, We mark the courage of the battle-field. But grander far is courage of the mind; That moral valor, which, for human kind,

Forgetting self—can strongly stem the tide
Of malice, struggling to o'erwhelm the soul—
And quietly in steady peace abide
While waves of passion madly round it roll;
That loftily can moral forces wield
To quell the hosts on Error's battle-field,

And with high purpose resolute and strong,
Can batter down the walls of sin and crime,
Can raze foundations deeply laid in wrong,
Though consecrated by the hand of time.
The noblest hero he who lends his aid
With steady purpose for the truth's crusade,—
(133)



That lays all selfish ease on duty's shrine,
Unmoved by gold, or fame's delusive breath,
And panoplied in robes of truth divine,
Battles opinion, hand to hand till death,
And 'mid the clashing of contending mind
Labors to raise and liberate mankind.

Emblazoned on the coronet of fame,

Borne high above the deeds of common life,

Triumphantly we read the warrior's name,

And swell high praises for dark deed of strife;

But on the moral hero's brow shall be

A crown of light glowing immortally.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE dainty Snow-drop, herald of the spring,
Lays its white cheek upon the lingering snow,
With lovely petals pale and shivering;
Her sisters stir below.

Now bursts the Crocus from its night of sleep; The Daffodil and Hyacinth we see; While o'er the plain the trailing Laurels creep 'Midst the Anemone.

These gorgeous blooms are dials of the spring;
And, clothed in beauty, fair in countenance,
They mark (with life-blood through each quickening)
The season's swift advance.

Creation wakes from torpid winter's sleep,
Sending new life through artery and vein;
As yet too young, the race grasps not the deep
Design of Flora's reign.

Her mystic beauty, her related ties,
With glittering life which flutters o'er and feeds
On nectar that her teeming cup supplies,
Responsive to its needs.

But we shall reach it; vested with fresh power,
Clear, lynx-eyed Science scans the long-concealed,
The occult use of plant and leaf and flower,
That hence shall be revealed.

(135)



THE MARTYR OF DECEMBER 2d, 1859.

"Whether upon the scaffold high Or in the battle's van, The fittest place for man to die Is where he dies for man."

"UPON the scaffold high" behold him stand,
No pomp of power betrays his self-control;
He smiles serene on Talliaferro's band—
Ten thousand legal deaths can't hang the soul.
No grander shaft was ever reared on high,
No statelier cross-beam ever cleaved the air,
Than that erected 'neath Virginia's sky,
When we beheld our Nation's Martyr there.
From age to age through all succeeding time,
Insurgent! Traitor! terms for him sublime!

No deadly purpose nerved his steady blow;
No dark revenge was nurtured in his heart;
The light of future years shall plainly show
How all unselfishly he took the part
Of that down-trodden, crushed, and hated race,
On Life's great highway fallen among thieves,
From which God's image ne'er can be effaced,
Nor quelled high hope which in its bosom heaves.
For this he died as only heroes can,
A sacrificial offering for man.

O martyred heart! O Death devoid of sting! What trust divine thy exodus has taught!



Serenely poised upon Faith's pluméd wing,
Ere he was offered up, his spirit caught
As from beyond the vail, a halo bright,
Beaming afar from that celestial sphere,
Where kindred souls in friendship re-unite,
And love perfected subjugates all fear.
Commissioned angels bore him on his way,
Through Death's dark portal to eternity.

Near the o'ershadowing rock his form is laid,
While glory radiates his spirit brow,
Planted, not buried, 'neath the pine-tree's shade,
Behold the germ shoots upward even now.
When it shall grow into a stately tree,
Its em'rald leaves profusely scattered wide,
Healing the nation of its leprosy,
Men will admit, that, near Potomac's tide,
A deed was wrought by the heroic Brown,
That shall with greenest bays his mem'ry crown.

TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.*

WOULD that my lyre, feeble and but chance-strung, Could waken numbers worthy of its theme, Could echo praises caught by every tongue,

Of thy great work, whose truths are sure to gleam,
Through clouds of moral darkness from afar,
Like heavenly light from Freedom's morning star.

Thy burning thoughts are read throughout our land,
And many a tear wets thy immortal page,
While thousands swell that brave heroic band
Whose souls are pledged 'gainst slavery to wage
A moral warfare, whose great end shall be
The peaceful triumph of Humanity.

Then o'er our guilty country's vast domain
Shall righteous rulers bid the oppress'd go free,
Banish eternally the whip and chain,
And altars rear to God and liberty,
Till from the Atlantic to the Pacific's shore,
The captive's sigh ascends to heaven no more.

Full many a Southron's honest tear must fall,
As o'er thy glowing page his eye is cast;
A Cassy's burning wrongs his soul must gall,
And sad misgivings mingle with the past;
Full many a noble Shelby shall proclaim
A vow to freedom in the Almighty's name.



^{*}Authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
(138)

Thy book is read in other lands afar,
Alike by rich and poor, by old and young,
Where the log cabins of the lowly are,
And where, in lordly palaces, is sung
The fame of genius, richly due to thee,
Who hast aroused a world-wide sympathy.

Now, in the holy cause of outcast right,

Thy words have summoned all the good and true:

A mighty host! who, fearless in the might

Of heaven-born truth, will ever dare and do

The high behest of Duty, though it pave

The way to suff'ring and a martyr's grave.

O child of genius! may thy gifted mind
Be wholly giv'n to Freedom's sacred cause,
While for the panting fugitive we find
Our land disgraced by dark and cruel laws,
And boundless thanks thy recompense shall be,
From the great heart of blest Humanity.

The glorious seed in God's own time will yield
The fruits of generous deeds, unwarped by sin,
Which from the teeming earth's great harvest-field
The hand of time will surely gather in;
And in that day there shall be given thee
The glory and the palm of victory.

TO KOSSUTH.

"Sir, I implore you, give me the aid of your philosophical analysis, to impress the conviction upon the public mind of your nation, that the Revolution to which Concord was the preface, is full of a higher destiny, of a destiny broad as the world, broad as humanity itself."—Kossuth's speech in reply to R. W. Emerson at Concord.

HERALD of Freedom! Prophet of our age!
With mighty thoughts transcending present good

Thy lofty soul is stirred.—Thou read'st the page Of the world's history—of those who stood In other days champions of Freedom's claim, With a far-seeing, high, and generous aim.

Foreshadowed—from the records of the past,
Thou seest the auguries of coming time—
The signs of power despotic fleeing fast
Before the march of Liberty sublime.
And gather'st strength with adverse fate to cope,
As o'er the future spans the bow of hope.

Thou God-sent soldier in a new crusade!

Angel of Freedom from a foreign clime!

Thy strong appeals in simple truth arrayed,

Shall find an echo through all coming time.

Thou hast sown seeds of Freedom on our shore,

Whose ripening fruit shall flourish evermore.

(140)



WOMAN'S FUTURE.

TRACED on the wondrous, mystic scroll of Time, God's blessed purposes enfolded lie;—
As age treads close on age, His truth sublime Successively reveals a mission high.
Thus the great Law of Progress will make way Through evil forms, made pure by martyrs' blood; The highest seal of its divinity
Is suffering soul and sense, through fire or flood.

To woman's longing, apprehensive soul,

Has been revealed, in clear, supernal light,

The mighty Law, destined to shake the whole
Fabric of wrong, piled to colossal height.

That law is Freedom's,—broad-spread as the race,—
Not clipped nor halved, to suit a sect or sex;

That undivided Law she would embrace
As of her future growth the true index.

Nor will she longer to the rule of Might
Unloath bow low—while alien Tyranny
Fastens upon her life the fearful blight,
The galling chain of mental slavery.
No longer shall she bate the latent power,
Pent up, enchained, struggling within her breast,
While unfledged thought, her spirit's richest dower,
Consumes its vital breath, all unexpressed.

But with the consciousness of inward might, Accepting woman's heaven-appointed part, (141)



Shall she go forth to battle for the Right,
In lofty faith—her ever-trusting heart,
Empanoplied in Truth, and strongly nerved
For steady conflict with the giant Wrong,
In whose dark reign the world too long has served,
And to whose mandate bowed a prostrate throng.

From out her spirit's depths new light shall flame,
As she essays, with introverted eye,
To scan the right, and with a worthy aim
To shape her life-plan by its dictates high.
As fearlessly she treads Truth's granite path,
With Love and Faith inwrought upon her shield,
The courage shall be hers that virtue hath,
Victoriously to tread life's battle-field.

Nor will she vainly struggle to be freed
From foul injustice, ignorance, and wrong,
To make the world appreciate her need,
And cease to meet her claim with bitter scorn.
See ye not, merging from the shades of night,
The glorious dawning of a brighter day,
The Woman-soul, in garniture of light,
Casting behind her Custom's drapery?

Nor, deigning to accept the pseudo-view
Of false propriety the world has taught,
And for its empty flattery to sue,—
But daring to live out the boldest thought
God kindles in her self-reliant soul;—
Thus nobly shall she tread a higher plane,
A broader field of life,—and thus a goal,
Worthy her highest effort, shall attain.

FLOWERS.

O FAIRY-FORMED and brightly-petaled flowers!
Where'er we wander through life's busy mart,
Ye gladden with your charms the winged hours,
Making of festive scenes so fair a part!
Oh, whisper lowly to each loving heart—
Are ye instinct with life, with conscious joy?
Your mystic language to our sense impart;
Say! are you free from all that deep alloy
Which mortals realize? Does e'en your sweetness cloy?

Ye show no signs of sorrow as ye grow
From germ to bud—from bud to perfect bloom;
But, rife with happiness, can fling a glow
Of sacred pleasure e'en upon the tomb.
Yet teach mankind a lesson as ye bloom—
Ne'er brooding darkly on the shady side,
Transmitting fair and brilliant hues to bloom.
With perfumed lips you bid us to abide
In self-sustained content as down life's stream we glide.

Within our natures' depth lie deep concealed
Germs which to chill not even death hath power;
Destined to sprout in a celestial field
Where their soft tendrils ever up will tower.
'Tis well to emulate the cheery flower—
To smile through all life's cares, its heart-ache sore.
Like some frail leaf that from a rose-wreathed bower
Old Boreas' hand relentless tore,
We sail o'er billowy seas to a more genial shore.

(143)



LINES.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO REV. THEODORE PARKER IN CUBA.

BRIGHT isle of palms! sweet land of flowers!
The ceaseless summer-time,
The healthful air and perfumed bowers
Of thy dear southern clime,
To many an invalid hath been
A balm—an untold wealth—
Restoring wasted strength again,
And buoyant, rosy health.

To thee, whose air new life imparts,
 A sacred charge is given—
Prayers, rising from ten thousand hearts,
 "Besiege the courts of heaven,"
That he who seeks thy genial skies,
 To mend life's broken ring,
May feel thy grateful air arise,
 With healing in its wing;—

That PARKER, noblest, truest, best,
May long be spared to wield
A power unmatched—to bravely breast
Life's surging battle-field—

(144)



To bend his bow for right, and win—
With an unerring dart
To pierce the citadels of Sin,
And Bigotry's bare heart:—

And yet, with childlike faith and trust,
With godlike mien and air,
To snatch Truth's banner from the dust,
And high aloft to bear
Its folds of beauty o'er a world
By wrongs and creeds oppressed:
In starry radiance unfurled,
It gilds dark Error's crest.

Hope answers to intense desire,

That from thy soothing clime

He may return to reinspire,

While on the shores of Time,

Those who through mists so dark and dense,

Follow where he has trod,

Shedding through life a "gladdening sense

And consciousness of God."

This cheers, sustains the trusting soul,
Whatever ill betides,
Which, reverently, in self-control
And perfect faith abides.
That faith and love not made a part
Of any sect or plan—
Thrilling responsive to the heart
Of Universal Man.

10



ON THE DEATH OF THEODORE PARKER.

H OW tenderly our spirits turn
To that enchanted land,
Which Nature from her golden urn
Adorns with lavish hand!
Where sweetest vines and flow'rets all
In softest zephyrs wave,
And where the orange-blossoms fall
On Parker's new-made grave!

Oh! green and soft the grass will grow
Where quietly he lies,
'Mid fragrant zephyrs whisp'ring low
Of mystic harmonies;
Fit symbols of the anthems sung
By angel choirs above,
When his freed spirit quickly sprung
To the embrace of Love.

Fresh as the morning was his thought,
Untrammelled by the Past—
Hopeful, from God his strength he sought.
And bravely dared forecast
That higher faith in Truth and Right
A selfish age denies,
Which e'er shall grow more clear and bright
Through widening centuries.

(146)



With glowing eloquence of thought
Yet warm upon his lip,
He bade adieu to earth, and sought
Celestial fellowship;
Communion sacred, sweet, and high,
In more congenial spheres;
The faith he taught rebukes the sigh,
And dries the selfish tears.

He needs no sculptor's skill combined
With eulogistic arts;
His memory will live enshrined
Within our heart of hearts.
A life so true—wrought on a plan
Of such sublime intent,
Rears in the beating heart of man
A living monument.

Nantucket, 6th mo., 1860.

ITALY SHALL YET BE FREE.

[Written after Reading Gajani's "Roman Exile."]

O FAIR Italia! with a lavish hand Rich Nature gathers beauties to adorn Thy wooded dells, and o'er thy fruitful land To pour her plenteous horn.

Crowned with a diadem of stately palms,
Hill, dale, and grove in deepest verdure dressed,
Thou reignest a Queen in loving Nature's arms,
By limpid waves caressed.

Thou gifted land of peerless art and song! How do thy memories the heart inspire! Thy Tasso's harp awake, and still prolong Thy Dante's matchless lyre!

The glowing words of poet, prophet, sage, In music through receding spheres of time Sound on and on from circling age to age, With symphonies sublime.

Not all in vain thy ut'rances have been—
Not all in vain thy martyr-heart hath bled;
The Tree of Liberty now withering,
With life-blood shall be fed.
(148)



The seed of thought so nobly strewn broadcast, In fields of light shall upward sprout and grow; And sweet the fruitage gathered in at last,

Shall be to all who sow!

Ye yet shall see your loved Italia freed, O brave Mazzini, Garibaldi bold; Eternal justice hath the end decreed Of cruelties untold.

The tidal pulses of the mighty Past
Mingle and throb in Freedom's burning veins;
Ten thousand lips have vowed to break at last
Proud Pio Nono's chains.

When Might and Right in deadly conflict meet, Justice shall win, and wave the victor's palm; Heroic souls, yielding to no defeat, Shall for the contest arm,—

Till high on victory's battlements they stand, Unfurling wide the banner of the free! Proclaiming liberty throughout the land, From bounding sea to sea.



THOUGHTS.

[Suggested on viewing the Christmas decorations of Canton Street Church, designed by the Pastor, Rev. J. T. Sargent.]

NATURE'S great architect, The power which rules all worlds in wisdom, Hath traced in characters of living light Where'er the eye may turn, fair lines of love, Rich eloquence of beauty, and attuned The human soul to such divine accord, That like a swan upon the lake's still breast, It spreads itself in sweet repose, or sways In gentle, quiet, undulations o'er The wavy stream of nature's harmonies. The sky above, thick studded o'er with stars, Or canopied in clouds; the earth beneath Teeming with all things lovely to the eye, And ocean's broad expanse, alike proclaim The richness and the fullness of God's love— Circling itself throughout its boundless sphere, In forms of grace and beauty ever new; And he whose soul is parallel with God's, Whose heart beats on in unison with His. Co-working with Him in a finite sense, Will imitate this law—and reproduce His inward life in outward shapes of beauty. The handiwork wrought out upon these walls In simple lines of holy eloquence, (150)



Culled from God's written word, the Book of books, And nature's winter type of fadeless youth The evergreen—is but the reflex grace Of God's all-luminous soul, reflecting In his heart whose under-working power With simplest means, hath blended truth and love, And their starred sisters, Poetry and Art. In exquisite design, with an effect, More potent in its influence for good Than aught that Luxury's twin brother, Wealth, Can fling with lavish hand, on Temples raised In architectural magnificence, Gorgeous in gold and purple, and rich hues Of vary-colored light, streaming from costly panes, As though "the pomp and circumstance" of praise Were homage meet to the carpenter's meek son. Here, where we dedicate ourselves to God, This sacred sanctuary of lofty thought, Whence the soul grasps at immortality, And feels that it is not all element, Is the most fitting place to clothe in forms Of Nature's simplest beauty:—for the soul Must pass through portals of the sensuous, To grasp the thought of uncreated good, And feel the presence of the Infinite, As the bedded brook, deep murmuring 'mid the rocks, Must burst some fissure of its caverned home Ere it can feel the genial warmth of day, Or bathe its jewelled fount in the Sun's rays.

JUNE, DURING THE WAR.

BY the awakening, quickening gush With which the earth is rife,
Pouring through every vein the flush,
The pulse-beat of new life.
And by the rose's mantling red,
The joyous lark's sweet tune,
We know thy velvet-footed tread,
Bloom-scented month of June.

O, list! What sounds salute the ear
Borne from our Southern plains?
The tramp of armies—in the rear
Behold deep crimson stains!
And mingling with the balmy breath
From orange-grove and bower,
Are pestilential scents of death
As from a Upas flower.

As every tiny, tender shoot,
Piercing the mellow ground,
Bears in itself the flower and fruit
Wherewith the year is crowned—
So may we hope that all this strife,
The throbbing pang of War,
May but regenerate the life
Of Liberty and Law.

(152)



That from the soil bedewed with blood,
Wet with a Nation's tears,
Fair Freedom's plant shall sweetly bud
And bloom through fragrant years,
Scattering its ripened fruitage where
Slavery's embittered root
Blights the rich soil, pollutes the air,
And blasts fair Freedom's fruit.

June 28, 1862.

AGRICULTURAL HYMN.

From Plenty's open hand,
We cull in fullest measure
The harvests of our land.
The bearded wheat of Autumn,
The yellow corn and rye,
The ripe, rich-tinted fruitage
With careful husbandry.

In many a vine and fruit-tree,
Of native produce rare,
We see displayed around us
God's kindness, everywhere.
That He'll make good His promise
Of harvest and seed-time,
With every changing season
Unfailing is the sign.

With gratitude the Reaper
His barn and coffer fills,
And contemplates the "cattle
Upon a thousand hills."
Thanksgiving! O! Thanksgiving!
That joyful sound we'll raise,
And, every voice united,
The great Creator praise.
(154)



Sing, sing aloud the story
In one unbroken strain,
Of God's creative glory—
(The "morning star's" refrain)
Till every isle shall echo
Our anthem deep of praise,
And every clime and country
Blend choicest harmonies.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

[Died in Gardner, Mass., Dec. 27th, Harriet Lizzie, only daughter of Oliver C. and Harriet E. Gardner, aged 9 years and 3 months.]

FAREWELL, sweet bud of promise—fare thee well,
No more thy cheering accents shall we hear,
No more with pride our loving hearts shall swell
At all thy winning ways, to us so dear.

Gone to the angels in a land of light,

How could we wish thee back to this dark sphere;

Yet selfish sorrow triumphs in its might,

And vain we try to check the falling tear.

Thou wert so buoyant, joyous, young and strong,
How could Death touch thee with his blighting hand,
And swiftly bear thy bark of life along
Its mystic, dark, and solitary strand!

But cease repining; let us humbly wait
For the inflowing of new faith and hope.
Our ways are crooked—God's alone are straight,
We can not read His plan in its broad scope.

Then let us freely, reverently yield

Her spirit to her God—in humble trust

That to her longings now will be revealed

The happy change that follows dust to dust.

She goes not lonely through the op'ning grave,
For the Death Angel hovers o'er her way,
Whose Heaven-appointed mission is to wave
Her spirit onward to the gates of day.
(156)



NANTUCKET HARVEST HYMN.

FROM our sea-beaten island,
Father, to Thee we sing!
Thou great celestial Centre,
Whence all our blessings spring!
Rich choral voices mingle
In earth, and air, and sea;
And, with a ceaseless cadence
Of praise, ascend to Thee.

For smiling meads and uplands,
And flowers of every hue—
For golden-tinted fruitage,
Accept the tribute due.
For seed-time and for harvest,
And the rich, fragrant sod—
For sunshine and for flowers,
We bless "our fathers' God!"

Stern Time, with stately paces,
Describes the circling year;
Spring's genial breath effaces
Each trace of Winter drear.
Then Summer comes with flowers,
Autumn with fruits and grain;
And bounteous crowns the hours
Of snow-clad Winter's reign.

(157)



Thus we would crown life's winter
With wisdom's hoarded sheaves;
Each noble, generous effort
For age a chaplet weaves;
And when at length the Reaper
In Death's pale form shall come,
We would be waiting, READY,
For our great "Harvest Home"!

MRS. MARY GARDNER.

[Thoughts suggested on the death of Mrs. THOMAS M. GARDNER, who died Nov. 21, 1853, after a protracted illness, about a week from her arrival at Valparaiso].

CHANGED, but not dead! our sister LIVES in Heaven,

A crowned angel in the courts above:— Her sufferings are o'er—her anxious thoughts, Tossed on the billows of life's turbid sea. Have found a haven of eternal rest. THERE fell disease is powerless—nor can lay A blighting hand on her transfigured form, Now clothed anew in heavenly garniture. GRIEF has no longer power to dim her eye, Or fling a shadow o'er her angel brow, Resplendent with a halo centralized From the great source of spiritual light; We do not yield her up to cold decay, Or to oblivion of her earthly ties. The heart's affections never, NEVER die— IMMORTAL as the soul, STRONGER than death, They ever mingle with their kindred souls, And from the confines of a happier state, Await a blest re-union.

To her
The vista of the future clearly opes
The mystic beauties of the unseen world.

(159)



Angels shall take her hand and lead her through
Transplendent glories in her spirit's home;
'Mid the o'erflowings of its life divine,
The harmonies supernal of its choirs
Shall she assuage the pangs which tried her here,
And from the fountains of eternal life,
Shall feed anew the springs of every joy,
Till, lost in the infinitude of love,
Her soul, free-orbed in its completeness,
Gaineth the inmost circlet of THOSE boundless spheres,
Warmed by the heart, cheered by the smile of God.

AUTUMN HYMN.

BREAK forth in thrilling notes of praise,
Oh! teeming earth and sea,
To God your tuneful voices raise,
In choral harmony.

Ye vales and uplands, harvest crowned, Utter one loud refrain, As the full-blossomed year brings round Perfected fruit and grain.

Oh heart of man, with Nature blend The incense of thy praise— To her rich, rhythmic cadence lend Thy tributary lays.

Bright Autumn robed in garments tinged
With purple hues and red,
Her gorgeous mantle golden-fringed,
Walks with a regal tread.

She moves in state, with mien august;
O'er field and flow'ry lawn,
Freely she scatters golden dust
And pours her plent'ous horn.

The richest fruits and choicest flowers That in her pathway fall;

(161)



From Plenty's open hand she showers Impartially on all.

Thou mighty, centralizing Power
Who quick'neth leaf and bud;
Who paints alike the tiny flower,
And pours the day-spring's flood,

Oh! teach the soul through forms of grace
Supernal truth to see—
And all through Nature's works to trace
Divine analogy.

Teach us, while sunshine, dew, and rain
The inner life receives,
To garner wealth of mental grain
And gather wisdom's sheaves.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Died, on Monday, the 18th inst., Mary G. Swain, wife of George W. Wright.]

IN her decease one of the truest spirits that ever lived has gone home to the Source of all truth—an ardent lover of the beautiful to the Soul of all beauty. Though the places that have known her personally, shall know her no more, her blessed memory will ever radiate and sanctify the home of those to whom she was dearest. Her life will continue to be a benediction. Love can not die. Its benign influence is felt long years after personal presence is withdrawn. A large circle of devoted friends in Washington, D. C., (her late residence) and elsewhere, among whom she numbered many of the most gifted as well as the best and noblest men and women of the age, will mourn her loss and feel her absence from circles, literary and reformatory, in which she was a leading spirit. In her nature there was always a reaching forth for higher possibilities. Her unselfishness and magnanimity were, from her earliest years, made subject of comment by all who knew her. A pattern of industry and skill in all practical things, she blessed the web and woof of every-day life with the activities of hand and brain. The same persistent courage which eminently characterized her through every vicissitude, enabled her to evince sublime fortitude during her protracted illness and through its closing hours. At one time when a friend at her side expressed surprise that she could be so patient even rallying into a happy flow of spirits during the intervals of pain, she replied, "It is my religion."

(163)



Death's pale, mysterious hand has flung A lengthened shadow o'er our saddened hearts, The chain of life is broken—and a soul Relinked with angels in the world beyond. Rich compensation is the perfect faith That He who gave, resumes the precious life, And frees from earth-bound ligaments the soul That, rising, struggling from its chrysalis, Assumes the glory of a higher sphere And plumes its wings in a more genial air. Sweet consolation 'tis to think of thee Released from fell disease, from racking pain, Sunning thy spirit in celestial smiles— Growing in mental grace—developing Thy peerless faculties of mind and heart, In glad fruition of its dream and hopes. Thy noble aims and purposes may now Round to completion in thy new-found home. Oh, friend beloved—bereft of whose sweet smile A host of loving ones must still live on! How selfish sorrow lingers with us yet! How the home circle, husband, children, all— Shrink from that closing-in which leaves thee out. With tend'rest offices we lay thy form, So lily-like and exquisitely fair, Amid June roses. Summer's balmy breath Seems bending to assuage our poignant grief. With thee death's shadow and its gloom are past— And ere the portals of the tomb are closed, "An unseen hand rolls back the golden gate," That one more soul may enter into light.

NANTUCKET SOROSIS.

WE gladly meet again to-day,
Assured that we shall find
The feast of reason, flow of soul,
With all good-cheer combined.

"A Woman's Club!" At first the world Looked on derisively,
Scorning the banner we unfurled;
Anointed eyes could see

Excelsior 'blazoned on its folds
An intellectual aim
And garniture of grace, beneath
An unpoetic name.

But jarring voices of the world, With clamorous ado, Are hoarsely set against the tide Which ushers in "the new."

"The mills of God grind slow but sure,"
Acknowledged as a power,
That erst was scorned, are Woman's Clubs—
Whence aspirations tower.

(165)



Above the groveling, subject life, So long misunderstood As woman's only proper sphere, To nobler womanhood.

Above the scope of envy, strife,

The range of small desires,

To where electric thought gleams bright

From the mind's altar fires.

Above life's round of vanities,
Up, where the air is clear,
With aspirations free, she breathes
A purer atmosphere.

And drawing others to these heights, The woman's soul is seen By prophecy's prospective eye, As earth's enfranchised queen.

July 1873.

NANTUCKET AGRICULTURAL SONG.

A GRICULTURE may yet make our Island Gleam fair 'mid the isles of the sea, Crown each graded hill-slope and highland With the birch, the ash, and pine-tree. It may make each rich cultured valley, Waving free with ripe grain in the fall, Re-echo the cry for a rally—

To Harvest! to Harvest come all!

To Harvest! to Harvest! come all!

'Neath the big, full moon of October, To Harvest! to Harvest come all!

And the Goddess, fair Ceres benignant,
When all undisputed her reign,
Will scatter rare blessings abundant,
O'er hill-top, and valley, and plain!
Exotics may blossom in beauty,
Where fallow-lands stretch to the shore;
And each son of toil may make duty
A pleasure he ne'er felt before.
A pleasure he ne'er felt before,
'Neath the harvest moon of October—
A pleasure he ne'er felt before!

(167)



Like a gem in the midst of the ocean,
Our isle will loom fair to the view;
Where the waves in continual commotion,
Dash round the bleak shores of Coatue!
A landscape so lovely and mellow
Will rise in the prospect beyond;
A harvest all ripened and yellow,
From Hummock to 'Sacacha Pond!
Three cheers for the harvest so mellow,
'Neath the full big moon of October,—
Three cheers for the harvest so mellow.

Our Barneys, our Thompsons, our Alleys,
Will wrest from our soil latent powers;
And make of our waste land and valleys,
Rich vineyards, and orchards, and bowers.
Where the husbandman urges the ploughshare,
With an iron-nerved purpose and bold,
Through the uncultured earth it will yet bear
A harvest more precious than gold!
A harvest more precious than gold,
By the steady toil of the farmer—
A harvest more precious than gold!

As each year fills her magical circle,
And pours out her plenteous horn,
And the reaper comes forth with the sickle
To cut golden grain and ripe corn—



Growing ever more wise and true-hearted,
We'll give to the mind wider range;
While we list to the lessons imparted
By Nature's miraculous change!
We'll give to the mind wider range,
We'll give to the mind wider range,
With the grand choral march of the seasons,
We'll give to the mind wider range!

Though we see not on "sandy soil" growing
The fruits of a tropical clime,
Nor our hill-slopes all vine-clad and glowing
With the orange, and lemon, and lime—
Yet the cranberry, the quince, and the pear-tree
Our gardener'll perfect if he can—
And our Island's proud boasting shall e'er be,
That its noblest product is man!
That its noblest product is man,
'Mid the hills and vales of Nantucket,
That its noblest product is man!

ODE.

[For the Flag-Raising at Harwich, June 17, 1860.]

WE consecrate to-day
Our hearts to Liberty—
Resound her praise.
Upon her shrine we fling
A patriot's offering—
While plaudits loudly ring,
Our flag we raise.

Oh! may it ever be
The ensign of the free,
The nation's pride—
Whether by zephyrs fanned
Above the doomed southland,
Or on a foreign strand,
Whate'er betide.

The memory of our sires,
Of Freedom's altar fires,
Nerve us with might—
Of rights so dearly won,
By blood that freely run,
On plains of Lexington
And Bunker's height.

(170)



23.1

Now shall our country be
Redeemed from slavery
On every hand.
By all that's true and brave,
Its banner shall not wave
Above one fettered slave
Throughout the land.

God of our fathers, now
Our spirits lowly bow
To crave Thy light.
Oh! be Thy quick'ning ray
To guide us on our way
A moving cloud by day,
A flame by night.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE FOR THE NORMAL SCHOOL AT CHAR-LOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.

TO-DAY we dedicate these walls,
So neat and fair to view—
These cheerful rooms and spacious halls,
All garnitured anew,

To Learning, Science, Virtue fair—
To free thought—unconfined—
Ranging at will through earth and air,
And the far scope of mind.

Sweet Hope comes smiling at our gate; Now, in the prime of youth Anew our lives we consecrate To Freedom, Justice, Truth.

With voice attuned to songs of praise, And souls with love imbued, We utter tributary lays Of heartfelt gratitude

To God, who, pitying our fate, Stretched forth a helping hand, To lift us from our low estate— And from a far-off land (172)



Inspired the noble, good, and true,
To labor without rest
In the Lord's vineyard—and to do
At Duty's high behest,

That which will lead a victim race From ignorance and night, Through future centuries to trace A pathway to the light;

And in the circling years to find
That higher plane of thought
To Afric's dark-hued race assigned,
When Euclid lived and taught.

Six years ago—and on the ground
We dedicate to-day—
Hundreds of human souls were bound
In abject slavery.

Then Knowledge, Education, rolled
The heavy stone away
From buried mind—where wealth untold
Folded in darkness lay.

How shall we fitly tune our harps
To sing the praises due
To Cheneys, Crockers, Stevensons,
Our Northern friends so true?—

Who, with a lofty, gen'rous aim Have labored without fear



Of loss to reputation—fame— To plant a school-house here.

Such kindness we can ne'er repay;
But it will ever stand
Erected to the memory
Of that brave Northern band.

Fetters no longer chattels bind;
But still the task remains
To sever shackles from the mind—
And climb to lofty plains,

Whereon to breathe a purer air,
A broad horizon see;
Rising to man's full stature, there,
"The truth shall make us free."

LINES.

[Read at the supper for the Nantucket Relief Association Fund, Feb. 25, 1880].

WELCOME to friends with smiles so bland And patronage so free— Who have endowed with open hand This noble charity.

The viands now before us spread,
This bountiful repast,
Show that our people have been led
Like bread their gifts to cast

Upon the waters—to return
To them in after years:
Full many blessings do they earn
Who dry the widow's tears.

The sons and daughters of our isle—
Wherever they may be—
Upon our efforts seem to smile
And act responsively.

Most tangible the evidence
Of the regard they feel,
(A greenback and hard-moneyed sense)
For old Nantucket's weal.

(175)



Your agents, now, with beaming face Gladdened by ampler funds, Can go about from place to place Like good Samaritans.

Not only freely offering
Material aid to bear,
But with all soul-sick suffering
Through sympathy to share.

The child of fortune and of wealth Who well has always fared, Should learn that riches are but pelf Unless with others shared.

No man can act a noble part
And self-approving live,
Who does not find it in his heart
A luxury to give.

'Tis fixed in God's eternal plan,
His positive decree,
"That all the true delights of man
Shall spring from sympathy."

Then let this cheery, festive scene So innocently gay, Prove recreation meet between The working, toilsome day.

Though here 'tis well to laugh and sing As merrily as elves,
Let us go home remembering
We live not for ourselves.



JUNE.

[Dedicated to the President of the Nantucket Botanical Society-Mrs. Catharine Starbuck].

BY Nature's recreated gush,
Her high pulse-beat of life—
And by the roses' mantling blush
With budding beauty rife—

By rich, ripe blossoms, purple, red, Exhaling rare perfume— We know thy floral-footed tread, O, leafy month of June!

A subtle balsam in the air,
The odor of the pines,
The lilac blossoms, lilies fair,
Gladden the sense as signs

Of thy approach—gay but serene, Thou bringest halcyon days, And no discordant notes between Fair Nature's roundelays.

The song-bird in the sunlight's gleam
The low hum of the bees—
The laughing ripple of the stream,
Make sweetest melodies.

12
(177)



The leaf, the flower, the branch, the tree,
All redolent with bloom—
A sure and smiling prophecy
Of fruitage fair to come.

We can not list the quickening flow
Of fluids in the ground,
That push and climb where rootlets grow,
With rhythmic, mystic sound.

Beyond the range of hearing lie, Attuned not to our ears, The starry cadence of the sky, The music of the spheres.

Who knows what secrets Time may solve, Ages or æons hence, Fair Culture's hand may yet evolve A rarer, subtler sense,

A finer instinct that may scan The lessons manifold, The alphabet of Nature's plan Revealing truths untold.

Above, below, an unseen Force
Moves in the tiny flower,
Or guides the planets in their course—
An omnipresent power.

ON THE PASSAGE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

To-DAY God smiles upon our cause;
The Nation's heart beats high!
To-day the Heaven-defying laws
(Accursed) of slavery
Are blotted from our Nation's page
By Freedom's royal hand,
While grateful, throbbing hearts presage
Peace to our war-worn land.

The shackles from four million slaves
Fall, broken, to the ground!
Our starry banner proudly waves,
Our bells exultant sound!
From town to town, from sea to sea,
By loyal breezes fanned,
The joyous peal of liberty
Rings out through all the land.

The Freedman, kneeling on the soil
Bedewed with tears and blood,
Wrung out by unrequited toil,
Breaks forth in praise to God!
His long, long life of agony,
And concentrated wrong,
Exchanged for rapt'rous Liberty!
Oh! raise the grateful song!

(179)



Peal upon peal let heartfelt thanks
Salute the ambient air,
No chain throughout the South-land clanks—
No blood-stained scourge is there.
From North to South, from East to West,
Swell high the loud acclaim!
Dark Slavery's curse no more shall rest
Upon our Nation's fame!

Thank God, our country now is free!
Redeemed from Slavery's blight.
Ring out, O joy-bells, merrily,
Ring in an age of light.
Triumphant let the shout be heard,
"Freedom for coming years!"
While distant nations catch the word,
And echo back our cheers!

TO MRS. HARRIET PIERCE,

ON HER EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.

WILL our dear friend so much beloved
Accept the greetings warm,
The heartfelt greetings proffered here
In unassuming form:

With offerings of homage due A Life so nobly spent, 'Neath weight of years that each, in turn, Fulfilled their high intent.

What grander model could be found
For our own lives' success,
Than one like hers, of four-score years,
O'erbrimmed with usefulness?

Upon the altar of that mind
Perfected fruitage grows
Untouched by frost, unblemished, fair,
Amid Life's winter snows.

Clear-headed, sage, with thought undimmed, Still fresh with morning dew, In ev'ry earnest word and work See her, persistent, true.

Like some bright watch-tower on the height, A fair example gleams,

(181)



Blessing the darkened world with light, "How far it sheds its beams!"

Honored and happy we all feel Amid this day's good-cheer, In pledging tenderest regard To one, who does not fear

To side with Justice, and to soar All littleness above, Inspiring in so many hearts True loyalty and Love:

A love that shall endure for aye,
As lasting, as sincere—
Its object, through relentless change
Of time, will grow more dear.

A halo gathers round her brow, In clust'ring virtues rare; How venerable the life which makes The crown of Age so fair!

As with a retrospective glance
Her lengthened years we trace,
Her thoughts, all quickened into deeds
Which have enriched the race,

We are inspired with that high faith
In God, and Truth, and Man,
Which shapes the remnant of our years
Upon a nobler plan.



TO THE SAME,

ON HER EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

A CCEPT our annual offering,
Dear friend, of fragrant flowers.
And suffer us to pass with thee
Again a few brief hours.

The festive month of June, each year Brings round thy natal day,—
Again we hail with heartfelt cheer Thy anniversary.

The balmy airs and song and flowers
That benedictions breathe,
Will make these swift-winged precious hours
A sacred memory leave.

Creation's outspread volume sows
A symbol in each leaf—
Youth in the petals of the rose,
Age in the gathered sheaf.

If life exhibits fruitage fine
From good seed Youth has shown,
Foy will be felt in life's decline,
Not resignation shown.

Our honored friend, with thee each day Beyond thy fourscore years,

(183)



Gleams like a lovely sunset-ray That softly disappears.

We watch thy life-stream's even flow To the unfathomed sea, And marvel at its Autumn glow, O, may we also be

Serene in spirit as we near

The gate-ways of the day,

Content in simple faith, nor fear

That we can go astray.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER EIGHTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

AGAIN we greet our aged friend,
Dear to the hearts of all;
Again in loving counsel blend,
As on each annual call.

We bring June roses to attest
How we esteem her worth—
A fitting tribute as they blessed
The morning of her birth.

Was it because this queen of flowers Full-crowned her natal day, That all her gifts—her native powers, Blossomed so regally?

That she in Flora's pathway walked
E'er with supreme delight—
And, hand in hand, with science talked,
Scaling its flower-wreathed heights?

With Linnæus she roamed in youth Along bloom-scented meads; And still in age she follows truth, Where'er its votary leads.

(185)



Advancing science bids her cast All prejudice away, While grafting on the fossil past The methods new of Gray.

She looks not back—but bravely on—

Progress her watchword still;

Pursuits that charmed long years agone

Her hours of leisure fill.

I sing of age—of ripened age— Let who will sing of youth; I sing of wisdom's heritage, The harvest time of truth.

The years advance, time's waves o'erroll
And all mankind submit,
As day by day we reach a goal
Nearer the Infinite.

No dark horizon as a belt Need skirt life's closing way— But all-serenely let us melt Into the perfect day.

For glinting on its nether line
To groundlings all concealed,
Looms up beyond the bounds of time,
"Day's shining hills" revealed.



TO THE SAME,

ON HER EIGHTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

HOW could we bear the flood of years
With all its weight of sorrow,
But for the daily bread vouchsafed
For each successive morrow!

The stream of time sweeps on and on, It ne'er will pause nor tarry; Becoming, as the years advance, A deep, broad estuary.

The retrospect of youth's high tide, When life was in its spring, And of our strength in years mature Brings a vague wondering,

A sense of something lost and gone
Swept ruthlessly away—
Freighted with hopes, submerged in storm,
Like some rich argosy.

God help us now that age has laid
Its withered hand on ours—
Sapping the current of our lives,
Stealing away our powers!

(187)



In days long past, our dearest ones
Walked with us side by side—
We knew not then how much our arm
On their broad strength relied.

They helped us seek such noble ends
As tend the world to bless—
To battle with each social wrong
That we would fain redress.

God help us now that we are left
To walk the path alone!
Dark seems the way unless Thou lead
Our footsteps gently on.

The courage that so flushed our prime
We feel give way fore'er—
But *Thou* our strength—in our decline
We crave Thy tender care.

When, in the course of Nature, we To "Second Childhood" bend,—Thou art our Father, and wilt sure Sustain us to the end.

THE WORLD'S LEADERS.

[Inscribed to Francis E. Abbot.]

THE world has leaders, self-reliant strong,
And consecrated by a noble aim,
Or Right would yield remorselessly to Wrong,
To selfish ease, to greed, or love of fame.

High souls and true, seek not the rabble's bays, Nor court the homage of the passing hour; Their eyes prophetic read of coming days, And see through present failure power.

Brave hearts will dare for the world's good to fail; Spirits with noblest principles imbued, Count it all joy, if but the Right prevail, To bear reproaches from the multitude.

Press bravely on! It is not ours to see

The issues of thy work in life's brief span;
'Twill broaden down the ages, making free

From Superstition's thrall the soul of man.

(189)



THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

In the vast firmament of mind
Bright constellations gleam:
They teach this lesson: Leave behind
Each vague, delusive dream.

The Star of Reason breaks so clear Through dark tradition's night, Affrighted Falsehoods disappear And Error flees the light.

Swayed by its subtle rays, we bow To Wisdom's sacred shrine— Illumined, let the spirit now Its childish myths resign.

They fog the brain—they cramp the soul— They lead the mind astray— While *Truth* is forced to yield control To bare Authority.

The times advance. Through clouds of doubt A clear and steady light, Kindling a higher faith, breaks out And bursts upon our sight.

Religions "pure and undefiled,"
From Brahma's to Christ's time,
(190)



By sympathy are reconciled Through ev'ry age and clime.

With eyes anointed we are led
From age to age to see
Running through all the golden thread
Of love and unity.

Untrammeled mind sweeps realms of thought:
Creeds bind not—nor hold back.

Opinion now is free—and naught
Can reinstate the rack.

Delusions gone—Time's hand will strip
The glamour o'er them cast—
No longer with an iron grip
To hold mind to the past.

Do powers of darkness all combine, Fair as immortal youth In noblest souls rises sublime The polar star of Truth.

It leads from small, contracted bounds—
And from misguiding creeds—
To broader views—more stable grounds—
To lives of noble deeds.

Deeds that adown all coming time
Shall blossom fresh as morn,
Lifting the race to thought sublime,
When those who wrought are gone.



From teachers new and teachers old We learn the Law aright. As helps to conscience, we would hold The Quaker's "inner light."

Accept no doctrine without proof,
Nor be by critics awed.

Grand is the fearless search for truth:
It is its own reward.

Through paths of science—sacred lore— Where'er our search may be For wisdom, knowledge—more and more "The Truth shall make us free."

With high endeavor in the field Of the world's work advanced A true religious life is sealed— And its pure joys enhanced.

REFLECTIONS.

A S childhood, youth, manhood, and hoary age Successive tread the checkered paths of life, "Ringing quick changes on the bells of time"—
It is a fearful truth that not a thought, Or lightest word, uttered in careless mood, Can sink untomed and lost.

Like crystaled ferns, Our words, our thoughts, are ever shaped in deeds. For weal or woe they reach the far To-be, And influence a people yet unborn. While in rich cadence, or discordant notes, Blessing or cursing as their source may be, They vibrate in the universe of mind, And echo through the corridors of time. No life stands by itself, but each is linked To infinite relations far removed. The man who quickens ev'ry noble aim, Fills with some gen'rous deed each winged hour, And consecrates each gift of mind and soul To help his brother man—most helps himself; And, self-ennobled by self-sacrifice, He shall thereby attain his greatest good. While freeing others he will free himself Out of all worldly sordidness and strife, Up to an atmosphere of truth and love, Which makes life grand through each successive change.

13

(193)



SEA MOSSES.

YE tiny wanderers of the trackless sea— Ye rainbow-tinted treasures of the deep— Borne on the rising tide, how tranquilly Ye rest on waves which ever landward sweep, Or on old Ocean's mane, in joyous gambols leap.

As on your vari-colored forms we gaze,
How busy Fancy wakens sea-dreams rare.
All floating in imagination's haze
Are graceful mermaids twining flow'rets fair
With glit'ring shells and stones to deck their golden hair.

Piercing its caverned depths, bold Fancy's eye
Wanders along the sea's mosaic floor,
Studded with pearls and shells of richest dye;
With sparkling gems and trophies scattered o'er,
Which to their ocean beds the native sea-nymphs
bore.

Ye graceful types of treasures bright, concealed In caverned chambers of the mighty deep— In vasty solitudes, where, unrevealed To mortal sight, fair nymphs their vigils keep O'er many a form wreathed for its last, long sleep.

Symbols of thought in scattered fragments tossed
Upon the heaving surface of the mind
From its profoundest depths unfathomed, lost—
In an unbounded scope where, undefined,
In the mind's starry chambers, wisdom dwells enshrined.

(194)



TO THE OCEAN.

THOU'RT foaming on, O mighty deep!
From age to age the same—
Thy thund'ring surges' onward sweep
No human power can tame.

Man's art may mould the earth at will,
Or hew the solid rock—
But may not stay thy bounds—his skill
Thy surging billows mock.

Lashed into vengeful wild disdain,
With what relentless power
Thou shak'st thy white and flowing mane,
In storm's terrific hour.

When broken mast, and shivered sail,
Tossed on the heaving sea,
Tell to the heart the fearful tale
Of how remorselessly

That sea has lashed the sinking bark And ope'd a yawning grave For countless forms, in caverns dark Entombed beneath the wave.

Thy hoarse and melancholy sound
Their requiem seems to be;
And, echoing, ancient rocks rebound
Their dirge notes back to thee.

(195)



That mighty One, whose powerful word From chaos to the day Called forth Creation's deep accord, Hath stamped sublimity,

Unparalleled, upon thy face,
And given unto thee
The most majestic, deep-toned bass
In Nature's orchestra.

From isle to isle, from shore to shore,
Thy thund'ring anthems peal—
Rechoing forevermore
The praise of *Him*, whose seal

Traced ev'rywhere the eye may turn,
Is most impressed on thee—
Fit symbol of Time's shoreless bourne
And God's infinity.

NANTUCKET.

[Written for the Coffin Clan.]

ON Plymouth rock stepped free our Pilgrim sires,
From far-off lands, so many weary miles—
To hew their way—to build their altar-fires,
And make a home for Freedom in the wilds.
But not less brave that noble band that bore
With steady nerve upon the heaving sea
Their storm-tossed bark to this bleak island shore,
From persecutions worse than death to flee;
Such was our Macy, Coffin, Folger ancestry.

And other exiles no less brave and true—
With Mary Starbuck, who, in early days
(A type of noble womanhood), well knew
How to help lead in quiet peaceful ways—
Like William Penn to deal with Indian tribes
Without arousing their hostility—
Enacting what the Golden Rule prescribes:
May not the channel shrink as ages flee,
But broaden as it flows through all its progeny!

Immortal Byron strung his matchless lyre
To sing the beauty of the South Sea Isles—
Of Summer lands where prospects never tire,
And loving Nature ever sweetly smiles.

(197)



But more inspiring far the Muse that sang
Of "Goodman Macy" without stain or guile,
The notes of Whittier, whose numbers rang
Around the world, beguiling hearts the while
The famous tale he told of voyagers to our Isle:

Who leaving friends and kindred far behind,—
A civil State which did not civilize,—
Sought on Nantucket's rugged shore to find
That independence which we dearly prize
Above all else, "freedom to worship God"
As conscience dictates—through indwelling light
Unawed by Church or State or priestly nod—
Men who themselves had rued the Bigots' might,
Turned it on fellow-men denying them this right.

They reached our Island—found an arid soil
Where'er not sheltered by o'erhanging trees,
Yielding scant harvest to severest toil,
But a rich recompense the eye to please
In Flora's kingdom, scattered far and wide,
From 'Sacacha's to Hummock's limpid pond,
O'er hill and dale, and by the oozy side
Of lily-bordered lakes that stretch beyond—
The miracle of plants whisp'ring in accents fond.

No fairer land, not Persia's vales and bowers, Whose sun-smit beauty ev'ry poet sings, Displays more varied flora; rarest flowers Bloom on our open plains; so Nature flings



Her compensating gifts with lavish hand.

No Alpine mountains rise to meet the view

Upon our shores, nor forests dense and grand;

But prospects fair are spread the Island through,

From headlands at the South to White Cliffs of

Coatue.

Who wanders o'er our breezy hills will see
An emerald carpet spread from shore to shore;
Coskata's sunny glades and Sancoty,
Whose brilliant light gleams far the waters o'er;
Each blade of grass unfolding beauteously,
Each leaf and bud instinct with vital force;
What symbols fair of spirit-growth are ye!
How do ye lead the mind to life's Great Source:
Through these with Nature's God we hold high intercourse.

Romantic pictures of the older days,

When untilled fields were Indian hunting grounds,
Rise in imagination's golden haze—

Wauwinet, Pocomo, with the far bounds
Of Wanacomet and Saul's rocky height—

Of legendary life a mirror true,
Reflecting fair in deep, empurpled light—

In the mind's eye a panoramic view,
And poured round all Old Ocean's sparkling blue.

Thick clust'ring round those grassy meads and plains,
Where for the gathered clan we pitch our tent,
Are relics of old-time—much here remains
As links to memory in one long descent



From Tristram Coffin—centuries agone,
When other men mowed down this fragrant sod,
When other hands gathered the golden corn;
Eight generations since these paths they trod,
Leaving their children free to serve their father's
God.

Cousins and friends who come from far and near
To mingle with this festive scene to-day,
Thrice welcome to our sea-girt home so dear,
The old and young alike, the grave and gay!
Long-absent friends and kindred glad will meet,
Ere evening's shadows veil the morning's sun,
Hearts wide estranged in amity complete,
"Like kindred drops shall mingle into one,"
Making life's turbid stream more smoothly run.

Festive reunions benefit and bless,
Wherever held, meeting life's social needs;
The pressure of the hand, the fond caress,
Emotions stir that crystallize in deeds,
Lifting to better lives all humankind;
A love coincident with Nature's plan
In one fraternal tie the race will bind:
Let each so strive to help his brother man,
That blessings e'er may rest upon the Coffin Clan.

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