

POEMS BY WHITTIER.

J. G. Whittier has just issued a new volume of poems entitled: "The Chapel of the Hermit; and other poems."—From the Chapel, we take the following lines:

"I believe, and yet, in grief,
I pray for help for unbelievers;
For needful strength comes to lay
The daily burdens of my way.
I am sick at heart of craft and cost,
Sink of the crazed enthusiast's rant,
Profession's smooth hypocrites,
And crazes of limb and lives of ease;
I shudder over the sacred Word;
I read the record of our Lord;
I read the record of our Lord;
And weak and troubled, gay them;
When touched his shameless garment's hem;
What was the fear of love he kept;
Above the grave where Lazarus slept;
And heard amidst the shadow dim
Of Olivet His sleepng hymn;
How blent the armchair'd low estate,
The boughs crooked at the gate,
The taper leaning at the altar;
Whose eyes of love beheld the Lord!
O sacred soil, thy gentlest priests!
Sweet sounds of thy monody rest!
O light, and air of Palestine,
Impregnate with His life divine!
O bear my shudder! Let me look
On His blue pool and Cedron's brook—
Kiss'd at Gethsemane, and by
Gennsawal walk before I die!

Mulling this cold and northern light
Would melt before the Orient light;
And, wet by Hermon's dews again—
My childhood's dews revive again!"

Thus spoke my friend one autumn day,
When the still river slid away
Beneath us, down the brown
Red curtains of the wood shut down.

Then said I,—for I could not brook
The mute appealing of his look—
"I, too, am weak; my faith is small,
And blindness happeneth unto all;

Yet sometimes gimpes on my sight,
Through present wrong the eternal right;

And, step by step, since time began,

I see the steady gain of man:

That all of good the past hath had

Remains to make our own time glad—

Our common daily life divine;

And every land a Palestine;

Thou weariest of the present state;

What gain to that time's holiest date?

The Doubt now perchance had been

As High Priest or as Pilate then?

What thought Chorazin's scribes? what faith

In Him had Nain and Nazareth?

Of the few followers whom He led.

One sold His—all forsook and fled.

O friend! we need not roar nor sang.

No storied stream of Morning-Land,

The heavens are glassed in Merrimack!

What more could Jordan render back!

We lack but open eye and ear.

To find the Orient's marvels here;

The still small voice of autumn's bush,

Xan maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old

In signs and tokens manifold—

Slaves rise up men; the olive waves

With roots deep set in battle graves;

Through the hush noises of our day.

A low sweet prude finds its way.

Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,

A light is breaking calm and clear.

That song of Love, now low and far,

Ere long shall swell from star to star.

That light, the breaking day, which tips,

The golded-spired Apocalypse!"

SELECT TALE.

MILLIE LEE.

BY CLEMENT E. BARE.

"There," said a friend to me one day, "there goes a heroine." I looked around but seeing only a little girl, trudging barefoot along the road; with a basket almost as large as herself, I turned my eyes with a glance of inquiry to the speaker. He answered it by pointing to the unromantic object just described. "I mean her, Millie Lee. You think that she is only a poor shoeless, stockingless child; but I tell you she is a heroine, with a nobler heart than ever beat in the bosom of Joan of Arc, or Margaret Anjou."

My friend was not accustomed to talk at random; here my curiosity was excited, and I drew from him as we sat in the shade to rest, this history of Millie Lee.

Five years ago there came to our village, a laborer named Thomas Lee. He was idle and intemperate, his wife feeble, and heart-broken, their children so pale, so hungry, and so sickly looking, that it made my heart ache to look at them. They had been born beneath the shadow of a father's neglect—mother's hot tears had fallen on their faces as they drew nourishment from her breast, and lay upon her breaking heart. How could they be like other children? On the desert shrub, every new leaf tells us of its premature sterility, of the arid sand in which its roots are withering. Hence those children never played or smiled. They crept about so still and sad—they ate their hard dry crusts, with such a melancholy look, that you would have thought that their home must have been a house of death. And so it afterwards was. Their father would be for hours as one dead—dead to all the beauties of nature, to all the activities of the world, to all the nobility of nature, that he was burning to a cinder of everlasting remorse, with the fires of rum. Often have I accosted those children, crouching together by the door of their home, and tried to draw from them a smile; I gave them food when I knew they were very hungry, and they would thank me sweetly; but not a gleam of sunshine would pass over their faces. They were grateful, but could not be gay.

We tried to do something for his family, but the wretched father would not let any of them leave him, and would squander for rum, or destroy for spite, whatever we gave them. He had a great deal of mauldin independence, and our kindness was scornfully refused as an official interference with his affairs. Hence we could only carry food to his starving wife and children while he was at the dram-shop.

At last Mrs. Lee died. Never saw I such a scene before, and God in mercy save me from ever seeing the like again! Lee was rolling on the floor, too drunk to understand what was going on, or even to rise. But his tongue was loose, and he accompanied the groans of his wife, and sons of his children, with snatches of ribald songs and curses that made my blood curdle in my veins!

I need not dwell upon the funeral. We managed to keep Lee sober until his poor wife was under the ground. But he seemed to have little feeling; he went to the church and to the grave, like a man stunned or in dream. We left the family at night, with everything necessary for their comfort, intending to provide homes for the children the next day.

In the morning, having made our arrangements, we went early to the cabin. We

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