

times, both Whig and Democratic. Garrison through the columns of the *Liberator* (issued from an obscure garret in Boston) had just begun to denounce the Union as a "covenant with death and a league with hell" on account of its support of Slavery; Wendell Phillips had dedicated his young manhood, his learning, his culture and his eloquence to the unpopular cause of Anti-Slavery; Salmon P. Chase had imperiled his reputation as a lawyer, by accepting the hunted fugitive as his client; and Lowell, urged by his young wife was devoting his muse to the the same cause. The hearts of the people were profoundly stirred upon the question of human rights, and the poetry of Whittier gave a powerful stimulus to the agitation. One can get no clearer conception of the spirit of the times, than by reading his poems of that period,—such as the "Slave Ship," "The Christain Slave," "Massachusetts to Virginia," "A Voice to New England," "To Faneuil Hall," etc. Prophetic and intense they met with a quick response. They were read at the domestic hearth, and declaimed in Lyceums and at Anti-Slavery gatherings. Whittier himself actively engaged in the crusade, by corresponding for and editing Anti-slavery papers. While editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, in Philadelphia, he was mobbed and his paper burned out. He continued in this "Moral Warfare" until the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution of the United States, forever prohibiting human slavery.

His labors in that direction were then ended, and he commemorated the victory by the poem "Laus Deo" closing with the lines:

It is done!  
 In the circuit of the sun  
 Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
 It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
 It shall give the dumb a voice,  
 It shall belt with joy the earth!  
 Ring and swing  
 Bells of joy! On morning's wing  
 Send the song of praise abroad!  
 With a sound of broken chains  
 Tell the nations that He reigns,  
 Who alone is Lord and God

With the conclusion of this stress period of his

life the poet returned to his home at Amesbury, Massachusetts. In the quiet of domestic life, living with his mother and sister, he wrote the ballads and other poems, that like the lyrics of Burns, find an echo in every human heart not wholly devoid of sensibility. It is these later poems which have given him his enduring fame. Every one will recall among such: "Maud Muller," "Mary Garvin," "My Playmate," "Barefoot Boy," "Snow Bound," etc.

Whittier's belief in an overruling and loving Providence was as fixed as his own New England hills, and is frequently revealed in his poems as in the one entitled "Eternal Godness:"

I know not where His islands lift  
 Their fringed palms in air;  
 I only know I cannot drift  
 Beyond His love and care.

W.

### THE WORKS OF HORACE.

Edited with explanatory notes, by Thomas Chase LL. D., late President of the Haverford College. Eldredge and Brother, Philadelphia, 1892.

Horace is the business man's poet. He would have been the laureate of commuters, if express trains had existed in B. C. 33. Not that he ever celebrated the joys of the ledger; or indited romances on the overdue mortgage: such specialties were left for modern bards, the news paper poets, the base-ball editors, the Will Carleton's, and S. W. Foss's of our day. But the poetic side of man's life is not found in Wall Street, it appears after business hours.

To hurry down to the ferry and snatch a breath of salt air, as one crosses the North River, to press one's nose to the car window and watch the varied panorama of the closing day, streets crowded, stores closing; to rush through salt marshes and green fields, to thunder past quiet stations with their little groups of wide eyed watchers, to climb off the train at one of them, and peep through the blinds at the waiting family—this is the romantic part of business life—and it is the part of which Horace sang. He could not