

## FREEDOM OF THE MIND

High walls and huge the body may confine,  
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,  
And massive bolts may baffle his design,  
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;  
But scorns the immortal mind such base control:  
No chains can bind it and no cell enclose.  
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,  
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes.  
It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale  
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;  
It visits home to hear the fireside tale  
And in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;  
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,  
And in its watches wearies every star.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

## A HOLY NATION

Let Liberty run onward with the years,  
And circle with the seasons; let her break  
The tyrant's harshness, the oppressor's spears;  
Bring ripened recompenses that shall make  
Supreme amends for sorrow's long arrears;  
Drop holy benison on hearts that ache;  
Put clearer radiance into human eyes,  
And set the glad earth singing to the skies.

Clean natures coin pure statutes. Let us cleanse  
The hearts that beat within us; let us mow  
Clear to the roots our falseness and pretence,  
Tread down our rank ambitions, overthrow  
Our braggart moods of puffed self-consequence,  
Plough up our hideous thistles which do grow  
Faster than maize in May time, and strike dead  
The base infections our low greeds have bred.

RICHARD REALF

## CATILINE TO THE ROMAN ARMY

Sound all to arms! (A flourish of trumpets.)  
Call in the captains,— (To an officer)  
I would speak with them!

(The officer goes.)

Now, Hope! away,—and welcome gallant Death!  
Welcome the clanging shield, the trumpet's yell,—  
Welcome the fever of the mounting blood,  
That makes wounds light, and battle's crimson toil  
Seem but a sport,—and welcome the cold bed,  
Where soldiers with their upturned faces lie,—  
And welcome wolf's and vulture's hungry throats,  
That make their sepulchres! We fight to-night.

(The soldiery enter.)

Centurions! all is ruined! I disdain  
To hide the truth from you. The die is thrown!  
And now, let each that wishes for long life  
Put up his sword, and kneel for peace to Rome.  
Ye all are free to go. What! no man stirs!  
Not one! a soldier's spirit in you all?  
Give me your hands! (This moisture in my eyes

Is womanish,—'twill pass.) My noble hearts!  
Well have you chosen to die! For, in my mind,  
The grave is better than o'erburdened life;  
Better the quick release of glorious wounds,  
Than the eternal taunts of galling tongues;  
Better the spear-head quivering in the heart,  
Than daily struggle against fortune's curse;  
Better, in manhood's muscle and high blood,  
To leap the gulf, than totter to its edge  
In poverty, dull pain, and base decay.  
Once more, I say,—are ye resolved?

(The soldiers shout, "All! All! All!")

Then, each man to his tent, and take the arms  
That he would love to die in,—for, this hour,  
We storm the Consul's camp. A last farewell!

(He takes their hands.)

When next we meet,—we'll have no time to look,  
How parting clouds a soldier's countenance.  
Few as we are, we'll rouse them with a peal  
That shall shake Rome!  
Now to your cohorts' heads;—the word's—Revenge!

GEORGE CROLY