

Wouldst thou learn the world to know;  
 Thou must tempt the dark abyss  
 Wouldst thou life's deep meaning wis.

"Nought but firmness gains the prize,—  
 Nought but fulness makes us wise,—  
 Buried deep, truth ever lies!"

*Light and Warmth.*

"The world, a man of noble mind  
 With glad reliance enters;  
 Around him spread, he hopes to find  
 What in his bosom centers;  
 And to truth's cause, with ardor warm,  
 He dedicates his trusty arm.

"But that the world is mean, ere long  
 Experience shows him ever;  
 Himself to guard amid the throng  
 Is now his sole endeavor.  
 His heart, in calm and proud repose,  
 Soon e'en to love begins to close.

"The rays of truth, though light-bestowing,  
 Not always warmth impart;  
 Blest he who gains the boon of knowing  
 Nor buys it with his heart!  
 So thou shouldst worldling's ken unite  
 To the idealist's vision bright."

*The Lay of the Bell.*

"Firmly bound the mould of clay  
 In its dungeon-walls doth stand.  
 Born shall be the bell to-day!  
 Comrades, up! now be at hand!  
 From the brows of all  
 Must the sweat-drops fall,  
 Ere in his work the master live;  
 The blessing God alone can give.

"To what we earnestly prepare  
 Now may an earnest word be said;  
 When good discourse our labors share  
 Then merrily the work is sped.  
 Let us consider then with zeal  
 What feeble strength can do by thought;  
 Contempt for him we e'er must feel  
 Who planned not what his hands have wrought.

'Tis this adorns the human race,  
 For this to man was reason given,  
 That he within his heart may trace  
 The works that by his hands have thriven.

“Wood cut from the pine-tree take,  
 But well seasoned let it be,  
 Through the flue the flames thus break  
 To the cauldron's molten sea.  
     Boils the copper within,  
     Quick, bring hither the tin!  
 That the bell's tough metal may  
 Smoothly flow in wonted way!

“What deeply in earth's hidden cell  
 The hand with fire's assistance speeds,  
 Will in the steeple's belfry dwell  
 And loudly witness of our deeds.  
 In many an ear its thrilling tale  
 'Twill pour, nor heed the flight of Time,  
 'Twill with the child of sorrow wail,  
 And join Devotion's choral chime.  
 Whate'er unto the earthborn crowd  
 The frown or smile of Fortune bring,  
 The metal tongue proclaims it loud,  
 While far those cheering accents ring.

“See the silver bubbles glow!  
 Now the molten billows swell.  
 Potash in the furnace throw,  
 For it speeds the casting well.  
     And from frothing free  
     Must the mixture be  
 That the bell's metallic voice  
 Every hearer's heart rejoice.

“With festive joyous accents rife  
 It greets the well beloved child,  
 Launched on his first career of life  
 In slumber's arm so sweet and mild;  
 In Time's dark womb for him reposes  
 Life's thorny couch, life's bed of roses;  
 A mother's love its guardian wing  
 Spreads o'er his golden days of spring.—  
 The years fly like the winged shaft.  
 The proud boy bids the girl adieu;  
 Out into life's wild storm he flies,  
 A pilgrim, roams the wide world through,  
 Then as a stranger homeward hies.  
 And lo, as some sweet vision breaks

Out from its native morning skies,  
 With rosy blush on downcast cheeks,  
 The maiden stands before his eyes.  
 A nameless yearning now appears  
 And fills his heart; alone he strays,  
 His eyes are ever moist with tears,  
 He shuns his brothers' noisy plays;  
 Her steps he blushing pursues,  
 And by her greeting is made blest,  
 Gathers the flowers of fairest hues,  
 With which to deck his true love's breast.  
 Oh, tender yearning, blissful hope,  
 Thou golden time of love's young day!  
 Heav'n seems before the eye to ope,  
 The heart in rapture melts away.  
 Oh, may it ever verdant prove,  
 That radiant time of youthful love!

"Lo! the pipes already brown!  
 I will dip this rod therein,  
 Doth a glaze the surface crown,  
 We the casting may begin.  
     Quick! amid the glow,  
     Test the mixture's flow!  
 See if, with a goodly sign,  
 Soft and brittle well combine.

"Where gentleness with strength we find,  
 The tender with the stern combined,  
 There harmony is sweet and strong,  
 Then prove, e'er wedlock's wreath be twined  
 If heart to heart its fetters bind!  
 Illusion's brief, repentance long,  
 Sweet on bridal brow is clinging  
 Myrtle wreath of festive green,  
 When the mellow church bell's ringing  
 Bids us to the festive scene,  
 Ah! life's sweetest festival  
 Ends the May of life anon,  
 With the girdle, with the veil,  
 Is the fond illusion gone,  
 The passions soon fly,  
 But love must remain;  
 The blossoms soon die,  
 Fruit comes in their train,  
 The husband must fight,  
 'Mid struggles and strife,  
 The battle of life;  
 Must plant and create,  
 Watch, snare, and debate,

Must venture and stake  
 His fortune to make.  
 Then boundless in torrents comes pouring the gift,  
 The garners o'erflow with the costliest thrift,  
 The store-rooms increase, and the mansion expands.  
 Within it reigns  
 The prudent wife,  
 The tender mother,  
 In wisdom's ways  
 Her house she sways,  
 Instructing the girls,  
 Controlling the boys,  
 With diligent hands  
 She works and commands,  
 Increases the gains  
 And order maintains;  
 With treasures the sweet smelling wardrobe she stores,  
 And busily over the spinning wheel pores,  
 She hoards in the bright polished presses till full  
 The snowy white linen, the shimmering wool,  
 The bright and the showy to good she disposes,  
 And never reposes.

"Now the sire with joyful mien,  
 From the house's lofty gable,  
 Gazes on the prosperous scene;  
 Sees the beams around him soar,  
 And the barn's abundant store,  
 Garners blest by Plenty's horn,  
 And the waving sea of corn.  
 Thus he fondly prides himself:  
 'Firm and strong as earth itself,  
 Gainst misfortune's whelming shock,  
 Stands the house, as on a rock!  
 But with Fate O! ne'er believe  
 An eternal bond to weave,  
 Swiftly on Misfortune comes.

"Now the casting may begin,  
 Jagg'd the fracture is and fair.  
 But before we run it in  
 Offer up a pious prayer!  
     Let the plug now fly!  
     May God's help be nigh!  
 Smoking in the hollow cave  
 Rushes forth the glowing wave.

"How genial is fire's might,  
 When tamed and watched by man aright!  
 Whate'er he forms, or shapes, its source

He owes to this celestial force.  
But fearful this celestial force  
When, bursting forth in madden'd course,  
Unshackled on its path so wild,  
It rushes, Nature's free-born child!  
Woe, when bursting forth it flies,  
Spreading with unbridled ire!  
In the busy street arise  
Mountain waves of raging fire;  
For the elements despise  
Wealth that human hands acquire.  
From the cloud  
Blessings rush,  
Waters gush;  
Where it listeth lightning flashes,  
Thunder crashes.  
Hear ye that wail from yon tower's walls?  
The tocsin calls!  
Red as blood  
Glow the skies;  
That is not the sunlight's flood!  
Hark! what cries  
In the street!  
Smoke clouds rise!  
Surging upwards, higher, higher!  
Through the streets the pillared fire  
Rushes with the whirlwind's ire.  
Like the blast in furnace pent  
Glow the air, now beams are rent,  
Windows rattle, rafters creak,  
Mothers wander, children shriek,  
Kine are lowing,  
Underneath the ruins glowing:  
Running, rushing, coming, going,  
Night vies with the daylight's glowing  
As the zealous chain expands,  
Through the hands,  
Flies the bucket; arching o'er,  
Streams the jet, the torrents pour.  
Then the storm, 'mid howl and roar,  
With the raging flames dispute;  
Crackling 'mid the grain and fruit,  
Through the garner's space they gleam,  
Seize the dry and massive beam,  
And, as though they'd in their flight  
Earth from its foundation tear,  
Upwards sweeping through the air,  
Surge they to the heaven's height,  
Huge in scope!  
Stripped of hope,

Man submits as he surveys,  
Wond'ring with an idle gaze,  
What was done by Heaven's might.

"Waste is now  
The place and dread,  
Of wild storms the rugged bed.  
In the hollow window-cells  
Horror dwells,  
And the clouds from Heaven's sphere  
Downwards peer.

"One fond look, the last,  
'Mid the gloom,  
At the tomb  
Of his wealth man turns to cast.—  
Then takes his staff, nor wails his doom.  
What though bereft by fire's wrath,  
One comfort still his heart may cheer.  
He counts the forms to him so dear,  
Lo! all are left to cheer his path.

"Being in the earth received,  
The mould the mingled metals fill;  
Will the work when 'tis achieved  
Recompense our toil and skill?  
If the cast should fail?  
If the mould be frail?  
While we hope, e'en now, alas,  
Mischief may have come to pass!

"Unto the lap of holy earth  
Do we confide our work and deed,  
The sower sows the earth with seed,  
And hopes 'twill give to blessings birth,  
Of Heaven's grace the grateful meed.  
More precious seeds in earth's dark womb  
We sow with sorrow's trembling hand,  
And hope that, rising from the tomb,  
They'll blossom in that Better Land.

"From the steeple  
Tolls the bell,  
Deep and sadly,  
Death's last knell.  
Mournful dirges from the lofty dome  
Guide a wand'rer to his last long home.

"'Tis the wife, the well belov'd one,  
'Tis, alas! the faithful mother,

Whom the Prince of Shadows chases  
 From her husband's fond embraces,  
 From his children in their bloom,  
 Born of her, those lov'd ones, whom  
 Oft she to her faithful breast  
 With a mother's rapture pressed—  
 Now, alas! home's tender ties  
 E'er are sever'd from each other;  
 In the Land of Shadow lies  
 Of that home the gentle mother;  
 Now her faithful rule is gone,  
 Watchful, tender as the dove;  
 At the widow'd heart rules one  
 Who a stranger is to love.

“Till the bell can cool, away!  
 Let us leave our toil awhile!  
 As the feather'd songsters play,  
 So may each his time beguile.  
     When the stars appear,  
     Free from care and fear,  
 The workman hears the vesper bell;  
 The master cannot care dispel.

“Cheerful, through the forest's gloom,  
 Wends the wanderer his steps  
 Back to his dear cottage home,  
 Bleating seek the sheep their fold,  
 And the herd  
 Of the broad-brow'd cattle come,  
 Homewards lowing,  
 The accustom'd stables knowing,  
 Through the gate  
 Reels the wain,  
 'Neath the grain;  
 On the sheaves,  
 With their many-color'd leaves,  
 Garlands lie,  
 To the dance the youthful reapers  
 Joyful hie,  
 Street and market now are silent,  
 Round the taper's social flame  
 Sit the inmates of the house,  
 And the creaking town-gates close.  
 Darkness spreads  
 O'er the earth;  
 But no honest burgher dreads  
 Night's dark tide,  
 Though it woo to fearful deeds,  
 For the law is eagle-eyed.

"Holy Order, Heaven's child,  
 Rich in blessings, who, so mild,  
 Like to like so blithely calls,  
 Who hath raised the city's walls,  
 Who to quit his desert waste  
 Bade th' unsocial savage haste,  
 Who in human dwellings stealing,  
 Taught mankind a softer feeling,  
 And that best, that dearest band,  
 Wove, the love of Fatherland.

"Countless hands to toil unfold,  
 Cheerfully each other aid,  
 And in vying zeal, behold,  
 All their varied strength displayed!  
 Man and master join'd appear  
 With pure freedom in alliance,  
 Each, rejoicing in his sphere,  
 To the scoffer bids defiance.  
 Labor is the subject's crown,  
 Blessings are his labor's guerdon;  
 Honor to the king's renown!  
 Honor to the worker's burden!

"Gentle peace,  
 Concord blest,  
 Never cease  
 Kindly o'er our town to rest!  
 O may ne'er that day appear,  
 When the savage hords of war  
 Devastate this silent vale!  
 When the sky,  
 O'er which Eve her rosy shades  
 Sweetly throws,  
 With the wild and fearful glare  
 Of the burning city glows.

"Break asunder now the mould,  
 For its work is done at last,  
 Let both heart and eye behold  
 Proudly the successful cast!  
     Wield the hammer, wield,  
     Till it split the shield!  
 Before the bell can rise on high,  
 The mantel must in pieces fly.

"The master, when it seemeth good,  
 With prudent hand may break the mould;  
 But woe, when in a flaming flood  
 The glowing metal bursts its hold!

Blind, frantic, with the thunder's swell,  
 It bursts its fractur'd prison's side,  
 And as from out the jaws of Hell,  
 It vomits Ruin's flaming tide.  
 Where brutal strength insensate reigns,  
 No pictured beauty man obtains;  
 When nations free themselves by force  
 Ne'er prosper can their welfare's course.

"Woe, when within the city's wall  
 The smould'ring sparks in silence burn,  
 The people, bursting from their thrall,  
 To savage wilfulness return!  
 Then peals the bell upon its throne,  
 And howls on high, rebellion calls,  
 And, vow'd but to a peaceful tone,  
 The signal gives for savage brawls.

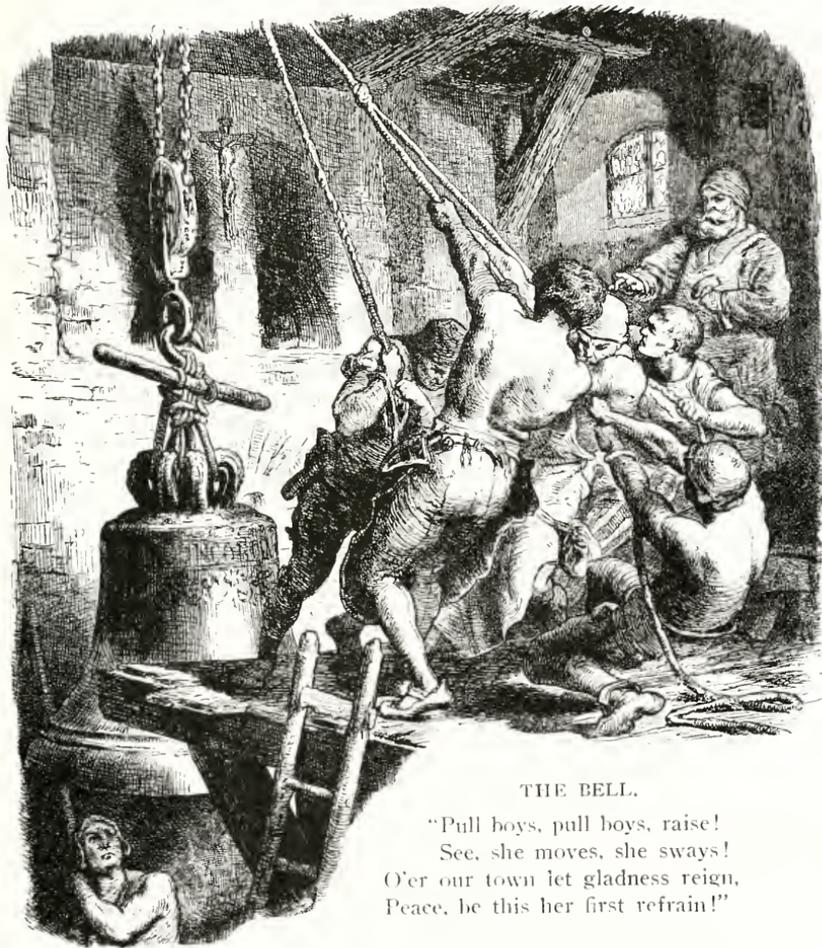
"Now Freedom's cry is heard around;  
 The peaceful burghers fly to arms,  
 The streets fill fast, the halls resound,  
 And murd'rous bands spread dire alarms.  
 Now like hyenas in their lair,  
 'Mid horrors women jeer and jest;  
 As with the panther's teeth they tear  
 The heart from out their foeman's breast.  
 Now all that's sacred men efface,  
 And break all bonds of pious fear,  
 Good now to evil giveth place,  
 And vice runs on its mad career.  
 Wake not the lion in his den!  
 Destructive is the tiger's jaw,  
 But far more terrible are men  
 Whom passions in their vortex draw.  
 Woe be to him who, to the blind,  
 The heav'nly torch of light conveys!  
 It throws no radiance on his mind,  
 But land and town in ashes lays.

"God hath filled me with delight!  
 Like a golden star, behold,  
 Like a kernel smooth and bright,  
 Peels the metal from the mould!  
     How the whole doth gleam  
     Like the sunny beam!  
 And in the escutcheon's shield  
 Is a master hand revealed.

"Come in and see!  
 Stand, comrades, round, and lend your aid

To christen now the bell we've made!  
*Concordia* her name shall be.  
 In bonds of peace and concord may her peal  
 Unite the loving congregation's zeal.

"And this be henceforth her vocation,  
 The end and aim of her creation;



THE BELL.

"Pull boys, pull boys, raise!  
 See, she moves, she sways!  
 O'er our town let gladness reign,  
 Peace, be this her first refrain!"

Above this nether world shall she  
 In Heaven's azure vault appear,  
 The neighbor of the thunder be,  
 And border on the starry sphere;  
 A voice of Heaven from above  
 Like yonder host of stars so clear,  
 Who laud their maker as they move.

And usher in the circling year,  
Tun'd be her metal mouth alone  
To things eternal and sublime,  
And as the swift-wing'd hours speed on,  
May she record the flight of time!  
Her tongue to Fate she well may lend:  
Heartless herself and feeling nought,  
May with her warning notes attend  
On human life, with change so fraught.  
And, as the strains die on the ear  
That she peals forth with tuneful might,  
So let her teach that nought lasts here,  
That all things earthly take their flight!

“Now then, with the rope so strong,  
From the vault the bell upweigh,  
That she gain the realm of song,  
And the heav'nly light of day!  
Pull boys, pull boys, raise!  
See, she moves, she sways!  
O'er our town let gladness reign,  
*Peace*, be this her first refrain!”