

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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W. F. YOUNG, Editor.

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Poetry.

From the Democratic Review.

SONGS OF LABOR.

BY J. C. WHITTIER.

THE LUMBERMAN.

Coupled round the woodland quarters

Soul-voiced Autumn grieves;

Tracks down these swelling waters

Flost his fallen leaves.

Through the tall and asked timber

Columbian and old;

Gleam the sunsets of November

With their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southward bending

Screams the gray wild-goose;

On the high frosty sounds the tread

Of the stately moose.

Fast the streams with ice are closing,

Coldly grows the sky

Scion lake and river frozen

Shall our log-piles lie.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,

On some night of rain,

Lake and river break a-sunder

Winter's weakened chain,

Poss'd the wild March-flood shall bear them

To the maw-mills wheel,

Or where Steam the slave shall bear them

With his teeth of steel.

Be it star-light; be moon-light

In these values below,

Wings the earliest beam of sunlight

Streaks the mountain's snow

Cups the frosty keep and early

And the frost echoes e'erly

All our brows repeat.

When the chivalrous Amurje's

Stretch'd broad and clear;

And the black and black ridges

Mile the long-drawn deep;

Through the lakes and wide morasses,

On through rock and stone,

Swift and Strong Produc'd passes,

White with foamy falls.

Where thoughts are, glimmerings are

On Manthus' sides;

Rock and forest piled to heaven

Torn and plough'd by slides!

Far below the Indian trapping

In the single-warn

Far above the snow-clad wrapping

Half the peak in storm!

Where mosses can't better

Than the Persian waves;

And, that Eastern perfumes, sweeten

Scem the fading leaves;

And a music wild and solemn

From the pine tree's height

Roll its vast and sea-like volume

Or wind of might:

Make we here our camp for winter;

And through sheet and snow

Pitchy, knot and beeze-splitter

On our heads shall glow;

Here, to Mirth in Jordan dry,

We shall link about;

Wander, with her smile of beauty,

And her gentle tone;

Day in brighter burning

For the bright to-day;

And her welcome returning

Shows her rays;

Strikes then—Trade!—Trade is waiting

On our rugged toil;

Far ships waiting for the freight

Of our woodland spoil;

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands

Black and cold of oars

With the iron-clad islands

Of a lone of flowers;

To our tribe the tribute bringing

Of eternal heats;

In our long winter fling

Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly on the axed of labor,

Let the sunbeam dance

Better than the bath of satire

Sting of the game of face—

Strike with every blow is given

From our skies;

And the long hard earth to heaven

Looks with wondering eye.

Look again the green the morning

Of the eye to see;

Cheer of mirth and road of farmers

Bearing harvest home—

Hear her virgin-lap with treasures

Shall in green earth fill—

Waving wheat and golden maize—eats

Green each bunch hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,

Take the smooth-shorn plain,

Give to us the eastern valleys,

Rocky hills and Maine!

In Northland, wild and woody,

Let still have part—

Brigands and mother sturdy

Guard us thy bairns!

Oh the eye to see!

Clue of snuff and road of farmers

Bearing harvest home—

Hear her virgin-lap with treasures

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