

~~With backward glances and reluctant tread,
 Making a merit of his coward dread,—
 But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
 Walking as one to pleasant service led;
 Doing God's will as if it were my own,
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone!~~

The Haschish

Of all that Orient lands can vaunt
 Of marvels with our own competing,
 The strangest is the Haschish plant,
 And what will follow on its eating.

What pictures to the taster rise,
 Of Dervish or of Almeh dances!
 Of Eblis, or of Paradise,
 Set all aglow with Houri glances!

The poppy visions of Cathay,
 The heavy beer-trance of the Suabian;
 The wizard lights and demon play
 Of nights Walpurgis and Arabian!

The Mollah and the Christian dog
 Change place in mad metempsychosis;
 The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,
 The Rabbi shakes his beard at Moses!

The Arab by his desert well
 Sits choosing from some Caliph's daughters,
 And hears his single camel's bell
 Sound welcome to his regal quarters.

The Koran's reader makes complaint
 Of Shitan dancing on and off it;
 The robber offers alms, the saint
 Drinks Tokay and blasphemes the Prophet!

Such scenes that Eastern plant awakes;
 But we have one ordained to beat it,
 The Haschish of the West, which makes
 Or fools or knaves of all who eat it.

The preacher eats, and straight appears
 His Bible in a new translation;
 Its angels negro overseers,
 And Heaven itself a snug plantation!

The man of peace, about whose dreams
 The sweet millennial angels cluster,
 Tastes the mad weed, and plots and schemes,
 A raving Cuban filibuster!

The noisiest Democrat, with ease;
 It turns to Slavery's parish beadle;
 The shrewdest statesman eats and sees
 Due southward point the polar needle.

The Judge partakes, and sits ere long
 Upon his bench a railing blackguard;
 Decides off-hand that right is wrong,
 And reads the ten commandments backward!

O, potent plant! so rare a taste
 Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten;
 The hempen Haschish of the East
 Is powerless to our Western Cotton!

Maud Muller

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.