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P O E M S ,

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ROBERT M. CHARLTON,

AND

THOMAS J. CHARLTON, M. D.

“Semel insanivimus omnes.”



B O S T O N :

CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

1839.

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P R E F A C E .

IF I had only published in this volume my own effusions, I would have been content to have let them go for what they were worth, with no other excuse than that which I have adopted for my motto,—“*Semel insanivimus omnes.*” I am quite sure that I might have relied on the silence or charity of the critics, who would scarcely have gone out of their way to assail one who makes but little claim to the title of a poet, and who has collected hastily, and published rashly, a few random memorials of his poetical phrenzy.

But, as I have added some specimens of my brother's poetry, it would be doing his memory and talents an injustice, were I to preserve a total silence. He possessed a mind and a genius that would have done credit to any profession; and, in a few more years, he would have won for himself a name, both as a physician and a poet, that would have descended as a lasting inheritance to his children. This may be strong language, coming from one connected with him so closely; but, alas, when those we love are taken from us, when death has destroyed the hopes, and affections, and happiness of years, we may be pardoned for transgressing the cold and formal rules of conventional life, and speaking of those who are lost to us forever with the feelings which the heart doth dictate.

Doctor Charlton died, in September, 1835, a victim to his professional zeal, at the age of twenty-nine.

I have not been able to procure the poems which his friends believed to be his best efforts. They were published in some of the journals of the day, and no record of them was preserved by himself. I have been obliged therefore to take the few I could obtain, and to publish them under all the disadvantages attendant on such a course, as specimens of his poetical talent. I do so with the hope that their merit will be appreciated by his kindred spirits; and I submit them, and my own, with these explanations, beseeching the kind reader to charge all errors of omission and commission to that unfortunate scape-goat, "the printer's devil," who has excreised his vocation, in reference to this book, "without let, suit, trouble, hinderance, molestation, or supervision" of the author thereof.

ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

Savannah, Georgia, June, 1839.

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P o e m s,

BY

ROBERT M. CHARLTON,

P O E M S .

POEM,

DELIVERED BEFORE "THE SOUTH CAROLINA ACADEMY OF ART AND DESIGN," AT THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE SOCIETY, ON THE 5TH DAY OF APRIL, 1838.

We meet, kind friends, on this auspicious day,
At learning's shrine our choicest gifts to lay ;
Not with war's trumpet, nor with beat of drum,
Nor yet with shout, or martial strains, we come :
Ah, not for us the warrior's crown is wreathed,
Nor yet for us hath valor's praise been breathed ;—
Ours the meek step that marks the gentle mind,
By science softened, and by arts refined ;
Ours the soft spell that comes to bless and cheer
The weary moments of life's brief career,—
To add a smile to joy, and take from grief a tear.

Not vain our task. We hold the trump of fame,
And give to lofty deeds a deathless name ;

We nerve his arm who strikes in freedom's cause,
And give to wisdom wisdom's best applause ;
When genius droops, or modest worth retires,
Still ours the spell that rouses and inspires ;
The statesman, struggling for his country's good,
The lonely dweller by the lake or wood,
The peerless beauty, in her matchless bower,
The watchful gazer, in his star-lit tower, —
All own our sway, and all confess our power.

And strong indeed must be the mental chain
That links young beauty to our lengthening train ;
She at whose shrine the haughty monarch kneels,
Whose darling charm the lowly peasant feels,
Whose smile can win a guerdon from despair,
And smooth the haggard brow of wrinkled care,
Whose tear can melt the adamant heart,
And bid revenge and all his train depart, —
She comes, with willing steps, a captive to our art.

Ah, well the serpent knew in that sad hour
When *Eve* he tempted in fair Eden's bower, —
Ah, well he knew the charm to win her heart,
And make her steps from virtue's paths depart ;
For thus he whispered : “ Eat, and thou shalt know
All things in realms above and earth below ;
Eat, and then thine will be the noble mind,
No more by earth or worldly things confined ; —
Eat.” And she ate ; and Eden's bowers were lost,
And man hath since by sorrow's waves been tost ;

Yet vainly still, our numbers seek to chide
The erring saint that pleadeth by our side.

Nor only beauty seeks our sacred bower ;
O'er other hearts we claim a kindred power.
The haughty chieftain doffs his lofty crest,
Stills the fierce passions of his throbbing breast,
Divests his form of battle's proud array,
And hither comes, his classic vows to pay.
Behold the hero in his altered mood,
His foes all conquered, and himself subdued :
No blood-stained trophies mark his conquests here,
Nor widow's shriek, nor hapless orphan's tear :
His battles over, and his perils done,
No more he seeks our flowery paths to shun :
A purer fame he hath, — a nobler trophy won.

And see by valor's side, at learning's shrine,
The rev'rend reader of the text divine ;
God's sacred messenger ! man's earthly guide,
Whose own pure life like crystal stream doth glide ;
E'en he disdains not at our school to learn
The arts that gladden, and the " words that burn."
'T is well he comes ; 't is proper he should know
The wond'rous joys that from his Maker flow,
That he may teach the flock he comes to guide,
Why shines yon planet, and why flows yon tide, —
Why falls the leaf, and why descends the rain, —
What made the mountain, and what formed the
plain ;

That he may show God's mercy, and his care
 For every thing in earth, and sea, and air,
 So every humble dweller on this sod
 Might "look through nature up to nature's God."
 Has it not vexed thee, when thy feet have trod
 The holy temple of the living God,
 When, sad in spirit, and perplexed in mind,
 Thou thither went'st, religious hope to find,—
 Has it not vexed thee, in that sacred place
 To hear some preacher, void of sense or grace,
 Expound some thrilling text with thread-bare stuff,
 'Till wounded patience longs to cry "enough?"
 Hast thou not felt, within thy inmost heart,
 That none like this could holy truths impart?
 But ah, what change when thou hast sought the
 shrine
 Where stood the polished and the skilled divine,
 Whose burning eloquence and chaste discourse
 Have cheered thy spirit with their thrilling force,
 Have cleared thy pathway of all doubt and fear,
 And made thy vision clear and still more clear,
 Till heaven hath burst upon thy longing sight,
 And virtue blessed thee with her cheering light!

I know some *men*, (I ne'er saw *woman* so,)
 Within whose veins life's current flows so slow,
 Who have so sadly in their frames combined
 The *vis inertiae* and the stagnant mind,
 That, e'en from infancy to hoary age,
 In vain for them hath nature oped her page;

No noble impulse marks their drone career,
 No gentle smile, no sympathizing tear ;
 Just like the snail through life's dull path they creep,
 Their whole existence but a waking sleep ;
 And, when away life's sluggish stream shall glide,
 This their true epitaph, — “ They *lived*, and *died*.”

Now tell me, gentle hearer, if you can,
 How would you class these specimens of man ?
 I own it beats my philosophic ken,
 Unless I call them *vegetable* men, —
Plants that have *action*, — *locomotive weeds* ;
 And, all unknown life's nobler aims and deeds,
 They sleep, and drink, and eat, just as the oyster
 feeds.

Can this be man, in God's own image made,
 By feelings governed, and by reason swayed !
 Ay, it is *man* ; but, like the rugged stone,
 Which never yet the sculptor's art has known, —
 Unwrought, unpolished ; this much you must own :
 All you can say is, that it is a *stone*.
 So he that labors under folly's ban
 Can ask no higher praise than “ he 's a *man*.”

Yet take this man ; let science teach her lore ;
 Let learning polish his rough surface o'er ;
 Let sweet religion write upon his heart
 The kindest lessons of her heavenly art ;
 Let wisdom point him to her glowing page,
 His doubts diminish, and his fears assuage ;

And, lo! the change that meets your wondering sight!
 His mind now sparkles like the diamond bright;
 He feels the spirit that within him burns;
 From sordid deeds and low delights he turns;
 And virtue leads, and glowing thoughts inspire
 The noble image of his heavenly Sire!

And yet some fool, who ne'er their paths hath won,
 Asks, "But what *good* have arts and science done?"
 What have they done? thou dolt! what have they
not?

Say, who to thee thy being's self hath taught?
 Who showed thee, sir, to navigate the wave,
 And read the mysteries of yon "bright concave?"
 When burning fevers scorch thy aching frame,
 Whose skill assuages and subdues the flame?
 Who aids thy vision, when thy sight grows dim,
 And lends new vigor to thy palsied limb?
 Who forms the statues that around thee stand,
 And with God's temples beautifies the land?
 Whose power hath broken down the bounds of space,
 And outstripped time, in the unequal race,
 And snatched the thunderbolt from Jove's own hand,
 And conquered nature, by her stern command?
 Ask, then, no more what blessings they have done;
These are the trophies that their skill hath won.

Let PAINTING now our noble theme inspire,
 And "fan the embers of poetic fire."

Child of the senses ! daughter of the heart !
We own thy magic, and we love thy art.
'T was thou that shon'st upon the classic Greek,
That mak'st the glowing canvass breathe and speak,
That bring'st to view the forms we hold most dear,
(Ah, long since borne upon their honored bier,)
That tell'st us of the old, the mossy tree,
Where first we wandered in our youthful glee,
Or mind'st us of the soft and rural shade,
Where, with the hearts we loved, we fondly strayed ;
'T is thy kind power that teaches us to trace
The forms and features of another race,
Who, when " red battle " held his wild career,
Stood in his throng, and led the vanguard here.
O, if some master of thy graceful art
Would seize thy pencil, and its hues impart
To the broad canvass, where his skill might trace
The future prospects of fair freedom's race,
And picture discord in his fiendlike form,
His food our hopes, his dwelling-place the storm,
With strife and carnage striding in his train,
Their floating garments crimsoned with the stain
That brother gathered from his brother's vein,
With desolation bringing up the rear,
And famine mocking at the widow's tear, —
O, if some hand would thus depict the wretch,
And all his evils, all his terrors sketch,
Then might thy power his murderous arm arrest,
And thy sweet skill beyond all arts be blest ;

Roused from his sleep, each patriot would dare
To front the traitor in his mad career ;
And this loud shout should rise from freedom's
band, —

“ God save our country, bless our native land ! ”

They 're fading, they 're fading, —
The mem'ries of that hour,
When gallant spirits proudly stood,
And dared the foeman's power ;
The bloody stream, the battle-plain,
Where freedom was enshrined, —
They 're fading, they 're fading,
Forever from our mind.

They 're passing, they 're passing, —
Those bold and aged men,
Who scorned the proud invader's threat,
And hurled it back again ;
Who braved the perils of that day,
The terrors of that night, —
They 're passing, they 're passing,
Forever from our sight.

And must they, and shall they,
Thus droop and die away,
Nor leave a single vestige here
Of all that bloody fray ?
The glory that their battles won,

The blessings that they gave,
O, ever, forever
Be buried in their grave!

O, fling, then, around us
Affection's holy chain,
And let the ties that bound us
Encircle us again;
And through the wide-spread valley,
O'er mountain and o'er moor,
The story of glory
Shall live forevermore.

Daughter of memory! lo, to thee,
An humble votary at thy shrine,
With willing heart and bended knee,
I offer up these gifts of mine;
Sweet *poesy*! ah, could I flee
From earth and all its cares away,
And find a home and rest with thee,
Where beameth hope's refulgent day, —
There, in thy soft, sequestered bower,
Where flows the stream, and buds the flower,
How calmly could I sink to rest,
Thus pillowed on thy gentle breast.
Nymph of the broad and classic brow,
Too much like Eve's fair daughters thou!
When trembling suitor comes to woo,
Thou turnest from his shy embrace,
Yet smilest with thy sweetest grace

On him who doth thy steps pursue.
O, if thou fleest from me *now*,
No more for *me* thou 'lt deck thy brow,
Nor raise again thy syren song,
The heights of Helicon along.

Strike the loud *music* ! let the notes inspire
The patriot's bosom with its wonted fire ;
Strike it again ! and let the softer strain
Enwreath his senses with its magic chain.
Thou sweet enchantress of the hill and grove,
Child of *Mnemosyne* and *Cretan Jove* !
Ah, well we know that thy celestial art
Can mould the passions, and control the heart ;
Can rouse the tempest of the human breast,
Then still its wrath, and lull it into rest.
Here on this happy, this auspicious day,
Ere silence follows on my humble lay,
This passing tribute to thy skill I pay.

Another theme my muse would fain impart ;
'Tis not a *science*, though no doubt an *art*.
It flourished some half century ago ;
Meanwhile its progress has been rather slow ;
But now so wonderful its powers are shown,
It has its influence even on a *stone* !
O, mighty talisman ! magnetic power !
Would I were favored with thy *clairvoyance*,
That I might boldly enter wisdom's bower,

And learn her secrets at a single glance ;
 Or read the meaning of sweet beauty's smile,
 Or view the workings of the human heart,
 (Both undiscoverable as the Nile,
 Unless to those who profit by *thy* art,)
 Or cross the heaving ocean in a trice,
 The price of cotton by the pound inquire,
 Learn all the mysteries of stocks and rice,
 And fill my pockets to my heart's desire.
 O, ye who sway this "magical rapport,"
 Forgive, I pray ye, this poetic sport ;
 Continue still your evidence to give,
 That folks may wonder, and yourselves may — live.
 So shall ye rank among the new mythology,
 Passed by no gods, unless by *thine*, phrenology !

I like not this *phrenology*, —
 This system of unfolding
 The secret of a man's desires
 To every one's beholding.
 Who likes to have his bumps disclosed,
 His secret thoughts discovered,
 And sins, that ever have reposed,
 To each one's gaze uncovered ?

Good *deeds* are nothing to good *bumps*
 But *satyr* to *Hyperion* ;
 The *deed* was accidental quite,
 The *bump* is the criterion.

Should sorrow e'er o'ertake our path,
Alas, who now will harbor us ?
This holding up to mortal wrath,
I think, is truly barbarous.

What need of juror now, I ask, —
Of sage and hoary judges ?
Why put their wisdom to such task,
When all their skill but fudge is ?
Should fifty thousand men declare
They saw the crime committed,
If the *destructive* bump 's not there,
Would sentence be permitted ?

We read in travels of a bird,
In deserts wide a ranger,
Who, when pursued, but hides its head,
And heeds not of the danger.
We all may learn, though we deride,
A lesson by attending ;
What need we fear, if we can hide
The *head* of our offending ?

Thou *bony* mirror of the mind,
Its virtues and its vices,
I own, in' thy *reflective* power,
There 's something that entices ;
The world may now no longer dread
Each knave that strives to trick it,

Since we may read on every *head*
Dame Nature's moral ticket.

But wherefore should I name each gentle art
That wakes the fancy, or that cheers the heart ?
Each, all, some blessing to our lot can bring,
Or take from care its sharp and venom'd sting.
Can we not win from toil and strife *some* hours,
And pass them, gladly, in our classic bowers ?
Ah, what is life, that we should waste its prime
In senseless pleasures, or in burning crime,
Nor cast one thought upon those purer joys,
Worth tens of thousands of such gilded toys ?
We sell our hopes, our happiness, our health,
To gather treasures, and to hoard up wealth ;
The livelong day and half the night we toil
In mammon's temples, for their golden spoil ;
The more we gain, the more our spirits crave,
And lucre's worship ends but with the grave !
Why should this be ? why should we turn away
From learning's altars and from reason's ray ?
Why should we strive a fleeting shade to hold,
Or barter wisdom for that idol, — *gold* ?
O, let such blot no more upon us fall !
Let such vile chains no more our minds enthrall !
Now that our day of lethargy hath past,
And we have roused us from our sloth at last,
With heart and hand together let us strive
To keep the spirit of this hour alive.

Henceforth, let science claim her proper due,
And let our steps her pleasant paths pursue ;
The humblest mind may yet some lesson learn ;
The wisest brain need not her wisdom spurn.
Thus let us live, and when life's closing day
Shall cast its shadows o'er our feeble way,
Still shall we leave a bright and honored name,
Unstained by follies, and unmarked by shame !

What nobler impulse could our hearts inspire ?
What prouder epitaph could man desire ?
Who has not felt, who has not wept, to feel
The sudden changes of life's rapid wheel ?

To-day, young Joy entwines us with his spell,
And "blue-eyed Hope" and Pleasure with us dwell :
No cloud obscures the brightness of our sky ;
No moody phantom flits our vision by ;
No care intrudes upon our sunny path ;
No passion stirs us up to crime or wrath ;
But onward still we hold our proud career,
Our page of life unblotted by a tear ;
While, linked together by affection's chain,
Our hearts in love and happiness remain.
A few more moments scarce have passed away,
A few more hours been added to our day,
And all so lately beautiful and bright,
At sorrow's touch, hath faded into night ;
Link after link is broken from our chain ;
Joy after joy is from our bosoms ta'en ;

And as we view them one by one depart,
And own the chasm in our bleeding heart,
And as we feel the deep, corroding sin,
The crimes, the burning crimes, that lurk within,
Who to his heart will thus refuse to say,
While sadly turning from the scene away, —
“ Ah, well for *him* who leaves an honored name,
Unstained by follies, and unmarked by shame.”

Life! O, what thoughts within our troubled brain
That word can conjure up, for joy or pain!
Behold the dew-drop glittering on the leaf,
Bright with the kisses of a thousand rays,
Nature's sweet tear! and, even in her grief,
Some joys she scatters o'er earth's checkered ways.
No painter's canvass can that drop portray;
Art strives in vain such colors to infuse
As nature pictures, with her own bright ray,
Upon the freshness of her morning dews.
A summer cloud hath passed across the sun;
Zephyr hath breathed above that flowery plain;
And when we turn to gaze once more upon
That beauteous dew-drop, all our search is vain!
See, stretched in slumber on the verdant lawn,
The graceful figure of the gentle fawn, —
A pure and guileless being; one whose life
Hath never known of bloodshed or of strife:
Surely, no fear could make this fond one stray
From this clear stream and verdant lawn away!

A pebble's weight hath dropped upon the tide ;
 A leaf hath fallen rustling by its side ;
 See, they have scared the slumbers of that fawn !
 That sound — that leaf has roused it ; it is gone !
 Alas ! alas ! *man* is that verdant lawn,
 And *life* that dew-drop, — life that timid fawn !

My verse is finished, and my task is o'er ;
 I may not trespass on your patience more.
 Thanks for the courtesy whose kind command
 Hath brought a stranger to your favored land :
 Ah, not a *stranger* ; for, in other years,
 My own loved parents here have wept their tears ;
 One narrow stream divides our sister lands ;
 In battle's hour, one spirit nerved our bands ;
 We light our torches at one common flame ;
 Our laws alike, and all our hopes the same.
 Can we be *strangers* ? shall *Savannah's* tide
 As well our feelings as our lands divide ?
 Have we no ties as strong as those of blood,
 That scorn the boundaries of that narrow flood ?
 Ay, but we have ; and if the storm that lowers
 Shall burst around us in ensanguined showers ;
 If the fair temple that our fathers reared
 By fierce fanatic shall be spoiled and seared ; —
 Still, like the far-famed *Nazarite* of old,
 We to the pillars of the fane will hold ;
 And the same crash that ruin round *us* throws
 Shall deal destruction to our common foes.

Shall this e'er be? Arise, ye mighty dead!
Tell of the battles where your blood was shed;
Point to the wounds that made your country free;
Then ask your children, "Shall this *ever* be?"
Answer, ye freemen! let your voices say,
"Not till the mem'ries of those scenes decay,
Not whilst we yet upon each battle-plain
Can mark the relics of our gallant slain,
Not till a later and a darker day,
Shall *freedom* see her proudest dome decay,
And, gazing on the sad and blighted view,
Breathe her last sigh, 'and weep her last adieu.'"

And now the word our lips regret to tell, —
"The sound that bids us linger yet, — FAREWELL!"

AUTUMN.

I LOVE thee, Autumn! though thy breath
Brings with it misery and pain,
And fell disease and tyrant death
Are found forever in thy train:
Though nature mourns her faded hue,
Though droops each flower o'er hill and plain,
And hopes our youthful spirits knew
Have ceased within our hearts to reign,—
Yet much I love thy placid ray,
The twilight of thy closing day,
Whose beam a soft enchantment throws,
Like smiling infancy's repose.

I love thee, Autumn! spring's fair flowers
And summer's hues may charm the heart;
But rainbow hues and sunny hours,
Alas, like fleeting dreams depart.
So mildly comes thy slow decay,
As if thou mourn'dst the dire command
Which bids thee mar and bear away
The pride and beauty of the land,
That I must love thee, though thy breath
Brings with it misery and pain,
And fell disease and tyrant death
Are found forever in thy train.

CONTENTMENT.

'T WAS *morn*, and sweet nature looked bright
through the tears

That night, in her moments of darkness, had shed,
Like beauty, that loveliest ever appears

In the smile that comes on ere the tear-drop be
fled.

And *this*, I exclaimed, is a picture of life ;

These hours are but types of man's earlier day,
Ere care with its venom, the world with its strife,
Have sullied the brightness of purity's ray.

'T was *noon*, and the dew-drop had fled from the
flower,

And nature looked joyful, and lovely, and bright,
Like the young, smiling bride, in that happiest
hour,

When she comes all her dearest affections to
plight.

O, *this*, I exclaimed, shall be ever my lot ;

No more for the pleasures of childhood I'll sigh ;
Henceforth, let those hours of the past be forgot ;
In life's noon would I live, — in its brightness to
die.

But noon passed away, and the twilight of *eve*
Gave sign of the closing of kind nature's day,
So slowly and sweetly, one scarcely could grieve
For the brightness its shadows had banished away.
O, *this* is the season of joy, then I cried ;
Let me dwell in the shadows of life's closing day,
When the moments so calmly and tranquilly glide,
Ere they vanish forever and ever away.

Each hour hath its pleasures, each moment its cares,
In childhood, and manhood, and tottering age,
Where folly her symbols of ignorance rears,
Where wisdom unfoldeth her loftiest page :
'T is *contentment* that hallows the heart with its boon,
And cheereth it on, in its perilous way,
In life's happy morning, its gay, sunny noon,
Or the shadows that dwell with the close of its day.

TO ———.

BANISH care and grief away ;
This, love, is our wedding-day :
Fate may have much ill in store,
Grief may cloud our pleasures o'er,
Yet *to-day* must no alloy
* Mingle with our mirth and joy.
Banish care and grief away ;
This, love, is our wedding-day.

Think, love, of each happy hour
We have passed 'neath shady bower ;
Think of every dear caress, —
Smiles that used our hearts to bless, —
Hopes that shone through sorrow's night,
Like the beam of morning's light.
Banish care and grief away ;
This, love, is our wedding-day.

Soon before th' assembled band
We must plight both heart and hand ;
Then each ill that may befall,
Comes to *one* and comes to *all* ;

Then the mystic web is spun,
That unites us both in one :
Mingling in one common tide,
Must our hearts' affections glide.

Let no troubled dream of ill
Come to change your purposed will :
Fate may have much care in store,
Grief may cloud our pleasures o'er,
Yet *to-day* must no alloy
Mingle with our mirth and joy.
Banish care and grief away ;
This, love, is our wedding-day.

I LOVE THE GLOOM OF NATURE.

I LOVE the gloom of nature ;
I love to see decay
Come with its stealthy pace, to bear
The charms of youth away ;
The midnight hour,
The sacred bower,
The storm that glitters through the sky,
The flower that opes its sickly bloom
Amid the silence of the tomb,
The thunder of the whirlwind's breath,
The still and solemn hour of death, —
All these love I.

I love the smile of beauty ;
I love the glance she flings,
The spell she twines around her,
Beyond all earthly things ;
The sunny hour,
The fairy bower,
The azure of a cloudless sky,
The flower that sheds its rich perfume
'Mid lovely buds of kindred bloom,

The murmur of the zephyr's wing,
The mild and balmy air of spring, —
All these love I.

I love each work of nature,
Its blossom and decay,
The darkness of its midnight hour,
The brightness of its day ;
For light and shade
Alike were made
By HIM who reigns through earth and sky ;
'T is *He* that bids the flow'ret bloom
Round pleasure's path, o'er beauty's tomb ;
'T is *He* that gives us life and breath ;
'T is *He* that shrouds the heart in death ;
And HIM love I.

TO MARGARET.

As you journey through life, may your pathway be
strewed

With its sweetest, and brightest, and loveliest
flowers,

Nor the keen thorns of sorrow e'er dare to intrude,
As you rest in the midst of love's happiest bowers.

May your dreams be as light

As the breath of the air,

And your young spirit's flight

Be untrammelled by care.

But O, 'midst the joys that encompass thy lot,
Let him who has cheered it be never forgot.

When the days of your beauty, your youth, and
your pride,

Have passed like a vision, no more to return,

And, down with the current of life's ebbing tide,

You haste to your home in eternity's bourne,

May hope's cheering ray

And affection's warm smile

Still beam on your way,

And your anguish beguile,

Till your bark's safely moored in that haven of rest,
Where cares may not linger, nor sorrows infest.

LIFE AND DEATH.

“WHAT is *life*, and what is *death* ?”

Have you seen the morning's ray
Drive the mists of night away ?
Have you seen the flow'ret bloom
O'er the lone and silent tomb ?
Have you seen the moon arise,
Shedding lustre through the skies ?
Have you marked affection's smile
All the cares of earth beguile ?
Have you seen that ray o'ershaded ?
Have you marked that flow'ret faded ?
Bright Diana's orb grow pale ?
Loved affection's favors fail ?
Such is mortal's fleeting breath ;
Such is *life*, and *such* is *death* !

“What is *life*, and what is *death* ?”

Life is like that morning ray,
Chasing doubt and gloom away ;
Life is like that flow'ret's bloom,
Springing o'er misfortune's tomb ;
Life is like that brilliant light,
Shining through affliction's night,

Soothing, like affection's power,
All the pangs of sorrow's hour.
Death's the cloud that comes to shade,—
Comes that blooming flower to fade ;
Comes to change that scene of light
Into sorrow's darkest night ;
Comes, o'er human hopes to lower,
Blighting dear affection's power.
Such is mortal's fleeting breath ;
Such is *life*, and *such* is *death* !

“ What is life, and what is death ? ”
Can you seize the fleeting shade ?
Can you win the fickle maid ?
Can you, for a single hour,
Hold old Time within your power ?
Can you grasp the phantom's form ?
Can you quell the raging storm ?
Life is like that fleeting shade,
Phantom form, and fickle maid ;
Like the hour that glideth by,
When the friends we love are nigh.
Death is like that raging storm,
Blasting hope and beauty's form.
Such is mortal's fleeting breath ;
Such is *life*, and *such* is *death* !

TO A LADY

ON HER WEDDING-DAY, WITH A PEARL AND DIAMOND RING.

DEAR Mary, in this happy hour,
Ere cares can vex, or sorrows lower
Upon the bright and sunny ray
That ushers in thy bridal day,
O, take the wishes of a friend,
That hope and joy their charms may blend,
To keep thee from the pangs of strife,
And crown with love thy wedded life.

Accept this gift, and may it be
The type of future life to thee ;
May pleasure o'er thy pathway fling
Its joyous spell — its magic ring,
Within whose circle pain and care,
And wizard sorrow, may not dare ;
And like the *pearl*, whose peerless white
Is circled round the *diamond* bright,
So may thy life be checkered here
With all that's bright, and all that's fair.
In youth's gay hour, and when decay
Hath come to bear that youth away, —

'Mid spring-tide flowers, and when the blast
Of winter o'er their bloom hath past, —
In every age and every hour,
May love and virtue be thy dower,
And life its choicest blessings pour :
Dear Mary ! can I wish thee *more* ?

TO MY FIRST-BORN.

My bright little one ! who, that looks at thy form,
So radiant with beauty, so beaming with joy,
Would think that the wrath of the pitiless storm
So soon would come o'er thee, thy hopes to
destroy ?

Thy hours are a round of enjoyment and glee, —
A circle of pleasure, and laughter, and joy ;
But soon with the wings of life's morning they 'll flee,
And leave thee deserted yet, Peter, my boy !

The world's like a cloud that the sun shines upon,
That's clad in each brilliant and beautiful hue ;
And ere yet the ray that has decked it is gone,
'Tis bright as a vision of hope to the view ;
But, soon as that orb has sunk down in the west,
No more does that cloud wear the symbol of joy.
So fade all the pleasures of life from the breast,
And leave us in darkness then, Peter, my boy !

The joys that delight thee, the friends of thy heart,
The playmates that round thee their gambols
display,
Like the bright hues of summer, will quickly depart,
And vanish forever and ever away.

But long may thy heart be a stranger to care,
To gloomy affliction and sorrow's alloy,
And thy days be as cloudless, and merry, and fair,
As thy father could wish them, O Peter, my boy!

ODE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF SAVANNAH, ON THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF OGLETHORPE ON THE SHORE OF GEORGIA, 12TH FEBRUARY, 1833.

WHY meet we here to-day ?

Why float our banners free ?

Why beams forth beauty's brightest ray,

To greet the soldier on his way,

On this our jubilee ?

Why have the gallant and the fair

Convened with joyous feelings here ?

O, is it not that they may raise

An altar of eternal praise ?

O, is it not that they may trace

The footsteps of time's rapid race,

And soar on fancy's airy flight,

Back to those scenes of moral night,

When savage strife and fell despair

Upreared their crimson signals *here* ?

Hushed is that strife ; that sign no more

Is seen on this our happy shore.

Here, where the heathen built his home,

Now swells religion's ample dome ;

And *here*, where they were wont to rear
The marks of superstitious fear,
And crouch beneath an idol's rod,
Now stand the temples of *our* GOD!

How changed the scene! the wand of time
Hath touched with light this sunny clime:
Where frowned the lofty forest pine,
The social ties of life entwine;
Where folly held her id'le sway,
Now wisdom sheds her kindest ray;
Where stood the wild, uncultured spot, —
Now by the hand of labor wrought, —
Where once were seen the council fires,
A city lifts her lofty spires;
In place of desolation's reign,
We see a fair and verdant plain;
And 'stead of folly's vacant stare,
The sparkling eyes that greet us *here*.

Is there a heart so dead to pride,
That swells not with affection's tide,
That owns not honest feeling's sway,
On *this* our own *centennial* day?
Is not each spot, each object *here*,
To every thought to mem'ry dear?
Have we not lingered by the side
Of fair *Savannah's* rolling tide,

When pleasure glittered o'er our way,
In merry childhood's holyday ?
Where yonder monuments appear,
Sleep not our fathers' spirits there ?
O, if there be on earth a spot
That ne'er by us should be forgot,
'Tis where our river's waters lave
Our childhood's home, — our future grave.

O GOD! shall ruin's hand again
Despoil the city and the plain ?
Shall time convert this scene of light
To desolation's darkest night ?
The hearts that now with hope beat high,
The smiles that reign in beauty's eye,
The hours that now so gently glide,
Be lost in dark oblivion's tide ?
Since such is fate's unmoved decree,
And such our changeless lot must be,
Teach us to pass through sorrow's night,
With virtue for our beacon-light ;
To 'scape from guilt's enticing snare ;
To shun the shoals of grief and care ;
From all temptation's wiles to flee ;
And live for *home*, for *hope*, for *THEE* !

FREEMEN ! our ranks have met to-day,
With martial pomp and war's array ;

Yet peace and plenty o'er our plain
Together hold their joyous reign ;
But, should war's clarion resound,
And here, on this our cherished ground,
Should hostile footsteps dare invade,
Let every freeman bare his blade,
His shout of bold defiance cast,
Unfurl his banner to the blast,
 And let it proudly wave ;
“ *For home !* ” be our avenging cry ;—
Home, where our cherished feelings lie,
Where pleasure rocked our lullaby,
 Where fate hath made our grave !

FAREWELL TO THE SEA.

THOU element of endless strife,
With every odious creature rife,
Where madmen lead a *rolling* life,
Farewell! a long adieu!
The earth may turn to burnished gold,
The old grow young, and heat be cold;
These miracles shall *all* be told,
Ere I again see you.

THE SEA! O, what a word is there!
The plague, and famine, death, despair,
All ills to which mankind is heir,
Are nothing to its sound;
Where countless fiends, in watery form,
Make close alliance with the storm,
And rack poor mortals' aching form
With everlasting bound.

The Greeks — those Cherokees of old —
Have held that, when this form grew cold,
The soul some other shape was rolled, —
A kind of living grave:
O, grant me *this*, ye powers on high,
That when this frame of mine shall die,
Turn me to earth, or air, or sky,
But keep me from the *wave*.

Like *Tantalus*, let me be cursed
With burning, everlasting thirst ;
Make me the vilest shape, or worst
 That gods or man can frame ;
Let me be broiled with molten lead ;
Heap hills of ice upon my head ; —
These would be mercy to the dead,
 To *that* which I could name.

Great Jove ! if all my wits should flee,
And I again should tempt the sea,
O make, for mankind's sake, make me
 Example to the earth ;
Let me be tumbled by the gale,
Made cousin-german to the whale,
To roam through ocean's hill and dale
 Of everlasting dearth.

Thou element of endless strife,
With every odious creature rife,
Where madmen lead a rolling life,
 A long, a last adieu !
'The earth may turn to burnished gold,
The old grow young, and heat be cold ;
But *all* these things shall first be told,
 Ere I again see you.

1833.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

RIVER! whose varied scenes display
All that is dark, with all that's gay,
Where, mingled with thy water's foam,
The brilliant rainbows make their home,
And lovely flow'rets lend their bloom
To cheer thy mild and solemn gloom ;
Whose changing aspect doth unite
With pleasure, care — with fear, delight ;—
O, is not all thy peace and strife
But typical of human life ?

And, first, thy happy waters glide,
With current smooth, and gentle tide ;
And so doth man's, ere sorrows lower
Upon the calm of childhood's hour ;
But soon thou goest on thy course,
With headlong speed and rapid force ;
And *thus* do youthful feelings bound,
While pleasure lights the way around ;
Then, madly rushing o'er the steep,
Thy waters mingle with the deep,

'Till, meeting with the verdant plain,
They flow with gentle tide again ;
And thus, when youthful hours have past,
And manhood's passions come at last,
So 't is they hold their mad career
O'er the wild rocks of guilt and care,
'Till age comes creeping through each vein,
And gently flows life's tide again.

River of strife ! where foams thy wave,
I'd gladly make my early grave.
Ere fade my brightest joys away,
Ere friends grow false, and hopes decay,
I'd gladly yield my fleeting life
Amid thy angry waters' strife ;
So linked my name thenceforth should be
With immortality and *thee* !
O, who would wish to let the worm
Batten upon his living form,
When he might cast his cares away
Beneath thy everlasting spray !

It may not be ; the hand of *God*
Wields both the blessing and the rod ;
And he, in his good time, will still
The raging storms of grief and ill.

Then take, whilst I can break thy spell,
My first, my last, my lingering, sad farewell !
1833.

TO MARGARET.

LET me live in thy thoughts,—let me ever be there,
Amid darkness and brightness, in pleasure and care ;
When spring doth her loveliest blossoms unfold,
When summer is bright with his colors of gold,
When autumn is fading, and winter is near,
Let me live in thy thoughts,—let me ever be there.

Let me live in thy thoughts,—let me ever be there,
'Mid the smiles of delight, or the frowns of despair ;
When love sheds around thee his happiest spell,
When with thee the shadows of misery dwell,
When danger spreads o'er thee its deadliest snare,
Let me live in thy thoughts,—let me ever be there.

Let me live in thy thoughts,—let me ever be there,
And with thee thy grief and thy happiness share ;
When youth's bounding current flows on through
 each vein,
When age all the charms of thy beauty hath ta'en,
'Till death from thy heart doth my memory tear,
Let me live in thy thoughts,—let me ever be there.

1833.

ODE,

DELIVERED ON BOARD THE SHIP CONSTITUTION, IN THE PORT OF SAVANNAH, TO THE "UNION AND STATE RIGHTS ASSOCIATION OF THE COUNTY OF CHATHAM," ON THE 11TH OF OCTOBER, 1834.

WHAT means this gay assemblage here, —
These joyous shouts, this cheering sound ?
Why do the happy feelings bound,
Unshackled by the grasp of care ?
Why come the "imbecile and grey,"
To mingle in these scenes to-day ?
Is it the birth-day of our land ?
Is it the hour when freedom's hand
Tore down the standard of despair,
And reared her own bright banner here ?

No! that hath past : but here, to-day,
We come a sacred debt to pay ;
We come with cheerful hearts to greet
The patriot souls that here we meet ;
To speak of dangers haply past ;
To raise our heartfelt thanks again,
That still o'er *Georgia's* hill and plain
Yet floateth proudly to the blast
Our country's flag, as bright and fair,
As when dear freedom placed it here.

We come, with holy zeal, to swear
 That no rude hand shall ever tear
 A single star that shineth there ;
 But we the treasure will defend,
 Whilst strength shall last, 'till life shall end.

What better altar could we rear,
 Than *that* which greets our vision here ?
 What more befitting spot to pay
 Our thanks, than where we meet to-day ?
 The CONSTITUTION of the *land*
 Is still the rock on which we stand ;
 But yet, with unchanged faith, may we
 Rest on (with conscience pure and free)
 The CONSTITUTION of the *sea*.

We float not with uncertain tide,
 Nor yet on angry billows ride :
 No stormy winds are here to force
 Our vessel on her devious course ;
 But safely moored in our dear home,
 Though winds may howl, and billows foam,
 Still shall the anchor of our faith
 Protect us from their direst wrath.
 Our PILOT, — *he* whose steady hand
 Hath saved our vessel from the strand,
 From all CONSOLIDATION'S rocks,
 And angry NULLIFYING shocks, —
 Our FLAG, — the emblem of our land ; —
 Our *crew*, — the *Union's* chosen band ; —

With these we will all power defy ;
With these we 'll conquer, or we 'll die.

Our hearts are glad, but yet doth care
Commingle with our gladness here :
We would that we could stand again,
O'er hill and mountain, moor and plain,
Without this curse of bitter strife,
To vex the current of our life ;
We would that all this toil would cease,
This wasting war be changed to peace ; —
Then might affection's holy band
Clasp round the chosen of our land.
“ The battle is over, over, over, —
The battle is over — the victory 's won !
There are tears for the fallen, fallen, fallen, —
But glory to those who their duty have done ! ”

And now, ere yet we say farewell,
Once more our ardent vows we 'll tell :
We swear, that, 'till our life shall end,
Whilst *one* remains of all our band,
With utmost vigor we 'll defend
Our flag, OUR UNION, and *our land* !
May HE, to whom all spirits bow,
Record and bless the holy vow.

SPRING.

“ O, the Spring, the bountiful Spring !
It shineth and smileth on every thing.”

I LOVE not *Spring*: I cannot bear
This kind of fickle woman-weather,
This mingling up of smile and tear,
And “ ne’er the same an hour together.”
One moment, and its sunny ray
Is shining, bright as hope, before you ;
The next, and ere you cross the way,
’T is raining, like the mischief, o’er you.

I love not *Spring* : its “ blooming flowers ”
Are very well for poets’ verses ;
But he that feels its “ sunny showers,”
Is apt, in prose, to vent his curses.
Give me that season of the year,
When nature, more sedate, reposes :
Can man life’s ills more calmly bear,
Because they ’re felt “ among the roses ? ”

I love not *Spring* : though with it come
The *swallows* from their winter station,
And then is heard the ceaseless hum
Of all the insect generation,

I'd rather have a cheering fire,
A bottle of old wine before me :
Such swallows I much more admire,
Than *those* which now are flying o'er me.

I love not *Spring* : you search in vain
The market through, to find a dinner,
And scarce are able to obtain
Enough to feast "a young beginner."
Let maudlin misses long to see
The charms of this "delightful season :"
Such charms, I must confess, to me,
Are surely any thing but *pleasing*.
1835.

THINGS THAT I HATE.

“What men be those that knock?”

“Livery men, sir.”

“What livery do they wear?”

“*Dun-colored*, sir.”

“Bid them begone! tell them I’ve lately died;

Put down the bolts and bars, and keep them out:

I hate the color.”

OLD PLAY.

I HATE *a dun*! I’d rather see

The devil in his blackest form,

Than be thus doomed, eternally,

To brave this awful human storm.

One cannot wear the coat he buys

Through kindness to the scoundrel trade,

But some ungrateful rascal tries

To hint “the bill has not been paid.”

I hate *a bill*! it brings to mind

Some things one might as well forget;

And, really, ’t is most unkind

To ope such sources of regret.

If men would by *my* sayings go,

I’d stop this vile, malicious play:

Rather than pay up what I owe,

I’d see the evil *done away*.

I hate all ministers *of law*, —
Attorneys, sheriffs, judges, clerks :
Their mode of bringing men “ *to law* ”
Is like the bow-string of the Turks.
I’ve often thought, when Egypt’s land
Had sundry plagues to vex it sent,
A swarm from this ungodly band
Would soon have made it penitent.

I hate a life of guilt and shame ;
A life of toil I hate still worse ;
I hate a sour and crabbed dame,
A northeast wind, and empty purse ;
A dunner in the month of June ;
(Lo, whilst I’m writing, here is one :
'Tis time, then, that I cease my tune,
And since he’s *dunning*, I am *done*.)
1835.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE 4TH OF JULY, 1835.

Is this not Freedom's brightest day ?
O, is it not the day and hour,
When, bursting from despotic power,
Our father's signed the bold decree,
That said, " our native land is free ? "
Then thousands echoed back the strain,
From hill and valley, moor and plain ;
Then up our country's banners rose,
In proud defiance of her foes ;
Then gathered there that gallant band,
To guard with love their " father land ; "
Then came the young, the aged, all,
For it to stand — for it to fall ;
And *this* the watch-word of the free, —
" Our GOD, — our *home*, — our LIBERTY ! "

Behold that field of strife ; 't is there
That freemen war for all that's dear ;
See how COLUMBIA'S sons advance !
No gorgeous panoply is here ;
Unbought by gold, unawed by fear,
They come their lives and hopes to chance ;

They come their native land to save,
Or find a freeman's honored grave ;
To guard it from the foeman's spoil,
Or leave their heart's blood on its soil.

See, how they mingle in the fight,
 With furious zeal, yet feeble power :
God of our fathers, shield the right,
 And keep them in this awful hour !
They strike, that they may worship thee
With hearts unbound, and spirits free :
O, let not tyranny's dark chain
Be wound around their hearts again !
In vain the prayer, — no zeal may stand
'Gainst the wild fury of that band ;
Once more the tyrant's yoke shall bind,
In servile bonds, the gallant mind,
And liberty, in mute despair,
Sit mourning o'er her children there !
They fail, they fall, they sink, they yield ;
God ! in thy mercy, cast thy shield ;
Not yet too late may come the blow,
That frees them from the invading foe !
That blow is struck, the deed is done,
The fight is o'er, the victory won.
No longer there our heroes stoop,
No more our country's banners droop :
They stand, like Moses' brazen rod,
Uplifted by the hand of God,

That he who gazes on their stars
May prove unmindful of his scars ; —
They stand, by heaven's own breezes fanned,
O, may they thus forever stand,
The pride and glory of our land !

And who is he, that, midst the strife,
Hath periled his most valued life ?
Who, where the battle fiercest raged,
And foe with foe the conflict waged,
Was foremost in the throng ?
To *him* let praise belong ;
To *him*, who, when the battle tide
Was ebbing from the righteous side,
Thus made his war-cry reach the skies :
“ Curse on the traitor soul that flies ;
'T is glory, 't is your country calls,
And God shall honor him that falls :
Come on ; 't is better here to die,
Than basely from such death to fly : ”
To *him*, the leader of that band,
The saviour of this happy land,
To *him*, Columbia's noblest son, —
The great, the glorious WASHINGTON !

The trump of war hath ceased to sound ;
No more on freedom's hallowed ground
The foemen's feet invade :
Now let the clarion tongue of fame
Reëcho every gallant name,

That in the hour of danger came,
Their country's cause to aid :
Let honor, glory, praise, be theirs,
A nation's thanks, a nation's prayers.

This for the *living*, — but the *dead*,
Who for their native country bled,
Who for fair freedom fell !
What monument shall freemen raise,
To speak their warm, their boundless praise,
Their heartfelt thanks to tell ?
What voice shall reach “ death's dull cold ear,”
What sound shall wake the sleepers there,
Within its narrow cell ?

The dead ! ah, they can *never* die ;
The worm may banquet on the form
That fell beneath the battle storm ;
And it may change, as all things must,
“ Earth unto earth, and dust to dust ; ”
But neither worm nor dust control
The flight of the immortal soul,
Whose home is made on high.
What monument ! behold it *here* ;
A living monument we rear, —
A changing, though a changeless one,
From father handed down to son, —
A tablet, nothing can efface,
Till falls the last of freedom's race, —
The tablet of the heart !

Once more upon our happy shore
Was heard the cannon's angry roar ;
Once more the invader's footsteps came ;
Once more is kindled up the flame,
The patriot flame, that ne'er may cease
Till come the halcyon days of peace.
Again the war's impetuous flood
Hath stained our country's soil with blood ;
Once more, upon the land and sea,
Floats high the signal of the free, —
 The banner of the brave !
 Woe to the traitor knave,
Columbia's base, degen'rate son,
That yields the boon his fathers won.
Ill fate the foemen's ranks betide,
Who gather in their pomp of pride,
Where flows the Mississippi's tide,
Where its wild water's swiftly glide ;
For pain, and death, and dark despair,
Sit hov'ring o'er their legions there.
Another chieftain leads our band,
Another hero guards our land,
 Like him of old,
 Intrepid, bold,
Whose " lion heart and eagle eye "
May well the hostile hosts defy.
What different motives urge the foes !
For "*booty*," these, — " our country," those.

O, heard ye not the foeman's vow ?
“ Ere yet hath passed another sun,
The battle shall be fought and won :
Beauty her blessings shall bestow ;
For us the streams of joy shall flow ;
And ours shall be the fate to live
With all the charms that life can give.”
Another day hath winged its flight
To regions of eternal night :

Where are those foemen now ?
Vain boaster ! what is now thy doom ?
A bloody death, a shroudless tomb,
A captive's weary lot !
The storm of war did o'er thee lower,
And fallen is thy pride of power,
Thy former fame forgot !
The hour thou gav'st to joy hath past,
And 't was thy darkest, and thy last.

Father of life ! 't was thine, the power
That kept us in the battle hour :

Once more thy love bestow ;
Preserve this great, this happy land,
From discord's ills and faction's band,
From famine, war, and woe,
And let its sons forever be
United, glorious, and free :
And thus shall grateful freemen raise
The anthem of eternal praise.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

I LOVE the stream that floweth
Amid the desert waste,
Where the dark pilgrim goeth,
With joyous, eager haste :
It flows to tell the trav'ler there,
Of other climes, more bright and fair,
Where glide those gentle streams above,—
The fountains of eternal love.

And like that stream is woman's charm :
It cheers the desert waste of life,
It soothes the bosom's wild alarm,
And calms the burning brow of strife :
It flows when man each blessing knows,
And still mid life's dark ills it flows.

I love the smile that beameth
In sad affliction's hour,
When life a desert seemeth,
And sorrows darkly lower :
It beams to cheer the weary heart,
To bid the shades of care depart,
And, like the rainbow in the sky,
To tell that brighter hours are nigh.

And like that smile is woman's form,
 In pain and danger ever near ;
And, through the sunshine and the storm,
 Its presence can forever cheer :
It cheers when joy's bright beams are shed,
It cheers when hope itself is dead.

I love the flower that bloometh
 Above the silent tomb,
Where death's cold worm consumeth
 Man's beauty and his bloom :
It blooms to keep the mourner there,
From all the pangs of deep despair ;
To tell that man's best hopes are given
To bud on earth, and bloom in heaven.
And like that flower is woman's love :
 No sorrow can its freshness blight ;
It blooms e'en death's cold form above,
 In misery's deepest, darkest night ;
It blooms when joys the bosom fill ;
'Mid care's worst pang it blossoms still.
1835.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD.

“AND we found a tradition among them, that, after death, the body was judged by the dead, and that, if its evil deeds preponderated over its good actions, the soul was condemned to wander eternally, and the body to have no rest within its grave.”

TRAVELS IN THE WEST.

I.

'T IS the midnight hour,
And the lonely flower
Opens and blooms in its silent bower ;
And the cares of life,
And its pains and strife,
Have ceased o'er the human heart to lower ;
And slumber hath given the passions rest,
And hushed are the griefs of the human breast.

II.

'T is the midnight's gloom,
And from grave and tomb
The spirits have rushed to the fearful doom ;
A voice hath gone o'er the bounding waves,
And wakened the dead in their hidden caves ;
A sound hath past o'er the wide-spread land,
And its bosom hath op'd at the dire command ;
For a soul from its body hath ta'en its flight,
And it comes to be judged by the dead to-night.

III.

The maiden hath come from her early tomb,
 With the worm that batted upon her bloom, —
 And the babe, that died on its mother's breast,
 When her arms of love were round it prest, —
 And the matron, over whose honored pall
 The tears of a grateful offspring fall, —
 And he, who, in manhood's vigorous prime,
 Fell 'neath the withering blow of crime, —
 And the aged father, whose hoary locks
 Grew thinner beneath time's blighting slocks,
 Till the angel of death cut the feeble thread,
 And they droop in the grave, with the countless
 dead.

IV.

The felon hath come from his bed of shame,
 With him who hath boasted a spotless name ;
 And the spirit that fled from the dungeon cell,
 With him who in battle's wild clamor fell ;
 And the wanderer hies from his distant grave,
 And clad in his fetters, oppression's slave, —
 Those fetters that still to the body clung,
 Though the soul far away had their bondage flung ;
 And the beggar hath come from his shroudless tomb,
 And the king from the depth of his gorgeous cell ; —
 And together they stand in that fearful gloom,
 Upreared by the sound of that warning knell ;
 And from sea and land, and far and near,
 See how they hasten in numbers there !

V.

From the depth of the lofty forest's gloom,
 Where the sweet rose is shedding its rich perfume ;
 From the barren sands of the ocean's shore,
 Where the wild waves are dashing with angry roar ;
 From the midst of the city's busy hum,—
 In countless numbers, they come, they come.
 Linked hand in hand
 Is that ghostly band,
 And o'er the new-made grave they stand :
 Not a sign of life is there,
 Not a breath disturbs the air.
 The cricket hath hushed its chirping sound,
 And the toad hath hied from the haunted ground ;
 The bird of night
 Hath ceased its flight,
 And hurried away in its wild affright ;
 The bat on the wings of haste hath sped,
 And none are there but the countless dead.
 Over the grave
 Where the flowerets wave,
 The spirits are holding their dark conclave ;
 The earth hath op'd, and the buried dead
 Stands in the midst of their circle dread ;
 For he may not rest in the peaceful tomb,
 Till the spirits have uttered his final doom.

VI.

Hath he ta'en from the widow's scanty store ;
 Hath he spurned from his dwelling the humble poor ;

Hath he turned from the faith of his sires of old,
 Or bowed at the shrine of the idol gold ;
 Do his hands bear the mark of the crimson stain,
 That hath flowed from the stream of his brother's
 vein ;

Hath he broken the hope of the trusting maid,
 Hath his heart from the vow it hath plighted
 strayed ;

Hath he blackened the snow of his neighbor's fame,
 Or covered his grave with the felon's shame ? —

Woe to him now, if such deadly sin

Be found to have lurked in his breast within !

His spirit shall howl o'er the boundless wave,
 With the damned fiends of the midnight storm ;

And his body shall toss in its sleepless grave,
 And the worm shall shrink from his wasted form ;

And legions of devils shall nightly tread

O'er the hated grave of the sinful dead.

VII.

The spirit hath heard its final doom,

And its body may rest in its peaceful tomb ;

Away, away, through the mists of night,

The spectres are taking their airy flight ;

Down, and down, through the opening wave,

The body hath gone to its slimy grave,

And the fiends of the deep for its form make room,

As it sinks to the depths of the cavern's gloom ;

And away hath hurried the cold death-worm,

That hath made its home in the maiden's form ;

And the babe hath gone to its rest once more,
 And the wanderer fled to the distant shore,
 To sleep again in the lonely grave,
 'Mid the lullaby of the dashing wave ;
 And the beggar hath hied to his shroudless tomb,
 And the king hath gone to his gorgeous cell ;
 And hushed is the sound of that awful knell,
 That had summoned them up to that midnight
 doom.

VIII.

And the moonlit ray
 That had shrunk away,
 In the fearful gloom of that wild dismay,
 Glistens again,
 O'er the tranquil plain,
 Sweeter by far than the glare of day ;
 And the cricket uplifteth his cheerful voice,
 And the bats at the merry sound rejoice ;
 And the bird of night,
 In the pale moonlight,
 Flutters again in its circling flight ;
 And the toad hath stole
 From its rocky hole ;
 For vanished and gone are that spectral train,
 And nature looks lovely and bright again.

1835.

THE WISH.

“What would'st thou have thy heart like, sirrah?”

“Marry, good mistress, not like thine; like a tablet, that thou might'st write thy will upon it; like a garden, where the flowers might bloom, and the weeds perish; like a stream, a woodland mirror, that thou might'st see thyself, and be more merciful.”

O, I would that my heart were a tablet fair,
Where beauty her lines of love might trace,
And all that was written in sorrow there,
The hand of pleasure should soon efface;
Where joy might pencil his own bright form,
By virtue governed, by wisdom taught;
And vain were the work of the canker-worm,
O'er the brilliant hues that their skill had wrought.

O, I would that my heart were a garden mild,
Where life's sweet flow'rets might blossom fair,
By the weeds of misfortune undefiled,
Unchilled by the blighting frosts of care;
Where pity her gentle dew might shed,
To sparkle 'neath hope's enchanting ray,
And grief's rude footstep should lightly tread
O'er the blooming path of affection's way.

O, I would that my heart were a limpid stream,
That floweth its verdant banks between,
That wooeth the kiss of the sun's warm beam,
And wantons awhile in the chaste moon's sheen ;
That she for whom my bosom sighs,
Might learn the cause of its deep despair,
As she caught the gleam of those brilliant eyes,
And gazed on her own bright image there.
1835.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

LET our flag be flung to the wild wind free,
Let it float o'er our "father land,"
And the guards of its spotless fame shall be
COLUMBIA'S chosen band.
It has waved o'er the field of blood and strife,
It has stood through the battle storm,
It has been to the living a sign of life,
And a shroud to the hero's form ;
And where'er is seen its spangled wreath,
There are freemen's hearts that throb beneath.

Let its folds be flung to the wild wind free,
And untouched by dishonor's stain ;
It shall wave in pride o'er the briny sea,
O'er each hill, and moor, and plain.
Shall a star from its azure field grow dim,
Shall a single glory fade,
Nor bring the traitor's doom to him
Who the change of ill hath made ?
Honor to those who its fame would save ;
To its foemen's ranks, the felon's grave.
1835.

TO MELANCHOLY.

I LOVE thee, Melancholy ! not for me
Shall pleasure deck her shrine, and mirth's loud
 note
Shall fall unheeded on my listless ear,
And joy in vain shall wear his witching smile,
Nor hope's bright beacon, nor affection's charm,
Shall lure me from thy fane.

Can mirthful sound
Awake the dead ? Can pleasure's hand restore
The lost, the loved, the much lamented one ?
Can joy give back the pleasures of the past ?
Can hope, that shines deceitful, e'er beguile
The heart, whose treasure in the grave lies hid ?
And even thou, affection ! thou whose tear
Is dearer than Arabia's healing balm
To the sick spirit, canst thou cheer the heart
Of him who mourneth thee ?

Alas for man !
How quickly comes the mildew of despair,
To blight the freshness of his early youth,
When, trampled 'neath the heavy tread of grief,

His joys lie prostrate, and the beam of hope
That gilds the future with deceptive hues,
Can cast no brightness o'er the dreary waste
Of by-gone time : the past is memory's own,
And when it tells of ties now snapped in twain,
Of happy moments clouded now by death,
Hope, love, and pleasure, all alike are vain.

I love thee, Melancholy ! let the heart
That ne'er hath answered at affliction's call,
Despise thy solemn garb ; thou com'st to me
When all the other passions of the soul
Have fled forever ; thou, and thou alone,
Now cleavest to the ruin of my name ;
And, though thou bringest sorrow, not in vain
Dost thou inflict it : like the faithful nurse,
Who hovers round the sick bed of her hope,
And gives the nauseous draught, the hateful drug,
To him her soul adoreth, so that health
May renovate once more his drooping frame, —
Even thus, the pain thy hand inflicteth ; that
The stricken soul new vigor may imbibe,
To cast away this world's enfeebling ills,
Ere yet it comes, (its latest pilgrimage,)
With trembling steps, before the living God.

1835.

RUTH TO NAOMI.

O TELL me not to leave thee,
Ask me not here to stay ;
When dire misfortunes grieve thee,
I would not be away ;
Where'er thy footstep goeth,
That path shall too be mine,
And HE thy spirit knoweth,
Shall bind me to his shrine.

The storms that gather round thee .
Shall hurt not thee alone,
And when pale care hath found thee,
That care shall be mine own :
Thy people shall become my race ;
My fate is linked with thine ;
Thy home shall be my dwelling-place,
And e'en thy grave be mine.

1835.

TO THE RIVER OGEECHEE.

O WAVE, that glidest swiftly
On thy bright and happy way,
From the morning until evening,
And from twilight until day,
Why leapest thou so joyously
Whilst coldly on thy shore,
Sleeps the noble and the gallant heart,
For aye and evermore ?

Or dost thou weep, O river,
And is this bounding wave,
But the tear thy bosom sheddeth
As a tribute o'er his grave ?
And when, in midnight's darkness,
The winds above thee moan,
Are they mourning for our sorrows,
Do they sigh for him that 's gone ?

Keep back thy tears, then, river,
Or, if they must be shed,
Let them flow but for the living :
They 're needless for the dead.

His soul shall dwell in glory,
Where bounds a brighter wave,
But our pleasures, with his troubles,
Are buried in the grave.

1835.

THE ROSE OF THE TOMB.

“I remember to have heard of a Hanoverian Chorister, who, having lost by an early death the young village girl to whom he was betrothed, carved upon her tomb a rose-bud broken on its stem, with the words beneath, ‘C’est ainsi qu’ elle fût.’”

MISS LONDON.

EMBLEM of her whose bloom,
Like thine, hath past away,
By fate’s unchanging doom,
Condemned to swift decay,
What hand hath carved thee here,
To wake the fiend, despair?

Art thou the type of life?
Is beauty but the flower
That fades ’neath passions’ strife,
And droops when sorrows lower?
Is this her bridal bed
O flow’ret of the dead?

Thy broken stem doth say,
Thy withered leaf replies,—
“Thus man’s best joys decay,
Thus hope’s enchantment dies;

And beauty's richest dower
But passeth like the flower."

O THOU who rul'st on high,
Be mine the path that guides
To joys that never die,
Where holy peace presides ;
And welcome be the hour
Thy emblem marks, O flower !
1835.

LIFE'S LAST HOUR.

HAST thou ever watched, at the "noon of night,"
By the death-bed side of one most dear,
Ere the struggling spirit hath ta'en its flight
To a land more bright and fair ?
Hast thou felt the fond hand clasped in thine,
Answer thy grasp with a feebler power,
And the eye, that was wont in joy to shine,
Grow dim with the passing hour ? —
Hast thou known all this, nor felt how vain
Was this fleeting hour of pain ?

If it has been thy lot to mark
That hour of change, from life to death ;
To watch the fading, dying spark ;
To catch the fleeting breath ;
To see the shadows of the grave
Circle the noble and the brave ;
The life-blood to the heart retreat ;
The throbbing artery cease to beat ;
The eye, that love doth still upraise
To meet thy wild, despairing gaze,
Glance like the meteor light, then die,
As fades that brightness from the sky ;

And, ere the lip in silence fell,
Hast bent to catch the whispered word,
And fondly hoped that you have heard
The last adieu, the fond farewell,
Ere yet the spirit fled from him
Whose pallid hue and stiff'ning limb
Now warn you that *that* hour hath past,
That hour, the darkest and the *last*,
Of mortal agony and strife,
Of pain, of sorrow, and of life ; —
If this has been thy lot to bear,
Then hast thou learnt to know despair.

O, is there power in pleasure's stream
To drown the thought of that sad dream ?
Shall time bring healing on his wing ;
Shall kind oblivion ever fling
Its shadow that dark moment o'er,
And bid thee feel its pang no more ?
Poor mortal ! let not hope beguile
Thy fond heart with her witching smile,
When love his bright throne doth uprear,
And joy unfurls his banner fair,
And jocund glee and sportive mirth
Are heard around the social hearth :
Amid the glittering show of wealth,
The buoyant step of ruddy health,
In mad ambition's wild career,
When honors wait thy coming there, —

That bitter thought will o'er thee steal,
The fountains of delight to seal,
And mem'ry's cloud still darkly lower,
'Till comes thy own, thy *life's last hour*.

1836.

WHY FADES THE FLOWER ?

WHY fades the flower,
The beauteous flower, that morning's beam
Called forth to deck the verdant bower,
And blossom for its little hour,
O'er rock and stream ?
O man, it fades that thou may'st see
That even nature's charms must flee ;
That though thy hopes awhile may bloom,
Yet soon the coffin and the tomb
Shall end thy dream.

Why falls the star,
The beaming star that greets thy sight,
That *God's* own hand hath placed afar,
To point to joys time cannot mar,
In realms of light ?
O man, it falls that thou may'st know
That heaven and earth must perish so ;
That only virtue has the germ
That neither time, nor death, nor worm
Can ever blight.

1836.

JOHN OF LUXEMBURGH.

'T WAS on the field of Cressy,
Where many a gallant knight
Of France's boldest chivalry
Had fallen in the fight,
Bohemia's blind and aged king
Had wandered from afar,
Once more to hear the trumpet's sound,
The stirring notes of war.

Bohemia's knights and stalwart men
Had mingled in the fray ;
But England's prince and English arms
Had vanquished them that day ;
And banner trodden in the dust,
And friends and kinsmen dead,
Did *Charles* of Luxemburgh behold,
Ere on that day he fled.

They bore the tidings to his sire, —
That blind and aged man, —
And bade him seek, by hasty flight,
The wrath of England's clan ;
But "Never," was his bold response,

“ Have I from foeman fled ;
And where my friends and honor are,
My life-blood shall be shed.

“ And ye, who would your native land
From vile disgrace reclaim,
Come with me to that hostile band,
And wash away the stain :
O, gird me with mine ancient sword,
And bear me to my foe,
And let Bohemia’s stricken king
But strike another blow.”

They linked their bridles rein to rein,
And onwards swept that band,
O, never on this earth again
To view their native land ;
And, in the foremost of the throng
In honor and renown,
By overpow’ring numbers pressed,
Bohemia’s flag went down.

The sun hath dawned in glory
Above that field of blood,
And silence reigns unbroken,
Where once those foemen stood ;
And there, in danger’s foremost place,
In death, and sword in hand,
They found Bohemia’s aged king,
And *all* his gallant band.

1837.

THE FETE CHAMPETRE

OF THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY, MAY 1ST, 1837.

I.

THE martial music and the beaming smile,
The dancing wave that flung back beauty's ray,
The sounds of mirth that echoed to beguile
The sluggish moment's of life's weary day,
The dance, the festive scene, the sportive play,—
All, all have vanished, all have passed away.

II.

But can we e'er forget them? shall the hour
That lingers yet on mem'ry's greenest spot,
Fresh with the fragrance of hope's sweetest flower,
By those who mingled there, be e'er forgot?
Shall time, that turns all things to grey from green,
Blot from our hearts the mem'ry of *that* scene?

III.

The warning bell its latent knell hath tolled,
The hollow drum its loudest summons rolled;
Midst kindly greetings, and through cannon's roar,
Our gallant steamer leaves the crowded shore.
Thrice happy bark! whose fortune 't is to bear
The wise, the good, the gallant, and the fair,

Thy fate be mine, adown dear pleasure's tide
 With hearts so joyful, eyes so bright, to glide,
 And when, at length, is reached life's latest bourne,
 Thus reached, thus won, ah, who could wish to turn!

IV.

Louder now our cannon's roar,
 Sweeter plays our merry band,
 And the zephyr, soft and bland,
 Greets us from the sunny shore :
 Pass we on through fairy isles,
 Bright with spring's enchanting smiles.
 Father *Time* ! one hour delay ;
 Listen to the voice of *May* :
 Wilt thou find, throughout the earth,
 Brighter forms, or purer mirth ?
 Hast thou seen, in thy career,
 Softer charms than meet thee here ?
 Wilt not stay ! then go thy way ;
 Hope shall gild the scene before us ;
 Joy and love are reigning o'er us ;
 Forms yet hastening to their prime,
 Little heed *thy* passing, *TIME* !

V.

Our port is reached : again we touch the land,
 The sacred spot where once the hero stood,—
 The leader of that bold, devoted band,
 Who bled in honor's cause, for freedom's good :
 And *thou* hadst wandered hither ; even *here*
 Ended thy brilliant, thy too brief career ;

And, though when round our longing gaze we turn,
We find "no sculptured bust, no polished urn,"
Thy spirit yet shall cast around its spell,
Thy praises oft upon our tongues shall dwell,
And still, in sorrow's hour, or festive scene,
Thy *name*, thy memory be forever *green*.*

VI.

Whence come those joyful sounds? from yonder
bower,
Shaded by pines, and decked by many a flower,
Where gallant hearts, and forms like beauty's queen,
Have met to trip it lightly o'er the green.
(I love the merry dance; I love to see
The gladsome spirit of the young and free,
Ere yet the freshness of this life hath flown,
And care and sorrow are unlike unknown.)
Our worthy host looks on with joy the while,
Greets every beauty with a nod and smile,
Welcomes each comer in his own kind way,
And bids us happy be, this merry, merry day.

VII.

The dance hath ceased: beneath yon stately trees,
That long have "braved the lightning and the
breeze,"

* *Mulberry Grove*, where the *fête* was held, was presented, by the State of Georgia, to Gen. NATHANIEL GREENE, as a mark of gratitude for his revolutionary services.

The rural feast is spread : the guests surround, —
 Meat, mirth, and melody, alike abound ;
 And, as our band lifts up its loftiest strain,
 Fast flows thy limpid stream, O bright Champagne !

VIII.

The feast is over, and away they go,
 To mingle gayly in the merry show ;
 And, in the midst of frolic and of mirth,
 See, a *balloon* floats upwards from the earth,
 One moment by conflicting winds is tossed,
 Then, in the distance, is forever lost.

IX.

Fit emblem *that* of life, — of this gay scene :
 Ah, many a foot hath tripped across this green,
 And many an eye, with pleasure beaming bright,
 Hath lingered here, and gladdened at such sight,
 And hearts as buoyant as now mingle here,
 And joys as pleasing, fairy forms as fair,
 Gone, past and vanished : time must answer, *where !*

X.

The sun hath shed his latest ray,
 The evening bird her earliest lay
 Pours forth to greet the close of day ;
 The hour hath come when this gay scene
 Must only be with what *has been* ;
 The warning bell says, “ Come away.”
 Ah, luckless pilot, save your steam ;
 More potent *belles* have answered “ Nay,”
 And wait must thou, and time, and stream.

“They will not wait;” it peals, it rings again :
O hateful sound, thou messenger of pain !

XI.

And whilst the steam begins its hideous roar,
Our pilot cries, “ Why linger they on shore ? ”
Asks he, “ Why linger they ? ” go ask the boy,
Rich in the treasure of some new-bought toy,
Who, in the middle of a joyful yell,
Hears the deep echo of his school-house bell ;
Mark how that look of wild, uproaring mirth
Fades, as must all things fade that cling to earth ;
See how he turns, with fond, yet mournful gaze,
To the dear spot that marked his boyhood plays ;
Look how unwillingly the earth is trod,
To meet the double ills of book and rod :
Why creeps he now, whose steps so late were free ?
Go ask, good pilot, ask, “ Why lingers *he* ? ”

XII.

“ Why linger they ? ” where yonder filling sail
Opes its broad canvass “ to the swelling gale,”
Behold that small, that sad and tearful band ;
See lip to lip, and hand linked fast in hand ;
The hour hath come, — in vain our tears and sighs ;
The vessel onward through the blue wave hies ;
Yet fondly still the mourners love to dwell,
To *look* once more their sad and last farewell,
To watch in sorrow the receding sail,
As proudly on it sweeps before the gale,

And as it parts the hearts to meet no more,
 Man, go and ask, "Why linger *they* on shore?"

XIII.

Ah, happy man, who, through life's checkered day,
 Hast held "the even tenor of thy way,"
 Uncheered by smile, unmoved by tear or frown,
 Careless alike if stocks were "up" or "down,"
 Who would'st not value beauty's smile one groat,
 Did it but stop the fly-wheel of thy boat,
 And hold'st as worthless, pleasure's brightest dream.
 If it should cost thee but an inch of steam; —
 Ah, happy man, when this thy life is o'er,
 And thou hast wandered to a distant shore,
 There, as thou gazest on the inky tide,
 And know'st not whither its dark stream may glide,
 May no rude boatman, as he asks his fee,
 Demand, in surly tones, "Why lingers he?"

XIV.

The spell is past, — they linger now no more;
 Our boat hath parted from the much-loved shore:
 Old father Time, although thou wilt not stay,
 Thou shalt not *steal* one moment from *this* day;
 For still, despite of thee, and care, and tide,
 The merry band still plays, the dancers glide,
 Until once more our line on land is thrown,
 And they who joyful met, have sadly gone.

XV.

So ends *their* day; not so, alas, ends *mine*,
 Thanks to the double charms of wit and wine:

Scarce had I sought thee, O thou sweet repose,
 When upwards sprang the legion of thy foes :
 A hundred devils, in the female form,
 Seized on each limb, and bore me through the storm.
Sangarrah me ! they made my brain to reel
 With fiendish waltz, and still more wild quadrille :
 In vain I prayed them ; vainly now I swore
 I never yet had been in cloud before.
 “ And thou a poet ! ” — so the witches roar, —
 “ A poet thou, and not yet learned to soar ?
 How didst thou manage, when, with airy flight,
 Thou sought'st the muses on Parnassus' height,
 Or backwards came, with grave and stately mein,
 To take another draught of *Hypocrene* ? ”
 Ah me ! my simple tale I might have told,
 Not mine the fate to rise to height so bold ;
 Ah, not for me each grace hath twined her spell,
 Or mem'ry's daughter fondly loved to dwell :
 With weary step, and patience almost gone,
 I tread the humbler walks of *Helicon*.

XVI.

All this I might have said, but well I knew
 'T were vain to tell it to the hellish crew :
 'T were equal wit to argue with the storm,
 Angel, or devil, in the *female* form.
 Resigned to fate, with heavy heart and head,
 I silence kept, and followed where they led :
 One made me now on liquid lightning float,
 Another poured it down my burning throat,

And as a third had seized me by the hair,
To drag me onwards, mercy knows not where,
I woke, right glad to see, as you may deem,
Such playful devils "vanish in a dream."

THE STATE vs. HENRY DAY:

SUPERIOR COURT. *Indictment*, — Assault, with intent to murder.

MARGINAL ABSTRACT.

Seemle, that if A kills his bride,
Such killing is not *suicide*.

If any ill the wife hath done,
Baron and *Feme* are only *one* ;
If any harm the man doth do,
Baron and *Feme* are clearly *two* :
In *either* case, — or *one* or *two*, —
The *Baron* must the penance do.

I.

'T is the hour of ten,
And a crowd of men
Wait at the door of the justice-hall, —
Bailiffs, and suitors, and jurors, and all ;
And a murmur loud
Runs through that crowd,
And every man gives his neighbor a nudge,
And the whole of them mutter, “ Here comes the
judge ! ”

II.

The passage is cleared,
And the judge hath appeared, —

A mild-looking man with a youthful face :
 He strides up the hall, and he takes his place :
 With “*Silence*” * the crowded room resounds,
 And not another sound the curious list’ner wounds.

III.

The sheriff “*O yes ! O yes !*” † hath bawled,
 The witnesses come, and the jurors are called :

“ Let the pris’ner be brought ! ”

’T is done quick as thought :

A pale little man, with a twinkling eye,
 And an Amazon standing his shoulder by :

“ Let the charge now be read ! ”

’T is done quick as said :

“ The jurors for this county town
 Do, through their foreman, Moses Brown,

* With “*Silence*” the crowded room resounds.”

One of our national writers says, “A terrible noise stunned us; then we *heard a pause*,” &c. Another, giving a description of a mountain scene, writes, — “Here we *looked for the far-famed echo*.” I suppose there is as much *Irishism* in *hearing a pause*, or in *looking for an echo*, as in declaring that a crowded room *resounds with silence*. Any one who has heard the “silence” of our “piny-woods” sheriffs, will readily agree that there is no *Irishism* in the expression.

† The sheriff “*O yes ! O yes !*” hath bawled.

In ancient times, courts were opened with a proclamation commencing “*Oyez*,” (hear ye.) Our ministerial officers have changed the prologue into “*O yes*,” with a terrible emphasis upon the word *yes*. *O no* (know) would be a much more literal translation of the ancient French.

Charge and accuse, that *Henry Day*
 Did, on the seventh of this May,
 (Not having law before his eyes,
 But urged on to the crying evil
 By sore seduction of the devil, —
 That hoary father of all lies,)
 Both bruise, and wound, and badly beat,
 His present wife, late *Julia Sweet*,
 With other wrongs to his said mate,
 Done *contra pacem* of the state : —
This is the charge against you brought :
 DAY, is it true, or is it not ? ”

IV.

The pris'ner spake : “ I own the strife ;
 I do n't deny I beat my wife ;
 And for that part where you aver
 That *Satan* did my spirit stir, —
 'T is true ; for I was moved *by her*.
 The dying sinner's wildest groans
 Are music to her gentlest tones ;
 And for her *blows !* alas, my bones !
 Well, let it pass ; perhaps 't was wrong ;
 But I had borne her curses long,
 And I am weak, and she is strong ;
 Let *that*, too, pass. I've done my best ;
 My counsel there must say the rest.”

V.

The pris'ner ceased : his counsel rose ;
 He smoothed his hair, he blew his nose,

Then spake he : “ If your honor please,
 The points that mark this case are these :
 This man has been, from the beginning,
 Rather ‘ more sinned against than sinning.’
 ’T is hard to bear a woman’s strife,
 E’en if that woman be your wife ;
 (’T is hard to have a wife at all ;
 Yet not for *this*, your grace, I call.)
 If we admit the deed was done,
 Still, man and wife are only *one* ;
 And, though we ’ve read of many a fool,
 Trained up in superstition’s school,
 Who penance for his errors found
 In many a self-inflicted wound,
 Yet, in no court beneath the sun,
 Hath he for *that* more penance done ;
 Though we despise the stupid elf,
 He has a *right* to whip *himself*.”
 He ceased : (’t is far the safest way,
 When one has nothing left to say.)

VI.

Up rose the counsel for the state,
 And thus kept up the wise debate :
 “ My learned brother’s legal ground
 Is far more specious, sir, than sound.
 I own, so doth the proverb run,
 That ‘ man and wife are only one ;’
 Yet ’t is a fiction of the law,
 Not meant to cover husband’s flaw.

Suppose, in matrimonial strife,
 That A should stab and slay his wife ;
 My learned brother must agree
 That 't would not be *felo de se* :
 The facts are owned, the law is clear,
 And he his punishment must bear."

VII.

Now speaks the judge in accents clear,
 Whilst not a sound disturbs the ear :
 " I 'll not detain the jury long.
 The counsel is both right and wrong :
 If any ill the *wife* hath done,
 The *man* is fined ; for they are *one* :
 If any crime the *man* doth do,
 Still *he* is fined ; for they are *two*.
 The rule is hard, it is confessed :
 It can't be helped, *lex ita est*."

VIII.

" Let the passage be cleared ;"
 The crowd disappeared.
 " Now call me the head of the bailiffs here.
 Sheriff, let it be thy care,
 That this jury do not see
 Food or drink 'till they agree.
 Woe to thee, if but one word
 From other lips by them is heard.
 Be it thy especial charge,
 That they go no more at large
 'Till they notify to thee

In this matter they agree.
 Go ; if you abuse your power,
 Your doom is fixed this very hour.”

* * * *

IX.

Again,
 'T is ten.

Once more I sought that hall :
 The judge looked cross, the sheriff crabbed,
 The clerk and bailiffs almost rabid ;
 For why, they had not slept at all ;
 And *he*, the head of the bailiffs there,
 Who had taken that jury under his care,
 Looked chafed and vexed as a wounded bear.
 O, if the mother that man that bore
 Had seen him there, at that jury-door,
 She never had known her offspring more.

X.

A sound comes forth from the jury-room :
 Is it a curse,
 Or something worse,
 Of some poor devil bewailing his doom ?
 Or can it be the fearful cry
 Of thirsty juror's agony ?
 'T is muttered around,
 That no verdict is found, —
 That the jury in vain have sought to agree, —
 That they think *her* as much to blame as *he*,
 And *both* to blame exceedingly !

XI.

And where is he — that pale little man,
 The source of this tumult, the cause of this ban?
 There he sits, with his twinkling eye,
 And the Amazon standing his shoulder by:
 One hand hangs o'er his spouse's neck,
 And the other encircles the leg of a fowl;
 And he takes deep draughts from a large red bowl,
 Heedless alike of frown or beck.

XII.

I came away,
 Through that justice door:
 I've never seen *Day*,
 From that time more.
 I would not be willing to say or swear
 That those jurors and bailiffs are not *still there*;
 But this I can tell,
 For I know it full well,
 That when last through that justice-door I passed,
 The jury their food and drink were missing,
 Whilst the made-up pair were feasting and kissing.

MORAL AND SEQUEL.

Jove laughs at lovers' vows and shame,
 And men had better do the same.*
 1837.

* *Jove* laughs at lovers' vows and shame,
 And men had better do the same.

A friend of mine has recently returned from an excursion
 into the ——— circuit of this State. He tells me that, whilst

“ WE WEEP ABOVE THE DEAD.”

We weep above the dead :
Why should we weep ?
Why mourn them in their quiet bed, —
Their dreamless sleep ?
Better the coffin and the worm,
Than sorrow's blight, and passion's storm.

in the county of ——, he strayed into the court-house, and was present at the arraignment of a man, by the name of Henry Day, who was charged with attempting to kill his wife. Day was a pale little man ; and the wife, who was present, was a perfect behemoth. The indictment being read, the prisoner was asked to say whether he was “ guilty, or not guilty.” He answered, “ There's a mighty chance of lawyers' lies in the papers ; but some part is true. I did strike the old lady ; but she *fit* me powerfully first. She can swear equal to a little of any thing, and her kicks are awful. I reckon what you say about the devil moving me is pretty tolerably correct, seeing as how *she* moved me. I have told you all I know 'bout the circumstance, *mister*. I *gin* 'Squire Jones there a five dollar bill, and I allow he 'll talk it out for me.” 'Squire Jones thereupon rose, and said he had a law point to raise in this case, which *he* thought conclusive. It was an established rule of law, that man and wife were but *one* ; and he should like to know how a man could be punished for whipping himself ; he should be glad to hear what

We mourn o'er long-lost years :
 Why should we mourn ?
 Why sigh again for griefs and cares
 Already borne ?
 Better to meet life's coming wrath,
 Than tread again its thorny path.

the solicitor-general could say to *that*. The solicitor-general answered, that he thought his brother Jones had carried the maxim a trifle too far: men had often been punished for beating their wives. If a man should kill his wife, it would not be *suicide*. Here 'Squire Jones interposed, and defied the solicitor-general to produce an authority to that effect. The solicitor-general looked over *Greene and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice* for some minutes, and then observed that he could not find the authority just then, but he was sure he had seen the principle somewhere; and he called on the judge to sustain him. In the enthusiasm of counsel on this point, they forgot to offer any evidence as to the guilt or innocence of *Day* in the premises. The judge, being likewise oblivious of this fact, proceeded to charge the jury. He told them that man and wife were *one* and were *two*. If the wife ran in debt, or abused a neighbor, or knocked down and dragged out a fellow-citizen, the man and wife were *one*. If the husband did any of these things, then man and wife were *two*. He remarked that, in *either* event, the man was legally bound to suffer; and therefore, come at it as they would, *Day* was undoubtedly guilty. He said he would not decide the question, whether, if a man kill his wife, it was murder or suicide. He was not prepared to express an opinion upon that point; it was a very delicate one, and he had no idea of committing himself. (Some one in the room here observed that he was mighty fond of committing others.) He then called up the bailiff, a tremendous-look-

We fear the grasp of death :
 Why should we fear ?
 Why cling we to the fleeting breath
 That keeps us here ?
 Better to feel the tyrant's dart,
 Than withered hope and broken heart.

ing cracker, wearing a broad-brim white hat with crape, (I never saw a man south of latitude 33 that did not wear a white hat with crape,) and proceeded to admonish him that the jury were very much in the habit of coming in drunk with their verdicts, and that, if it happened in this case, he would discharge the prisoner, and put *his* punishment upon him, (the bailiff.) The bailiff, giving a significant glance at the judge, replied that other people besides the jury came into court drunk; that *some* people thought *other* people drunk, when *some* people were drunk themselves. The jury then retired, and so did my friend. The next day, he returned, and found matters in *statu quo*, except that Day and his wife had made up, and were discussing together the merits of a cold fowl and a quart of beer, and now and then interchanging kisses, despite of the frowns and becks of the officers. The judge, clerk, and sheriff had been up all night, and looked wolfish; and the bailiff was seated on his white hat at the door of the jury-room, and *his* countenance expressed that he had swallowed the concentrated venom of a thousand wild-cats. The most awful curses, oaths, and sounds proceeded from the jury-room; some were roaring like lions, some crying like children, mewing like cats, neighing like horses, &c. At last, a short consultation was held at the door of the jury room, between the foreman and the bailiff; whereupon, the latter, putting his white hat one-sided on his head, came into the court-room, and addressed the judge thus: "*Mister*, Tom Jakes says the jury

If virtue be our guide
 Through life's career,
 If neither guilt nor stubborn pride
 Hath marked us here,
 Better for us the future life,
 Than fleeting joys and wasting strife.
 1837.

can't agree about this here man ; and if you keep him (that is, Tom Jakes) without grog any more, he'll *lick* you *on sight*." The judge appealed to the bar if this was not a contempt of court ; and, "Greene and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice" having been consulted, it was finally decided that, as it was a threat addressed to the judge as a private individual, and was, to whip him "*on sight*," and not *on the bench*, it was not, under the free, enlightened, and democratic principles of Georgia legislation, a contempt of court. This being settled, the judge directed the bailiff to say to Tom Jakes, the foreman, that the jury *should* agree, if they stayed there *through eternity*. The bailiff retired, and so did my friend ; but he gives it as his opinion, from the frame of mind in which he left all parties, that the jurors and bailiff are *still there*.

NOTE TO THE NOTE.

As the prose note to this poetical report has gone the rounds of the papers, headed "The way they do things in Georgia," perhaps it would be as well for the author to acknowledge that it is a highly exaggerated statement of the existing state of affairs in Georgia, and ought not to be received as evidence against the firmness and wisdom of the bench and bar of this State. The author was a member of the judiciary of Georgia at the time "the State *vs.* Henry Day" was composed, and therefore very little inclined to

THE REJECTED LOVER.

Quis clarior luce?

Echo.

Lucy.

THOU dost remember yet, Lucy,
Whate'er thy lips may say,
The hour when first we met, Lucy,
'Neath joy's unbounded sway ;
When first we told our tale of bliss,
Gave smile for smile, and kiss for kiss :
Ah, thou canst ne'er forget, Lucy,
The raptures of that day.

attack *that* branch of the government. But he had no such scruples in reference to the legislative functionaries; at all events, so far as concerned their mode of organizing, paying, and working their judicial officers.

But the true object of the piece (if, indeed, there was any object other than getting clear of some stray moments of that rascal, *Time*) was, to place in a prominent view the dangers and inconveniences that are the reward and fate of those who interfere with jars domestic or fights connubial, — dangers and inconveniences that even wise judges, chivalric jurors, and intrepid bailiffs, are not exempt from, and which bear the author out in the “moral and sequel” which he has attached to the case.

Savannah, Ga.

Thou 'rt grown somewhat older, Lucy,
Since love our hearts entwined,
And perter, too, and bolder, Lucy,
And scarcely so refined.

I miss the locks that clustered o'er
Thy brow, my girl, in days of yore :
Ah, time 's a sad unfolder, Lucy,
And hate, like love, is blind.

Thy face now wears a sneer, Lucy,
Whene'er thou look'st at me ;
Yet still there lurks a tear, Lucy,
As all the world may see.

If true thy scorn, we still agree ;
I 'd rather have thy *sneer* than *thee* :
I own thou once wast dear, Lucy ;
But now my heart is free.

1837.

CHILDHOOD.

“The *little things* of life are the terrible.”

L. E. L.

“Thank Heaven, that I never more
Can be a child again.”

L. E. L.

I LOVE thee not, O childhood,
Thy pleasures or thy cares,
Thy merry or thy wild mood,
Thy happiness or tears :
I cannot bear the regimen
That appertains to thee,
And thy mewling and puling
Are not the things for me.

I know it's very beautiful
To call thee “sweet” and “dear,”
And pretty, too, and dutiful,
To “own a mother's care :”
This pure and spotless bliss is ;
But then we must agree,
That we do n't get always *kisses*,
When we're on our mother's *knee*.

Some praise thy school-boy pleasures,
And wish them back again ;
But *I* much prefer the treasures
That belong to grown-up men :
To rise from bed at seven,
Get some milk-and-water tea,
Then be flogged until eleven,
Is not the life for me.

Give me the smiles of beauty
That belong to after years,
Man's pleasures and his booty,
Though they 're mingled up with cares :
I know it is not clever
To love the ways of men,
But " thank Heaven, that *I* never,
Can be a child again."

1837.

THE NEW CODE.

TO THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE
STATE OF GEORGIA.

I'VE a thought of compiling a new code of laws,
To be free from all sorts of objections and flaws,
That will mete out the punishment due to each crime,
Having proper regard to the sex and the time.

You have heard me declare, sir, again and again,
I'm no friend to this system of hanging up men :
I've no faith in the code which prevents them from
strife,

And keeps them from ill by destroying their life,
Which cures them of evil, by putting to death,
And reforms and amends them, by choking their
breath :

I think I have hit on a far better plan
To do good to the state, and do harm to the man,
And root out his vices, if any thing can.

I'll premise, that I would not at all interfere
With the minor offences that mark our career ;
Par example, the stealing of pins or of tape,
Or such slight peccadilloes as treason or —— ;

But if one had been a *wholesaler* in blood,
 And had drawn from the veins of his foes quite a
 flood,

If he'd spurned at all customs, and trampled all laws,
 Then I'd make him engage *in an equity cause* ;
 Give him —— for his lawyer, and make him agree
 To give him, *whenever he asked it*, a fee ;
 By my faith, sir, before he got clear of this ban,
 He would prove, if I err not, a penitent man :
 If he still remained stubborn, and *this* would not do,
 Then I'd marry him off, for a month, to a shrew ;
 And, instead of condemning the knave to be hung,
 I would let him be whipped, every day, by *the*
 tongue :

If grievous his fault, still more dreadful his fate,
 To be linked for so long to such terrible mate :
 If he still seemed determined his ways to pursue,
 And his heart was not tamed by the court or the
 shrew,

And he yet persevered evil pleasures to seek,
 Why, then I would *send him to sea for a week*,
 With storms for his lullaby, bread for his fare,
 And a captain accustomed to bully and swear,
 And such other joys as the ocean bestows
 On one who has stomach, or feeling, or nose :
 If he came forth, as Daniel got out of his den,
 By my faith, I'd give up legislating for men ;
 For if he could stand all,—the *court*, *shrew*, and *sea*,
 I confess, he'd be rather too stubborn for me.

I'm aware any plan that is striking or new,
Is not liked by "the many," nor praised by "the
few;"

But if *you* should believe that my scheme will not do,
Just try it, my friend, for a morning or two;
And if you do n't yield to this system of mine,
You'll be "less, sir, than human, or more than
divine."

But I'm wasting your patience, and spending my
time,
So I'll stop with my prosing, and cease with my
rhyme.

Adieu! for my paper draws nigh to its end,
And believe me forever and ever, your friend.

1837.

LAY OF THE MADMAN.

“This is the foul fiend! He begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. Beware of the foul fiend!”

SHAKSPEARE.

MANY a year hath passed away,
Many a dark and dismal year,
Since last I roamed in the light of day,
Or mingled my own with another's tear:
Woe to the daughters and sons of men,—
Woe to them all, when I roam again!

Here have I watched, in this dungeon cell,
Longer than memory's tongue can tell;
Here have I shrieked, in my wild despair,
When the damned fiends from their prison came,
Sported, and gamboled, and mocked me here,
With their eyes of fire, and their tongues of flame,
Shouting forever and aye my name!
And I strove in vain
To burst my chain,
And longed to be free as the winds again,
That I might spring
In the wizard ring,
And scatter them back to their hellish den!

Woe to the daughters and sons of men, —
Woe to them all, when I roam again !

How long I have been in this dungeon here,
Little I know, and nothing I care :

What to me is the day or night,
Summer's heat, or autumn sere,
Spring-tide flowers, or winter's blight,
Pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear ?

Time ! what care I for thy flight ?
Joy ! I spurn thee with disdain :
Nothing love I but this clanking chain.
Once I broke from its iron hold :
Nothing I said, but, silent and bold,
Like the shepherd that watches his gentle fold,
Like the tiger that crouches in mountain lair,
Hours upon hours, so watched I here ;
Till one of the fiends, that had come to bring
Herbs from the valley, and drink from the spring,
Stalked through my dungeon entrance in !
Ha ! how he shrieked to see me free !
Ho ! how he trembled and knelt to me, —
He who had mocked me many a day,
And barred me out from its cheerful ray !
Gods ! how I shouted to see him pray !
I wreathed my hand in the demon's hair,
And choked his breath in its muttered prayer,
And danced I then in wild delight,
To see the trembling wretch's fright.

Gods! how I crushed his hated bones
'Gainst the jagged wall and the dungeon stones!
And plunged my arm adown his throat,
 And dragged to life his beating heart,
And held it up, that I might gloat,
 To see its quiv'ring fibres start!
Ho! how I drank of the purple flood, —
Quaffed and quaffed again of blood,
Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no more
Till I found myself on this dungeon-floor,
Fettered and held by this iron chain!
 Ho! when I break its links again,
 Ha! when I break its links again,
Woe to the daughters and sons of men!

My frame is shrunk, and my soul is sad,
And devils mock, and call me mad;
Many a dark and fearful sight
Haunts me here, in the gloom of night;
Mortal smile or human tear
Never cheers or soothes me here;
The spider shrinks from my grasp away,
Though he 's known my form for many a day;
The slimy toad, with his diamond eye,
Watches afar, but comes not nigh;
The craven rat, with her filthy brood,
Pilfers and gnaws my scanty food,
But, when I strive to make her play,
Snaps at my hands, and flees away;

Light of day or ray of sun,
Friend or hope, I've none — I've none !

Yet 't is not always thus : sweet slumber steals
Across my haggard mind, my weary sight ;
No more my brain the iron pressure feels,
Nor damned devils howl the livelong night ;
Visions of hope and beauty seem
To mingle with my darker dream ;
They bear me back to a long-lost day,
To the hours and joys of my boyhood's play,
To the merry green,
And the sportive scene,
And the valley the verdant hills between ;
And a lovely form with a bright blue eye,
Flutters my dazzled vision by ;
A tear starts up to my withered eye, —
Gods ! how I love to feel that tear
Trickle my haggard visage o'er !
The fountain of hope is not yet dry ;
I feel as I felt in days of yore,
When I roamed at large in my native glen,
Honored and loved by the sons of men,
Till, maddened to find my home defiled,
I grasped the knife, in my frenzy wild,
And plunged the blade in my sleeping child !

They called me mad ! they left me here,
To my burning thoughts, and the fiend's despair,

Never, ah, never to see again
Earth or sky, or sea or plain ;
Never to hear soft pity's sigh,
Never to gaze on mortal eye ;
Doomed through life, if life it be,
To helpless, hopeless misery ;
O, if a single ray of light
Had pierced the gloom of this endless night,
If the cheerful tones of a single voice
Had made the depths of my heart rejoice,
If a single thing had loved me here,
I ne'er had crouched to these fiends' despair !

They come again !
They tear my brain !
They tumble and dart through my every vein !
Ho ! could I burst this clanking chain,
Then might I spring
In the hellish ring,
And scatter them back to their den again !

* * * * *

They seize my heart ! they choke my breath !
Death ? — death ! ah, welcome death !

1837.

A WEARY TIME IS OURS, MY LOVE.

A WEARY time is ours, my love,
A weary time is ours ;
For lost to us are pleasure's smiles,
And withered are its flowers :
The ray that cheered our youthful hearts
Hath vanished from our sight,
And hope's refulgent, beaming day
Hath faded into night.

How joyous, in our early youth,
Did all these scenes appear !
And what hath called to manhood's eye
The bright, yet mournful tear ?
Ah, what hath called ? go ask the heart,
Which, torn by grief and shame,
Will answer, joy is but a spell
That passeth as it came.

Well, let it pass : a few more suns
Will change again the scene,
And *we* shall pass from earth's vile dross,
To purer " ray serene : "

Awhile, our feeble, weary steps
O'er life's dull path may roam,
But "every night we pitch our tents
A day's march nearer *home*."
1838.

THE "OAK BY THE WAY-SIDE."

TO "IONE."*

'T is true, that time hath stamped his mark upon
my lofty brow,
And faded leaf and seamed trunk attest my sor-
rows now,
And all that once was beautiful hath past forever-
more,
And merry birds within my boughs no more their
music pour ;
But should I mourn their absence ? shall I regret
the hour
That tore me from my native soil amid the forest
bower,
And placed me here, a beacon tree, to shelter and
to cheer
The sad and weary traveller amid the tempest drear ?

'T is true that in my native bower my leaves might
now be green,
And proudly might my branches wave above that
sylvan scene ;

* The piece to which this is an answer was published in the January number, 1838, of the "Knickerbocker."

But who would mark their beauty, and who would
 joy to see
 The verdant leaf, the waving bough, the graceful
 sun-lit tree ?
 Here, near the thronged way-side, beneath my ample
 shade,
 Hath smiled the happy lover, and blushed the
 blooming maid ;
 And here, when from the heavens hath burst the
 raging storm,
 The pilgrim from another land hath bent his weary
 form ;
 And happy shouts of childhood, and sounds of
 mirth and glee,
 Have bade the passing stranger pause, and bless
 the aged tree.

Alas ! alas ! no heart e'er throbb'd that earth hath
 ever known,
 Round which the "venomed insect" care its web
 hath never thrown ;
 Not lover in his happiest hour, nor hermit in his cell,
 Nor monarch on his golden throne, nor peasant in
 his dell :
 The very ties that keep men here, that link them
 soul to soul,
 Are but the chords that sorrow holds within his
 stern control ;

And he around whose heart are thrown the strongest
and the most,
Is nearer to the fiend despair, than if he none
could boast.

Yet who would wish to pass though life, in dark
seclusion thrown,
Unblest, and yet unblesting, unnoticed and un-
known,
Without the dream of happiness that o'er our fate
was cast,
That lingers round our mem'ry still, although its
bloom be past!
No! let me live while I one boon to aught on earth
can give,
And when my boughs no longer shade, then let
me cease to live;
But still a beacon tree of time, memorial of the past,
My lofty, yet my leafless form, shall shrink not
from the blast,
And troops of children thus shall say, as by my
trunk they glide,
"Our fathers loved this aged oak that stands by the
way-side."

1838.

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

In the advertisement which announced that the steamer PULASKI was ready to convey passengers to her destined port, a strong inducement held out was, that she would be "only one night at sea." The terrible consequences of that "one night" we all know and shudder at. The words I have alluded to were made the subject of a very forcible and eloquent commentary, by the Rev. Edward Neufville, of Christ Church, in a sermon delivered on the last Sabbath. An extract from that discourse was handed to me yesterday afternoon, with a request from a friend that I would give it a poetic form. I have complied under the pressure of sterner duties, and with many misgivings that I have but faintly imbodied the touching language of the reverend author.

"Thou destroyest the hope of man."—JOB xiv. 19.

"Only one night at sea," —

 'T was thus the promise ran,
By frail, presumptuous mortal given,
 To vain, confiding man, —

"Only one night at sea,
 And land shall bless thy sight,
When morning's rays dispel
 The shadows of that night."

The pledge has been received,
The vessel leaves the shore,
Bearing the beautiful and brave,
Who ne'er shall greet us more ;
And every heart beats high,
As bounding o'er the wave,
The gallant bark moves on
To bear them to their grave.

The merry beams of day
Before the darkness flee,
And gloomy night comes slowly on,
That "only night at sea :"
The watch upon the deck,
Their weary vigils keep,
And countless stars look down
In beauty o'er the deep.

Within that stately boat
The prattler's voice is still,
And beauty's lovely form is there,
Unheeding of the ill ;
And manhood's vigorous mind
Is wrapped in deep repose,
And sorrow's victim lies
Forgetful of his woes.

But hark ! that fearful sound,
That wild, appalling cry,

That wakes the sleepers from their dreams,
And rouses them — *to die* :
Ah, who shall tell the hopes
That rose, so soon to flee ;
The good resolves destroyed
By that “ one night at sea ? ”

That hour hath passed away,
The morning's beams are bright,
As if they met no record there,
Of that all-fearful night ;
But many souls have fled
To far eternity,
And many hearts been wrecked
In that “ one night at sea.”

Great God ! whose hand hath launched
Our boat upon life's sea,
And given us as a pilot there,
A spirit bold and free,
So guide us with thy love,
That our frail bark may be,
Mid waves of doubt and fear,
“ Only one night at sea.”
1838.

When their gloom and their light have all faded
and past,

There 's a home that around us its blessings shall
cast,

Where the heart-broken pilgrim no longer shall say,
“We are passing away, we are passing away.”

1838.

TO THE COMING YEARS.

CHILDREN of time ! ye coming years,
I call you from your hidden gloom :
Reveal to me the joys and cares
That soon shall be my earthly doom :
Tell me of smiles that yet may cheer
My pilgrimage o'er life's dull way,
Or griefs that shall my bosom tear,
Ere manhood moulders into clay.

Speak ! let me lift at once the veil
That hides from me my future lot :
Unfold your bright or fearful tale,
With happiness or madness fraught :
Shall these dear prattlers by my side
Be with me to my latest breath ?
And *she*, in youth, my cherished bride,
Still bless me on the couch of death ?

Shall honors, wealth, or fame arise,
To greet me on my onward way,
To crown me with their envied prize,
Or rule me with their potent sway ?

Shall these dear friends, the prized, the few,
Who have been mine through weal and woe,
Be ever warm, and kind, and true,
Till life's red streams shall cease to flow ?

Alas ! alas ! why seek to know
The things the future doth o'er cast ?
From whatsoever source they flow,
They are *but* joys and cares at last :
What life *hath* been, so life *shall* be, —
An echo of the tone that 's gone,
A mirror where our eyes shall see
The scenes *already* gazed upon.

Thrice happy he to whom they 're past,
This life and all its gilded toys,
Its hollow hopes, its sickly blast,
Its sorrows, miseries and joys :
Who, every devious, narrow path,
In honesty and truth hath trod,
And free from strife, or envy's wrath,
Reposes 'neath the verdant sod.
1838.

THE DRAFT.

Mr. Editor, — I understand that a report is in circulation, that I have responded to the call of Major Wyly, and tendered my services against the Seminoles. Know all men by these presents, that such is not the fact. One of our fellow-townsmen, who has been slain half a dozen times by the Indians, describes the operation of being killed as rather an agreeable sensation. I'll take *his* word for it, and undergo no experiments myself.

You will find my sentiments expressed in the enclosed, in which I trust there is both rhyme and reason, although there is some slight irregularity in the metre, which is purposely so constructed, to correspond with the warfare.

Whilst I think of it, let me tell you that *your* devil plays *the* devil with my compositions. He invariably adds an *r* to any thing I write. If I write *fiends*, he prints *friends*. I should like to have the *recipe*, as it may be very convenient for me, one of these days, to know how to convert *fiends* into *friends*; but I call your particular attention to it at this time, in order that he may not change the word *fight*s into *fright*s, in the last line but one. By letting it stay as it is, I may escape *fight*s and *fright*s; by changing it, I may get both. Your loving friend,

R.

Ansel. Wilt have it, sir?

Petro. Nay, friend, no *draught* for me.

OLD PLAY.

I LOVE not war! I see no fun
In being killed, or else in killing:
I've no affection for a gun,
And much despise all kinds of drilling:

I've no desire that men should tread,
 With muffled drums, around my bi-er;
 And when fame asks, "Where hath he bled?"
 That echo's voice should answer "*Ware.*"*

In vain our *wily* major calls
 For "volunteers in cause so holy:"
 I'd rather stand these kind of *bawls*,
 Than those which come *de Seminolé*.
 Let him whose humor that way tends,
 Go "*charge the foe, and draw his rations:*"
 I'll stay at home, and *charge my friends*,
 And *draw my writs and declarations*.

What! leave my home, and quit my bed,
 To sleep in swamps and stagnant water,
 And wake, perhaps, with *half* a head,
 Right glad, e'en thus, to 'scape the slaughter!
 No! it may do for savage men,
 Who know where every nook and hole is;
 But no one, sure, would seek such fen,
 But *semi-fools* and *Seminolés*.

Ye gallant souls, whom war invites,
 Who rush "to arms" at call of duty,

* The call for volunteers was to march to *Ware* county to fight the *Séminoles*; and a draft was ordered, if a sufficient number of volunteers could not be had. The communication was published in the "*Savannah Georgian.*"

I leave to *you* such wild delights :
I love no arms, save those of beauty.
May Jove attend with willing ear,
And grant to each of us our suit ;
Give *you* of *fight*s an ample share,
But let *me* die *by substitute*.

1839.

THE BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

How oft have we heard, ay, and shuddered, to hear
The blessings of life made the theme of despair ;
Its pleasures upheld as a source of alarm,
And its moments described as possessing no charm.

No charm ! is there none in the beauties of spring ?
Can the bright hours of summer no happiness bring ?
Hath the mildness of autumn no charms for the
heart ?

Doth the fire-side of winter no pleasures impart ?
Hath the wild laugh of childhood no charms for the
ear ?

Hath manhood no moments but those of despair ?
Hath age, honored age, of the righteous and brave,
No thought but extinction, no hope but the grave ?

Away with such whining, such imbecile fear ;
Let the coward and madman go prate of despair :
There is not a moment that hath not its spell,
To make us delight in the earth where we dwell ;
Not a flow'ret that opens its bloom o'er our way,
But should teach us the charm of life's glorious day.

No charm! turn the pages of memory o'er,
And count up the blessings of life's ample store:
Can ye think of no smile that has cheered you along
Through the pangs of disease, or the tortures of
wrong?

No tear that affection hath shed, as a balm,
The waves of despair in your bosom to calm?
No loved one, whose presence, like hope's beaming
ray,
Hath driven the clouds of affliction away?

We have mourned — who has not? — over forms
that no more
Shall gladden our sight till existence is o'er;
We have wept — who has not? — over hopes that
were bright,
Whose beams are now lost in the shadows of night:
Doth no ray reappear from the depths of that gloom?
No sweet consolation speak forth from that tomb?

God! make us content with thy day's beaming light,
With the calm and the quiet repose of thy night,
With the pleasures that come from thy bountiful
hand,
With the sorrows that flow at thy mighty command;
And teach us to see, mid its troubles and strife,
The great and the glorious blessings of life.

1838.

GEORGIA.

My native State ! my cherished home !

Hallowed alike by smile and tear,
May glory o'er thee build her dome,
And fame her temples rear !

I love thee for the burning sky
'Neath which my feet have ever trod ;
I love thee for the forms that lie,
Cold, cold beneath thy sod.

O, gladly do I see the light
That hovers round thy fortunes now ;
The spirit that must soon unite
Thy sea and mountain's brow ;
The iron ties that soon will bind,
In one indissoluble band,
Place unto place, and mind to mind,
Within thy wide-spread land.

In vain doth wild, fanatic zeal
Thy institutions all condemn :
On us be every woe or weal
That emanates from them.

To those who would thy ways molest,
Who 'd gladly spoil thy verdant scene,
Be this response : " What GOD hath blessed,
That call not *ye* unclean ! "

Art thou not blessed, my cherished home ?
Thy sons are true, thy daughters fair ;
From mountain's crest to ocean's foam,
Thy land is free from care ;
Wealth glitters in thy golden mines ;
Health lives amid thy hills of blue ;
Religion's light above thee shines,
And plenty smiles there too.

Ay ! there are hearts within thy land,
As warm, and brave, and pure, and free,
As throbbed among the Spartan band
Of old THERMOPYLÆ ;
And, like that band, should foes invade,
To seek thy rights from thee to tear,
Thy sons will lift the sheathless blade,
And bid them come who dare !

As clustered, in the days of yore,
Thy heroes 'neath " the stripes and stars,"
Unmindful of the sea of gore,
And heedless of their scars ;
So evermore, that banner round,
In hours of peace, or days of strife,

Still be thy gallant children found,
To guard it with their life.

GOD bless it! may its spangled wreath
Be ne'er disgraced by sons of thine!
Still may they cling its folds beneath,
In one unbroken line!
And still, in ages yet untold,
As brightly beam its glory's sheen
As when it waved, with scanty fold,
Above the old THIRTEEN!

My native State! my cherished home!
Hallowed alike by smile and tear,
May glory o'er thee build her dome,
And fame her temples rear!
One hope is to my heart most dear;
One boon at fortune's hand I crave:
Fate made me date my being *here*, —
Let fate make here my grave!
1838.

THE MORAL OF WINTER.

THE last warm ray hath gone and past,
The leaves have left the forest trees,
And winter's uncongenial blast
Hath ta'en the place of summer's breeze :
Above, around, without, within,
We miss the bright and cheerful beam,
And seek, in vain, delights to win,
From hill and vale, and crystal stream.

The flowers that bloomed our path along,
No more our weary eyes rejoice ;
We miss the " feathered child of song,"
We hear no more its cheerful voice :
Where'er we turn, we meet decay ;
Where'er we roam, we see its blight,
And joy is taken from the day,
And gloom is added to the night.

Well, be it so ; nor gloom nor grief,
Can bring despair, if thou art kind ;
Nor howling storm, nor faded leaf,
Dispel the sunshine of my mind :

What ray so bright as beauty's beam !
What bird so sweet as love's own voice !
And who can mourn for flower or stream,
That in affection doth rejoice !

Man ! thou that goest on thy way
Unmindful of time's fleeting hours,
And deemest that thy life's whole day
Will evermore be bright with flowers,—
One moment pause in thy career ;
Behold the gloom around thee cast ;
Let pale decay its moral bear,
And view thy fate in winter's blast.

As fall the leaves, so, one by one,
Thy sweetest joys shall drop away,
And hope shall from thy heart be wrung,
And leave it dark, as did that ray :
Time's hand shall rob from life its zest,
And feeble age and pale disease
Shall banish pleasure from thy breast,
As winter drove that summer breeze !

But let thy faith this lesson teach : —
There is a clime that knows no blight ;
A land despair can never reach,
A day ne'er shadowed o'er by night :

And he who treadeth virtue's way
Through summer's hours, and winter's gloom,
May smile to see the years decay,
And scorn the terrors of the tomb.

1838.

THE PLAYMATES OF CHILDHOOD.

I SEE them oft, — the youthful crew,
That met at morning's dawn,
When spire and tree their shadows threw
Across the dewy lawn ;
And merry shout and sportive yell
Sent forth their echoes there,
'Till hated sound of school-house bell
Brought book-time and despair.

But years and years have fled away,
And of that youthful train,
The playmates of my childhood's day,
Alas, how few remain !
Some wander in a distant land,
Some rove above the sea,
And many, 'neath their native sand,
From all life's ills are free.

'Tis true, that some still linger here ;
But ah, their looks are cold ;
I miss the welcome, warm and clear,
That greeted me of old.

Heart giveth back to heart no tone ;
Hand claspeth hand no more ;
And changed both form and mind have grown
From what they were of yore.

But still we meet, my comrades dear ;
For mem'ry hath a spell
That bringeth back, distinct and clear,
The forms beloved so well ;
And, though despair and sorrow lower
Upon life's checkered scene,
Still fancy oft renews the hour
We met upon the green.

1839.

THE TIDE OF DEATH.

THE tide rolls on, the tide rolls on, —
The never-ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasures from our hearts,
The loved ones from our side, —
That brings afflictions to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's unruffled brow
The charms that lingered there.

The tide rolls on ; — wave after wave,
Its swelling waters flow :
Before it, all is bright and fair ;
Behind it, all is woe :
The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that resistless tide.

The tide rolls on ; — the soldier's eye
Grows dim beneath its swell ;
The scholar shuns the mystic lore
That he hath loved so well ;

The monarch puts the crown aside ;
And labor's weary slave
Rejoices that his limbs will know
The quiet of the grave.

The tide rolls on ; — as summer brook,
It glideth to the sad ;
But, like dark winter's angry tide,
It rusheth to the glad.
From kingly hall and lowly cot,
From battle-field and hearth,
It sweeps unto oblivion's sea
The dwellers on the earth.

Roll on, thou dark and turbid wave !
Thou canst not bear away
The record of the good and brave,
That knoweth not decay :
Though fierce may rush thy billows' strife,
Though deep thy current be,
Still faith shall lift her beacon high,
And guide us through thy sea.

“DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP.”

A HERO on his vessel's deck
Lay welt'ring in his gore,
And tattered sail, and shattered wreck,
Told that the fight was o'er:
But e'en when death had glazed his eye,
His feeble, quivering lip
Still uttered with life's latest sigh,
“Do n't, do n't give up the ship.”

How often at the midnight hour,
When clouds of guilt and fear
Did o'er my hapless bosom lower,
To drive me to despair,
Those words have rushed upon my mind,
And made my heart to skip,
While whispered hope, in accents kind,
“Do n't, do n't give up the ship.”

O ye whose bark is rudely tossed
Upon life's stormy sea,
When e'en hope's beacon light seems lost,
And danger's on the lee,

Though howling storms of dark despair
Your luckless vessel strip,
Still lift to Heaven your ardent prayer,
And "*Do n't give up the ship.*"

And ye who sigh for beauty's smile,
Yet droop beneath her sneer,
Who 'd deem e'en heaven a desert isle,
If woman were not there, —
If you would hope each honeyed sweet
From her dear lips to sip,
Though she may spurn, thy vows repeat,
And "*Do n't give up the ship.*"

O let these words your motto be,
Whatever ills befall ;
Though foes beset, and pleasures flee,
And passion's wiles enthral,
Though danger spread her ready snare,
Your erring steps to trip,
Remember that dead hero's prayer,
And "*Do n't give up the ship.*"

1839.

LIFE'S EMBLEM.

What trifling causes will make the springs of the heart to well forth! How easily our sympathies and feelings are aroused! I saw a little child holding its mother with one hand, and, with the other, pointing upwards to a withered laurel-tree, whilst it uttered, in plain and musical accents, "Will it blossom no more, dear mother?"

WILL it blossom no more, dear mother?
Are its leaves and its flow'rets dead?
Shall myself and my own dear brother
No more 'neath its branches tread?
The tree that our sports hath shaded,
That grew by our cottage door, —
Have its leaves and its flow'rets faded?
Will they blossom for us no more?

Sweet child! in the scene before thee,
Thou may'st read of thy future doom, —
Of the blight that is gathering o'er thee,
To wither thy youth and bloom:
Like the tree that thy sports hath shaded,
Joys blossom thy pathway o'er;
But once that their bloom hath faded,
They will gladden thy soul no more!

Will the heart that despair hath broken
E'er throb with delight again?
Can he who hath worn *Cain's* token
E'er wash from his hands the stain?
Can you gather from earth the water
You have spilled o'er its thirsty plain?
Or, after the blood-red slaughter,
Give life to the hapless slain?

'T is *thus* with the tree before thee;
'T is *thus* with the human heart;
Though bright be the sunshine o'er thee,
Its glory will soon depart:
The hopes that thy mind doth cherish,
The treasures of love's own store,
Like the tree that thou mourn'st, will perish,
And gladden thee nevermore!
1839.

Poems,

OF THE LATE

THOMAS J. CHARLTON, M. D.

P O E M S .

LINES

ON THE GRAVE OF A STRANGER.

NEAR yon bold river, clear and deep,
The stranger's relics lie ;
The dews of heaven above him weep,
The winds above him sigh.

Near him the dead of days gone by,
The long-forgotten, sleep :
No record stands, erected nigh,
Their memories to keep.

Yet they have had the tribute love
Gives to the mourned-for dead,
And sorrow's tear been shed above
Each still, unconscious head.

But *thou*, poor stranger ! not for *thee*
Hath friend or kindred wept ;
And, with thy form, thy name shall be
Soon to oblivion swept.

Thy name, thy form, — but that is all
On which the grave can prey :
O may thy spirit, freed from thrall,
Dwell with eternal day !

“IT IS DECREED.”

It is decreed ; — I see, e'en now,
The grave impressed upon thy brow.
And must thou fade, O gentle flower,
In life's first dawning, opening hour ?
Must I behold that eye grow dim,
And death distort each lovely limb ?
O, hour of anguish ! thought of woe !
Who can a mother's sorrows know !
Would that it were my lot with thee,
From this vain world of cares set free,
To yield this agonizing breath,
And with thee seek the realms of death !

The realms of death ! O, deep despair
Could reason tell that thou wert there, —
That that fair form, that spirit bright,
Had sought alike eternal night !
But no ; hope's voice my bosom swells,
And sacred truth's blest record tells
Thou art not death's : the grave may keep
Thy relics in oblivion's sleep ;
But thou shalt dwell an angel bright,
Where dwells eternal life and light.

THE HUMAN HEART.

THE human heart! O, who can tell
The varying crowds that in it dwell!
Tumultuous passions, fiery hate,
That death alone has power to sate;
The thirst of gold, that strong desire
That bids all other thoughts expire;
And wild ambition's fev'rish hope
With time and Lethe's waves to cope.
O, what a chaos were our life,
If yielded to our passions' strife!

THE SYCOPHANT.

OF all the pests that hell to earth has sent,
Whose thoughts and hopes on evil most are bent,
Who knows no friend, whom love can never know,
Who never felt sweet mercy's genial glow, —
Protect me from the sycophant who tells
That but on you his fond affection dwells ;
Who, cringing to obtain or wealth or power,
Will change his worship in the changing hour ;
Who pours his plaudits in your ready ear,
And for your slightest woe will drop the tear.

Such will he be in fortune's brighter hour,
When all her gifts their fickle favors shower :
But change the scene ; let grief and sorrow crowd
To vex your life ; let defamation loud
Pursue your name ; — how soon the changeling flies
To other climes ! how soon his ardor dies !

“YES, ALL MUST CHANGE.”

YES, all must change, — the brow so bright,
The joyous heart, the smile so light, —
All these must change: the brow grows dark,
And lines of care its arches mark;
The heart once glad, is glad no more,
And there are tears for smiles of yore.

And who can say, that when thus changed,
Our pleasures fled, our friends estranged,
That mem'ry still a charm retains,
A charm that soothes our cares and pains?
Vain hope! for though again are brought
Before our minds each blissful thought,
Each happier day the past possessed,
When life by youth and hope was blessed,
Yet can the contrast but disclose
Our vanished joys, our present woes,
Like one whom doomed the endless night,
Yet dreams with vain regret of light.

“O, WEEP NOT.”

O, WEEP not, though thy fortunes still
Have been through life o'erwhelmed by ill :
Should grief have made thy breast her throne,
Should thy sad heart no bliss have known,
The pangs that rend that heart shall be,
With brief existence, passed from thee.

And be not joyous, although thou
Should have no cause to vex thy brow ;
For life no changeless fortune bears,
Turning too oft our smiles to tears :
Thus, when our bliss doth seem most bright,
'T is hovering on the verge of flight.

THE JUST MAN.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum.

HOR.

I HONOR him, who, through the strife,
The trials, and the cares of life,
Unswerved by hopes of wealth or fame,
Preserves unsullied still his name ;
Looks with a calm, contented eye,
When others for distinctions sigh ;
Nor lets the sordid thirst for gold
His spirit's best affections hold.

Hail, sacred virtue ! at thy shrine
Let me a willing homage pay :
The only guide for life is thine,
Thy path the only way :
Who keeps that path, undaunted sees
Death in his thousand forms,
Nor trembles when, 'mid raging seas,
He hears him 'mid the storms.

But when he comes to him whose guise,
Assumed but to deceive the eyes,

To him who bears a specious face,
But in whose breast all crimes have place,
How shall the wretch the summons hear,
Nor sink, o'erwhelmed with trembling fear !

SPRING.

YES, spring is beautiful and bright,
And fraught with all that glads the sight :
Tempests then cease their angry strife,
And nature fills with joy and life :
Pleasure holds now her genial throne,
Save in the breast of man alone :
But he, alas ! hath *that* within,
That load of doubt, despair, and sin,
That makes the fairest scene look vile,
And “ mars the season’s brightest smile.”

O, what to him are birds and flowers,
Or morning’s soft and dewy hours !
O, what to him the sun of noon,
Or the soft splendor of the moon !
Alas ! to sorrow’s troubled eye,
In vain their glories deck the sky ;
In vain the spring her sweets bestows
To hearts oppressed by cares and woes.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

I SAW her when her youthful bloom
Gave no foreboding of her doom ;
When health and bliss to her did seem
No poet's vain, ideal dream :
Of every joy of earth possessed,
By every hope I deemed her blessed ;
For fond affection's tender care
And kindred love were with her there.

I saw her when the cruel blight,
Disease, had dimmed her beauty's light ;
But still she seemed, in sorrow's hour,
A lovely though a fragile flower :
From her no vain repinings came
At that insidious, deadly flame,
Which, wasting still her vital breath,
Slowly consigned her form to death.

I saw her in that final day,
When life was yielded to decay :
No ling'ring hope of earth was there,
No sigh of doubt, no trembling fear :

To her the grave did only seem
The end of life's delusive dream ;
And gladly fled her soul to where
Comes not disease, nor pain, nor care.

“FORGET ME NOT.”

FORGET me not: 't is all that cheers
My term of grief, my joyless years, —
'T is all, amid the gloom of earth,
That gives one ling'ring joy its birth, —
The cherished hope, so fondly sought,
That I by thee am ne'er forgot.

Forget me not: let mem'ry cling
To early life's enchanting spring,
When thou and I so often met,
Nor feared our sun of joy would set:
Though set that sun, though changed that thought,
Be *thou* unchanged: — forget me not!

“VAIN DREAM OF LIFE.”

VAIN dream of life ! if unto thee
We turn with fond and hopeful hearts,
When all thy fond illusions flee,
And every cherished joy departs,
How can our souls such anguish bear,
Nor feel the ban of dark despair !

Can we in age dream o'er again
The visions of sweet fancy's reign ?
Can we, when time has turned to dust
The faithful hearts we used to trust,
Bring back the feeling that we knew
Of love unstained, and friendship true ?
Vain hope ! as well, when winter's breath
Hath blighted nature's sweets in death,
May withered leaves grow green again,
Or blooming flow'rets deck the plain.

“O, DO NOT BELIEVE.”

O, do not believe, should it seem to thee so,
That I e'er can forget that last parting of woe :
I do not forget, though the mansions of death
Hold the one that I loved more than life's fleeting
 breath,
One feature, one accent, one gesture ; nor yet
Shall time's fleeting years teach my soul to forget.

I do not forget : though 't is vain to recall,
Yet I would not be freed from sad mem'ry's thrall :
I still would remember, though never to meet
One who was so lovely, so guileless, and sweet.
O death ! thou hast blighted a blossom whose bloom
Might have freed this brief life of its withering gloom.

“LAND OF MY BIRTH.”

LAND of my birth, my hopes, my heart,
Are all thy glories to depart?
Shall that fair soil, where freedom's blood
Once poured, — a rich and precious flood, —
Be wet again, not with the gore
Of some bold foe who seeks thy shore,
Not from the mercenaries' veins
Whom gold or urges or restrains,
But with the precious tide that fills
The dwellers of thy plains and hills, —
Thy cherished children, — they for whom,
Regardless of th' impending doom
That waited unsuccessful strife,
Thy earliest sons once lavished life,
That these their offspring might not know
The wrongs that from oppression flow?

LOVE.

LOVE that is false is like the meteor's ray,
Which dazzles, but illumines not its way ;
That, shining for a moment's fickle space,
Runs out full soon its bright but transient race ;
Which, having passed, leaves darkness more ob-
scure,
And vain regrets, that joy could not endure.

Love that is true is like the constant light
That cheers the wanderer 'mid the shades of night ;
Which shines a beacon o'er the pathless wild,
Not vainly bright, but pure and undefiled :
So love that 's true preserves through life its flame,
And, unextinguished, glows through life the same.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

“HE’S a man of the world.” What is that?
Why, ’t is one who on all would grow fat;
Who knows when to whisper those words in the ear,
Of a kind to the hearer’s fond vanity dear;
Who meets the whole world with a ready-made
 smile,
And when most dissembling, will rave most at guile.

He has friends; but his friends, like the garment
 he wears,
Just as long as they serve for his uses, he bears;
And with happy *sang froid*, when they’ve served
 out their day,
He can throw both the friend and the garment away.
He can love; but his love will grow warm or grow
 cold,
As varies the state of his mistress’s gold.

THE DYING CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

MOTHER! e'er my latest sigh,
E'er the lustre leaves my eye,
Or its throbs forsake my heart,
And my soul from earth shall part,
Let me hear thy voice so dear
Soothe again my dying ear :
Let me feel thy tender kiss ;
'T is my last of earthly bliss.
But, dear mother, although now
Death is on my pallid brow,
Grieve not for my coming flight ;
Think not an eternal night
Shall for aye thy daughter hold,
In yon grave so dark and cold :
Though this form, in death's decay
Mould'ring, soon shall pass away,
And my name be heard no more,
When this fleeting day is o'er,
In that world where grief and pain
Cannot vex thy child again,
Freed from human passions' strife,
She shall live eternal life.

“CONCEALED BENEATH A BROW.”

CONCEALED beneath a brow, where care
Or guile would seem no part to bear,
Where all seems nature, nothing art, —
There lies, full oft, an anguished heart,
And hopes and thoughts, whose darker guise
Are masked by smiles and laughing eyes.

Think not that bliss dwells in the throng
Where festive lays the hours prolong ;
Think not that truth dwells on the tongue
On whose fond words thy soul hath hung ;
For festive lays will turn to tears,
And fondest love will change with years.

All, after those bright, earlier days,
When hope ne'er hid her cheering rays, —
All, after these, is false and feigned :
Our joys are fled, our thoughts restrained,
Our warmest feelings soon grow tame,
Our friendships light, our love a name.

DEATH.

THERE is a thought that steals among
The brightest joys of earth,
That chills the festive voice of song,
And blights the hours of mirth.

There is a thought, when wealth and fame
Sounds sweetest to the ear, —
A bitter thought, a dreaded name,
We shun, but needs must hear.

There is a thought, when lovers' sighs
Breathe from the constant heart, —
A rankling thought that never flies,
But says, "e'en love must part."

It changes ne'er through changing life ;
It dwells with fleeting breath :
The end of love, of hate, of strife,
Fame, power, or wealth, is *death* !

“HE WHO DECAYS IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.”

HE who decays in youthful prime,
Dies like the rose of May;
E'er touched by fell, destroying time,
It withering fades away.
Not like the rose of autumn, chill,
Deserted, lone, and pale,
Which, clinging to existence still,
Droops in the cheerless vale.

Thus may it be my lot to part
From life, e'er cares and guile
Have changed the impulse of my heart,
And made me wear the smile,
Feigning a joy that is not felt,
And telling vows, forsooth,
That in the breast have never dwelt,
Beyond our happy youth.

THE EMBLEM OF CONSTANCY.

DEAR Sarah, I need not the myrtle to tell,
That when thou art absent, thy image shall dwell
With him who adores thee ; for there it shall stay,
'Mid the sunshine of joy, or adversity's day :
'T is not when alone I am with thee, I feel
Thy charms o'er my soul their soft influence feel,
But oft, 'mid the dreams of the noontide of night,
I see those dear eyes in their softness of light.

Should the hand of disease rend the heart which is
 thine,
Remember that still, e'er this life I resign,
Whate'er were the faults of thy lover, that he
Was never unkind or inconstant to *thee* :
Then wear thou the myrtle, until thou canst find
One more constant and true ; until then, let it bind
Our hearts in a union which earth cannot sever ;
But love me, dear maid, and I'll love *thee* forever !

“TREAD AT THE SOLEMN HOUR OF NIGHT.”

TREAD at the solemn hour of night,
When folly's visions take their flight,
The silence of the grave ;
Go where, among the reckless dead,
The weeds grow o'er each silent head,
And the wild grass doth wave.

'T will tell thee more than wisdom's store
Of present days, or days of yore,
Could ever here impart :
It is a stillness that doth speak
A tale that oft will blanch the cheek,
And strike with dread the heart.

Do fortune's gifts thy mind employ
With transient hopes of fleeting joy ?
Dost thou in beauty bloom ?
Then look upon this prostrate dust :
'T is what thou wert, and what thou must
Return to in the tomb.

THE VOICE OF THE GALE.

'T is the voice of the gale : I have heard it, at night,
Sweep the depths of the sea with its terrible might ;
And the sound of its wailing seemed fraught with
the cry
Of thousands who sank 'mid the waters to die.

'T is the voice of the gale : I have heard its deep
moan
Through the desolate halls of some fabric o'er-
thrown ;
And the accents of those who once gladdened its
hearth
Seemed again to return to the place of their birth.

'T is the voice of the gale : 'mid the desolate plain,
In the forest's dark gloom, I have heard it complain,
Like the tones of some spirit that hovered in air,
And mourned for the children of sorrow and care.

'T is the voice of the gale, which, to fancy's fond
ear,
Seems filled with the accents of those ever dear,—
My friends, my companions, my kindred,—all those
Who have sunk to the sleep of a lasting repose.

Yes; oft, 'mid its moanings, we they are
 nigh,

And fancy we hear their soft voice y:
'T is a vision of bliss, 'till, by reason o'erthrown,
We hear the rude breath of the tempest alone.

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