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ATALIA;

OR

Love in a Desert.



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WILLIAM WATSON WALDRON.



# ATALA;

OR,

## LOVE IN A DESERT.

A Metrical Indian Legend.

AND

## OTHER POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM WATSON WALDRON, A.B.,

AUTHOR OF "HUGUENOTS OF WESTCHESTER," "IRVING AND COTEMPORARIES," ETC.

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"I versify events, not poetize."

*Old Play.*

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PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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# CONTENTS

## ATALA.

	PAGE
Canto I.....	7
Canto II.....	20

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

St. James's Church, Fordham.....	37
In Memory of J. D. Wolfe.....	38
To the Prince of Wales.....	40
From the Greek.....	43
In Memory of Annie E. Bushnell.....	43
Hymn.....	44
Watchman, what of the Night?.....	45
Sister of Charity.....	46
Adam's Morning Hymn.....	49
When shall I pray?.....	51
Weep not for Him.....	52
In Memory of Joseph Walker.....	54
On viewing the Interment of L. B. Smith.....	56
Jephthah's Vow.....	57
Hour of Love.....	59
Greenbank.....	60
Chieftain and Child.....	61
Landing of the Normans.....	63
Wreck of the Arctic.....	64
Address to George IV.....	66
Acrostic.....	67
What is Life?.....	68
Last Lay of the Minstrel.....	70



## PROEM.

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THE subject of the principal poem, in this collection, was suggested when translating, from the original, the beautiful tale of Chateaubriand which bears the same name. While thus employed, the idea occurred how suitable might the subject be to poetic numbers, and with it that some favored child of song would attune his harp to the praise of Atala. Such desire not being responded to (for what bard ever waked his chords thus to melody?), the following poem was the result of the reflection. In investing the heroine in a new garb, and introducing her, so arrayed, to the world, the author must submit to the kindness of friends and the judgment of the public. The shorter pieces were suggested by the various subjects they are designed to illustrate.



# A T A L A .



## CANTO I.

“ AND who is she—the blue-eyed southern child,  
Of clime more known to man, but scarce less wild?  
High-born (a birth at which the herald smiles,  
Without a 'scutcheon on his length'ning files),  
Of a long race, the valiant and the free—  
Pure offspring she of savage chivalry.”      BYRON.

### I.

At gray-eyed morn, bright noon, or dewy eve,  
'Tis truly wise the busy throng to leave,  
And list to tales that lead the mind to grieve  
O'er virtue's trials; e'en her very tears  
More precious are than vacant smile that cheers  
The midnight revel.—Then, my Muse, on wing  
Aërial, come: attune the minstrel string  
To strains immortal, yet what mortals sing.  
Of kings I trow not: princes, heroes brave,  
Who, through the paths of glory, seek the grave,  
The last asylum of the lord and slave:

To things so lofty ne'er my soul aspires,  
The forest children limit her desires,  
Needing nor angel voice nor seraph lyres.

## II.

A peerless maid I sing—the Muse commands ;  
A daughter of the sun, throughout all lands  
In story famed. On her had bounteous Heaven  
Conferred those gifts but rare to mortals given.  
Pure as the virgin snow she stood confest,  
No troubled waves to agitate a breast  
Where every virtue found a safe abode,  
No fiend to torment, canker to corrode ;  
Each aspiration breathed alone for God.

## III.

The chords I touch for him who gained the heart  
Of Florida's fair child : he used no art,  
No charm, no spell save such as nature sends  
When into one two kindred souls she blends.  
The flame was mutual—each for other burns ;  
How blest when heart to heart such flame returns !  
They name it friendship, love ; Heaven either sends ;  
Say, say, where one begins, the other ends ?

## IV.

In those fair regions when the white man came  
From realms beyond the deep, it lives in fame



That Atala, a daughter of the wild,  
 Wacousta loved—a guileless forest child ;  
 From hostile tribes they sprang : a Natchez he ;  
 She, from the Seminoles, of high degree ;  
 Her father was a sachem : he (the loved)  
 A captive. Whom has love divine not proved ?

## V.

Wacousta in a border feud was ta'en,  
 And to an aged elm, with ozier chain,  
 Most straitly bound : before the dawn of day  
 It was decreed, another solar ray  
 He never more should view ; but Heaven's decree's  
 More potent e'en than those which monarchs please,  
 And still her guardian angels hover round  
 Declaring, "*Mercy seek and mercy's found.*"

## VI.

While the lone captive lay, in soft repose,  
 Fond dreams, of by-gone days, assuage his woes ;  
 The placid smile that played around his brow  
 Declared he thought of other scenes than now.  
 He felt his bonds relax and fain would rise,  
 But sleep, the wretch's friend, still sealed his eyes ;  
 He wakes, but does he wake among the free,  
 Whose heart no more partakes of liberty ?

## VII.

Bright did the silver moonbeams shed their rays  
 On all around ; Wacousta, with amaze,

Saw hanging o'er him, and his chains unbind.  
 A heavenly form! Can such the wretched find  
 As from above they wing their aërial flight?  
 Was it a vision that entranced his sight?  
 May the bright seraphim extend their care  
 To such as fortune's favors rarely share?

## VIII.

He spake: "Canst thou be that famed Liberty?  
 Boundless as ocean and as tempest free:  
 Unlimited as space, beyond all view,  
 Endless as time, as unbeginning too,  
 Who on a stranger now confers thy charms:  
 Thy smile alone captivity disarms.  
 Come, gentle Deity, oh! succor me,  
 Still be my breast a tranquil home to thee!"

## IX.

"Or canst thou be that goddess from above  
 Who takes the charge of those who truly love,  
 Who binds such kindred hearts as Heaven unites  
 Still close and closer by the nuptial rites,  
 Blending them into one? If so, I'm free,  
 If I be but that kindred soul to thee;  
 Take me, oh! take to those blest abodes,  
 Where men are angels! angels less than gods!"

## X.

The maiden blushed such ardent words to hear;  
 The blush responded—for her tongue, from fear,

Refused expression ; still the heaving breast  
Declared the struggling thought, the eye confest  
That passion ruled within ; she turned to see  
If aught could view the mental agony  
Around, above—no witness to view ;  
She spake—her sighs were many, words were few.

## XI.

“ Warrior, I am not she to whom is given  
To rule o'er hearts that fate unites in heaven ;  
Nor yet fair Liberty : but of this earth  
I am—to mortal parents owe my birth.  
My sire was Simghan, ruler of that band  
That led thee captive, and throughout the land  
Of Seminoles the chief—nor more is he ;  
Tell me, in turn, O youth ! who thou mayst be ?”

## XII.

A quick reply the falt'ring tongue denies,  
Still, still 'tis told expressive through the eyes,  
The glance, the blush respond 'neath southern skies.  
What though a darker hue may dye the cheek,  
The glowing tinge the passions well bespeak.  
Nature, in mystic character, imparts  
A mutual eloquence to kindred hearts.  
Thus mute the captive stood as 'twere some spell  
Retained a heart too full its griefs to tell,  
Till from its flowings these effusions fell.

## XIII.

" A Natchez I—who, who can fail to know  
 Great Outalissa of the *Silver Bow* ?  
 I came of him, long famed in martial tale  
 That still makes maid and matron's cheek grow pale ;  
 A chief redoubtable. Alas ! no more  
 He'll lead his tribe to glory, as before.  
 In the same foray I was captive led,  
 My father fought till numbered with the dead ?"

## XIV.

As so Wacousta of his sire declares,  
 The cheek of Atala alternate wears  
 That changing tint the feelings oft portray,  
 And the soul's inmost workings well betray ;  
 From pale to deepest crimson eke it glows,  
 And, in its turn, each changing passion shows.  
 Such varying hue emotion strong bespeaks,  
 And stillness reigns till thus she silence breaks.

## XV.

" Art thou the son of that redoubted chief,  
 Him of the *Silver Bow* ? His life was brief  
 For all the mighty actions of renown  
 That wreathed his brows with many a laurel crown ;  
 E'en though he has extinguished all my race,  
 Nor is there left a solitary trace  
 Of what we were—still, 'still I'll be to thee  
 A guardian spirit—be so thou to me !"

## XVI.

By speech relieved, the heart resumes its peace,  
 And throes that swell the bosom quickly cease ;  
 Tears cease to flow, as if their cause were o'er,  
 Their balming ministry avails no more.  
 She takes a brilliant cross whose sparkling light  
 Subdued the thick'ning shades of falling night  
 Then gath'ring round : on the young captive's breast  
 The gem she hung : her feelings thus exprest.

## XVII.

“ Young warrior, take this cross : salvation seek  
 Through Him who died for all : who lowly, meek,  
 Gave e'en his life for me : a rev'rend seer  
 Of the pale strangers first conveyed it here :  
 St. Aubry is he named, a holy man :  
 Far in the wilderness he dwells : you can  
 Seek his lone cave : with him and heaven e'er dwell :  
*Remember Atala ! Farewell ! farewell !*

## XVIII.

As the fair herald of salvation seems  
 About to wing her flight to realms of dreams—  
 For surely from a spirit-land was she  
 Who thus could set a stranger captive free—  
 Wacousta turned a supplicating eye,  
 Expressing more than language could supply :  
 Thoughts, erst in bondage held, their fetters break,  
 And feelings long imprisoned, quickly spake.

## XIX.

“Stay, stay thee, stranger! Though yon brilliant orb,  
 Whose light must all the lights of heaven absorb,  
 My fathers long have worshiped; still with thee  
 I'll bow to this fair cross thou gav'st to me:  
 And leave me not. 'Tis safety to be near  
 Where'er thou art. With thee what heart can fear?  
 Oh! fly with me! We'll make the world a home,  
 And to its farthest verge together roam.

## XX.

“Sacred to friendship let us raise a shrine,  
 Remote from cities—seek a love divine,  
 Some sacred spot by human foot untrod;  
 A life less dear to man, more true to God,  
 We'll pass: nor shorter road from earth is given  
 Than what the wilderness affords to heaven:  
 Where love and friendship yield alternate charms:  
 Fly, fly with me, nor shun a lover's arms.”

## XXI.

He spake—but ere another word could say,  
 A cloud of dust obscures the light of day.  
 With trembling heart he saw the hostile foe  
 Approach, well armed with quiver, shaft, and bow.  
 No time was left for counsel to explore.  
 He burst his swaths and to the thicket bore  
 The maiden; reckless they of hound or horn  
 That still assailed the ear till break of morn.

## XXII.

Thus on life's troubled ocean were they tost,  
Till in the mazes of the forest lost ;  
No guiding star emits a friendly ray,  
Through the dark foliage, to illumine the way ;  
No friendly word salutes the listening ear,  
No sound familiar heard, no voice to cheer ;  
On silence naught intrudes ; the beasts that roam  
Anon may break it as they seek their home.

## XXIII.

Onward they strayed until Aurora's dawn  
Presents a broad savannah, where the fawn  
Sported around upon the velvet lawn.  
Their seats they take within the fragrant bowers  
That nature formed of incense-breathing flowers,  
Where trees of varied tint afford a shade,  
And fruits as varied as their hues displayed,  
Birds of all plumage pass from spray to spray,  
And add new charms to while the time away.

## XXIV.

Escambia, of the Florida's fair streams,  
The fairest she to wake soft fancy's dreams,  
Meandered by, in murmurs loud and deep,  
That well might weary senses lull to sleep ;  
Her mirror waters shed around the scene  
Such charms as mortal eyes have seldom seen :  
On every side enchantment's spells it threw,  
Such spells as waking eyes but rarely view.

## XXV.

The zephyrs sighing round the purling rills  
 Whose crystal waters trickle down the hills,  
 Seem gentle nature's softest lullaby  
 That lulls to rest the slumb'rer's closing eye,  
 And weighs the weary lid in gentle sleep,  
 Nor more in watchings painful vigils keep ;  
 The 'wildered wanderers felt those pleasing joys  
 Producing e'en a bliss which never cloy.

## XXVI.

The raptures of that scene what words can tell ?  
 Fain would the minstrel on its transports dwell ;  
 Time, in fleet transit, reckless passed away  
 Till fair Aurora ushered in the day :  
 While thus unheeded glide away the hours,  
 Music, of heavenly birth, affords her powers ;  
 The lovers lightly touch their rude-made lyres,  
 And in sweet concert thus the Muse inspires.

## LAY.

## 1.

*“ The morning hour invites to rove,  
 Still be it e'er the hour of love ;  
 How grateful is the tranquil scene !  
 The slumb'ring foliage, sky serene !  
 All nature sleeps, all nature's still,  
 The verdant vale, the moss-grown hill.*



*Silence luxuriant holds her reign,  
 Save the winged songster's golden strain.  
 Oh! did we never sigh to roam,  
 Ne'er sigh to view the stranger's home,  
 Ne'er weep beneath a foreign sky,  
 How sweet then e'en for love to die!*

## 2.

*"The morning hour must ever prove  
 Genial to friendship, virtue, love:  
 Offspring of heaven! to these 'twill be  
 A source of true felicity.  
 Should pleasure mark the sparkling eye,  
 Should sorrow ever claim its sigh,  
 When nature loves to tune her strains,  
 Then seek this hour of joys and pains.  
 Oh! did we never sigh to roam,  
 Ne'er seek to view the stranger's home,  
 Ne'er sigh beneath a foreign sky,  
 How sweet then e'en for love to die!"*

## XXVII.

Sweet is an hour of rapture, thus removed  
 Far from the world with those we fondly loved,  
 No human ken intruding to molest  
 The tranquil pleasure of a lover's breast.  
 If bliss celestial e'er descended here  
 To visit for a season this our sphere,  
 'Tis surely when two kindred bosoms prove  
 The genial home of one united love.

## XXVIII.

While on a bank of roses they reclined,  
 For favors grateful and to ills resigned,  
 Wacousta said, "My Atala, relate  
 To what behest of heaven I owe the fate  
 That led thee, as an angel, to the spot,  
 Where first we met; by all but thee forgot.  
 Say, was it friendship, love, or pity weighed  
 In moving thus to bring the wretched aid?"

## XXIX.

With downcast eyes the maiden thus replied:  
 "Some spell unknown first led me to thy side:  
 No stranger to affliction, I have learned  
 To feel for all on whom a mother yearned.  
 I saw thee led a captive to adorn  
 The fatal pile decreed to blaze ere morn.  
 My bosom burnt to set the captive free:  
 To this alone you owe your liberty."

## XXX.

While thus by converse the young lovers tried  
 To gain the secret thought no ken espied,  
 To mark the rising blush, the falling tear,  
 To seek if cause remain of hope or fear,  
 A distant sound is heard: "*They come, they come!*"  
 Wacousta cried, "*'Tis conquest or the tomb.*  
*Fly, fly, Atala! This arm shall save*  
*All I hold dear, or here I'll find my grave.*"

## XXXI.

Scarcely died the falt'ring accents on his tongue,  
When all the forest with a war-whoop rung.  
Dread sound! when issued by ten thousand men,  
And echo's voice repeats it oft again,  
From Alpine steep prolonged to hollow glen.  
Unheard, unseen, the wanderers sought the shade,  
By dust in volumes more securely made.  
The foe moves on, unconscious of their prey,  
As scentless bloodhounds ofttimes, when at bay,  
Nor stop nor stay till night incloses day.

## XXXII.

The danger past, no cause of fear is found;  
Deep silence reigns till echo breathes around  
Its softest murmurs; still the timid hearts  
That ev'ry flutt'ring leaf to terror starts,  
Felt not assured till every cove and hill,  
Glen, dale, and valley lay in slumber still;  
Then were their fears allayed to calm repose,  
The eye, erst dimmed with tears, to lustre glows;  
In sweet communion they dissolve their woes.

## XXXIII.

Youth, ever guileless, on life's ocean tost,  
Is oft beneath the mountain billow lost;  
E'en though the bark outlive the storm and wave,  
And friendly port presents a chance to save,

She seeks not a return, but sighs to prove  
 The force of friendship, constancy of love.  
 So frail a craft must needs admit decay,  
 Yet all embark the voyage to essay.

## XXXIV.

O Love, mysterious passion! what can heal  
 A bosom destined thy deep pangs to feel?  
 Is there no balm fair nature can supply  
 Save the sad tear that falls or deep-drawn sigh?  
 Where'er two kindred hearts responsive beat,  
 In unison are joined, in concert meet,  
 Though fortune's beams have unpropitious shone,  
 Still fate, more kindly, blends them into one.

---

 CANTO II.

THE sky is changed, and such a change! O night,  
 And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman.—Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
 Leaps the bold thunder! *Childe Harold.*

## I.

EVENING now closed around the trav'ler's way,  
 Involving all things in its sober gray;  
 The feathered songsters to the grove repair  
 And seek repose; the beast forsakes his lair.

Nature, in mercy, ever finds a home  
For ail save man : if he a wand'rer roam  
Far from his native haunts, most hapless he  
Whose only home is heaven's blue canopy.

## II.

The low'ring skies envelop all the plain,  
And darkness visible did long maintain  
A rule supreme, till heaven's loud thunders roll,  
And forkèd lightnings flash from pole to pole ;  
Peal upon peal in quick succession flows,  
Till with one lambent flame all nature glows ;  
The forests bow their heads, as if t' implore  
The rival elements to rage no more.

## III.

Where were the lovers at this awful hour ?  
In vain they shelter sought within the bower  
(Which yet had shelter none) that late had been  
To fond young lovers an Elysian scene.  
Alas ! how changed ! those flowers of sweet perfume,  
Those fragrant shrubs betraying roseate bloom,  
The moss-grown seat, the vernal velvet floor  
Are now of things that were—and are no more.

## IV.

When rain with tempest, earth with heaven contend,  
And all the elements in union blend ;  
While war, scarce less tumultuous, had possessèd  
The heart of Atala, her troubled breast

Concealed a storm more dire than that which rolled  
 Through vaulted skies—a bell for vespers tolled.  
 Wacousta cried, “ Good Heaven has sent relief ;  
 Hope from despair oft springs—oft joy from grief.”

## V.

Speech had denied its power the thought to tell,  
 When a St. Bernard mastiff sought the dell  
 Where royal dome ne'er rose for king to dwell,  
 But bower had ever been : a lantern bound  
 Upon his breast, he, turning, oft looked round,  
 As if by supplicating look he plead  
 The wanderers to follow to the shed  
 Of good St. Aubry. Heaven alone could send,  
 At such dark hour, the refuge, guide, and friend.

## VI.

“ *Angels of grace, defend us!—is it thou,  
 My daughter in the spirit, whom I now  
 Behold thus 'wildered ?*” Aubry exclaimed.  
 “ E'en from their lairs the beasts, or wild or tamed,  
 This night durst never venture. Tell me why  
 Dost thou, with such companion, thus defy  
 The raging elements of rain and storm,  
 As they the dirge of nature's wail perform.”

## VII.

With native modesty the maid declares  
 Her tale, and all the hermit's pity-shares.  
 Tears fell in torrents from his aged eyes,  
 His breast more deeply told his griefs by sighs.

The silver locks that mantle o'er his breast,  
 And well to eighty winter snows attest,  
 Oft trembled with the palsied head that bore  
 The sorrowing griefs attendant on four-score.

## VIII.

The holy man that bounteous table spread  
 Where 'wilder'd wanderer of the wild oft fed ;  
 In silent worship he preferred a prayer  
 In which the houseless strangers largely share.  
 The blazing fagot sheds around a light  
 That well contrasted with the fearful night  
 Then reigning out ; the simple feast being o'er,  
 To heaven's behest resigned : they seek no more.

## IX.

The hour of midnight came, and all repair  
 The blessing of repose in sleep to share.  
 A bed of mountain heather had been stored  
 Within the sacred fane where all adored  
 Who sought asylum there : the fairer guest  
 Retired in sanctuary to balmy rest.  
 Wacousta, weary, shared a mossy bed  
 With the recluse, beneath a humbler shed.

## X.

Sweet are the fairy visions of the night  
 That, to the lover's breast, impart delight ;  
 Season of rapture ! evermore prolong  
 Thy hours to days, and let the festive song

Still be triumphant!—such a magic scene  
 To gentle Atala this night had been.  
 Why does the dreamer wake to realize  
 Naught save the woes reality supplies?

## XI.

Night past, Aurora dawns and sheds her beams  
 On young Wacousta, as of love he dreams.  
 Sleep winged her flight long ere her charms could cloy,  
 Those charms alone possessed without alloy:  
 No parent, country, kindred now had he;  
 These sacred ties must hence forever be  
 United into one: from her must come  
 All the delights of country, kindred, home.

## XII.

The maiden rose, and, at the altar side,  
 To Heaven she prayed, by naught observed beside.  
 No friendly eye was near her, she did dwell  
 As anchoret within the lonely cell.  
 Prayer, though unuttered, seems life's storm to calm,  
 And if exprest, still brings more sovereign balm.  
 Angels rejoice when prostrate man will raise  
 His soul to heaven and cry, "*Behold, he prays!*"  
 Thus the fair novice adoration pays.

## PRAYER OF ATALA.

## 1.

*Abba, Father! let us render  
 Our first orisons to thee.*



*Be, as erst, our sole defender,  
Sought in deep humility.  
Dawning nature sings thy praises ;  
Should not mortals then rejoice,  
When his matin hymn he raises,  
To thy glory wakes his voice ?*

## 2.

*“Jah ! Jehovah ! when 'tis breathing  
Holy incense to the skies,  
And from ev'ry flower we're wreathing,  
Fragrant odors gently rise,  
Let us give our thoughts to heaven  
Where our souls should anchored be  
Shrived, anointed, and forgiven  
Through a long eternity.*

## 3.

*“Jesu, when at noon reclining,  
Under the palmetto shade,  
Every wish to thee resigning,  
Thee, the great atonement made ;  
Still to thee our thoughts be risen,  
Who alone canst point the way  
From the portals of life's prison  
To an everlasting day.*

## 4.

*“Holy Spirit, when eve closes  
And envelops all in gloom,*

*Nature in soft sleep reposes,  
 Emblematic of the tomb ;  
 If, at vespers, we're adoring,  
 Let thy influence be spread  
 On the heart thy grace outpouring,  
 Thine anointing o'er the head.*

## 5.

*“ Great Triune ! in one united,  
 Three in one and one in three,  
 Well thou deem'st thyself requited  
 In the worship paid to thee.  
 Mystic Union, ever blended,  
 Wrought alone by power divine,  
 Ne'er beginning, still unended,  
 Claim me, Holy One, as thine.”*

## XIII.

Phœbus appears, and o'er fair nature gleams,  
 Enliv'ning all things with his golden beams ;  
 Gloom from the world retired : all, all adored  
 The great *First Cause* who heaven to earth restored.  
 The grove, redolent with its sweet perfumes,  
 The varied charms of by-gone days assumes,  
 While mountain, valley, hill, and dale rejoice,  
 Hailing his gladsome welcome with one voice.

## XIV.

Ere the fair pilgrim poured her soul in prayer,  
 The aged host and youthful guest repair

To seek the sacred walls whence erst were given  
Thoughts pure as childhood's offering to heaven :  
Entranced, enraptured, they beheld the shrine  
Graced by a form less human than divine.  
She turned—the hues that mantled o'er her cheek  
More true than words the inmost soul bespeak.

## XV.

There is a language of the eyes, that few  
Can fail to read aright, interpret true ;  
There is a language love is wont to speak,  
Intelligent on youth or maiden's cheek.  
Such, such the hermit read in each young guest,  
Although in words no thought was yet exprest.  
Within the chancel soon the rev'rend man  
Proclaims an act where none forbids the ban.

## XVI.

Angels invisible the gentle bride  
Led to the altar, by her lover's side.  
The aged hermit celebrates the rites  
Decreed by law divine, two souls unites  
In that mysterious union Heaven requites.  
O state most blissful ! if on earth is found  
Pure happiness, 'tis only when are bound  
Hearts thus congenial, by that sacred love  
Which e'en aërial spirits faith can prove.

## XVII.

The rev'rend host prepared his humble board  
 With the best fare his frugal stores afford.  
 The bridal pair to nuptial feast proceed,  
 A feast for which no guiltless creatures bleed :  
 The pliant vine that lowly crept the ground  
 Afforded fruit, in fragrant arbor found,  
 And the pure water from the crystal font  
 Supplies all nature needs—nor more they want.

## XVIII.

The feast being o'er, the lovers sought the grove,  
 Where time unheeded passed in hours of love ;  
 Removed from life's turmoils, from human ken,  
 Remote from cities, unobserved by men,  
 Far from the busy throng, the vulgar gaze,  
 How silent roll the seasons, swift the days ;  
 Where heart responds to heart and mind to mind,  
 'Tis there alone a heaven on earth we find.

## XIX.

Oft as the radiant moon expands her beams,  
 And makes, as liquid silver, crystal streams ;  
 The wan'drers, hand in hand, again survey  
 The 'wilder'd wilds where devious paths bewray.  
 Anon, to 'guile the tedium of the hours,  
 They take their seat upon a bank of flowers,  
 Sing tales of love to melody's soft lay,  
 That Muse imparts, to while the time away.

## XX.

Thus passed the season through the fading year,  
Till fields assume the robe of autumn sere ;  
The stream of life so unobserved flowed on,  
Scarce moved it forward ere 'twas past and gone ;  
Ah ! why does envious time dispatch his hours  
Whene'er his pathway lies through beds of flowers ?  
So quickly does he wend, we scarce can weave  
A garland, ere the bowers we're forced to leave.

## XXI.

Stern winter comes, a season dread and drear ;  
All nature wanes apace, as wanes the year ;  
The dying leaves were scattered o'er the ways,  
And few were left to fend the solar rays.  
The ling'ring blossoms wither on the stem,  
And all of fair and lovely dies with them.  
Thus faded Atala, her joys are fled,  
She mingles smiles with tears and droops her head.

## XXII.

As oft the lily, long weighed down with showers,  
No more can rear its head 'mong kindred flowers,  
Unwilling still the victory to yield,  
Or waste its sweetness on the desert field,  
It vainly seeks to dissipate the gloom,  
Displaying charms—still naught avails its bloom ;  
It droops apace—fades—withers—pines away,  
Yields to the blast and sinks to sad decay.

## XXIII.

Thus nature's fairest work consumes: each morn  
 The charms which, late as yestere'en, adorn,  
 Are ever gone; at each return of day  
*This* droops apace, and *that* has passed away.  
 As the fond lovers sit beside the stream  
 Meandering softly by and lulls life's dream,  
 The gentle Atala inclines her head,  
 Nor more of earth she was—her *spirit* fled.

## XXIV.

Ere the last ling'ring sigh resigns its breath,  
 The rayless eyes were ever sealed in death,  
 The parting soul ere wends its struggling way  
 Soaring to realms of bright, of endless day;  
 Then were her latest purest thoughts still given,  
 As erst, to rest them in their native heavèn;  
 Ere that her flight was winged to heaven's bright shores,  
 She, swan-like, thus a dying dirge outpours:

## DIRGE.

## 1.

“Daughter of grief, thy race is o'er,  
 Sorrow this bosom rends no more,  
 Nor more can dim mine eye.  
 Lend, lend your wings, ye angel choir,  
 Yes, to those regions I aspire  
 Of love and harmony.

## 2.

“ By travail to this world we come,  
 By travail journey to the tomb,  
 In travail pass our days.  
 Thrice happy hour!—then welcome here!  
 That points the way to that bright sphere  
 Where seraphim give praise.

## 3.

“ Daughter of joy, then hail me now,  
 With festal garlands bind my brow,  
 A triumph here I gain.  
 Sound, sound the loudest notes of joy,  
 For raptures pure without alloy  
 On me henceforth remain.”

## XXV.

Why is it ever thus with all that's fair?  
 Why evanescent as the passing air?  
 Why can the rose's fragrance but an hour  
 Impart a sweetness to its native bower?  
 At early dawn it rears its blushing head  
 In beauty's pride—at noon its charms are fled,  
 And ere the evening's close we mourn it dead.  
 'Tis thus with man—the sun that gilds his bloom  
 Will, with its setting rays, adorn a tomb.

## XXVI.

Woe's monument Wacousta stood confest;  
 What art can paint the anguish of his breast?

Around the lifeless corse his arms he threw,  
 Kissed the cold lips and faintly sighed, Adieu !  
 More would he speak, could words declare his grief,  
 Sighs would he breathe, could sighs afford relief.  
 He grasped the clay-cold hand, vain kisses gave.  
 But what avails beside th' insatiate grave ?

## XXVII.

Does heaven regard when death thus rends in two  
 Hearts once united by a bond so true ?  
 'Tis finished, then he cried, my course is run,  
 It ends in sorrow as it first begun.  
 A heart fast breaking, truly these declare,  
 The sigh, the tear. Death, never, never spare  
 Your latest victim, all he now desires :  
 He spake—then breathing out his soul, expires.

## XXVIII.

Flow on, Escambia, with a giant's force,  
 Sublimely flowing, from thy limpid source,  
 To ocean's depths, regardless of the corse  
 That on thy beetling shore neglected lies,  
 Unseen, unmourned, save by the weeping skies.  
 Here, Atala no more will tell her dream  
 Which fancy taught when lulled by thy fair stream,  
 Nor will thy murr'ring waters more beguile  
 The ardent lovers—list'ning the while,  
 Responding with a tear, anon a smile.



## XXIX.

Is there no sorrowing heart to weep the fate  
 Of love so constant? will no mourner wait  
 On this lone spot and drop a silent tear,  
 A humble tribute to a lover's bier?  
 Can friendship one small offering deny?  
 Will she not give a tributary sigh?  
 Will tears of morn alone be found to weep?  
 Will pensive eve, untended, vigils keep?

## XXX.

As the pale corses lay 'neath heaven's blue clouds,  
 The gentle robins weave funereal shrouds  
 From cypress mingled with the mourning yew,  
 Frail monumental types of love so true.  
 Still, still to friendship constant is there one—  
 The faithful Carlo wailed his plaint alone;  
 Bayed the pale moon till all the forest rung,  
 And echo's hundred tongues his plaints prolong.

## XXXI.

Thrice had the earth been wrapt in evening shade  
 Before St. Aubry found the lovers laid,  
 Unwept, unheeded—Carlo thither led  
 In wakeless slumber; on their moss-grown bed,  
 They hand in hand reclined; 'twas death's repose.  
 Tears stole his furrowed cheek, he mourned their woes;  
 Thence to his cell, with falt'ring step, he hied,  
 And, over-fraught with sorrow, bowed and died.

## XXXII.

What though no friend, no kindred close their eyes,  
 Nor, save the zephyr's, aught respond their sighs.  
 No friends arrayed in mockeries of woe,  
 No heart to melt in soft affection's glow ;  
 Still sainted spirits rest in dreamless sleep,  
 Rest till the angels their last harvest reap,  
 Rest till the heavenly host glad tidings brings,  
 Messiah comes with healing in his wings.

## XXXIII.

Thus fades the glory of the world away,  
 As snow-wreaths thus it fleetly finds decay ;  
 Is beauty thine ? it is a fading flower :  
 Does youth elate ? it wanes with every hour.  
 Wealth makes it wings : then is there naught below  
 Immortal bliss on mortal can bestow  
 Beyond the shaft of fate or death's control ?  
 Is nought coeval with the undying soul  
 That still exists when years shall cease to roll ?

## XXXIV.

Yes ! there's a flower that will survive the tomb,  
 Of youth eternal, of unfading bloom.  
 Born of no soil, it is of every clime ;  
 No age can claim it : 'tis beyond all time.  
 Bound by no limits, as the tempest free,  
 Boundless as space, twin with eternity.  
 Tell—what that gift of heaven such power can claim  
*Virtue ! oh ! need the Muse declare thy name ?*

MISCELLANEOUS. POEMS.







ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, FORDHAM.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, FORDHAM.

A.D. 1853.

Lo! in the wilderness we raise  
A temple, Lord, to thee,  
And celebrate thy glorious praise  
In sacred melody.

Then graciously thy Spirit pour  
Its influence around,  
And fill the fane where we adore  
To make it holy ground.

And when this transient life is o'er,  
(At best a short-lived flower,)  
Its pleasures past, its griefs no more  
Extend their baneful power,  
Oh! may we bless the day that cast  
In the Bethesda here,  
The wound that had a power to last  
Beyond this earthly sphere.

O Thou, who canst with equal eye  
Regard the fate of all,  
A world from its bright orbit fly,  
The lowly sparrow fall;

Thine arm, Almighty Lord, extend,  
 To guard the church from harm,  
 The Christian pilgrim to defend,  
 Thy saints from false alarm.

Oh ! may the plant we humbly rear,  
 How slow soe'er it grows,  
 Yet overspread the desert drear  
 And blossom as the rose ;  
 Long may its sovereign balm impart  
 To every soul distrest,  
 A cure to heal the broken heart,  
 And to the weary rest.

---

IN MEMORY OF JOHN DAVID WOLFE.

BORN, A.D. 1792. DIED, A.D. 1872.

“ GREEN be the turf above thee,  
 Friend of my better days,  
 None knew thee but to love thee,  
 None named thee but to praise.  
 When hearts whose truth was proven,  
 Like thine, are laid in earth,  
 There should a wreath be woven,  
 To tell the world their worth.” HALLECK.

O’ER this green mound, oh ! lightly tread :  
 Angels their vigils keep,  
 And with their guardian wings o’erspread  
 A Christian laid asleep.



Breathe not a sigh. The silent tear  
Is all thou need'st bestow ;  
He little recks who slumbers here,  
To claim the meed we owe.

Through endless ages here thou'lt rest,  
O dear departed shade !  
Let no rude step that spot molest,  
Thy relics sacred made.

What trophies can this triumph bring,  
What laurel wreaths to thee ?  
O Death ! then where the mighty sting ?  
O grave ! thy victory ?

To distant realms you mount, you fly,  
Nor more on earth appear :  
Thy sight no longer cheers the eye,  
Thy voice no more the ear.

Farewell ! A long farewell to thee !  
Oft shall I wander here  
And pour my sighs. Then claim from me  
The tributary tear.

WILLIAM WATSON WALDRON, A.B.

## ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

ON HIS ARRIVAL IN NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 11, 1860.

“ THE world is bright before thee,  
 Its summer flowers are thine ;  
 Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,  
 Thy bosom pleasure's shrine.  
 And thine the sunbeam given  
 To nature's morning hour,  
 Pure, warm as when from heaven  
 It burst on Eden's bower.”

HALLECK.

PRINCE of the Ocean Isles,  
 Columbia greeting sends,  
 We hail thy gracious smiles  
 Proclaiming us thy friends.  
 A kindred people we,  
 In bonds of friendship tied,  
 By love and unity  
 Still let us be allied.

Prince of the Ocean Isles, a voice  
 Bids thee from distant worlds rejoice ;  
 Ages unborn look on thee  
 In spirit of true prophecy.  
 Let us thy kindly deeds proclaim,  
 Deeds that will to thy country's fame  
 A monumental memory raise  
 More fadeless than the poet's lays.

Prince of the Isles, receive  
Columbia's homage due ;  
Though distant, still believe  
In love she's present too.  
One origin we claim,  
We bear a British heart,  
And in the Saxon's fame  
With thee we bear a part.

Prince of the Ocean Isles, oh ! hear  
A prayer most fervent, wish sincere :  
May Providential care extend  
An arm almighty to defend  
Fair Briton's prince from every harm,  
From hostile foes, from false alarm ;  
When crowns no longer charm as now,  
May one of glory wreath thy brow.

Prince of the Ocean Isles,  
Columbia breathes a prayer  
To guard thee from the wiles  
Thy youthful path ensnare ;  
To save thee from a foe  
The guiltless heart beguiles,  
The chiefest it can know,  
Fortune's insidious smiles.

Prince of the Ocean Isles, may Heaven  
Grant thee all bliss to mortals given,  
All happiness on thee bestow  
To man allotted here below ;

Let virtue, and let her alone  
 Be thy support on Britain's throne ;  
 And when that throne you e'er resign,  
 One incorruptible be thine.

Prince of the Ocean Isles,  
 Loud let the welkin ring,  
 To hail the welcome smiles  
 Of Albion's future king.  
 Thy mother's spotless fame  
 Was borne beyond the sea ;  
 Unsullied let her name  
 Transmitted be by thee.

Prince of the Ocean Isles,  
 Columbia greeting sends,  
 We hail thy gracious smiles,  
 Proclaiming us thy friends ;  
 A kindred people we,  
 In bonds of friendship tied ;  
 By love and unity  
 Still let us be allied.

The following note was sent to the author previous to the Prince's departure from America :

BOSTON, October 19, 1860.

“ Major-General Bruce presents his compliments to Mr. Waldron, and is requested to acknowledge the receipt of the verses sent by Mr. Waldron to the Prince of Wales, and to express His Royal Highness's thanks for the goodwill to Great Britain, and kind feeling to himself, which have prompted them.

“ To WILLIAM WATSON WALDRON, A.B.”

## FROM THE GREEK.

God is—and that's enough for thee ;  
But seek not what's the Deity ;  
Worship, honor, praise, adore—  
And further, mortal, ne'er explore.

---

## IN MEMORY OF MISS ANNIE E. BUSHNELL.

BORN, A.D. 1855. DIED, A.D. 1872.

“The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.”—MATTHEW 9 : 24.

FAREWELL, fair maid ! thy life was brief,  
Thy transient course is run ;  
Thou'st fallen with the autumn leaf,  
Thy summer scarce begun.

Inscrutable are God's decrees,  
Ineffable his powers ;  
His ways are not as our ways,  
Nor are his thoughts as ours.

A soul so formed for virtue's light,  
No more on earth could roam ;  
But to the spirits winged its flight  
To seek its native home.

Our hearts the thought could never brook  
As there we saw thee lie,  
That then we took a parting look,  
That thou wert born to die.

We deemed thee a fond gift from heaven,  
 Kind Providence had sent ;  
 But ah ! we find thou wert not given,  
 But—for a season—lent.

Farewell ! fair maid, we bid adieu,  
 The mournful task is o'er ;  
 Thou'rt ever hid from mortal view,  
 No art can now restore.

With flowers we strew thy lowly bed,  
 Thy lone, thy early tomb,  
 Which each returning day will shed  
 A fragrant sweet perfume.

Here will the morn her tears bestow,  
 And evening her soft dews ;  
 Let kindred hearts indulge their woe,  
 A tribute who'll refuse ?

---

#### HYMN.

THE heavens instruct the earth  
 Their Author to adore,  
 And will declare their birth  
 Till time shall be no more.

What song is more sublime ?  
 What harmony so pure ?  
 Eternal be the time  
 The concert may endure.

## WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

WATCHMAN, watchman, what of the night ?  
Heavenly visions envelop me quite.  
Voices of seraphim sound in my ears,  
A halo of glory on all things appears.  
Angels, archangels now joyfully wait  
To welcome a spirit at heaven's bright gate.  
    Watchman, what of the night ?

Watchman, watchman, what of the night ?  
There hovers around me a heavenly light,  
To my spirit departing affording a ray  
Enlightening the boundless, the trackless way,  
To regions of pleasure, to mansions of bliss,  
More pure, more enjoying, more stable than this.  
    Watchman, what of the night ?

Watchman, watchman, what of the night ?  
How glorious the vision, how great the delight,  
When voices of cherubim sweetness display  
To a spirit now entering on endless day ;  
Scene of bright rapture, oh ! when will it be  
That I will in glory be passing to thee ?  
    Watchman, what of the night ?

Watchman, watchman, what of the night ?  
What are those visions enchanting my sight ?  
Angels attuning, in concert, their lyres,  
Calling me loudly to join the glad choirs.

Lend, lend your wings ; I'm soaring, I fly,  
 My name to enroll among spirits on high.  
     Watchman, what of the night ?

Watchman, watchman, what of the night ?  
 (Still sung the pure spirit just winging its flight.)  
 I leave the frail mansion I held upon earth,  
 For one that's eternal, of heavenly birth :  
 My soul is departing, it lingers no more,  
 It soars on fleet pinions to heaven's bright shore.  
     Watchman, what of the night ?

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### WOMAN ; OR, THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

THE pensive moon, in silent course,  
     Through heaven's blue arch pursued her round ;  
 She beamed o'er many a blanching corse  
     Upon Monterey's battle-ground.

As walking forth I saw a maid  
     Where bleeding warriors prostrate lie,  
 And as among the dead she strayed,  
     Soft tears of pity dimmed her eye.

If one, perchance, retained his breath,  
     She gently raised his drooping head ;  
 And then, amid the scene of death,  
     Peace hovered o'er his dying bed.



For there a guardian angel stood,  
A being of aerial form ;  
Unmeet to wade th' ensanguined flood,  
Unfit to brave the battle's storm.

Still, still unscathed she bore relief,  
The bleeding warrior's scar she bound ;  
But ah ! her ministry was brief,  
Grim Death another victim found.

For as the booming shots rolled by,  
One, not unshaftless as the rest,  
Drew from her soul its last deep sigh,  
Ere stilled her palpitating breast.

And now she sleeps among the slain,  
Unshrived, unknelled, but not unmourned.  
That heart will never throb again,  
Which late at tale of pity burned.

Mark how the features still retain  
Their native smile though robed in death !  
A balm which lulled the warrior's pain  
That lulled for aye the parting breath.

'Mid battle's roar we took the maid,  
Her only dirge the martial drums ;  
Now, now, within that bed she's laid  
Where grief, where sorrow never comes.

Sleep on, sleep on, until that day  
When to the pure in heart is given  
A crown which never fades away,  
A wreath that ever blooms in heaven.\*

\* This sad incident in the Mexican war is described in the following letter of an officer :

“ CAMP MONTEREY, Oct. 7, 1845.

“Hungry and cold, I crept to one corner of the field to get the sunshine, and, at the same time, to shelter myself from the bombs that were flying thick around me. I looked out from my retreat, and at the distance of two or three hundred yards from the fort, I saw a Mexican female (a sister of charity) carrying water and food to the wounded of both armies. I saw her lift the head of one poor fellow, give him water, and then take the handkerchief from her own head and bind up his wounds, attending one or two others in the same way ; she then went back for more food and water. As she was returning, I heard the report of one or two guns, and she—poor, good creature—fell ; after a few struggles, all was still—she was dead ! O God ! this is war ! I can not believe but that the shot was accidental. The next day crossing over the field to another fort, I passed the dead body : it was lying on the back, while the bread and broken gourd, the latter still retaining a few drops of water, were lying beside it. We stopped to contemplate her Christian charities, and made preparations to bury her, which sad ceremony we performed amidst showers of grape and round-shot, occasionally dodging a shell or a twelve-pounder, and expecting every moment to have another grave to dig for one of our own party.” \*

## ADAM'S MORNING HYMN

(PARAPHRASED FROM MILTON).

THESE are thy glorious works, great Power, we name  
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame ;  
Thus wondrous fair, Thyself how wondrous then,  
Unspeakable, who sit'st 'bove heaven and men—  
To us invisible or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest orbs we deem terrene ;  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine :  
These, these declare—for all these works are thine.

Speak ye—who best can tell—ye sons of light,  
Angels—for ye behold Him day and night ;  
With songs and choral symphonies in heaven,  
Rejoicing round His throne your praise is given.  
On earth—join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, Him last, Him midst, Him chief of all.  
Join, all ye Powers below, ye Powers above,  
In songs of harmony, in hymns of love.

Fairest of stars—last in the train of night,  
Better if thou wert not of morning light ;  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn,  
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy turn.  
Thou Sun, of this bright world the light and blaze,  
Acknowledge Him thy greater—sound His praise  
In thy eternal course, when dawn thou'st met,  
Or when high noon thou'st gained, or when thou'st set.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun that flies,  
With the fixed stars that glow in purple skies ;  
And ye five other wand'ring fires that bound  
In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
His praise, who, out of darkness, called up morn.  
Air, and ye elements, the eldest born  
Of nature's womb—thou, in quaternion, blaze,  
Perpetual circle, multiform, and raise  
To our Creator still eternal praise.

Ye mists and exhalations that arise  
From hill or steaming lake to dusky skies,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
Be honor to the world's great Author told :  
Whether to deck with cloud the murky sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with showers, you try—  
Or nature's face a sombre form betrays ;  
Rising or falling—still advance His praise.

His praise, ye winds that, from four quarters, blow,  
Breathe soft or loud—ye pines, your tops wave low ;  
Let every plant, in sign of worship, wave ;  
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye gave  
Melodious murmurs, tuneful voices raise ;  
And all ye living souls, attune His praise ;  
Ye birds, as up to heaven, from earth, you rove,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes His love.

Ye that in waters glide—and ye that walk  
The earth, or stately tread or slowly stalk,  
Witness, if I be silent, morn or eve ;  
Let hill and valley still your praise receive.

Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still  
To give us only good and naught of ill ;  
But if misfortune gather in the night,  
Disperse it as the dark disperses light.

---

### WHEN SHALL I PRAY ?

AND he said, " Father, instruct me, I beseech you, in the most fitting hour for prayer." The sage folded his arms and said; " My son, pray continually ; at the rising of the sun ; at the sultry noon ; and in the still watches of the night."

PRAY when the dawn is beaming  
Upon the sunny hills ;  
When half the world is dreaming  
On scenes which fancy fills.

Pray at the noontide hour,  
As pensively you stray  
By mead or lonely bower  
To while the time away.

Pray in the crowded city  
Where man is prone to fall,  
Imploring then for pity  
Of Him who's Lord of all.

Pray when the evening closes,  
All nature sinks to rest,  
Beast in the lair reposes,  
Bird in the downy nest.

Pray at the midnight season  
 Enveloped in its gloom ;  
 Oh ! then indeed there's reason—  
 'Tis kindred to the tomb.

Pray when no ear is hearing,  
 No eye descends on you ;  
 And not when all's appearing  
 Displayed to mortal view.

---

### WEEP NOT FOR HIM !

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. MILNOR BROWN, WHO FELL  
 AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 2, 1863.

“ Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him.”—JEREMIAH.

WEEP not for him who finds a grave  
 Within his native land,  
 Who fell among the noble brave  
 In the victorious band !

The child who with his people sleeps,  
 Breathe not for him a sigh ;  
 For him in wakeful vigil keeps  
 A guardian angel's eye.

In peaceful slumbers, calm repose,  
 From pain and sorrow free,  
 He rests where grief nor mortal woes  
 Intrude on memory.

To him the closing scene has come,  
But who his fate will mourn ?  
'Mong friends he now has found his tomb,  
By friends was hither borne.

Weep not for him who calm can sleep  
Upon his native shore ;  
When angels their last harvest reap,  
With them to heaven he'll soar.

Farewell, brave youth ! thy country's cause  
A willing victim found in thee.  
Thy monument is—honor's laws,  
To thee the grave is—victory.

Here will the morn her tears bestow,  
The evening dews will weep the brave,  
The passing traveler's tears will flow  
And drop on gallant Milnor's grave.

Here will the rising orb of day  
A constant visitor still be,  
And evening with his setting ray  
Will take a parting look at thee.

## IN MEMORY OF JOSEPH WALKER,

BORN, 1798. DIED, 1866.

“HELP, Lord : for the godly man ceaseth ; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.”—PSALM 12 : 1.

MUSE of a mourning harp, inspire my lays ;  
A great man, fallen in Israel, claims thy praise ;  
Great in his acts of mercy, rich in grace,  
Great in his virtues—who can fill his place ?

Friend of our happier days, shall we again  
Ever behold, amid the walks of men,  
A breast more true to friendship's every call,  
A heart by pity moved to succor all ?

Meek charity and all her powers divine—  
Where did they more triumphant, purer shine,  
Than in thy throbbless bosom, ever stilled,  
Whose task, on earth, so justly was fulfilled ?

To seek distress, at morn, you went about ;  
Each eve, the case you knew not, searched out ;  
Nature, in true benevolence, did blend  
The orphans' guardian with the widow's friend.

Did we need counsel, from thy lips would flow  
All that fair wisdom's self could e'er bestow ;  
You taught us still to combat with the strife,  
When here, no charm appeared to cherish life



But now thou'rt gone ! yes, yes, we mourn thee dead,  
And with thee, O my friend ! is ever fled  
A spirit, long aspiring to the skies,  
That now at last attains the hallowed prize.

Farewell ! a long farewell we bid to thee,  
Crowned with a fadeless immortality ;  
Long will it ere a friend so true we'll find,  
Where heart meets heart and mind responds to mind.

Heir of eternal bliss, how truly blest !  
With saints you've entered on eternal rest ;  
Thrice happy state, such blessing to us send,  
Angels on thee in blissful realms attend.

There—is this state of rigid trial o'er,  
There—will the anxious bosom beat no more ;  
The heart can there no more emit the sigh,  
Nor sorrow ever dim the mourner's eye.

How glorious then to sing in heavenly lays,  
Angels and men uniting in their praise,  
With loud hosannahs, 'mid the saints above,  
How sweet the harmony—how pure the love !

ON VIEWING THE INTERMENT OF LEVI  
BULL SMITH, JAN. 24, 1854.

“ How short the race our child has run,  
Cut down in early bloom !  
His course but yesterday begun,  
Now finished in the tomb !”

MUHLENBERG.

AND has his spirit passed away,  
A child of many prayers ?  
His life was but an April day,  
Alternate smiles and tears.

Earth an inhabitant has less ;  
But what is gained to heaven ?  
One cherub angel more to bless  
Th’ Omnipotent is given.

Freed from a world of cares and woes,  
How truly blest is he !  
Who thus, at early morn, foregoes  
Those of humanity.

The burden of the day is ours,  
We kiss the chast’ning rod ;  
While he, amid the heav’nly choirs,  
Sings praises to his God.

## JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

“ AND Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances : and she was his only child ; beside her he had neither son nor daughter. And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, ‘Alas ! my daughter !’ ”—JUDGES 11 : 34, 35.

THE mighty Jephthah, weighed with Ammon's spoils,  
Now sought his home to rest from warlike toils.  
With joy he heard the martial trumpet cease,  
Saw Israel's arms repose in early peace.  
The laurel chaplet which adorned his brow  
Is laid aside—the olive blooms there now ;  
'Mid hostile hosts no longer does he roam,  
In hope he tastes the pleasing joys of home.

“ What was the vow I made ? ”—Here Jephthah sighed.  
“ I have one child, one hope, one only pride,  
Whom every virtue, every grace adorn,  
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.  
My vow—here must I pause : what first I meet,  
What from my portals will my welcome greet,  
To thee, O Lord ! a sacrifice I make.  
Oh ! spare the child for wretched Jephthah's sake.

“ Yet still I tremble : mourning thoughts arise.  
I see my duteous child before my eyes,  
As she was wont, with joyous heart and gay,  
Her filial homage to her father pay.

No longer has my home sweet charms for me,  
The seat no longer of felicity.  
And as I view that peaceful spot so dear,  
I feel the struggling sigh, the starting tear.

“ Mark the loved dwelling—Jephthah, cease to weep,  
All silent still—mayhap the maid may sleep ;  
Hope, cheer this breast ; afford a friendly ray,  
And wipe a wretched parent’s tears away.  
Is there no favorite lamb, no creature nigh,  
E’en a domestic here to meet my eye.  
Oh ! must my much-loved child the victim be ?  
Good Heaven ! avert such dread calamity.

“ What are those sweet, those dulcet sounds I hear—  
What, what those heavenly strains that reach the ear ?  
They seem to verberate throughout the skies :  
Yes, yes, the well-known voice I recognize.  
Yet dare I still have hope ?—’tis she—’tis she !  
Her lovely fellows bear her company.  
She—from the portal first : ah hapless maid !  
How soon those eyes must close—that bloom must  
fade.”

“ Hail, honored sire ! ”—“ Loved child, I hail thee too,  
A murd’rer I—a guiltless victim you,  
Are now the kindred that we henceforth claim ;  
No longer breathe that late endearing name  
Which once conveyed to this distracted breast  
Whate’er was lovely or whate’er was blest.  
But ah ! how changed those blissful scenes are now,  
What says my child ?—her tears—I have a vow.”

“ Oh ! yes, loved sire !—long since the tidings came  
 That Israel’s foe had fled before thy name ;  
 Long since the sacred vow you lodged in heaven  
 However rash, however rashly given,  
 Were borne to me ; but ah ! if guilty thou  
 To register above so sad a vow  
 In sight of heaven, how guiltier must I prove,  
 Who thus attest thy duty and thy love !

“ If Ammon Israel’s foe be now no more,  
 Oh ! take my life ; ’twas thus thou didst adore.  
 To wail my virgin state still grant to me  
 To range the mountain, mourn my sorrows free.  
 Then will I bow to thy superior will.”

“ O ever duteous ! ever friendly still !”  
 The frantic Jephthah cried with terror wild,  
 “ I’ve saved my country, but have lost my child.”

### HOUR OF LOVE.

Know ye the hour when lovers should meet ?  
 Know ye when vows should be given ?  
 Know ye when hearts can in unison beat,  
 Witnessed by nothing but heaven ?  
 ’Tis when the planets are lit in the skies,  
 Lulled every wave on the ocean ;  
 ’Tis when the zephyrs are breathing their sighs,  
 And nature has stilled her emotion ;

'Tis when the moonbeams are playing around,  
Far from the ken of the many ;  
This is the hour, believe me, is found  
Fairest and brightest of any.

---

## GREENBANK,

THE RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH WALKER.

GREENBANK, a paradise in thee  
Imagination's eye can see ;  
Nor do we call it fancy's dream  
That to the mental eye you seem  
Where our first parents used to rove  
In all the innocence of love,  
When, pure from the Creator's hand,  
On this terrestrial globe they stand,  
Surrounded with redolent flowers,  
By verdant fields and fragrant bowers ;  
And what more charming could there be  
Than those, Greenbank, we find in thee ?  
And, to pursue the fav'rite theme,  
We think the proud Euphrates' stream  
Appears in yonder crystal tide,  
Where barks, with swelling canvas, ride  
In all their glory, all their pride.  
Farewell, fair spot ! still ever be  
The home of true felicity.  
May every bliss that life attends  
Forever wait upon those friends

Who find in thee, Greenbank, a home  
From which they never sigh to roam,  
As well they deem among mankind  
Another such they could not find.

---

## CHIEFTAIN AND CHILD.

THE mighty chieftain placed his hand  
Upon the bairn's head,  
And, not as erst he gave command,  
In gentle accents said,

“Oh ! may a Providential care  
Unto this child be given ;  
For such, we're told, the angels are  
Who minister in heaven.”

The very contact cast a glow  
Throughout the youthful frame,  
Such as none other here below  
Has e'er produced the same.

And so it ever still remains,  
Though many a rolling year  
Has brought its pleasures, brought its pains,  
To vary life's career.

The words, as manna, seemed to drop  
Like morning dew from heaven,  
And to life's pilgrim brought a hope  
No other since has given.

How little dreamt the warrior then  
 As forth the words he poured,  
 That little child would wield a pen  
 As potent as his sword.

This reaps its glory from the field  
 Where laurels hold the sway ;  
 And that, where richer harvests yield  
 The olive and the bay.

Long since life's evening cast its gray  
 Upon those tresses fair,  
 Still does that benediction stay  
 And all its blessings bear.

And may its influence never rest  
 Till the celestial shore  
 Receives the blesser and the blest  
 Where parting is no more.

Well may Columbia proudly boast,  
 Exultingly exclaim,  
 These are the gems I value most,  
 They bring undying fame.\*

\* Mr. Irving acknowledged the receipt of the above poem in the following note :

SUNNYSIDE, April 15, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR : I thank you for the copy of verses you have had the kindness to send me, in which you have, with so much tact and talent, illustrated a little incident of my childhood. Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.



## LANDING OF THE NORMANS.

THE Norsemen trained to spoil and blood,  
Skilled to prepare the raven's food,  
Kings of the main, their leaders brave,  
Their barks the dragons of the wave !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Northmen land. Behold the mighty host !  
Men of renown, of chivalry the boast ;  
Mailed to the teeth with buckler, claymore, shield,  
Now more prepared to conquer than to yield.

Myriads on myriads from the ocean pour,  
And darken, with their number, Britain's shore,  
The Erse, the Dane, the Saxon must give place,  
And bow submissive to brave Rollo's race.

Mark the proud chieftains as they onward bear  
The glittering standards floating in mid-air,  
Ready to live for glory or to die,  
Strength in the look, defiance in the eye.

Amid the throng, the leader of the band,  
Encompassed with the nobles of the land,  
Rides onward—Byron, Waldron of St. Claire,  
Conspicuous shone with stars of lesser glare.

Slowly they move. No hostile bands oppose,  
 Till, on the field of Hastings, Harold rose  
 Against the martial William, who that day  
 Reaped laurels destined never to decay.

The royal heroes met, and breast to breast  
 They fought till Harold entered on that rest  
 That knows no waking, while the air did ring  
 With shouts, *God prosper William, Britain's King!*

---

### WRECK OF THE ARCTIC.

WE saw her treasures cast away,  
 The rocks with pearls were strown,  
 And strangely sad, the ruby ray  
 Flashed out o'er fretted stone.  
 And near it on the sea-weed lay,  
 (Till then we had not wept),  
 But well our gushing hearts might say,  
 That there a mother slept!

MRS. HEMANS.

THEY found a lone grave in the azure deep,  
 Hearts to friendship true ;  
 They slumber in long, in lasting sleep,  
 'Neath heaven's expanse of blue.

Where are the loved ones who left the shore ?  
 Down in the deep, deep sea.  
 Alas ! we shall never behold them more,  
 The ocean their bed must be.

Where are those eyes that with love-beams shone,  
Whose smile spread a lustre round ?  
To the depths of the troubled waves they're gone,  
Where snow-white pearls are found.

They sleep aye forever in coral cells,  
And there have found a grave,  
Where sadly and silent the mermaid dwells  
Beneath the crystal wave.

The young and the lovely have passed away,  
Nor more on earth appear ;  
Without shroud, without coffin, unknelled they lay,  
No kindred heart was near.

Ages will roll and meet their doom  
Till time itself shall cease ;  
But naught can awake them in the tomb,  
The home of lasting peace.

There will they rest, 'reft of solar beams,  
Regardless of the storm ;  
No dirge will ever disturb their dreams,  
Save what the winds perform.

But yet a time will come, 'tis said,  
An angel's voice will say,  
" Ye seas, ye seas, give up your dead—  
'Tis resurrection day !"

## LINES ADDRESSED TO GEORGE IV.

ON HIS VISIT TO DUBLIN.

THE sun shone forth with splendid ray,  
 The glorious harbinger of day,  
 His orient beams he mildly spread  
 Upon Ben Hadir's towering head.  
 The beetling rocks, fair nature's pride,  
 Suspended from the mountain's side,  
 Reflected back the brilliant light,  
 And gladdened nature with the sight.  
 Where the horizon bounds the sky,  
 A lofty pennant I descry,  
 Lo ! the sails, in swelling pride,  
 Bearing o'er the azure tide ;  
 Such a sight was ne'er before  
 Witnessed on our native shore.  
 Such a subject ne'er again  
 Will engage the minstrel's pen.  
 Here let me hold and raise my song  
 For Him to whom all joys belong.  
 Source of all good, from hence must flow  
 Each blessing we enjoy below.  
 On earth unseen, yet still art given  
 Our surest guide to lead to heaven ;  
 On earth unheard, yet still thy voice,  
 In spirit, can our souls rejoice.\*

\* These lines being sent to His Majesty, Lord Bloom-

## AN ACROSTIC.

WEEP not for me when I am dead,  
 In sorrow let no tears be shed,  
 Let not a eypress crown be wreathed,  
 Let not a mourning dirge be breathed ;  
 In heavenly bliss, oh ! let me rest !  
 All anguish then has fled the breast ;  
 Mourn, oh ! mourn ye not the blest !

Weep not for me when I am gone,  
 Allow the morning dews alone  
 (The tears that nature kindly sheds)  
 Stain the green turf above me spreads.  
 Oh ! when I share such bliss divine,  
 Never, oh ! never me repine.

Weep not for me when I no more  
 Appear where mortals can adore.  
 Let no rude step my grave molest.  
 Didst thou but know where I was guest  
 (Revealed to those, in life, who trod  
 Obsequious to the will of God),  
 No tear would moist the verdant sod.

field, the secretary, acknowledged the receipt of them in the following note :

" Lord Bloomfield presents his compliments to Mr. Waldron, and having laid his ode before the King, has the honor to acquaint him that His Majesty was pleased to receive it very graciously."

STEPHEN'S GREEN, August 20, 1821.

## WHAT IS LIFE !

NOT a moment flies  
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,  
And mows its thousands with their joys and cares !  
KIRKE WHITE.

WHAT is life ? It is a flower  
It blooms its little day ;  
It flourishes a transient hour  
Then hastens to decay ;  
The fragrant leaves bestrew the ground  
And shed an od'rous perfume round.  
Such is life.

What is life ? It is a shadow  
From the setting sun,  
Passing o'er a verdant meadow  
Ere his course is run,  
Leaving not a trace behind  
To tell it lived, to tell it died.  
Such is life.

What is life ? It is a vapor  
From the ocean's spray,  
'Tis a faint expiring taper  
That yields a feeble ray,  
To darkness scarce a halo gives,  
And but a passing season lives.  
Such is life.

What is life ? It is an arrow  
From the archer's bow,  
By a pathway, straight and narrow,  
Passing all below,  
Leaving in the yielding wind  
E'en a vestige not behind.  
Such is life.

What is life ? It is the furrow  
On the azure wave,  
Memory loses ere the morrow  
Meets its silent grave—  
Another and another still  
Alternate rise the place to fill.  
Such is life.

What is life ? 'Tis a sojourn  
Where travelers abide  
As moving to their final bourn ;  
It is the ebbing tide  
That daily meets the boetling shore,  
And then retires to come no more.  
Such is life.

What is life ? 'Tis all that lives,  
'Tis all that dies away ;  
All that a fleeting pleasure gives,  
That's born but to decay,  
What's evanescent in its power,  
What lives and dies within an hour  
Such is life.

What is life we find has been  
Proved a transitory scene,  
Unstable as the ebbing wave  
From the cradle to the grave.  
Let us then improve each hour,  
If summer smile, if winter lower,  
Be to some useful task e'er given  
The soul matured to taste of heaven.

---

#### LAST LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

CHILD of sweet song, thy race is o'er,  
Sorrow thy bosom rends no more,  
Nor e'er can dim thine eye ;  
Lend, lend your wings, ye angel choir,  
Yes ! to your regions I aspire,  
To heaven's bright realms I fly.

Hail ! power divine that show'st the way  
To where a never-ending day  
Is followed not by night ;  
And you, ye heavenly strains, I bring  
Which Israel's shepherd loved to sing  
To those who seek the light.



Child of pure bliss, then hail me now ;  
With festive garlands wreath my brow ;  
    A triumph here I gain.  
Sound, sound thy liveliest notes of joy,  
For endless pleasures that ne'er cloy  
    Henceforth on me remain.



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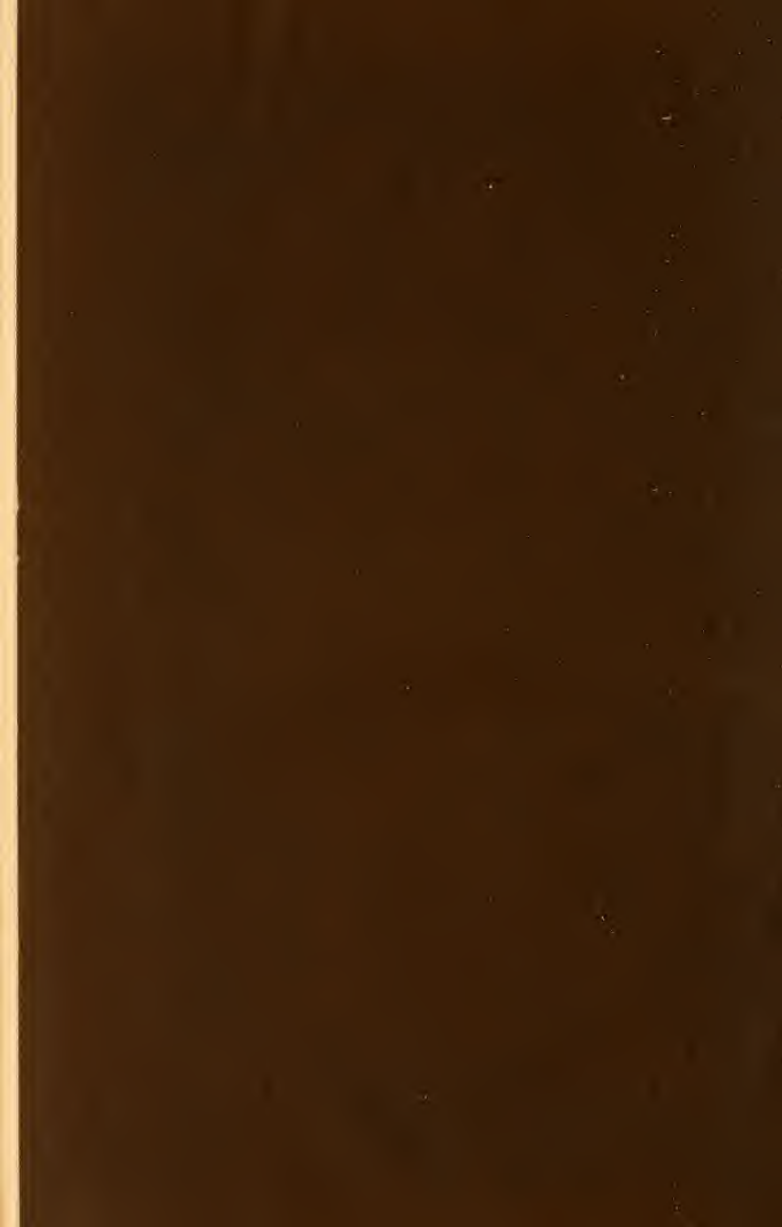
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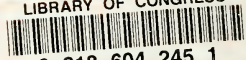


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