

SALLIE MAY.

BY COL. A. M. HOBBY.

Dear Sallie May, how often back,
I turn to look at thee!
Bright sunbeam on life's morning track,
Love's polar star to me.
The blooming meadow tinged with gold
Comes to thy cottage door.
As when thy little hand I'd hold,
Repeating farewells o'er.

Do you remember, Sallie May,
The evening that we stood,
Just where the fragrant meadow lay,
Along the darken'd wood?
The chilly winds came stealing down,
Rich Summer's reign was broken.
And Autumn crown'd with gold and brown,
The forests old and oaken.

Your head was pillow'd on my breast
In trusting faith sublime,
I heard your heart in wild unrest,
Give answer back to mine.
What though your lips no answer made,
Beneath the twilight's hush.
Your hand in mine was softly laid
With love's consenting blush.

Your bosom pressed mine modestly
With love's confiding art,
That I might feel, as well as see,
The throbbing of your heart.
And thus until the glowing west
Proclaim'd the day had flown,
Your half resisting lips were press'd,
An instant to my own.

That instant seem'd an age of bliss,
Unmingled with regret,
And lingers sweetly that dear kiss,
In fragrant freshness yet.
The bird of night sang sweet and loud,
To greet the rising moon,
Which circled into sight, you vowed,
At least an hour too soon.

But high above the song of bird,
From out the twilight dim,
A weird and mystic voice I heard,
Sad as Hope's fun'ral hymn:
It told of change that time would bring—
Dark shadowings of sadness;
Of young life's gloomiest picturings,
Upon a ground of madness.

You whispered faith beyond the skies,
And pledg'd thy heart of youth,
And tear drops from those earnest eyes
Seemed vouchers of thy truth;
'Twas Destiny—I cannot blame
Though happiness is gone;
Unchanged thro' all I still remain,
And living must love on.

Thou wert my being, breath and thought,
I lived for thee alone,
It was thy happiness I sought,
I thought not of my own.
I madly worshipped, yet my soul
Nor would, nor could be free,
As magnet trembles to the pole
My being turned to thee.

If every star of hope were set
In its eternal rest,
I'd feel some joy were left me yet,
If thou wert only blest.
Thine angel face, I see it now,
In beauty's hues elysian;
Thy glowing cheek, and snowy brow,
An omnipresent vision.

Bright summer's gaudy blooms enwreath
Our trysting tree to-day,
And bud and bloom sweet mem'ries breathe
Of darling Sallie May.
Thy golden locks and azure eyes,
Still whisper love's sweet story,
And brightly'll gild my evening skies
With more than morning glory.

And ever thus, as it is now,
My future thou must fill,
O'er ruined hopes, and broken vow,
I can but love thee still.
Man loves but once, a mournful truth,
No idle jest nor dream,
If disappointment blights in youth,
Then winter reigns supreme.

The Sentinel's Dream of Home.

BY COL. A. M. HOBBY, C. S. A.

'Tis dead of night, nor voice nor sound
Breaks on the stillness of the air,
The waning moon goes coldly down
On frozen fields and forests bare.
The solemn stars are glittering high,
While here my lonely watch I keep,
To guard the brave with anxious eye,
Who sweetly dream and soundly sleep.

Perchance of home these sleepers dream,
Of sainted ones no longer here,
Whose mystic forms low bend unseen,
And breathe soft whispers in their ear.
Sleep on, sleep on, my comrades brave,
Quaff deep to-night of pleasure's cup,
Ere morning's crimson banners wave,
And "reveille" shall rouse them up.

The sportive winds and waves to-night
Seem tired of their boist'rous play,
And armed ships, with signal lights
And bristling guns, before me lay.
But not of ships nor battle fields,
With clash of arms and roll of drums—
To softer scenes my spirit yields—
To-night a sweeter vision comes

It is thine own beloved one
Whose kiss I feel, whose smile I see;
Oh! God protect that wife at home,
Begirt with growing infancy.
To-night, to-night, I'me with you there,
Around my knees fond child ren gather,
And climb, the envied kiss to share,
Amidst the sounds of "Husband," "Father."

Such thoughts my eyes with moisture fill,
My bosom heaves, my pulses start;
Close down I'll press my gun, to still
The wild emotions of my heart.
Hush pleading one, I cannot stay,
The spoiler comes with fiendish wrath,
Black ruins mark his bloody way,
And blazing homes have lit his path.

"Go, husband, go! God nerve thy blows,
Their footsteps foul blot from our shore,
Strike 'till our land is free from foes
Whose hands are stained with Southern gore.
Strike, husband, strike! I'd rather weep
The widow of a patriot brave,
Than lay my heart (I'd scorn to sleep),
Beside a subjugated slave.

Thy woman's soul is true and grand,
The battle-field my homeshall be,
Until our country'll proudly stand,
Acknowledged as a nation free;
'Till then, yes! welcome fields of strife—
The victor's shout, the vanquish'd's cry,
Where ebbs the crimson stream of life—
Where quick and dead together lie;

'Mid bursting shell and squadron's dash,
Where broken ranks disorder'd fly—
Where angry cannon's flash on flash
Paints hell upon the lurid sky;
Where many a brave shall sink to rest,
And fondly cherished hopes will set,
And blood that warms the manly breast,
Will dim the glist'ning bayonet.

When these are past, and victory's sun
In undim'd splendor lights the skies,
And peace by dauntless valor won,
And proudly free our banner flies:
Then to my western prairie home
With eager haste each nerve shall strain,
Nor from its hallow'd precincts roam,
Unless my country calls again.

There unalloyed shall be our bliss;
We'll watch the sun give morning birth,
And sinking, leave his parting kiss
Upon the dewy lip of earth.

The moon has waxed and waned away;
The Morning Star rides pale and high,
Fond dreams of home no longer stay,
But fade like stars on morning's sky.
Galveston, Texas, February 1, 1864.