



POETICAL WORKS

J. DER. BLACKWELL

---

VOL. I.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. \_\_\_\_\_ Copyright No. \_\_\_\_\_

Shelf \_\_\_\_\_

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











THE

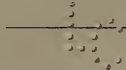
POETICAL WORKS

OF

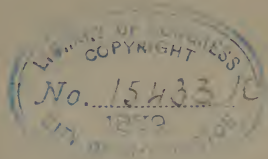
JAMES DERUYTER BLACKWELL.

11

IN THREE VOLUMES.



VOLUME I.



New York :

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY E. J. HALE & SON,

17 MURRAY STREET.

1879.

PS 1102  
B3  
1879  
COPY 2

---

COPYRIGHT ENTERED  
BY JAMES DERUYTER BLACKWELL.

---

5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
0  
1  
2  
3  
4

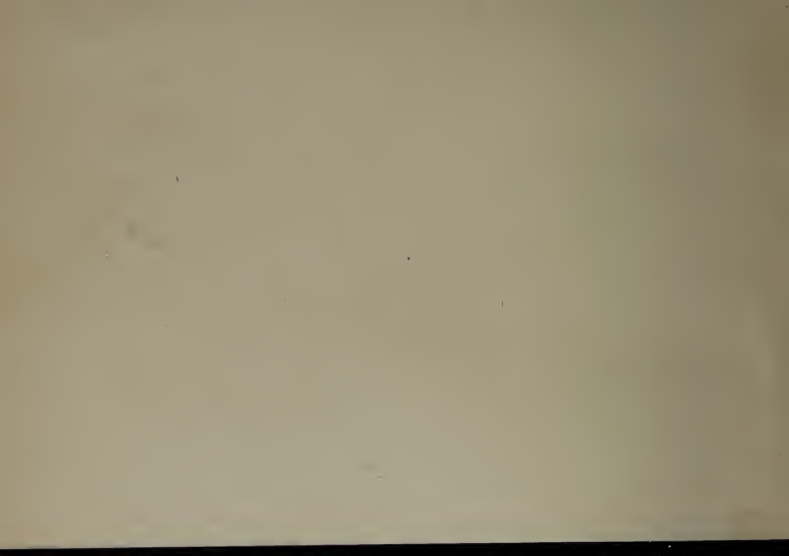
## Erratum.

On page 44, third line from top:

“Not made to look upon the view,”

*Should read :*

“Not formed to look upon the view.”



## Contents.

---

	PAGE
EVENING - - - - -	9
THE CLEAR BLUE SKY - - - - -	10
RESTORE THOSE STARS - - - - -	11
MY DAYS ARE PASSING AS A STREAM - - - - -	13
MEMORY - - - - -	14
ECHO - - - - -	15
OUR NATIVE LAND - - - - -	16
'TIS QUIET NOW IN TEMPE'S VALE - - - - -	18
EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM - - - - -	19
THE BLIND GIRL - - - - -	20
WE ARE PASSING AWAY - - - - -	22
FORGET NOT THE DEAD - - - - -	23
THE OUTER AND INNER WORLD - - - - -	24
MEMORY - - - - -	26
THE VANISHED DEW DROP - - - - -	27
WAR - - - - -	28
THE UNKNOWN GRAVE - - - - -	42
THE DEAD DRUMMER BOY - - - - -	43
NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA - - - - -	45
MARIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE - - - - -	48
THE BLOOD OF MARTYRS - - - - -	50
TO EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM SMITH, OF VIRGINIA - - - - -	51

	PAGE
ODE FROM ANACREON - - - - -	53
ON MARSHALL'S PILLAR - - - - -	54
EN SOLITAIRE - - - - -	56
THE BROKEN SHAFT - - - - -	57
TO COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY - - - - -	59
TO REV. W. E. MUNSEY - - - - -	61
STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY - - - - -	62
ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY - - -	63
ON A PICTURE OF SCHILLER IN YOUTH - - - - -	64
EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM. THE LINES REFER- RING TO THE LATE R. E. SCOTT, FROM VIRGINIA -	66
SUMMERFIELD - - - - -	68
JOHN WESLEY IN OLD AGE - - - - -	70
BUNYAN IN BEDFORD JAIL - - - - -	72
THE LATE REV. S. ASHBURY ROSZEL - - - - -	74
TO THE REV. DR. MURKLAND - - - - -	77
TO VIRGINIA - - - - -	78
EDWARD THE THIRD OVER THE BODY OF THE BLACK PRINCE	79
WHEN I AM GONE - - - - -	82
APPEAL OF SOUTHERN TO NORTHERN SOLDIERS - - -	83
FAREWELL TO SUMMER GUESTS - - - - -	84
LIFE - - - - -	86
I WONDER WHERE ARE ALL THE BOYS! - - - - -	88
THE BRIDE'S RETURN - - - - -	90
OH, SING TO ME THAT SONG AGAIN! - - - - -	91
PLEDGE THEM IN SILENCE - - - - -	92
GOD HAS A WORK FOR THEE TO DO - - - - -	93



	PAGE
CHATTERTON IN BRISTOL MEAD - - - - -	95
MY HUMBLE COT - - - - -	96
DWELL NOT ON DEPARTED JOYS - - - - -	98
TO ONE WHO KNOWS - - - - -	98
TO THE DANDELION - - - - -	100
YOUNG LOVE - - - - -	102
THE SKYLARK IN AUSTRALIA - - - - -	103
SUMMER BIRD IN WINTER - - - - -	105
STANZAS - - - - -	106
AMATORY SONG - - - - -	107
THE UNCOFFINED DEAD - - - - -	108
LINES—DO NOT ENVY - - - - -	110
THE WORLD IS NOT A BOWER OF EASE - - - - -	111
CANST THOU FORGET ME? - - - - -	112
THE WORLD A MASQUERADE - - - - -	113
TO A YOUNG LADY - - - - -	115
THE BLUE RIDGE - - - - -	116
OUR MOUNTAIN BOYS - - - - -	117
TO MISS G. V—— - - - - -	118
THE BOY IN THE WOOD - - - - -	120
THE PIRATE - - - - -	123
TO IANTHE - - - - -	132
TO AGNES - - - - -	134
TO A JILT - - - - -	136
THE PARTING BRIDE - - - - -	138
A PASSING GLANCE - - - - -	140
TO MISS ANNIE * * * * * - - - - -	142

	PAGE
THE SPARTAN MOTHER - - - - -	144
TO INEZ - - - - -	144
THE IDEAL - - - - -	146
TO A FLIRT - - - - -	147
TO A LADY WHO BOASTED OF HAVING A COLD HEART -	149
EARLY LOVE - - - - -	152
TO GERTRUDE - - - - -	156
I LIVE WITHIN THE PAST ALONE - - - - -	157
THE SPIRIT LAND - - - - -	159
TO JENNY - - - - -	161
TEN YEARS AGO - - - - -	162
THE ORPHAN BOY - - - - -	163
OH, IF THERE WERE NO SORROWS HERE! - - - - -	165
EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN MOUNTJOY - - - - -	166
HE DID NOT SAY HE LOVED, MAMMA - - - - -	167
LINES—SIR WALTER SCOTT - - - - -	168
BYRON ON THE SEA SHORE, AT EIGHTEEN - - - - -	169
VALENTINE'S BUST OF HUMBOLDT - - - - -	171
LINES—TO PROFESSOR HILDERBRAND'S CLASS - - -	173
A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF RICHARD H. FOOTE, JR. -	175
LINES ON A. R. COLEMAN - - - - -	177
THE HEAVENLY PORTION - - - - -	178
MARY AT THE CROSS - - - - -	180
THE RAISING OF LAZARUS - - - - -	182
THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA - - - - -	185
THE DYING THIEF - - - - -	187
RELIGION - - - - -	189

	PAGE
IN MEMORIAM - - - - -	190
THE SEA OF TIME - - - - -	192
SINGING OF THE MISERERE IN THE POPE'S SISTINE CHAPEL, AT ROME - - - - -	193
THE DESERTED CAMP - - - - -	196
WE HAVE NOT FALLEN - - - - -	199
MORNING AND NIGHT - - - - -	200
THERE IS A SHADOW ON MY HEART - - - - -	201
GIVE ME MUSIC - - - - -	203
ON ADVERSITY - - - - -	204
INVITATION TO THE DEPARTED - - - - -	207
HANNIBAL ON THE ALPS - - - - -	209
MIDNIGHT MUSINGS - - - - -	211
THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR - - - - -	213
ALAS! IT IS NOT ALWAYS GAY - - - - -	215
THRENODOE - - - - -	216
THERE NEVER YET WAS STORMY CLOUD - - - - -	218
STANZAS - - - - -	218
EN SOLITAIRE - - - - -	220
LONELINESS - - - - -	221
FREE TRANSLATION OF THE THIRTIETH ODE OF HORACE -	223



## Evening.

THE stream is calmest when it nears the goal  
Where sleeps the ocean in tranquillity ;  
And songs of birds come sweetest o'er the soul  
And flowers bloom softest when Day's glories flee.

Morning is lovely ! but 'tis sweeter far  
When Eve o'er nature spreads her mantle gray,  
When from the deep cerulean depths her star  
Beams on our vision with its calming ray.

Day is for labor ; but Eve bringeth rest,  
And o'er the earth her tranquil twilight throws ;  
The bird returns in gladness to her nest,  
The beast o'er-wearied sinks into repose.

And man, that toiled beneath the noontide heat,  
Welcomes the hour that gives a blest release ;  
And oh, how grateful is calm Evening sweet,  
Whose gentle mandate bids his labors cease !

Lord, when on earth we close our failing eyes,  
Oh, may we sink in calmness to the grave,  
As fades the Evening in clear western skies,  
Or dies in beauty o'er the placid wave !

## The Clear Blue Sky.

THE clear blue sky! the clear blue sky!  
How grandly bends its arch on high!  
There is no temple man hath made  
So glorious as yon crystal sky.

Its deep blue vault, with stars begemmed,  
It spreads o'er distant seas and lands,  
A grand cathedral, whose vast dome  
Was never made by mortal hands!

High o'er the eagle's loftiest flight,  
And where the wandering meteors stray;  
The moon its silvery lamp by night,  
The sun its golden lamp by day.

No gaudy tinsel hues are there  
To mar its simple, grand design;  
But Heaven's serene, transparent blue,  
The fresco of the Hand divine.

And then, so pure its azure depths,  
Its clear, ethereal realms of air,  
'Twould scarce amaze us to behold  
Earth's guardian angels floating there.

The clear blue sky! the clear blue sky!  
A boundless ocean, through whose tide,  
Unfearing shore or sunken rock,  
Not ships alone, but worlds may ride!

Oft on the surging tempest sea  
Huge icebergs 'gainst each other beat;  
And navies clash; but through the sky  
Vast systems roll and never meet.

The clear blue sky! the clear blue sky!  
It spreads around the earth's great ball,  
The mirror of God's purity,  
And like his love, encircling all.

And oh, the sweet, consoling thought,  
That souls of good men, when they die,  
Shall wing their way to realms of bliss,  
Eternal in yon clear blue sky!

---

◆◆◆

### Restore those Stars.

RESTORE those stars! Oh, let them shine  
Upon our flag again;  
And let them, as in days gone by,  
Gleam o'er the land and main!

We want no mutilated flag,  
Whose dismal blanks may tell  
That orbs which once shone brightly there  
Have bade its folds farewell.

No! they shall not be stricken from  
That constellation bright,  
And, like the wandering Pleiad's fires,  
Be quenched in endless night.

No! they shall ever glitter where  
That meteor flag's unfurled,  
And be with other kindred stars  
The hope stars of the world.

We'll set them in their place again  
Of glory and renown;  
Like those that circle round the pole,  
They never shall go down.

Columbia, wipe away thy tears:  
Thy flag shall be restored,  
With not a single stripe erased,  
Nor single star obscured.

And it shall float in ample folds,  
And flaunt the breeze in pride,  
Where'er thy victor legions tread,  
Or oak ribbed navies ride.



And every heart shall leap with joy  
To see that flag once more  
Triumphant wave o'er land and sea,  
As it hath waded of yore.

---

### My Days are Passing as a Stream.

MY days are passing as a stream,  
That swiftly glides to ocean's wave;  
And life's illusive, feverish dream  
Must soon be ended in the grave.

The dearest friends I e'er have known  
Mine eyes of flesh shall see no more;  
I am as one that's left alone—  
To linger on some desert shore.

And, oh! my spirit soon, like theirs,  
Must sail o'er that unmeasur'd sea,  
Whose mildest aspect ever wears  
An awful, dread solemnity.

But thou, O God! canst calm the deep,  
And waft my bark in safety o'er;  
At thy command the waves will sleep,  
As Galilee's dark wave of yore.

Oh, let thy breath but fill the sail,  
 Soon will subside Death's wild alarms,  
 The storm become a prosperous gale,  
 To waft me to a Saviour's arms!

In thee alone I place my trust,  
 My only hope is in thy power.  
 Oh, raise my spirits from the dust,  
 And save me in Death's awful hour!

---

Memory.

REMEMBRANCE hath a power sublime  
 To clothe the past in heavenly light,  
 Until each scene of by-gone time  
 Grows 'neath its touch divinely bright.

Like the optician's magic glass,  
 It magnifies the good we've known;  
 While o'er the ill, which there might pass,  
 Oblivion's veiling cloud is thrown.

When he who roams some mountain land  
 Throws back his retrospective view,  
 He only sees the peaks that stand  
 By sunlight robed in heavenly blue—

Each narrow glen, each steep ravine,  
Once to his awe-struck gaze revealed,  
By distance hid, no more are seen,  
In deepening shadows dark concealed.

'Tis thus in life, by Memory's power  
Each joy upon the soul's imprest,  
While o'er each dark and gloomy hour  
Lethan shades in mercy rest.

---

♦♦♦

## Echo.

ECHO, echo, lovely echo,  
Oh, how sweet the strain,  
Upon the hushed and listening air,  
Comes floating back again !

Echo, echo, softened echo,  
Murmuring faint and low,  
Such mellowed music as we hear  
When chiming waters flow.

Echo, echo, dying echo,  
Failing as the breeze,  
When scarce a zephyr's wing is heard  
To flutter through the trees,

Echo, echo, far off echo,  
Like some distant star,  
Whose sweet and heaven-born silvery beams  
Are quivering from afar.

Echo, echo, saddened echo,  
Sighing in the air  
Like voice of some departing joy,  
Which fondly lingered there.

Echo, echo, answering echo,  
As if seraph's tongue  
Were hymning some celestial strain  
Responsive as we sung.

---

### Our Native Land.

WHY should we roam in foreign clime?  
For classic Greece or Rome  
Disclose not mountains more sublime  
Than we behold at home.

Our sparkling rivers flow as bright  
As any waters there;  
Our suns dispense as pure a light  
As gilds their landscapes fair.

Fair flow'rets bloom along our fields,  
Perfuming every gale,  
Whose breath as rich a fragrance yields  
As those of Tempe's vale.

Though Philomela sings not here  
Her sweet nocturnal tune,  
Our mockingbird pours forth as clear  
Its warblings to the moon.

'Tis true no time discolored fane,  
Nor mouldering castle gray,  
Doth on its moss clad stone retain  
The record of decay ;

For all is new—the forests stand  
In their primeval green,  
As fresh as when from God's own hand  
They first adorned the scene.

But, oh ! who would not rather gaze  
On Youth with promise bright,  
Than look on Age's last sad days  
Preceding Death's dark night ?

'Tis Quiet now in Tempe's Vale.

'TIS quiet now in Tempe's vale,  
The muse's harp-strings thrill no more ;  
No graces woo the passing gale,  
And there the choral dance is o'er.

Apollo's lyre is now unstrung,  
Its trembling chords have ceased to quiver ;  
Responsive as the day-god sung,  
The day-god's song is hushed forever.

Still doth Olympus lift on high  
Through those clear skies its snow-clad brow ;  
But there no god ye may descry,—  
Its peak is all deserted now.

The dreaded bolt hath left the hand  
Of him whose thunders rolled above ;  
And now the dwellers in the land  
Bow to another god than Jove.

But, oh ! the memories of the past  
Are clinging round each bare rock yet,  
And there shall linger till the last  
Revolving sun shall rise and set,

For genius there hath thrown around  
Each scene a glory all its own,  
And there in memory e'er shall sound  
The music of its lyre's sweet tone.

It mingles with each running stream,  
And murmurs in the breeze's sigh ;  
And soft as music of a dream,  
Its echoes float eternal by.

---

Extract from an Unpublished Poem.

O H, how unhappy is this world of ours !  
All things of beauty must here soon decay—  
The verdure of the fields, the summer's flowers,  
Before the wintry storms will pass away.

The orient glories of the morning's beam,  
The changing shadows of the evening sky,  
The radiant arch whose hues of heaven seem,  
Must all in darkness soon together lie.

At morn the father looks upon his son—  
He is so young, so beautiful and brave !  
Lo, in despair, before the day is done,  
He weeps in anguish o'er his closing grave !

The mother gazes on her daughter's bloom  
With mingled glance of fondness and of pride ;  
A few short hours the all-engulfing tomb  
In its damp vault the perished flower will hide.

We dwell, methinks, upon the verdured steep,  
Beneath which fires volcanic raging glow ;  
We rest in calmness till our midnight sleep  
Is broken by the burning lava's flow.

We dwell, methinks, upon some smiling plain  
Where, all unheralded, the earthquakes come ;  
We feast, we marry, and we gather gain—  
One mighty surge and darkness is our home.

Oh, God of Mercy! is this all our fate ?  
The morn of gladness closed by night of gloom ;  
Our prized existence were a thing to hate  
Were there no light and life beyond the tomb!

---

The Blind Girl.

“ SWEET sister, it is summer time ;  
I hear the murmuring bee,  
And birds returned from southern clime—  
The flowers I cannot see.



“ Oh, place me gently, sister dear,  
Where I sat long ago ;  
Near by the stream, that I may hear  
Its chiming waters flow.

“ I cannot see the streamlet bright,  
Nor yet its fringing flowers ;  
For oh, a cloud upon my sight  
Dark as the deep night lowers !

“ But yet that is a pleasant place  
By that sweet murmuring stream ;  
And passing years may not efface  
That spot from Memory’s dream.

“ For there I sat ’neath summer skies  
Ere yet this darkness fell  
In deepening shadows on mine eyes,  
There throughout life to dwell.

The world is dark—how dark to me,  
With deep gloom overcast—  
The only light which now I see  
Is beaming from the past.

“ Then place me, sister, by that stream  
Where sweet the wild flowers grow,  
That I may there in memory dream  
Of years long, long ago.”

## We are Passing Away.

WE are passing away as a bright summer day,  
When the hours of gladness fly swift as the  
wind;

As a dream of the night we are passing away,  
And leaving the world and its sorrows behind.

From the schemes of ambition, the hoardings of  
wealth,

From the gay dream of pleasure we soon will be  
gone,

And the cheek now suffused with the bright glow  
of health

Shall tell by its pallor the spirit hath flown.

We are fading away as the flower of the plain;

We are dying away as the bird's failing song;

We are passing away as the stream to the main,

Where its wave glides in silence and beauty along.

We are passing away as the summer cloud flies,

O'er the green fields outspread in their beauty  
below;

We are wilting away as the autumn leaf dies,

When cold on its bosom the wintry winds blow.

We are passing away to the deep, narrow grave,  
And the clods of the valley shall cover our bed,  
Where the night wind shall sigh, and the willow  
shall wave  
Its low drooping boughs o'er the home of the dead.

We are passing away to a world all unknown ;  
To the dim land of dreams which no mortal may  
know—  
Where death's gloomy shadows in darkness are  
thrown  
O'er the pathway, concealing its weal and its woe.

Yea ; the hour is coming when the heavens, in flame,  
Shall eclipse by their splendor the brightness of  
day ;  
When the end of all things the last trump shall  
proclaim,  
And peal the loud dirge of their passing away.

---

## Forget not the Dead !

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MADAME POZZONI.

**F**ORGET not the dead, though lowly they lie,  
Far down in the deep, gloomy grave ;  
But sad be the tone and moist be the eye,  
When we speak of the earth-shrouded brave !

They died in their youth. They have drank of the  
cup,

So bitter for young hearts to drain—

They have perished as flowers for us, giving up  
Their lives on the blood drinking plain.

Forget not the dead! Oh, remember them e'er!

For the records of time may not tell

Of spirits more noble, more gallant, sincere,  
Than those 'neath our banners who fell.

Forget not the dead, for their temples entwined

Bright garlands not destined to fade!

Oh! soft fall the dews, and let morning enshrine  
With its light, where the heroes are laid.



## The Outer and Inner World.

OH, could we see the human heart,

What mysteries were there—

The secret grief, the inward smart,

Oft 'neath a visage fair!

Alas! how little do we know

E'en of our dearest friends;

'Tis only what they choose to show,

And there our knowledge ends.

There is a story all untold,  
A history unread,  
Inwrapped in Secrecy's dark fold,  
As wraps the shroud the dead.

Oh, were that inner world revealed,  
Those secret realms of thought,  
E'en from our dearest friends concealed,  
What changes would be wrought!

'Twould be as though the vasty deep  
Should to the gaze disclose  
The thousand wondrous things that sleep  
Beneath its calm repose.

The hearts thus opened to our ken  
Would not be what they seem—  
A world would be discovered then  
Of which we little dream.

## Memory.

NO line is lost on memory's page,  
Although there seem to be  
Things there outworn by lapse of age  
Of which no trace we see.

They are not dead, but sleeping there,  
Those scenes of other days.  
Some spring is touched—they reappear  
Life like before the gaze.

The memory of things once known  
Retouched their hues display;  
And though long lingering years have flown,  
They seem of yesterday.

The lengthened line of vanished years,  
Whose shadows intervene,  
At once, like magic, disappears  
And leaves no chasm between.

It seems there were a power sublime  
Which aids the mental eye,  
And, like the artist's tube, in time  
Will bring the distant nigh.

## The Vanished Dew Drop.

I SAW a dew drop on the grass,  
It glittered in the light,  
But soon the liquid gem had passed  
In silence from my sight.

It passed away, that sparkling gem,  
But not in vain—I knew  
That all its lovely colors were  
Absorbed in heaven's own blue.

And would ye seek that dew drop now?  
No more on earth it lies,  
But glitters in the lovely arch  
That spans in light the skies.

A cherub smiled upon me here;  
Its smiles no more I see  
Beneath the skies; but bright they beam  
In immortality.

For, like the early morning dew  
Which to my view was given,  
Those sweet, endearing smiles have been  
By angels borne to heaven.

## Warr.

THE watch fires gleam on Rappahannock's side,  
In beauty glancing o'er its mirrored tide ;  
Fringing from far with their bright ruddy gleam  
Each graceful willow weeping o'er the stream ;  
Piercing through all the woodland's depths profound,  
In mingling light and shadow o'er the ground.  
O'er many a level plain and mountain crest,  
Their lengthened lines in beamy splendor rest ;  
Through valley deep, o'er swelling knoll they glow,  
Like stars reflected from the earth below.  
And many a song and jocund laugh is there,  
Breaking the stillness of the midnight air,  
Where, all regardless of the coming fight,  
The careless soldier carols to the night.  
The gallant steeds, with shrilly piercing neigh,  
Impatient wait the morning's long delay ;  
Snuff the dread battle in the breeze afar,  
And eager wait the coming shock of war.  
Now faint and low the sentry's measured tread  
Falls like some watcher's round the sleeping dead.  
The moon, pale quivering on his helmet shines,  
And " All is well !" re-echoes through the lines.



With thoughts of far off home, a manly brow  
Amidst that thronging host is clouded now ;  
And busy fancy wanders far away,  
To his loved cottage where his cherubs play,  
And weeps his consort, whom the morrow's strife  
May make, perchance, a widow of a wife.  
The beardless youth with burning breast is there,  
Unmindful of an absent mother's care.  
High in his bosom swelling thoughts arise,  
And daring flashes from his gleaming eyes.  
He hopes that future ages may unroll  
His name, recorded bright on Glory's scroll ;  
And loses, thinking on the victor's wreath,  
All thought of danger and all thought of death.  
Or chance he sees the glowing torches burn,  
With light hymeneal, on his home return :  
Where maiden fair, with deeply blushing charms,  
Shall sweetly crown his high desert in arms.

See all alone the thoughtful chieftain stand,  
With lofty brow, and looks that give command ;  
But anxious still, as though an empire's fate  
Hung doubtful on the morning's stern debate.  
Nor causeless thus ; for lo ! to-morrow's sun,  
Ere his diurnal journey he hath run,  
Ere yet he sinks 'mid western clouds, may see  
A land of villeins, or an empire, free !  
Like some tall cliff, round whose majestic form

Is wreathed the darkness of the mountain storm,  
That chieftain stands ; and from his brow of ire  
Flashes at intervals his glance of fire,  
As darkly he reflects in pensive mood,  
On all the horrors of the day of blood ;  
Revolving where his standard shall be set,  
And where shall flash the glittering bayonet ;  
What fields his cavalry shall thunder o'er,  
And where the dread artillery shall roar.  
And round that chieftain many a gallant youth,  
With soul of daring, and with heart of truth,  
Attendant wait with ready steed at hand,  
To bear his mandates where he may command.  
No matter where ; so but the order given,  
Though peals the cannon loud as bolt of heaven,  
And hissing death shots all around them fly,  
Like blazing meteors through the flaming sky.  
And 'mid that brilliant multitude was one,  
With form as fair as ye may gaze upon.  
No Grecian sculptor in his dreams e'er traced  
Lines more symmetrical than those which graced  
His form divine. The Apollo Belvedere  
Alone might rival him in beauty's sphere.  
And on his face there was that look of heaven,  
By limners to the loved apostle given.  
The sun had bronzed his cheek ; but on his brow  
Rested the whiteness of the driven snow,  
While clear beneath, his mild and deep blue eye

Beamed like the azure of the summer's sky.  
His flowing locks, in their rich auburn hue,  
Contrasted darkly with the eye of blue,  
And gracefully around his temples curled,  
Like morning's mists around the sleeping world.

Indeed, he seemed unfitted for the scene ;  
For in the depths of his bright eye serene,  
Far other meditations might ye read  
Than of the warrior and his daring deed.  
His soul looked not with pleasure on the sight  
Of fellow mortals mangled in the fight.  
For him the night bird's gently trilling note  
Made music sweeter than the trumpet's throat ;  
And dearer far the bee's glad morning hum,  
Than intonation of the warlike drum.  
He loved to gaze upon fair Nature's charms,  
When undisturbed by battle's wild alarms ;  
To hear the streamlet's gentle waters flow,  
As, murmuring music, o'er the sands they go ;  
To list the feathered choirs, from every tree  
Wakening the morning with their melody ;  
To look in rapture on the arching sky,  
And count the snowy clouds careering by ;  
And when the tempest's frowning hour had gone,  
And sweetly on his gaze the landscape shone,  
He loved to see, on the retiring storm,  
The rainbow's bright, but evanescent form ;

In thought to wander in far distant climes  
Mid crumbling monuments of other times,  
Where skies of Italy and Hellas glow,  
In ever beaming smiles on earth below,  
And from those classic scenes, around which cling  
The memories of the past, rich tribute bring ;  
To listen how sweet Maro struck the lyre,  
And feel within his breast old Homer's fire ;  
To glow with Pindar, and with Sappho burn,  
Converse with Socrates, from Plato learn ;  
To hear the tides of eloquence, that rolled  
From lips well worthy of the name of gold ;  
Those winged words that flash like rays of light  
And chain our wonder by their magic might.

And various, too, the scenes through which he'd  
passed.

He'd seen the mountain in the river glassed,  
Where Alleghany, rising to the cloud,  
Robes her bold summits in its misty shroud.  
His infant years he passed where Nature wild,  
Shed her selectest influence o'er her child.  
He ever loved to climb the mountains steep,  
Or row the light skiff o'er the river deep,  
Fearless of danger, though the angry wave  
In yawning chasms disclosed a liquid grave.  
Full well he knew the falcon's airy rest,  
And where the peaceful halcyon built her nest.

He oft beheld the snowy sea gull sail  
Against the fury of the northern gale.  
There, where the Indian smote the antlered deer,  
Or pierced the leaping salmon with his spear,  
He spent whole days in that luxurious dream  
That coarser souls of earth a madness deem.  
And when the wintry blast, careering by,  
Swept the dark forests with its surging sigh;  
Heard in the storm that whistled o'er his head,  
The sighing spirits of the moaning dead.

He, too, had dwelt upon the level plain,  
Where naught obscured the vision's wide domain ;  
Midst peaceful scenes where the prolific soil,  
With bursting barns repaid the tiller's toil,  
And where the mockingbird, with varied lay,  
Woke him each morning at the break of day.  
There often at the gentle evening's close,  
When up the hill the streamlet's murmur rose,  
He sat and gazed on heaven's unclouded sea,  
With thoughts that wandered through eternity ;  
Traced there each rolling planet's bright career,  
And tracked the wandering comet through the  
sphere ;  
And when the lamp its glimmering light had shed  
Upon the volumes which enshrined the dead,  
Oft at the midnight hour he'd silent pore  
Upon the lettered page of ancient lore ;

Read what was there of worth in arts and laws,  
Heard the enchanted forum's wild applause  
When old Demosthenes' or Tully's ire,  
Smote on the listening ear with words of fire;  
The truths sublime of the Athenian sage,  
Like beacons gleaming o'er a darkened age.  
Old Cato's stoic wisdom, stern and high,  
Was there presented to his searching eye;  
And great Aurelian, who Rome's sceptre swayed,  
His thoughtful treasures to his mind conveyed.

Nor saw he earth alone. The sacred scroll  
Unclosed its rich revealments to his soul.  
Beyond the finite bounds of time and space,  
He saw, by faith, the angels' dwelling place,  
That glorious world of light where seraphs shone  
In heavenly radiance round the eternal throne;  
And oft in ecstasy, with ravished ears,  
Heard strains more sweet than music of the spheres.  
And he had loved, with pure ethereal love,  
That holy name the angels fear above.  
But words are vain; for language may not tell  
The glory of those charms he loved so well.  
Go gaze upon the loveliest things of earth—  
The Alpine flower that 'mid the snows has birth;  
Go look upon the lily of the vale,  
Opening its beauties to the morning gale.  
Nor lily pure nor Sharon's rose can bless



Our dazzled vision with such loveliness.  
The eye of the gazelle, the stars of night,  
The dawn of morning, the Aurora's light,  
Are things of nothing when ye would compare  
Their beauties with the glories clustering there.  
She seemed a true Anadyomene  
Rising in beauty from the surging sea;  
In form and visage so divinely fair  
She only wanted wings to rise in air.  
Nor outward beauty there alone you'd find ;  
The inner glances of her heart and mind  
In happy unison held equal sway,  
Like mingled heat and light of solar ray.  
And as some beauteous alabaster vase  
Grows yet more lovely from the inward blaze,  
So the charmed gazer saw new beauties rise,  
As flashed her kindling soul from her love beaming  
eyes.

And they had loved each other from their youth ;  
Even childhood's years had heard their vows of  
truth.

And love, unlesened by Time's measured length,  
Grew with their growth and strengthened with their  
strength.

Full oft together they have wandered through  
The tangled brake wherein the wild flower grew ;  
Roamed through the orchard, full of youthful glee,

And plucked the blossoms of the apple tree.  
Their footsteps often at the day's sweet dawn  
Had brushed the early dew drops from the lawn ;  
And often in the noontide's sultry hours  
They ranged the forest, gathering woodland flowers ;  
And oft at evening's close they lingered near  
The pebbly margin of the river clear,  
And o'er the placid water's winding way  
Marked the last rose tints of the dying day.  
And when the evening from the depths of air,  
Disclosed in beauty all her jewels rare,  
From heavenly orbs, that glowed in light afar,  
He'd turn to *her*, his soul's bright morning star !

But vanished now are all those happy hours,  
Those walks mid rural scenes and sylvan bowers !  
The lark's shrill matin and the redbird's song  
No more in trilling lays their notes prolong ;  
But clarion, pealing high, and rolling drum,  
Tell where in wrath the mustering squadrons come !  
No bright winged oriole glances through the trees,  
But flags of battle flaunt in every breeze !  
And blood red pennons floating far behind,  
Stream forth like meteors to the troubled wind !  
And that soft eye, which ever loved to look  
On tranquil landscapes, where the shepherd's crook,  
Enwreathed with Spring's bright flowers, was only  
seen



Ruling the snowy flocks that flecked the green,  
 By sad vicissitude is doomed to dwell  
 On scenes of carnage making earth a hell!  
 And she, to whom his youthful soul had given  
 Its fondest love beneath the God of heaven,  
 Sits in her lonely home far, far away,  
 And mournful sighs and sadly weeps the day!

\* \* \* \* \*

The battle's o'er, and the extended plain  
 Is covered thick with corpses of the slain.  
 In every form of ghastly death they lie,  
 With face upturned toward the pitying sky.  
 The thirsty earth hath drunk far different showers  
 Than those which gemmed the vernal field with  
 flowers ;  
 And o'er the plain for many a rood, I ween,  
 The dye of crimson hath dispelled the green.  
 And faint and low comes the expiring sigh  
 The dying breathe out in their agony,  
 Which, sinking by degrees, is heard no more ;  
 The fainting spirit flits, and all of earth is o'er.

\* \* \* \* \*

“A glorious victory !” On every hand  
 The loud Te Deums peal throughout the land !  
 “A glorious victory hath this day been won !”  
 Is borne by shouting myriads to the sun.

“ A glorious victory ”—go ask the grave,  
Closing in darkness o’er the young and brave!  
“ A glorious victory ”—hear that widow’s shriek!  
And mark the whiteness on yon maiden’s cheek!  
See yonder aged sire, with woe undone,  
Like Judah’s monarch, calling for his son!  
And hear on every breeze in anguish borne  
All comfortless some stricken Rachel mourn!  
Away, away, the warrior’s gilded fame,  
And loud hosanna, pealing high his name!  
I covet not his fame, nor seek the bliss  
He feels as victor on a field like this!  
Lo! every leaf upon his laurel wreath,  
Is crimsoned with a bloody hue beneath;  
And every wind that floats his flag in air,  
Is wafting to some distant home, despair!  
And ye who build your pride on others’ pain,  
Like him of old who fixed Diana’s fame,  
In mercy look upon this slaughtered host,  
And learn from thence what glorious victories cost!

Oh that my head were waters of the deep,  
Mine eyes a fount of tears, that I might weep  
By day and night for all my people slain,  
Whose bones lie bleaching on the bloody plain!  
And thou, oh man of God, where’er thou art,  
That bear’st thy Saviour’s image on thy heart,  
With bitter agony and flowing tears,

Pour thy petitions into Mercy's ears,  
That God in pity would this curse remove  
Far from our beauteous land and those we love.  
My curse upon the wretch, whoe'er he be,  
Where'er he wander by the land or sea,  
Of eye unpitying and of stony heart,  
Who secret plots with diabolic art  
To wrest the precious boon of peace away,  
And teach his fellow man to wound and slay;  
May sun of heaven refuse to him its light,  
His spring be turned to winter, noon to night;  
The asp's rank venom be his only food;  
The earth her waters change for him to blood;  
May scorpions in his breast forever sting,  
And death be wafted on the gales of spring.  
And when his carcass in the earth shall rot,  
Do thou, O God of heaven! forgive him not;  
But when his spirit bids the world farewell,  
May it be plunged into the depths of hell,  
Where through eternity the flames shall climb  
Like writhing serpents round each tortured limb!

But vain such mournful themes. Back to my tale:  
In that fell hour when sorrow filled the gale  
On that dread day of woe and agony,  
Our youthful hero, where, oh! where was he?  
Where the coarse canvas intercepts the day,  
On the rough stretcher, pale in death he lay,

Alone midst strangers ; and no mother now  
Wipes the cold death damp from his clammy brow ;  
No sister's soothing hand in love is there,  
Smoothing with gentleness his matted hair.  
Attendants rude, unpitying of his woe,  
With careless footsteps hasten to and fro ;  
And there are none within the stream to dip  
The porous sponge to soothe his burning lip ;  
And if he ask, in accents weak and faint,  
They turn an adder's ear to his complaint ;  
And if a passing glance on him be thrown,  
'Tis cold as moonlight in an arctic zone ;  
And ever and anon, with fearful start,  
The flowing life tide gushes from his heart.  
'Twill soon be o'er, and ere the evening shed  
Its farewell ray, he'll slumber with the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where yonder mountain rears its head serene,  
And reigns in grandeur o'er the lovely scene,  
A lordly structure stands ; whose columns rise  
In graceful majesty to greet our eyes.  
There all is fair without. But oh, within,  
What scenes of madness, misery and sin !  
For there, with heart on fire and throbbing brain  
The raving maniac struggles with his chain.  
Some float in fancy on the rainbow's light,  
Some scale on eagles' wings the mountain's height ;

Some roam the seas with phantom sails unfurled ;  
Some reign as monarchs o'er a spectral world ;  
Some, draped in mourning, yield them to despair ;  
For every form of madness centres there !  
But look ; in yon green vista's opening light,  
What heavenly apparition meets the sight !  
Is it a being of celestial birth ?  
Some angel visitant that walks the earth ?  
For sure such holy beauty earth ne'er gave ;  
The land of light and love beyond the grave,  
Where seraphs brighten round the eternal throne,  
Alone can claim such being for its own.  
Ah, yes ; 'tis she ! for in that hueless face  
The former lineaments of love I trace,  
That smiled in all the glow of youthful pride  
When erst she wandered by that lost one's side !  
Ah, yes ; 'tis she ! but now of reason reft—  
The jewel's gone, the casket lone is left !  
With that great grief beyond her heart's control  
The light of reason faded from her soul.  
And still her bridal robe she weareth now,  
And bridal wreaths are twining round her brow ;  
And though long years her plighted lover roam,  
Her fancy whispers that he yet will come !

\* \* \* \* \*

He does not come ! Oh, why doth he delay ?  
The hour is come, and yet he is away.

The marriage feast is spread, the bridal wreath is  
wove.

Why stays he now away? why lingers yet my love?

Unhappy maiden! Yes; he yet shall come,  
But not on earth! There is a better home,  
Where, happier far than in this world of woe,  
Ye shall no parting and no sorrow know!

Such scenes have daily happened on our shore.  
My tale is ended, and my song is o'er.

---

### The Unknown Grave.

THE unknown grave! we pass it by;  
We scarcely wish to know,  
Or breathe the tribute of a sigh  
To him who sleeps below.

Unheeded here the flow'rets grow,  
To deck his last long sleep;  
Unmarked heaven's sweetest tear drops flow  
Where men refuse to weep.

Unknown! yet from beneath this sod  
Our careless footsteps tread,  
Back to the bosom of its God  
A hero's soul hath fled.

He fell unheeded as the leaf  
When Autumn's blasts have blown ;  
His epitaph, alas, how brief !  
The simple word, " Unknown."

Stop, traveller ; thy step is on  
A consecrated grave,  
Where rests in honor, though unknown,  
The ashes of the brave.

And God, who marks the hero's dust  
From heaven's eternal throne,  
Will send his angel bands in trust  
To guard that grave unknown.



## The Dead Drummer Boy.

WHAT dost thou here, thou gentle boy ?  
It is no place for thee  
Where, nerved with purpose to destroy,  
War's red right arm we see.

Thy hand was formed to string the lyre,  
Not grasp the bloody brand ;  
Nor point the carbine's deadly fire  
At some stern chief's command.



Thine eyes are like the heaven's deep blue  
When summer skies have smiled ;  
Not made to look upon the view  
Of War's dread havoc wild.

And far more fit it were for thee  
To sing in lady's bower,  
Than wave War's blood red signal free  
Where clouds of battle lower.

What dost thou where Destruction rides  
Upon the cannon's breath ?  
War hath enough of prey besides—  
Thou art too young for death.

Home ! home ! unto thy mother's arms,  
And cheer her closing day ;  
To older breasts leave War's alarms—  
Oh, bright eyed boy, away !

Ah, never—for the death shot came  
Careering on the blast,  
Urged by impetuous wings of flame—  
That moment was his last !

Upon the plain he lieth low,  
Yet lovely in his rest ;  
E'en as a wreath of April's snow  
On some sweet flow'ret's breast.



## Napoleon.

LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING A PICTURE OF BONAPARTE ON THE  
SHORE OF ST. HELENA.

"Arma virumque cano.—*Virgil.*"

## I.

THE meteor glare of war has fled,  
And hushed the cannon's deaf'ning roar ;  
The soldier on his heath clad bed  
Now sleeps and dreams of strife no more.

Calm is the azure vault of heaven,  
There's not a breath the sail to fill ;  
No rippling wave to shore is driven ;  
Earth, air and ocean, all are still.

Gently o'er the distant wave  
Sinks the setting sun to rest ;  
And deep in ocean seeks to leave  
The splendors of his fiery crest.

## II.

Who is it stands on yonder steep  
Which hangs impending o'er the deep ?  
That cliff which hath for ages stood  
A rampart 'gainst the stormy flood,  
The foaming billows kept at bay,  
And back on ocean dashed his spray.

The lightning of his eagle eye,  
His look, commanding, stern and high,  
And yet unconquered, all proclaim  
To him belongs no common name.  
As the sturdy mountain oak,  
When blasted by the lightning's stroke,  
Though from it all its boughs are riven,  
Still lifts its blackened trunk to heaven,  
And seems as if it dared defy  
The terrors of the stormy sky,  
So stands that fallen chieftain now,  
Defiance gathering on his brow ;  
Around him thick misfortunes fall,  
And yet he calmly braves them all.  
Though his armies are slain and his banners are  
taken,  
And his hopes are all ruined, his soul is un-  
shaken.

## III.

And his had been a fearful life,  
His days had passed midst scenes of strife ;  
For him the war cloud's circling wreath,  
The deep mouthed cannon ringing death,  
And crimsoned earth with life blood stained,  
No form of terror now retained ;  
They were familiar grown.  
Unmoved he looked upon the slain

That strewed Cairo's sun scorched plain ;  
And brightly o'er the Russian snow,  
With man and nature both his foe,  
His mighty watch fires shone.  
On Alpine heights his eye surveyed  
The bannered host for war arrayed ;  
And like the lightning from the cloud,  
When volleying thunder peals aloud,  
His onward progress marked by death,  
He rushed upon the plain beneath.  
O'er prostrate kings he proudly trod,  
And deemed himself almost a god.

## IV.

But fallen from his lofty state,  
And guarded on that rock bound coast,  
He meets the prisoner's gloomy fate,  
His empire crushed, his freedom lost !  
As the mountain bird aspires  
On nervous wing to mount the sky,  
But smote by heaven's avenging fires,  
Lies bleeding on the earth to die ;  
So stands the chief on that wild shore,  
With restless glance o'er ocean thrown ;  
His bright career of conquest o'er,  
Far from that world he called his own.  
For God hath brought the proud one low,  
And taught the chief himself to know.

## Marius Amidst the Ruins of Carthage.

I SEE the fallen Marius sit  
Upon that crumbling stone,  
And dark the gathering shadows flit  
O'er that old man alone.

But darker still the shadows fall  
Upon that old man's brow,  
As if they were a funeral pall  
That wrapped his spirit now.

But still beneath the deep'ning cloud  
His eye unconquered gleams,  
As from the storm's inclosing shroud  
The wrathful lightning streams.

Though fallen from his high estate,  
And compassed round with ill,  
That flashing eye, with pride elate,  
Proclaims the Roman still.

And is it that it sees the light  
With glance prophetic plain,  
Which shows him that his conquering might  
Must enter Rome again ?

I know not if the truth be so,  
But yet that glance doth tell  
Of a fierce heart unbent by woe,  
Erect, invincible.

It tells that though in bloody war  
His fortune's star grew dim,  
And paled beneath a mightier star,  
It had not vanquished him.

And though his fortunes round him lie  
In hideous ruin hurled,  
Yet with unaltered purpose high  
He braves a hostile world.

He seemeth as some hoary oak  
Which, though its trunk be bare,  
And blasted by the lightning's stroke,  
Would still the Storm God dare.

Or as yon ruined columns nigh  
That lift their heads sublime,  
Erect through Afric's burning sky,  
Marked, not subdued, by time.

## The Blood of Martyrs.

DEDICATED TO HON. HENRY A. WISE.

HE who hath sealed the truth with blood,  
He hath not died in vain ;  
Thus hath it been since earth hath stood,  
And shall be yet again.

The martyr triumphs in his death,  
And truly conquers then ;  
Words uttered by his dying breath  
Most sway the souls of men.

The rain drops of the opening year,  
Although they fall to earth  
And in its bosom disappear,  
Give vernal flowers their birth.

The treasures of the teeming fields,  
The fruitful autumn's dower ;  
The riches which the harvest yields,  
Spring from the buried shower.

And, like the heaven-descended rain,  
The blood which martyrs shed,  
In its effects shall e'er remain,  
And speak when they are dead,

The vengeful fires which withering curled  
Around the shrinking frame  
Have often lit up through the world  
A never dying flame.

And patriots with heroic mind,  
Who for their country fell,  
Have an example left behind  
Which shall on ages tell!

Their memory, still living on,  
The nation's soul sublimes ;  
And they who fell at Marathon  
Saved Greece a hundred times !



To His-Governor William Smith.

THE noon of life is past with thee,  
The summer time hath flown ;  
And thou art as the yellow leaf  
When autumn's blasts have blown.

But yet undimmed thy burning eye,  
Unbent thy rugged form ;  
And thou art as the brave old oak  
Which still defies the storm.

Oh ! warm beneath thy whitening locks  
A youthful heart still glows,  
As Hecla's quenchless fires burn on  
Beneath eternal snows.

Thy life, old hero, was not passed  
Mid sunny bowers of ease ;  
For, like Old Ironsides, thou'st braved  
The battle and the breeze.

And thou canst look upon that life,  
Nor blush at the review ;  
Thy heart in sunshine and in storm  
Was to Virginia true.

Thy actions now are with the past,  
All measured, numbered, weighed ;  
Thy struggles like the conflict's clash,  
Which proved the battle blade.

The passing clouds may dim the sun  
When skies are overcast ;  
But bright, far o'er our mountains blue,  
He sets in light at last.

And as that sun will oft descend  
Sublime as when he rose,  
So will thy life, when near its end,  
Sink, like him, to repose.



From *Anacreon*.

I STRUNG my lyre to sing the praise  
Of those who conquered in the fight,  
And drew the world's admiring gaze  
By valorous deeds of daring might.

I brushed in haste each trembling string,  
And bade the strain triumphant flow;  
Alas! the touch could only bring  
A sad, responsive note of woe.

It seemed as if the dying groans  
Of those who in the struggle fell  
Were sighing through the saddened tones,  
And murmuring a last farewell.

I could not hear the pæans loud—  
I only heard the shrieks of pain,  
And saw beneath the battle cloud  
The mountains of the ghastly slain.

I could not think of victory,  
With waving wings in glory spread;  
Before my gaze there seemed to be  
Alone the dying and the dead.

## On *Wanshall's Pillar.*

COMMONLY CALLED THE HAWK'S NEST.

THERE is a rock, a towering rock,  
That lifts its form on high,  
As though its splintered sides would mock  
The Storm God of the sky.

Amid surrounding forests deep  
That tall cliff rears its head ;  
And o'er its summit mosses creep,  
And lichens gray are spread.

A river floweth at its feet,  
But yet so far below,  
Like murmuring brook, the ear would greet  
The rushing torrent's flow.

'Tis there the eagle builds her nest,  
And rears her blood nursed brood,  
Where dark primeval shadows rest  
In lonely solitude.

And oft her wild and piercing note  
Is borne upon the air,  
As if some brazen trumpet's throat  
Rang out its summons there.

The wild goat sports upon the brink  
Of that dread precipice ;  
And oft the startled deer will shrink  
Back from the deep abyss.

It seems the Nestor of the scene,  
As its gray head sublime  
Arises midst the wood's dark green,  
All bare and bleached by time ;

Or as some Titan's giant height,  
Who grasped at Jove's high throne,  
Had felt the thunderer's scathing might,  
And turned fore'er to stone.

For though each vanished year and age  
Hath brushed its rugged brow,  
The tokens of the lightning's rage  
It beareth even now.

But midst each tempest's swelling roar  
It proudly standeth yet ;  
And it shall stand till time is o'er,  
And earth's last sun be set.

Man's structures yield to war's rude shock,  
Or slow in years decay ;  
But thou shalt stand, enduring rock,  
Till earth shall pass away !

And only when the silent dead  
 From their long sleep shall wake,  
 Shalt thou decline thy hoary head,  
 And thy strong pillar shake !

---

### In Solitaire.

I AM on earth alone. No human eye  
 Bends on me now its looks of tenderness ;  
 But unfamiliar forms are passing by,  
 \ All heedless of my bosom's deep distress.

There are bright glances, laughter pealing loud—  
 And the sweet smiles of happiness I see  
 Mantling each cheek with joy. But, oh! a cloud,  
 A dark, a gloomy cloud, frowns over me !

Dive down, ye griefs, into my bosom's deep ;  
 Ye have no business in a world of joy ;  
 There, in that charnel vault, forever sleep—  
 Why should ye others' happiness annoy ?

We hide the loathsome corpse away from sight  
 In the dark chambers of the sepulchre ;  
 And it is only mid the gloom of night  
 The pale, foreboding spectre dare appear.

Then cease, mine eye, to drop the falling tear,  
And ye, my bosom, only inward moan,  
And let my spirit's deep despair appear  
To the all piercing eye of God alone.

---

## The Broken Shaft.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF  
MARKHAM BROOK MARSHALL.

A ROUND him lie the gallant dead,  
E'en as they stood in life,  
When ranged upon the battle field  
They met the deadly strife.

The pride of all our Southern land  
Are calmly sleeping near,  
Where many a cheek is pallid now  
That never paled with fear.

But Death ne'er struck a fairer mark,  
Though mighty to destroy,  
Than when he chilled fore'er the heart  
Of that brave, noble boy.

A broken shaft stands o'er his grave—  
It tells the mournful tale;  
Ere manhood's strength had nerved his arm  
His cheek in death was pale.

But, oh! there ne'er was manlier heart  
Than throbb'd within the breast  
Which here, beneath that broken shaft,  
Sleeps in its hallowed rest.

That broken shaft! Alas! it speaks  
The agony of soul,  
Of ruined hopes, and broken hearts,  
That earth can ne'er make whole.

That broken shaft! Oh! who can look  
Upon its rifted head,  
Nor feel the heart's deep fountains moved  
O'er the untimely dead?

'Tis sad, e'en when the aged die;  
But, oh! 'tis sadder far  
When youth is stricken in its spring  
By fell disease or war.

The one is like the ripened fruit  
When gathered in its prime;  
The other as the blighted flower  
Cut off before its time.

But yet our bitterness of grief  
Is mingled still with pride;  
Though falling in life's earliest bloom,  
He for his country died!

And that pure marble which uplifts  
Its column to the light  
May never, though 'tis stainless, be  
Than his young fame more bright.

And, oh ! may God bind up each heart  
Which here on earth is riven,  
Where never broken shaft may tell  
Of blighted youth—in heaven.

---

To Colonel John S. West.

O H ! chieftain, lay thy sword aside ;  
Thou'st done enough for fame.  
Thy mother State will look with pride  
Fore'er upon thy name.

Lo ! Honor, in her robes of light,  
Sits on thy spotless crest,  
As pure as Alpine snow cloud white,  
Thou Bayard of the West.

Thou didst not for the love of gain  
Unsheath thy trenchant brand,  
And war hath ceased and left no stain  
Of greed upon thy hand.

If there's a stain of redder hue,  
To show some foe hath bled,  
The foe himself must own it true—  
'Twas all in honor shed.

'Twas for the cause thou deemedst right  
Thou struggledst long and well,  
And never but in open fight  
Thy pistol rang its knell.

And through a long and bloody war  
No partisan e'er came  
With less of war's fell taint to mar  
The brightness of his fame.

Lo! when the passions of the day  
In lapse of years subside,  
Posterity will homage pay,  
Though now it be denied.

The prejudices which enshroud  
Thy name shall be resigned  
To justice, and as passing cloud,  
Leave not a trace behind.

The mists which wrap the morning sky  
From heaven will soon be gone,  
And with night's vanished shadows fly,  
And bright the sun shine on.



## To Rev. W. F. Quincey.

I DO not praise thee; thou art man  
Of few and fleeting days;  
And God, from whom all things began,  
Alone may claim our praise.

But, oh! when from thy lips there roll  
Such cataracts of fire,  
I feel the tempest in my soul—  
I tremble and admire!

I glorify the Lord of light,  
Who hath such treasures given  
To earthen vessels, flashing bright  
With radiant beams from heaven.

Lo! as earth's conqueror, when he came  
Of old, was forced to bow,  
Not to the priest, but to the name  
He wore upon his brow—

So, gifted one, this knee of mine  
I dare not bend to thee;  
But God's bright gifts, which in thee shine,  
May almost worshipped be.

## Stonewall Jackson's Way.

THE red cross flag has set in night,  
Its brief career is o'er ;  
And Jackson's sword, that flashed in fight,  
Shall gleam in war no more.  
His soul hath bade the world farewell,  
But long shall page of history tell  
Of each eventful day,  
When, in the light of morn displayed,  
The banner of Stonewall's brigade  
Waved in its proud array.

And now the stranger's musing eye  
Sees on each well fought field,  
Where Jackson's men knew how to die,  
But knew not how to yield,  
The verdant grass luxuriant wave  
In freshness o'er each soldier's grave ;  
And vernal flow'rets gay,  
By Nature's hand profusely shed,  
Deck where the gallant heroes bled  
In Stonewall Jackson's way.

Oh ! gentle be each warrior's sleep,  
And hallowed be his rest,  
Where softest dews of evening weep  
O'er every dauntless breast.

Each sweet toned warbler carols there  
A requiem on the stilly air  
At morn and close of day ;  
And hoary grandsires come to tell  
Their children's sons of those that fell,  
In Stonewall Jackson's way.

---

### On the Death of a Beautiful Young Lady.

WE saw her dying as the day  
Dies on the brow of heaven,  
When gently sinks the sun to rest  
On some calm summer even.

We saw her dying as the wave  
Dies on the pebbly shore,  
When sinks the storm upon the deep,  
And winds their rage give o'er.

We saw her dying as the breeze  
Dies on the fevered cheek,  
When soft that arid cheek it fans  
With pinions fluttering weak.

We saw her dying as the flower  
Dies mid the summer's heat,  
Which even with its dying breath  
Diffuses odors sweet.

We saw her dying as the star  
 Dies at the dawn of day,  
 Which in the glorious flood of light  
 Fades beautiful away.

We saw her dying—dying? No—  
 Death's not the name for this;  
 It is a wafture into life,  
 And heaven's eternal bliss.

It is not death; 'tis but a change;  
 The flower we so much prize  
 Is but translated, and shall bloom  
 Fore'er in paradise.

It was too pure for scenes of earth,  
 And God commission gave  
 Unto his angel bands to bear  
 Its bloom beyond the grave.

---

On a Picture of Schiller in Youth.

**M**ETHINKS I see young genius stand  
 Around his youthful brow;  
 A light as from the better land  
 Flashes in radiance now.

And there within those dreamlike eyes  
A glance there seems to be  
That pierces through yon clear blue skies  
Into eternity.

For his the faculty divine  
To see, in colors bright,  
Sublime, unearthly visions shine,  
Unseen by others' sight.

He hears celestial strains, which reach  
Not uninspired ears,  
Sweeter than human art may teach—  
A music of the spheres.

There is a world, dull sons of earth,  
Where strains of music flow,  
And glories tremble into birth  
Too bright for ye to know.

But, lo! young genius, to thine eye  
The heavens are, as of old,  
Unclosed. And through the opening sky  
Thou may'st that world behold.

Upon thy view heaven's glories blaze,  
Even as of old there came  
Bright chariots on the prophet's gaze,  
And horses wrapt in flame.

## Excerpt from an Unpublished Poem.

THE LINES REFERRING TO THE LATE R. E. SCOTT, FROM VIRGINIA.

AND thou, my friend in early youth,  
Whose heart was the abode of truth,  
Where every noble trait, unmixed  
With aught of ill, was firmly fixed,  
E'en as yon deep blue mountain's base  
On its eternal resting place—  
Oh! thou wert worthy of that band,  
The glory of their native land;  
And scarce there is a name may shine  
With purer, brighter light than thine.  
Thine was the intellect whose glance,  
More potent than e'er knightly lance,  
Smote through the boss of Error's shield  
On many a well contested field;  
And, like the lightning of the skies,  
Which on its fire winged errand flies,  
Broke through the clouds which would enroll  
In error the bewildered soul.  
Thine was a courage greater far  
Than nerves the soldier's arm for war—  
A courage which, with flag unfurled,  
Could stand against an erring world.

For whether men might praise or blame,  
Might eulogize or curse thy name,  
Thy aims were right, thy heart was pure,  
And truth thy only cynosure.  
Upon thy grave, oh ! honored friend,  
May softest dews of eve descend ;  
There brightest may the flow'rets spring,  
There sweetest notes the birdlings sing ;  
And thou, oh, sun ! at early day  
Light up his grave with brightest ray ;  
And when thou sinkest in the west,  
Smile sweetly on his hallowed rest.  
And, oh ! forgive, majestic shade,  
The zeal presumptuous which hath laid  
This rustic garland on thy tomb  
To wither midst the vernal bloom,  
Which each returning spring shall strew  
Above the sacred trust below.  
But, oh ! could verse flow forth in zeal  
Commensurate with what I feel,  
In sweet, yet melancholy song  
I would the solemn dirge prolong,  
Till they who listened to the strain  
Should deem old Bion lived again.

## Summerfield.

I SAW a youthful stranger stand,  
A legate from above,  
As one of the seraphic band  
Sent on a work of love.

For love within his glances shone,  
Where'er his eye might rest,  
Like to the well beloved John,  
Who leaned on Jesus' breast.

Upon his face there was the glow  
Of heaven's own radiance shed ;  
His gentle voice was soft and low,  
As if an angel plead.

Sweet as the wind harp's dying strain  
It fell on guilt's despair ;  
Reviving as the summer's rain,—  
For Mercy whispered there.

Alas ! too short on earth his stay ;  
But why should we repine ?  
That spirit bright hath winged its way  
To where the seraphs shine.



He was a heavenly messenger  
That for a moment burned  
In beauty through our darkest sphere,  
And then to heaven returned.

For heaven's own mark his brow had sealed  
While here on earth he trod,  
And now the soul of Summerfield  
Is happy with his God.

He wiped the tears from weeping eyes  
Of thousands sore distress,  
And thousands shall hereafter rise  
And call his memory blest.

He needs no monumental stone  
To bear through time his fame;  
The blessings of mankind alone  
Shall consecrate his name.

He hath achieved no warrior's fame  
Where blood stained banners wave,  
For he, like his Redeemer, came  
To succor and to save.

And when the strifes of earth are o'er,  
And war's last flag is furled,  
His glory will but shine the more  
In the eternal world.

And midst the thousand stars that shine  
In glory and in light,  
Around the radiant throne divine  
There's none than his more bright.

---

### John Wesley in Old Age.

HE was not clothed in panoply ;  
No sword flashed in his hand ;  
Yet there the form ye might descrie  
Of one born to command.

He seemed like some old patriarch blest ;  
His eye was meek and mild,  
As if there ruled within his breast  
The spirit of a child.

But yet there was a magic spell  
Within that softened glance,  
That more the hearts of men could quell  
Than warrior's sword or lance.

It was the secret, silent charm  
That goodness will impart,  
The hostile purpose to disarm,  
And sway the human heart.

It was not the tornado's power,  
Which, with awakened wrath,  
Pours forth its wild, destructive shower,  
On all within its path.

No; 'twas as April's vernal sun,  
Which melts the wintry snow;  
Which smiles the frozen stream upon,  
And bids its waters flow.

There is a power exceeding far  
The chief's, who leaves behind  
A name renowned for deeds of war;  
'Tis his who rules the mind.

Each rising race of living men  
Shall own him for their lord,  
And reverent bow. And thus the pen  
Is mightier than the sword.

The mightiest things oft stillest are;  
Effects the greatest found  
Are often as that temple fair  
Which rose without a sound!\*

---

\* The temple of Solomon went up, we are told, without the sound of the hammer, the materials having been fitted to their places beforehand.

Deep rivers flow with noiseless course;  
The storm, which loudly reigns,  
Less potent is than that still force  
Which wandering worlds restrains !

Thus not as wasting tempests come,  
Nor a devouring flame ;  
Not with the roll of warlike drum,  
On earth that old man came.

He came not with loud trumpet peal,  
Nor streaming flag unfurled ;  
But yet his heaven enkindled zeal  
Hath changed an erring world.

---

### Bunyan in Bedford Jail.

DREAM on, thou man of God, dream on !  
For in thy living tomb  
Visions more bright than earth hath known  
Are flashing through its gloom.

Lo ! through thy dungeon dark and deep,  
On wings seraphic borne,  
The angel hosts in glory sweep  
Like sun bright clouds at morn.

The heavens are opened to thy gaze  
E'en as to Israel's view ;  
And there, with joy and hymns of praise,  
The saints are flocking through.

Thou seest in thy dreams by night  
The way the pilgrims trod,  
To where the first born sons of light  
Forever live with God.

Thou seest the church triumphant now,  
In all her queenly pride ;  
And wearing on her radiant brow  
The garlands of a bride.

Thou seest where, in heaven above,  
'Neath the eternal domes,  
They celebrate the feast of love,  
And shout, "The bridegroom comes !"

Thou dost behold the crystal sea  
Before the throne which spreads,  
Where stand the sons of victory,  
With crowns upon their heads.

Where, in each passing zephyr's breath,  
The palms all glorious wave,  
For conquest over boastful death,  
And victory o'er the grave.

Thou seest the heavenly city there,  
 Where blest immortals dwell,  
 More glorious, more divinely fair,  
 Than mortal tongue may tell.

Thou seest the living sapphire throne,  
 And him who thereon reigns :  
 The Great Eternal Three in One,  
 Whose breath all life sustains.

Oh ! then, dream on. Lo ! to thine eyes  
 Truth in each vision beams ;  
 Thy dreams are all realities—  
 Our waking thoughts are dreams !



### The Lady Rev. S. Ashbury Rosset.

I DO remember him—a holy, earnest man,  
 Whose heart and hopes were set on things divine,  
 Who oft with faith's clear eye the heavens would  
 scan,  
 And in their holy light his soul enshrine.

Religion's office was no trade to him ;  
 He soared all sordid, narrow views above ;  
 With heart as warm as flaming cherubim,  
 Each onerous duty was a work of love.

No narrow bigotry's exclusive zeal  
Drew round his soul its circumscribing wall ;  
Where'er on earth men might sincerely kneel,  
His comprehensive love embraced them all.

Heaven's spirit dwelt within him, for his breast  
Was but the living temple of his God ;  
There calmly would its holy unction rest,  
Whatever stormy scenes of life he trod.

His was an eagle spirit, and he rose  
Above dull earth, in his aspiring flight,  
To where the blazing throne of sapphire glows  
With rays ineffable of glorious light.

What tides of eloquence poured from his tongue,  
Like a wild cataract of living fire,  
As though old Milton's hand again had strung  
To heavenly themes his loud resounding lyre !

Lo ! as with Raphael's hand he would portray  
Each scene recorded in the sacred page ;  
And from their tombs, evoked in long array,  
Stood prophet, priest and king, and patriarch sage.

And often, listening to his voice, again  
Would ancient Sinai's awful thunders roll ;  
And terror wild, like the upheaving main  
When lashed by wintry storms, swept o'er the soul.

And oft, on fancy's wing, he'd wander o'er  
Each tranquil scene in fair Æsdraelon's vale ;  
Or linger on Tiberias' swelling shore,  
When o'er its waters sighed the gentle gale.

The glory of the snow-crowned Lebanon  
And Carmel's excellence his fancy drew ;  
And Tabor's mount, where Christ transfigured shone,  
And Hermon, glittering with bright morning dew.

And when he spoke of God's redeeming grace,  
Of Calvary's rending rocks and darkened skies,  
His master touch of magic seemed to place  
“ *Lama sabachthani ?* ” before our eyes.

The dreadful terrors of the last great day  
In all their grandeur on our vision shone ;  
And heaven's own lightning in his glance would play,  
And pealed its thunders in his ringing tone.

But he is gone from earth. And now, alas !  
Our weeping eyes may search for him in vain ;  
And many a sad and lengthened year may pass  
Ere we may look upon his like again.

But not all comfortless we mourn his worth,  
By death's untimely mandate from us riven ;  
For his bright lamp, extinguished here on earth,  
Shall glow forever round the throne of heaven.



## To Rev. Dr. Murkland.

HOW lovely on the mountains are the feet  
Of those who bring glad tidings to our ears!  
Blest messengers of consolation sweet  
That sheds its radiance midst our doubts and fears,  
Making sweet music in each heart that hears,  
Soft as the murmurs of the cooing dove,  
Upraising high our thoughts to things above,  
To that unclouded world where all is happiness and  
love.

They that turn many from their erring ways  
Shall shine in brightness as the morning star,  
Dispensing at the blushing dawn its rays  
Through the ethereal blue of heaven afar,  
Sweet herald of Aurora's blazing car!  
Lo! wreaths of amaranth shall e'er entwine  
Their brows as victors, and shall ever shine  
With beams ineffable of glorious light divine.

Such as of old was the undaunted Saul,  
The mighty herald to the gentile world  
Of pardon and of peace, who bore to all  
Redeeming grace upon his flag unfurled;  
Or he who later heaven's dread thunders hurled  
On hardened sin neglectful of the call,  
Yet wooed rebellious man God's wrath to flee—  
Such as Whitfield was, as Murkland yet may be.

## To Virginia.

VIRGINIA, thou hast mines of gold  
Beneath thy sacred soil ;  
And priceless treasures there unfold  
Themselves to pay our toil.

But, oh ! a greater wealth is thine  
Than ever yet was found  
By those who delve the darkened mine  
In gloomy depths profound.

Thou hast a treasure in thy sons  
Of price exceeding great  
Those glorious and immortal ones  
That light as stars their State.

They are a crown which thou mayst place  
In pride upon thy brow ;  
Nor Tadmor's queen her brow might grace  
With brighter gems than thou.

And, like the Roman matron when  
Asked for her jewels rare,  
Thou mayst point to thy noble sons,  
And say, " Behold them there !"

And though in the unequal fight,  
Which thou hadst fearless braved,  
Thou yieldest to o'erpowering might,  
Yet is thine honor saved.

And, like Zenobia when in chains,  
Though woes thy cup may fill,  
The glory of the past remains—  
Thou art the empress still.

---

Edward the Third over the Body of the  
Black Prince.

A MIGHTY king is bending o'er  
A silent form in death,  
Whose gallant bosom heaves no more  
With life's convulsive breath.

He gazes where the loved one sleeps,  
A soldier in his shroud ;  
And sad the stern browed monarch weeps  
As weeps the thunder cloud.

Oh, what are triumphs now to him  
But mockeries of woe!  
The light of fame itself is dim,  
And pales its useless glow.

'Tis as the phosphorescent gleam  
That hovers o'er the dead ;  
By whose pale, unearthly beam  
No genial warmth is shed.

He hears not now the wild acclaim  
That loudly peals on high  
With rapturous shout the dead one's name—  
Its memory brings a sigh.

For, oh ! how empty will appear  
The acclamations borne  
In triumph through the vocal sphere  
To hearts of those that mourn !

The prince of knighthood's sword is sheathed,  
Fore'er uphung his lance ;  
His war steed the last time hath breathed  
The battle breeze of France.

The Pyrenees no more shall hear  
His thundering legions tread ;  
He sleeps upon the funeral bier  
The last sleep of the dead.

The foldings of that banner proud  
That waved o'er Crecy's field  
Enwrap him as a fitting shroud  
Laid on his warlike shield.

No more with swelling heart he hears  
The shout on battle plain ;  
Farewell to far-famed Poitiers,  
And glorious Aquitaine !

The pride, the flower of chivalry,  
The noble, and the brave,  
Hath bent at last the vanquished knee—  
The captive of the grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

The monarch gazed upon the dead  
As silent thus he lay ;  
Then sadly turned with drooping head  
And breaking heart away.

And from that day his eye grew dim,  
His race of glory run ;  
A few short years he slept with him—  
The father with the son.

But Albion's heart with pride shall swell  
At mention of each name,  
When English annalists shall tell  
Their deeds of deathless fame.

For though long lingering years may glide,  
The world can ne'er forget,  
That when the English Edwards died,  
Two brightest stars had set.

## When I am Gone.

WHEN I am gone the sun will shine  
As brightly as it shineth now ;  
And nature's face shall show no sign  
Of brooding sorrow on its brow.

The birds will sing as sweetly then,  
The flowers of spring will bloom as gay,  
When I from midst the sons of men  
To the dark grave have passed away.

Dear friends may dwell, with fond regret,  
Upon my memory for awhile ;  
But even they will soon forget  
Their grief, and learn again to smile.

We pass away as clouds of spring  
Borne by the breeze o'er landscape fair,  
And like the swallow's rapid wing,  
Which leaves no traces in the air.

Alas! how soon is man forgot  
Who once from earth hath passed away !  
It seems that time's erasive blot  
Falls on him ere his corpse decay.

It seems as if the closing tomb,  
Which darkly hides him from the view,  
Within its deep and caverned gloom  
Hath power to clasp his memory too.

---

Appeal of Southern to Northern Soldiers.

O H! would you have us back again,  
With all of honor fled,  
Each better, nobler impulse slain,  
Each manly purpose dead?

For what is all of manhood worth  
Without the manly soul,  
That quickening spark of heavenly birth  
Which dignifies the whole?

'Twere better far that spirit bold  
To own which all time braves,  
Than in the tyrant's grasp to hold  
A band of timid slaves.

Say, is it wisdom that pursues  
Our love with rights denied,  
And woos us as the Kalmuc woos,  
With violence, his bride?

The stream the winter's cold breath binds,  
 Resists the north wind wild ;  
 But through the plains obedient winds  
 When April's skies have smiled.

And thus the Southron's heart of pride  
 May unto kindness yield,  
 And stand in future by your side  
 On many a glorious field.

Yea ; ere your banner's stars be set,  
 Or meteor stripes be furled,  
 May bear you with that ensign yet  
 In triumph round the world.

---

### Farewell to Summer Guests.

OUR summer guests, our summer guests,  
 We bid you all adieu ;  
 What shadows gather o'er our brows  
 When taking leave of you !

Our summer guests, we've spent with you  
 Such happy, happy hours,  
 That Time's swift footsteps as he passed  
 Seemed but to tread on flowers.



Alas! the hours so softly moved  
Toward that silent shore,  
We heeded not their rapid flight  
Till days and weeks were o'er.

And now we wake as from a dream,  
Whose sweetness none may tell;  
We wake to grasp the parting hand,  
And speak the sad farewell.

Farewell! we'll miss you in the morn  
Along the once thronged street;  
Nor yet beneath the shades of eve  
Your glances may we meet.

Farewell! and ere we meet again  
What changes may we know!  
What checkered scenes, perchance, may be  
Of happiness and woe!

Alas! all may not come again;  
And should ye all be here,  
Oh! will the faces ye have left  
All, *all* again appear?

Yes; some may meet before the time  
When summer's harvests wave;  
May meet, alas! but not on earth—  
May meet beyond the grave.

Farewell ! and as the trembling strings  
Will murmurs still prolong,  
Although the one that touched the lyre  
Hath ceased and hushed the song,

So memory of each parted one  
Shall in our bosoms dwell  
Long after our sad, quivering lips  
Have framed their last farewell.

Yes ; long in our deserted hearts  
Your memory shall remain ;  
As solitudes will long repeat  
Some dying echo's strain.

Farewell ! and in each dear one's breast,  
May never grief appear ;  
Nor joy be as a summer guest,  
But stay throughout the year.

---

Life.

SO transient is man's stay on earth,  
So few his fleeting years,  
It matters little if his life  
Be spent in joy or tears.

The longest life of man below,  
How narrow is its span!  
Upon the retrospect it seems  
To close ere well began.

For centuries the patriarchs lived  
In flush of manhood's pride;  
But even of the oldest one  
The record is, "He died."

Successive generations pass  
To that dread goal, the grave,  
E'en as the ocean's flowing tide,  
Where wave glides after wave.

But, oh! there is another life,  
Whose years may ne'er be o'er,  
Though sun and moon and stars shall fade,  
And earth shall be no more.

And if we in that coming world  
May live in endless bliss,  
It matters not what joy or grief  
Our hearts may know in this.

## I Wonder Where are all the Boys!

I WONDER where are all the boys  
Who went to school with me,  
Who shared with me in childhood's joys  
Its frolic and its glee!

Some few around me now I see  
Are grown to bearded men ;  
I scarce believe that they can be  
The children I knew then.

All lovely then, joy's radiant smile  
Sat on each happy brow,  
That knew no grief or care the while—  
But it is different now.

The summer suns have bronzed each cheek  
That then was smooth and fair ;  
And snowy locks begin to streak  
With gray their changing hair.

But, oh ! the change is greater far  
Within their hearts, I know,  
Which years have seamed with many a scar,  
And draped with thoughtful woe.

Alas! that nights of watchfulness,  
And days of toil and strife,  
Should have within them power to press  
The gladness from our life.

Oh! why should gathering years erase  
From the beholder's eyes  
Bright childhood's smile, wherein we trace  
The dream of paradise?

As if within the fresh young heart  
The memory of heaven  
Yet stayed, reluctant to depart,  
Like ling'ring hues of even.

Christ says to those who in him trust  
To be redeemed from sin,  
If ye would enter heaven, ye must  
As children enter in.

And, oh! it soothes the heart in pain,  
To think, in heaven above  
We shall as children be again,  
In innocence and love.

## The Bride's Return.

SHE went forth from her father's hall ;  
Her airy step was light ;  
Joy sat upon her brow, and all  
Was beautiful and bright.

She leaned upon a manly arm,  
And gazed up in his eye ;  
E'en as the lake, which zephyrs charm  
To rest, looks on the sky.

Beneath his glance she seemed to rest,  
E'en as the waters sleep  
In gladness on the ocean's breast,  
When summer stills the deep.

She came again ! She came alone !  
There was all o'er her cheek  
The pallor of the church yard thrown—  
Her failing limbs were weak.

The manly form low slept in death,  
Far on the distant plain ;  
Nor winter's blast nor summer's breath  
May rouse him thence again.

She came, as comes the good ship's wreck,  
Dismantled by the storm ;  
With rifted keel and shattered deck,  
An undistinguished form.

---

Oh, Sing to me that Song again !

OH, sing to me that song again !  
My soul delights to hear !  
Its melting, melancholy strain  
Falls softly on my ear.

Its murmurs soothe the troubled breast,  
E'en as the halcyon gave,  
When on the tide it built its nest,  
A calm to ocean's wave.

It falls as gently on the soul,  
As dew upon the flower ;  
Soft as the whispering breeze that stole  
Through man's primeval bower.

And oh, what recollections cling  
Round that familiar lay !  
What memories that strain will bring,  
Of joys long passed away !

It seems to roll away the stone  
 Of memory's sepulchre,  
 And bid each scene of joy I've known  
 Again to reappear.

By its loved tone, to failing hope  
 A strength renewed is given ;  
 For it hath magic power to ope  
 The very gate of heaven.

And when upon the verge I stand  
 Of death's unmeasured sea,  
 Ere yet my spirit leaves earth's strand,  
 Oh, sing that song to me !

And, as 'twas said, by bards of yore,  
 The swan in music dies ;  
 So that sweet strain, when life is o'er,  
 Shall waft me to the skies !

---

### Pledge them in Silence.

OH, pledge them in silence ; let no word be spoken ;  
 For better that silence may tell  
 Of the deep buried grief, when the heart that is  
 broken  
 On the past may in memory dwell.



Oh,\* pledge them in silence—the dark brooding  
sorrow

That reigns in the bosom's recess  
Must e'er be unvoiced, for grief cannot borrow  
Fit language its depths to express.

The stream runs the deepest when peacefully flow-  
ing,

And we hear not the lapse of its wave;  
And tears are the saddest when silent bestrewing  
The sod o'er the fresh covered grave.

Then pledge them in silence; let no word be spoken,  
And only the swift falling brine  
That the eyelids distil, our deep grief betoken  
As we quaff in our sorrow the wine.



God has a Work for Thee to do.

GOD has a work for thee to do—  
Thou mayst not idle be—  
A mighty task, that reaches through  
A vast eternity.

Within that weak, decaying frame,  
There is a spirit bright,  
A quenchless and undimmed flame  
Of ever burning light.

Thou hast a soul, whose priceless worth  
A thousand times outweighs  
The treasures of this teeming earth  
On which we fondly gaze.

Thou hast a dread archangel's power  
At present wrapped in clay,  
Which in God's own appointed hour  
Shall all its might display.

Thou art no flow'ret of the field  
To fade in Autumn's sigh;  
By so-called death there is revealed  
A life that may not die.

A mightier destiny attends  
Upon thy failing breath ;  
Lo ! for the spirit which ascends  
There's no such thing as death.

And when the universe is riven  
Thou shalt forever dwell  
A flaming seraph bright in heaven,—  
Or else a fiend in hell.

Thy work, it is thy heart to train  
For that bright world above,  
To stamp upon the soul again  
God's image traced in love.

To learn that lesson from the skies,  
This world is but the school;  
Who knows not that, however wise,  
He else may be—a fool,

---

Chatterton in Bristol Quad.

HE rested there, that child, alone;  
Men passed him heedless by,  
Nor saw the strange, wild light that shone  
From out that bright young eye.

They thought him but some vagrant youth,  
Some idler from the school,  
Some truant who liked not, in truth,  
The master's wholesome rule.

And, oh! upon his brow revealed  
No passing glance might see,  
The mark where destiny had sealed  
His immortality.

But visions, coming thick and fast,  
Were flashing even then  
Through his young brain, ere childhood past,  
A giant among men.

The angel in the days of old  
Escaped Manoaah's eyes,  
Until he saw the wings unfold  
To bear him to the skies.

And thus it was with that fair child.  
The world knew not his worth,  
And only on his genius smiled  
When it had left the earth.

---

My Humble Cot.

HOW dear to me my humble cot!  
Oh! I would not exchange  
Its low ridged roof for regal dome,  
That dome would be so strange.

But that dear cot is as a friend  
I've known for many years,  
And it has seen my smiles of joy  
And bitter flowing tears.

No tree is there whose trembling leaves  
Light quiver in the gale,  
But gently whispers in my ear  
Some unforgotten tale.

The fragile flowers, whose fleeting bloom  
Fades in the autumn blast,  
There breathe into my pensive soul  
The memories of the past.

The very stains upon its walls—  
Remembered, oh, how well!  
Though meaningless to others' eyes,  
To me their story tell.

'Tis there upon the well worn floor,  
I've heard my infant's feet;  
Oft pattering like a falling shower,—  
A music, oh, how sweet!

And there I've looked upon the dead  
I held in life most dear,  
And dropped upon their coffin lid  
The last sad, parting tear.

Not for the mansions of the great  
Would I forsake that cot;  
For, oh! the memory of the past  
Makes it a hallowed spot.

And as I gaze upon that cot,  
Will memory unroll,  
In letters that may never fade,  
The record of my soul.

## Dwell not on Departed Joys.

O H! dwell not on departed joys;  
They have forever fled.  
Oh, let them in oblivion rest,  
With the forgotten dead.

For if we would past joys recall  
To memory again,  
Unbidden with them will return  
Too well remembered pain.

Alas! each smile of happiness  
Was followed soon by tears;  
Then let them both together sleep  
Within the grave of years.

---

## To One who Knows.

I GAVE to thee my boyhood's heart,  
Fresh as the morning dew,  
As pure from any other taint  
As yon sweet concave's blue.

The first fruits of my soul I gave ;  
It was an offering free ;  
My heart ne'er had a single throb  
That did not beat for thee.

I did not bask in beauty's smile  
From any other's eyes ;  
Thou wert alone the morning sun  
That lit up all my skies.

But didst thou give me back again  
A love as fresh as mine ?  
My heart ne'er held a guest but thee—  
Say, was it so with thine ?

Say, was there not some prior one  
Whose charms might better please,  
Who drained off all thy wine of love  
And left me but the lees ?

I do not ask a second love ;  
I gave to thee my first.  
A second love ! so light the gift,  
It almost seems accursed.

For well my own experience tells  
A second love were vain—  
A faithful heart that once had loved  
Can never love again.

I know there are some roving ones  
That flit from flower to flower,  
Like butterflies 'neath Summer's smiles ;  
Such never knew Love's power.

The love that liveth on alike  
In sunshine and in storm,  
Like to the crystal when once set,  
Can take no other form ;

For true love hath no plastic power ;  
It meets the heaviest stroke  
Unbent, unaltered, and alone  
Yields when the heart is broke.

---

Go the Dandelion.

THOU pretty, little modest flower,  
That dost to sight unfold  
Beneath sweet April's gentle shower  
Thy tiny breast of gold.

I love to see thee strew the way  
Amid the meadows green,  
And all thy modest charms display  
To deck the peaceful scene.



Thou art the harbinger of Spring  
That cometh with the bee,  
And with the vernal birds that sing  
On each emblossomed tree.

Thou bloomest 'neath sweet smiling skies,  
And spread'st thy golden breast  
To woo the rainbowed butterflies  
Upon thy bloom to rest.

When with bright dews of morning wet,  
Oh, beauteous flowery gem!  
Thou seemest as a coronet,  
A fairy's diadem.

I well remember when a boy  
Thou first didst greet mine eyes,  
I plucked thy yellow bloom with joy  
As 'twere a golden prize.

And, oh, sweet flower! I prize thee still—  
A treasure yet thou art—  
And still thy golden bloom will thrill  
With ecstasy my heart.

For through thee whispers Spring's glad voice  
Of birds, and bees, and flowers,  
And bids my thankful heart rejoice  
In hope of Summer's hours.

## Young Love.

O H, if young love be but a dream,  
A folly and delusion,  
So bright its gorgeous visions seem,  
That truth were an intrusion.

For in this world wherein we see  
So much of grief and sadness,  
Who would not for a moment be  
E'en cheated into gladness?

The rainbow's hues are not less fair  
Which span the sky in brightness,  
Though on the touch each color there  
Dissolves in airy lightness.

And thus young love's enchanting spell  
Although it be but seeming,  
Is yet so sweet that none can tell  
The raptures of its dreaming.

## The Skylark in Australia.

An emigrant to Australia had carried an English skylark to his new home, and hung its cage outside of his tent door. The effect of its song on the rough miners is attempted to be described in the following lines :

A WAY, four thousand miles away,  
Upon a foreign strand,  
Where flow Australia's mountain streams  
O'er beds of golden sand,

Upon a bright, a Sabbath morn,  
A band of exiles met ;  
There was a shadow on each brow,  
And every cheek was wet.

And what had touched those rugged breasts,  
And called into each eye  
The flowing waters of the soul,  
From founts that long seemed dry ?

It was a bird, a simple bird,  
That sang its matins there,  
And brought to memory again  
Old England's landscape fair !

It touched a spring in every heart,  
That sweetly warbled strain !  
And recollections of the past  
Came crowding o'er the brain.

The cottage, with its vine clad porch,  
    Rose on that distant shore,  
And many unforgotten scenes  
    Thronged on the heart once more.

And there, upon that far off coast,  
    Beyond the ocean's wave,  
The visions of the past appeared  
    Like spectres from the grave.

The rolling billows ceased to flow,  
    The waters ceased to be  
Between them and their dear old home ;  
    Lo, there was no more sea !

And that far distant tropic land,  
    Whose aspect was so strange,  
Into old England's verdant vales  
    Had passed—a magic change !

The song bird ceased. The strain was o'er,  
    And as it died in air,  
The sad, yet sweet illusion fled—  
    The strangers' land was there !

## Summer Bird in Winter.

A SOLITARY warbler sings  
Upon the leafless tree,  
Whose carol the remembrance brings  
Of brighter days to me!

For in thy gentle note, sweet bird,  
I recognize the lay  
Whose melting music I have heard  
Beneath the skies of May.

'Twas then, when through the wood's domain  
Was verdant every bough,  
I listened to thy varied strain,  
As I am listening now.

'Twas when sweet flow'rets decked my way  
With rose and lily's bloom—  
The lily is no longer gay,  
The rose is in its tomb!

But in thy lay I seem to hear  
The Spring its voice prolong,  
As sweetly falleth on my ear  
Thy clear and joyous song.

Again with vernal beauty fraught,  
    Blooms every opening flower,  
As if thy magic notes had brought  
    Spring's resurrection hour.

Sweet bird! within thy downy breast  
    May spring eternal glow;  
There may its sunlight ever rest—  
    No winter mayst thou know.

And, oh! when in the vale of years  
    My spring of life shall fade,  
May some bright memory which cheers,  
    Like thee, my soul pervade.



### Stanzas.

THE tumult of my youth has past,  
    Its reign within my breast is o'er,  
It sinks as sinks the tempest's blast,  
    When dies the storm along the shore.

But yet, as when the swelling wave  
    Subsides, by zephyrs lulled to sleep,  
Long will the rock ribbed ocean cave  
    Prolong the murmur of the deep.

So will my bosom's inmost cell  
The memories of the past retain,  
E'en as within that cavern dwell  
The echoes of the storm vexed main.

Their echoes there shall ever roll  
In sounds, though mellow, yet sublime,  
Eternal as the human soul,  
Beyond the ending years of time.

For earth shall fail, and sun shall fade,  
And stricken planets leave the sky ;  
But deathless memory, undecayed,  
Shall live, and will not, cannot die.



### Amatory Song.

I LOVE him, oh, how deep and strong !  
Oh, thou, my God, forgive  
The unhallowed flame, if it be wrong,—  
For, 'gainst it how I strive !

For I am as the wretched one  
Upon the Afric plain,  
Round whom the serpent's coil is thrown,  
And struggles there in vain.

My firm resolves too weak I find  
To curb this wild desire;  
'Tis as if one should seek to bind  
With cords the flaming fire.

No ! the deep passion of my soul,  
Like fires in Ætna pent,  
Brooks not the reason's weak control—  
Like gossamer 'tis rent.

Go where the torrent thunders o'er  
The rocky precipice,  
And bid its waters seek no more  
The depth of the abyss;

Go bind the lightning in thy chain  
When flashing free above,  
Or still the storm that sweeps the main—  
Then bid me not to love.

---

♦♦♦

### The Uncoffined Dead.

IN MEMORY OF COLONEL E. C. EDMONDS, WHO FELL IN PICKETT'S  
CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG, AND WAS BURIED ON THE FIELD.

NO useless shroud enwraps him round;  
The rude board at his head  
Alone tells where, in sleep profound,  
Rests the uncoffined dead.



And kindred's tears bedew him not ;  
No kindred hands bestrew  
With votive flowers the hallowed spot  
Where calm he sleeps below.

Far in a stranger's land he fell  
(The bravest of the brave),  
And there he sleeps, and none may tell  
The secret of his grave.

The careless hand of busy toil  
Will soon each mark efface,  
And harvests of an alien soil  
Hide his last resting place.

But honored be his warrior rest  
Beneath that distant sod !  
And be his grave forever blest,  
Though only known to God !

There gently may the shades of night  
Their sweetest dew drops weep,  
And morn illumine, with purest light,  
The spot where he may sleep.

His grave, alas ! we know not where,  
But 'tis a sacred spot !  
And angel bands shall hover there  
Though men may see them not !

## Kings.

IN vain we search for happiness  
Within proud marble walls;  
For, oh, what scenes of deep distress  
Are found in princely halls!

And oft the glittering crown of gold  
Which princely brow adorns,  
Proves, if the tale were truly told,  
A very crown of thorns.

We cannot tell from outward state  
Who are the truly blest;  
Too often are the rich and great  
In heart but ill at rest.

We see the budding rose display  
Its glories to the air,  
And know not that within decay  
Is dark corroding there.

Oh! there are woes in every heart,  
Dark, hidden from the view,  
Like monsters of the deep which rest  
Beneath the ocean blue.

Then covet not another's goods,  
Each envious thought control;  
Thou dost not know the griefs which brood  
In darkness o'er his soul.

---

### The World is not a Bower of Ease.

THE world is not a bower of ease,  
Where we may soft recline,  
And woo the fragrance-loaded breeze  
Of odorous breath divine.

No—'tis a weary, rugged way,  
Where tempests beat in wrath  
Around poor mortals' heads, as they  
Pursue that toilsome path.

And though there are some limpid springs  
Beside the path which flow,  
Whose cooling draught refreshment brings,  
Alas! 'tis seldom so.

Earth is the seat of anxious care  
That calls for strenuous toil;  
And only those who labor there  
Reap the reluctant soil.

The world is but a battle field,  
Where blade meets blade in fight,  
And every one must basely yield  
Or combat for the right.

And he who dreams of halcyon days,  
Misled by Hope's deceit  
To look alone for pleasant ways,  
Will soon find out the cheat.

---

### Canst Thou Forget Me?

CANST thou forget me? Lo! at opening day  
My heart on its first waking turns to thee;  
Thou art the morning star whose beaming ray  
First falls upon my soul when slumbers flee.

Canst thou forget me? Lo! thy footsteps e'er  
Fall in my memory as the gentle rain,  
Which in soft trickling drops we grateful hear  
Distilling on the flow'rets of the plain.

Canst thou forget me? Oh! thy soothing tone  
Is ever sounding as the song bird's voice  
Unto my spirit; and wherever thrown  
On earth, its music makes my soul rejoice.

Canst thou forget me? Lo! the withered flower  
Thou gavest me at parting still I wear  
The nearest to my heart; and that dread hour  
Which sees my last of life shall find it there.

Canst thou forget me? In the busy street,  
Where thousands throng around me, there thou  
art;  
And in the desert where no hand I greet,  
Thy ever present smile beams on my heart.

Canst thou forget me? In the stilly night,  
When soft the moonbeams rest on rock and tree,  
Ere fall the dew drops on my closing sight  
Of balmy sleep, I breathe a prayer for thee.

Canst thou forget me? Say, oh! linger still  
Within thy memory mine image yet;  
Oh, with what rapture 'twould my bosom fill  
If thou wouldst tell me thou couldst not forget!

---

### The World a Masquerade.

THE world is all a masquerade,  
And all men visors wear,  
Whose counterfeited features shade  
The real features there.

And some there are in outward show  
As fair as fair may be ;  
But different far within we know  
The sad reality.

There are false friends who wear the mask  
Of friendship and of love,  
Who in the light of fortune bask  
When skies are bright above.

But when misfortune's gloomy cloud  
Obscures the light of day,  
Like leaves, when autumn winds blow loud,  
They swiftly fall away.

There are false patriots, who profess  
To think and work alone  
Their country and mankind to bless—  
Too many such we've known.

Alas ! there are too many such  
Who burn the midnight oil,  
Devising how they best may clutch  
With grasping hands the spoil.

And, oh ! there are false Christians too,  
Like to those sculptured stones,  
Which are within, though fair to view,  
But " filled with dead men's bones "—

Men who, like Judas on that day,  
That awful day of old,  
With kiss deceitful would betray  
Their God himself for gold.

And woman, too, of masks may boast;  
Behold yon blooming miss,  
So amiable, she seems almost  
Too innocent to kiss.

But often the unlucky youth,  
Who wooed the fawn's meek charms,  
When he awakens finds in truth  
A wild-cat in his arms.

---

Go a Young Lady.

THERE is a secret in my inmost soul  
Which there must rest forever unrevealed,  
E'en like some arch magician's magic scroll  
By cabalistic word forever sealed,

That lingers there, as hopeless wretch may dwell  
In some deep dungeon 'neath the despot's tower,  
Consigned to darkness in that sunless cell,  
Whose gloominess attests the tyrant's power.

Words may not utter it—my lips are mute  
As lips of marble carved by sculptor old ;  
Nor yet to murmuring lyre or trembling lute  
In faintest touches may the tale be told.

I love, how deeply ! but may not declare  
That love's deep meaning to the one I love ;  
I only breathe it to the midnight air,  
And sigh its burden to the stars above.

I may not tell ; but, oh ! if she could know  
How full a tide of love my poor heart gave  
To her and her alone, 'twould soothe my woe,  
And I should sink contented to the grave.

---

### The Blue Ridge.

SEE how yon mountains far away,  
Whose graceful outlines bound the view,  
In beauty to the gaze display  
Their mellowed tints of azure blue !

But well we know, that shadows there  
Are by the deep woods densely flung ;  
And threatening cliffs, with rude rocks bare,  
Are darkly o'er wild torrents hung.



But distance veils the rugged scene,  
And softens every prospect rude,  
Till peace, mid gauze-like haze serene,  
Seems there on halcyon wing to brood.

Thus time will lighten every grief  
That darkens e'er our path below,  
And passing years will bring relief  
To hearts, however wrung with woe.

---

### Our Mountain Boys.

OUR mountain boys! our mountain boys!  
Their hearts are bold and true,  
And pure as the unclouded sky  
Above our mountains blue.

Their step is free as forest deer,  
Like eaglet's glance their eye,  
And when the voice of honor bids  
They do not fear to die.

In vain ye search the lettered page  
Of classic Greece or Rome,  
For truer and for nobler men  
Than are our boys at home.

Not they who died at Marathon  
Or famed Thermopylæ,  
Or fell round sea girt Salamis,  
Could more undaunted be.

Not those who Rome's proud eagles bore  
Triumphant on their way  
O'er all a subjugated world  
Were braver men than they.

Our mountain boys! our mountain boys!  
The demi-gods of fame  
Might own a kindred soul with theirs  
Nor feel a blush of shame.

And when they die, as sacred dust  
Shall unto earth return  
As that which forms a patriot Tell  
Or Bruce of Bannockburn.



To Miss G. V. \_\_\_\_\_

FAREWELL! we may not meet again;  
Our paths in life must sever;  
But yet I've known thee not in vain—  
I can forget thee never.

The memory of a joy that's past  
By time is never faded ;  
Throughout our life, on earth 'twill last,  
Howe'er that life be shaded.

'Twill flourish, as the mistletoe,  
When all around is blighted ;  
And like yon sweet beamed planet show  
To traveller benighted.

I care not what my future lot  
May bring of grief or sadness,  
Our friendship still shall be a spot  
In life's drear waste of gladness.

It shall be an oasis there  
'Twill glad me to remember ;  
Like memory of May day fair,  
Recalled in bleak December.

## The Boy in the Wood.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.

(Dedicated to W. W. Valentine, artist.)

A YOUTH rode forth into the fields,  
“Adieu, my love,” he said;  
“And I will be with thee again  
Ere morning’s blushing red.”

And as he rode he gayly sang  
From out his inmost breast,  
A song of love; of fond desire  
To that fair maid addressed.

But as he came to the green wood  
Where sweet the roses grew,  
The dryad of the grove appeared  
Resplendent to his view.

Her eye was soft as lunar beam,  
Her cheeks as roses fair,  
Her locks like gold of orient morn  
When breathes the vernal air.

“Stay yet awhile, thou beauteous boy!  
Ah, whither dost thou ride?  
Rein up thy graceful, slender steed,  
And in my bower abide.

“The air is murmuring through the tops  
Of waving linden trees ;  
Here we may mingle kisses sweet  
Where flowers perfume the breeze.”

The youth replied, “Oh, tempt me not !  
Repose I seek not now.  
I have at home a lovely maid,  
As beautiful as thou.

“To-morrow I will seek her cot,  
And there with joy will spring,  
For then our happy wedding day  
Shall promised raptures bring.”

“Although thou hast at home a maid,  
That may in beauty vie  
With me,—thou shalt not her embrace,  
For tears shall dim thine eye.”

The dryad spoke, and whirled the band  
She wore around her hair  
With her white hand. The startled steed,  
Wild plunging, threw him there.

All o'er his cheek a pallor spread,  
The plaintive wood bird sang,  
Ah, sorrowful ! ah, sorrowful !  
The echoing forest rang.

So when with morning's early light  
Her lover did not come,  
Uneasy was the maiden's heart,  
And sad she left her home.

Then went she forth into the wood,  
Her absent love to seek ;  
All downcast was her saddened eye,  
Her failing limbs were weak.

And all the little flowers looked sad,  
The birdling's voice sang low,  
In muffled notes as though 'twere hushed  
By sympathetic woe.

She found him there beneath the flowers  
That breathed their fragrant breath  
Unto the air. Her true love dead,  
Yet beautiful in death.

She stooped and kissed him as he lay  
Beneath the sweet red flowers ;  
And tears, like those of April day,  
Bedewed the earth in showers.

And thus upon her wedding day,  
Instead of love and joy,  
Lo, there were grief and flowing tears,  
For that poor, perished boy !

## The Pirate.

THERE was a calm upon the tropic sea,  
The waves were still as waves may ever be ;  
Like one vast mirror spread the tide below,  
Reflecting to the gaze the heaven's rich glow,  
And bearing on its clear, unruffled breast,  
The image of each towering mountain crest,  
And in its azure depths the eye might see  
Tall rock, and glittering spire, and verdant tree ;  
Nor sprung there on the shore one flow'ret fair  
But found its semblance in those waters there.  
The very winds on pinions fluttering weak  
In soft caresses kissed each flow'ret's cheek,  
And ocean's shells low murmuring on the shore,  
Told that the vengeance of the storm was o'er.  
The snow white blossoms from the groves around  
Fell as the wintry flakes without a sound,  
And all was fair as though heaven's bounty gave  
A paradise above and 'neath the wave.

With cable strong and crooked anchor fast,  
And sail that idly flapped against the mast,  
A swan like vessel sat upon the tide  
Whose ribs of oak had oft the storms defied ;

Had seen the lightnings, heard the thunders roll,  
From equatorial circle to each pole.  
Alike in tropic as in polar seas  
Her flag had fluttered in the rising breeze.  
But, ah! that flag upon its folds of night  
Bore the terrific skull and cross-bones white;  
For by a pirate crew its deck was trod—  
A desperate gang as e'er defied their God—  
And proudly to the winds their flag unfurled  
Of midnight hue, and warred upon the world.  
Now stretched along the well swabbed deck they lay  
And whiled in varied talk the hours away  
Of their last prize, and where they next should find  
As rich a cargo to their grasp resigned.  
And converse wandered to each lovely maid  
They wooed and won beneath magnolia shade,  
Of raven ringlets or rich auburn hair,  
Of starlike eyes and cheeks as lilies fair--  
To health of each they quaff the flowing wine,  
And celebrate in song her charms divine.  
Nor wanting was the meerschaum's fragrant bowl  
Which breathes its calming influence o'er the soul—  
From many a bearded lip the wreathing smoke  
Curled up on high and into ringlets broke.  
And many a stalwart form might there be seen,  
Strong as that gladiator's frame, I ween,  
O'er whose cold brow the shade of death is thrown,  
Yet lives forever in the sculptured stone.



But who was he who stood all lonely there,  
Upon whose darkened brow sat brooding care ;  
Whose eye in sadness wandered o'er the main,  
As if no light of joy 'twould know again ?  
His glance was bright, but not like morning's beam,  
'Twas the terrific meteor's fearful gleam ;  
'Twas as the lurid lightning's blinding flash  
When peals on high the thunder's deaf'ning crash.  
'Twas as the light from some volcano's glow,  
When dread eruptions urge the lava's flow,  
And heaving earthquakes shake the world below.  
And as from darkest cloud the lightning leaps  
When through the sky its course destructive sweeps,  
So his bright eye, in its unearthly glow,  
Gleamed from a soul surcharged with darkest woe.  
He was the chief who ruled that lawless band,  
And bent their daring spirits to command :  
A feat more difficult than his who broke  
Hyrcania's tigers to the servile yoke ;  
For they who nothing feared on earth beside,  
Like cowards trembled when he did but chide ;  
And many a one who shuddered not to die,  
Quailed 'neath the glances of his piercing eye.  
His limbs were not of that gigantic mould  
Which nature gave to earth born sons of old ;  
His sinewy frame seemed almost delicate,  
And fair his face, save where the sun had sate

With bronzing kisses on his beardless cheek,  
As if a kindred soul within 'twould seek.

But yet not ever had young Albert been  
The daring, reckless outlaw whom we've seen ;  
There was a time—'tis now some years ago—  
When by the sparkling Rappahannock's flow,  
Beneath the village master's gentle rule,  
He was of all the gentlest boy in school.  
Alas ! that happy day too fast it flew ;  
The years rolled on, the boy to manhood grew ;  
And with the years of manhood, lo ! there came  
The quivering ecstasy of love's sweet flame.  
To those who saw her not 'twere hard to tell  
The budding glories of young Isabel.  
She was as graceful as the antelope ;  
Her eyes' bright glance was as the dawn of hope,  
And yet as soft as that of cooing dove,  
Diffusing round an atmosphere of love.  
The Grecian contour of her face was seen  
In harmony with her young sylph like mien.  
In fine, so bright her radiant beauties shone,  
She seemed the graces three combined in one.  
And Albert loved her and was loved again,  
With love as deep as the unfathomed main.  
'Tis said that southern climes alone may know  
How fierce the flames of burning love may glow ;

Be this I care not how—young Albert knew  
No other life than that from her he drew.  
Of his enchanted world she was the sun,  
The only one he cared to gaze upon ;  
Without her presence earth to him were hell,  
And hell seemed heaven if she there might dwell.  
His heart forever thrilled at her loved tone,  
As thrills the harp o'er which the breeze hath blown ;  
To his rapt soul her voice would ever bring  
A joy seraphic as when angels sing.  
He hung in rapture on her faintest breath ;  
To see, to hear her not, 'twere worse than death.

But disappointment ever lurks below—  
The day of joy gives place to night of woe.  
Our brightest hopes on earth forever die,  
As fade the colors of the evening sky  
When all the glowing tints that lovely bloom,  
Resign their glories to the night's deep gloom.  
'Twas thus with Albert ; for another came—  
An aged suitor—but wealth backed his claim.  
The wretched parents owned his golden charms,  
And gave their daughter to an old man's arms.

The feast was spread, the lamps were burning  
bright,  
The bride was robed in flowing garments white ;

But whiter far was her pale cheek, I know,  
All blanched and colorless with speechless woe.  
And, lo! there stood the legate of the skies  
To hallow that unholy sacrifice!  
God's priests have often stood around the pyre  
Where shrieked the victim in consuming fire;  
But ne'er did superstition's vengeful creed  
Grace with God's priests a more soul damning deed  
Than that which youth, and love, and beauty, gave  
Into an old man's arms—as to a grave!

A ringing shot was heard—it died away;  
All weltering in his blood the bridegroom lay!  
An arm was seen to clasp the bride's slight waist—  
A step was by her side—'twas gone in haste;  
But in its swift retreat the bride it bore,  
And Albert and his love were seen no more!

Speed, gallant steed! Behold, the vengeful pack  
That seeks thy master's life is on thy track!  
Speed, like the swift wind, o'er the lengthened plain,  
Swim the deep river—up the mountain, strain.  
Speed, gallant steed—for never greater need  
Urged thy fleet sinews of pure Arab breed!  
Speed, gallant steed—thy master's life or death  
Hangs tremblingly upon thy panting breath!  
Through all the land they raise the hue and cry;  
Stern justice bids—the murderer must die.

But vain they sought by mountain, plain and river,  
And Albert and his love are gone forever.

The years rolled on ; an exile from his home,  
Young Albert wandered o'er the dark sea's foam ;  
'Neath many changing skies his fortunes tried,  
And still his Isabel was by his side.

She was the star that lit his storm vexed way ;  
The radiant bow that decked each clouded day ;  
The dove of peace and promise to his ark ;  
One spot of light where all around was dark.

Her hand that gently smoothed his flowing hair,  
Brushed from his bosom the traces of despair ;  
And in his breast the tumult raging wild,  
Instant grew calm when she upon him smiled.

But still, at times, a dark, corroding grief,  
Like vulture preyed and gave him no relief.

A man proscribed upon his native shore,  
He roamed unfriended all the wide world o'er.

Want came upon him as an armed man ;  
Dark was the course of life in blood began,  
And worse than all—the torturing thought was  
hell—

Death hovered grimly o'er his Isabel.  
He sadly saw her fading day by day,  
Like morning mist before the sun away,  
And drooping lowly as some flow'ret sweet  
Droops 'neath the pelting of the noontide heat ;

Until, at length, the cords of life were riven,  
And rose her soul, on angel's wings, to heaven.  
Then reason reeled, and hope forever fled ;  
The light of life within his soul was dead.  
Then in despair his arms on high he tossed,  
And shrieking wildly, gave up all for lost.  
In frenzied words the God of heaven defied,  
And cursed fore'er the angel from his side.  
Hate to his bosom came a welcome guest ;  
His blood to poison curdled in his breast ;  
The light of conscience in his soul grew dim—  
Why should he love a world that hated him ?  
Gone ! gone forever was that guiding light  
That might, through life, direct his course aright,  
And o'er his lonely pathway from afar  
The night had gathered and there was no star.  
Remembrance of the past to him was hell,  
And vain he strove the torture to repel.  
With eager lip the maddening cup he drained ;  
With riot and debauch his soul was stained,  
Until, at last, his heart a moral wreck,  
He ruled—the captain of a pirate deck.

\* \* \* \* \*

What seeth Albert through the telescope ?  
Why grasps he now so firm the tightened rope ?  
Is it the sign of dread typhoon afar ?  
No ! 'Tis the signal of more desperate war



Than of the elements. For, lo! the sails  
Of the pursuing cruisers flout the gales.  
The sea breeze hath set in, and ere the sun  
Hath climbed the heavens, the battle must be won ;  
For, if defeat ensue, a felon's death—  
The hangman's hated cord shall check his breath.  
The dread alternative now Albert sees,  
His doom approaching on the fresh'ning breeze.  
Wild with the thought of fight, his eyeballs glow ;  
And yet you hear his order calm and low.  
The deck is cleared for action ; anchor weighed,  
And the black banner from the mast displayed.  
Thick o'er the planks the sifted sand is spread ;  
To drink the blood that hath not yet been shed  
The guns are shotted, boarding pikes prepared,  
And every arm is to the shoulder bared.

\* \* \* \* \*

The combat opens ; lo ! a deaf'ning roar  
Is loudly echoed far along the shore.  
The rude concussion rends the vaulted sky,  
And dread reverberating rocks reply.  
The sulphury siroc enshrouds each ship,  
And flames are breathing from each cannon's lip ;  
The men, like demons from the world below,  
Dash the death dealing engines to and fro ;  
The blood spouts forth from many a streaming vein,  
And all the deck is crowded with the slain.

The pirate flag is struck ; a wild hurrah  
Rings on the air above the crash of war,  
And back again peals the defiant yell,  
As though 'twere uttered from the depths of hell.  
Another shot ; it strikes the pirate hull—  
The tide is rushing in—the hold is full.  
The pumps are promptly manned, but all in vain ;  
Slow sinks the vessel in the watery main.  
One mighty plunge—the surging waters roar—  
Down goes the pirate ship, to rise no more.  
But ere that vessel sank beneath the wave,  
And found in ocean's depths a liquid grave,  
Faint on the ear those murmuring accents fell,  
Which uttered in despair, “ *My Isabel !*”

---

To *Janthe*.

I SEE thee in thy beauty's bloom,  
And thou art as a star,  
That lighteth up the evening's gloom  
From heavenly realms afar.

The graceful contour of thy face,  
The drooping of thine eye,  
No coming years may e'er erase ;  
They'll haunt me till I die.



Thou seem'st to me a temple pure  
Made by the hand divine,  
With light from heaven irradiate o'er ;  
Of love and hope the shrine.

'Tis not thine eyes' sweet melting roll,  
Nor rose tints of the skin,  
That gives thee beauty—'tis the soul,  
Bright beaming from within.

Thy outward form is but the wave  
Of some transparent deep,  
Whose waters clear disclose the grave  
Where priceless treasures sleep.

How many sweet affections dwell  
In that pure heart of thine !  
It is a deep, unfathomed well,  
A rich, exhaustless mine.

No sound the wind harp will afford—  
All silent 'twill remain ;  
But when the breeze hath swept its chord,  
Then swells the Æolian strain.

Thus rest within thy spotless mind  
Emotions deep and low,  
Which only need occasion find  
In gushing streams to flow.

Blest as the immortal gods is he  
Who shall thy pure love gain ;  
More rich than lords of land or sea  
The favored one shall reign.

Young peri, were my years as thine,  
Did Time more lightly kiss  
My furrowed cheek, to call thee mine  
Were more than earthly bliss.

But age, which silvers o'er my hair,  
Hath quenched my bosom's fire ;  
Lo, as some sculptured goddess fair,  
I see thee and admire !

---

To Agnes.

HOW lovely, how surpassing fair,  
The maiden with the light brown hair,  
Whose flowing locks, almost divine,  
Like glittering sunbeams intertwine !  
Her eyes are like the morning star,  
That glances in the east afar,  
And win their way with magic art  
Into the coldest gazer's heart.

Her cheeks are like the glowing west,  
When calmly sinks the sun to rest,  
Ere yet upon the blushing sky  
The rose tints of the evening die.  
Her lips are like two roses red,  
Bright with the dew the night hath shed ;  
The nectar there, 'twixt I and you,  
Were sweeter far than honey dew.  
Sweet girl, oh ! if she were but mine,  
For me the sun would brighter shine ;  
No shadows darken o'er my way,  
But deepest night be turned to day.  
For me would flow'rets ever spring ;  
For me the birds would ever sing ;  
No wintry skies or snows appear,  
But summer last throughout the year.  
The Moslem feigns his paradise  
Is lit by blooming houries' eyes ;  
But, oh ! sweet Agnes' glance, I know,  
Makes earth a paradise below.  
No peri rising from the sea  
With dripping locks can fairer be ;  
And if the angels are more bright,  
Oh ! heaven must be a place of light.

## On a Gift.

YES ; thou hast conquered, and I own  
The triumph of thy art ;  
Thou hast a trophy—thine alone—  
A broken, youthful heart.

How happy was my life's young day !  
No gathering cloud was there ;  
But thou hast reft its light away  
And draped it in despair.

Earth's conquerors triumphed o'er the foe,  
Nor then the vanquished slew ;  
But thou no pity hadst to show  
To one that loved thee true.

My heart's young love I gave to thee  
In all its guileless trust ;  
I little thought the gift would be  
But trampled in the dust.

Too true I find the story now  
By bards of Hellas told ;  
No siren pitiless as thou  
E'er lived in times of old.

Thy smile was the "enchanted cup"  
My spirit to enthrall;  
That smile, false one, but raised me up  
To make more deep my fall.

Thou wert a wrecker on the shore  
Of some stern rock bound coast;  
Thy smile was the deceitful lure  
By which my all was lost.

O woman, look upon thy deed !  
It may be sport to thee ;  
But, oh ! my torn affections bleed—  
'Tis worse than death to me.

And dost thou hope for happiness  
And in the future trust ?  
If heaven could that future bless,  
It were itself unjust.

The sorrows which my heart hath felt,  
Felt by thine own shall be ;  
For as thou hast with others dealt,  
Shall it be dealt with thee.

## The Parting Bride.

The following lines were suggested to the author by a marriage, and are supposed to have been spoken by the bride's mother.

THERE is one vacant chair at home ;  
Dear Anna, it is thine ;  
Ah, me ! how dark the shadows come  
O'er this sad heart of mine.

I miss thee at the morning hour,  
At noon and dewy eve ;  
I did not think that Fate had power  
My heart thus to bereave.

I thought it had been schooled by woe,  
And hardened unto pain ;  
But, oh ! thy loss hath made it know  
An anguished throb again.

They tell me thou art happy now,  
And I am glad 'tis so.  
Ah ! never o'er thy fair young brow  
May wreaths of cypress grow.

Yes ; thou art happy—but for me,  
Alas ! I must regret  
That when Fate severed me from thee  
My star of morning set.

Thou wert to me the radiant star  
That ushered in my day ;  
And now thy footsteps are afar,  
My morning fades away.

But, oh ! may Heaven hear my prayer :  
That while with me 'tis night,  
The sun of joy may brighten there  
Thy pathway with its light.

Oh ! cease, ye warring winds, to blow !  
And you, ye waves, be still  
And soft, as murmuring streamlet's flow,  
Nor cross her path with ill.

And you, ye far off southern clime,  
I trust to you my flower ;  
Oh ! save her in all coming time  
From blight or wintry shower.

Vaunt couriers of the viewless air,  
Oh ! could I send by ye  
My love, your pinions scarce could bear  
The weight o'er land and sea.

Or could I write on southern skies  
With beams of light my love,  
'Twould be as though the morn should rise  
To gild the heavens above.

## A Passing Glance.

I SAW thee ; 'twas a passing glance,  
But, oh ! that glance revealed  
The mighty sway of loveliness  
Which beauty's eye can wield.

It seemed some vision from above  
Had flashed upon my sight ;  
Some exile from the better world,  
Still radiant with its light.

The sculptor, when he Venus formed,  
Fresh rising from the sea,  
All glowing in her thousand charms,  
But faintly shadowed thee.

In vain may language strive to paint  
Thy charms in colors true ;  
Thou morning star of light and love,  
Thou rosebud dipped in dew.

Thou needest not the flow'ret's bloom  
To deck thy flowing hair ;  
The roses near thy blushing cheeks  
Would wither in despair.



Thine eye is like the soft beamed star,  
Which gems the evening skies,  
When o'er the western hills afar  
The lingering daylight dies.

But yet there slumbers in its light  
A dread, resistless power,  
E'en such as arms the lightning's wing  
When dark the storm clouds lower.

For mightier than the warrior's sword,  
Thy glance to wound and slay  
The sons of men ; and where it dwells  
All bend beneath its sway.

Thy smile is like the smile of spring,  
When wintry winds depart ;  
And hath a spell like spring's bright beams,  
To melt the coldest heart.

Nay, thou art as the spring itself,  
With flowers profusely gay ;  
The Flora of our western world,  
Wreathed in the smiles of May.

Oh, maiden, if of earth thou art,  
Thou art in mercy given,  
To view of erring mortals here,  
To lift our thoughts to heaven.

Thou art a signal proof, indeed,  
 Of heaven's unbounded love ;  
 For if such angels walk the earth,  
 How bright are those above !

---

To Miss Annie \* \* \* \* \*

WE may be happy yet, Annie,  
 We may be happy yet ;  
 Our path may be o'erstrewn with flowers,  
 Ere sun of life be set.

Though dark may be the path, Annie,  
 Where now our footsteps roam,  
 The clouds may pass away, Annie,  
 A brighter day may come.

It is not always night, Annie ;  
 The morning sun will rise,  
 To gild with glowing orient beams  
 The blushing eastern skies.

The snow upon the fields, Annie,  
 Will not forever stay ;  
 The stormy winds of March will bring  
 The genial smiles of May.

I have a stricken heart, Annie ;  
I lay it at thy feet.  
Methinks beneath thy loving smile,  
That e'en to die were sweet.

If only in return, Annie,  
Thou wouldst a heart bestow,  
I'd seek, I'd wish no other bliss—  
'Twould be a heaven below.

And though we had not wealth, Annie,  
My heart would ne'er repine.  
I'd rather than the wealth of worlds,  
Possess that heart of thine.

My heart is true to thee, Annie ;  
It thrills at every tone ;  
As thrills the trembling wind harp's strings  
O'er which the breeze hath blown.

We're told in ancient times, Annie,  
On Actium's bloody scene,  
A Roman lost the Cæsar's throne  
To follow Egypt's queen.

I would surpass the Roman's deed,  
If mine the choice might be ;  
He lost an empire for his love,—  
I'd lose a world for thee.

And if thou wilt be mine, Annie,  
 'Twill cause thee no regret ;  
 And ere our sands of life run out,  
 We may be happy yet.

---

### The Spartan Mother.

THE Spartan mother, when she sent her son  
 To deadly fields, where glory might be won,  
 Stern admonition to the untried brave,  
 This parting lesson, with her blessing gave :  
 Though overwhelmed by numbers, he should scorn  
 to yield,  
 And ne'er return, but with, or on, his shield ;  
 That Lacedæmon brooked no dastard flight,  
 And victory or death was Spartan's right.

---

### To Lucy.

I CANNOT lie 'neath verdant grove  
 And sighing call upon thy name ;  
 My love is not as others' love—  
 It is a soul consuming flame.

My love is not a pleasant dream  
That gently steals the senses o'er,  
And flows as soft as purling stream—  
No; 'tis the rushing torrent's roar!

I cannot touch the melting lyre,  
Nor breathe my love in soft toned lute;  
To represent its burning fire  
Such feeble instruments were mute.

No; the wild clarion, pealing loud,  
O'er e'en the crashing thunder's roll,  
Re-echoed from the stormy cloud,  
Can only speak my frenzied soul!

Oh! if I would my passion show  
In colors true to meet thine eye,  
I'd dip my pencil in the glow  
Of lightnings gleaming through the sky.

Whene'er my lip thy kisses greet  
They quiver through each boiling vein,  
And bring a joy so exquisite  
It almost is akin to pain.

'Tis not in language to impart,  
No form of words can e'er reveal  
The fierce, wild tumult of my heart—  
I cannot speak—I only feel.

But, oh! dear one, were there a word,  
Bright as the fiery gleam that broke  
From the avenging angel's sword,  
That word for thee my love had spoke.

---

•••

### The Ideal.

THERE is a world exceeding bright  
To poet's eye unrolled,  
Enshrined in more than solar light,  
Its glory all untold.

For never mortal tongue may find  
Fit language to reveal  
Its splendors flashing on the mind—  
The heart can only feel.

The sweetest strains which poets sing  
Are but faint echoes still,  
And only feeble murmurs bring  
Of its sweet music's thrill.

To canvas vain the painter tries  
Its beauties to impart;  
Away the bright Elysium flies,  
And mocks his futile art.

All vainly sculptors seek to give  
In cold, material stone,  
Embodiment to things that live  
Within the soul alone.

Some say that world of light and love  
To the poet's glance revealed,  
Is but the land of heaven above  
To other eyes concealed ;

And through his finer walls of earth,  
Like pure translucent clay,  
Bright beams which have in heaven their birth  
Find out their glorious way.

---

• • •

### On a *Flirt.*

WHY don't you get married, Kate?  
You've enough of beaux.  
Sure, of all the gallant train,  
Some one must propose.

Why don't you get married, Kate?  
In spite of all we hear,  
To be a true and loving wife  
Is woman's proper sphere.

Why don't you get married, Kate?  
Years are gliding by,  
And their flight perhaps may steal  
That brightness from thine eye.

Time and tide for no one wait,  
You need scarce be told;  
And ere we are well aware,  
We are growing old.

Why don't you get married, Kate?  
For some worthy youth  
Would be too happy could he hear  
Thy plighted vows of truth.

Oh! hasten, then, thou charming one,  
The happy word to speak,  
While life's young light is in thine eye,  
Its bloom upon thy cheek.

Why don't you get married, Kate?  
I saw you but to-day,  
And, oh! you are too sweet a flower  
Unplucked to waste away.

The brilliant, the resplendent gem,  
Should not in darkness rest,  
But glitter in its pride of place,  
Upon some gallant crest.



And thus a maiden sweet as thou  
Should not her virtues hide  
In false styled "single blessedness,"  
But grace some true love's side.

---

To a Lady who Boasted of having  
a Cold Heart.

AH, yes!—I differ much from thee;  
Our hearts are not the same,  
For thine is as the polar sea,  
And mine is one of flame.

No quickening verdure e'er is green  
Amidst eternal snow;  
But fairest flowers and fruits are seen  
In tropic climes to grow.

And thus the fervid heart will give  
The noblest feelings birth;  
While none will in the cold heart live  
But grovelling ones of earth.

Thy heart is bare as winter day,  
When bleak December lowers;  
While mine is as the smiling May,  
With all its blooming flowers.

Warm is the fluid on battle plain,  
That fires the war steed bold ;  
But in the crawling reptile's vein,  
Alas, the blood how cold !

Oh, no ; I would not change with thee ;  
Methinks 'twould be as strange  
As for the eagle soaring free  
With creeping thing to change.

To earth thy low affections cling—  
Thou mayst be bought and sold ;  
Thou hast no love for anything,  
Except it be for gold.

Love thee ? No ! That spark divine  
Is born of kindred souls ;  
But, oh ! between thy heart and mine  
A boundless ocean rolls.

There is a world between us two—  
Such weights of bliss or woe  
As I have felt thy heart ne'er knew—  
Indeed, it could not know.

My heart is as a harp well strung,  
Whose quick vibrations thrill,  
By every passing impulse wrung,  
Beneath which thine were still.

But, oh ! I would not change with thee ;  
I love the mountain land,  
Though changing heights and depths there be,  
More than Sahara's sand.

Give me the heart where, like the deep,  
The billows often roll ;  
'Tis better than the torpid sleep,  
The dead calm of the soul.

Thou boastest thou art passionless,—  
But, ah ! I envy not  
That blank, unmeaning nothingness ;  
Mine is a happier lot.

Thou dost but glory in thy shame ;  
As well may Hecla's crest,  
So bleak and drear, precedence claim  
O'er Araby the blest.

I look upon thee with disgust,  
Thou art so cold and fair ;  
I never can thy coldness trust,  
While we are what we are.

Between our souls the hand of fate  
Will lines eternal draw ;  
Such opposites as we must hate,  
'Tis God's and nature's law.

## Early Love.

I LOVED thee in the earliest hour,  
Of youth's bright day, how long and well!  
Ere yet my unskilled tongue had power  
The fervor of that love to tell.

For I was young and bashful then,  
My lips were to my heart untrue;  
I had not learned like older men  
To speak the tender tale to you.

I envied then each bolder one  
Who dared his weaker love declare  
With practised skill, while I alone  
Could only blush and tremble there.

Then o'er my cheek the crimson came  
And went and left it paler still,  
While every nerve within my frame  
Was trembling like the harp-string's thrill.

But, oh! my love I could not speak,  
Nor pour my burning soul to thee;  
No resolution form to break  
The spell of youthful modesty.

While others sued with flattering tongue,  
Perhaps with seeming ardor knelt ;  
For thee, so deep my soul was wrung,  
I could not speak—I only felt.

But, oh ! could words have truly told  
The love in my young bosom stored,  
How like the deluge storm of old  
The rushing cataract had poured !

How many a bitter pang it cost,  
Beneath thy beaming glance to see  
The lovers who thy smiles could boast,  
But did not, could not, love like me !

For others might thy charms admire,  
The coldest must who near thee came ;  
My love was as a quenchless fire  
That burned with a devouring flame.

And were the earth's great riches mine,  
The treasures of the land and sea,  
How freely would I all resign,  
And more than that great all, for thee !

To have seen thee by another's side,  
And heard thy whispered accents tell  
The vows that rendered thee his bride,  
To me were worse than fires of hell.

But, oh ! to call thee all mine own,  
    (Time hath no great a joy as this),  
To know thy heart is mine alone  
    Is an eternity of bliss.

Oh ! Clara, couldst thou but have known  
    My heart's deep yearning in past years,  
It would have stifled many a groan,  
    And checked how many bitter tears !

For thou couldst not beneath thy feet  
    Let my young heart neglected lie,  
But wouldst have washed, with kisses sweet,  
    The burning heart drops from mine eye.

For Clara, 'twas not thine to feel  
    How warm for thee my heart could burn,  
And yet thine own in hardness steel  
    One moment 'gainst a like return.

That agonizing time is past,  
    And vain is now each fond regret ;  
Thou know'st I love thee well at last.  
    Thank God ! we may be happy yet.

I gave to thee a fresh young heart,  
    Thou hadst its every fond desire ;  
No other therein had a part—  
    It was a holocaust entire.

And though thy youthful days are o'er,  
And shadows on thy brow I see ;  
I love thee as in days of yore—  
Thou still art beautiful to me.

They talk in vain of love's decay,  
In hearts that love in deed and truth ;  
As years revolving roll away,  
They sanction the decree of youth.

For love is light itself from heaven,  
It reigns in angel breasts on high ;  
To it immortal life is given—  
It will not, may not, cannot die.

Imperishable as the rock  
That meets the dash of ocean's wave ;  
Secure, the storms of time 'twill mock,  
And live beyond the closing grave.

Aye, live and flourish as in youth,  
While endless ages onward roll,  
Eternal as the laws of truth,  
And deathless as the human soul.

## To Gertrude.

FAREWELL! a lasting, long farewell!  
A whisper in my heart,  
With voice but too prophetic tells,  
We part—forever part.

'Tis true we oft may meet again,  
Ere life with us be o'er ;  
May meet,—but, oh ! we cannot meet  
As we have met before.

We may, perhaps, each other greet  
In cold and altered tone,  
And pass, as chilling icebergs pass,  
In some far northern zone.

For, oh ! our hearts are sundered now—  
An ocean rolls between ;  
We ne'er can to each other be  
What in the past we've been.

To mend the broken, precious gem,  
Alas, the task were vain ;  
And thus our rudely severed hearts  
Can ne'er unite again.



We part in sorrow, not in wrath ;  
The memories of years  
End like the rainbow's fading hues,  
In darkness, but in tears.

We part! but ere the last farewell,  
I breathe a prayer for thee :  
May thine be every joy on earth,  
Although not shared with me.

Nay, since by fate's severe decree,  
Grief e'er must bliss alloy,  
Would I could bear with me the pain,  
And leave with thee the joy.

---

I Live Within the Past Alone.

I LIVE within the past alone,  
For youth with me hath fled ;  
And youthful hopes and youthful joys  
Are in my bosom dead.

And there they lie, like withered flowers,  
But still their memory there  
Is like the rosebud's dying leaves,  
Whose death perfumes the air.

Although the clouds of dark despair  
Are gathering in their wrath  
Above my head ; yet once there shone  
The sunlight on my path.

Thank God, I have been happy once,  
Though all is blighted now ;  
There once was rapture in my heart,  
And calmness on my brow.

My life is in the yellow leaf,  
And frosts of age now bring  
A desolation o'er my year,  
Yet I have seen my spring.

The darkened, leaden skies may frown,  
And death may ride the blast ;  
But, oh ! they can't blot from my soul  
The memory of the past.

Pale autumn is upon me now,  
The hopes of spring are gone ;  
And summer's joys have perished too,  
Yet memory lives on.

Aye ! lives amid my life's decay,  
Undying in its bloom ;  
Fresh as the fadeless cypress wreath,  
Whose verdure decks the tomb.

## The Spirit Land.

THE spirit land, the spirit land !  
I often wonder where  
May spread that dim and shadowy strand,  
What scenes shall greet us there !

Is it within yon glorious sun,  
Or in some distant star,  
Such as we sometimes gaze upon  
With optic tube afar ?

And is that world a world like ours,  
Of changing night and day ;  
Where stars at night and beauteous flowers  
At morn their charms display ?

And shall we know each other there,  
And talk of scenes below ;  
Of life's alternate joy and care ?  
Alas ! we may not know.

We should not there as strangers be,  
If we might recognize  
Those who have passed o'er death's dark sea,  
To havens in the skies.

For, oh ! who has not felt the grief,  
The void within the heart,  
The sorrow that knows no relief  
When called from friends to part ;

The desolation and the woe  
That overspread earth's scene  
When ties are severed, and we know  
Death's billows roll between !

But, oh ! there is a blessed hope  
To faith's discernment given,  
Which has a potent spell to ope  
The very gate of heaven ;

Which can disclose a world of love,  
Fairer than eye hath seen ;  
Whose charms, all earthly charms above,  
Have unimagined been !

And in that land of love and light,  
Above yon crystal sphere,  
Clothed in eternal radiance bright,  
The lost may reappear.

## To Jenny.

O JENNY! though thou art so fair,  
Thou'rt not the girl for me ;  
Thy hollow and coquettish smiles  
With heart unmoved I see.

The glow that lights the northern skies  
On some December night,  
Hath but a cold, ungenial beam,  
Though beautiful and bright.

In vain you deck your face with smiles,  
And all your charms unfold ;  
They're like those arctic meteors bright,  
So lovely, yet so cold.

I care not for thy grace of art,  
Or bright eyes' melting roll ;  
Alas ! they all are meaningless,  
They come not from the soul.

The heart will answer back to heart,  
And she who love would gain,  
A heart must give for one received,  
Or all her art is vain.

## Ten Years Ago.

TEN years ago ! ten years ago !  
What changes have since then  
Swept over all things here below—  
O'er women and o'er men !

The little girls that lisped so sweet  
Are now to maidens grown ;  
In charms of womanhood complete,  
E'en as a rose full blown.

And boys have grown to manhood's size,  
And feel the piercing darts  
That wing their way from maidens' eyes,  
And quiver in their hearts.

The silver locks are whitening, too,  
On many a manly brow ;  
And gathering wrinkles, sad to view,  
Make their appearance now.

And, oh ! full many a gap is made  
In every circle here ;  
For low within their graves are laid  
The friends we loved so dear.

Ten years ago ! what smiles and tears  
Within that time have been ;  
What dawning hopes, what darkening fears,  
Swept o'er the checkered scene !

Ten years ago ! it seems an age,  
When we the past survey ;  
A toilsome, weary pilgrimage  
Along a lengthened way.

The storm of war hath ruthless swept,  
And marked its path with woe ;  
Brave men have died, and women wept,  
Since 'twas ten years ago.

And Heaven in its mercy grant,  
We ne'er again may know,  
Such scenes of death, of woe, and want,  
As since ten years ago !

---

•••

## The Orphan Boy.

THE FOLLOWING LINES NARRATE A TRUE INCIDENT.

THE way was long, intense the heat—  
There came unto my door  
A wandering child with weary feet,  
Dust stained and travel sore.

His eye was sad, his cheek was pale,  
And toil and hunger there,  
And summer heat and wintry gale  
Had seamed it deep with care.

His mother long had passed away  
Into her dark, cold tomb ;  
His father, in the bloody fray,  
Had met a soldier's doom.

He was on earth alone—alone ;  
On him no parents smiled.  
The joy and light of home had flown—  
O God, and he a child !

Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow !  
Here let thy sorrows end ;  
Thy time of grief hath passed, and now,  
Poor child, thou hast a friend !

My God, I thank thee from my heart,  
That Thou hast sent him here ;  
That I may bid his grief depart,  
And his young bosom cheer.

Dear child, thou dost not here intrude ;  
Oh, welcome mayst thou stay.  
I dare not turn thee, if I would,  
In emptiness away.



My little store of daily bread  
I'll freely share with thee;  
I well remember who hath said,  
You've done it unto me.

I'll shelter thee, poor stricken dove,  
And bind thy broken wing;  
And God, who is a God of love,  
Will health and healing bring.

---

Oh, if There Were no Sorrows Here !

O H, if there were no sorrows here,  
And men might never grieve,  
This world of ours would then appear  
Too beautiful to leave !

And even now 'tis hard to die,  
And sever all the ties  
Which bind us to the scenes that lie  
Beneath our earthly skies !

But if those skies were ever bright,  
And if no clouds were there,  
The shades of death would bring a night  
Too dark for men to bear !

'Tis only when from earthly good,  
The panting soul is riven,  
And clouds of sorrow o'er them brood,  
That men will look to heaven!

---

### Epitaph on Captain Quainton.

WITH glowing eye of fire and heart of flame,  
From Southern climes a youthful soldier  
came,  
And fearless waved his raven plume in pride,  
Where daring Mosby stemmed the battle's tide,  
Nor hoped in vain, in never fading light,  
To trace his name in glory's temple bright;  
But like the meteor, flashing through the sphere,  
Too soon in death was closed his young career;  
Too soon his life, like that bright gleam was o'er,  
And sank in darkness to arise no more;  
Heart stricken maidens scattered o'er his tomb  
Entwining wreaths of fairest flow'rets' bloom,  
And sorrowing, to his corpse Virginia gave—  
Alas! 'twas all she had to give—a grave!

## He did not Say he Loved, Mamma.

HE did not say he loved, mamma ;  
He had no need to tell—  
For there are many signs, mamma,  
That speak the tale as well.

Ah ! there are many signs, mamma,  
Which lovers understand—  
The modulation of a tone,  
The pressure of a hand.

The gentle heaving of the breast,  
The breathing of a sigh,  
The tremor running through the frame  
When one we love is nigh.

The blush that, with the rose's hue,  
Bepaints the youthful cheek,—  
Far more significant than words  
That tell tale blush can speak.

I caught his glance last night, mamma,—  
It told me all his love ;  
'Twas soft as summer evening's smile  
When skies are bright above.

The secret is disclosed, mamma,  
I've nothing more to learn ;  
And, ah ! I feel that well he knows  
I love him in return.

---

Times.

Supposed to have been written at the tomb of Sir Walter Scott, in Dryburgh Abbey. Respectfully inscribed to the Rev. John S. Lindsay, by the author.

SLEEP! mighty Wizard of the North,  
Beneath this old and sacred pile ;  
Where dark robed spectres sally forth,  
And silent sweep each pillared aisle.

Oh, fitting is thy resting place,  
Amid those abbeyed ruins gray ;  
Thou who, with truth's own torch, could trace  
Old men and manners passed away.

Thou callest them from time's dark womb,  
Like spirits from the vasty deep ;  
And it is well that in the tomb  
Thy mortal part with them should sleep.

And if thy dreams within the grave  
Should like thy living visions be,  
How will the beautiful and brave  
In glorious throngs encompass thee !

And thou wouldst be a monarch still,  
Greater than ever graced a throne ;  
Obedient spirits at thy will,  
And all of Fancy's realms thine own.

Sleep, mighty Wizard ! on the stone  
Beneath which thy cold form is laid,  
A stranger's hand a wreath hath thrown,  
Whose flowers, alas ! too soon must fade.

But, oh ! there is around thy brow  
A wreath that shall not know decay ;  
Whose flowers are freshly blooming now,  
And shall be to earth's latest day.

---

Byron on the Sea Shore, at Eighteen.

I SEE him stand upon the shore,  
Near by old Ocean's wave ;  
And that tempestuous water's roar  
To him its spirit gave.

For in the depths of that young breast  
Raged storms more fierce by far  
Than the wild bickering unrest  
Of elemental war.

The lightning's dread and blinding stream,  
That flashed in flame on high,  
Was scarce more fiery than the gleam  
Of his bright kindling eye.

And e'en the thunder's deafening roll,  
That pealed the concave through,  
Had not more power to shake the soul  
Than what his fancy drew.

He was the spirit of the deep,  
Enshrined in human form,  
When o'er its billows wildly sweep  
The pinions of the storm.

And, lo! about his brow arrayed,  
Prophetic light was shed;  
Bright as the lambent flame that played  
Around young Tarquin's head.

And o'er his form in glory shone  
Its radiance flashing free,  
The token of the mighty one  
That he was yet to be.

And he was mightier than a king  
    (For kingdoms pass away) ;  
But strains sublime, which poets sing,  
    Reverberate always.

Immortal as the deathless mind  
    That gave their music birth,  
They ever will remain behind,  
    A glory on the earth.

And o'er the destiny of men  
    Their potent spell they'll throw,  
Until the awful moment when  
    Time's stream shall cease to flow.

Yea, when the elements shall melt,  
    And ruin on the earth be hurled,  
Their deathless influence shall be felt  
    In the eternal world.



### Valentine's Bust of Humboldt.

I GAZE on that majestic brow,  
    Though carved in marble cold ;  
Yet there the record of thy life  
    The artist's skill hath told.

I see in every furrow there  
That careful thought hath seamed,  
The revelation of a power  
Of which men scarcely dreamed.

A power that as an eagle wing  
The vast orb circled round,  
That higher rose than eagle's flight,  
And dived in depths profound ;

That roamed at will from star to star,  
In its untiring flight,  
And tracked the wandering comet through  
The pathless realms of night.

Then dived beneath the land and sea,  
And all that's there concealed ;  
The buried treasures of their depths  
To mortal gaze revealed.

Nor mental might alone we see !  
The sculptor's skilful art  
Hath by its magic touch portrayed  
The goodness of thy heart.

And as I gaze on that pale brow,  
And these cold features scan,  
The marble seems to melt to flesh—  
I see the friend of man !



Oh! well befitting is the theme—  
It owns the tribute due ;  
And shows the old world's worth receives  
The homage of the new ;

That here the young Virginian's hand,  
Far o'er the Atlantic wave,  
Hath a memorial reared, which, like  
Thy fame, defies the grave.

---

◆◆◆

Times.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO PROFESSOR HILDERBRAND'S CLASS.

THE voice of music floats in air—  
How sweet its murmurs fall !  
And all is gay and happy there  
Within that festooned hall.

And youthful hearts are there to-night,  
That beat with rapture wild ;  
And youthful eyes that glance as bright  
As e'er on earth have smiled.

And that sweet music which we hear  
In melting murmurs roll  
Is but the reflex, echoed clear,  
Of music in the soul.

For Hope hath strung his harp within  
Each young and happy breast,  
As yet unmarked by stain of sin,  
And sings—an angel guest.

Young maidens, would that coming years  
Might ever be as now ;  
Each eye undimmed by gathering tears,  
Unclouded every brow.

Ah, no ! I feel that wish were vain ;  
It may not, cannot be ;  
From toil, and care, and grief, and pain,  
No lot on earth is free.

But yet, in distant years to come,  
When dark'ning sorrows throw  
Their shadows o'er you as ye roam  
This wilderness of woe,

The memory of this happy night  
Will brightly beam afar,  
As trembles through eve's shades the light  
Of you sweet beaming star.

Oh, God of heaven ! hear our prayer ;  
From dire misfortune's darts,  
That pierce the soul with wild despair,  
Oh, shield these dear young hearts !

And, oh! when 'neath the willow bough,  
Dust unto dust is given,  
May they far happier be than now,  
In yon bright world of heaven.

---

A Tribute to the  
Memory of Richard B. Hoole, Jr.

AS the odor remains when the flower hath  
perished,  
And twilight still lasts through the eve's murky  
gloom,  
In our hearts shall the love of the lost one be  
cherished,  
Though lowly he lies in the deep, narrow tomb.

We'll think of him oft midst the stillness of even,  
And oft to fond mem'ry his image recall,  
While softly and sad, as the dew drops of heaven,  
Our tears on his grave shall mournfully fall.

We saw him depart; his bright eyes were beaming;  
With the fervor of hope his young spirit was warm;  
He returned—our own were with bitterness streaming,  
For the shroud and the coffin were around his cold  
form.

In sorrow we followed the hearse as it bore him  
To the silent abode where all living shall dwell ;  
And with deep breathing sighs, as the earth crumbled  
o'er him,  
We murmured a low, a heart breaking farewell.

But calm be his rest in the grave where he's sleep-  
ing,  
And soft be his slumbers beneath the green sod ;  
For a whisper is heard in the midst of our weeping  
That tells of a hope in the mercy of God.

With the gloom of our woe, in pity there's blending  
A soul cheering ray of celestial born light ;  
And Bethlehem's star in its glory ascending  
Breaks forth with sweet beams on the depth of our  
night.

Lo ! hope, as the light of the morning that glances,  
Brings to our wrung bosoms a balmy relief ;  
And time, with its changes as it onward advances,  
Shall hallow his memory while it mellows our  
grief.

## Lines on A. R. Coleman.

STOP as ye pass this early grave—  
The spot demands a tear ;  
For, oh ! the young, the true, the brave,  
Is calmly sleeping here.

Well may the heart's deep fountains flow  
O'er the untimely dead ;  
No nobler heart e'er beat below  
Than his whose spirit's fled.

Unsullied as the morning's skies,  
When breathes sweet summer's breath ;  
All pale and cold in death he lies,  
Yet beautiful in death.

He sleeps in calmness 'neath the sod,  
No stain upon his name ;  
His spirit pure returned to God,  
From whom at first it came.

And as the flow'ret of the field,  
Which perished in its bloom,  
His memory to our hearts shall yield  
Fore'er its sweet perfume.

We saw him in his early shroud,—  
And, oh! what words can tell  
The agonizing griefs which crowd  
In that last, wild farewell!

But though we mourn the one we love,  
Perhaps 'tis better so;  
There is a brighter world above  
Than this dark vale of woe.

'Tis better that the morning wreath  
Of cloud should fade away;  
Than gather from earth's soiling breath  
The stain of later day.

And thus it may far better be  
The young should early die,  
And pass in youthful purity  
Unsullied to the sky.

---

The Heavenly Portion.

RELIGION, 'tis a balm and treasure,  
The purchase of a Saviour's love!  
It fills the mind with constant pleasure,  
It lifts the thoughts to things above!

---

It calms each fear, it soothes each sorrow,  
It smooths our path o'er life's rough sea,  
And brightly gilds the grave's to-morrow  
With joys that may not uttered be.

It pours the oil of consolation  
Into the sorrow stricken soul,  
And lifts in holy adoration  
The heart above the earth's control.

The precious love of Christ revealing,  
It brings a solace to each woe,  
And rises with its wings of healing  
To soothe each grief that man may know.

'Tis manna to the fainting spirit  
And living streams of Elim's shade ; \*  
It throws a Saviour's dying merit  
O'er every wound that sin hath made.

Its grace, unbought, is freely given  
To every contrite sinner's prayer ;  
It opens wide the gate of heaven,  
That all who will may enter there.

Its life reviving boon bestowing,  
Omnipotent from death to save,  
To each, to all, its streams are flowing,  
Exhaustless as the ocean's wave.

---

\* See Exodus.

When over death's dark rolling river  
The spirit wings its awful flight,  
It bids us mark where live forever  
Immortal saints, in glory bright.

In holy confidence unfearing,  
Above the wild tempestuous tide,  
The soul on its strong pinions bearing,  
'Twill land us safe on Canaan's side.

And, oh! the blessed thought consoling,  
Enduring as eternity,—  
While ages endless on are rolling,  
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

---

### Mary at the Cross.

SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING OF MURILLO.

SHE stands beneath the cursed tree,  
And tear drops dim her eye,  
For there hangs one she thought to be  
The lord of earth and sky.

She'd seen at his divine command  
The dead come from the grave;  
The blind ones see, the crippled stand—  
Himself he cannot save.



Alas! for Israel's failing hope  
    Encompassed round with woes ;  
She sees him with no power to ope  
    A pathway through his foes.

Where are the angel legions now,  
    Which ever guard the good,  
While that divine, yet anguished brow,  
    Is bathed in sweat and blood ?

Oh ! is it that the powers of hell  
    And death have triumphed there,  
And o'er the future cast the spell  
    Of blackness and despair ?

It must be so ; yon darkened sky,  
    With an unearthly night,  
Spreads o'er all nature from on high  
    A dark, a fearful blight.

No, woman, no ! hell hath not won ;  
    It is not finished yet—  
For bright will rise to-morrow's sun,  
    Although in clouds it set.

Lo ! that same Jesus, whom ye see  
    In blood and agonies,  
Shall burst death's iron bands, and be  
    Yet lord of earth and skies.

And ye shall see him come again  
 When heaven's wide vault shall ring,  
 And "Worthy is the Lamb that's slain!"  
 Seraphic hosts shall sing.

And, lo! the darkness which hath sealed  
 The heavens in dismal gloom  
 Shall flee, and morning be revealed  
 More bright than Eden's bloom.

He died; but, mighty in his death,  
 His foes to ruin hurled;  
 The utterance of his dying breath  
 Proclaimed a rescued world.

'Tis finished; and that cross they thought  
 The emblem of his shame,  
 Unto a ruined race hath brought  
 Salvation through his name.

---

### The Raising of Lazarus.

**H**ARK to the mourner's plaintive wail!  
 In melancholy flow,  
 It loads Judea's passing gale  
 With utterance of woe.

Two sorrowing sisters there have wept  
A brother's early doom ;  
Who for three days and nights hath slept  
Within his rock-hewn tomb.

But, sisters, wipe your weeping eyes !  
For, lo ! your gloom to cheer,  
The morning star of hope doth rise !  
Your master's step is near !

The master came : the sisters fell  
All prostrate at his feet ;  
Their sobbing accents scarce could tell  
Their grief. But, oh ! how sweet

To pour the voice of their complaint  
Into that willing ear !  
Which ne'er the voice of grief so faint,  
But what it lean'd to hear.

“ Oh ! master, hadst thou but been here,”  
The weeping Mary cried,  
“ Our mournful state far different were—  
Our brother had not died !”

And see, the Lord of glory weeps !  
The tears each other chase  
Adown his cheek. Where Lazarus sleeps  
He bids them show the place.

He bids them roll away the stone ;  
He calleth unto him ;  
Lo ! life's reviving light hath shone  
Within that eye so dim !

Returning color gilds his cheek  
With health's vermilion dye ;  
Like to the roseate tints that streak  
At morn the orient sky.

Once more the purple current breaks  
Afresh, with sudden start,  
And by its quickened tide, awakes  
The beating of that heart.

He bursteth from his caverned rest ;  
Death's bonds are rent in twain ;  
The breath convulsive heaves his breast,  
And Lazarus lives again !

A second time the Lord shall call,  
And life his voice shall give  
To all within their graves ; and all  
Again on earth shall live.

Lord ! when that dreadful day we see,  
When thou shalt death destroy,  
May ours a resurrection be  
Unto eternal joy !

## The Woman of Samaria.

SUGGESTED BY A BUST.

A STRANGER by Samaria's well  
Rested his toil-worn feet,  
Where dense on Sychar's vale there fell  
The beams of noontide heat.

He seemed but some wayfaring man  
To passing stranger's view ;  
For none would pause the face to scan  
Of the unfriendly Jew.

They did not see upon that brow  
Engraved the majesty  
Of him to whom as present now,  
Was all that was to be.

They did not recognize in him  
Whose feet that highway trod,  
The One to whom the seraphim  
Bowed even as to God.

And when from old Samaria's gate  
That heedless woman came,  
He was to her, as there he sat,  
One all unknown to fame.

He asked her for a simple draught  
To cool him in his rest ;  
And, lo ! that thoughtless woman laughed  
At e'en the small request.

It seemed to her a thing so strange,  
A thing entirely new,  
That words with her he should exchange,  
And he a hated Jew.

But greater wonder filled her heart,  
Which might not be controlled,  
As she beheld with sudden start  
Her guilty life unrolled.

Each secret sin she thought concealed,  
By lapse of gliding years,  
Was by that wondrous voice revealed,  
And all the past appears !

She turned aside her head in shame,  
And downcast was her eye ;  
But, lo ! what healing words there came,  
Like light o'er morning sky !

Hope dawned amidst her darkest woe  
With beams divinely sweet ;  
It was as though she heard the flow  
Of streams 'mid summer's heat.

Those words—they told of dying love,  
Of cancelled sin's release ;  
The first faint whispers from above  
Of pardon and of peace !

They told her of those living streams  
Whose waters heal the soul ;  
Whose draught with heavenly potence teems  
To make the wounded whole.

And, oh ! those streams are flowing still,  
Which life eternal give  
Unbought, and whosoever will  
May drink of them and live !

---

◆◆◆

### The Dying Thief.

WHAT meaneth yon collected crowd,  
That surging human tide,  
That darkly rests, like tempest cloud,  
Upon Golgotha's side ?

And who, on the accursed wood,  
Is lifeless hanging now ?  
Methinks, although 'tis stained with blood,  
He wears a god like brow.

Yes ; it is God's anointed One,  
The promised Shiloh sent ;  
The princely heir of David's throne,  
Where God and man were blent.

He came, as it was long foretold  
By holy prophet's word ;  
But Israel, faithless as of old,  
Have crucified their Lord.

And they who sat in Moses' seat  
Mocked in their unbelief ;  
But, oh ! to one the tale how sweet—  
That one the dying thief.

That tale ! it told of answered prayer—  
It told of sins forgiven—  
'Twas as the light rekindled there  
Upon the darkened heaven.

While mitred priests denied their Lord,  
And spurned his meek control,  
That dying thief believed his word—  
His faith hath made him whole.

The pains of death ! he feels them not—  
Its sternest agonies  
Are, as a fleeting dream, forgot  
In view of paradise.



The sinking sun hath sunk to rest,  
The agony is o'er ;  
And in that thief's repentant breast  
Reigns joy forever more.

But through eternity's long day  
He never can forget,  
When Jesus spoke his sins away,  
Ere that last sun had set.

---

♦♦♦

## Religion.

O H ! if religion were untrue,  
How dark would be our world !  
With black despair to close the view,  
And hope in ruins hurled.

Our life is but a point of time,  
How deep surcharged with woe ?  
We bear it, while the truth sublime  
A better life can show.

But prove our hopes of heaven vain,  
How drear the fate of man,  
If we may never live again  
When closed is life's short span !

Our life would but a mockery seem,  
Forever closed in death,  
Sheer vanity's delusive dream,  
That ended with our breath.

Go, bid the breezes cease to blow,  
The waters cease to play ;  
But rend not in this world of woe  
Our hopes of heaven away.

Go, strike the sunlight from the sky,  
And wrap the earth in gloom ;  
But tell us not, when mortals die,  
There's naught beyond the tomb ;

For then, indeed, would be a night  
Which not one star could show,  
To cheer us with its heaven born light,  
While wandering here below.

---

In Memoriam.

SHE sleeps in beauty as the flower ;  
Death's shadows on her rest  
Soft as the tears of April's shower  
Upon that flow'ret's breast.

She sleeps in beauty as the stream  
Beneath the moon's pale light,  
Untroubled as the quiet dream  
Of cloudless summer night.

She sleeps in beauty as the star  
Sleeps on the placid wave,  
When rests upon the deep afar  
The stillness of the grave.

She sleeps in beauty as the lake  
In Alpine valley deep,  
When not the faintest breeze may break  
The quiet of its sleep.

She sleeps as sleeps the zephyr's breath  
On some calm summer even ;  
She sleeps the lasting sleep of death ;  
She sleeps and dreams of heaven.

It is a blest, a heavenly sleep,  
That gathers o'er her brow ;  
Then why should the survivors weep  
When she is happy now ?

She feels no more of earth's distress,  
No more its griefs or fears ;  
Such sleep may call for thankfulness—  
It hath no need of tears.

## The Sea of Time.

THERE is a strong, a mighty tide,  
That rolled in ages gone ;  
And men have lived, and men have died,  
And still that tide flows on.

It passes over dead men's graves  
In its resistless sweep ;  
And far beneath its mountain waves  
Are buried cities deep.

That sea hath many a changing shore—  
For mighty empires rear  
Their heads above its surging roar,  
Then darkly disappear.

Awhile upon its wave they rest,  
Like visions of the night,  
Then sink in its ingulphing breast  
And vanish from the sight.

Yea, all things which the past hath known,  
And all which yet may be,  
Are clasped in the embracing zone  
Of that all circling sea.

And far around the eye may scan  
Its mighty watery world,  
As when upon primeval man  
The wrath of God was hurled.

Oh, mortals! if the name ye'd know  
Of that dread sea sublime,  
Whose waves, unchecked, forever flow,—  
It is the Sea of Time.

Its source was when the stars and sun,  
And earth began to be ;  
Its end, when years shall cease to run  
To dread eternity.



Singing of the Miserere in the Pope's  
Sistine Chapel, at Rome.

**M**ISERERE, miserere ;  
I hear its plaintive flow,  
Like the sigh of autumn through the trees,  
In murmurs soft and low.

Miserere, miserere ;  
It steals the temple through,  
And rises in the swelling dome  
Like mist from morning dew.

Miserere, miserere ;  
Its solemn warbled strain,  
The utterance of a breaking heart  
That yet may not complain.

Miserere, miserere ;  
Its burdened, hearse like air,  
So like the last faint sigh of hope  
When yielding to despair.

Miserere, miserere ;  
'Tis like the mother's mourn  
Above the cold and lifeless form  
Of one whom she hath borne.

Miserere, miserere ;  
'Tis e'en as if the wail  
Of wretched souls fore'er undone  
Was moaning in the gale.

Miserere, miserere ;  
To thee, the Crucified,  
We turn for pardon and for peace ;  
We have no hope beside.

Miserere, miserere ;  
O Son of God ! we plead  
Thou wilt not quench the smouldering flame  
Or break the bruised reed.

Miserere, miserere ;  
Thou man of grief, forgive ;  
Strike from our souls the bonds of guilt  
And bid our spirits live.

Miserere, miserere ;  
Oh ! let our mournful prayer  
Pierce through thy tender ear of love  
And save us from despair.

Miserere, miserere ;  
Thou, mother of our God,  
Oh ! bid thy Son his wrath restrain  
And spare the lifted rod.

Miserere, miserere ;  
Oh ! holy virgin mild,  
Look down, like yon peace beaming star,  
On each repentant child.

Miserere, miserere ;  
Thou seest our bosoms bleed ;  
Thyself of stainless soul,—oh ! hear,  
And for us intercede.

## The Deserted Camp.

“**L**O! there the soldier, rapid architect!  
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once  
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily  
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and  
quarrel  
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams  
Are crowded with new freight; trade stirs and  
hurries!  
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,  
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.”

—*Schiller's Piccolomini.*

---

The place is solitary now—  
A holy stillness reigns;  
Save that upon yon greenwood bough  
The mourning dove complains.

Here sweetest flow'rets have their birth,  
And woo the zephyr's kiss;  
And if there is a spot on earth  
Where quiet broods, 'tis this.



But though such stillness reigns around,  
And peace sighs in the gale,  
Observe yon little rising mound ;  
It tells a different tale.

It tells that here hath war passed by,  
That here its bugles blew,  
And here against the morning sky  
Its streaming banners flew.

That here beneath the forest shade  
The burnished steel was seen,  
Where flashed the warrior's trenchant blade,  
'Mid the embowering green.

The grove—it was a city then—  
And every field around  
Seemed as if crops of armed men  
Were springing from the ground.

Nor yet hath Persia's hosts of war,  
Nor Rome's imperial pride,  
Poured o'er the nations from afar  
A mightier battle tide.

Nor Cannæ nor Pharsalia's field,  
Renowned in days of yore,  
Could horrors more prolific yield  
Than witnessed on our shore.

That mighty tide of war hath rolled  
On like the ocean's wave ;  
And many a stalwart warrior bold  
Hath found a bloody grave.

And here, within this quiet scene,  
The fancy scarce may deem  
That once a mighty host hath been—  
It seems a fearful dream.

It seems a vision of the night  
Had darkly rested here,  
Doomed with the morn's returning light  
In air to disappear.

The vision now hath passed away,  
It meets the gaze no more ;  
And all around doth peace display  
Its charms, and war is o'er.

No more we hear its wild alarms ;  
And that dread army vast  
Hath gone, like Xerxes' world in arms,  
To mingle with the past.

## We Have Not Fallen.

WE have not fallen, though our sun  
Hath darkly set in blood,  
And o'er us dire misfortune rolled  
Its waters as a flood.

The soul that to itself is true  
Will stand erect, sublime,  
And bid defiance to the might  
Of chance, and change, and time.

The ocean wave, whose swelling surge  
Breaks on the rock's rude base,  
Rolls back defeated from the shock,  
Nor leaves the faintest trace.

The fierce, wild onslaught will but prove  
That rock's foundation sure,  
And that its stern, unyielding strength  
Is mighty to endure.

Thus sorrow tries the soul of man ;  
And scenes of deep distress  
Are but the means whereby we know  
Its innate mightiness.

God rules the world in wisdom still,  
And right shall yet prevail ;  
Its final triumph is secure,  
Or God's own truth must fail.

The sun may set in clouds at eve,  
But darkness shall not last ;  
And morning's sun will shine more bright  
E'en for the night that's past.

---

◆◆◆

## Morning and Night.

I HAD a vision of two lovely things,  
Of different aspect were they ; and yet each  
Was beautiful—surpassing beautiful !

The one was as Aurora, when she comes  
Clad in the light of morning ; and her robe  
Was glittering with the sparkling, early dew.  
Flowers sprung beneath her footsteps, and her brow  
Was wreathed as with the rainbow. And there was  
A radiant glory round her, such as oft  
The limner's art throws round some saintly head—  
Bright as the orient skies lit up at dawn.

The fresh'ning breeze played through her flowing  
locks

And sported round her roseate tinted cheeks  
As if its pinions loved to linger there,  
Like butterflies around the fragrance sweet  
Of incense breathing flowers.

The other form

Was of a chastened beauty—e'en such  
As is the evening star at twilight hour ;  
Soft as the shadow of a summer cloud  
Upon the ripening fields. The stars of night  
Were strewn upon her vesture, and the moon,  
Not in its full orb'd round of rays complete,  
But in the crescent wane we sometimes see,  
Beaming like angel's sickle in the sky,  
Was worn in meekness round her pallid brow.

The one was full of promise, life and hope ;  
The other, an emblem of that quietude  
With which the good man sinks into the grave.

---

There is a Shadow on My Heart.

THERE is a shadow on my heart  
The world may never see,  
Whose darkening folds will not depart  
Till life shall cease to be.

I wander through the busy crowd,  
And many pass me there,  
Beholding not the inward cloud  
That blackens with despair.

Men look upon the whitened tomb—  
'Tis fair to outward show  
And beautiful. But, oh! the gloom  
Deep in the vault below!

And thus the brow may calmness wear,  
Nor yet the eye reveal  
The inward, deep, untold despair  
That calmness would conceal.

Back, tears unwonted, to your cell,  
At reason's stern control;  
Your welling may not rise to tell  
The iron in the soul.

Back, tell tale messengers, again  
Unto your charnel deep;  
And there alone, in darkness reign,  
And all unheeded, weep.

Oh! why from others seek relief,  
Or make complaining moan?  
The heedless world would mock thy grief—  
Break, aching heart, alone.

Yes, men would only jeer at thee,  
And deem thine fancied woe,  
And breathe no sign of sympathy  
For grief they cannot know.

But, oh ! it is not fancied woe—  
'Tis but too real gloom,  
That o'er my path through life must throw  
The shadows of the tomb.

---

Give me Music.

GIVE me music—for my soul  
Is shaded with a cloud of grief;  
Storms of sorrow o'er me roll,  
And only music gives relief.

My sky is covered o'er with gloom,  
No sun nor star doth there appear;  
And darkly o'er my pathway loom  
The shadows of the sepulchre.

Give me music—let its strain  
Fall on my ear in measures sweet,  
Like to the blest, reviving rain,  
On arid plain mid summer's heat.

Give me music—it can charm  
 Away the spectre of despair ;  
 The demon in the soul disarm,  
 Which else would reign in darkness there.

Give me music—it can lend  
 To deepest gloom a hope lit ray ;  
 'Twill break the bands of grief, and send  
 The soul rejoicing on its way.

Give me music—let it thrill  
 In melting murmurs through my breast,  
 Soft as the dews of eve distil  
 On earth, when sinks the sun to rest.

—♦♦—

### On Adversity.

O H! chide not sorrow, though 'tis hard  
 Its chastening to endure ;  
 For 'tis a means God oft employs  
 To make the spirit pure.

So deep upon the soul of man  
 Hath sin infixed its stain,  
 That to erase it thence, the nerves  
 Must quiver with the pain.



Oh! were the heavens above to show  
Alone a cloudless sky,  
The fairest flowers that ever bloomed  
Would wither, droop and die.

And thus the wayward human heart  
Must have its griefs and fears ;  
Its brightest virtues only spring  
When watered by our tears.

For where were human sympathy,  
If we could never know,  
By our experience, what it were  
To drain the cup of woe ?

And were there naught but happy smiles  
And gladness on the earth,  
Each blessed deed of charity  
Would perish ere its birth.

Did all the courses of our lives  
In oily smoothness run,  
'Twere scarce submission to the Lord  
To say, " Thy will be done."

And where were then the manly will  
To struggle 'gainst the tide,  
If without help of sail or oar  
The ship the waves could ride ?

Oh! were it not that shades of eve  
Have dimmed the concave blue,  
We ne'er had known those worlds of light  
Which night reveals to view.

The dread expanse above had been  
A thought untravelled sea ;  
Unknown those mighty flaming orbs  
Which fill immensity.

In vain, in vain, for mortal ken  
Those distant orbs had shone ;  
Not even Newton's mighty mind  
More than one sun had known.

And thus it is that adverse hours  
The human soul lays bare,  
And shows the dread, tremendous powers  
We never dreamed of there.

Lo ! if our life were one of ease,  
From care forever free,  
We could not ever tell how sweet  
E'en joy itself might be.

For morn of joy will brighter shine  
Relieved by sorrow's night,  
As shadows on the canvas make  
The brighter hues more bright.

## Invitation to the Departed.

O H ! I am lonely now ;  
I miss the gentle pressure of thy hand  
Upon the burning fever of my brow,  
Like heaven's sweet dew upon the desert sand,  
Shedding reviving moisture on the sun parched land.

I should not be alone  
If thou, dear one, wert not amongst the dead ;  
But solitary now, I make my moan,  
And my sad, lonely heart will not be comforted.

But if the spirit e'er  
May hover round each recollected scene,  
Revisiting again the darkened sphere  
In which its brightness hath enshrouded been,  
As vesper's light is veiled by gathering clouds at  
even,

Then, dear one, come to me ;  
But not encircled in thy gloomy shroud ;  
Come with the health bloom that was wont  
to be  
Suffused upon thy cheek, as yon bright cloud  
On the horizon where the western heavens are  
bowed.

Oh! come to me at eve,  
When for each flower that blooms along the vale,  
The softened moonbeams silvery garments  
weave,  
Oh! then come softly as the down doth sail  
Upon the dove like pinions of the gentle gale.

Oh! come amidst the night,  
When dark its curtain droops on earth below,  
Or when pale Luna with her chastened light,  
May o'er the world her gauze like mantle throw;  
For me thy coming would be morning's brightest glow.

And shouldst thou be as air,  
Or as the mists that rise from yonder stream,  
'Twill cheer the darkness of my soul's despair,  
E'en though thy shade should all unreal seem,  
Like unsubstantial shadow of a flitting dream.

Alas! it may not be;  
'Twould give thy happy spirit too much pain,  
Once more this darkened prison house to see,  
Where groan responsive sounds to groan again—  
Its sorrows but too true, its joys illusive, vain.

But I may go to thee,  
In those blest realms above yon star lit sky,  
Where, with angelic pinions waving free,  
We'll roam forever through the worlds on high,  
In rapturous life that knows not what it is to die.

## Hannibal on the Alps.

I SAW the Afric chieftain stand  
Upon the Alpine height,  
And gaze intently on the land  
Which owned the Roman's might.

Before him, with its wealth and pride,  
The fair Ausonia lay,  
Adorned in beauty as a bride  
Upon her nuptial day.

Her skies were clear, her waters still,  
And softly sighed the gale ;  
Peace sat upon each vine clad hill,  
And plenty filled each vale.

But, oh ! o'er his prophetic soul  
What different visions came !  
He saw her streams with slaughter roll,  
Her cities wrapped in flame.

Ticinus broke upon his view,  
And Trebia's fatal shore,  
Where many a chilled battalion knew  
Life's kindling warmth no more.

Dread Thrasymenes was dark revealed  
By morning mists o'erspread,  
And awful Cannæ's burdened field  
Piled with the mounds of dead.

Enough! enough! Roll up the view—  
He saw the debt of years,  
To Carthage and to vengeance due,  
Discharged in blood and tears.

Enough! his soul would see no more—  
Well is the oath obeyed,  
Which at his sire's command he swore—  
Nor mercy checked his blade.

Roll up the view—no further show  
The dark designs of fate,  
Nor point to Zama's field of woe,  
And Carthage desolate.

Oh! let him see the coming hour  
With hope triumphant bright;  
But veil the after clouds that lower,  
In mercy from his sight.

Point not to far Bythinia's land,  
The witness of his doom—  
To that inhospitable strand  
Marked by the exile's tomb.

## Midnight Musings.

IT is a balmy summer night, and still ;  
The gentle breeze is stealing o'er the earth ;  
I hear its harping on the pine clad hill,  
Sighing like visitant of heavenly birth,

Whose softened accents whisper words of peace,  
As with a dream like voice to one asleep,  
And bid the jarring strifes of men to cease,  
Like the subsiding of the stormy deep.

The moon's pale sickle glimmers in the sky  
Far o'er the summit of yon mountain's crest ;  
And the unnumbered stars that beam on high  
Are sweetly shining on a world at rest.

It is a calm, a contemplative hour,  
When naught disturbs the soul's imaginings ;  
And thoughts, piled up on thoughts, sublimely tower  
Higher than e'er was reached by eaglet's wings.

Now, oh ! how vain appear all things below !  
The pride and pomp of mightiest empires vain !  
E'en earth's vast orb, and all it can bestow,  
Seem like a drop in the unbounded main ;



The aspiring spirit spurns the weak control  
That binds its pinions to this earthly clod,  
And far beyond, where mightiest tempests roll,  
Seeks for its home above the stars of God.

'Twas thus the apostle of the Gentiles, caught  
Up to the seventh heaven's world of light,  
Saw realms of glory with effulgence fraught,  
Such as might not be borne by mortal sight.

Oh ! there are thoughts that may not uttered be,  
Whose import, deep, no language may portray,  
Which, in the depths of dread immensity,  
E'en like the vanished Pleiad, fade away,

And go to wander in a void unknown,  
Far, far beyond the piercing gaze of men,  
Where light of solar ray hath never shone—  
Beyond, perhaps, the mightiest angel's ken.

To one whose spirit is attuned aright,  
There is a music in the rolling spheres ;  
And solemn strains, borne on the wings of night,  
Peal the triumphant march of onward years.

The ages which are past and yet to be,  
In dread unending series, come and go,  
Like mighty rivers rolling to the sea,  
Or tramping legions shaking earth below.



And on, still on, the conquering decades press,  
Before whose charge step mightiest empires fall,  
Till earth and stars shall shrink to nothingness,  
And sun grow dim, and God be all in all.

---

### The Last Sigh of the Moor.

There is a mountain whence Boabdil, the last Moorish monarch of Granada, is said to have taken his farewell look at the kingdom wrested from him by the army of Ferdinand and Isabella. This spot is still called the place of the last sigh of the Moor. Xenil is a river flowing by Granada.

THE sparkling wave of Xenil flowed,  
And smiled in morning's light;  
Granada's lofty turrets glowed  
Upon the monarch's sight.

He'd battled for Granada long,  
And held the foe at bay;  
But proved the Christian might too strong,  
And he must now away!

No more his feet must tread the floor  
Of his ancestral hall,  
And he the earth must wander o'er,  
An exile from its wall.

The glory of Alhambra's dome  
Must flash on other eyes;  
And he must find a distant home  
'Neath unaccustomed skies.

He paused upon the mountain's height;  
He gazed. The look, his last!  
And tears that dimmed his aching sight  
Came pouring thick and fast.

For the last time he gazed upon  
Where he was wont to dwell;  
His bosom heaved a deep wrung groan—  
He breathed a last farewell!

There were the lovely scenes that smiled  
Upon his youthful heart,  
When he in years was but a child—  
And must he now depart?

There were the halls where he had reigned  
In flush of manhood's pride;  
The cross gleamed where the crescent waved—  
His heart within him died.

He paused; he looked; he breathed a sigh:  
The winds of heaven bore  
Aloft into the clear blue sky  
The last sigh of the Moor.

## Alas! it is not Always Gay.

ALAS! it is not always gay  
And fair as Eden's bowers;  
December will succeed to May,  
And withered weeds to flowers.

O'er youth will Hope its halo throw  
Bright as the skies of even;  
But, oh! it fades as twilight's glow  
Upon the brow of heaven.

Oft to our gaze the skies unfold  
Rocks, trees, and cities proud;  
We enter them, and lo, behold,  
'Tis all but mist and cloud!

And thus unreal are the dreams  
Of life to youthful eyes;  
As beautiful, as bright they seem  
As those illusive skies.

A glory, as of morn, will rest  
Upon the coming years;  
But, oh! when of those years possessed  
The glory disappears.

## Threnody.

THE last adieu is spoken now,  
And I from thee must part;  
Death's shadow is upon thy brow—  
Its gloom upon my heart.

Forever closed are those dear eyes,  
Thy smile no more I'll see;  
And dark on earth the future lies—  
A dreary waste to me.

I am as the complaining dove,  
Forsaken and alone,  
That calleth for its absent love  
In wild and plaintive tone.

But, oh! that dove no more will find  
On earth its perished mate;  
And I, to equal woe consigned,  
Like it, must bear my fate.

No more on earth thy voice will come  
To cheer my hours of gloom;  
For thou hast found thy last long home  
In the enshrouding tomb.

My footsteps tread our vacant hall,  
Ah, once how bright and fair !  
The shadow of thy funeral pall  
Alone now lingers there.

As busy memory wanders through  
The scenes of happier years,  
My heart grows liquid at the view,  
And pours itself in tears.

But though thou art within thy grave,  
My broken heart must say,  
Blessed be the righteous Lord who gave,  
E'en when he takes away.

And, oh ! what consolation sweet  
To my sad heart is given,  
To think that though on earth we'll meet  
No more, we'll meet in heaven !

And, oh ! if from the eternal sphere  
Of joy and purity,  
Unseen, thy shade may hover near,  
My guardian spirit be.

And when my soul shall wing its flight  
From earth and heavenward rise,  
Thyself, an angel, lead in light  
My pathway to the skies.

## There Never yet was Stormy Cloud.

THERE never yet was stormy cloud  
That did not pass away ;  
Or night arrayed in sable shroud,  
That did not yield to day.

And thus the sorrows dark, that loom  
In deep'ning shades of wrath,  
Shall be dispersed, and joy illumine,  
With bright'ning smiles, our path.

Upon its folds the storm doth wear  
Its glorious arch of light ;  
And dark'ning skies of evening bear  
The thousand stars of night.

And thus, amid our deepest woe,  
There gleams a heavenly ray.  
No path so lone but what there grow  
Sweet flowers upon the way.

---

### Stanzas.

SOFT blow, thou breeze, on the breast of the  
blossom,  
Where, sweet on the boughs of the wild cherry tree  
It unfolds to the morning its snowy white bosom,  
And blooms in its glory o'er Eva and me.

---

Fair spring, ye violets, by the stream flowing,  
    Unclosing to light your sweet petals of blue,  
Like the tears of the rainbow, in beauty bestrewing  
    The earth as ye glitter in bright morning dew.

Sing on, ye birdlings, your carols rejoicing,  
    And murmur, ye bees, mid the apple trees' bloom ;  
'Tis the music of love in your gladness you're  
    voicing,  
    And the soft sigh of love wakes the flow'rets' per-  
    fume.

'Tis the warm breath of love that unchains the bright  
    fountains,  
    And bids their clear waters in murmurs to flow ;  
'Tis love that arrays in their verdure the mountains,  
    And sprinkles with daisies the vales lying low.

Love reigneth on earth and love reigneth in heaven,  
    O'er mortals below and o'er angels above ;  
And the purest of raptures God e'er hath given,  
    On earth or in heaven, are the raptures of love.

## In Solitaire.

I AM on earth alone ! No human eye  
Bends on me now its look of tenderness ;  
But unfamiliar forms are passing by,  
All heedless of my bosom's deep distress.

There are bright glances ; laughter, pealing loud,  
And the sweet smiles of happiness I see  
Mantling each cheek with joy. But, oh ! a cloud—  
A dark, a gloomy cloud—frowns over me.

Dive down, ye griefs, into my bosom's deep ;  
Ye have no business in a world of joy.  
There in that charnel vault forever sleep ;  
Why should ye others' happiness annoy ?

We hide the loathsome corpse away from sight  
In the dark chambers of the sepulchre ;  
And it is only mid the gloom of night  
The pale, foreboding spectre dare appear.

Then cease, mine eye, to drop the briny tear ;  
And ye, my bosom, only inward groan ;  
And let my spirit's deep despair appear  
To the all piercing eye of God alone.



## Loneliness.

O H ! for a kindred spirit, who might be  
E'en as a second self—an image bright  
Reflected to my gaze, where I might see  
Depicted in true colors every light  
And shadow of my soul—whose sight  
Would be as if I looked into the wave  
Where placid waters to repose invite ;  
As if Heaven's bounty to my bosom gave  
A severed self to meet beyond the grave.

I am on earth alone. There is no heart  
Whose pulses beat in unison with mine.  
I wander lonely through the busy mart  
Of mighty cities, where all realms combine  
To swell the human tide from lands where shine  
The tropic suns, and from the arctic zone,  
Round whose rude cliffs the snow wreaths e'er en-  
twine ;  
And solitary still I make my moan.  
I know no kindred heart ; I am alone, alone.

I am mid strangers on my native earth,  
I do not understand their forms of speech,  
Though I have heard their accents from my birth ;  
I cannot learn their meaning, nor can teach

To them mine own. We are beyond the reach  
Of mutual comprehension, and the tone  
Of social converse seems as if the breach  
Of ocean yawned between us. All unknown  
And foreign is their accent. Oh, I am alone!

There is no answering echo to the strain  
Of heavenly music which my bosom fills.  
No heart responsive gives me back again  
The pealing anthem's swelling note which thrills  
My soul. No human sympathy distils,  
As the sweet dew upon my heart's unrest,  
A healing balm for all the varied ills  
With which at times my spirit is possessed,  
E'en as wild, troubled waters surging in the  
breast.

And as the desert bird, whose view to bless  
No tree nor flow'ret blooms far o'er the ground,  
Save where the date palm waves in loneliness,  
Rendering the solitude but more profound,  
I dwell amid a peopled solitude  
In utter listlessness. Unmoved I see  
The empty hopes and fears which there intrude.  
Those hopes and fears are meaningless to me ;  
They are but as the feeble echoes thrown  
From some far distant cliff. I am alone !

## Free Translation from Horace.

THIRTIETH ODE, THIRTY-THIRD BOOK.

SO, it is finished now, the mighty task  
That Heaven has laid upon me is fulfilled ;  
The tempest hath passed o'er me, and I bask  
In the calm sunlight, and the waves are stilled.

Oh ! I have had such visions, dread, sublime,  
That shook the soul as with an earthquake shock,  
And thoughts that far transcend the bounds of time,  
Swelling like waves upon the ocean rock.

And I have sent forth on the viewless wind,  
My spells and my enchantment with a power  
The mightiest spirits of mankind to bind,  
With their weird influence, to earth's latest hour.

And I have reared a mightier monument  
Than ever yet was built of bronze or stone.  
When Rome's proud columns shall, in ruin blent,  
Fall crumbling to the dust unmarked, unknown,

My name shall live on undiscovered shores  
Where Roman eagles never yet were seen,  
Beyond where the Atlantic billow roars,  
Farther than e'er Phœnician keel hath been.

The day shall come, the dread, avenging day,  
When barbarous chiefs shall spurn the Cæsar's  
pride,  
When Rome's triumphal arches shall decay,  
And conquering foemen camp on Tiber's side.

But, oh ! around the poet's deathless name  
Are wreathed the garlands which shall never fade,  
But in their freshness shall remain the same  
Through time's long lingering decades undecayed.















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 115 732 6