



JOHN  
GRAHAM'S

PS 2169  
.K26  
Copy 1



Emile M Kiehl

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. *PS 2169* Copyright No. ....

*Shelf . K 26*

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









GOLDEN GRAINS.









Emily J. Kiehl

c. 5571 B.

# GOLDEN GRAINS.

BY

EMILIE M. KIEHL.

"



PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1871.

PS2169

.K26

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

---

TO

ONE

WHOSE TRUTH AND  
GOODNESS HAVE HELPED TO  
MAINTAIN THROUGH MANY DARK HOURS MY  
FAITH IN HUMANITY, AND WHOSE PARTIAL JUDGMENT HAS  
INSPIRED ME TO THE COLLECTION OF MY  
ATTEMPTS AT COMMUNION WITH  
THE UNIVERSAL HEART,

I Dedicate this Volume.

I\*

(v)



## P R E F A C E.

---

KIND friends, "I have turned over many books," and within "the books and volume of my brain" could find no fitting title, unless I forged one. In blind despair I seized on Webster, and pored his pages o'er and o'er, from Alpha to Omega, and then them backwards turned, seeking "a title with charms in it, whose title more." At last methought to be brief, and "have no name,—no title," dreaming all the while that "title-leaves foretell the nature," when, on a sudden, "Grains" crossed my vision, and as quick as thought I wrote it down in "ebon-colored ink," and "sealed this title with a loving kiss;" then showed it to a friend, who, smiling, said that "Grains" were dry, and added "Golden" to please my vanity; and so it did,—that's all.

E. K.





# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
Memory . . . . .	11
Day-Dreams . . . . .	12
Love's Wishes . . . . .	14
The Little Coupé . . . . .	16
A Cat . . . . .	18
A Wayside Flower . . . . .	21
On the Death of a Lady Friend . . . . .	24
Reflections . . . . .	26
Welcome the Veterans ! . . . . .	27
I should ask but to learn to Forget . . . . .	30
The Maiden's Dream . . . . .	32
I am Weeping Alone . . . . .	34
To Grandma . . . . .	35
Dedicated to my Esteemed Friend Nathaniel Kirk Richardson.	38
An Address . . . . .	40
A Mother's Love . . . . .	42
Old! . . . . .	43
The Beautiful French Play of " Fernande." Done in Verse . . . . .	45
Lines written on a well-known Summer Resort in New Jersey . . . . .	54
Changes . . . . .	56
The Forsaken . . . . .	58
Music . . . . .	60

	PAGE
Is it a Sin to love Thee? . . . . .	61
On President Johnson's Inaugural Visit to Philadelphia . . . . .	63
On Visiting the Grave of Stephen A. Douglas . . . . .	65
Friendship . . . . .	66
Contentment . . . . .	67
On the Color of Eyes . . . . .	68
The Old Gentleman's Reply . . . . .	69
She has just come from School . . . . .	71
The Dying Girl to her Mother . . . . .	73
The Drunkard's Wife . . . . .	75
Quotations . . . . .	77
Drifting . . . . .	80

## MEMORY.

THOUGH severed the links  
That bind friendship together,  
And scattered the leaves  
Of affection forever ;  
Yet there are memories  
We cannot erase,  
They cling like the odor  
Round the old shattered vase ;  
“ Their beauty has gone,  
Their sweetness is fled ;  
But memory *will* gather  
The leaves that are dead.”

## DAY - DREAMS.

OH, would that life were dreaming,  
And sleep might come at will,  
What hopes, what joys, we'd conjure !  
Of earth's pleasures drink our fill !

We'd need no bygone stories  
From Tradition's mystic lore ;  
But fancy, playful fancy—  
On *her* wings we'd dream and soar.

To walk through fields Elysian,  
Through flowery meads to rove,  
To have all earth a Heaven,  
And all that heaven love.

To make a home we'd hope for  
An Eden so complete,  
That angels well might envy  
So peaceful a retreat !

To have affection purer,  
Our friends just what they *seem*;  
To weave for them a new world,  
Is what it is—to dream.

E'en the child with tiny sail-boat,  
As it floats on mimic stream,  
In fancy builds a giant ship—  
Ay! the child, too, has his dream!

Oh, waking hours! flit by, then;  
Let no dark clouds intervene  
To dim the golden sunlight  
Of our happy, bright day-dream.

## LOVE'S WISHES.

I WOULD that I were a dear little bird,  
My nest I would build—let me see—  
In the folds of thy love, that I ever might sing  
Sweet songs set to music for thee.

Oh, I'd be but a tiny wild flower  
To bloom on a far distant lea,  
Could I but flood with my sweetness thy heart,  
And bloom—ever bloom but for thee.

The soft, sighing zephyrs that pass o'er thy brow  
Are even more favored than me,  
For they whisper sweet hopes that kiss thee asleep—  
Ah, would I were they, but for thee !

The blue-vaulted dome with its silvery rays,  
Or its ripples of gold, are to me  
A speck in its space compared to the light  
Of a smile only coming from thee.

But vain are my dreams,—delusive the thought  
Of what had fate willed I might be,—  
We must part, and each wave on the broad sea of life  
Drifts me farther—still farther from thee.

## THE LITTLE COUPÉ.

We all of us love, as we journey along,  
To recall happy hours passed away ;  
The sweetest to me in old memories' link  
Was a ride in a little Coupé !

Years have passed o'er, yet my heart beats as high  
With the hopes and the joys of that day,  
As when Rosie and I started out for a drive  
In this jolly sweet little Coupé !

I asked her what pleasure on earth she loved best ;  
Faintly trying to keep me at bay,—  
She answered,—I hear her,—in tones sweetly low,  
“ Why, a ride—in a little Coupé ! ”

So timid she blushed at each word that I said,  
It encouraged my powers to full play ;  
I implored her to trust in my love, and she'd live  
Her life out—in a little Coupé !



But Rosie now rides in a gay coach and four,  
And has long since forgotten that day ;  
Yet I'd give half my life to live over again  
That ride in the little Coupé !

## A C A T !

PUSS, I'm sure, is friendly,  
She's very harmless, too ;  
Yet it seems, with all these graces,  
Her friends are very few.

She is driven out of doors,  
In winter's snow and sleet,  
To seek her food and shelter  
In the cold and open street !

Yet unsightly dogs lie snugly  
On the velvet rug, before  
A blazing fire, while Tabby  
Is driven from the door.

It surely is much prettier,  
On a cozy rug or mat,  
To watch the graceful poses  
Of a nice old family cat.

To sit and darn the stockings,  
And talk of this and that,  
While pussy warmly at our feet  
Lies sleeping on the mat.

To draw the shutters closely,  
To stir the open fire,  
And listen to the storm without  
As its fury rises higher.

While dear old grandsire tells the while  
Of how ofttimes, forsooth,  
He braved a fiercer storm than this  
When wellnigh past his youth.

And grandma catching up the strain,  
Forgets her threescore years,  
And gayly helps the story through,  
Her old eyes lit with tears.

The darling of their aged hearts,  
Quite lost to all this din,  
Is summing up obtuse accounts,  
Which may or may not win.

And pussy, dear old pussy,  
With her coat so soft and warm,  
Is purring in her gratitude,—  
I'm sure she does no harm.

She only helps the picture,—  
You may say my taste is flat,—  
But home is not complete to me  
Without a nice old cat.

A WAYSIDE FLOWER.

IN a cottage neat and lowly,  
Far removed from pomp or pride,  
Near the margin of a river,  
Placid ever in its tide,

Dwelt an humble little flower,  
So distant and alone,  
No weeds had ever entered  
Its quiet, peaceful home.

It budded, bloomed, and blossomed,  
Unnoticed and unknown,  
Ah! happy in this Eden,  
As a monarch on his throne.

There may be fairer flowers  
Than the little gem I knew ;  
Their breath as sweet, as fragrant,  
Their tints as fine a hue ;

But to *me* this wayside flower  
Seemed more modest than the rest ;  
Of all I'd ever looked on,  
*It* was brightest, purest, best.

But the fates that made it lovely  
Transplanted it too soon ;  
It withered in its freshness  
Like a rose in early June.

None noted it was sinking,  
For strangers' eyes are cold ;  
Who'd care to know its sufferings,  
Had it e'en the story told ?

'Tis strange that in a garden,  
'Mid so many sheltering bowers,  
Some plants should die and wither  
In the golden summer hours !

'Tis this,—that every nature,  
So differently is made,  
While some must bloom in sunshine,  
As many live in shade.

Kind destiny, for some of us,  
Selects the proper bower ;  
On some she cruelly bestows  
The wild world for a dower.

Well, no matter now, 'tis over ;  
The last good-by is said ;  
She is kissing roots of daisies  
In her lowly little bed.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY FRIEND.

'Twas in the early morning of a golden  
Autumn day that I stood beside her  
Death-bed.

The earth was bathed in all the warmth  
And glory of an unclouded sun";  
Yet angels were fast kissing her pure  
Breath away, to waft it to a clime more  
Genial for so frail a flower.

Her wasted hands were clasped in holy resignation ;  
Her glossy curls, in their disheveled loveliness,  
Shaded her sunken brow ;

While her dark, lustrous eyes, as though  
Seeking her Saviour, were upward turned in  
Prayer.

Her words were voiceless, for, on the confines  
Of that ether world, Prayer is the silent  
Sympathy of soul with soul.



Her spirit passed out ere the noon of that day ;  
Serene in life's morning and beauty she lay.  
And I fervently prayed, as I watched her repose,  
That my journey might be as calm at its close.

## REFLECTIONS.

WHO does not love to brood above a lowly  
And unnoticed grave? unnoticed that no  
Monumental pile is reared to show that  
He who rests beneath had wealth, or,  
What the world terms popularity,  
But only modest daisies, mingling with a  
Few joyous buttercups, gamble in the wanton  
Wind. We stand, and, wondering, ask, What  
Was his history? his name? Where the  
Home of him who sleeps so tranquilly,  
So unobtrusively has passed away?  
Then comes reflection—sober and good;  
Refreshing and instructive;  
We leave the spot purer and better;  
Filled with feelings no stately pyramid,  
No gilded epitaph, ever could inspire.

## WELCOME THE VETERANS!

WRITTEN ON THE RETURN OF THE FIRST TROOPS TO PHILADELPHIA AT THE CLOSE OF THE REBELLION, IN JUNE, 1865.

WELCOME the veterans! welcome them home!  
Greet them with cheers! from spire and dome  
Unfurl to the breeze our proud emblem of might,  
Whose motto is equity! freedom! and right!

Welcome the heroes! give them a place  
In the hearth of your hearts; they have  
Blotted disgrace from a nation, whose pride  
Was a *freedom*, which *slavery* always denied!

Give them a welcome! their slender ranks tell  
Of the heroes who fought, and the heroes who fell;  
Scarred and defaced, their beauty we see  
In the bravery of hearts that bled to be free!

Welcome them home with music and song;  
Let the merry bells peal loud and long!  
Shout to the winds in this happy hour,  
We are saved! *twice* saved, from despotic power!

Bind on their brows the chaplets of fame !  
Honor them, love them, give to their name  
The praise that is due,—it was purchased with blood ;  
Shower on them blessings and everything good !

Weep for the martyrs who fell in the strife,  
Pierced, torn, and bleeding, to give liberty life :  
Their memories will live, their deeds are engraven  
On a monument reared as lofty as heaven !

Welcome the veterans on land and on sea ;  
All nature is glad with the wild jubilee !  
The little songsters with silken plumes  
Are filling the air with their sweetest tunes !

The zephyrs are wafting a sweet perfume  
From the fragrant roses of early June ;  
On the limpid breast of the silvery stream  
The golden sheaves in the sunlight gleam.

The storm-clouds have past, on the far vaulted blue  
The rainbow's ascension enchanted we view ;  
The Eagle its staff proudly bears as of old,  
Conscious of one more star on its fold !

Then hail to the heroes who earned us this boon !  
Their steady march was the traitor's doom !

Their well-aimed blows at treason hurled,  
Places us in the foremost ranks of the world !

Welcome the veterans, welcome them home !  
Greet them with cheers ! from spire and dome  
The Union banner unfurl once more,  
Our interests are joint as in days of yore.

Rejoice ! oh, rejoice ! while the drums loudly beat,  
And our hearts keep tune to the tramping feet ;  
We can sing the *old song*—no power can sever  
The Union now, or the Union forever !

I SHOULD ASK BUT TO LEARN  
TO FORGET.

WHY must my heart ever sigh?  
Will destiny never more smile?  
What charm may lull memory to sleep?  
What power soothe sorrow like mine?  
I should ask but to learn to forget  
Every joy the past could impart;  
Forgetfulness only can cheer  
This lonely, this desolate heart.

Why must my heart ever sigh?  
Are shadows alone my decree?  
Did the stars or the sunlight grow dim  
When they tendered their welcome to me?  
I should ask but to learn to forget  
Every joy the past could impart;  
Forgetfulness only can cheer  
This lonely, this desolate heart.

Why must my heart ever sigh?  
Has every hope withered so soon?

Why do weeds poison out the bright flowers  
That blossom on memories' tomb?  
I should ask but to learn to forget  
Every joy the past could impart ;  
Forgetfulness only can cheer  
This lonely, this desolate heart.

Why must my heart ever sigh?  
What charm may lull memory to sleep?  
Recollection grows stronger with time,  
And still in my sorrow I weep.  
I should ask but to learn to forget  
Every joy the past could impart ;  
Forgetfulness only can cheer  
This lonely, this desolate heart.

## THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

A YOUNG maid sat at the twilight hour  
Dreaming of love in her rosy bower ;  
Weaving in fancy a future state,  
When no more, like the present, she'd watch and wait.  
With the loved of her heart ever side by side,  
Down the river of life would sweetly glide.  
No tempests were dreaded, no clouds were seen,  
Through the silvery lining of this bright dream.

The golden hour of that happy day,  
Waited and watched for, had passed away  
Ere yet the noon of her life had sped.  
Wrecked and alone—ah, better dead !  
On the great broad ocean, where she'd launched for a  
ride,  
She was drifting now with the merciless tide.

Was the bark too frail ? I hear you ask,  
Or the journey she sought such a difficult task ?  
No ; the bark *was* stout—but not fashioned well,  
Every sail was wrong—ay, the veriest cell



That contained the minutest part of the freight,  
Was coarse and unfinished in kind or weight.

Heaven help her now—she is far away  
From the sailing-point of that early day !  
No backward steering on this rude stream,—  
Its course is sure,—and this is her dream :  
She is watching and waiting the same as of old,  
But not for the fate so sadly told ;  
She is watching and waiting the promised hour  
When she'll anchor at last in *eternity's bower* !

## I AM WEeping ALONE.

I AM weeping alone, no heart beats for me,  
Drear is my course over life's troubled sea ;  
Friendship to a desolate one is unknown,  
Sad and forsaken, I'm sighing alone.  
No one to care where, or what, I may be,  
None in this callous world thinking of me ;  
Weary of life, ever praying to die,  
Lonely, all lonely—each breath is a sigh.

I am weeping alone, no heart beats for me,  
I must sigh, even sigh, for the joys that I see ;  
Ah ! to feel once loving arms 'round me thrown,  
Once,—but my fate is to journey alone.  
I am weeping alone, no heart beats for me,  
Oh, that my soul from its tie could be free !  
Weary of life, ever praying to die,  
Lonely, all lonely—each breath is a sigh.

TO GRANDMA.

GRANDMA, I'm tired, please take me to bed,  
I'm so sleepy I've heard scarce a word you have said ;  
I know that you love me, for often you say  
I'm the joy of your life when you see me at play.  
But why do you cry when we sing the last hymn ?  
Does the smoke from the grate make Grandma's eyes  
dim ?

I was dreaming last night of that beautiful land  
Where papa and mamma with our Saviour now stand ;  
And Heavenly Father called Grandma so plain  
I awakened, and kissed you again and again !  
You say that I'm good, and beautiful, too,  
But you tell me some day I shall look just like you !

Will my long flowing curls, dark, you say, as the  
night,  
Be like yours, Grandma, so thin and so white ?  
And my eyes, like the sky in their color, you say,  
Will they look, when I'm old, like your own, dim and  
gray ?

And shall I, too, be feeble, scarce able to walk,  
 And tremble like Grandma, when trying to talk ?  
 Will a loving grand-daughter, a fond one like me,  
 Kneel at twilight in prayer, as I, at *your* knee ?  
 Oh, Grandma ! don't tell me that soon you must die  
 And join mamma and papa away up in the sky ;  
 For what should I do in this great world I see,  
 With no one to care for, and none to love me ?

Who is this *other* you tell me will come  
 To lead me through life when your journey is done ?  
 I never shall love anybody like you !  
 For who, in this world, is so good and so true ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas, little darling ! her innocent heart  
 Thinks the sorrow of life is from Grandma to part.  
 The time will soon come—for it comes to us all—  
 When the leaf of the spring wears the hue of the  
 fall ;

When the russets of autumn with sober tints fling  
 Their shadowy folds o'er the hopes of the spring.  
 Not the grave, as it mantles the loved from our sight,  
 Is the sorrow that kills. There's a bitterer blight  
 Than the last farewell spoken—the ties death may  
 sever

Are joys, to the griefs that may live on forever ;

Friendships betrayed, affections grown cold,  
The iron that enters the soul ere we're old,—  
*These* may be, poor child, your portion to wed,  
In the long countless years after Grandma is dead !

DEDICATED TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND  
NATHANIEL KIRK RICHARDSON.

LIFE'S fevered dream is ended ;  
In thy lowly bed of peace,  
Love pleadings may not reach thee,  
To bid thy slumbers cease.

The garlands that in boyhood  
Ambition earned so well,  
Exotic sweetness lingers  
Round the hopes their perfumes tell.

The laurels of thy riper years  
Have wreathed around thy name  
A sweeter, dearer chaplet,  
Than the evergreen of fame !

Thou hast gone from hearts that loved thee,  
Gone from the tender care  
Of her who taught in early years  
Thy knee to bend in prayer.

Gone from the hearts of friendship,  
Gone in thy morning pride ;  
Gone from the fond and trusting love  
Of thy newly-wedded bride.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweet be thy rest in that Eden above,  
Thou hast gone to the One who is mercy and love.  
Why should we weep ? thou art free from all care,  
For no sorrow nor partings can ever come there !

## AN ADDRESS

WRITTEN FOR THE PURPOSE OF EXPLAINING THE OBJECT OF AN  
ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN AT CONCERT HALL, ON THE EVENING  
OF MARCH 12, 1866. RECITED BY EMILIE KIEHL.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I beg leave to thank you, in behalf  
of the teachers of the Fifteenth Section, for your kind  
appreciation of our feeble endeavors to entertain you  
this evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our task has simply been to entertain.  
We know our powers are feeble, but our aim  
Is not to win renown, or chase the bubble fame!  
We hope, through your assistance, to be able  
To furnish for our school-room a good staple  
*Musical Instrument*, because the rule  
Is not to furnish for a public school gratuitously  
What our friends in council would term a superfluity;  
Or if submitted to their wise dissection,  
Would lay too long awaiting approbation!



How much we thank you words can faintly tell,  
But be assured that little hearts will swell  
With gratitude when, sweet and clear,  
The melodeon's sacred notes shall greet the ear ;  
And happy voices ring with merry glee,  
In singing praises of a nation free !  
And echo shall make answer o'er our country's length  
The words of him who said, In unity there's strength.  
The tide of war rolled back from off our land,  
We stand to-day a proud and happy band !  
Proud that, through self-reliance and our hope in  
Heaven,

A *Grant* of peace was to our country given.  
The bar which formed a limit to freeman's pride  
Was split by one whose firm and steady ride  
Up the strong ladder truth and worth had builded,  
Earned well the fame some think too strongly gilded.

Give him the honor, then, all clique forsaking ;  
Remember, every round was of his making.  
His work is over, and his justice meet,  
The victory's ours, and his crown complete !  
Our starry emblem needs no voice of mine  
To speak its beauties—known in every clime.  
Throughout this widespread world, o'er land and sea,  
Its folds *shall* wave till time shall cease to be !

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THERE is a love whose purity  
Only in heaven has birth,  
Whose hallowed beams shed sunshine  
And gladness o'er the earth.

When with trials and afflictions bowed,  
And the world looks coldly on,  
In its ample folds we are always sure  
Of a refuge from each storm.

The Saviour owned its influence,  
And felt its power sublime,  
In that hour of bitter agony  
That filled a nation's cup with crime.

This love no circumstance of time  
Can e'er estrange. The power above  
Has blest us with so sweet a boon,—  
Divinest joy—a *mother's* love !

## OLD !

CHILDLESS and old, with no loving hand near  
To wipe from her eye the fast-falling tear ;  
Sighing, deploring, that time should deface  
So lovely a form, so perfect a face.  
Time's powder has whitened her once raven hair,  
On her smooth, placid brow furrowed many a care.  
Her step had grown weak, her form lank and slim,  
And her large, lustrous eyes had grown sunken and  
dim ;

A pallor succeeded the bright glow of health :  
Not a vestige remained of the once lavish wealth  
Which nature bestowed with such bountiful hand,  
When she ranked with the fairest of fair in the land.

Lonely and old, with every charm fled,  
Every hope, every joy, long since buried and dead ;  
We only see now, as she passes along,  
A homely old woman in life's busy throng !  
We care not her name nor her story to know,  
As we jostle her by in the ebb and the flow

Of the great swelling tide, as it hurries us on  
To the river, where she, like ourselves, will be borne.  
“Life at best is a drama” repeated each day,  
But one actor or actress cannot *always* play ;  
No matter how fair, they will surely grow old,  
And repeat the same story these verses have told ;  
Another will fill up their place on the stage,  
And their triumphs soon end in decay and old age.

But not all forsaken, neglected, and lone  
Is every life when youth’s vigor is gone.  
With a fond, loving daughter, a proud, manly boy,  
We may smile at Time’s wrinkles. Life has no  
sweeter joy  
In our earliest youth till the last of the page,  
Than the love of our children to comfort our age.

THE BEAUTIFUL FRENCH PLAY  
OF "FERNANDE."

DONE IN VERSE.

A HIGH-BORN youth of handsome mien,  
Not overcharged with heart, I ween,  
Had left in anger his fair queen,  
Clothilde.

Idly strolling through the street  
He chanced a fairer form to meet ;  
His heart was set at once on sweet  
Fernande.

Pursuing through the busy mart  
This stranger who enslaved his heart,  
He vowed no power from him should part  
Fernande.

But while he thought the matter o'er  
She saw some trifle—passed the door—  
He missed her—and he saw no more  
Fernande.

Returning to his former queen,  
His spleen forgot in what he'd seen,  
He told her how he met—this dream  
Fernande.

A beauteous creature young and fair,  
Lovely beyond all compare ;  
She was a maid with flaxen hair,  
Fernande.

Not dreaming that his fair  
Was sheltered 'neath the Countess' care,  
He had been seeking everywhere  
Fernande.

Clothilde had rescued from the grave  
A girl: the self-same day she gave  
A home beneath her roof to save  
Fernande.

A creature without friends or name,  
Whose young life had been sold to shame,  
Was now the rival to defame  
Clothilde.

The Countess Clothilde never guessed,  
When he this freak of love confessed,  
'Twas her charge whose fate she'd blest,  
Fernande.

Marquis Andre had come to pay  
A visit, to play out the play,  
When, behold! he saw that day  
Fernande.

In the sanctum where of yore  
He had whispered o'er and o'er  
Love vows, till the hour he saw  
Fernande.

'Tis she—O joy! thus now to meet  
Her he'd lost in crowded street;  
The Countess names her Marguerite  
Fernande.

In his wild ecstatic bliss,  
Countess, thy love he'll never miss;  
Nor does he heed thy muffled hiss,  
Clothilde.

Pledges broken, faith betrayed,  
Who will blame the scheme she laid  
To marry Andre to this maid  
Fernande?

Hugging to her bosom well  
The secret she will one day tell,  
How from virtue's path once fell  
Fernande.

---

Beside his fire, one winter's eve,—  
The honey-moon had intervened,—  
Of her, with happy heart, he dreamed  
Fernande.

When, in the flickering firelight's glare,  
A form majestic, proud, stands there,  
With imperious gesture cries, "Beware  
Clothilde !

"Marquis Andre, I have come  
To strike your soul with horror dumb,—  
Reveal the life of her you've won,—  
Fernande.



"In the rosy morn of youth,  
When my soul knew naught but truth,  
Happy in your love forsooth,  
Clothilde

"Gave her fresh, young heart to thee,—  
Her life, her soul, her destiny,—  
Only seeking still to be  
Clothilde.

"Nestling in your fond embrace,  
All the world was but your space :  
Could another e'er replace  
Clothilde?

"For you, Marquis, I have crushed  
Woman's pride,—all feelings hushed,—  
Only one thought ever flushed  
Clothilde.

"One day you came to me and said :  
'I've met my love,—the sweetest maid  
That ever lived,—I've been delayed,  
Clothilde.'

"No sigh, no tear, no word revealed  
A lingering feeling ill concealed;  
Pride only now I saw could shield  
Clothilde.

"I baffled *well* your cruel art;  
I knew but one wish filled your heart;  
You dared not speak it—'We must part,  
Clothilde.'

"I made your path an easy way;  
My pride forbade to hear you say  
The word—I fixed *her* wedding-day,  
Fernande.

"Oh, God! my misery to find  
The truth to which I'd been so blind;  
Your soul with every thought entwined  
Fernande.

"Aghast, I heard what you revealed,  
But Reason whispered, Keep concealed  
Your weapon till he's won the field,  
Clothilde.

"I rescued her who bears your name  
From the lowest den of shame,—  
Marguerite, one and the same  
Fernande.

"The *Angel*, you have said to me,  
Was pure as purest chastity ;  
A wretched gambler's mistress she,  
Fernande.

"I took her to my heart and home,  
In pity for her life so lone ;  
I thought a better fate became  
Fernande.

"A letter telling you her sin  
*I* intercepted—well, until  
I saw, poor dupe, *you* wear and win  
Fernande.

"Farewell ! my vengeance is complete,  
We never more on earth will meet ;  
I leave you to remorse and—sweet  
Fernande."

The wretched bride with this dark dower  
Lay slumbering in her rosy bower ;  
He roused her at the midnight hour,  
Fernande.

With cruel words that wound and grieve,  
He said, "My home you've dared deceive ;  
Speak not—at once you leave,  
Fernande."

Half dead, o'ercome with shame and woe,  
She faintly murmured, "Yes, I'll go ;"  
Then fainted 'neath the dreadful blow  
Fernande.

An old tried friend this moment came ;  
He said, "Withhold your cruel blame,  
Rash man, 'tis I who can explain.  
Fernande

"Has never wronged, by word or thought,  
Your faith—her love you sought ;  
The letter—see, to-night I've brought  
Fernande."

The Marquis's tears each word defaced  
Her poor sad hands had feebly traced ;  
He clasped in one long fond embrace  
Fernande.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON A WELL-KNOWN SUMMER RESORT IN NEW JERSEY.

IN a cool sequestered glade,  
'Neath majestic pine-trees' shade,  
Stands a structure bold and grand,  
Fashioned by a skillful hand.  
Murmuring brooks and running rills,  
Quiet vales and verdant hills,  
Singing birds who never fly,  
Towering trees that reach the sky,  
Grass whose growth is frail and tender,  
All combine to make for splendor  
This fair spot a perfect Eden,  
To repose in summer season !  
Failing health and sultry heat  
Led me to this green retreat ;  
Healthful air and slumbers quiet,  
Genial friends and careful diet,  
Soon restored my wasted strength  
And revived the bloom of health.

The dear old host, so hale and merry,  
Whose *apple-whisky* and *fine* sherry  
A wholesome flavor gave, I think,  
To all who would consent to drink.  
Another merit yet in store  
Must be accorded to the *four*,  
Who, to their credit, used the faculty  
Of bounding forward with alacrity  
To answer to the slightest call,  
Involving matters large or small !  
All these important matters cited,  
I'll tell you how at night they lighted  
This old Castle *Sacatterfree*,  
Where all things went so merrily.  
'Twas by the bright and luminous rays  
Of numerous tallow-candles' blaze,  
Arranged as sentinels at each door  
Of every room, on every floor.  
But imagine, if you can,  
All the beauty of this plan ;  
Why, if to live should be my lot,  
Ten thousand years, this rural spot  
By me will never be forgot.

## CHANGES.

We are changing, sadly changing,  
And time, with cruel care,  
Marks its progress, slowly, surely,  
On our face, our brow, our hair;

Though our fancies may be fitful  
As when life was in its spring,  
And our hearts were light and bounding  
As a bird upon the wing.

Yet we feel, in looking backward,  
On the joys that come no more,  
Like a bubble on the ocean,  
A sand grain on the shore.

We know the iron finger  
That marks the dial's bound,  
Traces *even baby* features,  
In its solemn, steady round.



Yes, time matures and blossoms  
Every *bud* that lives to bear ;  
But their freshness is soon numbered  
Among the things that were.

Yet there are blessings left us,  
So intrinsic, so sublime,  
Perennial in their blooming,  
We need feel no march of time.

'Tis our heart's, our soul's affection,  
A gentle voice will tell,  
In accents sweet and lowly,  
If we break the silent spell.

There are even golden sunbeams  
On life's fast-receding shore,  
As warmly felt in autumn  
As in youthful days of yore.

## THE FORSAKEN.

OUT in the street,  
Wandering alone,  
Looking for shelter,  
Seeking a home.

One of the many,—  
The story is old,—  
For a living each day,  
Are bartered and sold,

Only one more  
Of life's prizes is lost,  
The world is so full—  
Who'll care what it cost?

Only *one* knows  
How vainly she sought  
A pitying glance,—  
The tears it brought.

Only one knows  
The scoffs she has stood,  
Resolving in future  
Her life should be good.

No friendship *she* found,  
Not one heart nor a home,  
Unpitied she'll finish  
Her journey alone!

In her pale face you'll read  
The sad, blighting truth,  
Time has cruelly faded  
The roses of youth.

Her life is all sold,  
There's no more to buy ;  
God help her ! her fate  
Is to beg or to die !

## MUSIC.

THERE'S music in the streamlet,  
There's music in the trees,  
There's music where no sound is heard  
Save the gentle murmuring breeze.

The heart may make sweet music  
When the lips are mute and dumb,  
Else its solace were denied to those  
Whose voices never sung.

'Tis felt amid the solitude  
Of forest and of glen;  
'Tis heard amid the ocean's roar,  
Or in the busy haunts of men.

There's music always where there's heart,  
And all is false beside ;  
Sweetly the note that gently floats  
Where love and faith abide.

## IS IT A SIN TO LOVE THEE?

Is it a sin to love thee? gentle voices on me fall,  
And I bless warm hearts around me, but I've given  
thee my all.

What though stern fate divide us, our hands, not hearts,  
are riven,

My all of earth thou hast; wilt more? I dare not offer  
heaven.

And yet, in blessed moments, when our eyes responsive  
meet,

And I feel thy form beside me, and thy heart's warm  
pulses beat,

Oh, I feel—may Heaven forgive me!—I could every-  
thing resign,

All that I have a hope for, to be thine, forever thine.

I know 'tis sin to love thee; I remember well the  
hour

When I vowed my love to smother, and resist tempta-  
tion's power.

Then I felt my heart was breaking,—that my all of life  
was gone ;  
Then I wept the hour I met thee,—the hour that I was  
born.  
But a hidden storm was raging, and amid the muffled  
din  
I clasped my arms around thee, forgetting it was sin.  
Close pressed upon thy bosom, with thy dear hand  
clasping mine,  
I smiled through tears, and whispered, I'll be thine,  
forever thine.

Is it a sin to love thee? If I go with all my care,  
And before a high Omniscience my bleeding heart lay  
bare,  
On breath of love to heaven ascends thy blessed name,  
And I plead weak erring nature, for loving thee in vain.  
Heaven knows that no light sacrifice I'd offer up to  
thee,  
No gilded dream of fancy, but my being's destiny.  
And though fate we cannot conquer, it divides thy lot  
from mine,  
In the starlit world above us, call me thine, *forever*  
thine.

ON PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S INAUGURAL VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

OH, why are ye silent, brave boys in blue?  
Why silent, ye patriots, loyal and true?  
Have the lustrous stars on our banner grown dim,  
That loyalists pale at the presence of *him*  
Who has sworn to his friends, by the power of his station,  
While the question is peace, to preserve us a nation?  
And where are the hearts which were pledged to the cause  
That made tyranny tremble at *justice*, because  
The blow had been hurled which invoked the decree  
That our country for ever and ever should be  
The asylum of *all* who desired to be free?  
And where is the love that had power to impart  
A union of *mind* and a union of *heart*?  
Where's the love that inspired the strength and the power,  
And that crowned us with laurels in peril's dark hour?  
And where are the emblems from steeple and dome,  
From spire and from turret, from heart and from home,

That floated in honor of welcome to *him*  
Who relighted the stars through oppression grown dim?  
Is our ensign still drooping in sorrow and grief  
For the loved one all *loyal* acknowledged as chief?  
Yes, our banner is draped, our work we have done,  
In freedom's own ark where our hearts beat as one;  
Where responsive to unity, freedom, and right,  
With *liberty's* sons we have fought the good fight,  
And a *change* of our *base* we beg leave to decline,  
Our plan was and is—to fight out on this line.



ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF STE-  
PHEN A. DOUGLAS.

No pompous record carved to tell  
    Posterity thy fame,  
But inscribed in simple letters  
    Was thy loved and honored name !  
And this, I said, is greatness,  
    As I marked the peaceful flow  
Of Lake Michigan's fair bosom,  
    Encircling as a bow,  
The grassy bed of Douglas,  
    The noblest and the best !  
Of Illinois' proud statesman—  
    The bright light of the West.

## FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN the freshness of youth and of beauty  
Have mingled with things of the past,  
How sweet to have treasured in memory  
Relics more fated to last !  
The remembrance of those whom we trusted  
And loved in the days of our youth ;  
The dear hearts that then beat responsive,  
And pulse with pulse mingled in truth.  
\* \* \* \* \*

The richest boon in all this world so fair  
Is friendship. Why? Because a gem so rare.

## CONTENTMENT.

WHY should we sigh and repine at our share  
Of the burden of life, with its toil and its care,  
When God to us all in his mercy has given  
The beauties of earth with the promise of heaven ?  
The beautiful earth, with its bright, cheering smile,  
Its loves and its friendships,—gifts so divine ;  
The glorious sun, with its warmth and its light ;  
The moon and the stars to illumine the night ;  
The carol of birds, and the perfume of flowers,  
The sweets and the fragrance of *these* are all ours !  
The dower to ask, more precious than wealth,  
Is the sunlight of love, with the blessings of health.

ON THE COLOR OF EYES.

GIVE me the gentle beauty  
Of a mild and pensive face,  
Where truth and candor lend a charm  
Surpassed by rules of grace.

A flashing eye of midnight hue  
May please the cold and proud,  
It speaks of thoughts deep hidden  
Which a merry laugh may hide.

A dark-brown eye is handsome  
When mellowed and subdued,  
And I've seen a lustrous gray eye  
Exceed all other hues.

But give me the calm and mild blue eye,  
A quiet, thoughtful face,  
That looks as though each lineament  
An angel hand had traced.

## THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S REPLY.

The following poem was written on a young lady's refusing to correspond with an old gentleman,—an ardent admirer,—having no special *subject* to write on.

No subject ! and a rhyming letter ?  
What can such strange injunction mean ?  
There's something wrong ; for want of better,  
*I'll* be the *subject*, *you* the queen.

A subject's duty is—obeying,  
Without regard to time or scene ;  
*Both* must, in fact, their parts be playing—  
Your subject *I*, and you the queen.

'Tis not designed to shame your graces,—  
That were not possible, I ween ;  
'Tis to show what my proper place is—  
Your subject *I*, and you the queen.

True, you are May and I December,  
I frosted white, you fresh and green ;

Well might I groan,—but I remember  
I am the subject, you the queen.

Now should your ladyship permit it,  
My humble offering may be seen ;  
'Tis just as near as I can hit it—  
Your subject I, and you the queen.

Then, lady fair, accept my homage,  
May naught between us intervene ;  
Youth surely may take tribute from age,  
He being subject, she the queen.

SHE HAS JUST COME FROM SCHOOL.

SHE has just come from school, and the timid young  
thing

Is only sixteen and a day ;

She simpers and sighs when mamma kindly asks

If she'll do her the favor to play.

She asks why mamma is looking so plain,

And darling papa is so thin ;

She has never seen sister, the dear little elf,

Dressed so homely, so queer, and so prim.

She has just come from school, and she sings all day  
long,

And plays the piano, you know,

Or reads the last novel that Cousin Joe brings

While the household are busy below.

She cannot see why mamma is so tired

Just brushing the stairs and the hall ;

She thinks it quite mean ma is not in full dress

In the mornings when visitors call.

She has just come from school, and she says 'tis so  
sweet

To have done with all study and care,  
To receive perfumed sonnets, and love-letters, too,  
And have such jolly new dresses to wear.

She has just come from school, and she's dying to  
know

If the young man who waltzes so well  
Will be her dear husband,—she thinks him so 'cute,—  
But nobody's willing to tell.



## THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

BEND close, dearest mother, I've something to say ;  
But first let us join loving hands while we pray.  
It seems but a dream since in health and in pride  
I left our dear home with your blessing—a bride.

I left you, my mother,—be silent my heart,  
While I live o'er again, e'er my spirit depart,  
The sorrows and blights, the grief and the tears,  
Which followed each other as years followed years.

Come closer, bend low,—my pulses grow weak,—  
Let me feel once again your dear breath on my cheek ;  
Then we'll talk of the One who with mercy is rife,  
And speak of a love that is dearer than life.

A love that has guided my pathway afar,  
And brought me safe home—a bright guiding star !  
It has guided me well, and taught me that death  
Is a triumph when borne on its soft balmy breath.

I am dying, dear mother, yet I do not regret  
That the sun of my life in the morning hath set !  
Bury me under the shadow of trees ;  
The ivy I ask,—are the green falling leaves.

Water my grave with the dew of your love,  
And angels will smile from their dwelling above.  
Meet me at last,—where to live is to die !  
Farewell, dear mother !—mother, good-by !

## THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

A PALE and trembling mourner  
In a cold and narrow room,  
Alone! beside a death-bed,  
In the depth of midnight's gloom,  
Sat awaiting, broken-hearted,  
In prayer—the final doom.

The stars at last had faded,  
And one little sunbeam's ray  
Was struggling for admission  
Through the narrow casement way,  
Where Death had softly entered  
And bore on Seraph wings  
A cherub from this hovel,  
To grace the court of kings!

The lone, unnoticed mourner,  
Had heard nor breath, nor moan;  
Unseen the soul departed  
From this poor, unlighted home.

Still brighter grew the sunlight,  
 'Till it blazed in perfect day,  
 On the bed where, pale in beauty,  
 The silent sleeper lay.

A boy whose golden summers  
 Had numbered only four,  
 Yet want and misery had stamped  
 On his brow as many more.  
 Oh, God! that cruel poverty  
 Should rule with giant power,  
 To crush with iron hand the life  
 While yet in childhood's hour!

A lowly grave, by stranger's hands,  
 Was early, kindly made,  
 And one heart was on this little mound  
 Like a withered garland laid;  
 Laid in life's rosy morning,  
 In its freshest, greenest bloom,  
 Where all its girlish hopes had found  
 Long since their native tomb.

\* \* \* \* \*

For hopes so rudely buried!  
 For a crushed and broken life!  
*He* must answer who has doomed her  
 To be a Drunkard's wife!

## QUOTATIONS.

“ To be without affection is to be in darkness amid the blaze of noonday.”

“ The good we never miss we rarely prize.”

“ Expressive silence can alone reveal  
All that the pure in sympathy can feel.”

“ Oh, Love, our purest, sweetest dream,  
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme.  
Love makes the music of the blest above ;  
Heaven's harmony,—is universal love.”

“ No soil like poverty for growth divine,  
As leanest land supplies the richest wine.”

“ Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,  
Each yielding harmony disposed aright.”

“ True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed  
Of hearts in union mutually disclosed.”

“Will the sweet warbler of the live-long night,  
That fills the listening lover with delight,  
Forget the harmony with rapture heard,  
To learn the twittering of a meaner bird?”

“Ingenious Art with her expressive face,  
Was born to fashion and refine the race.  
Hers is the spacious arch, the lofty spire,  
The painter’s pencil, and the poet’s lyre ;  
From her the canvas borrows light and shade,  
And *verse* more lasting, hues that never fade.”

“Give me the man who, having a man’s vigorous  
brain, has the heart of a woman.”

“Slightest griefs  
Are easiest discerned, as shallow brooks  
Show every pebble in their troubled currents ;  
While deeper streams flow smooth as glass above  
Mightiest impediments, and yield no trace  
Of that which is beneath them.”

“When two loving hearts are torn asunder, it is a  
shade better to be the one that is driven away into  
action than the bereaved one who petrifies at home.”

“How sad the fate of those whose hopes  
Are buried in the past!  
What are recalled of faded flowers  
Save that they did not last?  
Were it not better to forget  
Than to remember and regret?”

## DRIFTING.

DRIFTING, aye, drifting ;  
To where, who can tell ?  
To the beautiful skies  
Or the bottomless well ?

Drifting far down  
To the distant unknown ;  
Some are in troops,  
Some go alone.

Our poor feeble bark  
May be wrecked the first day,  
But it speeds all the same  
On its brief destined way.

We are soon lost to sight,  
And are heard of no more,  
For no voice ever comes  
From that echoless shore.



Beautiful skiffs,  
    Fairy-like, glide  
Over weak wrecks  
    As gayly they ride--

Ride in their jubilant  
    Laughter and glee  
Over narrows and shoals  
    To the fair open sea.

They meet other boats  
    On their pleasure-spiced way,  
And join happy hands  
    Light-hearted as they.

Life with them is one triumph :  
    Their pathway has been  
O'erstrewn with bright roses,  
    Not one cloud is seen.

Yet their hopes are all built  
    On the same distant ark  
As their humble wayfarers  
    In the poor shattered bark.

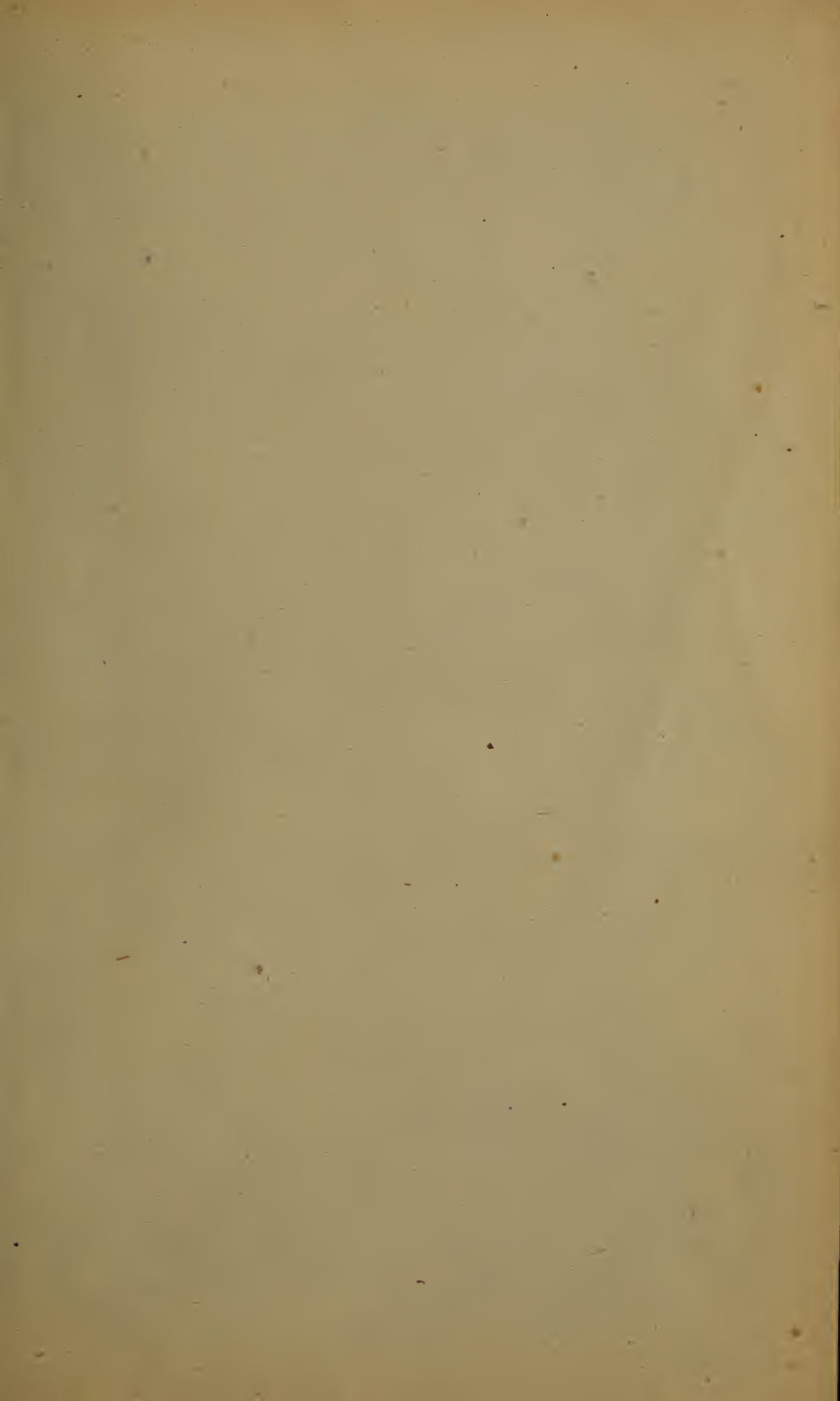
Pleasure's cup they will drain,  
While the wayfarers thirst ;  
But they're drifting to where  
The *last* shall be *first*.











Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

**PreservationTechnologies**

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 225 137 8

