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MMANY HALL"

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AND OTHER

Miscellaneous Poems.

BY

ALEXANDER DENIS.

NEW YORK:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1847.

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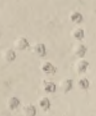
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A.M.P., Dec. 4, 1924.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The following lines were written to describe some of the proceedings which came under the author's observation, without much regard to plot or dates. The smaller pieces were written just as fancy suggested ; his only apology for publishing is, that thousands have done so before. Without further preface, he submits his trifles to their fate.

THE AUTHOR.

TAMMANY HALL.

Who calls mankind a selfish race?
Let him but visit "Tammany Hall,"
And then he'll find, to his disgrace,
How he has wronged *them*, large and small.
He'll see some thousands!! honest men,
Who'd yield their lives to save the Nation;
And join with me in saying, then,
It was a libel on Creation!

I'm candid, when I say I know
A Judge, who's been whole days and nights
Delirious, between joy and woe,
So fearful of the *people's* rights.
And ere the sun, with radiance bright,
Came to dispel the dewy vapor,
I've seen him shiv'ring by *star light*,
To catch the foremost "*morning paper*."

And when the Carrier came to hand,
Though oft been curs'd for lack of speed,
He'd by some lamp-post trembling stand,
And hold it, half afraid to read.
But if it brought good news from Maine,
His shouts would reach the highest steeple:—
"Hurra! the country's safe again."
And all this purely for "The People."

He with the poorest "*would make free*;"
Their votes are just as good as his.
 If this be not "Democracy,"
 I'd like some one would say what is.
 He'd lay distinctions on the shelf,—
 FORGIVE past faults, though e'er so many,
 And place, though working none himself,
 The working man ahead of any.

Outrageous, sure, that wretch must be,
 With facts like these before his face;
 Who will not, heart and soul, agree,
 He's of a philanthropic race.
 Here thousands would resign their all,
 At just the slightest intimation
 Their country has but once to call,
 They'll serve in any situation.

I've seen them round old "Tammany" stalk,
 Each face with agitation pale;
 Absorb'd in thought, their lips like chalk,
 When waiting for the western mail.
 More anxious they could not have been,
 If heart and soul were there invested.
 Oh! who can show another scene
Of men so pure—disinterested?

And when at length the news arrived,
 All breathless, they, to hear it read,
 Would throng around the reader—hived;
 One gaping o'er the other's head.
 Then, if it proved bad news had come,
 By public print, or private letter,
 With heavy heart each sought his home,
 And prayed next mail would make it better.

But if next mail brought news still worse,
 A sullen gloom came over all ;
 While some struck dumb, and others curse—
 “ Our institutions now must fall.”
 Each lengthened face grew yet more long,
 With quivering lip and look affrighted ;
 They’d swear there must be something wrong,
 The country by her friends is slighted.

Oh ! ye who ponder on the past,
 With meek demeanor now draw near,—
 You of the philosophic cast—
 There’s food for meditation here :—
 A Nation’s hope is trembling—low,
 Her Patriots well nigh broken hearted :
 The Constitution had a blow,
 And “ *Tammany Hall* ” is quite deserted.

O ! ye who dread the Country’s doom ! !
 Here stand awhile with me, and gaze
 On yon tall building’s doleful gloom,
 Where oft was seen so bright a blaze :
 And many a loud, victorious shout,
 From *saplings green*, and sages hoary,
 Was heard—how changed—her *lights all out*—
Darkness pervades the second story.

Where, where,—the sound so lately heard ?
 Where, where, the old ? ah ! where the young ?
 Whose eloquence our souls oft stirred ?
 Whose wits our very nerves unstrung ?
 Alas ! that blest—that joyous scene,
 Of happy hearts, and smiling faces,
 Is blasted by false friends I ween ;
 And angry ghosts have ta’en their places.

In fancy, I can well behold,
 Through yonder window's dusky glass,
 An angry sprite, with griefs untold,
 From out the Antechamber pass :—
 That he's from some unearthly land,
 His ghastly looks too well express it :
 And now he mounts the speaker's stand ;
 Looks round the Hall thus to address it.

“ O ! thou, whose venerable walls,
 Oft echoed back the *Freeman's voice*,
 And oft been decked for festive balls,
 I've come not hither to rejoice.
 Alas ! those weeping chandeliers,
 That I have seen so brightly burning,
 Are dark like men of other years :—
 What suits thee now but grief and mourning !

“ Here in this solitary shade,
 My recent wanderings I'll relate ;—
 But mind, I've come, not to upbraid,
 But warn thee of thy certain fate.
 Though absent from those scenes of woe,
 I still had word of what was doing,
 And wandered from the shades below,
 To save thee from impending ruin.

“ Though distant in our dark abode,
 Without a single line to cheer ;
 So many travellers come that road,
 We're told of all takes place up here.
 I may, though cannot yield relief,
 Avert thy course from further evils,—
 Thy friends down there were sick with grief,
 To hear thee mocked by Greeley's devils.*

* Boys employed in the printing department.

It would the vilest sinner move,
 To listen to the last report ;
 Such freaks were acted here above,
 As quite eclipsed the lower Court.
 The sinful life, thy children led,
 That I for one, would not believe it ;
 And e'en thy enemies have said,
 That they as truth could not receive it.

Some hinted that it *might* be so ;
 And I resolved to prove it soon ;
 And whispered to a friend, you know,—
 If I'd a pass, I'd start next noon.
 His Highness seemed o'ercome with joy :—
 He'd grant what leisure I'd desire :
 That night, when none but friends were nigh,
We held a Caucus round the fire.

We coolly talked the subject o'er,
 Each gave his separate advice ;
 But said 'twas slander—nothing more—
 I'd be returning in a trice.
 No sleep could catch those eyes of mine,
 Through grief my appetite departed ;
 And as the Boys were going to dine,
 Next day I took the road and started.

There's naught worth notice by the way,
 Except a few miles out of town ;
 I met, aye, more than I would say,
 Of *well-dressed sinners* going down.
 Reached "*Plainfield Village*" half-past four,
 Declined to stop, as first intended ;
 Some scoundrels closed *our Agent's door*,
 And *public shaving* quite suspended.

It may be as I journeyed on,
 I met some folks I once had known;
 Reached New York, as the day was done;—
 Transacted business of *my own*.
 Night came with—oh! as fair a sky,
 As ever arched the brow of Heaven;
 And Trinity steeple caught my eye,
 As her old clock pealed forth eleven.

The moon was up in maiden bloom,
 And scattered many a silver ray;
 The Battery, silent as the tomb,
 No bark disturbed the shining Bay.
 I thought as some bright wandering beam,
 Had glistened o'er that Christian spire;
 Sweet, gentle orb, thou smil'st the same
 On sinless babe, and sinful sire.

Though structures rose on either hand,
 I sought the one best known to fame;
 Beneath whose aged roof were planned
 A nation's death—a traitor's shame.
 But time, that rends the strongest tie,
 Has caused *his* earthly link to sever;
 And Traitor, Patriot, and Spy,
 In Death's cold arms are locked for ever.

I pondered there for hours at least,
 On different objects old and new;
 Then pass'd the Bowling Green in haste—
 Reached Wall street as the clock struck two.
 And oh! most laughable to tell,
 And well may Christian men deplore it—
 That Wall street is a perfect hell,
 With the house of God presiding o'er it.

Wall street !! there's something in that name,
 Still foremost 'mid my many cares :
 Thy sons' respect—my highest aim,
 I'm happy with them, "*Bulls or Bears.*"
 To tell you half I saw pass there,
 It would be far beyond my power ;
 To note it down, I did not care,—
 We've messengers there every hour.

I wandered through that vale of sin,
 O'er many a wide and beaten track ;
 And oh ! I'm laughing in my skin,
 To think what tales I'll carry back.
 But fear, thy sons have had their day,
 And how it pass'd they'll sore repent it.
 I've seen their conduct, and must say
 'Tis worse than has been represented.

I'm witnessing the brawls and fights
 That come off here ; the last half week
 I've been amongst them full three nights,
 Though ne'er till now thought fit to speak.
 And oh ! such wild, uproarious nights,—
 Why decency has quite resigned them.
 Ye who would see more stormy sights—
 Don't go below, you there can't find them.

'Twas but last night, as things seemed square—
 Disputes arose, the Lord knows how,
 In rushed a *Soap-lock, arms bare*,—
 Kicks up a most infernal row :
 Then spun a lengthy rigmarole,
 'Bout Traitors, Whigs, and such like vermin,
 As would have reached the furthest pole,
 And doubled Governor Wright's last sermon.

The youngsters then both talked and fit,*
 And stopped awhile to swear and blow ;†
 The Patriarchs compelled to sit
 Behind—like orphans in a row.
 Such good old men drove round like sheep,
 Whose word till now was never doubted ;
 That I myself was forced to weep,
 To see them so completely routed.

Oh “ Tammany ! ! ” thou may’st hang thy head,
 You’ll miss their services, I trow,
 For *they* were politicians bred ;
 The men you term “ Old Hunkers ” now,—
 Let come what may, these men were sure,
 Through weal or woe, upright, and hearty—
 Sound, *single-minded*, firm, and pure :
 Who’d sink their *souls* to save the party.

Oh ! for the good old times—now gone—
 The days I’ve seen within this Hall ;
 When men *took turns*, just one by one,
 And “ *Caucuses* ” could settle all.
 Just nominate whoe’er you would,
 The voters then were bound to follow ;
 Whate’er their talents, bad or good,
 The people, anything could swallow.

But times are altered now, I dread,
 Mankind become ill-natured,—sore,
 And people cannot now be led
 As easy as in days of yore.

* The reader will be kind enough to excuse the participle of the *Boys*, instead of L——y Murray’s.

† Ditto.

Now youth, at age turn up the snout,
 Come here on purpose to annoy them,
 Think naught to turn those Fathers out,
 Who earned the crumbs, and should enjoy them.

No wonder that it gives thee pain,
 But I have hopes that times will mend :
 For if such things as these remain,
 I know not what will be the end.
 Those men were steel through ev'ry strife ;
 And yet they're gentle, mild as ladies.
 Each to the party pledged his life ;
 When these young foolish men were babies.

I'll say no more, for in good truth,
 It almost puts me in a rage,—
 What !! when hold office from their youth,—
 And now disturb them in old age.
 This hare-brained young " Democracy,"
 I know the doom that does await it :
 And tell thee now, " Old Tammany,"
 That thou must excommunicate it.

And now the advice I give to you,
 Before I leave this lonely spot :
 Let Hunkers to themselves be true,
 What else beside, it matters not.
 And if some *fracas* should arise,
 Don't run around the world to blow it ;—
 O keep it from these wicked Boys,
 And then the public ne'er can know it.

Now listen to your friend, Old Nick,
 And bear't in mind when he's gone down ;
 Suppose you're playing the *damnedest* trick—
 Wear a most sanctimonious frown.

From out this Hall expel Tom Paine ;
 And in his stead hold moral teaching,
 And thy lost sons may turn again,
 And bless the land with "*stated preaching*."*

My foremost wish and prayer shall be,
 That thou may'st ever mend thy ways ;
 And that thy friends may live to see,
 Thee bless'd again, with cheerful days.
 Thy sufferings have been sore enough,
 But still don't kill thyself with sorrow :
 I've other calls—good bye—I'm off,
If I'm about, I'll call to-morrow.

But hark, the South comes thundering in,
 Her noble sons have changed the fates,
 They know their rights, unlike the men
 Who dwell in *vulgar* northern states.
 In old *Virginny*, man may see
 Democracy in all its Beauty,
 O for to dwell among the *free* !!
 The people there have done their duty.

Hurra ! the world again seems gay,
 And Tammany wears a gladsome look ;
 Her sons rejoice, for well they may,
 With freemen thronging every nook :
 That Hall, so desolate last night,—
 Those windows, too, in darkness shrouded,
 Now every pane holds forth a light,
 And even her very steps are crowded.

* This alludes to an affair that occurred in the *dark* ages, ere the world was thoroughly enlightened.

The sons of toil are mad with glee,
 Small odds to them, how such things go :
 The big fish are not half so free,
 As they were one short week ago.
 Look 'round upon some half-clad fool,
 Whose service for the present's ended,
 Think *he must* work, while *they may* rule,
 Things are just as they were intended.

Ben * * * * now sends up a prayer,
 All right enough, if it be heard—
 O take us to thy special care,
 And be our guide, in thought and word.
 'Gainst bad companions, knaves, and prigs,
 To form stronger resolution ;
And Lord, protect us from the Whigs,
And we'll protect the Constitution.

The Country safe—the conflict o'er,
 He'll bid good bye to working-men :
 We want your service now no more,
 We'll see you all next Spring again.
 And if with one next day they meet,
 They'll pass him like another stranger,
 There's no occasion *now* to greet,—
 The Constitution's out of danger.

While guarded by such men, I say
 To mind ourselves we have no need ;
 And since these souls have ta'en to *pray*,
 Our blessings must be great indeed.
 The vilest now may find repose—
 Be almost certain of salvation ;
 For prayers sent up from lips like *those*
 Would save the darkest from damnation.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF
FRANKLIN.

Here, in a plain and humble spot,
The lowliest creature well might claim ;
Like meanest dust, condemned to rot,
Although the *heavens* attest his fame.

It holds no tombs of warrior kings,
Adorned with battle-axe and spear ;
'Tis *worth*, the most sublime, that brings
So many musing pilgrims here.

He neither boasted blood nor birth,
Nor laurels won in battle brave ;
And yet his name is told o'er earth,
Who slumbers in this lowly grave.

He stooped not courtly smiles to win,
For lordly titles never pined ;
He knew that monarchs were but men,
And some of them the weakest kind.

He served his country to the last,
For other lands heaved many a sigh ;
And when his useful days were past,
With usefulness he wished to die.

The welcome angel gave the blow,
His suffering spirit sank beneath ;
And he who laid the lightnings low,
Surrendered at the stroke of Death.

THE WANDERER.

When we wander from home and from all that we love,
 Far away from each tie that the bosom holds dear,
 Nor meet with the object that tempts us to rove,
 Nor dream that a relic of friendship is near:
 How soothing will fall on the wanderer's ear,
 Some voice he had known in his earlier days ;
 When the cares of his heart were repaid by a tear,
 And his bosom deluded by youth's fleeting rays.

'Tis sweet when abroad amid strangers we roam,
 Our pathway illumined by Hope's shining star,
 To meet with a smile, scarce remembered, of home,
 How dear to the soul when 'tis met with afar.
 But dimmed is the bliss which in fancy so bright,
 The wanderer felt on his home-seeking day,
 When he hears that the friends he left joyous and light,
 Like the dreams of his childhood, had vanished away.

 I HAVE SIGHED FOR THEE AT MID-
 NIGHT HOUR.

I've sighed for thee at midnight hour,
 When silence reigned o'er earth and sea,
 And thought if some soft magic power,
 Would waft thy presence unto me,
 I'd breathe to thee the fondest tale,
 When with delight our hearts had met ;
 My soul would then a truth reveal,
 It never dared to tell thee yet.

Beside thee now, past sorrow o'er,
 What envious joy, what burning bliss,
 To know from thee I'll part no more :—
 My soul ! what pure delight is this.
 Thoughts of the past but raptures bring,
 Where clouds have been there's dearest joy.
 My life to thee will fonder cling,
 As every fleeting hour goes by.

LINES ADDRESSED TO ———

Thy voice is music to mine ear,
 Like some sweet melody that flows,
 And fills the heart with thoughts most dear—
 The sweetest balm those lips disclose ;
 Thy kind, endearing looks can chase
 Dark sorrow from its inmost shrine ;
 Thy bosom is a home of peace,
 Oh ! would that peaceful home were mine.

Thy powers of song I'll cease to hear,
 I cannot bear the witching strain,
 It wafts me to another sphere,
 Then leaves me on dull earth again.
 This life to me were doubly dear
 If bless'd by those sweet eyes divine ;
 For, oh ! I could be happy here,
 If this dear gentle form were mine.

AN ELEGY ON A BARBER.

Well, J—y C—l, peace be thine,
 May thy poor soul ascend to glory,
 Is thus the heartfelt prayer of mine ;
 Nor stop one hour in purgatory.
 Though many eyes you've caused to weep,
 And *cheeks*, and *chins*, made *red* with pain ;
 Still, still in peace, oh! Jemmy, sleep
 There's none who wish you back again.

What terrors o'er my senses lower,
 With fear my very soul's unmanned,
 When I look backward to the hour
 I trembling sat beneath thy hand :
 I call'd past tortures to my aid,
 As o'er my chin the razor passed,
 And inwardly I meekly prayed
 That every *scrape* might be the last.

A cold, old Batch, whose head was grey,
 Though still would rave about the girls,
 Sought Jemmy, privately, one day,
 To raise a wig, or some dark curls.
 The terms were told, the bargain made,
 The locks placed *nicely* o'er his brow ;
 But, at first sight, the ladies said,
 He ne'er was fool complete till now.

A slim, red-bearded, love-sick fop,
 Who had a widow in his eye,
 Stepped in, one day, to Jemmy's shop,
 And bought some patent whisker dye.

For *Countish* looks his heart did yearn ;
 So whiskers, mustaches, and goat,
 Got daubed most horribly in turn,
 Down from his eyebrows to his throat.

He'd win the widow *now*, he said,
 No power on earth could keep him back ;
 But, ere a week, behold the red
 Comes *flaming* out amongst the black.
 Where he was well received before,
 He now can't show his baboon face :
 He paid his visits there no more,
 She took a Tailor in his place.

A brainless youth, of course well dressed,
 Would see a female to the fair ;
 But previous, at his *Ma's* request,
 Got Jem to trim and scent his hair.
 The *shearing* o'er, the brush was plied
 So furious o'er his tender skin,
 That soon his crown bore less outside
 Than even *it* contained within.

A hardy Tar I once heard say,
 Who every danger could withstand,
 Let him but safely once away,
 He'd never sigh again for land.
 Though he'd been wrecked on Greenland shore,
 And drove through hardship most severe,
 He'd sooner risk such dangers o'er,
 Than sit again in Jemmy's chair.

And I have known a veteran rare,
 Who'd been through many a fearful strife,
 And stood for cause and country, where
 'Twas blood for blood and life for life.

And he would lighten many a while,
 With tales of comrades, false or true,
 At dangers past would often smile,
 But wept whene'er he spoke of you.

These are dark sins, and stand as such,
 Yet thou hast friends above the sod,
 Though all who shar'd thy friendship much
 Have surely felt affliction's rod.
 The righteous say, chastisement's good,
 And let each sinner have his due ;
 By all then be it understood
 That thou hadst many virtues too.

Your heart was kind, your cash went free,
 And e'en your hand was warm to clasp ;
 Your manners calm, in gloom or glee,
 But, oh ! *that razor*—oh ! *that rasp* !
 But now thou'rt dead, let all be hush'd,
 'Tis painful on such themes to dwell,
 Of faces scarred or pimples crushed,
 As many a wounded lip could tell.

Each man should earn his daily bread,
 If health and happiness secures,
 By some profession, art, or trade,
 Thus I have mine and you had yours.
 And how you filled your dangerous post,
 We well may think on, while we live ;
 Yet, th' old Ninth Ward, that suffered most,
 Is now the foremost to forgive.

'Tis solace now for me to know
 If such misfortune has befel you,
 You never can dwell in worlds below ;
 The *bearded imps* will soon expel you.

Above, below, there's one thing sure,
 Within or out this earthly ball
 Take every ill poor men endure,
 One shave by thee exceeds them all.

AN EPITAPH ON J—H W—D.

Beneath this sod lies J—h W—d,
 Relieved from every care,
 His stay on earth did little good,
 He ne'er could win the fair.

The female mind he ne'er perused ;
 O, rare amongst young men !
 Just asked, and though but once refused,
 He never tried again !

No gentle one his youth to bless,
 Or cheer him when grown old,
 His days were spent in loneliness,
 His nights were long and cold.

Old Bachelors may well be grieved,
 And his sad warning dread,
 No friend to love him while he lived,
 Or weep for him when dead.

O! TALK NOT TO ME.

O talk not to me about country or creed,
 Or that birth-place can add to thy glory or shame ;
 The soul should aspire to a holier deed,
 E'en the hue what it may, still the heart is the same.
 Leave others to boast of their ancestors' fame,
 And pride in the titles their kindred adorn ;
 Oh ! show me a man, and I care not his name,
 In what land he first breathed, 'neath what star he was
 born.

May the sunlight of freedom that brightens your plains,
 O men of the West, be your heritage still,
 While the rest of the world lie fettered in chains,
 Be it yours to assuage every cankering ill.
 Nor look with disdain on a soul of the race
 Who espoused the same cause that your sires did of yore :
 But bless every effort that tends to efface
 The wrongs that mankind from dark tyranny bore.

But look we to Europe, 'mid bondage and gloom,
 With her baubles enthroned, and her heroes enshrined ;
 Then turn from this scene to a holier tomb,
 For their loftiest fame was enslaving mankind.
 By Potomac's deep waters an urn remains
 Unadorned by trophies, alone by the wave ;
 Yet more dear to my soul is the worth it contains
 Than the treasure of earth—'tis the dust of the brave.

LINES TO ———.

If wealth were mine, and thou as fair
 And gentle as thou art,
 How light would flee each passing care,
 While I could claim thy heart.
 Our lot thus blessed, I ask no more ;
 How bright our days would be,
 I never sigh for earthly store,
 But when I think of thee.

Life is a sad and changing way,
 Friends vanish like the years ;
 The eye that's beaming bright to-day,
 To-morrow dims with tears.
 Cold poverty's all blighting form,
 Could have no fears for me,
 I never dread life's darkest storm
 But when I think of thee.

 LINES WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF ———, IN
 A SNOW STORM.

While here through lonely wilds I stray,
 No friends or kindred near ;
 My thoughts are wandering far away,
 To scenes I love most dear.
 While torture stings my weary feet,
 And snow-flakes chill the air,
 My spirit roams to climes more sweet,
 Nor yields to dark despair.

The howling winds, the forest shake,
 And o'er the beds of snow,
 In doleful murmurs seem to speak
 To mortals—tales of woe.
 No prospect here the eye to glad,—
 Leafless each branch and bough ;
 And as to make the scene more sad,
 Past follies chide me now.

Thus fearful thoughts are gathering black,
 And fill my troubled breast ;
 And yet I tremble to look back
 To those who love me best ;
 In folly's false, delusive ways,
 I've run through length of years,
 And they who watched my helpless days,
 Found their reward in tears.

And here alone in scenes so bleak,
 But wild woods meet mine eye,
 The snow-clad cliffs, the pathless brake,
 The St. John's rolling by.
 The distant few for whom I sigh,
 The scenes I sadly mourn,
 Are lost to me, alas ! for I
 May never more return.

TO * * * *

Thou art lost to me ever ; all, all I hold dear :
 Thou hast tortured the bosom that loved thee sincere ;
 The feelings long cherished, I now must resign,
 My last hope has vanished, thou ne'er canst be mine.

O fain would I banish thy form from my mind ;
 Yet think not I bear thee one feeling unkind ;
 This heart ever changeless, be thine as it will,
 Must think on the past love, and sigh for thee still.

E'en now, when the seal of thy destiny's set,
 My soul in affection will cling to thee yet ;
 And though parted for ever our bosoms *must* be,
 Still, still there is something that binds me to thee.

THE PRISONER'S SOLILOQUY.

[The following lines were suggested by seeing the late Justice G. pass sentence on a brother politician and toper, for drunkenness.]

O G—— —y !! do some mercy show,
 Although I have been much to blame ;
 You should remember, well you know
 How oft yourself have been the same.
 Think on the time, when you and I
 Through April and November weather,
 Shoulder to shoulder, courageously
 Sang lyrics, and drank *slings* together.*

* His Honor was justly celebrated for singing soul-stirring songs on the eve of elections ; several of which were his own composition, at Jefferson Hall, and other places.

Together to the *bar* we walked,
 And gratified our souls' desires ;
 Then patriotically talked
 Of Revolutionary sires.
 And spoke of freedom's chosen band,
 And vowed our country's cause to serve ;
 We praised the men who freed this land,
 But *they*, alas ! were doomed to starve.

We loudly called on working men,
 'Gainst Freedom's foes to strike the dart ;
 We wanted all up *forward* then,
 Who had the nation's cause at heart.
 We told our hearers one and all,
 The States were on destruction's brink ;
 With them, they soon must stand or fall—
 Then *off*, and took another drink.

And often o'er the sparkling bowl,
 We toasted friendship, warm and true ;
 Each felt the glow within his soul,
 No time or change could it subdue.
 Alas ! have friendship's ties grown weak—
 Have all our former vows been vain,
 That *one* slight touch those cords can break
 And rend the strongest links in twain ?

O Time, what truths canst thou reveal ?
 The faithless friend, the broken vow,
 The hearts I thought so pure and real ;—
 Mine asks me thus : Where are they now ?—
 To me thou'st brought a dreary change ;
 For he who fills the judge's chair,
 And eyes me now so cold and strange,
 I even knelt with him in prayer.

Surely, the time you've not forgot
 When *playing* Christian, Turk, or Jew,*
 Was I e'er absent from the spot,
 Was I not e'en religious, too ?
 Or from my post by day or night,
 I never then was absent found,
 And cheerfully I gave my mite,
 When *you* would pass the plate around.

If office have not soured your mind,
 I still should claim your kind regard ;
 For once, when Whigs ran close behind,
I voted twice in every Ward.
 At primaries I held the sway ;
 To *colonize* the foremost one ;
 To serve the cause, I'd lie—or pray—
 What more could mortal man have done !!

On many a sad and cheerless day,
 When dark and dismal seem'd our fate,
 And older friends kept far away,
 Have I not brought the *boys* up straight ?
 When well-tried men had got the blues,
 Our hopes nigh gone, and *funds* were slack,
 And strong hearts trembled at this news,
I never for an hour hung back.

Think, and oh !! let it touch your soul,
 Upon the time, 'twas but last year,
 The day we raised *that* hickory pole,
 We both drank friends in gin and beer.

* The Justice has been frequently known to *experience* religion, and seized with a sudden fit of piety before elections, would exhibit himself in the different churches of the Ward, without distinction of creed; and even pass around the plate, on which he was sure to place something white.

But if *stern* justice must prevail,
 And all *your* former friendship quench,
 Long may you every *night* drink ale,
 Each *day* deal justice *from* the bench.

EPITAPH FOR A LITTLE CHILDLESS ———,

WHO WAS A CONTEMPTIBLE FOP, AND A PERFECT BIGOT.

Here lies poor Bob, I knew him well,
 He left no heir to rue him ;
 If pride e'er sent a wretch to hell,
 Old Nick's entitled to him.

Trained up in bigotry from birth,
 O fanatics, deplore him ;
 The meanest worm that crawls the earth,
 May eat or revel o'er him.

A STORM ON THE HUDSON.

Weehawken's hills look wild and drear,
 Their utmost cliffs are clad with snow ;
 The leafless trees are rent and bare,
 And desolate the glens below.
 Rude Nature dressed in fearful state,
 The elements seem fraught with pain ;
 The Hudson with its icy freight,
 Rolls madly onward to the main.

The dashing billows loudly roar,
 And fill the strongest heart with fear ;
 The fearless seamen seek the shore ;
 No sails out o'er the Bay appear.
 Deserted is that noble stream,
 One hapless bark defies its waves,
 Aloud and shrill the sea-birds scream,
 With rushing force the tempest raves.

 TO -----

O tempt me no more, for I've sworn to forget thee,
 By all that are lovely in earth, air, or sea ;
 Though unknown to the world, I must sometimes regret thee,
 And pray that thy soul from life's stains may be free.
 Ah ! friends thou hast many, while fortune smiles brightly,
 Should sorrow come o'er thee, they'll slight thee again :
 E'en your trustiest now, in past moments spoke lightly,
 Or looked on thee coldly, I stood by thee then.

 No more we may meet, yet in dreams I'll behold thee,
 As true and kind-hearted, as once thou wert deemed :
 Thy form still as fair, and thy cheek pale and coldly ;
 Thine eye still as bright, as of Eden it beamed.
 I bear not a wish, not a thought, to upbraid thee :
 O bright be thy sunshine, while lingering here.
 'Twould torture my soul, should aught earthly degrade thee,
 I ne'er can despise her that once was so dear.

WHEN CHILLED IN YOUTH.

When chilled in youth by faithless love,
 How lone the bosom is the while ;
 How dark our path as on we rove,
 And cheerless seems another's smile.
 And as through life we roam along,
 And fain would hide the blighting flame,
 That form recalled by word or song,
 We tremble at the very name.

While wandering through life's scenes of care,
 Though brightest objects meet the view,
 What are their splendor?—gaudy glare,—
 The heart looks back to scenes less new.
 When life looked brightly in its dawn,
 And sorrow but a fond regret,
 The sweetness from those moments drawn,
 The soul too well remembers yet.

And on our path will fancies rise,
 That bring the dear one back to mind,
 Like lights that break through northern skies,
 Their beams but leave more gloom behind.
 Each fleeting day new forms may bring,
 And eyes whose heaven as bright appears ;
 But still the heart, the heart will cling
 To her we loved in early years.

I AM GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old, I'm growing old,
 Life's summer's fleeting fast;
 My eyes grow dim, my heart beats cold
 To memories of the past,
 And what the future holds unseen,
 Is more than I can know ;
 But sadder than the past has been,
 He hardly can bestow.

Could I but turn to one bright spot
 In years I've left behind ;
 Or if it e'er had been my lot,
 To be with friends still kind :
 With joy my thoughts would backward stray.
 Though e'en but once was bless'd,
 But no, to me each coming day
 Seems darker than the rest.

Life's promised joys were still deferred ;
 Yet Hope would lure me on ;
 I'm onward where the prize appeared,
 And lo! the star is gone.
 I find each passing year the same,
 It brings no bliss to me ;
 And now I muse on what I am—
 Not what I hope to be.

Though not yet old, full in my view
 How many a change has passed ;
 Some up to fame and fortune grew,
 Some sunk 'neath fortune's blast.

The former finds a ready friend,
 None pass them coldly by ;
 The latter, as they downward tend,
 Dear friends become more shy.

The man who reaches fortune's top,
 He must *of course* be wise :
 And oft will anxious neighbors stop,
 To seek *his sage* advice.
 His worth is told by every lip,—
 His word—almost a law.
 But if by chance his wealth should slip,
 'Tis scarcely worth a straw.

Though rare the genius—sound the man,
 When drove from fortune's door,
 Of small import his wisest plan,
 For he, alas ! is poor !!
 Whom fortune shuns, the world upbraids,
 His faults are held to view ;
 But him whom fortune kindly aids,
 Mankind will aid him too.

Who finds his way to wealth and fame,
 Contemptuous looks below ;
 Thinks every man might be the same,
 If he but acted so.
 O sage reflection ! reasoning rare !!
 How vain is human pride ;
 A knave may fill the highest chair,
 While virtue sinks beside.

The hapless man that guides the state
 Of flatterers may be sure :
 Just like himself !! his sires were great !!
 Although the most obscure.

His ancestors are disinterred
 From their long quiet rest ;
 And if amongst them one have erred,
 It happened for the best !!

There are hosts of men in every clime,
 Whose hearts are large and true,
 Who'd scorn to *sacrifice* their time
 And talents on the few.
 Fatigue and hardship they'll endure,
 Regardless of their health :
 And all to elevate the poor,
 Those patriots ride to wealth.

Their hearts with human love o'ergrown,
 They'll scarce take time to pause,
 Or even stop to mind their own,
 But just the people's cause.
 They'll raise the masses—sunk so long—
 Illuminate the age ;
 And at the rulers, *right* or *wrong*,
 A furious war will wage.

The world presents a varied show
 Of travellers, 'tis true ;
 But still they have, both high and low,
 The self-same end in view.
 O Wealth, thou art a cankerous witch,
 How many a luckless elf
 Would wish to stigmatize the rich,
 Yet fain be rich himself.

While some endure the veriest pain,
 Some fly at pleasure's call ;
 Those follow in the funeral train,—
 These to the fancy ball.

And thus through life each has his day,
 Grief comes, though e'er so slow ;
 While one shines forth in pleasure's ray,
 Another pines in woe.

It surely may give little care
 To wretches such as I,
 But yet, thank God, my lot is where,
 Than man, there's none more high ;
 While Europe's despots madly rave
 'Mid desolating wars,
 Be mine to live where proudly wave
 The peaceful stripes and stars.

THE SUN ON THE HUDSON IS FADING.

The sun on the Hudson is fading,
 And twilight falls soft on the spray,
 Eve's stillness is faintly o'ershading
 The scenes that were lately so gay.
 On pleasures long vanished I'm thinking,
 On friends that now reign in the skies,
 My hopes like yon bright rays are sinking,
 But never again to arise.

Alone by the Hudson I wander,
 Where last time I wandered with thee,
 I look on its beauties the fonder,
 Where'er thou hast loitered with me.
 I think on the dear vanished hours
 We passed by its waters so blue,
 I gaze on the billows and bowers,
 All, all are unchanging but you,

MY THOUGHTS ARE LIKE A TROUBLED
SEA.

My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
Distracted, restless, roving,
The world has no more charms for me,
I'm weary grown of loving.
Life is to me a winter day,
And man an unkind brother,
And she who led my soul astray,
Now smiles upon another.

If friendship turn to cold deceit,
I wish not to retain it ;
If woman's love be false as sweet,
I from my soul disdain it.
Mine is a heart by sorrow nurs'd,
And grief can rarely shake it ;
Come, frowning fate, and do thy worst,
Thou canst no more than break it.

WRITTEN ON READING MISS ——'S POEMS.

No more in grief I'll hang my head,
Or o'er my luckless fate repine ;
For if such *stuff* as this be read,
I'll surely not despair of mine.

To scribbling rhymes I'll tax my pen,
 Though none but I should read them o'er ;
 And print them too—an author then !!
 What more is Irving, Sue, or Moore ?

A SECRET HOUR WITH THEE, LOVE.

A secret hour with thee, love,
 In loneliness I pride ;
 'Tis dearer far to me, love,
 Than all earth's joys beside.
 Ah ! then my soul doth know,
 A kind heart left to cheer me ;
 That one dear friend I've here below,
 And that dear friend is near me.

When 'midst the gay regaling,
 I bless those looks of thine,
 And mark thy soft glance stealing,
 So tenderly to mine :
 And then my soul doth feel
 There's something bright about thee ;
 A joy so pure, a bliss so real,
 I ne'er can meet without thee.

WRITTEN AT BROOKLYN, OVER THE GRAVES
OF THE REVOLUTIONARY HEROES WHO
PERISHED IN THE PRISON SHIPS
DURING THAT PERIOD.

Let others muse o'er fallen thrones,
Or broken shrines in moonlight clear,
More dear to me the heroes' bones
That moulder here.

Here coldly rest a noble band,
Without a stone to mark their grave ;
Unwept, neglected by the land
They died to save.

Ye thoughtless crowds, come muse with me,
And leave awhile the world's gay show ;
Bold hearts that bled, to make you free,
Here slumber low.

O ye, who Freedom's cause maintain,
And boast the rights you now enjoy,
Brave men who died, those rights to gain,
Here lowly lie.

Men of Columbia, wake, with pride
Pour forth the tribute justly due
The patriots that nobly died,
And died for you.

They died for you—yet not alone
 To you the mighty spell's confined :
 Its power is felt o'er court and throne,
 That crush mankind.

Sons of such sires, no longer let
 So ignoble a truth be said,
 " Republicans too soon forget "
 Their bravest dead.

The free should ne'er forget the brave,
 Raise, raise a pile their deeds to tell :
 Bold, towering, high above the wave,
 Whereon they fell.

Bright deeds were won—bold hearts were lost
 In ceaseless strife, on land and sea ;
 Then tell the world this was the cost
 Of liberty.

TO _____.

When poverty had pressed me down,
 Hope fled, and friends were few,
 And kindred eyes did on me frown,
 Then thou alone wast true.
 I saw the tear of pity steal,
 Beneath those radiant eyes ;
 And oh ! it soothed my grief to feel,
 Thou didst not me despise.

Say, canst thou love as dear as when
 Dark sorrow wrung my brow ?
 Will she who loved so fondly then,
 But prove as kindly now ?
 Oh ! when by former friends forgot,
 A friend I found in thee ;
 Now fortune smiles upon my lot,
 Come, share it, love, with me.

ON THE DEATH OF A CAT.

Alas ! alas, poor Tom's no more,
 His race is run, his toils are o'er,
 He moulders now beneath the sod,
 As lifeless as the ground he trod.
 But left, oh rare, amongst his kind,
 A bright, unsullied name behind.
 Though long his life, 'tis strangely true
 That Tom was only known to few,
 These few were worth, by all report,
 A thousand of the common sort.
 His modest, unassuming ways,
 Gained him no little share of praise ;
 He kept aloof from mischief's snares,
 And minded but his own affairs
 Which though he made but small pretence,
 Proved him a cat of common sense.
 He always rose at dawn of day,
 While drowsy sluggards snoring lay ;
 And when dark night her mantle spread,
 Like decent folk he went to bed.
 His head ne'er ached from midnight brawls,
 At obscene plays, or fancy balls.

He passed his days unknown to strife,
 For Tom was single all his life.
 But though a bachelor I ween,
 There are but few as he had been,
 He made it still his constant rule,
 To keep his temper calm and cool.
 No trifling things could him perplex ;
 And though he loved the other sex
 Howe'er so well, he'd never show it,
 Not e'en his nearest friends could know it.
 The rising flame he could subdue,
 Nor run stark mad as lovers do ;
 He never wandered late at night,
 To peep where'er he saw a light,
 With anxious eye and open ear,
 To catch what he could see, or hear.
 He never strolled along the street,
 To stare at each fair face he'd meet,
 And though the loveliest met his eye,
 Just wished them well, and passed them by.
 Nor stood to criticise their dress :
 But still he loved them none the less.
 Though some will say—perhaps with truth,
 He played a different part in youth :
 And will affirm their tale to prove,
 That he had once been crossed in love ;
 But be these rumors as they may,
 I knew him well, for many a day.
 One shameful action—one bad word,
 Of him I never saw nor heard ;
 Perhaps in youth he liked a joke,
 And had his faults like most young folk—
 Perhaps loved one above the rest.
 Well ! this is natural to the best.

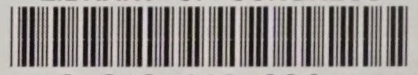
If she disdained to quench the flame,
 'Twas she, not he, that was to blame ;
 He ne'er was known to mount a fence,
 Like other cats of little sense.
 Nor ramble through his neighbor's yard,
 For virtue, he'd a stern regard.
 From bad companionship kept aloof,
 'Gainst ill advisers still was proof.
 He counsel heard from every friend :
 But had his own way in the end.
 While with a female he was kind,
 And candidly disclosed his mind,
 They'd may be take a lonely walk ;
 Or in some area have a talk ;
 And what he'd say, he'd surely do,
 Though e'en his very heart should rue ;
 He ne'er was given to idle sporting,
 Thought truth was best though *e'en in courting*,
 To slight the fair, was not his plan,
 No !! Tom was every inch a man.

MORAL.

O could it teach you but one lesson,
 You heartless young men of this nation,
 Who daily make your boast and joke
 How many female hearts you broke ;
 I'll send it on the wings of fame,
 A black Tom Cat puts you to shame.



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