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# P O E M S .

BY

B. HALLOCK.



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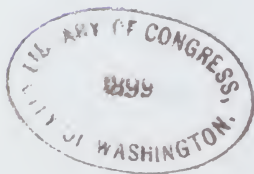
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TO

CORNELL S. FRANKLIN, Esq.

AS A TESTIMONY OF

REGARD FOR HIS GENEROUS SYMPATHY,

DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP,

AND

MÁNLY INTEGRITY,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated.





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# P O E M S .



## INTRODUCTORY.



It is not mine, with classic skill  
To "build the lofty rhyme,"  
Or bid the crownèd numbers float  
Adown the stream of time ;  
I may not string the pearls of thought  
On threads of golden hue,  
Nor with a brighter glory crown  
The beautiful and true.

I cannot grasp the poet's lyre  
And sweep its silver strings,  
Until the ransomed spirit soars  
Aloft on charmèd wings ;

But when within my heart I hear  
The harp of nature play,  
I weave its numbers into song,  
And sing them as I may.

Not for the critic's eye, but just  
To please my own sweet will,  
I wove this simple rustic wreath ;  
And if I love it still—  
It is that like the blessed beads  
The devotee doth wear,  
Each humble flower is wedded to  
A memory or a prayer.

Like light-ships on the stream of thought  
By them its path I trace,  
And sigh a sigh, or smile a smile,  
At some familiar face.  
Links of the golden chain that bind  
The present to the past,  
I cherish them within my heart,  
And love them to the last.

And there are moments in each life,  
Of joy as well as care,

When simple flowers have deeper spells  
Than gems or jewels rare :  
When from some gifted child of song  
The heart will turn away,  
Enamored of the wild-bird's hymn,  
Breathed through the twilight gray.

Old Homer's high heroic strain,  
And Milton's lofty lay,  
With all their solemn resonance,  
Move not the heart away ;  
But from these higher oracles  
The spirit often turns,  
To feel the pulse of nature beat  
At some sweet song of Burns.

And though with neither I may claim  
A consanguinity,  
Of name or fame, there may be some  
To listen e'en to me,  
And bless me as I oft have blessed  
Some unknown brother's strain  
That struck the chord of memory,  
With pleasure or with pain.

## F A M E .

---

What a fearful enigma is that we call fame !  
It is lighter than air or a pennon of flame ;  
Yet, it grapples with death with the strength of despair,  
Or beards the wild beast in his rock-guarded lair ;  
Unstable as water, or wind driven sand  
Scattered over the earth by the hurricane's hand,  
Yet breasting the billows of war, when they spread  
Their corse-laden arms o'er the field of the dead.

'Tis the child of a demon brought forth by a breath,  
And nursed by the fates in the cavern of death ;  
Or an angel of light from the regions above,  
Descending to earth on a mission of love,—  
A breath may destroy—yet, 'mid carnage and tears  
It will launch forth its bark on the current of years,  
And live through all ages a beacon of wrath,  
Or a sunbeam of joy in eternity's path.



Crime dips it in blood ; virtue clothes it in light ;  
By valor 'tis borne through the red field of fight ;  
And humanity bathes it in gratitude's tears,  
When its lovely insignia benevolence wears.  
'Tis the bard's inspiration, the orator's theme,  
The statesman's reward, and the patriot's dream ;  
'Tis the quest of ambition, the prize of the brave ;  
'Tis a meteor fed by the damps of the grave.

It was Cromwell's temptation—the Macedon's joy ;  
It was Washington's birthright—Napoleon's toy ;  
It lives in Rome's annals of glory and shame,  
And circles in light 'round Columbia's name ;  
From Marathon's vale and Thermopylæ's plain,  
Its war-shout went forth, and was echoed again  
From Poland's crushed altars, when tyranny trod  
With iron-bound heel on the image of God :

France nursed it for ages on treasure and blood,  
While the throne of her monarchs like adamant stood ;  
But it fell from her grasp like wind-driven sleet,  
When the Bourbon was hurled 'neath the Corsican's feet ;  
Then the Corsican sprang on her tottering throne,  
Plucked her crown from the dust and proclaimed it his  
own,

And wore it in triumph unclouded and free,  
Until cowardice built his lone grave in the sea.

O'er the past it has shone with a wavering light,—  
Now bright as the noonday,—now dark as midnight ;  
But its dim coruscations now gather their rays,  
Awaiting the advent of happier days ;  
Progression—reform—now the watchwords of time,  
Are building its altars in every clime,  
That the future may see its proud banner unfurled,  
Unstained by crime o'er a lovelier world.

## N A P O L E O N .

---

Oh ! let the warrior monarch rest  
Forever on that ocean throne—  
His wreath of fame the billow's crest,  
His requiem the billow's moan ;  
Fit resting-place for him whose hand,  
When darkness over earth was cast,  
From freedom's altar snatched the brand,  
And broke the fetters of the past.

What though with ruthless hand he swayed  
The scepter by his valor won,  
And deserts of the gardens made,  
By conquering armies overrun !  
What though his brief, erratic path  
Was traced in characters of blood,  
While 'neath the lightning of his wrath  
The world in awe and wonder stood.

His was the glorious task, to tear  
The stolen robe of regal right,  
And show the trembling eye of fear  
The weakness of a monarch's might ;  
To pierce the mysteries that hide  
The "right divine" from vulgar ken,  
And thunder in the ear of pride—  
Princes and monarchs are but men.

'Twas his to crush oppression's throne ;  
And as above the wreck he trod,  
He taught despotic power to own,  
The people's voice—the voice of God.  
No longer tyrants claim the right  
Of life and death, o'er subject slaves ;  
Omnipotent in nature's might,—  
The subject now the tyrant braves.

No feeble arm could break the spell  
Round kings by superstition wove ;  
No music but the trumpet's swell  
The slumbering soul of man could move.  
His power dissolved the mystic chain,  
When rang his trumpet's clarion voice  
In triumph over land and main,  
And bade a ransomed world rejoice.

Like some proud demon of the storm  
 He ruled the chariot of the blast,  
 While nations gazed upon his form,  
 And trembled as his shadow passed;  
 When victory bore his banners forth  
 O'er many a field of deathless fame,  
 And empires faded from the earth  
 Before the magic of his name.

Triumphantly his eagles flew,  
 When congregated Europe stood  
 On the red field of Waterloo,  
 Till treachery sealed the bond of blood;  
 Then turned the onward tide of war,—  
 Then failed the conqueror's arm of might,—  
 Then set Napoleon's meteor star  
 On St. Helena's rocky height.

Long may that rock on ocean's breast,  
 By nature consecrate to fame,  
 Remain the warrior's place of rest—  
 The monument of Britain's shame;  
 While pilgrims o'er the sea shall bring  
 Their offerings to his lonely grave,  
 And with the ocean minstrels sing  
 Funereal honors to the brave.

Children of Gaul! remove them not,—  
Those sacred relics,—let them sleep  
Forever on that hallowed spot,  
Encircled by the mighty deep ;  
Fit resting-place for him whose hand,  
When darkness over earth was cast,  
From freedom's altar snatched the brand,  
And broke the fetters of the past.

## W O M A N ' S   L O V E .

---

### S O N N E T S .

---

#### I.

To love and be beloved again ; to feel  
That one heart beats responsive to our own ;  
To cherish joys that words can ne'er reveal,  
Gentle and lovely as the dying tone  
Of far off music ; to go strongly forth  
On life's rough journey, girt with woman's love  
And woman's truth—jewels of priceless worth  
That sorrows dim not—trials can but prove ;  
To stand with her beside the shrines where lie  
Our household gods ; to feel her true hand press  
Ourown in silence, while within her eye  
Glistens the tear of holy tenderness ;  
To listen to a voice whose every tone  
Tells us that we on earth are not alone ;

## II.

To see the worm feed on the pallid cheek,  
Where shines the star presaging swift decay ;  
To tremble with a fear we may not speak ;  
To bid adieu to hope's declining ray ;  
To know that she we love and prize must die,  
Even in the opening of her spirit's dream ;  
That the deep love that flashes from her eye,  
Is doubly bright with life's last hectic gleam ;  
To stand beside that loved one's grave and feel  
Life's utter loneliness ; to silent shed  
Tears, bitter tears, o'er memory's waste ; to kneel  
Beside the dwelling of our cherished dead,  
Sending the bruised spirit forth to trace  
Beyond the sky her peaceful resting-place ;

## III.

To stand upon life's desert, and to know  
The love-lit radiance of woman's eye  
Is not for us ; to watch the flowret blow,  
That on another's breast must blushing lie ;  
To cast affection on one shrine, and feel  
There's no divinity to feed the flame ;



To feel the brain throb, and the senses reel  
    Whene'er we hear the loved and cherished name  
Of one whose heart can give no echo back  
    Unto the voice of our own burning prayer ;  
Whose eye cold beaming on our cheerless track  
    Serves but to show the depth of our despair,  
Where crushed to earth hope perishes in gloom,  
And memory weeps o'er pleasure's living tomb ;—

## IV.

These are the lights and shadows of *man's* life,—  
    The fretwork woven by the hand of fate  
With the mixed web of his existence,—rife  
    With grief or gladness ; yet, around him wait  
A thousand ministrants to dry the tears  
    Of deepest sorrow, or estrange the mind  
From love's first thralldom, breathing in his ears  
    Spells more enchanting than he leaves behind ;  
A thousand streams gush forth to sweep away  
    The dim memorials of joy and grief,  
Beneath whose waves unseen, unnoted lay  
    Affection's garlands withered—flower and leaf—  
While other gods, Ambition, Wealth, or Fame,  
From his changed heart a fleeting homage claim !

## v.

But love, first love, is *woman's* life ; to her  
    No second flame its deep oblivion brings.  
At one lone shrine a trembling worshipper,  
    Fearful, yet trusting, her young spirit clings,  
Unchanged, unchangeable, that altar round,  
    Through weal and woe,—through glory, grief, and  
    shame,  
Till death, whose hand alone can quench the flame  
    O'er the crushed heart uprears the grassy mound ;  
Should falsehood's hand sweep o'er the living lyre  
    Of young affection, that but once can pour  
Forth from the heart its melody and fire,  
    She droops the riven strings in sadness o'er ;  
And, like the fabled bird of Southern skies,  
Enamor'd of its own sweet music, with it dies.

## SUNSET SCENE.

---

'Twas a scene of tranquil beauty, where I watched the  
sun's declining,  
Beneath a giant oak that cast its shadow o'er the  
stream,  
Around whose rough and gnarlèd form an aged vine was  
twining  
In shapes grotesque, from limb to limb, like phantoms  
in a dream.

Around me were the hills from the valley upward sweep-  
ing,  
Like waves of gold and emerald arrested in their flow,  
While flocks and herds upon their sides, like barks at rest,  
were sleeping,  
And birds, like fairy messengers, were flitting to and  
fro.

Each tree upon the hillside in the setting sunbeams  
glowing,  
Seemed like an angel standing with folded wings at  
rest ;  
While beneath me, where the brooklet through the reedy  
grass was flowing,  
Sat a bird upon a blossom singing hymns above its  
nest.

Lo where the streamlet widens with the willow bending  
over,  
Soft salutation making to the softer wind's embrace,  
Reflection's silent temple—the dreamland of the lover,  
Where youthful hearts in unison a fairy future trace.

A hush was on my spirit, like the silence soft of Eden,  
Ere its blossoms had been shaken by the melody of  
song ;  
Or the sweet subdued emotion of a gentle-hearted  
maiden,  
When love first breathes its holy spell her sunny  
thoughts among.

There were happy children playing on the hillside, where  
the shadows  
Their lengthened forms across the vale fantastically  
flung,  
And each grassy billow swaying, as the breeze swept o'er  
the meadow,  
Broke in golden crests, as joyously they swam the  
waves among.

And their voices floated to me like a vesper bell at even,  
When so distant that the beating of its tongue we  
cannot hear,  
Only soul-subduing harmony ascending up to heaven,  
Awaking holy thoughts that have no language save a  
tear.

Before me, where the trees, half across the valley reaching,  
Like distant friends that long to take each other by  
the hand,  
There were voices full of melody, and music ever preach-  
ing  
Incessantly, to ears that hear and hearts that under-  
stand,

There was music in the valley, there was music on the  
mountain,

And a reedy voice was singing the silver grass among,  
Where the blossoms that were dipping their leaflets in  
the fountain,

Like a band of silent vestals to and fro their censers  
swung.

The sun in silent grandeur from his noontide height de-  
scending,

Half his disc above the mountain and the rest con-  
cealed from view,

Saw the shadows of the twilight, with his parting glory  
blending,

As he veiled his splendor to the stars and bade the  
world adieu.

The sun set—and the twilight on the green earth lingered  
only,

Till the first faint stars of evening set their shining  
watch above,

Like spirits looking downward from their dwelling dim  
and lonely,

Or the tears that tell the breaking of the seal of wo-  
man's love.

## EYES *v s.* LIPS.

---

Inviting love beams from thy liquid eyes ;  
Thy shrinking form repellant love displays ;  
As distant suns from winter's crystal skies  
Illume, but warm not with their icy rays.

With kind enforcement when I seek to press  
Love's signet on the portal of thy speech,  
Thy coy rejectment of the warm caress  
Doth the sweet language of thine eyes impeach.

Thy yielding eye enkindleth soft desire,  
Which hoping all things, asketh but in vain ;  
Thy lip, Love's priestess, feedeth not the fire,  
Which straightway sinketh in the heart again.

Two adverse spirits thus in lip and eye,  
Speaking two tongues—one crieth "prithee stay,"  
Instant the other biddeth me to fly,  
Making at once within me night and day.

Yet will I warm me in thy liquid look,  
Unmindful of the lip that guards the shrine;  
Leaving their secrets, like a sealèd book,  
To con at leisure when the eyes are mine.

Yielding to kind compulsion, then thy lips—  
As to the wind's embrace the wild flowers do—  
Shall ope; and I their crystal dew shall sip,  
And spend a life reading love's lessons through.



T O M —

---

When the morning winds kiss up  
The tears of the night,  
And the wild birds rejoice  
At the coming of light ;  
When the mist to the mountain  
Rolls up from the sea,  
My dreams, absent one,  
Are devoted to thee.

When the shadows of noon  
In soft silence repose,  
And the bee falls asleep  
On the breast of the rose ;  
When the amorous flowers  
Woo the zephyrs in vain,  
I clasp thee in thought  
To my bosom again.

When the mantle of twilight  
Falls dark o'er the earth,  
And the swift moments flee  
To the music of mirth ;  
As the spirit of peace  
Breathes its spell o'er my heart,  
What thou wast I remember  
And mourn what thou art.

Thus ever thou'rt present,  
In glory or gloom,  
Though sunshine or shadow  
Float over thy tomb,—  
Loved still, and loved ever,  
Till life's sun shall set,  
And eternity's smile  
Dries the tears of regret.

S T A N Z A S .

---

To the shrines of my youth I return,  
    With a spirit o'ershadowed with woe ;  
To the gray rocks that still in magnificence frown,  
    O'er the river that murmurs below ;  
Unchanged are the gray rocks—unchanged  
    The rivers wild murmuring glee ;  
Though the friends and companions of youth are  
    estranged,  
    These still have a welcome for me.  
    To the shrines of my youth I return.

In the morning of life I was cast,  
    Like a flower from a precipice flung,  
By the fiat of fate on the ocean of time,  
    To struggle the billows among ;  
With the truthfulness given to youth,  
    With a trustfulness fearing no guile,

I spread forth the tendrils of love unto all,  
And deemed I was happy the while.  
To the shrines of my youth I return.

In Fortune's wild venturous chase,  
On Passion's dark sea tempest-tost,  
Through Folly's dim mists and delusions I strayed,  
'Till the landmarks of Virtue were lost;  
But the billow rolled fearfully back,  
And cast me again on the shore,  
When the sunbeam of Reason flashed over the deep,  
And showed me the perils before.  
To the shrines of my youth I return.

## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A. B . . .

---

None mourned for thee, no blessings shed  
Their holy balm around thy head,  
And o'er thy lonely, dying bed,  
    Love shed no tear ;  
Of all the hearts thy art hath won,  
Hearts by thy perfidy undone,  
Of all who loved thee once—not one,  
    Wept o'er thy bier.

With talents which in noble cause  
Had won for thee the world's applause,  
At glory's shrine thou did'st but pause  
    Nor entered in ;  
But chose the labyrinth of guilt,  
A brother's blood regardless spilt,  
Of broken hearts thine altar built,  
    And worshiped sin.

War hung its glittering crown on high,  
Its splendor caught thine eagle eye,  
Thou grasped—then flung it idly by  
    As little worth ;  
The statesman's robe allured thee then,  
To rule the destinies of men,  
Yet scarce 'twas wrapped around thee when  
    It fell to earth.

In stern endurance only great,  
With brow erect and eye elate,  
Unmoved thou saw'st the shafts of fate  
    Around thee hurled ;  
Thy own fierce will thy only guide,  
Wrapped in the stoic robe of pride,  
With curling lip thou did'st deride  
    God and the world.

Thou might'st have won a glorious crown  
With patriots of old renown,  
And seen thy sun of life go down  
    In deathless fame ;  
But not for thee was glory's wreath,  
It could not bloom with vice beneath ;  
And, dying,—thou could'st but bequeath  
    A blighted name.

## TO AN UNKNOWN LADY.

---

Thine is a queenly beauty—Juno like—

Peerless among the lovely, with a mien,  
Graceful as Dian's when she flew to strike  
The antlered stag upon the dewy plain ;  
Yet mild and glowing as a summer's sky,

To forms of beauty by the sunbeams wrought,  
When on the earth eve's lengthened shadows lie,  
Tinged with a glory from the rainbow caught.

Upon thy brow of marble, where the jet—

Black tresses tempt the dalliance of the breeze,  
Nature a seal of loveliness hath set,

Like moonbeams sleeping on the Paphian seas,  
Whence Venus rose as ancient minstrels tell,  
Child of the billow cradled in a shell.

TO DIANTHE.

---

The evening star with lingering ray,  
Now shines above the trysting tree,  
Where oft we've watched it fade away  
And sink beneath the silent sea ;  
When thou—thy fair hand clasped in mine—  
With tearful eye would'st question me,  
If, when I saw its glory shine  
In other climes I'd think of thee.

And I would promise thee to keep  
Love's vigil by its trembling light,  
Or on the land or on the deep  
Whene'er it beamed upon my sight ;  
And often when the billows threw  
Their arms across my foamy track,  
That lovely star would fondly woo  
To thy dear home my spirit back.



On India's bright and burning plains  
Where fair Italia's breezes sweep,  
Where proud Athena's ruined fanes  
Their watch o'er Grecian glory keep ;  
On many a land, o'er many a sea,  
When sped my bark to realms afar,  
My pilgrim heart would turn to thee,  
While gazing on that lovely star.

Years since have flown, and thou hast found  
Another shrine, another throne,  
Whereon thy hand hath lightly bound  
The offerings I had deemed mine own ;  
But though another claims thy love  
Fond memory oft will whisper me,  
Of happy days when fancy wove  
Hope's garland by the star-lit sea.

## MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

---

The spirit of the hurricane  
Rode dark upon the wave,  
When from a gallant vessel's deck  
The beautiful and brave,  
With terror written on each brow,  
Gazed fearful forth to see  
The spirit of the hurricane,  
Careering o'er the sea ;  
While 'neath his steps the crested waves,  
Were heaving fearfully.

The billows climbed the slippery shrouds,  
Then scooped deep graves below,  
Anon upon the dripping yards  
Hung wreathes of liquid snow ;

The lightnings rent the sable clouds,  
Above the billows hung,  
Then veiled their lurid radiance  
The closing clouds among ;  
While gathering night athwart the gloom,  
A deeper darkness flung.

Pale, cowering forms upon the deck  
Clung to each mast and spar,  
While o'er them swept the deaf'ning roar  
Of elemental war ;  
Some silent stood, some raved aloud,  
Some knelt in fervid prayer,  
Some plunged amain into the sea,  
Or frantic tore their hair ;  
And every form of mortal fear,  
And agony was there.

Beside the hardy helmsman stood  
A fair and youthful form,  
Amid that band the only one  
That quailed not at the storm.  
“ Now tell me—tell me, gallant boy,  
In Nature's warring realm,  
Know'st thou that some rude billow soon  
Our bark may overwhelm ?”

“Why should I fear!” the youth exclaimed,  
“My father's at the helm.”

Go thou, whose sterner manhood quails  
    Beneath affliction's blast,  
Who tremblest when the shrines of youth  
    Beneath thy feet are cast ;  
Like him who on his father leant  
    With faith no fear could dim,  
Thy father guides the bark of Life,  
    Put thou thy trust in him,  
Before whose holy footstool bow  
    Angel and seraphim.

T O I S A B E L .



When the stars are in the sky  
And the dew is on the flower,  
And the evening breezes lie  
Hushed to sleep in beauty's bower ;  
When the silver moonbeams play  
With the wavelets of the sea,  
Then my thoughts are borne away  
With remembrances of thee.

With remembrances of thee,  
And the dreams of past delight,  
When beside the silent sea,  
Through the watches of the night,  
We beguiled the fleeting hour  
With the tales of olden time ;  
Haunted halls and lady's bower,  
In the bright Italian clime.

Tales of tournament and dance,  
Of warriors armed in proof,  
With helmet, plume, and lance,  
And the charger's ringing hoof  
Sweeping proudly o'er the plain  
To the festival of death,  
Where the arrows fell like rain  
On a tempest-blasted heath.

Thy young eyes would fill with tears,  
As we conned the quaint romance,  
Filled with tales of broken spears,  
On the plains of sunny France.  
And when the chosen knight  
Won the lady and the lands,  
Thou would'st laugh with strange delight  
By the moonlight, on the sands.

And the mountains would give back  
That wild laughter to the sea ;  
And the sea—the sea, alack !  
Was a fitting type of thee.  
'Twas a type of thy young life,  
In its glory and its gloom ;  
A type, in its hour of strife,  
Of thy tempest-woven doom.

Oh! who that saw thee sit  
By the moonlight on the shore,  
Thine eye with gladness lit,  
And thy young heart running o'er  
With pleasure, like a stream  
That dances in the sun,  
Would have thought thy life a dream  
Of a lost and lovely one?

There was revelry and mirth  
In thy father's stately hall,  
When they held around the hearth  
Thy birthday festival.  
And they bound thy raven hair  
With a coronal of flowers,  
While music on the air  
Led the dance of merry hours.

When they poured the sparkling wine  
In the cup with mighty glee,  
And bade its billows shine  
With a triple health to thee,  
Thy father's heart was light,  
And thy mother's eye was dim  
With the waters of delight,  
As she kissed the beaded brim.

Thrice five summers' suns and three  
O'er thy head in joy had past,  
And each one had shone for thee  
More brightly than the last ;  
And no footstep in the dance  
Was lighter than thy own,  
No eye with happier glance  
In that festive circle shone.

A twelvemonth passed away,  
But that hall was lonely now,  
And the clouds of sorrow lay  
On thy father's hoary brow ;  
Thy mother slept in death,  
And the busy tongue of fame  
Had sullied with its breath  
The bright jewel of thy name.

For the spoiler's tongue had sown  
In thy heart the seeds of lust,  
And his arts had overthrown  
Virtue's temple in the dust ;  
With falsehood and deceit  
He deprived thee of thy crown,  
Then flung thee 'neath the feet  
Of the cold and heartless town.



Then the loathing look of scorn  
On thy pallid cheek was cast,  
As thy feeble form was torn  
By the talons of the blast ;  
While the demons of despair  
In thy breast held revelry,  
And raged within their lair  
Like the waves of an angry sea.

A cry from thy heart went up  
With a faint and fearful gasp,  
That death would dash the cup  
Of affliction from thy grasp ;  
And a broken prayer was sped  
With joy's funereal chimes,  
That the hand of God would shed  
Its oblivion o'er thy crimes.

But the cup passed not away  
Until humbled to the earth  
Like a bruised reed, thou lay  
On thy father's lonely hearth ;  
And his faint and feeble prayer,  
With thine agony arose,  
As your tears were mingled there  
For a broken heart's repose.

In the silence of the night,  
As ye knelt before the throne,  
And the stars with trembling light,  
On your sorrows coldly shone,  
Peace descended from above  
On thy tempest-riven breast,  
And the ministrants of love  
Hushed the stormy waves to rest.

'Tis a sad and mournful tale ;  
Yet I often con it o'er,  
As I woo the evening gale  
By the ocean's silent shore ;  
And a voice of other days,  
Of thy flower and faded leaf,  
Sings again the early lays  
Of thy glory and thy grief.

But the music of its breath  
Hath a blessing and a power,  
For it tells me that thy death  
Will but be thy triumph hour ;  
And my heart is filled again  
With remembrances of thee,  
Not of misery and pain,  
But of rambles by the sea.

TO MY WIFE.

---

Of thy love, it shall be said,  
That its sweetest spell was laid,  
    On my heart, in trouble ;  
When the roses in my way,  
Faded fastest, day by day,  
    And the thorns grew double.

Though with accents faint and weak,  
Thou the binding vows did'st speak,  
    Trembling at the altar ;  
Yet whene'er that binding vow  
Led through tribulation, thou  
    Never yet did'st falter.

And when brighter days were mine,  
With my hand inclosed in thine,  
    Each on other leaning ;

We through many a sunny hour,  
In each bursting bud and flower,  
Found a mystic meaning—

Typical of many things ;  
While imagination's wings,  
Lovingly upbore us ;  
And we painted sunny skies,  
Looking in each other's eyes,  
For the life before us.

Like a guardian angel, thou—  
When the cloud is on my brow,  
In the hours of sadness—  
Bid'st the airy phantom fly ;  
While beneath thy loving eye  
Grief is turned to gladness.

TO THE SAME.

---

Oh, look not thus upbraidingly,  
At words too rudely spoken ;  
Nor think, because I sometimes chide,  
Love's gentle spell is broken.

Life's bitterness, at times, will fill  
The cup to overflowing ;  
And sprinkle e'en the flowers of love,  
Around its margin blowing.

But when the tempest from without  
Home's sacred silence breaketh ;  
Remember, oh ! remember, then  
'Tis not the heart that speaketh.

I could endure thy scorn—perhaps,  
Its bitterness partaking—  
Repay, with interest, word for word,  
E'en though my heart were breaking.

But, oh! when thus thy gentle eyes,  
Look on me through their sorrow  
As when at eve the summer skies,  
The clouds of April borrow—

I scorn myself that I could give  
A word of harsh reproof,  
To one whose every act should claim  
Each calmer heart's approval.

## SONNET

DEATH OF A LOVED ONE.

---

The sun went down in glory. Not a cloud  
Dimmed the blue ether when he sunk to rest ;  
And sudden darkness, like a funeral shroud,  
Veiled the glad earth his beams so late had blessed.  
No gentle twilight, with its soothing powers,  
Softened the advent of descending night ;  
Naught but the stars' dim radiance lit the hours,  
In their lone watches for returning light.  
So, o'er the soul, the shadow of the tomb  
Spreads its dread mantle when a loved one dies ;  
Sudden and dark, and heavily, the gloom  
Falls o'er the heart wherein her memory lies.  
Life then is night ; its lonely hours are years ;  
The grave its morning, and its stars are tears.

## BURIED LOVE.

---

Forget thee! no, never! thy love has been shining  
For years o'er my pathway, through sorrow and care,  
Each link of affection more closely entwining  
The anchor of hope, when affliction was there.  
I wooed thee in youth, I won thee in gladness;  
I found thee as pure as the gem of the sea;  
In the noontide of joy, or the twilight of sadness,  
The star of my path was the image of thee.

I met thee when joy from thy young eye was gleaming,  
And hope cast the bright wreath of love on thy shrine  
To blossom or die—on my glad vision beaming  
I saw my love's image reflected in thine;  
And still 'round that shrine in memory clinging,  
Unconquered by death, with the strength of despair,  
The incense of love o'er its cold relics flinging,  
Though the light that illumed it no longer is there.



The sun from the heaven of home has descended,  
And darkness now broods where its radiance shone ;  
And the hearth, where the songs of affection were  
blended,

Is sacred to sorrow and silence alone.

But though Lethe's cold stream over memory's pages  
Its dark waters roll, thou shalt ride on the wave ;  
Though the years of existence were lengthened to ages,  
The star of my youth shall but set in the grave.

Fare thee well, until death his dark pinion extending  
O'ershadows the well-spring of life in my breast,  
And my spirit from earth's lone immurement ascending  
Rejoins thee again in thy mansion of rest !

Then, the sunbeam of truth each emotion refining,  
Together we'll rove in the gardens above,  
Where the rainbow of joy through eternity shining,  
It's bright arch extends o'er the fountain of love.

## F L O W E R S .

---

Weave me a garland, daughter dear,  
    Mine eyes are growing dim,  
And on the evening breeze I hear  
    Life's solemn vesper hymn ;  
While sadly on life's shifting sand  
    The footsteps of the hours  
Their dead-march beat, with feeble hand  
    I strew their path with flowers.

In childhood, flowers were my delight,  
    I dreamed their beauties o'er ;  
In youth, each bud and blossom bright  
    A mystic meaning bore—  
In manhood's struggle, storm, and strife,  
    Their freshness soothed the pain  
Entwined amid the joys of life,  
    And made me young again.

And now, in life's dim twilight hour,  
When thoughts come back to rest,  
Like birds from beauty's sunlit bower  
To their lone woodland nest,  
I love to have them in my room  
Breathe forth their perfumed breath,  
And lighten up with summer bloom  
The dusky halls of death.

Then weave a garland, daughter dear,  
Of flowers of every hue ;  
Shed on their loveliness one tear,  
Type of the morning dew,  
And bind it with a silken tress  
From off thy fair young brow ;  
Then lay it on my grave, to bless  
My loneliness as now.

## L I N E S

ON THE DEMOLITION OF TRINITY CHURCH.

---

Relics of other days! ye fast are fading;  
Shrines that our father's loved, your lights are fled;  
Man's ruthless hand your solitudes invading,  
Doom ye to perish even as your dead,  
While voices of the past, with stern upbraiding,  
Echo your footsteps' desolating tread;  
As o'er the wreck the present proudly rears  
Its glittering fabrics,—“Albeit gemmed with tears.”

And thou, loved fane, whose tapering spire ascending  
Heavenward, till lost in distance to the view,  
Where faith and hope with man in love contending,  
Taught him to pass death's lonely valley through.  
Thou, with thy tales of joy and sorrow blending,  
Destruction's hand is busy with thee, too—  
Time-honored relic of a glorious day,  
Pride hath decreed thou, too, must pass away.

How oft in youth the twilight hours have found me  
Lingering unconscious round thy sacred pile,  
Yielding my spirit to the spell that bound me,  
As the loud anthems echoed through thine aisle !  
Mute converse with the countless dead around me,  
Holding in solemn solitude the while,—  
The dead, who oft have sought thy shrine in prayer,  
Wept o'er thy graves—then slept in silence there.

Relic of other days, farewell forever !

Deep in my heart thy sacred image dwells,  
With cherished thoughts, and ties time ne'er can sever ;  
While memory's fountain still in sadness swells  
With joy or grief, whose murmuring cadence ever  
Chimes with the music of thy Sabbath bells ;  
Though onward still life's changeful stream must sweep,  
Affection's ark shall bear thee o'er the deep.

## L I N E S

ON THE BIRTH OF MY FIRST GRANDCHILD.

---

Child, Sire, and Grandsire! thus time's rapid march,  
Unceasing as the pulse of ocean's wave,  
Hath borne me past the keystone of that arch  
Whose swift descent leads to the quiet grave.  
Buds, summer blossoms, bleak autumnal winds,  
Vain dreams, warm hopes, fruition or despair,  
By turns allure—repel us,—till the mind,  
Weary of life, finds a safe refuge there.

Welcome the goal, if from its shelving verge  
The soul released could wing its upward flight,  
And, purified from earthly stains, emerge  
From earth's dim shadows to eternal light.  
Thrice welcome unto him whose path hath been  
A weary seeking for unfound repose,  
Who on life's stormy ocean hath not seen  
One bow of promise, save a peaceful close.

Care is our sure inheritance, and joy  
The sweet delusion of a syren's kiss.  
Each golden moment hath its own alloy,  
As Eden heard the serpent's deadly hiss.  
Strength to endure and energy to dare  
Life's strange vicissitudes, may these be given!  
And the young pilgrim sweetly sleeping there,  
Through pleasant pathways find the gates of heaven.

See the young mother, as she fondly keeps  
Her holy watch beside the newly born,  
Who on her gentle bosom calmly sleeps,  
Unconscious yet of life's uncertain morn!  
Such was the love that kept its watch beside  
My infant couch,—love soon from earth removed.  
Oh may a calmer, happier lot betide  
Mother and child than mine hath ever found!

## THE ELLSLER DONATION

TO THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

---

Be the tribute returned, be the offer rejected ;  
Lest scorn should inscribe on the records of time,  
That the tomb o'er the ashes of heroes erected,  
Was crowned by the wages of folly and crime.

On the mount where it stands, when the war-wave was  
sweeping

In wrath up the steep, our forefathers stood,  
The vigils of death around liberty keeping,  
And poured on its shrine the libation of blood.

Shall the glory blood-bought by their valor lie sleeping,  
Unhonored in death, till a foreigner's hand  
Of the treasure that folly around her is heaping,  
A pittance bestows, that the column may stand ?



Shame, shame, on the sons who inherit the glory  
Their valor achieved on the red field of fame,  
Who would sully the page of the age-lasting story,  
With the mildew that clings to a profligate's name.

Be ours the proud task, whether mighty or lowly ;  
Let wealth bring its gold, and the poor man his mite ;  
But let not a thought or a feeling less holy  
Than patriot love in the effort unite.

## SUNSHINE.



Wherefore art thou sighing,  
    With that brow of care?  
Every moment dying  
    Leaves its ashes there;  
And the soul intrusted  
    Unto thee, shall be  
By its dust incrusted,  
    Tarnished utterly.

Speed each cloud of sorrow  
    Lightly on its way;  
Let each moment borrow  
    Sunshine from the day;  
That life's solemn even  
    Darker may not be,  
And the bow of heaven  
    Span eternity.

When the morning breaketh  
Brightly o'er the earth,  
It is God who speaketh  
Of another birth;  
Earth and heaven filling  
With a wealth of bliss,  
If but men were willing  
To receive the kiss—

Which the sunshine giveth  
Bountiful and free,  
Unto all that liveth—  
Unto thee and me;  
Chiding forth the shadows  
From the halls of night,  
Clothing hills and meadows  
With a glory bright.

Sorrow then no longer;  
Let thy spirit rise  
In God's promise stronger,  
Smiling to the skies;  
While his sunshine flashes  
O'er the world within,  
Leaving tears and ashes  
For the face of sin.

## S O N N E T .

### N I G H T .

---

Hail, glorious Night! queen of the ebon throne,  
Dark-robed, and wearing on thy dusky brow  
The coronal of living gems that shone  
O'er Eden, bright and beautiful as now ;  
To thee I turn, 'neath thy dim reign to rove  
O'er contemplation's ever-verdant field ;  
Where thought with thought, in sweet communion wove,  
To the wrapt soul their sacred treasures yield ;  
Fanned by the pinion of the viewless wind,  
Cheered by the music of the rolling spheres,  
Crowned with the wreaths by hope and fancy twined,  
Girt with the memories of departed years,  
My spirit revels with a mighty glee  
At the full feast spread forth, oh Night! by thee.

## SONNET.

M R S . H E M A N S .

---

Queen of the lute and lay! whose song of yore  
Swept o'er the earth in music many-toned,  
Bearing along tales of historic lore,  
With triple immortality enzoned;  
Where dwells thy spirit in that brighter world,  
With the innumerable dead of other days?  
In what bright orb hast thou thy pinions furled?  
What star of beauty trembles to thy lays?  
Thine was a lofty strain; thy lyre gave back  
The voice of God in ever-glowing song  
Melodiously, as o'er its fairy track  
Swept the full tide of harmony along—  
Thy spirit's purity breathed on thy lyre,  
Bathing its music in seraphic fire.

## TO A BRIDE.

---

Thou hast broken the ties that have bound thee  
To the friends and affections of youth ;  
Thou hast gathered the loved ones around thee ;  
And, strong in thy maidenly truth,  
Thou hast plighted thy faith at the shrine,  
A vow hast recorded on high,  
That thy love around one heart alone shall entwine  
With a truthfulness never to die.

Like a bark on the light billow dancing,  
Like a gossamer floating in air,  
Like a bird through the blue ether glancing,  
When storm-clouds are gathering there,  
Is woman's pure love, when she casts  
Its life-woven flow'ret to bloom  
On one chosen altar, or sink with the blast  
When that altar is shrouded in gloom.

Oh! bright be the pathway before thee,  
As away on the current of years  
Thy bark glides in safety, while o'er thee  
Love's rainbow of promise appears!  
May he who hath won thee be true  
To the truth he has sworn to revere,  
And the flowers of affection still blossom anew,  
As those of the past disappear!

TO A GIRL SEVEN YEARS OLD.

---

In sooth, a fair and lovely child,  
Whose antic tricks and gestures wild,  
    Are redolent of life,—  
Of life that like a streamlet sings,  
And far and wide its music flings,  
    In wantonness of strife.

What rapture from thy laughing eyes,  
Like summer birds 'neath sunny skies,  
    Provokingly peeps forth!  
While from thy lips of dewy red,  
Like flowers by wild bee worshippèd,  
    The melody of mirth

Comes, like the wild bird's song, when spring  
Sweeps o'er the earth on dewy wing,  
    To break the seals that press  
Upon the flow'rets' hidden bloom,  
And bid them with their breath perfume  
    The smiling wilderness.



Thou art like—or on the earth or sea,  
What shall I liken unto thee?

Or what within the sky?

No gem, nor flower, nor lovely star  
Bright shining in its azure car,  
Hath half thy witchery.

The gem may be a peerless gem,  
The flower the fairest ever stem  
Bore in the bower of love;  
The star may glisten with a light  
Beyond all other stars that night  
Around her brow hath wove;

Yet gem and flower and star no more,  
Though blent and mingled o'er and o'er  
In fancy's magic ray,  
Could image forth to mental eye  
Thy spirit's hidden mystery,  
Than this, a stranger's lay.

A living statue art thou now,  
A shade of thought upon thy brow,  
Yet ever and anon

Thou'lt wake the echoes with thy glee,  
And revel with a heart so free,  
    'Twere joy to look upon.

There's beauty on thy brow, fair girl,  
There's beauty in each sunny curl,  
    And in thy glancing eye;  
While round thee, like a robe of love  
By angel's hands in heaven wove,  
    Breathes immortality.

## THE REVELATION.



Twilight over earth was stealing,  
And my spirit's wing was furred,  
Musing o'er the dim revealing  
Of a purer, brighter world.

The old book I had been reading,  
Brimful was of holy thought,  
Far away through darkness leading,  
With a mystic meaning fraught.

Truth it seemed, yet changing ever ;  
Seeking what that truth might be,  
Long I strove with vain endeavor,  
To unveil its mystery.

Sitting by the open casement,  
With the old book in my hand,  
Outward looking,—with amazement,  
There I saw a figure stand.

Shadowy it was, and glimmered,  
Like a billow's snowy crest,  
And the moonbeams through it shimmered  
With a beautiful unrest.

Like a shining one descending,  
Struggling in the wind's embrace,  
Seemed it now,—now dimly blending  
With the shadows in their race.

Bending with a gentle motion,  
She upon the yellow sand  
Drew a rainbow based on ocean—  
Ocean without shore or strand.

But the sand I saw not—only,  
On the sand the bended bow ;  
And within it, bright and lonely,  
Swung a meteor to and fro,—

Swinging, swinging, like a plummet,  
Till the maiden rose and saith,  
"Lo!" and on the glowing summit,  
Wrote in golden letters, FAITH.

Then the meteor ceased its motion,  
Upward rose with deathless ray;  
And the rainbow and the ocean,  
Faded from my sight away.

Then the fairy maiden speaketh,  
But with voice so soft and low,  
That no word the silence breaketh,  
Though the import well I know :

"Thus the darkness shall be shivered,  
And the crooked be made straight,  
And thy soul shall be delivered,  
If thou faithful watch and wait."

## THE MANIAC.

---

Fair maiden and lovely, oh why art thou here ?  
The night dews are falling—the night winds are drear ;  
Thy cheek, like the snow-wreath, is gemmed with a tear ;  
    And cold is thy hand when I take it.  
By the eloquent grief of thy lusterless eye  
Now bent in despair on the dark evening sky,  
By the anguish that breathes in each agonized sigh,  
    Thy heart wants but little to break it.

“ They say I am crazy—that reason has fled ;  
Tis true, and I soon shall repose with the dead ;  
For hope is extinguished, and passion is fled,  
    And my heart, alas ! it is broken ;  
For he who once plighted his true love to me,  
Now sleeps 'neath the waves of the deep-rolling sea ;  
He swore, ere we parted, his bride I should be,  
    And he left me this ring for a token.

“How fondly I looked for the hour of return ;  
And watched the bright stars o’er the ocean that burn ;  
And like ashes inclosed in a funeral urn,  
That ring in my bosom I cherished.

But love hath no power when the storm-spirit raves,  
And bathes his dark wing in the white-crested waves ;  
He called forth the winds from their far northern caves,  
And the bark of my sea-lover perished.

“When night closes round me, and sleep brings its  
dreams,  
And I wander with him by the ever-bright streams,  
And love from his eye on my glad vision beams,  
I think that I am not forsaken ;  
But the ring that he gave me, the stars o’er my head,  
The blue waves that roll o’er the home of the dead,  
And the grave whose dark pathway soon, soon I shall  
tread,  
Are all that remain when I ’waken.

“A mist gathers round me—a vision I see,  
A light vessel glides on a calm sunny sea,  
Whose—whose is that form that now beckons to me  
From the deck ? ’Tis my long absent lover.

The mist darkens round me, the sunshine is past,  
The ocean is swept by a hurricane blast ;  
Oh God ! the vast billows their dark shadows cast  
    The path of that light vessel over.

“Peace falls on my heart, for his spirit is near,  
I know by the music that breathes in my ear ;  
And fondly he chides me for lingering here ;  
    But the fetters that bind me are breaking ;  
I'll away o'er the waters—away o'er the deep,  
In its dark coral grottoes together we'll sleep,  
While the circling sea-bird above us shall sweep,  
    His wild cry our requiem making.”



## THE BRIDAL EVE.



A maid and her lover  
Their bridal eve keep,  
On a cliff hung so high  
O'er the tremulous deep,  
That the pebbles they seaward  
In idleness throw,  
No echoes give back  
From the caverns below.

Beneath them the billows  
In wild beauty roam,  
Snow-white are the rocks  
In their garlands of foam ;  
And the wild flowers that cling  
To the cliff's rugged side,  
All crimson and gold  
By the sunbeams are dyed.

As when skillful fingers  
O'er silver chords play,  
Their young hearts in unison  
Tremble always ;  
While love questions love  
With each glance of the eye,  
And heart unto heart  
Answers back with a sigh.

The day closing round them—  
The sun's level beams,  
Or the birds' vesper anthem,  
Disturb not their dreams ;  
Far away in the future  
Their young spirits rove,  
All joyous and bright  
With visions of love.

Unheeded the moments  
Float joyously by,  
Like beads on a goblet  
That sparkle and die ;  
Though each as it wheels  
On its radiant way,  
From the wealth of the heart  
Steals a jewel away.

The bowers of beauty  
That hope fondly rears,  
The rainbow love weaves  
Of their smiles and their tears ;  
For them have a being  
As seemingly true,  
As the bright world below  
Or the heaven's deep blue.

## NAPOLEON'S RETURN.

---

A warrior comes o'er the bounding wave,  
    And its foam  
Bears him proudly on to his kingly grave,  
    Glory's home ;  
And the sons of France with a joyous tread,  
    Like a torrent to the shore,  
Now rush to welcome the mighty dead,  
    As they welcomed him of yore,  
  
When, Europe cowering at his feet,  
    His trumpet's breath  
Summoned his warriors forth to meet  
    At the feast of death ;  
And thousands ranged at that trumpet's call,  
    Beneath his eagle's wings,  
While terror held high carnival  
    In the palaces of kings.

Make room for the chosen band,  
     Brothers in arms,  
 Who watched with sword in the mailèd hand,  
     For war's alarms ;  
 Make room for the living brave,  
     Relics of armies lost ;  
 Let their white plumes o'er his ashes wave,  
     Like snow-wreaths tempest-tost.

He comes, he comes, in pomp and state,  
     Up from the sea,  
 While the sons of kings around him wait,  
     With bended knee ;  
 Make room for the gorgeous car—behold !  
     The chivalry of France  
 The sweeping trail of his pall now hold ;  
     Children of Gaul—advance !

Advance, advance, to the solemn rite,  
     Be your breath  
 Hushed as when strong men strive in fight  
     With death ;  
 Speak low ; let his magic name,  
     Like a wind-harp's tone pass on—  
 A nation's pride, and a nation's shame,  
     There sleeps Napoleon.

All hail ! to the glorious dead—

Napoleon !

To the measured sound of the soldier's tread,

Pass on ;

Pass proudly on to the temple reared

In the land that knew thy power,

By the friends who loved, and the foes who feared,

Pass on—'tis thy triumph hour.

Now wake the midnight requiem hymn

For the dead !

By the light of the torches flashing dim

O'er his head ;

With his kingly crest, and his sword of trust,

And the star upon his breast,

Let the portals close o'er his sacred dust ;

So let the warrior rest.

## W O M A N ' S   L O V E .

---

Woman's love is like the light  
Weary mariners, at night,  
    Sailing o'er the ocean,  
Pray for, while the tempest shroud,  
Onward rolling, cloud on cloud,  
    Veils the wave's commotion.

Like the blessing wan despair  
Seeks with penitence and prayer ;  
    Like a fountain welling  
From the desert's arid sands,  
Where the wandering Arab bands  
    Pitch their transient dwelling ;

Now like music sweet and wild,  
Or the laughter of a child,  
    From its slumber waking ;

Now like notes of living fire,  
Struck from passion's burning lyre,  
    When its cords are breaking ;

Holiest of earthly things,  
When the torch of virtue flings  
    Light upon our loving ;  
But a deadly curse that kills,  
When the pulse of passion thrills,  
    With its wild approving ;

Solace sweet to spirits tried,  
By affliction purified,  
    Whether proud or lowly ;  
And in pleasure's brighter hours,  
Wearing with our festal flowers,  
    Feelings pure and holy.



## WORK IS WARFARE.

---

Work is warfare, whether toiling  
With the head or with the hand;  
All our thoughts are living lances,  
Every WILL a battle brand.

Work is warfare, stern and real,  
Where the strong heart wins the prize,  
And thy foes are all around thee,  
Everywhere beneath the skies.

Want and error, these are foemen  
Crying constant, Come and slay,  
Else gaunt hunger will destroy thee,  
Error lead thy steps astray.

Warfare! yes, but not destructive,  
Save of uselessness and crime,  
Ignorance—unwise formulas—  
Errors sanctified by time.

Warring now with nature's forces,  
    Bending to thy will her powers,  
Now with passion or temptation,  
    Through the long and wakeful hours.

Work, and therein have well-being,  
    Is the oldest primal law ;  
And a better, or a braver,  
    Man nor angel ever saw.

When thou find'st a thistle, pluck it  
    From the earth and sow a seed ;  
Crush a vice, and from its ashes  
    Springs a blessing to thy need.

Here's a valley, there's a mountain,  
    And beyond it, hid from view,  
Dwelleth joy. If thou would'st win it,  
    Thou must pierce the mountain through.

Seize the weapons won by labor,  
    From the demon of the mine ;  
Strike with true and strong endeavor,  
    And the guerdon shall be thine.

Work is worship—was the rubric  
Taught of old by holy men,  
And the altars and the prayer time,  
Every where and every when.

Forth then to the strife undaunted,  
Beard the lion in his lair;  
Strike in God's name every error,  
And each blow shall be a prayer.

## L I F E .

---

In childhood, when the golden sand  
    Stands high within the magic glass,  
We shake it with a careless hand,  
    And heedless see the atoms pass.

But when the footsteps of the years  
    Have left their traces on the brow,  
And worn deep channels where the tears  
    Of unforgotten sorrows flow.

Within the glass the sparkling grain  
    Falls with a sad and warning tone ;  
And half with pleasure, half with pain,  
    We count them falling one by one.

As when some olden poet's lay  
    Enchants us with its mystic lore,  
We fain would hear the song away,  
    Yet wish the painful pleasure o'er.

## S I M I L E .

---

On the breast of the billow  
The silver moon lay,  
Unruffled the mirror,  
Unbroken the ray ;  
'Till the zephyr's light pinion  
Swept over the stream,  
And broke the repose  
Of the wave and the beam.

Like the beam on the billow  
Love's spirit will rest,  
Pure, peaceful, and holy,  
In fond woman's breast ;  
'Till passion's wild breathing  
Has fanned it to flame,  
To illumine her pathway,  
Or blight it with shame.

## SONNET.

---

POLAND.

Fearful thy doom—from its meridian height  
Thy star of empire sank to rise no more,  
When the dark flood of rude barbaric might  
In vengeance swept thy broken altars o'er;  
Sending thy exiled children forth to pine,  
Like forest leaves storm-scattered o'er the earth,  
From India's sand, to dark Siberian mine,  
Heart-broken for the homes that gave them birth.  
Yet 'twas a glorious day that saw thy fall,  
When death hung trembling o'er the battle path,  
And gallant hearts, from Warsaw's iron wall,  
Hurled back the thunder of the Russian's wrath  
With triple thunder, 'till the cliffs of fame  
Rung with the shout of dying Poland's name.

## S O N N E T .

---

GREECE.

Greece ! lovely Greece ! thy soft Ionian gales,  
Laden with perfume, still in beauty breathe  
Their wild enchantment through thy sacred vales,  
And o'er thy mountains crowned with glory's wreath.  
Thou'rt like thine own bright sunset : memory fills  
Thy solemn groves with glory's vesper song ;  
While, like the shadows deepening on thy hills,  
The spirits of the past in silence throng  
Thy ruined temples, whence of old came forth  
Those oracles, whose echoes still are heard  
Through the dim aisles of ages, giving birth  
To thought, whose mighty energies have stirred  
The mental deep, and from oppression won,  
And still will win, full many a Marathon.

## S O N N E T .



### ITALY.

Italia! land of old historic fame,  
Whose antique chronicles are studded o'er,  
Even like thy skies, with stars of deathless name,  
How would I love to tread thy classic shore,  
To hold communion with thy mighty dead,  
To bask beneath thy ever-sunny skies,  
Beside the fountains where the olives shed  
Ethereal shadows over love-lit eyes!  
Fallen as thou art, yet do I love thee still,  
Mother and nurse of science and of art!  
Whose crumbling Fanes and lone Palazzos fill  
With glorious dreams the classic pilgrim's heart;  
While, from a thousand lyres, the burning lays  
Come winged with memories of brighter days.



## DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

---

Like a lonely bright star on the brow  
Of a moonless midnight, was the hour  
When the new world to welcome the Genoese prow,  
Arose in its beauty and power;  
'Twas the daybreak of hope to the slave;  
A herald of joy to the world;  
'Twas a light to illumine the path of the brave,  
When the red bolt of vengeance was hurled,  
Oppression's dark chains to o'erthrow.

'Mid her primeval forests, that cast  
Their shadows o'er far-flashing streams,  
Where the proud bird of Jove spreads his wing to the  
blast,  
Or welcomes the sun's rising beams,

For ages in darkness had slept  
Man's birthright of freedom, unknown ;  
And nature her vigils in silence had kept,  
Round Liberty's altar alone.

A voice on the waters was borne,  
As the stranger's light bark kissed the strand,  
Like the murmur of leaves from the mountain's brow  
torn,

When the autumn blast sweeps o'er the land.  
Like a clarion's voice rose the call,  
From the ever-green hills of the west,  
Proclaiming glad tidings of freedom to all  
Who would seek, in the land of the blest,  
Relief from the chains they had worn.

From Erin's green island they came ;  
From Scotia, land of the brave ;  
From Switzerland's mountains, from Gaul's land of fame,  
And Albion, child of the wave ;  
From many a bright, sunny land,  
They came like the waves of the sea ;  
And the valleys and hills as they leaped to the strand,  
Resounded with shouts of the free,  
Assembled in Liberty's name.

Sublime were the anthems awoke  
By the millions that rushed at the call,  
To sever forever the tyrannic yoke  
That had long held the nations in thrall ;  
The mountains caught up the glad song,  
The heavens re-echoed them back ;  
On the wings of the gale swept the chorus along,  
Far over its billowy track :  
“ Rejoice, for your fetters are broke.”

## I M P R O M P T U .

---

O'er the glorious earth and sea,  
Hill and valley, sweetly sleeping  
In their calm sublimity,  
Night her silent watch is keeping ;  
In the far-off spirit land,  
Led by love, or joy, or sadness,  
Touched by fancy's magic wand,  
Thought, upon the wings of gladness,  
Upward, onward soaring still,  
Like a bird through ether wheeling,  
While vibrations trembling thrill  
Every mystic chord of feeling,—  
Seeks with ever-curious eye,  
By the torchlight faith has given,  
Proofs of immortality,  
Written on the scroll of heaven.

Gazing on that mystic scroll ;  
    Standing by the trembling ocean,  
Whose dark billows as they roll  
    Wake the spirit of devotion ;  
Throned upon the blooming earth ;  
    By the river or the fountain ;  
Watching daylight's rosy birth,  
    O'er some high and hoary mountain ;  
Or when, day's brief journey o'er,  
    Twilight with her fairy fingers  
Pencils shadows on the shore,  
    Round which fancy fondly lingers ;  
Or, when midnight's silent star,  
    Like a spirit born in heaven,  
From her ébon throne afar  
    Leads the choral hymn of even,—  
Who but feels his bosom glow  
    With the light of revelation,  
And his haughty spirit bow  
    To the voice of inspiration.

Every star in yonder sky,  
    Every gem in ocean shining,  
Every bird that glances by,  
    Every gentle flow'ret twining,

Every breeze that fans the cheek,  
Every voice in beauty's bower,—  
To the ear of reason speak  
Of an omnipresent power.

“MOURN FOR THE MOURNER; NOT FOR HIM  
THAT DIED.”

---

Come to the bridal hall!  
Aye—come with lute and lay!  
From her childhood's home, at a stranger's call  
A maiden turns to-day.  
Flowers bloom around her head,  
Gems on her bosom shine;  
A vow is said—a prayer is sped—  
Lo! stranger she is thine!

Bring tears to-day—aye, bring  
Bright tears; and as ye come,  
A cypress wreath o'er the maiden fling  
Who left her father's home.  
When yesterday she wed  
Joy in her young heart lay;  
Ere night had fled, the arrow sped—  
Death!—she is thine to-day!

Nay! twine no cypress wreath;  
Let hope's bright pinion shed  
Its balm around, as a prayer ye breathe  
O'er the grave of the early dead.  
Though veiled her beauty here,  
And cold her young heart's shrine,  
Yet shed no tear o'er the maiden's bier,  
Stranger! our tears are thine!



## THE PRELUDE OF LOVE.

---

She listened entranced, as the minstrel's light fingers  
Swept over the chords of his soul-stirring lyre ;  
And as its sweet spell o'er her young spirit lingers,  
Affection is kindled by poesy's fire.

As over her senses in beauty were stealing  
The first glowing numbers his minstrelsy wove,  
She trembled with joy at its holy revealing,—  
The notes he awoke were the prelude of love.

He swept them again, but the trumpet of glory  
Now mingled its soul-stirring notes with his song ;  
And its voice echoed back the proud romance of story,  
As clouds the dread notes of the thunder prolong.  
Sad, sad was her heart, as in silence she listened,  
To catch the sweet notes that his young fingers wove ;  
And tears of regret in her dark lashes glistened,  
For glory had silenced the prelude of love.

Years fled ; and the world-weary minstrel, dejected,  
Returned to the shrine where he worshiped in youth—  
To the heart whose devotion for fame he rejected ;  
But quenched was its light in its own well of truth.  
O'er the grave where she sleeps when the night winds are  
breathing  
Their fairy-like music o'er forest and fell,  
In sadness and sorrow the minstrel is wreathing,  
With love's thrilling prelude, the notes of farewell.

## IMPROMPTU

ON THE PICTURE OF A BOY FLYING FROM HIS SHADOW.

---

Tell me, silly urchin, why,  
From yon shadow dost thou fly?  
Turning back, in wild affright,  
As it meets thy startled sight.  
Dost thou in thy folly deem  
Things objective what they seem:  
That each shadow in thy path  
Stalks a messenger of wrath;  
That each star that gems the night  
Twinkles with unborrowed light?  
When the hand of time hath shed  
Manhood's honors on thy head;  
When the mask of falsehood, worn  
By the world, away is torn,—  
Thou wilt find life's objects all  
Are but shadows on the wall.

E'en the smiles that pleasure wears,  
Are but rainbows formed by tears ;  
And their shadows still are there,  
Darkling on the brow of care.  
One by one, hopes brightly rise,  
Like the clouds of summer skies ;  
Changing still, till drawing near  
Truth's bright sun, they disappear ;  
But their shadows still are cast  
O'er the ruins of the past.  
Hope, ambition, wealth, or fame,  
Glory's wreath, or titled name,  
Love, or friendship—what are they ?  
Shadows cut by fancy's ray.

Turn thee, then, and learn to prize  
That which leads the good and wise—  
Saint and sinner, grave and gay,  
Blindly o'er life's stormy way.

## THE ARTIST.

---

Sat an artist by his easel,  
    When the sun was slanting low,  
And the tree beside the window,  
    Waved its shadow to and fro ;  
On the window-sill and carpet,  
    Dancing upward to the wall,  
While within the dim recesses  
    Darkness slumbers over all.

Shadows—shadows all around him,  
    Save where from the canvas gleams  
Many a form of inspiration,  
    Stolen from the land of dreams,—  
Grand old knights, and stately maidens,  
    Hawk, and hound, and henchman bold,  
Bending skies, with thoughts within them  
    That the canvas cannot hold.

For the painter's art, suggestive,  
Breaks the secret seals of thought ;  
And the soul, with inspiration  
From a master-spirit caught,  
Soareth through the realms of fancy,  
As on pinions of the wind,  
And in fields of contemplation,  
With the sickle of the mind—

Reaps a golden, mental harvest,  
That in after years may be  
Mingled with life's sterner feelings,  
Like a solemn mystery ;  
Calming joy, and soothing sorrow,  
Spreading oil on troubled seas,  
Weaving, through the web of being,  
Silken threads of sympathies.

Yet unfinished—from the easel  
Shone a form, whose every line,  
Like a strain of solemn music,  
Breathed a harmony divine ;  
'Twas the painter's last creation,  
That the plastic hand of art,  
Had arrested in conception,  
Flowing outward from the heart.

Not a vision—all ideal—

One of fancy's fairy train,  
Woven in the loom of fiction,  
By the shuttle of the brain ;  
Not a mere interpretation  
Of a youthful lover's thought ;  
But a glorified reflection,  
From the mold of nature caught.

Quoth the painter, musing inly—

“ Could I set those glorious eyes  
In their frame of golden tresses,  
Like wild birds in Paradise,  
Gleaming through the azure curtain,  
When the mountains upward roll  
To the melody of voices,  
With no sin upon the soul !

“ Could I win the priceless treasure

Of the casket, and the gem  
Richer than the brightest jewel  
On a monarch's diadem !  
Could I win her to my bosom—  
Feel her wealth of woman's love  
Gushing o'er me, like a fountain,  
Or the sunshine from above !

“But, alas! too high above me  
Shines the solitary star,  
And I tremble as I view it  
Shining on me from afar.”  
Higher! is not genius higher  
Than the accident of birth,  
Greater than the golden treasure,  
Dug in darkness from the earth?

Painter—Poet, in thy bosom  
Dwelleth not a noble heart;  
Need a woman blush to worship,  
Nature at the shrine of art;  
As she reads his revelation  
Of a solemn mystery,  
Hears she not an angel asking,  
Which is greater, thou or he?

“I have drawn her, oh how truly,  
Looking in my heart the while;  
At the image wrought upon it,  
By the magic of her smile;  
But her eyes—the Arab lover,  
As he sweeps the desert, tells  
To the stars, that she he loveth  
Hath an eye like the gazelle’s.



“Hers should be like them, but deeper  
With the inner light, that gleams  
Through the curtain of the lashes,  
Like the sun on flashing streams.  
Yet I know not if I love them  
Better thus, than when the dew  
Of a holy pity veils them,  
With her true soul shining through.”

Then he took down the canvas, and placing another  
Aloft on his easel, with rapid hand drew  
A cradle; above it, be sure, was a mother  
Bending over, praying, as true mothers do,  
Where a young infant sleepeth.

Sudden paused the youthful artist,  
And his lids with sorrow fill,  
For the eyes he fondly loveth  
Will not answer to his will;  
Will speak out from the canvas,  
Strive to win them as he may;  
And the sunshine through the window,  
On the child of sorrow lay.

As the twilight that falls over river and mountain,  
When the wild-bird in weariness seeketh his nest,  
And the music that breathes from the lips of the fountain,  
With melody woos us from labor to rest,—

So, over the heart of the weary one, stealeth  
A slumber, unbroken by vision or dream,  
Like the wing of the night, when heaven revealeth  
No star to illumine the path of the stream.

Oh how calmly he slept, with a fairy chain, woven  
Of golden hair, clasped in his thin, pallid hand ;  
And his lips, with a smile full of sweetness, were cloven,  
As if rent by the touch of a seraphim's wand.

As in silence thus he slumbered,  
With the sunshine on the floor,  
Lo ! a fair and gentle maiden  
Glided through the open door.  
If I say, that, like the picture,—  
Standing by the painter's chair,  
With the self-same golden tresses,  
And the smile that lingered there,—

Looked the maiden on the threshold,  
As she glanced around the room,  
While her presence, more than sunshine,  
Pierced the curtain of the gloom,  
I would add, that in the framework  
Of their tresses, were the eyes  
That the slumberer had likened  
Unto birds of paradise.

At the picture on the easel,  
At the one beside the chair,  
Long she gazed—then on the sleeper,  
And the braid of golden hair,  
And she read the silent story  
Of the picture and the man ;  
Read, as if by intuition,  
As a woman only can.

Then she blushed, a recognition,  
With a gentle, inner strife  
Of her spiritual presence,  
Inwrought with her thread of life.  
Twin-born with her own existence,  
As the spirit of the wine  
Floweth to the purple cluster,  
With the life-blood of the vine.

She curled her proud lip,  
    And shook back her tresses,  
That on her fair brow  
    Like a golden cloud lay ;  
Her fairy-like hand  
    On her bosom she presses,  
As she looked down to bless,  
    And looked up to pray.

Then she took down a lute,  
    And its silver strings sweeping,  
A melody 'woke  
    Like the murmur of streams ;  
And ever her eye  
    On the golden braid keeping,  
That hung on the hand  
    Of the dreamer of dreams.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

He hath finished both the pictures,  
    But the last with a higher art,  
For it bore a truer image  
    Of the one within his heart ;

And the eyes, beneath the tresses,  
With a milder beauty shine,  
For a mother's love had crowned it  
With a glory more divine.

## THE BIBLE.

“WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.”

---

Skeptic, spare that book,  
Touch not a single leaf,  
Nor on its pages look  
With the eye of unbelief;  
'Twas my forefather's stay  
In the hour of agony ;  
So, skeptic, go thy way,  
And let the old book be.

Its very name recalls  
The happy hours of youth,  
When in my grandsire's halls  
I heard its tales of truth ;  
I've seen his white hair flow  
O'er the volume, as he read—  
But that was long ago,  
And the good old man is dead.

My dear grandmother, too,  
When I was but a boy,  
I've seen her eyes of blue  
Weep o'er it tears of joy;  
Their traces linger still,  
And dear they are to me;  
Skeptic, forego thy will,  
And let that old book be.

That good old book of life,  
For centuries hath stood  
Unharm'd amid the strife,  
When the earth was drunk with blood;  
And would'st thou harm it now,  
And have its truths forgot?  
Skeptic, forbear thy blow,  
Thy hand shall harm it not.

TO JULIA

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HER SISTER.

---

Julia, thou hast lost a sister.  
Came a stranger to the door,  
Took her by the hand and kissed her;  
She will leave him never more.

But they left thee, gentle one,  
On the threshold all alone.

She is wed, and thou art weeping.  
Wherefore rather weep than smile?  
Is there not another, keeping  
Watch around thy steps the while,  
Who will gaily come some day,  
Kiss and bear thee too away?



LIGHT, PEACE, OR REST.



Oh! give me light!  
Through the long, weary night,  
My spirit longs unceasingly to see  
Unveiled the mystic scroll,  
Whereon the weary soul  
Reads but in death its fearful mystery.

Oh! give me peace,  
Let the fierce struggle cease;  
Calm o'er the waters, let my spirit glide,  
As on the summer seas  
Of the far Cyclades,  
Floateth the flower that blossoms on the tide.

Oh! give me rest,  
In thy cool, quiet breast!  
Oh earth, receive the pilgrim back again;  
From the stormy battle strife,  
On the red field of life,  
Where the soul struggles with its sin in vain.

Light, peace, or rest,  
Aught but the toil unblest,  
Wherewith my spirit wrestles with its doom !  
Light for the stormy path,  
Peace in the hour of wrath,  
Or rest and refuge—albeit in the tomb.

## THE RIDDLE READ.

---

Come here, sister, let me look  
In thine eyes. Nay, blush not dearest.  
With thy ever-gentle voice,  
Tell me what it is thou fearest  
When a rap comes to the door,  
Fainter than the one before ?

Wherefore is thy smile so cold,  
When proud suitors round are wooing,  
And yet melts so sweetly mild,  
When another is not suing,  
But beside thee, silently  
Looketh upward in thine eye.

Did I know not, sister dear,  
Thou were pure as fair, thy blushes  
Would belie thee, when the blood,  
Changeful o'er thy features flushes,  
Like a sunbeam to and fro,  
When one name is whispered low.

When that rap comes to the door,  
When that wooer is not wooing,  
When that name is whispered low,  
Is not love within thee suing?  
Have I read the riddle right?  
Dearest sister—sweet—good night!

## PRESS ONWARD.

---

Press onward! 'tis a watchword fraught  
With high and holy aspiration,  
When resolution born of thought,  
Obeys the voice of inspiration;  
And like the warrior's battle-cry,  
When armèd hosts their banners wave,  
It nerves the arm, it lights the eye,  
And breaks the fetters of the slave.

Press onward! like the sacred dove,  
To every patriot heart appealing,  
It comes a messenger of love,  
Glad tidings to the world revealing;  
But to the tyrant, it is like  
The writing on Belshazzar's wall;  
He knows the hand that wrote may strike,  
And trembles in his marble hall.

Press onward ! darkness long had cast  
Its mantle o'er the realm of being,  
'Till, from the ashes of the past,  
Light broke—and from its presence fleeing,  
The clouds swept by—truth spread her wings  
From thought to thought, in ceaseless flight  
Explored the principles of things,  
And gave their secrets forth to light.

Press onward ! like the mental clouds,  
Dispelled by mental resolution,  
The lingering twilight mist that shrouds  
Our social state, to dissolution  
Are trembling ; while politic truth,  
Upspringing from the wreck of time  
With all the innate strength of youth,  
Leaps gladly on from clime to clime.

Press onward ! hear ye not the cry  
Of men and nations, proudly flinging  
The chains of old delusions by ;  
While to a newer life upspringing,  
A voice on every hill is heard,  
A shout of joy o'er every sea ;  
And thousands, arming at the word,  
Spread forth the banners of the free.

Press onward! searching far and wide,  
Till you the mighty truth discover,  
That, spite of error, spite of pride,  
Man measures man the wide world over.  
Then strong in nature's law and light,  
Strong in the truth that God has given,  
Press onward, 'till the power of right  
Each fetter of the mind hath riven.

## S O N G

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.



To-day Columbia's starry banner,  
    Floats proudly over earth and sea ;  
Hark ! hark ! a nation's loud hosanna,  
    Proclaiming freedom's jubilee.  
Hark ! on the breeze exulting comes  
    The joyous strain,  
With voices from our happy homes,  
    O'er hill and plain,  
To hail the day of freedom's jubilee.

For ages tyranny was keeping  
    Her revelry, 'mid tears and blood ;  
While man, in chains and sorrow weeping,  
    Strove vainly with oppression's flood ;



Till o'er Columbia's hills arose  
    Fair freedom's star,  
And 'mid the ranks of cowering foes,  
    From victory's car,  
Our sires proclaimed the dawn of liberty.

To-day, ten thousand tongues are telling  
    The story of our nation's birth ;  
To-day, ten thousand hymns are swelling  
    In triumph from the glorious earth.  
Hark ! through the vault of heaven rings  
    The joyous shout,  
While to the breeze our banner flings  
    Its glories out,  
To hail the day of freedom's jubilee.

## ESTRANGEMENT.



There is a shadow on the hearth,  
The cricket's voice no more is heard,  
And silence fills the place where mirth,  
Of old the glowing embers stirred.

Why is it thus? the sunbeams lay  
As lightly on the cottage floor,  
And just as free the zephyrs play  
In summer, through the cottage-door.

Why is it thus? no vacant seat  
Is at the board, or by the fire;  
No fiery demon comes to cheat  
The palling sense of warm desire.

Why is it that a funeral gloom  
Hangs here and there and everywhere,  
Creeps silently from room to room,  
And through the hall and up the stairs.

Estrangement, like a blight hath crept  
With stealthy pace, from heart to heart;  
And while the guardian angel slept,  
Hath led the loving ones apart.

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing, to have  
A phantom at the social board,  
To chill each heart, and darkly wave  
Above the meat his icy sword.

To see a cloud upon each brow,  
To miss the smile we loved of yore,  
And feel, the curse that blights us now  
On earth, will leave us never more.

Oh had I but the power I lack,  
To exorcise that phantom dark,  
And lure the dove, affection, back,  
To rest again within the ark;—

To chase the shadow from the hearth,  
Awake the cricket's voice again,  
And light the faded fire, while mirth  
Plays with love's re-united chain!

## THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

---

Rocked on the billows of his native seas,  
While the light bark her homeward pinions spread,  
In his lone hammock slung, the sailor dreams  
Of love and home, and youth's glad revelries ;  
Like the bright fret-work, by the sunbeams cut  
Through trembling leaves upon a sloping wave,  
Thoughts of the past, of joy and sorrow, fling  
Their lights and shadows on his slumbering mind,  
And memory's fountain pours its mingled streams  
Through the dim valleys of the land of dreams.

And fairest and first, in his vision, appears  
A scene he has cherished through absence and years,  
When 'neath the old oak on the verge of the wood,  
In the hour of departure, he silently stood  
Quaffing love from the fountain of Rosalie's eye,  
As lovely and blue as her own native sky.

Oft, oft in the night watch, while musing alone,  
When the bright southern cross in the blue heavens  
    shone,  
Or the arrowy frieze of the boreal light  
Its light pinions waved over the brow of the night,  
In storm or in sunshine, in sorrow and care,  
The oak and the maiden, to cheer him were there.  
And now in his slumbers they visit his dreams,  
And Rosalie's eye on his glad vision beams ;  
And he murmurs again, oh "dinna forget"  
The ring on thy finger ; oh cherish it yet.  
Queen Mab waves her hand—a dark cloud has past  
O'er the oak by the wood ; bright torches now cast  
Their light on an altar, where stands a young bride—  
His loved one, his chosen. Who stands at her side ?  
Not the playmate of youth—his bark's far away—  
On the breast of a stranger his Rosalie lay ;  
Then from his lips a sigh of agony  
Came burthened with the name of Rosalie.  
He slumbers again, and again fancy spreads  
Bright visions around him ; again he re-treads  
The scenes which in childhood's sweet morning he loved,  
When free as the sea-gull his young spirit roved.

The cascade that gushed from the gorge in the hill,  
The orchard, the school-house, the straw-covered mill ;  
The green where he played in the frolics of youth,  
Ere hope had been quenched by the waters of truth—  
These, these were around him, while voices of joy  
Again sang the songs he had sung when a boy ;  
His mother's glad tear, and fond look of pride,  
As she gazed on the fair sunny boy by her side ;  
His sire's kindly blessing, his sister's pure love,  
Again their bright spells for the sailor boy wove.  
The chalice of pleasure again sparkles bright,  
As he bids his parents and sister good night,  
And seeks the low cot where in youth he had slept,  
And where oft o'er his slumbers his mother had wept ;  
His slumber is broken—he springs from his bed,  
Dark volumes of smoke rolling over his head ;  
For a wide conflagration is shooting its spires,  
In quivering joy through the halls of his sires—  
Swift, swift as the stag-hound he flies to the green,  
And wildly he seeks by the fire's lurid sheen  
For the forms of the loved ones—behold they are there,  
But chilled is his blood by the breath of despair,  
For father and mother, and sister and friend,  
Have each ta'en the form of a hideous fiend ;

And mowing and mocking, they laugh at his fears,  
And hiss their derision and scorn in his ears;  
Transfixed to the spot, like a bark on the strand,  
While round him are falling, roof, rafter, and brand;  
In vain does he strive from the danger to fly,  
'Till Rosalie's form bursts in light on his eye,  
And forth from the dark falling fabric she bears  
Her lover in triumph : he paid her in tears.

The demons who rode on the wind-driven flame  
Now gather around him, and shouting his name,  
Their dark pinions spread, like the shadow of death,  
O'er the maid and her lover ; their poisonous breath,  
Like the wind of the desert, around them is cast,  
And withers each hope with its sulphurous blast ;  
While curses and laughter arise on the air.  
From the hellish array he turns in despair—  
Seeking comfort and joy in his Rosalie's eye—  
Why bursts from his lips that agonized cry ?  
Her beauty has faded ; in horror he sips  
The nectar of love from a skeleton's lips.  
He awoke, but to gaze on the moon's silver beam,  
And shouted in gladness—it was but a dream.

Morn broke o'er the waters, the dark mist that spread  
Its folds o'er the wave, like a pall o'er the dead,

Rolled back its dark curtain far over the strand ;  
And hark ! from the mast-head, the glad shout of land !  
On, on sped the light bark across the blue wave,  
To the home of his childhood, the land of the brave ;  
And ere night spread its star-spangled flag o'er the earth,  
He traversed again the loved halls of his birth ;  
And when the young moon from the dim distant hill  
Again shed its light over mountain and rill,  
Beneath the old oak in raptures he prest  
His Rosalie's form to his sea-beaten breast,  
While the fountain of love, with its sparkling stream,  
Swept from memory's pages the sailor boy's dream.



S T A N Z A S .

---

We build a temple in our youthful hours,  
Erect an idol, consecrate a shrine,  
Hope brings the incense, Fancy wreathes the flowers  
That round our young heart's offerings we entwine.

Forth to the world we go, yet oft return,  
While life's fresh thoughts unsullied still remain,  
To feed the lights that on the altar burn,  
Then to the world go forth in joy again.

Manhood comes on apace—the clouds of care  
Have cast a shadow—and the voice of truth  
Expelled the Deity, that lingered where  
Hope burnt her incense at the shrine of youth.

Age brings satiety ; the heart, released  
From earth's inthrallment, backward turns again ;  
Life's morning anthems have forever ceased—  
The spirit fled—nor shrine nor flowers remain.

We seek to call the spirit back to earth ;  
With feeble breath we fan the feeble fire,  
Invoke the power that gave the spirit birth,  
'Till, in the struggle, it and we expire.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

---

Quoth a maiden, gently musing,

“What is love, and where’s his home?

Is he but a vain delusion?

Comes he when the blossoms come?

Dwelleth he in fancy only,

Like unuttered melodies?

Or hath he a real presence

Like yon sister Pleiades?”

Then she took a rose, and threw it

In the streamlet at her feet,

While a bird of wond’rous beauty

Warbled music wild and sweet;

“Fie,” she said, and shook her tresses,

“Where is he, the truant one?”

And she drew a bow and quiver

On a white and shining stone.

Once again she fondly questioned  
Of her heart what love might be ;  
And bright eyes and lips gave answer :  
“ I love thee ; wilt thou love me ? ”  
Then her cheek flushed red with pleasure,  
As she felt her lover's gaze,  
And exclaimed, “ Oh, this is truly,  
Love that maids and poets praise ! ”

Time hath cast a shadow o'er her,  
And no lover now is near ;  
And her heart, a sigh is in it,  
And within each eye a tear ;  
Then she cried, in desolation,  
“ Whither shall my footsteps stray ?  
How escape the recollection  
Of a love that fades away ? ”

Peaceful as the gentle rushing  
Of a seraph's downy wing,  
Gazing through the tranquil starlight,  
Knelt the maiden worshipping ;  
And upon her spirit, breathing  
Holy tidings from the skies,  
Came, with heavenly revealing,  
“ Lo ! the love that never dies. ”

## LINES

ON PASSING THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON BY  
MOONLIGHT.

---

Moonlight upon the mountains !  
    Their shadows on the stream ;  
'Tis beautiful—'tis beautiful  
    As childhood's sunny dream ;  
It moves the heart like music  
    In some lone cathedral heard,  
When first life's crystal waters  
    By sorrow's hand are stirred.

The sybil leaves of memory,  
    The records of the past,  
The fretwork of existence,  
    The first love—and the last ;

Life's sunshine and its cloud,  
The tempest and the breeze,  
Each dim memorial of the past  
Revive 'mid scenes like these.

How beautiful, how glorious ;  
Each lofty mountain's brow  
Springs up to meet the coming,  
Of our gallant little prow.  
The silvered crag above us,  
The star-lit stream beneath ;  
The hush of evening slumbering  
On ripple and on leaf ;

The mountain gorge, the valley,  
The fisher's cot, the isle ;  
The zephyrs sweetly playing,  
Like beauty's sunny smile ;  
These with their spells are 'round us,  
We feel their magic power ;  
It bows the haughty spirit,  
As the tempest bows the flower.

It falls upon the heart,  
Like spring showers on the earth,  
And calls each flower of feeling  
From its hidden recess forth ;  
While busy fancy playing  
With the shadows on the wave,  
Rolls back the misty curtain  
From the confines of the grave.

And the mirrored glory breaking  
In soft and silver tones,  
Fills the teeming mind with visions  
Of the bright and shining ones ;  
While in the silent temples  
Whose secret shrines are fed  
By love—sweet incense burneth  
To the unforgotten dead.

On—on—the scene is changing,  
New glories round us rise,  
As o'er the dream-like waters  
Our fairy vessel flies ;  
'Tis changing still, yet beautiful,  
Each headland, rock, and bay,  
New visions spread around us,  
Our onward course to stay.

But like life's eventful journey,  
The fleeting dream must end ;  
One lingering look upon the hills  
And on our course we wend.  
Away—away—my gallant bark,  
The fairy scene is past ;  
No more the shadows of the hills  
Around thy path is cast.



TO E. BRACKETT.

SUGGESTED BY HIS SPLENDID GROUP OF THE BINDING  
OF SATAN.

---

On to the goal, young Artist! let thine eye  
Rest ever on the coronal of fame,  
Intent to win the immortality  
By genius woven 'round the sculptor's name.  
Deep in the secret chambers of thy heart  
Nature hath built unto herself a throne,  
Whence her sweet whisperings unto thee impart  
A power to win bright forms from senseless stone.  
And lo! upspringing 'neath thy plastic hands  
Yon glorious group, like Pallas from the brain  
Of Jupiter. Virtue triumphant stands,  
Holding aloft truth's adamantine chain;  
While hurled to earth, vice writhes in hopeless rage,  
No longer dares the unholy war to wage.

## DESPAIR NOT.

---

Not so—but otherwise : life's cares are sent  
To strengthen, not unnerve the human mind ;  
As the young sapling by the whirlwind bent,  
Gains strength and vigor battling with the wind.  
Oh blessed wind ! that to the mighty deep  
Gives health and motion,—beauty to the flower ;  
Strength to the oak that on the rocky steep  
Laughs and defies the tempest in its power.  
More blessed still the kindly cares that yield  
Impulse, and aim, and energy to life,  
When man upspringing spreads the glorious shield  
Of resolution in the deepening strife,  
While hope through danger silent points the way  
To him whose love shall wipe all tears away.

## THE EAGLE UNCHAINED.

---

Thou in chains, thou regal bird !

Fettered and bound like a thing of crime,  
Thou, whose clarion voice was heard

Blending its notes with the thunder chime !  
Thou whose home is the mountain peak,  
Thou who drinkest the mountain stream,  
Thou who whetest thy bloody beak  
On the blasted rock with a mighty scream !

Chains were made for those who crawl

Over the earth with a slavish soul,  
Licking the dust in a lordling's hall,  
Sipping the lees of lordling's bowl ;  
Not for the true undaunted mind,  
Not for the proud and chainless ones,  
Who leaving the phantom fear behind,  
Revel and joy 'mid the wreck of thrones.

Not for thee of the tireless wing,  
Born in the tempest—rocked in the storm,  
Soaring aloft where the sunbeams fling  
Glory and light on thy kingly form ;  
Emblem that tells of a nation's fame ;  
Wrought in her banner—engraved on her shield,  
Bearing aloft her mighty name,  
O'er the billows' foam and the tented field.

Gather thy strength thou bird of light,  
Fix thine eye on the god of day,  
Spread thy wings for a glorious flight ;  
Then away to the wooded hills—away.  
I have given thee freedom, thy chains are broke,  
Thy limbs released, thy pinions freed ;  
Cleave the air with a mighty stroke,  
To the mountain eyrie ! speed thee, speed.

## THE POET'S DEATH.

---

Fling open the casement, let summer winds play  
In perfume around me, as life fades away ;  
Let the song of the wild-bird—the hum of the bee,  
Come winged with an anthem of farewell to me ;  
Let me look once again on the sun's fading light—  
Let me gaze on the brow of the beautiful night—  
Let the stars, in their glory, shine bright o'er my head,  
Ere I join the dim throng of the numberless dead.

I could not die calmly when daylight was here,  
When life's busy voices were murmuring near,  
When the sun, in its splendor, lit mountain and stream,  
And nature rejoiced in its life-giving beam ;  
But when day hath departed, and night-dews have set  
A gem on each leaflet like diamonds in jet ;  
And calm as a child, on a fond mother's breast,  
I will turn me away to my limitless rest.

Farewell! lovely earth, with thy valleys and hills,  
Thy primeval forests—and bright mountain rills;  
O'er thy wide-spreading glories, my footsteps have trod;  
In each solitude hailing a temple of God;  
I have stood by the ocean, when waves were at rest—  
I have seen the wind curling the dark billow's crest—  
I have seen the storm ride o'er the billows in glee,  
And its glory, Oh God! was a witness of Thee.

In the stillness of night, when summer winds blew,  
When the bright stars were shining, and flowers wet  
with dew;  
In the sunburst of morning—in daylight's decline,  
I have worshiped, oh nature! in joy at thy shrine;  
I have bowed down before thee in beauty and bloom—  
I have worshiped when heaven was shrouded in gloom;  
I have seen the wild lightning flash over thy face,  
And rejoiced with the storm in its terrible race.

Like morning dreams, tinged by the glory that breaks  
O'er the earth when the sun from his slumber awakes,  
Was the spirit that breathes the whole universe through,  
When nature unfolded her treasures to view;

Each leaf of the forest—each gem of the sea—  
Each stream's gentle wavelet—each flower of the lea—  
Each swift-fleeting shadow, from summer skies caught,  
Was cradled in music, or gemmed with a thought.

I feel the dread power of thy presence, oh Death—  
My cheek, pale as marble, is damp with thy breath,  
And the shade of thy wing, like the coming of night,  
Is veiling the stars from my fast-fading sight ;  
O'er my spirit's dim vision, sweet memories come—  
The scenes of my childhood—the voices of home ;  
And loved ones departed, are lingering nigh,  
To waft me in joy, through my pathway, the sky.

## THE YOUNG MOTHER.



In the floweret that blooms on its own green stem,  
In the sunbeams that dance on the sea,  
In the light that beams from the ocean gem,  
In the sweep of the flowery lea,  
In the silvery sheen of the young May Moon,  
In the blush of the morning's dye,  
In the shadows that sleep neath the autumn noon,  
In the rainbow that spans the sky,—  
There is beauty ; but where is the beauty can vie  
With the soul-speaking glance of a young mother's eye ?

In the song of the poet when love's bright spells  
O'er the strings of his wild harp sweep,  
In the orator's voice when it proudly swells  
O'er the waves of the mental deep,



In the melody heard in the hush of night,  
In the wild bird's song of glee,  
When he welcomes the smile of the coming light  
From his dew-sprinkled throne in the tree,—  
There is music ; but where is the music whose power  
Can vie with the song in a young mother's bower ?

In the wild bird's song in the greenwood shade  
When vernal skies are bright,  
In the heart of the true and trusting maid,  
In the breast of her chosen knight,  
In the bridegroom's glance, in the bride's glad tear,  
When the binding vow is said,  
In the smile that gilds the cloud of fear,  
O'er the orphan's pathway spread,—  
There is love ; but where is there love so deep  
As the young mother breathes o'er her infant's sleep ?

Oh, holy and pure is the love that burns  
In woman's faithful breast.  
When her eye in fond devotion turns  
To her infant's place of rest.

And ever, as on that loved one glides  
Through life, it burns the same,  
Through joy or grief o'er its lot presides;  
In the moment of glory or shame  
Still it shines, with a luster unchanging and bright,  
Like a radiant star on the brow of the night.

T O M A R Y .

---

When the twilight veils the flowers  
    Blooming on the lea,  
And the stars are in the sky,  
    Often do I see—  
Such a little fairy form,  
    Full of life and joy,  
As I do remember me,  
    When I was a boy.

When I was a boy, and thou  
    Fairylike didst stray  
By my side, in thoughtful mood,  
    Then away—away,  
Over banks, and through the glen,  
    Over rock and dell,  
Twining garlands for my hair,  
    Of the heather-bell.

And the form I often see,  
    Floating in the shade,  
Like the shadow of a cloud  
    On the billow made,—  
Is the memory of thee,  
    In that happy day  
Ere the morning dream of life  
    Vanished far away.

Vanished far away, Mary—  
    Like a rainbow's wing  
On the coronal of flowers,  
    From the brow of spring.  
When the fearful parting came,  
    Different paths we trod,  
I to manhood's toil and strife,  
    Thou to dwell with God.

S T A N Z A S .

---

I loved a voice, whose flute-like tone  
My youthful heart enchained ;  
And long within my memory  
Its melody remained.

I loved a lip, whose coral curve  
Was dearer far to me  
Than name, or fame, or golden store,  
Or jewels from the sea.

I loved the rich old Samian wine,  
Whose ruby wavelets pressed  
Up to the goblet's beaded lip,  
Caressing and caressed.

But when that voice of flute-like tone  
A bitter discord breathed,  
And when I saw that coral lip  
With scorn and anger wreathed,

And when the ruby Samian wine,  
Grew bitter in the glass,—  
I turned away in sadness, and  
Like shadows let them pass.

The voice I loved, the lip I loved,  
The wine I loved to drain,  
When wrought by time to other forms,  
I could not love again.

## THE WORKINGMAN.



“Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well thy part,—there all the honor lies.

Wouldst thou rashly change thy lot—  
For a higher, or another?  
Be the thing that thou art not?  
Tell me, my unhappy brother!  
Wherefore envy wealth or state?  
Peace with honest labor dwelleth;  
But the trials of the great,  
No one to his neighbor telleth.

Wouldst thou be a monarch? Read,  
On the records of old story,  
Tales of kings and monarchs dead;  
Dost thou envy them their glory?

Rather envy him who stole  
    Quietly through life to heaven,  
With no murder on his soul,  
    No great sins to be forgiven.

Wouldst thou join ambition's crew ?  
    Lo ! their lives are full of trouble ;  
And the phantom they pursue,  
    Nothing but an empty bubble ;  
Happier thou, whose path of life  
    Leads thy steps away from danger ;  
To ambition's toil and strife,  
    And its poor rewards, a stranger.

Wouldst thou be a Poet ? Thou—  
    Be an eagle in a tether,  
With a pale and thoughtful brow,  
    Weaving burning thoughts together ?  
Tis a fearful gift, the flame  
    That illumines—consumes the spirit,  
Leaving but a doubtful name  
    For his children to inherit.



Wouldst thou be an idle drone,  
    Living on another's labor ?  
Be a giant lazzarone,  
    Nodding to a pipe and tabor ?  
Why, thy manly brow would flush,  
    Not with pleasure, but with loathing,  
And thy bronzed cheek would blush,  
    Red with shame at doing nothing.

Thou wert made to brave the storm,  
    Striving with rude nature's forces ;  
Giving to the formless form ;  
    Turning rivers from their courses.  
'Twas for this that heaven gave  
    Sinews strong as iron braces,  
And a heart too stout and brave  
    For soft dalliance with the graces.

Scorn the pity flung by pride,  
    With contempt, upon thy station ;  
Though the difference seemeth wide,  
    Thou hast still this consolation :

Thine is a productive toil ;  
Yielding to thyself and others,  
From the workshop or the soil,  
Wherewithal to bless thy brothers.

Unto thee and all alive,  
Hath a holy task been given ;  
And as ye may fail or thrive,  
Shall receive reward from heaven.  
Whatsoe'er thy mission be,  
Strong of heart—be up and doing ;  
And it more shall profit thee,  
Than delusive dreams pursuing.

## MORNING ON THE HILLS.

---

Emblem of time on the shore of eternity,  
Lo! where the mountain frowns over the sea,  
Claiming from primeval night its paternity,  
When God, proclaiming the universe free,  
Called forth the hills from the waters that covered them,  
Piled them aloft in grandeur and gloom,  
Still smiling on, as when man first discovered them,  
Watching o'er earth in its beauty and bloom.

Here, by the light that proclaims day's nativity,  
High on the crag where the wild eagles brood ;  
Here, from the verge of the mountain's acclivity,  
Speeds forth the spirit o'er forest and flood.  
How mounts the soul through the realms of immensity,  
Sweeping o'er space on the pinions of thought,  
Yielding with joy to each feeling's intensity,  
Feelings with holiest influence fraught !

Father Omnipotent, holy, immutable !

Here in thy temple, the dark-wooded hills,  
Humbly we bow to thy wisdom inscrutable,  
Wisdom whose light the whole universe fills ;  
The wild-rolling waves with the sun flashing over them,  
Far-winding rivers and valleys of light,  
Mountains that sleep 'neath the forests that cover them,  
Witness forever thy glory and might.

Wondrous, oh God ! are the glories surrounding us,—  
Planets and stars rolling onward in flame ;  
Space with its unfathomed distance confounding us,  
Peopled with worlds without number or name.  
Yet to us, motes in the light of infinity,  
Wandering in darkness and sin since the fall,  
Thou hast permitted to claim an infinity  
With Thee, the Author, Creator of all.

Blessings and praise for the hope thou hast given us,  
Thanks for the mission whose burden was love !  
Back to the home whence transgression had driven us,  
Leading our steps through the glories above.  
Hear us, oh God, while expressing our gratitude,  
Grant, we beseech, to the sons of all men  
Final repose in the realms of beatitude,  
And thine be the glory forever, Amen !

## THE BEGGAR.

---

He used to sit alone  
On a solitary stone,  
    And his hat  
Was placed upon his knees ;  
You would think his head would freeze  
    Where he sat.

His lips gave forth no sound  
As he sat upon the ground,  
    In the dust ;  
Though his looks of mute appeal  
Might move a heart of steel,  
    To be just.

For, ever he would raise  
The dim and feeble gaze  
    Of his eye,  
To the beautiful and gay,  
Who, laughing on their way,  
    Passed him by.

One day, at eventide,  
A man, whose heart with pride  
    Mantled o'er,  
Bade a menial, sleek and fat,  
Drive the beggar and his hat  
    From his door.

'Twas a sad and solemn sight,  
When his visions of delight  
    All were fled,  
To see him sitting there,  
In the crowded thoroughfare,  
    Begging bread.

But a sadder sight to see,  
Was the look of agony  
    That he cast  
On that proud man's iron face,  
Who, with fashionable grace,  
    Glided past.

## THE APPEAL.

---

Oh thrust her not forth, 'tis thy daughter that kneels  
At thy feet for forgiveness—stern father relent ;  
In the grasp of despair, lo ! her young spirit reels,  
Like a flower by the wing of the hurricane bent.  
If thou shouldst reject—who in mercy will lead  
The wanderer back from the pathway of sin ?  
Nay, hear her—in pity avert not thy head ;  
Commune with thy heart ! Is all holy within ?

Look back through the dim lengthened vista of years,  
Thick strewn with the ruins that Time, in its flight,  
Hath made of thy hopes, and bathed with thy tears ;  
Is the tale they reveal to thee spotless and bright ?  
On that record of passion, of folly, of strife,  
Can memory trace out no blemish or spot,  
No thread running through the mixed webwork of life,  
Thou wouldst wish in thy soul-searching moments forgot ?

She hath sinned, she hath suffered, but infamy's chain  
Hath been rent by the stroke of adversity's rod ;  
Shall a father's hand close up its rivets again,  
And thrust her away from the footstool of God ?  
Shall her spirit, baptized by repentance, be cast,  
Like a weed by the ocean flung up on the shore,  
Again on the waters,—to perish be cast,  
Where the voice of affection can reach her no more ?

If spotless thyself, in action and thought  
Unsullied, take counsel of HIM who of yore,  
When the trembling transgressor for judgment was  
brought,  
In mercy exclaimed, "Go in peace, sin no more."  
But oh, if thy stronger heart ever hath trod,  
Led captive by passion, the pathway of pain,  
Remember *her* weakness—leave Heaven the rod,  
And clasp her in love to thy bosom again.



ON A PLANT FROM THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

---

What though, amid thy faded leaflets hid,  
No gaudy flowers in perfumed beauty gleam;  
Thou bearest a spell whose magic powers can bid  
The patriot's blood leap like a mountain stream;  
For thou art wedded to a name that stands  
On glory's proud pre-eminence alone,  
Whose mighty voice, fame-borne through distant lands,  
Shook the foundation of a tyrant's throne.  
Thou comest from the grave where lie inurned,  
All that could die of one to whom of yore  
Each patriot's eye in hope and love was turned,  
When darkness hung Columbia's altars o'er,—  
The grave of him whose name shall ever be  
The battle-cry of struggling Liberty.

F R A N K L I N .

---

Not thine the laurel wreath by valor won  
On the red field of fight ; but wisdom high  
To point the path of Freedom's rising sun,  
And guide a nation's glorious destiny.  
The patriot, sage, philanthropist, who stood  
Foremost amid the architects of fame ;  
Who reared Columbia's banner, when the flood  
Of Albion's wrath raged round her rising name.  
But not content with patriot's fame, thy hand  
Plucked the red lightning from its ebon throne,  
And scathless wielded, like a willow wand,  
The forkèd shafts by heaven's artillery thrown.  
Thus, tyrant power and elemental wrath  
By wisdom chained, shed glory round thy path.

## W I N T E R .



I love the winter, I love to feel  
Its breath upon my brow ;  
It makes the blood, like a river, rush  
Through my veins with a merry flow ;  
And thoughts are born, as buoyant and light  
As the snow-flakes in the air,  
As the light breeze plays with the feathery gems  
Disporting in beauty there.

I love the winter, when night has spread  
Its banner wide and free ;  
When the icicles hang from the leafless bough,  
Like jewels beneath the sea ;  
When the spirits that dance in the boreal light,  
Their pennons above us fling ;  
And the softened voice of the fountain comes  
Like the sound of an angel's wing,—

I love to glide o'er the frozen snow,  
To the sound of the merry bells,  
When the laugh rings clear, and each joyous shout  
A tale of gladness tells ;  
When the heart beats high, as we gaily sweep  
Across the frozen plain ;  
And the sound of our horses' footsteps comes  
Like the falling of autumn rain.

I love, how I love the fireside joys  
Of the long, long winter's night,  
When friends are met, and affection brings  
Its treasures forth to light ;  
Then friendship's chain is closer drawn,  
And brighter the torches burn  
That gild the smile of a living love,  
Or hallow a dead one's urn.

## THE MECHANIC.

---

Mechanics! whose toil is the wealth of a nation,  
Whose breasts are its bulwarks when danger is nigh,—  
Though humble your lot, and despised your vocation,  
You have honor and worth that the world cannot buy.  
The minions of wealth may affect to despise you,  
Pronouncing you ignorant, sordid, and base,  
But the moment will come that shall teach them to  
prize you.

The scorn they have written—themselves shall erase.

Not theirs are the hands that can turn back the billow  
That threatens to sweep o'er our altars and homes;  
They may live in the breeze that but plays with the  
willow,  
But woe unto them when the hurricane comes.

They must call upon *you* in the moment of danger,  
When the war-banner spreads its red folds to the air,  
When our homes are assailed by the hands of the  
stranger,  
And our valleys re-echo the cries of despair.

Where of Rome's faded grandeur her ruins are telling,  
Where Athens' proud temples reflect back the sun,  
In Palmyra's streets—now the jackal's lone dwelling—  
Are recorded the triumphs by industry won.  
There is not a nation where science has flourished,  
There is not a land that the arts have adorned,  
But your valor has guarded—your industry nourished—  
Through glory and shame—though degraded and  
scorned.

Your labor in peace, like a bright living fountain,  
Sends rivers of wealth to replenish the earth ;  
And in war, like the storm-beaten rocks of the mountain,  
You ward off the blast from the land of your birth.  
But when peace, like the sun, o'er our country is shining,  
For the wealth you bestow they repay you with sneers,  
And the wounds you have borne in her cause unrepining,  
Ingratitude bathes with adversity's tears.

When the herald of fame, in the annals of story,  
The deeds of a hero proclaimed through the land,  
The monuments reared to emblazon his glory  
And the deeds they record—are the works of your  
hand.

But what your reward when the conflict is ended ?  
Or where is your niche in the temple of fame ?  
The laurels you won with another's are blended,  
And darkness still rests on the artisan's name.

Yet bow not your hearts to the proud man's reviling,  
More noble in sorrow than he in his pride ;  
At each mark of disdain with true dignity smiling,  
Your acts will rebuke when your lot they deride.  
Let hope cheer your path ; though despised and neglected,  
Be virtue your shield when temptation is nigh ;  
By honor's bright code be your actions directed ;  
Deserve and demand the respect they deny.

For ages you languished in darkness and sorrow,  
Toiling on for the wealth that another must reap ;  
Each day of regret but the type of to-morrow,  
As wave reflects wave in their race o'er the deep.

But one after one your chains have been riven,  
And the day-star of hope from the horizon rose  
When the star-spangled flag, to Columbia given,  
Called the children of toil 'neath its shade to repose.

Then high be your aim ; for the portals of glory,  
By Freedom unbarred, now disclose to your view  
A tablet whereon to emblazon your story,  
An urn for the tears to your memory due.  
When your country's proud star, through futurity shining,  
Beams bright with the deeds that her children have  
done,  
May the loveliest wreath 'round her diadem twining,  
Be that which her toil-worn mechanics have won.



FORGET NOT—REGRET NOT.

---

Forget not—regret not  
The joys that have fled,  
Though sweeter and fleeter  
Than sweet odors shed  
From the jessamine's cup,  
Or the bright chalice hid  
From the gaze of the sun  
'Neath the violet's lid.

Forget not—regret not ;  
Why should we regret,  
While one star remains,  
That another hath set ?  
And though all may have fled  
Others, brighter by far,  
May arise to our view,  
Than the once worshiped star.

Forget not—regret not ;  
    Hope ever should burn  
The incense of love  
    In her funeral urn,  
Shedding glory and light  
    O'er the gems of the past,  
By time on the altar  
    Of memory cast.

Forget not—regret not ;  
    Life's lessons should be,  
Like the stars that are hung  
    O'er the limitless sea,  
A guide to our path,  
    Bright links of the chain,  
To lead us and bind us  
    To virtue again.

## SONNET.

ON READING THE LIFE OF ROBERT SWAIN OF NEW  
BEDFORD.

---

How sweet the memory of the early dead,  
When friendship's hand can seize the pen of truth,  
And lovingly upon the fair page spread  
Such pure memorials of departed youth !  
Sweet to the parent's heart, when time hath calmed  
The troubled waters of parental love,  
To see the dear one's memory embalmed  
'Mid the green garlands by affection wove ;  
To trace again his pilgrimage of life ;  
To read the words his gentle spirit breathed ;  
To stand beside him in the hour of strife,  
When death's cold arms round his young form were  
wreathed ;  
Keep in the soul his memory ever green,  
And his dear image present, though unseen.

S O N N E T .

T O ———.



Thou seemest a spirit of some purer sphere,  
Once seen, forgotten never; from thine eye,  
Like a bright meteor in its swift career,  
Thy soul looks forth, a holy mystery;  
Where truth and virtue, innocence and love,  
Commingled, breathe a harmony divine.  
All we have dreamed of purity above,  
Their incense breathe around thy beauty's shrine;  
And men bow down and worship, with no stain  
Of earthly passion mingling with their praise.  
As if in heaven some angel ceased to reign,  
And earthward bent her flight, men's hearts to raise  
To that far home whose purity and truth  
Clothes every form in everlasting youth.

TO MY CHILDREN.

FEBRUARY 12TH, 1856.

---

Ye are seven—by the fireside sitting,  
While without is heard the wintry blast ;  
Buds and blossoms—reading, sewing, knitting,  
And the youngest fast asleep at last.

Ye are seven—cups of consolation,  
Filled with love, which unto me impart.  
Courage to walk the path of tribulation,  
With this great grief lying on my heart.

Ye are seven—staffs on which I, leaning,  
May in peace descend towards the grave ;  
A golden harvest from your true loves gleaning,  
Making my feeble spirit stout and brave.

Ye are seven—lights around me shining,  
Casting sunshine even on the tomb ;  
While your love, around my heart entwining,  
Lifteth my spirit gently out of gloom.

Ye are seven : love ye one another,  
Let no discord mingle with your mirth ;  
Brother to sister, sister cleave to brother ;  
So may your paths be pleasant on the earth.

Ye are seven—would, a father's praying,  
Uttered in anguish through life's weary hours,  
Could ever keep your gentle steps from straying,  
And strew your paths with virtue's sunny flowers !

Ye are seven—yet an eighth was given,  
By affection drawn into the fold ;  
Still another blessing sent by heaven,  
Which to my heart in gratitude I hold.

## EARLY FRIENDS.

“THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH, WHERE ARE THEY?”

---

Where are they? where are they? the happy, the free,  
The loved ones, the fair ones, the brave?  
No more their bright glances around me I see,  
Like stars on the zephyr-crisped wave;  
The friends of my childhood, the playmates of youth,  
Who danced round my pathway in joy—  
With light hearts illumined by virtue and truth,  
When I was a happy young boy.

Where are they? where are they? whose young hearts  
beat high,  
With dreams of ambition and fame;  
Who thought that the temple of glory was nigh,  
And would carve on its altar a name?  
Oh where are they now? is the bright garland theirs?  
Has fame ne'er eluded their grasp?  
Or the rainbow of hope evanished in tears,  
When its glittering gems they would clasp?

Where is Albert, the soldier, whose patriot sword  
In the van of the battle should gleam  
Like a meteor, when round him the war-tempest roared ?  
Oh, say not it was but a dream.  
It was but a dream, for the wine cup was filled,  
And its rubies were brighter than fame ;  
Its red drops the voice of ambition have stilled,  
And his sun has descended in shame.

Where's William, whose brow's intellectual stamp  
Gave promise of talent and worth—  
Who burned, e'en in childhood, the dim midnight lamp,  
And to victory longed to rush forth ?  
His name is recorded on history's page—  
The hope of his youth is achieved ;  
The meed of the patriot, statesman, and sage,  
Already has William received.

Where is Horace ? whose trumpet-voice often was heard  
In defense of fair freedom and right ;  
The passions of thousands his eloquence stirred  
Or quelled with an orator's might.  
His youth promised brightly—oh where is he now ?  
Has the promise of youth been fulfilled ?  
No ! the dark seal of crime is impressed on his brow,  
And the whispers of virtue are stilled.



Where is Robert ? the light-hearted, flaxen-haired wight,  
Beloved and respected by all ;  
Whom maidens in glee Robert Goodfellow hight,  
The pride of each party and ball ?  
Where is he ? where should he be ? happy and gay  
As a lark, with the wife of his choice—  
Contentment and joy round his fireside play,  
And friends 'neath his roof-tree rejoice.

Where is Jane ? lovely Jane, with her laughing blue eye,  
And a heart as a gossamer light ?  
She dwells in a neat little cottage hard by,  
But her blue eye no longer is bright.  
A blank in the lottery of wedlock she drew,  
And a cloud o'er her young spirit fell ;  
Her cheeks are aye wet, but not with the dew ;  
Those tears her sad history tell.

Where is Olive ? dark Olive, the pretty brunette ?  
I wonder she never was wed ;  
Not yet has the sun of the young beauty set,  
And her lip is still pouting and red.  
Be her virtues rewarded, and happy her lot,  
Oh, Cupid ! a husband pray bring ;  
And Olive will warble, both early and late ;—  
Ye Gods ! how the gipsy can sing !

Where is Kate? bonnie Kate, who bright garlands  
wove

In youth, in her old father's hall?

She has loved as no one but a woman can love,—

She fell as but woman can fall.

Her proud heart is humbled, her spirit is crushed;

In sadness and silence she weeps.

The wild notes she sang, in her bosom are hushed,

Where conscience its dark vigil keeps.

Where is Alice? sweet Alice, the queen of the band,

Once as merry as merry could be?

Young Edwin has wooed and won her fair hand,

The old Nick might have her for me;

A termagant shrew sweet Alice has proved,

Her voice is discordant and shrill;

And his heart, which in youth like a young eagle roved,

Is broken and bowed to her will.

Where are they? where are they, once happy and free,

Whose story not yet has been told?

Some sleep in the valley, some sleep in the sea,

And some plow the ocean for gold.

The bright cord is broken, and scattered the gems,  
In glory or shame o'er the earth.  
The flow'rets have vanished for aye from their stems,  
And drear are the homes of their birth.

## BIRDS AND BARDS.

H O O D.

---

A wounded Nightingale wert thou,  
Song on thy lips—the arrow in thy breast;  
Oh, who could deem thy song's melodious flow  
Was but the breathing of a heart's unrest?  
Now o'er the heart's hushed waters it would glide,  
With holy pathos sweep the living strings  
Of sympathy; now scatter far and wide  
Bright gems of fancy from its dewy wings.  
Now sportingly, like strains from fairy land,  
Thy mirthful music charm the list'ning ear;  
Now from the heart's deep chords, thy gentle hand  
With sorrow's hymn beguile us of a tear.  
Joy born of anguish, mirth from sadness won,  
Like tears of sorrow sparkling in the sun.

## BIRDS AND BARDS.

SHELLEY.

---

Thine was the sky-lark's song,—spurning the earth,  
And upward soaring on the wings of love  
Nearer the cradle of thy spirit's birth.

Thy skillful hand the pearls of genius wove.  
Men knew thee not—their plummet-line of thought  
Not yet had fathomed the abyss of song,  
From whose deep fountain thy young spirit caught  
The gems that shine thy glowing dreams among ;  
With wizard skill thy lyre leads us away  
Through the dim valleys of chaotic dreams ;  
And thoughts like fleeting meteors play  
Upon the billows of enchanted streams ;  
Then upward ever lovingly they rise  
And captive lead the spirit to the skies.

## BIRDS AND BARDS.

POLLAK.

---

A vulture, gloating o'er a battle plain,  
When carnage spreads its feast of unclean things;  
Drinking with eager ear the shrieks of pain,  
And nursing horror neath its murky wings.  
God gave thee genius, and a Poet's thought,  
And kindled in thy heart the sacred fire;  
Diseased imagination frantic wrought  
Of dead men's bones thy most discordant lyre.  
Its strings were human feelings wrought to pain,  
From which thy hands drew screams of endless woe,  
Which to thine ear seemed like a pleasant strain  
At eventide by fond lips murmured low.  
Perverted genius thus, with words of flame,  
Rehearsing horrors in a Savior's name.

## THE FRIEND.

“I HAD A HAT! IT WAS NOT ALL A HAT.”

---

I had a friend! he was not all a friend:  
One of his legs was lame; and one bright eye  
Gleam'd out companionless from his swart visage;  
His shoulders too, which some more squarely trim,  
Were of unequal height; and kindred gaz'd  
Wildly upon me, as his arm I took  
In friendly guise, and walk'd the crowded streets;  
For well I knew, that rough, uncouth extern,  
Conceal'd a soul of noble matter, wrought  
By hand Omniscient!

A change came o'er the spirit of my friend:  
The joyous laugh no more was heard; the smile  
That once so brightly beamed, telling of peace  
And happiness within, had pass'd away; and care,

With its dark host of "azure demons," who had long  
besieged  
That citadel of joy—his heart,—now waved  
In triumph o'er its wreck his gloomy flag;  
And hope, fanned by its icy breath, had gathered up  
Its withering flowers, and left  
A solitude where once an Eden bloomed.  
For fortune smiled not on him, and the world  
Received his proffered love with coldness, and repelled  
Each friendly offering with a look of scorn;  
Had driven back, to the deep fountains of his glowing  
heart,  
Each kindly feeling, on itself to prey—or perish.  
His outward man—all innocent of debt—  
Grew threadbare, ragged, and bore marks of age  
Unmeet for "good society."  
His soles were thin, and inefficient too,  
Even like the souls of worldly-minded men,  
And at each step would, open-mouthed, reprove  
Those who encased their last extremities  
In glossy covering, at another's cost.  
These things the world liked not:  
They could o'erlook his being lame, and halt, and blind,  
So he were rich; but to be blind, and halt and lame,



And also poor, was past endurance! Therefore was he  
cast  
Forth from society; and all the sweet amenities which  
strew  
The path of earth-born wanderers with joy,  
Were unto him denied!  
Then friends grew furious that I, unmindful of advice,  
Should still associate with him! Some  
Would seize a button, and in nooks and corners  
Strive to persuade me of my want of taste;  
Others, with shrug significant, discoursed  
Of Bedlam, strait-jackets, and shorn heads.  
For whom? for me—for that I loved a man  
Whose soul, not body, bore the impress of his Maker!  
For he possessed all nobleness of heart,—  
Honor and generosity,—had talent, genius,  
And that true nobility of soul, which forms  
The standard of a man's worth.  
Yet was he (wanting wealth) deemed worthless.

A change came o'er the nature of my friend;  
And he who once was gentle as a girl, and kind as  
gentle,  
Grew savage and misanthropic.

Sullen, morose, suspicious, he received  
Even the attentions of his friends with doubt,  
As though he thought they too were false,  
And only mocked him with a show of love.  
The smile of scorn, the sneer, the contumely  
Cast on him by the world, he knew were worthless ;  
But they fell upon his soul like drops of molten lead,  
And festered there, and roused the demon in his breast,  
And threatened to destroy the barriers of reason.  
I saw the cloud rise, and its progress watched ;  
Like the vexed billows, when the storm-god sends  
The agents of his will to scourge the earth, or sweep  
In vengeance o'er the chafed and heaving main,—  
His passions writhed with anguish.  
But, just as the murmuring of the thunder fell  
Almost inaudible upon the ear,  
And the dim, distant lightnings flashed, presaging woe,  
The storm-cloud broke in peace. And then he smiled,  
Even like an infant in its slumber. Smiled—  
Smiled, too, for very joy, that they  
Who thus could cast earth's richest gems away,  
Because the casket was not wrought in gold,  
Were NOT his friends.

A change came o'er the fortunes of my friend :

The fickle jade, who long had strewn his path  
With thistles, 'stead of roses, now grew kind, and filled  
His late consumptive bags, with gold,  
Almost to bursting. Then came the drones,  
And moths, and butterflies; who straight assayed,  
With mimic melody, to praise  
That which they could not comprehend,—his worth.  
Then many limped who never limped before,  
In servile imitation of my friend's infirmity;  
And spectacles and canes came into vogue;  
And men cut fortunes out of crooked sticks—  
So much had lameness in the land increased!  
And everywhere men stood before the glass,  
Intent to learn this newest attitude;  
Which they had christened—not “à la Grecque”—  
But some strange name from foreign language stolen,  
For our plain English could not furnish one  
Mellifluous enough to suit refinèd taste.

Thus he, who late was hooted at as base,  
With all his rough, uncouth extern,  
Limping and crooked, with his single eye,  
Now walked the earth a god; and fops and fools  
Paid homage to him; for he now was RICH.

## SONNET.

### ENTHUSIASM.



#### I.

Creative power, by Heaven ordained to guide  
Erratic genius through the realms of thought,  
Where in chaotic beauty ceaseless glide  
The fairy forms from inspiration caught;  
Thine is the task to nerve the tireless wings  
Of young Ambition in its eagle sweep,  
When from her throne imagination flings  
Gems intellectual—for fame to keep.  
Thine is the power that wields the poet's pen,  
Or clothes the words of eloquence in flame,  
When upward soaring, far from mortal ken,  
They waft the incense of a glorious name;  
The warrior, sculptor, painter, owe to thee  
All earth can give of immortality.

## SONNET.

### ENTHUSIASM.



#### II.

Nor less thy power in virtue's gentler realm,  
When crowned with wreaths that angel hands have  
wove.

O'er sorrow's sea, thy hand directs the helm  
To the green islands of Omniscient love;  
Faith, hope, philanthropy,—all ties that bind  
Man unto man, or dust to Deity,—  
Each holy impulse of the immortal mind,  
Owe their rich fruitage of reward to thee.  
'Twas thine to lead a Howard's pilgrim feet  
To the dark caves of misery and guilt,  
On mercy's errand; thine the power that built  
The deathless shrines where men and angels meet;  
That nerves the martyr 'gainst the bigot's ire,  
When persecution lights her funeral pyre.

## ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. BLISS TO MISS PIKE.



Cupid and Hymen by a stream  
In sportive mood encountered Bliss  
Fishing, and humming "Love's young dream ;"  
His hook was baited with a kiss.

He quickly seized the urchin's bow,  
For want of better rod belike ;  
And where the sparkling waters flow  
Threw in his line, and hooked a Pike.

Then Bliss began to look quite grave,  
Lest he the lovely prize should miss ;  
But Hymen plunged into the wave,  
And bore the trembling Pike to Bliss.

## MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

---

It is sweet—is it not? at the close of the day,  
When thoughts, like zephyrs, around us play,  
And dreams are all of the forms that dance  
In the elfin-halls of young romance,  
    To Memory's urn  
    In love to turn,  
And seizing the lights that around it burn,  
Seek 'mid the relics of sterner hours,  
For the cherished leaves of childhood's flowers.

Sweet then are the visions by memory wove,  
Their texture truth, illumined by love;  
And the gems that bright o'er its surface shine,  
And color the whole, oh Youth! are thine;  
    While Memory weaves  
    The flowers and leaves,  
Fancy by turns the task relieves;  
And breathing her spell the web-work o'er,  
They blossom again as in days of yore.

Yet think not youth is free from care,—  
That grief ne'er sets its signet there ;  
Though less the wound, as great the pain  
As ever we feel in life again ;  
    For the clouds that sweep  
    Across the deep,  
And deepen the shades on the mountain's steep,  
As darkly cast their veil of gloom  
On the rose in bud as the rose in bloom.

But Lethe's stream hath kindly cast  
Its waters over afflictions past.  
We hear no more the thunder-crash,  
We see no more the lightning flash,  
    Whose bolts were flung  
    In wrath among  
The idols we worshiped when life was young ;  
Round childhood's joys our memories play ;  
But our childhood's sorrows—oh ! where are they ?



## CITY SATIRES.

---

Sketches of real life without a hero ;

Although some fifty wait at my command,  
Led by Napoleon, Samuel Patch, and Nero,  
Each wooing me to take him by the hand,  
And raise his reputation up from zero,

Where it now stands. I eschew them ; and  
Lest for invoking phantoms folks should flout one,  
I'll e'en contrive to jog along without one ;

And seek amid the vices that are spread,

Like compost, o'er the surface of society  
(On which, like worms upon the newly dead,  
Each knave and fool are feasting to satiety),  
Game for the pen—wherever chance may lead,  
Through the mixed field of human contrariety,  
And laugh at folly whatsoe'er I find it,  
Though certain that the world will never mind it.

The end and aim of this my varied lay  
Is to seek truth by reason, when comeatable ;  
Though some may gravely shake their heads, and say  
That rhyme and reason are quite incompatible.  
To which assertion I oppose my "nay,"  
Believing the position is combatable ;  
For rhyme and reason, truth and poetry,  
Are synonyms, as I could plainly show it ye ;  
But will not,—as I've other fish to fry,  
Caught on the shore of folly's boundless sea,  
Of divers forms, diverse in hue and dye ;  
Subjecting all to satire's alchemy,  
By sage analysis and searching eye ;  
Inquire of each their seeming mystery,  
Their depths and shallows, "being's use and end,"  
And why in reason folly finds a friend.  
Some would persuade us, that mankind are worse  
In this than any former generation ;  
The virtues of the past they will rehearse,  
And for their errors have great veneration ;—  
A creed to which I'm seriously averse,  
As it conflicts with man's regeneration,  
Or onward progress to perfectibility,  
In fashionable parlance termed gentility.

Spirit of Hamlet! when thy voice was heard  
Upon the ramparts, to the night winds talking,  
Whose airy tongue thy dreamy offspring stirred  
To ask the cause of thy untimely walking,—  
Its sound was music to that hateful word,  
Which thus, my grave intent with malice balking,  
Slipt from my pen to spoil my equanimity,  
And triumph o'er my muse's magnanimity.

They who would scorn their dignity to yield,  
Or kneel to aught except their God ;  
Who in defense of right would take the field  
And win the prize, or perish on the sod,—  
Confess a power within that word concealed,  
Writhe 'neath its lash and then embrace the rod ;  
Nor dare in aught to think, in aught to feel,  
Until assured that it would be genteel.

For this we crush each sympathy that springs  
Spontaneous from the heart—for this  
We clip the feathers of enchantment's wings,  
And flatter fashion with a Judas kiss ;  
Weep without sorrow—without pleasure sing,  
And greet with smiles a serpent's deadly hiss ;  
Nature, perverted, yields to art's embrace,  
And virtue's blush is counted a disgrace.

All ages—sexes—high and low degree,  
 The shout of joy, the parent's glance of pride,  
 They who in horror from corruption flee  
 To virtue's cause, and battle by her side,—  
 Yield to its power, as to the blast the tree,  
 When its dark pinion sweeps the mountain side,  
 And wear through life, unshamed, the cobweb fetters  
 By fashion twined of those seven little letters.

Oh, power impotent—wisdom most unwise,  
 In master man—that most sublime nonentity,  
 Who chained to earth, though grasping at the skies,  
 Thus to a sound resigning his identity,  
 Flees from the phantoms that around him rise;  
 By shadows lashed, not daring to resent it—he  
 (The brightest star in nature's constellation)  
 Submits his back to folly's flagellation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hail, Mammon! mighty monarch of mankind!  
 (Excuse, dear reader, this alliteration)  
 Whose wand of gold and paper intertwined,  
 Was made to curse, not benefit a nation,

And through the empire of the human mind,  
Disseminates the seed of litigation ;  
Omnipotent and omnipresent, thou  
Cursest the slaves that round thine altar bow—

And worship, in servility of pride,  
The still small voice within their bosoms hushing,  
Stemming the current of the generous tide  
That from the depths of nature's fountain gushing,  
Unchecked would spread its holy waters wide ;  
The flowers of virtue on thy altars crushing ;  
Distilling poison from their sweets, to feed  
The reptiles that within its chambers breed.

Gold is the mask of infamy and crime,  
The robe that shields the villain from disgrace,  
And bribes the keeper of thy records—Time,  
To set the murderer in the hero's place ;  
And on the sons of Afric's burning clime,  
Hangs the dark fetters of a fated race ;  
And—worse, ten thousand times—it builds the living  
grave,  
Where hopeless toils the hapless factory-slave.

For gold, the sailor struggles with the sea,  
    In his light shallop o'er the billows sweeping;  
For gold, the miser basely bends the knee,  
    Through the dark corners of existence creeping,  
Dying through life "in splendid misery,"  
    While o'er his glittering dust his vigils keeping,  
Starves to the music of the guinea's chink,  
And dies of thirst beside the river's brink.

The court, the camp, the forum, and the shrine,  
    Reared by devotion to the God above—  
All thoughts—all feelings—human and divine,  
    Friendship's glad smile—the offices of love,  
All kindly feelings that around us twine,  
    With the dark web of treachery are wove  
By avarice; the living heart the loom,  
And life the shuttle flying to the tomb.

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## S E R E N A D E .

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Awake, my love, e'en dreams of bliss  
Were all too dull for a night like this;  
When the zephyrs are playing with sleeping flowers  
That blush in the path of the winged hours,  
    And the silver gleam  
    Of Luna's beam

Reflected breaks on the dimpled stream,  
Like the trembling light of the smile that breaks  
O'er thy face, when the spirit within awakes. .

The feast of love, oh! lady mine,  
Awaits beneath the spreading vine;  
But the grape's red juice should never kiss  
The lips that meet at the feast of bliss;  
    Its ruby wave  
    Should only lave

The flowers that bloom on beauty's grave.  
Thine eye is my chalice, and I would drink  
The nectar of love from its fringed brink.

Come forth! come forth! the stars have set  
Their watch in the sky; and its wings of jet  
Darkness hath flung o'er the dreaming world,  
Like love in the heart when its wing is furled;  
    But the fire-fly's light,  
    In its elfin flight,  
Illumines the halls of the dusky night,  
Where the fairies are waiting for thee to be  
Queen of their midnight revelry.









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