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Yours Truly  
Charles Robb



**POEMS**  
OF  
**CHARLES ROBB**

Edited By  
**Mrs. M. L. Robb Hutchinson**  
Niece of the Author

CHICAGO  
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## TO THE READER

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The object of editing this work is threefold :

1—To give due credit to the author.

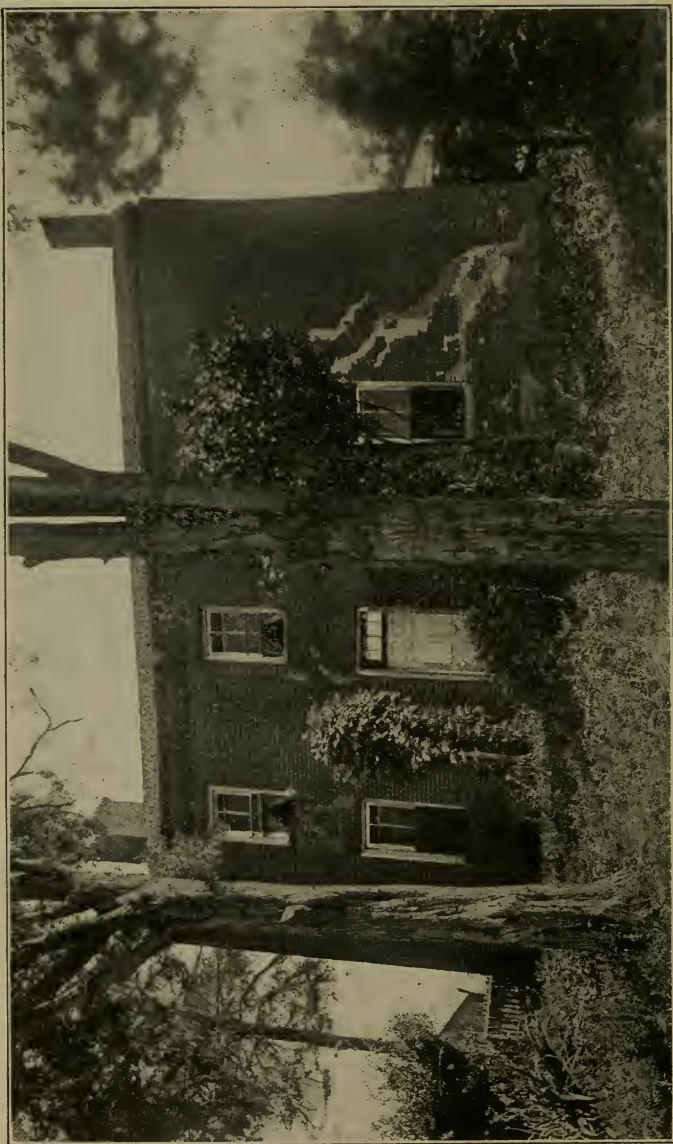
2—To furnish it as a souvenir to the younger members of his family hoping it may serve as an incentive to emulation.

3—Believing there are those of his former associates whom it will help to spend the passing hour by reminding them of some events when life's young dream was theirs.

THE EDITOR.







HOMESTEAD OF JAMES ROBB, FATHER OF THE AUTHOR.



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR

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BY THE EDITOR.

---

We can not claim for Mr. Robb the merit that he first saw daylight in a log cabin. Although that event would be no hinderance to the birth of a poet's soul.

No more than an advent of the kind would have handicapped the great general\* who was born in the same county and state in a log cabin a few miles from the home of our author.

The homestead of the family was located on Twelve-Mile Creek, three miles back of New Richmond.

The house was built on a high hill about half a mile from the creek. The location was an ideal one.

The house was of brick which were made on the farm. A large comfortable home surrounded by a lovely lawn dotted here and there with a variety of evergreens and interspersed with flowering shrubs. Here on the 5th of January, 1826, was born the subject of this sketch.

He was the fifth member of the family who grew to mature years and the third son of James and Catherine Husong Robb.

Lucian B. Robb, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a half brother of the author is the only member of the family living.

---

\*Gen. U. S. Grant.

The author was reared a farmer. No college opened its doors to him. He gained the rudiments of learning in the district school of his neighborhood but was in the main "self-taught."

He married when quite young and was the father of three daughters. His wife was Miss N. A. Ferguson, daughter of Hugh and Mary Arthur Ferguson.

Mr. Robb was among the friends of education who inaugurated the "Teachers' Institute" in Clermont county in 1848 at Amelia.

The convention took the name of "Teachers' Association" to begin with.

The following members were elected to serve the ensuing year:

President—Dr. A. V. Hopkins; Vice Presidents—J. K. Parker (principal of Parker's Academy); Jno. Hancock (afterward principal of Cincinnati schools); J. J. Tritt; Secretary—Charles Robb; Treasurer—R. A. Hopkins.

"As it is desirable to know as soon as possible whether a class can be made up, those who expect to join it should drop a line to the secretary of the association or to J. K. Parker, New Richmond.

The association adjourned to meet in Amelia December 26th, 1848.

November 3, 1848.

JNO. HANCOCK,  
Secretary."

In 1857 we find our author trying his hand at politics. His name was placed on the Republican ticket for State Senator from Clermont and Brown counties.

To give an idea of his standing with his constituents I will quote from the press of each county, Clermont Courier, R. W. Clark, editor:

"Mr. Robb is a man of unexceptionable moral char-

acter of more than ordinary mental endowments and well posted in the politics of the day.

“He is comparatively a young man (31 years old) a farmer and a hard worker as his hard hands and bronzed face will indicate—and withal an educated and learned man in most of the arts and sciences that fall within the range of an ambitious, industrious and enterprising country gentleman’s reading and study.

“Few farmers in Southern Ohio have taken more pains or spent more time and labor in the pursuit of practical agricultural knowledge than Chas. Robb. As a speaker Mr. Robb is fluent, forcible and persuasive; and as a writer chaste, flowing and eloquent.

“Should he be elected we shall have a man in the senate as our representative, called from the plow, of whom we should have just cause to be proud, and from whose practical good sense the state would receive lasting benefit.”

From the press of Brown county, Ohio:

“We cheerfully endorse the correctness of the above and by the direction of our Central Committee place the name of Mr. Robb at the foot of our state ticket. Mr. Robb will receive the undivided support of the Republicans of this county.”

A number of literary characters of Clermont and Brown counties organized a society known as “The Poets’ Union.” The members held their conventions at stated periods and each brought their offering to be approved or criticized as the case might demand.

When our military conflict arose we find him among the Union forces. A member of Co. C, 1st Regiment of Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.

He served his country for more than three years as commissary sergeant.

His pen was not idle during his service in the army and his name was inscribed on the "Roll of Honor" as the Poet of the Regiment.

Mr. Robb inherited a competency; but through generosity in going security for friends he depleted his patrimony to a degree. He was not an idler.

Whatever his hands found to do he did with a zest.

He was genial and warm hearted and made friends wherever he went. Was eminently of a social nature and was endowed with the poetical temperament to a high degree.

As a lecturer he was welcomed wherever he saw fit to appear and was listened to with wrapt attention.

But death has long since stilled the voice and chilled the brain that once was pregnant with poetic fire.

He died September 20th, 1872.

His widow died January 6th, 1902.

## THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP

U. S. A.

In the sanctum of the soul I've a chamber pure and  
bright—

A chamber that is lighted with a weird and mystic  
light—

Where beauty dwells forever and where innocence  
and truth

Go floating down life's river like the floating dreams  
of youth.

And in this sacred chamber that was built by heaven's  
God—

In this chamber, pure and holy, where no careless feet  
hath trod—

From my heart's wild bravura, I have gathered every-  
where,

The images of loveliness, and gently placed them  
there.

And there I go to worship, when the moon is shining  
bright,

And there I kneel for comfort in the starless gloom of  
night,

Little knowing, little caring, what the world may say  
or do,

So long as I may worship in a temple that is true.

Charleston, Va., December 7, 1861.

## THE CRITICS AND THE POETS' UNION

## A PARODY

All the critics came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And their eyes were all gleaming on poems enrolled;  
And the keen of their wit was as sharp as the steel;  
As each trembling poet was soon made to feel.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their poems at sunset were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
Was that host on the morrow by critics done brown.

Amazed and affronted, yet brave as a lion,  
And first in the fight, came the lordly "Orion"—  
"Saberena" looked sober and sad all the while,  
And scarcely was seen for a moment to smile.

And "Carolus" trembled and feared for his name,  
When the critics came down like a tempest of flame.  
And among the fair boats that were driven to shore,  
Was the fanciful craft of our loved "Leonore".

The lay "Arborvitae" had written full well,  
Was pronounced to be flat as the jingling bell:  
"Sunbeam" was shaded, and "Nightingale's" song  
Was classed with the music of a Chinaman's gong.

Next, "Obern" was brought on the turf for review,  
He was petted and praised, and then trotted through.  
And our "Zelos" was flouted by critics who knew  
No more of Parnassus than old Ben Venue.

And our "Demerandule" who wove a good rhyme  
Was flouted by cynics when nearest sublime.  
And "Carrie," whose pen was a beacon of light  
Might talk, it was said, but she never could write.

And "Ellenwood," too, had to pass the review  
Of critics, who nothing of poetry knew.  
And the writings of "Maud" were assailed without  
cause;  
For what cared the savants for poetry's laws?

Not even the poems of "Lulu," sublime,  
Nor "Ildo's" escaped the mad critics of rhyme:  
Nor e'en the good graces of "Burnspeare" could save  
him,  
For never a laurel the salons would leave him.

---

## THE GRAVE ON THE HILLSIDE

INSCRIBED TO W. H. W.

I'm standing by the grave, dear Will,  
The grave on the hillside green.  
The flow'rs are sweetly blooming Will,  
Around this fairy scene.

I'm standing by the grave, dear Will,  
The grave on the green hillside,  
Where years ago we came, dear Will,  
To lay your lovely bride.

The forest birds are singing, Will,  
'Tis springtime bright and gay;  
There's something sad and lonely, Will,  
In the wild bird's roundelay.

The orange groves are blooming fair.  
And the oleanders, too.  
Magnolia scents the morning air  
With a fragrant breath for you.

There's nothing in the southern land,  
There's nothing on the tide  
Hath ever charm for you, dear Will,  
Like that grave on green hill side.

The wild flow'rs sweet are blooming now  
In sweet fragrance 'round her tomb,  
But things look sad and lonely here  
About your boyhood's home.

Kind sisters wait for you, dear Will,  
They watch and wait in vain;  
You've wand' red long, you've wand' red far.  
Oh, Will! come home again.

The evening shades are gath'ring, Will,  
Upon the distant shore;  
But not so dark and hopeless, Will,  
As in early days of yore.

When all your life was shrouded, Will,  
In sorrow and in gloom,  
When first you gathered flowers, Will,  
To deck this lowly tomb.



CAMP GAULEY BRIDGE, KANAWHA  
FALLS, VA.

AUGUST 10, 1861

'Mong the mountains of Virginia  
Where the waters of Kanawha  
Meet the River called New River,  
Meet the water called the Gauley,  
Where the joyous wedded waters  
Dance around a hundred islands,  
'Round a hundred rocky islands ;  
Then the joyous frantic waters  
With a voice like roaring thunders  
Leap the falls of the Kanawha  
Rushing on with headlong fury  
Through the gorges wild and rocky  
'Mong the mountains grand and hoary,  
'Mong nature's time worn castles,  
'Mong the mountains adamantine,  
And the lofty peaks of granite  
In a lone, sequestered valley  
Stand the white tents of our army ;  
Of the army of the Union  
Whose reveille wakes the morning,  
Wakes the echoes of the mountains,  
Wakes to life a slumbering people ;  
Wakes them by the rolling thunder  
By the thunder of its drumming,  
By the thunder of its cannon ;  
By the deep, determined voices  
Of its sovereigns and its freemen  
Where the shades of Jay and Pinckney,

Where the shades of Clay and Webster  
And the shades of Patrick Henry  
Stalk at midnight 'mong the mountains,  
Startled from their wonted slumbers  
By the treason and the traitors,  
By the monster of secession  
And the danger of the Union.

In a tent of snowy whiteness  
Captured from the traitor rebels,  
'Mid scenes of death and carnage,  
On a storied field of battle,  
On the battle field of "*Scary*,"  
In this tent of southern cotton;  
In this captured tent of cotton  
Dwells the soldier "*Arborvitae*"  
With his musket and his knapsack,  
With his haversack and blanket,  
Where he marches with the "*Colors*"  
On parade or in the *battle* :  
Where he gives the men their rations,  
Weighs their bread and meat and sugar,  
Weighs their coffee, soap and candles;  
Where he gives the hungry soldiers  
Of the regiment their rations ;  
*Where he serves the host of freedom*  
With his might and with his valor,  
Toiling on and toiling ever,  
With a spirit never flagging,  
With a *vigilance unceasing*,  
And an energy untiring  
For his *country* and *her glory*;  
Scorning death and scorning danger,  
Tasting of fatigue and hunger,

Hoping on and hoping ever  
That a life of true devotion  
To his country and to freedom,  
In the path of *patient duty*  
Would help to *work a blessing*  
*For the weary world of mortals.*

---

LINES ON THE MARRIAGE OF "LULU"

OF GEORGETOWN, OHIO

Our garden hath lost its loveliest flower,  
'Twas stolen away from the fairest bower,  
'Twas stolen away at the holiest hour  
    When matin hymns were sounding.  
Oh who hath seen this fairy flower,  
Stolen away from sacred bower  
    With beauty and love abounding.

Perhaps it hath wandered away to the skies  
To mock the bright stars with its love-beaming eyes  
Or is it the light of a new paradise—  
    The soul of an earthly heaven  
Or doth it float a meteor pale  
With firefly lamp and gossamer sail  
    On the zephyr waves of even.

But Heimdall speaks from his lofty tower  
"I saw the theft of your sacred bower  
It was Hymen that stole your cherished flower  
    To deck the garden of Love.  
Where Janus opes the gates of bliss  
And joy too bright for a world like this  
    Comes teeming from above.

Grieve not for the loss of your lovely flower,  
 Long may it bloom in the stranger's bower,  
 Joyfully gilding each wearisome hour  
 And smoothing the wings of time,  
 Shedding its sun-bright gladness round  
 Like music of enchanted ground  
 Or the rippling waves of rhyme.

---

THE MARCH OF MIND.

We come of a race, of noble blood,  
 Whose record dates beyond the flood,  
 And proudly tread the rich green sod—  
 Our titles sprung from nature's God.

We come, a band of noble lords,  
 With plowshares bright for gleaming swords,  
 With stately step and cheering words;  
 For thus alone come nature's lords.

Our court we hold 'neath the sylvan dome,  
 Where lovely Ceres makes her home—  
 Where famine gaunt and sooty gnome,  
 Pale want and sorrow never come.

Our march is onward o'er the land  
 Like some enchanting signet wand!  
 Rich beauties spring on every hand,  
 The world is growing doubly grand.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF A  
VISIT TO THE AUTHOR

By Mr. Ezekiel Ross and lady, Mr. Ezekiel Walker of  
Cincinnati and Mrs. H. Emerson of New  
Richmond, Ohio, July, 1860.

Far from the city's lofty dome  
A pilgrim dwelt in humble home:  
Right lowly was his humble life  
Nor mingled in the world's great strife  
*Few friends* he had, his *books* and *pen*  
Were more his friends than fellow men.

Once when life seemed dull and dreary  
Heart and brain were sad and weary  
Weary of buffeting the storm—  
A world's neglect or silent scorn,  
Weary of waiting long years through  
For mete respect to genius due,  
And fretting neath the taunts and blows  
The jealous world applies to those  
Who dare to act who dare to be  
In thought and soul and fancy free,

Though slighted, spurned and oft repelled,  
Still onward in his course he held  
Nor would he sell his self respect  
To save each lordling's cold neglect.  
But now his thoughts grow sad and deep  
As winter winds that wildly sweep—  
And like a lone ship on the sea  
Slow drifting on a dangerous lea

With sails and masts all wrecked and torn  
And drifting wild and all forlorn  
    He felt among his friends abroad  
    All had forsaken but his God.

I know not whence such moods may come  
Nor where they keep their awful home,  
    But mortal tongue may never tell  
    The loneliness of such a spell,  
'Twas then you came, his cottage found  
Beside the greenwood's fragrant bound  
    To this rude cottage then you came  
    And lit once more the genial flame  
That cheers the soul of age and youth  
The light of friendship and of truth.  
    You came from distant city's din  
    Of dust and smoke and pride and sin.

You sought the simple country wild  
And found the home of Nature's child.  
    Kind words you brought with pleasant smile  
    And compliment all free from guile,  
Which fell upon the wearied brain  
Like dews upon the scorching plain  
    Or like some sweet, delicious draught  
    By weary, thirsty pilgrim quaffed ;  
Then rolled away the darkening clouds  
Like ocean mists or winter shrouds :  
    Then joyful hope beamed forth once more  
    In happiness from heavenly store.

As angels in a world half lost  
Our half forsaken world you crossed,  
    Bringing gladness in your train  
    As flowers follow summer rain.

Though soon life's cares we must resume  
Your visit leaves a long perfume.

Whose memory lingers yet for aye  
And will through life's eventful day,  
And leaves one happy moment graven  
Forever on the spirit's heaven.

And o'er life's desert, looking back  
Along our barren, cheerless track.

Of dust and sweat and rugged toil  
Of ceaseless strife and endless broil,  
A bright oasis this shall be  
Of gushing well and shady tree  
Where memory, pale and long oppressed  
Shall fold her weary wings to rest

And like sweet incense to the skies  
A heart warm blessing shall arise  
For those who in life's desert wide  
So kindly paused and turned aside  
To plant this lovely Eden grove  
Where tired memory still may rove;

Retreating from life's bitter leaven  
There may taste the joys of heaven  
And yet while memory lingers there  
The heart shall breathe this simple prayer  
"Bright angels guard your footsteps true  
While earthly shades you wander through  
And shield you with love's magic charm  
From every earthly ill or harm,  
And when you launch life's evening boat  
On Jordan's waves may calmly float  
Beneath the realms of ether, blue  
Where seraphs wait for such as you."

## KEEP TO THE RIGHT

It is an easy matter, so long as we have the parental guide boards forever pointing us in the proper path, to "keep to the right." When we launch boldly out in the great world, and find the land marks of truth and sincerity few and far between, and the paths of virtue and vice so strangely intermingled and sadly interwoven that we are at a loss where to go—we hail with joy the friendly admonition, "Keep to the right."

Young man! you who are just starting in the world with such brilliant prospects, throw away that cigar, and that cavendish; lay aside that shiny hat; buy a less costly coat; leave off your burLOW, champagne and sherry cobblers.

Leave off your finicking, finified French airs, and in the company of the ladies, especially, don't be forever simpering your double-refined nonsense and super-elegant fooleries, as though you thought they had no more sense than to be delighted with such stuff. Nature has monkeys enough, without your silly imitation. Keep to the right!

Young lady, you who have just launched your boat on the tide of popular favor, with the world at your command, and life all beautiful and bright before you: You have a host of admirers all copying, all imitating you! Don't be vain and ambitious for show and parade; don't play the butterfly as though you were good for nothing else. Lay aside your angel imitations, your sublimated eccentricities; banish *soi-distant* manners and make-believe superiority. Give us the benefit of your true life,



your soul-inspiring power; the heaven-born sunshine of your loving nature.

Don't listen to the flatterer who talks of your beauty as though your great aim in life is to be pretty. Your mirror decides that point and expresses the fact in language much more appropriate than one can tell it, who expects to captivate you by repeating the story. We all follow your lead, your moral tone is the moral tone of the world, and you regulate the intellectual status of the world. Then keep to the right! young lady.

We see a man in the prime of life and beauty of manhood turning to the left—he's lost his way. His impious oaths grate on our ears with jarring discord. The obscene joke and ribald song fall like a withering simoon upon the sickening soul. Half turning away with sorrow, shame and disgust, yet looking back with mournful pity upon our wandering brother as he goes stumbling down the steps of inebriation and crime, with extended arms we implore him to "keep to the right!"

Fathers, mothers, teachers, be careful to impress this first great lesson upon the minds of children, in a manner that it may never be forgotten. Engrave it upon the tablets of the soul so deeply that all the storms of time and waves of pride and passion may never wear it out. Set it to the music of the soul so that every tempest that sweeps the heart strings shall, like an enchanted harp, softly murmur "keep to the right!"

## THE WORLD MOVES

So said the great astronomer and philosopher—Another year full of mighty events, of great struggles and glorious achievements has glided by in the grand march of time, and we are again assembled in social reunion for the purpose of rejoicing over the past, enjoying the present and taking counsel together for the future.

The children of the Academy have come home for a holiday—back to the sacred shadows of the parental roof where we received those great lessons that were to carry us triumphantly through time and determine our relative situations in eternity. Those lessons were truly and faithfully given. There was no fault in our teaching. If we have failed, the fault is ours. How have we profited by those lessons?

What are we doing for the glory of God and the benefit of humanity? Watchman, tell us of the night, what the signs of promise are.

We have the experience of six thousand years before us, with a wider field of operations than any of the heroes or heroines of the past even enjoyed, and we are repeating history. We are a miniature world. We have our Napoleon with his boundless ambition defying heaven and earth in his mad career, and his insatiable thirst for glory and renown.

We have our lovely and queenly Josephine who seems like some beautiful wanderer from the courts of heaven.

We have our Mark Anthony ready to throw away a kingdom for a woman's smile. But of course the dark-eyed queen of Egypt finds no countenance among us.

But who would not rather be a Washington, a Franklin, or a Howard than be a ruler of empires, burdened with unmeaning titles and empty honors?

## MEMENTOS.

As I open my desk my eye falls upon the *mementos* that lie scattered about. Here lies a withered *boquet* presented by "Sunbeam," and another by the lovely daughters of "Penmaen." The boquets are all withered now and I carelessly fling them away, for it is winter and the earth is frozen and all earthly flowers have perished, but the memory of these boquets still blooms in peerless beauty and ever welcome fragrance in the garden of the soul, shedding their undying luster over the most hallowed moments of the past, and reaching like a bright bow of promise far into the future, covering with a beautiful guilding of hope the dim outlines of coming life.

Here lies an *artificial rose*. The lily hand that gave it me has moldered to the dust, and the lovely form of the donor is lifeless ashes now. The old oak tree stretches out his giant arms with kindly sympathy to shield and protect her lovely grave; but the sad, sweet face, the gentle eyes, the winning words, the trusting heart, and the kind confiding disposition will never be forgotten.

There lies entwined a sprig of cedar and arborvitae. 'Twas given me by the belle of the May party when all was life and hope, and radiant with youthful beauty, and she, the gayest of the gay, and fairest of the fair, seemed the happiest of us all.

But ere the frosts of autumn had cropped the tender verdure, her friends had strewn the flowers of summer o'er her grave. How little we thought as we twined

together this frail memento, and I laughingly promised to write such a long letter when I got home in return for the gift, that the promise would never be redeemed; but indolence and procrastination wove their subtle webs around my pen, and the letter lies unwritten in the heart of the author.

Now the eye rests upon a *miniature* and a *gold pencil*. Thoughts come crowding too fast for utterance, and emotions that we dare not trust to words come welling up from the deepest fountains of the heart. What a world of bitter memories these relics bring to mind; what a graveyard of buried hopes, of sublime associations, and good intentions; but we know that the angels of mercy will roll the stone away from the door of the sepulcher, when all these buried hopes will rise, and the pale, calm face that looks so mournfully upon me from the miniature will smile again in the realms of eternal bliss.

Here lies a string of *amber beads*—the dying gift of my sainted mother. Taking up this sacred present and yielding to its fascinations, I wonder in childlike simplicity, if anybody else ever had so good a mother; but no amount of reasoning could ever make me believe that she was not the best woman that ever lived. We put this by carefully far away in the secret recesses of the heart. Its history is too sacred for common conversation. I am glad that I have no miniature of her, for the original is treasured up in my memory of all that is sacred and infallible, that any other picture would seem but a mockery.

Here is a pleasant letter from my poet friend, "Vernon." A week after it was written he was borne to the tomb. In the very pride of manhood cut off in the midst of a brilliant career.

“Lowly the Lord of song,  
Reckless of woe and wrong,  
In the grave’s chamber strong,  
Slumbers alone.”

Peace to his ashes. He may have had his faults, so have you; and his follies—so have we all—

And methinks the crystal river  
Rolling by the Poet’s home,  
Softly chants a hymn forever  
O’er the fallen hero’s tomb.

Would that I like him were lying  
At rest on Fame’s supernal mountain,  
Wrapt in mem’ries all undying,  
Steeped in Truth’s eternal fountain.

And here nestling in a corner half hid from view is a pretty little *arrow head*. I wonder why I have kept it so many long years? Ah! I remember it all now—the pearly brook in the shady dell by the old school house—way back in the “long ago”—the “noontime” play, the black eyes, the dimpled cheeks and the fairy hands that gave me this little relic. Cupid was silently drawing his bow, but an arrow from a mightier hand than his closed those laughing eyes, and hushed the sweet music of that silvery voice forever, and a little mound in the churchyard covered with grass and often wet with tears of “lang syne” friends, is the mute historian of our heroine.

Here is a handful of *pebbles*—Each has its history, and some thrilling association. One tells of a dangerous and hazardous adventure that will never be forgotten by the actors among the dangerous and precipitous crags of “Raven’s Rock.” Another tells of a picnic in the same locality, in which romance and reality are strangely

blended. One speaks of a hunting expedition in which Nimrod and his friends came off second best. Another tells a silent tale that my pen may never write. Here is a pebble that I brought from the cave of Hermit, the hermit of the Scioto, and a little piece of *ore* that with my own hands I dug from the dark and musty mine.

Here is a handful of little shells each with its own endearing associations; the sight of each brings up its own little world of memories and romantic stories, some too long, others too sad to tell.

---

### DID YOU EVER GO A MAYING?

Oh! say did you ever, did you ever go a Maying  
Like a farmer in the harvest, when he goes to his haying?

Oh! a May party's wandering, it's strolling and  
erratic—

And of all things on earth it's the most democratic.

The pale child of poverty in patches and in batons  
Laughs and talks and dances with silks, delaines and  
satins,

And he whose wealth of worldly gear is reckoned all  
by ounces

Is sporting here and romping there with costly satin  
flounces.

LINES ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF A  
SCHOOLMATE

THOMAS W., OF NEW RICHMOND, OHIO

We started life together, Tom,  
"Way back in the long ago,"  
Our lives were pure and sinless then—  
Pure as the crystal snow.

The world was bright before us, Tom,  
And filled with many a joy,  
Our teacher gave the prize to you,  
And called you "a noble boy."

At noon-tide on the village green,  
We joined in the noisy play;  
With bat and ball, in all our games,  
'Twas *yours* to *lead* the way.

But soon we left our boyhood's school  
For the world's great school of life,  
And manly games with honor played  
In the deep, contending strife.

The world was ours; we grasped it, Tom,  
With a free and fearless hand;  
Myself among my native hills,  
And you in the Aztec land.

Dame Fortune crowned our efforts, Tom,  
With all her wonted moods;  
Sometimes she sweetly smiled on us,  
Then frowned like winter floods.

Sometimes the world seemed cold to us,  
When we soared above its spires,  
And jealous envy darkly scowled  
Amid its cheerless fires.

But many a lesson learned we, Tom,  
On the mountain heights of snow ;  
And costly treasures gathered there,  
Unknown to the world below.

And much of manhood's noble worth,  
And much that blessed our youth,  
We gathered on those rugged heights,  
In search of heavenly truth.

But onward roll the chariot-wheels  
Of never-ending time—  
The hand of fate hath cut you down  
In manhood's early prime ;

Just as the morning star of hope,  
That banished all your night,  
Came pouring o'er life's eastern hills,  
A flood of golden light :

Just as the azure gates of day  
Had burst upon the soul ;  
And *wealth*, and *fame*, and *hope*, and *love*,  
Were *all* at your control.

Aye well ! thou'rt calmly resting, Tom,  
All free from pain and strife ;  
Nor tasted thou, my early friend,  
The bitter end of life.



Days, months, years have passed dear friend,  
Since you and I together  
Sported on the icy pond,  
Or roamed the flowery heather ;

And I have struggled bravely, Tom,  
For fortune and for fame—  
Have yielded all but honor, Tom,  
To build myself a name.

But all I am, or hope to be,  
I'd freely yield to death,  
If friendship true my name would lisp  
With sympathizing breath.

New Richmond, Ohio.

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## AN INCIDENT IN THE STREET CAR

CINCINNATI, OHIO, DECEMBER, 1860.

A farmer had been to the market  
And was wearily treading the pavement  
Of the endless streets of the city.  
He was weary and tired of walking  
And faint with continuous exertion  
When his eye caught sight of the street car  
Swiftly gliding along and so smoothly  
That it scarce gave note of its coming  
With its load of migrating immortals  
It seemed like the face of a loved one  
As memory plays on the heart strings  
Touching a chord that is tender  
And filling the soul with emotions

And covering the face with a gladness  
Like the golden sparkle of sunrise.

A moment he paused at the crossing  
Then silently waved to the driver  
Who signaled the pleasant conductor  
Who quietly reached to the signal  
And sounded the note for stopping.  
Sharp was the note and its ringing  
Still lingered in wavering vibrations  
When the farmer stepped on the platform  
And was shown in the car with politeness  
By the bland and worthy official.  
But the street car so roomy and spacious  
Was crowded and filled to repletion.  
Not a seat was there but was taken  
By the crowd of men and of women.

The farmer was wearily standing  
With his right hand aloft, and was holding  
The strap that was placed there on purpose  
When travelers stood up, to support them.

Careless and awkward his looks were  
And rough and plain his apparel.  
Gazing round him with freedom  
Yet modest and quite unassuming  
Each one of the company scanning,  
He carefully studied their features  
And quietly formed his opinion  
Of their wealth, their worth, and their greatness,  
Their learning, their talent, and goodness;  
Their habits, their manners and customs  
And all that made up their appearance.

There sat the omnipotent banker  
Cold and proud, and haughty and selfish,  
Like all other men that were made up of money.

And there sat the gouty old merchant  
Scheming and planning a grand speculation,  
And near him the popular preacher  
Was racking his brain with the question  
Whether 'twere not a vain effort  
To save the souls of such sinners.

And there sat the lady—the leader of fashion  
Dignified, distant, and heartless  
Just fit for the use she was made of  
A flexible sign for the merchants  
And the dealers in costly dry goods.

There, too, sat the vain imitation  
Of man and monkey united:  
Witty and flippant and knowing  
And witty and flippant and foolish;  
Whose business was airing of broadcloth  
And airing the fur of the beaver,  
And simpering indefinite nonsense  
To ears of indefinite proportions.  
He's an animal fitted by Stewart  
And highly praised by Shillito  
And all the dealers in dry goods.

Near him, sat a poor, trembling outcast  
Covered with rags and with tatters  
Whose home, Oh God! was the pavement  
The lanes and the alleys and byways.  
Sad was her look and wildly despairing,  
And her face wore the awful pallor  
That want and hunger and sorrow  
Paint with their terrible brushes  
As they write their dread names on the visage  
Of hapless men and women,  
And ever in life when we see such  
The heart turns to heaven for mercy

And imploringly begs for a blessing  
 On the heart broken perishing mortal  
 And ofttimes we tremble when thinking  
 Of justice supreme and eternal  
 In store for those that so rudely  
 Hath crushed out the light of a life time  
 And rudely and carelessly trampled  
 The fairest of heavenly flowers—

And thus—fell the farmer to musing  
 When his eye caught the form of a lady  
 Who modestly beckoned him to her  
 And made room for a seat beside her.  
 Neat and plain was her dress and simple  
 Disfigured by nothing barbaric or costly,  
 Her features were such as fancy has painted  
 For those that we love in the land of the angels,  
 Where merit and beauty are blended  
 With dignified selfless devotion  
 Whose soft, calm smile of approval  
 Seems less of earth than of heaven.  
 Kind and pleasant her sisterly greeting:  
 "I saw you were tired" the excuse that she made him  
 Alack! and alas! for popular teaching  
 When an excuse is demanded,  
 For an act of simple politeness.

The lady of fashion shot glances like daggers  
 But they fell all unheeded and harmless.  
 The banker looked colder and prouder and meaner,  
 And the merchant shrugged up his shoulders.  
 The dandy looked proper and simple and soulless  
 And all wore an air of freezing politeness,  
 But a light like a rainbow of gladness  
 Gleamed on the face of the outcast,  
 To see one dignified woman

Who dared to do right and be pleasant,  
Who dared to brave public opinion  
In showing respect to a stranger.  
And the minister stared in mute wonder,  
That a lady of wealth and position  
Should dare to be gentle and civil  
And venture politeness in public,  
And his heart unnerved with rapture toward her  
Who set such a noble example.

The newsboy, surprised and delighted  
Let fall his bundle of papers  
That told all about the murder  
And all about the explosion  
And the latest news from Congress;  
That told all about the secession  
With a leader on the State of the Union.

Such an act happens but seldom  
And was better than a fire or a murder.  
For never before in his life-time  
Had the newsboy seen such politeness  
As he met that day in the street car.

## MUSINGS AT THE GRAVE OF D. D. BARBER

APRIL, 1861

Once with weary feet I wandered  
Wandered through the dreary wold  
Like a discontented miner  
Seeking hidden sands of gold.

Wandered like a transient comet  
Rushing through the starry realm  
Or a lost and lonely vessel  
That no pilot had or helm.

Wandered as the wayward school boy  
Trembling, flies the teacher's rod  
Wandered like a world of chaos  
Through the universe of God.

Vainly seeking some nepenthe  
For the heart and soul and brain  
That in Nature's grand bravura  
I might find a soothing strain.

Seeking for some panacea  
Not for noisy mirth or gladness  
But for some kind nepenthe  
Some respite from utter madness.

Seeking for some grand specific  
That might ease a torturing pain  
That among the world of mortals  
I had ever sought in vain.

Thus I wandered through the forest  
Never heeding space or sound  
Till my wayward footsteps led me  
To the village burying ground.

It was on a tiny mountain  
By Ohio's limpid river  
Where the waves in crystal beauty  
Softly sing a hymn forever.

And the murmur of the waters  
And the breaking of the swells,  
Was like the tintinnabulations  
Of the distant village bells.

All the world was full of beauty,  
Solemn music filled the air,  
And I knelt beside the marble  
With a wild impassioned prayer.

I did not ask for wealth or fame  
But with the soul's deep breath  
I earnestly and wildly prayed  
For *sympathy* or *death*.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PICNIC ON THE  
MUSCATATOCK

MAY, 1860.

While clearing my keepsake drawer one day,  
And storing my papers and trinkets away  
And placing each parcel in proper array,  
I took from the drawer, a withered boquet.

'Twas a present to me from one that was dear,  
And the eye resting on it was dimmed with a tear,  
For the heart was pure and the hand was fair  
That wove me the garland so lovely and rare.

'Twas in a green forest the token was given  
In the deep tangled wildwood beneath the blue heaven,  
When alone, all alone, myself and the giver  
On the green flowery banks of a crystalline river.  
All nature was happy as happy could be  
All nature was merry with innocent glee,  
And no spirits were lighter or gayer than ours  
As we sang with the birds and laughed with the  
flowers.

And life was all gleaming in brightness before us  
As fair as the dome that bent gracefully o'er us,  
And full many a joy in the future was seen  
All dancing and sporting on life's lovely green.

Bright hope gathered treasures of world-wide renown  
And placed on our brows an imperial crown.

The earth was rejoicing, the heavens were smiling  
And every fond thought unto joy was beguiling.  
There are moments of bliss too unearthly to last  
And the heart sadly smiles while it weeps they have past,  
And mem'ries we wish kind fortune would sever,  
That, like a sweet dream, we cherish forever.



THE LOAD THAT CHARON WOULD NOT  
FERRY

In my visions I floated away to the strand  
To the ghost-peopled shores of that fabulous land  
Where goblins hold converse and wander forever  
Along the dark shores of the mystical river.

Where the boat of old Charon incessantly plies  
To carry the soul of each Christian that dies  
But sinners who die unrepentant of sin  
Must a century wander before they get in.

And groping their way through the dim lights and  
shadows  
Mid the vapory phantoms of Stygian meadows,  
Go singing and shouting, a wild, roving band  
As ever infested plutonian land.

In the van was a preacher who labored for gold  
And fattened himself on the lambs of his fold,  
For virtue declaiming with show and parade  
His Savior, like Judas, in secret betrayed.

And there was the lawyer proved false to his client  
In every low scheme of deception was pliant  
Who always on trial looked out for the pelf  
Of all the hard cases, the hardest himself.

And the doctor who lived by the tricks of his trade  
Ne'er venturing to swallow the pills that he made;  
Who physiced each patient for glittering pelf,  
When that was all gone, they were laid on the shelf.

The merchant was there and the way he was lost  
 Was by advertising his cheap goods at cost—  
 Then charging two prices (you know this is true)  
 And throwing off something “because it is you.”

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### THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

One golden morn on wings of fire  
 An angel swept across my lyre.  
 An angel bright on seraph's wings  
 And touched with joy the trembling strings,  
 Then softly rose unearthly strains  
 Such as rise from Eden's plains.  
 That filled the air with rapture wild  
 And every mortal thought beguiled.

My lowly harp unused to sound  
 The lofty strains of ancient round  
 Deep vibrating, trembled long  
 Beneath the rapture of the song,  
 Then rose a voice—so calm and high  
 I scarce knew whether earth or sky  
 Produced the soft melodious sound  
 That spoke in wisdom so profound.

In voice that bade me sing no more  
 Of dreams that float on Luna's shore;  
 Of vain regrets and idle pining  
 Penelope's frail fabric twining  
 Nor pine for aye in silken fetters  
 Bearing Bellerphantic letters,  
 But rouse, my soul, on lofty wing  
 And nature's nobler beauties sing.

Then soar, my muse, through realms of light  
Whilst nature's glories mark thy flight  
O'er ocean, earth, and gilded skies  
Let thy boundless pinions rise.

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CHARGE OF GEN. HAMER'S BRIGADE AT  
THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

Wild rose the din and rude the jar  
That rocked the field of western war ;  
That shook the earth then rising high  
Still trembling on the vaulted sky :  
When proudest armies of the land  
Traversed the winding Rio Grande  
Their columns halt at close of day,  
Before the walls of Monterey,  
And pitch their tent upon the strand  
Of the glorious Aztec land  
Where rose in front the ancient wall  
Ne'er scaled by Saxon, Frank or Gaul ;  
Where on the morrow's coming day  
In deadly strife or dread array  
Hilt to hilt and belt to belt  
Should meet the Saxon and the Celt.

The setting sun had bid farewell  
To city, plain and chap-ar-ral  
The evening shades are gath'ring damp  
And Nature lights her firefly lamp.  
The sentinel moves his round with care  
His challenge rings upon the air.  
Each twinkling star its vigil keeps  
Guarding Nature while she sleeps.

*Charge of Gen. Hamer's Brigade*

The moon comes wading o'er the main  
And smiling lights the arid plain.

The heavens seem a tented field  
Resting on an azure shield.

Each soldier round him draws his cloak  
And rests him from his lone bivouac,

Then lays him down upon the sand  
To dream of home and native land.

To dream of joys on distant shore

That once he knew, but nevermore

His soul should know or feel again.

Such dreams are sweet, but ah! how vain!

'Tis thus when far from home and friends

That distance sweet enchantment lends,

And throws a spell o'er heart and brain

Ne'er felt before nor felt again.

Then mem'ry views each fond loved face

And dwells on each remembered grace

Reviews each smile and loving glance

Like visions of a heavenly trance.

Thus distant far from native land

All pillowed on the cheerless sand

Our soldiers dreamed till break of day

Before the walls of Monterey.

How sad the waking, who can tell ye?

When sudden breaks the morn reveille

As clashing through the soldier's dreams

The flashing cannon mildly gleams,

And each loved voice is hoarsely drowned

Amid the booming thunder sound.

Red morning breaks upon the camp

With lurid glare like Odin's lamp

The rising sun beams o'er the field  
Like some great warrior's brazen shield,  
    As rank on rank the columns form  
    Like gath'ring clouds of mountain storm,  
Their golden eagles towering high  
Flash back the brightness of the sky,  
    Whilst like an earthquake's trembling sound  
    The sweeping columns shake the ground.

Loud rang the clarion voice of war,  
Loud rang the bugle notes afar  
    Wildly flashed the crimson blade  
    And deep the loud-mouthed cannon brayed.  
The wounded war horse mad with pain  
In fury rushes o'er the plain,  
    While shout and din and battle stroke  
    The hurried tramp and lurid smoke ;  
The clash of arms and clang of steel  
As columns march, advance or wheel,  
    With fife and drum and bristling arms,  
    With rude assault and fierce alarms,  
The muskets' roar, the charger's neigh,  
All mingle in the wild affray ;  
    But now the conflict deeper grows,  
    And fast and furious fall the blows

Of gleaming sword and lance's thrust  
'Mid sweat and toil and blood and dust,  
    And broken columns close again  
    Like waves upon the surging main :  
Advancing now with fearless pride  
Then backward borne by 'whelming tide  
    Now hemmed within the treacherous wall  
    Like victim doomed within the stall ;

Then by fierce assault to gain  
A lodgment on the open plain,  
    Yet answering still the battle cry;  
    Disdain to yield and scorn to fly.  
Now deeper grows the conflict wild,  
In gory heaps the slain are piled,  
    And staggering legions trembling reel  
    Beneath the foeman's crimson steel.

Advantage gained at fearful cost  
By dreadful carnage, soon is lost.  
    And victory doubtful comes and goes  
    Between the Saxon and his foes.  
Then dashed along the serried line  
Our chieftain's form with look sublime  
    His noble charger proudly strode  
    And bore him like the battle's God.  
Swords, plumes, and banners waved on high  
Greet the glorious chieftain's eye  
    A moment paused to view his foes  
    A living wall of lances rose  
And threat'ning met his anxious gaze,  
Sustained by cannon's lurid blaze,  
    He waves on high his trusty brand  
    Then points where Celtic legions stand,  
And in a deeper voice he cried  
Than e'en the surging battle's tide,  
    "Charge home my braves! Charge home once more!"  
    The words came like the battle's roar.  
The deep response rose wild and high:  
Loud pealed its echoes to the sky.  
    Columbia's freeman pause and form  
    A solid front to meet the storm,  
Then dashed through dust and din, and smoke,

With lance's thrust and sabre stroke  
With bayonet and fiery blade  
Their way through stubborn legions, made  
O'er broken gun and battered wall  
Through ruined court and crumbling hall,  
And louder rose the slogan cry  
Of Fannin! Alamo! fight, or die!

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### BROKEN FRIENDSHIPS

All along the path of life, our broken friendships lie  
Like wrecks upon the ocean strand or storm clouds in the  
sky;  
And my soul is filled with sadness that it never knew  
before,  
Thinking on the friendships that shall greet my life  
no more.

Like a storm beleaguered craft madly driven on the  
main,  
Parting cable after cable with a wild, remorseless strain:  
Thus we part with olden friendships that have been  
the light of life,  
And what was once a joy to us, is mingled now with  
strife.

## THE MARCH OF TIME

WRITTEN AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO, JANUARY 1, 1860.

The hands of fate on the dial of time  
Was pointing the hour when the solemn chime  
Should peal the deep notes o'er the marching bier  
At the funeral scene of the dying year.  
The old town clock on the court house steeple  
That long had timed an untimely people

Was tolling the hour of night's high noon  
And marking the time of the old year's doom.  
Diana sported on the western hills  
And sweetly danced along the icy rills,  
Whilst each merry star of the sparkling dome  
Sat glittering bright in its far off home.

The shadows fell grim from the old town hall  
Like the wandering shades on the chamber wall,  
As the fire burned low with a fitful glare  
And peopled with phantoms the cold night air,  
Softly came falling a mantle of gloom  
Deeper and darker than death or the tomb.

When a leaden sound to my ear was borne  
A sight to the eye all dread and forlorn.  
My chamber door swung open wide at length  
Revealed a form of stalwart pride and strength.  
A stranger slowly stalked within the room  
Wilder and darker than the midnight gloom.



Ceaseless and careless his thundering tread  
As though each step would wake the slumb'ring dead.

Like the car rattling o'er the stony street  
Sound the rattling bones of his bony feet.  
From his chattering teeth the cold words fall  
Like icicles broken on frosty wall.

He clashed and clanked as he hobbled along  
With hysterical laugh and snatches of song;  
With a harsh dry voice like a rattling hail  
Sounding on hollow roof or iron nail,  
And all his look was wild and woe begone,  
Wan, pale and ragged as misfortune's son.

A wandering ghost he seemed on earth and shore,  
That Charon longed, yet feared to ferry o'er.

I calmly gazed upon his hoary form  
As I would gaze upon a coming storm.  
With words of dark distrust we coldly greet,  
In brief, we met as jealous foeman meet.

He slowly bent his smoky eye to mine:  
I started, shrieked—'twas *eighteen fifty nine*—  
And madly springing from my lowly chair,  
Buried my fingers in his hempen hair.  
I throttled his long and his bony throat  
As I would a wolf or a wild coyote.

Tell me! I cried, thou false friend of Satan's,  
Where are the hopes that welcomed thy matins.

Where is the *wealth* and the *happiness too*,  
The *glory* and *splendor* promised by you?  
Full three hundred and three score times  
The rising sun hath told us of your crimes.

The pale faced moon, full often bathed in tears  
And deeply tortured with your constant fears,  
Speaks of your falsehood here, your meanness there,  
Of your vile craft and cunning everywhere.  
You *promised* me *peace*, you *promised* me *joy*:  
*Friendship* and *love* with no selfish alloy.

You gave me a brand of celestial fire.  
You promised to grant me each passing desire,  
But my soul was burned by the fiery brand  
Withering and scorching the writhing hand.  
My path you've sweetly strewn with borrowed smiles,  
Then all have turned to heartless, hollow wiles.

Beauty you brought to beguile me along  
And you cheered my soul with a siren's song.  
By will-o-the-wisp you led me astray  
Through marshes and darkness, far from the way.  
You've broken my friendships, you've crossed my love,  
You've left me a vulture; you promised a dove.

The darkest storms that fate may ever know  
You've piled across my path like mountain snow.  
Made yawning chasms for my wandering feet,  
And strewn life's slippery path with icy sleet.  
Thou art a villain! here thou shalt not linger.  
Then tighter drew each long avenging finger

Until the burning eye-balls deeper glow  
And the dying year breathes faint and slow.  
But with his latest voice and parting breath  
While struggling in the cold embrace of death,  
Strange things he spake in tones that spurned control,  
That startled every nerve and thrilled the soul.

“I promised you nothing” the old year said,  
“And but for me, you’d slumbered with the dead.  
    For you I’ve toiled and worn my life away  
    You’ve reaped the harvest of my life-long day.  
I’ve brought you moments laden with delight  
And gems of thought that shame the stars of night.

There’s hours of bliss I’ve kindly given ;  
A foretaste of the matchless heaven.  
    All that earth may know or heaven may yield  
    I’ve spread before you on life’s fertile field.  
You’ve only gathered what yourself had sown  
If the fruit is bitter, the fault’s your own.

Charge not these things to me” the old year cried,  
But ere the sentence ceased he gasped and died.  
    Just then I heard a low, insulting laugh  
    And turned abrupt to vent my kindling wrath ;  
But still those tones rang out loud, long, and clear,  
Inspiring wonder, hate, revenge, and fear.

’Twas the hero of *all* ages, of *every* clime—  
A weird, old specter and his name was *Time*.  
    And woe to him who in life’s early morn,  
    Hath seen his look of calm, derisive scorn—  
The look he cast on me as I defied  
And scorned his power, in my foolish pride.

His hoary locks drooped o’er his ancient vest  
And leaning on his well-worn scythe to rest—  
    That scythe with which he mowed the nations pale,  
    And fuel made for Hinnon’s lonely vale.  
And in his hand he held a magic wand,  
The talisman of fate for every land.

He raised his hand and beckoned to the door,  
 Then softly in there marched of years a score :  
     Still others came and formed along the wall  
     Whilst silence deep and dread reigned over all,  
 In terror I gazed on the spectral band  
 And thought of the "crew of Heligoland."

There rose in my soul a feeling of fear  
 From the silent gaze of each stony-eyed year  
     Time gently raised his scepter o'er the troupe  
     And quick they form a strange, fantastic group.  
 Like shadows, they move all silent and still  
 And form on the floor for a wild quadrille.

The "*dance of life*" the ancient caller cried :  
 They like a forest, bowed from side to side,  
     Then sprang on the floor with uneven prance  
     Like a menagerie loosed for a dance.  
 Their long, limber shanks went clashing and creaking  
 Like storm tossed ship when her timbers are breaking.

They reeled and they plunged, and sprang in the air,  
 They laughed and they screamed to drive away care,  
     But in every wild, sepulchral tone  
     In mockery rose some sentence of my own,  
 And often some weird voice, wild, deep and hoarse,  
 Would snatch a song from Arborvitae's verse ;

And a low, sweet laugh grated on the ear  
 That once I'd heard when told that death was near,  
     And a sentenec deep spoken, sad and slow,  
     When told a trusted friend had proved a foe.  
 "*There's a low, green grave*" an arch goblin said.  
 "*My boat floats wild from shore,*" another read.

And an awful sprite with a horrible air  
Sang out a verse from the "*Voice of despair.*"

"*My boat shall ride on the flowing tide.*"

"*The Harp of Atlanta,*" another cried.

Amid the bustling noise and clashing drum  
I heard the deathless "*Legend of Boat Run.*"

And one read aloud who sure had no ideas  
Of "a home in the temple of Fides."

And one thought of all the living charades

The wildest and strangest "*the first crusades.*"

And one thought the story as strange as Mazeppa  
Of "*Desoto's discovery of the old Mississippi.*"

All joined in a chorus, loud, long and hearty  
At "*Arborvitae's story of Bonaparte.*"

Then wildly screamed a rude apology

For his random history of "*Heathen Mythology.*"

And one that perchance I may see nevermore  
Was reciting some verses to "*Elenore.*"

Another one shrieked with a scream and a yell  
And a harsh grinding voice "*Oranges to Sell.*"

Like a lone whip-poor-will over the meadows

Some critics were vainly chasing my "*Shadows,*"

While one ancient villain all frosty and hoary  
Was making remarks on the "*Box of Pandora.*"

One little elf that I long kept my eye on  
Was reading some lines "*Inscribed to Orion,*"

And a cold, rough voice like a northern wind

Kept muttering over "*The March of Mind.*"

I could stand no more and to break the spell  
I stamped my foot with a groan and a yell.

They ceased their hateful antics, one and all  
And 'ranged themselves along the dreary hall:

    Then mingling mirth with deeper malice  
    To my lips they placed a bitter chalice,  
For each year spoke and told all he knew  
Of the winding paths I'd wandered through.

A picture they showed me that once was fair  
And I saw my life all mirrored there.

    There were stains and blots and blotches of shame—  
    There were sins and crimes too many to name.  
There were marks of vice and vanity, too,  
And promises false, that might have been true.

There were looks all cold, and words of scorn  
That darkened the pathway of life's early morn.

    One glance was enough. I covered my vision,  
    'Mid a ringing laugh of scorn and derision.  
Old time marched on with his countless years  
And left me alone with my hopes and fears.

I gazed far out upon the night  
And wondering, marked the hasty flight  
    With which the ancient monarch, Time,  
    Sped through our frosty clime.

I watched the moonbeams silent, fall  
On dusty street and towering wall,

And watched the shadows come and go  
Like fairy forms or clouds of snow.

    I listened to the rushing sound  
    Of White Oak's waters homeward bound,  
And watched the frost king deck each bough  
Like maiden fair for marriage vow.

The church bell tolled the midnight hour  
And the old town clock from its lofty tower  
    Proclaimed in tones distinct and clear  
    The advent of the coming year.

I gazed abroad and silent viewed  
The misty night's great solitude,

When lo! I spied the new-born year  
Perched on the court house steeple near.

    A lovelier form, a fairer face  
    Earth or sky may never grace.  
A kinder look, a sweeter smile  
Our mortal life may ne'er beguile.

Rich gifts she bore for all our needs  
Winged moments were her ganymedes,  
    Buds of Spring and Summer flowers  
    And golden fruits for Autumn bowers.  
Whilst I was gazing on the night  
The New Year winged her silent flight.

I felt her breath upon my brow  
On the casement by a myrtle bough.  
    A cherished emblem, Oh! how dear!  
    The richest gift of the bright winged year.

## LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

FOR MRS. GORDON, GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

Here's my off'ring, gentle lady, here's my off'ring for  
your album,

And for one so true and noble, 'tis my lot to write but  
seldom.

My sweet garlands all were woven in the twilight's  
sacred hour,

'Mid the fragrant airs of heaven, in a lovely sylvan  
bower.

Whilst aeolean vespers floating, softly singing there  
forever

Like the merry silv'ry plashing of Ohio's limpid river,  
Where dwell the heavenly muses, and where dwell  
the sacred daughters,

And where from gushing fountains flow, bright, de-  
licious, crystal waters.

There are stars that light the darkness, there are lights  
that illumine the day,

Which, like hope's bright heav'nly beacon, cheer us on  
life's weary way:

Thus we hail thee as the sunlight, as the azure star of  
even—

Leading up the rugged pathway to the pearly gates  
of heaven.



THE CROWN OF LOVE.

The angel of mercy from heaven came down,  
His soft, snowy pinions unfolding ;  
And he placed on my brow a white starry crown,  
That *seraphs adored* on beholding.

And he gave me a throne as bright as the morning,  
And pure as the luster of even ;  
Which all the sweet pleasures of hope were adorning,  
With garlands descended from heaven.

And he gave me a queen to sit on my throne,  
So gentle, majestic, and fair ;  
And she stood by my side when all others were gone,  
With a noble and queenly air.

And a princess he gave me with rich, golden tresses,  
That were decked in the *splendor of truth* ;  
My kingdom grew brighter beneath their caresses,  
Enshrined in the glory of youth.

There ran through my realm a river of light,  
An ocean of friendship and truth ;  
Whose bright crystal waves ever greeted my sight,  
As I basked in eternity's youth.

And the warm sunny smiles of my true-hearted friends,  
Banish all care and all strife ;  
Their features come floating in memory's lens,  
Sweet isles in the ocean of life.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

1. A general introduction at "the reunion."
2. An introduction to the "Old Folks."
3. An introduction to the "young man." (James K. Parker).
4. The "old folks" give their son some good advice, and start him out in the world on his own account.
5. The "young man" holds a little conversation with himself, and calls upon the fates to know what they have in reserve for him.
6. The fates conjure with the goddess of fortune who offers him sundry little favors, which he declines receiving.
7. Is found too modest to court the muses.

Conclusion:—The goddess reluctantly offers him the only gift that suits his fancy, which the hero graciously receives.

## LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE REUNION AT CLERMONT ACADEMY.  
JULY 27, 1860

We have come from the far distant cities;  
We have come from the mountains and the plain:  
We have come with our smiles and our ditties,

For a welcome on the play-ground again,  
And we meet once more by the pebbly shore  
Of the silv'ry brook that we loved of yore.

We have come from the south and from the north,  
We have come from the east and from the west ;  
From the field and the desk, we've all come forth,  
Come to mingle in a holiday's rest :  
We gather once more by the heav'n bright shore  
Of the lovely river we knew before.

We'll banish dull care at present away,  
No time have we now for moping sorrow ;  
For kind are the greetings this happy day,  
And we'll hope for a bright coming morrow :  
As we meet once more as in days of yore,  
To sport 'mid the scenes of life's early lore.

Come to the play-ground, the play-ground away—  
Haste to the soft, shady carpet of green ;  
And we'll gather once more, once more at play :  
Some pleasant and fanciful play, I ween.  
And pleasure and joy, with naught to alloy,  
Shall gladden the heart of each girl and boy.  
For come what will or come what may,  
Whether our locks be black or gray ;  
We'll all be young, we'll all be gay,  
We'll all be girls and boys today.

We'll lay aside our bat and ball,  
We'll stack them by the school-room wall.  
The grace hoop, too, and skipping rope,  
Are resting on the grassy slope.

Nor will we stretch the rope around  
To form the "copenhagen" pound,  
Nor play at "buzz" nor "blindman's buff,"  
Nor "chase the fox," they're all too rough  
To suit the mood we're in today,  
And so, at history we'll play:  
And like the boys of iron will

Dragging their sled up icy hill,  
That they may downward slide again  
Forgetting all their toil and pain:  
So, back again a score of years,  
We'll drag our lives through smiles and tears  
And then come gliding swiftly back  
Along the well-worn beaten track.  
So now we're at the starting point  
And we'll give way as is our wont,  
And place the first upon the stage  
With rank according to his age.

A gray-haired boy comes on the scene  
And takes his place before the screen.  
Then, rose a murmur of applause  
Compelled by admiration's laws.  
The boy that stands upon the stage  
Is rich in honor as in age:  
And bending with his weight of years  
A golden wealth of wisdom bears.  
He bears a name whose very sound  
Spreads rich perfume on all around;  
And all the landmarks of his life  
Are checks to passion and to strife.

And, like the light-house on the beach,  
That every dashing wave my reach;  
But yet, stands firm, nor feels the shock  
Of angry waves upon the rock,  
But sending far its gleaming light  
To guide the mariner aright.  
So, for an age, this boy hath stood  
Upon the shore of life's dark flood,  
And many a stern beleagured bark  
That else had foundered in the dark,  
If guided by a faltering craven  
He hath saved in life's bright haven.

Then steps a girl upon the stage  
Mature in thought, as well as age;  
A lovely girl with patient face,  
And modest mien replete with grace.  
The silver powder time had spread  
With careless hand upon her head,  
But give a milder, deeper charm  
To soul so pure, a heart so warm;  
And all the virtues seemed to cling  
Around her form, like flow'rs of Spring.  
Her life was marked with much of good,  
Of kindness and of fortitude.

Her patience and politeness, too,  
Her neighbors all, admiring knew.  
We greet this couple on the stage  
With all the reverence to age:  
With all the admiration due  
To all that's great, and good, and true.

But now, the curtain rises high.  
A younger boy, with sparkling eye  
With buoyant step and easy grace,  
Beside the others, takes his place.  
He seemed, a banner just unfurled,  
Amid his own domestic world.  
A steed fresh harnessed for the strife  
A champion on the field of life.  
And yet, a youth of modest mien  
With quiet look we oft have seen.  
A look that tells of silent pow'r,  
Of strength to meet life's darkest hour.  
As the senior pair, he now  
Addresses with respectful bow.

The boy, whose hair was silver-lined  
And on whose brow thought sat enshrined  
Now turned upon the younger boy  
A look of mingled pride and joy,  
And thus, the charge of life he gave  
In accents deep, but calm and grave:

My son, thou hast arrived at man's estate, and need'st  
no more, the check and guiding rein. Thou need'st no  
more the help of fostering care—the strengthening  
power of the paternal hand.

Go firmly forth upon the world's great tide  
Forgetting not thy manhood nor thy motives,  
Clothe well thyself with honor's shining garb,  
And, with a broad, bright shield of honesty,  
Fend off all worldly care and calumny.  
Now, tax thy brain with great inventions

And nerve thyself with mighty purposes,  
And, by thy future deeds, a name and fortune make.  
A name to live when you are gone to rest.  
Live a life whose deathless odor, still shall  
Shed its fragrance o'er thy lowly tomb,  
Long ages after thou, thyself, hast gone.

Thou'lt find, my son, that ignorance doth mar,  
And sin corrupt this goodly world of ours.  
Be thou a champion of the weak. Lift up  
Thy hand and let thy voice be heard  
Amid the world's great strife, for truth and right.  
Thus, make thy name a living monument  
Of virtue and of love, of hope and joy,  
A beacon light of truth and purity.

And noble things the couple said,  
That feeble pen may never write.

And speeches to the young man made,  
That feeble mind may ne'er indite.

But here, the curtain falls, upon  
This scene of life's tranquility;

Until it opens up, anon  
Upon a youth's soliloquy.

'Twas on the waters of "Boat Run"  
Amid the shades of Mt. Hygiene  
A youth sat looking in the distance,  
In the distance, dim and doubtful.  
Looking not with outward vision,

Objects of the world observing,  
But through the soul's deep windows looking,  
Looking to the doubtful future;  
And of that doubtful future asking

"Watchman! tell us of the night;  
 What its signs of promise are."  
 "And, oh, thou future, treasure laden,  
 Laden with such fearful treasure,  
 Say, what hast thou in store for me?  
 What, ah, what shall be my portion;  
 What of joy and what of pain;  
 And tell me what shall be my station,  
 Shall I live and work in vain?"

Long he conjured fate to tell him  
 What should in the world befall him,  
 Till the dim and mystic curtain  
 'T seemed to make life all uncertain,  
 Slowly raised by hand immortal  
 Opened up the future's portal.  
 Then rose the Fates before his vision  
 Three female forms from fields elysian.  
 The ocean hath some little range,  
 But these grim sisters never change,

The Southern sun, the frosts beguile,  
 But these grim sisters, never smile.  
 All grim and dark, these sisters coy,  
 Now gather round the 'xpectant boy.  
 Slow gather 'round the sheltering tree  
 With glow'ring words of Gramarye,  
 Strange, weird, and wild the spell they wove,  
 Beneath Mt. Hygiene's sacred grove;  
 And each one played a master part  
 In Gramarye's unhallowed art.

With mutt'rings strange as goblins greet,  
 Until the spell was all complete;



Then side by side the sisters stand  
Each slowly waved a magic wand  
    A something like a gilded toy  
    Then pointed to the silent boy.  
Why starts he thus with wond'ring brow?  
Ah! fortune's goddess greets him now,  
    She bears the wealth of every land,  
    She wears the gold of every strand.

    Whatever prize the world e'er knew  
    If you but ask, she'll give to you.  
A boon, a boon our hero'd have,  
But scarce knew what great boon to crave.

    First, with a patronizing air  
She offers him a chair of state;  
    He knows that those who fill the chair  
Are never good, and seldom great.  
    The doubtful gift, he proudly spurns,  
And casts a look which seems to say  
    (While still his cheek with honor burns),  
If such your treasures, go thy way.  
    She offers him a sparkling crown,  
A scarlet mantle and a sword.

    To make him ruler of the town  
Or dub him squire, knight, or lord.  
    He spurns the gift with deep disdain  
For lawless pow'r's a wrecking flood.  
    He spurns the hollow emblem vain,  
The sword is stained with human blood.  
    She offers then, her boundless wealth;  
Her nameless sums of glitt'ring gold.

He knows its meanness and its stealth  
And all its boundless woes untold.

I'll never warp my soul, he said  
To tread the dark defiles of wealth  
Nor meanly bow my youthful head  
For all its honor and its pelf.

Thus, one by one, her jewels rare  
She offers him with tempting care,  
And still, each offered gift is spurned  
By judgment from his parents learned.

But when the sacred trappings came,  
It warmed his soul like burning flame;  
And with half extended arms,  
Admired much their sacred charms.

He half consented to receive  
And fortune half agreed to give.

The emblem of immortal strife  
The holy shepherd's badge of life;  
But something whispered him to stay,  
And changed his mood, perchance for aye,  
A something changed his past'ral mood,  
A change, we think, was wrought for good.

Dame fortune 'gan to be alarmed,  
Lest all her gifts were to be spurned.  
With mingl'd pity, love and malice,  
To his lips she gives a chalice.

"Since my gifts the youth refuses,  
He may deign to court the muses."

Ere the silence half was broken  
By the word so aptly spoken;  
Nine lovely maidens gathered 'round

As ever met on fairy ground.  
They laughed and romped and danced and sang,  
As through the grove their voices rang.  
They gathered 'round the trembling youth  
Nor spared his blushes nor his truth :

He scarce his senses dared to own  
As each held out a sparkling crown.  
Each bowed and smiled and importuned,  
With laurel wreath and holly bough :  
And richest flowers all perfumed  
They sought to crown his youthful brow.  
But their favors he refuses,  
His blushes darken to a frown.  
To this day he thinks the muses,  
The greatest nuisance in the town.

Away with all your plumes, away,  
A modest man should not sport them,  
Those dazzling maidens, bright and gay,  
A bashful man should not court them.  
Amazed beyond mortal measure,  
Impatience sparkled from his eye.  
He waved his hand in displeasure,  
And bade the 'stonished muses fly.  
Then full on fortune's goddess turned,  
A look of mingled pride and scorn :

His manly cheek with honor burned,  
Like burning blushes of the morn.  
"Tell me," said he, "I implore thee,  
Hast thou not some worthy treasure  
And do none but fools adore thee,

Devotees of idle pleasure?

Say, in thy store house hast thou not  
Some gem for toiling pilgrim's brow?

Some lowly gem almost forgot,  
And if thou hast, oh give it *now*.

Hast thou not some lowly measure

Where all the toil and pain and strife  
Is mingled with secret pleasure,  
That sweetens every cup of life?"

The goddess raised her snow-white hand  
A moment to her marble brow.

(No goddess ever looked so grand),  
Then, smiling, said "I have it now."

Then turning to her ample store  
While chanting approving matin;  
An humble gift from thence she bore  
And gave the youth a teacher's bat'n.

He, kneeling, took the proffered boon  
And thankful, pressed it to his heart:  
And ever since, till life's high noon  
He well hath borne his faithful part.

ARRIVED AT GAULEY BRIDGE, MONDAY  
EVENING, JULY 29, 1861

TO I. AND I. SWING, RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Your welcome letter came to hand  
I got it in this mountain land  
And *thanks*, a *thousand* thanks I pray  
And blessings on your head for aye.

Your greeting cheers were unco good  
And well it *cheered* my flagging mood,  
With its soul *inspiring* charms  
Amid the battle's wild alarms.

You may not know, I can not tell  
The joy that made my bosom swell  
To get such greeting, kind and true,  
*From those I love*, from such as *you*.

Your friendship true and kind regard  
Gives strength and power to my sword,  
And nerves my arm for deeds of good,  
Beside Kanawha's mountain flood.

*Sweet mem'ries of olden times*  
Around my present lot entwines  
And *cancel*s half the *ills of life*  
And half its trouble, pain and strife.

And often o'er my midnight vision  
Floats a scenery half elysian.  
There the face of absent friends  
*Strange rapture* to my *spirit* lends.

And though I count them not by dozens,  
I *always* see my *worthy cousins*.

And from each vision's magic scroll  
I *always* gather *strength of soul*.

When resting from our lone bivouac  
We pitch our tent by the mountain's rock  
And list to the tattoo's lonely sound  
Whose echoes o'er the hills rebound.

I *ask if "we shall meet again"*  
At Richmond town or Bethel plain  
Before the *last tattoo* shall sound  
Upon *life's evening battle-ground*.

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### THE POETRY OF LIFE

Life is an epic poem deep and grand,  
And all sublime to him who reads it well,  
But like the actor on the mimic stage,  
The reading's all, and he who fails to read  
The poem as it should be read, is lost  
To all its matchless beauties so divine.

What recks it in the living world of mind  
That we have conned each page of Avon's Bard,  
Or with great Pollock sung "The Course of Time,"  
Or with historians old have wandered down  
The winding paths of ages long ago,  
Delving deep in time's great funeral urn  
Amid the wreck of ages long since dead:  
Of mouldering centuries and broken empires?  
If we have gathered naught from thence to deck

Our future life, of greatness or of truth,  
Why should sun-browned traveler bear the  
Heat and toil of long and painful march  
Through tropic lands, on Ceylon's sainted isle  
And Indian shores, if homeward bound  
He brings no spicy odors nor wealth of love  
To deck his native land?

Why should weary pilgrim tread the hallowed street  
Of far Jerusalem with pain and fear,  
Wandering 'mid the holy shrines and sunlit vales  
And silver streams of Judea's fairy land,  
If, in the heart's deep home he bears no branch  
Of sacred palm to prove his holy mission,  
Or tell the sainted purpose of his soul,  
Or why we should the Bible read, or gaze  
With admiration deep and pure, upon  
The starry dome, or study nature day by day  
Through all her ways and changing moods  
From meanest reptile up to God-like man,  
If we from teeming nature nothing learn—  
Learn naught of Nature or of Nature's God?

This time—this world, is ours for good or bad  
And we can mold it—shape it as we will.  
It is not fate or destiny that guides  
But mind—immortal and eternal mind  
That gives the clue to fate and destiny.  
“Why then this world's mine oyster which with  
Knife I'll open,” sang Avon's glorious Bard.  
And so with blade of honest thought, he pierced  
The outer shell and pared away the rind  
Of form and rule and cold conventionality  
That bayed and barred him from the world's great heart

And long and deep he reveled in its richness,  
 In its ripe and luscious beauties unadorned  
 Or undefiled by cunning hand of art,  
 And to the world a truthful picture gave,  
 A portrait of itself. The painting's old  
 And ugly now; all worn and dinged by time,  
 But yet we love it for its simple truth;  
 And if the picture wears an ugly look,  
 I'm sure 'tis not the truthful painter's fault  
 Who drew the lines with bold, unerring hand.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,  
 And our little life is rounded with a sleep."  
 The hour is brief that we can strut  
 And mingle in the grand dramatic play  
 Of life itself, upon the stage of time,  
 But yet before the sable curtain falls  
 We'll play the world an interesting scene.

"To be, or not to be: that's the question!"  
 But *where* and *when* and *how* and *what* to be?  
 "Aye, there's the rub!" There's the sticking place.  
 That's the problem over which the living world  
 Has racked its fertile brain for centuries,  
 And will, for countless ages yet to come;  
 As long as Phoebus lights the starry dome.

The play of life is all before us now  
 And we are free to choose the part we'll play;  
 And the great question first for us to solve  
 Is, what that part—that life-long part shall be.  
 Shall it be a "comedy of errors"  
 And shall we play the low buffoon for fools  
 And knaves to laugh at? Shall we the buskin don,  
 Array the soul in paint and daub of low



Lascivious cunning that honor loathes  
And honest manhood spurns, that simpletons  
May be amused at our senseless folly?  
Or shall we the hoarding miser play—  
And worship hungry famine, want, and care—  
And in our hearts to bear a burning key—  
A key of gold to lock us out from heaven?  
Or shall we choose the tragic wild and grand  
And worship fame, and in victorious triumph  
Proudly riding in the train of death,  
Wave our plumed hat and gilded name  
In mockery over heaven's Lord, and say  
"These are my Gods. I love them more than Thee."

Shall we some trifling by-play only act?  
Some passing passion's fleeting interlude?  
Or, proudly spurning these with deep disdain  
Shall mount the stage, and nobly act the man.  
Let no presuming mortal dare to grasp  
The pen with feeble hand, and strive with fate—  
With fate and fortune strive on life's great field,  
Where wisdom's ancient goddess rules the day,  
And where the laurel crown is won by strength alone.  
Let no one dare with faltering step to climb  
The giddy height of honor and of fame.  
Let no man dare with flattering falsehood  
Smoothly coined, Omnipotence to cheat,  
Himself deceive, and sport a foreign plume,  
But rich in honor, in true greatness rich,  
And strong in moral power; armed in honesty  
Walk the stage as though you were its lord  
Nor fear nor care for worldly censure or applause.

He, who on life's ocean hath been rudely driven,  
And on the northern side of public mind

Unwittingly his erring bark hath sailed,  
When tossed by storm and threatened by the reef,  
Hath turned his wayward sail and homeward steered  
To find each friendly port all closed and barred  
Against his trembling storm beleagured craft;  
And views the cold, complacent smile  
With which each friendly foe exults.  
The smile of those who claim in friendship's name  
The right to give a more malignant wound  
Than common foe or stranger dare to give.

He, who hath such cheerless greeting known and felt,  
And backward turns upon the howling storm  
And wrecking reef, in the hoarse and hollow voice  
Of reef and storm and angry wave, to find more  
Of life and love and hope and sympathy  
Than from his guardian friends he might receive,  
Soon learns to look with calm content, if not  
With loathing and with scorn on all the world:  
He learns that levity of speech or song,  
The bitter taunt that Byron aptly calls  
"The stinging of a heart the world hath stung."  
But while we scorn and hold in high contempt  
The world's opinion, let us not forget  
Nor slight the good opinion of ourselves,  
But keep our honor bright and conscience pure,  
For well and truly hath the noble Byron sung  
"One sad losel soils a name for aye,  
However mighty in the olden time."  
"Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay  
Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies or rhyme  
Can blazon evil deeds or consecrate a crime."  
But where amid the play of life your part shall be,  
Be sure you act it well,

We have often sat and watched the play upon  
A mimic stage, when we, who silent in the  
Boxes, mused, were acting out a better play,  
A deeper scheme: A play more grand and more  
Sublime, then the liveried lackeys of the curtained scene.  
Theirs, the gilded imitation only, was.  
Ours, the real acting: theirs the hollow show  
Of what humanity might, perchance, become.  
Ours, the earnest unwashed play of life itself,  
Where every actor in the passing scene  
Receives in proper time, his due reward of praise.

Sir Alexander Pope hath nobly sung  
“Honor and fame from no condition rise:  
Act well *your* part; there all the honor lies.  
Fortune, in men, has some small difference made.  
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade:  
The cobbler aproned and the parson gowned:  
The Friar hooded, and the monarch crowned,  
What differ more, you cry, than crown and cowl?  
I’ll tell you, friend! A wise man and a fool.  
Nor can we on hereditary fancy lean  
And gather present strength from ancient fame,  
“But by your father’s worth,” says Pope, if yours you  
rate,  
Count me those only who were good and great.  
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood  
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,  
Go! and pretend your family is young,  
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.  
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?  
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.”  
“A wit’s a feather, and a chief, a rod.  
An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

## MAY DAY ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

MAY 1ST, 1860

'Twas May-day morn, and the merry horn  
Was ringing o'er the hill:  
And the morning bright, with rainbow light,  
Was plashing on the rill.

The dew-drops shone like an iris zone,  
All sparkling on the green:  
Pearly and clear as a crystal tear  
In laughter shed, I ween.

'Twas a joyous day, this first of May,  
As ev'r I wish to see:  
And the forest rung with birdling's song  
And song of humming bee.

And I strolled away this early May,  
Away to village green:  
For I longed to be 'neath forest tree,  
Beside the May-day queen.

My soul was light as the day was bright,  
My heart was warm as June:  
And wanton glee with the bird and bee,  
Wove all our songs in tune.

I sat me down like a careless clown,  
In view of village spires:  
Nor cared a fig for tongue or eye,  
Or passion's kindling fires.

I had seen enough of all such stuff,  
I smiled at madam rum'r;  
No earthly jar I am sure could mar  
The soul's delicious hum'r.

I had seen the best, the very best  
The best that earth can know:  
I had been blest, supremely blest  
Then hurled in hopeless woe.

I had tasted joy without alloy,  
My hopes were heav'nly bright.  
The hand of fate had fallen of late  
And left a starless night.

But what cared I for storms which went by  
For I was happy now:  
And a future bright as morning light,  
Was looming up to view.

I carelessly sat and laughed at fate,  
Sat and mused for a while;  
And hummed the tune of the silver moon  
The moments to beguile.

My Musie came with pen of flame,  
To write a page or two.  
In sylvan bow'r with leafy tower,  
And village spires in view.

A fairy scene was the village green  
An eden sweet and fair  
With tossing curls of lovely girls,  
Bright as angels are.

And merry boys with a mirthful noise  
 Were sporting here and there :  
 And the laugh and song rose loud and long  
 In tones all free from care.

World of its own with gibbet and throne,  
 A world is the vill'ge green ;  
 Where life and death hang on the breath  
 Of many a May-day queen.

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LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

FOR MRS. CARRIE KLECKNER, OF FELICITY, OHIO.

This album, dear lady's a love boquet  
 Of flowers, all gathered by Friendship and Truth ;  
 Whose fragrance shall cheerfully bless thee for aye,  
 Embalming the mem'ries of age and of youth.

And ev'ry kind friend brings a flower you love,  
 And weaves in this beautiful boquet of thyme,  
 A garland half earthly and half from above,  
 Like the flowing cadence of mystical rhyme.

Permit me, fair lady, to weave this garland  
 The lone "Arborvitae's" forever green plume,  
 With pray'r for thy comfort till safe in "far land"  
 Thou'lt bask in the light of eternity's home.

PRESENTED TO MRS. N. ANN ROBB.



COMMISSARY OF THE 1ST KY. REG. AT CAMP "CRIPPLE CREEK," TENNESSEE.

Figure 1—Summer house of cedar boughs.  
 Figure 2—Box of cactus plants.  
 Figure 3—Box of lilies and fleur-de-lis.  
 Figure 4—A wild aloe plant.  
 Figure 5—Commissary tent.

Figure 6—Cross of cedar boughs above the summer house.  
 Figure 7—Commissary Robb standing in the door of his tent looking forward to the end of the rebellion.  
 Figure 8—Old cedar trees.

May 16th, 1863.

## THE BIVOUAC ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE.

## A TALE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

The night was cold and dark and damp ;  
The sky sent forth no silver lamp  
    To cheer that weary gallant band,  
    The army of the Cumberland.  
The lowering clouds in masses hung,  
And round the mountain summit swung,  
    Like angry frown of sullen fate,  
    That vengeful came, but came too late.

    The darkness like a funeral pall,  
    In blackness draped the rocky wall ;  
Wrapping all in its sable fold,  
Of rayless, starless night, and cold.  
    Beneath a broad and shelving stone,  
    With moss and ivy overgrown ;  
With ages seamed and lightning scarred,  
Where long the elements had warred,  
    A squad had halted, filed aright,  
    And bivouaced for the coming night.

    The arms were stacked in martial form,  
    And then, to shield them from the storm,  
Some friendly boughs of stunted pine  
Were woven with the mountain vine.  
    Some rustic seats in haste were raised—  
    From resin knots a fire blazed.  
The frugal meal was soon prepared ;  
Each haversack its surplus spared ;  
    The pickets posted for the night,  
    Far out beamed the glaring light.



Our orders were, that *none* should sleep,  
But all a weary vigil keep;  
Lest secret spy or lurking foe  
Should, in the darkness, come or go;  
And now, to while the hours away,  
The *long, long* hours till coming day,  
They all agree, with joint acclaim,  
That *one* (I care not here to name),  
Some war-like legend should recite,  
As dark and stormy as the night.

In careless mood he raised his hand,  
As spectre would some magic wand;  
Brushed from his brow the auburn hair:  
The marks of time and storm were there,  
But fires gleamed from his hazel eye,  
That all the storms of fate defy.  
His voice was low, and sad, and clear,  
And broke in wavelets on the ear,  
As ripples from a boatman's oar,  
Would break along the Ohio's shore.  
All eyes upon the speaker turned,  
And this the tale that there we learned;  
A tale that made us blanch and shiver—

“THE BATTLE OF THE DEAD MAN'S RIVER”

'Twas early morn—the God of day  
With gold had paved the mountain way,  
And silvered all the valley o'er,  
Of Chickamauga's fatal shore;  
While glittering gems, like diamonds bright,  
Sent back a flood of golden light.

Lighting up the hill and glen,  
Where three-score thousand stalwart men,  
Waved their Union banners high,  
As glorious as the morning sky ;  
The light along the cannon streamed,  
Three-score thousand bayonets gleamed :

A sight more glorious ne'er was seen,  
Amid the morning's silver sheen.  
But hark ! what means that crashing sound,  
That sudden shakes the trembling ground,  
From Pigeon mountain's lofty crown ?  
The battle shriek comes thundering down.  
Loud swells the cannon's deafening roar,  
Along the cove of McLemore.  
The echoes leap from hill to hill,  
Across the ford at Gordon's Mill,  
And louder yet that battle shriek,  
Still sprang from mountain peak to peak.

Still louder rose the battle clang,  
From vale to vale its echoes rang :  
Its lightnings lit the mountain side,  
In awful grandeur, wild and wide ;  
Like stream of molten lava poured  
From dark volcano came the horde  
Of rebel troops, through field and wood,  
To swell the angry battle flood.

From rock and bush and mountain fell,  
They rush with wild and horrid yell.  
Men trained in wrong from early youth,  
Bred foes to mercy and to truth.

A reckless and a Godless band,  
Let loose to sack their native land.  
Traitors of every grade and name,  
Swelled the tide and lit the flame,  
And flung their banners to the gale,  
Of war's wild havoc in the vale.

Poltroons, who had their country sold,  
For fame, for tinsel, and for gold.  
Virginia, first in haughty pride—  
The Carolinas, side by side;  
Missouri's border-ruffian crew,  
And Florida's dark blood-hounds, too;  
There 'Texas' reckless rangers stand,  
A shame and curse to any land;  
There Louisiana forms her host,  
And Mississippi takes her post:  
Georgia sends her favorite son  
To mar the flag of Washington.

Since war's dread clarion first was blown,  
Since battle-fields with death were strewn,  
Since blood and carnage cursed the earth,  
Since fiends in mortal shape had birth,  
Ne'er was marshaled such a band,  
Of human wolves in any land,  
In any age, in any clime,  
So lost to shame, so steeped in crime.

Opposed to these, our little band,  
The noblest, bravest of the land,  
Form their columns, dread and slow,  
With mutt'ring thunders, deep and low:

Heroes they were, who gave their all—  
Their flag to save, or with it fall;  
Resolved to win, or win the grave,  
The bravest of the living brave.

Well we know by the eagle glance,  
The bearing, bold, of Rosecrans:  
That swords upon that field would rust,  
And brave men there, would bite the dust;  
The crimson blood of martyr pale,  
Sprinkle the turf, and redden the vale,  
Horse and rider lay stark on the plain,  
Ere the morning sun should rise again.

The battle shock, in thunders broke,  
Like an earthquake's dreaded stroke.  
The eternal hills with trembling shook,  
Around the legions of McCook.

Brave Crittenden, with flashing eye,  
From rank to rank, goes dashing by  
With noble grace, and flaming sword.  
Now Wood received the order, "go!"

And hurls his columns on the foe.  
Oh, then 'twas glorious to behold.  
The battle-tide that surged and rolled  
Along the mountain side and dell!

Fierce as the fiery flames of hell,  
The sulphur smoke, the lurid blaze,  
The crash and din, the dire maze,  
Where Minty's horsemen, hand to hand,  
Steel to steel, and brand to brand.  
And noble Wilder's mounted men,  
With flashing sabres, sweep the glen.

Ah, Bosworth's field, and Cheviot hills,  
And Flodden's far-famed gory rills,  
Ye would have blushed and paled to see  
Columbia's glorious chivalry.

Now Negley's heroes, cheer on cheer,  
Rush to glory, or the bier;  
And gallant Beatty's martial line  
Is forming 'neath the stately pine.  
And Bradley, too, his columns wheel,  
And charge the foe with bristling steel.  
Then Palmer's serried columns fall  
Like avalanche on crumbling wall.  
Van Cleve; a hero gray and old,  
With martial form and bearing bold  
With hurried march, recks naught of life,  
But leads his heroes to the strife.

Then Johnson waves his battle brand,  
And closing in with eager band,  
Joins the dark and dread affray,  
Resolved to die or win the day.  
Now Baird has caught the battle cry—  
With sword unsheathed, and flashing eye  
He wheels his columns by the right,  
And rushes in to join the fight.

But where are Brannon's peerless braves?  
On double-quick, like ocean waves,  
Or like a dark, avenging woe,  
They fling themselves upon the foe.  
And Reynold's legions, rank on rank,  
Falling on the rebel flank

Like some dread Sirocco sweep,  
 And piles the dead, in gory heap,  
 While Davis leads a Spartan band  
 Victorious, o'er the crimson land.

Now, fiery Sheridan gives the word,  
 Sharp and clear as his battle sword,  
 To charge the thickest of the fight  
 And strike for liberty and right.  
 Brave Lytle, too, a hero bold,  
 Like fabled demigod of old,  
 His columns wheel with graceful swing,  
 Come crashing on the rebel wing.

Oh, 'twere a glorious sight to see  
 That dauntless host of chivalry,  
 And hear their battle slogan cry,  
 Ring from the earth to the vaulted sky!  
 And yet, we gazed with tear-dimmed eye  
 To see such *noble* heroes die.  
 A thousand cannon's sulphur breath  
 Belch forth their streams of lurid death,  
 While clashing arms and bristling steel  
 "As columns march, advance or wheel"  
 Come gleaming through volcanic cloud,  
 That wraps the field in sombre shroud.

But what is this untold advance,  
 That clouds the brow of Rosecrans?  
 'Tis Bushrod Johnston with his host  
 The ford at Gordon's Mill has crossed,  
 Our line of battle widely cleft,  
 And hurled his forces on our left.  
 We strive to break their line in vain,  
 We charge them home again, again.

Our noble Thomas leads the van,  
The bravest type of mortal man:  
His gallant charger proudly rode,  
And bore him like the battle's God.

We drive them back toward the shore  
But thousands come, and thousands more  
To mend the breach but partial made,  
With musket, grape, and dripping blade.

Bragg's serried columns hold our front,  
Like demons stand the battle brunt.  
Withers and Stewart lead the fight  
In murderous slaughter on our right,  
While Longstreet throws ten thousand men  
In fury, on our left again.  
Still waved our banners far and wide,  
And still our heroes fought and died,  
"And victory, doubtful, comes and goes  
Between the Union and her foes."

Our ranks all torn with shot and shell  
Fall back within the crimson dell,  
And charge the rebels home once more  
Along the cove of McLemore;  
On mountain side and Mission Hill,  
From Lookout range to Gordon's Mill.  
Thus all the weary live-long day,  
With fierce assault and bloody fray  
Our Union heroes fought and died  
Till Chickamauga's crimson tide

Our gallant patriot's floating o'er,  
Was purple stained with human gore,

And the setting sun sadly smiled  
Upon the havoc wide and wild  
    O'er the valley and the plain  
    Where lay a thousand heroes slain,  
With ghastly wound in manly breast,  
Taking their *last* and *final* rest.

Far in the night the musket's roar  
In volleyed thunders on the shore,  
Was echoed through the mountain's gloom  
Weird as the voice of fatal doom.  
    But the wild tumult ceased at length,  
    And died for very want of strength.  
Midnight came and all was still  
Save the cry of the whip-poor-will:  
    The shrieks and groans of mangled brave,  
    The helpless cry for God to save.

Weary and worn with battle round,  
We threw ourselves upon the ground  
Hopeful still, but yet with sorrow  
We thought upon the coming morrow.  
    We thought upon our homes and wives  
    And prayed to God to bless their lives,  
And in our fitful dreams that night  
There came to us a vision, bright,  
    Of home and friends and kindred all,  
    Household gods of our own loved hall.

On fancy's wing we homeward sped  
Swift as the airy wind had fled,  
Till the Ohio blessed our sight,  
Like Jordan's river of delight.



Then comes the heart's warm, fond embrace,  
The beaming smile on every face;  
The soul's deep welcome, freely given,  
Sweet earnest of the joys of Heaven.

And long we tarry round the hearth,  
'Mid scenes of happiness and mirth;  
While laugh, and song, and jest go 'round  
Filling the air with gleeful sound.  
With kindly word and soft address,  
With compliment and fond caress  
Each strives to please till we forget  
That hostile bands had ever met:  
That death's wild chariot swept the plain  
And reveled o'er the stormy main.

None but those who chance to roam  
Appreciate the joys of home.  
Not till you meet the cold world's breath,  
Till, face to face you talk with death  
In distant land, in deadly strife,  
Can know the worth of civil life:  
Not till summer friends have flown,  
And real worth is left alone;  
Till hate and malice work their ends,  
You know the value of your friends.

On promise vain, and empty creed,  
You often lean on broken reed,  
And resting on some fancied wall,  
The heart is bruised by many a fall,  
The soul, in some delusive dream  
Goes floating down a lethean stream;

Till, rudely striking on a rock  
All torn and bleeding by the shock,  
Awakes, alas! awakes too late,  
And yields to folly and to fate—

Or stretching out its tendrils warm  
In life's young morning grasps a thorn,  
So fled our dream that autumn morn,  
At the ringing blast of the bugle horn.  
We formed ourselves in martial rank  
With foe entrenched on either flank,  
And formed in front their legions stand,  
A living wall, a desperate band,  
Waiting for the coming day,  
As wolves and vultures wait their prey.

The cold wind swept around the hill,  
The frost had settled bleak and chill,  
Whitening the locks of all the slain  
Silver-mounting forest and plain.  
It fell on the corpse, cold and stark;  
The only friend that came in the dark  
With friendly hand and icy breath,  
To straighten the stiff'ning limbs in death.

At length the light of morning, grey,  
Proclaims the glad approach of day,  
And with the first faint streaks of light,  
We harness for the coming fight.  
Our broken left, our shattered right,  
Have both been mended in the night.  
Once more our chief his columns form  
In serried ranks to meet the storm  
That, bursting like the dead siroc  
Shakes the earth with thunder shock.

First, the cannon's awful sound  
Fills the vaulted Heavens 'round ;  
Then fifty thousand muskets roll  
Their angry voice upon the soul,  
    Whilst shrieking shells and bullets fly  
    Like meteors from earth and sky ;  
The battle rolls from right to left,  
Rank after rank is deeply cleft :  
    Whole regiments were crushed that day  
    Like river foam, or ocean spray.

Brigades are trampled down like clay  
And whole divisions swept away,  
Until a stronger line is met  
Unyielding with the bayonet,  
    Turns the angry, sullen tide,  
    And spreads the carnage, far and wide.  
Now pressing back the advancing foe,  
The battle surges to and fro—

Reels and staggers o'er the plain,  
Then rights itself, and comes again.  
Deeper, fiercer, grows the fight,  
And thunders on from left to right.  
    Now ebbs the tide, and now it flows ;  
    Friends are mingled all with foes ;  
Fast and fiercer fall the blows,  
A hurricane of fiery woes.

The lofty pines like reeds are shaken—  
Each rocky fortress stormed and taken ;  
Each log a breastwork, calls a halt,  
A deadly breach and fierce assault :

Each tree a fort whose upas shade  
Piles high with dead, the dripping glade.  
Now a battery blazing hot,  
Tears our ranks with shell and shot  
At murderous range, and no escape—  
The field is swept with deadly grape,

While musket balls, like rattling hail,  
Still add their fury to the gale.  
But awful grandeur fills the soul,  
To see our vaulting columns roll  
Across the plain on warlike steed  
And charge the foe at headlong speed.  
Rank after rank, wave after wave,  
The noble, daring, and the brave,  
With gleaming sabres flashing bright  
Like diamonds in the morning light:

Like mountain eagles, swooping down  
Upon the rebels, gray and brown:  
But vain were all their efforts now,  
For cannon line the mountain brow;  
Cannon here and cannon there  
And blazing cannon everywhere.  
With flaming sword and labored breath  
They charge and meet a glorious death.

Our right wing surges back once more,  
Reeling, staggering, stained with gore.  
Minty's beaten and Wilder's driven,  
Whilst yells that reach the vaulted Heaven  
Like fearful knell of coming woe,  
Tells the vantage of coming foe.

Our hero Lytle, too, is crushed,  
His manly voice in death is hushed ;  
His frightened charger flies the plain,  
Riderless with loosened rein.

Brave McCook now stems the tide  
Of carnage on the river side.  
With fierce assault on every hand,  
His noble and heroic band  
Powder blackened, grim with smoke,  
Deal blow for blow and stroke for stroke.  
But southern legions gath'ring round,  
He, too, is forced to yield the ground  
Like Bengal's tiger pressed at bay.  
Our Crittenden, amidst the fray,

Was everywhere himself a host.  
As furious when the field was lost,  
As hungry wolf, or lion crossed.  
Now Wood receives the battle shock,  
Proud and firm as a mountain rock.  
His veteran heroes, undismayed  
In fiery circles swung the blade,  
And like volcanoes deadly throes,  
Hurl destruction on their foes.

But round him sweep their legions vast,  
His right is turned, his left is passed ;  
Their waving pennons far and near  
Have passed each flank and gained his rear.  
Their columns pouring down the glen  
In crushing weight on Palmer's men.

'Twas on a knoll of rising ground,  
Some logs and rails were strewn around  
In breastworks light, that Palmer's band  
Of veteran heroes made their stand.

The rebels form their columns deep,  
And hurl them on with angry sweep:  
Brigades, divisions, army corps  
And murderous batteries by scores.

Oh, God! what fearful carnage then!  
Our little fort a slaughter pen—  
Our little space with dead was filled—  
Our horses slain, our gunners killed.  
And then their bugles sound the charge,  
With bayonet, our breast the targe,  
With countercharge we meet their line,  
There falls in death, our brave Bodine.  
Leash, and Brown and Caddy fall,  
While death is hovering over all.

Now friend and foe have closed and met,  
Each nerve is strung, their teeth are set;  
And through each breast the steel is driven,  
Limbs are broken, skulls are riven.  
Our little band is crushed and broke,  
But yet amid the lurid smoke,  
We seize the drag ropes, scorn to yield,  
And haul our cannon from the field.

But two are left among our dead,  
Crushed and broken, stained with red.  
Slowly fighting, we retire  
And give the foe our parting fire.

Negley's line is broken through;  
Beatty's crushed, and Bradley, too:  
Van Cleve o'erwhelmed, must leave his ground,  
Retreat from Johnson's bugle sound.

Baird and Brannon yield the day,  
And march the Chattanooga way:  
Reynold's shattered legions close,  
And check the fast advancing foes,  
While Davis joins his broken clan,  
To that of fiery Sheridan.  
Our noble right like crumbling walls,  
Back upon the center falls.  
The center broken everywhere,  
Falls back its damage to repair;  
And like a crippled giant moves  
O'er Mission hills—historic graves.  
Our weary, straggling, bleeding host  
Have left the ground—*the field is lost!*

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LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

This book of thine's a holy shrine  
Where friendship true to virtue due  
Meet homage pays in truthful lays,  
And pens for you, a line or two.  
An altar where the brave and fair  
Like flow'rs of Spring, their off'rings bring  
To crown thy brow with myrtle bough,  
With poet's song or signet ring.  
I'll write my name, right proud to claim  
On life's broad lea, a smile from thee.

## NEW YEAR'S REVERIE.

WAYSIDE HALL, JANUARY, 1861

'Twas New Year's eve at "Wayside Hall"  
And "Santa Claus" had feasted all.  
Hearts were light and thoughts were gay  
As all should be on holiday.

The log heap fire was blazing bright,  
Filling the hall with cheerful light;  
Throwing its rays with a magic hand,  
Around the lamp on the oaken stand  
Where sat the lord of Wayside Hall,  
Writing upon a snow-white scroll,  
Whilst his lady who cared for naught  
But duty and love, in silent thought  
Of other days and early years,  
When life had more of hope than fears,

Was living again her school-girl ways  
And romping through these halcyon days,  
With book in hand as though she read,  
But memory's pages conned instead;  
Beside him sat in thoughtful mood  
And watched the fire of blazing wood.

Whether the changing light and shade  
That on her changeful features played  
Was caused by the light's uncertain glow  
Or fires of thought, we may not know.  
Of all the fetters the world hath wrought  
None ever hath changed the wilful thought,



And fires oft burn in memory's hall  
Brighter than those that dance on the wall.

The fire blazed in the chimney pile  
Throwing its light for nearly a mile;  
    But in the dark through the window pane  
    Over the field and down the lane  
And strange, fantastic shadows form  
Like vapory mists of the mountain storm:  
    Shadows that sport upon the floor  
    And dance upon the oaken door.

The youthful heirs of "Wayside Hall"  
    Romped and sported, one and all,  
With merry laugh and gleeful noise  
And dance around their candy toys:  
    Then in their play they make a pause  
    To shout the name of "Santa Claus."

And still the lord of Wayside Hall  
    Traced his thoughts on the snow-white scroll.  
He startled to think how time had flown  
How many years of his life were gone,  
    When one came knocking at the door  
    As others had in days of yore.

The sound was soft and sad and low  
    And every peal distinct and slow,  
Sounding like a mournful knell  
Or the muffled notes of a tolling bell.  
    He did not pause or hesitate  
    He did not ask "Who knocks so late?"  
He did not know, he did not care  
If friend or foe were knocking there.

But open wide he threw the portal  
 Prepared to welcome sprite or mortal,  
 And as the portal opened wide  
 A queenly form to earth allied,  
 Whose noble brow and flashing eye  
 Were less of earth than of the sky,  
 Low court'sied in the open door  
 And lightly stepped upon the floor :  
 Her silver tresses, white as snow  
 Waving gently to and fro  
 Seem to point with every wave  
 Their wiry fingers to the grave,  
 And to say as plain as plain can be  
 We're ready for eternity.

Careworn and weary seemed her face  
 Yet gently smiled with modest grace ;  
 She drew her mantle round her form  
 Whose folds, the genius of the storm  
 In his wild, relentless rout  
 Had rudely blown and whirled about,  
 Then bowed her head and gravely spoke  
 In voice whose thrilling tones awoke  
 The minor chords of thought and speech  
 That harsher voices never reach.

"My course is run, my time is sped ;  
 I come to say farewell," she said.  
 "You welcomed me twelve months ago :  
 The earth was white with frost and snow,  
 When I was young with unfledged wings,  
 And little used to men and things ;  
 But I have wandered far since then  
 Among the busy haunts of men,

And many a lesson I have learned  
That foolish mortals oft have spurned,  
That in heart-warm friendship, true,  
In dying, I'll bequeath to you.

My sands of life are nearly run,  
And ere the dial telleth one  
My soul shall wing its flight away,  
So heed ye well what I've to say :  
Six thousand sisters I have had,"  
Slowly spake the ancient maid,  
"And all the knowledge they possessed  
They gave to me, their last bequest.

They knew the land-marks of all time,  
Enjoyed the lore of every clime :  
They bound together passing ages  
Leaf by leaf, in living pages.  
A volume vast, forever read,  
A living lesson from the dead.

They watched young nations while they grew  
And kingdoms crushed and monarchs slew.  
They builded empires, vast and grand  
Like magic on the desert sand :  
They scooped the briny ocean's bed  
And reared the lofty mountain's head,  
And on each rock and tree and sod,  
They wrote the will of Nature's God.  
They knew why nations rose and fell ;  
The fate of empires they could tell.  
The knowledge of the spheres was theirs  
They knew all bliss, they knew all cares.

All the paths of vice they knew  
 And all the ways of virtue, too.  
 Knew every art of craft and crime  
 That e'er had been in passing time.  
 A chart they bore all mapped and lined  
 With ways and boundaries well defined,  
 And every victory truth had won  
 Since time his early course begun  
 Was mapped upon immortal chart  
 And formed a bold, triumphal part;  
 And all the battles truth had lost  
 Or marches made at rueful cost,  
 Or seemed to lose some vital post  
 Contending long with error's host,  
 Was marked in lines of darker hue  
 That o'er the chart their shadows threw  
 Like the dark, revengeful form  
 Of pestilence or waiting storm.

My race is run, my life is lorn,  
 Twelve months the magic chart I've borne.  
 Here on your threshold I shall greet  
 My younger sister. When we meet,  
 She'll bear my treasures all away,  
 So learn a lesson while you may."

Thus spake the maid—unrolled the scroll  
 Before the lord of Wayside Hall.  
 Why that look of wild amaze;  
 The fixed, prolonged, astonished gaze?  
 Why that deep, unearthly stare  
 As though destruction's self were there?  
 Why trembles every nerve and limb  
 Until the staring eyes grew dim

And silent hands of fear and dread  
Have bristled o'er the aching head,  
And raised aloft each trembling hair  
An index of the soul's despair?

Stamped lines of terror on the face  
That time will never more erase,  
And look of resolution gave  
Like guideboard pointing to the grave.

He saw the living, moving world  
Like a banner all unfurled,  
Where thoughts and words and actions too,  
Were all exposed to mortal view,  
And every dark, unholy league  
And every deep and base intrigue,  
And every wrong and outrage done  
And every villainy begun  
By subtle craft or soulless crime,  
Were painted on this chart of time.

Hypocrisy unblushing, stood  
The foe of all the promised good,  
And envy raised his horrid hand  
To strike the purest in the land:  
And jealousy, the worst of all  
The ills that human life befall,  
Invoked the aid of every crime  
Recorded in the book of time.

He saw the earth a desert wild,  
Himself a helpless, homeless child.  
A thousand dangers 'round him cling,  
A thousand foes toward him spring.

A moment paused, beleaguered there  
 One moment gazed in mute despair ;  
 Then would have fled, but nowhere found  
 The weary feet a safer ground ;  
     For, gazing down the path he'd climbed  
     Were dangers thick and undefined,  
 And living pains with heated breath  
 More feared a thousand fold, than death ;  
     And forms that whisper "Come not near us."  
     *Than whom, he'd better trust Cerberus.*

But softly fell one soothing balm  
 And left the soul a moment calm,  
 As thought of friends and neighbors came  
 (At least of those who *bore the name*)  
     Then turns the longing eye to those  
     With startled look—*they too were foes—*

Those whose hands he oft had pressed  
 Who friendship pure had long professed :  
 Who wear a neighbor's sacred name  
 And all its rights and virtues claim.  
     These were plotting, one and all,  
     His ruin and his mortal thrall.

For treachery, Brutus had some cause—  
     His country and his country's laws.  
 These drew deception's subtle blade  
 Because they loved the wounds they made ;  
     But gath'ring resolution, strong  
     He spurned the whole Platonian throng,  
 And braving every toil and strife  
 He climbed the rugged rocks of life.

Still prolonged the astonished gaze  
And heightened still his wild amaze,  
For on the chart before him spread  
He saw the living and the dead.

There all the past and present, too,  
Were brought at once before his view.

He saw the vast, tumultuous throng  
That heedless seemed of right or wrong,  
All rushing on the way of life  
With shout and song and noisy strife.  
But wild and reckless seemed the rout  
And varied as the varying shout.

The land-marks of the way we spurn  
Nor from its threatening dangers turn.  
Now one has rushed 'gainst Envy's rock  
And perished by the dreadful shock,  
And welters in untimely gore  
Just as millions did before.

And one has sought for seeming sport  
The place where falsehood holds her court,  
And met his fate ignobly there  
As all have done who sought the snare.  
And on a sweet and lovely spot  
A fairy flowery hidden grot,

Deception dark and base intrigue  
Embracing met and formed a league,  
The traveler lured to giddy height  
Then hurled him down to endless night;  
While thousands trembling at the sight  
A moment paused, then climbed the height

And headlong down in horror fell  
To caves where Fates and Furies dwell :

And haughty pride all gilded o'er  
With costly gems and flatt'ring lore  
And beauties rare and undefined,  
Such as lure and lose mankind :  
Her home had made on dangerous cliff  
Like towering peak of Teneriff,  
There with torturing passion slew  
And down the rocks her victims threw.

The startled throng in terror gaze  
In speechless dread and wild amaze,  
Then rush upon the enchanted ground  
And each receives the fatal wound.  
On a beetling crag high tow'ring o'er  
Destruction's gulf, oblivion's shore,  
Ambition sits and toys with Fame  
And blazons to the world his name :

And myriads sought the height of Fame  
With desperate toil but missed their aim,  
And thought to grasp ambition's crown  
Who, frowning darkly, hurled them down.  
From heavenly heights each votary fell  
Far down the yawning gulfs of hell,  
Yet millions climbed the fatal height  
Allured by fame's uncertain light.

Still pressed the throng forevermore  
And perished on the awful shore.  
Weak Indolence kept sliding down  
Who might have grasped a regal crown :



Who might have reached immortal skies  
Had he but effort made to rise,  
But downward gliding sunk forever  
In dark oblivion's nameless river.

The weak were trampled by the strong  
And right was crushed by mighty wrong.  
And long he gazed with trembling soul  
Upon that strange, mysterious scroll,  
Until the solemn chant of time  
Pealed forth the holy midnight chime.

Then came a sound like a village bell  
A tolling sound, a parting knell.  
Gentle zephyrs softly sighing  
Said the ancient year was dying.  
Then fled before the northern blast  
That shrieked, and howled, and hurried fast;  
And screamed around the oaken hall,  
Like Furies holding carnival.

The worn-out year had fled. No more  
Her feet would tread life's troubled shore.  
Who evermore of her would learn  
Must seek in time's great funeral urn.

Then softly rapping at the portal  
With gentle sound like one immortal,  
Blushing, came a youthful maiden  
Fresh from Nature's fairest Aiden:  
Paused not at the time-worn portal,  
Spoke not she to wondering mortal,  
Nor homage paid to living soul,  
But silent grasped the immortal scroll.

There shown such beauties on her face  
Such easy, quiet, modest grace;  
There sprang such glories from her eye  
As lights that deck the northern sky.  
Her step was like the wild gazelle  
Bounding o'er the craggy fell.

She gently spoke a soft "good night"  
And turned to wing her silent flight,  
But ere the threshold she had passed  
Or pinion spread on wintry blast,  
A blessing she bestowed on all  
The inmates of the ancient hall.

"Be true," she said, "unto yourselves  
And live like nature's sinless elves,  
And I will be a friend to you;  
A welcome friend and always true."

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## OUT IN THE WIDE WORLD

(UNFINISHED.)

A curious thing is this globe of ours, a beautiful piece of mechanism, improved and adorned, elevated and refined, with the wisdom and experience, the energy, enterprise and intelligence of more than six thousand years; but still more curious and incomprehensible, is the current of life—the world of human beings that now move upon its surface.

LIFE ALONG THE ROAD—A SUNBEAM.

The iron horse, with thundering tread,  
Like Gabriel waking the slumbering dead  
Rushed wildly o'er the verdant plain,  
As Boreas o'er the raging main—  
When on the ear the sharp notes fell,  
Of—"Or-an-ges—to sell!"

Amid the din, and clash and clang  
Of whistle and brake, the sharp voice rang,  
As harshly on the ear it fell,  
Like the startling notes of the crier's bell,  
Ringing out like a merry chime:  
"Or-an-ges—two for a dime!"

A rhymer sat in a shady nook,  
Taking notes in a little book,  
That he perchance to a friend might tell  
What in the cars at times befell  
When o'er his ears the soft notes fell  
Of "Oranges to sell!"

On the cushioned seat sat a little maid,  
Bashful, shy, and half afraid;  
She watched the rhymer weaving his rhyme  
While her heart beat fast with a hurried time  
Keeping pace with the swelling chime  
Of "Or-an-ges—two for a dime!"

She watched the oranges mellow and round,  
And her soul drank in the welcome sound;  
She longed for the apples of luscious gold,  
Like the yellow Hesperian fruit of old

While her thoughts still kept the measured time  
Of "Or-an-ges—two for a dime!"

On a seat not far from the maiden bright,  
Sat a brave and a chivalrous knight;  
His brain was busy with right and wrong,  
His soul was singing a low, sweet song,  
And his heart was beating a *deeper* chime,  
Than—"Or-an-ges—two for a dime!"

He felt for his purse with a vacant air,  
As though 'twere doubtful if a dime were there,  
Though well he knew he ne'er had paid,  
For brandy mashes or drunken raid;  
So now he finds a silver dime  
Brighter I hope than my rusty rhyme;

This he bestows on the orange boy,  
Who gave him the fruit with a smile of joy;  
The golden fruit of the palmy grove,  
The golden fruit of the land we love,  
The fruit that grows neath a vesper charm  
Where *skies* are *bright* and *hearts* are *warm*.

One golden apple he gently laid  
In the soft white hand of the little maid,  
Whose sparkling eyes grew wildly bright,  
And beamed with love and heavenly light—  
And her heartfelt thanks to the stranger betrayed,  
Deeper than words have ever said.

The rhymer sat in his shady nook,  
Still taking notes in his little book;

Long he gazed on the picture there—  
On that sweet face and golden hair—  
And the yellow apple in the tiny hand,  
Like a promise from the better land.

NEW RICHMOND, OHIO, JUNE, 1859.

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### THE FATE OF MORAND.

Beyond Miami's western hill  
In the village of Losantiville,  
A stranger came from eastern strand  
And sought throughout the western land,  
For Walter Morand and his guest  
Who years before had started "west":  
But back no tidings ever came;  
No word or hint of Morand's name.

The stranger asked in tones of care  
Of Captain Symmes and of St. Clair  
To know if aught in western land  
They'd seen or heard of Morand's band.  
Long, long he'd searched both far and wide,  
The forest and the river side;  
But yet no tidings could he hear  
Of those to him than life more dear.

To Harrison, the noble chief,  
The stranger told his wasting grief,  
Who questioned all his soldier band  
Who knew each settler in the land.  
A border scout the stranger told  
Of broken boat all worn and old

He'd seen within a lonely nook,  
Long moored beside a little brook ;

That Indian captive said, one night  
Was taken from the murdered white.  
The broken boat, the stranger knew,  
And guessed the sad fate of its crew.  
He bowed him there upon the sand  
All silent on the lonely strand.  
The mournful knowledge gave relief  
To pent up care and hoarded grief.

In one wild flood of bitter tears,  
The treasury of lifelong years.  
He knelt beside the broken oar  
His hand had carved on distant shore—  
A present to his future bride  
Embarking on the western tide ;  
But now, the emblem of his life  
All crushed and broken in the strife.

'Twas leaning on the self-same oar  
His faith was plighted years before :  
Was plighted in the eastern land,  
Pledged heart and soul to Maud Morand.  
With clasped hands and silent prayer  
To the loved and lost who perished there.  
To heaven turns his mournful gaze  
And oh! for strength, for vengeance prays.

Then hasting from the scene afar,  
He joins the strife of border war  
And reckless, threw his life away  
Amid the battle's wild affray.

'Twas on that dark and bloody plain  
Where ill-starred Crawford lost his men :  
Amid the torture and the strife  
Our hero threw away his life.

But when a daring, dusky brave  
The mortal wound our hero gave,  
He waved on high his dripping brand  
And breathed the name of Maud Morand.

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## THE OATH OF THE THREE PATRIOTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CINCINNATI TIMES.

*Respectfully dedicated to E. H. Dodson,  
First Kentucky Regiment.*

They knelt upon the grave of Jackson,  
With drawn swords pointed high,  
And *swore* that *liberty* should triumph—  
Freedom live—or, they should die!

Side by side amid the battle,  
They fought for freedom and for right ;  
And two beneath the snow are lying,  
Cold and chill this winter night.

The third still lives for future battles ;  
Lives to fight his country's foe :  
But ere he'll see his flag dishonored,  
He, too, will sleep beneath the snow.

MURFREESBORO, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1863.

## A LEGEND OF BOAT RUN.

Around the base of Mt. Hygiene  
There winds a lovely sparkling stream;  
A little laughing merry rill  
Chasing the moments 'round the hill,  
Or like a little child at play  
It sports and gambols all the day,  
Its pretty face all wreathed in smiles  
And dimples fair as childhood's wiles;  
And oftentimes in rambling thought,  
Resemblance true my fancy sought,  
Between its sparkling sandy pearls  
And youthful head of tossing curls.

As maiden fair it seems to me  
Full of life and full of glee  
And lovely! Ah, what words can tell  
The charm of that sweet magic spell!  
With banks of green in glittering hues  
Like sunlight on the morning dews.  
As in its lovely robe of Spring  
That Flora gave with careless fling,  
Yet softly and with grace did fall  
On crumbling bank and ruined wall,  
It hies along its merry way  
And joyful greets each passing day.

Rushing on to meet the river  
As we to meet the green forever;  
It comes from where amid the hills  
There meet a score of mountain rills,  
Then westward keeps its rambling way  
Responsive to the god of day;



Rolls along by the Fridmans' hall  
Dancing along by the Moretons' wall,  
Still onward goes with busy hum  
As though 'twould seek some distant home,  
Passing the church where gospel creed  
Full well hath served in time of need,

Where heaven's noblest work hath stood  
And gave to man the gospel food.  
Sporting along its tiny shore  
Beyond the Fridmans' bounteous store  
To where the Parker holds his court  
A modern Cadmus in his fort:  
Where future savans all resort  
And science learn with cheerful heart;  
Where noble man and gentle woman  
Long years have toiled and taught in common,  
Sown broad a field whose harvest chime  
Shall grateful ring through coming time.

Passing the foot-bridge by the way  
Like drawbridge old of feudal day,  
With light cascades it leaps along  
Like changing cadence of a song;  
And by the Bushmans' ruined mill  
Its hurried march a moment still,  
Then leaps the falls and skips away  
As childhood sports on gala day,  
And by the Parkers' noisy mill  
It joins another laughing rill,  
And with its never-ending song  
It cheers the miller's life along.

But stays not in its headlong pace  
No more than we in life's wild race,

Until the winding stream is lost  
 Amid the river's widening coast,  
 And floats away as we shall float  
 When seaward bound in Charon's boat  
 Upon that wild and chartless tide  
 Where every human craft shall glide,  
 As the brooklet sings its roundelay  
 Its hurried tune "March, March Away."  
 It seems to me a sister Fay  
 All clothed in summer's bright array :

With flaunting robe all striped with green  
 With rose and violet between,  
 Where music soft with beauty blending  
 Seems like fairy sprites contending,  
 And 'mid the changes time doth bring  
 The brooklet ne'er forgets to sing.  
 And oft its voice half hush'd, half still,  
 Comes to the graveyard on the hill  
 And sings a requiem o'er the sward  
 Like whispering voice of Heaven's Lord  
 The grave is green on the silent hill  
 (Back, rising tear ; my heart, be still !)

Aye, memory starts with Indian bound  
 Like the gay streamlets rushing sound,  
 But the brooklet sings as sweet and clear  
 As though no life were buried there :  
 Naught of sorrow nor of strife  
 Hath e'er disturbed its psalm of life,  
 And like a river oft it seems  
 With all the ways of larger streams  
 On whose surface you might float  
 And safely guide the largest boat.

Once I sat beside this stream :  
The softened moonlight's glancing beam  
Had blended all the shades of even.  
And wove them in a rainbow heav'n,  
Whose softened shadows seemed to roll  
In waves of gladness o'er my soul.  
I turned to one who musing stood  
Beside me there in thoughtful mood  
And queried why this little brook  
The name of \*"Boat Run" ever took.  
"My grandsire oft hath told me why"  
Half musing came the soft reply.  
I would not dare in words to paint  
The smile that lit those features quaint

As, kindly seated by my side  
From sweeter voice than streamlet's tide  
Half in earnest, half in fun  
I heard the legend of Boat Run.  
Long years before the Bushman came,  
Ere yet was heard the Fridman name,  
Before the Idlet fixed his home,  
Upon the hill top's lofty cone,  
Ere westward yet had come the Gates  
So timely sent by kindest fates,  
Long ere the Archard rear'd his crest  
On round hill like an eagle's nest.

Long ere the Donaldson raised his hall  
On mountain brow like castle wall,  
And long ere, by the river sand  
A home was reared by Conner's hand,

---

\*A stream in southern Clermont County, Ohio.

Or on the brow of Mt. Hygiene  
The Parkers' happy home was seen,  
    Before the Browning's hall was reared  
    Or e'en the distant hill was cleared  
Of forest monarchs, proud and tall,  
Whose space made way for Browning hall.  
    'Twas long before the Moreton came  
    Whose hospitality and name  
    And vine-clad hills were known to fame,

Before the woodman's ax was heard  
Or scared the wild beast or the bird ;  
    When all was forest wild and deep  
    Where savage foes their vigils keep,  
When prowling bear and timid deer  
Oft came to lave and rest them here,  
    One evening in the balmy Spring  
    A chieftain here his host did bring  
And pitched their tent 'mid forest sheen  
Where now we see the College green.

Swarthy and dark, the chieftain's form,  
And in his eye there lurked a storm  
    That boded much of war and strife  
    And little recked of human life.  
Few dared to cross his savage mood ;  
Who did, paid forfeit with his blood,  
    For woe to him, his days were brief  
    Who roused the anger of his chief.  
From shoulders broad his rifle swung  
And from his belt suspended hung  
    The trophied scalp of fallen foe,  
    Dread emblem of a nameless woe.

A large knife glittered in its sheath  
Eager to do the work of death,  
And tomahawk that oft had sped  
Through heart and brain as swift as lead,  
Deep stained and rusted kept its place  
All savage as its owner's face.

Slow and stern the chieftain gave  
His orders to each listening brave;  
Some he bade, for he knew their skill  
To shoot the deer, the turkey kill;  
And others set to pitch their tent  
'Gainst even tide as was their wont.

Whilst others yet the meal should cook  
Prepared from forest, field, and brook.

And whilst each savage hastes away  
His task to do ere close of day,  
The chieftain strode through forest green  
And climbed the brow of Mt. Hygiene.

And leaning 'gainst a moss grown tree  
That long, long ages graced the lea,  
Far swept the flood his eagle eye  
As lightning's flash would sweep the sky,  
But naught of friend or foe was found  
Within the river's winding bound.

With folded arms across his breast  
The chieftain stood with haughty crest,  
And scanned the distant hills around  
And heeded well each rising sound,  
While Phoebus gently sank to rest  
Behind the green hills of the west.  
From distant hill a sound comes slow—  
Cautious, trembling, sad and low.

It is no hunter's wild halloo  
But sounds like owlet's lone "too-hoo"!  
    Again from every hill top 'round  
    I heard that cautious, trembling sound.

The chieftain starts and quick his eye  
Sweeps the forest and the sky,  
    Then fastens on the winding river  
    And looks as though he'd look forever  
With that strange look you may have seen  
Upon a fellow mortal's mien—  
    As some great boon that long has passed  
    Almost within the expectant grasp  
Comes floating on the soul's domain  
And lights at once both heart and brain.  
    The chieftain grasped the turkey's quill  
    And gave one whistle, long and shrill,

That sounded far beyond the rill  
And echoed 'round each distant hill.  
    A second blast and third he blew  
    Then answering came the lone "too-hoo!"  
Quick as urged by magic spell  
Each warrior plunged through brake and fell,  
    For each one knew time must be brief,  
    Till all had joined their waiting chief,  
For who the signal failed to obey  
Ne'er lived to fail another day.  
    The watchman on the hill had spied  
    A boat come floating down the tide.

The signal gave, then chief to band  
Gave well known signal of command—  
    Each savage scanned the leader's brow  
    To learn what danger threatened now,

Or what had caused the stern command  
That startled all the savage band.

No word he deigned with haughty look  
That ill his gathering band could brook.  
He pointed to the silent boat  
That plainly now was seen to float  
Adown the river's misty tide  
As phantom ship or boat would glide.

Then pointed to the brooklet where  
The light canoe was moored with care.  
Each moves away through forest shades  
As tigers creep through jungle glades,  
In reckless and in wild array  
As mountain wolves who scent their prey  
All silent in the lonely glen  
The stalwart savage forms his men  
And waited for the coming boat  
As wolf would wait or wild coyote—  
Thus waited at the close of day  
As Bengal tiger 'waits his prey.

There is a narrow neck of land  
That rises from the river sand  
And from the view the streamlet hides,  
Like mystic curtain that divides  
The present from the future view,  
A curtain thin, worn almost through,  
As life goes gliding down the stream  
Of time, as glides a fleeting dream  
Some winding point it sudden clears  
When lo! Eternity appears.  
'Tis thus the brooklet winds its way  
And thus it meets the tiny bay,

And close behind this neck of land  
In ambush wait the savage band.

You may have seen some human craft,  
Slow floating 'gainst a hidden raft  
With no kind friend, no warning breath  
The soul to save from worse than death.

'Twas thus the boat came floating nigh,  
Then rose a wild unearthly cry  
As though a thousand fiends had sprung  
From Plutan caves whose echoes rung  
The maddening war whoop through the glen  
The battle shout of savage men,

That seemd to shake the eternal rocks  
With wild reverberating shocks.

Who ever saw Tecumseh's eye,  
Who ever heard his battle cry,  
Would ne'er forget through life's long day,  
The sight or sound of that affray.

Who ever heard that savage yell  
That on the ear like thunder fell,  
Could always hear its tones again  
Of wild unearthly rage and pain.

Swift as fate, each frail canoe  
Lightly o'er the water flew.

With tomahawk and gleaming knife  
Each yelling savage sought the strife.

Then rose one shriek of deep despair  
That rang upon the evening air,  
That rose above the battle cry  
And died away along the sky

Like some lost ship's last signal strain  
When foundering on the cheerless main,



She fires a last loud signal gun  
That earth may know her race is run  
    It rang along the earth and sky  
    Like a lost soul's parting cry.

E'en the panther crouched with trembling fear  
As that lone shriek fell on his ear.

    The heavens wept with tear-dimmed eye  
    The night that heard that lonely cry.  
That broken cry of helpless pain  
Ne'er heard before nor heard again.

    No mortal aid, no help was there  
    Perished the old, the young, the fair—  
'Twere better thus with *bloody* hand  
Than torture with the burning *brand*;  
    The warriors drew the captive boat  
    Within the brooklet's winding moat.

They moored it on a grassy beach  
That rising waters seldom reach,  
    And when in after years there came  
    Men of nerve and and stalwart frame  
Who settled on the river shore,  
Who felled the oak and sycamore  
    Who felled the forest monarchs all  
    Who cleared the field and built the hall,  
Who drove the wild beast from his lair  
And closed the strife of border war,  
    They found the boat half filled with sand  
    That long had lain upon the strand.

The little brook that sparkling run  
Forever to the summer sun,  
    They called Boat Run—a classic name—  
    Long may it live in goodly fame.

## SHADOWS—A MIDNIGHT REVERIE

Shadows dark and dreary gather round me now;  
They ride upon my pen and they sit upon my brow,  
They flit before my vision and they rest upon my head  
Like the fabled wild Elysian or the shadows of the dead.

Some are dark as sable, others are white as snow;  
I lay my pen on the table, to watch them come and go.  
First—a mother pale and weary comes gently gliding by  
With the hectic on her cheek and a mildly sparkling eye:

With a mother's soft caresses her boy she seems to  
greet,  
While the cherished raven tresses drop o'er the winding  
sheet.

She gazes long and fondly—as a child upon its toy  
Thinking, thinking only of her own loved darling boy,  
And once more my boyhood's heav'n comes back again  
to me,

As my mother smiles upon me like a sunrise o'er the sea.  
But shadows gather darkly, like autumn's careless rain,  
And shut this vision from me, from the windows of my  
brain;

And all my soul grows wild to madness 'mid the gloom  
As this shadow, white with sadness, goes marching  
through the room.

Next there comes a shadow like a halo of delight,  
Mocking all the darkness and the gleaming of the  
night,

A form of queenly grandeur, with a stately step and  
proud

Like the golden colored amber of a summer evening's  
cloud,

With eyes of lightning flashing half in anger half in  
scorn,

Like her own dark sierras making shadows in the  
morn.

Yet there's method in her madness—her anger came  
from sadness—

And a word or a smile would have changed it all to  
gladness.

With pencil, pen and parchment she gently glides along  
Whilst, like the rolling billows comes the cadence of  
her song.

Then there comes a vision that fancy oft hath seen  
Of a youth and gentle maiden strolling on the green,  
Of a youth and gentle maiden hand in hand together  
Strolling through the forest Aiden o'er the flowery  
heather

Listening to the warble of the songsters of the grove,  
Like the artist and his marble, their souls are filled with  
love;

But their paths grow wide and wider till their locked  
hands fall apart.

And the coldness of the distance leaves a void in either  
heart.

Like the counter ocean currents meeting on the main  
Together sweetly floating in a smooth unruffled vein  
Until dark revengeful fate in somber sullen mood  
Guides them on some hidden reef low buried in the  
flood.

Then widely, madly parting in fearful wild commotion  
That stirs the deepest fountains of the broad and briny  
ocean.

And gazing back in agony through life's long fitful fever  
Go floating wide and wider apart forever and forever.

Then a shadow comes along from the heaven's gentle  
dawn

With a smile and a song and a sparkling azure crown ;  
And a sister stands before me bearing an angel's wand  
Golden haired and beautiful all fresh from the starry  
land.

Soft arms are thrown around my neck, sweet lips are  
pressed to mine.

"Oh Brother who will love thee ; say who when I am  
gone?"

Long this shadow lingered—a sweet memory of the past,  
Then faded in the distance of time's eternal waste.

Then a vision soft intruded, a wild and rocky glen  
With green banks secluded from the busy haunts of  
men,

Where the cedar and the pines and the arborvitae grow  
O'er the rocks and the vines to the waters down below  
Where the young Miami rambles through its lone, rocky  
halls,

With its leaping, laughing scrambles, down its own tiny  
falls ;

But it tells me of a friendship that time hath changed  
to scorn,

And memory like a maiden deserted and forlorn,  
Sweeps away this shadow, like a shadow of the morn.  
Then marching soft and slow, a graveyard comes be-  
tween,

And sadly takes its place in the panoramic scene ;  
On the surface of the soul green hillocks slowly rise  
Like the cold and frosty mountains casting shadows on  
the skies.

While the memories of the past make the heaving bosom  
swell,  
Of hopes too bright to last that the tongue may never  
tell;  
Sad and sweet the mind-harp chants its lonely funeral  
hymn,  
Whose wild and ceaseless burthen is, "*It might have  
been.*"

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## THE SUICIDE.

He sat by the stand, a glass in his hand,  
And his eye bent on the floor;  
And the glass shone bright with the sparkling light  
Of the wine cask's lurid store.

But he pondered long, for virtue was strong,  
Ere he drained the tempting cup;  
For he knew full well, that no tongue might tell  
The awful things he should sup.

Ben Bolten was young, but his soul was wrung  
With a grief he scorned to tell;  
And the hand of time like a funeral chime,  
Had sounded his hope's last knell.

'And the dark thoughts came of his tarnished name,  
Like a flood of heated rain.  
And his lips were white in the soul's deep night,  
White with the scorching pain.

And the veins of blue had an ashen hue,  
His manly forehead crossed;  
'Twas awful to be in this maelstrom sea  
So wild, so helplessly tossed.

He sat the cup down while a gath'ring frown,  
Darkened his heart and his brow;  
Resolved he would sup the lethean cup  
But something told him "not now."

Then bowing his head like the sounding lead,  
Buried his face in his hands,  
And rested awhile, his fate to beguile—  
As lead when it reaches sands.

Then raising his head like the rising lead,  
With a sad and mournful smile,  
He lifted the cup, scarce daring to sup,  
Trembling with fear all the while.

But his conscience said like the sounding lead,  
"Beware of the coral reef;  
If you take this cup it is death you sup  
And horrors beyond relief."

Then lowered his hand once more to the stand,  
And he pressed his brow the while;  
With a smile that played with its light and shade,  
Like the torch of a fun'ral pile.

But the wild thoughts came like a with'ring flame,  
And deep was his lab'ring breath,  
As he raised his hand once more from the stand  
And pledged the cup to death.

I watched his career with hope and with fear  
But downward he went forev'r.  
'Tis fearful to float life's wandering boat  
Down the lethean river.

Oblivion's wave rolled over his grave  
And silenced his name forev'r.  
No record is kept of those who have slept,  
On the banks of the lethean river.

Too many go down by word or a frown,  
Go down in the dark forev'r—  
In grief and despair, Omnipotence do dare,  
And lave in the lethean river.

---

THE MOTHER'S BLESSING.

Ten fleeting years their lustre shed  
In beauty on young \*Graham's head;  
Summers, ten, had strewn their flowers  
And fragrance 'mid his youthful bowers,  
And autumns, ten, had come and gone,  
Had left their traces on the lawn.

Had spread their golden glories o'er  
The husbandman's abundant store.  
Cold winters, ten, had spread their snows  
O'er mountain, dell and ocean, froze,  
But every winter's frosty strife  
Was thawed by Spring's returning life.

Young Graham laughed and sported free  
Along each green hill's winding lea;  
Oft seated by the brooklet's side  
He gazed upon the rippling tide  
And watched the finny coursers, free,  
Gambol and sport in nature's glee.

---

\*The author.

Then cries aloud with merry shout  
To see the panic and the rout,  
And, as each finny elf alarmed  
Would dart beneath the rock unharmed  
He laughs to see their groundless fear,  
As he approaches yet more near.

When wearied with the babbling brook,  
Its winding ways the youth forsook,  
And loitered in the woodland shade  
When fury Phoebus scorched the glade,  
And listened to the song of bird  
The sweetest song that e'er was heard.

Oft in autumn's shadowy time  
Of changing shades like changing rhyme,  
When leaves of gold and purple fall,  
To deck each splendid sylvan hall,  
Full oft he strayed by firefly lamp  
Like truant sentinel from camp.

Each wandering step still cheered along  
By merry notes of cricket's song,  
And thus at autumn's eventide,  
All innocent and free from pride,  
And seated on a mossy stone  
He talked with nature all alone.

Or in the evening calm and still  
He wandered by the ruined mill  
And listened to the noisy rill  
Or mournful notes of whip-poor-will.  
And oft his tranquil spirit chid  
The wailing of the katy-did.



And thus he spent his youthful days  
Deep schooled in nature's truthful ways;  
And like the bee that hums his song  
And sips from flower to flower along;  
Gathering honey from every flower  
From thorny copse or lady's bower.

He roamed the field and wood and moor  
Deep drinking truth from fountains pure,  
And hoarded much of sylvan lore  
Of costly gems from nature's store.  
And gathered much of rustic ways  
That strongly marked his future days.

Thus learned to think as wild and free  
As mountain bird when near the sea,  
His pinions spread without alarm,  
And safely rides above the storm.  
But why recall the dream of youth?  
Because we love its honest truth.

We have its careless flow of soul,  
Its merry laughs beyond control,  
And in the scenes of early days  
The innocence of childhood's ways  
We see a picture passing fair  
And life and soul long revels there,

Ere on the soul's young tablet bright  
The world hath left its mildew blight.  
Before the toils of care and pain  
Are woven 'round the heart and brain;  
Ere pride and passion, falsehood stain  
Like surging waves that sweep the main

Have drowned our joys in Stygian River  
 And hushed the ringing laugh forever.  
 And more we love the Nazarene  
 That in his glory all serene  
 He paused to bless the charms of youth  
 And consecrate its lovely truth.

And when we gaze on childhood's play,  
 And list each joyous roundelay,  
 'Tis painful thought "They're nearer heaven  
 Than e'er will be at life's dark even."  
 But why recall these youthful times  
 Or weave them in these random rhymes?

Those days of bliss forever flown  
 Of innocence forever gone?  
 Why shed a tear of hopeless woe  
 For joys the soul may never know?  
 Or why should I in sorrow pine  
 For that which never may be mine?

Ten years, ten fleeting years I said  
 Had strewn their flowers on Graham's head,  
 And like some gleeful elfin wild  
 Or like the lovely Freyas child,  
 He roamed each green hill's lofty bawn  
 Or gayly sported on the lawn,

So full of life and hope and joy  
 Nor dreamed of aught that could alloy;  
 His life was sweet, his day was bright  
 Nor dreamed he of a coming night.  
 One day while seated in the shade  
 Of rustic bower himself had made,

And holding in his hand some flowers  
That sprang from April's laughing showers,  
A step, a gentle step was heard  
Like rustling leaf or wing of bird ;  
A step that softly crossed the lawn  
As gentle as a woodland fawn.

A sister stood beside him there  
Like forest deer within its lair,  
And tidings brought of woe and grief  
To which dull pain had been relief.  
She spoke no word, but sad and slow  
The tear drops down her cheeks would go.

She threw her arms about his neck  
And bathed in tears his blanching cheek.  
He dared not ask the cause of ill,  
A silent voice all calm and still  
Had whispered in the soul's deep ear  
The boding words of pain and fear ;

For well he knew the hour had come  
That darkened all his boyhood home.  
Brother and sister wend their way  
To where their dying mother lay,  
And gazed in silent grief and pain  
On her they ne'er might see again.

They listened to that voice so sweet  
That ne'er again their ears might greet.  
Famed Niobe was not more fair,  
Hebe had not such graceful air.  
On each pale cheek the hectic glows  
Like setting sun on northern snows.

*The Mother's Blessing*

Steep rose that forehead pale and high,  
All lovely beamed that patient eye  
And resignation held his place  
And smiled at death on that calm face.  
The heaving bosom rises slow—  
With life's last weary ebb and flow.

So silently the wandering eye  
Seems to say its last "good bye,"  
When death dews gathering chill and damp  
Corrode life's feeble, flickering lamp  
While each reluctant painful breath  
Seems borrowed from the jaws of Death.

"Come closer now," the mother said  
And placed her hand on Graham's head.  
Just as the thought stole through her brain  
She ne'er might see her boy again,  
She clasped him in her snow white arms  
As if to shield from coming storms,

Then offered up the heart's wild prayer  
"Spare, oh Heaven! in mercy spare,  
In mercy stretch thy mighty arm  
And shield my darling boy from harm."  
She prayed for strength and well had need;  
'Twas well that heaven her prayer should heed.

Her voice sank low and soft and deep  
As sighing winds through forests sweep;  
And still amid the parting strife  
With the last lingering spark of life,  
With latest thought from pain beguiled  
She prayed for blessings on her child.

Young Graham knelt, his soul was rife,  
He pledged his honor and his life,  
He pledged his manhood and his youth,  
Pledged all to virtue and to truth;  
And in that sad and solemn hour  
He pledged his birthright and his dower,

And then and there made solemn vow,  
A vow unbroken even now;  
That in the conflict and the strife,  
The never ending war of life  
He'd battle still on virtue's side  
Against oppression's 'whelming tide.

The words arose with magic power  
And cheered the mother's dying hour.  
On those pale lips, a faint smile played,  
Then paling, left a deeper shade.  
Each kinsman stayed the rising grief,  
For well they knew the scene was brief,

Until that voice was hushed for aye,  
Then woe and sorrow held their sway.  
Then all the pent up grief of years  
Burst forth in one wild flood of tears.  
The lily hands were crossed to rest—  
Were folded on the snow white breast.

Never was clay so sweet and fair,  
As the lovely form that rested there.  
A grave was scooped in the beechen shade,  
Where wild bird sang and brooklet played.  
And solemn words and fervent prayer  
Through deep drawn sighs were uttered there.

The soul to earth so kindly given  
 Was gently wafted back to heaven,  
 And those that oft her bounty knew  
 And those who loved her virtue true,  
 Gathered around her lovely bed  
 And poured their wailings o'er the dead.

Young Graham stood beside the bier,  
 Unheeded fell the silent tear ;  
 But when the earth on coffin fell  
 With hollow noise like mournful knell  
 A feeling vague and undefined  
 Like autumn's change to winter wind

Slow crept athwart his trembling soul  
 But deep as distant thunder's roll.  
 E'en then he felt with sorrow rife  
 The first faint gleams of coming life.  
 E'en then he saw the coming wrath  
 In shadows gath'ring round his path,

But little knew the depth of pain  
 That yet should rack his weary brain ;  
 Nor even guessed the wasting woe  
 That yet his trembling soul should know.  
 But as the steed that snuffs at war  
 The death and carnage from afar,

Or timid deer who form his bounds  
 Long scents the hunter and his hounds,  
 He dimly felt the coming strife  
 And longed to meet, yet dreaded life.  
 What harp e'er tuned could calmly sing  
 The parting day of life's young Spring?

Or what minstrel's soothing lay  
Shed calmness on life's April day?  
The pageant o'er, the mourners gone  
He starts the world *alone, alone!*  
As helmless ship on ocean driven  
As winds across the wastes of heaven,

Or traveler lost in foreign land  
Who vainly seeks his native strand.  
Like wandering bird that falt'ring flies  
Like meteor wav'ring in the skies  
As fleeting cloud through trackless air,  
Life speeds him on, but *where?* oh, **WHERE?**

His only guide the pledge he gave,  
Renewed upon his mother's grave;  
That come what would in coming years,  
He'd plant no field with sighs nor tears.  
No act of outrage or of wrong  
Should mark him from the world's great throng,

And that his life, though meek and low,  
Dishonor's stain should never know.  
Though, led he not the world's great van,  
Yet every act should speak the man.  
And bravely he took up the strife  
With much of hope and much of life,

And nobly battled for the right  
Nor wearied in the hopeless fight.  
And oft he led a forlorn hope  
With sin and shame, and crime to cope.  
Full oft he led bright truth's fair sway  
'Gainst errors dark and dread array,

And battled still with tireless hand  
Still welding truth's eternal brand,  
Nor hoped for other fee nor aid  
Than what approving conscience paid;  
But now his foes come down amain  
With foul reproach and false acclaim,

And seek to brand his face with shame,  
Fit emblem of the lurid flame.  
Envy, rebuked, now joins the throng,  
And jealousy green-eyed and strong,  
And wounded pride comes limping, too,  
Eager to join the reckless crew.

And all assail with one acclaim  
His life, his honor, and his name,  
With cold suspicion, knowing pause  
And rumors vague assail his cause.  
All the myriad bands of hate—  
Of darkness and of folly, mate,

And all their gibes and falsehoods bring  
And on life's hunted pilgrim fling;  
And every wound that malice made  
Was probed and galled by envy's blade,  
And craft and cunning mixed a cup  
Whose dregs were worse than death to sup.

A darkness gathered o'er his way  
That seemed to know no coming day.  
But one light gleamed above despair  
And cheered his soul—that Mother's prayer.  
And that deep pledge to parent made.  
Now strengthened truth's unwavering blade,



And in his new found strength he draws  
Manly weap. for virtue's cause,  
And boldly strikes with arm and brain  
Like forester on hill and plain.  
Each fearless blow, an error falls  
Deep crushing falsehood's crumbling walls,  
  
And nobly rise the towers of truth  
Responsive to the pledge of youth.

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LINES ADDRESSED TO AN ARROW-HEAD.

---

FOUND BY CAPT. EMERSON WHILST WALKING IN COM-  
PANY WITH THE AUTHOR, ON THE KENTUCKY  
SHORE OPPOSITE NEW RICHMOND, OHIO,  
MARCH, 1860.

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Flinty record of ages flown!  
Stony hist'ry of nations gone!  
They little thought, who shaped thy form—  
Thou'dst lay so long through time and storm,

To be thus found in modern time  
And made to grace this passing rhyme.  
Who carved thee thus, thou stubborn blade?  
Didst Chieftain, Brave, or Mountain Maid?

Say! was it peace, or was it strife,  
That brought thee into active life?  
Didst thou grace a huntsman's quiver,  
Or was thy mission death's dark river?

And say, thou adamantine dart!  
Wast ever aimed at human heart?  
And how hast thou escaped unbattered,  
When cupid's darts full oft are shattered

And broken in the heedless shock  
When aimed at hearts of harder rock?  
Wast only aimed at flesh and bone,  
And ne'er encountered hearts of stone?

*If* so! then thou hast been lucky,  
And favored soil is old Kentucky.  
Thou hast more highly favored been  
Than thy rhyming friends, I ween!

How many ages hast thou lain  
Through heat and cold, and sun and rain?  
Thou'st lain beside our flowing riv'r  
So long, it almost seems for ev'r.

Silent histor'an! wast thou there  
When Harrison and when St. Clair  
Our country's banner proudly bore  
Along our noble river's shore?

Say, wast thou in this silent glen  
When Burr and Blennerhassett's men  
With gun-boat and flotilla came  
Ère yet our village had a name?

And when the whilom king of France  
Came leaning on his royal lance,  
On his keel-boat rough and clever,  
Floating down our lovely river?

Come, speak, and tell me all thou know'st  
Whence thou came and whither goest?  
And something more I would have said  
Unto this simple arrow-head;

But with a voice harsh and stony  
Sounding weird, and wild, and bony,  
And in accents hoarse and grave,  
This, its rambling history gave;

"I came from Pennsylvania,  
Hewn from rock of Chalcedonia  
Three hundred years ago;  
Carved by brawny chieftain's hand,  
The leader of a noble band  
As ever braved a foe.

Formed thus of steel, a broken brand  
Forged in Spain's far distant land,  
By cavaliers of old;  
And found within a southern glen  
A relic of De Soto's men  
Who sought this land for gold.

First, I graced a chieftain's quiver  
On banks of Alleghany riv'r;  
A chieftain of renown,  
Who led the war dance, led the fight,  
Who tracked the foe by day and night,  
And proudly ruled his town.

The warlike Narragansett came  
To waste our land with death and flame,  
Nor age nor youth to spare.

'Twas then from bended bow I sprang  
Like lightning sped with hissing twang  
Went singing through the air.

I did my mission quick and well.  
The savage Narragansett fell;  
Fell never more to rise.  
And with a yell of rage and pain,  
He rolled upon the grassy plain,  
And closed his gleaming eyes.

The midnight wolves on the lon'ly plain,  
Howled, fought, and feasted on the slain.  
Then I was left alone,  
Until a huntsman chanced to stray  
And found me lying there one day  
Beside the whitening bone.

Full oft I stopped the swift career  
Of flying bird or bounding deer  
Beneath the forest shade,  
And by the gentle river's side  
The beaver and the otter died  
Amid their native glade.

Till, once by warrior brave was found,  
Where long I'd rested on the ground,  
And placed within his quiver,  
And journeyed westward night and day,  
The Chillicothe brave to slay  
Beyond Scioto's riv'r.

But ere upon the bended bow  
War's mission bade me swiftly go,

My brave had ceased his breath.  
Swift winged and sure, the foeman's dart  
Had pierced the brawny warrior's heart  
And set the seal of death.

Then I was rifled from the slain  
And over forest, field and plain  
Was borne by roving band  
Till once when autumn day was spent  
We found the bold Miami's tent  
Upon Ohio's strand.

Then I was spurned in deadly strife,  
For tomahawk and scalping knife  
Were used alone that day,  
And in the wild and deadly strife  
My owner dearly sold his life  
In the dark and dread affray.

Amid the war whoop's wild resound  
I fell unheeded on the ground  
All streaked and stained with blood;  
And there have lain until the day  
You found and bore me thence away  
Across the silvery flood.

But when or what will be the end  
Of your old Chalcedon'an friend,  
Is far beyond my ken.  
I only know the tooth of time  
Hath left me here to grace your rhyme  
Within this lonely glen."

## EXHORTATION.

On! brothers, on! to the music of the drum.

On! brothers, on! to the strife—

Keeping step to the music, to the beating of the drum  
And the soul-thrilling notes of the fife.

On! brothers, on! for the reveille is calling,

On! brothers, on! to the fray—

Arouse! arouse! while the morning dews are falling  
And march at the breaking of the day.

---

 THE GATHERING OF THE POETS.

INSCRIBED TO THE \*"POET'S UNION."

Frae Whiteoak's braw and bonnie braes,  
Frae dark Miami's rippling waters;  
They come, they come wi' a' their bays,  
Parnassus' sons and daughters.

Frae "Bell Reviere," proud western queen,  
They come wi' heart's warm friendship's glow;  
A goodly band they come I ween,  
Where Helicon's bright waters flow.

Frae each braw hill and bonnie dell,  
The musie spreads her snow white wings:  
And blither than the Nightingale,  
Each bonnie Bardie softly sings.

Frae dark Miami's beauteous shore,  
As lovely as the classic Tweed;  
We hear the harp of "Leonore,"  
And "Oberrn" skims Parnassian mead.

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\*An organization in southern Clermont County, Ohio.

Frae Whiteoak's laughing rills and braes,  
Frae Whiteoak's fairy castle walls;  
"Orion" sings his lordly lays,  
And "Ellenwood" her madrigals.

And aft frae Whiteoak's silver stream,  
We hear the notes of "Lulu's" song  
That winds away like summer dream,  
And "Ildo's" muse the strains prolong.

Frae where the morning sunbeams fall,  
In glory on Ohio's river:  
"Saberno's" lute in court and hall,  
Sends forth its gushing sounds forever.

There "Arborvitae's" untaught lay  
He careless flings upon the wind,  
Nor knows nor cares what mead shall pay,  
Nor when nor where that mead shall find.

There falls the light of "Sunbeam's" face,  
As kind a boon as e'er was given;  
A star affixed in mortal space  
To point the way to truth and heaven.

There, too, "Carolus" comes amain  
And strikes a harp we love to hear;  
And "Nightingale" sends forth a strain  
That sweetly falls on fancy's ear.

'Twas there the harp of "Maud" was strung,  
Whose thrilling notes were ever clear:  
That on the soul in accents hung,  
As trembling hope disputes 'with fear.

And where Ohio rolls along,  
And sweeps amid her native hills,  
We hear the notes of "Vernon's" song  
In deep melodious gushing thrills.

Frae where the land of Bethel lays,  
On Poplar's winding, leafy stream,  
Our "Burnspear" comes wi' deathless bays,  
And "Zelos" paints life's changing dream.

There "Demerandule's" lyre is heard,  
In living tones of joy and gladness;  
But changing like the forest bird,  
Full often strikes a note of sadness.

And from Felicity's blest land,  
Comes "Carrie's" note, soft, sweet and wild,  
As wandering note from angel band  
Or harp attuned by forest child.

Each came wi' muckle right good will,  
With each a merry "pome" to read,  
As faultless as the laughing rill  
Or wind that sweeps the flowery mead.

A goodly band I trow they are,  
And if you hear them read a day,  
Ye may be unco proud to hear,  
And bless kind fortune yet for aye.

Ye boast your knights in belt and brand,  
Ye boast your lords and ladies gay;  
I wad nae gie our poet band,  
For a' the lords o' Richard's day.



THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

*Air:* "BEN BOLT."

The school house is gone from the lawn, Jane Brown,  
And the place looks dreary and sad,  
The play-ground is broken by the plow, Jane Brown,  
Where oft we have sported in the shade.

And the school master's gone far away, Jane Brown,  
He's gone to his land of rest ;  
O, where are the girls and the boys, Jane Brown,  
Who joined in the laugh and the jest ?

Don't your heart beat wildly and strange, Jane Brown,  
When you think of the frolic and the fun ?  
When you didn't care a fig what anybody said,  
Always excepting one.

Say ! Don't you remember our swing, Jane Brown,  
The swing in the beechen shade ;  
And don't you remember our teeter on the log,  
Where often at see-saw we played ?

The old log has mouldered to the dust, Jane Brown,  
And the swing fell down years ago ;  
And the long dreary winter of time, Jane Brown,  
Is whitening our locks with its snow.

Our playmates are scattered, some are gone, Jane  
Brown,  
And we'll see their bright faces no more ;  
And the merry laugh is hushed forever, Jane Brown,  
That we heard by the school room door.

## THE HOME OF THE WICKED.

## THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

One night when earth was bleak and bare—  
The ice and snow were everywhere—  
Way down in the land of mystical shadows,  
Down in the ghost land of Stygian meadows,  
There's a home for the wicked forever unblest,  
In a dark sombre valley—the vale of unrest.  
Where the black, turbid rivers of doubt and despair  
Send forth foul miasmas to poison the air:  
Where fevers eternal are drank from the fountains  
That gush from the dark Upas shade of the moun-  
tains.

One night, in my visions, I went to the strand,  
To the ghost peopled shores of that fabulous land,  
Where goblins hold converse and wander forever  
Along the wild shore of the mystical river;  
Where the boat of old Charon incessantly plies  
To carry the soul of each sinner that dies:  
To land them in doubt on the desolate shore  
Where the merciless tempests forever shall roar.

There grim bony Famine walked gaunt o'er the hills,  
And gnawed at the thistles that grew by the rills.  
Her ribs like the white jutting rocks of the plain,  
Tell on the vision like hunger and pain;  
And her long wiry teeth were horrid to see  
As she gnawed at the fruit of the bitterwood tree.  
Loud shrieks and curses were rending the air,  
The howlings and wailings of deathless despair.

The vicious of earth for good never caring  
Were loudest and longest in shrieks of despairing,  
And their deep yells of agony rolled through the gloom  
As eternity opened their horrible doom.  
For them nevermore should the glad light of day  
Smile o'er their hopeless and thorn strewn way.

Thick, sulphurous smoke was pois'ning the air,  
And serpents were twining themselves in my hair.  
The foulest of vapors were choking my breath.  
I cried out in terror: "Oh, say! is this death?"  
Yes, death; living death, and never again  
Shall your sin-loving soul see the beautiful plain.  
Nevermore shall you tread on the beautiful sod  
Disgracing the earth and scorning your God.  
Nevermore on the earth in sin shall you creep,  
Till the angels in heaven, in sorrow, shall weep  
O'er your high estate as a child of light  
Debased and degraded from good and the right.

We taught you the way of the good and the blest.  
You scorned it and came to the vale of unrest,  
And here shall you wander in sorrow and strife  
And follow the lamp of your ill-fated life.  
I never could tell whence the dread voice came  
But while it yet spoke, I saw the bright flame  
Rise o'er the marshland, dreary and crisp—  
I loved it, I feared it—the will-o-the-wisp.  
Through the swamps and the brooks of that desolate  
shore,  
I must follow that lamp through the long evermore:  
Through the mystical swamps of that ghost-haunted  
shore  
I must follow that lamp through the long evermore.

## EFFORT.

There was rust upon the pen  
There was rust upon the brain :  
They said the poet laureate  
Would never sing again.

Since the days of sage Confucius  
Since Ulysses went to Troy  
Idleness has been the bane  
Of woman, man, or boy.

Since the haughty Austrian beauty  
Graced the scaffold of old France,  
Since the lovely Cleopatra  
Taught Mark Antony to dance,

Idleness and frivolity  
Have been the bane of life,  
And have led poor human nature  
On a weary round of strife.

There's no life so sad and hopeless  
None so weary in its pain  
As the aimless life that grovels  
On the dusty, trodden plain.

There's no path so hard to traverse  
As the lifeless treadmill round :  
As this life of dreary nothing  
Where you gain no vantage ground.

Where the weary soul grows rusty  
And is buried 'neath its dross  
And the heart and brain are hidden  
'Neath a sombre coat of moss.

The world was made for action  
And life was made for thought  
And the purest gems and rarest  
In the deepest mines are sought.

'Tis alone by patient delving,  
'Tis alone by ceaseless toil  
That the lamp of life is furnished  
With its purest, brightest oil.

Every man may be a hero  
If he have the soul to dare  
To crush some wrong or outrage  
Hunt the lion in his lair.

Every man may be a leader  
In the battle for the right,  
If he have the simple courage  
To display a leader's might.

Every man may be a chieftain  
In the army of the Lord  
If he have the moral power  
To draw a chieftain's sword.

Every man may be immortal,  
As the heroes of ancient Greece,  
If he have the heart, like Jason,  
To win the golden fleece;

Or, like Cadmus, slay some Gorgon  
That defiles the well of truth  
And remove some ancient error  
From the misty path of youth.

Every day brings forth its battles  
And its conflicts with the wrong:  
Every vict'ry crowns its heroes  
With its never dying song.

The world is full of inspiration,  
Full of beauty and of light,  
Full of love and full of gladness,  
If we guide our steps aright.

If, like a band of brothers  
In the glory of our youth,  
We join our hands together  
In the sacred cause of truth—

Our lives will be a beacon  
Like a banner all unfurled:  
We'll float among the glories  
And the triumphs of the world.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

The mighty ocean, curbed and reined,  
Gigantic rivers, spanned and chained,  
And harnessed down, the lightning's power  
To bear the tidings of the hour.

With "progress" on our banner high,  
Our watch-word peals along the sky;  
"Humanity" our battle cry—  
Minds, peerless monarchs, never die!

And when we hold the plow no more  
Nor gather home the golden store,  
In joy we'll tread the golden sand  
On the goodly shores of the better land.

NEW RICHMOND, OHIO.

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A VISION OF COMING EVENTS.

The times are transcendent and stirring  
And you who would win in the race,  
Must march with the marching events  
And move with a quickening pace.

Onward, right on is the watchword.  
No stopping, no looking behind,  
Or you'll surely be lost in the tumult  
Of this hurrying march of the mind.

Politicians long stooping and crouching  
And grasping for power and place  
Have yielded the bend to the ladies  
And put on a statesman-like face.

Our glorious eagle is rampant.  
His pinions are spread everywhere  
And every broad land on the planet  
Is owning his dutiful care.

Suffrage will be universal  
And if all the ladies are true,  
We'll surely elect Madam Grundy  
In eighteen-hundred and seventy-two.

Then we'll hear no more of the prize ring ;  
No more of these masculine fights.  
They'll be gracefully done by the ladies  
When they get their belligerent rights.

Mrs. Stanton will marshal our armies.  
Anna Dickinson, queen of the wave :  
What a rush there 'll be for dying  
Under leaders so gentle and brave.

While the masculine Captains and Colonels  
Assume their less dignified stations  
In the kitchen with stew pans and aprons  
Practice the new regulations.

Aquavitae we'll send to the White House  
With all the cigars and such things,  
And gracefully yield to the power  
That broke up the piratical rings.



Nancy Chinaman, too, in the Senate,  
Fresh from the land of Fu Chau,  
And on the next seat from Sitka  
The beautiful Eskimo.

The House will be led by St. Thomas  
With an earthquake or two for diversion.  
And if they fail on a motion,  
They'll carry the point by immersion.

Then we'll eat frogs with the Frenchman  
And sport with the dark-eyed Moor,  
And cheer to the wandering Arab,  
Who happens to have the floor.

We'll laugh and joke with the Sepoy,  
And ask if it's really true  
His grandfather was a gorilla  
And lived in the land of Gamboo.

And the noble red man of the forest,  
When suffrage becomes universal,  
With his scalping knife and his hatchet  
Will give us a pleasant rehearsal.

We'll dance in halls of the Alhambra,  
With the children of bright, sunny Spain,  
And ogle for votes with the heathen  
From the isles of the eastern main.

The ladies 'll have the advantage  
In electioneering with Greece,  
But when they come to Turkey,  
I hope they'll grant us a peace.

No more Miss Flora McFlimsy  
'Ll complain of nothing to wear:  
She 'll make her gown by scratching  
The fur from the Northern bear.

After we've followed the Sorosis standard  
Through the ruins of ancient Rome,  
Might we venture to claim the honor  
Of escorting the dear creatures home?

Since our Union was tied together,  
And spliced with a cotton string;  
Binding the world with cables  
Is found to be just the thing.

And now with our Gallic neighbors  
We'll never break a lance  
While the puritan rock of Plymouth  
Is tied to the Brest of France.

And old Johnny Bull is gracious  
And he feels a blest relief:  
For while he's got us cabled  
We'll never hook his beef.

MY VALENTINE.

A valentine came to my tent last night  
And talked with me in the moon's pale light  
Of things he had seen in the long ago  
When Cupid was slyly drawing his bow.

He was watching, he said, in Franklin hall  
In a shady nook by the school-room wall,  
When a thoughtless boy was stealing away  
The heart of a maiden blithe as May.

"I told you then," and he smiled as he spoke  
"That costly wares were easily broke ;  
I told you then you were weaving a chain  
That never could rust, but in grief and pain.

That never a doubt must shadow the door ;  
Suspicion never must cross the floor :  
Or misery would come with its brooding train,  
And sorrows would gather like winter rain.

"I told ye," he said, "that your love was blind,  
To close your eyes and see with your mind,  
And never in word or in deed to find  
A single fault with your heart's enshrined ;

Cupid loves freedom and will have his way,  
He flies from the critic, with lovers to stay :  
Fetter his pinions, forbid him to roam,  
And he flies in alarm to a happier home.

But yielding and loving and trusting forever,  
Happiness flows like a beautiful river,  
While bliss overflowing in truthful devotion  
Drowns our care in its bright, sandy ocean."

## KENTUCKY TO THE RESCUE.

Land of the great, home of the brave,  
Prompt to avenge, ready to save,  
Chivalry's truest and best—  
Noblest of name, fairest of fame,  
Of all the glorious west.

Your flocks, and herds, and pastures green,  
The fairest land that e'er was seen,  
Your waving fields of golden grain,  
Shall they be trodden 'neath the hoof  
And carmined o'er with crimson stain?

Shall ruin like a blasting flame,  
Shall rapine all too dread to name,  
Forever sweep your homes away?  
Or will you learn to strike for right,  
And *work* as well as watch and pray?

The foeman comes with restless hand,  
O'er mountain height and river strand,  
His murd'rous track is gory red—  
And lighted by your blazing homes,  
O'er fathers, sons, and brothers dead!

He comes not in the light of day,  
But steals like wolf upon his prey,  
Or stealthy savage on his foe—  
His sole delight to slay or wound,  
And stamp his native land with woe.

Why wait till liberty is fled,  
Why wait till freedom all is dead,  
Ere you strike the avenging blow?  
The serpent crush beneath your feet,  
And lay the dark invader low.

Ye gallant sons of noble sires,  
Slumbering o'er volcanic fires,  
Awake! Arouse! and swear to-day,  
That *treason ne'er shall desecrate*  
The homes of Crittenden and Clay.

---

## TO MY SISTER ELLENORE.

Thou art gone, sweet sister, thou art gone,  
And through the cold, proud world, I move alone;  
There beats no heart in unison with mine;  
To the oak there clings no precious vine.  
I *smiled* when they told me thou wast dead—  
That death had claimed thy noble head;  
I *smiled* when told of thy spirit's flight  
From pain and strife, to worlds of light.

I *smiled* in the bitterness of woe—  
I longed to see thy spirit go—  
For well I knew thy countless foes,  
That like Pandora's box of woes,  
Or like Fitz James by Roderick's men,  
Beleaguered in the lonely glen—  
One and all were silenced then.

*Envy* dark as winter cloud,  
Hung 'round thee like a sable shroud;  
For none could reach the lofty plane,  
None could breathe the noble strain  
Of *thy* sweet soul inspiring song  
Nor dwell among the stars so long.

Suspicion low and false and mean,  
Was whispered o'er the village green;  
By thoughtless tongues and idle minds,  
And spread upon the evening winds;  
It crushed through soul and heart and brain,  
Like lightning stroke upon the plain.

I love thee more, I love thee more  
My noble sister Ellenore—  
That thy step grew proud and firm  
Thine eye *flashed back* the world's cold scorn;  
I love thee more, that in honest pride  
Thy pure heart *nobly, proudly* died.

That thou didst seek a mountain home,  
Beside the western ocean's foam  
Where no false or slanderous breath  
Could reach thy peaceful couch of death.  
Your murderers—for such they are—  
Should not exult in death's cold stare;  
But your funeral dirge be the eagle's cry,  
And the ocean sing your lullaby.

Thou art gone and years have fled  
Since thou wast numbered with the dead;

“Dove Cottage” now is sad and lone ;  
A stranger dwells in thy once loved home ;  
Thy *doves* are gone—thy favorite flowers  
Are gone to deck the stranger’s bowers.  
A strange hand trains the trellised vine,  
That once was trained alone by thine.

All, *all* are gone—and I alone,  
Through the village streets do roam ;  
The world moves on, as though no stain  
Were resting on the heart and brain—  
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in glee—  
But never *thinks* it *murdered* thee.  
And dark whispers still float ’neath our village spires,  
Kindling despair’s wild wasting fires.

NEW RICHMOND, OHIO, Dec., 1859.

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### THE BURIAL.

“Wait no more my gentle Ella,” and this was all he  
said

As from the field we bore him with the dying and the  
dead.

“Wait no more my gentle Ella,” he whispered in his  
pain,

“Nevermore shall I meet you by the riverside again.”

He was “nothing but a sergeant,” a sergeant of the  
line,

But I loved him for his valor, this noble friend of  
mine.

As I stooped to hear the message that was whispered  
in my ear,  
Low whispered by the trembling lips that never blanched  
with fear.

We were charging up the mountain, charging with a  
yell.

'Twas a piece of shell that struck him, struck the  
hero when he fell.

He bowed his head in silence beneath a lofty pine,  
While another took his place in the lurid battle line.

In the land of the stranger we laid him away,  
Close down by the bank of the deep winding river  
Where the wavelet unceasing is casting its spray,  
And singing a dirge in the wildwood forever.

---

### THE EDITOR.

The Editor sat in his old arm chair,  
With a grave and thoughtful air;  
And a brow all furrowed o'er with care.

Great truths to the world he was telling  
Which from his thoughtful brain was welling  
And the sheet before him was filling.

The midnight oil burned low and spare,  
And threw a dim and ghastly glare,  
Around the Editor's old arm chair.

The night's small hours dragged slowly on,  
Each paid its tribute one by one,  
To the patient, silent, toiling man.



Thought after thought he grasps and pens,  
Truth after truth to humanity sends,  
And thus to his eyes new luster lends.

And wide he sows the field of thought  
With truths from heav'n's bright fabric wrought,  
From wisdom's own deep fountain brought.

The seeds of truth with patient hand,  
The writer flings upon the wind,  
O'er the fertile field of mind.

Tireless still at his paper shrine  
Graining thoughts in every line—  
Guideboards up the steeps of time.

Time rolls on—an age has flown—  
The people rise—a throne has gone ;  
And the march of mind moves proudly on.

In new born strength, a nation grown,  
Trample a haughty tyrant down  
And bury him deep in the sands of time.

And moving with hurried speed,  
Each brave heart strives to gain the lead,  
Along life's steep and toilsome road.

The rack, the stake, the gibbet's gone  
And yet the world moves nobly on  
Toward the grand supernal throne.

Errors grim and old and gray  
 Like the morning owl have flown away  
 At the dawning of a brighter day.

Still on we move with lightning speed  
 And nothing in our course we heed  
 But man's own universal good.

Brave man thou'lt never know on the shores  
 of time  
 The deathless fire of every line  
 That sparkled from thy paper shrine.

*The people's advent, the quickened thought,  
 By thine own patient toil were wrought  
 And by thy worn out life were bought.*

NEW RICHMOND, OHIO.

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THE GRAVE OF GENERAL HAMER.

Illustrious chieftain!!! of a noble band!!  
 Hero, martyred, on a foreign strand—  
 In awe, beside thy grave I stand  
 On this, thine own, thy native land.

Methinks I see thee even now,  
 Thy manly form—thy God-like brow—  
 Methinks I hear thy voice again;  
 Most noble of the race of men.

Methinks I see thee lead the van,  
 Against the Azetic, Celtic clan;  
 On foaming charger boldly ride,  
 Along the wild tumultuous tide.

Thy cheering shout, rings loud and clear,  
Above the wild rude din of war—  
Thy country's banner proudly wave,  
In triumph o'er her foeman's grave.

And ofttimes in our halls of state,  
In lucid speech and deep debate;  
Like some grand majestic river,  
Still onward—moved a *leader* ever.

In autumnal days yellow and sere,  
From my distant home I journey here,  
Thy grave bedew with friendship's tear,  
For in this land thou hadst no peer.

From the dark Miami's rolling tide,  
I come as the Bridegroom meets his Bride;  
To muse again o'er the sacred mound  
Of the patriot sage *laurel* crowned.

---

THE VOICE OF DESPAIR.

Passing through this "vale of tears"  
Pale Memory marked the fleeting years  
As o'er Time's desert sands I sped  
With weary, slow and measured tread;  
Upon Misfortune's bleak domain—  
An Empire vast of doubt and pain,  
Borne on the harsh unfeeling gale  
That swept too rudely down the vale,  
Like a long drawn, swelling sigh  
Came Despair's low startling cry:

Of all the wrecks that strew the main  
Mocking our efforts weak and vain  
Foremost in the dreaded van  
Wildest of all, is the wreck of Man.

I paused to learn from whence arose  
Those sounds so full of mortal woes;  
A friend I saw whose furrowed brow  
And deep voice haunt me even now.  
He sat him down in the iceberg's shade  
His weary head on the cold rock laid;

But the ice and the snow and furious blast,  
That o'er him their chilling mantle cast,  
Were calm beside the awful storm  
That raged within that noble form.  
Suspicion's dark corroding chain  
Was rankling in the maddening brain;  
From Slander's bow a murderous dart  
Deep festered in the writhing heart.

Cold was the sneer of friendship once dear,  
Creeping over the soul like the nightmare fear,  
As in the iceberg's shade he sat him down  
Beneath the cold world's chilling frown.

I asked him why with taunts and jeers  
The world repaid his toiling years;  
And why he fled from the haunts of men  
To the silent rock and the lonely glen?

From the earth slow raised his weary head  
And thus to me the stranger said:

“Misfortune was mine with heartless jeer,  
To hunt me down with its soulless sneer,  
My cup of gall was mixed with hate  
I madly drank and *laughed* at fate.  
Alone I stood from all things else,  
The world to me had proven false;  
My heart was sad, my brain was wild  
My soul was sick as Sorrow’s child;  
'Twas then I fled with trembling step,  
On this lone rock my vigils kept;  
And from its summit gazing down  
Met the Ocean’s gathering frown.  
I stretched my arms toward the wave,  
That beats against my rock-bound cave,  
And begged in vain of the dashing foam  
To bear me away to its watery home.  
'Twas winter night and bitter cold—  
In woe and wrong the earth was old,  
Down the winding ages gone—  
Amid the years that long have flown  
The record of the patriot sage,  
Reddens every life-long page.  
The moon rose high o’er frosty sky,  
Nor paused to hear my lonely cry—  
With outstretched arms and accents wild,  
I *begged* of *Fate* to *own* her child.  
And o’er the broad and troubled main,  
From the towering cliff I called again—  
Till each mad’ning accent, filled with pain,  
Re-echoed o’er and o’er again.  
Still onward rolled the angry wave  
Still howled the storm around my cave—  
But the *storm* and the *wave* and the *icy* glen  
Were never so *cold* as my *fellow-men*.

## TO MY SISTER.

Amidst a dark and deep'ning gloom we bore thee to thy  
    silent tomb,  
With naught but thy celestial home to cheer us on our  
    way;  
Sad our memories wandered, as silently we pondered  
How earthly ties are sundered in life's eventful day;  
We thought around God's holy shrine angel's music  
    there was thine.  
And memory bade us not repine for conscience said  
    thou art all divine.  
Thy will be done, oh Heaven! not mine.  
On, on, we strove, sad and slowly, to thy abode meek  
    and lowly,  
Whilst thy spirit, pure and holy, winged its homeward  
    flight to Heaven;  
Thou wast with us in the grove fair and gentle as the  
    dove,  
And thy soul was purity and love morning, noon and  
    even.  
With psalm-book and psalter, thou wast with us at the  
    altar,  
And there didst never falter, in thy penitential prayer  
And ever in thy presence contentment was there.  
We thought, poor mortals wandering up and down the  
    earth meandering,  
And sadly in our minds were pondering, our weary,  
    lonesome way,  
Whilst thou, the throne of grace surrounding, with  
    purity and love abounding,  
Amidst angel harpers sounding, revel in eternal day,  
Till fancy heard resounding, the soft celestial lay,

And the gladden'd spirit bounding longed to soar away  
Where the wandering soul shall cease to stray.  
To soar to Heaven's bright sphere, those melodious  
    strains to hear.  
To listen to those notes so dear to every pilgrim band,  
To join that soul-inspiring throng, that throng to which  
    the saints belong,  
And listen to the sacred song of Moses and the Lamb.  
The soul with rapture firing, with music more inspiring,  
Bounds aloft enquiring with every thought desiring  
To reach the holy land and rest with thee.

---

### THE SONG OF THE RAVEN.

[When the Army of the Cumberland retook the battlefield of Chickamauga, Nov. 27, hundreds of the Northern dead of the 19th and 20th of September lay upon the field still unburied.]

A raven sat on a blood-stained stone  
And pecked away at a fleshless bone,  
Singing his song in a raven tone,  
That echoed wild as a spirit moan,  
    War! War! War!

Then he flapped his wings and hopped away  
Over the ground of the dreadful fray,  
In search of more nutritious prey,  
Shouting aloud his ominous lay—  
    War! War! War!

Still flapping his wings, he hopped around  
To a noble form stretched on the ground,  
A human frame, on an ancient mound,  
Still shouting aloud the doleful sound,  
    War! War! War!

Then lighting there on a hero's breast,  
Where a form of beauty once found rest—  
Where a fond affection oft was blest—  
He cried as he plumed his raven crest—  
War! War! War!

Soon the moldering flesh was torn apart  
With a raven's skill and a raven's art,  
Till the evil bird had reached the heart,  
Crying again with an angry start—  
War! War! War!

The heart that once so proudly beat  
In the quiet home or the busy street,  
With its hopes of life, was raven's meat,  
Mixed was the song with the morsel sweet,  
War! War! War!

When the red moon lighted up the east,  
The bird of song proclaimed his feast,  
With his idle time from Satan leased,  
And hoarsely croaked like a savage beast,  
War! War! War!

And with fiendish pride he sank his beak,  
Tearing the flesh from the manly cheek,  
Swallowing still each quivering fleak,  
Whilst the echoes caught his angry shriek—  
War! War! War!

Then lifts his head of the darkest dye,  
The blood-stained beak strikes the hero's eye,



And in echoes reaching to the sky,  
Still hoarser comes the raven's cry,  
War! War! War!

That cheek, that eye so kindly smiled  
With a loving trust so pure and mild,  
To bless perhaps a wife, or child,  
Was food for the bird with song so wild—  
War! War! War!

---

THE HARP OF "ATLANTA."

Where rests thy Harp "Atlanta?"  
Why hear we not thy voice,  
Whose silvery tones of gladness,  
Bade all true hearts rejoice.

Where rests thy Harp "Atlanta?"  
The golden Harp of truth;  
Whose wildly thrilling echoes,  
Roused the slumbering soul of youth?

Oh! touch again that Heavenly chord,  
With inspiration's kindling fire;  
With joyous smile and living word—  
Oh! strike again the golden lyre.

The green grass grows o'er the grave of truth;  
Like the mildew blight o'er the hopes of youth,  
And life grows dark as we grope along,  
And hear no more thy cheering song.

AUGUST 25, 1857.

## LINES TO CORA M. EAGER.

A thousand bosoms swell with joy—  
A thousand prayers ascend for thee,  
Inspired by thy noble mind,  
And by thy soul's deep purity.

With boundless wealth of truth divine,  
With gems of thought thy soul is crowned,  
That shame the bauble gems of earth  
With all its glittering, soulless round.

From Truth's pure fountain thou hast drawn  
Thy inspiration deep and grand—  
And dipped thy pen in heavenly fire  
More potent than the magic wand.

Thy pen hath nerved the good man's soul  
To deeds of glory, love and fame;  
And lighted by a thousand hearts,  
With heart-warm friendship's sacred flame.

The world's great heart beats high with hope,  
The bounding pulses thrill and glow:  
And pride and passion fade away,  
Like mountain mists or melting snow.

Toil on! thou brave, heroic soul!  
Toil on till life's autumnal even—  
Slow-leading up the steeps of time  
A wand'ring world to heaven.

NEW RICHMOND, OHIO.

LINES.

WRITTEN AT METROPOLIS CITY, ILL., 1871, THE AUTHOR  
AN INVALID AT THAT TIME.

The poet who was hungry  
For his supper had to wait;  
Patiently waiting for thickened milk  
While the cook was writing  
And smoothing down her silk.  
But time never tarries  
And supper came anon.  
He smiled upon his supper  
For his supper was well done;  
And in his heart he blessed the cooks,  
He blessed them every one.

---

TO THE LOVED ONES OF "WAYSIDE HALL."

The young moon smiles to-night,  
With a soft and beaming smile,  
So strangely and so beautiful,  
I'm thinking all the while—  
Of all the scenes of loveliness,  
My soul hath known before,  
In the halcyon days of happiness,  
Sweet memories of yore.

Each face of radiant beauty,  
And each soft and love-lit eye,  
Sparkle in memory's heaven,  
Like stars above the sky.  
I've wrapped them in my heart—  
Like a silken banner furled  
And they smile upon me now,  
As the moon smiles on the world.

And every gentle tone I've heard,  
 In love or friendship spoken,  
 My heart hath kindly treasured,  
 And hath borne the sacred token;  
 And they fill my soul with music,  
 While my life is keeping tune—  
 With the music of the angels—  
 And the beauty of the moon.

And a wild hope springs within me,  
 Like an angel from the skies,  
 Growing silent and majestic,  
 As the silver moon would rise,  
 That *some noble act of daring*,  
 Or some gentle deed of mine,  
 May prove me not unworthy—  
 Of such confidence as thine.

BATTLEFIELD OF LAVERNE, Sunday night, Dec. 22, '62.

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## A LEGEND OF THE KANAWHA.

1ST KENTUCKY REGIMENT, U. S. A.

GAULEY BRIDGE, VA., NOVEMBER 7, 1861.

The army lay at Gauley Bridge,  
 At Mountain Cave and Sewall Ridge.  
 Our tents were pitched on hill and dell  
 From Charleston Heights to Cross Lane fell.  
 Our camp fires blazed on every route,  
 From Red House point to Camp Lookout.  
 On every rock our sentries stood,  
 Our scouts held post in every wood;  
 And every pass was stained with blood  
 From Scarey Creek to Gauley flood.

'Twas on a bleak, autumnal day,  
When not a single sunbeam's ray  
Could struggle through the dripping skies  
To cheer our melancholy eyes—

Whilst heavy clouds like funeral palls,  
Hung o'er Kanawha's foaming falls,  
And shrouded all the mountains green  
With dark, foreboding, misty screen.

All through the weary livelong day  
Our troops had marched the mountain way;  
And in the gloomy eventide  
Had pitched their tents by the river's side.

And as the darkness settled o'er  
The hill and vale and river shore,  
We gathered 'round the camp-fire bright  
That threw its glare on the misty night;  
And each some tale or legend told  
To while away the rain and cold.

Thus, one a tale of horror told  
That made the very blood run cold.  
One spoke of suff'ring and of wrong  
Another sang a mountain song.

One spoke of home and happy years  
Till down his swarthy cheek, the tears  
Slow dripping, glistened in the light  
That glared upon the misty night,  
Whilst others sat in silence deep,  
Too sad for mirth, yet scorned to weep.

Then spake a hardy mountaineer—  
(His beard was long, his eye was clear,

And clear his voice of metal tone,  
Just such as all would wish to own.)

“I’ve heard a legend old,” he said,  
“Of one who used these paths to tread  
Long years ago, when fearful strife  
Sad havoc made of human life.

A deed of daring, bravely done,  
A feat of honor nobly won:  
And what in story’s most uncommon,  
An army saved by gentle woman.

’Twas in that dark and bloody time\*  
When savage craft and tory crime  
From northern lake to southern flood,  
Had drenched the western world with blood.  
And in this wild, romantic glen  
Encamped a host of savage men  
Whose madd’ning war whoop loud and high,  
Was answered by the panther’s cry.  
The pale-faced settlers all had fled  
Or murdered were in lonely bed:  
Whilst hut and cabin, blazing high,  
With crimson decked the midnight sky.

I said the settlers all had fled—  
Their pathway down the valley led  
To where the Elk’s bright crystal waves  
On dark Kanawha’s bosom laves.  
There, safety sought and respite brief,  
And in Fort Charleston found relief:

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\*1791.

Awhile they bravely met their woes,  
And kept at bay their savage foes.

Thus, days and weeks the warfare waged,  
In fury, still, the conflict raged;  
Still fierce and bitter grew the strife  
Where every foeman fought for life.

Thus, day by day the siege went on  
Till three long, weary weeks were gone,  
And then the mournful word was passed  
That every day might be their last,  
The word was whispered soft and slow,  
The magazine was getting low.

They load their rifles one by one,  
And then—*the powder all was gone!*  
They stood like men in calm despair,  
No friendly aid could reach them there;  
Their doom was sealed—the scalping knife  
And burning stake must end the strife.  
One forlorn hope alone remained,  
That distant aid might yet be gained  
If trusty messenger should go  
Through forest wild and savage foe,  
And safely there should bear report  
And succor bring from distant Fort.

But who should go—the venture dare?  
The woodsmen quailed in mute despair;  
In vain the call to volunteer,  
The bravest blenched with silent fear.  
Each gloomy brow and labored breath  
Proclaimed the venture worse than death.

Not long the fatal fact was kept  
But through the Fort the secret crept,  
    Until it reached the ladies' hall,  
    There like a thunderbolt to fall.

Each in terror stood amazed  
And silent on the other gazed.  
No word escaped—there fell no tear—  
But all was hushed in mortal fear.  
    All hope of life at once hath fled  
    And filled each soul with a nameless dread.  
But one who stood amid the rest §  
The bravest, fairest, and the best  
    Of all that graced the cabin hall,  
    First broke the spell of terror's thrall.

Her step was firm, her features fine,  
    Of mortal mold the most divine ;  
But why describe her graces, fair,  
Her form, her mien, her stately air ?  
    Nay, hold ! my pen, I will not dare !  
    'Twas heaven's image mirrored there.  
She spoke no word of fear or boast,  
But smiling, passed the sentry post,  
    And half in hope and half in fear,  
    She whispered in her father's ear.  
The sacrifice her soul would make  
Her friends to save from brand and stake.

A noble charger standing nigh,  
    Of spirit fine and mettle high  
Was saddled well and girted strong,  
With cord and loop and leathern thong.

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§Ann Bailey.



For her was led in haste from stall,  
Upon whose life depended all.  
Her friends she gave a parting brief,  
No time was there for idle grief:  
Her father's hand a moment wrung  
Then lightly to the saddle sprung;  
And followed by the prayers and tears  
The kindling hopes and boding fears  
Of those who seemed the sport of fate,  
She dashed beyond the op'ning gate  
Like birdling free on pinion light,  
Commenced her long and weary flight.

The foeman saw the op'ning gate  
And thought with victory elate  
To rush within the portal rude,  
And in his dark and savage mood  
To end the sanguinary strife  
With tomahawk and scalping knife.  
But lo! a lady! fair and bright,  
And seated on a charger, light,  
Bold—and free—as one immortal—  
Bounded o'er the op'ning portal.  
Each savage paused in mute surprise  
And gazed with wonder staring eyes:  
“A squaw! a squaw!” the chieftain cries,  
“A squaw! a squaw!” the host replies.  
Then order gave to “cross the lawn  
With lightning speed, and catch the fawn.”

Her pathway up the valley led,  
Like frightened deer the charger fled,  
And urged along by whip and rein,  
The quick pursuit was all in vain.

A thousand bended bows were sprung,  
A thousand savage echoes rung—  
But far too short the arrows fell  
All harmless in the mountain dell.

“To horse! to horse!” the chieftain cried.  
They mount in haste and madly ride  
Along the rough, uneven way  
The pathway of the maiden lay.  
Whilst long and loud the savage yell  
Re-echoed through the mountain fell.

She heeded not the dangers rife  
But rode as one who rides for life.  
Still onward in her course she bore  
Along the dark Kanawha's shore,  
Through tangled wood and rocky way  
Nor paused to rest at close of day.  
Like skimming cloud before the wind  
Soon left the rabble far behind.

From bending tree above the road  
The flying charger wildly trode,  
Amid the evening's gath'ring gloom,  
The panther's shriek, the voice of doom,  
In terror fell upon the ear  
And quickened every pulse with fear.  
But e'en the subtle panther's bound  
To reach the aim, too slow was found,  
And headlong falling on the rock,  
Lay crushed and mangled in the shock.

The prowling wolf then scents his prey,  
And rushing on with angry bay,

With savage growl and quick'ning bound  
He clears the rough and rugged ground ;  
And closing fast the lessening space  
That all too soon must end the race,  
With sharpened teeth that glittered white  
As stars amid the gloomy night—

With foaming jaws had almost grasped  
The lovely hand that firmly clasped,  
And well hath used the whip and rein,  
But further effort now were vain.

Another bound, a moment more—  
And then the struggle all were o'er.

'Twas in a steep and rocky gorge  
Along the river's winding verge,  
Just where the foaming torrent falls  
Far down through adamantine halls,  
And then come circling round and round  
As loth to leave the enchanted ground.

Just there a band of wandering braves  
Had pitched their tents beside the waves.  
The sun long since had sunk to rest  
And long the light had faded west—

When all was startled by the sound  
Of howling wolf and courser's bound,  
That onward came with fearful clang,  
Whose echoes 'round the mountain rang ;

The frightened wolf in wild surprise  
A moment paused with glaring eyes ;  
In terror gazed upon the flame,  
Then backward fled the way he came.

Each wond'ring savage saw with fear,  
The charger come like frightened deer;  
With weary gait and heavy tramp,  
The foaming steed dash through the camp  
And onward up the valley bear  
His queenly rider, brave and fair.  
Still on and on through pathless wood  
They swim the Gauley's swollen flood,  
And climb Mount Tompkin's lofty brow,  
More wild and rugged far, than now.  
Still onward held their weary flight  
Beyond the "Hawk's Nest's" giddy height;  
And often chased through lonely glen  
By savage beast or savage men—  
Thus, like some weary, hunted dove,  
The maiden sped through "Mountain Cove,"  
The torrent crossed without a bridge  
And scaled the heights of "Şewall Ridge,"  
And still the wild beleaguered road,  
With heavy tramp the charger trode,  
Nor paused amid his weary flight  
Throughout the long and dreary night,  
And, bravely rode the maiden, there  
Where few would venture, few would dare.  
Amid the cheering light of day  
To tread the wild, beleaguered way;  
And as the morning sunbeams fall  
O'er hill and dale and sylvan hall,  
Far in the distance, dim and blue,  
The friendly Fort† arose to view,  
Whose portals soon the maiden gains  
With slackened speed and lessened reins,

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†Lewisburg, Gauley Bridge, Va., Nov. 7, 1861. Time Poem was written.

†Lewisburg, Name of Fort in time of the Revolution, 1791.

And voice whose trembling accents tell  
Of journey ridden long and well.

The succor thus so nobly sought,  
To Charleston Fort was timely brought;  
While Justice on the scroll of fame,  
In letters bold, engraved her name.



# PANDORA'S BOX

A STORY OF HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY

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TO THE POETS' UNION

BETHEL, OHIO

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

---

The World shall build me a Monument when I have earned it.

“Be ashamed to die until some victory for humanity shall have crowned your efforts.”

HORACE MANN.

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This poem was first published in 1859 by Longley Bros.,  
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## PANDORA'S BOX.

A STORY OF HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

When our loved Cybele was young,  
Life's morning psalm had sweetly sung,  
She donned her lovely robes of green,  
And trimmed them o'er with silver sheen.  
Her toilet she arranged with care,  
A river here, an ocean there;  
The mountain rears its lofty head,  
To shade a valley's lovely bed.  
Rich mines of gold and diamonds shine,  
Amidst the flower, and shrub, and vine;  
Around her brow a tira shone  
Of dazzling glories all her own;  
That spread their beauties o'er each zone,  
Like golden hues of setting sun.

The Titan king with life had spread,  
The palmy grove and the ocean bed,  
From the sandy plains of the sun-scorched South,  
To the icy walls of the frozen North,  
Each field and flood was peopled o'er  
By the plastic hand of Titan power,  
From fairest birds of mildest beauty,  
To monsters dark, and grim, and sooty.  
Prometheus then his brother calls,  
And points him to the ocean halls,  
And earth's defiant, rock-ribbed walls;  
All teeming with created life,  
But mingling all in deadly strife.

Epimetheus first the silence broke,  
And thus to his brother Titan spoke:

“A monarch now must we create,  
All peerless in his high estate;  
That he may all dominion have,  
O'er the earth and the ocean wave.  
A kingly sceptre he shall bear,  
To rule the earth, to rule the air;  
That o'er the land and in the ocean,  
He may stay this wild commotion.”

Thus man was made, with glory crowned,  
The muses sang, and danced around;  
The fairies, circling round their flight,  
Wave their wings in wild delight.

With marble brow and flashing eye,  
And noble form that ne'er should die;  
Man stood amid creation vast—  
The noblest, proudest and the best.  
Prometheus gives the magic wand,  
And teaches him the stern command;  
Then speaking loud in thunder tones,  
He calls creation from the zones,  
And bids them for the time be still,  
To hear the pleasure of his will.  
But the mermaid laughed in the ocean halls,  
And the merman danced on the ocean walls,  
And the eagle screamed in his erie wild,  
At the puny power of the Titan child.  
The lion roared in his far off den,  
The tiger howled in his jungle glen;  
The mammoth marched through the lofty fern,  
And the serpent hissed his hate and scorn.  
The vulture screamed round her trembling prey,  
Fresh dangers gleamed and flashed along his way;

And man a crownless monarch stood.  
No power had he on field or flood.  
In vain each magic gift bestows,  
Already bears that gift his foes.  
Then to make amends, in reckless ire,  
Prometheus steals the sacred fire—  
And thus on man bestows the magic pow'r  
That makes him peerless monarch of the hour,  
And all created life, on sea or land,  
In terror flee, or bow at his command.

The God of day, through realms of light,  
Fast speeds him on his airy flight,  
The erring worlds he guides aright;  
And homeward drives the retreating night.  
Still on he soars through giddy height,  
The great twin brethren on his right,  
When lo, upon the immortal sight,  
Bursts forth a strange, unseemly light!  
Where the wind harp in the palm grove plays,  
Where floats on the zephyr its heav'n-born lays,  
'Mid the shadowy light of the orient haze,  
The brilliant fire of Jupiter plays!

Pausing in his aerial flight,  
Great Jove he calls from starry height,  
And points him to the stolen light.  
Dire was the wrath of heaven's king,  
As he dashed along the etherial ring;  
And reigning in his courser wild,  
Bends his dark brow on the Titan child.

Who art thou? The eternal monarch spoke;  
The words like hollow thunders broke;

And like an earthquake shook the ground,  
With the grim terror of their sound,  
That dares invade with impious hand,  
Heaven's own, most sacred land—  
And 'neath the shade of the imperial wand,  
Bear hence to earth the supernal brand;  
And in the hallowed shades of even,  
Steal the light, the life of heaven.

Still darker grew his vengeful mood,  
Calling to his aid the winged God,  
He bade him summon the ethereal host,  
Ere yet so great a power was lost.

With ready wing along the bending skies,  
In eager haste the sacred herald flies;  
'To each listening ear of the courtly train,  
Proclaims the heavenly fire on earthly plain,  
Each one to meet in council calls,  
Assembling all in Sylvan's halls.  
On Janus bends each anxious brow,  
Asking when the theft? and where? and how?  
And by what means an earthly power,  
Had, in some dark and evil hour,  
Borne away so rich a dower?

'Then 'rose heaven's Janitor, and this his tale:  
He'd watched the portals long and well;  
'Till late within the immortal ring,  
Prometheus came, the Titan king.  
And when his right to pass the gates,  
I boldly asked, and from the fates  
Some sign or symbol did demand;  
To prove his mission to our land:

His message then from Earth to Heaven,  
He said, was by Minerva given.  
And still I asked from whence he came,  
His dwelling place? his race? his name?  
From the Euphrates came, the home of Spring,  
Prometheus his name, a Titan king.  
He bore Minerva's laurel band:  
Her signet, and her magic wand;  
Thus clothed with power divine, immortal,  
He passed unscathed the heavenly portal.

Then Heimdall rose, and ere the silence broke,  
From his hoary locks the frost of ages shook;  
Brushed from his brow the eternal snow—  
That from his youth had gathered there till now,  
He'd come from distant worlds, from frozen lands,  
On Bifrost's colored bridge his tower stands;  
Whence gazing down from his ice-clad throne,  
On the lofty summit of the frozen zone;  
The Titan king with stealthy step he saw,  
The sacred fire from Apollo's chariot draw,  
And 'neath the broad ægis of Minerva's shield,  
Bear it down the bright Elysian field.

On wisdom's goddess now rests each anxious eye,  
Who 'rose like amber cloud o'er azure sky,  
And in a voice whose soft melodious tones  
Filled e'en the earth's remotest zones,  
Thus spake: As late my coursers sped their way,  
Along the golden realms of day;  
Adown the Euphrates' rolling tide,  
Fair Cybele on the lovely banks I spied.  
My counsel and my aid she sought,  
Heartless care upon her beauty sadly wrought;

Her waving tresses careless thrown,  
In wild disorder hanging down;  
Her bosom heaved one long drawn sigh,  
That seemed to rend the very sky;  
Trembling like the dread terrific throes,  
That coming earthquake only knows;  
The tears her lovely cheeks did drown,  
Whilst on her brow there grew a frown;  
Pale sorrow, too, had settled there,  
And hope had yielded to despair;  
In her weakness and her woe she sat,  
Like the darkening shadow of a coming fate.

Woe's me, she said, my kingdom's rife  
With dark rebellion and bloody strife;  
And when I bade my favorite son,  
Erect for me a monarch's throne,  
We found, alas! we had no crown.  
My wayward sons, in liberal mood,  
Have on each bird or beast bestowed,  
The last of all the gifts thou gave,  
For earth, and air, and ocean wave.  
Oh gentle Goddess! ere thou go—  
One blessing more on us bestow;  
One other gift! Oh Goddess one!  
A regal crown to deck our throne.

I called me then the Titan king,  
Gave him my seal and signet ring;  
Then bade him go to Jove's high throne,  
And bring down WISDOM for his crown.

Prometheus on his sacred errand hies,  
Hast'ning along the glory laden skies;

When o'er his pathway falls the brilliant light,  
Of Apollo's chariot in his diurnal flight—  
As in majestic grandeur the day-god rolls,  
In golden glory round the distant poles.  
Prometheus paused, and gazed spell-bound,  
On the brilliant lights that glow around ;  
Whilst o'er his soul there steals the mad desire,  
In wisdom's stead—to grasp the heavenly fire.

As night's grim monsters steal upon their prey,  
He thus approached the chariot of eternal day ;  
Like some lost vessels—sinking—lurch—  
He trembling lights the guilty torch ;  
Then downward sank in shame and woe ;  
No greater crime his soul could know,  
In the boundless depths of the world below.  
Murmurs of applause, not long nor loud,  
Were heard from each of the assembled crowd ;  
As the mailed Goddess her seat resumed—  
On laurel bough, or oak perfumed.  
But a storm was gathering midst the ring,  
To waste its fury on the Titan king.  
From the low couch on which he sat,  
With strange unequal strides, and halting gait,  
As the pale uncertain light that comes and goes ;  
With dark'ning brows, the lame Lemnian rose.  
And thus he spake, in tones as loud and deep,  
As the dread tornado's angry sweep :  
I remember well—and woe betide the day—  
When in my youth I dared to disobey.  
Once when heaven's queen, with many a jealous word,  
And bitter mood assailed her wayward lord,  
'Twas about the sweet nymph, Io of Inachise,  
When Argus lost his head, and hundred eyes ;

When the Thracian strait a Bosphorus became,  
And the Ionian sea first found a name.  
Long I've cursed my fate, and rued the day,  
I thoughtless mingled in that jealous fray.  
My sire his wayward mood denied,  
Then hastening to his queenly bride,  
I boldly whispered he had lied.  
He turned on me his piercing eyes,  
As the lightning rends the parting skies;  
He grasped me in his circling arms,  
As Neptune grasps the ocean storms,  
And like a trembling earthquake strode  
To the high walled battlements of our abode.  
Then, like a lost ship madly driven—  
Hurled me from the walls of Heaven;  
Or as some transient fleeting star  
Like lightning hurled in the distance far.  
'Twas early morn when I was thrown  
From the high-walled battlements, all alone;  
'Twas early morn, and all the live-long day,  
Like a lost meteor I darted on my way—  
From the early rising of the summer sun,  
'Till day's bright orb beneath the West had gone;  
Like a chariot wheel, still whirling on.  
Bright Phebeus sank 'neath occidental skies;  
From oriental hills I saw our loved Diana rise;  
But downward still with maddening speed I fell,  
'Till late I struck on Lemnos' lonely isle.  
Whilst there, with mangled limbs, I helpless lay,  
Beneath the heated sunlight's scorching ray,  
The mountain vulture came to claim his prey.  
With his talons fastened on the craggy rock,  
With pinions spread and parting beak,  
Like heartless fiend my flesh did gnaw and tear,  
Whilst on the cold rock helpless pinioned there,



Take this earth-born giant of a rebel race,  
On Caucasus' frozen mountain place;  
And for a thousand years fast pinioned there,  
His vitals let the mountain vulture tear.

Well and nobly said! they all agree,  
That this the Titan's fate shall be;  
Great Thor with hammer, and Loki with thong,  
With fetters forged by Vulcan strong—  
Prometheus on the barren rock they chain,  
To writhe in helpless rage and pain.

Next the council sat in grave debate,  
On man's deep sin, and what should be his fate,  
'Till all the heavenly host, with one accord,  
Unite in framing his reward.

An angel form with sweetest face,  
With mildest beauty, softest grace;  
Where all the winning airs of Heaven,  
Were mingled like the shades of even.  
Or the rainbow's wild enchanting hue,  
Where each blending shade in deeper beauty grew,  
Each melting color changed to brighter light,  
Bursts with lovely splendor on the enraptured sight.  
Or like the mellow tints that deck the setting sun—  
Earth, air, and heaven, all mingled into one,  
With all the virtues rare, and graces, too—  
That Earth or Heaven ever knew.  
Thus beautiful and fair PANDORA stood,  
Amid the sacred groves of Eden's palmy wood;  
As by her side the winged god her dower bore,  
Along the winding river's lonely shore.

A sealed box, in which all the heavenly train,  
Had placed some good, or ill, some joy, or pain.

As man pursues his lonely round,  
Through Eden's solitary ground;  
Pausing 'mid the sacred bowers,  
To while away the lonesome hours,  
Gath'ring flowers of fragrance rare—  
That grew in lovely clusters there;  
And list'ning to the floating strains,  
Of the æolian harp across the plains,  
As sweet its notes on the list'ning soul,  
In mellow grandeur softly roll,  
With wild birds' warble mingling there,  
With music fills the enchanted air.  
When lo! there comes a sweeter sound—  
Than e'er was heard on Eden's ground.  
He lists no more to the wind harp's note,  
Or music poured from feathered throat,  
But guided by a sweeter song—  
Than e'er was heard those groves among,  
To the river's lonely banks he flies,  
His soul to feast—and feast his eyes,  
To gaze on beauty, brighter far,  
Than the azure glow of an evening star.  
Before his startled gaze Pandora stood,  
Lovelier than fawn or nymph that grace the wood,  
Lovelier than the rainbow's gaudy hue,  
Or Heaven's own bright sparkling dew.  
Man thus enchained in wonder stood,  
Were this mortal, or a genius of the wood?  
When the winged messenger the silence broke,  
And thus to the wondering mortal spoke.

This fairy form from heaven came,  
To warm the earth with genial flame;  
In solitude no more repine—  
This last, best, gift of heaven is thine.  
Yet with her too this sealed box came,  
It has no value marked nor e'en a name;  
I only know that in the self-same hour,  
To earth Pandora came, came this her dower.  
And whether blessed with weal, or woe,  
This dower must with her forever go:—  
Dost thou accept the gift, and take the dower  
Then both are thine, from this remember'd hour.  
The lovely prize Prometheus scanned,  
He fain would grasp Pandora's hand,  
But then he knew his reckless crime  
Would punished be in coming time.  
For well he knew that vengeance dire,  
Would follow fast the stolen fire;—  
The strange box filled his soul with fear,  
Lest justice should be hidden there.  
This box, he mused, from heaven came,  
No value marked, nor yet a name;  
Of Jupiter and his gifts beware;  
This favor hides some deadly snare.  
We cannot see, but well we know,  
That gift contains some deadly foe.  
Back with thy gift! we know too well,  
That box some hidden tale could tell;  
But Epimetheus wildly prayed,  
To take the box and take the maid;  
With feelings like a cauldron boiling,  
Where love, and fear, and dread, are toiling,  
Hedless he grasps the offered prize;  
The fairest orb of mortal skies.

His life, his soul, his hope of heaven,  
 Had they been asked he'd freely given,  
 To know no power again should sever,  
 That Pandora should be his forever.  
 But that strange box, so strangely given,  
 And bound with many a seal from heaven,  
 With reckless hand he rudely breaks in twain:  
 When lo! what ills come forth, and still remain,  
 To haunt each weary step with toil and pain.

With horrid mien, and hideous form,  
 DISEASE came forth like a blighting storm;  
 To scourge with fever the rolling main,  
 Or plague spot desolate the plain.  
 It blighting falls like poisoned rains,  
 And fills the world with aches and pains.  
 Youth and beauty at once destroys,  
 Marring all earthly hopes and joys;  
 And with its pestilential breath,  
 Filled Eden's groves with sin and death.

In sullen mood came wild DESPAIR,  
 Like a lion crouching in his lair;  
 When driven to his sheltered walls,  
 As an avenging bolt he falls  
 Upon his foes with reckless bound;  
 And only lives to slay or wound.  
 'Tis thus—in many a battle bravely fought,  
 In bold encounters nobly wrought,  
 The soul some poisoned shaft receives,  
 And yet the dying victim lives,  
 Though courting death and all his train,  
 The writhing victim woos in vain;

Whilst life slowly ebbing there,  
Frets away in dark despair.

Next, fell REVENGE with dark desire,  
Through Eden swept his blasting fire;  
And in his wild and savage mood,  
Drenched the infant earth with blood.  
Spread o'er the land a deeper woe—  
Then else the world could ever know.  
With reckless hand his bolts were hurled,  
With mad'ning fury through the world;  
Crushing alike both friend and foe—  
Planting a harvest of coming woe,  
Through field, and grove, and stately hall,  
Life's brimming cup is filled with gall.

Then ENVY, who in vain had striven,  
For merit such as leads to heaven,  
Now sought to rise in strength and power  
By pulling down his neighbor's tower;  
By tearing down his fellow's fame,  
Seeks to build himself a name.  
And having no virtue of his own,  
Boldly asserts that virtue's gone;  
Affects in every brother's face,  
The lines of sin and shame to trace,  
And boldly cries that honor's flown,  
For well he knows himself had none.  
With serpent fangs he strikes the foe,  
In stealthy way that cowards know.  
With heartless frown, and whisp'ring low,  
He strikes an angel down with subtle blow.  
His victim leaves to die, a living death—  
From the with'ring curse of his upas breath.

Then from retribution's rod he skulks away,  
Like prowling beast before the break of day.

Next deadly HATE like angry skies,  
With gnashing teeth, and flashing eyes,  
And hissing voice, whose horrid tones,  
Froze the warm blood in its veins:  
Grasps our promised cup of joy,  
And fills it full of pain and woe.  
With fell intent and reckless hand,  
He madly wields the gory brand;  
Or like the dread tornado's wrath,  
Marking desolation's path.  
And quick consumed each fond desire,  
With poisoned rage and quenchless fire;  
That burned the tables of the soul,  
Into a useless ashen scroll.

Then FAMINE, gaunt and hungry came forth,  
Like a biting blast from the frozen north;  
Fair Ceres flies to her home in the west,  
And Cybele trembles with a vague unrest.  
It dwells with Loki Laffey's Son,  
Its home is up in the frozen zone.  
Its eyes are all cold, its heart is lead,  
It laughs at the widow's cry for bread,  
And wildly shouts in fiendish glee,  
At the orphan's wail of misery.  
It comes with breath of hunger and pain,  
Strewing with death the mountain and plain;  
The Sirocco it breathes o'er the burning sand,  
And withers the palm like a burning brand;  
Destruction leaps from its shadowy wand,  
Dark pestilence stalks abroad in the land:

Strewing the sandy plain with death,  
By the scorching rays of its Simoon breath;  
Then o'er the ice-clad field of polar lands,  
Girds on its lifeless frosty bands.  
With sharpened teeth, and lengthened claws,  
Each scanty root and herb it gnaws.  
It spares not leaf, or fruit, or balm,  
From the orange groves, to the groves of palm:  
But devouring all in hunger raw,  
Like fields of ice by the melting thaw;  
With bony jaws and shadowy form,  
As the phantom grim that leads the storm;  
Destroying all with poison breath,  
Sharp'ning and grinding the darts of death;  
Widely strewing the world with ills,  
From his home on the frost-clad Scythian hills.

Then JEALOUSY with scorpion sting,  
Crept forth a nameless, shapeless thing.  
And yet, it had a thousand forms,  
In which it wrought a thousand harms;  
Ten thousand names descriptive had,  
But every epithet was bad;  
And colors more than the rainbow's hue,  
But not one varying color true.  
Of all the tongues that e'er were spoken,  
Or nondescript of all tongues broken;  
No one sentence e'er was found,  
Half its vileness to propound.  
The Lexicon hath strove in vain,  
To give this green-eyed thing a name.  
In vain, in vain, 'twas all in vain,  
That Cadmus racked his fertile brain,

Some sign or symbol to create  
That would describe its mean estate.  
It wears the sybil's form, the basilisk's face,  
The monarch of the vampire race—  
Its aids-de-camp are sorrow and care,  
Its battlefield is everywhere.  
'Twas Argus eyed, and Janus faced,  
Of all things living most debased.  
The weird, and gaunt, and sooty gnome,  
Slow crept within its horrid home;  
And like Cerberus howled and wrangled,  
O'er the heart its fangs had mangled.  
Its eyes of green with venom glowing,  
And all its soul with hate o'erflowing;  
Yet like Ermone gnaws and gnaws forever—  
Though every muscle writhe and groan and quiver.  
Or like the vulture tearing out life's fountain,  
Ever gnawing on the old Caucassian mountain.  
Next FEAR and TERROR joined the flying throng,  
And pale MELANCHOLY drooped along;  
Thus from the dread box one by one,  
Each woe or ill of life had flown,  
Each agony or thrilling pain,  
That racks the body or the brain.  
Full many an ill and many a wrong,  
Crept forth to swell the rabble throng,  
Where every shade and every hue,  
Gave color to the motley crew.  
They came by troops or single one,  
Until at length they ceased to come.

Then the wondering eyes behold,  
Another train of brighter mold;



Like mountain shepherd's snow white flocks,  
Come forth from out the immortal Box.  
First HOPE, an eternal beaming star,  
Came forth like chieftain home from war,  
And proudly led a lordly train,  
In dazzling glory o'er the plain—  
As stars that deck the ether main.

Fair BEAUTY comes on azure wings,  
And o'er the soul her shadow flings;  
With every soft enchanting hue—  
That thought or wish or fancy knew;  
With all the softened grace of woodland fawn,  
Of flying bird, or bending bough, or floating swan,  
With all the brilliant hues of mellow skies,  
Where Autumn's sun in golden glory lies.  
Then like the Ark's lone trusting dove,  
With heavenly song came gentle LOVE,  
To soothe the soul with sweetest charm,  
An antidote 'gainst many a harm.  
With garlands rare of beauty and truth,  
Love crowns the smiling brow of youth,  
And o'er age a silver mantle throws—  
Pure as Heaven's own crystal snows.  
Oh gentle Love! thy magic power,  
Doth of the thorns that fret each hour,  
Weave us a bright Elysian bower.

Next MIRTHFULNESS with laughter wild,  
As any artless, sinless child—  
Leapt o'er the plain in merry gambols,  
Or roamed the woods in gleesome rambles,  
And long was heard her loud laugh ringing,  
In merry peals like wild birds singing;

'Till echo through the forest rung,  
In sweeter notes the merry song.  
Last, Joy leapt forth with grace as rare,  
As any nymph that lingered there,  
Or spirit of the mountain air.  
With music's soft melodious strain,  
Each care was drowned and soothed each pain;  
To make the bounding heart forget,  
The ill its rugged path beset.  
The world grows smooth and heavenly bright,  
In the softened shades of the mellow light;  
And happiness without alloy,  
Floats on the golden wings of joy.

















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