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253 BROADWAY

*Julia Mildred Harris*

WILD

Shrubs of Alabama ;

OR,

RHAPSODIES OF RESTLESS HOURS.

BY

THE MINSTREL MAIDEN OF MOBILE.

*Elizabeth M. ...*

NEW YORK :

C. B. NORTON, IRVING HOUSE.

MOBILE :

CARVER & RYLAND.

1852.

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DENDY

TO

A. B. MEEK, Esq.,  
OF MOBILE,

WHOSE EYE FIRST NOTICED, AND WHOSE FRIENDSHIP FIRST  
APPRECIATED THESE WILD SHRUBS OF ALABAMA,

**THIS VOLUME,**

WITH HIGH ADMIRATION AND REGARD,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



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## P R E F A C E .



THE author of the present volume, in committing these effusions to the press, offers no affected apology for their appearance. At the request of friends who have desired to possess some of these fugitive productions, in a more accessible and agreeable form than the columns of a newspaper or the manuscript, they have been collected, and have taken their present form, not without many fears upon the part of the author. I have never trod the proud halls of lore. It has not been my favored fortune to enjoy the elegant advantages of cultivated and polite literature. Nature is my school, and Nature is my teacher. It was in taming her birds, chasing her butterflies, gathering her flowers, and listening to her waterfalls, that I first learned to sing in trembling and uncertain numbers the thoughts and emotions that woke in my spirit and sought for utterance. For their monotony and similarity, I can only plead my youth and monotony of life.

To the world at large, it is not presumed that they will be deemed worthy of cordial acceptance; but it is fondly hoped they will not be slighted by those whose sympathies they solicit, and to whom many of them have been addressed. Should they attract the notice of critical readers, I can but hope they will throw their shaft obliquely.

A likeness, from a daguerreotype by C. Barnes, Esq., of Mobile, is inserted out of deference to the desire of those friends who have encouraged me to make this publication, which would have been delayed had the author felt at liberty to disregard the indulgent friendship which prompted their request.

J. M. H.



# P O E M S .

---

## A S O L I L O Q U Y .

WITHIN my soul there is a dream sublime,  
An embryo vision which may ne'er be born ;  
Wild as the ocean in its tempest-time,  
Sweet as the blooming drapery of morn,  
And beauteous as this soft, southern-clime,  
When laughing April blushes sunny scorn ;  
Or the rude winter, when the mock-birds chime,  
Flowers o'er the heart, like love's impromptu rhyme.

My soul is strong, I feel its sweeping powers ;  
It rushes on its boundaries between,  
And scatters 'round it thin and misty showers ;  
These are the thoughts which blind ones would have seen,  
The foliage-buds, which come before the flowers,  
But not the fruit, the germ as yet is green.

If Heaven spare me, I will soon unsheathe

    This rainbow scenery, flashing through my soul ;  
Free as an eagle o'er the world I'll breathe—

    Free of the future's, present's, past's control,  
I'll leap to fame and proudly, nobly wreath

    A name of stars 'round her immortal scroll.

THE HERMIT AND ORPHAN.

SEE'ST thou yon violet valley,  
    Circled in with lemon bowers,  
Where the lover-breezes dally  
    With the blushing maiden-flowers ?

There a sunny river splashes  
    Onward to its ocean home ;  
Through its mist the hum-bird flashes,  
    Like a fay through rosy foam.

Dwelleth there a hermit olden,  
    And of age his form is thin ;  
But his spirit, virtue-golden,  
    Never cankereth with a sin.

There he roveeth, blest and lonely,  
    By temptation undefiled ;  
With an orphan daughter only,  
    Beauteous, and young, and wild.

And her golden hair reposes  
On her pale and pearly shoulders,  
Like soft shadows on white roses,  
When the stars are pure beholders.

Oh, she is as sweet and holy  
As some heart-remembered tune ;  
Fair as lilies in the moonlight,  
Pure as vapors round the moon.

And she dreameth by the fountains,  
And she danceth through the dells,  
And she sporteth round the mountains,  
Chasing butterflies with shells.

And she readeth old romances  
In the breezy even-time,  
'Till her spirit, winged with fancies,  
Floateth in a crystal clime.

Oh, she is a lovely creature,  
Shadowed never by a guile ;  
Beauty blooming in each feature,  
Virtue blushing in each smile.

And she loves that hermit olden,  
All his words are stars to her ;

For he is her idol golden,  
She, his snowy worshipper !

She is a soft zephyr, winging  
Odor to the brow of care ;  
She is a sweet angel, singing  
Hopeful music to despair.

When his moments linger slowly,  
Her young presence gives them wing ;  
He to her is Sabbath holy,  
She to him is laughing spring.

There they rove 'mid nature's glories,  
Where no art inflicteth scars ;  
There sweet angels sing them stories—  
Holy stories of the stars.

And they love the book of Jesus,  
It enbalmeth life with love ;  
And they know the God who sees us,  
Hath a home for them alone.

Oh, I love that hermit olden,  
And I love that starry girl !  
They to me are memories golden,  
Rainbow memories set in pearl.

PALE FACE SOLDIER AND INDIAN QUEEN.

S O L D I E R .

FROM the shadows of these mountains,  
From the vapors of these fountains,  
From this snow,  
Come with me, dark Oneo !  
Fruitless every flowery endeavor ;  
For the Indian answered ever,  
Pale face ! No !

Q U E E N .

Here the founts baptize the meadow,  
Here the warrior seeks the shadow,  
With his bow,  
Stay thou with dark Oneo !  
Fruitless every flowery endeavor ;  
For the Pale Face answered ever,  
Indian ! No !

## SOLDIER.

To Arabia's rosy bowers,  
 Where bright feathers float in showers,  
     Light as snow,  
     Come with me, dark Oneo!  
 Fruitless every flowery endeavor;  
 For the Indian answered ever,  
     Pale Face! No!

## QUEEN.

Here magnolias tower regal,  
 Here the hunter tames the eagle  
     And the roe,  
     Stay thou with dark Oneo!  
 Fruitless every flowery endeavor;  
 For the Pale Face answered ever,  
     Indian! No!

And they parted on the morrow,  
 Silent with a sullen sorrow,  
     Parted slow,  
     Sighing heavily and low:  
 Faithless every flowery endeavor;  
 For young Cupid answered ever,  
     Hymen! No!

T O A F A I R Y .

WEE, wee fairy !  
Sing thy lonely life to me !  
Dost thou feast on odor airy ?  
Is thy couch a tiny, starry  
Shell which floateth through the sea ?  
Wee, wee fairy !  
Breezy fairy !  
Sing thy lonely life to me !

In the ocean dost thou slumber  
Where the coral bowers be ?  
Does thy wand the wavelets number ?  
Does thy breathing thrill the sea ?  
Do the sea nymphs' breezy winglets  
Wave thy tiny sparkling ringlets ?  
Bathest thou in rosy fountains,  
Laughing out from crystal mountains,  
In the sea ?



Wee, wee fairy, in drapery curly,  
Dancing over pebbles pearly,  
Singing music in the sea!  
Sit here where the flowers are starry,  
Where the leaflets flutter airy,  
Where the star-beams braided be!  
    Sparkling fairy!  
Dance an hour or two for me!  
    Happy fairy!  
    Merry fairy!  
Sing me something of the sea!

L A U R A .

INSCRIBED TO GENERAL M. B. LAMAR, WHO CALLED "LAURA"  
HIS "LITTLE FLOWER."

OH, soft is the beauty of Laura,  
As a sorrowful dream of the sea ;  
Like a spirit veiled with moonlight,  
Is this ethereal Laura to me !  
This angelical Laura,  
This heavenly Laura,  
This lovable Laura to me.

Her eyes are dark, magical mirrors,  
O'ershadowed with angels and doves,  
Which wail and weep over the errors  
Of all her young innocence loves ;  
Of all her young innocence freshens  
With a witchery ever new ;  
Of all her wild innocence freshens  
With invisible breezes and dew !  
This fairy-like Laura,  
This seraph-like Laura,  
This Laura the star-spirits woo.

Like a tendril of trembling music,  
Her memory claspeth my heart,  
With a sweet, mysterious magic  
Ever quivering around my heart ;  
With a chaste, mysterious magic  
Which sanctifies my heart ;  
With the love of a spirit I love her,  
With a love that is deep as the sea ;  
For the worshipping angels above her  
Have sent this sweet Idol to me.  
This lily-like Idol,  
This spiritual Idol,  
This hope-bearing Idol to me !  
To woo me away,  
To charm me away,  
From the wailing willows,  
And the sobbing billows,  
Of memory's tragical sea.

## THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

Oh, send me away to the forest recesses,  
Where the wild mountain breezes sweet melodies sing,  
Where the grey speckled moss sweeps its willowy tresses,  
And where the cool wavelets gush out from the spring.

I love not the noise and the crowd of the city ;  
I love the sweet shade of the old forest tree,  
Where the nightingale chanteth a sorrowful ditty,  
As though she was singing her sorrows to me.

Oh, when in the silence of slumber reposing,  
When my eyes with my memory no longer are wet,  
A hundred soft visions, with music disclosing,  
Steal over my spirit and soothe its regret.

I roam the broad forest all gorgeously yellow,  
I list the light leap of the beautiful doe,  
And feast on the berries, delicious and mellow,  
And quaff from the waters which silver-like flow.

I roam by the side of the one who doth love me,  
And gather wild flowers to strew at her feet,  
And pray to the clouds and the stars far above me,  
Beyond whose blue pathways our forefathers meet.

I list the wild wind rushing loud o'er the river,  
And shout to the storm from my rocking canoe ;  
Oh, these are the dreams of my spirit forever,  
The dreams that were never o'ershadéd by you.

But mockery all is this shadow blessing,  
This seeming relief from my foes and my chains ;  
With despair I awake from love's gentle caressing,  
To feel the rude fetters weigh cold on my veins.

Oh, why have ye captured, and why have ye bound me,  
When my heart with the beauty of nature kept chime ?  
When my spirit stood forth like the mountains around me,  
And breathed with the forest its music sublime ?

DO YOU MIND WHEN LAST WE PARTED ?

Do you mind when last we parted ?  
    'Twas at night,  
When our shadows softly started  
    In the light ;  
The faint wavering candle light ?

Do you mind the night was chilling,  
    And the rain,  
Like a mind half not, half willing,  
    Ceased and fell again ;  
In quick showers fell again ?

While a sad foreboding feeling  
    Darkly stole,  
Like a shadow o'er the ceiling  
    Of each soul ;  
Each calm and melancholy soul.

Do you mind the books I read you,  
    And how long ;  
How you said my voice had wed you  
    Unto song ;  
Soft, sweet, memory-breathing-song ?

Do you mind that lonely even,  
    Lone and last,  
When our thoughts were sadly given  
    To the past ;  
The remorseful, hopeless past ?

Thou, those farewell moments many  
    Dost recall ?  
Or hast thou forgotten any,  
    Or them all ;  
Happily forgotten all ?

In thy heart is there no stinging,  
    Faithful bee ?  
Is not memory sometimes singing  
    Songs of me ;  
Low, sad, wailing songs of me ?

Is each word which then was spoken  
    Not a knell  
Of the heart so rudely broken  
    By "farewell ;"  
That life-ebbing word "farewell."



## I LOVE THE BALMY SUMMER NIGHT.

I LOVE the balmy summer night,  
With all its stars and streams,  
Its music and its mellow light,  
Its magic and its dreams.

When o'er the waveless sea above  
The starry vessels roll,  
As though their only port was love,  
Their only freight was soul ;

When, from the ruins of the heart,  
A thousand vapors rise,  
And memory's phantoms meet and part,  
Like shadows on the skies ;

When love, too wary to her trust,  
Awakes our weary cares,  
Sweeps from the heart oblivion's dust,  
And fills the eye with tears.

Again we hear our aged sire,  
In reverential tone,  
Pray to his God for more desire  
To love that God alone !

We see our pious mother kneel,  
With sweet ones by her side,  
And hear their lisping vespers steal  
Forth on the even-tide ;

Then with a weary, world-worn breast,  
We sigh o'er years of care,  
And yearn for childhood's morning rest,  
When grief was but a tear.

TO THE OCEAN.

BOUNDING Ocean! sounding Ocean!

To my being thou art dear;  
For in childhood thy emotion  
Sighed strange music in my ear.  
Thou didst chill me—  
Thou didst thrill me—  
With a wild, mysterious fear;  
And 'tis thee my restless spirit  
Moaneth evermore to hear.

Where the dark magnolia gloometh,  
Where the vapor haunts the air,  
Where the midnight billow boometh,  
Like an outburst of despair;  
There I wandered—  
There I pondered—  
There I scattered down my hair,  
Shuddering at the fearful phantoms  
That my soul created there.

Oh, I love thee, lonely Ocean !  
Memory there shall still abide ;  
For my heart with strange devotion  
Learned a music from thy tide ;  
With thy willows—  
With thy billows—  
Every pulse within me sighed,  
And to all thy dark romances  
My wild, dreamful heart replied.

There I dreamed of childhood's summers,  
There my spirit's wing grew strong,  
As thy waves' eternal drummers,  
Throbb'd thy shelly shores along ;  
There my startled spirit glancéd—  
Through the visions which entrancéd—  
There my soul flashed out in song !

THE RIPER YEARS OF LIFE ARE THINE.

THE riper years of life are thine ;  
And there is magic in thy heart,  
Which answers music unto mine,  
And sings the chorus part.

This fascination makes me weak,  
This sympathy unnerves my strength ;  
For, if the prelude I but speak,  
Thou knowest all the length.

Gone is thy spirit's happy gift,  
A love which sanctifies the earth,  
And whose white, dewy pinions lift  
The mortal to the immortal birth.

Thus, in my spirit shall I love ;  
And oh ! can I be much astray,  
When thou art something from above,  
And every other is but clay ?

No! angels would not say it was wrong,  
So beauty-sainted is its shrine ;  
And all my thoughts of thee are song ;  
Song, star-inspired and divine.

Earth did not will that we should wed ;  
But Heaven willed that we should meet,  
And love, as memory loves her dead,  
With sorrow spiritual and sweet.

E L L A D E E .

LAY her where the wood-bine clingeth  
To the old magnolia tree,  
Where the breeze low music bringeth.  
From the bosom of the sea ;  
With a sorrowful devotion,  
Lay her where sweet violets be,  
Where the leaves keep gentle motion  
To the breathing of the sea ;  
There, there lay her,  
There, there leave her !  
Our fair Ella !  
Our young Ella !  
Our lost Ella !  
Ella Dee !

Ever blooming as the summer,  
Ever humming as the bee !  
We believed her some bright comer  
From the land where souls are free.

Oh, she was so sweet and holy,  
Angel ne'er could lovelier be ;  
And she left us bright and slowly,  
As the sunset leaves the sea ;  
And we've lost her,  
Ever lost her,  
Our sweet Ella !  
Our bright Ella !  
Our young Ella !  
Ella Dee !

Lay her where the long grass sweepeth  
On the bark of many a tree,  
Where the lonely willow weepeth  
Like a mourner by the sea ;  
She was lovely, she was gentle,  
As all gifted spirits be ;  
Folded in a linen mantle,  
Slumbering near the sighing sea,  
We have left her,  
Ever left her,  
Our fair Ella,  
Our young Ella !  
Our lost Ella !  
Ella Dee !



O K O D E E ' S   D A U G H T E R .

WHERE the butter-flies are flitting,  
Where the forest lilies gleam,  
An Indian-girl is sitting  
Like memory in a dream.

A gloomy river roameth  
The shadowy retreat,  
And the chill surf slowly foameth  
Across her dusky feet.

In bright and breezy flashes  
Soft winglets wave the air ;  
But her tear-distilling lashes  
Are folded in despair.

The sunset rays are slanting  
Her sable locks apart ;  
While she hums in mournful chanting  
The sorrow at her heart.

She's Okodee's daughter—  
Okodee, great and old—  
But he sleepeth in the water,  
Which the mountain maketh cold.

With *him* she hunted only,  
In the dewy dells at dawn,  
And now she rambleth lonely,  
Like a fear-bewildered fawn.

The forest bride is glancing  
At her shadow in the spring,  
And the warrior is dancing  
Where the dark-browed chieftains sing.

But while they wildly wander,  
By bloom and beauty wooed;  
Namouna loves to ponder,  
And read the solitude.

When the darkened valley ringeth,  
With the night-bird's boding song;  
Still she sitteth there and singeth,  
Where Okodee sleepeth long.

The lonely silence teemeth  
    With the thoughts of buried love,  
And her weary spirit dreameth  
    Of the hunting grounds above.

MARY IS NOT HERE.

TO FANNIE.

THE summer's light is on the flowers,  
Its warmth is on the sky ;  
The fountain flingeth sunny showers,  
And birds are warbling nigh ;  
The breeze is roving through the dell,  
Its song no more is dear,  
It soundeth only like "Farewell,"  
Since Mary is not here !

I care not now to chase the fawn,  
Not now to tame the bird,  
Since she our loveliest is gone,  
Since she no more is heard ;  
There's nought but sorrow in each face,  
E'en pleasure brings a tear ;  
Each scene is now a lonely place,  
Since Mary is not here !

We marked the paleness of her cheek,  
The shadow in her eye ;  
And often when she tried to speak,  
She only heaved a sigh ;  
And though our hearts to her were love,  
And though she held us dear,  
The angels wanted her above—  
And Mary—is not here !

We wrapped the shroud around her breast,  
We took one curl away,  
And laid her graceful form to rest,  
Where southern breezes play ;  
The willow weepeth o'er her bed,  
The ocean moaneth near—  
Oh, every joy to us is dead,  
Since Mary is not here !

TO JEANETTE.

THOU art young and gay, Jeanette!

Young and gay!

And thine eyes are never wet,

For thou nightly dost forget

Every sorrow with the day;

Memory hath not robed thee yet,

In a gown which flows away

To the past, and catcheth there,

On the nightshades of despair,

Which with envious briars tear,

As if jealous of their prey:

Thou art young and gay, Jeanette!

Young and gay!

Thou art young and blest, Jeanette!

Young and blest!

Oh, I beg thee, never let

Thistles flourish in thy heart;

For their fruit will be regret,  
And despair their reaper guest ;  
E'er be simple as thou art,  
And when death is in thy heart,  
Happily wilt thou depart,  
Welcome pilgrim to the blest ;  
Yes ! from weary earth depart,  
    To the blest !

O U R W I L L I E .

WHERE droopeth the lilly,  
Where waveth the rose,  
We have left our Willie  
In lonely repose.

Ere sorrow had tainted  
Its innocent love,  
His spirit was sainted  
By seraphs above.

He was fair as the flowing  
Of foam on the sea,  
When the moonbeams are throwing  
Soft beams o'er each tree.

With hands too unwilling,  
We folded his shroud,  
While our tears were distilling  
Like dew from a cloud.



Death cometh to sever  
Our dearest away,  
To take them forever,  
To glory's bright day.

T O L I Z Z I E .

BRIGHT as a song-bird on a Sabbath morn,  
    Warbling sweet sonnets from some blooming tree ;  
Soft as a vision of the moonlight born,  
    Wild as a spirit roving by the sea,  
Should be the music that I sing to thee.

The lovely language of the pleading eyes,  
    Pure as the moon-rise on a southern sea,  
Seems melted music flowing from dark skies,  
    And ever softest when it flows for me ;  
Oh, I would smile thus eloquent on thee !

May thy young hopes still warm in fancy's sun,  
    And weave their nests in future's flowery eaves ;  
Oh, mayest thou be, sweet spirit-looking one,  
    A snowy thought on heaven's record leaves ;  
One of the angel reapers' chosen sheaves.

I HAVE LOVED THEE AS I NEVER.

A S O N G .

I HAVE loved thee, as I never  
Loved a mortal heretofore !  
And each moment I endeavor  
To forget—but love thee more.

When the heart its worship giveth  
Where it meets no love again,  
A dark death within it liveth,  
Which but poisons every vein.

And thy glances are as chilling  
Showers of ice on southern air,  
When the summer is distilling  
Balm and music every where.

Thou hast changed affection's honey  
Into sorrow's gall and brine :

Yet my soul would still be sunny,  
Caught it not a gloom from thine !

Fare thee well ! but oh, remember,  
When the spring-time lights thy way,  
Thou dost make my life December,  
While it should be sunny May !

Should my spirit flee before  
To the angels' world above,  
Sainted still 'twill hover o'er thee,  
And encircle thee with love.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

WHEN I'm dying kneel beside me ;  
And 'twill soften thy regret,  
That the stern no longer chide me,  
That the loved no more forget !

Let thy hands be those to shroud me ;  
Like an angel linger near ;  
Let no strangers rudely crowd me,  
Gazing coldly on my bier.

When the song-birds are retiring  
Through the heaven-hallowed air,  
When devotion is inspiring  
Souls with praise and hearts with prayer ;

When the setting sun is flinging,  
Rosy robes o'er wood and wave,  
With a sweet and sighing singing,  
Leave me in a lonely grave !

T O W E E T A .

OH, when I look upon those eyes,  
Each is so like a laughing gem,  
I almost fancy paradise  
Has showered all its light on them.

And the sweet spirit gushing thence,  
When e'er they wildly glance above,  
Is like a ray of hope intense,  
Just softened by a shade of love.

The fond expression of those lips,  
As pure as any pearly shell,  
Seem hope in memory's eclipse,  
Seem formed for sighing, "love, farewell!"

Sweet Weeta! I had never thought  
Such loveliness on earth could be ;

Of all my spirit ever wrought,  
It never wrought a charm like thee!

Souls of such witchery and worth  
Are never long to nature given ;  
'Twill recompense the woes of earth  
To think we'll dwell with such in heaven !

T O A Y O U N G F R I E N D .

LIST thou not to hope's soft flattering,  
    Heed thou not his honied lay ;  
LIST thou rather to the clattering  
    Of the storm on winter day.

Sigh thou not for wealth and beauty—  
    In their steps despair hath trod ;  
LET thy heart feel charms in duty,  
    Let thy soul feel rich in God.

Mock thou not at those who sorrow,  
    Thou mayest be bereft as they !  
THERE may come a storm to-morrow,  
    Though there be no cloud to-day !

Deem thou not the future golden—  
    It is golden but to youth !



Meditate the past and olden,  
They will arm thy soul with truth.

I would never see thee tearful,  
I would never hear thee sigh!  
But when thou art over-cheerful,  
Pause and think "I soon must die."

Tread thou well with prayer and study,  
Virtue's pure and fruitful road,  
'Till thy spirit ripeneth ready  
For the harvest morn of God.

I FROM ALL ON EARTH WOULD SEVER.

I FROM all on earth would sever,  
And, a phantom of despair,  
Shriek upon the seas for ever,  
Heralding the tempest there.

I have thoughts that will not falter,  
They o'er leap their prison bars,  
For my spirit is an altar  
Burning incense to the stars.

And though fate exhaust her quivers,  
Though my soul be wrecked in youth,  
It will dash its thundering rivers  
Down the precipice of truth.

When will this wild dream be ended?  
When this tragedy be done?  
Not till I from earth have wended  
Like a shadow from the sun.

A LITTLE SONG.

TO ONE WHOSE WITCHERY IS A SWEET SNARE.

LIKE the sunshine in the winter,  
When it playeth on the trees ;  
Or a rose bush of the summer,  
Breathing odor to the breeze ;

Or a sound of distant music,  
Melting softly o'er the sea ;  
Is the magic-breathing memory  
That inspires me with thee !

In my heart a flower bloometh,  
E'er the same in cloud or sun ;  
And as faithfully perfumeth  
Every breeze it sports upon.

Yes ! it blossometh each hour,  
Fair and fragrant as can be ;  
And that bloom is friendship's flower,  
And it blossometh for thee !

## H E S L E E P S .

He sleeps where the mocking-birds swooping,  
Chant requiems over his head ;  
Where the flowers above him are looping,  
As though they were lovingly wed.

Where the river's low music is lading  
The breeze, as it sports o'er his bed,  
And so solemn its soft serenading,  
It seemeth a voice of the dead.

He sleeps where the rich south is glowing,  
Where the sun ripeneth hearts into love ;  
For its beams are so bright, they seem flowing  
From the eyes of the angels above.

He sleeps where the white balmy myrtle  
Thrills soft in the rose-scented breeze ;  
Where the coo of the sorrowful turtle  
Sighs out from the magnolia trees.

He sleeps where the white clouds assembling,  
Seem holding sweet concerts above ;  
Where the breeze is so soft and so trembling,  
That the atmosphere seemeth in love !

He sleeps where the sweet south is blooming,  
Where the blossoms by light wings are pressed ;  
Oh, this is the land for entombing  
The gifted and lovely to rest.

He lives where the angels keep bringing  
The young and the best from this sod ;  
And his spirit is blissfully singing  
As it roveeth the Eden of God.

A VOICE FROM THE WILDS OF ALABAMA.

TO JENNY LIND.

FROM the wild, dreamy strand  
Of this sun-tinted South,  
    Washed by the sea,  
    The Mexican sea,  
Where melody flows  
From the mocking bird's mouth,  
    Sing I to thee!

Here the bright wavelets beat  
To the breath of the wind,  
    And the grass waveth free,  
    Softly and free,  
And the landscape is sweet  
As thee, Jenny Lind!  
    As thee!

The rich spicy flowers  
Are wavelingly bent,  
By the humming bird's wing—  
Musical wing !  
When slumbering, I dream  
Of the sweet forest scent,  
And waking sing.

To the sunshine and flowers,  
The birds and the stars,  
Thy spirit is twin—  
Glorious twin !  
Nor can the cold world,  
With its fettering bars,  
Prison it in !

An honor to earth,  
And a beauty to heaven,  
Here dost thou live—  
Worthily live !  
And what unto thee  
Is admiringly given,  
As free dost thou give.

Thou hast talent and genius,  
Thou has worship and fame,  
Beauty and art—  
Eloquent art !

But the noblest rain-bow  
That circles thy name,  
Is thy innocent heart!

The languishing heads  
Of the sun-flower tree,  
Incline to the sun,  
The inspiring sun!  
And our spirits' weak tendrils  
Are wreathing to thee,  
Bright central one!

Oh, long mayest thou live,  
As an honor to time,  
A balm to its woes—  
Its sufferers' woes—  
And water our hearts  
With floods from the clime  
Where angels repose!

And when the cold shadow  
Of death chills thine eyes,  
And thy life breath is given—  
Prayerfully given—  
May spirits with music  
Float down from the skies,  
And wing thee to heaven.



A L A M E N T .

THE fleeting moments teach  
That we like them must fly ;  
All nature has a speech  
That crieth, " thou must die."

The morning's rosy glow,  
And even's purple gloom,  
And the breezes to and fro,  
But prophecy the tomb.

Life seems a honied store,  
Distilled from flowers above,  
And we may worship and adore,  
With all the heart's deep love.

But in our highest bliss,  
And in our sweetest May,  
Our friends may give a parting kiss,  
And cover us with clay.

Oh, I have seen bright things  
Go down into the tomb,  
While life for them was few in Springs,  
And beauty just in bloom.

My songs have saddened tones,  
Which gush from broken strings ;  
For in my heart a something moans  
O'er lost and lovely things.

O'er one who was the theme  
Of all my fancy, drew  
The sweetest and the saddest dream  
That memory ever knew ;

For when the fragrant spring  
Strewed flowrets o'er the sod,  
Her spirit folded up its wing,  
And went with smiles to God.

While there's a heart to sigh,  
Or wave to heave its foam,  
There will be breezes in the sky,  
From spirits floating home.

There's always some dark thing,  
    To shadow every hour,  
And there's a jealous bee to sting,  
    In every sweetest flower.

Oh, deem thou not that youth  
    Will claim thee from the clay ;  
But thou, O heart ! be strong in truth !  
    And thou, O spirit ! pray !

MY SANDY IS FAR ON THE SEA.

My Sandy is far on the sea—

My Sandy is far on the wave—

Oh, I fear that my Sandy will dee

Where I never may look on his grave.

He left me—'twas in the sweet spring,

We parted in yon blooming dale,

When the song-bird sprang wild on its wing,

And the violet sweetened the gale.

When the trees in their green robes were dressed,

When the white ewe was tinkling her bell,

He clasped me unto his full breast,

And sighed me a tearful farewell.

Four summers are now on the wane,

Since I heard my dear Sandy's last tone,

Since his vessel went forth o'er the main,

And left me to wander alone.

And here on this bank I recline,  
And listen the honey bee's hum ;  
With lilies my long locks I twine,  
And sigh for my Sandy to come.

He said, "Jessie, soon I'll return ;  
Then we will be wedded in May,  
And live in the cot by the burn,  
Contented and happy for aye."

And I know my brave Sandy is true ;  
I know he will come to the hour ;  
For his love is my life's honey-dew,  
And he calls me his Bonny Wee Flower.

Y O U N G S A I L O R ' S S E R E N A D E .

'Tis a sweet spring night, love,  
Soft sighs the breeze ;  
And the fair moon light, love,  
Curtains the trees.  
With deep emotion, love,  
Sobbeth the sea ;  
And with devotion, love,  
Sing I to thee.

Fountains are gleaming, love,  
Light pinions leap ;  
What art thou dreaming, love.  
Why dost thou sleep ?  
Where the clematis, love,  
Loopeth along,  
Open thy lattice, love,  
List to my song.

Ere the next sun-rise, love,  
    I must depart ;  
Then let thy dark eyes, love,  
    Gladden my heart.  
When I am sailing, love,  
    Over the sea,  
Memory will be wailing, love—  
    Wailing for thee.

'Tis thy sweet merit, love,  
    Wineth my heart ;  
As a pure spirit, love,  
    Lovely thou art !  
May nought distressing, love,  
    Cause thee to pine ;  
Hear my last blessing, love,  
    *Heaven be thine !*

TO COUSIN SALLIE THERESE H——

LIKE the sunshine on the roses,  
In the breezy summer week,  
Is the soft smile which reposes  
On the blushes of thy cheek—  
Blushes which like music speak.

And thy sunny soul is gifted,  
And thy heart's a laughing stream ;  
And thine eye's soft lid is lifted,  
Like the drapery from a dream,  
When affection is its theme.

Since our first sweet meeting hour,  
Life for me hath new control ;  
For thou art a favorite flower  
In the garden of my soul,  
Where sweet mem'ry's breezes roll.



All thy words, so undesigning,  
Which portray thee as thou art,  
Like sweet jessamines are twining  
Round the columns of my heart,  
And their fragrance ne'er depart.

Like fair tresses, gently drooping  
O'er a sweet, poetic face,  
Dreams of thee are softly looping  
Round my soul with lovely grace,  
As these heart-born words I trace.

Though with song her heart is laden,  
Though with love it runneth o'er.  
Thy poor Cousin, Minstrel Maiden,  
Prizeth thee its dearest store,  
Now, Fair One! and evermore.

If her cottage home is lonely,  
It contains no lonely heart,  
For she loveth what is holy ;  
And she hateth what is art,  
And in slander takes no part.

No! her heart is strong with honor,  
And her soul doth proudly soar,

Though misfortune casts upon her  
The *deep shame* of *being poor*,  
And which makes her life obscure.

She no fortune doth inherit,  
She doth boast no titled name ;  
But she owns a lofty spirit,  
Nought but God and Death may tame,  
For it scorneth mortal blame.

May thy pathway wend through bowers  
Filled with music-balm and sun,  
And thy spirit's sweetest dowers  
Flow from the Eternal One,  
'Till our Father's will is done !

And when thou art faintly breathing,  
When thy pulse is fluttering low,  
May thy feeble form, unsheathing  
The strong spirit, bid it flow  
Past the sphere of earthly woe !

OTWEE; OR, THE DIRGE OF THE DYING  
INDIAN GIRL.

THE fawn is bounding o'er the hill,  
The lark is in the sky ;  
Otwee would gaze upon them still,  
But death has veiled her eye.

The bee is humming through the dew,  
The morning-bird has sung ;  
Otwee would warble music too,  
But death has chilled her tongue.

The waves are swelling to the shore,  
Like many hearts they beat ;  
Otwee will dance to them no more,  
For death has bound her feet.

A message the good spirits bring,  
'Tis whispering through her heart ;  
Oh, friends ! a mournful farewell sing,  
For Otwee must depart.

She goeth where the step is light,  
    To chase the red-skin roe,  
Where summer maketh glad the sight,  
    Where pale-face may not go.

Then lay her where the soft winds be,  
    Near the blue water's side—  
Beneath the dark-leaf chestnut tree  
    Oh, lay the forest-bride !

## FEAST I ON PLEASURE'S HONEY.

A SONG.

FEAST I ON pleasure's honey—  
Pine I ON sorrow's brine—  
Through weather dark or sunny,  
Through life, through death, I'm thine;  
Oh, should I flee above thee,  
Should death our lives untwine,  
As fond as now I love thee,  
I'll love thee when divine.

The heart which sorrows soften,  
The heart of silent woes,  
Falters nor soon nor often,  
But strengthens in its throes;  
Its love is love forever,  
In tempest or repose;  
No change, no death can sever—  
No change, no death it knows.

THE DEAD MUSICIAN.

OH, softly breathe the heavy hours,  
Speak faintly and move slowly—  
One, who at sunrise danced o'er flowers,  
Now lieth pale and holy.

He was our fragile favored one,  
The angels' lovely chosen :  
Oh, earthly things for him are done ;  
His sweet young life is frozen.

A thousand birds are on the wing,  
From the eagle to the hummer ;  
But he lies here a voiceless thing,  
A shadow on the summer.

We lay our lovely one to rest,  
Where the violet perfumeth :  
The turf will press upon his breast ;  
He will not know it bloometh.

Oh, bring ye censers of perfume,  
And let your footsteps falter ;  
For ye are treading in the holy gloom  
Of the soul's forsaken altar.

Silence, O Sorrow! cease thy sighs !  
Our gifted one is sainted ;  
For he walked the star-paths to the skies,  
Ere his snowy feet were tainted.

THE BETROTHED MANIAC TO HER LOVER IN  
THE DEEP.

DEEP and lonely thou art sleeping,  
Lone and long ;  
I have wept for thee, till weeping  
Seemeth wrong.

Come, when cold the storm is blowing  
O'er the sea ;  
Here in linen white and flowing  
I wait thee.

Come at midnight, when each phantom  
Wildly raves :  
We will know the dreams that haunt them  
In their graves.

While thick thunder clouds are rolling  
With slow sweep,  
We will hear their solemn tolling  
O'er the deep.



Listening to their frantic chorus  
    O'er the sea,  
With black billows bursting o'er us,  
    Then wed me.

ALICE OF THE LILY-DELL.

HAPPY, beauteous and blushing,  
Smiling over all a spell ;  
Laughter from her bosom gushing,  
Like the music from a bell ;  
Praised by envy, loved by malice,  
Is the sweet, poetie Alice,  
Alice of the lily-dell.

All her heart to love is moulded,  
All her thoughts are sweetly rare ;  
Every eve, ere slumber-folded,  
She doth offer heaven a prayer ;  
Then from real  
To ideal,  
Windeth fancy's crystal stair.

Virtue's pure and sunny mantle  
Shieldeth in her snowy name,

And her spirit, young and gentle,  
Sigheth for no other fame ;  
    And she calmeth,  
    And embalmeth  
Many a heart with hopes the same.

Holy spirits ! be her teachers,  
    As ye ever erst have been !  
Angels be her fair beseechers  
    For the blotting of each sin !  
    And when shrouded,  
    Still unclouded,  
Take her to your home as twin !

THINK OF ME.

WHEN the wind's melodious fingers  
    Thrill the trees,  
When the sunset softly lingers  
    On the seas—  
    Think of me! Think of me!

When the vesper bell is tolling  
    Slowly by,  
When the star-lit clouds are rolling  
    O'er the sky—  
    Think of me! Think of me!

Whereso'er ye witness anguish,  
    Death, or love,  
When ye see a spirit languish  
    For above—  
    Think of me! Think of me!

Let my memory e'er be blended  
    With the pure,  
When into the tomb descended,  
    Cold, obscure—  
        Think of me! Think of me!

When my spirit through yon heaven  
    Roveth free,  
When a crown and lyre is given  
    Unto me—  
        Then, oh then, I'll think of thee!

## THE CASTILIAN LOVER TO HIS LADY-IDOL.

THE rich rosy sunset is tipping  
The emerald waves as they flow ;  
And the silvery willows are dipping  
In the murmuring music below.

The balm of the grove is baptizing  
The magical flow of the breeze ;  
And thy bounding gazelle is surprising  
The feathery birds from the tree.

My gondola sporteth the river,  
My page is awaiting me there ;  
Then come, while thy long ringlets quiver  
Like wind-harps afloat on the air.

Oh, loveliest of Eden's sweet daughters  
That heaven could choose to reveal,  
Come, come, let us float on the waters,  
Bright waters of sunny Castile !

## THE POET TO HIS SOUL.

My soul! outspread thy lofty wings,  
    Leap forth on inspiration's car;  
Sweep nature's loud harmonic strings,  
    And throw the echos to each star.

Sweep with the power of the wind,  
    When first it rushes o'er the main;  
Let thine be thoughts no words may bind,  
    No spirit ever think again.

May tempests flash across thy brow,  
    Volcanoes burst beneath thy feet,  
The comets round thy path-way bow,  
    And all creation's wonders meet.

Go, search the universe all o'er,  
    From highest star to lowest cave;  
Be strong each mystery to explore,  
    Be warrior, all thou see'st to brave.

For thou wast wrought, Oh mighty soul!  
To scoff at nature's pretty stings,  
To scorn the body's weak control,  
And plunge into eternal things.

Thine is a high, infinite state,  
Immortal as thy Maker, God ;  
Soon thou wilt rend this web of fate,  
And leap from nature's broken sod.

Then with a tongue and lip of fire,  
Soar shouting to Jehovah's shrine,  
And pour o'er heaven's eternal lyre,  
Thy inspiration's power divine.



T O A F L A T T E R E R .

DEEMEST thou my spirit draineth  
Every chalice flatterers bring?  
No! my free-borne soul obtaineth  
Water from a holier spring.

I have learned that truth is quiet,  
Virtue needeth no disguise,  
Only falsehood maketh riot  
To attract the ears and eyes.

I have seen the east look sunny,  
When a storm was in the west;  
And the voice may flow as honey  
From a vice-embittered breast.

Wherefore dost thou idly offer  
Language of all truth exempt,  
When my heart, a silent scoffer,  
Heareth thee with calm contempt?

Wherefore art thou idly fawning,  
Wherefore smile thine eyes away ?  
What I do is but the dawning  
Of the spirit through the clay.

Wherefore should I feel inflated ?  
Am I more than others are ?  
Go thou to the desolated,  
Pour thy balmy language there.

Wherefore should my smile subject thee ?  
Wherefore is thy frown a crime ?  
Wouldst thou have my heart respect thee,  
Speak the truth and act sublime.

I will never claim of mortal  
Ought which I would scorn to do ;  
And beneath the heavenly portal  
I will love alone the true.

T O A C A G E D C A N A R Y .

THE hum bird floateth on radiant wing,  
Where the sun-beam seemeth dozing,  
Where breezy blossoms softly swing,  
Their honey-hearts unclosing,  
But thou pinest here a prisoned thing,  
Weary of reposing !

Life for them all time doth vary,  
They have *all the* spring,  
But *thy* life, poor Canary !  
Is to sit and sing !

Life for thee hath no sweet morrow ;  
Thou can'st ne'er be free ;  
Thine is a long heavy sorrow,  
Though a bird thou be ;  
And thy piteous song doth borrow  
Sympathy from me !

Life for me all time doth vary,  
I have *all the* spring,  
But *thy* life, poor Canary !  
Is to sit and sing !

## THE IDOL OF AN IDLE DREAM.

His rosy life is clasped by snowy seals ;  
For in his heart a lonely angel kneels,  
Baptizing it with beauty, which effaces  
All earthly errors ere they leave their traces.

Like fairies tripping over pearls, his feet  
Glide with delight through the breeze-pinioned air ;  
His is a beauty, spiritual and sweet,  
Breathing of heaven, all time, and everywhere.

To his *fine* life, each moment is a thorn ;  
He pines on earth, but ne'er for earth was born ;  
Oh, heavenly glory, wearing nature's shame !  
*Hope veiled with memory* should be thy name.

With starry thoughts, his spirit is impearled,  
Those thoughts are songs which angels sing above,  
And their warm music floweth o'er the world,  
Bathing its deserts in full tides of love.

His waywardness is the extravagance  
Of a luxuriant nature, which doth pour  
Immortal billows o'er this mortal shore ;  
Immortal billows, which for e'er advance  
To that ærial God-lit Evermore.

Stand firm, Oh dreamer ! round thy name doth roll  
A dizzy whirlpool, with a rainbow smile ;  
Let not its glory sweep away thy soul,  
Nor wreck thy heart on flattery's false Isle.

With heaven let thy spirit still commune,  
And flash in lightning from its frozen bars.  
Oh ! leap, young comet, through the blazing stars,  
And kneel near God, and learn of him a tune.  
Then come to earth, pure as the new-born moon,  
And pour fresh balm o'er withering nature's scars.

EMMIE, ADDIE, AND ITTIE.

I HAD three little sister-pets,  
Three angels from above ;  
And two I called my mocking-birds,  
And one I called my dove.

They all were sweet and beautiful  
As love when hope rejoices ;  
Their souls were dreaming in their eyes,  
Their hearts were in their voices.

They were as radiant as the sun  
Which shone upon their plays ;  
From every eye a smile they won,  
From every lip a praise.

Oh, they were fair and fanciful  
As moon-lit eyes in June,  
And seemed three dreams of poesy  
Just set to memory's tune.

But when October's sighing blasts  
Gushed sobbingly around,  
We wrapped them in three little shrouds  
And laid them in the ground.

I GO, BUT GOETH NOT MY SOUL.

I go, but goeth not my soul;  
Still doth it fondly hover  
Round one whose magic might control,  
And win the world, as lover.

I go: 'tis wrong to linger near;  
I know 'tis right to sever;  
Oh, what is beauty on the bier,  
E'en though it smile forever?

Then, fare thee well! our love is lost,  
My vessel saileth fleetly;  
Soon on the ocean I'll be tossed,  
Or in it slumber sweetly.



## THE COMPLAINT.

THE lover-birds forever pour  
Their happy hearts among the flowers ;  
Lofty magnolias shade my door,  
And honey-suckles wreath my bowers.

The brooklet murmurs through the grass,  
Where golden fishes softly glide ;  
And waving pinions, as they pass,  
Throw fleeting shadows o'er the tide.

And yet I want a something still,  
Wherein to be completely blest—  
A lovely something, which would fill  
This yearning vacuum in my breast.

A heart to feel whene'er I feel ;  
An eye to share the tears I weep,  
And cheer me when chill shadows steal  
Across my soul's unquiet deep.

A gifted one to rove with me,  
In my lone rambles every night;  
To muse whene'er I musing be,  
And smile when I express delight.

Still must my heart alone, alone,  
Glide in its mournful dreams along;  
It hears no voice of kindred tone  
Answer its wild, complaining song.

Alas! alas! I may not deem  
That earth has one for me to love;  
My spirit worshipeth a dream,  
Whose only real is above.

## P E R S E V E R A N C E.

HEARTS like steel and wills like iron  
Leap o'er mountains, sweep the skies.  
Nothing mortal can environ  
Perseverance from its prize.

Disappointments may assail it  
With their missiles of despair,  
Injudicious hours entail it  
Years of misery and care :

But when fortune's smile is coldest,  
When defeat seems at the door,  
Proud, determined hearts beat boldest,  
Proud, determined spirits soar.

Then we brace our nerves for danger,  
Then we probe our minds to think,  
And to every fear a stranger,  
Leap triumphant to the brink.

How I scorn a coward spirit !  
How esteem the spirit strong !  
Nought to me hath greater merit  
Than contempt of fear or wrong.

Though I worship the ideal,  
Though I breathe in fancy's clime,  
I admire the sternest real,  
If it teacheth the sublime.

Leaping forth from nature's trouble,  
Pours my soul its floods of song,  
And whene'er misfortunes double,  
Feels no fear and heeds no wrong.

With a proud and daring spirit,  
Will that nothing may subdue,  
What is there I don't inherit ?  
What I may not battle through ?

But in this determination,  
This contempt of fortune's rod,  
This exalted inspiration,  
I would ne'er forget my God.

Let me kneel before his power,  
Let me breathe devotion's breath,  
And prepare my soul each hour  
For faith's triumph over death.

SONG OF THE LONELY ONE.

OH, how I mourn my lonely fate,  
Thus parted, love, from thee!  
Why do the tardy hours wait,  
That bear thee back to me?

How can I wear a happy face,  
Or smile when tears would start?  
How can I blend with Nature's grace,  
A lone and broken heart?

The breezes serenade my ear,  
With music soft and deep;  
The fountain gusheth cool and clear;  
Yet silently I weep.

Yon sun is rising o'er the sea,  
He warms those mountain isles:  
Oh, everything is glad but me;  
I weep while Nature smiles.

The birds are singing sweetly round,  
For each one has its mate ;  
The fawn skips lightly o'er the ground ;  
Then, love, why thou so late ?

When wilt thou come, my absent one !  
When break this cruel spell ?  
Dearer thou art to me, than sun  
To nature's darkest dell.

## THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH.

IN wise union let us stand,  
Love in heart, and help in hand.  
Let not avarice command—  
    Let us all be free !

Would we have no ill pursue ?  
Would we have no wrong to rue ?  
Do as Washington would do—  
    Be in virtue free !

Would we suffer every woe ?  
Would we have our friend our foe ?  
Would each shout to see each low ?—  
    Then, then separate !

Let the thundering cannon roar,  
Let the heart's deep current pour,  
Even now red war doth roar—  
    “ *Arm THEE FOR THY fate.*”



Here's the young, and here's the blest ;  
Though by beauty we're caressed,  
There's a heart in every breast,  
    And those hearts are brave !

We are gentle when we love ;  
But in battle we will prove  
Lions, which no fear can move—  
    And no power enslave !

We our happy lives would pour,  
We would agonize in gore,  
Ere we'd see our glorious shore  
    Darkened by a wrong !

Let there be no cause for blood ;  
Let us stand as we have stood ;  
In harmonious sisterhood,  
    Let us move along !

A D I R G E F O R M A R Y .

BRING ye violets white, to lay on this heart ;  
Bring ye jessamines white, to wreathe in these curls,  
    These willowy curls ;  
For the music is silent that gushed from this heart,  
And the fair fingers frozen which tended these curls,  
    These delicate curls ;  
She was a pure spirit unprisoned by art,  
    And her thoughts were pearls—  
    Heavenly pearls.

Bring the odor of lemon to bathe these pale feet ;  
Bring the balm of white roses to moisten these lips—  
    These sanctified lips ;  
The flowers no more will encircle these feet,  
And the magic is chilled on these love-breathing lips—  
    These angelic lips ;  
And the spiritual eye, so mournfully sweet,  
    Is in rayless eclipse—  
    Frozen eclipse.

Oh bring ye her Bible—from its pages ye named her ;  
And bring ye her rosary ; and kneel here, and pray ;  
She loved that pure Prophet, its chidings ne'er blamed *her*,  
And she knelt to the angels each twilight to pray,—

    With this rosary to pray ;

Till, through star-light and music,  
They stole down and claimed her,  
And robed her like Jesus,

    And took her away,  
    Forever away,  
    To Heaven away.

MY LOST EMILY.

'Twas a morning fair and sunny,  
In the balmy time of May,  
When the bees were quaffing honey,  
From the flowers on my way,

When the mocking-birds were singing,  
From their bowers of perfume,  
And the radiant sky was flinging  
Over earth a sunny bloom.

And I wandered by a river,  
Where the lilies blossom wild,  
Where the foliage fadeth never,  
Where I sported when a child.

While I heard the wavelets beating,  
O'er the pebbles on the shore,  
Memory began repeating  
Dreams of one who dreams no more.

One, the sweetest of all creatures,  
    With the light of heaven warm,  
Genius trembling in her features,  
    Music moving in her form.

And I mused how she was sleeping,  
    Where the briar bloometh sweet,  
'Till the tears my eyes were weeping  
    Filled the flowers at my feet.

And I mourned that she was covered  
    From the bright and joyous spring,  
Ere a single shadow hovered  
    O'er her spirit's sunny wing.

Yes, my happy angel faded,  
    While the summer warmed the breeze,  
While its sunny beams were braided  
    O'er the foreheads of the trees.

She was brighter than the dreaming  
    Of my fancy's wildest mood,  
And her memory still is streaming  
    Through my spirit's solitude.

Yes ! the rose which now is gracing  
    Bower where roses ne'er depart,

Memory's pencil still is tracing  
On the canvas of my heart.

Sister! wherefore were we riven,  
When our natures were so twin!  
Thou art gone to smile in heaven,  
I am left to weep in sin.

Like a flower separated  
From the bough it bloomed upon,  
Like a wanderer isolated,  
Like a morning without sun—

Is my heart since thou wert taken ;  
Life is but a heavy breath,  
And my soul can never waken  
From the shadow of thy death.

## L I N E S

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING THE TOMBS OF SALLIE AND CLAUDIA  
LE VERT, TWO BEAUTIFUL SISTERS, WHO DIED WITHIN FIVE  
DAYS OF EACH OTHER, IN MAY, 1849.

As wandering o'er the burial-ground,  
Where many eyes have wept,  
I paused where, closed from sight and sound,  
Two sweet young sisters slept.  
By each a marble mourner stood,  
With bosom cold and white,  
Which told how they were young and good,  
And angels to our sight.  
On one a wreath of lilies pale  
Was carved with beauteous art—  
Sweet prelude to the plaintive tale,  
That went unto my heart.  
And on the other, like a dream,  
A wreath of roses smiled;  
Both lovely emblems will I deem  
Of each sweet, gifted child.

For they were flowers too bright to be  
    To earthly bowers given,  
Too sweet in Nature's purity,  
    For any place but heaven.  
In what a quiet, lovely sleep  
    Those little dreamers rest;  
Their sainted eyes no more will weep,  
    For they are with the blest.

They were but lilies in a storm—  
    But pearls on billows cast;  
And love stood shielding each light form,  
    From death's cold, heavy blast.  
But all in vain! those lips were chilled;  
    The swift and poisonous dart,  
Which breath and thought and feelings stilled,  
    Pierced through each sinless heart.  
Then, as the uncomplaining dove  
    Falls wounded from the skies,  
They clasped their little hands in love,  
    And closed their pleading eyes.

Too well I love this mournful theme,  
    E'en now the tear-drops start,  
For 'tis the real of a dream,  
    Deep pictured in my heart.  
I had two sisters, young and blest,  
    And they were all I had,



At eve I sang them to their rest,  
At morn they made me glad.  
Alas! there fell a freezing blight  
Upon my budding flowers,  
They shrank and folded as to night,  
Nor oped to love's warm showers.  
A voiceless vigil long I kept,  
For power to speak had fled,  
And hopelessly and calmly wept,  
To see them cold and dead.  
And though four long, long years have flown,  
Since Death said we must part,  
That last sweet, plaintive smile and tone,  
Is here within my heart.

Oh Death! thou art a bitter foe,  
Thou claimest Nature's best,  
While many a weary wretch of woe,  
Would deem thy darkness blest;  
Our loveliest leave our hearts in pain,  
To win our love away  
From earth and all its phantoms vain,  
Which wither while they play.  
While memory kneeleth by the urn,  
Where sleeps love's sainted dust,  
'Tis meet the eye of hope should turn  
To heaven in pleading trust.

TO EUPHRADIA .

EARTH to thee is sweet and sunny,  
Nature hath no thong ;  
All her flowers offer honey,  
All her birds a song ;  
Young Euphradia,  
Blest Euphradia,  
May thy life be long !

Love to thee is like a fountain,  
Singing down its stair,  
Wreathing up its circling rainbows  
In the sunny air ;  
Young Euphradia,  
Bright Euphradia,  
May they e'er be there.

All thy past is bright and gentle  
As a summer scene ;

O'er its balmy foliage—mantle  
Winter ne'er hath been ;  
    Young Euphradia,  
    Blest Euphradia,  
All is evergreen.

The gay future is before thee,  
    Fanciful with dreams,  
Odorous with spicy flowers,  
    Silvery with streams ;  
    Young Euphradia,  
    Bright Euphradia,  
Mayest thou *find* it dreams.

But forget not thou art mortal ;  
    Life is fleeting foam,  
In the sky a starry portal,  
    Openeth to thy home ;  
    Young Euphradia,  
    Fair Euphradia,  
*Earth* is not thy home !

Oh, when life to thee is weary,  
    May the angels calm,  
And in censers filled from heaven  
    Bring, thee holy balm !

Young Euphradia,  
Sad Euphradia,  
Bring thee holy balm!

And when darkness is before thee,  
Icy and intense,  
May warm spirits sparkling o'er thee,  
Wing and waft thee hence!  
Young Euphradia,  
Lost Euphradia,  
Wing and waft thee hence!

WRITTEN IN A LONELY MOOD.

WHEN age creeps o'er me like a chill,  
When martial hope goes forth no more,  
When fancy's wavelets all are still,  
And thought has lain aside his oar,  
May memory's flower-shaded streams  
Waft childhood back with all its songs and dreams.

When life's last trembling chord is riven,  
May some dear sainted one enfold,  
Within her warm and snowy wing,  
My orphan soul, poor shivering thing !  
And pinion it with white and gold,  
And waft it to the crystal strand,  
Which sparkles round the music land,  
Of love-lit heaven.

## A SIGH OF THE SOUL FOR FUTURITY.

OH, I would fathom all around,  
    Would breathe o'er earth a spell of love,  
And dive into that broad profound,  
    That glorious ocean arched above.

Oh, thinking long and thinking much  
    Makes my young life too dark and deep ;  
For I the magic key would touch,  
    Where God His mysteries doth keep.

From every star I seek to borrow  
    Some ray that may be light to me,  
Yet mope fore'er a thing of sorrow,  
    A shadow in a mystery.

My soul is weary of its chain ;  
    My heart is weary of its woe,  
Oh, I would die—would die, and go  
    Where I may tread the blissful plain.

T O W A S H I N G T O N .

THY life is a gifted,  
A beautiful story,  
For thy grand spirit drifted  
On billows of glory.

Ere death made thee lowly ;  
Ere earth was without thee,  
The flame-pinioned holy  
Were flashing about thee.

They swept from thy spirit  
All shadow and sorrow,  
And took thee to inherit  
Time's God-lighted morrow.

A V A L E N T I N E .

'Tis the month of love and blisses,  
Happy month of Valentine,  
Month of billet-doux and kisses ;  
May its sweetest ones be thine !

May'st thou wreathe the richest roses,  
Blushing in the path of love,  
While the fairies weave the posies,  
Meet for spirit hands above !



L O V E ' S   B L E S S I N G .

MAY bright birds sing o'er thee  
    From every spray,  
And flowers before thee  
    Spring up in thy way;  
May kind fortune bless thee  
    With all that is dear,  
And nothing distress thee,  
    In thy pilgrimage here.

And when thou art waning,  
    When cold is thy heart,  
And thy spirit is paining  
    With dear ones to part,  
May angels provide thee  
    With faith and with love,  
And whisper beside thee,  
    Of dear ones above !

## THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS LOVE.

ALAS ! the tears are on thy cheek,  
And droop thy lashes long ;  
Thy heart is fluttering and weak,  
And mine is not more strong.

Forebodings are within each breast,  
That we no more may meet,  
For now their pulses are suppressed,  
And now they wildly beat.

Oh, smile that vapor from thine eye,  
And calm thy throbbing brow,  
For we must throw such feelings by,—  
They illy suit us now.

Oh, when my vessel glideth soft,  
On the loud-breathing deep,  
Thou'lt watch the storm-cloud sweep aloft,  
And pray for me, and weep.

I'm going to that southern land,  
Where broad magnolias bloom ;  
Where laughing lips are lightly fanned  
By zephyrs of perfume.

And where the sun-rays on the air,  
Seem sparks from beauty's eyes—  
Oh, summer makes of Nature there,  
A transient paradise.

But, lo, the moon has lit the sea ;  
One kiss, and then adieu,  
And know, where'er thy Edward be,  
His heart is still with you.

THE BURIED BROTHER.

My feet have not bounded  
Where the young are at play;  
My harp is unsounded,  
Since thou art away.

All music, all beauty  
Is loveless to me—  
My heart's sweetest duty  
Is devotion to thee.

Together we wandered,  
Together we played,  
Together we pondered,  
Sweet dreams in the shade.

But now thou art sleeping,  
All silent and lone,  
Where the willows are sweeping,  
With sorrowful tone.

Oh, would that tomorrow  
Might smile on my bier ;  
For earth is all sorrow,  
Since thou art not here.

## THE TATTLE R.

A TATTLE R ! how I loathe the sight !  
A tattler ! how I loathe the name !  
She maketh discord of delight,  
And dark'neth virtue into shame.

A tattler ! I would doubly scorn  
To make a news-mill of *my* tongue,  
And of my lips a blowing horn,  
To babble lies on old and young.

A tattler ! what should be her food ?  
A tattler ! what should be her breath ?  
Oh, she should gorge on serpents' blood,  
And breathe the sick'ning stench of death.

She wantons with the peace of earth ;  
The love of friends she buys and sells ;  
She breedeth vipers at each hearth,  
And turneth churches into hells.

TO ONE WHO RESEMBLES BYRON.

Thy soul is Byron's to create ;  
Thy heart is Byron's to express,  
And give to darkest forms of fate  
A beautiful, immortal dress.

Thine is the flashing eye to glance  
O'er nature's time-developed lore,  
To fathom life's mysterious trance,  
And probe creation to the core,  
And to eternity advance  
As billows thunder to the shore.

Nature was generous in her gift ;  
Had fortune favored thee in fate,  
That eagle soul would proudly lift  
Its pinion from all earthly weight,  
And through eternal ages drift  
A truth inspired by freight.

Oh, there is lightning in thy soul,  
 And there is music in thy heart,  
 To strike to nature's finest part,  
 And blazen on the spirit's scroll,  
 Truth's fire-words with angel art.

But what thou could'st thou may'st not do,  
 For penury's unhealthy den  
 Has broken fancy's wings ;  
 And thou must limp, and battle through  
 The thorns and reptiles which invade ;  
 And e'en the leaves that offer shade  
 Are pierced with poisonous stings.

But it is better as it is !  
 'Tis well that thou hast only thought !  
 Far happier to imagine bliss  
 Than seek for it and find it nought !  
 Better to be a merry fountain,  
 And sing love-lullabies to flowers,  
 Than rush, the river of the mountain,  
 And moan o'er desolated towers.

Let virtue shield thy wayward youth ;  
 Let patience arm thee to endure ;  
 Let the immortal rainbow, Truth,  
 Circle thy soul and keep it pure.



So, when thou sleepest cold and dumb,  
In death's pale drapery enshrouded,  
Immortal messengers may come  
And take thee where no star is clouded.

## M E M O R Y .

Oh, memory is a pleasant thing !  
We love the balm of withered flowers,  
Could we forget the bees that sting,  
And see the sun and feel the showers.

But disappointments, like a war,  
Spread skeletons and ruins round ;  
And their dark shadows lengthen far  
Along the future's desert ground.

We mask our woe with weary art ;  
Our eyes a warm reflection give ;  
While in the lorn and mouldering heart,  
Damp vapors rise, cold reptiles live.

SCILLA, THE SLANDERED.

INSCRIBED TO ALL SLANDERERS.

Oh, light was her spirit  
As a butterfly's wing,  
And pure was her merit,  
As the lily of spring.

But her beauty is wasted ;  
Her last song is hushed ;  
The sland'rer has blasted,  
And Scilla is crushed.

Oh, why are so many  
So quick to condemn  
The errors of any  
Who injure not them ?

It condemneth all people  
By what it has been,  
But there's many a steeple  
'Mid the ruins of sin.

There are serpents and briars  
To tear and betray ;  
And there are altars whose fires  
But welcome decay.

Though Scila was lowly,  
She was lofty to me,  
For her nature was holy  
As snow on the lea.

But her beauty is wasted,  
Her last song is hushed ;  
The sland'rer has blasted,  
And Scila is crushed.

By the cold mid-night shaded,  
She kneels 'neath a yew,  
And her dark locks are braided,  
With willow and rue.

The tempest is wrenching  
The boughs from the trees ;  
And her dark eyes are drenching  
The cross on her knees.

Not long did she languish  
Thus wildly apart,

For the deep pains of anguish  
Brought death to her heart.

Oh, where's the betrayer  
Of the fluttering dove?  
Oh, where is the slayer  
Of beauty and love?

She dazzles the revel,  
With the glare of her eyes,  
Where the spectres of evil  
Might darken the skies.

The idol of beauty  
She blasts with her breath;  
On the altar of duty  
She vomiteth death.

Let lilies environ  
This serpent no more!  
Go, chain her with iron,  
And drench her with gore.

Let conscience torment her,  
And lash her with fire,  
And black horrors haunt her,  
Till with groans she expire.

## T H E M A N I A C M A I D E N .

WHERE a ravine is yawning,  
Where the sea tempests blow,  
Where the long weeds are fawning  
On the billows below,

Once lived a pale maiden,  
The mountains above her ;  
And her heart, memory laden,  
Still dreamed of her lover.

He was slain as a spy,  
Where the drum thundered hollow—  
No sorrowful eye,  
No mourner to follow.

She heard of his death  
With a withering sorrow,  
Which blasted her breath,  
And made chaos of morrow.

She flung down her tresses,  
All sweeping and black,  
And rushed to the forest  
With eyes glaring back.

With frightful emotion  
She clambered the trees,  
And stormed with the ocean,  
And laughed with the breeze.

I met her one night,  
In a wind-sighing vale ;  
Her features were white,  
And her shadow was pale.

She fled like a spectre  
Escaped from the dead,  
No star to direct her,  
No foot-path to tread.

She swept through the willows  
That drooped o'er the surge,  
And leapt in the billows  
Which thundered her dirge.

With pale hands uplifted,  
Far, far from the shore,

Till day dawn she drifted,  
Then sank evermore.

Unwept by devotion,  
She findeth a home  
Down deep in the ocean,  
All shrouded with foam.

The sea nymphs are veiling  
Their forms with her hair,  
And the mermaids are wailing  
O'er beauty so fair.



S W E E T E S T   A N D   D E A R E S T .

OH, thou art the sweetest and dearest  
That God ever lent from above ;  
And thy spirit, it is the sincerest,  
That e'er gifted a heart with its love.

I deem the fair angels have taught thee  
The witch'ry with which thou dost win ;  
From heaven I deem they have brought thee  
A magical shield against sin.

But be thou of earth or of heaven,  
I esteem thee, I love thee, and know,  
That thou art the sweetest ere given  
To bless a poor mortal below.

A S A C R E D T H O U G H T .

THE slightest fault that stains the breast,  
If unforgiven that error be,  
Will, as a shadow be impressed,  
Eternal, on Eternity.

Nought but the glance, the smile of God  
Those shadows unto life can draw ;  
Then let us tread as Jesus trod,  
And praise with love and pray with awe.

D E A T H .

WHAT is it makes us fear to die ?  
To lay these feeble fabrics down,  
And then on wings immortal fly,  
To wear the spirit's glorious crown.

What shocks the soul with fearful thrill ?  
What throws such awe upon the breath ?  
What gives the heart so cold a chill,  
When e'er we meditate on death ?

'Tis that we must neglected lie,  
And there in silence darkly sleep,  
'Tis that, of all that wander by  
Our graves, not *one* may fondly weep.

To know the speaking eyes and lips  
Which tell of all we think or feel,  
In silence cold, in dark eclipse,  
Will move no action to reveal.

To know the heart now throbbing warm,  
The pulses in their rushing play,  
Must take corruption's fearful form,  
And feed the reptiles of decay.

We dread that deep dark gulf to leap—  
To cross that cold unsounded sea—  
Through that long rayless night to sleep,  
Whose morrow is eternity.

It is the mystery beyond,  
The fear to loose, the hope to win,  
Which makes our anxious hearts despond,  
And quake with doubt and burdening sin.

To go to regions unexplored,  
Which in the dim, far distance lie,  
By nought but hope and faith assured—  
'Tis this which makes us fear to die.

T O A D Y I N G O N E .

THE stars are smiling on thy face,  
As though they loved its mournful grace  
    And quiet innocence ;  
And the soft breezes from the sea  
Come singing in, to sigh o'er thee,  
    And steal like spirits thence.

The hollow paleness of thy cheek,  
Alas! too piteously doth speak—  
    Thine is a wasted love ;  
For he who was thy being's light,  
Hath chilled and left thy soul in night,  
    Till warmed above.

The snowy vesture on thy form  
Is heaving gracefully and warm  
    O'er the lorn heart within ;  
Thou breathest like an angel there ;  
A lovely exile sighing prayer,  
    As penitence for sin.

Soon will thine eyes no more be wet;  
Soon wilt thou all thy woes forget;  
    Thy wronger be forgiven;—  
By the faint fluttering of thy breath,  
I know a sure but quiet death,  
    Is stealing thee to heaven.

T O B Y R O N .

FARE thee well, dark bird of glory !  
Wounded eagle, proud and dread !  
O'er thy wild and wretched story  
Oft my wayward heart has bled.

Ne'er a joy thy spirit tasted,  
But 'twas poisoned by a sting ;  
Ne'er an hour in mirth it wasted,  
But it wore a heavier wing.

She who vowed to love and cheer thee,  
For the better or the worse,  
Left a colder blight to sear thee,  
Sharper venom to thy curse.

Like the tiger, kindly cruel,  
Sporting with its captive prey,  
Her false friendship added fuel  
To the flame that scorched thy way.

By a tempest madly drifted,  
All thy life was madly spent;  
With a stormy genius gifted,  
'Twas a storm that gave it vent.

Yet a voice of true affection,  
'Stead of *cursing* thee astray,  
Might have charmed thee to subjection,  
Might have wooed thy heart to pray.

Oh, the world should see less blindly!  
It should shroud thy faults apart!  
Could a lion e'er growl kindly  
With a dagger at his heart?

Though thy crimes were vast and vicious,  
Christ could smile them all forgiven;  
Now perchance through love delicious,  
Thine's the brightest soul in heaven.

Fare thee well! though all contemn thee,  
Still thy genius soars sublime,  
Still my spirit prays to meet thee,  
Singing past the storms of time.



T H E P E A S A N T ' S L A M E N T .

WHEN night distills her balmy dews,  
And sighing breezes softly wander,  
Fond, faithful memory loves to muse  
On the dear one who sleepeth yonder ;  
Sadly she looketh to the morn  
When by the altar we were married,  
When love's sweet flowerets sheathed no thorn,  
And hope's light pinion never tarried.

Gayly she warbled in our cot,  
Gayly I whistled at my tillage,  
Disquietude invaded not,  
And sorrow never came to pillage ;  
Till death, who slayeth what we love,  
And makes the past so sad to ponder,  
Bore Mary's happy soul above,  
And left the shattered temple yonder.

A W O N D E R F U L D R E A M .

I DREAMED that my soul was the glorious skies,  
That my heart was the thundering sea ;  
The flaming planets were my spirit's eyes,  
And they flashed through Eternity.

I thought I had power to gather the winds,  
And power to scatter them too ;  
To deluge the world with its ocean of sins,  
And the universe fashion anew.

L I N E S .

COMPOSED WHILE ADMIRING A BAND OF  
MARCHING SOLDIERS.

As the gusty winds around them spring,  
Their banners swoop and rise—  
With a haughty flap, like an eagle's wing  
When it sweeps the tropic skies.

To the thundering throb of the hollow drum  
They gasp convulsive breath ;  
Like marshaled lions, proudly dumb,  
With awe sublime they slowly come,  
As though they were breathing death.

N I G H T   A N D   S T A R S .

NIGHT ! thou art holy—holy is thy air :  
    Creation thrills with an immortal tune ;  
And the pale beams seem spirits bent in prayer,  
    Kneeling on earth and breathing in the moon.

Stars ! Stars ! what are ye ? why so faithful burn ?  
    Why rise and set, why vanish and return ?  
When we poor mortals, moulder in the shade,  
    Are ye the scales in which our fates are weighed ?

M A N .

TRUST not man, his mind is ranging,  
Trust not man, his heart is changing,  
As a waltz ;

He will woo thee to deceive thee,  
He will win thee to bereave thee,  
Then prove false.

If thine eye soft love betrayeth,  
If thy mouth sweet magic sayeth,  
He will rove ;  
When thy words and smiles are fewest,  
Then's the time that he'll be truest  
To his love.

If he win thee by short wooing,  
He will lightly deem his doing,  
And despise ;  
Let him cage thee with much trouble,  
He will deem thy value double,  
Doubly prize.

And for this we may not blame him :  
What were genius, could we tame him ?

Nothing worth !

We would trample his proud pinion,  
Nor allow for his dominion,

Time and earth.

Many a lovely one is sleeping  
Where the willow bough is weeping,  
Sighing long ;

Many a silent heart is bleeding,  
Many a soul to heaven is pleading  
O'er their wrong.

AN HOUR OF INSPIRATION.

THESE floods of song which o'er me roll,  
I would to earth impart;  
Eternity is in my soul,  
And GOD is in my heart.

For thoughts so eloquent and deep,  
Who may expression frame?  
They hurry o'er me with a sweep  
That language may not tame.

Oh, when this weak, decaying clod  
Hath breathed the spirit free,  
Then will it pour before its God  
This full Eternity.

YOUNG FARMER'S LAMENT' OVER JENNY.

THE jessamine and roses sweet  
Are blooming by the wall ;  
And there the hum-birds' pinions beat  
And there the sun-beams fall.

The bird which she so often fed  
Sings loud its morning strain ;  
But now my darling Jenny 's dead,  
I'll let it go again.

The corn is tasseled in the field,  
The grape is on the vine ;  
I care not if they richly yield,  
I care not if they pine.

My grief rolls o'er me like a wave,  
My hope has lost her ray,  
For Jenny lieth in the grave,  
And joy hath fled away.



DERANGED MONIE.

A WALKING dream, by habit taught,  
She wandereth from reason's yoke :  
Oh, some sharp agony hath broke  
The brittle breadth 'twixt mind and thought.

For often from her faltering lips  
There trembles an unhappy mirth,  
Which seems the half unconcious birth  
Of some wild fancy in eclipse.

Sometimes her cold and murky eye  
Warms with a quick, bewildering light,  
Then settles back in barren night,  
As doth a star in wintry sky.

When midnight slumbers on the sea,  
She sitteth there in misty gloom ;  
Pale, spectre-like, a breathing tomb,  
She sitteth there with me.

Fearless and free of all control,  
She chanteth some mysterious air,  
The phantom of that strange despair,  
Whose heaviness has sunk her soul.

THE SABBATH DAY .

I LOVE to see the man of God  
Kneel humbly at the altar holy,  
And teach the way that Jesus trod—  
Jesus the lowly.

I love to hear the solemn psalm,  
Roll slowly on the hallowed breeze ;  
It steals into the heart like balm  
From Eden's trees.

I love to see the young sit by,  
And learn of Jesus' sufferings here,  
While sorrow's soft and saintly eye  
Distills a tear.

Oh, well I love the Sabbath day ;  
Sweet spirits wander through its air,  
And woo our erring feet away  
To shrines of prayer.

WHEN DEATH'S FROZEN FINGER.

WHEN Death's frozen finger  
Breaks life's chords apart,  
Thy memory will linger,  
Like warmth 'round my heart.

For I loved thee as brother :  
Thou did'st not betray ;  
'Twas the smile of another  
That wooed thee away.

Less true to the myrtle,  
Is the breeze or the bee,  
Or the dove to its turtle,  
Than memory to thee.

T H E   S T A R S .

THEY say that there are planets pale  
    Beyond the vapor-mantled sky ;  
But distance, a dim viewless vale,  
    Encircles them from mortal eye.

Oh, sure those sparkling heaven-flaws,  
    Are gleams of God's blest isles of love !  
Music oases, where we pause  
    In our far voyage to above !

With elder angels there we stay,  
    Till seraphs come with crowns and wings,  
And wash all earthy soil away,  
    And robe us in immortal things.

'Tis there they saint us, there they teach,  
    What to the higher heaven belongs,  
And gift us with immortal speech,  
    And teach us their immortal songs.

There, heal worn memory of her scars ;  
With snowy feet and diamond shod,  
Unhinge the portals of the stars,  
And lead us to the smiles of God.

Thus of those flashing isles I deem,  
Those music fountains of the sky :  
They bathe me in a blissful dream,  
Wherein all earthly visions die.

T O M E E T A , S L U M B E R I N G .

THY spiritual features

The stars are imbuing ;

Those beauteous creatures !

Oh, what are they doing—

Like exiles so lonely and high ?

They are quiet beseechers,

And faithfully wooing

Our spirits to come to the sky.

The moon-light is sleeping,

On every billow ;

Thy blushes are keeping

Thy soft, snowy pillow ;

For sweet thoughts are at play in thy heart ;

And thy dark locks are sweeping,

Like the boughs of a willow,

When soft zephyrs wave them apart.

Of one thou art dreaming,  
Whose heart doth adore thee ;  
His presence is beaming,  
Like magic before thee ;  
He seemeth a dream from above !  
The future is streaming  
In happiness o'er thee,  
And the angels are singing thee love.

Oh, false is the beaming,  
And this thou must know ;  
This beauteous seeming  
Will deepen thy woe,  
And thy fancy's sweet visions will break ;  
Oh, why does sweet dreaming  
Woo heaven below,  
Then steal it away when we wake ?



## L I N E S

TO MISS BREMER, WHILE IN MOBILE.

THOU hast thought, hast thought most loudly;  
Thou hast written the sublime;  
And thy name is sculptured proudly,  
On the monument of time.

On thy soul's enchanted pages  
Truths like living prophets speak—  
Truths which through all future ages,  
Never can be dumb or weak.

In thy words a beauty liveth,  
Beauty eloquent and high,  
Which a rosy drapery giveth  
To my memory's western sky.

Like a cool, melodious fountain,  
Gushing in the summer time,

Or a flower-covered mountain  
In a scorching desert clime,

Are the dreams which thou dost ponder,  
Which are robed in flowing words,  
And which through thy spirit wander,  
Like a flock of singing birds.

Let thy memory be sheathing  
All thou see'st as thou dost roam,  
So when thou again art breathing  
The sweet atmosphere of home,

She from her bright jeweled measures,  
Where they've slumbered soft and long,  
May set sail her fairy treasures,  
On the sunny tide of song.

Mayest thou like bees quaff honey,  
From the flowers of hope and love ;  
And thy landscape e'er be sunny,  
And thy heavens bright above !

And when far away in Sweden ;  
When with us no more thou art,  
Let the Southern Minstrel-Maiden  
Be a record of thy heart.

And when death's dark form is flinging  
Chilly shadows o'er thy breast,  
May thy spirit, sweetly singing,  
Soar with sainted ones to rest!

TO PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Oh, all on earth that is divine,  
Unto thy memory belongs ;  
For Nature was thy spirit's shrine,  
And Nature virtue never wrongs !  
'Tis man who turns her sweets to brine,  
And maketh of her garlands, thongs :  
Nature instinctively creates,  
And man with knowledge desolates.

When heart and soul are sweetly wed,  
Thence beings beauteous take their birth,  
And, as bright rainbows over head,  
Shower sparkling drops upon the earth :  
Thy lovely, transient genius shed  
The pearls of intellectual worth,  
Which, melting into heart and mind,  
Left sunny prints of heaven behind.

Of gifted ones there are but few  
Who own true virtue for their dower ;  
Thy heart to goodness was as true  
As was thy spirit to its power ;  
Thy sympathy was balmy dew  
To many a bosom's withered flower ;  
Too solid was thy nature's gold,  
To flow through weak deception's mold.

Alas ! that death should ever take  
A thing so faultless for his prey !  
The heart to Nature once so wake,  
Wakes never more to night or day.  
Oh ! *every* heart on earth might ache  
For *one* who mouldereth in the clay ;  
And were no other spell in Rome,  
It were a spell to be thy home.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN AGED FRIEND.

THY life-time is now in its even ;  
    Hope mouldereth in memory's sod ;  
But the star-beams of faith light thy Heaven,  
    Like the beautiful foot-prints of God.

Thy past is a sorrowful shadow ;  
    Thy spirit feels drowsy and cold ;  
And its thoughts, like worn flocks from the meadow,  
    Steal in and lie down in their fold.

The river of death in the distance,  
    Is heard with a shivering roar ;  
But Jesus, with angel assistants,  
    Will clothe thee on Heaven's warm shore.

There, forever, a glorious immortal,  
    Star-mantled, star-bannered, sublime,  
Thou'lt stand at Heaven's high portal,  
    To welcome God's soldiers from Time.

To welcome them in from the dreary,  
The perilous, desert of life,  
No more to be wounded or weary,  
No more to be invaded by strife.

As reward for their sorrow and duty,  
They'll rove the cool bowers above,  
And bathe in the rivers of beauty,  
And feast on the music of love.

TO THE ESTRANGED ONE.

WITH eyes in smiles, and souls in dreams,  
    Beneath hope's star we met ;  
But now that star so clouded seems,  
    It might as well be set.

My heart was as a summer day,  
    Its thoughts were all in tune,  
And thine were like bright wings at play  
    In the warm light of June.

I wove for thee a soft, sweet song,  
    'Twas sweet because 'twas true ;  
But now I feel my friendship wrong,  
    It was not sweet to you .

There never shone a day too fair  
    For clouds to cross its light ;  
And joy's sweet dawn that was so rare,  
    Has darkened into night.



Oh, since the flowery chord is rent,  
And cold the heart's warm swell,  
Let all our bitter thoughts be spent  
In that one word—farewell!

T O M A L I T E .

I SING to those in flattery  
Whose beauty's incomplete ;  
But I were blind to flatter thee,  
When the truth's so very sweet.  
Thou art my lovely favorite,  
My lovely young Malite!  
My gentle, fair Malite !

Believe thou hast a friend in me,  
One who has loved thee long—  
Whose heart is sad with memory,  
Whose spirit is sad with song ;  
For to the soul that feeleth much,  
The world gives many a wrong ;  
But not to thee, Malite !

And I have singled thee apart  
From all of mortal kind,  
As the bright real of the dream  
That wanders through my mind—  
As one who e'er will prove to me,  
Angelic, fair and kind—  
Angelic, fair Malite!

T O A H U M M I N G B I R D .

WILD flutterer! thou dost seem to me  
A spirit from Eternity;  
A gleaming of immortal things;  
A winged, transparent, singing thought,  
Flashed from the lyre by angels wrought,  
And dancing to their wings.

Or is this but a wandering,  
A novelty my heart would sing,  
Yet be too wise to deem?  
If so, how many thoughts like this,  
Will crowd upon my soul as bliss,  
And make e'en death a dream!

If I rove along a misty track,  
Will tamer spirits call me back,  
And mock, and hoot, and blame?  
No! let the wanderer explore,  
And seek for things unsought before,  
And give them life and name.

T H E   W E D D E D   L O V E R S .

LET us live in yonder bower,  
    In yon sweet magnolia dale,  
Where the founts gush up and shower  
    Mist and music on the gale.

Hope will never pause in sorrow,  
    Limping over memory's thorns ;  
Blissfully we'll spend each morrow,  
    As the mock-birds spend the morns.

We will float upon the river,  
    When the moon-rise blusheth red ;  
While the breezy leaflets quiver,  
    Like soft wind-harps over head.

When the dancing stars assemble  
    Over heaven's azure lawn,  
Memory will wake and tremble,  
    With a thought of loved ones gone.

We will wander o'er the mountains,  
Thou my eagle—I thy dove;  
And our hearts will be full fountains,  
Gushing rhapsodies of love.

Through the holy night we'll slumber,  
Serenaded by the sea,  
And the dreams my pulses number,  
Will be images of thee.

We will teach our little Willie  
To be lovelier every day,  
And at twilight soft and stilly,  
Teach his lisping lips to pray.

Feeling happiness in duty,  
Feeling holiness in love,  
We will live a life of beauty,  
Then in beauty soar above.

L U C Y .

I LOVE her, for she oft has been,  
A rover o'er the rolling sea ;  
Her heart and soul have felt within,  
True worship to the Deity.

I love her, for her breezy curls  
Seem waving music round her face ;  
A queen would give a crown of pearls  
For half their grace.

She is a wild and happy thing,  
As fickle in her buoyant glee,  
As April breezes, when they fling  
Their freight of fragrance o'er the sea.

Nature and heaven are twin,  
And she is theirs—  
For the angels of the air breathe in  
Her songs and prayers.

Then can ye wonder that I love  
A thing so full of soul and heart;  
A bird whose pinions grew above,  
Unshorn by art?



## A DAY DREAM.

[DEDICATED TO J. W. F. OF ST. STEPHENS, ALA.]

I WENT unto an ancient clime,  
I wandered o'er a classic shore,  
Where nature, lonely and sublime,  
Is crowned with lore.

I knelt where statues, cold and pale,  
Reposed by sweet inspired streams,  
Softly, as if a snowy veil  
Waved o'er their dreams.

I pondered o'er historic tomes,  
O'er sainted nuns and broken shrines,  
Convents and crosses, and pale domes  
Wreathed in dark vines.

I saw the grandeur of old Rome ;  
I stood where Alpine tempests beat,

While the deep Rhine heaved its cold foam  
Around my feet.

I stood where stormy Bonaparte,  
Thundered his cannons o'er the slain;  
And felt an earthquake at my heart,  
And in my brain.

Yes, I have crossed the mighty sea,  
Which rolls its everlasting length,  
As though it struggled to be free,  
Yet feared its strength.

## A NIGHT IN JUNE.

It is a lovely night in June,  
Cloud-bannered marcheth on the moon,  
    'Mid her starry troops o'erhead.  
I gaze upon those glorious clouds,  
And dream that they are royal shrouds,  
    To wrap some warriors dead.

Bright visions o'er my spirits float,  
Lightly as glides a fairy's boat  
    Across a foamy wave.  
Within my heart self feelings sink,  
Deeply as music, when we think  
    Of sweet ones in the grave.

A wailing wind is in each pine,  
A playful zephyr in each vine,  
    A murmur in the mountains ;  
And the bright stars in clouds recline,  
Like laughing hope on memory's shrine,  
    Or mist-encircled fountains.

The billows burst along the shore,  
And rush the sighing sedges o'er,  
    Then foamingly retreat  
To that dark, sobbing Evermore,  
The restless ocean, in whose roar,  
    Strange truths and mysteries meet.

A heart seems throbbing in each clod,  
A soul seems bursting from each sod:  
    'Tis an inspired even.  
I feel as though my spirit trod,  
In the rich presence of its God,  
    Enbalmed with bliss from heaven.

O L O   A N D   O Z I L L O .

THE ocean is lonely,  
The midnight is cold ;  
*One* star trembles only,  
Through a black vapor's fold.

A white mantle cover,  
Around her is thrown ;  
And Olo her lover,  
Seeks fearless and lone.

Like a pale priest of magic,  
She invoketh the air ;  
For her bosom is tragic,  
With a deathly despair.

A red meteor blazes  
The tempest along ;  
And her wild eye she raiseth,  
And groaneth a song :

“ Oh, murdered Ozillo !  
Here, here, thou dost sleep,

Where the black-boiling billow  
Is frothing the deep.

“No fleet-pinioned swallow  
Hath found thy lost grave ;  
For it darkens the hollow  
Of a ghost-haunted cave.

“My heart feeleth frozen,  
And strong as the sea ;  
'Tis the night I have chosen  
To come unto thee.

“Ha ! hush thou mad ocean,  
Beat low, ye loud waves ;  
Let me kneel in devotion,  
Then plunge to your caves.”

A vesper half uttered  
On the cross round her neck ;  
And the strong surges muttered  
O'er beauty's lost wreck.

The mountain-like billow  
Still broke on the shore ;  
But Olo and Ozillo  
Were parted no more.

A S O N G F O R C O U S I N S A L L I E .

ONE song for thee before we part,  
One song—it is the last!  
Then I will hush my sighing heart,  
And seal it with the past.

One farewell, while yon vestal moon  
Retires to the sea!  
'Tis gone—and oh! the night too soon  
Has shrouded thee from me.

The waves are booming to the North:  
Soon on their foaming might,  
Thy ancient vessel wanders forth  
Like a dark ghost of night.

Come, trace a cross upon the strand,  
And hallow it with tears,  
A token that our love will stand  
Through tempests and through years.

The sea-mist circles dim and damp,  
    Around thy queenly brow ;  
And thy dark eye, like memory's lamp,  
    Beams palely while I vow.

Farewell ! why should we longer wait ?  
    The morn cannot atone ;—  
Oh ! I must leave thee desolate,  
    And rove the world alone.



## OKOLDEE AND OMTAKO ;

OR, THE DYING INDIAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS SON.

AN Indian Warrior was dying. The shadow of the hills lay upon his bosom, and mist from a fountain cooled his burning brow. The lightning of vengeance flashed from his eye, as, with the strength of despair, he grasped the arrow beside him and groaned, "Omtako." A fine boy sprang to him like a sun-flash. Omtako, thou art Okoldee's son; thou art the eagle which bearest his strong hopes to the high mounts of the future. Thou art the sword wherewith he will slay the serpent that crusheth him. Omtako! the pale face is that serpent. Take this arrow. Smite the forest. Follow him. Track upon his step like the wolf, and hiss upon his ear like the viper. Slay him. Take the scalp of the pale face, and bring it as a trophy where Okoldee sleepeth, and let its gore-drops be dew to the thistle that covereth him.

Omtako! Lo, the sun sinks in red glory! His broad blazes flash on the black waters like blood. The sea groaneth;

the forest howleth ; nature is strong, for Okoldee dieth ! Be proud, Omtako ! and lay him where the eagle screameth and where the tornado thundereth. Hearest thou, Omtako ?

Omtako heareth and is proud. He will feast on the heart of the pale face. He will lay thee in the throne of the tempest, and be to the shade of Okoldee as the red comet to midnight.

Farewell, Omtako ! Okoldee dieth ! When midnight covereth him he will be cold ; for his spirit will leap the star-paths of the hunting grounds. He will remember thee there. He will shout thy name in the chase. His deerhounds shall be fattened for thy coming ; and the dark daughters of the great will welcome thee with gladness !

## SPIRIT HOME OF THE MINSTREL-MAIDEN.

THE angels knew that the child of poesy pined amid the simoons and icebergs of reality, and they gave her a home of fancy. It is the dream of this mysterious home which forever shadows in her spirit with a musing silence.

Would ye know that home? It is an amber isle in a crystal ocean. Its coral mounts are capped with steeples of pearl. The odors of its flowers are so exquisite that memory swoons when the heart breathes them. The feathery foilage of the quivering groves is wreathed together by æolian lyres, woven with ringlets of fancy, and tuned by the breath of muses. Its breezes are bursts of music from heaven. Its rosy fountains gush from the laughing eyes of marble cupids.

Its sun-beams are the flashing of silvery pinions. Its shadows are those of spirits floating through the pearly portals of Paradise. Its stars are the eyes of angels bending from their cloud-latticed windows to teach her the music of heaven. The snowy shells which dimple its mossy strand are the foot-prints of fairies. Golden wavelets laugh along its shores like immortal serenaders from eternity.

Such is the spirit-home of the minstrel-maiden. There, like a breezy dream she floats on tides of inspiration, till, exhausted with bliss, she sinks to slumber mid dewy roses. Then come her sainted twin spirits, and waving their snowy pinions, whisper, "The Holiness of Heaven," and singing "The Angels love Thee," float back to fan Immortality.

Yea, such is her spirit's home. She learns *there* the wild melodies she warbles *here*. Now wonder ye why she is silent and sorrowful 'mid the creatures of sin and death. Nay, be generous still, and let the wild spirit of the minstrel-maiden float on in her amber isle over the crystal ocean.







