



GREENWOOD



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Daniel Pelton



GREENWOOD

An Elegy

MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS

BY ✓

DANIEL PELTON

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”
GRAY.

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*West New Brighton,
N.Y.*

Dedication.

To those, if any, who chance to read this work and enjoy it, must thank the dear companion that I made my wife, (the joy of my life and helper in my old age,) who imagined she had found treasure in it that I had never fondly hoped to discover, and who insisted on making it public; and to whom in justice I now dedicate this, my humble effort.

Yours sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

I HAD never given much thought to the publication of my poems, and so to leave it to others if they thought it worth while after my death; but at the continuous request of my wife I put forth this selection, hoping to please some of my many friends who have expressed a desire to see some of my works; most of them have been written years ago. In days whilom, when I drove my team afield trying to make two blades of grass grow where one had been, or inoculating some barren tree to make it produce rich and luscious fruit. Born a rhythmmer, amid sublimer scenes, the music of the spheres beats time against the raptured brain and poured sweet poesy from the willing lips, and thus I wrote.

For the better understanding of those who do not remember it, I would tell them at the time "Greenwood" was written there were two entrances, one for funerals and the other for visitors, we entered by the last named, near the Poets' Mound.

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GREENWOOD.

August 23d, 1850.

How dull the morn, the low'ring curtains shed
A fitting gloom for visiting the dead ;
It brings those serious thoughts upon a brow
Where ruthless time has scarcely drawn a plow,
And brings deep musing o'er the burning brain,
Yet 'tis not joyless though 'tis charged with pain.
By land my steed shall draw me on the way ;
By steamers wafted where the waters sway ;
My sister shall my solemn journey tend—
My dear companion and my loveliest friend.
Intent my thoughts upon the expected shore,
Careless we pass where oft we've passed before.
Till at the gate, O sacred spot ! we stand
Where sister hills stand linked on either hand.

Turn'd to the left we take the tour around
And pass the lake—a heavenly spot of ground.
Here Art to Nature lends a moulding hand,
And grassy verdure carpets all the land;
The scattering fountain would to sunbeams tell
That art can nature in one point excel.

POETS' MOUND.

AND now the Poets' Mound awakes my lyre,
Tunes ev'ry string, and sets my soul on fire ;
To aid my pen no fancied muse I call.
Come, Thou Great Spirit! Governor of all ;
Inspire my verse and tune the vocal lyre,
Who sent the Seraph with the living fire :
And should my verse a heavenly thought impart,
Close not the ear, and harden not the heart.

And who lies here? What genius does it own ?
Is this poor Clarke that's raised this costly stone ?
Too proud to beg the bread he crav'd,
None ever heard him groan,
And thus he starv'd : when in his grave
They mock him with a stone.
If he was worthy of historic praise,
If his own merit such a stone could raise,

Was he not worthy of the bread he crav'd,
Till raging hunger into madness rav'd?
Seek not perfection in the tuneful Choir,
'Tis torturing fortune sets the soul on fire.
The poet is a harp unstrung till adverse fate
Has soften'd, fired, or filled the soul with hate.

INVOCATION.

COME ! holy spirit of my song,
And crown my lyre with bays,
While forgetting other sacred dead,
I sing McDonald's praise.

Spectre shades, and spirits dire,
In fancy cross the mind,
While airy forms as bright as fire,
Float round on wings of wind.

Within this lone enchanting vale,
Still dost thy spirit stay?
Or has it left this wicked world
For calmer realms away?

To that far distant land
To seek that unknown bourne,
Who pined amid a social world,
A spirit all forlorn.

Come! pour thy spirit on my verse,
Thy wild poetic fire,
To mingle in my solemn strain,
Oh, grant thy friend's desire!

EULOGY.

THE tears bedew my cheerless eyes,
For whose with pity would not start,
To think upon the mournful fate
That has awaited Sandy Clarke.

I've often heard men call him mad,
And say dark spirits on him tend ;
The mean excuse did make them glad,
That then they need not him befriend.

If it were so, then make me mad !
The change shall make my soul grow glad,
'Twill leap beyond control.

In broken ridges, grand, and rude,
His harp sonorous tun'd the song ;
With eagle glance his thoughts protrude ;
Thus madly rolled his verse along.

Look thou for calm serenity,
When gath'ring storms around us rise;
'Tis grandeur then like storms to be
When lightnings flash athwart the skies.

Though long oppressed by poverty,
Yet he from wealth did ever flee,
And pin'd within his soul.

His soul was like the mountain tide,
That peaceful through the plain might glide,
But when o'er rocks and ridges driven
Its roar is echoed far and wide.

His flight is check'd, his debt is paid,
The conqueror bade the curfew toll:
That Highland face is now a shade,
And eyes that spoke a gen'rous soul.

Those eyes that shone so radiant bright,
Reflecting Heaven's pure azure light,
At length have reached their goal.

THE INDIAN MOUND.

WHAT figure strange upon this tomb I trace?
It is no image of our Saxon race,
A swelling heart that's laboring in its grief,
That would not weep lest it should find relief ;
Iowa's chief, it seems, and can this be
So late in bloom, thy lov'd Dohumme.
So late a maid, so late a bride,
Is this the end of human pride?
A daughter of a hunter wild,
An Indian wife, a chieftain's child.
Enough : they would not have it said
That tears were to her tribute paid.
Rest in the soil that once was thine,
Thou last fair image of a glorious line.

Compar'd with Afric's sons how bless'd
In freedom's grave to find a rest ;

Majestic bright'ning in decline,
Like setting stars that brighter shine,
Thy dust bears record of thy fame
Without one spot to blast thy name ;
But still the negro lives the scorn
Of those whose burdens long he's borne,
And yields his sons to slavery
Whom righteous heaven ordained as free.
But these in time may yet assert their rights,
And, joined with foreign and Confederate might,
With streams of blood may dye the Southern plain,
And Sparta call for Athens' aid in vain.
Oh, brothers! brothers! while I plead with thee,
Wilt thou not hear the cries of Slavery?
If not the negro can thy pity move,
Think of thy race, and own a brother's love.
Shall Slavery's weeds choke up fair freedom's soil,
And freemen's labor weigh 'gainst slavery's toil?
Shall Southern votes for the dumb negro pass
And the free Northman vote not for his ass?
Shall few great planters fill the fertile plain
And beach or crag is all the poor can gain?
Shall one proud lordling his poor negroes drive?
Where many freemen well might live and thrive?

Shall this weak point tempt some proud mighty foe,
Where train'd in strength might deal the offensive
 blow,

And hand in hand might move the public weal
With hearts of firmness, and with fronts of steel?
But, my dear friends, let me no wrath excite;
'Tis mine alone the mournful tale to write.
When Heaven the curse of slavery would show
She gave the pen to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

GEORGE W. BROWNE'S TOMB.

As up the hill we bend our winding way
Where rival tombs their vaults, their fronts, display,
Now, generous Xanthus, lightly tread,
For here are laid the sacred dead ;
Thou steed of proud Eclipse's strain,
Thou has not drawn that blood in vain ;
But check awhile that smouldering fire
That proves thee of a noble sire.

What massive weight is heaped upon the dead !
What gaudy show around their tombs are shed !
More wealth than worth is often gather'd here,
And lying tombstones o'er their graves uprear ;
Their anxious friends to cover every fault
Rear the high tomb, or decorate the vault ;
The conscious world in silence passing by,
Pity their faults, nor chide the lifeless lie.

Now on a Gothic pile I rest my feasting eyes,
With finial plume, and tiles cut diamond-wise,
With gabled front, and quatrefoil relief,
With buttress firm, it stood awhile the chief,
And still it may with costlier structures vie,
And stand in time a proud antiquity.

THE POMP OF WEALTH.

As o'er the Hill with solemn pace and slow,
The wond'ring eyes behold the vale below ;
What wealth lies squander'd o'er the vulgar dead,
What health, what comfort might its powers have
spread ;

This adds no comfort to the senseless dead,
But by its bloom our living pride is fed ;
'Tis here their family wealth and taste are shown,
And merit told of—elsewhere never known ;
Where weakness and vanity these tombs uprear,
Pride triumphs oft where sorrow claims a tear.

Heaven takes small note whence comes or goes the
clay,

Yet man will heap up stone that scarcely will de-
cay,

Well pleased we see these mighty structures rise,
Yet Egyptian follies wisely all despise—

They by their tyrants mighty labors wrought,
We by a system with oppression fraught.

The pomp of sorrow is frozen wealth's display,
In burst of pride its grandeur seems to say,
Here lies the great, great dust beneath this stone,
A trumping chronicle that fame has never known.

Yes! this is more than common dust!
Dust made sacred by a soul!
Heaven consecrated with a holy trust!
This vacant hall the Heavens may still enroll.

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

SEE o'er yon new-made grave the mother weeps ;
With dewy tears the new-laid clods she steps ;
Thus loud she wails while bent down on the grass,
She hears no trampling, sees no strangers pass.
'Tis from our birth we're doom'd to feel this smart.
The fairest flowers are soonest to depart.
Their infant days alone to us are given,
They only bud on earth to bloom in heaven,
But the fell spirits that from hell proceed,
Dwell long on earth, and many a wanton deed
Shows their dark course while here on earth they
 dwell,
And plainly mark their downward track to hell.
Ah! happy are they that die in their childhood,
Their memory's with joy and their end is in bliss,
For if there's an offering in Heaven accepted
From Adam's curs'd seed 'tis an offering like this.

For we still are deceived by the memory of childhood,

For youth has its pain that's unknown to age;

The thorns are all gone where the roses once stood,

And onward are battles we dread to engage.

Like the echo that reverberates from the mountain's
rough border

How sweetly it plays upon Fancy's pleased ear—

Thus the scenes of our childhood by memory's recorder

Have sweetened ev'ry smile, and softened each tear.

MARY C. DIKE.

HERE violent death has called forth violent grief;
And let them wail, if wailing gives relief—
Let not their grief thy timeless mirth amuse,
Or artless love “spelt by the unlettered muse.”

JOHN R. PAXTON.

As o'er the hill we bend our doubtful way,
We pass where kindred bones now mouldering
 lay—
But all are kindred, kindred to the dust,
And worse than dust without that heavenly trust.

MRS. MARY PAXTON.

I WOULD weep for thee, Mary,
But thou art happy now ;
A spirit light and airy
Thought cannot mar thy brow.

For thou art gone, Mary,
And left this world behind ;
Where sorrows only vary
And cares oppress the mind.

But we will meet again, Mary,
And our kindred spirits dwell,
Like the visions of a fairy
And naught will break the spell.

CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

How often memory throws its rays
Back on our early childhood days—
Beguiles our thoughts with painted joy,
Nor aught is felt of life's alloy.

But childish thoughts, and childhood's days
Have had their joys and had their blaze,
And toil began, and cares crept in,
And selfish thoughts led on to sin.

We plough with care, we sow with pride,
Our pride increased with every stride;
The golden crops despise the plough
Oh! God in Heaven, protect us now.

THE THOUGHT OF DEATH.

WHAT noble structures of human art on every side
are spread

Within this labyrinth of monuments, this city of the
dead!

But hark, I hear a toll, it is a funeral bell,
It seems a warning spirit from yonder distant dell.
We should not fear that warning, nor dread the con-
queror's strife,

For living in the fear of death is not the true end
of life;

But listening to our conscience, let it direct our ways,
Then happier shall pass our life; in peace shall end
our days.

Solemn gloom, why do we dread the grave?
Fear we to rest where there's an arm to save?
A long dark passage to an unknown bourne,
The cheerless prospect of a distant morn?

The thoughts of death the bliss of life alloy;
Wrapt in himself man might himself destroy;
Forgetful still that life alone was given
To smooth our path, and fit our soul for heaven;
In virtue's path will we our vigil keep,
How many nights are crowned with downy sleep!
If for the soul we strive its health to save,
May we not hope for comfort in the grave?
Swift flies the time when winged by silken joy,
Ere dewy fogs the ambient air destroy;
But swifter far must be its flight in death
As death is stiller than our vital breath.

THE FUNERAL.

HERE comes a priest the funeral pomp to grace
With costly scarf and sanctity of face.
Oh! holy men, can ye receive the gift
Where poverty is making many a shift!
Will ye still hover where the arrow sped,
And stoop ignobly to despoil the dead!
Ye, who to sorrow still might lend a charm,
And bathe the wounded with a healing balm!
Here comes the hearse all blackened o'er with pall;
It is a mother that Heaven was pleased to call.
Oh! holy name,—father, sister, brother,—
All combined ye are much less than mother.
Oh! thou to whom we owe our very life,
The kind protectress of our infant strife,
And still through life our kind protectress found,
All that's of thee must have a holy sound.
Fortune sets mad the world with hate or fame;
But still the mother ever is the same.

Oh! what a loss at any age is this!
To youth how needful, and to age what bliss,
To have a mother living to engage
The kind affection due her wasting age.
Though thy dead mother may rejoicing be,
Yet, little children, I would weep for thee,
For well I know that when those eyes were sealed
Thou bore a wound that never can be healed.
So must it be ; and we must learn to bend,
Thankful that mem'ry still some joy can lend.
Through the long train there's many a coach at-
tends
That bears its burden, but that bears no friends.
They came to ride, or came the time to wile,
And in their joy cannot suppress the smile.
No stranger's tears need on the bier attend,
Nor secret sighing aid a weeping friend—
But smile not here, lest in some coming hour
Ye want those smiles that then will mock your
power.

THE KEEPER'S LODGE.

TURN from these tombs and yonder cottage view
With battened sides rough as the forest grew ;
Not to decay nor of a human plan ;
It seems of nature an older growth than man.
And that old bell that hangs in yonder tower
Tolls o'er the dead with more than mortal power,
And warns sublime, if warning we will hear,
To live in justice, and our Maker fear.
Still, as I hear that solemn knell,
It has a thrilling, deep'ning sound ;
It does the fading memory swell
Of friends that lie beneath the ground.
To keep the pass an ancient figure bends,
Like fancied Peter on the gate attends.
Now turn'd this cot, this loveliness I leave,
To plunge 'mid death and revel as I grieve.

LAMENTATION.

OH! brilliant genius still consign'd,
It works upon the thoughtful mind
To see the choice of death.

The brightest fire is soonest laid,
The fairest flower is first to fade,
The sweet, the shortest breath.

The lilies, blooming sweet and fair,
With fragrance load the ambient air,
And all their charms confess.

All feel the rapture of delight,
The transport of the sense and sight,
And none would wish it less.

Yet all that joyous scent and bloom,
Is but its passage to the tomb—
The onward march of death.

The mind is but a burning flame,
Though bright it sparkles into fame,
Must die at every breath.

THE BEGGAR.

WHAT ghastly form has caught my pitying eyes.
Nor worth, nor merit, in his cause replies.
With liquid fire his half-clad limbs would warm,
By heaven forsook to ruin nature's form.
For such as these oft charity deceives,
And such alone the generous man relieves ;
Where merit pines she trusts no sordid powers ;
'Tis for a nobler heart and freer hand than ours.
But try not these by men's severest laws,
For Heaven in mercy long has judged thy cause.

THE CURSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

AN ! worse than war, more fatal to the soul,
That still deceiving, ever-maddening bowl !
The widow groans, the suffering orphan cries,
The shrewd grow rich where reckless folly flies :
The inebriate's drink can drown his grief as well
As sin on earth can pay the debt of hell ;
Their health destroyed, their blameless offspring
dooms,

And fill our graveyards with their early tombs.
Yet there are they who advocate its cause,
And call it good that wars with nature's laws.
What wretched want, what damning sins we see,
Is easy traced, curst Alcohol to thee,
It slacks our nerves, and lumbers up our course,
And brings old age with double speed and force.

Still round the tour the fairest tombs display,
Like the bright honors of the milky way.

BAY GROVE HILL.

While o'er the tombs I see yon prospect smile,
Here will I pause, and pausing muse the while.
A pleasing sight to see those stately sail—
The peaceful nation's voluntary bail.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WICKEDNESS OF
NEW YORK.

THOUGH freighted with the commerce of all crime,
And so it's been from record's earliest time,
From port to port they ride the world around,
And bless and curse where'er they touch the ground.
Oh, City of my birth, could virtue see
The crime, the folly rooted deep in thee,
The midnight revel, and the rambler's den,
Those scenes of whoredom, and of wicked men,
Those shudd'ring scenes would drive her from your
strand,
And in her fright scarce raise a helping hand.
Now one black scene stands pictured to my view,
The scene all fancy, but the fancy true :—
In a back hall, an alley leads the way,
Remote from justice, and shut out from day.
Careless alike if passing night or day
The eager gambler feasts upon his prey ;

All pale, the youth would from his power be free ;
Too weak for conquest, and too spent to flee ;
'Tis not enough his pockets he would drain,
But sends him out to seek unlawful gain.
He goes unwilling, but with hope to shun
The punishment for crimes already done.
Till, stumbling short, his arrant course is run ;
The wretched mother mourns her ruined son.
Thus folly leads and vice pursues the way,
And night will shield those deeds too dark for day,
Till Truth breaks in, and, with his arm of might,
Dispels those clouds, and rears his throne of right.

Sad is the thought, but would I alter? Oh! no!
Too loath we are to leave this world of woe,
Where all are sinners, sinners from our birth,
And all must sin while journeying here on earth.
For social laws draw men into a throng
And selfish rights makes each his fellow wrong.

Those few hours to virtue given,
Are like the gems that shine in heaven,
And own their Deity ;
As swift around his throne they fly,

Yet how small the space wherein they lie
Compared with all the sky!

Should Heaven in vengeance wreak its wrath again,
This might be found a City of the Plain.
But stay thine arm, Oh, Heavenly Father, spare!
Think of the babes, remember Nineveh.

WILLIAM BURBANK.

Who reared this haughty obelisk on high?
It mocks at death and would insult the sky.
Could ye not show him in an humbler form,
Who fell the victim of a raging storm,
Where Duston's * worth and valor could not save,
But still pursued him to his very grave?
But the dear man who now we hope's in bliss,
'Tis well to know he had no hand in this.

* While they were carrying Captain Duston, who commanded the steamer in which Burbank was lost, there came up a most violent squall.

DE WITT CLINTON.

HERE rests awhile within this vault,
A statesman that could never halt ;
Is this the end of thy desire,
Poor ashes of ambitious fire ?
The evil still pursues thy name,
The good forgets to give thee fame ;
Too loud thy foes while yet they live
Who thou in life their due could give ;
But, as the smouldering ember dies,
Thy faults shall sink, thy fame shall rise,
And with its brazen throat shall sound
A blast to ring the world around—
A monument that's all thy own
Not like the silent mossy stone,
Defying Time's corroding power,
And blooming like a heavenly flower.

VIRGINIA MINGARY.*

THIS obelisk confesses causeless fright,
The rage of fear, and ruin's mad delight ;
Prudence is wisdom when not turned to fear,
But fear is ruin in its mad career.
He early took them that so lately gave ;
Short from the womb he rock'd them to the grave.
I think I hear ye ask, Why all these babes ;
Mad unbelief! have filled these early graves ?
But, curious man, what would ye not know
Of ill ; nor think of good the Heavens bestow.
Alike in youth, alike in age,
Alike the scholar and the sage !
This warning dire should warn us all
That death on any soon may call.

* A false alarm of fire in school caused the death of these children and about seventy others.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.

SEE yonder tabular that stands below
Foolhardy madness in a man does show,
Who sported with poison, tampered with a snake,
And fooled his life with nothing good at stake.

CHARLOTTE CANDA.

TURN'D to the left, I seek the intricate round,
Where Charlotte Canda decorates the ground,
Like Sirius, fairest of the starry line.
Yet death seems setting on that heavenly shrine ;
All tombs around are in its splendor lost,
And all must bow before its mighty cost.
Yet who would envy, who would take her place,
Though not possessed of any wealth or grace.
The dread of pain, tenacity of life,
Increase with woe, and feed on mortal strife ;

In vain the roses round her bloom,
Vain may the polished marble shine,
In vain the sculptured image show
Charlotte in life almost divine.
Still all is night beneath the gorgeous tomb,
And the black grave wears the same dismal gloom.

Thou lovely flower, too delicate for earth,
'Tis only strange such beauty here had birth ;
Supine it fell before the autumnal blast
To rise to Heaven when wintry storms have passed.

SAMUEL D. SCUDDER.

SHORT was thy mission, blameless child of God.
Weep, Ceylon weep, o'er Greenwood's greedy sod,
The grave thy cradle for thy rest on earth,
Thy tomb a manger for celestial birth,
Thy education fits thee for the sky,
'Twas not in vain it taught thee how to die.
Heaven's true wealth beyond false fortune lies.
Men may grow great but never can grow wise;
Wealth and honor may conspire in vain
To seize by force what humbler mortals gain.
Fortune, oft false, was not to him untrue.
And fame, unsought, a wreath upon him threw.

RICHARDSON.

Yon gloomy pillar through the thickets lower,
And seems the relic of a stone of power.
To Odin's praise by rude barbarians given,
As dark and cheerless as their hope of Heaven.

THE VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.

ARE these the conquerors, this the trophy gave?
They fought for glory, and they won a grave:
Such fate awaits those chiefs that love to roam,
And deal destruction to a happy home.

BATTLE HILL.

But once these hills were stained with guiltless
blood,

Such blood and tears as made a second flood ;
What time the British legions trod our shore,
And filled Columbia's blameless land with gore.
To arms ! to arms ! the fervent patriot cried,
To arms ! to arms ! the generous youth replied ;
From every hill the clamorous sounds arise,
“ And the long peals ran echoing through the
skies—”

The gray-haired veteran, and the man of God,
The polished scholar and the clownish clod,
All side by side join in the common cause
To save their country, and their country's laws :
Themselves the bulwark tyrants would destroy,
And won the freedom which we now enjoy.
Though many a soldier found an early grave,
Heaven sent a man our bleeding land to save—

Brave as Achilles, as Ulysses wise,
With Hector's virtues, to complete the prize;
His country's father, freedom's dearest son,
Beloved by all, immortal Washington:
He in the breeze, bade our proud banners fly,
And war-worn veterans shouted victory.
They know alone what freedom cost,
Who fought in many a battle lost;
And, wearied, turned and fought again,
And saw their brethren bite the plain.
Desponding, wrecked, despoiled and driven,
They met at length the smiles of Heaven;
Then fled or fell the hireling slave,
Even then they feared a freeman's grave;
They drove their standards from the land,
And saw them drooping leave the strand:
Tall ships they reared, and their victorious stars,
To grace the Heavens waves o'er their giant spars.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

PAUL JONES, the first who reared those stripes on
high,
Mid shouting sailors, and a smiling sky;
Down came the stars, a voluntary aid,
And lent them lustre, and their Tribute paid.

A. L. F. COWDREY.

HERE lies a man, one of a generous crew,
To duty prompt, to noble passions true,
His ardent breast, urged on by strong desire,
Has spent its rage, to check the rage of fire ;
His weeping friends and comrades held most dear
All bruised and mangled brought his body here,
Far from the noise, the bustle, and the strife,
And all those scenes he held so dear in life.

SAMUEL J. GILLESPIE.

COME view this tomb, this emblem scan,
The watchful dog, the faithful friend of man,
With more than reason does his patience burn,
And burns for him that never can return.

THE PILOT.

Now round and round unwilling are we bore,
O'er length of ground that we have trod before,
Determined thus the like mishap to shun,
At every turn we watch the lowering sun,
Till through the trees at distance we can spy,
A stately tomb high towering to the sky—
His tomb our guide whom friendship has placed
o'er

A much-loved pilot, but a guide no more ;
By angry Neptune's reckless wrath decreed,
Nor mortals could, nor Jove would intercede—
O'erpowering storms and tempests gathered o'er,
And wrecked and ruined on a well-known shore,
For he who strove while others quaked for fear,
And died for strangers—strangers shed a tear.
O reckless death, on total ruin bent,
Men at thy call are from their duty sent ;

But if to honor you can build up fame,
To die on duty is the noblest name.
But why will men thus hardy strive to live,
Where their best fortune naught but life can give ;
Man, vain boaster, must yield when fate has sent,
And learn to bow to power that can't relent ;
And oft it haps the proudest ones we see
Bending beneath a blind fatality :
Yet some would flee, and others trembling wait
The soft still voice that warns them of their fate.

VICTOR MARCET.

Thus did Victor stand upon the brink,
And see his comrades sporting in the brine,
Full well he knew it was his fate to sink,
And that no arm could check the power divine.
Yet in an unguarded evil hour,
He fell the victim of the threat'ning power.

Full many a squall without a cloud,
Strikes when our sails are spread,
While oft those ones that threaten loud,
Burst harmless o'er our head.
To think, to talk, may be the part of man
His actions all are of some heavenly plan.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

OH, life, thou path of rocks and thorns,
Or vainly struggling 'gainst the tide,
Man ever o'er his folly mourns,
And only seeks the port of pride.

Oh, could ye take what fortune yields,
And bless the bounteous hand that gives,
For know what nature never shields,
That thing with comfort never lives.

In joyous youth, in age serene,
There's bliss in ev'ry peaceful scene,
In ev'ry age and state there's pain,
Where rage and discord hold their reign.

There's grandeur in the storm ;
There's beauty in the shower ;
There's loveliness amid the tears,
Of sorrow's pensive hour.

There's naught so innocent on earth,
That is not mixed with gall ;
Even dewdrops hanging on the leaves,
May wet you if they fall.

True happiness is in the mind,
Nor can it dwell away,
Dark discontent may gather clouds,
O'er natures sunniest day.

'Tis death not life that brought me here to sing.
The sudden change might break the tuneful string.

GEORGE AND ALBERT SWAN.

WHAT constellation breaks upon my sight,
Their emblem's shining with an equal light;
In equal love and rival bloom they seem,
Like the lov'd brothers of the Spartan Queen.
Sleep! brothers, sleep! glad memory with thy
youth,
And shed a light o'er honor, love and truth.

MOSES KIMBALL.*

BEHOLD again we meet another tomb,
Of that dire storm that fill'd our land with gloom ;
How few escape destruction's deadly bows,
And pass unharmed this world of many woes ;
Yet there's consolation 'mid that solemn gloom,
To lay them decent in the funeral tomb,
Consign their spirits to a heavenly trust,
And mix their ashes with its parent dust.
'Twixt the soul and the body there's still an affinity,
Though the one is all carnal and the other divinity.
As the soul pants for Heaven, so the heart pants for
earth,
Each for the place that it claims for its birth.
'Tis the instinct of life, by nature 'tis given,
Dust unto dust, and spirit to heaven.

* Lost in the storm with Captain Duston on the Steamer Atlantic :

COZZENS.

NOE yet unseen must we desert the place
Where stands a monument possess'd of every grace ;
These angel forms to fancy only known,
Here seem to breathe upon this sculptured stone.
This skilful draft, though well it please the eye,
Yet may it not offend the Deity ?
Though some good angel bids the spirit fly,
Leave earth and seek the regions of the sky,
Yet be this truth a revelation known,
Ill sets a spirit on a sombre stone.
By various turns we seek the tower again,
To gain a prospect of the distant main.

JOHN M. BRUCE.

AND here's, my friends, an empty tomb
Where death has never cast a gloom ;
For virtues tried he's blessed with life,
Who calmly bore the business strife ;
And may no troubled sea invade,
Till calm he lies in Greenwood shade.

OCEAN HILL.

DELIGHTFUL spot ! favor'd of Heaven !
What health, what strength in every breeze is given ;
Here heavenly showers their fertile influence pour,
And ocean's briny arms wash clean the shore ;
Favor'd of Jove, what beauties here are spread,
Fit place to live seems fit to lay the dead :
Oh ! shudd'ring thought, beneath the miry sod,
Sacred alone to some infernal god,
To lay our friends where the muddy wave
In wintry tempests 'mid the valleys rave.
There fever reigns, health shuns the morbid spot,
And all that's human feels the canker rot ;
Who from such fate would not their body save ?
'Tis death to think of filling such a grave.
But here all fear, all loathing here has fled,
We seek a sweet communion with the dead,
And as we read on each historic tomb
We'd have them answer from their solemn gloom.

FAMILY BURYING-GROUNDS.

ON their own farms some choose to rest their bones
(Nor think how few of parents' farms their children
owns);

For this they choose some lone sequester'd hill,
Too drear for prospect, and too poor to till;
There frisking lambs dance at the close of day,
Or sporting heifers tear the sod away;
Brambles and briers with tall weeds o'ergrown,
And sunken graves is all of them that's known;
Their sacred memory can no more prevail;
They live in fancy of some ghostly tale;
The grudging ploughman craves the ground to till,
And grubs intrusive round the wasting hill;
Still sets his coulter towards the less'ning mound,
'Till leaning tombstones tumble on the ground,
No more o'er graves they fill with sacred awe,
But serve for stepstones at the invader's door,

Thus every trace ere long shall pass away—
Their sacred memory and their wasting clay.

As far from this hill I can see o'er the plain,
So boundless its glory and long be its reign ;
And soon my dear country exulting shall be
The joy of the land, and the pride of the sea.
A nation of learning, a nation sublime,
A nation of grandeur, a nation of crime.

THE INDIAN SPIRIT.

YET in time what we are (how strange does it seem)
In history's page shall appear but a dream ;
And they of this land that now hold the sway,
Shall be number'd with those that have long
passed away.

Where millions now live there may famish a few,
And the hunter again the lost chase shall renew :
Let me sing when a boy, how my young fancy stray'd,
'Twas a vision of ghosts, but I was not afraid.

A spirit came and sat o'er the grave,
Where his fathers were gathered, and his bones
had been laid ;
And he saw that the white man no relic would save
Nor respect to his nation or kindred had paid ;
And he rejoiced when he thought that their spirits
were free,
And none were there left, their bondsmen to be ;

But still might they rove over desert and wild,
The lovers of freedom, and nature's own child.

And nobly he thought they had played out their part,
Those old debts of vengeance they had honestly
paid ;

And friendship and gratitude those friends of the
heart,

That an Indian forgot, it ne'er could be said ;
And calmly he looked on the Great Spirit's plan,
How each race in their turn can reach but their
span,

And the soil that had borne his had taken its clay
And the Spirit that sent them had swept them away.

And the paleface had come and filled up their place,
And palaces built and torn up the soil,
Even Indian graves the last trace of his race,

And seek for no pleasure but the curses of toil,
And he pitied the white man who grovels from birth,
Slaves by their nature must still rend the earth,
And he would not have changed his wild spirit so
free,

For the life of a white man, though the noblest
could be.

DAVID HALE.

THIS name alone might o'er the heart prevail,
Thy kinsman's memory honors David Hale;
Nor less thy sternness than the chief who fell,
To know thy virtues, they must know thee well;
Oft underneath a crusty hard exterior,
The heart is tender, kind, true, superior.

The subtle false heart is always smooth,
The slime that poisons first the victim soothes;
This stern dark stone is well erected here,
Its strength and grandeur triumph over fear;
To virtue true o'er truth he held a rod,
"An honest man the noblest work of God."

REV. DAVID ABEEL.

Joy to that soul that sought to bless mankind,
The only tie that here on earth could bind;
Thy fervent spirit would not let thee rest,
Forever wandering and forever bless'd
Oh! yet awhile may thy good spirit rove
And aid the mission of the man of love.

And now before my feasting eyes,
Rich prospects spread around
The teeming fields with verdure green,
The sea with vessels crowned.

The birds have all returned again,
And music fills the plain,
How blest are they—they know no past,
Nor dread the future pain.

By yonder tomb there stands a tree,
Its blooming roses to display,
But on that plant you cannot see
The roses that have passed away.

FREDERIC PLACE.

BUT what is this that I behold ?

What ruin do I see ?

The broken column that marks the grave
Of a friend. Oh, sacred name to me !

Upon its sides are marked around,
To show his friends lie near ;
A few short months have swept away,
All that his heart held dear.

But one I see they have not mark'd
Though memory dims with years,
Still round the mind forever clings
What youth to us endears.

Frederic, long departed boy,
Companion of my early joy—
Thy youth, thy beauty, and thy wit
Like distant meteors dimly flit.

ON THE DEATH OF EMMA MOTT.

OFt have I seen my dearest friends depart,
And whilst I mourned received a second dart.

Of late the heart has been severely tried,
And can it be the accomplished Emma died?
This warning gloom is Heaven's gentlest sign
A gnomon set to cast a shade on time.

Ye winds that o'er old Ocean roar,
Sigh when ye reach yon pensive shore,
Ye fields, how can ye smile?
Long may the billows lash the shore
In mournful dirge, for now no more
Fair Emma glads thine isle.

Since Emma joined the sacred dead,
Xanthus, half thy grace has fled;
All that to Heaven belongs.

She fell as budding roses turns,
When hot the summer solstice burns,
And their young beauty wrongs.

Ah! life, how transient is thy bliss!
How many shocks we feel like this!
How false is all the show!
All that is lovely in its birth,
Leaves this sombre, cheerless earth,
Just as its charms we know.

But why complain of what is given,
Of seed that makes a growth for Heaven,
That takes no dross of earth:
For God is good for all he gives,
And would that every soul that lives
Should profit by its birth.

Then, Emma, go in beauty's power,
And seek that amaranthine bower;
And join those angel girls;
For what were Heaven with all its bliss
If it were not for gifts like this—
Such tributes from its worlds.

JONATHAN GOODHUE.

How swarmed with goodness, here our neighbor
lies,

Neighbor to all, and kindred to the skies.

Not superbly great, but most supremely good,

Through a long life his sacred honor stood,

By wealth and fortune, severest test, was tried,

He lived respected, and lamented died.

Farewell the prospect of the distant round,

Our business now is with the adjacent ground.

NEW GROUND.

DETACHED THOUGHT.

SCATTER'D more wide the cheerless tombs are seen,
And pleasing nature spreads a brighter scene ;
Amid these tombs still must I turn to man,
And various thoughts arising, let me scan :
What sudden change, just there fair Science teem,
Still law is here, and law will rule supreme ;
Man left to nature lives by natural laws,
The social man to fellows pleads his cause ;
All rul'd by laws, but rul'd in different ways,
And only happy where the conscience sways.
With wary hand deal out a freeman's power
Lest ye may rue it in a trying hour,
For some to rage, and some to love a fool.
Who rules himself, alone is fit to rule.
Supremely selfish ev'ry man is right,
And till he's vanquished glories in his might.

In ev'ry age he boasts superior skill,
Still man is man, and so he ever will ;
Nor less his strength, nor of degenerate size,
To silence truth they balance equal lies :
See where he liv'd, and what his labors wrought,
His strength and talent by those proofs are sought.
If here he lacks, then there the proof is given
And ever thus he keeps the balance even.

Oh! man to savage nature prone,
For culture yet how rich a plot—
Thy cultured pride oft makes thee groan,
And savage worth is oft forgot.

How soon are favors all forgot,
How deep the impression of a wrong—
Friendship seems but a selfish plot,
Deep wounds contempt as life is long.

To culture man, man has the power,
For vernal showers his growth prepare,
And most we love that tender flower,
That only grows with toil and care.

Oh! feeble art, how fruitless is thy strife
When frugal nature will not warm to life ;

In vain we seek, in vain we strive to know ;
What from our fellows may spontaneous flow.

Consign each one unto his place,
And let him fill that place with grace,
To war with nature's laws 'twere vain—
When God makes laws, those laws will reign.
Full many a rock by sculptor soiled,
That might have made a corner stone.
Material waste, and labor spoiled,
And all too late the folly known.

If study charms thee pleasing is the toil,
But care is needful or ye'll wear the soil.
Spend not your toil where adverse fate oppose,
Nor seek to give what Heaven alone bestows.
In a rich field may grow a barren tree,
Robbing the soil of its fertility :
While sprouting from bri'ry hedge I've known
The clust'ring fruit, culture would proudly own.
On coarsest spray the richest flowers may grow,
And the fine leaf may scarcely own a blow.
Ah ! why will death such victims proudly seek—
Enough the simple, and enough the weak,

But can the flowers their fragrance yield,
And not their atoms cast away?
Can the rich harvest coat the field,
And draw no substance from the clay?
Thus active minds must quickly pass away
Like kindling fires that brighten to decay.

Not always worth, but weakness oft
To early ruin tends,
And self esteem attains a height
Where ridicule suspends.

Claiming talent none can see,
Or merit none can find,
That sheds a feeble ray within
To dazzle their own mind.

Thus they who vainly seek for fame,
Will meet a just reward,
And perish with their own esteem
Without one echoing chord.

Thus with embittering chagrin,
And wrath they leave the world;
To pine unheeded and unseen,
Where merit oft is hurled.

Some early find the covering, grave,
And some their folly weep—
While some throw back those blunted darts
That wounded them so deep.

Heed not this smooth and flattering world,
Flattery will only foil ;
But when thy work is weighed with gold,
There's merit in thy toil.

Oft man's the author of his own woe,
With his own hand he deals the inflicting blow,
Self-tortured, writhing, suffering, grieved,
And blames the world that he is not relieved ;
Nor reason ask to seek an easier plan,
But passions rage and swallow up the man.

Still o'er new grounds we bend our way,
As yet unsettl'd by the dead ;
Who yet in life may storm awhile,
Ere their journeying spirits have fled.

But ah ! in life, oft worse than death,
A thousand ills pour in.
Man not only suffers for his own
But for his fellow's sin.

Our dearest joys, our dearest ties,
They reckless cut away,
And in a moment cause a wound
That will not heal for aye.

Oft some fell demon, arbiter of strife,
Bursts friendship's bands—the dearest gems of life;
And lying scandal, or more dangerous truth,
Cut loose those links so dear to generous youth.

Slaves, hell-bent in mischief, each a host,
In things they are least concern'd they meddle most;
Alert to harm they play their dev'lish part
Without one virtuous spark to warm the heart.

Nor seize we joy, or joy it seems,
But restless still we roam;
All the gain our journey proves
If this is not our home.

Oh! ever restless evil man,
How fruitless is thy toil,—
Ere yet ye've gathered in the crop
You turn it in the soil.

The pursuit of pleasure is alone its gain,
Too oft pursuing what must end in pain;

The soul arises with the coming chase,
The looked-for pleasure when we end the race.
Though still receding still we press the more,
We grasp the jewel and it shines no more.

'Tis thus the hunter can the chase enjoy
O'er hedge and ditch, and standing crops destroy—
Till fall'n at length, he sees the vanquished prize;
The noble stag rolls up his dying eyes,
The hunter feels, and all his pleasure dies.

But still there's joy amid our chosen friends,
On honest friendship lasting bliss attends;
This is for all, for every man may find
One that admires with a congenial mind.

There is no clime all crops will suit,
Nor any culture all will tend—
But barren the soil that bears no fruit,
And cold the man that has no friend.

Choose not a friend that will thy substance crave,
Be a true friend, but never be a slave;
Nor high, nor low, but choose an equal grade,
To burden not, or not to go unpaid:

With even scale let open favors swing
Nor deal out justice with a secret spring.

OH, thou who think'st thy fate severely hard,
Because some cloud obscures a brightening day,
Thinkest thou that Heaven will show thee more
regard,
And all the schemes of nature disarray?

Think not creation was alone for you,
Thou art but part of a stupendous plan;
'Twas made for Cæsar and the sparrows too,
And worlds on worlds, too much for man to scan.

Nor is misfortune often what it seems,
And man to want and misery left forlorn,
Our dull minds ill search for heavenly schemes,
Our greatest ills are blessings nobly borne.

Man's but a wave on the ocean of time,
A speck on the shore, a note in the chime,
A link in the chain, a part of the whole,
And countless the value of one precious soul.

But small, ah, small! is that being and soul.
To the Power that creates and moveth the whole;

Man's but speck to the earth, what's the earth to
the sun?

And wide over space does Sol's system run;

Yet farther in space and twinkling around
Is the glory of glories, the bright stars abound;
Yet far, far into space, where the vision seems lost,
And the sight and the mind into chaos are tossed—

There myriads of worlds seem clouding the space,
Like specks tossed chaotic, and seeking their place;
There whole stellar systems seem but begun
And creation proceeding ad infinitum;
Great God! O forgive me if man has a weight,
Ye heaven of heavens, what then's thy estate?

DR. MITCHELL.

HERE ends this farce : how much this road, like man,
Still leading onward ends where it began !
How much like life this consecrated ground !
Though on we drive still must we come around.
In vain we halt, in vain we strive to fly,
There lies the goal, and there our course must lie ;
Restless rovers struggling from the womb,
To end our struggle in the silent tomb.
And few in life that bears a common name,
Is worth resounding through the trump of fame.
But here lies one for whom she blew a blast,
Nor can it be without a tribute passed.

Clio, beloved of all the sacred nine,
Thy tablet fill upon this honored shrine ;
Courtied by nobles and beloved by kings,
And this the glory that their honor brings.

Yet science claims thee, bids thee live a name,
With zealous Priestley blundering up to fame,
A pleasing, trifling, yet a thoughtful sage,
A blaze of glory sinking into age.

CHANCELLOR KENT.

HERE lies the great, a clever man lies here,
The Judge of judges bids the judge appear ;
A sapient jurist, and a generous man,
Thy virtues known, thy talent who could scan ?

HARPERS.

HERE'S a band of brothers, do not fear,
These social men not yet are here ;
They yet awhile have parts to play
And brighten many a gloomy day.

GERMAN GROUNDS.

FAR from his home the wandering German lies—
'Tis freedom's home, the living brother cries;
Who just escaped the tyrant's iron grasp
Would in his arms the enchanting goddess clasp,
And thinks fair freedom's soil may lighter tread,
And softer lie upon her noble dead,
And feels in freedom more content to die
Than live in chains from whence he had to fly.
'Tis hard for man to leave his native land
And seek a dwelling on a foreign strand,
But naught compared with those brave souls of
yore
Who built their homes upon a hostile shore.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

HA! who can tell the suffering of that band
Who first set foot on wild New England's strand?
With solemn look the fathers stand
 Around their new-made brother's grave,
'Tis in a free but foreign land
 And death that liberty to crave.

Yet would they rather fill that grave
 Than tyrants dread or curse their God—
The master there can find no slave,
 But turns in horror from the sod.

They thought who next of them should fall,
 Their friends an ample grave would heap,
They thought the summons was for all,
 And only for the last would weep.

PUBLIC LOTS.

STILL as we drive full many a grave we pass
Till grave to grave join in one common mass ;
Here the long lines of heaped-up earth do wave,
There the deep trench shows it one common grave.
The mean canaille there toils for strengthening
bread,

And like the falcon feasts upon the dead.
The curling smoke around his nostrils play
And in low joking pass the hours away.

So let it be, still may their hearts be glad,
Till crushing fortune bids the soul be sad ;
For they can feel who rough in every way,
Roughly does sorrow o'er their bosom play.

PIERO MARONCELLI.

BUT mid these ridges of the vulgar dead,
Beloved of fame, Piero's may be read,
Who, doomed in chains of misery to stand
For Europe's sin, for loving his dear land :
Him to the furies heartless tyrants gave,
Till pitying fortune the poor wretch would save.
The butcher'd body strength enough did crave
To guide it hobbling to a freeman's grave.

Funereal honors or the costly tomb
Could not repay the patriot for his doom ;
Yet there are those who meaner parts did play,
With tombs resplendent as the God of day.

ITALY.

FAIR Italy, thou fairy-land of flowers,

Ill sets the wreath upon a tyrant's brow,
Thou still art lovely in declining hours.

Hast thou no Cincinnatus at the plough?
Not vain for thee the patriot's blood shall flow
Thy fattened soil the stouter hearts shall grow.

AN INVECTIVE AGAINST TYRANNY.

DOES Europe's rulers murmur at our slaves?
Who would not give to freemen quiet graves?
Men with nature undisputed as their own,
Oppressed, trod down, nor pitied when they groan,
And yet the echo of a groan would make you grieved
Turn to your homes, begin ye to relieve.
You dogs dressed in your gold and scarlet coats
To bark at freemen with your brazen throats;
With simoon breath to blight fair freedom's tree,
All men are selfish, most supremely ye.
We know your object, what you hope to gain,
So hold your peace, your labor all is vain.
He that would scourge asks not if black or white,
Strength is his guide, he looks not to the right:
Ours is a wrong, a more than crying shame,
Sent by your fathers, those you would not blame!
But still go on oppressing all you can,
While we have freedom for your meanest man.

DINAH DEPUY.

HERE lies a saint though born a slave
None will deny the freedom of the grave;
Her mortal frame may moulder here away
But heaven has claim'd what never will decay.
Who has not found in humble life,
 Where heavens ethereal embers burn'd,
Such noble spirits never were,
 Nor never can to dust be turn'd.

FOUNTAIN HILL.

THE fount of life in fields of death
The many distant rills supplying;
How much like life its stay is breath,
And flows no more at breath's denying.

THE FIREMEN'S MONUMENT.

No more the bell awakes the strong desire,
Their ashes now contain no living fire ;
Nor think with pain or pride the perils past,
But wait unconscious for the trumpet's blast.

Such men are ours that rather die than yield
Their country's bulwark, and their country's shield ;
Yet need restraint ; their passions uncontrolled
Are fierce, vindictive, virulent, and bold ;
Their swelling veins if maddened let to go
Would run to riot and nefarious woe ;
But to fairly govern and to justly please,
Our country's fortune much depends on these,
That power that brings such blessings to our hand,
And wafts in safety o'er the smiling land,
If reckless fed, and raised beyond control,
Will burst in fury and destroy the whole.

Thus plebeian power to nature ever true,
It built up Rome, and Rome it overthrew.

It tyrants check'd, and oft would tyrants slay,
But knew no bounds, and madden'd in decay.

'Tis not for all each secret art to scan,
The arm that labors seldom lays the plan ;
Each in their place must play their several parts,
What best befits of Science, or of arts ;
Each in his place exalts his nation's might,
And there alone his nation wills his right ;
With equal check each feels a just control,
And virtue reigns to harmonize the whole.

THE EVIL OF INSUBORDINATION.

FORGIVE the o'erflowing of an ardent breast,
With manly strength, and generous heart possess'd.
They mix what's great and what's weak in man
Angels can pity, devils never can,
Stern moralist, hast thou not felt the passion strong
 within
Thy vanquish'd breast that tempts a man to sin ?
Then why condemn the youth who chance to trip
When better fortune would not let thee slip?
Too cold for love, thy bosom's feast is hate ;
Thy rancor'd breast thy prowling cannot sate.

CONCLUSION.

But noiseless time is stealing on
That wears this life away,
And bids the subtle spirit fly
And leaves its worn and worthless clay.

Then we must still be journeying on,
Nor waste that time in song,
Though in sweet communion with the dead
A few short hours belong.

The tombs are past, my song is spent
This day remember'd be,
While side by side I drive with time
Till death shall set me free.

Adieu! ye gates, and consecrated ground ;
Adieu! ye hills, and shadowy vales around ;
Adieu! ye monuments, ye dead, farewell—
A short farewell, then with you I will dwell.

CONCLUDING ELEGY.

I HAVE not toiled to build up fame,
Nor sought for earthly praise ;
The gifts the world bestows with fame
Are envy and delays,

But as the songster warbling forth
In sunshine and in shades ;
Would shun the noisy blast of fame
Which solitude invades.

The easy, humble, quiet life
I hope for is the best ;
And free from pain I hope to gain
A place where I may rest.

When you behold my mossy grave,
Who chance to pass along,
As I thought of the sacred dead,
Think of the child of song.

Nor hide my faults, for faults I have,
And they are not a few ;
I only boast an honest heart
That's tender, kind, and true.

When gentle zephyrs sweep along,
Or sigh among the trees,
Then think upon the Greenwood song,
And let the spirit please.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DIRE WINTER RULES THE DREARY REALM.

DIRE Winter rules the dreary realm,
The sea-gull screams o'er Kill von Kull,
The hardy boatman dreads the helm,
And scarcely through the ice can scull.

And far around for shroud of snow
The fields have changed their living green,
The howling winds a tempest blow,
And desolation rules the scene.

Thus winter reigns supreme in him,
Who sees his only joy depart,
Nor flattering hope, with flitting pulse,
Warms the least channel of his heart.

But let my Mary smile again,
That pulse how high, that heart how light,
And silken joy shall drive the pain
Of shadowy phantoms from my sight.

With joy I'll hail the welcome spring,
To see the elm protect the vine,
And songsters to their mates shall sing
And so will I, my valentine.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET WAVE.

Flow gently, sweet wave, glide slowly away,
For short is thy passage to my dear natal bay ;
There rolled in some eddy a moment may stay,
Then launched in the ocean forever and aye.

Thou mind'st me, bright wave, of life's fickle beam,
As it glides down the course of its widening stream ;
A moment in manhood, it may shine on the bay,
Then sinks all engulfed in the ocean of spray.
From the fountain of life, to the ocean of death
We pause but a moment, we draw but a breath.

THE CLOVE.

IN search of contentment whoever may rove,
Though weary, delighted must pause in this clove;
Where the picture of bliss in fancy may glow,
And nature's pulse beat to the heart's healthy flow;
Where the hills will not echo an unholy sound,
Nor an unhallowed sound through the valley
 rebound;
Not a sound that is heard but to heaven will raise,
Every note that you hear is the music of praise.
With a smile on the vale stands each hill linked to
 hill,
And their plumes nod in grandeur to the murmur-
 ing rill;
And that smooth glassy lake that's reflecting the sky,
Is the mirror of heaven where the goddesses vie.
'Tis the wax-work of paradise, where there's nothing
 forbidden,
The perfection of nature, the foretaste of heaven.

Ye toilers for riches, ye slaves from your birth,
Ye ramblers for pleasure, ye reptiles of earth,
Who find in your lives not a moment of bliss,
Come, take ye a view of a model like this,
Where fancy from truth gets those pictures so rare,
And mocks every effort to make them more fair ;
And learn, though it's rare when the spot ye shall
 find,
There's peace and contentment for the virtuous
 mind ;
Though short to the best is the bliss that is given,
One step to this vale, and another to heaven.

THE RAINBOW.

ON Ararat top our pious parents stood,
And viewed with joy the slow assuaging flood,
Nor longed to ride the stormy deep once more,
Nor mourned the good ship cast upon the shore.
Nor the lost dove that brought the peaceful spray,
Nor scattering herds that wind their rugged way.
Their grateful breasts are filled with pious awe,
And for the future would some aid implore ;
From each clean herd a sacrifice they fell,
And smoky altars raised a savoury smell ;
The Almighty saw and pity moved His breast
To ease their minds and put their fears at rest ;
He said "No more on earth shall raging floods be sent,
And as I swear behold my covenant.
Seedtime and harvest shall again appear,
And the rich soil shall bear the loaded ear ;
The welcome seasons shall in order come,
And shadowy night to brightest day give room."

Then dewy drops through scattering clouds were
sent

And the bright sun burst through the firmament ;
The reflected beams with animating glare,
Draw the bright colors from the ambient air,
In order each, and radiant as they glow,
In the bright heavens they form a brighter bow,
The waves supporting either end below.
Their fears are now in admiration lost,
Their toils forgot and stormy waves that's crossed.
And view the truth as high in heaven it shone,
That God and mercy ever shall be one.

As heavenly truth awoke my slumbering fire,
So semblance strong still keeps me to the lyre ;
As from the clouds Sol calls the colors true,
So light increased gives truth a brighter hue.
It stands a bow to mind of debts that's paid,
Of punished sin, of righteousness the aid ;
Its form an arch, and as an arch 'tis strong,
And as to heaven and earth it does belong,
It rests on earth and bends the heavens along ;
Its colors pure, so pure is heaven from crime ;
As grand to view, so heaven is most sublime.

THE SETTING STAR (VENUS).

I SAW the lovely queen of night,
Smiling in the western sky,
It filled my soul with rapture bright,
To see the laughter-loving eye.

Her last looks were upon the wave,
She brightened as she near'd the deep,
She smiled upon the watery grave—
That grave which makes so many weep.

She is gone beyond the briny wave,
No more she shines—the star of heaven—
She sank behind the yearning grave,
Bright stars but for a time are given.

Yet heaven is filled with feebler fires,
That spread around a lustre bright,
United in their strength conspire
To light the wanderer through the night.

So perish every star of earth,
They only for a season shine,
But still they hope a heavenly birth,
Who cherish faith and love divine.

**THE SEASONS ALL MUST OWN THEIR
BOUNDS.**

THE seasons all must own their bounds,
The fiercest storm must lull its blast ;
The sweetest Spring that e'er's enjoyed
Is when the dreariest winter's past.

Thus, Mary, hope can brace the nerves,
To bear the violence of the blast,
That when the raging storm is spent
To rest within thy arms at last.

TO MISS —.

I'VE seen the sullen winter sun,
Twice fourteen times return ;
But still as colder blew those storms,
The more did summer burn.

But still with you that wintry frown,
Through every change I trace,
That's left in me an icy chill
That time cannot erase.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.

THERE'S poetry in every scene,
There's music in the spheres,
There's harmony in every theme,
Where nature's throne uprears.

The warbling of the feathered throng,
The murmuring of the running rill,
The insects' call joined to the song,
Thus all dissolved sweet notes distill.

Like distant mountains wrapt in mist,
Or lofty glaciers towering high,
With scenes that mock learned diction's list,
Behold the grandeur of the sky.

Thus all resolved my soul may be,
When my body lies beneath the sod,
In nature's truest poetry—
The fittest offering for its God.

I'LL NEVER STRIKE THE LYRE AGAIN.

I'LL never strike the lyre again,
No more its music makes me glad,
For every fool has got his theme,
And mine perhaps may sound as bad.

Classic brute, and Classic man,
Alike but ink historic page ;
Then learn and live—live while you can,
And let no thought but life engage.

IF MARY WILL BUT SMILE.

May 1st, 1850.

How gently spring is riding in ; on the welcome bull
he is borne,
While rich the wreaths of flowers are wound on
either horn ;
The fragrant falling blossoms a rich profusion yields,
While gladdening vital lustre is brightening all the
fields ;
The crocus and the hyacinth, they now must yield
the sway,
And the early gay narcissus no longer looks so gay ;
The sprightly, feathered warblers, with notes so loud
and clear,
Are singing, 'mid the blooming trees, the promise of
the year :
Thus gay the face of nature the fitting hours can
wile,
And every change shall cheer me if Mary will but
smile.

THE COMPLAINT.

IN vain I turn the vocal lyre,
The ear unwilling hears the strain ;
Bereft of all its heavenly fire,
And every earthly sense but pain.

But only let my Mary smile,
And all around shall seem more gay ;
The changing scenes the hours shall wile,
And joy shall greet each coming day.

Then side by side again we'd rove,
And strive the fairest flowers to cull,
Careless to every thought but love,
On blooming banks of Kill von Kull.

THOSE EARLY WALKS THAT WE HAVE
TAKEN.

THOSE early walks that I have taken,
With the ones I loved so well—
On grounds that long have been forsaken,
Fond the memory loves to dwell.

Bold invader with thy treasure,
Spoil not that ancient hedge or lane—
Sacred spots to heavenly pleasure,
With thy toil so fraught with pain.

My unseen ghost I want should visit
Those sacred lonesome spots again;
There on some well-known rock to sit,
And think not all of life was pain.

THE ECHO OF HOME.

WHAT spell is it that charms me, that I never would
shun,

That warms the chilled heart like a mild winter's
sun ?

What fancy pursues me, though far I may roam ?
'Tis the deep rolling echo of my dear native home.

The old faithful watch-dog as he greets me with
joy,

The fond mother's call to her young roving boy ;
The stern sacred bee, as she hums her own tale,
And the mortals still echo from my dear native
vale.

The horse's shrill whinny as he sniffs up the gale,
The deep lowing herds, as they stroll through the
vale,

The sweet singing birds on the orchard's low trees,
Oh ! this is an echo so charming to please.

The wild shouts of joy as the woodland we rove,
The sad, plaintive strain of the still mourning dove,
The rough flapping sound of the discordant sail,
Oh! this is the echo of my dear native vale.

Thou idol of manhood, why burst on my strain?
Be silent, kind memory, oh! bring not your pain;
Why blight ye my fancy with that still blasting
 tale,
'Tis not the echo of my dear native vale.

When the father of exiles shall beckon me home,
And bid the lorn stranger no longer to roam,
With joy I will greet it, and then with a smile,
Mount on an echo of my dear native isle.

WOMAN'S HEART.

Who has not found a woman's heart
Is harder than a brazen shield;
And seen full many a blunted dart,
Before its stubborn casement yield!

TIME.

TIME's always mad, when we are glad,
And flaps his wings and flies away ;
And lags again when we are sad,
And where he's welcome will not stay.

MARY.

THERE'S music in that holy sound,
That charms me like a fairy.
I could not love a lass
Unless her name was Mary.

THE OLD CRUSER BURYING-PLACE.

OH, sacred spot, where human dust
Lies mouldering 'neath neglected stone,
Is this the end of human trust?
How happy then when fate's unknown.

Who that these moss-bound stones shall see
Shall wonder that the bard has sung;
They seem to bend in sympathy,
And almost seem to have a tongue.

Even this old barn would stand on them,
Had I not kept it from the line;
I could not pile unhallowed stone
Upon an ancient worthy line.

Then let us learn from this a truth—
Though great in life that die we must;
Embrace the time while we are here
And leave the rest to heavenly trust.

THE STORM.

At sea near New Jersey Coast, July 10, 1878.

How strange to think that I am here,
And, stranger yet, to have no fear!
Surrounded by the boundless deep,
The stormy clouds above us sweep;
Darkness hanging like a pall,
O'er our noble wooden wall;
Loud the distant thunders roar,
And vivid flashes light the shore;
But strong the nerve is braced 'gainst fear,
When Thou, O God! we know art near.
Through storm and calm, through light and dark,
And joys and ills Thou guidest our bark;
Through Thee alone we enter life,
Through Thee alone we bear the strife,
And when at length the strife is past,
Thine is the haven sought at last.

TO LAURA PELTON, ON THE DEATH OF
HER FATHER.

Written in the special car while riding to the grave of my
cousin, William Tilden Pelton, July, 1880.

OH! child, bereft of a dear father's love,
A charming, youthful, helpless, fluttering dove,
Still there is left a heavenly Father's care,
And still to heaven thou art a rightful heir.
And short at most the journey here below,
And vain the glitter of its gaudy show.
But nature, teeming with a generous glow
Of healthful life, through all its creatures flow,
Bids you arise and take an equal share
Of earthly joys, and youthful earthly care.
When, worn at length, we feel life's journey end,
Memory awakes, and life new pleasure lends.
Life swiftly glides—we see the heavenly charms,
Our parents beckon with their open arms;

Oh! then thy life shall doubly be repaid,
An earth-born child, a heavenly cherub made,
Thy spirit, fleeing far from earth's alarms,
Shall rest an angel in thy father's arms.

MY OLD SHOES.

AND must we part, my dear old friends,
So constant and so true ;
A friend in need is a friend indeed,
Although a poor old shoe.

Together we have often strode,
In pleasure or in pain,
Companions, if I walked or rode,
In sunshine or in rain.

And now to think that we must part,
As best of friends must part,—
To think new friendships must be formed,
It almost breaks my heart.

Nor love I less for service past,
Down-trodden and forlorn,
I've loved thee well from last to last,
But most since beauty's shorn.

But sad, oh ! sad, is common fate,
The ash-heap and the shoe,
But doubly sad when we reflect
We'll soon be ashes too.

TO SOPHIE.

IN days whilom when youth and health
Their wanton course to rapture led,
Had I such charming influence met,
For fear of capture should have fled.

But now to age serener comes,
An angel face—an angel breath;
A foretaste of our heavenly hopes,
Before we feel the sting of death.

FRIENDSHIP TO SAMUEL BURGER.

THINKEST thou, Samuel, heaven's but a name,
Then whence came friendship's true and holy flame?
The only passion in the human breast
That's not of selfishness supreme possessed,
That feels another's woes, another's wrongs,
Now thinks the pain alone to him belongs,
That hails the joy within his fellow's breast,
And feels more bliss than by himself possessed;
When fortune courts, would have him share his lot,
When foes beset to shun the impending shock,
Our friend we seek, our confidant and rock.
Should heaven's true record every motive name,
'Tis this alone that would not put to shame.
The patriot's flame ambition would disgrace,
And anxious love would hide his blushing face.

THE KISS.

THOSE lips so high,
Those eyes so shy,
Who could refuse a kiss?
Oh, Time, ye slowly pain destroy.
How soon ye perish, earthly joy ;
How short is earthly bliss !

ON THE DEATH OF MY LITTLE DOG "LILY."

Died September 19, 1883.

OH, Jennie dear! my thoughts on thee,
As little Lily leaves my arms,
And must each gentle spirit flee
Till earth for me has lost its charms?

Only a little dog 'tis true,
But dear, oh dear! that dog to me,
She was a kindred friend with you
And warmed the love I have for thee.

Still nature, kind, has love for me;
It warms the heart but does not shine;
For soon, too soon, its charms they flee,
Till naught is felt but love divine.

When from earthly cares at length I rest,
And seek the mansions of my God,
There in the chambers of the blest,
I'd love to meet my little dog.

OH, LOVELIEST STAR OF NIGHT THAT
SHINES.

Oh, loveliest star of night that shines
To my benighted soul,
Oh, may its ruling influence bright,
My walks on earth control.

And may the love of Jennie's heart
My bosom ever warm,
And may its gentle influence guide
My walks on earth from harm.

Oh, holy Power, that rules the earth
And guides the rolling spheres,
Oh, Power of powers that rules above,
And all that life endears,

If in Thy power and in Thy love,
And laws to nature given,
Can hear the prayer of suffering love
Appealing to high Heaven,

May I my earthly task fulfil,
With wisdom such as given,
Then soul to soul united till
The end of earth—and heaven.

MY JENNIE'S GRAVE.

WHEN I have left this world of care,
And given to earth, all earth can crave,
Who will the garland wreaths prepare
To decorate my Jennie's grave?

Sad is the thought, and hard to bear,
But sadder was the hour of parting.
But stricken life can thus prepare
To calmly meet the hour of starting

To worlds unknown. Oh, dreadful thought!
When unprepared by sorrows deep,
And disappointed hopes are taught
That we are here alone to weep,

And work, and toil, and seek for joys
That carnal thought can never give,
Till heavenward turned, by blessed alloys,
To seek the life that heaven can give.

Then garland wreaths and halos bright,
And roses sweet around her bloom,
And gentle twilight's softer light
Alternate change from glorious noon.

Perhaps my narrow fancy paints
This heavenly change in earthly hue,
But this is free from narrow taint—
That earth is frail and heaven is true.

OH, JENNIE DEAR! OH, JENNIE DEAR!

CAN I forget her lovely form,
That angel all divine,—
How could I hope to have her here
Within these arms of mine?

Oh, Jennie dear! Oh, Jennie dear!
Oh, still remember me,
And mix what joy on earth I have
With constant thought of thee.

Still as in life I onward plod,
Thy constant form is near,—
And with my angel and my God,
What dangers need I fear?

Oh, Jennie dear! Oh, Jennie dear!
Oh, still remember me,
And mix what joy on earth I have
With constant thought of thee.

Still, rolling Time, move gently on,
With love and thoughts above,
To meet my angel and my God,
'Twill then be perfect love.

Oh, Jennie dear! Oh, Jennie dear!
Oh, still remember me,
And mix the love in heaven above
With constant thought of thee.

BUT STILL I KNOW MY JENNIE'S DEAD.

But still I know my Jennie's dead ;
I know she cannot be,
Save in my dreams, and wandering thoughts,
Attached on earth to me.

I wander round in loneliness
Among the gay and blest.
But turn me from this world of strife,
I only seek for rest.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BURKMAN'S
DARLING CHILD.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, blest be Thy will,
We humbly bow beneath the rod.
Hush! be still, my murmuring heart,
The messenger has come from God,

Who sent his loving, blessed Son,
To our accursed and fallen race;
His glorious light the victory won,
And all that seek may find His grace.

Think of the God who sent his son,
An offering dear on Calvary;
The sacrifice was meant for all,
And surely it was shed for thee.

Now He has called thy darling home,
Pure, untainted, by our fallen race;
She has gone to join that heavenly throng
Eternal love her dwelling-place.

Eternal hope, earth's dearest friend,
Inspire thy breast to thoughts above,
With hopes to meet thy angel dear
In realms where dwell eternal love.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPHINE.

SLEEP! sister, sleep! to thee is given,
The joy, the blessedness of heaven;
If we possessed our Saviour's grace,
We'd gladly take thy resting-place.

What more could sinful man have given,
To satisfy a righteous God;
The greatest blessing sent from Heaven,
Is laid beneath the cold, cold sod.

What less could bounteous Heaven receive,
That all our joy and blessings give;
Afflictions for awhile may grieve,
But come that every soul may live.

Then, mourner, by your loss improve—
Think why the Lamb of God was slain;
Thy sin contemns a Saviour's love,
And crucifies your Lord again.

EMMA MOTT.

AND is it now a worthless corse,

That once I loved to kiss?

Ah, no! that which I loved so well,

Has entered into bliss.

It is the tenement alone,

That mouldering back to clay;

That spark with its refulgent light,

Is a celestial ray.

And, Emma, we shall meet again,

And I behold that face,

That had such power on earth to charm,

With all its heavenly grace.

I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE BACK, MY LOVE.

I WOULD not have thee back, my love,
What! call thee to this world again?
Where loveliest day but breeds a storm,
And sweetest smiles may end in pain.

ON THE DEATH OF MAMIE E. BENEDICT
BASINGER.

June 13th, 1896.

AH, cruel Death, what hast thou done,
Thinketh thou another victory won!
Ah no! hear'st thou the song
That swelleth from that angel throng,
Celestial robed, divinely bright,
And seen alone by heavenly light.
Thou early claimed the mortal shade,
But canst the Heavenly bourne invade,
Where swift the immortal spirit flies
To realms unseen by mortal eyes,
Where gathering Angels round her sing
And hear the Saviour's welcome ring.
Divinely blest, we hear the Saviour say,
While we stand weeping o'er the mortal clay.

MEMORY.*

On the death of Mamie E. Basinger.

THE friend of the past no grief can restore her,
But the joy of the past is in memory's recorder;
Down deep in my heart, where my life's blood is
 beating,
Lies the green grave of sorrow; still the joys are
 repeating,
When our deep sorrows yield to the slumbers of
 night,
Then memory restores the gay dreams of delight,
And we live once again in the scenes of the past,
And wish, when awakened, that they ever might last.

* Written in the Catskill Mountains, Sept. 6th, 1896.

WRITTEN VALENTINE'S DAY, AFTER THE
DEATH OF ——.

No more you'll see your Valentine,
Unless that sight by God is given ;
For He who sent her here to bud,
Has taken her to bloom in Heaven.

The joyous memory of the past,
The memory of those writhing pains,
The tears of friends that she amassed,
Is all of her that now remains.

Dear is the tribute each doth pay,
Even dear the memory of her pain—
For well we know it was the way
That she her glorious end did gain.

And dearer now does seem the abode,
Of that blest welcome resting-place,
Nor do we fear that dreary road,
Nor dread the storms that we must face.

When some dear one a-travelling goes,
To some far country's glorious round,
'Tis then the heart a yearning knows,
And gladly to that land would bound.

ON THE DEATH OF PETER THE FLOWER BOY.

(Drowned at New Brighton) who every few days, summer and winter, would decorate himself from head to toe with the most beautiful flowers, and promenade the roads for miles around.

OH! where is posy Peter gone?

The rose it droops its head;

Why should it bloom on this dark waste,

Or idly fragrance shed?

Old Pluto had no peace below,

For Proserpina railed—

His scorching realms her seed would blast,

And oft her labor failed.

In vain he brought down foreign seed,

Or called down heavenly showers,

Still rage or gloom would o'er her reign,

Her joy was in the flowers.

Full well she knew of Peter's fame,
For from heaven to Pluto's gloom
Had spread the splendor of his name,
In fragrant gorgeous bloom.

And she would have him down below,
To raise her drooping flowers,
And bring them back to earthly bloom
To deck her maiden bowers.

The jealous god is forced to come
And steal the boy away,
And leave our land in sombre gloom
To cheer his realm with day.

Oh! there was joy in Kingdom-come,
Among the rosy bowers.
With amaranthine wreaths they crown
And hail him, Prince of flowers.

ON THE DEATH OF ANDREW JACKSON
DOWNING.

THE roses droop, the lilies pine,
Their guardian angel now no more.
In vain we bud the eglantine,
Or heavenly showers upon them pour.

He sleeps as sleep the flowers gone
When chill November blasts the plain ;
But not like flowers o'er him we mourn
That spring shall bid return again.

Yes, he shall bloom beyond this vale ;
He still shall be their guardian power ;
He'll scent the rose in every gale,
And visit them in every shower.

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

LET Scotia boast her tuneful sons,
Whose glory shall forever stand,
Though her fruitful throes should never bring
Another bard to bless her land.

But from that gathered throng of fame,
The heart in fulness fondly turns,
And o'er the memory sheds a tear
For truest, noblest, sweetest Burns.

TO MARY.

THOUGH sullen Winter hold its throne,
The genial sun oft sheds a beam
That wakes fond nature's softest tone,
And calls my Mary to my theme.

What fans that secret smouldering fire,
That ever burns to be possessed?
What lights the flame of strong desire
That to my Mary stands confessed?

How vain is all the pride of life,
How vain the treasures here we gain,
How vain our selfish worldly strife,
How vain our toil, our sweat, our pain,

Unless some genial social tie,
Shall twine itself about the heart,
To make our cares, our troubles, fly,
And of ourselves become a part!

THE WESTERN HUNTER.

SEEK not the city's smoky den,
Or slimy marshes morbid fen ;
On the mountain's craggy side
Is freedom's home—the patriot's pride.

In Luxury's lap young Edwin nursed,
That vainly human woes would soothe ;
We still must bear that early curse
Though wealth our path may strive to soothe.

He grew a sapling, tall and smooth,
Unfit for toil, but strong to love ;
How short that joy, how love's abused,
When falcon hunts the turtle-dove !

She died of grief and cold neglect—
He, mad with love, has left his home ;
Time has his heartless parents wrecked :
Behold the sturdy hunter roam.

His coal-black steed, with eye of fire,
With ample chest, and flowing mane,
His master's will his great desire,
He scarcely needs the guiding rein.

'Twas his to find the doubtful path,
The rider's part to seek the game,
Though each could bear the traveller's part,
And both could feel the hunter's flame,

He glories in the rising war,
His strength can nerve the rider's breast ;
His steed can feel the rider's fire,
Thus each the other's soul possessed.

He taught the passions wild to flow—
A generous friend, a mortal foe ;
He gloried in the equal fight
But never in the overthrow.

He would not wear his limbs with toil,
For all was his that nature bred ;
Nor would he load his arms with spoil,
But trusted Him who sparrows fed.

Unmoved he heard the battle's din,
Unshaken saw the grizzly die ;
But tears they flow at mercy's call
And all awake to pity's cry.

His heart is like a lion's strong,
With eye as gentle as a dove,
He seems like one that always has,
And always would the mountains rove.

Sarap and hunting-coat he wove,
And buckskins deep, and breeches flare ;
His rifle o'er his shoulder slung,
Fixed to his sash his knife did glare.

Thus shone our chief, the western pride,
What time swift rumor's frightful tale
Told to torture given, a captured maid—
I'll die, he swears, or will prevail.

And here I'll cease, for I'm content—
Enough my tale to fancy gives,
Enough to tell our hero went,
And, having been, that still he lives.

THERE IS AN ARM TO SAVE.

WHY mourn you for the distant one?

Have ye beheld his grave?

Why lean ye not on bracing hope,

While there's an Arm to save?

Though blackest clouds are loosened wild,

And maddened billows rave,

Yet mourn not for the living one,

For there's an Arm to save.

Why mourn ye for the perished one,

Who sank beneath the wave?

Is there no port beyond this life

Where there's an Arm to save?

COME, JESU, KIND AND LIVING GOD.

COME, Jesu, kind and loving God,
A sinner's cries attend ;
Save us from the chastening rod,
And all our ways defend.

Let not an humble suppliant's cry
Be heard in Heaven in vain ;
But send Thy mercy from on high,
And free a soul from pain.

Save us with that precious blood,
Which Thou alone could give,
And thousand thousands still may save,
But none without can live.

ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

March, 1849.

RISING from a bed of pain,
From foul disease, I slowly gain :
Corruption's slow refluent course
My feeble powers can scarcely force.
All nature smiles around serene,
The laughing fields assume their green,
The air with humming insects ring,
And little songsters gayly sing.
Suffering with o'erwhelming pain
I longed for death—but longed in vain ;
The tedious time crept slowly by,
And hard the strings of life did try.
Seeing all nature teem with life,
I, gladly too, will join the strife,
To shrink from pain, and death would shun,
Rejoice that Heaven, Thy will be done :

But what most now to comfort tends,
To meet the greeting of my friends,
Who, wondering, see that I'm alive,
And hope that I may live and thrive,
And blest with health and strength and years.
But most my drooping spirit cheers,

To see the maiden's lovely tear,
Not like those tears in sorrow shed;
Like joy that's risen over fear,
Shining like stars when storms have fled.

Yet all to death in time must yield,
To seek a land, we are told, more blest;
Yet may I toil on many a field,
Ere with my fathers I must rest.

WRITTEN FOR THE ORPHAN CHILDREN'S
HOME.

WE thank the Lord that gave us birth,
The Lord that saves the soul,
Who thinks His meanest creatures worth
His guardian control.
He guides us o'er the desert land,
Or on the stormy seas ;
He bids the raging waters rise,
And calms them at His ease :
My father's home was on the wave—
That wave is now my father's grave.

And when He drove that ship a wreck,
'Twas not without a will—
And He our orphan tears to check
Is Father to us still.
He guardians to our aid did bring,
And we our grief did tell,

That touched the heart's most tuneful string,
And thus the numbers fell :
My father's home was on the wave—
That wave is now my father's grave.

THE LAMB OF CALVARY.

WHEN first the soul the body warms
With life-inspiring breath,
Who but the Lamb of Calvary
Can save the soul from death?

When thoughtless youth, in search of joy,
Would drive that soul to wreck,
Who but the Lamb of Calvary
Can total ruin check?

When gathering round our riper years,
We see our offspring rise,
Who but the Lamb of Calvary
Can counsel and advise?

When frosty time shall bow our heads,
And our full days are given,
Who but the Lamb of Calvary
Can bear that soul to heaven?

IS THIS MY MARY'S HOME ?

Is this the place where Mary dwelt,
Is this my Mary's home,
Where mirth and joy harmonious dealt?
How have these raptures flown!

No more the organ's sacred sound
Swells to my Mary's touch,
Her harp if touched sheds discord round.
Why have I seen it such?

Discord and rage, dispute the ground
Sacred to peace and love ;
Soft peace within no more is found,
And far has flown the dove.

THOU WHO OF HOPE COULD FONDLY
SING.

THOU who of hope could fondly sing,
Or tell the woes of Wyoming ;
Or chant some legendary tale,
May o'er a stubborn heart prevail.

Then give that vanquished heart to me ;
Or bid it set its captive free—
Or lend thy power of song awhile
That I may win my Mary's smile.

THE STOLEN LOCK.

Poor captive, thou has lost thy place,
No more on Mary's neck to wave,
Where once you added grace to grace,
How fallen, since thou art a slave !

I fain would gain'd her heart and soul,
But blunted many a harmless dart,
And when I could not get the whole,
I thought no harm to steal a part.

If, like this lock, I'd see thee fail,
And in my care thy beauty pine,
Then I'm content—I can't prevail,
And make such heavenly graces mine.

THINK I CAN'T LOVE WHEN FAR AWAY!

THINK I can't love when far away!

When nature smiles in grandeur round,
And social voices round me play,
I'll hear my love in every sound.

Think I can't love when far away!

Tho' tempest fills the stormy scene,
And fortune sends an adverse day,
My love shall make my life serene.

Think I can't love when far away!

Though gulfs and seas may rage between ;
Or desert wilds my journey stay,
My love shall make that desert green.

REPENTANCE.

OH! give me my first love again,
That fanned my passions to a flame—
Who first I loved, who first I feared,
Who first my frightened passions cheered—
I'll never, never, rove again,
Nor fill that honest heart with pain.

THE PASSIONS BURNING.

How long my muse neglected lay,
While I in pleasure spent my time.
I seek the long deserted way,
To drown my sorrow in my rhyme.

Tell me, ye nine, has Cupid fled,
For yours alone it is to know :
For sure the urchin is not dead,
He seeks new arrows for his bow.

Oh no ! no galling arrow flies,
'Tis loving Venus' fondest rest :
And now she only opes my eyes,
That I may see myself more blest.

'Tis the strong pulse and not the wound
That from the heart so freely flows,
That runs its rapid course around,
And still its wonted way it knows.

I CANNOT BOAST OF LOVE DIVINE.

TO SOPHIA.

I CANNOT boast of love divine,
For I am of a mortal line ;
Nor know I how the gods do love ;
Nor court I as the turtle-dove.
But 'tis a truth confessedly,
I never loved a girl like thee.
Heroes may smile where cannons roar,
And face where iron tempests pour,
And soldier-like may bear the smart,
But who can bear 'gainst Cupid's dart ?
Believe me, braver far than me
Have died, by feebler far than thee.

ON FINDING A DEAD SWALLOW.

IF I thought you'd died of love,
I'd sing the swallow not the dove ;
But ever dark must be thy fate,
Since man with bird cannot translate
Death doth alike on all await,
Naught else can the Destroyer sate ;
I often read but knew no dove,
Who pined in groves and died of love ;
And none will lose believing me
'Tis better far from death to flee ;
Live not alone, but seek a mate,
You'll find some bride will on thee wait ;
For Adam sooner far had died,
Than lived on earth without a bride.
Like thee, poor bird, we're born to sorrow,
But let us love, nor fear the morrow.
Thy birth a swallow had set free,
But death, alas ! has swallowed thee.

THE WISH.

ONCE, as I drove my hardy steers,
 Enthroned upon a lumber'd car,
Bright Venus rose above the hills—
 I scarce believed it was a star.

I thought it was Latana's son
 Leading his steeds before his car,
And as I gazed it glowed and shone,
 But owned at length it was a star.

Thus I beheld a maiden bright
 Of face, and form, and grace divine,
So fit she seem'd for heavenly flight,
 I dared not hope to make her mine.

I wished that she had been that star,
 And I had been the favored god :
Or I, Apollo's shining car,
 And she to hold the reins and rod.

DRYADS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

DRYADS, I have lost my love—

Guide me to my Flora ;

I cannot live without my dove

So much I do adore her.

The wine and oil shall freely flow,

The gentlest lamb I'll offer—

All these I'd gladly give to know

If my love has turned a scoffer.

But sure some storm is gathering nigh,

Or those eyes so dim and darkling,

Would, like the glow-worm in the night,

Be for her Damon sparkling.

Some wandering comet thus I'm here,

Whose course is all distraction ;

The sport of every social sphere,

Nor feels its true attraction.

Perhaps Orion, envious god !
Forgets the sister pleiads
And claims those eyes to gild his sword,
Oh, tell ! some gentle naiad.

TO JENNY H——

THE summer clouds they often frown,
And vernal joys scarce dare to shine,
But softer scenes those storms must crown,
So smiles succeed those frowns of thine.

TO CUPID.

CUPID, I'll have a quarrel with thee,
Unless thou go away from me ;
You little rogue, you seem possessed
To aim your darts at my sore breast.
Go, villain ! seek for manlier toil,
Or let some school-boy be thy spoil ;
Dost thou never mean to cease,
And leave the weak to dwell in peace ?
Why wast thou always made a boy,
With thy folly to annoy ?
You had better change thy life,
Become a man, and take a wife,
Then you'll learn what you begun
Does not always end in fun.
Begone, I say, and quit thy folly,
Or I'll go and quarrel with Polly.

A SONNET.

I WILL love thee still,
Though thy heart may chill :
The eyes I cherish
Never will perish.

Though far we may sever,
Forget them I'll never ;
Till life flits away
Their light they'll display.

And fill with delight
Like that star of the west ;
'Twill gladden my twilight,
And welcome my rest.

YE LITTLE BIRDS, AWAKE NO NOTE.

YE little birds, awake no note,
Ye fly too cheerily from the spray;
Too soft ye on your pinions float,
Ye cannot drive my grief away.
But if ye mourn, come mourn with me,
Together by this rill we'll lie,
And nature, that's forever free,
With murmuring brooks and winds shall sigh.

LOVE.

LOVE it is a holy name,
The mimic of a heavenly flame;
Too pure the passion seems for earth,
We deem it of a heavenly birth;
Love the passions can command,
Mortals linking hand in hand;
The only foe for which he'll flee
Is the fell demon, Jealousy.

I NEVER TOLD THEE THAT I LOVED.

I NEVER told thee that I loved,
But think me not a stone unmoved;
I feel the flame, I own its power,
And, longing, hope a happier hour.

TO ISABEL.

'TWOULD seem the Almighty Power above,
His creatures formed for hate and love.
Some He His warmest love has willed,
Whilst some with deepest hate distilled ;
Some have an equal share from Heaven,
And freedom's blessed choice is given.
Then may it never be thy fate,
That birth or choice has given thee hate ;
Oh never ! never ! it were shame
That love like mine should end in pain.
Oh ! would my verse had power to tell
How much I love my Isabel ;
And when that love was known to thee,
That joy for joy thou'd give to me.
Then might I sing with Isabel
That my fond love's reciprocal.

HEAR ME! HEAR ME! ISABEL.

HEAR me! hear me! Isabel!
My heart my fondest passions tell,
While I pour my soul away,
Hear the lover's fondest lay.

Love has a sickening sound, 'tis true,
It must not, cannot, sicken you,
When friendship adds its holy name
Unto that erring, headlong flame.
In friendship first my love began,
To trace his love, ah! tell who can.
My bosom held the smouldering shame,
Till vent it found and burst in flame.

WHY SHOULD MY ROSE NEGLECTED LIE.

WHY should my rose neglected lie,
And wither in this dark alcove—
Neglected beauty thus to die,
And perish with the charms of love.

Neglected thus all beauty flies,
When sick'ning thought clings to despair
Unheeded treasure withering lies
That's worth more than the miser's care.

THAT HAPPY TIME WILL COME, MARY.

THAT happy time will come, Mary,
This storm will pass away—
The clouds they are but airy,
And powerful is the day.

The sun he shines more glorious,
When through the storm he sweeps,
Than Aurora gently rising
To tell the world she sleeps.

Hold love and hope in friendship,
And wait the welcome hour—
Nor be less kind than nature
Who blessed thee with such power.

YOUNG MALINDA.

YOUNG Malinda, fresh and fair,
With open brow, and eyes of fire—
With rosy cheeks, and curly hair,
And lips that might the gods inspire.

But young Malinda had a fault—
That fault her dearest friends had stung ;
She'd fly to rage, in fierce assault,
Much higher than my lyre is strung.

In vain Malinda touched the lyre,
For she would not her rage control—
Her heart too easy fanned to fire
For muse's power to charm her soul.

Now young Malinda's friends were few,
And they of mildest kind,
Who checked the torrent of her soul,
By passions more refined.

Now, Mary, pray, a warning take,
You have Malinda's charms and grace;
Know every fault that you forsake
At least ten blessings take its place.

SEE HOW MATILDA SCORNS MY LOVE.

SEE how Matilda scorns my love,
My song has lost its power to move;
The grace of song alone is mine,
And she contemns its power divine.

All lost to her the sacred fire,
No rosy wreaths entwine my lyre;
Matilda will not lend an ear,
Nor deign a smile my song to cheer.

Yet let me praise, ye sacred nine,
Matilda's grace that's all divine—
And bid my echoing song arise
To bear her praise along the skies.

TO ISABEL.

PEGASEAN maids, ye nymphs divine,
The guardians of the sacred line,
And most, Erato, with me dwell,
Whilst I sing of my Isabel.

I would not ask of haughty fame
To give to me a poet's name ;
I only crave the power to tell
How well I love my Isabel.

STILL I LOVE THEE.

AND still I love thee, Isabel,
And how I long with thee to dwell,
Had latent love the power to tell
Our loves would be reciprocal.

TO CAMILLA.

HAD thy beauty well been known,
First in verse thou might have shone,
Thy splendor then we might rehearse,
In sweet Anacreon's gayest verse ;
And Solomon had made thee chord
With the grandeur of his Lord.

TO MARY.

SINCE Cupid's adamantine points,
Have failed to pierce thy steel-clad heart,
I'll try thy armor at its joints,
With the gentler muse's dart.

Then listen, Mary, to my art,
While for the prize I touch the string ;
And take that casement from thy heart,
And let me bays and myrtles bring.

TO CHLOE.

If repentance has atonement for sin,
Then well I have paid for neglect;
But who can that fabric restore
That has suffered from ruin and wreck.

When harvest is wasted and spent,
And summer is ended and gone,
Ask the tempest and storms to relent:
Over winter, and famine, ye may mourn.

Oh! had I the wings, and could fly,
I would not pursue the gay spring,
To the home of my loved one I'd hie,
And with her forever would sing.

How careless the roses we pass,
In their season of sunshine and bloom,
And the lily, how heedless, alas!
Though inhaling their richest perfume.

But they have their day, and are gone,
And see not, nor feel not the storm ;
But we o'er their memory must mourn,
Though nature has done them no wrong.

Yet there's peace to be found in this smart,
That still over pain has a charm,
That the dart that's so deep in my heart
No bosom but mine can do harm.

There's a bloom in the waste of my heart,
With tears I will water it long ;
It cannot, it shall not, depart,
'Tis the joy and the soul of my song.

When of my repentance ye learn,
Ye cannot I know but forgive ;
A sigh in that bosom may yearn,
Which hearing, a world I would give.

THE MAID OF RAHWAY.

I SING the Maid of Rahway,
While suffering from the smart
Of that sweetly poisoned arrow
That wounded deep my heart.

'Tis to the Maid of Rahway
All other passions yield ;
My herds neglected roaming,
Uncultured are my fields.

If for the Maid of Rahway
I'm long oppressed with care,
My business, all distracted,
Will drive me to despair.

Why for the Maid of Rahway
I stroll oppressed with care,
My bosom ever heaving,
My mind forever there ?

'Tis that the Maid of Rahway,
Should I to her appear,
A lover sick with passion,
She would not lend an ear.

'Tis for the Maid of Rahway
I'm suffering now with pain;
And to the Maid of Rahway
I venture to complain.

'Tis to the Maid of Rahway
I give what I possess ;
If she will to the plaintiff
A love for him confess.

THE MAID OF OLD TOWN.

Did ever ye rove,
Through vale of the Clove?
There soon ye may gain,
That fruitful old plain
That lies back of Clifton.

Like the sun ever beaming,
There love's ever dreaming;
What a prize ye may gain,
On the old smiling plain
That lies back of Clifton.

Not a bird on the trees,
Nor a sigh on the breeze;
But sweetness may gain,
On that musical plain
That lies back of Clifton.

What a pearl! what a prize!
Will dazzle your eyes;

THE MAID OF OLD TOWN.

Not a princess, nor crown,
Can compare with Old Town
That lies back of Clifton.

The pride of that plain,
O'er my heart may she reign,
And my love I'll repeat
Till it ceases to beat.

May it lie back of Clifton.

TO SOPHIE.

I HAVE THOUGHT OF THEE A THOUSAND TIMES.

I'VE thought of thee a thousand times
Since I beheld thy face ;
Those sparkling eyes, that polished brow,
That almost heavenly grace.

Oh no ; I've thought of thee but once ;
In one unbroken chain
Are bound my day-thoughts and my dreams
In fancy's burning flame.

TO SOPHIE.

THERE is music in that charming dame
Of all my love the trophy,
I could not love another lass
So heavenly is my Sophie.

THE GIRL I LOVE SO DEARLY.

It's great delight,
Of a winter night,
When the moon is shining clearly,
In the distant lot
To view the cot
Of the girl I love so dearly.

Where the beacon showed,
Through the woodland road,
The cottage standing peerly,
That friendly light
Shall guide me right
To the girl I love so dearly.

There by the side
Of my lovely bride
To spend an evening cheerly,
And ere we part,
The tear shall start,
From the girl who loves me dearly.

BIDDY YOUNG.

I WENT to church the other night,
My head was gay, my heart was light,
They prayed sublime, and sweetly sung,
But all was lost through Bidly Young.

My tongue was mute, my heart was wrung.
Oh! I'm unstrung by Bidly Young.

With heavy heart I went away,
And thought of her both night and day;
My wounded heart was deeply stung
By the soft eyes of Bidly Young.

My tongue was mute, my heart was wrung.
Oh! I'm unstrung by Bidly Young.

With pensive brow I shun the field,
For hope has ceased to count the yield,
And idly stroll the woods among,
And think alone of Bidly Young.

My tongue was mute my heart was wrung.
Oh! I'm unstrung by Bidly Young.

I drag along with feeble feet,
My pulse has almost ceased to beat,
My life on its last thread is swung,
And must I die for Bidy Young ?

My tongue was mute, my heart was wrung.
Oh! I'm unstrung by Bidy Young.

When this dull life has passed away,
And night has closed upon my day,
Still o'er that rest a gloom is hung
Those dreams I fear of Bidy Young.

My tongue is mute, my heart is wrung.
Oh! I'm undone by Bidy Young.

TO MISS MARY L. PELTON.

OH, Mary, the sun of our joy,
Why hast thou thus left us forlorn?
How could ye our pleasure destroy,
While the dewdrops yet spangled the morn?

Every face is the stamp of despair,
All nature seems teeming with pain,
The trees look so naked and bare,
That they never can blossom again.

Like the sun when he slopes down the south,
What a waste he leaves barren and drear,
Yet safe he retireth in strength,
While the winter pours in on his rear.

If, perchance, you revisit my dreams,
So transient the joys you display,
Such a chaos of brightness it seems,
Like meteors they vanish ere day.

Oh! that you were but a star,
That your twinkling might gladden our plain,
And I, on some heavenly car,
Like Orion, pursuing in vain.

But why thus the moments beguile,
Or mourn for the sunshine and shower;
To invite you again to our isle,
Is all that is left in our power.

MY ISLAND MAID.

SURE as brightest gems abound,
Where the milky way is laid,
So fairest ones on isles are found,
But loveliest is my Island maid.

She'd gild Orion's shoulder bright—
With meaner gems his sword is laid—
Or turn the lovers madd'ning flight,
Would my lovely Island maid.

Another world she would destroy,
Nor deem the forfeit dearly paid ;
Like Helen fire another Troy,
Would my lovely Island maid.

But I am over fond 'tis shown,
And scarce can write another line ;
This Island maid shall be my own,
And bloom my lovely valentine.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

Is it Heaven's frown that thus appears,
Or nature melting into tears?
But through the fog the lurid morn
Must darker grow, and more forlorn.
Hark! the city's distant bell,
Sadly echoes through the dell;
And the cannon's distant roar
Deep resounds along the shore,
While storm and darkness yet prevail,
The insidious foe creeps through the dale,
And up the steep and rugged height,
They wait the coming of the light:
Hark! the beating of the drum.
To arms! to arms! they come, they come!
Volley on volley the muskets pour,
Fearfully the death-shots gore,
In vain our bravest troops advance
To fall before the Cossack lance;

The remnant of our lines retire,
Before the cannon's deadly fire.
Mad the rage of battle tore,
Deep the echoing cannons roar,
Sharp the click of rifles pour ;
Dying groans, and smoking gore,
All combine to wake our fear
When we think no succor near.
Now, to save our lessening ranks,
Comes the lightning of the Franks!
Courage in their step, we trace ;
The light of battle in their face ;
Now awakes the slackening fight ;
The battle roars from left to right !
The fog's dispelled, out bursts the sun ;
The foe has fled, the field is won.
Ah ! who can view this field of blood ?
A tyrant's rage, a tyrant's frown,
A pall should be that tyrant's scarf,
An urn an emblem of his crown.

CRITTENDON, THE CUBAN PATRIOT.

ALL undeceived, the Patriot stands,
His thoughts are on his native land—
His heart with freedom's pulse beats high,
But mourns its wretched destiny.

He thinks of his distant friends and home,
The land where his fathers fought and bled ;
But his fathers for battle did not roam,
Polluting the land with hostile tread.

Oh! had he but in battle died,
On the bloody field his valor tried,
Supinely stretched 'mid the shouting host,
Smiling to heaven, have yielded up the ghost.

But think not the soldier's spirit is lost,
Though the demons of mischief have made him their
prey,
In heaven 'tis reckoned what their avarice cost,
For the blood of the patriot they dearly shall pay.

As the Roman expired so his spirit shall fly,
Nor sickens the soul that shall never die,
But the hero's death shall honor his grave—
That grave that was meant to dishonor the brave.

AN ELEGY ON MY OLD CAT "PINK."

Born March 30th, 1836 ; died December 25th, 1849.

THIS Christmas night has taken flight
The noblest of her kind,
In grief I write what I indite,
So kindred seemed her mind.

Perhaps it will some body fill
With intellect refined ;
If souls advance, short be thy trance,
Perfection of thy kind.

AWAY, MY MUSE.

AWAY, my muse, I bid thee flee,
Nor tempt me to the strife again;
The world but envies when it sees
The ready laurels that we gain.

I'll meet thee in some lone alcove,
Or at the winding woodland haunt,
Or at the gentle sighing grove
To Ora's self thy praise I'll chant.

THE SPRING RAIN.

LET's rejoice amid the spring rain,
For with it comes the flowers—
While autumn's dark and sullen storms
Bring naught but gloomy hours.

NOW I HAVE LEARNED IN LOVE TO
APPEAR.

Now I have learned in love to appear,
Just as the world shows love for me ;
And mark them with contemptuous sneer
That practices coquetry.

ANSWER TO A LADY THAT WANTED AN
INTRODUCTION.

FAIR stranger, be this truth transferred upon thy
heart ;

Who meet not, love not, weep not, nor have the pain
to part.

DID YOU EVER MARRY YET.

Did you ever marry yet,
And hear a scolding woman fret?
With the broomstick bang the cats,
And box about the dirty brats?

Did you ever marry yet,
And hear the doctor dun for debt?
The butcher swear he would not wait,
And baker run to shun the gate?

Did you ever marry yet,
Or with the notion ever fret?
You'd better hang till you are dead,
Than let the thought come in your head.

FULL MANY A LASS I'VE LOVED.

FULL many a lass I've loved,
And many a girl has made me glad;
Yet never once a heart has moved—
'Tis such a fate that makes me sad.

Yet will I love, and love again,
Through all my life though short or long,
And to my muse I'll still complain,
And own my passion in my song.

I NEED NOT TELL MY SOPHIE
THAT I LOVE.

No. 1.

I NEED not tune the vocal lyre
To tell my Sophie that I love—
Nor need I play the flatterer's part
And call her more than gentle dove.
Enough to say that I am thine,
And thou shalt be my Valentine.

TO SOPHIE.

No. 2.

THE south wind is blowing,
And spring is returning,
And the soft notes of love
In each bosom is burning.
'Tis the heaven awakens
This influence divine—
With joy I'll obey,
Here's to you, Valentine.

TO SOPHIE.

No. 3.

LONG as I hear the feathered tribes,
With notes of joy the woodland rings—
So long, dear girl, shall be my pride
Thy beauties and thy charms to sing.

LONG as I love the budding trees,
Or view with joy the blushing rose,
So long thy grace and charms shall please,
And eyes that with fond rapture glows.

LONG as I feel the sacred fire,
That wakes the soul to thoughts sublime,
So long I'll tune the vocal lyre
To praises of my Valentine.

TO MARY.

No. 4.

So stands the elm in pride of strength,
And bears the clinging fruitful vine,
Whose arms had been of useless length
Without its cheering Valentine.

TO ISABEL.

No. 5.

TELL me! tell me! Isabel,
If love like mine does in thee dwell—
Or if 'tis vain to love thee, tell,
Or own it if reciprocal :
Believe me, girl, that love like mine,
Was seldom sent by Valentine.

BLEST BE THY CHOICE.

NONE like the poet knows to love,
The poet's flame is from above ;
Blest be thy choice to own me thine,
And doubly blest thy Valentine.

PIECES FOR AN ALBUM.

No. 1.

MY album is my heart's recorder
To mark the various passions of each friend,
Sad, or delighted, here I may prefer
A chosen few to succor or attend.

No. 2.

We, of ourselves, are but a point to start;
Each social friend is an integral part,
With Christ, the friend and Saviour of the soul,
And God, the great Creator, forms the whole:
Faith, love, and friendship then thy throne up-
rear,
And heavenly truths on every page appear.

No. 3.

Wealth and honor, youth and beauty,
In rivalry assembled here—
What is then the minstrel's duty?
Only here to shed a tear.

Though each of these may be true-hearted,
Yet all conspire to crush the flame;
And when the luring gem's departed,
It only leaves its empty name.

No. 4.

Long may this verse your vision bless,
And seem the work of yesterday,
When this hand shall withering blight confess,
Or moulder in its parent clay.

No. 5.

Pardon me, dear friend, if I presume
To place so dull a flower amid this bloom;
The brightest petals, when they pass away,
Leave no fair fruit to cheer a future day,

No. 6.

In flattering verse to jingle Charlotte's name
On this fair page may be a poet's part;
But mine shall be to write indelibly
The name of friendship on its owner's heart.

No. 7.

When wasting time has swept this hand away,
Should this remain here learn its faithful heart,
Where truth and honor held their quiet reign,
And smooth-tongued flattery never claimed a part.

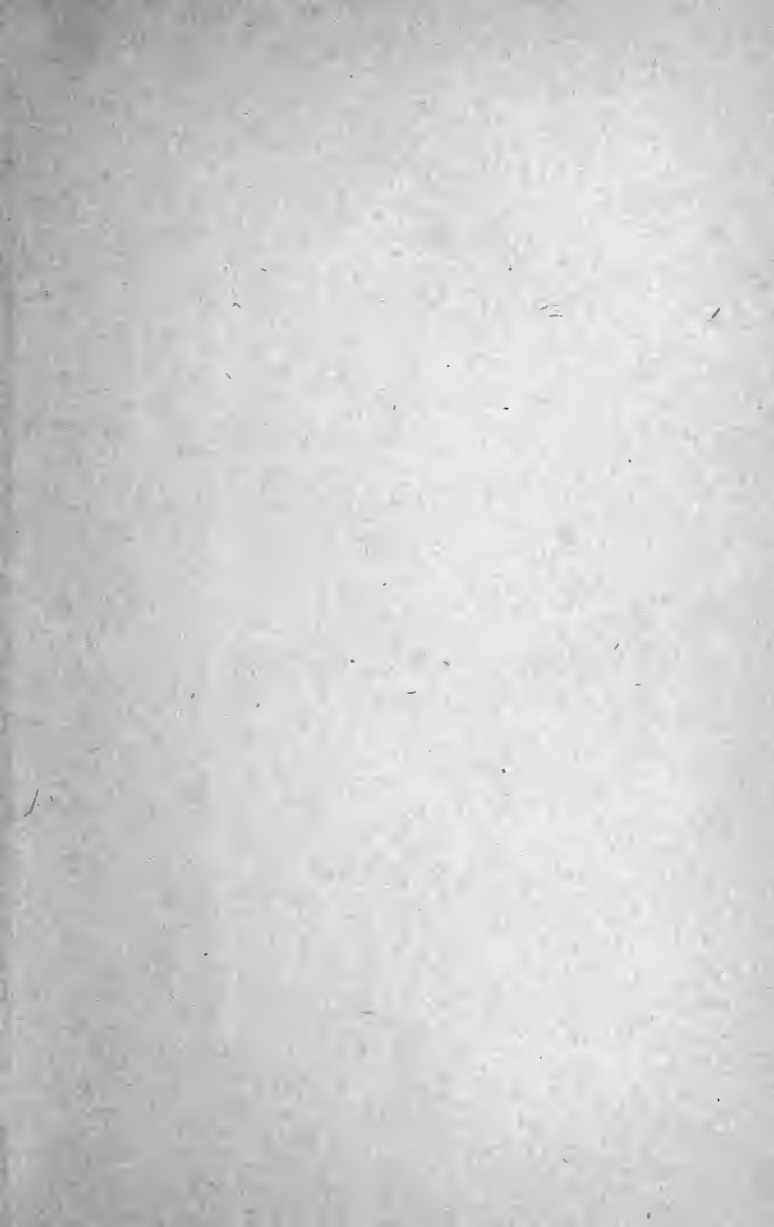
No. 8.

Dear Lady, though you bid me write,
I scarcely know what to indite—
For should I tell you that I love,
It only would to laughter move;
If I to flattery tune a string,
The muses will refuse to sing.
I'll hang my harp upon the trees,
And trust the grandeur of the breeze,
And call the gentle zephyrs nigh,
And only answer sigh for sigh.

No. 9.

Like Eden this may bloom so fair,
That ev'ry one their taste may suit.
Nor need they fear the serpent's snare,
For here is no forbidden fruit.









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