Wright's Poems.

POETICAL COMPOSITIONS

OF

EDWARD DANVILLE WRIGHT,

COMPRISING

POEMS OF BOYHOOD DAYS, VOICES OF THE HEART,
RELIGIOUS, SENTIMENTAL, AND
COMICAL POEMS.

— ALSO, —

THE FEDERAL SPY, DECEPTION'S PREY,

AND OTHERS.

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PREFACE.

THE author desires to make no apologies for introducing to the public this little volume of poems. It is purely original, and the sweets gathered from many years' standing. This volume is a treasure-house in itself, and stands unequaled as an embodiment of the ripest thoughts, wisest utterances, and the most graphic illustrations and incidents pertaining to this life. Its beautiful descriptions of the home beyond, and its relations to earth, he believes will find a sympathetic response from the public. It vividly describes the sufferings of our Savior upon the cross, the patience with which He bore His crucifixion, and the surpassing manner in which He stilled the waves on Galilee.

The names used by the author in this work are merely fictitious, as many of the circumstances which gave rise to this line of thought are incidents that have transpired under his own observation. For the first time have been brought together in such prominence, on the engrossing theme of the future life, the views of one who has endeavored to portray the beauties of heaven.

No subject is of such paramount or absorbing interest to man as that of death and the future life. "If a man die, shall he live again?" is the question springing from every heart and

trembling on every lip. The aim of the author of this book of poems has been to set forth, through his best ability, the grand truth of immortality, and the reality and glory of the home in heaven.

To any one who is beset with doubts and fears, it will prove an armory from which bright and shining weapons can be taken to put to flight these enemies of their comfort and peace. It will be precious solace to those who are laying away to rest the loved of their homes and hearts. It will help their faith, lift up the tearful eye to the land of beauty, bountifulness and blessedness, where the redeemed walk in white. It will stimulate them to lead better lives on earth, that they may, through the grace of God, secure at last the rest and rewards of heaven.

THE AUTHOR.

POEM.

MY casket of gems, I lay them here
In love, on Freedom's hallowed shrine,
With a heart as true, sincere,
As a bard of lore divine.

They are not perfect; Perfection, nay!
Belongs not to the human race;
For need we soar the starry way
To draft the sweets of nature's grace?

AN ACROSTIC.

EVERY thought that germinates
  Deep in the human breast,
Will shine if it but concentrates
  Around authentic rest.
Roam where you will, o'er hill, through dale,
  Despondent o'er life's weary tale.

Denounced by critics, thus and so,
  As though all other men were right;
No faults have they, so on they go,
  Valiant in error, to endless night.
In lieu of this we pen our thoughts,
  Launching them upon life's sea;
Long may they linger unforgot,
  Emblazoned for eternity.

We'll wait the harvest, no questions ask,
  Reap our sentence with spirits meek;
In performance of our task
  God's approval we must seek;
Honest truth will ever roam
  To guide some weary wanderer home.

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PRELUDE.

ERSTWHILE I was a farmer boy,
And tilled my father's ground;
With juvenility's sweet joys
Did my raptured heart rebound;
Unrevoked that pure degree
That dawns alone unto the free.

And in the early transit spring,
When the sun's rays interspersed
The dreary showers, that oft would bring
O'er nature a solemn hush,
We'd gather round the old hearthstone:
With jokes and yarns make glad the home.

I've many a weary footstep plod
In meadow furrows dark;
When vernal flowers peered through the sod—
'Mid jewel dewdrops spark;
And sang the merry plowboy's lay
From early morn till close of day.

Or strewed the seed o'er ridged plain,
  To reap in after days;
Then garnered in the golden grain
  'Mid reaper's trilling lays.
To no strains our hearts will spring,
Like to labor's tranquil chorus ring.

Or 'long the bonny rivulet strolled
  In ecstacy of delight;
Through flowery dell it rippling rolled,
  Sirenical in its flight;
Presented to hearts that strolled it 'long,
Like unto a luring siren song.

I loved the fragrant verdure groves,
  Where veering zephyrs strayed,
And birds their cherished nestlings coved
  Within the silent shade;
Where wild flowers swayed, odors to offer,
Like gems within a hidden coffer.

There blackbirds caroled all day long
  In melodies complete;
Chanting their fascinating song
  In clamor wildly sweet,
Like harbingers of holy love
Sent from Elysian realms above.

See the squirrels bound from tree to tree
  Through the transparent light
That peered the leafy canopy
  Till gathering shades of night;
Then the old owl hooted, "woo-hoo-hoo,"
As the sun his peering rays withdrew.

Then came the calm of sweet repose
  Over nature slumbering;
Enshrouded in that rest that knows
  Aught of encumbering;
When angels their watchful vigils keep
O'er our heads, while garbed in sleep.

This wrought my fate to be inclined
  To dream of poets' lore;
And many a sonnet graced by rhyme
  My chaos thoughts gave o'er;
Though prose-like, still I thought them bravo,
Nor dreamed there'd be their lurking foe.

But, while they spread among my friends,
  Who credited praises due,
A faithless friend, with fiendish pen,
  A slanderous poem drew;
Whose haunting phantom shadowed near,
The sacred rose of peace to sear.

The peer's theme was "The Poet Wright;"
  Foul aspersion, irefully cast;
To soar on pinions of praises bright
  'Twas dreamed, but failed, "alas."
Its voluptuous strain soon stilled its mirth
In vanity's delusive worth.

Ere long I broke the fettering spell
  That nettled a deploring heart,
Nor on recrimination dwell
  To those my character distort;
For honest truth alone can be
A fitful prey for calumny.

My noblest aims to be chronicled,
  Alone good men's true thought,
Imploring pardon, should there, instead,
  A sordid vice be wrought;
Still, truth and love, though heavenly-born,
Consort with malady and scorn.

How sad, yet true! An enemy
  Will banquet on our fault,
Or misconstrue a true degree,
  Influence to revolt;
And scrawl an accusation where
'Tis naught but right, if sought with care.

Aspired thought! reached is that goal,
  'Midst sneers and disappointment,
When the aspiration of the inmost soul
  Is realized; the heart's content
To view the yawpers on lower ground
Aspersing those who pass them round.

So few our thoughts that's laudable,
  Which time can ne'er exhaust;
Then glean the glittering sparks of gold,
  But discard worthless dross.
For truth's bright honor I pursue,
With fervent motive, ever true.

For short the time we linger here,
  Within this bleak and narrow vale;
Then, oh! may I the good endear;
  No fatal sordid bliss bewail;
And trust my recompense to reap
Devotedly at Jesus' feet.

ADMONITION.

IN God's written law we find, as we read,
He compares us to sowers, sowing the seed;
And he also tells us of evil beware,
For we sow as we choose, the wheat or the tare.

Be it good or evil, whatsoever ye sow,
In the sphere of morality here below,
In eternity you'll find it ripened there,
From the seed you have sown, of wheat or of tare.

Censure not one another, of this beware,
For by so doing you are scattering tare;
Should a brother or sister do something wrong,
Go reason together, in prayer and in song.

Return good for evil, hear the Savior say,
Pray for all who despitefully use you, each day;
And by so doing scatter seed by the way
That will yield you a bountiful harvest some day.

Love one another — what a blessed command,—
For Christians, like sheep, among wolves must stand;
Fear not, if you sow to the Spirit of God,
Naught shall harm, as your journey you plod.

Be obedient, children, to your parents, dears,
Reverence them in their declining years;
Then no regretful tears you'll shed
Over the graves of the cherished dead.

If any you find who have gone astray,
Oh, lead them back to the narrow way;
For this must be your mission below,
If you would to God's holy spirit sow.

For God is not mocked, I beseech you hear,
That Judgment Day is drawing near;
Whatsoever you've sown that you shall reap
When you stand before God's judgment seat.

Sow not to the flesh, for if ye do,
Ye cannot reign with the good and true;
But a corruptible harvest you'll gather there,—
No golden grain, but the worthless tare.

But sow to the spirit, and of the spirit reap
Life eternal at the Savior's feet;
When heaven you've reached, no more to roam,
You can sing the songs of the harvest home.

Beautiful indeed are the promises given,
For all who, through Christ, for heaven hath striven;
They fill the heart with unspeakable joy,
All malice, envy, and strife they destroy.

Yes, beautiful promises to suit each command,
And nothing unreasonable doth God demand;
Then sow to the spirit, without envy or strife,
And in heaven reap everlasting life.

THE WELL OF SMYRNA.

I DO N'T remember just the year,
But it's been quite a spell,
Since I employed old Benny Near
To dig a door-yard well.

Upon the price we did agree,
After arguing quite a spell;
Then the location went to see
Where Ben should dig the well.

'T was close beside a Quaker church
The people called Smyrna;
And from the place where Ben did lurk
'T was not a lengthy journey.

Day after day, with diligence,
Did Ben upheave the dirt;
And even men of influence
Pronounced him quite expert.

I thought he was an honest man
  Financially embarrassed;
I pitied Ben and all his clan
  For being so harrassed.

One eve, when all day hard he 'd dug,
  A quicksand vein he struck;
With fear he 'd get into a jug,
  Went off to mourn his luck.

All night he lay and racked his brain,
  In oft reiterating,
How he in safety might remain
  Where quicksand slides were hating.

And ere the golden light of day
  Illumed the eastern sky,
He had resolved, let come what may,
  His risky work to try.

When he gains his place of labor,
  He finds, to his surprise,
The well he 's digging for his neighbor
  In massive ruin lies.

One moment he stands, with drooping head,
  Mind lost in meditation:
I 'll make them think that I am dead,
  Though it brings but degradation.

So, in the ground he plants his cane,
  Hangs on his coat and hat;
Then ran a neighboring woods to gain —
  Behind a log he sat.

Ere long my wife and I arose,
  Prepared, and porridge ate;
Then, looking out, I saw Ben's clothes,
  And soon presaged his fate.

Oh, horror of horrors! what shall we do?
  Ben's buried in the well!
I sent the boys the news to strew,
  Whilst I loudly rang the bell.

To the rescue neighbors came, a score;
  Resunk the well in haste;
The bottom reached, searched o'er and o'er,
  No corpse found any place.

Then up came Ben, when the work was done,
  While a grin o'erspread his face;
So badly sold, I clutched my gun
  And hissed: "Ten minutes grace!"

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN CHILDHOOD'S CLIME.

THE flowers that bloom in childhood's clime
Will last as doth our lease of time,
Till life is o'er.
For their reblooming sigh in vain,
And that sweet clime to view again,
We see no more.

When death falls like a beating flail
On our loved ones, then we bewail
Them stricken low.
They dwell as long as life shall be,
A living torch in memory
That gleams o'er woe.

Like the shell, when far away
From beach, still murmurs surges' sway
So sweetly soft;
As one a gem in mind would store,
Repeats it oft, and o'er and o'er,
With dearth of scoff.

When childhood in oblivion sleeps
Our spirits vigil o'er it keeps,
With wakeful eye;
That blissful ray from paradise,
Which kissed the dawning of our life,
Anon did fly,

To leave us garbed in weeds of woe;
The soul with grief must overflow,
For want of room;
To make within our bosoms rise
A yearning for the clearer skies
Beyond the tomb,

Of which we ne'er can hope to see,
Unless, as little children, we
Do humbly seek
The fount divine; to cleanse from dross,
And bear the pure life-giving cross
With spirit meek.

In Eden's bower a blissful seat
Like childhood lingers, purely sweet,
'Neath God's own love;
Forbidden fruit, with mortal taste,
Hath winged away from this pure place
In realms above.

Then let us choose the narrow way,
For youth is only one sweet ray
Of heaven's bliss,
Which o'er our present moments last
To cheer the future by that past
Our lives doth miss.

When o'er the wan flowers drift the snow,
By searing winds of death laid low,
They bloom again;
When breaks eternal verdure spring,
These flowers a living bloom shall bring,
'Neath heaven's reign.

There by the crystal sea to wave
Beside the One who died to save
Humanity,
Transplanted in ethereal light,
Where no gathering shades of night
Shall ever be.

A VIXEN HAG.

NOW, Willis had a vixen hag,
To share his counterpart,
Which wrought his life a weary drag,
And put him out of heart.

In meek submission, long he toiled
Beneath her tyranny;
His spirit oft inwardly boiled,
To con, I once was free.

But dared he not to speak a word,
Of counsel or presage;
Her Stygian voice was loudly heard,
At kindling of her rage.

He was in stature lenient,
While she was spaciously framed;
And with her arm his will was bent,
His vocal wrath was tamed.

In his lascivious stroll could ken,
His spouse's tyrant weight;
Though much he seemed like other men,
Yet sateless was his state.

The mail he carried to and fro;
  Perchanced his horses scared
And fled, to give him such a blow,
  Which much his form impaired.

A prodrome ran to tell his wife,
  How ran the team away;
And how poor Willis lost his life,
  In duty's credent sway.

And how the bag was torn in two,
  Its contents strewn around;
The team a broken bridge went through —
  Fell lifeless on the ground.

See there! Again, through carelessness,
  Exclaimed the vixen hag;
Though steeds were killed and broke the 'bus,
  He should have saved the bag.

A BEREAVED MOTHER.

THERE sits an aged mother, by an old fire-place:
Care keeps watch in her dimning eye;
Sorrow has furrowed deep lines on her face,
And silver locks o'er her brow tenderly lie.

A wave of passion her visage sweeps o'er,
As she cons the jewels of memory dear;
From each thrilling joy aspired once more,
And for each sorrow there drops a tear.

But where are her loved ones? She sits all alone,
Brooding o'er treasures ineffably dear.
Dreary the home: the nestlings have flown;
Not one of her kindred now lingereth near.

No arm of protection extended is there.
This from her lone heart wells up a deep sigh:
He pillowed his head with his burden of care;
Along by the wayside, laid down to die.

The flowers of affection she nourished with pride,
And often stooped fondly to rear the drooped head;
Excluding the shadows when sorrows betide,
Kissing away the dark phantoms of dread.

Ah! Carried to the graveyard, and there laid away
  Beneath the bland willow: sad vigilance keep
O'er the sweet forms that slumbering lay;
  And she, the poor mother, is left lonely to weep.

Though cheerless she seems on this cold, dark earth,
  One radiant hope illumines her eye:
When she thinks of the gems of infinite worth,
  She gave back to God, that can never die.

While her eye lingers so faint on this strand,
  A joy blest ethereal wells up in her heart;
In the orient ports of the beaulah land,
  She 'll meet her lost treasures, there never to part.

Where Shiloh's brook ripples with mirage waves,
  Reflecting the sweetness of endless joy,
Elysian shores caressingly laves
  To anchor forever the soul from decoy.

THE MUSIC-DEALER AND CLOD-HOPPER.

THERE entered a music-store, down the street,
A farmer lad, with sinewy hands,
And an old straw hat, and sunburnt feet;
Trousers graced with many lands,

Inclining with elbows on the show-case,
Demanded sheet music, the latest and best.
The dealer, suspecting him quite out of place,
Unweeting to him, a joke he would risk.

So he scanned his shelves with infinite care,
The oldest pieces in stock to find;
At last discovering a bundle there
That had been laid away in years declined.

Then choosing the oldest his judgment predicts,
First, "Nellie Gray" he brushed from dust's slumber;
Next to the list he added "Old Dick,"
Then the "Old Arm Chair," and "Last Rose of Summer."

"How do those strike you?" then the music man grinned;
"They 're the latest and best. Oh, what a demand!"
"They 're jist what I want; they 're darlin's, I reckon.
If you do them up to suit, of course I 'll take them."

"I can fold them up in many a style;
Silver cords, twine, golden sheet—
'T would enthuse a lord from ethereal isle.
But, hold, my lad, what form you conceit?"

"You must sit 'Nellie Gray' in dot 'Old Arm Chair,'
Pin dot 'Last Rose of Summer' to her breast;
Then let 'Dick' hug and expostulate her.
If you use dot form, I 'll take dot whole mess."

But, oh! that fatal, obscure night,
When, maddened by incessant drink,
With dagger in her fair bosom plunged,
I saw my facile darling sink.

There, weltering in its crimson blood,
Her mangled form was lying,
While bending o'er her mother dear,
My daughter, too, sank dying.

Then, oh! my darling, bright-eyed boy,
There gloating stood aghast
To see two mutilated forms
Abruptly before him cast.

Then waving the blood-stained dagger high,
Half delirious, half enraged,
Wafted it o'er the startled youth,
Who soon in flight engaged.

Fled round and round the room pursued,
Tripped on the lifeless mass;
His gory feet with kindred blood
Besmeared the room, alas!

Then raised his voice and earnestly plead:
Oh, father, please, father, hear;
Don't murder me, as these you have,
My mother and my sister dear.

That echoing shrill, rang loud and long,
  Trills on my heart-strings still;
I heeded not his ards defense,
  But dealt the deathly chill.

Within that chamber, stained with crime,
  I laid me down at last;
While slumber sweetly garbed my form,
  My spirit roamed the past.

I stood again by Rosy dear,
  Where love's first dreams betide;
Through verdant groves and flowery dell,
  We wandered side by side.

In the gloaming sat beside her,
  Our hearts responding beat;
I clasped her loving hand in mine,
  With ecstasy complete.

Then woke by chill that ran my veins,
  From her cold hand clasped in mine;
With bated breath and rifted heart,
  Beheld my bloody shrine.

Oh, heaven look down with pitying glance,
  This blood against me cry,
From these loved forms, so cold and stark;
  'Twas drink; it was not I.

Oh, could I but only waft
  Back time beyond this wield,
That wrought the crimson life-blood flow,
  At last my doom to seal.

My sentence fixed, they placed me here,
  Where hangs the haunting gloom
Of a felon's cavern, dark and drear,
  Like shadows of the tomb.

In glowing phantoms, like a dream,
  The artist, with delight,
Will portray to this sordid world
  The horrors of that night.

But none pierce deep like mother's words,
  In crimson blood immersed;
That morning plea doth echo still
  From a voice long hushed.

Oh, my dear angelic mother,
  From your blessed ethereal home,
Can you behold your guiltless boy
  Incarcerated in a felon's dome?

Smitten with that bleak remorse,
  Presaged at my first draught,
By that tender heart that sleeps,
  It proved a drastic shaft.

That missive dart, the adder, stung
  Not only my own life,
But those consorted, by nature dear,
  A daughter, son, and wife.

To a heart bestirred by pang direct,
  The tomb brings mortal rest;
Life hath aught of worth to live,
  Death comes a welcome guest.

Oh, cursed bowl! alluring fiend!
  Garbed in garments fair;
Lurks around the facile youth,
  To hurl the fatal snare.

CHRISTIAN'S ARMOR.

BRAVE soldier for Christ, as to battle you go,
Take love for a shield against every foe;
With hope for a helmet to shield your head,
"You can fight the good fight," as the Master has said:

Keep constantly with you the breastplate of faith,
It will shield you always, your captain saith;
With the gospel of Christ keep your feet ever shod;
For your comfort lay hold of his staff and rod.

When the conflict of life exultant oppress,
Embaling in sorrow all peace of the breast,
You the coveted victory can facile obtain,
Consorted with Christ, and his vassal remain.

Earthly pleasures evanescently speed,
And leave us bewailing o'er vanity's need;
But hope from above gleams through the dark gloom,
Rifting the shadows with morn's sweet illume.

Kindly expound love to those who desert,
Endeavor from vanity their hearts to divert;
For the motives of Satan's jacobinical choir
Is to rain blow on blow to perfect their desire.

THAT BELL OF JUSTICE.

'T WAS in the ages long declined;
  A King's kind potent will
Was pressed upon his Cabinet's mind
  About the commons' ill.

So they decreed a justice bell
  Above the hall to swing;
That any one whom wrong befell
  This justice bell might ring,

To summons up the Court of Peers
  To list to the oppressed,
And grant relief, which want endears,
  To praise a high behest.

Day after day the commons came,
  The paltry, blind, and deaf,
The vaculent, infirm, and lame,
  To reap a kind relief.

The fiercest goadings pangs of woe,
  Allayed the sovereign's band;
Orient beams of praise did flow
  Broad o'er the happy land.

As time sped on, the cord that ran
  Down from the belfry tall,
Grew frivolous, and from the strand
  Stale threads began to fall.

A generous vine then ornate grew,
  And gracefully twined its way
Far up the cord, worn almost through,
  The King's decree to stay.

The commons' hearts leaped high with glee,
  That Providence was kind;
The weakening cord of liberty,
  Became a living vine.

They nourished it with ardent care,
  Till tendrils strongly grew;
And held the shreds with kindness there —
  The commons only knew.

A poor old nag, infirm by toil,
  'Neath many a burning sky;
Whose heartless master, so disloyal,
  Had turned him out to die.

And, wandering in quest of food,
  To prop his feeble frame,
Perchance he strolled, in plaintive mood,
  Where weary feet oft came.

And plucked a spray from the sacred vine,
  The bell of justice rung;
Its hallowed tones, echoing chimes,
  The Peers together bring.

Distractedly they viewed the scene,
  With full propitious eye;
Anon avowed some owner mean
  Disbanded him to die.

They counsel held, and summoned him;
  Confronted by his slave
He stood abashed, though basely grim,
  Dumbfounded as his knave.

Then decreed the Court of Peers,
  Since he good service give,
His master should support his years,
  As long as he might live.

And so we see that future days,
  Doth sometimes bring amend;
The woe we wield o'er other's ways
  Oft on our heads descend.

The missile arrow cleaves its way,
  To scourge with bleakest shame;
And at some dire relenting day,
  Alone we bear the blame.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE old mare was sleeping her last long nap,
'Neath the decaying straw-pile on the hill;
And all with serenity of peace was enwrapped,
At the simple proceedings, when her grave was filled.

There her carcass was sweetly resting in peace,
Till some rogue came and parted the straw,
The odor of her last remains to increase,
And spread on the breeze, till the scent become raw.

Then he laid in complaint, that in Brown's graveyard
A straw burial was not for the best;
It was n't true reverence, with sincere regard,
So he called for a coroner's inquest.

The decision given, was resurrection;
Said a grave should enshroud the deceased;
And sodded over, without any objections,
She should rest in a windowless palace of peace.

So they hollowed her narrow hall with care,
  And pillowed her weary head;
And carved a line on the wooden slab there,
  In memory of the sacred dead.

And her grave is kept green with affectionate care,
  The flowers shed dew-drops for tears;
Two gentlemen alone, in wailing despair,
  Were the mourners that followed the bier.

FALSE FRIENDS.

FALSE friends are like shadows,
Beneath a clear sky;
They follow you closely,
Wherever you hie.

They lave in pure sweetness,
Talk infinite love;
Laud your affections,
All others above.

But when clouds are low rising,
To darken your skies,
Then they commence shrinking,
Disclosing their disguise.

And as the gloom thickens,
While danger you read,
Fast they are deserting,
At lightning speed.

When missiles are hurling,
So thickly amain;
You plead for a friendship,
You failed to retain.

You look where they loitered,
  At sunny mid-day;
Not e'en a faint rustle,
  Their presence betray.

You ken the dire darkness,
  No shadow is there;
Your heart feels a missile,
  That cleaves with despair.

But where are the danglers,
  That swung to your side,
Vowing their friendship,
  Whatever betide?

Ah! question the cyclone
  That sweeps on amain,
Like a flash of the passion,
  If she sees them again.

No phantom dare race them,
  Their amble's unknown;
They leave you with danger,
  To wrestle alone.

HOME KINDNESS.

IF men would use that energy,
At home to seem as kind,
As some do when in company,
More hearths would be sublime.

Home kindness wards off many blows,
Though small the cheering word;
And gentle smiles a balm for woes,
Though its voice be unheard.

Earth awards no higher gift,
Than one true woman's love;
The shades of gloominess to rift,
Distraction soars above.

Infinitely better this world would be,
If Love's sweet garnished grace,
In every home shed copiously,
His cheering, smiling face.

BEWARE.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care! Take care!
Both false and fickle she can be,
Beware! Beware!
A sweet decoy ends in despair.

She has a form in mold complete,
Take care! Take care!
And a visage calm and sweet,
Beware! Beware!
A sweet decoy ends in despair.

Her wavy hair of auburn hue,
Take care! Take care!
Unfurled in ringlets grand in lieu,
Beware! Beware!
A sweet decoy ends in despair.

Her sparkling eyes of dazzling gray,
  Take care! Take care!
She gives a glance, then looks away,
  Beware! Beware!
A sweet decoy ends in despair.

Her flowing robes inwrought with gold,
  Take care! Take care!
The passions of the youth control,
  Beware! Beware!
A sweet decoy ends in despair.

Attuned her sweet angelic tone,
  Take care! Take care!
That quaves the tenderest cords alone,
  Beware! Beware!
A sweet decoy ends in despair.

You'd long to press those rosy lips,
  Take care! Take care!
And from them sweetest nectar sip,
  Beware! Beware!
A sweet decoy ends in despair.

Her allurement is a snare,
  Take care! Take care!
A fool's cap for you to wear.
  Beware! Beware!
A sweet decoy ends in despair.

Oh, sweetest maid, how very few,
  Take care! Take care!
Escape the dangerous snare of you.
  Beware! Beware!
A sweet decoy ends in despair.

The facile youth when led astray,
  Take care! Take care!
With broken heart turns sad away,
  Beware! Beware!
A sweet decoy ends in despair.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

AT evening when our toil is past,
From weary strife refrained at last,
How blessed it seems,
To linger in some favorite spot,
With goading sorrows all forgot
In quiet dreams.

And when the sun is bending low,
His list of orient rays to throw,
In gilded lines;
That peer aback, adown his way,
As loath to leave expiring day,
In gloom behind.

Or else to take one glancing sight,
Adown his many paths of light,
To bid adieu,
To all the disappointments brought,
To human hearts that vainly sought,
For pleasures new.

And when to crimson sunk away,
A faint sweet glimmer of the day,
Doth linger still;
To list that inevitable hush,
Of din assuaged by that sweet blush,
His latest will.

So like our life when near its close,
And soft reclining to repose,
Gaze wistfully
Down the vista of the past,
Where fair hope donned her plumed crest,
Once more to see.

Youth and manhood thither gone,
Then crescent age steals softly on,
So silently:
When one by one, the rays of hope,
Are snapped by time's uplifting stroke,
No more to be.

Should we crown life as we ought,
With many fetes of kindness wrought,
Could at its close,
When bowing low by weight of years,
Find restraint for many tears,
In this repose.

Oh, blessed night! Thy calm doth throw
Its silence on the voice of woe,
And all is peace;
The heart serenely rests at last,
For day in honest labor past
Grants sweet release.

THE TONGUE OF CALUMNY.

THE tongue is an instrument of woe, that afflicts
The love and peace of humanity;
When toning the stinging discord of vice,
It jars on the soul to a painful degree.

The tongue, with its vague and poisoning influence,
Baffles the gleam of aspiring fame;
God gave man dominion over all creation,
Yet 't is written, "but the tongue can no man tame."

When we gaze on the misery and woe around us,
See polluted lips of gossip kindling their flame;
By censuring the character of struggling ones,
Heaping vain dishonor on an honest name.

The tongue of calumny is so swiftly wielded,
Nothing is uttered with such comparative ease;
Nothing more attentively listened to,
And thus the slanderer is always pleased.

The tongue of the slanderer never grows weary,
  With its constant employment our attention control;
Till the truth gleams unbidden — too late we must learn
  That there is a weakness somewhere in our soul.

Those who attempt to level with their own
  An aspiring character far above their own sphere,
Oft degrade themselves to the bitterest shame,
  And leave them, of fame, farther back in the rear.

Those who scatter the seed of slander
  Will find them as ashes on veering flaws;
Returning to guile the garments of senders,
  And brand them fiends in a hellish cause.

Those who the tongue of slander escape
  Are abated in gifts of mental power;
For calumny's victim is never a fool,—
  In a vacuum there is nothing to devour.

Remember, in slandering the character of others,
  You portray your own to a public demur;
Then censure not others until perfection is yours,
  For, remember, humanity is prone to err.

How obvious the tongue of intermeddling,
  What falls from one's lips in another's ear tell;
Oft bringing the remorse of severed friends,
  Consuming love in this flame of hell.

On many a heart is the sad inscription,
By calumny's tongue so deeply engraved;
Far more enduring than impressions of love,
A character stained, is a soul enslaved.

Oft the slightest misstep brings slanderous reports,
While the victim 's unconscious of the error that 's made;
Till the sweep of the awful catastrophe,
With relentless tread the character invades.

In architecturing your character,
With the love of truth grace every hew;
Though slander, like a dark vapor spreads,
It can not tarnish the good and true.

Turn a deaf ear to the tongue of slander,
For by its influence a distrustful look,
May sink to oblivion a cherished affection,
That we 'd give our own life for the love we betook.

Recorded in heaven, Oh, slanderer, beware,
Is the fruits of your sowings of worthless tare
Along the wayside, to a brother's despair,
For at God's judgment seat, you shall garner it there.

OUR DARLING WE'VE RESIGNED TO REST.

BENEATH the silent weeping willow,
Our darling we've resigned to rest;
From our hearts the faded sunlight,
Gleams brightly now among the blest.

Dreary is our home and silent,
No echo of his childish glee;
No blithesome hands, uplifted gladly,
Extending out to welcome me.

The sweetest tones of mystic music,
Silenced ever to my ears;
Brightest hopes have been enshrouded,
With the densest gloom of tears.

From the deepest fount of sorrow,
My chalice fills to overflow;
Dark impaired, that brightened future,
By the sudden crushing blow.

Yet human is but clay decaying,
  Quickly fading from our sight;
Mortal lips, pale, kissed forever,
  Dimmed the love-lit eyes so bright.

The reaper gathers up the flowers,
  Garners them for God's high throne;
To cheer the blessed realms of glory,
  Though dreary be our earthly home.

RESPONSE TO AN ADVERTISEMENT.

MISS ——, I think it quite wise,
To be a bonny bride, you have advertised;
Since beaux are scarce, and the market increases,
With the prettiest, sweetest, and gayest of lasses.

What a great blessing to spinsterhood,
This last advantage sometimes affords;
This being a rare, uncertain degree,
I hope I will find you quite easy to please.

You mentioned not a word of the kind to suit you,
So I take it for granted that any will do;
I frankly step forward, as coquetry demands,
For matrimonial acceptance, extend you my hand.

Though I'm not perfection in manhood's estate,
But on this, you surely will not hesitate;
For mutual inclination seems to be weak,
On the part of the hearts you so earnestly seek.

My stature is tall, not overly slender,
I claim no blood from royal splendor;
In modern society I rank quite tony,
Although my carcass looks a little bit bony.

I've a dandy mustache, just peeping through the hide,
Which I look forward to with no little pride;
Black hair, dark eyes, and features not rough,
I'm not handsome, but just handsome enough.

And since your juvenility has almost flown,
Its roseate enchantments no more can be strewn,
And carry by blast the lad's heart so gay,
With raptures of bliss, in a peerless sway.

Soon age you and matrimony will intervene,
You had better take a crank than no machine;
So I wait with a patience on which time can't rely,
Snare me quick, for I am ready to fly.

OF SWEETEST WORDS.

OF sweetest words that ever fell,
On mountain top, in flowery dell,
Or echoed through transparent air,
To quell the troubled heart's despair.

Or altar-chanted stole through aisles,
To quaver in the heart's dark wiles,
Like oasis on the desert's breast,
That grants the weary traveler rest.

Like a crystal stream to flow,
Through this world of sin and woe;
Heaven's chiefest blessings give,
Drink of its rippling waves and live.

Most glorious hope aspires the throng,
As floats these blessed strains along;
Though life may be a weary quest,
These words are gems of sweetest rest.

Its magic power will still the strife,
That waves upon the sea of life;
From a court so pure divine,
'T was loaned unto our earthly shrine.

To all this poor, sin-stricken clan,
The loss of Eden our woes demand;
Eternally fixed seemed mortal's doom,
Without a hope beyond the tomb.

Till heaven's Chief regained our rest,
Through mortal birth of low behest;
Descended to this sphere below,
To 'quaint himself with human woe.

Oh, heavenly spray! that mostly grew,
Whom the world then scarcely knew;
Ethereal power in this vain world,
Our loss retrieved, with love unfurled.

The loss of Eden by mortal taste,
Wrought this paradise in waste;
Where conscience's flaming sword is rife,
To keep away of the tree of life.

Because not famed a king to be,
Humanity scoffed His deity;
Wreathed for His head a crown of thorns,
E'en spit on Him with bitter scorn.

Denied, forsaken, He bore His cross,
To free the world at heaven's cost;
With head bowed low, over human woe,
His chalice of grief did overflow.

From wounded palms and pierced side,
Flowed the cleansing crimson tide;
"Father, forgive them," how marvelous true,
"For they know not what they do."

The purest words that ever fell,
From human lips from sorrow's well;
The sun with all his dazzling sheen,
Refused to look upon the scene.

The veil of the temple was rent in twain,
Dense the darkness o'er earth reigned;
Till was finished the narrow way,
That leads unto eternal day.

Oh, may we humbly type His life,
And reign with Him in paradise;
Throughout the endless speed of time,
When our weary lives decline.

Though He treads not with us the sod,
Yet He is Christ, the Son of God;
His gospel spreads from shore to shore,
And will till time shall be no more.

RETURNED TO LIFE.

THE lamp burned low on the mantel-tree,
Its pale light shone over all;
For each form a shadow could see,
Like a phantom on the wall;
Not even one soft whispered word
Broke on the stillness deep;
A bating breath alone was heard
From one in softest sleep.

She was dying in this dense gloom,
Yet it was her fancied request,
For it the fount of tears entombed
That fell from her weeping guest;
And in this shade, with vigilant eye,
They watched each fleeting breath;
For soon her gentle form must lie
In the cold embrace of death.

One hand lay in her feeble clasp,
  To her's his visage pressed;
From her auburn hair a tress
  On his care-worn face did rest.
Distreamed the burning tears afresh,
  He saw her life was sped;
A brighter light o'er all then rushed:
  It gleamed upon the dead.

All is over; "She sleeps in peace"
  Was whispered with white lips.
Her mortal life of love has ceased,
  Ethereal dews she sips;
Like a leaf that fades away
  When the frosts from heaven fall,
Gently on the parent spray
  As Death's hand falls over all.

She lays silent, still, and cold,
  As if an angel's hand had lulled
To softest slumbers of the soul,
  Her form to leave annulled.
Not even one soft fleeting breath
  From voiceless lips and won
To quave the drapery on her breast,
  That snowy bosom donned.

The friends that watched beside her bed
  Now crossed her pulseless hands.
But hark! a voice broke from the dead,
  As from the spirit land;
Her rayless eyes, like orbs of stone,
  Were fixed in upward stare,
As if elysian realms alone
  In secret blended there.

A panic fell; the weeping guests
  Were chained in mortal awe;
A lifeless form, from tranquil rest,
  Returned to earth they saw;
The soul rebounded to its home
  Of clay, so racked with pain—
With half uttered shrieks and groans
  That spirit sighed again.

Oh what! She sat with form upright,
  Her eyes fell from their stare;
Uplifts one hand, "Stay not my flight,
  For heaven opens there;
Oh, take me from this downy thing
  That's called me from my rest;
My spirit hath declined to wing
  From such a gorgeous nest."

They moved her from affluent shroud
  Upon a lowly bed;
No pomp of wealth was now allowed
  To float above the dead;
And he who oft, in love's embrace,
  Had clasped her to his breast,
Gazed long upon the death-kissed face,
  Clothed in its angelic rest.

Oft where willow shadows blend
  And roses dew-drops weep,
And moaning winds their sadness lend,
  And stars their vigils keep,
There wander footsteps, as in quest
  To con the hallowed past;
Deep in his memory's recess
  Her loving image last.

With silken robes inwrought with gold
  She donned in gay attire;
The pride of wealth is left untold
  Where brightest hopes aspire;
But when the chilling death winds sighed
  Upon the shadowed lea,
Abhorring pride of wealth, she died
  In meek humility.

OUR LOST JEWEL.

GONE from our sight, but not our hearts,
Sweet lovely youth so soon;
Estella, dear, 't was hard to part,
And lay thee in the silent tomb.

Gone from this world of pain and grief,
To blissful realms of peace and love;
God sent his angels of relief,
To guide thee to that home above.

Within that vale so pure and bright,
From whence no spirit e'er shall roam;
Bright angels robed in spotless white,
Wafted your ransomed spirit home.

We miss you, ah yes, we miss you,
And this sorrow our lives doth blight;
But we hope ere long to greet you,
In a home more pure and bright.

Gleam from that part of yonder haven,
  Our erring spirits there to guide;
Guardian angel on earth, of heaven,
  To waft us o'er the crystal tide.

Oft we'll wander to thy green grave,
  In yonder city of the dead;
Remembering the last fond look you gave,
  The last kind word you said.

That sacred mound will mark the place,
  In yonder grave-yard fair;
We, too, as close our mortal race,
  Shall with you slumber there.

But as we search God's word, we see
  The promise Christ hath given;
That if on earth we faithful be,
  With you shall reign in heaven.

You shuddered not, as death drew near,
  Nor held the tomb in dread despair;
Garbed in faith, there existed no fear,
  Christ, whom you loved, had slumbered there.

Dear Estella, you smiled upon the pangs of death,
  As the light of your sweet life closed;
We, in the bitterness of sorrow are left,
  While yours is sweet repose.

Wait beyond the gloom to meet us,
  Upon the brink of heaven's shore;
Wait, oh wait, in love to greet us,
  Where pain of parting shall be no more.

Our earthly loss is your eternal gain,
  Ethereal rest in realms of bliss;
A jewel of joy few summers remained,
  And bloomed: ah thee we miss.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, the sweetest connection in life,
It aspires our hopes and abates our fears,
Brings us happiness amid scenes of strife,
By doubling our joys and dividing our cares.

The present attraction the heart can possess,
It points to perfection for the one we admire,
Looks over each stumbling object we pass,
The praise of our goodness and virtue aspire.

The language of friendship 's in varied forms:
It extends to the weak a helping hand,
Round the timid encouraging words will swarm,
And sympathy to the sorrowing land.

Sprinkle friendship's flowers with the dews of kindness,
And its odor will spread 'mid storms and sunshine;
The rose of affection will bloom to remind us
We can draw for its limit no boundary line.

Its balmy breezes will envy destroy,
Gives us contentment which wealth cannot;
Its serenity of peace no grief can annoy,
Gives to our mind the purest of thought.

Who, with strength and courage, could stand
  The weary struggle of this toilsome life,
Without the cheer of a single friend,
  To lighten the burden of sorrow and strife.

But there are hearts too full of pride
  To pay respect to the erring ones,
Who under the bushel their lamps will hide,
  By coldness of friendship seal their own doom.

The attractive smile or the flattering tongue,
  Is not a true test of the union of hearts;
For a more positive proof should be brung,
  For many are hurling those treacherous darts.

Thousands of friends speeding life will give,
  Who, while there is sunshine, their friendship will do;
But, alas! when tried in experience's sieve,
  How few are left, how many fall through!

Just one efficient and devoted friend
  Is worth a thousand lukewarm and treacherous souls,
With affections that are varying as wind;
  He's a friend who with truth your name enrolls.

While others are censuring you behind your back
  Will he approve you to your own face?
If this be true, then there is no lack
  Of kindred affection, with the heart for its base.

Will he dare to stand in your defence,
  When destruction at reputation is aimed?
With the same cordiality his friendship lend
  When with your superior in wealth or fame?

Pay the same respect, when in higher degrees,
  As when you meet in the calms of pride;
Lift the weary freights of misery
  From the burdened mind where wants betide.

And should misfortune oblige a retreat
  To the more humble walks of life,
Would he enter the darkness of your defeat,
  With the fondness of yore, to calm your strife?

By sickness retired from the busy throng,
  Would he follow to your gloomy retreat,
Administer to your wants, with cheering song,
  And friendly affections oft repeat?

Should death sever the last earthly tie,
  Shed a tear on your lonely grave,
And cherish that friendship that never can die,
  Strew some flowers, for the breezes to wave?

When this is true, then cling to the one,
  That in these changes so clung to you;
With the strongest ties affection can own,
  Cherish the friend that to you is true.

For friendship, when flawed by violence,
  No tendrils can e'er knit the wound;
We never can trust, though they may relent
  Of the folly, and suffer their doom.

We may forgive, but cannot forget:
  The heart bears a scar time ne'er can erase.
We lay down their friendship, with deepest regret;
  At the memory of bliss a yearning takes place.

Then remember, kind reader, if you should be blest
  With the friendship of one true, devoted friend,
To worship your idol with fond caress,
  Make your life with their happiness blend.

MY CHERISHED FLOWER.

HOW sad the sight of the autumn groves,
Where withered leaves are seen;
Of beauteous verdure all unclothed,
Once garbed in robes of green.

The birds from their desolate bows have flown,
We hear the sweet songsters no more;
We sigh for the sunshine of happy days gone,
We think of the pleasures of yore.

The bleak wind, with its searing blast,
Crisp every spray of green;
Shroud in white wan nature in death,
Hush every song serene.

Oh! why then crave for more to do!
In either good or wrong;
Gone is the verdure and music too,
Oh! let the flowers live on!

But alas! they find a lonely grave,
  Beneath a drifted mound;
While above the storm fiend rave,
  They wither on the ground.

There's one that perished with the flowers,
  The unknown shade to greet,
Whose graceful smile perfumed love's bowers—
  She sank in blissful sleep.

Green may be the grove and bower,
  The birds return to sing;
But never will my cherished flower,
  Return my heart to bring.

TEARS.

TELL me not, tears is a weakness;
Flowing forth from genial hearts,
A deeper power, a purer meekness,
No tongue of eloquence imparts.

When tears gush forth in crystallic flowing,
And trickle slowly down the cheeks;
Think not the eye their depth, when knowing
It is an inner voice that speaks.

Oft there the harbinger of sorrow,
Which language fails, its depths to tell;
Fresh hope again the heart will borrow,
From its calm majestic spell.

Emotion of love's deep contraction,
That fills the heart to overflow;
The fountain of a pure affection,
In moistened eyes more sweetly glow.

Then scorn not a woman's weeping,
It is an angel from above;
Some hope of her sweet, tender keeping,
Has faded 'neath parental love.

When the heart of man is melted,
  Fast falls the sympathetic tears;
Token's love, his heart has belted,
  There's something which his life endears.

If from no heart a tear was springing,
  For me upon life's turbid wave;
I'm sure 't would loathe my lingering—
  I'd beg a welcome from the grave.

If there were none with hearts to love me,
  Where dew-drops immortal keep;
To wreak the silent grave above me,
  I ween death's vigilance, would weep.

In the dew-drop's sweet, the morning
  Roses each full chalice rears;
Sends to our hearts the secret warning,
  Love is sweetest touched to tears.

When you behold life's fading emblem,
  That o'er your cradle vigils kept;
Should you be blushed when called to mourn them,
  When it was for you that Jesus wept?

THE STAGE ROBBERY.

THE stage had reached the canon's brow,
At evening's crimson sheen;
Where frantic desperadoes prow
Oft crayoned a bloody scene.

A miner with his yellow gold,
Two thousand pounds or more,
Sat snugly sheltered from the cold,
Yet danger dreaded sore.

An emigrant in quest of gain,
With wallet roundly filled,
Had enlisted in the train,
He, too, was peril chilled.

A soldier garbed in Lincoln blue,
A cow-boy stout and brave,
With girdle of the roebuck hue,
Which served their weapons knave.

The cautious driver sat outside,
  Urged on each faithful steed;
The fear that evil might betide,
  Assuaged the lag of speed.

Halt! a tone of goading shrill;
  And ere its echoe's speeds,
Aback from upland, glade and hill,
  They 're coped with drawn beads.

The cow-boy made a staff of steel,
  Encountering many a foe;
He lets his master weapon keel,
  The signal sound of woe.

But as his victim sank in gore,
  There came a responsive crash;
The cow-boy's lamp of life turned o'er,
  And sank against the sash.

Then said the soldier donned in blue,
  We'd better bide this woe;
More resistance we might rue,
  For many seem our foe.

One outlaw shadowed well the prey,
  Another gleaned the spoil;
Defenseless left in every way,
  These victims of disloyal.

Then they took the stageman's teams,
  Unhitched each foaming steed;
The harness carved to spaniel leams,
  To stay their wanted speed.

Then in the bracken dashed in haste,
  'Neath shadowed copse of eve;
That mingled with the obscure waste,
  Or texture interweave.

Said the miner to the emigrant,
  "If you'll enlist to go,
We'll follow to their footsteps' chant,
  Wreak vengeance on our foe.

Though the way be dark, unknown,
  I ween the hand of fate,
Will to the leal one grant his own,
  Through labor's worthy state."

The soldier and the stageman left,
  Behind with wreaking dead;
And through the dark and baffling heath,
  Anon they softly sped.

No weapons for defense had they,
  Their flaming ire to cheer;
A footstep's fall to course their way,
  Was crescent to the ear.

Then slowly rose the waning moon,
With silvery rays, and pale;
In glad surprise discerning soon,
They traced some secret trail.

The panther screams along their way,
The coyote's howl is near;
A savage ambushed cougar lay,
In wait their hope to seer.

But onward dauntless sped their way,
Cheered by the faint footfall;
Or the rustle of a spray,
Alongside the drifted wall.

Then soon a glittering sheen of light,
Gleamed on the mountain's sheer;
A camp-fire's ruby embers bright,
Peers down their way full near.

Two burly outlaws they espied,
Banqueting their chuck away;
The mountains rose on either side,
In rear their cavern lay.

Then proposed the miner brave,
To climb the cliffy raise;
And from the rooftree of their cave,
To seek a closer gaze.

Then disrobing coat and vest,
  And boots left by the way;
To be incumbered was not best,
  In feats of dangerous play.

They ascended from shrub to shrub,
  And groveled through each bower;
Breast to breast with danger rub,
  Defiant to his power.

Until at last they gained the cave,
  From summit high and sheer;
One look adown its ruggeds gave
  The spoil dividing clear.

Two craggy stones served for the blow,
  Each full a hundred weight;
They dropped in plummet lines below,
  Forever sealed their fate.

From the heights they hastened down,
  From loss much gain derives;
The cave a luminous store-house found,
  Which cost was many lives.

When morning sun cheered all around,
  They wandered back again;
Two mangled forms upon the ground,
  They left to sun and rain.

A FEDERAL SPY.

A FEDERAL SPY.

'TWAS down in Dixie's barren land,
Ravine effused with blood;
Where many a bold life ebbed away,
To join the crimson flood.

In the gloaming, donned in gray,
Rode forth a Yankee scout;
Who quit the morass of the swamp,
To gain the road far out.

He drew his rein beside the trail,
Where stood a cabin low;
Revealed quite dim not far away,
Stood many in a row.

With massive weapon loud he thumped
Upon the lubber's door;
Destreaming soon from quivering lips,
He heard the darkey's roar.

Then through a shattered window pane
Appeared his wooly pate,
"Lor, Massa! what am wanted now?"
He feared a rifled fate.

The raider soon with luring ards,
Enured his confidence,
Then questioned him of regions 'round,
Where rebel faces blent.

Informed from answers promptly gave,
Of rebs encamping near;
A few short paces in advance,
Quartered their pedant peer.

"This morn, within that very swamp,"
Pointing back behind,
"I saw de camp-fires wreathin' smoke,
Cu'l ober reed and pine."

The scout then laughed with choking glee,
The truth full well he knew;
For brave and gallant hearts beat there—
Our own dear boys in blue.

Disclosing this to his late friend,
Who list with credent ear,
With information recompensed,
Spurred towards the quarters near.

Gained full near and hitched his steed
  Among a prancing score
Of horses: Confederate chivalry
  From some rebel corps.

Then entered he the festive throng,
  Who waved the crystal tall;
The gray beard sentinel gladly filled
  A chipping glass to all.

They talked war's latest thrilling news,
  Their hearts rebellious rent;
Lethe, was the scout, brave blues were near,
  Yet they were ignorant.

Then bounded in, with bated breath,
  A rebel spy renowned;
Transforming revelry into fear,
  As startling news resound.

Swaying his hand, advanced apace,
  "An official! an official ho!"
These words echoed on the death-like hush,
  "The Yankees! The Yankees! The foe!"

Then prevailed profoundest silence,
  Over the revelers all;
Their pallid lips resound the phrase,
  Which shocked like thunder's fall.

The querulous throng their peering looks,
  Exchanged in breathless awe;
The Union soldier garbed in gray,
  Engleed the panic saw.

So sedate the brave appeared,
  It spurred their frank suspicion;
In their suspecting glances read,
  High time to change position.

Then calmly moving toward the door,
  Thought not to rouse attention;
"Stay that rogue!" a sharp voice rang,
  Which wrought a vile suspension.

Marauders densely thronged the door,
  Rendering passage vain;
Only one sire, near the window stood,
  Who reeled through shattering pane.

Then arose unearthly yells,
  Above the frantic foes;
Peal on peal of ireful clamor,
  From the frightened mass arose.

Followed he close through cracking sash,
  Gained safe the corridor;
Scanned the impelled guide who loathed,
  The weltering in gore.

The angry throng swept for the door,
  A fat man and a lean;
Within the dooring solid wedged,
  Which rendered transit mean.

While they in wrath did extirpate,
  The fate that stayed their flight;
The spy to heels betook himself,
  Into the gloomy night.

He read his fate with hair upstaid,
  Of steed to be bereft;
To flee on foot, imperiled dread,
  Surrendering, meant death.

So o'er the stile, across the lawn,
  He summoned hasty flight,
While swiftly spurred the nearing foe,
  But darkness deadened sight.

Into the dense low drooping boughs,
  He sought in haste his way:
The baffled foe dismounted all,
  To seek on foot their prey.

Through thickly woven wiles to creep,
  Pursued in hottest haste;
'Neath the dark auspicious gloom,
  Of interwoven waste.

With cunning art he coursed his way,
  To leave the foe misled;
And as they waded in the wood,
  Retracing steps were sped.

Determined to possess his steed,
  Or one as good as he:
That faithful one, which him had borne,
  Through many a fiery sea.

Full near he gained by obscure trip,
  Unnoted fell the rein;
The acute guard repulsed the act,
  But labored quite in vain.

A drawn bead allayed his yap;
  With grand elated pride,
He proudly marched into the dome,
  With pall of stately pride.

Then, mounting on his steed, he spurred,
  Beneath a leafy gale;
That summoned all from wood and glen,
  Who sought in vain his trail.

From rear and side, the tramping steps
  Came pouring down amain;
A firm hand clutched, with iron grasp,
  The ranger's bridle rein.

Who from his circling girdle drew
  A weapon for the foe:
Dealt massive strokes; he, vacillating,
  Yielded to the blow.

Anon he spurred his halted steed,
  And sprang the groaning mass;
The ireful foe, their fallen knight,
  Made fleeting eddies past.

Swift toward a latent isle he neared,
  Oasis of the fen;
Where woven brake and verdure pine,
  Obscured the Federal den.

Sped breathless o'er the quaking turf,
  To join the peerless few;
Who dared invade Dixie, to free,
  The capsulated blue.

In shoaled the overpowering foe,
  Dispersed their band asunder;
Most captured were, of few escaped,
  Who crept the texture under.

The daring scout with a comrade fled,
  To quit the humid fen;
Where pellets fell like falling hail,
  O'er fated moor and glen.

With fleetness of the deer they sped,
  Through densely woven wiles;
Till famished by fasting, wearily plod,
  With measured beat the miles.

Drew near a negro colony,
  Which clustered in a grove;
They groveled noiselessly in an aisle,
  To gain a pine tree's cove.

Crouching low with demured breath,
  There list with eager ear;
To hear the tramp of a peon's sole,
  In darkness drawing near.

"Who dar?" rang out on the startled air;
  The Federals waived their fear;
It seemed a quashee's hopeful voice,
  From a shadowed visage near.

"Sambo," quoth a Federal friend,
  "Oh, aid our dangerous flight;
Vouchsafe us some obscure retreat,
  Unfrequented by sight."

"'T aint much a poor darkey heah can do,
  But reckon dar's a way,
A sumptious meal to git for you,
  Befo' the break of day.

I'll go and rouse old Dinah up,
  And hab her make a spread;
For massa am done gone away,
  And missus, she am sick in bed."

Then swept away, and soon a light
  Gleamed from a dining room,
Through the panes, on trees that stood
  While listed in the gloom.

A wench they spied pass to and fro,
  And, drawing near, they saw
A turkey from the larder brought,
  And placed with a grunter's jaw.

Then up behind sprang their black friend;
  "All 's ready now in ordah;
Jis' step in dar, and bait yourse'ves —
  Massa Lincoln's sojahs.

I stays outside to watch fo' you,
  Should danger creepin' come;
List fo' de singin' of de owl,
  And beatin' like de drum."

At this they sprang to satiate,
  From the banquet board;
Of turkey and of grunter sweet,
  They pillaged well the hoard.

Then burst the hoots of woo-hoo-hoo;
  The drum on window panes
Vibrating on responsive chords,
  To quicken blood in veins.

Pale and wan they quit the feast,
  Distracted by this strain;
With turkey half demolised,
  Departure wrought disdain.

With palate's keen edge scarcely filed,
  The scout quoth, "Though 'tis ruin,
This fowl and I, I vow, shall not
  Part company so soon.

Then flit with speed toward the door,
  Wide winged it oped in haste;
Alas! that scheme so sagely found,
  Brought foe up face to face.

Retreating toward the window tall,
  Where drummed the faithful hand;
Oh, what dismay they sadly saw,
  'Twas not a negro man.

What fate could allay the error now,
  Escape was surely vain;
Surrender meant enthralled in hell,
  Upon the earliest train.

In stormed enraged Confederates,
  Their league to over-run;
A gray-beard gloated grimly,
  Adown his old war-gun.

Following close the trapper came,
  Still like the owl was hooting;
With lowering brow and curling lips,
  Gun primed for ready shooting.

When sweetest radiant rosy dawn,
  The gloomy night abated;
Thoughts of thralldom filled their hearts,
  While they the train awaited.

Soon the massive train rolled in,
  Freighted with human souls;
Rebel thralls for cheerless doom,
  Its sentinels enrolls.

The prison cursed crept in view,
  Which shamed all human sight;
When once within this hellish pen,
  Fair hope was rendered bright.

To their hearts it sent a pang,
  To ring in sullen maze;
Those here inured, and those they lost,
  Seemed different in their ways.

The sateless victims vaguely roamed
  O'er the pen with vicious aim;
The listed rags that garbed their forms,
  Were the livery of shame.

A wild look peered from gaunty eyes,
  Their steps were vacillant;
Like starving wolves in search of prey,
  They sought their rations scant.

In feasting, of their scanty food,
  Should there be severed some,
Would eagerly scratch the filthy dust,
  To gain the sacred crumb.

To each fresh victim there enthralled,
  They 'd turned an eager ear;
To divers deeds of weal or woe,
  Which strengthened hope or fear.

Sundry watches guarded close
  The walls on every side;
Enacting inhuman subtlety
  Whene'er their cort was tried.

A lucid rivulet wound its way,
  Profluent, o'er the sand;
A death line fringed its verdure brink,
  Which spoke the stern command.

Which of this stream denied them drink,
  Till it wound its way
Where infirm footsteps guiled each draught
  From the perpetual sway.

Here to allay their thirst compelled,
  Where reef from much was rife;
A reach beyond the bound allied,
  To sacrifice of life.

Then o'er his form a comrade bent,
  To list his last request;
To bear to loved, by him so dear,
  When he's resigned to rest.

Then flowed the lucid stream adown,
  Crimsoned with his blood;
To mix in the polluted mire,
  Where victims drank from mud.

Then his lifeless clay was borne,
  Upon a passing bier;
Where dying and the dead alike,
  Lay on the carrier.

Inured within an unmarked tomb,
  A shapeless mangled heap;
Without the sigh of a pitying heart,
    Or a single eye to weep.

In unknown graves for aye shall lie,
  The forms, beloves, endears;
Where rapture once illumed the eye,
  Destreams the bitter tears.

Many a home was overshadowed,
  In the northern clime,
By those alleged and heartless murderers,
  Distained by nameless crime.

These deaths were chronicled unknown;
  Unknown, like charity,
Conceals a multitude of sins
  From all humanity.

Though by human eye unseen,
  Bleak winds of death's cold night;
But angels from the crystal doors,
  Gazed on the woeful sight.

They sleep beneath the floating stars,
  Their life-blood rendered free;
Careless alike of storm and sun,
  'Neath the flag of Liberty.

Where wild flowers of the sunny south
  Nod graceful to the breeze;
Or where the fragrant zephyrs stray,
  Among the verdure trees.

Alas! how few the witnesses
  Remain, the truth to give
Of Wirtz, with blood-hounds tracking down
  Escaping fugitives.

With ragged garbs dissevered quite,
  Captured they were soon;
While lowing hounds lapped up the blood
  Destreaming from their wound.

Then, doomed to stocks, if life remained;
  Enough to feel the awe
Of punishment from parching thirst,
  Or appetite's vain gnaw.

So the scout, ere long, enthralled,
  Grew weak, and lank, and lean;
Unwholesome diet consorted quite
  With the murky stream.

Freedom came, the ruling thought
  Around his spirit wound;
Desponding souls in Tophet plunged,
  This river floated down.

So day by day, with wary eye,
  Surveyed, deploringly,
The dangerous and demurred escape
  To priceless liberty.

For well he knew, ere the angel peace
  Through fiery deluge seen,
Many wan and weary ones
  Would slumber 'neath the green.

Soon his peering eye espied
  A plan, well crouched, was sure;
The sentinel at the guarded gate,
  His passage would innure.

Hakums for identity
  Inferred a sign that told;
A ribbon red in grand display
  Waved from a button-hole.

And obscure fraud well crouched alone,
  Played by an au-fait hand;
Would dare his cherished freedom yield,
  From the traitor band.

Victory would spread her fragrant folds,
  If ribbon he only had;
To knot upon his dirty blue,
  And pass a hakum sad.

The pockets of his livery,
  Were searched with anxious care;
Found undisturbed by pillagers,
  A lock of golden hair,

With ribbon red wreathed gracefully,
  Met his glad surprise;
Nor did that loving bride e'er dream,
  Its worth in the soldier's eyes.

When gathering shades begin to close
  The eyelids of the day,
Toward the gate, with careless step,
  He sought the dubious way.

With ribbon floating to the breeze,
  Branding him a hakum;
The haughty guards gazed on the shred,
  Then bade him onward come.

Through the hospital aisle he strolled,
  To gain the obscure rear;
There plunged into the darkness dense;
  No sentinel was near.

With breathless flight he spanned a space,
  Then, crouching low to list
For lowing hounds' infernal bay,
  Tracking down this mist.

Ah, blessed hope! no sound was near,
  He breathed in better cheer;
Freedom, on her jeweled wings,
  Just now seemed soaring near.

Then to the railroad sought his way,
  Near the tank to crawl,
Where paused a passing train of fate,
  Replenishing tendril.

There in the tall and matted grass,
  Humbling quite low,
To shun the peering, searching rays
  The head-light there would throw.

But hush! he heard approaching steps
  Trip softly, yet apace;
He wondered if the foe would search
  In that unfrequented place.

Then a plaintive voice was heard,
  Invoking low a prayer,
To reach his home and darling ones—
  That God his life would spare.

It was a comrade he perceived,
  Escaping the same old way;
And ere the morrow's sun would vade,
  Would fall the blood-hounds' prey.

Those pleading aids the spy had heard,
  Still tingled in his breast;
He knew the perils beset his way,
  That had befell the rest.

So when his obscure steps had gained
To him the nearest rail,
"Comrade," broke forth from him below;
He paused like one assailed.

Erect his stature, to gloat in gloom,
Spell-bound and deep amazed;
"Comrade," then a vivid form
From its cavern raised.

In low, hushed tones he called him aside,
Expounding well his plan;
To his delight, perceived he held
A weapon in his hand.

Of which he from a rebel guard
Had forced, while wood they gleaned;
While 'neath a blow he weltered low,
Disumed his arms unseen.

Anon he then besought the way
That scores had tried, to fail,
Resolving thus no yield to know—
Death should alone prevail.

But now he saw by artful schemes,
Imparted was a way,
To leave behind no scented trail,
For blood-hounds' thrilling bay.

Soon a distant rumbling sound
  Broke on their wakeful ears;
Would the freight, as usual, pause?
  This thought aspired their fears.

Alack! the head-light sprang in view
  Far down the narrow glade,
That stretched away twixt walls of gloom
  And densely phantomed shade.

Obscurely crouched they, breathless in
  The purlieu of the glade,
And anxiously awaiting there,
  The nearing light to vade.

A whistle, then the clash of brakes,
  The halting train passed near;
The fugitives then sought out a box,
  The farthest from the rear.

Its seal surrendered to their will,
  Preforcing back the door,
Where grating tones were drowned 'neath
  The 'scape-valve's hissing roar.

Then cautiously they crept within,
  And closed their narrow way;
Now came the clicking to and fro;
  Their coach begun to sway.

Straight to the stockade quick were rolled,
  Stopped at the signal call;
Should that car be wanted there
  Their scheme in atoms fall.

The moments numbered through the pause,
  Like loathsome years did roll;
For suspension yields no rest
  To the ever-longing soul.

Then soon the train was southward speeding,
  Bearing them adown
Into Dixie's peerless heart,
  Where rebel powers abound.

Revolters there to roam among,
  Yet their hearts were gleed
To know that from the tyrants' fang
  Momentarily they were freed.

Where naught had waved the fragrant leaves
  Of freedom evolution,
To them, like to the Quashees, was
  A dream of victory won.

Soon scores of miles were quickly gained,
  Few pauses woke their fear:
Again the train began to halt
  In its mad career.

Then slyly from their cavern dark,
  They groped their weary way,
And sprang upon the turf below,
  To plunge in bloody fray.

The haughty fiends their freedom sought,
  To wrench from infirm hands,
But death was the only capsulate
  That dared their strength command.

Down stormed the foe with fire and sword,
  Like surges on the rock,
Upon two fearless Federals,
  Who dauntless braved the shock.

Defiant with rebellious fiends,
  Returned them blow for blow;
From wield on wield effused the blood
  From mangled forms laid low.

Stripped of affluence left their forms,
  And garbs exchanging quite,
In style and custom of the gray
  Could better wing their flight.

Now the morning-star appears;
  The harbinger of light,
Peers from the eastern horizon
  To rift the gloom of night.

No time was spared to court a muse,
  But sought anon their way
Into the morass, strange and dark,
  To pass the dawning day.

Where by night the glow-worm shone,
  In humid brake to camp;
Where human hearts could scarcely brave
  The quaking turf to tramp.

Here morn in rosy splendor broke,
  With radiant beams of light,
Piercing shadows, with bright rays,
  Dispelling gloomy night.

The dew-drops sparkled from each bower,
  All things seemed boundless free;
The wild birds' carols rend the air
  With songs of liberty.

But ere the mid-day shadows turn,
  They heard the blood-hound's bay
And horses' tramp encircling
  The fen not far away.

In breathless awe they scringed and crowded,
  List with distrusting ear,
The nearing of incessant sounds,
  With well replenished fear.

Then a muttering storm ensued;
  The chivalry retired
Beneath an ancient leafy dome,
  Until the gloom expired.

The fugitives from motions read,
  And fully comprehended;
Effusion of the blood that morn
  Had threatening ire expanded.

Instinctively an unkind breach
  Had fallen foes between;
This poising fear so urging fell,
  They quit the fen unseen.

To gain the river was a feat
  That brooked no little fear;
To leave the foe behooved them now,
  Still sheltering in the rear.

A narrow path they shortly spied,
  That wound the glen adown;
Beside an affluent threading rill,
  That to their goal wound.

The storm it ceased; the sun bent low,
  A sheen of golden light,
Enfringed the rifted clouds above —
  A sweet celestial sight.

Unheeding to the glorious eve,
  The fugitives pressed hard,
For fear their heartless rivals should
  Whelm them on the sward.

Some distance gained, they quit the glade,
  To crouch in ambush dark,
As glorious twilight shedded fast
  Its last sweet dimming spark.

Beneath their interwoven sprays,
  Crayoned the dire affray;
Their swift pursuers to assault,
  And dauntless stand at bay.

The raiders bounded down the dell,
  In quest of bloody strife;
The cheering yells to bay of hounds
  That rang in air was rife.

Crouching 'neath the arching bows,
  "A grotto of the dell,"
To grant receptions of their friends,
  And stay their hellish yell.

The clamoring torrent louder grew,
  Incessant tread seemed near;
The cheering hiss, the thrilling bay,
  Now woke but little fear.

They strove to check their mad career,
  With trailer's circling train;
But as they searched on either side,
  Down came the foremost twain.

Maddened by their comrades' fate,
  In ire the Johnnies roared;
Into the bower where flamed the fire,
  A leaden volley poured.

Unharmed, the Federals rallied forth,
  And wielded deathly sway;
Man and dog alike sank low,
  Distorted, crimsoned lay.

Two stalwart steeds reward their spoil,
  Which sped swift under spurs;
Leaving their victims' mangled forms
  To raving coroners.

Two moored barks, with idle sail,
  Within the bayou lay,
With listless crew, in slumber garbed,
  Encamped some rods away.

Near this they safely drew their reins,
  Ere dawn their amble staid;
Spied cabin by profluent stream,
  And 'neath its roof-tree strayed.

The Quashee's store of rations bought,
  Prepared the voyage to pass;
Then from his master's demijohn
  Drew them a chipping glass.

When purchased store was safe embarked,
  Sweet zephyrs kissed their sail,
To waft them safely down the stream
  From those their loss bewail.

Bearing them o'er a hundred leagues,
  Safe to the Union line;
To shelter 'neath the starry crown
  Just at the war's decline.

Then came the clash of falling chains;
  War's bloody drama ceased.
The smoke of battle was wafted away
  By the pure white wings of peace.

Now friend and foe sleep side by side
  As changing ages roll;
In the blood-priced potter's field
  Sleeps many a brave young soul.

Earth may run red with other wars,
  No trumpet breaks their ear,
Save the one, when time is done,
  We all alike shall hear.

ONLY INSIDE THE BEAUTIFUL GATES.

ONLY inside the beautiful gates,
That hide the treasures of heaven;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
With the ransomed, pure, forgiven.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
Is all my soul's desire;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
To which my ambition aspire.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
To sit on the foot-stool of heaven;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
In God's paradise, forgiven.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
Scarcely saved from the ire of hell;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
Which the sorrow of life dispel.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
  Where my dear old mother is waiting;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
  Of heaven's joys partaking.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
  To behold my Savior, who died;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
  To gaze on His wounded side.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
  With Him, whom the world denied;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
  Where no harm can ever betide.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
  Where Jesus of Nazareth doth reign;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
  His presence forever to gain.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
  Where the loved of earth have gone;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
  They have entered, one by one.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
  Forever to be at rest;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
  God's name forever to bless.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
  Led there by Christ's strong arm;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
  No censure or slander can harm.

Only inside the beautiful gates,
  'Neath the shadow of God's hand;
Only inside the beautiful gates,
  With that happy angel band.

VOICES OF THE HEART.

I SAT one eve beside my stand,
Clasping close my pen in hand,
With head bowed low, and thought apace,
To ken some theme to suit my case;
Many a spectre came in sight,
But ere I grasped, had taken flight.

Many a fairy tale of eld,
One moment in sweet visions swelled,
Of witches astride a human frame,
And nameless others near the same,
Came jostling on the wheels of thought,
But just a glimpse of them I caught.

Then blood and thunder all amain,
Entailed came thronging to my brain,
And loudly knocked for entrance,
Clamoring their dire suspense;
I essayed to write the lot,
But lo! my pen refused to jot.

All visions fled, and pondering late,
Distracted by this ruthful fate;
At last I mounted on a theme,
And swiftly rode it down the stream
Of thought, till it full captured lay,
Wan and stark, beneath my sway.

Ah! the prey, when viewed with care,
Did suit my purpose to a hair;
First, I in prose began its worth,
But soon perceived its higher birth;
For voices of the heart would be
More lucid wrought in poetry.

LOVED AND LOST.

CLOSE beside a gushing rivulet,
Where willows waved their graceful fold,
Checkering the glimmering rays of sunset,
Stood a cottage, quaint and old.

Evergreen and other shrubbery,
Loaned to picturesque the scene;
And blooming flowers shone colors lovely
Where the sunlight intervene.

The bubbling spring, a lovely poem,
Gushing 'neath the hillside shed;
To parching lips its coolness loaned,
Rippling o'er its rocky bed.

O'er the threshhold vines entwining,
An enchanting vista formed;
Its fragrant flowers smiled declining,
As humming-birds flitted at each alarm.

The orchard that hid away from sight,
  This scene of rustic beauty;
Bore golden fruit, the richest freight
  Of nature's pleasing duty.

There I've roved at eventide,
  Its choicest hoard to pillage,
With the one I worshipped by my side,
  While the bell rang o'er the village.

Listened to its melodic strains,
  Summoning our choir together;
Where friendships' sacred bonds entwined
  Vivacious hearts so clever.

Roaming there, these pleasant scenes
  Seemed chanting a siren song;
Leisurely wandering along the stream
  Seemed music to enthrong.

Groves that fringed each mossy border,
  Their grappling tendrils seemed inclined
To drink in verificative order,
  To stay their uncertain lease of time.

'Mid these scenes of majestic grandeur,
  The dream of love's first rays impart;
And its response I found to be,
  Reflecting from a gentle heart.

Love's golden beams with radiance gilding,
  A roseate pathway glowing bright;
My heart bound high with magic thrilling,
  As heart and hand we did unite.

Thus ebbed my thoughts o'er the waste of life,
  To love's first fountain flow;
That blissful flaw from paradise
  Breathed in a world of woe.

Those sparkling eyes o'erflowed with love,
  Till death still sought to kiss,
Taking their gleaming rays above
  To jewel the realms of bliss.

When on the reef of silent Lethe,
  Where pangs of death held sway;
Returned betrothal's golden bond,
  But took my aching heart away.

They laid her form to silent resting,
  Deploring hearts still wander there,
From the home she graced in beauty,
  With her loving, tender care.
But her spirit rests in heaven,
  Freed from fettering pains that scar;
There she's waiting us to welcome,
  Holds the pearly gates ajar.

She's intrusted to my keeping,
  Jewels precious more than gold;
Their meek, tender hearts are seeking,
  Where the gleams of love unfold.
There is dawning a sweet spirit,
  Of her love the glimmerings are;
While for them, that angel mother,
  Holds the pearly gates ajar.

May we meet our loved and lost one
  In that blissful home above,
Where no severing fates shall loiter,
  Forever rove that realm in love.
May she keep watch o'er our footsteps,
  Till we pass that dreaded scar;
There await with love to greet us,
  Hold the pearly gates ajar.

Oh, why was love and death designed
  To walk o'er earth, twined hand in hand?
Death bears the best loved forms away,
  And love must follow to that strand,
To where they dwell in blissful resting,
  There to be our guiding star,
Gleaming through the ports of heaven,
  Hold the pearly gates ajar.

LIFE'S MOST IMPORTANCE.

OUR lives, like many roads of travel,
Channeling a path for every mind,
And every mortal's weary journey
Ends in sorrow, or is sublime.

We look too far beyond our footsteps,
Sigh for future fame too soon;
If time would speed on with our longings,
Life's eve would come ere it was noon.

Life is real when lived in earnest,
To something new each moment's bound;
In every rightly undertaking,
You Time rewardingly will crown.

If after fame the mind is longing,
It remains so out of sight;
But with patient labor waiting,
We may ascend its loftiest height.

Or if a goal of wealth we're seeking,
  Not in one moment we are made sublime,
But step by step, through weary labor,
  We climb the tiresome hill in time.

For that which takes but one brief moment,
  To gain all its worth sublime,
Is often just as fleet declining;
  It cannot stand the test of time.

Hold truth a constant guiding star,
  Swerve not from the rays of its gleaming light,
For lie begets lie, and truth the truth,
  And the power of truth, the lie will blight.

Then use truth and honesty, with talent,
  In gaining either wealth or fame,
For all of life that's most important,
  Leave after death an honest name.

A PROG'S LOATHING.

ALONE I was waiting one night on the freight,
At the station of Hollansburg;
When tottering along at an infirm gait,
A tramp through the darkness emerged.

His drooping form appeared alone,
Soliloquizing low;
My bosom heaved from plaintive tone,
Reiterating woe.

A wretched tramp, homes to invade,
I've wandered this land over,
To find this sordid world's not made
Of nectar drawn from clover.

Since Lilly, blest flower that decked my path,
Was blasted 'mid morn's sweet gale,
Leaving my life so vague and cheerless,
A constant tempest wail.

There was a home, beloved indeed,
  Serenely my heart did bless;
From weary strife my soul was freed,
  To meet her fond caress.

Oh, fairest flower! that waved beside me,
  Thy fragrant leaves to spread;
Thy odor sweet, when griefs betide me,
  O'er my heart to shed.

Departed she the blest to know,
  From earth's corroding care;
The gem I prized most dear below,
  Her love is waiting there.

The sod that our faces intervene,
  The same my heart conceals;
There many a summer the grass has waved green,
  But she lives in my memory still.

'Neath this shadow I've roamed about,
  O'er land and surges reeling;
To gain some serenity those thoughts waft out,
  Of the loneliness o'er me stealing.

This one grief absorbed my mind,
  Wealth exacted no lust;
Extravagance's veering ways declined,
  My hoarded gold to dust.

A loathsome prog now wandering here,
  Homeless, friendless, I roam;
With none to love, no one to cheer,
  I plod this world alone.

A DYING BOY'S REQUEST.

OH, mother, sing that lay
That used to lull my soul to rest,
Sweetly nestled on your breast,
And sorrow winged away;
I 'm growing weaker now,
The world 's enwrapped in densest gloom,
Like shadows from some haunting doom,
No light it can endow.

Hush! there gleams a star
From realms of immortality;
Elysian fields bright I can see,
From this world afar.
Look! mother, see how sweet
The roses bloom in living light,
Where endless dawn has rifted night,
So charmingly complete.

Mother, the angels near,
With roses on their garments white;
Oh, what a blessed, blessed sight,
Dispelling every fear;
How sweet to be at peace!
Why weep for me, when oh, how blessed,
My soul shall don ethereal rest,
That never more will cease.

Mother! who called my name?
At that he sprang forth in high crest,
As if to meet some unseen guest,
Lifeless sank at same;
A form so still and cold,
Gently sank back to its place,
Within a mother's fond embrace,
Love's sweet tender fold.

And long she held the spray,
As if to call to life again;
She sang no more the siren strain,
Nor swept the tears away,
But bowed low o'er his clay,
And wept as if her heart would break;
The hopes we cherish for mortal's sake,
How soon they fade away.

THE REALMS OF HAPPINESS.

TALK not of short life pleasure,
When sorrow is as fleeting;
For life has many a priceless treasure,
Safe in her casket keeping.

Give to cheerfulness constant room,
'T will rift the clouds of sorrow;
Shade not your life with piteous gloom,
From cares that wait to-morrow.

Choose for each day some good, designed
To soothe the heart's emotion,
For the surges of an active mind
Are like the restless ocean.

Keep your thoughts within the bound
Of all that right endear,
For truth's soft echoes will redound,
Deploring hearts to cheer.

This pure happiness will bring
  A joy for every day;
Sorrow to oblivion wing,
  And type for other's way.

Our lives are blest when we endear
  Others, their sorrows make our own;
No ray of joy the heart will cheer,
  That beats for self alone.

Then seek this realm of happiness,
  For life is what we make it;
Jewel every hour with gems of bliss,
  For in sorrow we mistake it.

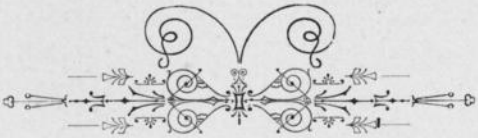
DON'T GO TOO MUCH ON WHAT YOUR FATHER SAYS.

ONCE on a time, 'tis no matter when,
There lived, like many have lived since then,
A gentleman who loved with all his might,
But she jilted him, and affections were blight.

So he appealed to his father, to know how to improve,
To regain the affections of his fair lady love;
His father's advice to him did impart,
To fall at her feet and say, "You've stolen my heart."

So away he flew, over hill and dale,
And all you could see was his flying coat-tail,
And fell at her feet, his claim to recover;
Quoth he: "Lovely lady, you've stolen my—my liver."

"Oh, no, kind sir, it must be your heart,
Your liver surely no love could impart."
"It's some inward organ, this I well know,
I can't tell you what, but father said so."



HIS LAST VOYAGE.

WHAT'S kindness? the poor Barrator asked his heart,
As he turned from affluence's door;
Is it to jest at sad tears as they start
From a profligates' deplore?

He paused where ruby fire-light rays
Gleamed forth in radiant light;
With vain regret of misspent days,
The prog perused visions blight.

Bowing his head, he groped his way
Into the rare dense shade,
Meditating on golden days,
With sighs that they should fade.

Then toward the river his steps he bent,
Thought on recrimination,
To those his accusation lent
That wrought his degradation.

The rain in furious torrents poured,
  The river soon would swell;
The ice no bridgment would afford,
  This thought his steps propel.

The sleety brink was gained with speed,
  He sounded the ice with care;
The wideness of the span indeed,
  Distracted his mind with fear.

One moment paused by profluent stream,
  Projecting the dangerous way,
Where naught but slightest trail was seen,
  By golden light of day.

Yet he resolved the stream to cross,
  And thus a distance gain;
To free himself, though life it cost,
  From tarnish on his name.

But ere he gained a midway o'er,
  Through deepening slush of snow,
He underneath could hear the roar;
  The ice swayed to and fro.

Thick, gloomy fog enshrouded dark
  The way unmarked, unknown;
A startled form, on an icy bark,
  Went drifting down alone.

Now stern relent had seized the brave,
  Who now was helpless wrought;
To the monarch of the tyrant wave,
  Invoked his fleetest thought.

Next morn, within a moored bark,
  There stood a lad aghast,
To see a form, so stiff and stark,
  Stand floating, frozen fast.

One hand outstretched as if for aid,
  His face turned toward the sky;
The gleaming morning light delaid,
  On his fixed and sightless eye.

CHARITY.

OH, what does the word charity imply?
The poor beggar asked his heart;
Does it mean the imploring look to defy,
Or jest at sad tears as they start?

Does charity mean to look with scorn
On those who are shabbily clad?
Or to cheer the sad and forlorn—
Clothe the naked and make them glad?

Does charity mean to turn your back
On those who are sick and distressed?
Or that your energy never should slack,
Where you can administer to the oppressed?

Does it mean denial to the oppressed,
To stay life's tender thread?
Or to submit to self's behest,
And give a stone for bread?

Charity, like dew from heaven, falls
  Gently on the drooping flowers;
Refreshing and reviving all,
  'Neath its majestic powers.

A fountain welling forth so pure,
  Adversary's wounds to heal;
The good of others to inure,
  By its ever fruitful field.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

JUST as I entered a stately wood,
A cyclone came in sight;
From lightning's glare, o'er rolling clouds,
My bosom thrilled with fright.
Nearing seemed invader bleak,
By direful din of tread;
Aghast, before its peerless sway,
I stood enthralled in dread.

At length I spied an oaken log,
With portals open swung;
I groveled in its cavern rude,
As thunders o'er me rung.
Down came the muttering storm amain,
To wield its torrent ire;
The bleak earth seemed in tremor 'neath
Its thunder sheen of fire.

Trampling down the aged forest,
  Full tyranny impelled;
Across the threshold of my grotto,
  A huge old timber felled.
Oh, ruthless fate! Why thus exact
  This loathsome doom for me?
Then I thought of Christ, who stilled
  The waves on Gallilee.

The calm then told the storm had passed,
  To rift the gloomy fog,
A single ray of light gleamed through
  A knot-hole in the log.
Crawling back, I pressed my lips
  Against the rural frame,
And bellowed loud prolonging tones,
  But still no answer came.

The echo of my wailing cry,
  Alone the forest rung;
Then visions of eternity
  Into actual being sprung.
Starvation soft came stealing on,
  Life's voyage would soon be o'er;
No angel hands could roll the stone
  From my sepulchral's door.

Most reverent Father, I lisped in prayer,
  My many sins forgive;
My soul commit I to Thy care,
  In realms of bliss to live.
No tears fall o'er my sinking form,
  I feel thy love sublime;
To kindred, loved ones, all unknown,
  My bark takes leave of time.

And far adown death's silent Lethe,
  Hope sees that cheering star;
But hark! I'm dashed on a latent rock,
  A blast my conscience spar.
One sin so gross I did neglect,
  Enigmaed failed to rue:
Do unto others as you would
  That they should do to you.

So base a crime my form abated,
  I seemed so mean and small,
That in less time than here related,
  Out through the knot-hole I did crawl.
So now I'll live a better man:
  When summoned sure to go,
I may not drift a dreary wreck,
  On the reef of endless woe.

'T WAS YEARS AGO.

'T WAS years ago, when I, a boy,
Roamed free, without a care;
With constant wish to be a man,
And honor's crown to wear.

I felt the years drag slowly by,
That into manhood rolled;
When I might stand as others stood,
Life's problem to unfold.

But by and by the day it came,
When I, a man declared,
Some grand achievements I would win,
Although quite unprepared.

Then sailed I forth, with raptured heart,
Where fancy did direct;
But found, to my intense surprise,
That life was real, in fact.

I found that jewels of valued worth
  Were not with pittance bought;
Nor honors lasting long conferred,
  Except through merit wrought.

Then I, like many other minds,
  Relinquished all my zeal,
Because life's stern realities
  Made me so little feel.

Since then the years have winged so fast
  Towards life's fated goal;
Yet intents of my boyhood's dreams
  Doth some import control.

Were the past vouchsafed to me,
  I ween the step I 'd take
Would be to bind timidity
  Fast to the burnished stake.

But all will make extreme mistakes,
  Oft chances stumble o'er;
And when too late bewail their fate,
  That they return no more.

But as we struggle on our way,
  They prove a priceless lear;
The dark, uncertain future guides,
  By their stern presence near.

I may not reach the summit's heights
  Of an immortal fame;
But all I ask on earth to leave
  Is an unsullied name.

And when on life's declining plain,
  Fast nearing to the goal,
How sweet a thought to know that we
  Have an untarnished soul.

THE OLD PLAY-GROUND.

I'VE wandered to the old play-ground,
Where, in the treasured past,
My voice with play-mates did resound
In many a pleasant cast,
And viewed again the scenes of yore,
Alas! in memory,
Many alone I could explore,
They were no more to be.

The old elm waved its foliage proud
Beside the path that took
Its way to the hill that overbrowed
The laughing pebbled brook;
The path is sodded o'er with green,
The brook is drained away,
And many shades are now unseen
'Neath which we used to play.

The old school-house is torn away,
  A new one fills its place;
Still in fancy to our day
  There seems not half the grace.
The old wood-shed is standing still,
  Just as it used to be;
When rain would drive us from the hill,
  We 'd seek its canopy.

The old ground where at ball we played,
  High on the wooded plain,
With thorns and briers overlaid,
  I scarcely view could gain:
Yet many children gather there,
  On our play-ground, I see,
Who seem as rompish as we were,
  With spirits tuned to glee.

But where are those who played with me,
  Or lesson pondered o'er,
Or sat beneath the greenwood tree,
  Or roamed the shorn moor?
Ah! scattered as a gale would blow
  Chaff from a threshing floor;
Some in silence slumber low,
  Where flowers wave them o'er.

Time speeds on, and I 'll grow old,
  To sit with hoary men;
My mirror will to me unfold
  How age becomes me then.
And in oblivion youth will be,
  Which happily I ken;
Nor wish, except in memory,
  To be a boy again.

THERE ARE FORMS WITH ANGEL FACES.

THERE are forms with angel faces,
And we welcome them with joy;
For they cheer the loneliest places,
All their gloominess destroy.

Their sweet tones, we love to hear them,
And when they are far away;
In our dreams draw gently near them,
Feel again love's mystic sway.

Their sweet gaze so softly falling,
Like sunlight upon the rose;
As its draughts life unappalling,
So our spirits drink repose.

Their sweet words so cheerful given,
Echoes through the transit day,
And our hearts are sadly riven,
When they are torn from us away.

Their sweet acts of loving kindness,
  In our hearts are treasured deep,
Softly melting their divineness,
  Their sweet incense ever steep.

Peace ineffable will linger,
  Making earth with heaven blend;
All is touched with love's sweet finger,
  No adversity can rend.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

REMEMBER, my friend, if you 're honest and true,
Though your coat may be ragged, your hat not new,
Though the rich may scorn you, and turn up their nose
At your old-fashioned hat, or a patch on your clothes,
Be not discouraged, take pride in your name;
You may outride all their wealth by your fame.
On the banner of fame a good name enroll,
For that will be better, far better than gold.

Affluence may roll in luxuriant pride,
Despising the poor, their sorrows deride,
Declining to weigh in the balance of truth
The talent existing 'neath poverty's ruth.
But be not despondent, keep your honor bright,
Hold up for the good, the true, and the right,
And gain in heaven the riches untold
That will be better, far better than gold.

Remember how Garfield, the nation's pride,
Once on a tow-path a mule did ride.
But step by step, with a purpose true,
He for himself a great name drew;
And when death o'ertook him, it found him there
At the head of a nation grand and fair.
His reverenced name on honor's roll,
Is a treasure better, far better than gold.

Deserted by friends, left to poverty alone,
Through this cold world, dejected, to roam,
Remember your honor no adversity can claim,
If you suffer no crime to tarnish your name.
And some day or other, from poverty reared,
The one who the rich with no loving words cheered
Shall, when God counts his jewels, then to be told
That the good name won is far better than gold.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

LOVE and Folly, side by side,
Roved down a vista green;
In the radiate eventide,
Sat 'neath some spectral scene.

Each bowed his crown in thoughtfulness,
And reasons vague explored,
As how to serve his mission best,
Which best should be adored.

Spoke Love to Folly, jestingly,
In soft, sweet, ardent tones:
Which the lead o'er earth shall be,
Which one shall be enthroned?

Then Folly, in his pomp of pride,
In boasting tones proclaimed:
In him alone men would confide,
Emblazoned high to fame.

Oh, Folly! wilt thou thus exact
  That I should reverence thee,
When in thy very words and act,
  Thou scoffest humanity.

While I, in meek humility,
  Doth reign in tranquil showers—
Link heart to heart, quite willingly,
  With my enchanting powers.

At this, proud Folly became enraged;
  His voice rang o'er the world:
Enthroned I'll be, in lust engaged,
  And pride shall be unfurled.

And then he dealt Love such a blow,
  Just o'er the orbs of sight,
Knocking him stone-blind, you know,
  Veiling all in night.

Then came Folly, leading Love,
  To kneel at every shrine;
In pomp, or wealth, or fickle cove,
  Love is to Folly blind.

And Folly sits enthroned with pride,
  Which Love can only know;
That she must follow 'neath his guide,
  Where'er he chose to go.

THE J. M. WHITE.

[The J. M. White was the name of an American steamer that traversed the Mississippi river, and was consumed by fire, just below Vicksburg, in January, 1887.]

IT was the steamer J. M. White
That, sailing from Vicksburg down,
Through the drifting sleet of a winter night,
Her way was swiftly found.

The listless crew, so calm and still
In slumber's sweet repose,
Or wandering in waking thoughts at will,
When glaring flames arose.

A sheen of light lit up the shore,
Which the watching mate affrighted,
And soon with sweeping flames spread o'er —
The whole ship was alighted.

The fire, which kindled near the boiler,
  In secret sought its way
O'er the slumbering crew; a spoiler
  Peerless in its sway.

Down came dense clouds of heated smoke
  In cabin and in state-room;
Then wailing cries the silence broke,
  For all was veiled in gloom.

In strode the flames with seering blast,
  As the boats were loosed below;
But few they were in safety passed
  The deck, 'neath flaming billows.

And ever between the fitful din,
  A sound came from below;
The incessant cries of those within,
  A mingled voice of woe.

There, standing on the smoky deck.
  Where flames were wont to span,
Was a manly form, erect:
  Two daughters clasped his hands.

From pallid lips there came a scream,
  As they were pressed to go;
They looked on their invading fiend,
  Then on the waves below.

Two helpless forms sank deep apart,
  Arose despaired, of hope bereft,
And clasped each other heart to heart,
  With gloating eyes and bated breath.

Did Father come? a faint sweet tone,
  She clung to a sister's fold;
Or is it we're here in the water alone?
  Then a billow o'er them rolled.

They rose in exosculated vision
  Of earth's last fond adieu;
To meet within the vale Elysian,
  A calm voyage to waft anew.

They sank, alas! no aid was near;
  Two forms arose no more;
Their carrier was a watery bier,
  Which angels hovered o'er.

After your short aboding here,
  Our hearts ye leave bereft;
Too pure for earthly vile, ye fair,
  Sweet incense of heaven's bliss.

Too pure for earth's sin-stricken fold,
  Ye lovely formed, and true;
To God you have your sad fate told,
  And He has welcomed you.

Their graves so dearth of tears shall be,
  Though deploring hearts may mourn,
No human's peering eye can see
  Again those clasped forms.

But oh! they slumber not alone,
  Other lovely forms are near;
The sunlight of many a happy home
  Is enshrouded with them here.

Far away there 's a lonely cot,
  Where once dwelt love and cheer;
She 's left the unconsolated spot,
  For her home of other years.

And there 's a maid, whose orbs of sight
  Betray their watchful care;
Through many a weary, wakeful night,
  She weeps tears of despair.

Her cherished one no more is seen,
  Heart void of hope must yearn;
Can hear alone in empty dream,
  The footsteps of return.

A fond old mother's throbbing heart,
  Life's latest griefs begun;
Earth can to her no hope impart—
  She mourns an only son.

Such was the wreck of the J. M. White,
  In the midnight dark and drear;
Uncertain is the lease of time,
  Life ends in bitter tears.

TO SPEAK SOMETHING NEW SO ARDUOUS WOULD BE.

TO speak something new so arduous would be,
In word, or in deed, from all we may see;
The mind may dive, in deep oceans of thought,
Rare gems to sight, be conspicuously brought
From the fathomless caves of the boundless deep,
Beguiled by spectres, dauntless sweep.

Or climb the high aspiring cone
Of fame that gleams from zone to zone,
And view the slumbering world below,
Breathe the air from perpetual snow;
Or form from chaos some worlds of thought,
Which sons of genius, exploring sought.

Or sailed 'neath the gloom of the lathiferous shore,
Coasting its reef with mystical lore;
Yet thousands have tread in every pathway,
Through obscure night or conspicuous day,
Or soared to the highest pinnacle of fame
That reverenced applause of superior acclaim.

Our storehouse of knowledge from other men's minds
We hoard with the choicest of gems that we find;
Compiling such thoughts as fancy presages,
Deeply engraven on memory's pages.
These gathered shreds, recombined, we may loan,
Naught but the cord that entwines them's our own.

MAN LITTLE DREAMED.

REVERTING memory leads man back
To happy childhood days,
When he was young and happy,
In childish sports and ways.

He little dreamed of future years,
What they in turn would bring;
How oft his heart sore saddened,
Must hear love's curfew ring.

He little dreamed with grief's consort,
His joys should facile be;
In constant ire twixt joy and fear,
His barge glides driftingly.

He little dreamed as years rolled on,
That lust for wealth should rule—
That death would end the conflict,
And man should die a fool.

HOME.

WITH angelic fingers touched
Are the chords of our inmost soul;
When reverting memory leads us back
To that dear home of old.

Its associations tender and sweet,
The heart's emotion swell;
And to our memory clings complete,
Death only stays the spell.

A portrait sweet that ne'er will fade,
Is that of mother and home;
Its arching shadows will invade,
Where ought that we may roam.

The mind soars back to this oasis,
Which gleams augustly pure,
And views again those cheerful faces,
The loved, the lost of yore.

'T was there first throbbed the infant's heart,
  Love's fountain to unseal,
Its social virtues to impart,
  And tender ties reveal.

Where first our stammering tongues did frame
  Imperfect words, that sprightly spray,
In ethereal mirth and pensive strains,
  Aimlessly chanted each hour away.

To the lithe and rompish child,
  His home's a paradise;
The father's love, the mother's smile,
  Quells every fear and strife.

Blissfully havened was the mind,
  From struggles with life's ills;
Affection's tendrils pure entwined,
  The cup of joy refills.

Lone wanderer on his weary way,
  When heart-sore griefs oppress;
For back there gleams through memory,
  That happy home caress.

There clings with pure tenacity
  Of youth's first fondest love,
The sweet and glorious reality
  Of home in memory's cove.

There affection's earliest dawn
  Illumined the heart with joy;
Where love's radiant beams have shone,
  No shadows can annoy.

Time brings evanescent pleasures,
  As the stream we're wafted down;
Yet among life's gayest treasures,
  Whisperings of home still sound.

Affluence consort with luxury,
  All jewels earth may own;
Still wanders back unbiddingly,
  The thoughts to childhood's home.

Adversities may sore oppress,
  May hunger stricken roam;
Troubled dreams invade his breast,
  Yet gleams the thoughts of home.

What tender memories cling to home,
  Shadows, joys of our heart,
Banquets, reunions, affection shone,
  And purest grace impart.

How beautiful in memory's aisle,
  The home love ruled in bliss;
Floats sweet visions amiably mild,
  O'er care-worn hearts still hoverest.

The mind soars back in sorcery,
  To that celestial spot;
The bard once more in youth to be,
  With mythic lore forgot.

Though life presents its brilliant scenes,
  To picturesque our path;
Yet home, in perfect visions gleam,
  To outshine all, at last.

Where gathered friends and friendship,
  Shades of love revealed,
And odors from fresh flowers sip,
  Garnered from wild fields.

The sacred charms of civilization,
  Is virtue's purest name;
Of freedom and peace a true foundation
  No other power can claim.

Kind words that gladdened the old hearth-stone
  Still echo along life's path,
And, when oblivion has claimed the home,
  Are treasured near and best.

How oft we hear the sacred words
  Our praying parents had;
Its soft influence, by time unsped,
  Still lingers, to make us glad.

Alas! too oft from homes ill-ordered
  Perpetuate the strife;
To base another as darkly sordid,
  That blights another's life.

Should there be hearts of holy love
  To point the way of life,
Just instructions cheerfully give
  To quell all bitter strife,

Then, ere we learn the loneliness
  Of this cold, indifferent world,
The trials of home endow to us
  All strength, by its rehearsal.

These jewels treasured in the heart
  Gleam forth along life's path;
Its pure and garnished grace impart
  In every fond caress.

There clusters not around the heart
  The sweets of a hallowed spot;
That aching void with joy impart
  Of him no home hath got.

But there gleams forth pure gems of home,
  Where hearts responding beat;
Our crushing sorrows make their own,
  Give hope where all seems bleak.

Lonely and humble it may be,
  Of luxuries its store be bare;
Its inmates poorly clad we see,
  Yet 't is home, if love be there.

That secret fountain gushing there
  Keeps moist its cherished flowers,
Which sway at every flaw of air
  That breathes upon the bowers.

A sensitive feeling ever rules,
  Its cords are easily strung;
Thought is quickened from its lull
  At each invading wrong.

Kind words are fragrance to the home
  Of odors sweet and pure;
A gentle disposition owned
  Brings peace and blessings sure.

No happiness with it compare;
  Poor toiler, sore distrest,
Retires from labor that despair,
  To reap serenest rest.

And at the close of each day's toil
  Its open portals stand;
Sweetly bestows that welcome loyal
  Our aching hearts demand.

Luxuriant wealth do n't form the home
  That 's purest, brightest, and sweet;
But when love's fragrant flowers are blown
  'T is paradise complete.

Where home is graced with pure affections,
  Contentment there will bloom;
Its rays gleam forth in all directions,
  Dispelling deepest gloom.

How tender, sweet and beautiful
  Is home, where love-flowers wave!
For there ethereal dew-drops fall
  On gifts that heaven gave.

Shielded from the world's cold dart,
  Guarded from paths of vice;
To loved ones all our griefs impart.
  Oh, home 's a paradise.

Though it seems strange and olden
  To the stranger's view,
Yet it 's a gem in memory golden,
  A scene that 's ever new.

Old age there, with silver locks,
  Reposes so serenely,
While youth and joy through memory flocks,
  Like Summer zephyrs.

There many a sad tear dimmed the eye;
  And their deploring hearts
Have watched their loved ones in stillness lie,
  Saw the dimming light depart.

Then loved forms grew cold and stark,
  Their sparkling eyes were closed;
Folded hands o'er silent hearts
  And pallid lips reposed.

The troubled heart hushed calm as morn,
  Life's stormy voyage ceased;
Death garbed in gentle sleep the form,
  The spirit roamed in peace.

'T was then the old homestead was dreary,
  Consorted with pain and gloom,
And deploring hearts grew weary,
  O'ershadowed by the tomb.

Yet heaven's sweetest type is home,
  A foretaste of paradise;
The realms where love is wont to roam,
  When ends the toils of life.

Within the blessed heights above
  We find a home complete,
Where golden gems of earthly love
  Eternally shall meet.

Home is life here and immortal,
  Death holds the gloomy veil;
The golden sheen of the jasper portal
  Gleams through, at hope's prevail.

A home where God His jewels treasure,
  This sordid world he loaned;
The priceless gems of His own pleasure
  He gathers for His throne.

HOW UNFORGOTTEN.

THE loved, the lost, how unforgotten,
Though she slumbers still and pale,
And time is speedily winging onward
From the moments I bewail.
Yet a something lives in memory,
A symbol of that loving form;
That same sweet voice, in softest whispering,
Lulls my spirit with its charm.

In a dream I heard her footsteps
Tread softly in the hall once more;
O'er me bent, her angel visage
Wreathing with the smiles of yore.
I lift this mortal form in slumber,
With her roamed elysian plains,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers
List to Eden's songsters' strains.

Draft once more from that pure fountain
  Of ceaseless love so pure divine,
Gushing from the realms of heaven
  To link the hearts of human-kind;
'Neath her gleaming love-lit countenance,
  Tranquil happiness unfold,
Twining round my heart and filling
  Vacuous longings of the soul.

Then I felt her soft hand falling
  Gently on my rivose brow,
Then something spoke of days departed,
  Which seemed hovering near me now;
Then vigilant care, his ward resigning,
  Left me there with love alone;
With her sweet form near and o'er me bending,
  I saw my loved, my lost, my own.

Back to the clime of youth she led me,
  Through the vista of the years,
To the realm of love and friendship,
  Which the bloom of life endears.
Down many a path beloved we wandered;
  Flowers embalmed with heaven's dew
Spread odors sweet upon the breezes.
  Life once more seemed dawned anew.

Yet it seemed an angel's footstep,
  Mindful of the loved behind,
To free the soul, for one brief moment,
  From the woes of human kind.
Allured my soul from sorrow's shadow
  To revel in her smiles of love,
The carving pangs of care allaying
  From her lucid face above.

Here I retrieved my long lost blessing,
  'Neath her soft, sweet, melting gaze;
In a low, sweet tone, like music,
  Whispered love in ardent lays.
No sphere divine was e'er more blissful:
  Her soul around mine she entwined,
Replaced the part that she had taken
  At her early life's decline.

While I lingered for a moment,
  In the most profound of bliss,
In the rapture of all blessed,
  She gave me one fond, loving kiss;
Then pointing to the sea before us,
  Where snowy winged barks kissed the wave,
Propelled by ethereal zephyrs
  Toward the city grand to save.

Then she crossed the wave of crystal:
  I essayed with her to flee,
But paused on the reef of mortal,
  Gazing in eternity.
An opaque mist then wreathed around me,
  Dimmer grew the dashing strain,
Then some mysterious power betook me,
  Gave me back to earth again.

Where a strange veil intervened us,
  Left the cold world in her stead,
Where pleasure is a mingled sorrow,
  Showered upon the living's head.
Pleasures come, but quickly leave us,
  Sorrows fall so thick and fast;
Fair hope gleams but to deceive us,
  The happiest hours should be the last.

Then the loved of earth will linger,
  Softly breathe the parting prayers;
The loved and lost await to bear us
  From the world's corroding cares,
And ever with them there to linger,
  In endless oceans of delight,
Where no grief's invading shadows
  A single ray of joy shall blight.

THE POET GRASPED HIS MAGIC PEN.

THE poet grasped his magic pen,
To picture the passing scene
That wound its way from the mind's dark fen,
Like a ray of morning sheen.

His brief thoughts grew to a lengthened dream,
Each instance left its tread,
Where reason's torch illumed the reame,
And ghastly phantoms fled.

Rays of thoughtfulness inflamed,
As he paused each theme to con,
Where each fact crowded from the brain,
A ghost of superstition.

Adown the river of his thought
Was swiftly floated on,
Peering every gloomy spot
Within the horizon.

Till weary, and the day grew late,
  And short the moments last;
His spirit's heavy burdens wrought
  Was pillowed on the past.

He conned his poems o'er and o'er,
  But dared not change the train
Of thrilling scenes in memory's store,
  Gleaned on life's turbid main.

Then night her sable curtains trailed
  Around the poet's lore;
Resigned to rest, and aught bewailed,
  His spirit's strife was o'er.

The gems of precious truth he 'd scrolled
  Went drifting on the brine,
From the current to unfold
  Upon the sands of time.

And in them on through ages lives
  His spirit's hallowed gems;
The languid ones fresh courage gives
  To gladden gloomy realms,

Or catch from him a living thought,
  To frame a life of love;
Or drink from wisdom's living fraught,
  Superstition soars above.

WORDS OF A DYING FRIEND.

THOUGH we shall meet on earth no more,
There lies beyond a beauteous shore,
Where severed friends may meet again,
Where all is free from death and pain.

Dear friend, look up to that bright home,
Behold the gleaming, gorgeous throne,
Its jasper walls — shall we meet there,
Forever freed from pain and care?

Its rays gleam down the narrow way,
No traveler need to go astray;
For the sheen that glows is ethereal light
From the blessed throne so purely bright.

Angels beckon you from the gate,
Gently whispering, "be not late."
Jesus waits in that home above
To fold you gently in arms of love.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

(Read at a Christmas dinner, at Mount Pleasant, in 1887.)

THE day is far spent, the revel o'er,
The festive banquet is no more;
The pleasures which our hearts did swell
We now must bid a last farewell.

Children, classmates, teachers, all,
May God's choicest blessings on you fall,
And thoughts of this day many sorrows dispel,
Long after we 've spoken its last farewell.

Since we gathered here, by God's good grace,
With raptured heart and cheerful face,
Drank deep of each scene's mystic spell,
'T is sad to say a last farewell.

Yet God may spare us, and, in one year,
This same throng may be gathered here;
But life is uncertain, and we cannot tell,
As we lingeringly say a last farewell.

For time speeds on its rapid days,
The vast throng changes 'neath our gaze;
Ere the coming year ends, ah! who can tell
How many, in tears, speak the last farewell?

Or who dare presage that from this throng,
As one year wings its march along,
How many shall in the graveyard dwell,
Leave rifted hearts with a last farewell?

If in one year you should gather here,
And my lithe form does not appear,
You may know I've gone to heaven to dwell,
And have bid to earth a last farewell.

HIS LONELY GRAVE.

I STROLLED to the village burying-ground,
Where the mellow sunlight soft came down;
The humming bee and caroling bird
In their wild liberty were heard;
The pine its verdant foliage waves
Where careful hands have mound the graves,
With reverence, as if a smart
Might find its way to a pulseless heart.

There 's nothing here, it seems to me,
Bespeaking death so horribly
In this vast city of the dead;
In peaceful chambers lays each head,
As thick as throng a festive hall,
Assembled here 'neath trailing pall;
Friend and foe in quiet lay,
Careless of each fleeting day.

'T is yonder, where dwellings dimly lie,
And rustics toil 'neath the burning sky,
Where grating discord rends the air,
In deep convulsions of despair;
Where vanity doth in splendor reign
O'er the haughty, proud, and vain,
Where the wages of sin betide,
'T is there death reigns in sullen pride.

'Tis there they die, and, noiseless here,
Are numbered by each lightened bier,
And o'er the lightless palace space
A hillock marks each dwelling-place.
The silent and pathetic dust
Receives the form of sordid lust,
And sets the exiled spirit free
To roam the boundless eternity.

'T is true that oft bereavement's tear
Has fallen for the slumberers here;
Oft hearts, to pay a tribute kind,
For the casket flowers entwined
In loving wreaths of garlands bright
To cheer the gloom of death's cold night,
Forgetful this is only clay,
The spirit left to its decay.

Death is a stronger tie to bind
The fickle heart of human kind
Than all the pledged consort of life,
'Mid inauspicious, veering strife.
Here the silence knows no change;
No rivals here the guests estrange,
But in this populous cemetery meet,
Each shrouded in his winding-sheet.

Here is a grave all sunken low,
And briers on its borders grow;
The sullied stone has tumbled o'er,
You scarce can trace a sculptor's lore,
On the crumbling monument,
Which stranger hands in reverence lent;
For all the kin that cheered his hearth,
Preceded him to pathetic earth.

'Twas here some twenty years ago,
Holloman, in his locks of snow,
Was solemnly laid without a tear,
From gay and sad assembled here;
Who called his last remains to see,
Nothing awoke their sympathy;
Untremulous hands his hillock made,
And carelessly smoothed it with the spade.

Ah, well might he rest beneath the soil
He cleared when young by honest toil;
And bared these fields to the mellow light,
Where thickest forest baffled sight;
His cabin reared in the narrow glen,
Of huge round poles, the custom them,
And planted a vine beside his door,
That budded where flowers ne'er bloomed before.

And strewed the virgin field with seed,
Where the Indian chased his game with speed;
With girdled quiver and elastic bow,
Passing his covert to and fro;
He shared the perils of a bold frontier,
Where the savage disclosed his lear,
By the many pale-faced scalps he bore,
In his beaded girdle besmeared with gore.

Alone his cabin smoke wreathed in the sky,
Till for their security others drew nigh;
On his domain they gathered then,
Which reached as far as the eye could ken;
A happy colony soon was seen,
Of many cabins, where glens were green;
And cultured fields waved bright with grain,
Like rolling waves on the restless main.

Then he founded that village which clusters there,
In yonder valley augustly fair;
And welcomed each emigrant into his home,
As civilization did westward roam;
Soon many, the cabins stood in a row,
And round their hearth-fire's ruddy glow,
Sat many, the maidens and youngsters gay,
In festive sports winged the eves away.

When death distorted some lovely face,
He gave to this village its burial place;
And as the village more populous grew,
This place of graves grew populous too;
A wooden slab oft marked the scene,
Some planted a verdant evergreen;
Holloman oft would words impart,
To cheer the bereaved, and aching heart.

But now a strange generation grew,
Naught of his parental kindness knew;
His grayish locks were silvered o'er,
Age had stamped his footsteps hoar;
Fraud had limited his finance,
He fell to inauspicious chance;
Affluent friends, cold shoulders turned,
And faded joy his sorrows spurned.

The mystic tie which the frontier feels,
In his friend braves him to shield,
In every storm that sweeps o'er his head,
Or shares with him his crust of bread;
But as protection stronger grows,
Danger's bond more lenient goes;
Until its power is felt no more,
The tendril's clasping twine is o'er.

He had taken up his latest inn,
Accompanied by no loving kin.
No palace now his dwelling-place,
No genial hands, with prompted grace,
Administered to his daily want,
But all alone in this dark haunt:
A gravel pit it projected o'er,
Which each day crumbled more and more.

He would sit alone in his gloomy place,
With furrowed, wan, and passionless face,
And pray for death to take him away,
For the world seemed colder each passing day;
Oft, in low soliloquy,
Reiterated sweet memory
Of happy days far in the past,
Then bitterly sigh: they failed to last.

The furniture of his narrow room
Was a wooden trunk, "an old heirloom,"
A three-legged stool, an old arm-chair,
A rickety bedstead — all spoke of despair —
A stand in the corner to banquet on —
All its brilliance of yore was gone —
A stove, few utensils, which lay on the floor,
Completed the hoard of his treasured store.

One morning the sun rose clear and red,
But it broke not his slumbers — *he was dead.*
The angel had called and taken away
The soul from its cheerless home of clay.
His threshold was closed so far in the day,
Curiosity-seekers did thither stray.
They rapped on the door again and again
To wake him from slumber, but all in vain.

They opened the door. To their great surprise
A horrid sight there met their eyes,
For, low in the attitude of prayer,
His aged form was bending there
Beside his cot, so lone and drear,
They paused, aghast, spell-bound with fear,
No audible word, no bated breath,
His withered form was bowed in death.

That night the friends that kept the wake
Drank deep the draft that reasons break.
When enthralled in the demon's sway,
They unpalled the bier where the still form lay,
And reared it against the time-stained wall,
While fiendish laughter rang over all.
The contents of a vial they poured,
Then laid it back on the draperied board.

My God! is this human? It is not brute,
For the animal mourns with spirit mute
At the sight of gore his kindred own,
But man has a heart more flinty than stone.
I ween if the angel that bore him away
From the crystal door gazed back on his clay,
Was caused to weep, if ever it be
That spirits mourn humanity.

In silence they bore and laid him here,
In a grave unmoistened by a tear.
His scanty hoard they credently spent
To rear a respectable monument;
But soon the hillock was leveled o'er,
The small gray stone stood up no more.
God, in mercy, pity us all,
Who vainly the misspent past recall.

GRANDPA AND THE LITTLE CHILD.

GRANDPA, I 'm sorry you are going away,
'T will be so lonesome here;
Returning from my festive play,
The house will seem so drear.

I could not climb upon your knee
To hug and kiss you, too.
Oh grandpa, please do stay with me,
For I love you, Grandpa, I do.

The child then leaned against his breast,
Fast throbbed her little heart,
And o'er her drooped his silvery crest,
Incessant tears to start.

The old man thrice to speak essayed,
His fount of feeling rose;
Then faintly asked what could have bade
Such questions to disclose.

The child looked up in sudden maze,
He kissed her forehead sweet;
From fear, the tear-drops dimmed his gaze
That he some change must meet.

"Ma said you was" — then came a tear —
"I do n't know what I 'll do,
For none will love and pet me here,
Dear Grandpa, like you."

She affirmed that dear aunt Bee
Cared not so much for style,
Should take you to the country
To live with her awhile.

For our house is very small;
When gairish company came
You were in the way of all,
For you were old and lame.

Then, after thinking, aunt Bee said
'T was all that they could do
To furnish one spare room and bed,
And had n't means for two.

"Enough, enough," the old man cries,
In tremor tones and meek;
Tears raced each other from his eyes,
And fell upon his cheek.

Wondering deep that those so near
  Could so perfidious be;
'T was hard to leave the homestead dear
  That knew his childhood's glee.

Rising, he tottered across the room,
  And took his bible down,
And sought some clause to cheer the gloom
  That round his spirit wound.

Then closed his book, and kneeling there,
  In meek humility,
Offered up a plaintive prayer:
  God would his refuge be.

Next morn the home was wrapped in gloom;
  The old man slept in peace.
The pallid form lay in its room,
  His spirit sought release.

"Dear Mamma," said the little love,
  "Will the bright angels say,
When Grandpa gets to the home above,
  That he 'll be in the way?"

JOYS ALMOST TASTED.

TWAS near a rustic country town,
Where tranquil echoes did resound,
A calamity horrible to behold,
Polluted the lips of gossips bold.

The victim was a spakish sire,
With flowing robes of gay attire;
In endowments was so elate,
Diplomaed was to keep toll-gate.

In carting a stump for daily fuel,
A disastrous fate enruled;
By mounting on his loaded wain,
To heave the massive freight with pain.

The cartette's frivolous running gear,
Tried to its utmost strength full near;
Then trembling like a frightened steed,
Wafted a downward course with speed.

The senile frame then swayed aloft,
And struggled hard in bounding off,
But robed in ire, he forward fell,
Despite religion, cried, "Oh, hell!"

Following came the ponderous stump,
Vehemently fell upon his rump;
One tremulent moan, then still as death,
His mangled form lay void of breath.

Near by appeared a form aghast,
With tearful eyes and heaving breast,
Pallid lips and throbbing heart,
With thrilling voice the neighbors start.

Then echoed loud a mighty din,
Of yapping masses flocking in;
And soon a host stood gloating there
Upon the conglutinated pair.

There, half-way buried in the dust,
Enshrouded in unconsciousness,
Not one twitch resembled life;
That fated duel had ended strife.

The burden from its victim rolled,
Who, motionless, lay pale and cold.
They laid him on his cooling board,
With icy water moistened his gourd.

His spirit roamed Elysian plains,
Where peace and happiness e'er reigns;
Where sacred feet forever trod,
Beneath the oracle of God.

Then he heard, or seemed to hear,
But whether in the mind or ear
He scarcely knew: so sweet the strain,
His spirit drank the glad refrain.

Following to the luring sound,
That coursed his way a valley down,
Where flowers were kissed by zephyrs bland
And joy aspired on every hand.

A murmur rose beneath his feet,
Soft and low, yet passing sweet;
But seldom in the ears of dream
Murmurs this ethereal stream.

Then arose the crystal strand
Beyond the tide so sweetly bland,
And loved and lost of youth, in white,
Beckoned him to the land of light.

Bounding as was her wont she came,
With opened arms, and called his name;
His form, benumbed, essayed to rise,
Which chained the guests in dire surprise.

Forward he leaned, and from his bed
He toppled smack upon his head;
The vested angel was no more;
His leal dream at once was o'er.

I'M SORRY, MY DARLING.

I'M sorry, my darling, for causing you pain,
For long has our friendship been sacred and pure,
As sweet as the lilies that jewel the plain;
This pains my penitent heart to endure.

Oft, my darling, I've kissed you in pride,
As your soft eyes looked love into mine,
And caused me to lingeringly cling to your side,
Enraptured with joy from your presence divine.

The meek, tender chord of your innocent heart
I feel I have pierced with a nettling thrill;
A recompensation I beg to impart,
Retrieving the bliss of love's sweetest distill.

With tender compassion, I know, you will hear,
And return me the reverent fondness of yore;
I avow that never a shadow shall sear
One ray of your happiness, till life is o'er.

DECEPTION.

ARCH friend so lovingly fonds,
With false preface, and steps obscure;
Lurks ever near to lure us on,
And prompt obedience inure.

Elated by its matchless tone,
The fear of fate is quelled;
Unthoughtedly we follow on,
Till hope at last rebels.

A dragonish spirit then gleams forth,
The heart sinks in despair,
To reap a doom of worthless worth
Within that fatal snare.

THEIR LAST FOWLING.

OH, Michael! Michael! these ..... hear,
The old hen's beak's glued to my ear;
And every time a chippy hollows,
Half of your spouse's head she swallows.
Anon Mike bounded toward the mow,
To shew the fowl from off his frow,
But ere he gained the ladder's top,
Into a hogshead falls ker-flop;
His bonny bride now stung with fear,
Sweeps with the fowl swung to her ear—
Projects too far from the mow of feed,
And swings a downward course with speed.
The arts of fate were so exact,
She footed both his breast and back;
The kit-top heavy over tilts,
And she and brine alike were spilt;
Pathetically turns to Michael aid,
On his coat-collar both hands laid,
There pulled with all her might and main,
He, with his manhood, grunts and strains;
For recompense of labor yearn,
But ne'er a bit the nails will turn;
The cruel barbs pricked sharp his skin—
As she pulled out, hard they pushed in;
At last paused for a moment's muse,
And on some skillful plan to choose;

Mentioned he the cade to split,
But she would not hear to it;
So she secured a rusty saw,
Upon the kit began to gnaw.
Alack! when stavings bursted through,
She sawed his leg most half in two;
Effusion of blood poured from his wound,
At which she sank into a swoon;
So pale and wan, stretched on her back,
It seemed for heaven his kit was packed,
Tears trilled down his pallid cheek,
Profusing blood now made him weak:
Then he lisped a feeble prayer,
If some miraculous chance would spare,
That no more chickens they would steal,
That this they gladly would conceal,
And here the bottom out he kicked,
That loosed the staves, which went to sticks;
Just then she woke and home they ran,
And now they are called an honest clan.

DECEPTION'S PREY.

IN youth's happy hours, when all was joy,
I roamed at will, a light-hearted boy;
Not a shadow of sorrow overshaded my brow
From the tempest of grief that enshroudeth me now.

Long years have passed since that memorable day,
And far from the place I've wandered away,
But memory recalls each incident now,
From the first fond look to fidelity's vow.

A maiden with tresses of chestnut brown,
With the joy of heaven beaming o'er her brow,
Was the idol I worshiped, even more than my God,
For I thought her as pure as the grass I trod.

'T was at school I first met her, one bright Summer day,
And we strolled to the playground for innocent play.
I thought of the angels in yonder fair skies,
As I gazed with rapture in her loving blue eyes.

That eve I escorted her to her beautiful home,
And there afterwards often with her I did roam,
O'er field and through forest, talked love all the while,
Laid plans for the future, as we sat on the stile.

Summer and Fall, in their turn, passed away;
Following came Winter, with its cold, frosty days,
And a protracted meeting in the school-house was held,
Where we gathered each evening at the chime of the bell.

That cold Sabbath evening I ne'er can forget;
Its memory celestial hovers over me yet,
For down at the altar, in penitent prayer,
Miss Anna, my darling, was kneeling there.

A feeling o'erpowered me I ne'er can express,
A feeling of sorrow, regret, and distress;
For if Anna was sinful, O God! what was I?
A sinner unsaved, doomed forever to die.

Then forth to that altar, with a penitent heart,
I went; knelt down, my sorrows to impart
To Him who, on Calvary's accursed tree,
Paid the debt, and the ransomed sinner set free.

Imagine, dear reader, us two kneeling there,
Each begging for pardon in penitent prayer;
We, who loved each other, with our burdens of sin,
Beseeching the blessed Redeemer come in.

Laying all on the altar, with sorrowing heart,
There dawned the bright hope the world can't impart.
Then shouting the praises of our Savior dear,
Vowing ne'er to forget Him in coming years.

As we walked home that winter's night,
'Neath the stars of heaven that shone so bright,
I pledged my love, asked her to be mine,
And make a desolate life sublime.

Her answer came, most sweet and clear,
Perfecting hope, diminishing fear;
With proud heart I retraced my steps that night,
With energies renewed, life's battles to fight.

For there, beneath the clear, cold sky,
As the stars looked down with watchful eye,
She promised to be true through coming time,
While I sought a home in a western clime.

"Be true five years, my dearest loved one,
And 'neath the rays of yon western sun
I 'll gain for you a happy home,
From which you ne'er can wish to roam."

Said she, "I 'll trust you, Charley, darling,
Through all these weary years of sparring.
Should you prove false, I still will love you,
And prize no other form above you."

Next morn I packed my scanty clothes,
Soon after I 'd risen from sweet repose,
Then bade adieu to those I loved best,
And emigrated to the far, far West.

I found employment in a Texas town,
At thirty per month, the whole year round;
This wrote I to Anna, in a cheerful tone,
Saying, some day I 'll give you a happy home.

Through four years, all seemed going well,
For each of her letters love's secret would tell,
But now there came a sudden change —
She ceased to write; this seemed so strange.

Letters I wrote, but no answer came,
Again and again, the result the same;
To its highest pitch I taxed my brain,
The cause of this freak to ascertain.

I thought of all who used to be
Confiding friends to her and me,
And from the score or more I chose
A boy by the name of Edward Rose.

So to Edward Rose a letter I wrote,
Requesting all the news afloat,
And if possible, to write to me
The whereabouts of Miss Anna Lee.

I waited; alas! 't was all in vain,
To my note of inquiry no answer came;
Wild with anxiety, I determined to go
To the home of my boyhood, the truth to know.

I 'd prospered by industry in years gone by,
Since I emigrated west, my fortune to try;
Five long years had almost passed
Since I looked on the face of my loved one last.

So I gathered together my little hoard,
And a lightning express train jumped aboard;
With my heart in doubt, 'twixt love and fear,
I reached my home of bygone years.

'T was night when safely I reached my goal,
By the light of the moon I resolved to stroll
Out o'er the old familiar road,
To the place where love's first seed I sowed.

Each scene seemed familiar as presented along,
Sweet thoughts of the past my mind did enthrong;
I walked to the school-house, where, in other days,
I 'd pledged Love's cause in beautiful lays.

And close to the door, there kneeling down,
To thoughts of the past did my heart rebound;
Then I breathed a prayer on the still night air,
For many were the joys experienced there.

Thus I sat and soliloquized
Till illumined with light the eastern skies;
Then I trudged along with the morning sun,
To greet the form of my loved one.

I rapped at the door; in response there came
Her mother, to welcome me home again —
But her manner was strange, her welcome cold,
Her reception indifferent from that of old.

"Where 's Anna?" I asked, after taking a seat.
Her mother looked startled, and rose to her feet.
"My daughter 's now married to a gentleman,
Since you proved a reprobate, your love to disband."

"Great God! what is this?" I frantically cried;
"She 's not married — you surely have lied.
Where is she? Please tell me, and to her I 'll go,
And from her own lips the truth I will know."

She showed me the house. "I 'll go with you," said she.
"The end of this sad, sad drama to see;"
We entered the threshold, and before me there stood
The pride of my youth, the loved of boyhood.

"Oh, Anna, my darling, what 's this I see?"
For a rosy-cheeked baby looked smiling at me.
"Oh, why have you proved so false and untrue,
When my undying love for you you knew?"

"Mr. Harlen," said Anna, while tears filled her eye,
"The love I once gave you, no, never can die;
But since you are married, why do you thus come
To perfect the torture already begun?"

"Oh, Anna, forgive me for causing you pain;
I only came back my jewel to claim.
I never have been married, but, faithful and true,
I've saved up my means, bought that home for you."

"My God! is this true, have I been deceived?"
Said she, of that I could not but believe;
"Look at this, Mr. Harlen," presenting a letter,
""Twill explain the vile deception the better."

I grasped the letter, with bated breath,
Read and inclosed it again in its sheath;
And the vile topic, which it contained,
Was a false accusation, bearing my name.

'Twas dated and mailed, from the town where I'd lived,
And a close imitation of my writing it give;
It ran, "Dear Anna, forgive me, I pray,
My heart is so heavily burdened to-day.

With all the energies of the human heart
I once did love you: but now we must part;
For in the years intervening, since I saw your face,
I've been infatuated, by another's grace.

I ne'er can love you again as of yore,
Exoneration and pardon, I humbly implore;
May you find another, who in love most true,
Will ever be ready, to exosculate you."

Of cruel deception, you've fallen a prey,
Like a lamb to the slaughter, been led away;
But I'll ferret him out, who has thus betrayed you,
And mete out to him, what I deem justly due.

"Oh, how can I bear this!" she mournfully said,
"How I wish that I, and my baby were dead;
Oh, catch me, I'm dying," she wailingly cried,
Stretched out her hands, sank down by my side.

"Oh Charley! it has broken poor Anna's heart,"
Her mother's voice, this did impart.
For her husband, a messenger was sent,
To a neighboring town, where he had went.

The messenger told him what had occurred;
"I'll come," said he, "if not demurred."
All night we waited, beside her bed,
But there came no sound of the husband's tread.

Again they sent for Edward Rose,
But no tidings of him, could the messenger disclose;
Day after day, we watched and waited,
For his return, so long belated.

Slowly but surely her form was sinking,
From that cup of bitterness, she still kept drinking;
In delirium, she often would loudly call
For me, whom she loved, all in all.

Weeks passed away, but no tidings came
Of him, who'd dishonored her spotless name;
Fainter and fainter, each hour she grew,
Her face assuming, death's ashen hue.

The dreaded hour, it came at last,
My fondest hopes in life to blast.
As the sun in the eastern sky arose,
Her life of bitterness was brought to a close.

After the first wails of grief had ended,
Her funeral, in sorrow, by me was attended.
Then I followed her to that lonely cell
On earth, to bid her a last "Farewell."

And there, as I stood by that silent grave,
I thought of the many kind words she gave;
And, with words audible only to heaven above,
My poor heart expressed its cherished love.

Then, deploringly, I sit me down,
A requiem to chant o'er her silent mound;
Inaudible dirge, yet my pen will impart
The mournful thoughts of my aching heart.

Anna, my loved one, in ethereal rest,
Can you know the sorrow that invadeth my breast?
Can you count the heart-aches, enumerate the tears
Generated from the love of former years?

The grave may enshroud thee, thou fairest of earth;
Thy innocent sprit of sorrows be dearth;
But, alas! how true, my love must invade
The interior of the tomb, where thou art laid.

Though death separates us, for a season of time,
And my sorrow I can not express in my rhyme;
But oh! my loved one, thank God we shall meet,
In the portals of heaven, where joy's complete.

Then turning my attention, to the said Edward Rose,
Thought he could some truth, of the letter disclose;
I went to the town, where he'd last been seen,
And a chain of evidence began to glean.

By streak of good fortune, I chanced to find
A friend, with whom Rose had recently dined;
And had made of this man, a confident friend,
Acknowledging, he the forged letter did send.

I followed the base reprobate, o'er many long miles
And found him in thralldom, in Mexico's wiles;
From a poor old planter, he had stolen a horse,
And 'neath a leafy gibbet, he stood in remorse.

The saplin bowed down, its burden to bear,
And soon his body was suspended in air;
Then they wrote his accusation, with spirits elate,
And left him alone, to his long-deserved fate.

Then I thought of the words, our Father hath said,
"Suffer all things calmly, I'll avenge you instead;"
Vengeance will o'ertake the sinner in time,
For the Lord hath said truly, "all vengeance is mine."

THE HAVEN OF MY HEART.

MY own dear, quiet home,
The haven of my heart;
Why need I from thy covert roam
To seek where love impart?

For beneath thy cope a flower
Averts the direful blast,
But quaves the foliage of the bower,
Then sweeping, harmless, past.

A mystic shield, which God alone
Can solve its sovereign power,
Wards the missiles from my home,
And cheers the darkest hour.

ODE.

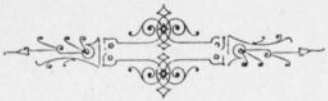
FROM the mind's dark wilderness
Wells the river of our thought;
From chaos into being press
The architecture that we wrought.

From densest gloom gleams brightest light;
Most precious gems from deepest sea
Are gathered at the peril's might
By the hand of integrity.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is vain, untimely fades,
A sylvan gloss the surface wears;
Its facile lavish soon must vade
In hoary age and rivose care.

When past, like youth, can ne'er return,
Or blighted flowers that ne'er more bloom,
Few fleeting years its spell inures,
Its charms alike entomb.



SONNET.

THE dead, Oh they so softly rest,
Within the silent grave;
No passions now enflames the breast,
Upon life's turbid wave.

Where willows' foliage gracefully bend,
So silent and serene;
As if a lulling charm to lend,
Unto the mournful scene.

Thither our foot-steps slowly doth stray,
As nears the eve of life;
Calmly will the storm allay,
And hush the weary strife.

And while our forms to dust decay,
Incased within its mother's breast;
Our spirits soar to realms away,
To live forever blest.

KIND WORDS.

KIND words, when we hear them spoken,
Seem to stir our inmost soul;
And they are of love a token,
As through our memory still they roll.

Yes, kind words, when through love spoken,
Will melt the hardest heart of stone,
And when the flinty heart is broken
Naught can reign but love alone.

Even on the field of battle,
Amid the deafening cannons' roar,
Far above the muskets' rattle
Kind words will in triumph soar.

The least kind words that we have given
To a brother sore distrest,
Are recorded up in heaven,
In the realms of the blest.

Like the bread cast on the water,
Which we 'll find in after days,
So, likewise, kind words we 've uttered,
Shall return in golden lays.

AN EMBLEM OF PEACE.

I DREAMED a dream of sunshine,
  A day when the heart is blest;
The sorrows of the past decline,
  And the spirit is at rest.
Where the soft dews kiss the flowers,
  Morn's rosy splendor rest;
Sparkling gems the dewy bowers,
  With love's sweet radiant crest.

A paradise this side the grave,
  Where storms of life break not;
Where peace asserts her blissful rays;
  And sorrows are forgot;
A rest profound where peace may reign,
  With pangs of remorse driven;
This emblem of peace remains,
  In forgiving and forgiven.

RETURNED COMPLIMENTS.

MY love, with Cupid's ardent flame,
My bosom swells and thoughts aspire;
A foreign passion all murk ones tame,
With a latent mystic fire.

Sparks of friendship tenders love
To single one from all the word;
Affection pure that floats above
Is, with a thought of you, unfurled.

Love from friendship pure did spring,
Our vernal hearts to twine;
A luring smile from you would bring
A feeling that 's divine.

Though too bashful yet to speak,
Your language, deaf and dumb,
Imparts your thoughts, devoid a shriek,
To rend the ears of mum.

Your stately form, surpassing grand,
  With russet visage bony;
Could you Dan manners mimic bland,
  You would aspire to tony.

Past visions bright I ponder o'er,
  And scan them oft in muse;
Of all sweet gems in memory's store,
  It is your cow-hide shoes.

Remember you, one stormy night,
  Called on me to meeting take;
Though wintry winds did howl affright,
  Dared I my promise break.

But trembled at the direful thought
  That you, so soft and green,
Would dare expose self to be caught
  Beneath a frosty sheen.

For who could cheer my lonely lot
  If you the frost should blight,
And bid me gaze where you were not,
  My own, my heart's delight?

So dear, the love for me you bear
  I please reflect it back;
But to my heart cleaves one despair —
  Pup-like, you failed to track.

With intellect so high endued,
  To weigh it accurate;
For the lunatic asylum, if you were shrewd,
  Would make a candidate.

So now, whang-doodle, puckachee,
  Athwart, pray do n't forget;
And ditto, too: I 'll constant be,
  And ne'er repine or fret.

THE ART OF SPEECH.

GOD bless the man! who first discovered,
The art of speech, so darkly hovered;
Yes. Ye mortals laud him high,
That to himself he did not try,
To keep the great discovery,
In a close monopoly;
Polluted by stern patent-right,
In safe obscure from human sight.

Ah! Should some monopoly,
Have wrought this great discovery,
To some secluded spot of earth,
With amble fleet have borne its worth,
There would have dealt it to the race,
With incorporated grace;
Polluted it like gold by brass,
With some debase exhausting gas.

Then bless him, every vibrate tongue,
His generous heart this blessing brung;
Strewed like many from above,
Entire and clean as vestal love;
So pure was speech, that angels bright,
Communed with saints to their delight,
And oft in secret smiled to see,
The limpid stream flow freely.

For from the fullness of the heart,
This stream the portal lips will part;
Like the spring that constant sped,
The contents of its fountain-head;
And whatso'er its waters be,
In secret 'tis the same we see,
In its streamlets that invade,
The forest dark, or sunny glade.

THE SLANDER FIEND.

THERE is a fiend, that loves to roam,
In palace, cot, and stately dome;
A calumniator, traveling pest,
Seeks to annihilate our rest.

Its poisoning and polluting breath,
Outvenomed e'en the sting of death;
Its viperous agile and forked tongue,
With Stygian missiles thickly hung.

Who banquests on our petty faults,
The feeling with delight assaults,
By one fallen nature base,
And rings us in the slanderer's chase.

With keenest whisperings arrest
The ears, of the most stolid guest;
And bids them quick, the theme embrace,
And gain the ariel in the chase.

Then the chase he bids abound,
Anon they fly through Babbletown;
The tones of scandal rend the sky,
Far and near, the echoes fly.

Ere truth can, a firm footing gain,
There is stamped a damning stain;
By this sordid, unknown fiend,
Which by tradition none have seen.

Strew with thorns our dreary path,
Sears each blossom with a breath;
Cast here and there a fiery dart
To pierce some lone, deploring heart.

The obvious paramours of this fiend
Reject the good, but bad they glean.
Alas! since we are prone to err,
They need not wait, faults to confer.

What one may say to another, bear;
Twains friends pretend twain traitors are.
What spark of friendship can there rest
Where love is hate, and life is death?

But intermeddlers, who watch in life
To blow the coals of others' strife,
Receive the sparks in their own face,
Which else would die within their place.

Better use kind words, in a loving form,
That sparkle as dew at early morn;
Then all, with loving light above,
Will bear the finger touch of love.

WHAT IS LIFE?

WHAT is life? There seems two ways:
Destined to glory, or to woe;
So near at first together lay,
The careless, scarce knows which to go.

Oh, youth and maiden! lingering still,
In flowery paths, and meadows green,
Consider deep, with earnest will,
And choose where truth and reason lean.

Then you will choose the regal path,
Which leads to fame's imperial crown;
And all true blessings mortals hath,
Where bliss and happiness abound.

The other path no cymbal needs,
Though many go the broad way down;
And seek their fame in evil deeds,
Which on their own heads will resound.

How sad a thing when years have sped,
To anchor on a ruined hope;
Golden chances speedily fled,
Few stars to guide us down the slope.

Burdened years of ponderous weight,
Crushing down a dreary wreck;
Ever sealed decree of fate,
Which no cheerful hope bedeck.

I LOVE THE MYSTIC POWER OF SONG.

I LOVE the mystic power of song,
Which thrills the heart with secret joy;
And softly melts as floats along,
Its sweet influence o'er the throng;
The finer feelings of the soul,
Drafts its distill and spurns control,
Mind's malady to destroy.

I love the lay that with its light,
Illumes a brother's darkened way;
Excludes the shadows of the night,
Kindles up the hope that 's blight,
Drops a word inflamed with love,
To raise the heart despond above,
Points to a better day.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

NOW Than he was a bashful youth,
Affection's charms were sweet;
Tender glances killing sooth
Enchanted him complete.

Upon a stormy winter night
He called, his Lib to see,
And kindly asked her if he might
Amuse her company.

He stationed back behind the stove,
Propped on his dignity;
As bashfulness his missile drove,
His face grew blushingly.

There he sat and chewed his cane,
And squirmed upon his chair;
Gloated at the window pane
Upon the darkness there.

Full three hours had passed away,
  His hostess to entertain,
Not a word did Thanny say,
  But chewed and chewed his cane.

Then, mustering all his courage up,
  Remarked, "How winds do sigh!"
Quoth she, "'T would be a bitter cup,
  Had I no company nigh."

Profounder silence then ensued
  Than e'er had been before;
His cane-head with more violence chewed,
  Gazed hard upon the floor.

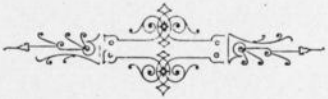
And when the clock was tolling four,
  He lingeringly rose to go,
And asked if he might call some more.
  Lib ruthlessly answered, "*No!*"

THE GHOST OF MILLER'S COVE.

THE GHOST OF MILLER'S COVE.

ARGUMENT.

A FISHING expedition of youngsters enjoying the pleasure of a Sabbath afternoon, along the banks of a river, that coursed its way through a dark forest, where here and there a deep ravine was washed in the hills that hemmed in a lovely wooded valley, called Miller's Cove, located in Canada. The parties lingering until twilight began to overshadow the earth, commenced to wend their way homeward, through one of those deep and dark ravines, when they were frightened by the appearance of a ghostly form, that assaulted and set them to flight.



THE GHOST OF MILLER'S COVE.

CANTO FIRST.

UPON the river's verdant shore
Had gathered festive youths a score,
One sunny Sabbath afternoon
In the lovely month of June.
Each bank was carpeted with green,
The blackbirds' trill rang the ravine;
The old gray trunks, with arms outspread,
Shadowed o'er the water's bed.

With hooks and lines and fishing-poles,
To quench the fire of youthful souls,
Here upon the mossy brink
A draught from vestal sports to drink,
As each hook rippled wide the wave
With trout or cat, as fortune gave,
Aspired their raptured spirits high,
Till gloaming's blush was drawing nigh.

Sated with the rustic sport,
More of pleasure than import,
Assuaged the festive youthful fire
That flames upon the sportive lyre,
They homeward turn, with careless tread,
Each bearing his treasure of pleasures sped;
And coursing their way up a deep ravine
That centuries had ditched two hills between.

"There is a fiend," said one, "that roves,
Traversing these dense forest groves,
And when the shadows of the night
Bar up the western gates of light,
His stately stature 's robed in white;
With amble fleet as a fairy sprite,
With cavernous eyes like fabled death,
He creeps beneath the tangled heath."

They reviled him for the base theme;
Said it was an ancient dream,
When sorcery polluted deep
The blissful hours of raptured sleep;
The phantom tales of witches bold
That caught belief from oft being told.
We scorn the thought, since sorcery's hand
Spilt the best blood of our dear land.

Scarce did they the theme disclose,
Than o'er their path its mimic rose;
A pole that reached from side to side,
Ambushed in the gloaming tide.
Midway he stood, with vague import,
As if the air was firm support;
And waved on high his rustling trail,
Like a bark with stately sail.

A deep groan fell upon their ears,
Which bound the host in panic fear.
Near overhead, in white, there stood
The dreaded ghost of Miller's wood.
As they writhe in dumb despair,
He waves his Siva spear in air,
Essays to spring upon his prey,
Who scatter, scream, and flee away.

ARGUMENT.

DESCRIPTION OF MILLER'S COVE.

BILLY Host, relating the scene of the ghost over the ravine. Rosy Miller's attempt to allay his fear by assuring him there could be no danger: But dared not disclose the secret of her father's schemes.

CANTO SECOND.

NOW Miller's place was a lovely scene,
With flowery gardens richly green;
The cot stood low in a grove of pine,
And bore the caressing ivy's twine;
The sloping hills and the level plain,
That stretched away to the forest main,
Gave entchantments ineffably grand,
To the eye, which the vision spanned.

A tenant lived a luxurous life,
Amid the scenes of daily strife,
With his wife and daughter Rose,
Who caught her share of festive beaux.
Upon this place, long did he lave,
And for its rent small pittance gave;
Here a jealousy arose:
Some envied him his sweet repose.

From fear that others would be impelled,
To rent the lands he long had held,
Transformed himself into a ghost,
Of all the direful friends the most;
A white sheet o'er his shoulders spann'd,
With wooden fork held fast in hand,
Became the haunt of Miller's wood,
Which deeply roused the neighborhood.

Now, in the clan was Billy Host,
Whom Rosy Miller favored most,
Who had seen the frightful fiend
In mid-air o'er the ravine,
And told the startling news to Rose,
Abruptly pausing at its close;
And vengeance swore if e'er he should
Meet that ghost of Miller's wood.

The lady gave a mocking smile,
Which pierced poor Billy's heart awhile;
He little dreamed the spectral
His lady darling knew so well.
With loving words and caresses dear
She essayed to calm his fear;
Gently smoothing back his crest,
She drew his head against her breast.

"No harm could here betide," she warned.
He the cheering idea scorned;
No hope assuaged the flaming fear
That kindled deep its embers there,
And as he pressed her hand, "Adieu,"
Again she mocked his phantomed clue,
And bade good cheer to crown his way,
As homeward turned he lone to stray.

And the lady sighed: "Though I love him well,
My father's scheme I dare not tell:
That 's wrapped the neighborhood in maze,
And down on Miller's place they gaze;
Its fiat of fate — ah! who can tell?
But all is well that endeth well."
And closing her eyes, on her downy bed
Soon peaceful dreams their fragrance shed.

ARGUMENT.

BILLY Host, from fear, arms himself, and goes to call on Rosy Miller, but on his way he meets the ghost, and from the discharge of his weapon, inflicts a severe wound in its side. The object sank to the earth with an alarming scream, which he recognized as the voice of his lady love. She had contrived this plan for a bit of sport, to attest his threats. Billy tears the winding sheet from her form, and supposing he has slain Rosy, raises the alarm. A company assembled at the scene. He informs them, he is the murderer. They see the sheet and suppose him to be the haunt of the wood. They seize him and hang him in the grove: then flee, seizing up the prostrated form of the girl, whom they suppose dead, and carry her to her home; explain to her parents the sad fate, and how they had hung the ghost, who slew her. Now the neighborhood was rid of its raving fiend. Whereupon the mother explains that her husband alone was the spectre of the cove. Derides her husband. Lays the curse of the two murders upon his head.

CANTO THIRD.

A FORTNIGHT its pulse had sped,
Into the past had marked its tread;
Gossip with its venomed wails,
Woke the theme of ancient tales;
And all the fabled yarns renew,
O'er the lich-way of peace they threw,
The baleful themes of witchery,
Guarded with limpidity.

Billy Host, with fear appalled,
From Rosy long withheld his call;
With panged remorse relented sore,
The ghost that barred him from her door;
With mocked reproach, mischievous hearts
Flung at Billy, flaming darts;
That Hymen drew his twitching bow,
This fiend had warded off the blow.

No lover now would wander near,
For Miller's place was viewed with fear;
Almost every eventide,
Brought news of some strange scene espied;
E'en the waters of the rill,
At times seemed hushed so strangely still;
And up the dark and narrow way,
A strange footfall or rustling spray.

The heart-sick youth retrieved delight,
Only in his dreams at night;
And 'neath her sweet mesmeric smile,
Enchanted, roamed the lover's isle;
And when his cup of joy was full,
Up would spring the spectral,
In startling dreams to flight, would break,
As he essayed to leap, would wake.

At last he jotted her a line,
With false excuses for his decline;
Pledged his deep and vestal love,
That base aspires the heart above;
Remuneration to retain,
From affection's fitful strain;
The graphic missile did install,
Announcing his belated call.

Armed and well prepared, he sought,
The object in his graphic thought;
But as he strolled along the road,
That led to her serene abode,
His heart would leap into his throat,
At the glimpse of sheep or goat;
And oft at shadows in the heath,
His weapon clutched with bated breath.

At last he came to Miller's grove,
His pathway wound about the cove,
Listening with detective ear,
To faintest sounds, both far and near;
With a step as soft as the fiend of death,
He groped his way by the tangled heath,
Where shadows in the evening light,
Held the gloominess of night.

Up rose the ghost, with ghastly form,
Which thrilled the youth with dire alarm.
One moment paused, enthralled with fear,
The ghost approached few paces nearer.
Demeanor silent, aught despaired,
The silver ball which he prepared,
To pierce the demon of the cove,
If e'er across his path should rove.

Crack went the gun, the phantom fell,
But with a scream he knew quite well;
For oft, in festive gayeties,
Freighted with sweet melodies,
Instinctively alone could know
That love-tone, in a voice of woe
Which thrilled his being with dagger's pang:
His heart sank low, while the forest rang.

Bounding, he reached the fallen maid,
Across his lap her form he laid,
And tore away the ghost of alarm,
As her life-blood streamed o'er hand and arm.
He called her name, but she could not hear.
Then on her face fell his burning tear;
To staunch her life-stream hard he tried,
But the pulse flowed fast from her wounded side.

He called aloud; his tones of woe
Prolonged the hills and rocks below:
The small village clustered there
Caught the echoes of despair;
Went bounding up the narrow way,
A score of men that spurned delay,
Bounding from the dark ravine,
Stood gazing on a dreadful scene.

There, bending o'er her pallid breast,
Stifled words, with groans oppressed,
Fell from the trembling lips of grief
Upon the one on hazard's reef.
A moment's pause, to list his wail,
As always will, truth told her tale;
In startling accents, heavily fell
The murderer's tones upon the spell.

"Oh, Rosy dear! My only one!
Forgive this deed, so rashly done;
Oh, speak, my darling! Say you forgive:
My life I'd give, could you but live.
But speak one word! my life, my all,
I'd give to hear one whisper fall:
Or from your hand the pressure feel,
Which to my heart, would sweetly keel."

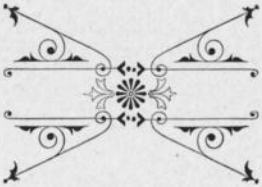
The crowd which stood in silence near,
Kenned the scene, which palled their fear;
And heard his lips the truth disclose,
In one rash moment anger rose;
There laid the sheet, the spectral pall,
Embossed with blood, that told it all;
This was the ghost of the ravine,
And some fair one his prey was slain.

They seized and bore him to a slope,
And made the sheet his hanging rope;
Elastic sapling bending o'er,
Received its victim stained with gore;
With a plea of innocence,
His last faltering breath was spent;
Like sheep that flee at dire alarm,
They bore away poor Rosy's form.

They bore her swift to Miller's place,
Her parents read her ashen face,
And list with awe their hasty tale,
Where they heard a sad bewail,
And, coursing to incessant sound,
The wizard of the wood they found,
Bending o'er its bleeding prey.
His spectral garb was torn away.

How they bore him to the slope,
And noosed the sheet, the hangman's rope,
He owned he was the murderer;
That sad mistake did it incur.
But the ghost of Miller's place,
With sheety form and baleful face,
No more shall haunt the neighborhood:
His lifeless form sways in the wood.

"God save us!" the mother cried.
"My husband wrought this evil-tide
That swept with mystic maze the clan.
Oh, thou debased and fallen man!
How oft, in tears, I've chided thee!
Stamped on thy soul this murder be,
Of Billy Host and our own child.
Your artful scheme, alas! has styled."



ARGUMENT.

BILLY Host, who was hung, still survives. He meets a stranger, whom he supposes is shadowing him for the murder of Rosy Miller. A desperate conflict ensues. The stranger gains his confidence. He tells him of the murder he has committed. Searching for her grave, where he might gain pardon for the mistaken deed. Requesting the stranger to find her grave, that he might weep over it before he reaped his doom at the hand of Justice.

CANTO FOURTH.

WHO stands on the rock with stature grand,
With locks awave on the breezes bland,
Peering the heath with an eye of fear,
Where foes might lurk in ambush near;
Unheeding the rippling water's flow,
Kissing the base of the rock below,
Speeding onward to join the lake,
To ebb and flow, in its careless shake.

What need this fear in a latent cove,
Where unfrequent footsteps rove?
And dense foliage interlace,
To make obscure his hiding place?
His path the river's rocky bed,
Dark waters hid each quitted tread,
As he sought his covert, dark and wild,
In the tangled heath of a lonely isle.

Where chattering bird, and humming bee,
In their freedom wildly flee;
To dart beneath the texture nigh,
At the eagle's startling cry,
From some high and lofty peak,
Trilling a note of thrilling shriek,
Where cliff and forest caught the sound,
Its mingling echoes back rebound.

He descries, through a natural aisle,
Few paces in the bracken wild,
Upon a log a banquet spread,
A neat repast of meat and bread.
This spoke of human life alone,
With force, though inaudible tone.
This quickly flamed the marauder's fear
That some retrieving foe was near.

Grasping quick his hunting-knife,
Round about him waved it rife,
His eyes of vengeance glaring bright,
Nerve strung high for ready fight,
Stood gloating at the rural sign,
Like Mercury in life's design.
Not e'en a rustle caught his ear,
It seemed no human form was near.

"Is this invaders?" spoke he faint,
"Or do here ravens feed a saint?
Who dare trespass my lurking-place,
This hermit cove, this errant space,
Where natives fancy that my ghost
Doth ken this wild? Command a host
Of spectres, to assault their dread,
My vengeance wreak upon their head."

Behind a tree a stranger leaned,
Who had wandered up the stream
In quest of trout; at midday's steal,
Paused to imbibe his rustic meal;
Then list to hear a martial tread,
Come splashing up the water's bed;
The stranger stepped behind a tree,
To await the truth, what it might be.

Now stepping from his hiding place,
Brought the strangers face to face;
The marauder with one dreadful bound,
Hurled the stranger to the ground;
Clutched his throat with clash of steel,
About his crest his weapon wield,
"Friend or foe? Quick, I demand."
The stranger wheezed, "I am your friend."

He loosed and raised him, from the whelm,
"I am a stranger to this realm;
But share with me my neat repast,
Perhaps you've hungered from long fast;
O'er his cheek distreamed a tear,
Is it true a friend is here?
I have a sorrow to disclose,
Its merit dark of few that knows.

"Alas! ten years have winged away
From that sad, memorable day
I wound my way through Miller's grove,
Where a ghost was said to rove;
And ere I reached the wooded plain,
Affrighted deep, I saw the same,
And, with a silver ball prepared,
I wrought a deed I've long despaired.

"'T was Rosy, the dearest one of earth,
That flamed my bosom with her mystic mirth,
Had fallen; 't was inauspicious fate.
I knew her voice, but 't was too late.
This touches the harp of memory,
I hear again her agony;
I cried aloud in the weal of woe
That rang the hill and dale below.

"A vile company soon drew near,
To my pleadings would not hear,
But dragged me away from my dying love
And hung me in the sloping cove.
The knot was treacherous; down I sped,
And for a while I thought me dead;
Then, groveling back, I found they'd bore
Her form away from its pool of gore.

I've watched yon village burying ground,
But there they've never laid her down;
Oh, stranger, find her grave for me,
Ere I must reap my penalty!
Then o'er her grave just once to weep,
Then my doom would gladly reap;
Oh, stranger, go search far an' near!
Find her grave, then meet me here."

ARGUMENT.

THE fisherman's cabin along the river. A stranger who had been stopping with the fisherman for a few weeks, indulging in the sports of hunting and fishing along the river, rows his shallop to the shore one evening, with a fine lot of trout he had caught a few miles up the stream. Relates the success he had had in Miller's cove, and the sight he had witnessed. The fisherman lets the knife and half-scaled fish fall from his trembling hand, unnoticed. The stranger knew from this that there was a secret relation regarding the language of Billy Host, in Miller's cove, whom all supposed to be dead, and since Rosy Miller had recovered, were haunted by the rashness of their dark crime, and supposed it was his ghost, instead of the man that roamed the forest. Smitten with remorse, and fear of penalty of death, all had left except Tom, the fisher, who, in the hope of obtaining forgiveness from the ghost, presents Rosy Miller to the stranger, and has the pleasure of seeing Rosy Miller and Billy Host meet in the cove, after each supposing the other to be dead.

CANTO FIFTH.

UPON the beach a cabin stood,
Adown the stream from Miller's wood;
The door on rusty hinges swung,
And April winds through crevices sung;
The mossy roof, 'twas plain to see,
Could scarce afford a canopy;
The covert in the errant spot,
Bore traces of a sylvan cot.

A fisherman returning there,
From the busy thoroughfare,
Long had borne its haunt alone,
Its secret cause seemed all unknown;
Tom,—the angler—he was called,
Though seldom he to market hauled,
His profits of the scaly herd,
Except when scant of store occurred.

The stranger rowing down the tide,
His shallop moored upon the side;
And quickly dropped the idle oar,
Tossed his trout upon the shore;
The fisher's eyes grew crystal bright,
To see them flounce with all their might;
And swift his scaling knife applied,
Upon the wriggler's speckled side.

"I brought that trout from Miller's grove;
I scarce could grovel through the cove;
So low the boughs drooped over-head,
Slight signs there seemed of human tread,
Mid its sylvan scenes, the day
Hath winged sportively away;
Strange sights and sounds, I heard and seen,
At the mouth of the dark ravine."

"There is a ghost up there," said Tom in haste,
"An errant spectre haunts the waste;
And even the fish it has been seen,
Is conjured by this mystic fiend."
"Unique and base that theme of yours,
The innocent fish no harm endures;
But I saw the ghost of Miller's cove,
And he told me his secret of ten years' rove."

Like one that is palsied, Tom's hand shook,
Until the half-scaled fish fell into the brook;
His knife fell from his lenient hand,
The stranger heeled it into the sand;
"Oh! what was the secret the ghost disclosed?
Was there any crime of the past exposed?
Did he a name of a hand embrace,
That hung the ghost of Miller's place?"

"Yes," said the stranger, "he spoke your name."
"'T is a lie!" said Tom, his eyes aflame.
"To censure me you will not dare"
He stooped for his knife, but it was not there.
Ah! that ghost, with inaudible tread,
Hath stolen your fallen blade and fled;
Stands gazing yonder, with mocking eyes,
Behind a shadow of the evening's skies.

"Oh, save me! save me! if he 's taken my knife
He surely means to take my life.
Why should he haunt me more than they
Whose hands, with mine, bent low the spray.
Mistaking him for the wizard fiend,
We ruthlessly hung him upon the scene
Where we found him bending o'er Rosy's form.
For a trick she had played she long must mourn."

The stranger asked, "Does she still live?
Proof of her survivance can you give?
That ghost hath searched for her grave in vain
On the graveyard urns, where the dead are lain.
If you a recompense would give
By guiding me where she doth live,
And the ghost will no more haunt your life,
But will ever soothe poor Rosy's strife."

Swift o'er the hills he led the flight,
The stranger scarce could keep in sight;
A distant cottage soon was seen,
Dimly in the twilight sheen;
Tom rapped the door, but in rude haste,
Winged the threshold ope a space;
There Rosy Miller, calm and good,
Before the stranger meekly stood.

Says Tom, "This stranger met the ghost,
And affirms 't was Bill Host;
Who disclosed that awful crime,
That has steeped my soul with slime."
The lady turned her speaking eyes,
Upon the stranger with surprise;
And doubtfully asked, if it was true,
Requesting him proof to endue.

Says he, "When to-morrow's sun
Half his daily course has run,
If you will go, I'll lead you where,
His wreathing spirit in despair,
Searches for your lonely grave,
Its flowers with tears that he may lave;
And there to plead his innocence
Of crime, to gain your pardon hence."

"To that dear spot lead on! lead on!
Though night has fallen, and day is gone.
Oh, haste thee! I'll quickly follow there,
To soothe that spirit's false despair."
"But he's not there; at this dark hour
He sleeps beneath his covert bower;
To-morrow I'll guide you to Miller's place;
In life you'll meet your lost one's face."

The dew was scarcely drank away
On that exhilarating April day,
Than speeding down the pass there came
The stranger, Tom, and the loving dame.
She called aloud; the forest rung,
And mingling echoes backward flung.
"Billy! Billy!" she shouted shrill;
Her voice rang clear on the breezes still.

Billy came rushing through the heath alone;
In a dying wail he had heard that tone;
He waved a welcome to the flying maid,
And friends of yore meet in the glade.
They speechless meet, but heart to heart
They clasp each other, and warm tears start;
A symbol of which alone can be
When we meet our lost in eternity.

THE LOVE OF SONG.

IF in one troubled grief-swept breast
I should still a cord of woe,
And hush it to authentic rest,
That only woe-crushed hearts may know.

Or, for life's stern battle-field,
One faint heart I should make strong;
To Thee, my God, my praises yield,
For the precious gift of song.