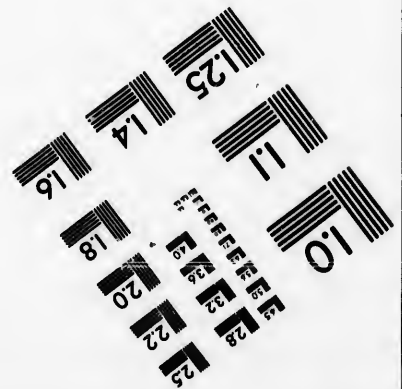
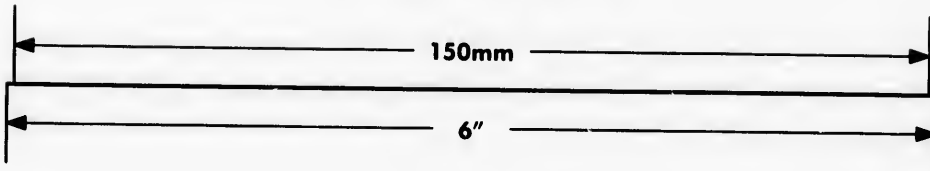
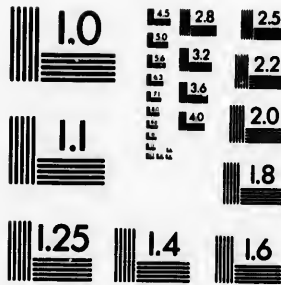
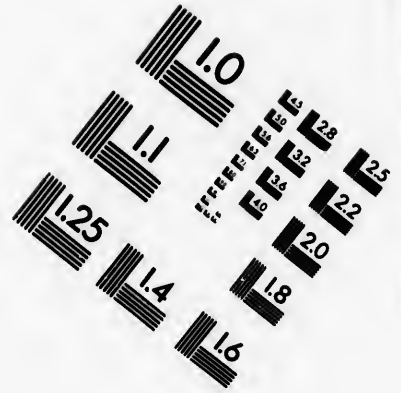
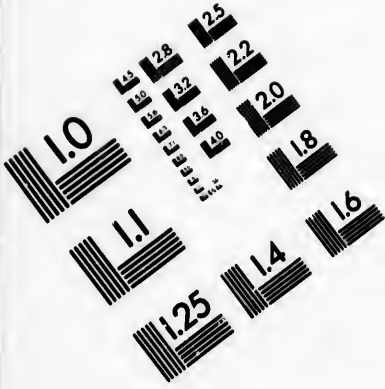


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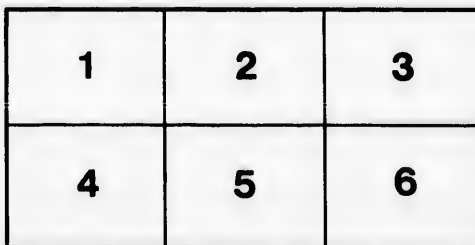
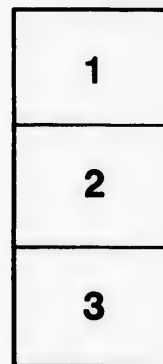
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WILLIAM AND ANNIE;

OR,

TALE OF LOVE AND WAR

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

CHARLES T. DANIEL, A. B.

OF THE COMMAND OF GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN, U. S. A.



*"A plain unvarnished tale I will deliver."*



GUELPH:

PRINTED AT THE "HERALD" BOOK AND JOB ESTABLISHMENT, WYNDHAM-ST.  
1864.

FAL

TO THE  
FALLEN HEROES OF MY BELOVED COUNTRY  
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY AND  
REVERENTLY DEDICATED BY  
THE AUTHOR.



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## INTRODUCTION.



In offering the following work for the approbation of the public, the author thinks proper to give a short history of its composition and the causes which led to its preparation and publication. Since quite an early period of his existence he has felt what some author calls "an itch for scribbling;" in other words, has been quite a devotee at the shrine of the Muses, until the more severe studies and duties of manhood demanded his attention and energies, and his aspirations after poetic fame yielded to the sternness of interest and necessity. When the unholy crusade against the Federal States are now waging against his country (which, he believes, to be the best country on earth,) inaugurated, he thought it his duty to enrol himself in the list of the defenders of that country against Federal aggression. Accordingly, he connected himself with the command of General John H. Morgan, the celebrated cavalry leader, whose head and shoulders, with those of his brave followers, have been made to bear an unlimited share of the aspersions and vituperations with which the Federal

press and literature teen against all portions of the federate army. After participating in the greater of the exploits of his daring chieftain, from the time connection with the service, (which was the 4th October, 1862,) on the 19th day of last July, he misfortune of being captured by the Federal soldiers in the neighborhood of Buffington island, in the State and of being immediately incarcerated in a Federal where he remained until in the first part of November when he succeeded in escaping therefrom. Being to return directly to the army of his country, to Federal vengeance, he was compelled to come to Having nothing to engage his attention here, his mind rally dwelt upon the wrongs inflicted upon that until his thoughts took shape in the chief poem work. The remaining pieces, with the exception of song, "The Girls of Garafraxa," are such as I have enabled to transcribe from memory of the writings of early youth. I shall neither praise or dispraise the of my own labor, since the first would be considered originating in vanity, and the second in an affectation of modesty, which is certainly the most odious and disreputable form of vanity. I will however say, that, as far as I have been able, I have endeavored, in the longer piece, to transcribe my impressions of life and events with truthfulness and accuracy. Though the parties are cloaked u

portions of the names, some of the occurrences will be readily  
in the greater part of the names, some of the occurrences will be readily  
in, from the time of the strife in the immediate neighborhood where I live,  
which was the 4th of July, he has I flatter myself that the heart and memory of every  
last July, he has I flatter myself that the heart and memory of every  
the Federal soldiers with reference to my beloved State. I do not ask for  
and, in the State of Virginia, through charity; for I feel that it would be less  
ed in a Federal publication, in a young author, hopes which were  
part of November, to be disappointed than to look generously into the  
from. Being desirous of his publication, and by this standard let them  
country, to elucidate or fall. With these remarks, I subscribe myself

Your humble and obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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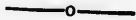
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## WILLIAM AND ANNIE.



A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.



Wake, my harp, thy long neglected strain,  
No school-boy's fancies wait upon thee now;  
Alas! I know no tones but those of pain  
Can wake thy chords, and that no laurel bough  
Adorns thy wreath, or that upon my brow;  
But tender cypress, falling sadly free,  
Shall tell, oh, my much sadder country, how  
This heart in quenchless sorrow yearns for thee,  
And groans beneath the woes which o'er thy children  
    dren be.

Most glorious Southern land, of thee I sing,  
Thou art the clime of chivalry and song,  
Where virtue blooms in one eternal spring,  
And beauty, with her chains, sweet, fair and strong,

Fetters the heart and senses fast and long.  
To thee the soul's best tributes, richly due,  
Shall ever haste in an increasing throng,  
Whilst birds shall sing, or cloudless skies be  
To cheer thy brave and generous sons, thy  
ters true.

Kind plenty, smiling on both hill and plain,  
Hath granted all the goods that man requires  
Rich hanging fruits, and fields of waving grain,  
Neat comfortable homes, and glancing spires  
But tyrants, urged on by their foul desires,  
Have sworn destruction to this lovely land,  
And gloat, until their reeking fancy tires,  
O'er all the ills which ruthless sword and brand  
Can bring a people lifted in a villain's hand.

But, thanks to Heaven, her sons, noble as brave,  
Know not to turn the back on friend or foe,  
Or give dishonor refuge but the grave,  
And these have sworn, the oppressor soon shall

fast and long.  
 outes, richly due,  
 ing throng,  
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A freeman's arm can deal a weighty blow,  
 And all her strength, from youth to hoary age,  
 Hath rushed to where the crimson tide shall flow,  
 As it hath flown, till history's startled page  
 Shall shrink to show the fury of a freeman's rage.

hill and plain,  
 that man requires  
 of waving grain,  
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 foul desires,  
 his lovely land,  
 ancy tires,  
 s sword and brand  
 a villain's hand.

Of one of these I sing the noble deeds,  
 And those of her who sent him to the strife,  
 With prayers which shield him whilst his comrade  
 bleeds,  
 And bid him part with honor but with life.  
 'Tis hard to lose a lover; but a wife  
 Alone, the deepest stroke of woe can feel.  
 When Fortune, with her keen relentless knife,  
 Removes the father of her babe, the heartless steel  
 Inflicts a wound no mortal cure can ever heal.

, noble as brave,  
 a friend or foe,  
 grave,  
 essor soon shall

Where the Kentucky's bright and peerless stream  
 Glides smoothly as the fancies of a dream,  
 Or, with its dancing waves of silvery sheen,  
 Murmurs by cliffs of grey and fields of green,



Oft in the silent eve my thoughts will roam,  
 As memory wakes the joys I felt at home.  
 There flowers bloom fairest, and the birds are here  
 There flocks sport freely in the genial air ;  
 There younglings of those flocks skip light and  
 And roses cling around those cliffs of grey.  
 There childhood laughs and shouts with bound  
 glee ;  
 There mirth spreads broadly as a shoreless sea ;  
 There youth are manly, honest, handsome, brave  
 No other wealth than as they have they crave.  
 They walk God's footstool with an upright tread  
 And view not tyrants with a thought of dread.  
 There maidens, beauteous as the blush of morn,  
 Their minds and hearts with virtuous thoughts are  
 Coy, hard to win, yet knowing well to bless  
 With sweet confiding look and fond caress—  
 Simple, yet cunning—trusting, and yet shy—  
 With arts to please the heart and charm the eye  
 Won but by honest deeds, they have at will  
 Glances to heal the heart—the same to kill ;

ANNIE.

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felt at home.

and the birds are far

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me to kill ;

forms made complete, and features to surprise,  
 brows fair, cheeks rosy, beaming, sunny eyes,  
 lips dewy, tempting. Oh ! what realms of bliss  
 here lie encompassed in one rapturous kiss !  
 and powers of earth and air who would not face  
 to gain the heaven of one warm embrace ?

Just such an one our charming Annie seemed.

Her life in every act with virtues teemed,

Whilst those dark lustrous eyes some angel lent,

to charm us with their looks of sweet content,

beamed softly, sweetly, gently all the while,

ne'er taught to frown, but always prone to smile,

Whilst those soft lashes, drooping long and low

beneath a forehead purer than the snow,

arved, as the trees along some desert stream,

to guard us from the orb's too dazzling beam.

Above, that forehead, rising fair and true,

displays its fairy net work, veined with blue,

with ebon brows, just bended as the bow

When Cupid studies on a deadly blow ;

And soft hair, drooping like the raven's flight,  
The alabaster girds with hues of night.  
Beneath, a nose of peerless Grecian mould  
Displays its form, not shrinking, yet not bold.  
In the soft cheeks, with slightest tints of brown  
Mingle the rose's hue and peach's down—  
Framed as a bow from which a shaft just flew,  
Her lips, bedewed with deep carnation hue,  
Tempted, yet warned aloof the unholy mind,  
To lust forbidding, to affection kind.  
Love just could trace a new-born dimple in  
That tiny, warm, and neatly-rounded chin,  
Supported on a neck whose gentle curve  
Descended, with a soft luxurious swerve,  
To charms within those flowing robes concealed  
No painter's cloth or sculptor's bust hath e'er re-

Thus fair of face, and faultless in her form—  
Each motion grace, each attitude a charm,  
Kind Fortune, often in her gifts called blind,  
To charms of person added charms of mind,

the raven's flight,  
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ill each perfection, beaming from her face,  
Was therein answered by an equal grace,  
hich over all its kindling radiance threw,  
nd fixed the homage which her presence drew.  
weet, gentle, unassuming, kind,  
o thoughts of her own excellence most blind,  
et viewing, with appreciation keen,  
hat virtues could in other maids be seen,  
e never knew the deep and piercing smart  
erself had sent to many a noble heart;  
at simple, trustful, glided on through life,  
arless and heedless of its thronging strife.

me fitted thus, until a youth there came  
esh from his well-won field of college fame—  
alwart and tall, with straight and upright form,  
step as firm as cliffs which brave the storm  
at hurls in sport the forest kings around,  
t as elastic as the tiger's bound.

is step elastic, and this lofty mien,  
fit his noble brow and glances keen,

Which mark the man against oppression bent—  
Quick to forgive, yet quicker to resent.  
His lofty forehead, and his reverent bust,  
Bespeak a man to man in all things just—  
One that to Heaven bends a willing knee,  
And bows, great God, to *thee*, and *only thee* ;  
Whilst yet there slumbers in his eyes of fire  
A world of love, a smouldering heap of ire,  
And William bears within his manly chest  
As warm a heart as beats in human breast.

Now fresh from intellectual feasts he came,  
His heart subdued by no impulsive flame,  
But loving every human being as a man,  
And part of God's inexplicable plan,  
He followed Nature in her every phaze,  
And drank delight at each enraptured gaze.

But one thing wanted. He had never felt  
That power which even the stoniest heart will  
Man may exult in deeds of strength and power  
And gain renown in his triumphal hour,

but oppression bent—  
 r to resent.

reverent bust,  
 l things just—  
 willing knee,  
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his eyes of fire  
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had never felt  
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but knows not happiness till he shall feel  
 the piercing stroke of Cupid's barbed steel.  
 'tis true, Love makes his warmest, coziest nest  
 in a gentle woman's pure confiding breast,  
 and rests so sweetly and so kindly there,  
 as seems a spirit from the upper air,  
 that gazes through her soft and swimming eyes,  
 with looks of startled joy and sweet surprise ;  
 Whilst some, who bear the form and face of men,  
 his powers defy and all his joys contemn ;  
 yet, when a great heart, noble, proud and free,  
 is struck, 'tis as the whirlwind strikes the tree.  
 He reels and trembles, and, with one wild bound,  
 casts all, pride and all commingled, to the ground,  
 as the ship when struck with crowded sail,  
 yields to the tempest and outrides the gale.

Thus William felt, when first their glances met,  
 mixed starts of joy, wild anguish and regret—  
 by that he met her—anguish lest they part—  
 regret at what he deemed a wasted heart—

Keen anguish, deep regret, but man or boy  
Heed not the like when swallowed up in joy.  
He had been courted; for his brilliant mind  
Made parents grow indulgent, daughters kind  
Favors were plenteous. Every way he turned  
Some tender heart for his approval burned.  
To all most courteous, gentle and polite,  
His generous heart glowed with its own frank  
And shed its genial warmth, nor felt till now  
When gazing on that pure and peerless brow,  
So calm, so spotless, and so free from strife,  
The all in all, the precious end of life,  
Where soul goes forth to wed itself with soul  
A blissful half of a more blissful whole.

Not all the dreams of all the rhyming tribe,  
If all commingled, could in part describe  
His lively features' full entrancing glow,  
Now all alive with joy—now dashed with woe  
As his quick glances, following her form,  
Noting her every grace, her every charm,

et, but man or boy  
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 Every way he turne  
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 tle and polite,  
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nk rapture as alone that man will drink  
 o reels half-famished to the fountain's brink.  
 en she first met that gaze, this page would blush  
 uld I attempt to paint the sudden flush  
 roseate tints, whose all-suffusing glow  
 e o'er that bosom and that throat of snow,  
 d even till that brow and those kind eyes  
 wed in one hue of sweet and glad surprise.

gained an introduction; but apart  
 m this he knew her. Heart had talked with heart,  
 ere that festal eve had passed away,  
 ough there had met the gayest of the gay  
 tread the lively measures of the dance,  
 d friendship's cordial grasp and lover's glance,  
 ough hearts were glad, and pleasure's smiling queen  
 r all presided with a brow serene,  
 t words were breathed, and peals of laughter light,  
 e silver chimes, rang forth upon the night,  
 ilst music, with its cadence soft and long,  
 wed dreamily or gushed in sudden song,



No hearts than theirs more felt the deep contr  
Of sweet excitement blending soul with soul.  
Their rapturous feelings scarcely seemed of ea  
Too full for pleasure, and too deep for mirth.  
All that they knew, or longed to know, was th  
Their every moment was an age of bliss.

When all is joy, the harshest blast will bring  
The tempered breath of flower-breathing spring  
And all our moments speed as swiftly by  
As the red bolt which lights the clouded sky,  
A moment flits upon the dark expanse,  
Then dies ere we can snatch a second glance.  
'Mid tender partings—meetings dear and swe  
Their time flew on thus brilliant and thus flee  
Until it brought upon it's sunny way  
The blest arrival of their wedding day.

The hurry of the preparation past,  
The eve begins to darken now at last,  
The chandeliers are lighted in the halls,  
And showers of radiance gild the snow-white way

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rist from the forest trees which grace the yard  
 e colored lanthorn's glow upon the sward,  
 teach the eye by faint attempts to trace  
 e gravel walks, which wind with easy grace  
 many knolls of green and many a flower,  
 many cosy seats and many a bower,  
 ere love shall utter many a burning word,  
 h as affection cherishes when heard,  
 t half so deeply or with joy so bright,  
 e spoken by the lanthorn's dreamy light.  
 e servants ranged around both stile and gate  
 merry mood of expectation wait  
 r buggy, carriage, coach, or prancing steed,  
 offer ebon hands with eager greed  
 groom the beasts, and greet with shouts of glee  
 d rows of ivory teeth the silver fee.

n past,  
 w at last,  
 n the halls,  
 the snow-white w

w thickly thronging had been gathered there—  
 uth bold and gallant, maidens fresh and fair,  
 and fathers grey and fathers stout and hale,  
 y smiling dames and grandames aged and pale—

All met to mingle in the round of joy,  
And drink their fill of bliss without alloy.

Then there appeared the holy man of God,  
Sent to remind of Heaven's avenging rod,  
Yet prone to make the trembling culprit feel  
The hand which wounds hath also power to heal  
With brow serene and forehead calm and high  
Whilst from that mild, benevolent, kind eye,  
There glows a kindling spark of heavenly fire,  
To dry the fountain of each foul desire,  
And the bright silver of those locks of grey  
Seemed the first dawn of the Eternal Day.

They stood before him. William grave and old  
Yet full of joy, as if a gentle balm  
From heaven had shed it's dew upon his soul,  
To make it's every sore and wounding whole  
She, gentle, trusting, leaned upon that arm  
Which had been pledged to shield her life from harm  
So sweet, so pure, and so intensely fair,  
None in that presence could breathe aught but

round of joy,  
 ss without alloy.  
 oly man of God,  
 's avenging rod,  
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 illiam grave and c  
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prayer was breathed, and they were man and wife,  
 ough good and ill to journey on through life.  
 n came the cordial grasp, the friendly kiss,  
 o wish expressed for unmixed years of bliss.  
 asure ran riot. Joy, with zone unbound,  
 attered her smiles and favors all around.  
 e clothed himself in youth's most sportive wiles,  
 d all his wrinkles overflowed with smiles,  
 ilst youth, gay, frolicsome and wanton boy,  
 alted as if he were drunk with joy.  
 en rang the laugh, and flew the ready jest,  
 ll comprehended, though but half expressed,  
 d the smart saying from the witling's horde,  
 pressly garnered for that festive board,  
 here, heaped in picturesque confusion, lie  
 ch fruit which grows beneath the changing sky,  
 ch palatable meat, game, fowl, or fish,  
 ch root or herb that yields a savory dish,  
 he tempting juices of the tree and cane,  
 ith cakes compounded of each pleasant grain —

All those sweet products of the housewife's art, et  
Most cunning keys to the convivial heart; us  
And ever ready to adorn the whole, are  
The rich decanter and the sparkling bowl, nar  
The gay confections with the pleasant rhyme y r  
To youth exquisite, and the heap sublime ove  
Of frosty network, flowery and fair food  
Like an enchanted temple raised in air. ut s  
From dreams of rapturous bliss who would not he b  
That makes his pillow of that wedding cake? hich

The supper ended, pleasure spurns control, Then  
The charming tete-a-tete, the pleasant stroll, od's  
The soft words whispered in the willing ear, nd fi  
None but affection's self should ever hear, han  
The looks exchanged which those alone can read ut ne  
Who bear the wounds with which the gazers bleed o poi  
The gentle pressure of the thrilling hand, timid  
Save those who feel, none else can understand— to th  
All these were there; but even these must end; ime s  
Lover must part with lover, friend with friend; nd sw

the housewife's art, let though this joy hath ending, and the heart  
 univivial heart; must grieve o'er friends, and lovers forced to part,  
 whole, search where you will, earth has no spot more bright  
 sparkling bowl, than a Kentucky farmer's on a wedding night.  
 pleasant rhyme  
 heap sublime  
 d fair  
 ed in air.  
 ss who would not  
 wedding cake?  
 he bard may dip his pen in every hue  
 hich spans yon heaven's boundless depths of blue,  
 hen on its columns broad, and rich, and high,  
 od's dazzling bow climbs o'er the summer sky,  
 nd fix them on his page in forms more fair  
 han those they wore suspended in the air;  
 ut never e'en with faint success has tried  
 o point the moment when a blushing bride,  
 imid yet trusting, yields her wealth of charms  
 to the kind embraces of a husband's arms.  
 n understand—  
 hese must end;  
 d with friend;  
 ime sped away. Kind heaven gently smiled,  
 nd sweet enjoyment all their hours beguiled.

Business or pleasure, still it was the same,  
Each heart glowed in one warm and mutual flame,  
Each moment flew on charmed wings away ;  
The year was spring—each month was flowery  
Spring brings its wealth of bloom, May hath its flowers,  
Love, too, hath blossoms in this world of ours,  
And their love blossomed with a richer bloom  
Than the bright rose, whose exquisite perfume,  
The bearded Moslem thinks, was kindly given  
As a rich foretase of the joys of Heaven.

With lips cherubic, bright angelic smile,  
Round tiny form, and many an infant wile,  
That blossom lay upon her snowy breast,  
So fondly and so tenderly caressed,  
One well might say, that India's fairest bower  
Hath not so rich a plant or sweet a flower.

The heart hath many founts, love many streams,  
But none more softly or more brightly gleams  
In earth beneath, or scarce in heaven above,  
Than the pure fountain of a mother's love.

was the same,  
 arm and mutual fl  
 ed wings away ;  
 month was flowery  
 room, May hath its f  
 his world of ours,  
 th a richer bloom  
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 essed,  
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love many stream  
 brightly gleams  
 heaven above,  
 nother's love.

the best and warmest friends oftimes will fail,  
 and love itself will prove an idle tale ;  
 but death's dread bolt itself can never part  
 er offspring from the yearning mother's heart.  
 folds them gently as with angel's wings,  
 and as woe darkens still more closely clings.

thus Annie to her bosom fondly strained  
 er nursling with a love which almost pained,  
 through her pulses shot the wildest thrill  
 f passion which no earthly power can kill ;  
 nd William, gladly kneeling by her side,  
 is face all tenderness, all joy, all pride,  
 is full heart, lacking words his lot to bless,  
 erflowed in burning kiss and soft caress.  
 Whilst oft the while each soft and swimming eye  
 he other's met with looks of wondrous joy.

h ! could we chain a single hour like this  
 and always revel in it's store of bliss,  
 no path would have it's thorns, no brow it's care ;  
 but earth would blossom so completely fair,



No wretch would seek to break his mortal bond  
Or leave this earth to seek a heaven beyond.

But no. The rainbow's dazzling hues will fade  
Life's fairest flowers most quickly are decayed,  
And circumstances unexpected rise  
To rudely rend affection's fondest ties.

A Northern mob, by envy urged along,  
Deeming themselves less numerous than strong,  
Though numbering as the sands beneath the sea  
Now sunk to slaves, though children of the free  
Have forged themselves a yoke, and meanly kn  
To place their necks beneath a tyrant's heel,  
And swear that all who walk Columbia's shore  
Shall kiss the rod and freemen be no more.  
But the bold Southron, from his sunny home,  
Undaunted looks upon the gathering gloom,  
Determined, if his country's weal shall need  
The shedding of his blood, to nobly bleed,  
Or if his treasure must be lavished, he  
Will be as generous as aught dare to be,

break his mortal bond for the clouds which hang around his way,  
 a heaven beyond. The griefs which throng, but knowing not dismay.  
 gling hues will fade the storm-cloud gathers, and the thickening strife  
 ickly are decayed, falls on the patriot for his stake of life,  
 ted rise and only cowards shrink to seek the field  
 ndest ties. here glory waits for all save those who yield,  
 rged along, wish to find a sweeter dying bed  
 nerous than strong, an that where sleep their country's honored dead:  
 nds beneath the sea Heaven vouchsafes to man a sacred cause  
 children of the free in accordance with her own just laws,  
 ke, and meanly kneels when a freeman draws the shining steel  
 a tyrant's heel, smite the tyrant for his country's weal,  
 Columbia's shore fears that for her shall gleam each deadly blow,  
 en be no more. and sheathes it not save in that country's foe.  
 his sunny home, and if there be a traitor, worse than all,  
 thering gloom, st it be he who brought the cup of gall  
 weal shall need our blest Saviour on the accursed tree,  
 nobly bleed, a base treacherous kiss, then it is he  
 vished, he who at the bloody tyrant's dark command,  
 dare to be, lifts his false arm against his native land.

Cursed be that traitor—palsied be that arm,  
That aims upon his country aught of harm.  
If I were made his judge, though hell were cradled,  
The paltry villain should be doubly damned.

Thus William felt, that whether live or fall,  
His duty followed to his country's call.  
A father finds it hard to leave his child,  
With it's sweet prattling tongue and accents mild,  
It's bright and rosy cheeks and smiling eyes,  
It's startled looks of wonder and surprise,  
And the rich nectar which he fondly sips  
From the unfailing fountain of it's lips;  
But harder still it is to leave that wife  
Who for his sake hath yielded all in life,  
Contented with his love, though all should fail  
Save he, her journey through life's gloomy vale.

Deep are his sorrows—deep as man can know—  
But woman finds a stormier depth of woe.  
No mortal power can give the least relief  
To the wild anguish of a mother's grief,

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s man can know—  
epth of woe.  
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er's grief,

Who sees her infant's father torn away,  
erchance to fall in battle or affray,  
Mid hurtling death-shots, shrieks, and dying groans,  
nd yells and curses, sobs and piercing moans,  
r else to linger fearfully and long  
ith vacant eye, hot cheek and parching tongue,  
nd forehead dry and glowing like a brand,  
ithout the presence of one soothing hand.  
eath any time were dreadful; but oh! now  
ith none to wipe the death-damp from the brow!

he felt it all, and often in her sleep  
ark fearful visions through her brain would creep,  
nd oft she saw in dreams of dark despair  
ed, gory stream amid that waving hair,  
nd on that brow, which she had loved to press  
ith tender kiss and cherishing caress,  
deep bright death-spot with it's crimson hue  
ontrasting with a face of livid blue,  
nd wildly starting from her fitful rest,  
e strained her infant to an anguished breast.

The battle-field hath heaps of graveless dead,  
Stark, pale and mangled on their gory bed,  
Their glazed eyes staring with a stony gaze,  
Unconscious all alike of blame or praise ;  
Their brows cold, stern, and blanched, as fixed  
In the last look of an undying hate,  
And rigid hands clenched in a vengeful grasp  
As if the foe were in their icy clasp.

There wounded men are parched with quenchless  
Till shrieks and sobs and moans will wildly burst  
And the most stony heart is sadly wrung  
By the low accents of the trembling tongue,  
Which gives with the last pulse of ebbing life  
The tender message for the widowed wife ;  
Or by the hardened wretch's anguished groan,  
Who shrieks in terror from the dark unknown  
Whilst the poor wounded steed maddened by  
Tramples his master on the slippery plain,  
As stung to agony each plunging blow  
Scatters alike the brains of friend and foe.

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 ed maddened by  
 slippery plain,  
 a stinging blow  
 friend and foe.

where poverty and pomp together steep,  
 forgotten sorrows in eternal sleep,  
 and rank's gay tinsel marks the wreck of life  
 among the debris of the ruthless strife.  
 there a being in the form of man  
 who can unmoved the sickening aspect scan,  
 who, to gain himself a lordly place,  
 can scourge with slaughter thus the human race ?  
 is not a man. No creature's name will suit  
 to call the *thing*. 'Twould scandalize a brute.

these doth William weep ; but not a tear  
 sigh hath he to give to thoughts of fear,  
 and each such moving sight but nerved his heart  
 to bear in future strife a sterner part  
 and teach the tyrant's self to keenly feel  
 the gaudiest plume invites the surest steel ;  
 that knowing not *his* fate gives them to know  
 the brave man strikes not a defenceless foe.  
 and, merciful, and ever apt to wield  
 his arm to ward a stroke from those who yield,

He rode unmoved where danger's fearful sway  
At one fell blaze whole columns swept away,  
Yet mark his dark eyes' gleam, his bosom's sw  
As his brave comrades, with a deafening yell,  
Heedless of glancing steel or leaden rain,  
Charge where he leads across the reeking plain  
Till panic-stricken by the fearful sound,  
The foe in trembling terror yields the ground

He that hath stemmed the wildly rushing tide  
Will feel his chest expand with manly pride;  
The miser's eye emits a dazzling gleam  
When realizing fancy's fondest dream,  
Great heaps of jewels, gleaming like a sword,  
Contribute to adorn his shining horde;  
The lark rejoices when it's tender wing  
First learns to soar and it's young voice to sing  
But naught can match the pulse's maddening  
When in the thickest of the wavering fray,  
The crested squadron, from some woodland's  
Leaps forth upon it's fierce resistless charge.

danger's fearful sway when comes the gleam of steel, the ringing shout,  
 umns swept away, the stunning clash, the halt, the wheel about,  
 gleam, his bosom's sword the second clash—then sounds o'er all the cheer  
 th a deafening yell, the victory rolling on the startled air.  
 or leaden rain, the bloodless hearts whole years of sluggish bliss—  
 oss the reeking plain the hero only craves one hour like this !

r yields the ground the soldier's life, though hardships stalk between,  
 th still it's merry hour, it's joyous scene.  
 wildly rushing tide on the march, with grief nor care oppressed,  
 with manly pride ; and rings the laugh, quick flies the ready jest,  
 zzzling gleam searching near and far the thirsting eye  
 dearest dream, links in the changing hues of earth and sky,  
 ming like a sword, the gloomy forests and the waving grain,  
 ining horde ; the towering mountain and the stretching plain,  
 tender wing the humble cottage, the imposing dome,  
 s young voice to sing the house of God, the farmer's tidy home,  
 pulse's maddening the village marked by day with gleaming spires,  
 the wavering fray, night by the bright glow of cheerful fires,  
 a some woodland's the mind wandering from what things we see,  
 resistless charge. dreams of what *has* been and of what *shall* be.



'Tis sweet at evening's balmy hour to feel  
Thoughts of forgotten joys around us steal,  
Till memory from her enchanted store  
Surround us with the dearest dreams of yore.  
Then will the sternest brow unbend a while,  
And the most haggard face will yield a smile,  
Pale sorrow will discard her load of care,  
And Hope will gild the features of despair.  
'Tis then imagination's halo bright  
Sheds o'er the future it's unclouded light,  
Wakes the dull visions from their slumbers  
And points a pathway paved with stones of gold

Oh! often thus, when, day's routine complete,  
The toil-worn soldier rests his weary feet,  
He seats himself beside some limpid stream,  
And smiles at hopes with which his fancies teem  
Or with his comrades round the cheerful blaze  
Again performs the feats of other days,  
And his eyes glisten as his lips will tell  
How this one bravely fought, that bravely fell

ny hour to feel  
 around us steal,  
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 st dreams of yore.  
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 e limpid stream,  
 hich his fancies tee  
 the cheerful blaze  
 other days,  
 ips will tell  
 s, that bravely fell

ow partial beauty smiled upon his band,  
 and the white 'kerchief waved from whiter hand.  
 us hours unnoted swiftly glide along  
 id tales and laugh and jest and social song.  
 ost various the themes of song and story,  
 or now they tell of love, now sing of glory,  
 ntil the cheek's full flush, the bosom's swell,  
 attest the power of music's magic spell.

is wonted silence William seldom broke,  
 and then but of his country's wrongs he spoke,  
 and when to song he once was sorely pressed,  
 these thrilling words gushed from his heaving breast:

THE SONG OF MORGAN'S LEGION.

"Boom, boom. Hear ye the deafening crash,  
 As our brave and fearless band  
 Chase, with a wild hurrah and dash,  
 The Yankees through the land?  
 The vaulting saddle is our home,  
 Our chamber the welkin wide,

And where'er dangers darkest roam,  
There we are bound to ride.

“ For liberty or death we fight,  
And woe to those who dare  
To wake our carbines' flashing light,  
And wait the deadly glare.  
Our home beneath the tyrant's hoof  
Groaneth in direst pain ;  
But let his minions stand aloof  
When we shall come again.

•  
“ Our chieftain, brave as desert king,  
Roameth where'er he will,  
And we but wait his clarion's ring  
To bound o'er vale and hill.  
Our guerdon is the fair ones' smiles,  
Which shine along our way,  
And we for them despise the toils  
Which face us night and day.

“ To horse !—To horse ! The bugle's call  
Inviteth to the field,

arkest roam,  
o ride.

fight,  
o dare  
ashing light,  
glare.

tyrant's hoof  
n ;  
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nes' smiles,  
way,  
the toils  
d day.

The bugle's call

And we must meet both shell and ball,  
Or to the tyrant yield.

Hark ! Hear ye not the ringing shout  
Of those who *will* be free ?

Our glory is the Yankees' rout,  
Our watchword Victory !"

their swelling hearts kept measure as he sang,  
and when he finished, deafening plaudits rang,  
and oft they begged him to begin again,  
and burst these words of mingled joy and pain :

#### THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Alone. Alone. It is a solemn sound,  
And sad as darkness on the sea,  
Yet at this heart's each wild impulsive bound  
Alone is echoed back to me.

Though often dearest friends are forced to part,  
Though often broken true love's tie,

Still as each parting wrings the bursting heart,  
That heart could almost wish to die.

“ Full many are the vows that I have breathed,  
Full many parting words have spoken,  
Yet as to thee, my heart's hot cauldron seeth  
' Farewell,' I thought that heart had brot

“ But time will bring a change. A change, I  
To wipe away this lingering sadness,  
A change, as sunshine on the shaded slope,  
To turn my sorrow into gladness :

“ For I, perchance, shall see thy face again,  
Thy smile will drive away my fear,  
That smile which, chasing for each rising pain,  
Hath made thee more than doubly dear.”

Fond man, thy buoyant hopes are nursed in vain,  
That face will never smile on thee again,  
That gentle form is crumbling into mould,  
Those eyes are lustreless, those cheeks are cold

the bursting heart whose lips are bloodless, and that thrilling hand  
 wish to die. love's warmest touch no more can understand ;  
 that I have breathe that heart which blessed thee with each gentle breath  
 ds have spoken, with wildly burst—it's throbs are stilled in death.  
 s hot cauldron seen he lacked not friends, and many a tender tongue  
 that heart had broeathed thoughts of sadness o'er a heart so young,  
 ange. A change, I gentle, sweet, and peerless taught to be  
 rering sadness, familiar with life's crushing agony.  
 the shaded slope, he knew he did his duty, blamed him not,  
 o gladness : or wished him on his name to leave a blot,  
 e thy face again, ved his bold courage and unflinching stand  
 way my fear, o battle for their common native land,  
 ; for each rising pa tied hard to smile, though sorrow rent her heart,  
 than doubly dear. at sobs *would* burst, and scalding tears *would* start.  
 es are nursed in v o bind the lion with a wisp of grass—  
 n thee again, o stay the whirlwinds as they madly pass—  
 ng into mould, o quell the demon in whose time of ire  
 ose cheeks are col elds, dwellings, forests, mark his track of fire—  
 e fierce pulsations of an anguished soul.

Love, anger, grief, all passions, weak or strong,  
Exult in music and find vent in song,  
And those who passed that way might often see  
That mother rapt in woeful minstrelsy,  
As lonely bending o'er her darling child,  
By turns she burst in tears or sadly smiled,  
And they who heard, in heart were deeply wrung  
For half in words and half in sobs she sung :

THE LULLABY.

“ Sleep on my child. No father's voice is near  
To fill thy infant heart with words of cheer.  
Sleep on-- sleep on ; thy charming tricks and w  
Have now no power to win a father's smiles.

“ Sleep on—sleep on. I cannot bear to see  
Those eyes in question pleading turned to me.  
Sleep on—sleep on. Thy breast is free from ca  
God shield thee from the woes this bosom bears

The stream will wear the mountain, and the pl  
(Of constant grief will chase health's bloom awa

s, weak or strong,  
 in song,  
 ay might often see  
 minstrelsy,  
 rling child,  
 e sadly smiled,  
 t were deeply wrung  
 a sobs she sung :

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this bosom bears  
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 ealth's bloom awa

at lithe and graceful form grew thin and frail,  
 at face grew wan, that rosy cheek grew pale,  
 painful tremor crept into that voice,  
 ose gentle tones once made each heart rejoice,  
 d burned consumption's spots, red, fixed and bright,  
 d gleamed those mild eyes with it's feverish light.  
 t foes prevailed so that no word could come  
 William to his loved and cherished home,  
 t could the woeful tidings reach *him* how  
 ease had settled o'er that loved one's brow.

l in that hour could she but fondly rest  
 t fevered temples on that faithful breast,  
 ld that frail form but feel his gentle clasp,  
 t shadowy hand his warm yet tender grasp,  
 d could she note the softness of that eye  
 ming with quenchless love—'twere sweet to die !

thus were fearful ; yet she sometimes slept ;  
 friends who to her bed on tiptoe crept,  
 ld mark upon her face a happy smile  
 blissful visions did her dreams beguile,



Whilst joyous jestures seemed to welcome home  
Her faithful wanderer, to no longer roam.  
Dear Annie, could'st thou but have longer dreamed  
And known not that which was, but that which  
Thy heart had missed it's saddest taste of woe  
In this dark, dreary vale we tread below.

Amid her rapturous dreams a blinding flash,  
Foul sulphurous fumes, the musket's deafening  
All burst upon her senses. She was wild  
And shrieked by turns for husband and for child  
Nor knew of comfort till with failing breath  
That lovely form grew motionless in death.

Murder had been committed. Armed men  
Who do the tyrant's will, and care not when  
In the same house an unarmed man had bled,  
Nor reeked the presence of the dying bed,  
And she had deemed her William's noble frame  
Had been the object of the villain's aim,  
And felt more anguish from a stranger's fall  
Than if it was herself received the ball.

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om youth to age our fancied ills we find  
 e worst and most harassing to the mind,  
 whilst ignorance of ills that are, will leave  
 tent of mind when we have cause to grieve.  
 am on, deluded man, nor seek to know  
 y dark and dreadful heritage of woe.

messenger there came who told it all,  
 th more to strike with terror and appal'  
 an my poor grieving muse could ever tell.  
 s! that agonizing tale was told too well.

'st ever, when thy throat was parched with thirst,  
 til thy tongue and lips in blisters burst,  
 ere the red sun glared forth from brazen skies,  
 w groves and streams in bright succession rise?  
 d did'st thou rush thy feverish limbs to lave  
 the luxurious freshness of the wave?  
 as sad to find, when fainting on the strand,  
 y streams were salt, thy groves were hills of sand.  
 en felt thou misery; but not the gloom  
 youth whose hopes are blighted in their bloom.

He shed no drops, and yet the searching few  
Who passion's burning lines distinctly knew,  
Grieved that he had not power in brine to steep  
Those sleepless orbs. It were a joy to weep ;  
For those who saw his haggard cheek, fixed eye  
Those lips compressed, that brow pale, stern and  
Could plainly read that joy had fled and there  
Had perched the ruthless vulture of despair.

He never smiled, and seldom spoke. His dream  
Of bliss had vanished ; yet a startling gleam  
Shot from his sunken orbs when'er there came  
News from the battle and it's murderous flame  
That generous eye, with kindness once elate,  
Knows now alone the withering glance of hate

Cursed tyrant, who for foul and selfish ends,  
The fiercest foes hast made from worthiest friends  
Beware! The best-spined shaft will oft rebound  
And strike the man who aimed it to the ground  
Beware! The dagger hid beneath thy vest  
May find a scabbard in that guilty breast.

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llions of those of whom thou could'st have made  
ends truer than the best Damascus blade, [worse  
w curse thy name. Beware. Their thoughts are  
an others' threats. A blow is in each curse.  
e time will come when thou shalt dearly rue  
e countless hosts thy mad ambition slew.  
ready now o'er many a reeking plain  
o nations weep their myriad heaps of slain ;  
t heavier still thy minions yet shall feel  
e riving force of the descending steel,  
re swiftly will the hurtling death-shots fly,  
ll piercing shrieks shall rend the midnight sky,  
d still unnumbered livid corpses gaze  
spectral dimness on the moon's cold rays.

revel in thy gilded halls nor know  
e rending anguish of a nation's woe.  
like up the dance, for music's cadence sweet  
a down the sound of mourning in the street.  
ough heart-strings may be torn, the ready tale  
victory can still the widow's wail.

Expend thy spoils at wassail and at rout,  
Those that want bread can learn to do without.  
And yet beware—If thou wouldst fell a tree,  
Guard well thy strokes—it may recoil on thee.

Now signs of preparation rise in camp,  
And there is hurrying to and fro—the tramp  
Of warsteeds, fierce and eager for the fray,  
And shouts of men more eager far than they.  
Again the color flushed that blanched cheek—  
Again those rigid lips, unbent to speak,  
His ready orders, given calm and clear,  
Sound like forgotten music to the ear,  
That long had thirsted for that voice. A smile  
So long a stranger, wreathed his lips the while,  
But crept not to those eyes, whose fierce stern gaze  
Gleamed with the brilliance of the meteor's blaze.

His garments, late neglected, now were gay,  
As if he decked him for his bridal day.  
In troth, it was a noble sight to see  
That form so proud, so manly, and so free.

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nd so free.

his pants of bluish grey, his coat the same,  
With cuffs and collar trimmed with cloth of flame,—  
on either breast a row of balls of gold,  
A sash of scarlet doth his loins enfold,  
Whose fringe encounters boots above the knee,  
Which spurs embrace bright as the rippling sea.

A pair of polished pistols weigh his belt,  
and sword so bright its brilliance could be felt,  
Whilst shades o'er all with fear-inspiring gloom,  
his dark sombrero, and black flowing plume.  
The boldest that had seen him thus arrayed,  
Would pause ere he made trial of that blade.

his men, their chieftain view with looks of pride,  
for well they know, that where the battle's tide  
flows swiftest and most fiercely, none will be  
more fearless or more terrible than he ;  
and well they love to note, amid the storm,  
that calm clear voice, and that undaunted form,  
and each one grips his rein with eager greed,  
to try the mettle of his prancing steed.

Devoted men, ye little dream that night,  
Where now ye stand, shall hide a fearful sight !  
A stranger who with honeyd words had come,  
Was scarcely missed, before the rolling drum  
On every side was heard, save where the deep  
Broad Cumberland rolled by the craggy steep.

Treason had done its work. Full well they know  
They soon shall meet an overwhelming foe,  
Yet he looks close, who in that hopeless band  
Can note the tremor of a single hand.

Each wordless stood, until their leader spoke,  
And with these words the deathlike silence broke

“ Go, seek the foe, each man who thinks to yield  
You see there is no exit from the field.  
Who have to live for find it sweet to be.  
Go, save your lives—mine hath no joy for me.  
But if aught ask for me, tell them my pride  
Was, that my friends should say, ‘A brave man

at night,  
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Yet none went forth ; but each one sternly said,  
 They sought with him a common dying bed,  
 nor wished for music o'er their last repose,  
 save his bright steel descending on his foes.  
 till there was one with children and a wife,  
 for whom his comrades begged him for his life ;  
 but hot tears started as he shook his head,  
 and to their prayers in earnest accents said :  
 To tell my offspring none shall have the power,  
 that I proved false in danger's sternest hour."'  
 though still they pressed, and though the tears still  
 came,  
 he shook his head,—the answer was the same.  
 and there was one, a bright eyed fair haired boy,  
 who lacked his fifteenth summer's crown of joy,  
 his doting mother's only pride,  
 gave one an elder brother by his side,  
 who pledged his faith to still her anguish wild,  
 to bring again to her, her darling child.  
 and now he begged him by the love he bore,  
 that mother in the happy days of yore,



To take himself from hopeless strife apart,  
And not to break that fondling mother's heart.

"Nay, brother, I am only weak and young,  
She needs thee more. Thy frame is hale and strong  
But if you stay, my brother, kind and true,  
I will remain to live or die with you."

Again that brother pleaded, and again.  
Alas! alas! he only urged in vain.

"'Tis very sad to think on," William said,  
"That things beloved should find a gory bed;  
But though *we* needs must die, surely at least  
We will not sacrifice a sinless beast.  
Turn loose the steeds." He spoke, and heartsore  
Drove their best friends unto their fiercest foes.

There be who laugh when I would call a friend,  
The steed who staunch and faithful to the end,  
Hath borne me on the march and through the  
Where fortune seemed to play at bowls with life

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mother's heart.

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William said,  
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And firm and dauntless underneath me stood,  
Mid cannon bursts upon the field of blood.  
Laugh on, thou heartless dolt, those soldiers free  
Would never seek to find a friend in thee.

Full time for readiness had they. The foe  
Approached as certain of an easy blow,  
And slowly set his confident array,  
As the fell anaconda slimes his prey,  
Whilst eager for the hopeless contest stand,  
You small, but fearless and unflinching band.  
But first there came a courier, who proclaimed  
Terms fair as unto captives could be named,  
And order for surrender, and he bore,  
Contained in writing what he spoke before.

The paper William took within his hand,  
And pressed it to the hilt upon his brand.  
"Tell him who sent it, that my trusty steel  
Longs thus into his heart its way to feel."  
Then turning to those warriors tried and true,  
The herald said, "Brave men, ye are but few"—

He spoke no more, but sudden exit made,  
Each threatening hand upon a hilt was laid,  
And then, perchance, was heard a muttered curse  
Had he remained it might have still been worse.

This scene transpired, they had not long to wait,  
For as the sudden burst of smothered hate,  
Or as the towering castle's rumbling fall,  
When torrents undermine the massive wall,  
Or when the heaven-capped billows shoreward bore  
Each other chase with hoarse and deafening sound  
The foe rushed on them. As the planted rock,  
That iron-hearted few withstood the shock,  
And as at the first crash we scarce can know,  
If rock or wave most staggers at the blow,  
As each o'er other in succession rise,  
Just so the mingled combat rends the skies.

First roll the volleys with their sulphurous stream  
And then the serried bayonets' bright gleam  
Advanced, until aloft like lightning played,  
The swift gyrations of each polished blade.

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Then swift and swifter yet the blows they pass,  
 Till tempered steel was rent like glass;  
 And as the combatants more closely pressed,  
 The ground was heaped with many a cloven crest,  
 And the assailants every effort foiled,  
 In sullen fury from the strife recoiled.  
 The victory was not bloodless, or complete.  
 Those furious ranks shall yet more sternly meet,  
 And even now full many a gaping gash  
 Attests the vigor of that fearful crash,  
 And two pale grey-clothed corpses plainly show,  
 Their strife had been with no defenceless foe.  
 That husband-father lay upon the plain,  
 Surrounded by a heap of hostile slain.  
 A bayonet had thrust him through the heart,  
 Just as he cleft the owner's head in part,  
 And sinking low upon that bed of death,  
 Both yielded up at once their hostile breath.  
 If for one's native land to die is sweet,  
 'Tis sweeter when the foe is at our feet,

And as the weapon glides from our frail grasp,  
We hear the music of his dying gasp.

That tender boy, whose young and gentle face,  
Just glowed with every youthful charm and grace  
Lies stark and cold, on high-heaped corpses laid  
Yet has he not released his scarlet blade.

Look on that countenance so fresh and fair,  
Can death have placed its awful signet there?  
He looks as he had lain him down to sleep,  
In dreamless peace upon that ghastly heap,  
And they who see dread lest the spell should break  
Fear not. Who sleep like him can seldom wake.

Again the combat opens. Louder still  
Resound the volleys and the war-cry shrill.  
"Yield, rebel dogs," the charging phalanx cry.  
"Not whilst a tyrant breathes," the stern reply  
On!—on! As vultures to the carrion press,  
That few enfolded in their stern caress,  
Till closed again they falter in dismay,  
As when the jackal claims his loathsome prey.

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 ng gasp.

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hort was their halt, for, weltered in the dust,  
 ach second hand, whose sabre was it's trust,  
 nd most were bleeding--all were faint and weak.  
 gain they rush, their hoarded hate to wreak,  
 nd do a vengeance on that fearful steep  
 or theirs who slumber in a dreamless sleep.

he lordly tyrant of the desert wood,  
 hen once he learns the taste of human blood,  
 hough fearful to attack mankind at first,  
 ow hunts his pathway with a quenchless thirst.  
 o those rough men, with passions wild and fierce,  
 flare on their foes with looks which almost pierce.  
 nd now they mingle. Many a hand well tried  
 alls weak and nerveless at the owner's side,  
 nd what was once a bright and manly eye,  
 Will call the raven from the morrow's sky.  
 till on they came, and still the height they gained,  
 ill, save their cherished chief, no soul remained  
 o lift on high his slaughter-dealing hand,  
 nd prove the valor of that fated band.

It hath been proved. Where each his decade  
They lie—an isle of grey amid a sea of blue.\*

Death shuns who seek him, but will come uncal  
To palaces whose courts are triple-walled.  
Thus William sought him in the thickest strife  
Yet through the havoc bore a charmed life,  
Till now, companionless, he proudly stood  
As some lone monarch of a fallen wood,  
Which grandly lifts on high the only form  
Of all that forest which could brave the storm.

It was a noble sight those saw that day  
Who swarmed around as wolves about their prey  
His left foot planted and his right thrown back,  
He seemed as firmly rooted in his track  
As the fixed oak, and yet he gazed around  
As doth the tiger when he stoops to bound.  
His left arm falling lightly by his side,  
His right extends, until the crimson tide

\* The reader is perhaps not aware that the military uniform of the  
of the Confederate States of America is grey, whilst that of the old  
States is blue.

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ows down the blade unto it's very hilt,  
 and with it's dripping stains the hand is gilt.  
 round his front in semicircle sweep  
 s foes. Behind, the river rolls, and frowns the steep.

he meanest hound will chase the flying prey,  
 t he is staunch that baits the stag at bay.  
 Come on, ye murderous thieves!" he taunting cries,  
 and gleams of splendor issue from his eyes.

Haste, servile minions—glut your savage will—  
 single arm defies your utmost skill.

me, cowards, come; mine is a harmless blade,  
 and timid children with it's edge have played."

spoke. One stouter, bolder than the rest,  
 pped forth. The steel descended to his chest,

and with a dull and heavy leaden sound  
 s brawny form descended to the ground;

t ere his comrades started from surprise,  
 e fresh-stained sabre gleamed before their eyes.

"Come on," he said, "my friendly wand's light sweep  
 th only steeped his weary frame in sleep,"



Then, leaning forward, with a sudden stroke  
Another's windpipe in a twinkling broke,  
And ere their glance could follow where it flew  
His blade in lifted readiness they view.

His victim uttered with his fleeting breath  
A gurgle and a groan—then sank to death.  
“He takes it hard—indeed I meant no harm—  
I only tried the sinews of this arm.”

Then further cried he, “Hath this host no foe  
Whom I can bribe this worthless life to end?  
And as he wished no further stroke to ward,  
Withdrew his weapon from its constant guard.”

That host had wavered, but when this they saw  
Their sudden rush knew neither rule nor law  
But ere they reached him, other two had paid  
Their bloody tribute to his active blade.

Vain are his rapid strokes—his skill is vain—  
Their solid numbers bear him down again,

h a sudden stroke  
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fleeting breath  
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r stroke to ward,  
it's constant guard

when this they s  
ther rule nor law  
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ctive blade.

his skill is vain—  
a down amain,

d as his form unto the brink is pressed,  
gleaming points are sheathed within his breast.  
backward—as he spurned them—to the wave  
headlong plunged into a watery grave.  
ward they crowd. Each for his person gloats.  
there it is. No; 'tis his hat which floats.  
g—long they gazed. No other sign was seen,  
e a red stream adown the rippling sheen.

went as many go—without a stone  
tell their virtues. His were widely known,  
d each who knows him, when his fate he hears,  
ll sadly dash away unbidden tears.  
t, weep not, friends, for those who bravely die,  
serve your tears for them that meanly fly.  
ese dwell in lasting infamy, whilst those  
ect them monuments of smitten foes.

o for their country bleed no wages claim,  
ve the rich guerdon of untarnished fame.  
is need hath fallen to the dauntless few  
o on that leaguered height their weapons drew.

---

They need no monument. They hold a part  
Far higher—'tis a grateful nation's heart.  
Their bright example like a flame shall spread  
'Till none shall yield save over heaps of dead,  
And our young nation, like the phœnix,\* spring  
From cleansing fires on swifter, loftier wings.

---

\* The phœnix is a fabulous bird, of rare plumage, of which the  
thought there existed only one at a time. It was supposed to disappear  
whilst another of the same kind, but glowing with the freshness  
sprang forth from its ashes, thus perpetuating its existence by a  
succession of like changes.

ANNIE.

They hold a part  
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## FUGITIVE POEMS.



### MY DESTINY.



Rolling onward—rolling ever,  
Like a deep and rapid river,  
Downward, downward to the sea.  
Urged by fate, which none can sever,  
From the spring of Fortune's lever,  
Thus the stream of life with me.

When upon my bark I'd rest me,  
Sorrows round the heart have prest me,  
Whispering tales of darkest woe,  
Whilst my mother's words that blest me  
When an infant she caressed me,  
Bid me onward, onward go.

Onward from my childhood balmy,  
When that mother's soothing calmed me  
If the fever bade me groan,  
Till old age, so chill and clammy,  
Bringeth Death, swift as the chamois,  
Me to claim and make his own.

But there is a star to guide me,  
And a friend to stand beside me  
As I hasten to my doom—  
As adown the stream I glide me,  
And with shielding hand to hide me  
From the terrors of the tomb.

I have also friends to aid me  
If my conscience should upbraid me,  
Or aught else should cause to mourn  
Ay, those friends had oft delayed me,  
And upon my pathway stayed me,  
Sought I not so bright a bourne.

## LEILA RUNELL. A SONG.\*



them talk of the pleasures of childhood  
 When the flush of enjoyment is high,  
 I love beyond flowers and wildwood  
 The charm of a swimming blue eye ;  
 the wildwood, with all it's fair flowers,  
 an the heart-stirring rapture ne'er tell,  
 rich awoke at a glance through it's bowers  
 from the eye of sweet Leila Runell.

re are those who rejoice in bright fountains,  
 Where the light dancing rainbows do play,  
 , like them, I can fly to the mountains  
 Which pillow the god of the day.  
 n brave the fierce storm proud careering,  
 With the lightnings it's fury that swell,

g can be sung to either of the following tunes, to-wit: "Thou  
 ed the spirit that loved thee."—"Do they miss me at home?"—  
 on, or "The Old Arbor-tree."

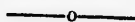


And the thunder's hoarse curse without fearing  
Be they braved but for Leila Runell.

For those eyes have been turned on me kindly,  
And those cheeks have been flushed at my view  
Till I cherished—how wildly and blindly!—  
That loveliest gem of my choice.  
Other breasts may more charmingly heave than  
Other busts with more beauty may swell,  
But with joy and with gladness I'd leave them  
For the heart of my Leila Runell.

Though the hermit may melt in devotion  
As he bows at his favorite shrine,  
Though his soul hath the depth of the ocean,  
It yieldeth no passion like mine;  
For my heart hath a love-light more holy  
Than e'er burned in an anchorite's cell,  
And it's incense is offered up solely  
At the altar of Leila Runell.

## A TEMPERANCE SONG.



Away, away, with your liquid fire,  
 And your draughts of sparkling wine,  
 But give me the crystal water drawn  
 From the cavern's sparry mine.

The drunkard may boast the boisterous joy  
 That bids his pulse to stream,  
 But let me sip, as a sinless boy,  
 Where the rippling waters gleam.

I would not drink though a golden bowl  
 And a tankard of pearl were mine,  
 The wine-vats of France are less dear to my soul  
 Than a drop where the pebbles shine.

Then away, away, with your liquid fire,  
 And your draughts of sparkling wine,  
 But give me the crystal water drawn  
 From the cavern's sparry mine.

## TO R \* \* \* \* \*

—o—

'Tis not alone from age to age  
To live in fame on the deathless page,  
Can wake from out their dreamy rest  
The pinioned thoughts of the poet's breast ;  
But we sometimes dream of a bower of love  
Like those where the angels dwell above,  
And our visions burn, and we long to soar  
To that realm of peace on a fairy shore,  
There to bask in the smiles of her we love  
On that beautiful shore, in that home of the  
Though flowers a lawn in beauty array,  
Though a garden be blooming as Eden's first  
Whilst diamonds shall scatter the palace's gl  
And zephyrs flit by on wings of perfume,  
To me in that dwelling no pleasure could be,  
Wert thou not content to partake it with  
If thou wert not there to give strength to the  
The air would seem tainted with odors of he

\* \* \*

age  
 thless page,  
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But with soil made of iron and skies made of brass,  
 With gales gathering sulphurous fumes as they pass,  
 Though that desert hath nothing of beauteous or  
 fair,  
 Twere as heaven itself if *thou* wert but there !

---

THE SOPHOMORE'S SOLILOQUY.

---

All men seek themselves to please—  
 Some delight to take their ease  
 As or Jones or Arthur. Aye,  
 Some love good whiskey, as John Y.  
 Some love to fill a hungry maw  
 As Phelps with beef-steak done or raw,  
 But other goods I could forego  
 For one good thing— it is Goodloe,

## AN INCIDENT.

— o —

I saw a culprit trembling at the bar,  
And he was sad and penitent, and tears  
Were in his eyes, and sobs broke from his  
His face was young, and wore a childish look  
His form was fragile, and it wildly shook  
With mingled grief and shame. Then came  
Of human shape, in female garments clad,  
Who stood before the judge and took an oath  
And kissed the Book, and swore he was a  
No tear was in her eyes—no sigh escaped  
Her lips—her brow was stern—her voice was  
Yet people said she was his mother.

He was convicted, and the stern decree  
Of rigid justice doomed him to be thrown  
Into a gloomy dungeon, there to lie  
And expiate his crime in company  
With wicked men of every shade of guilt.

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stern decree  
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 shade of guilt.

The judge was merciful, and accents sad  
 Were mingled with the sentence. He deplored  
 The hard necessity which drowned the hopes  
 Of one so young in lasting infamy,  
 And said that he was grieved, and vastly grieved ;  
 But when he would have kindly tempered law  
 With mercy, *she* (?) replied and interfered  
 With cold, high words and stern upbraiding speech ;  
 And *yet* they said she was his mother.

---

### GENIUS AND PLODDER.

---

Genius and plodder both are worms  
 Who draw from learning's leaves their milk.  
 Dull plodder but their shape deforms,  
 Whilst genius spins them into silk.

## F A R E W E L L .



And must I speak the word "Farewell"—  
That word which burns the lips that speak  
And makes the uttering heart so swell,  
It's own deep heavings almost break it?

Ah yes! For thou wilt soon depart,  
But yet shalt cling within the chambers  
Of my so fondly doting heart  
As o'er the oak the vine that clammers.

That lonely heart hath known full well  
The sound so chill and harshly grating,  
As o'er it's chords a cold "farewell"  
Hath swept it's stroke, discord creating.

My soul's stirred fountains, too, could tell  
How from a maiden once I parted,  
Had whose soft hand not pressed farewell,  
I now were dying broken-hearted.

L L .

"Farewell"—  
 The lips that speak  
 Part so swell,  
 Must break it?

Depart,  
 The chambers

at clammers.

Full well  
 Shyly grating,  
 "Farewell"  
 Record creating.

oo, could tell  
 parted,  
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 earted.

Then give the breast whose gentle swell,  
 As to my own 'tis closely pressing,  
 Heaves from it's depths a warm farewell,  
 And soothes it's sadness by caressing.

With those sweet lips which seeming fell  
 From bright Elysium's happy bowers,  
 Whose tender touch imprints farewell,  
 And tints the grief-marked cheek with flowers.

Thus when the slowly-tolling bell  
 Shall tell that I have passed earth's dangers,  
 May I receive a true "Farewell"—  
 At least from friends, if not from strangers.



## THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN

—o—

My childhood's home ! My childhood's home  
How dear, how sweet, that spot to me !  
It e'er shall haunt me if I roam  
O'er rolling land or billowy sea.

The house where I was born ! The house where I was born  
Thrice cherished are those humble walls,  
Which echoed once my infant glee ;  
But ah ! how changed are those dear halls  
They are not what they used to be.

True, I full many faces meet  
Of those of yore I loved to greet,  
But friendship now's not half so sweet  
As when I roved with merry feet,  
About that well loved house—the house where I was born  
Life's fairest hours have flown away,  
And the child that once was young and gay

I WAS BORN

My childhood's home  
 That spot to me!  
 I roam  
 My way sea.

House where I was  
 The humble walls,  
 That glee;  
 The those dear halls  
 Used to be.

Let  
 To greet,  
 If so sweet  
 Merry feet,  
 House where I was  
 Worn away,  
 Was young and gay

To manhood's years fast hastens on—

Oh heavens!—my childhood's days are gone.

Old Time has touched both heads and hearts,

The first has turned to grey,

Some of the latter torn in parts,

And some has worn away.

A sister's soul has floated on,

A brother's and a father's gone

To the bright realm of endless day;

And now my soul, left sad and lone—

Aye, friendless and forlorn—

In grief must mourn o'er pleasures gone.

Oh! I could weep it's depths away

O'er the house where I was born.

## TO JENNIE.

—o—

There is a music in the voiceless air,  
 A melody the silent woods among,  
 A joy to wander where the ring-doves pair,  
 To wonder whence our new-born feelings sprang  
 When life is innocence and love is young,  
 For then the lightsome heart delights to sing  
 Such strains as first in Eden's bowers were sung  
 Whilst youth and hope with untold raptures sang  
 To joy's empyrean on swift unfaltering wing.

Truth, modesty, and virtue, each are gems  
 Which loftiest monarchs might rejoice to own  
 As brightest in most dazzling diadems,  
 And but the pure ingenuous alone  
 Possess the virtues which adorn a throne ;  
 Whilst all of these concentrated are in thee  
 As unto all who know thee must be known,  
 And those who love thee join this prayer with me  
 " Such as thou now art, Jennie, may'st thou ever be "

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THE SHAMROCK.\* AN IRISH SONG.

— o —

AIR—" *The Soldier's Dream* "

The Shamrock !— Old Erin's green Shamrock !  
The glory of mountain and plain !

We'll drown the bright leaves of the Shamrock,  
And drink to old Ireland again.

Then fill we the bowl richly foaming  
With spirits bright sparkling and free,

Wherever on earth I am roaming,  
Sweet Ireland, I'll drink unto thee.

The home of O'Connell and Emmett  
And thousands of such who are gone,

Awakens a love without limit,  
In every dutiful son.

Irish Catholics celebrate the 17th of March as the anniversary of the death of the great saint, St. Patrick, who is said to have been condemned to drink poison when the sentence was executed, it is said he dipped the leaves of the shamrock in the poison and blessed it, when it became innocuous and he was allowed with impunity. The shamrock is a three-leaved plant, nearly identical with the clover, and peculiar to Ireland. On St. Patrick's Day the ceremony of drowning the shamrock is performed by dipping the leaves in spirits and drinking them.

Although he may wretchedly travel,  
And wander from clime unto clime,  
No spell from his heart can unravel  
The fancies of youth's joyous prime.

Although he may gaze with emotion,  
On beauties of tropic and pole,  
'That bright little isle of the ocean,  
Yet reigneth supreme in his soul.  
Then fill we the bowl, richly foaming,  
With spirits bright sparkling and free,  
Wherever on earth I am roaming,  
Sweet Ireland, I'll drink unto thee.

## THE GIRLS OF GUELPH.\*



When I begin to sing this song,  
 'Tis not to please myself ;  
 But just to yield the homage due  
 The lovely girls of Guelph.  
 When I behold their glossy hair  
 Done up in nets or curled,  
 Them I am tempted to declare  
 The loveliest in the world.

### CHORUS.

And when I see their jaunty caps,  
 Their dresses neat and gay,  
 I have to hide my eyes for fear  
 They'll steal my heart away.

I love to note their lively talk,  
 To hear their cheerful voice,

---

This song was written after the introduction was in press.

And there is something in their walk  
To make the ear rejoice.  
For there is music in the fall  
Of lightly stepping feet,  
As, lithe and joyous, large or small  
Go tripping down the street.

CHORUS.—But when I see their jaunty caps,  
Their dresses neat and gay,  
I have to hide my eyes for fear  
They'll steal my heart away.

Then let the world go as it will,  
The wise will happy be,  
And I of bliss will drink my fill,  
As long as it is free.  
So whilst I'm stopping in the town  
I will not seek for pelf;  
But that I may not win a frown  
From any girl in Guelph.

CHORUS.—For when I see their jaunty caps, &c

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

—o—

In youth, two cherished passions glow—  
 One fraught with joy, and one with woe.

Love lifts it's bold attractive light,  
 And beams through the expanse of night,  
 Bright, rosy, beautiful and fair  
 As flames of glory gathered there,  
 So bright it's dancing columns are,  
 Each blaze a sun, each spark a star.

As insects tempted by the blaze  
 Of beauty's keen and dazzling rays,  
 We too are prone (poor witless things)  
 To fly too near and scorch our wings.  
 How often, when most blest we seem,  
 We find that but the meteor's gleam  
 Has led to a more dismal shade,  
 Our hopes destroyed, our trust betrayed!



Not so with friendship's calmer ray,  
Which sweetly smiles upon our way  
In fortune's hour and danger's day.  
Oft when a dark and gathering gloom,  
More awful than the shadowy tomb,  
Hath whelmed us in it's deathlike state;  
When love itself is drowned in hate,  
And madness, in it's withering stain,  
Hath almost steeped the reeling brain,  
Sweet friendship, like a fairy, comes  
To raise for us enchanted domes,  
Waves once on high her wand of white,  
The day-beam dawns, and all is light.

Then trust not to love's flitting beam,  
Which sports on hope's deceitful stream  
Awhile, and promises to stay,  
And ere we turn is flown away;  
But rather court the cheerful glow  
Of friendship, calm and sweet as even,  
Which seemeth doomed to bud below,  
Yet cannot blossom but in Heaven.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD  
STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.



It was a bleak and cloudy day  
A pretty child had gone astray.  
The lightning wished to snatch a kiss  
From one so beauteous and so gay;  
It seized one rapturous smack of bliss,  
And kissed the tiny thing away.

---

THE WARNING.



She that in man her trust reposes,  
May thread awhile a path of roses;  
But, underneath the flowers spread  
A wily serpent hides his head.

## DO I NOT LOVE THEE ?



Do I not love thee ? Ask my soul  
Hath it a single thought  
Which bows not to thy sweet control,  
By love's omniscience taught.

Love thee ? Ah yes ! My heart's best  
From tenor to deep bass,  
Make music at thy gentle words,  
Moved by thy spirit's grace.

Say, are the stars true to their tryst,  
And to the queenly moon ?  
And would I leave thee ? Well, I wist  
They'd leave her train as soon.

Say, do the flowers love the sun,  
Or feel his cheering ray ?  
Then, would I lose thee, darling one ?  
Nay, sooner *him* would *they*.

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My heart's best  
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Doth the refreshing flowret's bloom  
 Cheer the industrious bee ?  
 Yet sooner from it's rich perfume  
*He'd* turn than *I* from *thee*.

---

THE CHALLENGE.

—o—  
 Said John to Bill the other day,  
 I'll beat you, it is flat,  
 Just let me try what pleases me,  
 I'll beat you bad at that.

Ah, yes, I know you can, quoth Bill,  
 The other day we tried  
 The only thing that e'er pleased you—  
 To see which one out-lied.

## TO THE INFIDEL.



Rash mortal, who, puffed up with pride,  
Would'st Heaven's majesty deride,  
Hast thou explored the tide which flows  
Beneath the frozen polar snows,  
To prove God's goodness doth not shine  
Amid the splendors of the surging brine ?  
Or hast thou faced it's angry swell,  
To hear the tropic storm-bird tell  
That He is all devoid of power  
Who rules the tempest's vengeful hour ?

Presumptuous man, say, can'st thou throw  
Across the heavens yon matchless bow ?  
Cans't thou, in thy dark hour of wrath,  
Direct the simoon's wasting path ?  
Or can thy puny efforts stay  
The lightnings on their stormy way ?

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*Then* may'st thou, man, the clod, compare  
 With Him who hung the globe in air—  
 With Him who rules in boundless bliss  
 Ten thousand brighter worlds than this!

---

E P I T A P H S .

---

ON AN OLD MAID.

Here lies a woman, lived single her life,  
 No vows of love could then shake her,  
 So when Beelzebub looks for a wife,  
 She'll suit, and we think he will take her.

ON AN OLD BACHELOR.

A fellow's grave in this spot you here view,  
 Who shunned all the women, (dod rot him,)  
 We long had thought him the devil's own due,  
 And now the "nigger" has got him.

## M Y D R E A M .



If dreams always speak true, my dear,  
Why then in truth 'tis you, my dear,  
That I will likely marry.

I dreamed I saw two bubbles thrown  
Upon a bright and sparkling river,  
One was thy heart, and one mine own—  
There sweetly doomed to float forever.

But ah!—the brightest dreams will fade—  
Rich laurels wither—  
Oft Hope flies to some darksome shade—  
We know not whither!

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

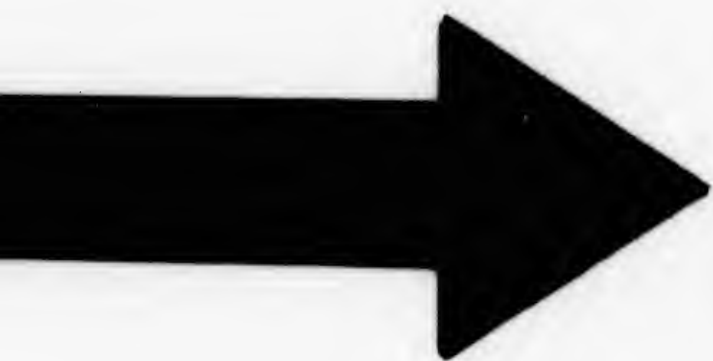


'Tis sad to love and not be loved ;  
But yet, a keener, deeper smart  
It's lasting pungency hath proved  
On many a noble, trusting heart.

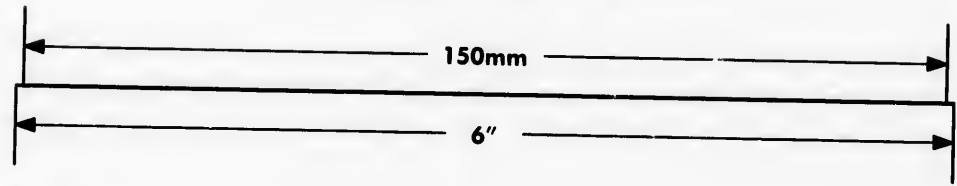
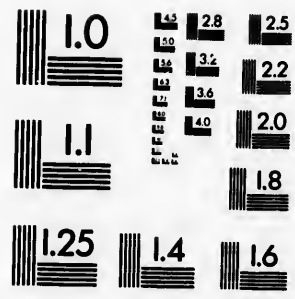
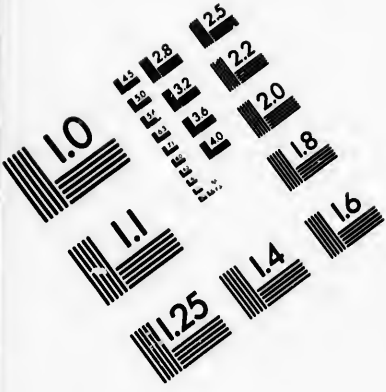
When hopes we once have madly cherished,  
Have, like the rainbow's glories, perished,  
And drowned their bright but fleeting forms,  
Like them, amid the wreck of storms—  
When favors which we deemed our own  
As drift upon the tide are thrown,  
And smiles, deemed more than heavenly fair,  
Become as wanton as the air,  
The soul, aghast o'er trust betrayed,  
Views with dismay each flower and blade,  
Once fresh and blooming, turned to dust,  
And quenches worship in disgust.







# IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



**APPLIED IMAGE, Inc.**  
 1653 East Main Street  
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 Fax: 716/288-5989

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It is as if a sweeping wave  
Should overwhelm one in a gloomy cave,  
Where toads and lizards creep in flocks,  
And serpents line the slimy rocks,  
And leave him there in rayless night,  
Without a torch or match to light!

*Life* yet remains, but no relief  
Can soothe its unremitting grief.  
The ringing shout of joyous youth,  
The generous smile of love and truth,  
The rapid flight of happy hours,  
The birds, the trees, the fields, the flowers,  
The breezes murmuring gently by,  
But mock its woe—'twere sweet to die.

The wretch immediate struck to death  
Feels pangs, to his, how faint and narrow!  
Who draws a more extended breath,  
Yet sees the poison on the arrow.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON THE LIKENESS OF A BEAUTIFUL  
YOUNG LADY.

—o—

I o'er thy face could spend my days  
From one each night to next at one,  
Did not, sweet maid, our raptured gaze  
Grow dim from resting on the sun.

## AN ACROSTIC.

—o—

Lady, once thy name could move me ;  
In my heart's bright bowers then  
Zephyrs played and bade me love thee ;  
Zeal can not urge me thus again.  
In my soul a breach is cleft—  
Eyrie of it's eaglets rest.

## T O M A T T I E .

— o —

I wandered where the waving sedge  
Hung beautifully tipped with dew  
Along a purling streamlet's edge,  
As if to catch the passer's view.

The water-lily's gaudy charms  
Shone too upon my wondering eye,  
And, bulrushes whose stately forms  
Majestically rose on high.

But none of these gave half the joy  
Of one small flower my gaze that met.  
It shunned each breeze that sought toy--  
Sweet, tiny, modest violet.

Hence showy things shall charm me never  
Whilst present memories are mine;  
But this shall be my anthem ever:  
"Hail Modesty, thou nymph divine!"

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Returning thoughts that pleasant hour  
 Have often given to my view,  
 Till now I find the charming flower,  
 Sweet friend, daguerreotyped in you.

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NELLY. A SONG.

---

Green, green is the sod of the valley,  
 Where my Nelly's loved form doth low lie,  
 No grief with her soul can now dally,  
 It has winged it's bright way to the sky.

Then there let the loved one sweet rest her  
 In peace by the murmuring stream,  
 For oh! how Heaven has blest her,  
 To wake her from misery's dream!



## T O A G N E S .

—o—

When we the sun rich-gleaming view,  
 It's brilliant light grows dim, yet dimmer ;  
 But when, sweet girl, we look on you  
 At every glance new beauties glimmer.

As, if between two looking-glasses  
 A person or an object stand,  
 From each to each the image passes,  
 Thus forming one unending band ;

So you in vain attempt to smother  
 Each virtue, each delightful grace.  
 Thrown from your soul, they seek the other  
 Bright mirror—that your charming face.

But bubbles, when their fair forms gain  
 More beams of brightly budding beauty,  
 Quite soon dissolve in gentle rain,  
 As if this were each fair thing's duty.

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Then let this be of thoughts thy first:  
 Improve what virtues God has given,  
 That you, whene'er life's bubbles burst,  
 May shed your airy soul to heaven.

---

### GOODNIGHT.

—o—

"Goodnight—goodnight." It is a pleasant sound,  
 Though often used with thoughts of sadness.  
 How prone to make the wearied heart to bound  
 With feelings of remembered gladness!  
 It brings the mind to thoughts of other years,  
 When purer, holier motives bound us—  
 It steeps the eyes awhile in transient tears,  
 Then lo! our childhood's scenes surround us.  
 Dost not remember, when thy tender tongue  
 First bathed itself in words of prayer,

How, kneeling by thy bedside oft and long,  
 Thy mother pleaded for thee there?  
 Dost not remember when she left your bed,  
 Ere she withdrew those eyes of light,  
 She kissed you—you embracing said,  
 "Oh, mother, mother dear, Goodnight?"

Hast thou a loved one whom thy soul can claim—  
 Whose every heart-string, turned to yours,  
 Vibrates in music at your cherished name,  
 And thence it's richest accents pours?  
 Dost not remember when thy pleasant stay  
 Hath seen the stars begin their flight,  
 As tremblingly within your arms she lay,  
 She whispered sweetly, "Love, Goodnight"?

Well may we revel in the dreams of youth,  
 It's darling hopes we well may cherish,  
 For there enshrined in love and peace and truth,  
 Each dear remembrance cannot perish;

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But yet shall well up in the desert heart  
 Those waters pure and fresh and bright,  
 No other spell could half so soon impart  
 As friendship's cherished word, Goodnight.

---

L O V E .

---

Doth there bloom in grove or bower  
 A beauteous and sweet-scented flower,  
 In whose very breath is power?  
 Yes, there doth.—That flower is Love.  
 In the city, in the wildwood,  
 In old age, in youth, in childhood,  
 Everywhere, a thing so mild should,  
 Gentlest maiden—there blooms love.

If you meet a boy called Cupid,  
 Whether he looks bright or stupid,  
 Or as if he had been duped,  
 Shun his glances—it is love.

Guard thee from his tiny arrows,  
 Although they seem but made for sparrows,  
 When his bow he greatly narrows,  
     Larger game are struck by love.

Is there that which you can never  
 From my inmost bosom sever  
 Whilst shall flow my life's red river ?  
     Dearest Fannie, it is love.  
 Then I wish I were his dart, love,  
 I would pass each other heart, love,  
 But I would make *thine* smart, love,  
     Then, in truth, we *both* would love.

---

THE WITLING.

---

There is a man who needs to learn,  
     But were he wise would know it ;  
 The would-be wit wins but contempt  
     From him he calls " The Poet."

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## TO ANNA. A SONNET.



I sometimes dream of honor and of glory,  
And both of these desire for Anna's sake,  
For her, content to toil till time is hoary,  
For her, to leave the tempest in my wake,  
To trap the lion's cub or tame the snake,  
Careless if I but win her single smile,  
Though all the world with frenzied scorn should quake,  
My feverish temples burn, my racked bones ache.  
'Tis true, I cannot trudge the weary mile,  
Nor have I learned to till the fruitful soil,  
But I have noted well the graceful rhyme,  
That fairy music from some distant isle,  
And therewith blend thy name to last sublime,  
Unworn by winter and untrenched by time.

THE GIRLS OF GARAFRAXA. A SONG.

— o —

AIR—“*The Girl I left behind me.*”

In coming to this land of snow  
 From one which is more kindly,  
 I could not tell which way to go,  
 But cast about me blindly,  
 Until I found with glad surprise,  
 That Lincoln could not tax the  
 Bright rosy cheeks and smiling eyes,  
 Of the Girls of Garafraxa.

CHORUS—Then ye who love to loudly boast,  
 Of beauty's proud galaxy,  
 Come fill the bowl -- we'll drink a toast  
 To the Girls of Garafraxa.

I came — I saw — 'twas sweet to learn  
 Kings cannot win all beauty,  
 But I myself am free to yearn,  
 With all a true heart's duty.

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KA. A SONG.

And though I cannot sing a song  
 Like Bryant or like Saxe,  
 I yet could rhyme the whole day long  
 To the Girls of Garafraxa.

CHORUS—Then ye who love to loudly boast, &c.

And now determined I've become,  
 If I can make the weather,  
 To coax one to go with me home,  
 In wedlock's binding tether.  
 But then agen, I dinna ken,  
 For I hae got a tickle  
 Frae ae sweet lass—a bonnie frien'—  
 Ane whilk I met frae Nichol.

CHORUS—Then drain the bowl, an' dinna fret,  
 Or say I'm growing fickle,  
 For whiles there's drink I'll no forget.  
 The lass I met frae Nichol.\*

I cannot vouch for the correctness of the Scotch in the above, as my acquaintance with that language is only casual.



T O \* \* \* \*

—o—

Think not the strongest love will last,  
When too severely tried.

The ridged oak totters to the blast,  
And flint is crumbled by the tide.

The bust another's arm enslaves  
Cannot be clasped by mine.  
With one that varies as the waves  
My soul will not combine.

The head which weights another's breast  
Can never rest on this ;  
The lips another's lips have pressed  
To mine can bring no bliss.

And yet I scorn to seek relief  
From pangs conferred by thee ;  
But still will smile and bear my grief,  
With inward drops of agony.

## TO LILAH.



This heart ne'er gave to foe a place  
Until I saw fair Lilah's face.  
I saw. 'Twas but a single glance,  
Yet never was a stroke of lance,  
Or cast of dart more swift and true,  
Or passed it's aim more fairly through.  
That heart had stood a target-spot  
For many a well-aimed deadly shot :  
But interest often,—often pride,  
Had turned the well-aimed barb aside ;  
Till now it entered manhood's prime,  
Unscathed and all untouched by time.  
The twig which bends when zephyrs blow,  
May snap, and none it's fall will know,  
But all the forest feels the stroke,  
When lightnings dash the storm-beat oak.  
Had it but fallen when fresh and young,  
Ere grief its tender nerves had strung,

It then had been no noble deed,  
To make the stripling tyro bleed.  
But thou hast fought and conquered well,  
As he who feels shuns not to tell,  
But yields content to love's sweet pain,  
Since art and valor both are vain,  
To ward the spell of light that lies,  
Sweet Lilah, in those dark bright eyes.

---

S E C O N D   L O V E .

---

Some have said that when delivered  
Of first love the heart is shivered,  
    But believe, believe them not ;  
For when other eyes are gazing  
On our own, and we are grazing  
    On other charms, those are forgot.

Thus the bright and tiny birdlet,  
Though her warmest blood is curdled  
By the deed of some rash boy,  
All her young so cruel slaying,  
To some greener bower straying,  
Soon eclipses former joy.

Thus the brooklet, brightly gleaming,  
Stopped by ruthless dam whilst streaming,  
Sobs it's little self to sleep,  
Whilst it's heart, though sad with grieving,  
Dreams of vengeance dire is weaving.  
And soon makes a livelier leap.

Thus the bow, when, closely bending,  
It nearest comes to rudely rending,  
At this time springs strongest back,  
Thus the heart, when nearest breaking,  
In itself most strength is waking,  
But weakens when it's chords are slack.

## A PICTURE.



My fair can match in Beauty's court  
The brightest bud that blows ;  
See, Love has limned her form in sport  
With lily and with rose ;

Till now he sought the violet's hue  
To tint that matchless eye,  
Whose sun-lit well of heavenly dew  
Would tempt a king to die.

And then he shore the garden sun  
Of half its golden beams,  
And bade them o'er her shoulders run  
In ever rippling streams.

Now piled two heaps of drifted snow  
Upon that peerless breast,  
Soft pillows for his tender brow  
In times of sweetest rest.

I thought that bust would lose its mould,  
If by this arm once bound.

I clasped. Within the passionate fold  
It grew more full and round.

I thought that cheek would bloom less fair,  
If nestled close to this,

I pressed it, and I found that there  
It bloomed in fresher bliss.

The roses from those lips one kiss  
Of mine I feared would sever.

I sipped from that sweet cup of bliss,  
Left rosier now than ever.

Those liquid eyes, you well may know,

I thought my sight would dim,

Yet they, as we in passion grow,

In richer lustre swim.

Now who would find a sweeter lass,

Must roam this wide world over,

And, when the last clime he shall pass,

Must wander still a rover.

## A S O N G

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY A MEXICAN POET ON THE EVENT  
OF THE AMERICAN INVASION.

—o—

Oh! what a land for poetry and dreams,  
Where every morn and every twilight teems  
With beauty, whilst from every chapparal bough  
A warbler flutters as on springtime's brow,  
And ever rises in spiritual strains  
The unsung music of her matchless plains!  
Here age sees rainbowed in his glistening tears  
The boyhood's sports which charmed his ears  
Again he leads the hacienda dance, [y  
Again he learns to couch the trembling lance,  
Again he woos the maid by moonlight sheen,  
Again his steed o'erleaps the broad ravine.  
Ah! who can bear to live, when scenes like these  
Have ceased to move—nay, e'en have ceased  
please?  
But if the pleasant landscape's plea you spurn  
Lo! where on high your country's mountains b

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She should have found you in her time of woes  
 As firm as these—she finds you soft as those,  
 Arise, ye sons of Mexico!—be brave!—  
 Who slumbers longer is a willing slave.  
 Arise!—a stranger's step pollutes your shore!—  
 Arise, and strike, or dare to rise no more!

It is enough. The minstrel's song is ended,  
 And softly dies it's cadence through the vale,  
 But with the breeze it's stirring words are blended,  
 And still it murmurs in the pregnant gale.

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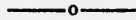
A M O T T O .

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Kind words once spoken leave their trains of light  
 As comets in the beamless arch of night ;  
 But unkind ones, as freshets, leave behind  
 Their heaps of drift upon the furrowed mind.



## THE TEAR.



I would I were a tiny tear,  
To glide adown thy flushing cheek ;  
For oh ! the pressure I would make  
Would be so sweetly light and weak !

I would not leave my resting place,  
As many foolish drops would do ;  
But steal unto thy ruby lips,  
And sip their heavenly nectar too.

Oh ! I would sit so softly there,  
You'd let me stay and kiss fore'er ;  
From you such sweetness should I catch,  
I could not seem a naughty tear.

THE END.

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