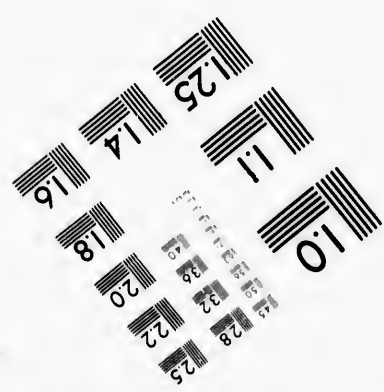
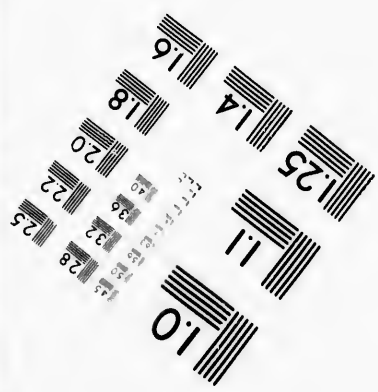
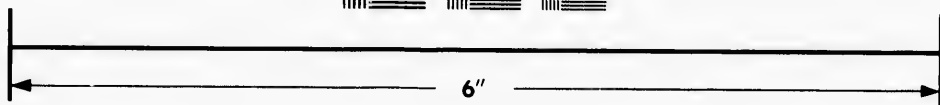
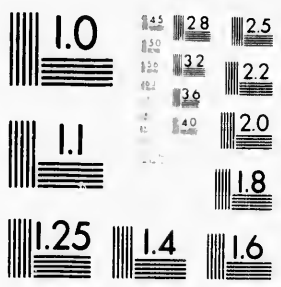


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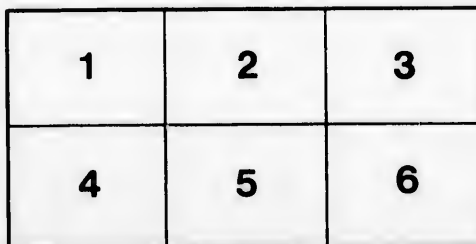
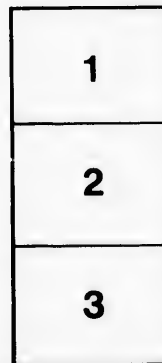
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—♦THE♦—

Star of Liberty

AND

OTHER POEMS.

ANNIE E. ROBINSON,

PROPRIETOR.

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The Star of Liberty.

Star of Liberty or Beacon light of Liberty was written to commemorate the landing and setelement of the first American colonists.

We bid adieu to oppression's toil,
We will build our homes on American soil,
We will clear the land and sow the seed
And raise all the breadstuffs that we need.

We will plant the apple, fig and vine
And have an abundance of fruit and wine.
The best of all we will be free,
We will lay the Cornerstone of Liberty.

We will found a Nation great and wise
Who's glory will extend unto the skies.
To her all nations will bow and bend the knee,
And she will be the beacon light of liberty.

This light will shine from pole to pole
Until it covers the earth as a whole ;
And all mankind the glory they will see
Of this blessed light of liberty.

POCAHONTAS.

[The author was induced to write Pocahontas by reading in a public journal that America lacked national songs. That although Longfellow had written his Hiawatha, yet we had no poetry worthy to commemorate the name and fame of Pocahontas—one who above all others lies buried deep in the hearts of the American people.]

When history records the deeds of the past,
In it will be found the Pocahontas story.
Her name will live, while memory lasts,
For her heroic acts of goodness and glory.

It was on Virginia soil,
Where Captain John Smith's little band
Were enduring hardships and toil
And clearing for themselves some land.

To make a new home they had begun
Away over the sea in the new world ;
With no protection but fort and gun
And Britain's flag unfurled.

Pocahontas, a little Indian child,
Our history does relate ;
Although by nature wild,
She saved our Country's fate.

The Indians had laid their bloody plans
To scalp and murder all the Whites ;
Said they had come to steal their lands
And rob them of their rights.

"This little girl, in greatness of heart,"
To Captain Smith she ran ;
For from her new friends she could not part
So she told him of the bloody plan.

She said the Indians had formed a plot
To scalp and murder every white.
"Into the Fort gather every one you've got
Or you will all be killed this very night."

The bells were tolled, and news was sent
All through this little settlement and town.
Into the fort all quietly went
When the Indians came not one they found.

Inside the fort came thoughts of home
And dear friends in their native lands,
And how to America they did roam
To be slain by savage bands.

O! that awful, dreadful night,
What great suspense and fear,
Many expecting death before the light
Of blessed morning would appear.

The children cried and sobbed in fright,
The mothers prayed in trembling fear,
The fathers nerved up for the fight
Resolved to sell their lives most dear.

In the darkness of the night
Around the fort the Indians could be seen ;
When they saw no chance for fight
They looked sneaking, low and mean.

When appeared the light of day
And the glorious sun did rise,
To their homes they went their way
Praising Pocahontas to the skies.

Not content with their defeat
The Indians another plan did make ;
They caught Smith, bound his hands and feet,
And tied him to a stake.

There he stood with bated breath,
While the Indians did hoot and yell,
And danced around him the dance of death.
They appeared to him like imps from hell.

Some thought to burn him at the stake,
Others wished his scalp and blood.
The last plan they did make
Was to kill him with a club.

Upon a rock they laid his head ;
The club was raised that laid all low ;
One moment more he would be dead,
But Pocahontas saved the fatal blow.

As she was the daughter of the Chief
And dearly loved by every heart,
To her pleading she gained relief,
And Smith was permitted to depart.

This Indian maiden of the wood
Was gentle, kind and mild ;
So very merciful and good,
Yet she was nature's tutored child.

Here was true nobility of heart and mind,
Devoid of selfishness or greed ;
And such as she we rarely find
In any nation race or creed.

Pocahontas was of royal birth ;
She descended from a line of Chiefs and Kings,
Who were great men and of great worth
And to their tribes were judges in all things.

The whites stole this Princess from her home ;
This near broke Chief Powhatton's heart
For he was old and could not live alone,
And from his idol grieved to part.

Pocahontas appeared almost divine ;
John Rolfe, a rich planter's son
Worshipped at her shrine,
And her heart and hand he won.

Invented by England's king
This Princess crossed the sea ;
Her Consort also she did bring,
And they were feted by royalty.

Well may the noble and the proud,
The Statesman who holds the governmental reins,
Boast and proclaim aloud
Of having Pocahontas' blood run through their veins.



THE ROBIN.

My favorite warbler has returned,
I love to hear him sing ;
His absence I have mourned
That messenger of Spring.

His song it wakes me in the morn
And cheers me through the day ;
I would feel sad and look forlorn
If with me he would not stay.

On the robin the American dotes ;
Between them there is a tie ;
When they hear his warbling notes
They know that spring is nigh.

No first-class country seat
Or rural home in town
Is thought to be complete
Where the robin is not found.

When the autumn winds begin to blow
To southern climes he wings his way ;
He has a dread for winter snow
And where 'tis cold he will not stay.

Robin tell me where did'st thou roam,
Or where hast thou stayed
And all about your winter home,
And your coming so long delayed ?

In thy flight through distant lands
You did not lose your way,
Nor fall by cruel hands
Or from us wish to stay.

You are so cheerful and so bright
So sportful, brilliant and so gay ;
Your song commences ere 'tis light
And lasts the whole long day.

That tree has been thy summer home
For many, many years.
You and your mate can live alone
In its boughs and have no fears.



The Sage's Advice to the Youth.

[The author was prompted to write the following lines by receiving a visit from a dear friend whom he had not seen in many years, who, in youth and early manhood had showed signs of very superior intellectual abilities and gave promise of a brilliant future, but alas, all hope was gone. Dissipation had begun its deadly work.]

A youth he met a grey-haired sage
Who still looked wise though bent with age,
The youth says father please do me tell
How to draw deep from wisdom's well.

The sage replied in a silvery voice :
Blest are those that make this choice,
Happiness and great length of days
Are for those who walk in wisdoms ways.

My son, I wish to impress on you a truth,
The greatest dangers in life are the errors of youth;
But all through life you must beware
Of evil temptation's snare.

Many are born with appetites and passions strong
That lead them captive right along
Unless they use all their strength of brain
Those appetites and passions to restrain.

I have seen the statesman and the priest
Drink and revel at the feast.
I have seen the loveliest lady you could meet
Become a drunken outcast in the street.

None are safe unless they can control
Their passions and love for the flowing bowl.
Millions on these rocks does strand ;
But blest are those that can temptation stand.

O youth, go thou thy way and evil temptation shun;
Think how all things may end before they are begun;
But to have great wisdom come to you
You must work, reason and be just and true.

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THE MISER.

[The Author well remembers in childhood days at the old farm house in the long winter evenings while sitting around the open fire-place or by the flickering light of a candle, hearing old people tell ghost and fairy stories. They would tell how some people, especially gamblers and misers made money so fast. Such people they said always sold their souls to the devil and ever after would be successful in all their undertakings to make money. They would give a very accurate description of his majesty. He always had wings, horns and cloven feet, and around one ankle was nine links of a chain and his eyes glistened like fire. Satan sometimes might hide his identity, but he nearly always left a sulphurous smell behind him.]

A miser was in his vaults one day
Counting how much he was worth.
He dropped on his knees and began to pray :
Oh God give me the wealth of the earth.
He also prayed from the bottom of his heart
That from his treasures he never should part.

A spectre appeared as one rose from the dead
And attentively to his prayers did listen.
The spectre had wings and horns on its head
And its eyes like fire did glisten.
Please Sir, said the miser, tell me your name
And from whence you came.

Spectre replies, I am Satan, I came from below
And to you great riches can give ;
If after ten years you will with me go
Down in my regions to live.
Yes, I will buy your soul
And pay for it in silver and gold.

The miser replies, if you will agree to give
Me heaps of silver and gold
And promise me twenty years more to live,

I will in return give you my soul.
The bargain shall be as you say,
Said Satan as he went his way.

The gold it came as with a flood
The silver gushed in streams;
His hands were red with dead men's blood
And all his friends were fiends.
Oh! how unenviable was the lot
Of this gold worshipping sot.

Not one high or noble thought
'Ere passed through this miser's mind.
Gold and silver was all he sought,
And the oppression of mankind.
In all his talks his theme was gold,
After the devil had bought his soul.

Time flew by with lightening speed.
The miser's heart became like steal,
Nothing could satisfy his hellish greed
But gold and to make others feel
That he was the lion of the hour,
And the centre of the moneyed power.

On a dark and dismal night
A loud rap was heard on the door.
Who's there! said the miser in a fright;
A voice—its Satan! Time with you shall be no more!
Hurry up, make ready to come away,
The twenty years is up to-day.

Miser says, is it possible, now I am old
That from my riches I must part!
No, I will take with me all my gold
For that is the idol of my heart.
Satan replies: "You can not take your gold;
With that I will buy another soul."

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Your honor, Satan, as you are my only friend
There is one thing I request of you to do,
It is my contract to amend,
And I will make it favorable to you :
That is, let me take along my gold
And I will assign you my wife's and children's souls.

Miser, I must say you are a fool,
Knowest thou not, we are subject to a higher power !
I have used you as my tool,
But now has arrived the fatal hour.
Satan seized the miser, and gave a hideous yell,
Both disappeared in the darkness, leaving a brim-
stone smell.



SPRING.

Of all the seasons in the year
The Spring man loves the best,
Nature seems to him so dear
As she awakes from her long rest.

Spring melts the snow upon the hills
And breaks winters icy bands ;
She fills the streams that turns the mills
That brings gladness to all lands.

She decks the fields with living green,
She fills the land with flowers ;
Her beauty everywhere is to be seen
In sunshine and in showers.

In the fields the birds doth sing
Their songs they fill the air ;
They also make the woodland ring
And there is music everywhere.

Up the streams the fish they go,
The frogs they croak and sing,
The husbandman's crops they fast do grow
And there is life in everything.

The milkmaid now appears so gay,
The ploughboy he doth merrily sing
And all of nature seems to say :
Rejoice with me 'tis spring.

All hail to nature's wondrous plan
For she to us great blessings bring ;
It is the living, dying wish of man
For an eternal Spring.



