

AMARANTH BLOOMS:

A COLLECTION OF

Embodied Poetical Thoughts,

BY

MRS. S. S. SMITH.



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TO VMI
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TO
MY AFFECTIONATE FRIENDS,
THESE POEMS ARE
VERY RESPECTFULLY, GRATEFULLY,
AND MOST SINCERELY,
INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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The Minstrel's Bride.

THE silver lamps shed a festal light
 O'er the young and fair that met that night,
 To list to a minstrel's thrilling strains,
 Where the sweet Wair flow'd o'er the verdant plains.
 The soft prelude with its rounding swell,
 Trembled a moment, then rose and fell !
 Then changed to a clear and pealing strain,
 That shook each antique Oriel pane,
 While the silent throng held their breath to hear,
 As those silvery notes died on the ear !

Whence came that strain, with its wildering spell ?
 Not from the organ's deep-toned swell !
 Nor flute, nor clarion, breathed the lay,—
 'Twas a youth that sang ; the kindling ray
 Of his dark eye shone like a diamond bright,—
 More clear and soft than the Opal's light.
 His pale high brow, like a maiden's fair,
 Crown'd with clustering curls of raven hair,
 Wore a calm, serene, and holy light,
 Like the jewel'd brow of a starry night !

All hearts were stir'd by that glorious strain,
 'Till tears fell fast like the summer rain !
 But there was one 'mid the charmed throng,



A high-born maiden, fair and young ;
Who with parted lips, and kindling eye,
With long-drawn breath, and heaving sigh,
Listen'd that warbled strain so clear,
With a strange delight, half blent with fear ;
And thoughts awoke in her breast that hour,
Which ting'd her life with their hue and power !

Was it the tones of that melting lay
That woke in her breast love's dawning ray ?
Or the thrilling glance of that soul-lit eye,
Ting'd her maiden cheek with the crimson dye ?
Love's mystery none perchance may tell :—
Or how to avoid love's blinding spell.
At her Sire's command her vows were given,
Vows pledg'd on earth,—yet unbles'd in heaven,—
To an heir of wealth, and a titled name,
But her heart returned no answering flame !

They stood within a myrtle bower,
The gifted one, whose only dower,
Was the tones of a voice, whose varied play
Held countless hearts 'neath their magic sway.
And she, the heir of a princely line,
The bright, the fair-hair'd GERALDINE,—
With a form as bright as the rainbow's smile,
And a heart unstain'd by earthly guile,—
With her sunny brow and glance of mirth,
The joy of her father's home and hearth.

But tears had dim'd her beaming eyes,
Their hyacinth hue, of summer skies,
Wore a sorrowing look : a tearful shower
Fell fast as she sought her garden bower ;
But a tall form darken'd the casement there,
'Twas LEANDRO, bowed in mute despair !
He had waited long for the light foot-fall,
Of the lady who held his heart in thrall ;
To look once more on her peerless brow,
Ere she breathed to another, her marriage vow,

The minstrel rais'd his drooping head,
As he heard the sound of her gentle tread,
Like a fairy vision of splendor bright,
She stood before his 'wilder'd sight,
In her bridal robes, The brilliant zone
'Round her slender waist with diamonds shone,—
The shining braids of her golden hair,
Gleam'd with Eastern pearls, and diamonds rare,
Her soft eyes dim'd with a tearful haze,
Droop'd 'neath the light of his mournful gaze.

With a voice that seem'd in its altered tone,
Brimfull of tears, like a sobbing moan,
He bade adieu,—while her hand he press'd,
But the lady clung to his throbbing breast.
Her trembling lips essayed to speak,
While the crimson fled from her lip and cheek,
Oh, leave me not, she murmur'd low,

While the burning tears began to flow ;
 Rank, friends, and fortune, I resign,
 Far leave henceforth, to call thee mine !

Like a torrent's force by the spring unchain'd,
 Flow'd the words of love, ere while restrained,—
 While he held her close to his yearning breast,
 And the tale of his hopeless love confess'd !
 Still, he bade her think of his lowly state,
 Of her father's halls, left desolate ;
 Of the grief that might dim his silver hair,
 And deepen the lines of age and care.
 Oh, leave me not, she murmur'd clear,
 Or my bridal couch shall be my bier !

* * * * *

There were sounds of footsteps hurrying nigh,
 As the stars gleam'd out in the evening sky,—
 While they sought in vain, thro' each lonely tower,
 Through the Castle halls, and the lady's bower,
 For the missing bride,—from the lake's dim shore
 They were speeding swift, to return no more !
 The alarm bell rang, from each mountain height,
 As a stately brig cheer'd their yearning sight.
 They gain'd her deck, as she waiting lay,—
 Ere the morning dawn'd, they were far away.

One year had pass'd, like a blissful dream,
 In their cottage home, by a sylvan stream.
 No clouds had darken'd their smiling sky,—

No tears had dim'd the young bride's eye,
Save those that blister'd each pleading line,
Return'd unread, without word or sign,
That she e'er might hope to be forgiven.
If there be a sin, that angers heaven,
'Tis accursed pride,—the rich man's scorn
Of the virtuous poor, and lowly born!

Their little wealth, though spent with care,
Had pass'd, like the breath of the mountain air.
Again the minstrel's notes were heard,
All hearts once more, by his strains were stir'd,—
Proud nobles joined in the meed of praise;
His pale brow shone 'neath a wreath of bays!
His fair bride sat, as in days of yore,
With her soft eyes veil'd 'neath the blond she wore.
But her haughty kinsmen glanc'd with scorn
On her who had wed with the lowly born!

Leandro gazed with a flashing eye,
His pale cheek flush'd to a crimson dye,
As he marked each with'ring glance of pride,
Cast on his young, and lovely bride.
Like a bright star fallen from its high estate
'Mid the jewel'd throng, so desolate,
Yet fair she look'd, in her simple guise,
Like a Peri lost from her native skies,—
While yearning thoughts stir'd her hearts deep cell,
As the large tears slowly ebb'd and fell!

His soul, *unnerved* by the chilling thought
 That his selfish love, had her ruin wrought,
 Fell a prey to self-accusing blame,—
 While the hectic weaken'd his slender frame!
 The kindling glow of his eye, once fraught
 With the light'ning gleam of electric thought,
 Wore a settled, dark, and mournful tinge:
 Drooping beneath the long-silken fringe,
 Of his large dark melancholy eye,
 While the fount of song in his heart wax'd dry.

Peace came at last. 'Neath his own blue heaven,
 His soul once more, to his art was given!
 Spill more etheriel wax'd his frame,
 His pale cheek glow'd with the hectic flame:
 And the kindling ray of his glorious eyes,
 Gleam'd with a light from beyond the skies.
 One eve in Spring, in that lovely clime,
 When the Citron's bloom, and the flow'ring Lime,
 And the breath of blossoms rich and rare,
 Cast their sweet perfume on the scented air,
 Came a grand display of the minstrel's power.
 Leandro, robed for the festal hour,
 Like Israfel stood 'mid the silent throng,
 His lips were parted in gushing song:
 A touching prelude, a holy strain,
 He warbled soft, with a light refrain,—
 Then a requiem chant, descending low,
 Breathed forth the *deepest notes of woe.*

Again it rose, to the highest key,
Pealed the lofty notes of victory!

But the clear voice falter'd, his cheek grew pale,
His eye had pierced thro' the shadowy vale;
Between our earth, and the spirit-clime,
His pale cheek changed to a hue divine.
Amazement seized on the breathless crowd,
And stately heads were with sorrow bow'd
As they bore him lifeless from the throng,
A guiltless victim of pride and wrong.
The imprison'd soul its chain had riven,
With that song of triumph he soar'd to heaven!

In a pleasant vale, where the Darro gleams,
Fed by a thousand rills and streams,
Where the Orange glows 'mid the leafy bowers,
And the White Rose casts its wealth in showers:
Where the Pink Accasia wreathes its bloom,
'Round the marble base of a sculptur'd tomb,
Stands a lovely cot. Fair Geraldine
In snowy robe, pale and serene
As a vestal nun,—'mid the dewy flowers,
Oft whiles away the morning hours.

A Chapel gleams thro' the laurels dim,
Where the organ peals the vesper hymn.
Each Sabbath morn for miles around,
As the church-bells chime their silvery sound,
The peasants throng to that marble tomb,

Where the loveliest flowers of the season bloom :
To drop a tear o'er the minstrel's dust,
Embalm'd in calm and holy trust.
'Tis said at eve, on the ambient air,
Strange viewless harps are sounding there!

The Healing of Naaman, the Syrian.

'Twas a bright Summer's morn!
A gentle shower had cool'd the sultry air,
Which all night long had lain so hush'd and still,
That not a leaf was lifted by the breath
Of the light zephyr, resting on its wing,—
When with the dawn, a soft and pleasant breeze
Sprang up, and on its gentle bosom bore,
The mingled fragrance of each flow'ring tree,
And spicy shrub, and creeping vine, that trailed
O'er many a low-roofed home, and moss-grown wall
Sprinkled with dewy flowers. The merry song
Of the blithe reaper, wending to his toil :
The lowing kine, the bleating of the flocks,
Drove forth to pasture ; the glad ringing shout
Of happy children, on the soft green sward,
And song of birds caroling on the wing,
Harmonious music made ! Peace smiled around !
The haughty noble for a while gave o'er
His thirst for power, and the poor bond-slave toil'd,
And for a time his many wrongs forgot.

The lonely captive felt, for a brief hour,
 Hope kindling in his breast; and nearer seem'd
 Jerusalem, in that glad morning light,
 With her fair towers, her palaces and domes,
 Gleaming beneath the sun, than when at eve
 He laid him down upon his bed of straw,
 And felt the heavy chain of bondage press
 Upon his weary limbs.

Save one alone,
 All felt the influence of that genial morn
 Fall soft and soothingly upon their hearts.
 All save the leader of the Syrian host
 Who late return'd with his victorious bands,
 Laden with spoil from the Judean coast;
 Highest in power, and favor with the king,—
 Thrice had his valiant arm deliv'rance wrought,
 For Syria's legions, hem'd by Israel round,—
 When like the ocean's overwhelming tide,
 He elove their seried ranks, and stood at bay.
 While wave on wave his haughty followers press'd
 With thund'ring clash, armed with the deadly spear,
 Dealing destruction swift and wild dismay!
 While fiercely roll'd the billowy tide of war,
 With fearful strides o'er the ensanguined plain,
 'Till vanquished Israel fell before their foes!
 Some few escaped, and some were captive led,
 As trophies of the fight. * . * *

With noiseless step
 The Syrian leader wander'd sad and lone,

'Neath the thick boughs of the dim Olive's shade,
 To muse in silence, on that lovely morn.
 He was a leper! And what marvel then
 He drew himself apart, at times from men,
 In moody wretchedness! Even in the hour
 Of his great triumph, when applauding crowds
 Lauded his name, and fame with silver trump
 Proclaimed his valorous deeds, despair awoke
 Within his breast, and the dark future loom'd
 Before his sight a frowning spectre drear!
 A cup of bitterness, filled unto the brim,
 Which might not pass away!

* * * * * Before him gleam'd
 A marble fountain, murmuring 'neath the shade,
 Displaying temptingly, its waters cool:
 And as he stooped to lave his burning brow,
 He saw reflected in the limpid wave,
 The hideous taint that mar'd his every joy,
 'Mid way extended o'er his lofty brow,—
 Repulsive sight! And there was no relief,
 No subtle drug to check its baleful course,—
 No balm in Gilead for that fell disease,
 No way of rescue save by one alone,—
 And that was death!

Concealed amid the vines,
 A captive maid of Israel, knelt in prayer;
 With her fair forehead bowed toward the East,
 As was her wont, in her own native land,
 Where with her kindred, she each morning knelt.

Before Jehovah's shrine. With ruthless force
 From friends and kindred she was captive led,
 And sold a bondmaid to her Syrian lord,—
 And thus unwittingly did she become
 A witness to his grief, and deep despair.

* * * * *

Would God! my mistress, that my noble lord,
 Would seek the Prophet on Samaria's hill,
 He can the leper heal! Straight one bore
 The tidings to the king. Well pleased he heard;
 At his command the Syrian Captain sought
 The prophet's lowly home! Traveling in state,
 Laden with gifts, of silver and of gold,
 Appareled as a Prince, with numerous train,
 He sought Samaria's hill!

Calm and serene,

The man of God, within his humble shed,
 Waited the coming of the princely train:
 And ere the chariot paused beside the door,
 A simple message from the prophet came
 Unto the leper, bidding him "Go wash
 Seven times in Jordan, and he would be healed!"
 The haughty noble turned away in scorn,
 Expecting in his inmost heart, perchance,
 E'en from the prophet, honor and respect,
 Unto his lordly state! He had not learned
 That Israel's God regardeth not the proud,
 Nor hath respect to kingly pomp and power!
 His proud heart scorned to yield the simple test

Of his humility. Yet his wretched state
 Compelled him to obedience! A burning throb
 Of piercing anguish, shot across his brow,
 Reminding him of the foul leprous stain.
 He saw in prospect, his high station filled,
 By one, his rival, and himself henceforth
 Unfit to mingle with his fellow men,
 A lonely dweller of the savage wild!
 The thought itself was madness.

* * * * *

With humbled heart, again the leper sought
 The man of God! His dark and curly locks
 Moist from the bath in Jordan's swelling waves,
 Lay parted on his brow. The fatal mark,
 The gloomy lines, the dark despairing look,
 All, all, were gone! No trace of that foul scourge
 Remained to mar the broad and ample brow,
 Majestic in its height; like woman's fair,
 Yet reverent and meek! One pearly tear
 Trembled beneath the long and silken lash
 Of his dark lustrous eye. He could have wept!
 A mountain's weight seem'd lifted from his breast,
 And every bounding pulse throb'd wild with joy!

With head uncover'd, reverently he bow'd,
 And in the presence of his numerous train,
 Proclaim'd that Israel's God, is God alone!
 And Lord of all the earth! Then bending low
 Before Elisha, prayed him to accept

A present from his hand. Silver and gold,
 And costly raiment, laid he at his feet;
 In vain he urged. In vain the glittering store
 Was temptingly arrayed. Privation, toil,
 The prophet chose,—nay even death itself,
 Rather than disobey the Lord his God!

Not so Gehazi! He with subtle fraud,
 A portion of the goodly gift obtain'd;
 Thereby the leprosy of Naaman gave
 To him and his forever.

Isadora.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

There were wreathed smiles and many bright eyes
 beaming,
 And glowing cheeks within a gorgeous room,
 And sparkling gems from many a fair brow gleam-
 ing,
 And costly pearls enwreath'd with snowy plume;
 But there was *one*, long years will ne'er efface
 The memory of that fair, and sweet young face.
 Amid the throng her dark eye shone the brightest,
 That morn had witnessed her a happy bride.
 In the gay dance her joyous step was lightest,
 As down its airy maze she seemed to glide:
 Oh had the veil from future years been riven

That festal hour to mourning had been given.
There were sad hearts within a stately dwelling,
That fair young bride hath left her childhood's home,
And tears like rain from her sad heart are welling,
As the tall spires of hallowed fane and dome,
Fade from her sight! and days bright days of yore,
Throng o'er her soul; she hears the ocean's roar,
Her lullaby from childhood! Its sparkling foam
Again she views from her ancestral home,
And the tall ship with its gay pennons streaming
O'er the blue waves, in the pale moonlight gleaming:
The pleasant walks beneath bright starry skies
On that lone shore, and fond and loving eyes,
That welcome her return, each gentle tone,
Of kindred voices in her own lov'd home,
All these and more, throng through her busy mind.
Ah where can she such true affection find,
As she hath left for aye? The dream is o'er!
Her home is gained, on a far western shore,
Where broad Savannahs teem with flow'rets wild,
And bounteous nature in profusion smiled.
Where the Magnolia waves its snowy blossom,
And strange birds singing 'midst the leafy bosom
Of the dark maple forest. Oft she would gaze
In musings wrapt on the last lingering rays,
Of the bright glorious sunsets. Italia's skies
Famed for the beauty of their glorious dyes,
Are not more bright than the long lingering glow
O'er the vast prairie, when the sun is low,

And gently sinking in the golden west,
As thus he sinks upon the ocean's breast!
The summer months with all their gorgeous bloom
Had passed away, and chill autumnal gloom,
Reigned in their stead. A thin and languid frame,
Consumption's victim, with a cheek of flame,
And sunken eye, and short and stifled breath,
Reclined upon a couch! The hue of death
Lay on her marbled brow! Oh could it be
The fair young bride from the far distant sea?
It was the same! yet Oh, how deeply changed.
Her large dark mournful eyes seemed bright but
strange.

Their tearful lustre, there were few could brook;
Though she complained not, yet her very look,
Might tell of suffering, and a heart sore broken
By cruel wrongs, such as might not be spoken!
Yet she lived on, till the sweet spring time came,
When budding flowers, and soft and balmy rain
Made bright the joyous earth. One quiet eve
She seemed to take a silent farewell leave,
Of the green earth, and the bright smiling sky,
Tinged with the radiance of the sunset dye.
She made a sign, and they beside her placed,
The sparkling gems, her fair temples graced,
On her gay bridal morn. The brilliant zone
Which bound her slender waist, still brightly shone;
The white rose wreath which her light fingers braided,
The veil of blond, that her dark ringlets shaded,

All were unchanged—not so, the form that wore
 Those bridal gems ;—a film now gathered o'er
 Her dim and weary sight. That night the moon-
 Shone clear and bright through her dark silent room ;
 But its bright beams, the dead could not awaken !
 All unperceived, her soul its flight had taken,
 To yon bright world, beyond our changeful sky—
 Her lonely grave, oft meets the traveler's eye ;
 A lowly mound, with wild flowers covered o'er,
 Marks the lone spot, where lies fair Isadore.

The Return of Spring to the Invalid.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS IN 1838.

Is it not all a dream, or do I breathe again
 The soft and fragrant breezes of the opening spring ?
 Oh ! I had thought ere this, to bid farewell to pain,
 And this dark world, and plume my spirits wing
 For that blest region, where all sorrows cease,
 And 'neath the greensward sleep the noiseless sleep
 of peace.

Yes spring has come again, but not to me her breath
 Whispers sweet words of promise, as in days of yore.
 Her sweet sounds mingle with the voice of death ;
 They call my spirit hence to a far distant shore ;—
 E'en the low brooklets moan and the soft zephyrs sigh,
 Mysterious warnings give, they tell me I must die.

Raise high the casement, let the mild air bathe
 Once more with genial warmth, my faded cheek ;—
 Oh, Spring! not thus I hail'd thee, when thy soft
 dews laved

My bounding steps, thine early flowers to seek.
 Ah, little did I deem that years of slow decay
 Would chain my spirit thus, and wear my youth
 away !

The breath of Spring is sweet! yet 'twas sweeter far,
 When I with volant foot, o'er hill and valley roam'd!
 Charm'd with sweet sounds, till yon lone eve'g star,
 Shed its soft pensive light, o'er my ancestral home;
 Ah, never more shall I, in those lov'd pastimes share,
 Strange voices call me, through the whisp'ring air!

I hear their thrilling call! Ah, wherefore then delay?
 Why should I linger here, thus bow'd in heart and
 mind?

Mine earthly lot is woe! they call me hence away,
 To brighter worlds, where the worn and weary find
 Unfading fields and flowers, where the stillness of
 repose,
 O'er the care-worn spirit breathes, a balm for all its
 woes!

Adieu, my native vale! and ye dark forest shades,
 Your haunts are all familiar to my mind.
 Full many an hour, in childhood I have played

'Neath young tall elm, whose boughs towards earth
inclined.

Farewell ye flowery vales! sweet heights, and
rocky dell,

I seek a home far hence,—farewell, again farewell!

NOTE.—The above lines were first published in the spring of the year 1838, when the author was supposed to be in the last stages of consumption. They were prefaced by some beautiful and appropriate remarks from the pen of the Editor, J. Marble, who two years since paid the debt of nature, being himself the victim of “lingering consumption.” He died universally beloved and respected, being possessed of an amiable character, and a kind and feeling heart. His death was regretted by all who knew him.

I'm Sitting all Alone, Mother.

I'm sitting all alone, Mother,
Where I sat one year ago:
And I listen to the same sweet sounds,
The river's quiet flow.
I list the river's quiet flow,
And the robin's cheerful lay,
And feel once more the balmy breeze
O'er my wan temples play.

It cools the fever throb, Mother,
Upon my burning cheek;
And cheers me with the rich perfume,

Of the apple blossom sweet.
They're falling like a cloud of light
Upon the verdant sod,—
Ere they bloom again, I shall find rest,
Beneath the valley's clod!

I'm very chang'd now, Mother,—
My life is waning fast;
And gently as the twilight shades,
Their mournful shadows cast,
Around this green and dewy vale,
Deep'ning in sombre gloom,—
Thus gently are my weary feet,
Still wending to the tomb.

Yes, I am very chang'd, Mother,
Since here I paused to rest:—
I weep not now that thou art gone,
To dwell among the blest!
To dwell forever with the blest,
Beyond the starry sky:
For soon I'll share thy home, Mother,
Thy blissful home on high!

A light illumines thy way, Mother,
Across the pathless sky,—
Since thou hast taught me how to live,
I do not fear to die.
A peaceful calm pervades my breast:
While each successive night

I lay me down to dream of heaven,
And wake to bless the light.

And wake to bless the light, Mother,
The early morning light;
In thy bright glorious home above,
There is no darksome night.
Why should I fear to lay me down
Upon a dying bed;
Whence my freed spirit shall ascend,
To Christ my living head?

NOTE.—These lines were the spontaneous effusion of grief for the loss of the dearest and best of mothers. They were written a month preceding the anniversary of her death, when the author was apparently wasting away by that insidious disease, which often yields to the mind an unnatural clearness and brilliancy, at the expense of the vital powers, which seemed at that time almost wholly exhausted, and swiftly tending toward dissolution and the grave!

'The Wounded Bird.

I SAT by the window, one warm summer day,
In a state betwixt waking and sleep,—
Inhaling the breath of the newly made hay,
While the warm sunny breeze fan'd my cheek:
When tabby cat, sprang with a bound to my feet,
To show me the prize she had caught.
'Twas a poor little bird, whose scarce utter'd peep,
For pity, and mercy besought.

I instantly loosed the poor bird from her grasp,
In a moment Mrs. Tabby divined,
By the threshing she took, what would be her fate,
If another sweet bird she purloined.
The poor birdie lay in a long deadly swoon!
So long, that I feared it was dead,—
When it ope'd its dark eye and gazed round the room,
Then stretched back its poor little head.

I placed by its side a spoonful of milk,
And a few tiny crumbs of soft bread:
And closed fast the door, lest grimalkin should come
And snap off its innocent head.
But a heavier grief, than the loss of a bird,
Made my heart in its sorrow forget
The poor little thing, 'till at twilight I heard
A sound which awoke my regret.

'Twas the sweet warbled notes of the lone wounded
bird,
On the window sill making its moan.
It had moisten'd its bill, in the milk of the spoon,
And picked up the crumbs I had strewn.
All dabbled in blood, was the down on its wing,
And feint was the carol it sung;
Was it gratitude prompted so tiny a thing
To warble that sweet little song?

I opened the casement, and bade it to fly,
To a branch of the sheltering oak,

When it gave me a look with its searching dark eye,
Which a pang of deep sorrow awoke!
A strange sudden thrill shook my grief-laden breast,
And burning tears fell from my eyes.
'Twas a fanciful thought, I deem'd that my guest
Was a messenger bird from the skies!

Long hours I had watch'd, in the still summer night,
While the stars, their pale radiance shed:
For a glimpse of a form from the regions of light,
That had pillow'd my infantile head!
Dost come, stranger bird, with rebuke in thy eye
To teach me these vigils are vain?
Must I yield to the thought, that my agonized cry,
Ne'er can win back the loved ones again?

If this be thy mission, then well hast thou sped,
For never again will I pray,
For a glimpse of the loved, from this weary world
fled,
To the regions of glory away!
Then it plum'd its light wing, for the far distant wood
When a strain of sweet music I heard,
Ringing sweetly and clear, as I pensively stood,
'Twas the song of the messenger bird!

BUFFALO, July, 1847.

The Broken Hearted.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I met her in the lighted halls, where the gay and
mirthful meet ;

Fair forms were gliding to the sound of music rare
and sweet.

Yet one, the fairest of them all, in silence sat apart,
One pale thin hand upheld her brow, the other press'd
her heart,

As if to still the bursting throb, that shook her fra-
gile form,

Like a pale lily on its stem, rock'd by the windy
storm.

The music ceased. A fair young girl, stole softly
to her side,

And whisper'd low, some gentle words, that roused
her slumbering pride :

One whose true heart was link'd to hers by sweet
remember'd years ;

Long had they shared each others joys, each others
griefs and fears.

She brushed the gathering tears away, and meekly
strove to prove,

Though dead her heart to all beside, she felt a sis-
ter's love,

Again the merry chords rang out, they led her to
the dance,
A transient smile lit up her cheek, yet mournful was
her glance;
Soft golden curls hung floating round her neck of
snowy white;
Her step was lightest in the dance, yet 'twas a
mournful sight,
To see a being formed so fair,—yet like the glorious
ray
Of golden sunset o'er the hills, fading thus swift
away!

I could not bear to gaze upon that mockery of woe,
I marked the palor of her cheek, its crimson hectic
glow,
And inly vowed each art to try, if haply I might
save,
That lovely radiant angel form, from the cold silent
grave.
Days passed on, and I became, the brother of her
her heart,
Yet Oh, each day, I saw with grief, some cherished
hope depart!

One evening in the depth of June, she linger'd by
my side,
A tear hung trembling in her eye, she strove in vain
to hide.

" 'Tis meet" she said, " that thou should'st know, ere
I from hence depart,
The hapless story of my grief, and of a broken heart.
That thou dost love me, gentle friend, I may not
disbelieve,
And Oh, for all thy tender care, poor ELLA's thanks
receive.

" 'Twas here beneath this leafy grove, I met my
buried love ;
The smiling stars looked gently down, from yon
blue arch above ;
They witnessed to our plighted vows, of constancy
and truth.
Scarce had yon planet waxed and waned, ere that
beloved youth
Was summon'd to the viewless bourne, no earthly
skill could save,
And now he lies, my only love, where the whisper-
ing willows wave.

" A blight then stole around my heart, the deep o'er
mastering power
Of grief, like canker gnaws within, since that dread
fated hour.
I feel that I am passing hence, yet not without a tear
Can I depart from these bright scenes, and all that
love me here.
I cannot bear their yearning looks, soon will the
struggle close,

When this o'er wearied frame shall rest, in calm and
sweet repose.

"Seest thou that large lone pensive star, that lights
the western sky?

How oft within this leafy grove, my youthful love
and I,

Have watch'd its early rising beam, and wished
when life should cease,

To find within its viewless bourne, our home of rest
and peace.

Methinks e'en now, from yon sweet star, he beckons
me to come,

To share with him in purity, his own bright glorious
home!

"In twilight's calm and stilly hour, oft have I seem'd
to hear,

His own lov'd voice borne on the breeze, like music
soft and clear,—

Until the silent air seem'd filled with mournful
melody.

Then fainter, fainter, waned the sound, 'till all had
passed away!

In dreams like these, my spirit holds communion
with the dead:

Soon shall I reach the starry shore, where their light
footsteps tread."

Again the golden summer sun coursed slowly down
the sky,

The pale moon hung her silver horn mid shining orbs
on high,
When lo! 'mid the *deep ether blue*, poor Ella's
trysting star,
Shone out in brightness o'er the hills and western
vales afar.

I turned and sought her leafy bower, Oh God! what
saw I there!

It was poor Ella's clay cold corse, kneeling as if in
prayer!

I gazed on that clear marble brow, 'twas mournfully
serene;

All trace of life had passed away, from that sweet
angel's mien.

A clear, cold, calm, and settled look, the impress of
repose,

Seem'd resting on those dewy lids, whose mournful
light had closed.

A rose hung with'ring on her breast, which I that
morn had gave;

It nestles now within her shroud, in her low and
early grave!

JUNE, 1838.

Charity.

AN ALLEGORY.

A young Rose bowed her weary head,
And a gentle kiss received,
From the dark eyed Night who her couch had spread
Amid the rustling leaves.

Morn came at length 'mid the dusky trees,
And the young Rose smiling 'woke :
And gaily danced to the gentle breeze,
While the sun's bright glances broke

Through the fading mists of the dawning day,
And shone on her spotless brow ;
And a lovelier type of purity
Ne'er was seen on earth I trow.

But the burning glance of the day-god fell
On the young Rose in her pride,
'Till her faint heart beat with a throbbing swell,
And her cheek with blushes dyed.

No friendly hand was raised to save
The mourner from despair ;
Her drooping head no longer braved
The day-god's searching glare !

With lightsome tread came the gentle breeze,
Who had flown since early dawn,

With a coursers speed across the seas,
And a fainting barque sped on.

Then it danced away in its winsome mirth,
To a valley green and fair :
Where'er its light wing brushed the earth,
A lovelier hue was there !

Then it flew to the peasants lowly cot,
And smooth'd the brow of care.
When its task was done it linger'd not,
But flew with the speed of air,

To breathe on the lips of a dying saint,
And a moment's breath was given,
In blessings pour'd with accents faint,
Ere he breathed the air of heaven !

Then it fan'd the brow of a sleeping child,
O'er wearied with its play :—
And the boy awoke with a pleasant smile,
And went his homeward way.

Then it came where the young Rose fainting lay
Neglected and alone,—
And it brush'd the soiling dust away,
With its arms around her thrown !

Then it bathed her brow with the dimpled rain,
And kissed away her tears ;

And the fair young Rose revived again,
And lovelier still appears !

For now her regal beauties wore
A mild and chasten'd mien,
And she stretch'd her arms to embrace once more,
Her generous friend unseen.

But the gentle breeze had onward sailed,
When her kindly task was o'er ;
But her lightsome wing perfume exhaled,
In its wanderings evermore.

Then she knew 'twas the grateful Rose who pour'd ;
Its fragrance on her wing ;
Then merrily she onward soar'd,
Her gentle aid to bring,

To each weary heart, who needs her care ;
Thus like the gentle breeze,
Sweet Charity doth blessings share,
For the kindly aid she gives !

As the gentle breeze in her flight inhales
Perfumes both rich and rare,
From the lovely flowers that deck the vales
Or scents the mountain air :

Thus the generous soul, whose timely aid
Kindly and freely given,

To the needy wretch, is thrice repaid,
 By an all-seeing Heaven!
 NORTH NORWICH, June, 1848.

The Invocation.

I have watch'd for thee my friend,
 In doubt, and fear, and hope: thro' dark winter's
 dreary reign;
 Now the smiling Spring has come, her flow'rets deck
 the plain,
 Yet I watch for thee in vain!

Wilt thou not hear my call?
 My spirit yearns for thee, as it nears the boundless
 shore,
 Whence from my viewless home, I can return no
 more.

Oh, come,—ere life's last pang is o'er!

Come to my couch my friend,—
 Bless, bless my longing sight ere I do pass away,—
 My life is swiftly gliding day by day,
 Like a dark stream away!

I would hear thy voice once more;
 Methinks 'twould sweetly sound in this dull and fail-
 ing ear,—

Its hope inspiring tones e'en my saddest hour could
cheer,

Dispelling every fear!

And wilt thou come no more?

And must my last hour pass unblest by thee?

Oh, come, ere the dim curtain of eternity

Is drawn 'twixt thee and me!

Farewell! sweet friend, farewell!

My mournful heart is breaking at thy long delay,

Strange voices seem to chide my lingering stay,

And I must hence, away!

Yet from that world above,

Shall I not wait thy coming? where countless stars

Look out in radiant splendor,—where no blight can
mar

The fadeless beauty of yon world afar!

Yet Oh, forget me not!

Deep in thy heart one little space I crave,

For memory's urn, when the tall grass shall wave

O'er my low and silent grave!

NOTE.—The Invocation was addressed to a dear friend in the Spring of 1840, when the author seemed to linger for many months upon the borders of the unseen world, in that **medi-um** state betwixt this life and the life to come, when gales from both worlds seemed to blow upon the cheek: when the soul becomes conversant with the spiritual realities of a more elevated plane of existence, to that degree, of which persons endowed with health and engaged in the busy affairs of life, can form no adequate idea.

Isabel.

OH! sing that song to me once more,
My own sweet ISABEL!
Whose witching cadence charm'd my ear,
As if some fairy spell
Had lurk'd within its glowing chords:—
Oh, sing that song to me,
'Twill charm a while the dismal roar,
Of the deep sounding sea.

Fear not, my love, thou'rt safe from harm,
Tho' loud the billows roar,—
And rudely dash their surging waves
Against this rocky shore:—
With thy head upon my faithful breast,
Thou wilt as sweetly sleep,
As when the downy pillow press'd
Thy fair and blooming cheek.

Then sing that song to me once more,
My own sweet lady fair,—
Whose witching cadence charm'd mine ear,
In the proud halls of thy Sire:—
Whose dark grey turrets cast their shade,
Across the rolling Rhine;
How could'st thou love, for me resign
That lordly home of thine?

D

Yet still thy step is light and free,
Thine eye as brightly beams,
As when we first our love confess'd
Beside thine own blue streams ;
But cheer thee now, my bonny bride,
And sing that song to me,—
The proud Earl welcomes home his child,
He now is seeking thee !

He miss'd thy gay and bird-like tone,
Within his dwelling lone ;
He bids thee now resume thy place,
Within his hearth and home.
Nay, why that look of timid fear,
I too will go with thee,
And whereso'er thou may'st abide,
Thy William there will be.

Thy haughty Sire will not refuse
To own me for a son,
When he shall learn his child hath wed
The Earl of Clarendon !
And thou my bride, wilt thou forgive,
The ruse I've played with thee,—
Since 'twas to win the loving heart
That thou hast given me ?

In Memory of Mrs. R*****,

OF BINGHAMTON.

“Earth guard what here we lay in holy trust,
That which hath left our homes a darken'd place.”

At sunset hour yon hallowed fane
Re-echoed to the voice of prayer ;
The deep-toned organ's thrilling strain,
Rang out upon the Summer air,—
And slowly thro' the church-yard gate,
They bore unto her final rest,
That lovely radiant form, so late
Within our homes an angel guest !

They laid her in the silent grave,
Within yon church-yard's lone retreat :
Where whispering willows gently wave,
And flow'rets blossom wild and sweet !
Alternate gleams of light and shade,
Are resting on that lowly mound ;
Where Summer birds their homes have made,
'Mid the tall poplar's breezy sound !

There morn and eve, with pinions spread,
They trill their joyous melody :
Link'd with the memory of the dead,
Is their sweet gushing minstrelsy !
Sing on ye gay and merry birds,

Your sweet and joyous notes prolong ;—
 Since she whose every pulse was stir'd
 By the rich cadence of your song,

Now slumbers where yon daisies bend
 In silent worship o'er her grave.
 'Tis meet your sweetest notes should blend
 With winds that chant her funeral stave!
 For well she loved all pleasant things,
 All harmonies of sight and sound :
 Her lowly bed a place should be,
 For all things bright to cluster round.

A wreath of Jessamine and Rose,
 Lies withering on her tranquil breast :—
 'Twas loves own gift, its sweetness throws
 A perfume round her place of rest.
 But ah, we miss her smiling face,
 Her gentle tones, her snowy brow ;—
 With lines of pure deep feeling traced,
 Her home is with the angels now,—

Who late, with sweet accustom'd grace,
 Moved, life's household cares among ;—
 Ah, who can fill her vacant place ?
 One widow'd heart with sorrow wrung
 Throbs wildly, when some gentle tread
 Across the threshold of his door,
 Recalls the mem'ry of the dead,—
 A living presence evermore !

New Year Greetings.

I wish you a happy New Year, friends—

As ye meet round the festive board
Remember the absent and the loved,

When the bright red wine is poured.

They are scatter'd far and wide, friends,

O'er the Prairies of the West :

And some there are who gaily ride

O'er the Ocean's billowy breast !

They've caused you many a sigh, friends,

And many a burning tear,—

These wandering ones o'er land and wave,

And many an anxious fear.

Breathe a health upon the gale, friends,

And your prayers to God be given,

That the blessed Christ may safely guide,

These wandering ones to heaven !

Here are tears, to mingle with yours, friends,

For the loved in their narrow bed ;

Oh, many a haunting tone and word,

Will recall the silent dead !

Here's a welcome to each young angel guest,

In its downy cradle-bed !

And a blessing for each young rosy face,

And each young bright curly head.

Here are pansies* for all sad thoughts, friends,
 A patient trusting mind ;
 An humble and an honest heart,
 Will sweet contentment find !
 I wish you health and peace, friends,
 And wealth a plenteous store !
 But Oh, remember the starving poor,
 And the beggar at your door.

I wish you a happy New Year, friends,—
 And for one and all I pray,
 A luscious roast, and courses three,
 Upon this festal day.
 Then will ye pledge to me friends,
 But not in the rosy wine,
 But in a cup of fragrant tea,
 Lov'd beverage of mine !

Or in a glass from the crystal fount,
 Which, as Hydropathists say,
 Will cool the blood and clear the brain,
 And drive each ill away !
 And I will pledge to you, friends,
 For my heart with joy is light,
 That my lot is cast in a pleasant land,
 And a brighter is yet in sight.

A brighter is yet in sight, friends,
 To the eye of faith it gleams,—

* Heartsease.

Far, far away on the heavenly shore,
 With its silvery founts and streams.
 And when my songs shall cease, friends,
 And these kindly greetings are o'er,
 Rejoice, that a captive soul hath fled,
 To the bright, the better shore!

In Memory of Mr. J**** P*****,

LATE OF NORTH NORWICH, N. Y.,

Who died at Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 2, aged 23.

WELL may we weep, for the pride of the valley
 In the glory of manhood has gone to the grave!
 With the true sons of freedom no more will he rally,
 From the grasp of oppression his country to save:
 Far away from his home, they have laid him to rest,
 Where the wild Prairie flowers will bloom on his
 breast.

The Spring tide has come with its sweet scented
 blossoms,
 Reclothing with bloom the pale brow of decay;
 But alas, for the weary, the grief-laden bosom,
 That mourns for a lov'd one from earth pass'd away!
 The Spring birds return to their home in the glen,
 But our brother hath gone to return not again!

Pale is that brow, with the bright ringlets shaded,
The cold dew of death on the shining hair lies.
The bright smile hath gone, and the blooming cheek
faded;—

Quenched is the light of the clear azure eyes,—
And the tones of that voice, which had gladdened
our hearth,
Is like melody pass'd forever from earth.

How often at dawn, lightly bounding from slumber,
Might he vie with the lark, in her matinal song;
His voice like a minstrel, harmonious in number,
Pour'd the full tide of music, our valley along:—
Never more shall we hear those sweet echoes
resound
From the steep wooded heights, which our valley
surround.

As he paused from the chase, over mountain and
moorland,
Ye have heard that rich strain, o'er the hills far
away;—
Waking dreams of the past, in each chivalrous
bosom,
Of the romance of Eld, that has long pass'd away.
Alas, that so bright an existence should close,
While life wore the charm, and the *Couleur d'Rose*.

One clear frosty morn, when the sun in its splendor,

Gave a bright glowing hue, to each Autumn tint
brown,

I heard for the last time, now joyous, now tender,
That clear manly voice, in sweet melody sound.
E'en the birds joined in chorus, so sweet was the lay,
Tuning each little throat, from the green leafy spray.

Reclined 'neath an oak, by the soft gliding river,
A farewell he sang to each rock, hill, and plain;
No boding voice whispered, his footsteps would
never

Retrace the loved haunts of his boyhood again.
But destiny calls, and he must away :
Far away from his home, where the bright waters
play.

Away in the west, where the light breeze is swelling,
O'er broad green Savannas, and forests grown grey
With the hoar frost of age;—where the wolf has his
dwelling,

Where the timid deer bounds in wild freedom away :
In the sports of the chase our loved brother stray'd,
Or roamed in the depths of the cool cedar shade.

But death came to chill, that young heart in its glad-
ness :

That strong active frame, which the wintery winds
braved,

Was laid in the tomb ! while a deep wail of sadness
Was borne o'er the land like a funeral stave !

'Tis a cold night,—and yet within
My little room, 'tis warm and bright:
While Tabby Cat, so neat and prim,
Enjoys her share of warmth and light.

My faithful Dog, with honest face,
Sits watching with a curious eye,
Each look, as if he fain would trace
My busy thoughts, while passing by.

Poor tray,—I know thy faithful heart,
Would throb with pity, sad and sore,
Could'st thou but read one little part,
Of grief, whose fountain welletth o'er,

Within my sad and yearning breast,
While here upon this couch of pain,
Long weary years I've sought for rest,
And found each effort all in vain!

To Miss M. L.,

OF EARLVILLE.

I sought in the past, with lone weary yearnings,
To find a lov'd spirit attuned to my own,
When I saw in the distance, a radiant star burning
With a clear steady light,—serenely it shone.

That star was thy spirit, its radiant light burning
In each kindling glance of thy dark loving eyes:
Drew my spirit to thine, half shrinking, yet turning
To thee, as if drawn by invisible ties.

Then followed some moments of spirit revealing,
Soul answering soul, in so blissful a tone,
That my full heart pour'd forth all its wildering
dreaming,
Its faith 'mid the darkness when beaming light
shone,

Around my lone pathway, so darksome and dreary,
When close by my side stood the angel of doom!
And like a lone traveler, way-worn and weary,
I sighed for the still quiet rest of the tomb.

I had turned from the crowd, with a blight on my
spirit,—
What cared they to fathom the themes that I
prized?
In the blue sky above, or the earth we inhabit,
What marvels held they, to excite their surprise?

But with thee, the pages of science unfolding,
Which each in the past ponder'd darkly and lone.
By the pale midnight lamp shining dim thro' the
gloaming,
How swiftly the light-wing'd moments have flown.

Then spake we of life!—of its aims and its ending,
Each trusting in Him who of old trod the wave,
To aid us to live like true Christians, defending
The ægis of truth, with the conqueror's glove!

Then spake we of truth!—not by party strife driv'n
To plant each a standard, and followers crave;
But we reared a bright beacon, that tower'd unto
heaven,
The same that the bless'd Sun of Righteousness
gave!

Then spake we of love!—of its heavenly mission,
In a land where long-suffering enfeebles the strong;
An union of spirit, its highest fruition,
The sole bond that gives strength and endurance
'neath wrong.

Then spake we of death!—when a faint tone of
sadness
Betrayed the one dread, to leave darkly and lone,
Our life-long companion, in sorrow and gladness:
To the cold narrow house, our last earthly home!

Then spake we of heaven!—with fond rapture
deeming
That when these frail forms shall commingle with
dust,
Our spirits shall mount, on angel wing gleaming,
To receive each a crown,—the award of the just!

Summer Musings.

THESE calm bright days of Summer,
Who hath not felt their sway ?
When the earth is robed in splendor bright,
As for a festal day ;
And the very air lies hush'd and still,
From morn 'till twilight grey.

I've watched the sunlight sleeping,
O'er the hill-side, and the plain :
And the creeping shadows silent tread,
O'er the waving grass and grain ;
Till strange, deep yearning thoughts awake,
Within my heart and brain !

They waken dreams of heaven,
And move the heart to prayer :—
I hear the clasp of angel wings
Upon the silent air,—
And my spirit lyre attunes its chords,
With the viewless harpers there.

There are watchful eyes upon me,
Among the shadowy band ;—
There is one, who pledged in dying,
A pale cold pulseless hand :
She promised to be near me,
When I tread the spirit-land !

Grew she in our quiet garden,
Like a lilly in its pride !
When pass'd her twentieth summer,
She with the roses died.
Long weary years since then have flown,
Still she lingers by my side.

One night,—I might not slumber,
For I knew the dead was near !
While on my dreamless couch I lay,
Without one thought of fear,—
'Till thro' the closed and drooping lids,
I saw intensely clear !

A gleam transcending sunlight,
Or the bright glow of noon ;
I heard her light and gentle tread,
Within my silent room :
And the rustle of her snowy dress,
As in her days of bloom !

Then died my heart within me,
As I heard anear her tread,—
The light of her calm loving eyes,
Their spirit glances shed,
A heavenly dew upon my heart,
And o'er my fainting head.

This was but the fulfillment
Of the pledge and promise given,—

A sign that spirit bonds, like ours,
 By death may not be riven!
 Still firmer grow the bright'ning links,
 Between our hearts and heaven!

The Angels' Call.

WE have come from the starry shore,
 Far beyond the sea:
 To bear thee hence, where grief no more,
 Will thy portion be.
 Haste,—haste,—why delay?
 Thou poor trembling child of clay;—
 Plume thy wing and soar away,
 Far beyond the sky.

There is sadness on thy pallid brow,
 And tears are on thy cheek!
 They fall for those who slumber now,
 In death's oblivious sleep.
 Haste, then,—no longer stay,
 They have pass'd from earth away;—
 'Mid the shining realms of day,
 They will welcome thee!

We have seen their foreheads beam,
 With a light divine:
 As they wander'd by a flow'ry stream,

Of that happy clime !
They were with a shining band,
Pilgrims from earth barren land.
Harps of gold were in their hand,
And crowns upon their brow.

And they smiling, to us said,
Call the weary home !
Gently lay each aching head,
'Neath the marble stone.

Haste, then,—linger not,
Thine hath been a weary lot ;
Earthly care is soon forgot,
In our happy home.

We have seen earth's fairest flowers,
Wither in their prime !
In our home the vernal bowers
Know no blight of time !
Haste, haste,—with us soar,
To the bright, the starry shore :—
Nought can grieve thy spirit more,
When thy rest is won !

There thou wilt thirst no more
For the living streams !
Whose crystal fountain wellet h o'er,
And murmurs in thy dreams.
There, no more earth's care and pain,
Will thy weary heart enchain ;

E

There the heart's deep burning rain,
Will dim thine eyes no more !

Thus the angels sang their lay
To a dying saint !
While they sang, life's fleeting ray
Grew more weak and faint !
Close, close, the rayless eye :—
Gently with that fainting sigh,
Thou hast pass'd to rest on high,—
Far beyond the tomb !

In Memory of Countess Ossoli,

LATE MARGARET FULLER,

*Who with her husband and child perished by ship-
wreck, on her return passage to her native
land, off Fire Island, July, 1850.*

THE brightest star in our constellation
Hath pass'd beyond our longing sight.
We miss its radiant emanation ;
Amid our orbs, of lesser light—
Thou Margaret ! in ethereal splendor
Hast soared far up, and above us all—
Yet we thy sisters, our homage render,
While kneeling 'round thy funeral pall !

Thou hast bequeath'd unto us, thy spirit,
In many a page of golden light ;
And we the precious boon inherit,
Who prized the dawning of thy might ;—
Thou'st traced for us the pure ideal
Of woman,—noble, virtuous, good,—*
Thy life's a page, of the true and real,—
Sign'd and sealed, with thy martyr blood !†

We to a nobler life are waking—
Thy lowlier sisters, yet one in heart !
The chains of bondage around are breaking,
We will arise and act well our part.
But ah, we miss thy god-like spirit,
To marshal our ranks, against the strong—
We of the younger race inherit
But thy love of truth, and thy hate of wrong.

It seems a dream, the fearful story,
That thou, in sight of thy native land,
With thy soul's high gifts, in their summer glory,
Did'st perish, helpless on the strand !
I think of thee, on my nightly pillow,
Far down in thy liquid grave so low ;
I hear the sound of the ocean billow,
And the foaming wave, o'er thy besom flow !

Calm and serene, 'mid the awful riot,
Of the surging waves, as they rose and fell :

Thy pale high brow wore a solemn quiet,
 While they toll'd for thee the funeral knell !
 As they rear'd their crests—athirst for slaughter,
 No sound was heard, but their deaf'ning roar ;
 With a silent plunge 'mid the foaming water,
 Thou Margaret sank, to rise no more !

A moan is heard o'er the distant water,
 A wail of grief, from *Italia's* shore—
 A dirge for America's gifted daughter,
 Who toiled to sunder their bonds of yore.
 Rome's ancient greatness hath long departed,—
 Yet hearts of the true metallic mold,
 Will mourn for the strong, the noble hearted,
 O'er many a moonlit glen and *wold* !

Rest faithful one ! on thy ocean pillow !
 The cause of freedom will still prevail !
 Tho' we hang our harps on the weeping willow,
 God's truth and justice will never fail.
 Tho' darkness broods o'er the fate of nations,
 And the earth is green o'er her martyr'd dead !
 The stars that sang, at the dawn's creation, †
 Again will sing, when the night hath fled !

* See *Women of the Nineteenth Century*—an able and excellent work by Margaret S. Fuller.

† When requested by the sailors and her friends to leave the vessel, she steadily refused, alledging that she was willing to suffer death with her husband and child,—but not to live without them. † Bible.

The Egyptian Vulture.

“It was in Egypt, near Thebes, as I rambled out one morning into the surrounding desert, I saw a Vulture not far from me, sitting upon the ruins of a fallen monument. This bird is known for its strong powers of life, and is dangerous to approach when wounded. I raised my fowling piece, and wounded him, as I believed, mortally, in the breast. He remained, however, sitting quietly in his place; and as I advanced to aim the second shot, he lifted his broad wings and mounted upward. Blood streamed like a torrent from his breast, while he continued to ascend still higher and higher, in wider and broader circles. It was beautiful in that vast silent wilderness, to see this bird, mortally wounded, and dying the sands with his blood, silently circling upon his monstrous wings,—the last circle that he made was more than a quarter of a mile in extent. Then I lost sight of him in the blue space of heaven.”—*Travels in Egypt.*

UPON a moss-grown ruin, a kingly Vulture sat,
With his eagle glance upraised to heaven, as if to
scan the track
For winged flight among the clouds, that veil the
sun's bright face,
Where he joyed to spread his soaring wing, amid
the lofty realms of space.

Alas, for thee poor Vulture, the fowler draweth nigh,
A ball hath pierc'd thy noble breast, that beat with
rapture high

At thought of thy triumphant flight 'mid the blue
skies far away,
Where the thunder lifts its mighty voice, and the
gleaming lightnings play.

Still sat he, calmly and unmoved, right kingly as
before,—
While from his torn and bleeding breast, full swiftly
ebb'd the gore ;
The fowler from his covert springs, to deal the
murderous blow,
While the Vulture gazed with scornful eye, upon his
cruel foe !

There was something strangely human, in the glance
of that proud eye,—
A searching glance, so clear and bold, and fill'd with
courage high :—
Meanwhile upon the desert sands, his life-blood
flowed like rain ;
But the beatings of that kingly heart, scarce death
itself could chain.

Then slowly he unfolded, his large and mighty
wings,
And with a shrill exultant shout, aloft toward heav-
en he springs.
Then higher, and still higher yet, in circling flight
doth wend
The dying bird, whose soaring wings in loftiest flight
ascend.

But that mighty wing ere long will fail, thine hour
of triumph past,
Thou on the deserts arid sands, wilt lay thee down
at last!
The victory was thine poor bird, thou distanc'd well
the foe ;
There is triumph in thy glazing eye, tho' thy heart
beats faint and slow.

There are those like thee poor Vulture, whom envy's
treacherous dart
Hath chill'd the life-blood's crimson flow, in the
leal and trusting heart !
For them, bright wings are fashioned, wherewith
they heavenward soar,
Triumphantly ascending, 'till they reach its blissful
shore.

DECEMBER, 1848.

My Valley Home.

My home lay in a sheltered spot,
Where warring winds but seldom meet.
The ring-dove nestled o'er its top,
And paced the roof with pattering feet !
Long years ago, I sought to hide
My ebbing life within its shade :
Where the bright rivers' glancing tide,
Hymn'd music o'er the flowery glade.

The stock-dove 'plain'd, her daily round
Thrice pass'd the Summer's bloom away,
Ere o'er the smooth enameled ground,
My trembling footsteps learned to stray !
I've watched full many a weary night,
The silvery wavelets onward bound ;
Bathed in the moonbeams shimmering light,
'Mid starry islands floating down.

Beneath the trailing Ivy's shade,
Gleamed the sweet valley, sprinkled o'er
With rural homes, where joyous played,
Young children, by the cottage door !
The wood lark built within the shade,
And tuned the while her merry lay,—
Her home of love the robin made,
Beneath the green o'er-arching spray.

Oh! there were times mine inmost soul
Responded to the tuneful choir :—
Deep thoughts, that would not brook control,
Rilled music from my spirit-lyre.
Soft, like the sea-shells inborn strain,
A low-voiced murmur thrill'd my breast :
'Till thought had swept the electric chain,
Responsive to the spirits 'quest.

Then visions of that world afar,
Gleam'd o'er my soul intensely bright,—

Ascending upward star by star,
 Bathed in a sea of crystal light;
She journey'd on with heavenward brow,
 'Mid the star islands of the blest,
'Till near the throne she paused to bow,
 While kindling rapture thrill'd my breast.

My soul would dream those blissful dreams
 And glorious visions o'er again!
I scarce can catch one starry beam,
 Or listen to one heaven-born strain,
Ere the rude surging sea of care,
 Engulfs my life-pearls 'neath the wave.
Oh! vale of beauty, green as fair,
 Thy holy Sabbath quiet gave,

A nearer glimpse of heaven, than now,
 Its pathway gleamed with crystal light!
Nearer his throne I seem'd to bow,
 Whose love inspired my songs by night.
Another spring perfumes thine air,
 And bathes thy hills in tender light!
Thy minstrel hymns for thee a prayer,
 And wafts to thee her last "Good Night!"

The Star of Destiny.

In India they are very superstitious about the stars. It is thought that if a person is going to die, that the star of his destiny is visible to every eye but his own.

BENEATH the waving branches of the Chestnut and
the Lime,

Two brothers walked, at close of day, in the depth
of summer time :

One was of noble bearing—of tall and stately mien
The other was a fair haired boy, pale, quiet and serene :

His eye of kindling azure, outshone the stars of even
And the cadence of his gentle voice, seem'd an echo
caught from Heaven.

He was a guileless creature, and that strange uncertain
light,

That sometimes marks the early called, gleamed o'er
his brow of white—

It nestled in his wavy hair, and beam'd within his
eye—

And like the last faint lingering glow of summer
sunset dye,

It lighted up his pale sweet face, with an unearthly
ray—

Thus blooms the summers rarest flowers, doom'd
earliest to decay.

Few were the words then spoken—the parting hour
drew nigh,
Nights brilliant coronet of gems, gleam'd in the
azure sky ;
Said William : There's my chosen star, wilt thou
at vesper chime,
Dear brother greet its early beam ?—I too, from In-
dia's clime,
Will gaze upon it in that hour, our glances thus shall
meet
Across the wide and distant sea, in spirit union sweet!
They parted ! On another eve, across the ocean's
tide,
A noble vessel sped her way ; ranged gleaming at
her side,
A seried line of bristling spears, and the long and
deadly gun,
The martial bearing of her crew, proclaimed high
deeds were done,
By England's flower of chivalry, on land as on the
main ;
Where shouts of death or victory, drown the death
cry of the slain.

Among those valiant warriors, stood a youth, whose
flashing eye
Had caught the glow of chivalry ; his pulse was
beating high,

At thoughts of noble trophies won, in many a
bloody fray,—

When lo! a star hath caught his view, his thoughts
are far away:—

Ah, well he knows that loving eyes are gazing from
afar,

Perchance thro' dim and blinding tears, upon that
evening star!

Again they met! four years had passed, and that
young brother came

To win beside the eldest born promotion and a
name!

Again they walked beneath the light of a summer
moonlit sky,

The younger brother smiling said, as he turn'd his
gaze on high:

Lo William, there's your chosen star, I ne'er have
failed to greet

Its friendly light at vesper time, thine earnest
glance to meet.

With kindly pressure of the hand, the elder born
replied,

Hast thou not marked yon lovely star in the glow
of eventide?

I've named it thine! In its clear light thy loving
gaze I see,

Like eyes of seraphs, glancing down, from that
bright star to *me*.

Lo now it shines just o'er our heads, clear and intensely bright,—
 But to the younger of the twain, that star was hid
 from sight!

A boding sense of coming ill, a sudden thought of
 fear,
 Thrill'd thro' that brother's yearning heart, and
 wrung a starting tear;
 A mournful legend of the stars, heard in an evil
 hour,
 Forgotten as an idle tale, recurred with thrilling
 power.
 In vain he pointed to the star, still Clarence gazed
 in vain,—
 Next eve his pale and beauteous corse was found
 amid the slain!

A Reply.

“I suppose you will become a very poetic angel, when disembodied, and wreath the world of mind into melody! I should like to live after this state of things exists,—so that it may be breathed into my soul at twilight, and entrance me with spiritual melody, while I yet exist in the present life, preparatory to that higher, holier, sublimer life, we now live to ennoble for.”—*Letter from a friend.*

Ah, yes, gentle friend, thou hast rightly divined .
 That when I shall sink to my rest,

And my wild harp hath breath'd its last sigh to the
wind,

And the green turf is laid on my breast,—
That swiftly I'll soar like an angel of light,
To retune my hush'd lyre in the skies,—
And sweetly I'll sing in the clear starry night,
While the light wing of sleep veils thine eyes!

Perchance, lovely dreamer, I yet shall descend
From some radiant orb of the bless'd,—
And as a fond mother doth soothingly bend
To lull her tired infant to rest,
E'en thus would I soothe thee, when weary and worn,
And sing thee most gently to sleep :
And waft thee in dreams to my far distant home,
Where the mourner forgets e'en to weep!

I would sing to thee, love, of the heaven thou'lt win,
By thy life of devotion and truth.

Thou hast waged a stern warfare with falsehood and
sin,

And ennobled thy beautiful youth !
My soul hath a mission thou hast not divined,
Enshrined in this frail sinking form :
Is a spirit, tho' gentle, aye patient, and kind,
That 'recks not the wind or the storm!

Should the fierce chilling blast of adversity blow,
And thy soul seem bereft of its power :

While the fast falling tears down thy pallid cheek
 flow,

I will whisper to thee, in that hour !

And infuse in thy soul the high courage that takes
 Deepest root, 'neath adversity's storm,—
The spirit that bends to the blast, yet ne'er breaks,
 Can a host of misfortunes disarm.

Thro' the fair fields of science, thy footsteps now
 roam,

Culling sweets, like the wild honey bee,—

While thy soul plumes its wings for the heavenly
 home,

Thro' the voices that whisper to thee.

Like the soft breathing zephyr, that bears on its
 wings

The perfume of sweet-scented flowers,

Thou hast the sweet art, to extract from each thing,
 The bloom of life's sunniest hours !

I know that thy pathway lies distant and lone,

 Far away near the deep-sounding sea !

Could spirits like thine, daily gladden my home,

 That home would be heaven to me !

Tho' the far-distant hills, and the dark rolling main,

 Divide thy loved spirit from mine,

I know we shall meet, to part not again,

 By many a token and sign.

We shall meet in that land, where the kindred in
 mind,
 Are no longer led captive by fate ;—
 Where the sweet chords of love, and affinity bind,
 Each soul to its wandering mate !
 I shall know thee, beloved, by thy soft flowing hair,
 Thy white cheek and radiant brow !—
 Yet I know not, sweet friend, if the smile thou wilt
 wear,
 Will seem more angelic than now !
 EARLVILLE, September, 1849.

A Romish Legend of St. Peter.

WHOEVER journeyeth thro' imperial Rome,
 By many a slender spire and massive dome,
 Will find outside of St. Sebastian's gate,
 A little church, time-worn and desolate ;—
 Of antique form and mold, yet still entire.
 Still sounds the organ, and the tuneful choir
 Meet to commemorate in solemn strains,
 A legend of the past. Times dusty stains
 Hath somewhat marr'd the picture of the scene.
 The legend doth unfold. It once had been
 A splendid painting, by Bernini* wrought :
 That glorious artist whose creative thought
 Glows on the canvas,—o'er the marble gleams,
 A breathing image, so like life it seems.

The scene describes a winding path and lawn,
O'er which St. Peter hies, at early dawn,
Near the great highway, leading from the gate,
Of the proud seven-hill'd city. A cruel fate
Awaits him 'neath her walls! 'Twas at the time
When Rome was fill'd with murder, blood and crime,
When thirst for human gore had reached its height,
Peter alarmed, had plan'd a hasty flight,—
So saith the legend,—as anear he drew
Unto the highway, straight before his view,
A shining figure pass'd him as he fled,
With rays of glory circling round its head!

And Peter knew his Lord, and straightway cried,
Master, where goest thou? And the Lord replied,
Mine ear hath heard my people's dying 'plaints,
I go to Rome, to perish with the saints!
The keen rebuke these simple words imply,
Admonish'd Peter! who dared not deny
Again his blessed Lord. Swift he retraced
His way to Rome, and in the market place
He boldly spake of Jesus! They drew near,
And Peter bound, went with them without fear!
With his head downward, nailed unto the tree,
Peter expired—affirming it to be,
To die like Christ, too great a dignity!

* Bernini died at Rome, at the age of 82 years, having won
for himself great honor and wealth. Like Michael Angelo, he

The Three Portraits.*

IN his studio sat the artist,
Bowed in deep and earnest thought,
O'er a sweet unfinished picture,
Which his skillful hand had wrought.
Long and wistfully he ponder'd
Ere the inspired moment came,—
Like a sudden gleam of sunlight,
Kindling his rapt soul in flame.

Clear before his mental vision,
Wreathed in soft effulgent light,
Dawn'd three sweet ideal pictures,
Of the Sunrise, Noon and Night.
Soon a model for the sunrise,
Lovely as the morning rays,
'Mid a group of village children,
Met the artists yearning gaze.

was at once, sculptor, painter, and architect, and his cotemporaries placed him upon the same elevation of that great man. He was patronized by Popes Urban VIII., Alex. VII., Innocent X., and was invited to France by Louis XIV. Rome still exhibits many of his works, both in sculpture and architecture!

*The tenor of this poem will indicate that the main incidents in its composition were drawn from Miss Chesebro's beautiful story of the three portraits.

Clouds of golden ringlets clustered
 'Round her neck and snowy brow :
Beam'd her eyes deep porphyry lustre,
 'Neath their blue vein'd lids of snow.
Soon from out the glowing canvas,
 Waking as from slumber mild,
Beam'd the image of the sunrise,
 A beauteous earth-born angel child.

It was in truth a lovely picture,
 Critics long admiring gazed
O'er the sweet and fair proportions,
 Fleck'd with showers of golden rays.
Still the artist, at his Easel,
 Labored many a weary hour,
Painting copies of the sunrise,
 Winning each a golden dower !

Then in foreign climes he wander'd,—
 'Mid Grecian sculpture long he sought,
Fitting model for the noonday,
 Answering to his burning thought.
Passing 'neath a lofty portal,
 Floods of 'wildering music stole
O'er the artist's senses, filling
 With rapt dreams of heaven, his soul !

While he gazed, a rapt expression
 Bathed the minstrels brow with light ;

Crown'd with amber braids, whose texture
Gleam'd like snow flakes in the night.
It was the same, the sweet child angel,
Matured to lovely woman now :
The same soft trace of spiritual beauty,
Still lingered o'er her snowy brow !

Now the artist at his Easel,
Labor'd on from dawn 'till night ;
Soon beside the lovely sunrise,
Flash'd the noonday's golden light.
But the fearful thought came o'er him,
That the source whence he had gain'd
The two models for his pictures,
Thence the last might be obtain'd !

Mournfully the sad ideal
Arose before him of the night ;
Alas, that time should make it real,
The crowning effort of his might !
In after years, three striking portraits
Fulfilled the artists dream of fame.
The night, (a portrait dark and fearful,)
Sunrise and noonday were the same !

The brow had lost its spiritual beauty,
The eyes their radiant heavenward look ;
A very fiend was she in scorning,
Their baleful lustre few could brook !

But Oh, the awful moral lesson,
 Graved on that brow, in words of flame!
 Its bold defiant look and bearing,
 Proclaimed her downward path of shame!

A Dirge:

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

"The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunder rattle,
 He heeds not, he hears not,—he's free from all pain;
 He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
 No sound can awake him to glory again!"

Room for the glorious dead,
 Ye statesmen, heroes, tenants of the tomb!
 Room for the loved! our country's honor'd head,
 Whose loss hath fill'd a nation's heart with gloom.
 Wreath'd in perennial bloom,
 Within our hearts his memory we enshrine,
 While "dust to dust" we mournfully resign.

A bright career hath closed!
 A patriot chief, with age and honors crown'd
 Goes down in silence to his long repose;
 While sounds of grief swell mournfully around,
 Deep, solemn, and profound,—
 A nation's love could not enchain thee here,
 Thy soul hath parted, for a brighter sphere.

Green are thy laurels won,
 On Palo Alto, and La Palma's field,*
 On Buena Vista's heights the setting sun
 Exultant kiss'd thy bright triumphant shield,—
 The foe was forced to yield.
 A noble victory was thine, the day
 Our country's colors waved o'er Monterey !

 The silver trump of fame,
 With clarion voice proclaims thy deeds of might !
 No sad reverses could thy courage tame,
 Nor faction's frowns thy steadfast soul affright,—
 Tho' clothed with fearful might.
 In the calm wisdom of thine honor'd years
 We look'd for strength,—and sooth'd our anxious
 fears !

 But yesterday, and thou,
 With thy kind smile, thy frank and noble mien,
 Moved 'mid the throng of stately guests,—and now
 In halls of *pleasaunce*, thou no more art seen,
 Calm, peaceful and serene.
 Low lies thine honor'd head upon the bier,
 With summer blossoms crown'd, and many a tear.

 How many a stately form,
 The sword of battle by thy side clove down ;

* Resaca de la Palma, a field of Palms. Resaca has no just equivalent in our language. It signifies a pool or swamp, where the tide ebbs and flows.

Thy snow-white charger plunged amid the storm
 Of clashing spears, dealing destruction 'round,
 With fearless stride and bound!
 An unseen hand the swift lance turned aside,
 The winged shaft glanced harmless by thy side!

 And yet death found thee, where
 He seem'd a startling and forbidden guest!
 'Mid stately halls, where gilded trappings are
 But idle mockery to the weary breast,
 By care and grief oppressed !†
 And the hearts fainting thirst, that all may know,
 Who prove like thee, life's false unreal show.

* * * * *

 Thick darkness broodeth o'er
 The bright pavilion of Jehovah's throne!
 In vain we strive his mysteries to explore,
 His ways are not to puny mortals known;
 No sounding line hath thrown
 Light on the past, its shadowy haze to clear,
 While we in sorrow bend around thy bier.

 'Tis well thus to depart,
 In the full zenith of thy power and fame,
 Bearing the love of many a grateful heart,

† It is a well known fact that the last days of the President were embittered by party strife and violent dissensions! For several days preceding his dissolution, his mental suffering nearly equaled his physical.

Beyond the sully'ing breath of envious blame,
 That wreck'd thy sinking frame.
 By the still waters, near the tree of life,
 Thou wilt forget earth's turmoil and its strife.

With grief and many tears,
 We mourn for thee, our father and our friend !
 Ah, who will guide us thro' the evil years,
 From dangers shoals the helm of State defend ?
 Do thou in mercy send
 Wisdom and strength, our Father, from on high,—
 Grant us thine aid, when danger hovereth nigh.

Autumn.

THE yellow Autumn days have come,
 And vanished from the sky,
 Are the blushing hues of the summer morn,
 And the summer sunset die.
 An icy chill is on the gale,
 As the twilight shades draw nigh,—
 And the silvery moon looks cold and pale,
 As on her distant path she sails,
 In the cloudless azure sky.

The reaper stands by the gather'd sheaves,
 Of the ripe and golden corn ;—
 And the wild bee toils 'mid the wither'd leaves,
 As he winds his tiny horn.

The air is filled with the floating haze,
Of the light-winged thistle-down :
Which many a graceful curve displays,
In serial flight, and winding ways,
In its circuit to the ground.

The rainbow hues of the gorgeous woods,
And the ripe and golden grain,—
And the desert fields where it waving stood,
Fill my heart with a sense of pain.
They speak to me of other days,
When with volant steps I trod
With loved ones through the leafy maze,
Of the woodland's dim and winding ways,
Who slumber 'neath the sod !

I know not why, but Autumn brings
Their memory to mind ;
Consociate with all faded things,
That the frost has left behind !
I think of them in the narrow bed,
While the storm swells loud and high,
'Till my heart is filled with a nameless dread,
And I long to lay my weary head,
In slumber where they lie !

Not so, when the genial Spring appears,
Her countless joys to bring :
Their gentle tones my spirit cheers,
Borne on the zephyr's wing !

When the busy household cares are o'er,
They linger by my side !
And I often list as in days of yore,
For their lightsome tread, on the sounding floor,
In the hush of eventide.

When Summer comes, I wreathe for them
The flowers they loved to wear :
And I oftimes dream of twining flowers,
'Mid their shining braids of hair !
I know ere long I too shall rest,
In my low and narrow bed,—
In the leafy month that I love the best,
When earth in her bridal robe seems drest,
I would lay me with the dead !

The Evening Hearth.

OH ! many an hour I've whiled away,
Beside the evening hearth :
Watching the wood-fires cheerful ray,
While fancy soar'd on pinions gay,
Roaming abroad the earth.

Then many a long forgotten scene,
Fond mem'ry doth restore !
And friends whose very form and mien,
Long vanish'd from our hearts hath been,
Return to us once more !

While yesternight the wood-fires blaze
Gleam'd brightly o'er the hearth,
A halcyon dream of other days,
Recalled before my spirit's gaze,
One, lately fled from earth !

I knew her when a little child,
And side by side we grew,—
Like a twin flow'ret of the wild,
Her sweet face wore a sunny smile,
Nor care, nor grief, she knew !

E'en now her large dark lustrous eyes,
Seem gazing in mine own ;
The mirror'd depths of sunny skies,
(When moved with joy or sweet surprise,)
In their bright glances shone.

And yet there lay a light more deep,
'Neath their bright sunny tone,
Which made the gazer long to weep,
When full upon him, clear and deep,
Their mournful lustre shone.

It seem'd as if a shadowy gleam,
Of some bright happier state,
E'er mingled with her waking dream :
Making the present only seem,
More rude and desolate !

And when with rapt uplifted eye,
 She touched the sounding keys,
 A seraph scarce might choose to vie,
 In strains of 'wilderling melody,
 That floated on the breeze.

We parted in our girlhood's prime,
 And went our separate ways,—
 My sweet friend to a distant clime,
 Where summer suns more brightly shine,
 And stars more brightly blaze !

'Neath the waving branches of the Lime,
 They made her lowly bed;
 In the early blush of summer time,
 When earth seem'd robed in hues divine,
 They laid her with the dead !

Norwich Valley.

I KNOW not of a lovelier vale,
 Than thine, embower'd amid the hills,—
 Where summer flowers, their sweets exhale,
 By sylvan founts, and winding rills.

Betwixt the willow and the thorn,
 Chenango's silvery waters gleam,—
 Where the merry birds ring forth at morn
 Their music, o'er its quiet stream.

Here many a shady cool retreat,
 Is woven by the trailing vine :
 Its pale pink blossoms, wild and sweet,
 Are scatter'd by the passing wind !

The Primrose waves its flowery crest,
 Midway adown the winding stream :
 And pendant o'er its glassy breast,
 The trembling water lillies gleam.

And here, methinks, the clover yields
 A sweeter scent in the dewy morn ;
 More brightly gleam the harvest fields,
 And greener grows the standing corn !

A richer verdure clothes the mead,
 And broader lies the elm tree shade,
 And whiter seem the flocks that feed
 Along the green and flow'ry glade.

And here our aged father's sleep,
 Lords of the soil, long time agone,—
 Where waving poplars silent keep
 Their watch, o'er many a moss-grown stone.

And here my last faint song may swell,
 Ere tuned to loftier notes above,—
 Breathing a kind, and last farewell,
 To the valley and the friends I love !

NOTE.—The ode to the Chenango and Norwich Valley, were written for H—— and E——, daughters of Mr. A—— P——, and presented to them severally on the instance of their

Songs of Death.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DYING.

AND is there no hope !
And must the beautiful in youth depart ?
Ere time hath chill'd the fondly trusting heart,
Or laid one shadow on that sunny brow,
So delicately fair ! I see thee now,
E'en as thou wast, but one short year ago !
When o'er thy cheek beam'd the soft healthful glow.
I hear thy gentle voice, thy lightsome tread,
Oh, God ! and must thou lay thy young bright head
In the dark gloomy grave ? 'Tis even so !
And meekly thou dost wait, the last decisive blow.

I've watch'd the coming Spring,
With many an anxious fear and secret hope.
What time the budding flowers their petals ope,
I deem'd thou would'st revive ! But thou, alas !
To the lone silent tomb, wast journeying fast ;
Thy wasted fingers clasp the blooming flowers,
Sent by some friend, to cheer thy weary hours.
The fragrant odors wafted from their leaves,
Around thy couch, life's farewell sweetness breathes.

marriage and removal to Ohio, as a memorial of their birth place, and of the author's friendship and esteem.

To thee, they whisper, of a brighter shore,
Where pain and death can never reach thee more.

I would not linger here,
To pine in weariness, when thou art gone!
Too deeply have I loved thee; and too strong
Hath been the tie that bound us, thus to be
Sever'd by death! I would depart with thee;—
And where thou liest, I too, would lay me down,
And with thee slumber, 'neath one verdant mound!
Have we not said, that love like ours would last,
When the dark threshold of the tomb is past?
Hath not our faith, our hopes, our fears, been one?
And have we not through all, thus fondly clung
To this one hope? Nor shall that hope be riven
From this worn breast, 'till we do meet in heaven!

Why mourn for thee?

Thus early called from earth's dark cumbering care,
Our path is one! Soon shall I meet thee, where
The quenchless yearnings, and the weary thirst
For fadeless rills, where living fountains burst,
Can never more be mine! A weary dower
Hath the lone heart, that feels the kindling power
Of aspirations, all too high for earth!
Yet these shall be fulfill'd, whence they have birth:
And sever'd hearts shall meet in yonder clime,
Nor feel no pang of fate, no blight from time.

TO JEANA, IN HEAVEN.

Died Jan. 24, 1846.

CEASE, cease, poor heart, thy wild tumultuous
beating,

Fain would I hush the frenzy of my brain,
And think now only of the joy of meeting
My lost JEANA, where no grief nor pain
Can e'er disturb thy fond and faithful breast,
So soon within the narrow grave to rest,
In death's oblivious sleep!

Oh, best beloved! The pale moonbeams are sleep-
ing

Upon thy shroud! while I who wept and prayed,
To die with thee, the lone night watch am keeping:
With streaming tears, invoking heaven for aid,
To bow in meekness to God's holy will,—
And tho' he slay me, love and trust him still,
In the dark stormy hour.

Oh, loved Jeana, whither has thy spirit
Found refuge from this weary world of care?
I often fancy that thou dost inhabit
Yon large, lone, brightly beaming evening star!
How oft together in the stilly night,
We've sat and watch'd its pure and holy light,
And held communion high!

With hearts congenial, fill'd with quenchless yearnings

For purer life, (leaning on thy loved breast,)
 Yon radiant planet, so serenely burning,
 Seem'd to our raptur'd gaze a place of rest!
 And now, when e'er its tranquil light I see,
 Methinks thy loving eyes look down on me,
 With earnest, watchful gaze.

If love is deathless, if with the departed
 The tie exists that bound us here on earth,
 Why call upon thee, 'reft and broken-hearted,
 And wait thy coming, when the stars have birth?
 Thou can'st not come! else would my love bear
 sway,
 And win thee back, tho' distant far the way,
 From thy serene abode!

Perchance unseen, thou oft wilt hover near me,
 A guardian angel in mine hour of need!
 So will I deem, until called hence to meet thee.
 From this clay prison, then forever freed,—
 I shall no more, with pitying anguish trace,
 One line of suffering on thy lovely face,
 Radiant with joy and peace.

Oh, dearest sister, thou art freed from sorrow,
 And wasting pain,—thy weary lot for years!
 From this sweet thought I fain would comfort bor-
 row.

Why weep for thee, "since thou hast done with
tears!"

But there are times, when griefs o'erwhelming pow'r
Will burst its barrier, and the stormy shower

Of tears fall thick and fast!

Now in the East the light of morn is breaking!

Come, gentle sleep, my weary eyelids close,
And yield in dreams, that loved face ever beaming,
With its sweet smile, my life's last summer rose!

But ah, those blessed dreams will soon depart,

Leaving no trace save in my yearning heart,—

Like music fled and gone!

Thus days pass on, with frail hand broidering flow-
ers,

My truant thoughts 'mid bygone scenes doth stray,

'Till night returns, restoring vanish'd hours,

With gleams of faces, pass'd from earth away.

So come ye ever, in my dreams, sweet friends,

'Till my freed spirit, in communion blends,

With yours forevermore!

The Country Clergyman.

FAITHFUL he stood alone :

While from his side, the champions of the cross

Lured from their post, by the seductive dross

That wordlings prize,—or by the voice of fame,

That echoes for an hour, some lauded name,
Then dies away in silence. He the while,
With steadfast heart, the same dull round of toil
Meekly pursued! Learned, yet not vain,
In manners gentle, in exterior plain,
In kindness unsurpassed. His Master's name
'Twas his delight each Sabbath to proclaim;
And through the week, his pure example taught
Still more effectively the truths inwrought
With our most holy faith. The humble poor
Too oft neglected, as he crossed their door
Blessed him with grateful hearts! The faded eye
Of the poor invalid, grew bright with joy
At his approach. E'en the dull ear of death
Caught words of hope, as the last flitting breath
Passed upward unto heaven!

One fragile form,
Pale as a lilly, bow'd beneath the storm,
Whene'er was heard anear his gentle tread,
Invoked heaven's hallow'd blessings on his head!
Still oft he mourn'd, (when bow'd by anxious fears,)
The slender harvest of his prayers and tears,
And turned aside to weep. Thus Jesus wept
Over Jerusalem,—and oftimes kept
Lone weary vigils, on Olivet's brow,—
On the cold ground his sacred head did bow,
Pleading for guilty man!

Then murmur not !
 Though thankless toil be added to thy lot,
 Of sorrow and privation. He hath said,
 That we his servants, should be like our Head !
 Through suffering and reproach to bear the cross,
 And count all earthly things but worthless dross :
 So we but win in heaven a glorious crown,—
 Compared with which a fleeting world's renown,
 Is but an empty dream. When heaven and earth
 shall flee,

A joyful band will rise to welcome thee,
 Of souls redeemed ! for whom thou oft hast wept,
 And agonized in prayer ! O, then what joy,
 What bliss seraphic, and without alloy,
 Shall fill thy raptured soul ! Meanwhile below,
 Foretastes of bliss award thee, like the glow
 Of God's eternal smile ! Celestial gleams
 Of heavenly glory ! bright and cheering dreams
 Of never ending joy, shall cheer thy breast,
 Until admitted to thy heavenly rest !



An Impromptu :

*Written at my Sister's Wedding, and presented to
 her Husband.*

THERE were two flowers, two young and lovely
 flowers,
 That grew in gentle beauty, side by side ;

New charms unfolded thro' their youthful hours,
I watch'd them ever with a sister's pride.
At length one droop'd,—I mourned its early doom,
The flowers of Summer deck its peaceful tomb.

My yearning heart then pour'd its all of love,
Upon that living flower, 'till it became,
An idol worship! wearying heaven above,
With ceaseless prayers, to shield from grief and
pain,
Its young and tender breast! When fully blown,
Another pluck'd the flower I deem'd my own.

And thou, dear M., hast won that gentle flower,
Oh, guard it ever from each windy storm,
Regard it ever as a priceless dower!
Let no rude blasts assail its fragile form,—
Until transplanted to its heavenly home,
Where chilling wind, nor storm, can ever come!

Guido's Dream.

THE stars shone down from their homes of light
With soft and twinkling ray,
Thro' the deep mid-watch of the Summer night,
As GUIDO in slumber lay.
When he dream'd of his home, 'neath the clear
glad light
Of a soft Italian sky,—

Where a winding stream with wavelets bright,
Rolled gently murmuring by.

His home was but a peasant's cot,
Where his mother dwelt alone :—
The Myrtle and Forget-me-not,
Bloom'd 'round the threshold stone.
Two graceful Olives cast their shade,
Around the vine-wreath'd door,—
Where the sun-beams 'mid their branches play'd,
And shone o'er the sanded floor.

The clustering grape with tendrils green,
Festoon'd and intertwined,
To the open lattice form'd a screen,
To exclude the sun and wind.
There his mother sat in the old arm chair,
With her Bible on her knee,—
The fragrant breath of the summer air
Sway'd soft and tremulously.

The glist'ning leaves, while the sunbeams bright,
Gleam'd soft o'er the sacred page,
And illum'd with calm and holy light,
The tranquil brow of age.
There was strength in the glance of that heaven
lit eye,
Deep trust and earnest truth !
The broad calm brow, so pure and high,
Wore the bland sweet light of youth.

Long years had pass'd since Guido dwelt
In the cottage o'er the lea,—
And lisp'd his prayers as at eve he knelt,
At his angel mother's knee.
He had left his home to toil for bread,
And to win an honest fame :—
With his mother's blessing on his head,
As a shield from guilt and shame.

The dream inspired a noble thought,
In his artist soul of flame,—
And the fires of genius awoke and wrought
Throughout his thrilling frame !
And soon in soft resplendant light,
His mother's noble mien,
Beam'd from the canvas, warm and bright.
Mild, truthful and serene,

Was the kindling glance of the love-lit eye :—
The gleam o'er the silvery hair,
Was illum'd with the glow of the sunset sky.
Calm, passionless, and fair,
Shone the pure high brow in its radiant sheen,
Unmark'd by guilt or care :—
For the angelic mind that dwelt within,
Mirror'd its semblance there.

In many a stately marble hall,
Near his own blue winding stream,

That sweet face beams from the silent wall,
 As it shone in Guido's dream.
 And still 'tis shown 'mid the gems of art,
 'Mong the proud archives of fame,—
 Where the filial love of a noble heart,
 Enshrin'd a MOTHER'S name!

The First Grave of the Settlers,

ON INDIAN CREEK, ILLINOIS.

THEY made his lonely grave,
 By the dark woodland's side,—
 Where the leafy trees of the forest wave,
 Where the towering oak the tempest braves,
 In majesty and pride!

Few were the lonely band,
 That stood beside his bier!
 Not a farewell word, the silence broke:
 And the last sad look of the grave they took,
 In sorrow and in tears.

But there was one, whose grief
 Tho' silent, still was deep.
 Her fragile form was oft seen to glide
 Near that lonely grave, by the woodland's side,
 And there in silence weep.

He sleeps not now alone,
By the dark woodland's side.
Scarce a twelve-month past, ere another stone
Was placed at the head of the lovely one,
Who slumbers by his side.

NORTH NORWICH, 1839.

NOTE.—An only brother of the writer, who was the leader of the little band of immigrants from Boston, selected the location for the burial ground on Indian Creek, where they interred in a few months after their arrival one of their number, a young gentleman from Boston, who died of Consumption, induced by exposure and hereditary bias.

Lines Written in an Album.

THOU bid'st me gentle lady,
To weave for thee a lay :
Alas, the sweet romances,
Of my life's early day,
Have flown like leaves in Autumn ;
Before the wintery blast,
Those bright and youthful fancies,
Were all too sweet to last.

But the Promethean fire
Still glows within my veins,
Lighting the funeral pyre
Of the dross that still remains.

And still on airy pinion,
My muse at times doth stray ;
Beyond the distant mountain,
Beyond the hills away.

'Till dawns the glorious vision,
Of the bright, the better clime,—
With the famed fields Elysium,
And streams whose murmuring chime,
In my rapt ear are ringing,
As they swiftly glide along ;
And I hear the distant hymning,
Of the bright angelic throng.

Thus glows the sweet ideal,
Clear and intensely bright,—
'Till the present seems less real,
Than that world of living light !
Oh, wherefore, gentle lady,
Dost thou pine in sorrow here,
That thine earthly lot is Ierie,*
And thy pathway dark and drear.

Since each passing day but hastens
The hour of sweet release,
When thy soul in secret yearning,
For a home of rest and peace,
(Hath fulfill'd its weary mission,)
'Mid the mansions of the blest,

* This word is taken from the Scottish dialect.

Will find a sweet fruition,
Leaning on Jesus' breast.

Lights and Shadows.

THE fierce winds met in battle,
And the thunder loud did rattle,
And the wheel groaned on its axle,
 Toiling o'er the rugged way.
Ah, me! the earth is erie,
Of life I am aweary,—
Thus sighed I, drooping, dreary,
 At the closing of the day.

Soon I felt my senses reeling,
Felt the hand of Somnus stealing,
All consciousness and feeling ;
 While the plashing of the rain,
Caused me heavily to slumber,
And I heard no more the thunder,—
While weird visions without number,
 Came thronging thro' my brain!

Methought that I was chang'd,
And my friends were all estrang'd,—
While with feeble steps I ranged,
 O'er a broad and dusty way!
Then with thirst I seem'd a dying,
When I heard a brooklet sighing,

Saw a silvery brooklet hieing,
Like a gleam of light away.

With feeble steps advancing,
Near its limpid waters dancing,
When in its bosom glancing,
I turned with fright away!
In the place of smiles and dimples,
There were furrows deep, and wrinkles,
And the golden hair was sprinkled,
With faded white and grey.

O'er the pale dim brow beclouded,
With the four-score years that bowed it,
Sat reason dull and shrouded,
Where the Holly lately bloomed.
Then in truth the earth seem'd erie,
And of life I was aweary,—
And I pined so lone and dreary,
For the quiet of the tomb!

I awoke! the sun was beaming
Thro' my lattice brightly streaming,
O'er my books and flowers gleaming,
As I knelt me down to pray.
A meek and chasten'd feeling,
Came o'er me with its healing,
God's perfect love revealing,
As I went my household way.

NORWICH, 1849.

Little Mary.

CAN this be death? Wilt thou no more awaken?
On thy closed lids the seal of slumber lies.
Loved one, awake!—the lark her flight hath taken,
Sweetly she sings, aloft in yonder skies.

Thou wilt not wake! Thy spirit hath ascended
Where the light wing of the sky lark cannot soar!
Unlike the lark, when her ærial flight is ended,
Thou wilt return to thine earthly home no more!

Ah, this is death! By many a mournful token,
Nerveless and chill, lies thy little hand in mine;
Thy loving kiss, and thy good night fondly spoken,
How will they haunt me, in the coming time!

Never again o'er thy pillow nightly bending,
Will my fond gaze thy lovelit glances meet:
List'ning the hymn, from thy ruby lips ascending,
Ere thine eyes closed, in childhood's slumber
sweet!

If with the birds, in melody departing,
From our chill clime, on light and tireless wing,
Thou would'st return, when flowers and buds are
starting,
Then with what joy might we hail the coming
spring!

Why live to see thy spiritual beauty fading,
 From the worn brow, like sunlight from a cloud ?
 Lov'd one, each trace of thine early home in Aiden,
 Shines still more clearly in thy little shroud.*

Leave us not lone, but on starry pinions gleaming,
 Visit our couch, when sleep our eyelids close !
 Yield us in dreams, thy sweet face ever beaming,
 With thy loved smile, our life's last summer rose.

* It is supposed by some persons that the soul or living principle exists anterior to its birth, and hence they assert that the soft spiritual halo which marks the brows of infants in sleep, is a sign of their affinity with pure and sinless spirits, and that this light is never wholly obliterated except by the domination of evil passions.

May-Day Greetings.

TO A FRIEND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

COME forth unto the meadows,
 From life's dim and dusty way,—
 From the streets and crowded places,
 On this smiling first of May !
 Come awake the old romances,
 In thy bosom, once again,—
 Those bright and youthful fancies,
 Sad truants long have been.

I have seen thy dark eye beaming,
 With serene and holy thought,—
And I loved thee for that dreaming,
 For the gentle mood it wrought.
I have loved thee for thine honor,
 Bright and stainless from thy youth,—
For thy sparkling wit and humor,
 For thy pure unsullied truth.

For each noble trait I loved thee,
 In the palmy days of yore ;
But a change has gathered o'er thee,
 Since that we meet no more !
Pure and spiritual thought effacing,
 From thy noble brow the while,
On thy heart stern lessons tracing,
 Of earth's treachery and guile !

I would rather thou wert sleeping,
 In thy low and narrow bed,—
Though my wrung heart broke with weeping,
 Scalding tears above thy head !
Then the words by thee once spoken,
 Should prove false, and nothing worth !
Then the last link would be broken,
 That binds my soul to earth !

But no ! I cannot doubt thee,
 And thy memory remains,
With its clear light shining round me,
 Undim'd by earthly stains !

Then away unto the mountains,
 Thro' the glens and uplands stray :
 By the gleaming rills and fountains,
 Where the sweet May breezes play.

Would'st thou heed each clear voice ringing,
 From the grove and forest tree,—
 Mark the blades of grass upspringing,
 And the flowers upon the lea,—
 Would'st thou list sweet nature's teaching,
 In her bright and changeful mood,
 Thou would'st much sweet wisdom gather,
 From her groves and solitudes !

MAY 1, 1849.

Orphan Willie.

I SAW a village burial train,
 Slow moving from an ancient fane :—
 A little boy with flaxen hair,
 And dimpled cheek, and forehead fair,
 Led onward by the pastor's care,
 Sole mourner there was seen.

They paused beside a new-made grave,
 And dust to dust was given.
 Poor little WILLIE'S piercing cry,
 Drew pitying tears from every eye.—

They strove in vain his tears to dry,
His heart with grief was riven.

The pastor said, with accents mild,
"Thou seest this wither'd herbage child :
Sure as the Spring shall come again,
And clothe with tender grass the plain,
Thy mother will arise again,
To dwell I trust in heaven."

Chance led once more my wandering feet,
Within that churchyard's lone retreat.
The wintery skies had pass'd away,—
I heard the cheerful robin's lay,
Caroling from the leafy spray,
A welcome to the Spring.

Musing with slow and silent tread,
Among the mansions of the dead,
I paused o'er many a lowly mound ;
At length the widow's grave I found,
Scarce raised above the common ground,
Unmarked by cross or stone.

I found beside the grave a child,
'Twas Willie, who looked up and smiled.
"The flower shoots have sprung up," said he,
"Soon my dear mamma I shall see,

And then how happy we shall be,
She will not leave me more !”

“ Thy mother is in heaven, I trust,—
Her mortal part is nought but dust !
Within the grave it will remain ;
Thou’lt watch for her, my child, in vain :
The pastor said she would rise again,
At the rising of the just !”

His little heart seem’d broken quite !
He wander’d weeping from my sight.
From that time forth he smiled no more :—
His dream of earthly bliss was o’er.
In four short weeks his corse they bore,
Within the churchyard gate.

His tiny feet with constant tread,
A pathway ’round that narrow bed,
Had worn quite through the verdant sod,
Where now he lies beneath the clod.
His spirit hath return’d to God !
The orphan’s grief is o’er.

NORTH NORWICH, 1839.

On the Death of the Poetess L. E. L.,

*Who married the newly appointed Governor to
Africa, and died soon after her arrival.*

AND art thou gone thou lovely one !
Thou of the sweet-toned lyre !
And is thy harp so soon unstrung,
And quench'd the radiant fire,
That lurked within its glowing chords,
And sent forth many a tone
Of music, and of melody,—
A music all thine own.

The spirit that its slumbers broke,
Hath pass'd away from earth !
And the fair hand, its chords that woke,
With chasten'd tone of mirth,
Is cold and powerless as the lyre,
Which its light fingers strung ;
Alas ! those sweet soul thrilling wires,
Were all too tightly wrung.

Too sensitive thy bosom's thrill,
Of pleasure, or of pain !
Too quickly came the sense of ill,
Across thy burning brain !

And though thy song, at times was light,
As the lark's matin hymn,
Yet oft thy cheek was deadly white,
And thy bright eye was dim !

And often hast thou charm'd the throng,
With sparkling wit and mirth,—
Yet when the crowd was gone, hast wept
Thro' weariness of earth !
The quenchless yearnings of thy soul,
For bliss that never cloys,
Would oft thy gayer moods control,
And banish all thy joys.

'Tis ever thus, with gifts like thine :
The light that others cheers,
Is fed with life-drops from the mine,
And water'd with its tears.
Too dearly purchased is the gift,
To grant the bliss we crave,—
A fitful and a weary doom,
A low and early grave,

Is oft, alas, the poet's meed :
Tho' much I joy to think,
That thou hast shared a lofty fame,
With many a bright wreath link'd.
And many hearts, and many lands,
Will mourn thine early doom,—

And many an offering will be twined,
To consecrate thy tomb.

Afric reverberates the swell,
Of heartfelt deep lament :
For thy last sigh famed L. E. L.,
With its dull air was blent !
And dearly will they rue the day,
That saw thy light form borne
From Albion's towering cliffs away,
And never to return !
NORTH NORWICH, 1839.

—————
♦♦♦♦♦
—————
To Mrs. *****,

ON HER LATE BEREAVEMENT.

I HEAR thy gentle voice my friend,
But ah, there's sadness in its tone ;
Thy drooping head with sorrow bends,
Alas ! why is it thus mine own.
Yet wherefore ask ! yon closed room
Wears the lone stillness of the tomb,
And maketh mute reply !

And was there then no warning sent,
To thee sweet friend, of coming doom ?
No bird-like note with wailing blent,
From the dim chamber of the tomb ?

Ah, none ! 'till mortal paleness spread
O'er the lov'd face, and the high head
Was borne unto the grave !

And few there were, who knew the worth,
Of the leal spirit, kind yet strong :—
'Till from the weary bonds of earth,
He pass'd to join the heavenly throng !
'Tis thus with all our pleasures here,—
They brighten as they disappear,
Forever from our sight !

But thou, of all who mourn for him,
Hast sun-light by thy presence cast,—
Diffusing light where all was dim,
Bright'ning the memory of the past !
Thou hast thy meed ! No weary strife,
Of vain regrets in future life,
Can haunt thy peaceful breast !

But ah, each gentle look and word,
The all of love, so freely pour'd !
How will thy heart by memory stir'd,
Brood o'er its own bright secret hoard,
Of hours in sweet communion pass'd ;
Their dreamy spell is o'er thee cast,
Where'er thy footsteps roam !

The weary world hath power to bind,
The struggling heart in many a fold !

Still thro' the silent lapse of time,
The forms that lie beneath the mold,
A single thought can bid them rise,
Before us, with their calm bright eyes,
Piercing the inmost soul !

But thou, my friend,—thou need'st not shrink
From the calm glance of that mild eye ;
Henceforth 'twill be thy joy to think,
While training for their native sky,
Those orphan'd ones, so fondly loved,—
Their Sire from some bright star above,
Smiles sweet approval down !

The Dying Poet's Soliloquy.

WHENCE is this change ? I feel an icy shiver
Creep thro' my veins, as the light breezes swept by ;
I hear the rushing of a mighty river,
Whose rolling waves seem speeding still more nigh !
In yonder church-yard, like a spectral band,
The aged firs, and nodding laurels stand,
Beck'ning my soul away !

Ah, now they toss their arms, and wildly beckon,
With nodding heads they daily call to me :—
I will not heed them, tho' they call and beckon,
I will shake off this thralldom, and be free !

It was not thus, when o'er yon mountain's height,
With volant step I roam'd from morn 'till night,
Earth's secrets to explore !

There I have heard unnumber'd voices preaching,
Of living harmonies, that 'round us roll :—
And felt within sweet nature's gentle teaching,
In silent whispers, to the list'ning soul ;—
While brooks, and birds, and flowers, and whisp'ring
trees,
In choral symphonies upon the breeze,
Harmonious music made.

Talk not of death ! The future lies before me,
I cannot die ! My work is scarce begun !
And yet at times strange numbness creepeth o'er me.
Oh, grant me life, thou high and holy One !
Strength to unfold the glorious thoughts that glow
Within my breast, in one euphonious flow,
Of sweetly melting strains.

To die in youth, while thro' mine inmost being
I feel immortal powers within me throng,—
When spirit-voices in my ear are ringing,
Melodious strains, and snatches of sweet song :—
And life itself so clear before me lies,
With its stern duties, and its vast emprise,
Of noble deeds undone !

Yet peace at last is nigh ! Each tie is riven,
A brighter home is mine, beyond the stars !

This claeÿ cell no longer will imprison
 My struggling soul, within its bolts and bars!
 Farewell, lov'd earth,—on angel-wing I soar,
 To distant worlds, new mysteries to explore,
 While endless cycles run.

Inez and Imelda:

OR THE MISSION OF SORROW.

HOLY hath been thy mission gentle friend :
 Thou wanderest to and fro throughout the earth,
 Causing sad hearts in union sweet to blend,
 And chasteneth those o'er fond of pomp and mirth.
 By thy blest influence heaven oftimes doth send
 Angels, to minister at our board and hearth :
 In many a humble cot their homes are found,
 Where soft Spring airs, and dews of peace abound !

When bow'd with grief, their generous hearts exhale
 Incense more rare than costly odor sweet.
 Thus the meek violet breathes upon the gale,
 Its perfumed breath, when crush'd beneath the feet.
 We wound the fertile earth, which ne'er doth fail
 To yield its fruits, the laborers eye to greet.
 E'en so, heaven furrows the meek human breast,
 And flowers spring forth obedient to his 'quest.

We know them by their calm, sad, earnest eyes,
 Whose earnest glance is fixed on heaven alone.

By noble deeds, that brighten for the skies,—
Deeds but for them the world had never known !
Where'er they tread, lost hues of paradise
Gleam 'round their paths, we deem'd forever flown.
Earth's angels are they, walking undismayed,
Amid the furnace !—faint, but not afraid.

Meek hearted ones, unknown amid the glare,
The pomp and pageantry of worldly pride,—
One I remember now, with soft brown hair,
From her pale marble temples put aside,—
A child of penury, yet passing fair,
Whose homely garb her beauty could not hide.
Her broad calm brow, so reverent, meek and
 pure,
Told of deep strength to suffer and endure !

O'er her veil'd eyes the silken lashes lay,
Oftimes in weariness, and oft to hide,
The gathering tears, that sometimes would have
 sway,
When gazing at the sufferer by her side:—
An orphan sister, who from childhood's play,
Adown the cliff was borne at eventide,—
A helpless burden, on her loving breast,
Her tiny feet no more the greensward press'd.

Years pass'd away, with calm and even flow,
In their rude cottage on the sandy moor,

The yellow sunbeams shone with mellow glow,
On INEZ's couch, from the low vine-wreath'd door ;
Where oft she watch'd the slant rays fading slow,
Along the walls, and o'er the sanded floor.
Shut from the world, its beauty and its bloom,
She sigh'd for rest, and found it 'yond the tomb !

One sorrow more the young IMELDA knew,
And her crush'd heart, like a frail reed was broken :
One, she believed, was loving, kind and true,
Deem'd their long plighted vows were rashly spok'n.
No earthly love could light its fires anew,
In her sad breast ! Heaven sent to her a token
Of perfect peace,—and the clear loving light
Of her sweet eyes, closed in death's dreamless night !

The humble cotters, as they smooth'd her bed,
With rev'rence spake of her who lay beneath !
How tenderly she rais'd the young bright head,
Of her whose suppliant glance invoked relief.
How cheerfully she toil'd to earn their bread,
How lovingly she sooth'd her every grief :—
And still the tale is told among the poor,
Of the lone dwellers of the sandy moor !

The Welcome.

TO MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

Blow ye favoring gales, and bear along
To her native shore our bird of song !
We have miss'd the flow of thy gentle strains,
'Mid thine own green hills and flowery plains ;—
Like the silvery chime of the sounding rills,
That murmur unseen 'mid the quiet hills,
Bearing freshness and bloom to the flowers along—
Thus thy tuneful lyre charm'd the list'ning throng.
With joy we reclusp the sever'd chain,
And welcome the wanderer home again !

Thy home laughs out, 'mid its summer bloom,
Yet something of silence, a shade of gloom,
Seems to rest on the spot where thy footsteps
stray'd,
'Neath the trailing vines of the Ivy's shade.
Perchance 'tis the thought of the grief that lies
In the quiet depth of thy gentle eyes :—
And the mournful change that has o'er thee pass'd,
Since beneath its shade thou did'st wander last.
Then, visions of joy before thee waved !
Now, thy heart yearns oft for the silent grave.

When fame's soothing whispers rang in thine ear,
And the path of the future lay smiling and clear,

Thou did'st turn from the 'wilderling charm of song,
From those airy dreams that its pathway throng :
In that Orient clime far beyond the seas,
Where the Cocoa wafts its tall arms in the breeze,
To aid him who toil'd weary years to illumine,
The nations enshrouded in darkness and gloom.
Thou did'st brighten his pathway so lonely and drear,
When the bloom of life's verdure lay with'd and sere.

Though the freshness and bloom of thy life depart,
Yet the glow of his smile will illumine thine heart ;
He called thee his angel in moments of joy ;*

* The present Mrs. Judson remarked to a friend on the peculiar gentle and winning manner that characterized her husband's mode of addressing her, adding, that he often calls her pet names, such as " Angel," " Bird," &c Her predecessors also gratefully acknowledge this beautiful home trait of his character. It appears that selfishness and exaction, which transforms many a wise and gifted man into the domestic tyrant, found no place in his heart and life. " His life spans the history of Foreign Missions from America ! With an iron constitution, with indomitable strength of purpose, with apostolic energy, of faith and love, with devotedness as entire as ever marked a servant of Christ,—he has given youth, manhood, and a vigorous old age to the ministry among the heathen. His labors have been as abundant, hardships as severe, sufferings as intense, as have fallen to the lot of a Christian soldier, since the martyrdom of St. Paul. And now he has died with his harness on, and left a name which must be a watchword among the successive ranks of the ' sacramental host,' till they have won their last victory, and the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ."

And thine was the bliss without alloy,
When pillow'd soft in its "Indian nest,"
Thy young "bird" smiled on its mother's breast.
Then life sped on with a quiet flow,
'Till Ithuriel's spear laid thine idol low !
The lance was enwreath'd with Amaranth flowers,
And Paradise dawn'd on his parting hours !

The glory of Summer to thee is dim !
While he tunes his glad lyre to the cherubim's hymn.
Thou wilt bear in our festive scenes no part,
While memory broods in thy yearning heart,
O'er his "sea-girt home," 'mid the coral caves ;
And oft where the Lotus blossom waves,
Where thine "angel Charlie" asleep doth lie,
'Neath the summer haze of an Indian sky :
Where the shadowy Peepul bendeth its head,
Like a mourner that weeps o'er the early dead.

Thy name is cherish'd in many a home,
In the peasants cot, and the lordly dome :
Link'd with mem'rys that throng 'round the sainted
 dead,
Who have hallow'd the path where thy footsteps
 tread !

One slumbereth 'lone on the rock of the sea !
And one lieth low, neath the Hopia tree !
The deep rolling ocean holds one in trust,
Whose name is enrolled on the scroll of the just !

Tho' distant and lone their graves lie apart,
 Yet death cannot sever the kindred in heart !

'Mid the Burman jungle, so dark of yore,
 They have scatter'd the seeds of the heavenly lore.
 Its sweet buds of promise will yet uncloze,
 'Till the wilderness blossom like Sharon's rose !
 And thy poet heart will with rapture thrill,
 When thou hearest afar from the heavenly hill,
 The jubilant strains of a ransom'd throng,
 Redeem'd from the bondage of sin and wrong :—
 Where the gospel its pearly radiance shed,
 Around JUDSON who lies in his ocean bed.

AUGUST, 1851.

The Exile.

THE sun had sank behind the hill,
 The sky with clouds was overcast :
 The wintery wind blew cold and chill ;
 A stranger shivering in the blast,
 I welcomed to my cheerful hearth,
 And spread the plenteous board with care :
 His sparkling wit and genial mirth,
 His noble, frank, and courtly air,
 Entranc'd us, while the hours flew by,
 Like moments in life's circling chain.

Yet oft I marked the deep drawn sigh,
 Like one who strives with grief or pain !
 I knew by his soft dulcet speech,
 His jetty curls of purple hue,
 The clear pale olive of his cheek,
 Which the bright crimson blood shone thro',

That he was from that flowery clime,
 Ruled by oppressions iron sway ;
 Whose sons in hopeless bondage pine,
 While some in weary exile stray !
 Moved by my pitying glance, he told
 The hapless story of his woe :
 How with Mazzini's band enroll'd,
 He fled at Rome's sad overthrow.

* * * * *

The winding streamlet quenched his thirst,
 The strawberry globes of golden red,
 The craving pangs of hunger nurst,—
 The mountain heather was his bed.
 He wander'd thro' the forest dark,
 That skirts the Atlantic billows hoar ;
 With joy he hailed a homeward bark,
 Which bore him to our peaceful shore.

The wintry sky that o'er him beams,
 The chilling winds, the drifting snow,
 Recall to mind his own blue streams,
 And skies that wear a vernal glow.

The vintage song is in his ear :

Down by the Arno's silvery tide
His mother's voice he seems to hear,
In prayer for him at eventide !

And ere the twilight shadows flee,
Where oft they met in life's young morn,
Fair lovely Florence o'er the lea,
Awaits him at the trysting thorn.
And when the stars of evening pale,
She winds her homeward way alone,—
While oft the lovelorn Nightingale,
Responds unto her plaintive moan.

In vain for her that lovely clime,
Its soft and vermeil blooms unclose.
Heedless she treads the flowery thyme,
Nor stoops to pull the wilding rose!
Since grief her every thought enthalls
The flowers that deck the winding stream,
The memory of past joy recalls,
Which vanish'd like a fleeting dream.

O, lovely land ! O, fruitful vales,
Where the Myrtle and the Citron bloom !
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Yet hangs o'er all a shade of gloom,—
Since anarchy, distrust and crime,
Stalk boldly o'er thy fair domain !

Old age and manhood's youthful prime,
In hopeless servitude remain !

O, Italy ! thou Inn of grief !

Without a shelter, wreck'd, forlorn !—

Where can'st thou turn to find relief ?

'Reft of a pilot in rude storm !

Yet from the ashes of the past,

The germ of liberty will spring :—

And dove-eyed peace will reign at last,

And o'er thee brood with silvery wing.

Spring.

How bright is the first glad smile of Spring !
Like a gleam of light from a seraphs wing ;
It sheds o'er the earth its genial ray,
And the snow-wreath melts from the hills away !
Her sunny smile sends the warm breeze forth !
And the frost king hies to the distant north.
The green grass springs o'er the arid plain,
At the cheering sound of the dimpled rain.

Her balmy breath is upon the gale,
And flowers are springing in wood and vale ;
The fir tree hath don'd a brighter green,
Where the swelling buds in the groves are seen.
Again the streamlet wanders free,
In its winding path to the distant sea !

A summer glow illumes the sky,
As days' bright oriflamme wanes on high.

I know that the pale blue Violet,
By the pearly dews of April wet,
Hath ope'd ere this its starry eyes,
Along the banks where the streamlet hies !
And the water cress and mosses green,
'Mid the dashing spray are dimly seen.
In shelter'd nooks blooms the purple bell,
Where the yellow buds of the cowslip swell.

The Robin sings on the household tree,
Where her downy nest was wont to be.
She rear'd it there in the last Spring-time,
And in Autumn fled to a southern clime.
But the nest, like many a cherish'd thing,
Is missing at the return of Spring.
Alas for the heart whose only trust,
Is center'd on things that turn to dust!

But the Robin will build on the same old tree,
And sing, while the mists of the morning flee !
No mournful memory of the heart,
No vanish'd joys into life will start,
To quench that rich and gushing strain,
That sweetly echoes o'er the plain.
'Tis ours, alas, to number o'er,
Life's vanish'd joys, that return no more !

I've listen'd thy joyous lay thou bird,
 'Till the inmost depths of my heart were stir'd!
 Though we may not like thee, cast away
 The haunting griefs that cloud our way:—
 There's ne'er a heart so filled with care,
 But flowers and fruit may blossom there;
 If we cherish the joys that are ours to-day,
 And mourn not o'er griefs that have pass'd away!



The Parisian Flower Girl.

THE Whippor-Will sang in the green leafy valley,
 The Nightingale trill'd her sweet song in the
 grove,—

While weary and worn, thro' the dim crowded alley,
 I wander'd afar from the friends that I love!
 'Mid the vain laughing crowd I strove to forget,
 The "fairest of maidens," the young Mignonett!

One evening in June, in the Champs d'Elysees,
 I reclin'd by a fountain, beneath the cool shade:
 Carv'd in fine bas-relief, knelt the fabled Ulysses,
 At the feet of Calypso, fair Circean maid,—
 With her neat little cap so jauntily set,
 I espied at my elbow a lovely Grisette.

With a basket of flowers, on her arm lightly swing-
 ing,
 A Rose in my button-hole softly she bound.

Her "*Merci bien Monsieur*,"* in my ear sweetly
ringing,

Well repaid the small coin which her courtesy
crown'd.

I have roam'd many lands, yet I never have met,
So charming a maiden as fair MIGNONNET !

While the bells chimed in concert the soft vesper
hour,

By the clear sparkling fount, where the tall lilacs
grew,

I wander'd each eve, and received as my dower,
A sweet Florence rose gem'd with drops of bright
dew !

But few words were spoken, yet I ne'er shall forget,
The sweet silvery tones of the lovely Grisette !

How winsome she look'd with her dark ringlets
flowing ;

Her heart was a stranger to falsehood and guile.
O'er her fair dimpled cheek, the rose of health
glowing,

Grew bright with the charm of her wildering
smile !

Some called her an angel, some vowed to forget
A maiden so coy as the sweet Mignonett.

Tho' numerous her clients for dew-blooming flow'rs,
Yet never a trace could they find of her home,

* I thank you, Sir,

Tho' the bright silver francs fell around her in
showers,

Her "*Merci bien Messieurs,*" she smiled, and was
gone.

Yet so lustrous the orbs of the dark-eyed brunette,
That they ne'er could forget the lovely Grisette.

One evening she came not! Perchance on the
morrow,—

So whisper'd sweet hope, thou wilt meet her again!
Some listen'd with joy, and some heard with sorrow,

That Hymen had bound her, in love's rosy chain!
'Mid the dark shining braids gleam'd a bright
coronet,

That bound the fair brows of the sweet Mignonett.*

NOTE.—This little incident is said to have taken place in Paris a few months ago. A very beautiful young flower girl, or Grisette, as those females are called who belong to the lower class, was privately married to a young Nobleman of great wealth, who loved her not only for her rare beauty, but her intelligence and virtue.

Little Henry.

Inscribed to his father, Bp H. Dox, of Lockport.

In the lone grave, beneath the green sward sleeping,
We left thee lone, our darling little son!

Thy mother's heart was faint and sore with weeping,
Thou wast our dearest, and our loveliest one!—

There, the blue hare bells, and the violet blossom,
Opened their meek eyes, to the dawn of day ;
And the green myrtle, clustered o'er thy bosom,
Thou wast as lovely, and as pure as they.

Where the pale primrose blossom'd by the fountain,
Thy little foot has pressed the dewy sod,
While the soft sunlight lingered o'er the mountain,
Lifting with reverent thought thy heart to God !
In the green meadow, where the vernal showers,
Sprinkled the tender grass beneath thy feet,
Thy tiny hand hath pluck'd the budding flowers,
And hastened with delight, my steps to greet,

On the soft green sward, where the daisy springeth,
And the pale mullen lifts its spiral rod ;
Chasing the butterfly, that sportive wingeth
Its ærial flight, thy volant foot hath trod.
To our fond eyes, there seem'd such winning sweetness,
In all thy little ways, we never tired ;
Watching thy fawnlike tread, and airy fleetness,
Quenched are the hopes our love for thee inspired :

Like a young eaglet, was thy spirit daring,
Yet swayed by kindly tones, and words of love.
A gentle child, of five short summers, wearing
Upon thy brow, the meekness of the dove !
Thy clear deep eyes, whose heavenly azure mingl'd,
The porphory's lustre, in their liquid light ;

Where childhoods sportive glances intermingled,
With starry gleams, from worlds beyond the
sight;

Seem'd filled at times, with pensive holy dreaming,
As if some dweller from the spirit shore,
Infused into thine ear, words of deep meaning;
And tender was the light, thy forehead wore!
In dreams I see thee, with thy white wings shining,
Soft, like the plumage of God's holy dove;
I feel the invisible links, around me twining,
Drawing my spirit hence—to thee above!

The Amaranth's snowy blossoms, stormwoven,
Shed their soft lustre, o'er thy forehead fair!
By seraph hands the fadeless wreath was woven,
And twined amid thy sunny locks of hair.
Clasped in their snowy arms, the angels bore thee,
From our embrace, who loved thee next to God;
Their tender care, is shed forever o'er thee,
Transcending ours, frail dwellers of the clod.

Yet from thy spirit home, in yonder Aiden,
A starry pathway, limns the upper air!
And when oppress'd with grief, as sorrow-laden,
I gaze above, thy look is imaged there!
Thy little Sisters, speak at times of Henry,
In pensive tones, and accents sad and low:—
Their little playmate lingers in their mem'ry;
With his soft ringlets, clustering o'er his brow!

But thy pale mother, in her quiet sadness,
Checks the vain tears that oft in secret flow—
Never again the beaming smile of gladness
O'er her wan cheek will shed its summer glow!
Time may erase the impress of thy beauty,
From younger hearts, but we can ne'er forget;
While strug'ling onward 'mid life's toilsome duty,
Our life's young morning star whose light hath
set!

To Mrs. G. L.

PRINCIPAL OF THE LADIES SEMINARY AT ALBANY.

I THINK of thee oft, on my pillow reclining,
My thoughts like the light winged Zephyr doth
roam,
O'er mountain and vale, where the moonbeams are
shining,
That bathes in soft light, thine own happy home.
I have glanced o'er the page, where the love light
still lingers,
Warm and pure, from the fountain, that wells in
thy breast,
Each line fondly traced by thy delicate fingers ;
My own trembling hand, with loves ardor hath
press'd.

I think of thee oft, when at vesper-time kneeling,
My thoughts on the wings of devotion ascends,
And I feel in my heart, the blissful revealing :
That my low voiceless prayer with thine orison
blends—
And my soul gathers strength from the blessed as-
surance,
That thou in that hour, for the absent dost pray.
Thus nerved with fresh powers, of patient endur-
ance,
I tread the rough paths of life's perilous way.

Like mountain streams destined but rarely to mingle,
Though widely diverging, our paths yet shall be
United at last, like those streams that commingle
Their waters in one, as they enter the sea !
The stream of my life with swift current is speeding,
Toward that vast boundless ocean, that lies just
before—
There are way-marks and signs, I may not pass
unheeding,
That tells me, life's pilgrimage soon will be o'er !

But thou, like yon planet, serenely ascending,
The clear cloudless vault of the limitless sky ;
In true elevation of spirit art tending,
To the home of the blest, 'mid the mansions on
high !
Like yon evening star that in radiant splendor,
Outvie's its compeers, that illumine the night,

May thy bright scintillations of virtues thus render,
Thy pathway resplendant, with beauty and light.

I cannot misdoubt, thy lasting affection,
But I marvel that thou, in the height of thy fame,
Should still treasure the hour, with fond recollection
That inscribed on the tablet of memory, my name.
How many sad hearts have been cheered by thy
presence,

By thy kind gentle words, and thy soft winning
smile—

The rude cot of the poor, and the bright halls of
pleasaunce,
Seemed illumined by a glow of soft sunshine the
while.

No wearisome thrall hath thy spirit o'er clouded:
To sadden the strains, of thy soul thrilling lyre—
Like the slow wearing pain, that my life lamp hath
shrouded,

And quenched in my breast, the promethean fire!
From my lone quiet home, in the heart of the valley,
I shall list with delight, to thy sweet flowing
song—

Tho' never again, my lute chords may rally,
Till I pass to rejoin the invisible throng.

AUGUST, 1850.

To an Only Brother.

WHILE the silent shades of evening,
Folds her curtain round the sky,
And the pale moon softly beaming,
Hangs her silver lamp on high :
'Tis the hour I love to wander,
'Neath pale Lunas pensive ray ;
And on bygone moments ponder,
Musing whiles on those away—
Those whose love hath ne'er grown weary,
Those whose kindness knows no change—
While some have made life's paths more dreary ;
With chilling looks, and hearts estranged.

There was one who parting gave me
This little braid of golden hair :
Whose pale high forehead gleams before me,
Traced with many a line of care.
Long, weary years, I scarce can number,
Have pass'd away, since last we met—
Some have gone down to their last slumber,
Whose cheeks that morn, with tears were wet !
Life's dearest joys, with thee, departed.
A shadow o'er my pathway came,—
I miss'd the strong and noble hearted,
Whose lips ne'er uttered words of blame :

Reared 'mid the solitudes of nature,
Our lives were peaceful as our dreams.
We learned to worship the creator,
Beside her sylvan founts and streams.
Amid her silent glens we wander'd,
In curious contemplative mood;
And questions of grave import pondered
While seeking berries in the wood.
The Orient's sheen, the summer blossom,
The sleep, that lay among the hills;—
The golden sunset clouds whose bosom
Heaven's loveliest Iris hues distills.

And the blithe song of gay birds singing,
Amid the orchard and the grove;
In sweet harmonious concert ringing,
Attuned our hearts, to praise and love!
We watch'd the stars peep from their places,
And questioned of their mystic source—
These early dreams have left their traces,
As streams oft shape the rivers course:
So they have shaped our future being,
Lone dwellers we have been apart—
Feeling the glance of the *all-seeing*,
Ever upon the inmost heart!

Time, that ever will be stealing
The fairest blooms of earth away;—
Hath changed us both, yet more in feeling:
Since last we met, in life's young day!

Yet brother, still thy memory lingers,
On my hearts tablets lone and bright !
Time, with its cold effacing fingers,
Hath spared that page of golden light.
Thee I adjure, by many a token,
Of love, that crown'd our childhood years ;
By all the treasured words then spoken,
Embalm'd in memory's urn of tears.

Come to thy Home ! Tho' sad and lonely,
May seem the old forsaken nest !
Yet brother, might I clasp thee, only
One moment to my yearning breast ;
And with thee, shed the tear of sorrow,
Upon the household graves, that lie,
Half hidden, by the spreading Yarrow ;
And funeral flowers, that fade and die.
Then would I fold my robe about me,
And with meek sufferance, lay my head ;
Where the tall grass, and spreading Yarrow,
Will blossom o'er my lowly bed !
EARLVILLE, December, 1850.

Autumnal Dirge.

THE tall trees are waving in the cold blast,
A farewell to the Autumn, her glories are past !
'Twas but yesterday that the grass was green,
Where the silvery drops of the rain were seen,
But the hoar frost came, in the starry night,
And the grass grew sere, 'neath its with'ring blight.

The dead leaves are flying abroad in the gale,
The cold winds are sighing their funeral wail,
'Twas but lately I marked their crimson glow,
As they gently waved on the maple bough ;
But they wither'd away, 'neath the autumn's frown,
'Till the trees were shorn of their leafy crown.

The flowers of the garden are scentless and dead,
Along their gay margin grow rank weeds instead.
Warmed by the sun and wet by the rain,
They battened and grew, an unseemly train,
Mildew'd and spotted, and sere and brown,
Meet for a beldame's wither'd crown.

Where the pale pied pink blossoms in loveliness grew
Their pearl tinted bosoms begemm'd with bright
dew,
They have perished all neath the Autumn's strife.
Like those dreams that visit our morn of life !

Like the hopes that we cherish which drew their
birth
From the false and fleeting things of earth !

Where the tall primrose flourished, beneath the low
eaves,
And the moss roses nourished their wealth of bright
leaves,
A pattering rain fell, three nights and a day ;
And their leaves lie embedded beneath the moist
clay.

There was one far more lovely than roses in bloom,
Who lies lower than they, in her early tomb !

The moonbeams are sleeping, o'er hillside and plain,
And the bright stars are keeping their watch in her
train,

The wood-fire beams bright in the open grate,
And Tabitha prim, with looks elate ;
Sits watching the leaves, as I duly turn,
And her monotone blends with the hissing urn.

I will muse on the summer, that is to be,
As I list the low murmur of winds o'er the lea ;
My heart is athirst for the sounding rills,
And the soft balmy air that the zephyr distills ;
I pant for the music that is divine,
Whose sweet notes swell with a murmuring chime.

In that world of splendor whose soft light gleams,
 Pure, solemn and tender, amid our dreams ;
 Fain would I quench my soul's inward thirst,
 In the limpid wave, where its fountains burst !
 No withering blight can befall the flowers,
 That bloom in those green perennial bowers.

The Artist's last Work.

It was a clear, calm, moonlight, summer night,
 O'er canopied with stars, whose glittering light,
 From heaven's serenest depths, shown calmly down
 Upon a world in tranquil slumber drown'd ;
 As if no anguish, misery, or despair,
 E'er gnaw'd upon its vitals! The very air,
 Seem'd hushed and still. The lamps had all burn'd
 dim,

Save one that shone, with a large spectral rim,
 From a lone Artist's studio! The solemn chime,
 Of church bell, toll'd unto the ear of time,
 One pealing stroke—and the pale Artist rose,
 And with frail fingers, silently unclosed
 The lattice, and look'd forth upon the night!
 The innumerable stars, with their soft tranquil light,
 Glanced down into his soul. The holy calm,
 Of that still hour, diffused a genial balm
 Over his languid frame! Unutterable thought,
 Kindled within his breast! His ear had caught,

The melody of worlds, whose glories seem'd,
 Transfused at times, into his waking dreams,
 Linking his soul with heaven! One little spot,
 Chained him to earth. A low and white wall'd cot,
 Of rural loveliness, before him rose,
 Embowered 'mid trees; the sweet lip'd Tube rose,
 And pink Accacia, and those fragrant flowers,
 Whose odorous breath, exhales in summer hours,
 Bloom'd round the porch. Within that calm retreat,
 Enlock'd in childhood's slumber, calm and sweet,
 Lay two twin babes—a sister and a brother—
 Fair type were they, of their sweet angel mother,
 Who dwelt above! Pale, worn and weak,
 The death rose deepen'd on her lovely cheek,
 And ere a twelve month from her infant's birth,
 She closed her eyes in weariness of earth!

* * * * *

Oh, it is sad when some surpassing spirit,
 Hath like a meteor vanished from our way!
 When all in life we cling to, and inherit,
 Seems cold and valueless! The kindling ray
 Of sweet intelligence which 'round him shone,
 Was quench'd and gone! Its magic light had flown,
 He linger'd sorrowing many a weary day,
 Around the foot prints of her memory:
 Wasted with grief—but for the sake of those,
 Twin buds of being, whose soft light unclosed,
 Beneath his watchful eye, he bent in toil—
 While in the socket waned the midnigh oil;

The sweet pale phantom shrined within his heart,
Limned on the canvas with surpassing art,
Whose sweet transcendant loveliness was caught,
From those intense and subtle jems of thought,
Evolved in moments, when the spirit's wings,
Soaring above Earth's vain imaginings,
Returns, relumed with glories that impart,
New life and strength to the o'er burdened heart.

It was a lovely Tableau ! 'Mid the skies,
On a white cloud of soft effulgent dyes,
Reclined his spirit bride, aloft ascending ;
Her snowy wings, with trembling lustre blending,
Threw a long line of soften'd radiance down,
Blent with the effluence of her golden crown !
The illumined forehead and the starry eye,
Whose porphyry lustre, rivaled even the sky,
And her white raiment, seemed irradiated,
With a soft beamy light ; eliminated
From other worlds, beyond earth's changeful *sphere*,
Reflected from the glorious atmosphere
That gilds the brow of Heaven !

Days, months elapsed, throughout the earth and sky,
Changes had passed unnoted by his eye,
While o'er the canvas, 'neath the lamps pale light,
He traced those dreams, that throng'd his mental
sight,—
Dreams *too* ethereal and refined to be

Unfolded save in the deep solemnity,
Of the mute voiceless night! Within his breast,
Unutterable peace, that crowns the blest,
Well'd like a fountain, whose perennial springs,
In cooling spray wreaths, 'round the margin fling
A soft refreshing dew. 'Twas at the close
Of that sweet month which ushers in the rose,
Whose odorous scents upon the Zephyr straying ;
While summer fountains 'neath the moon-light
playing,

Seemed bathed in silvery light! It was an hour,
Engirt with silence, whose deep mystic power,
Seem'd to the Artist, as he breathless traced,
The last faint tints of that Angelic face,
Replete with holy joy! Well might he deem,
While gazing on that sweet embodied dream,
That the pure soul shone through those starry eyes,
Whose mirror'd depths reveal'd a rapt surprise,
And the moist glow, upon the coral lip ;
So life like seem'd, that honey bees might sip,
And deem they drank its dew. * * *

Was it the fitful glimmer of the moon,
Or the uncertain light within the room,
Which caused the picture, both to smile, and start,
Which so o'erpower'd with joy his throbbing heart,
As to suspend its motion? None could tell!
They found him lying, where he fainting fell,
As if in sleep—but life returned no more—

And yet so bright a look his forehead wore,
Whence the pure soul of grace and genius shed
Its *parting light*;—*one scarce* could deem it fled!

NOTE.—The Author has conceived the foreground of this picture, to represent a beautiful little Ornee Cottage, covered with honeysuckle and woodbine in flower, with a smoothly shaven grass plat in front, garnished with flower beds, where two little twin children are at play amid the flowers. Far above in the blue sky on rosy Cloud reclining, the Angel mother looks smilingly down on the scene of her late earthly happiness, while the golden portals of her heavenly home, gleam in the dim blue ether. On either hand may be seen peering amid the clouds, the bright angelic faces of her celestial guides who are also gazing down upon the earth scene below them with mingled looks of love and compassion in their eyes,

Written for the Telegraph.

New-Year Greeting in 1846.

I wish you a happy New-Year friends,
Though your faces I may not see.
With the kindly greeting, I bind to send,
The fervent love of my spirit blends,
Which ne'er will fail till life shall end,
Wherever I may be.

The lark sang high in the cloudless sky,
In the valley where ye dwell!
And the river murmur'd gently by,
Fringed with the emeralds brightest dye,

And the violet odors wander'd by,
As I breathed my last farewell!

Now, cold winter's reign has come again
With chilling winds and snow;
And the frost lies on the window panes,
The river is bound in icy chains!
And slowly the blood flows through my veins—
And my pulse beats faint and slow.

But my heart is leal and true friends,
With kind thoughts running o'er.
Oft 'tis wrung with a sense of pain,
'Till the warm tears fall like summer rain,
When I think we ne'er may meet again,
As we met in the days of yore.

I wish you a happy new year friends,
Exempt from care and sorrow,
When ye meet around your cheerful hearth,
Its vacant places will check your mirth:
There are some who will never return on earth,
And some on a distant morrow!

Would I might weave one strain friends,
From my broken lute one tone.
That would mind ye, of those by-gone days,
When among your groves I sang my lays,
Nor dream'd of the poet's wreath of bays,
'Round my youthful temples thrown,

Then ye would think of me friends,
When the sun's last fading ray,
Doth crimson the halls of the glowing west,—
That is the hour that I love the best.
Then I long to soar to my heavenly rest,
From this weary world away.

Ye have been kind and true friends ;
Ye have loved me long and well ;
But I've dreamed oft in the darksome night,
Of a land where falls no withering blight.
The loved are there in their robes of light—
How sweet their Anthems swell.

Chide not that I long to go, friends
The tones that greet mine ear,
A spring time in my heart hath made—
'Tis the loving tones of one who played
With me beneath the willow shade, *
In the days to memory dear.

When ye shall hear, sweet voices hymning
From the distant spirit shore ;
Strange yearnings then, will fill your breast ;
Your Souls will pant for the perfect rest—
Amid the mansions of the blest—
Where sorrow comes no more !

* The above lines contains an allusion to the loss of a beloved Sister, which caused the writer to seek in change of scene, an amelioration from that intense grief which prayed upon her health and spirits.

To Little Viola E.

COME sit by me, thou timid child,
While the winds are piping wild—
Lift to mine thine eyes of blue,
Glistening like the spher'd dew,
Which thy gentle soul beams through,
Like sun-light thro' a cloud.

Like the wind-harp near the sea,
Breathing its low melody,
Or like the young and tender vine,
Thy hearts tendrils doth entwine,
Around this lonely heart of mine ;
Filling it with joy.

I marvel oft, sweet child, that thou,
The Angels should have spared till now,—
Ever in thy pensive gaze,
When thy thoughts seem'd in a maze,
I've seen the gleam of starry rays,
Beam from thine eyes and brow !

I knew the Angels were anear,
Circling in their own atmosphere,
Thy brow in sleep. Thy white lids lay,
In a soft holy calm alway

While o'er thy lips bright smiles did play,
Like rose leaves steep'd in dew.

Thy mingled smiles of love and glee,
Whene'er I watch'd thee silently,
Thy little footstep on the stair,
The gleam of thy soft yellow hair,
Floating around thy forehead fair,
Still haunt my memory !

Thy rosy cheeks swift changing hue,
The heaven of thy soft eyes of blue,
In whose calm depth there lies asleep,
The germ of thought intense and deep,
Which will thy spirit chords o'er sweep,
And tune thy lips to song.

Well I know when I shall be,
Sleeping soft and peacefully ;
Lifting thine anointed head,
Thou wilt be singing in my stead,
Lays of the living and the dead,
Yet more harmoniously.

For the coming time will bring
Brighter themes whereof to sing.
God-like teachers will arise,
Majestical, and calm, and wise ;
Whose noble deeds of vast emprise,
Will be the theme of song !

He who with a soft caress,
 Little children stooped to bless,
 Aid thee, little dove-ey'd maiden,
 With thy happy fancies laden,
 To keep undimm'd the light of Aiden
 On thy sunny brow.

Communing With Christ.

“ And it came to pass, while they communed together, and reasoned, Christ himself drew near and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him, and he said unto them, What manner of communications are these, that ye have one to another as ye walk and are sad.”—
 LUKE 24.

SOL'S parting rays on Olivet's brow lay sleeping,
 At sunset hour where Jesus oft times strayed,
 To muse apart, the lonely night watch keeping
 In silent prayer, beneath the Olive's shade,
 The golden light of the calm Orient heaven,
 Shone as in mockery of the mute despair,
 Of his lone scattered band, whose hopes were riven
 On whom the sunlight fell with sickly glare !

At early dawn, they to his grave repairing,
 Saw that the tomb had yielded up its dead !
 Altho' forewarned, grief stricken and despairing,
 They linger'd near the Saviour's rock-hewn bed ;

The bands of death his soul could not imprison,
 Two of the band, to Emmaus journeying lone,
 Mused in their hearts if he indeed were risen :
 Discoursing whiles, in sad and anxious tone.

Jesus drew nigh, while thus at eve they wander,
 They knew him not—their eye of faith was dim !
 Why are ye sad ? What themes are these ye
 ponder ?

The Saviour ask'd, as they communed with him.
 Something divine in those clear tones awaken,
 Strange yearning thoughts, within each throbbing
 breast.

They feel, they know not why, their spirits shaken,
 In the calm presence of their wayside guest !

Deep toned and clear, like heavenly music stealing,
 O'er the hushed air, His words fell on the ear ;
 While from their sacred Oracles revealing,
 Truths that dispelled, each wildering doubt and
 fear,—

Proving, that Jesus was the true Messiah,
 Who hung upon the cross, on Calvary's hill.
 That thus 'twas needful for their Lord to expire,
 God's sovereign plan of mercy to fulfill !

They reach the Village Inn—the wayside stranger
 Paused, as reluctant, to deny their 'quest—
 They knew not then, it was indeed the Saviour,
 Whom they entreated, to become their guest !

How thrill'd their hearts with awe, and reverent
feeling,

As with bowed forehead, bathed with heavenly
light,

He bless'd, and brake the bread, himself revealing;
Then straitway vanished from their longing sight!

Tho' worn with care, with grief and fasting wasted;

Yearning to view once more, that blessed face;

Back to the city with fleet steps they hasted:

His parting footsteps left behind no trace!

At midnight hour, they reach a humble dwelling;

They to the twelve, the joyful news unfold—

While hope and joy within each breast is welling;

Lo! in their midst, the Saviour they behold!

Soft as the dew upon the folded blossom,

His "Peace be with you," fell upon the ear!

In after time, how thrill'd each faithful bosom,

As they re-called, those blessed words of cheer.

How like a Bethel seem'd that lowly chamber,

Whence they went forth, nerved for the coming
strife,

To serve their risen Lord, 'mid toil and danger,

To win the fadeless crown of endless life!

Ode to Spring.

THE chilling breath of winter,
With its skies of leaden grey,
And the snow wreaths on the mountains,
At length are passed away.
And all things feel the genial glow,
Of Spring's bright cheering ray.

Our own bright glancing river,
Hath resumed the olden sway :
Its blue waves gleam and quiver,
'Twixt the Elms and Poplars grey,
While the Robin and the Oriole,
Are singing on the spray.

Bright raindrops are descending,
With their light and dimpled feet ;
Tripping o'er the tender grasses,
Waking violet odors sweet—
Stooping to kiss the silver dew,
They mingle as they meet.

The forest buds are swelling,
Where their gentle tread hath been :
O'er the pine and hemlock branches,
A brighter fringe is seen,
Beneath their thickly shaded boughs,
Springs the moss, and lichens green.

I hear a gentle murmur,
Scarce heard by mortal ear,
A pean of thanksgiving,
Rising distinctly clear,
To him who wakes all slumbering things,
From the bands of winter drear !

With this under tone of music,
From forest, dell, and plain,
Are songs of gladness ringing,
'Mid the sunshine and the rain :
And cheerily this heart of mine,
Responds unto the strain !

Along the winding river,
Where Spring blossoms thickly meet,
In search of tender cowslips,
Sounds the tread of youthful feet,
Whose glad tones gaily echo back
Those wood notes wild and sweet.

I remember in my childhood,
How oft with tireless feet,
I have wandered through the wild wood,
Spring's early flowers to greet,
There's few who love not to recall
Youth's pastimes wild and sweet.

EARLVILLE, 1851.

In Memory of Mrs. J. H. I.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

YE distant stars that shine in softened glory,
Far down upon the still and solemn night !
Ye waken dreams and aspirations holy,
While gazing on your soft and trembling light.
While ye in silent watch seem mutely bending,
Millions of seraphs poised on glittering wing,
Tune their glad lyres, with choral hymnings blending
Anthems of praise, to heaven's eternal King !

Amid their shining ranks, the late departed,
Entranced with wonder veils her raptured sight !
We mourn the clear light which from earth has
parted,
Whose radiance gilds your starry halls to-night !
Hers was a mind, whose lofty aspirations,
Tower'd far above minds of a common mold,
No fancy dreams, imbued its high creations,
But nobler thoughts and deeds its strength unfold.

True to one lofty thought, one firm endeavor,
Inspired by hopes, that girt her soul with power.
She drank deep draughts of the sweet springs which
Reveal God's wisdom, in each shrub or flower ;
Though pleasure robed in 'wildering forms of beauty,
Spread her gay lure, to tempt her feet astray ;

Still walk'd she humbly in her path of duty,
Though many a charmer, *charmed along* the w

Far from the sunny land, of birds and flowers,
She came among us a loved happy bride,
And made her home in this green vale of ours,
Where the Chenango rolls its silvery tide.
Death noiseless came in an unguarded hour,
And touched her brow, that turned to icy clay !
Ere we had missed her from her earthly bower,
Her Soul had flown on Angel wing away !

Not unprepared : Some spirit note or warning,
Breathed in her ear, presage of early doom ;
Her Soul long clad in its serene adorning,
Feared not the darkness, that enshrouds the tomb.
Her cottage home, so sweetly deck'd and shaded,
Each rare device her busy pencil traced ;
All that her own fair hand, had wrought or braided,
Still hath its own familiar nook and place.

But her we loved, in snowy robe enshrouded,
Serenely slumbers, in the silent tomb !
Alas, for him, whose life star is o'er clouded,
With darkling mist, and more than winter gloom.
Thou'lt list in vain, in the soft blush of morning ;
Her low breathed whisper'd words, of fervent
prayer !

No more at eve, the Father's grace imploring,
Will she commend thee, to his watchful care !

O'er her fair Angel brow, a light is gleaming.
A fadeless light. Heaven's Amaranthine wreath,
Her large dark eye, is filled with holy dreaming ;
No tear of sorrow, lurks its veil beneath !
A smile is on her lip—its last faint quiver,
Changed to a bright, a happy peaceful smile !
While songs of joy, beyond death's frowning river,
Was borne unto her dying ear the while.

Alas, no more, in soft and gentle numbers,
Will her loved tones float on the evening air—
Soothing her sweet babe, to its nightly slumbers,
Filling thine inmost heart with peace and prayer.
Where many a silvery fount, spray wreathes are
flinging,
'Mid the green pastures of the better land ;
I hear her golden lyre, in concert ringing,
With the blest harpers of the heavenly band !

Ah, now methinks I see her dark eye beaming,
Through yon white cloud-rift gazing gently down.
A heavenly lustre falls around me, gleaming
With the effulgence of her starry crown !
The dream is o'er. The cold grey light of morning,
Recalls my Soul, to earth and earthly care.
Fain would I cloathe me in her meek adorning,
And mount to Heaven, her blissful rest to share.
OCTOBER, 1850.

"I See--A Light--I'm almost Home."

The following is related of a young girl, whose journey of life was near the end.

THE balmy odors of a morn in Spring,
Stole through the lattice of a curtained room,
Where sat the Angel death, with folded wing
Beside a dying child! The sweet perfume,
Circling in playful eddies thro' the gloom;
Fan'd her pale, and her soft wavy hair,
Clustering in golden curls around her forehead fair.

She was a bright and glorious child from birth,
Her large dark eyes (filled with a dreamy light,
Whene'er she laughed or smil'd in winsome mirth,)
With kindling radiance beamed intensely bright,
Like stars, that gild the jeweled brow of night.
The clear soft light her ample forehead wore,
Marked her a visitant of some brighter shore!

Her parents watched her with unceasing care,—
To them she seem'd a being glorified!
Standing alone upon heaven's top-most stair;
Whence Heavenly Angels with light footsteps
glide,
Along that narrow line, which doth divide,

The spirit-land from ours. Whence their sweet
Dove,
Plumed her bright silvery wing for the blest clime
above.

They were not doomed to see her slowly fade :
Death's lovely Angel, found her gathering flowers
While in the pauses of her work, she made
Sweet music echo thro' the woodland bowers,
Glittering with pearls, which April wept in
showers.

The Angel touched her brow and whisper'd mild,
Wear thou the seal of Heaven's signet ring, fair
child.

That night, the fever burned within her veins,
Baffling in its swift course, all human skill.
A sweet delirium charmed away her pains ;
Softly she murmur'd of her flowers, until
The Angel's clasp upon her breast grew chill !
Then like a child o'er-wearied with its play,
She closed her faded eyes, and slowly sank away !

Nearer, and nearer, roll'd the billowy sea,
Of Jordan's waves, which she so soon must tread.
Now her dark glazing eye, continuously,
Watch'd the beloved forms around her bed ;
The Saviour laid his arm beneath her head !
And then she softly murmur'd, "They are come—
Mother, I see—a light—I'm almost home."

King David's Choice.

“ And Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel. And God was displeased with this thing ; therefore He smote Israel.”—1st CHRONICLES 21 : 1, 7.

THE orb of day,
Robed in phantasmal hues of crimson vapor,
Had sank to rest,—while slowly from the east
Twilight descended with her viewless feet ;
And spread her veil, woven of purple haze
Over Jerusalem. It was the hour,
When Israel's King, held commune with deep thought,
Or tuned his seraph lyre, whose hallow'd strains,
Still sound on Zion's hill. Those hallow'd themes,
Which fan'd the fires of poesy in his breast,
And formed the burden of his songs by night,
No longer cheer'd his soul. The tempter's wile,
Had lured the Royal victim to the toils,
And interfused in his aspiring breast,
That fatal element of strife, which wrought
Discord in Heaven !* In vain he strove to lift,
His soul above the sphere of earthliness,
Which hid him from his Maker ! Ev'n natures self,
The many voiced, the tuneful, the serene,
Responsive ever to his sweet regards,

* An allusion to 2d Peter 2 : 4.

Now wreathed in splendor, or embayed in gloom,
Seemed to his conscious breast, engirt with frowns.
The silent stars, from out the jewel'd sky,
Whose nightly advent wakened hymns of praise,
Glanced down upon him, with their calm bright eyes,
In sad reproachful gaze. While the zephyr,
Lifted the damp locks of his golden hair,
Drenched with the evening dew. A summer odor,
Of Violet, or Rose, that wandered by,
Awoke the slumbering pulse of memory,
Within his breast. While visions of the past,
Roll'd back upon his soul! Once more he roamed
'Mid the Judean hills; and led the flocks
To pasture, by the side of a clear stream,
Whose many voic'd waves sang in his ear,
While on its banks he tuned his Shepherd reed
To notes of melody, whose tones gave back
In shreds of rhyme, and flowing pastorals,
The peaceful tenor of his boy hood's dream.
Then manhood's hours, with sterner imagery,
Fed the stream of thought. The tumult and the strife
Of waring hosts,—the perilous escapes,
From Saul his enemy—Aye, and deeds of crime!
But hush! a step is heard within the chamber,
And David's brow, paled with a sudden fear,
As he beheld the seer of Israel.
Then like an Oak, bowed by the tempests scourge,
He leaned his head upon his trembling hands,
Waiting to hear his doom. * * * *

And David said,
 "Let me not fall into the hand of man !
 I yield myself to the Allmerciful—
 I, and my people. And though he slay me,
 Still will I trust in him ! Perchance in mercy
 He will absolve my doom."

That night the pestilence,
 Went forth amid the darkness, and the cry
 Of desolation stirr'd the slumberous air.
 Men rose at midnight, and with lighted torches,
 Gazed wildly on each other mute with fear !
 Nearer, and nearer came the fearful cry
 Of mortal anguish, blent with shrieks of terror ;
 Death was at war with life !

* * * * *

'Twas now high noon,
 King David, with the elders girt in sackcloth,
 Went forth and stood upon the plain where Ornan
 Had gathered in the harvest. His stately Sons
 Bore in their arms the sheaves of golden grain,
 And laid them on the threshing floor. When lo !
 A fearful cry rose from the husbandmen,
 Who fell to earth, hidden beneath the sheaves !

* * * * *

The Angel of the pestilence,
 Stood near the threshing floor, with his drawn sword
 Raised o'er Jerusalem ! And David cried aloud,
 "Tis only I am guilty, oh, my God !
 Let thy just wrath and indignation fall

On me alone! Smite thou the Shepherd,
 But spare the guiltless flock." God heard his cry,
 The flaming sword returned unto his sheath,
 And while all Israel robed in weeds of mourning,
 Bewailed with tears the seventy thousand slain,
 David arose and built to God an Altar
 Upon the threshing floor, and fire came down
 From Heaven upon the Altar, and consumed
 The sacrifice.†

† The Biblical Student, is doubtless aware that the Temple of Jerusalem covered the precise spot once occupied by the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite; where the Israelites sacrificed upon the Altar, until the building of the Temple, having removed the Tabernacle from the high place at Gibeon.

Spiritual Communings.

"Some say that gleams of a remoter world,
 Visit the Soul in sleep. That death is slumber,
 And that its shapes, the busy thoughts outnumber,
 Of those who wake and live."

I know not why I often dream of thee,
 While now we meet no more, except in dreams.
 Is it that thou far o'er the eternal sea,
 And o'er the sounding depths of heavenly streams
 Doth visit me in sleep, with starry gleams
 Of thy divine abode? Yon star, whose breast
 Intensely luminous, with kindling beams,

Gleaming 'mid starry islands of the blest,
Perchance may be thy home of calm and peaceful
rest !

We two were parted in life's morning hours,
While yet their dew upon our young hearts lay ;
Thou wert call'd home to the Elysian bowers,
While I have wander'd on life's weary way,
Striving with books and flowers to charm away
Mine early grief. Dost thou remember still,
When seated on a ruin old and grey,
We watched the sunlight fading from the hill,
While vague foreshadowing fears, our youthful
breasts did thrill !

Startled by our own thoughts, we looked around,
A strange bird hover'd near us, whose bright
wings,
Circl'd one moment o'er the dusty ground,
Then soaring upward, in expansive rings,
Scorning the bondage of earth's meaner things,
He passed beyond the view. And thus did'st
thou,
Burst the dull chains, which life forever flings
Round the aspiring spirit. Thou could'st not bow
Save unto Heaven alone, thy bright and glorious
brow !

Know'st thou, how I was tempted in my lot,
How one like thee, with eyes of Heaven's own
blue,

Bewailed in accents ne'er to be forgot
Our common doom. Our years were sad and few,
Yet we were old in thought. The morning dew
Glitter'd on that lone shore, where last we parted.
My friend went forth, life's conflict to renew ;
While I, alas, grief-worn and weary hearted,
Wept on that lonely shore till day's last beam
departed.

Peace came at length to my o'er burden'd breast
And though 'tis strange, I can no longer weep !
While in the pauses of my deep unrest,
I envied e'en the dead their dreamless sleep :
Yet now I feel a solemn calmness creep
O'er my being. I know 'tis not despair,
Whose tranquil shadow lies so still and deep,
On my crushed heart. Hope fans the slumberous
air,
Of my souls "dead sea calm" with wings divinely
fair !

Is it sweet love, that calm and peaceful rest,
That visits oft the dying ? They who feel,
Life's stormy waves, no more oppress the breast ;
Have neared the post of Heaven ! Can'st not
reveal,
What time Ithuriel's kiss mine eyes will seal,
In that sweet sleep which "medicines all pain !"
Whose gentle dews the wounded spirit heal—

From which we wake, to find life's weary chain,
Which bound the franchised spirit, rent like flax
in twain.

Chill disappointment lurks for those who seek
All human sympathies in one alone :
And this has been my fate. Yet wherefore speak
Of that dark starless night. When my heart's
moan,
Breath'd unavailing sighs. I moved alone,
Over the waves of my life's billowy sea ;
While o'er my brow, a mystic veil was thrown ;
Beneath its folds, a radiant light I see,
Shining from out the cloud, that hides thy home
from me !

JANUARY, 1851.

The Tulip.

THOU gay and gaudy flow'ret,
Robed in orange, blue and red,
Lifting unto the Sun's broad gaze
Thy bright and peerless head.
How often from my window,
Cloathed in regal pomp i've seen
Thee, share the homage of the crow'd,
With a proud and stately mien.

Foremost among thy Sisters,
Within the bright parterre,
Thy flaunting robe attracts the gaze
Of passing traveler.
They call thee, Queen of Tulips ;
In very truth thou art !
But I love thee not—no fragrant scent,
Thy brilliant hues impart.

Thou art like a purse-proud maiden,
Who vaunteth of her gold !
With rings and jewels laden,
Whose heart is stern and cold !
No gentle deed of mercy,
Of kindness, or of love !
Around her memory lingers,
Or pleads for her above !

Thou votary of pleasure,
Swayed by fashion's fickle tide ;
From the scentless Tulip gather,
A lesson for thy pride !
How soon its beauties perish ;
And no fragrance leaves behind !
Ah, who its form would cherish,
When faded, scentless blind !

A sweet and holy lesson,
I've learned bright flower from thee !
To bear without repining,
What e'er my lot may be.

When discontent ariseth,
And weary thoughts oppress,
I'll think of thee, poor Tulip,
Of thy gay and brilliant dress.

It is thy only portion,
And many such there be!
Who heedless sport upon the tide
Of a smiling summer sea ;
But when the storm ariseth,
And threat'ning winds assail,
They have no power to stem the tide,
And perish in the gale !

BINGHAMPTON, June, 1847.

Elegiac Stanzas,

*On the death of Doct. J. S., aged 84 years, late
of Sherburne, N. Y.*

THOU art gone to the grave, in the fullness of years,
With thy head meekly bowed 'neath the blossoms of
time ;
Thus the well ripen'd sheaf, in the harvest appears,
Richly laden with ears, of the mid-summer's prime !
As the husbandman gathers the ripe golden grain,
That once gracefully waved o'er the hill-side and
plain,

Thus thou in God's harvest was borne from the field ;
Thy calm placid brow, wore the impress and seal,
Of one who the path of the righteous had trod,
And held sweet communion in walking with God.

Four-score long years thou did'st journey below,
'Till thine eye waxed dim, and thy pulse faint and
low—

Still with tremulous step, and aspect serene,
In the temple of God, thou wast want to be seen ;
And like a firm pillar which long had upborne,
Its weight mid'st the wreck of time's pitiless storm.
Thou did'st yield by degrees to the spoiler's rude
sway ;

And we saw with deep grief thou wast passing
away !

Yet we mourn'd less for thee, with thy haven in
sight,

Than ourselves left enshrouded in sorrow's dark
night.

And well have we loved thee, our father and guide ;
How oft in the past, as we knelt by thy side,
Hath our souls thrill'd with awe, at thy low fervent
words,

'Till the innermost depths of our spirits were stir'd,
And we felt that the presence of Jesus was there,
In our hearts and our mid'st in answer to prayer.
Thy wise prudent counsels so faithfully given,
Were stor'd in our hearts like a message from
Heaven.

Yet we knew not till dust was laid o'er the loved
head,
How we prized and rever'd the sanctified dead.

How peaceful and calm was thy life's closing ray,
Though the soul struggl'd long, with the cumbering
clay :

We saw by thy glance, that the darkness and gloom,
That sometimes o'er shadows the night of the tomb,
Obscured not thy view. A halo instead,
Illumed the dark halls of the shadowless dead.
And beyond, oh, how bright was eternity's blaze !
As thine eye pierced the mists of death's gathering
haze,

And the soul of the patriarch, cheer'd by its ray,
From our fond yearning sight pass'd serenely away.

Zayda.

HER home lay in a flowery dell,
Fair as the plains of Asphodel,
Where a winding river sweet music made,
And the summer winds, in their joyance play'd.
Soft as the eye of the bright Gazelle,
Her dark eye shone with a dreamy spell,
While musing apart by the fountains brim ;
Or wandering lone thro' the wood paths dim.

She moved with a stately and queenlike grace,
As if her thoughts with her feet kept pace.
Like the waves soft undulatory motion,
When the winds are asleep on the breast of Ocean,
Her hair in hyacinthine flow,
In the sunlight shone with a purple glow.
Restless and free, and unconfined,
As the swaying flowers 'neath the summer wind!

She was the lilly of that sweet vale!
A Naiad-like lilly, whose cheek grew pale,
With inward strivings with thoughts that lie,
'Neath the silken fringe of her drooping eye.
While many admir'd her minds rich dower;
'Twas said that a strange repellent power,
Of which we read in the myths of old;
Bound the lady's heart in many a fold!

And shone in her large dark starry eyes,
Like the kindling beams of the polar skies;
With a cold and phosphoresant glow,
Like moon beams shining on drifts of snow.
Some said the lady was proud and cold!
Her heart was formed in a gentle mold,
Which ne'er had found an answering tone,
To blend in music with her own.

Therefore 'mid crowds she moves apart,
Weaving sweet dreams in her silent heart!

When the light touch of a magic key,
 Shall unlock its sweet toned symphony.
 Then will its fears and its sad unrest,
 Be safely lodged in a kindred breast,
 And the place within that heart denied,
 To holier memories be allied.



Midnight Murder of the Duke D'Enghein.

Ан, noble D'Enghein, how sad was thy fate !
 Yet who would exchange with the base born ingrate,
 Who plan'd thy foul murder, intrigued for thy
 crown,
 And peril'd his soul for a warrior's renown !
 The sky was o'er cast with a dull leaden haze,
 The pale moon withdrew her soft shining rays,
 While each little star that illumines the night,
 Grew pale with deep sorrow, or blank with affright ;
 Frown'd darkly and drear, o'er the grey looming
 towers,
 Of thy Castle Vinceenes, while the rain fell in
 showers,
 The moldering banners were loosed from their
 staves,
 And mingled their din with the roar of the waves :
 The low whisper'd murmurs, that rose from the hall,
 Woke the slumbering echoes along the dim wall ;

The dull ringing sound of the grave digger's spade,
To the heart of the victim strange terror convey'd!
While enlocked in repose he peacefully lay,
In slumber he dreamed of the loved far away ;
Where the fair rose of Ettenheim veils her sweet
bloom,
In her dim cloister'd chamber she mourns his sad
doom !
Oh, sweet were the hours when they wandered
together,
O'er the green dewy lawn, and the soft blooming
heather ;
When the heart of the Exile forgot half its woe,
In those joys which from love and sympathy flow.
They dreamed of an Isle o'er the far distant main,
Where the reckless Usurper might seek them in
vain ;
Where faction's fierce frowns might no longer alarm ;
Where the ire of a despot could work them no
harm :
Or a home 'mid the lone Euganean hills ;
Where naught but the echo of deep sounding rills,
Stirs the slumberous silence that broods on the air ;
Where peace reigns supreme 'mid the solitudes there.
Too long these sweet dreams doth the Exile enthrall,
The treacherous spy lurks in Ettenheim's hall.
Again he must fly to some distant retreat ;—

His brave noble charger with limbs lithe and fleet ;
 (Whose small silken ears—eyes, large, gleaming and
 bright,
 Mark the true Arab blood,) stands caparison'd for
 flight.

Like a Tyrolese hunter, equip'd for the chase,
 In the long chamois gaiters, his limbs are encased :
 'Neath the shaggy capote gleams the bright scarlet
 vest,

The broad Spanish girdle encinctured his breast,
 But his high noble lineage no art could disguise ;
 It shone in the light of his large brilliant eyes,
 And o'er his broad forehead, where thoughts sat
 enthron'd,

In his pure Gælic accent, and clear gentle tone ;—
 The first kindling beams of the morning appear,
 Still he lingers to whisper some sweet words of
 cheer,

To dispel the vague fears which his Princess alarms ;
 While weeping she clung to his sheltering arms.
 'Mid the fierce din and strife of a French ambuscade,
 The brave noble Conde, was a prisoner convey'd,
 To the heart of a Fortress, in manhood's first bloom,
 Consign'd to a dungeon, destined for his tomb !

The scenes of that night it is sad to recall,—
 The midnight tribunal that met in the hall :
 The shameful mock-trial—prejudged and predoom'd
 The victim is led from that chamber of gloom,

But the brave manly heart is a stranger to fear,
Since that heart from all guilt and from falsehood is
clear ;—

Thro' the long winding corridors, damp with the
mold,

They emerge where the sky beams down chilly and
cold :

Like a victim of slaughter, he turn'd back his head,
But his guides dare not falter, still onward they led,
To the moat of the Castle, where placed in the rear,
Stood a platoon of soldiers, with carbine and spear ;
And the rude yawning grave with the spade lying by.

One glance of the victim, one faintly drawn sigh,
And quickly he summon'd the pride of his race,
And with true martial courage he step'd to his place :
A ring from his finger, a lock of his hair,

He inclosed for the princess, and seal'd it with care :
Who among you my comrades, he mournfully spake,
This pledge of affection will bear for my sake ?
The promise was given with hands joined in prayer,
He commended his soul to his Maker's just care !

A deep groan of anguish escaped from each breast,
As the death bullet sped through the brave martial
chest !

His brave faithful dog fell convulsed at the sight,
O'er the grave of his master, he moan'd through the
night !

One morning at dawn, like the bearer of fate,

Weak and wan stood poor Victor, at Ettenheim's gate.

At the feet of his mistress he laid himself down,
 One glance of deep anguish, one sad moaning sound,
 Reveals the sad tidings—one last mute caress,
 And the death torpor chills the poor victim's distress.
 A blood stain'd kerchief round his collar was bound,
 In its folds were the relics of love safely found;—
 A note for the Princess, reveal'd his sad fate,
 Whose bearer lay dead, at Ettenheim's gate!

To Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,

WHILE MAKING THE TOUR OF EUROPE.

LADY, the soft south wind is gently blowing,
 Cold winter's reign has passed from earth and sky!
 Thine own blue streams, once more are freely flowing,
 The westering clouds are tinged with softer dye!
 Will not the spring that wakes to life the flowers,
 And cloathes with swelling buds the beechen tree,
 That fills with singing birds the woodland bowers,
 Recall thee homeward, from beyond the sea?
 Thou hast left records of sweet thoughts inwoven,
 With music strains, whose sweet bells softly
 chime!
 Transfused with tender light, and interwoven,
 With starry gems wrought in the hearts deep
 mine.

Rare gifts are thine—which from thy genial nature,
Receive sweet nutriment, like flowers that bloom
Beneath the watchful eye of the Creator,
Whose balmy odor cheered my lonely room ;—
Where in dim twilight passed the summer hours,
Of many a year with slow and leaden feet.
Until I seem'd to feel, the budding flowers
Grow o'er my breast, wafting their odors sweet,
On soft May breezes, that with gentle murmur,
Came lightly tapping at my window pane ;
Weaving bright garlands for the joyous summer,
Dancing with lightsome tread, across the plain.

There sat by my bedside, a gentle maiden,
Who with soft accents, read from out a book—
Whose winsome strains re-called my soul from Aiden,
And my whole frame, with kindling rapture shook.
Once more I heard the limpid fountain gushing,
Beneath the hill, where oft in days long flown,
The sighing nightbreeze, thro' the pine trees rushing,
Breathed in my ear its low and plaintive moan,
And the loud murmur of the streamlet dashing
Adown the rocks, while bounding on its way—
Blent with the drowsy hum of insects flashing,
Their tiny wings amid its rainbow spray.

Thine was the strain, dear lady that enthral'd me
With its sweet picture of life's sunny hours !
And thine the radiant vision, that re-called me
To this dull earth, from the Elysian bowers !

But ah, those haunting thoughts that ever mingle
 Their flitting shadows in the gifted breast—
 Where many *voiced waves* doth intermingle,
 In a low melody, whose deep unrest,
 Oft fills thy dreamy eye with pensive sadness,
 Like theirs whose sight has pierced the inner veil;
 A low deep undertone of grief and madness,
 Wrung from crushed hearts, haunts thee with
 spirit wail!

Still the gay world feeds on thy vernal fancies,
 Like honey bees, that sip the flowering thyme!
 So thou but weave those bright and gay romances,
 Cull'd from the storied page of many a clime;—
 They reckon not of the wealth thus freely given!
 Scattered like wayside flowers throughout the
 land:
 Thy sweet thoughts, "breathing less of earth than
 heaven,"
 Leave on the heart, their influence pure and bland!
 While now amid Illyria's classic bowers,
 O'er many a marble fount, and ruined shrine,
 Thou lingerest, or amid the Alhambras Towers,
 Or wandering 'neath the palms of Palestine.

'Twill whose broad leaves the stars gleam down in
 splendor,
 Like jewels set upon the brow of night!
 Where the soft Pleiades, and Hyades tender,
 With Orion, and Procydon, blend their light.

Or on the Ocean's breast, where bright waves
leaping,
Rejoice in might, the boundless, and the free!
Heaven have thee lady, in its holy keeping,
And guard thee safe, on land, or on the sea.
Soon thy green woods, filled with triumphant singing,
Shall beckon thee, across the rolling main :
While thy glad heart, with hope and joy is springing
To greet thy friends, and native land again.
EARLVILLE, May, 1851.



Robin Grey,

OR THE STONE MASON AND HIS ANGEL.

I REMEMBER the cot by the wimpling burn,
It has long since passed away :
Where the sweet brier grew and the feathery fern,
'Round the home of poor Robin Grey.
With mickle labor, he strove to keep,
Grim want from his humble door.
He dreamed a dream one night in his sleep,
Which left him never more !

He dreamed that the Angel Gabriel came,
And stood by his Cottage door !
And the golden light from his raiment fell,
And shone on the sanded floor !

His silvery plumage was fleck'd with gold,
And dazzling as light could be !
But the radiant face he could scarce behold
For its glorious majesty !

Meantime as he gazed, his thoughts grew calm,
As he felt that soft radiant glow
Of crystal light interfuse its balm,
And through all his pulses flow,
Like a wing'd and permeating thought,
From the region of light and love.
It was plain that his dormant soul had caught
A glimpse of the life above !

Lest the vision should fade from his yearning breast,
He toiled when his task was done,
To carve the form of his Angel guest,
In the unhewn marble stone.
His hopes are plumed like the Angels wings,
Annal'd on his heart and brain ;
As he caught a glimpse of the unsealed springs
That water—the Heavenly plain.

Life's winged moments sped on apace,
His beard grew thin and grey !
But the spiritual radiance lent his face,
Grew brighter each passing day !
This marked not his bustling dame,
Who called him up at morn :

She knew not the strength of his vital flame,
Was sinking with toil o'er worn.

But few were the visits he now could pay,
To his Angel by stealth at night.

But the Angel within his breast each day,
Waxed more luminous and bright!

One morn he was found in his little cell,
Asleep on the cold hard floor.

His soul had ascended, in Heaven to dwell,
With the Angel forever more!

And the stone, which had witnessed life's parting
strife,

Enclasped in his fainting fall;

Where a human heart had carved out its life,
Was broken to mend the wall!

Though he failed to accomplish the one Idea,
Enstamped on his heart and brain—

In the clearer light of eternity,
Who will say that he toiled in vain?

The Step-Child.

I REMEMBER not my Father, I was but a little child,
When my pale browed, dark eyed Mother, wept
with grief and sorrow wild,

As they told her he was sleeping, on a distant shore.
She clasped me to her bosom, then fell fainting on
the floor.

Years passed, my gentle mother, for her tender
Orphan's sake,
Was wedded to another, while with grief our hearts
did ache :
For we oft times found her weeping, o'er a little
Auburn tress,
And the fragment of a letter ever worn upon her
breast !

The look of mournful sadness never left her pallid
brow,
Why she hushed our childish gladness, we knew not
then as now !
When we heard a well known footstep, we were
silent 'mid our play,
And like two young and startled fawns, fled noise-
lessly away !
Him we learned to call our Father, was not cruel
or unkind,
Since he gave us food and raiment, but the love for
which we pined,
Not even its blessed semblance, caused our breasts
with joy to swell ;
And on our young and timid hearts, a mournful
shadow fell.

I remember not my Father, but my Mother oft
times told,
How he was a child of genius, with locks of paly
gold ;

Wreath'd in soft and clustering ringlets, o'er his
forehead pale and high,
And darkly shone the liquid blue of his Heaven
up-lifted eye!
Oft I dreamed of my lost parent, ever in sleep he
came,
When my heart seem'd well nigh broken, with a
sense of wrong and blame ;
(Each unkind word then spoken, pierced my wrung
heart to its core ;)
He laid his hand upon my head and then I wept
on more !

Long ago, my sweet pale Mother, was laid within
the grave,
And my brave and only brother, sailed across the
Ocean wave.
I know not if the shadow, which darken'd our young
life,
Still hovers o'er his altered lot, 'mid life's turmoil
and its strife !
I never meet the Orphan but mine eye is dim'd
with tears,
And I think o'er all the sorrow, that darkens their
young years !
How many a young and gentle heart, is chill'd with
fear and gloom,
The shadow of whose mournful lot, sets only in the
tomb !

The Father's Lament.

The subject of the following poem, was one of those rare and lovely beings, whose existence is a perpetual hymn of divinest harmony ; blessed with every external advantage, and in the enjoyment of almost every earthly blessing, she was not unmindful of the giver of all good, and her young life was consecrated to His service. She was the first to discover the presence of the Angel Messenger, and calmly exclaimed, " I am dying, but I am not afraid !" These were her last words, and soon a smile of ineffable sweetness lingered upon her fair young brow. Her spirit had ascended to the bosom of her Creator.

A BIRD'S sweet song within my ear is ringing,
And cloudless smiles Heaven's glorious arch of
blue,
The sunset *skies*, soft golden gleams are flinging
O'er the green grass, begem'd with silvery dew.
Once more the earth is robed in hues of Aiden,
Fresh woodland scents are borne upon the gale ;
But to mine ear the breeze seems sorrow laden,
And on its bosom floats the voice of wail !

Alas ! my youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nurseling of my widow'd heart, who grew
Like a sweet flower, so dearly loved and cherished,
Whose snowy petals faded ere they blew
Into full bloom ! Within my lonely dwelling,
An Angel form hath vanished from my sight ;—

No more when vermeil buds with bloom are swelling,
Will my sweet ADA, watch their tender light!

The fragrant scent of the frail apple blossoms,
Borne on the south winds soft and odorous breath,
And the pale violets with their starry bosoms,
Sprinkled along the dewy vale and heath,
Wake in my heart, a faint and weary yearning,
Since she who loved their soft and fragrant bloom,
No more will hail the genial spring's returning!
Its fragile blossoms wither on her tomb!

She walked upon this earth a form of brightness;
Cheering the aged with her glad some smile.
Her truthful heart ne'er sway'd from its uprightness,
To indulge deceit, or falsehood's treacherous guile,
Pure as a dew drop in life's early morning,
She pass'd away in her young virgin bloom!
Her spirit cloath'd in its serene adorning,
Feared not the darkness that enshrouds the tomb!

Along the banks of life's broad shining river,
Walks a new Angel, robed in spotless white!
The Amaranth's snowy blossoms gleam and quiver,
Amid its foaming spray-wreaths silvery light—
Amid those Eden bowers, no earthly sorrow
Will reach her more. By those immortal rills,
She waits to welcome on a distant morrow,
Our weary footsteps, o'er the Heavenly hills.

To Jenny Lind.

WRITTEN IMPROMPTU.

WHITHER comest thou Minstrel Maiden,
With thy dulcet tones so sweet,
Hast thou left thy home in Aiden,
Our ungenial clime to greet ?
Thronging crowds around thee listen
Nightly to thy thrilling strains ;
While they list, bright tear drops glisten,
Falling like the silver rain !

Hail to thee, surpassing spirit !
None can rival thy sweet art ;—
Thou from Heaven dost inherit
Inborn melody of heart !
Gushing forth in notes of gladness
From thy lips in music flow ;
Or in tones of deepest sadness
Breathing forth the notes of woe !

Priestess of the inner temple
Song hath touched thy lips with fire.
Sure thy music must resemble,
Theirs who swell the Heavenly choir.
Like the lark, who thee resembles,
Thy clear notes in joyance rise,

'Till the flood of music trembles,
And dissolves along the skies.

Like a lone star brightly burning,
Thou 'mid crouds art still alone!
While thy spirit inly yearning
Lists each well remember'd tone,
Of the distant and the lonely,
Sitting by their silent hearth,
Thinking nightly of thee, only,
A weary wanderer o'er the earth.

Soon our singing birds will leave us,
Sailing o'er the distant main!
Another spring, their songs will greet us,
But thou wilt not return again!
When thy voice so sweetly ringing
Dies within thy silent breast!
Thou sweet Jenny, wilt be singing
'Mid the mansions of the blest.

A Sunset Scene.

THE Sea Gull has flown to her windy nest,
And the Nightingale to her bower ;
The Halyon broods on the Ocean's breast,
And the Owl in her Ivy tower.
The Stars shine down like jewels set
'Mid the dusky braids of even,

In a soft and glittering coronet,
That gilds the brow of Heaven !

Dost thou gaze like me on our trysting star,
That glows in the deep blue west ?
Its kindling beams light thy home, afar
O'er the Ocean's billowy breast.
Its soft and glittering light recalls
Scenes long since passed away ;
When music and joy were within our walls,
And our hearts were young and gay.

One eve in June, when the fragrant wind,
Blew soft from the breezy west—
To a drowsy sweetness our thoughts inclined,
As we sailed o'er the lakes calm breast,—
We paused to rest on an Island fair,
In the mid'st of the glassy bay ;
Fringed with feathery brake and maiden hair,
And the star Anemone.

The whispering winds were hushed asleep,
On the shore of the lovely bay ;
O'er its tranquil waves so calm and deep,
The smile of Heaven lay.
Down the sloping bank, 'mid the mossy sedge,
Where the blue flag blossoms waved—
The Water Lilly crown'd its edge,
And the winds and waters braved !

The mellow light of the sunset sky,
 Gleamed soft o'er the sylvan scene,
 And illumed the waves with its golden dye,
 And the ripples that played between ;
 While the music of the breezy pines,
 Fell soft on our hearts that hour :
 And the rustle of the creeping vines,
 Around our sea-girt bower !

I saw thee gaze, o'er the mountains peak,
 That leaned against the sky,
 And I marked the flush that was on thy cheek,
 And the glance of thy fearless eye !
 Which the Ocean tempest had failed to tame,
 'Mid its deaf'ning strife and roar ;
 Thy name is enroll'd on the scroll of fame,
 And we meet, ah ! never more !

EARLVILLE, 1852.



New-Year's Eve, 1851.

THE wood fire casts a ruddy gleam
 Around my lone, yet cheerful room ;
 The curtain'd lamp, with softened beam
 Dispels the dim and shadowy gloom.

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I'll spend in silent watch the hours,
That to the dying year belong.
Ere morn shall gild her eastern bowers,
Thou, too, wilt join the shadowy throng.

The dawning of thy reign was bright,
Fill'd with high hopes and deeds sublime,
Soon closed o'er all the fearful night,
Of anarchy, despair, and crime.
Great souls have strug'led—toil'd in vain—
Long cherish'd hopes are quench'd in gloom.
The dungeon damp, and felons chain,
Are many a high soul'd patriots doom.

No home hath freedom's Eagle crest
O'er all Europia, blood bought soil,
Save where she built her mountain nest,
Among the freeborn sons of toil.
And hovering o'er thine onward path,
The dark wing'd pestilence hath spread,
Its withering blight and fearful scath,
Numbering its' millions with the dead.

Then marvel not old year, that I
Thus calmly watch thy funeral pyre,
Yet thou hast kindly dealt with me,
And granted many a fond desire.
No buds have perished in the dust,
'Round which my fond affections cling ;

I dwell with calm and holy trust,
Beneath Jehovah's sheltering wing.

Time in its flight perchance hath traced,
Some sad memorials of its reign,
We grieve to view in a dear face,
The deepen'd lines of care and pain,—
Yet dearer is the chasten'd light
Of loving eyes bedim'd by tears,
And dearer to our yearning sight,
The care worn faded brow appears.

The clock strikes twelve. Thou dawning year,
What message dost thou bring to me?
I gaze with trembling awe, and fear,
Upon the scroll that's writ for me.
'Tis for the loved ones that I fear,
Whose Angel footsteps linger still—
Perchance ere dawns another year,
They'll beckon from the Heavenly hill.

Our church yard is a pleasant spot,
It stands beside the village green.
The Myrtle and Forget-me-not,
Its bladed grasses gleam between.
There lie the friends beyond compare,
The kindest, loveliest, dearest, best.
One young bright head with golden hair,
Hath the cold dreamless pillow press'd.

And one with shining bands of brown,
My Mother's was of purple jet,—
Her pale, high, noble forehead crowned,
Like a dark lustrous coronet.
When softly slumbering by their side;
Robed in a pure and snowy dress,
There's one will keep, with loving pride,
Of mine, one little golden tress.



Lines Addressed to an Infant.

THOU art but a wee thing dearest,
And yet I often trace,
Revealings of deep earnest thought,
Upon thine Infant face.

Thou art too frail a blossom
For this cold world of ours,
Where burning tears more frequent fall,
Than April's sunny showers.

Thou hast a fair young Mother,
As guileless e'en as thou ;—
The same pure, holy look is hers,
That cloathes thy Cherub brow.

She often murmurs in her sleep,
And folds thee to her breast.

She dreams that bright eyed seraphs,
Bend o'er thy couch of rest !

For she knows that very dearly,
Such as thou, the Angels love,
And she often deems they're waiting,
To bear thee home above.

So fragile and so slender,
Are the links of thy life's chain,
That thy gleeful play oft sendeth,
The fever thro' thy veins.

Then her place is by thy pillow,
Keeping watch till dawn of light :
And a headstone 'neath the willow,
Haunts her thoughts the dreary night.

Then she hears light garments rustle,
And the clasp of Angel wings,
And a mournful sweetness blendeth,
With the lullaby she sings !

Thus more holy and more tender,
Grows her love, thro' fears for thee ;—
Like the sweet Madonna Mother,
With her infant on her knee !

The Gift of Song.

" And fancies from afar are brought,
By magic lights and wandering wind."—L. E. L.

Oh, envy not the gift of song,
The poets dower, oh, envy not—
Thou knowest not the ills that throng,
Around its votaries hapless lot.
How many a child of genius lives,
Immured in some lone attics gloom ;
Toiling for fame, which scarce out lives
The wither'd laurel on his tomb,

Why seek for fame ? 'tis but a gleam
Of light across our pathway shed :
We wake from hopes delusive dream,
To find but darkness in its stead.
'Tis oft the price of burning tears,
Of sleepless nights, and anxious days.
Full many a rankling thorn appears,
Enwoven 'mid its wreath of bays !

Oh, there are moods we can not quell,
Thoughts that we may not cast aside,
Upon our hearts we feel their spell,
Despite our reason and our pride ;

And there are strange and lofty themes,
With deep and solemn mystery fraught,
That mingle with the poets dreams,
Awaking pure and holy thought.

These are the flowers and foliage rare,
And golden fruit of poesy—
Where the weary heart finds rest from care,
In sweet and wildering phantasie ;
Our souls ere long will find full scope,
Amid these marvels of the mind ;
When Heaven's bright portals on us ope,
And our cumbering clay is left behind.

The Guardian Spirit.

IN the lonely church yard sleeping,
In thy low and narrow bed,
Thou, thy dreamless rest art keeping,
Where the summer dews are steeping,
The green sod above thy head,
While thine Orphan child is weeping,
O'er earth's dearest treasure fled.

Hark ! I hear a whisper telling,
Angel Mother, thou art near !
Swift life's purple rill is welling,
Through my heart, its pulses swelling,

With a sense of love and fear.
 'Till I share thy blissful dwelling,
 Guard me Angel Mother dear!

The song of birds—the sunlight stealing
 Through my room—a breath of air,
 Ever bring a swift revealing,
 (With a chasten'd holy feeling,
 Of thy presence every where;
 All my grief and sorrow healing,
 While I trust thy watchful care.



The Wandering Mariner.

A poor, feeble and weather-beaten tar, clothed in the tattered habiliments of a sailor, paused at the door of a neat and elegant dwelling, soliciting charity. The mistress of the mansion, a still beautiful woman, in the meridian of life, invited him to enter, and after administering to his immediate necessities, wished to know the cause of his apparent misery.

DEAR Lady, mine! a tale of woe,
 Unmeet perchance to greet thine ear!
 Yet, since thou bid'st, then be it so:
 Attend me Lady, thou shalt hear,
 Brief sketch of my eventful fate—
 Which, thanks to Heaven, will soon be past,
 Though wronged, oppressed, and desolate;
 I've done my duty, to the last.

I was not born to beg my bread,
No Lady, I too, once had wealth,—
Though now by public bounty fed,
Or, driven to seek my food by stealth.
These thin grey locks, were once as dark,
Dear Lady, as thine own of jet!
And love, and hope were once mine ark,
'Round which affection lingers yet.

Once I had friends! Yet one alone,
Shared every secret of my breast.
I loved, and found my love returned :
My EMMA vowed to make me blest.
My friend was false. Yes, Lady, he
Each base and subtle art employed ;
Well skill'd in deep wrought treachery,
He sought and soon my peace destroyed!

I would have wreaked my deadliest hate,
On him who had my ruin wrought ;
I sought him Lady, 'twas too late,
My Emma shared his guilty lot!
I fled, and mingled with the roar,
Of battles loud, and wildest strife ;
Yet whether upon sea or shore,
One thought within my breast was rife :—

Whether upon the bloody strand,
'Mid dying shrieks, or cannon's roar ;

Or coasting near the glittering sands,
 Of Afric's wild, and burning shore ;
 Or clinging to the slippery shroud,
 When roared the tempest in its wrath ;
 What time the voice of thunder loud,
 Was mingled in the howling blast ;

Or borne on Ocean's tranquil breast,
 By the hushed billows gently tossed,
 One thought alone my heart oppressed,
 It was the treasure I had lost !
 Or foremost 'mid the field of strife,
 When victory's banner o'er me waved,
 Reckless and weary of my life,
 The friendly ball, in vain I craved.

* * * * *

The first pale streaks of dawning day,
 Glean'd faintly o'er that field of slain !
 I, with my comrades groped our way,
 To see if aught alive remained !
 When lo ! upon the oozing sod,
 I spied a female bending o'er
 A mangled corse—'twas she, Oh, God !
 It was the woman I adored.

Her long black hair hung floating round,
 Her neck like snowy marble white.
 Her arms around the dead were wound,
 There had she spent the dreary night !

I gently loosed her feeble grasp,
'Round him who once had been my friend ;
And with my senseless burden pass'd
'Mid heaps of dead, and dying men.

I bore her to a place of rest—
And life, with consciousness returned,—
Oh Lady, when my hand she pressed,
How did my heart with rapture burn !
Then duty called me far away,
To quell the hostile bands of Spain—
When next in port, our vessel lay,
I sought *brief leave*, but sought in vain !

I waited but the gloom of night,
Then plunged indignant 'mid the waves !
They deem'd my course, the recreants flight,
And close pursued the band of slaves,
I reached her dwelling—God forgive
The phrenzy that the scene inspired !
I prayed her for my sake to live,
She swoon'd, and in my arms expired !

Then years unnumbered o'er me sped,
Thick darkness seized my wildered mind !
At length the misty chaos fled,
And left me patient and resigned.
The Lady heard that mournful tale,
While many a tear suffused her face ;

(He paused, her cheek grew deadly pale,)
Then wildly sprang to his embrace,

Crying, 'tis he—my EDWIN dear!
Thrice welcome to my peaceful home.
From his bronzed cheek, she kissed the tear,
And bade him hence no longer roam.
And 'neath that gentle Sister's care,
The sad and grief worn look he wore,
Assumed a calm and cheerful air,
And never did he wander more.



Contrast between the Righteous and Wicked,

AS INDICATED BY THE COUNTENANCE IN DEATH.

AH, 'tis a sad and solemn sight to view,
Nature's last conflict in the hour of death.
To mark on the pale brow the icy dew,
And watch the faint and oft suspended breath
Of one, fast sinking in the arms of death.
But ah, the contrast in life's closing hours,
'Twixt those whose treasures are laid up in Heaven,
And those who sink beneath death's chilling
powers,
Whose sins are unannealed and unforgiven.
Death hath no terrors for the pure in heart,
Who calmly yield to God the breath he gave,

And while they feel his cold and icy dart,
 They trust in Him, whose arm is strong to save;
 Who won from death the victory o'er the grave!
 I've seen the smile on many a pallid face,
 Intensely luminous with holy joy,
 Whose mortal paleness wore a hallowed grace,
 So bright, that death itself might not destroy.

And I have seen the dying eye illum'd
 With radiance, such as youth nor health bestows,
 While the dull ear to Heavenly chords attun'd,
 Listened the melody, that ceaseless flows
 From seraph lyres above. And there are those,
 Who tremblingly approach death's dark ravine,
 With mournful shuddering, ere they lave their feet,
 Who, while they ford death's cold and icy stream,
 Burst forth in songs, and hallelujah's sweet.

And there was seen upon each clay cold brow,
 When friendly hands had closed the glazing eye,
 A glory, such as earth can ne'er endow
 Her Kings and Princes—whose effulgent dye,
 Beamed from yon starry world beyond the sky!
 Suspended on the line betwixt two worlds,
 Whence gales from each, might blow upon the cheek,
 Were those, who Satan's banner had unfurl'd,
 Resolved, heroically, death's strife to meet.

And their pale brows when the last pang was o'er,
 Still bore the impress of death's fearful strife.

And some there were, whose pallid features wore,
A sickly weariness and scorn of life,
Those peverish pangs with which the earth is rife.

But Heavenly minds leave wheresoe'er they pass'd
A parting radiance, that is not of earth.

Their earthly forms when they aside have cast,
Still bear the impress of the soul's high birth.



“A Strong Man will Carry me Over the
Mountains.”

These were the words of a sweet little dying boy, who
departed this life a few weeks ago.

It was a summer night,
The silvery dew lay on the folded flowers,
Which tremulous swayed unto the passing breeze,
Shedding rare odors from their fragrant urns,
Upon the midnight air. The solemn stillness,
Fell heavily upon the hearts of those,
Who watched the fading of life's dying taper,
Beside the bed of death. With pensive gaze,
The pale moon glanced beneath the silken folds
Of crimson drapery, lifted from the couch,
Where panting lay, engirt with mortal pangs,
A child of glorious promise. The blue vein'd lids,
Fringed with the silken lash, drooped heavily
Over the beaming eyes, whose heavenly azure

Enchain'd his parents sight, and held their thoughts,
Suspended 'twixt a sense of hope and fear,
Until they marked a fearful change pass o'er
The little sufferers brow—and then they knew
Their fair and beauteous boy would soon depart
Unto his home in Aiden. Was it the moon
Glancing unseen amid his snowy pillows,
Or that soft spiritual halo, that enshrouds
The brows of dying saints, which illum'd
His pale rapt forehead, white as driven snow?
Where piles of silken curls of Amber hue,
In sweet profusion cluster'd o'er his brow;
Imparting to his radiant mien, the look
Of an ascending seraph. Gently he murmur'd
Amid the pauses of the dying strife,
In tones melifluous of his birds and flowers;
While with crush'd hearts his parents bow'd in
prayer.

When lo, they heard borne on the midnight air,
Angelic harpings: nearer, and more near,
Yet soft and low, like the Æolian strains,
Borne on the breeze.

Unseen by human eye,
A winged watcher bending o'er his couch,
Removed the film that dim'd his mortal sight,
And straight before his spiritual vision rose
The Eternal City, with its gates of pearl,
Its glittering palaces and golden domes,
Its shady walks, where grows the tree of life,

Beside the living waters! Far, far away,
Beyond the hills, beyond the deep blue sea,
Beyond the towering mountains, which uprear
Their crests against the sky! Amid the groves,
Where crystal fountains chime upon the ear,
Whose silvery spray-wreath's sparkle in the light,
Myriads of infant Cherubs robed in white,
Bearing within their hands bright harps of gold,
Beckon'd the dying one, with songs of joy.
Lifting his little arms he softly murmur'd,
Good night, dear Mother, I am going home!
Then quick as thought, a shade of sadness cross'd
His beaming forehead, and with failing voice,
Stifled with inward fear, he whisper'd, "Mother,
How can I climb the mountains?" * Straight his
guide

Revealed his presence, with his snowy wings,
Glittering like sunbeams, plumed for distant flight.
His fears were gone. With a sweet smile he said,
"A strong man, Mother, stands beside my bed;
Safe in his arms, he'll bear me o'er the mountains."
And then with joy, the little pilgrim started
Upon his Heavenward journey. His fleeting breath
Exhaled like dew drops, borne aloft by sunbeams;
Ascending upward to the throne of God,
The smiling Cherub pass'd beyond the view,
To dwell among the Angels!

* About the night on which he died, he saw something beautiful, which he could not well understand. He was

The Sunset Burial.

WRITTEN FOR THE BEREAVED.

OUR dearest hopes have perished on thy bier,
Like flowers that wither in their early bloom ;
'Mid the bright festal seasons of the year,
When summer flowers exhale their rich perfume.
Thou hast passed dear EBBY, far beyond the tomb,
To that bright world, oft imaged in thy dreams,
Which lies beyond death's shadowy vale of gloom.
Thine ear had caught the music of its streams,
Which dawn'd upon thy sight, in bright and starry
gleams.

The whispering breeze seem'd redolent of perfume !
The fading glories of the dying day,
Beamed softly down upon thy new made tomb.
The green earth smiled in all its bright array
Of vermeil bloom. But thou hast pass'd away
In thy young beauty, like a vision fair,
Too beautiful to last. A soft light lay
O'er thy young sinless brow, and golden hair,
Shed by the winged ones, who tread the upper air.

delighted with the vision, and his parents assured him that God had given him a glimpse of Heaven,—but they soon perceived that he was troubled by the appearance of mountains—almost in a moment however after they were discovered, he exclaimed with a radiant countenance, “ Mother, a strong man will carry me over the mountains.”

✻

A Robin sang upon the linden spray,
 A song so sweet, methought that thou would'st
 hear!

It seem'd the very same, who day by day
 Fed from thy hand, whose notes`so soft and clear
 At early dawn, entranced thy listening ear.
 O'er the hush'd air floated those wood notes wild,
 Kindling the thought, thy spirit was anear.
 In dreams I meet thee oft, my beauteous child,
 Wreathed in soft effluent light, beaming with
 splendor mild.

My gentle boy, never, oh, never more,
 Will thy sweet lips, salute my brow and cheek!
 I shall behold thy starry eyes no more,
 Beaming with tender light. Erring and weak
 Though I may be, I would not vainly seek
 To win thee back! Yet oh, I pine to hear
 Thy sweet voic'd melody—to hear thee speak
 In thy low gentle tones, prat'ling without fear,
 Words, whose deep wisdom, thrill'd oftentimes my
 list'ning ear.

How soft and light, I felt thy dimpled fingers,
 Enclasp'd in mine, when walking by my side.
 O'er scenes of joy, how fondly memory lingers!
 My beauteous boy,—our dearest hope and pride,
 Art now our teacher, and our spirit guide!
 The chords of love that round our hearts entwined,
 Nought can dissever—death can ne'er divide.

Still, still, I feel thy soft hand clasped in mine,
Leading me upward to the fount of love divine.

I can not now behold thy vacant chair ;
The books and toys oft used in mimic play.
Thy braided dress my darling used to wear,
Whose quaint device, employed full many a day
Thy Mother's happy hours. Noting alway
Thy sweet intelligence ; its kindling beam
Shone in thy dark eyes soft and spiritual ray.
Thy memory love, will shed a radiant gleam,
Over the changful hues of life's eventful dream.

To my Sister in Heaven.

“The beautiful evanish and return not.”—COLERIDGE.

AND thou art gone, but still thy memory dwells,
Enshrin'd within my heart's deep hidden cells,
Lonely and bright. Seasons may come and go,
And years sweep onward with their silent flow ;
But thou wilt not return, and I must bear
Henceforth within my heart the yearning thirst,
To meet thee dearest, by the rills that burst
From the pure fount of life's exhaustless tide,
Where pain and death our hearts can never more
divide.

Thy race is run ! Thy sun is quenched in night,
But its last beams were bright, intensely bright.

Thy dark eye shone through death's dim gathering
haze

- In mournful splendor, like the expiring rays
Of a dim taper, brightening to the last !
Thy dying words, still, still, methinks I hear,
Deep toned and soft, yet how distinctly clear ;
They breathed of Heavenly hope, and fervent trust,
How can I wish thee back, a dweller here with dust.

I know that thou art blest ! Yet grief has power,
At times to wring the heart, 'till tears like showers
Fall thick and fast ! And oh, to think in vain,
Are poured for those we love, the hearts deep rain,
The searching glance sent upward to the sky,
The wild implorings, the heart bursting sigh,
Are vain, all vain ! No kind responsive tone,
From the departed my lone spirit cheers ;
Oh, Earth ! thy heritage is nought but grief and
tears !

Yet we shall meet ere long, a few more years,
And I shall leave for aye, this vale of tears,
To dwell with thee above. Yet thou the while,
Wilt still seem near me and thy patient smile
So sweetly mournful, through long months of pain,
Ah, who can e'er forget ? Sweet Sister, no !
Though the tall Daisies o'er thy grave may grow,
Yet not forgotten shall thy dust repose,
'Till death's long dreamless sleep, my tearful eyes
shall close.

Lines:

WRITTEN BY THE REMAINS OF A BELOVED MOTHER.

THE blow has come at last,
And like a crushed, a withered, broken flower
Swept down beneath its desolating power,
I bow me to the dust! Thro' weary years
My heart has clung to thee through doubt and fears
Praying the cup might pass. 'Tis over now!
Oh, let me kiss once more thy pallid brow,—
Oh, God! 'tis icy cold! Awake, awake!
My Angel Mother, ere my heart do break,
With agony and grief! Thou dost not hear,
Thou knowest not that thine absent one is near,
 Kneeling beside thy bed!
I had not thought to live
And look my last upon thy pale sweet face,
Which e'en to brightness shone with Heavenly grace.
I had not thought to lay my aching head
Upon thy breast, when thou wert cold and dead!
Nor clasp thy hand, and feel no kind return,
No cordial pressure, while my heart doth yearn
For one sweet word and look. Oh, never more
Thy gentle voice will greet me at thy door,
From absence long, returned! My weary breast
Yearns for to share thy sweet and dreamless rest,
 So peaceful and so deep!

Thine was a mournful lot!
Through many years of pain and slow decay,
We saw thee worn and wasting, day by day.
Still though disease had cast its withering blight
Around thy fragile form, thine eye was bright;
Serenely bright until life's final close
With faith and Heavenly hope! O'er others woes,
Thy tender breast with pity oft did melt!
No tale of sorrow reached thine ear unfelt;
Nor suffering unrelieved. Thy patient smile,
Thy Heavenly look, so calm, serene and mild,
Still lingers o'er thy face.

This early morning light
Within the room, and song of merry birds,
And breath of flowers, recall thy dying words.
"Fold back the curtain—let me see the light—
The morning light. How beautiful, how bright!
Unclose the casement—let me hear again,
The merry birds ring forth their joyous strain.
How sweet their music sounds!" Thine ear hath
heard

Far sweeter music than the song of bird,
Since thy last morn on earth. Thine eye hath seen
The land of Canaan, with its rilling streams,
And Zion's golden walls!

Why wish to win thee back
Mine Angel Mother? thou dost rest in peace!
For thou has gained at last, thy longed release!
Celestial glory clothes thy spotless brow,

Among the Angels, thou art singing now,
The song of endless praise! A little while,
And thou wilt welcome thy poor sorrowing child,
To thy divine abode! In humble trust
I now resign thy dear, thy precious dust,
To its last rest within earth's lowly bed!
Trusting ere long to lay my weary head,
Sweet Mother, by thy side.

Et Ju Entendes une voix yar me dit du hant du leil Eerune
Heurax sout les marts yur meurant daus le signeur desmain-
taenant dit le Esprit els u reposant se leurs travaux car leurs
œuvres les survent.—REVELATIONS.